

Struggling to Survive with Regression Power in the Primordial Saint Sect

Chapter 81: The Advancing Yu Suzhen

[1,674 words]

After refining the black-clothed ghost with the Myriad Spirits Banner, Lü Yang did not linger and immediately rode a streak of escape light, preparing to embark on his ghost-catching enterprise.

"The immediate priority is still to collect a large number of fierce ghosts to complete this **【Underworld Lord Xuanming's Ghost-Controlling Position】** "

"Additionally, cultivating the 'Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret' must be prioritized, and as for Yu Suzhen, I wonder how her superhuman progress is going."

"If all goes well, I will gather third-grade true qi, become a Saint Thief, refine the position of Corpse Dissolving Immortal, then cultivate the 'Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret,' obtain the 'Underworld Lord Xuanming's Ghost-Controlling Position,' and finally use the technique of Stealing Heaven's Secrets to drain Yu Suzhen. Then, I should have a sixty percent chance of breaking through to Foundation Establishment."

Thinking of this, Lü Yang frowned again.

A sixty percent chance is still not stable enough. If I could obtain the Ascension Order from True Person Yinshan, I might have a seventy percent chance, making it truly worth the gamble.

"The Ascension Order is not out of reach."

If I can control the Witch Ghost Secret Realm and resolve the trouble of the Golden Core Sword Qi, perhaps I can use it to trade with True Person Yinshan for that Ascension Order.

"That being said, it still requires careful planning."

Lü Yang was well aware that in this lifetime, he was not an insider of the Three River Society.

Rather than trading with him, killing him and taking everything would be more in line with the Holy Sect's style.

"Perhaps I can let Yu Suzhen think of a way."

With this thought, Lü Yang immediately controlled his avatar to find a desolate place to hide, then withdrew his consciousness, intending to check on Yu Suzhen's situation.

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Yu Suzhen had long been refined by Lü Yang into the cauldron for Stealing Heaven's Secrets.

The karmic connection was extremely deep, so divination was effortless, and soon he had a response.

Mending Heaven Peak, within a cave dwelling of the Three River Society.

Inside and outside the cave dwelling were already crowded with people, bustling with activity.

One after another, cultivators under the Three River Society enthusiastically and obsequiously surrounded a young man.

"Congratulations to Senior Brother Luo for mastering great divine abilities, Foundation Establishment is within reach!"

"In the future, please take care of us, Senior Brother Luo."

"Senior Brother Luo, do you remember? I treated you to a meal back then."

At the banquet, Luo Wuya appeared calm on the surface but was quite satisfied in his heart.

After all, he was still young, and mastering great divine abilities indicated a promising future for Foundation Establishment.

Thinking of this, Luo Wuya felt a surge of pride:

'My elder brother took the lead and achieved the position of True Person. I may not necessarily be inferior to him in the future!'

At this moment, a commotion suddenly came from outside the door, followed by someone exclaiming in surprise and anticipation: "Fairy Suzhen is here too!"

The next second, a graceful figure walked into the cave dwelling.

A beautiful and delicate face, a curvaceous and upright figure, coupled with a cold expression and a sixth-layer Qi Refining cultivation, made her appear like a proud and aloof iceberg snow lotus, yet also stirred the imagination—what passion would lie beneath that cold lotus robe?

"Such a beautiful woman."

Many people looked at Yu Suzhen, revealing expressions of admiration.

"Indeed worthy of being Fairy Suzhen. It's been less than a year since she officially joined, yet her cultivation has advanced by leaps and bounds. She's just a step away from breaking through the bottleneck to become a late-stage Qi Refining cultivator."

"Yu Suzhen greets Senior Brother Luo."

Yu Suzhen gracefully walked up to Luo Wuya, slightly bowed, her demeanor proper and without any coquettishness. Her dignified posture, however, made people's hearts itch.

"Junior Sister Yu is thoughtful."

Luo Wuya smiled with satisfaction.

Yu Suzhen was quite famous on Mending Heaven Peak, and she rarely interacted with others or attended banquets.

Now, she was willing to accept his invitation to the banquet, which truly satisfied his vanity and made him quite fond of this junior sister.

"Also, Senior Brother Zhao and Sister Qinghe."

Turning around, Yu Suzhen bowed to Zhao Xuhe beside Luo Wuya, her gaze briefly sweeping over the Qinghe Fairy who had come with him.

"Senior Brother Lu as well, thank you both for your care."

She then looked at Lu Yuanchun beside Zhao Xuhe, exchanged a glance with him, but quickly looked away as if nothing had happened.

Soon, the banquet began.

Before long, Luo Wuya and Yu Suzhen were surrounded by people—some greedy for benefits, others for beauty—instantly heating up the atmosphere.

Such a scene naturally caught Luo Wuya's attention.

He himself was at the center of the crowd, adept at dealing with these flatterers. At this moment, he was curious about how Yu Suzhen would handle it.

When he looked at Yu Suzhen, he saw that although she remained cold, she was not so aloof as to be off-putting.

Instead, her demeanor was proper, advancing and retreating appropriately.

She responded to everyone, and her words seemed quite close to you, but the next second, she would be happily conversing with someone else.

In short, it was a game of push and pull.

However, no one present noticed this push and pull. Even if they did, they would think she was pulling them in, that she was interested in them.

Poor junior brothers, being played in the palm of this woman's hand.

Luo Wuya shook his head, but couldn't help feeling a bit strange, because from beginning to end, Yu Suzhen never took the initiative to get close to him.

She truly seemed to be that kind of cold and proud woman, devoted solely to cultivation.

'An interesting woman.'

Until sunset, the banquet finally ended. Yu Suzhen came to Luo Wuya, still dignified and proper, and bowed to him:

"It's getting late. I still need to cultivate, so I'll take my leave."

Luo Wuya chuckled upon hearing this: "You've worked hard, Junior Sister. You usually focus solely on cultivation, so dealing with these people today must have been a bit difficult for you."

"As long as Senior Brother understands."

Yu Suzhen looked up upon hearing this, her previously cold face suddenly relaxed, and she rolled her eyes at Luo Wuya with a hint of annoyance, half complaining.

Such a tone and expression were entirely different from the proud and aloof demeanor seen at the banquet earlier. It was like ice and snow melting, revealing a momentary charm that even Luo Wuya found heart-throbbing, even a bit excited, as if he had seen another side of the cold fairy.

But soon, Luo Wuya regained his composure.

He laughed heartily: "Then it's my fault. Well, if Junior Sister encounters any doubts in cultivation in the future, feel free to ask me anytime."

"Thank you, Senior Brother."

Yu Suzhen finally showed a bit of joy upon hearing this, then nodded solemnly, and only then turned to leave under the admiring gazes of everyone.

Seeing this, Zhao Xuhe not far away suddenly had a glint in his eyes.

Soon, he took Qinghe Fairy and also came to bid farewell to Luo Wuya.

Luo Wuya agreed on the surface but felt a bit suspicious inside.

The next second, he split off a strand of spiritual consciousness and quietly followed Zhao Xuhe.

After leaving the cave dwelling, Zhao Xuhe first persuaded Qinghe Fairy, who was still eager to discuss the Dao, to leave, then found a hidden place to hide.

Then he took out an invisibility talisman, concealed his figure, and actually made his way to Yu Suzhen's cave dwelling.

After verifying the code on the door, he sneaked in. As soon as he entered, he saw the graceful figure sitting in front of the dressing table, her jade-like back alluring.

Zhao Xuhe's desire was instantly ignited, and he stepped forward.

"Suzhen."

"Mm~~"

Yu Suzhen raised her slender neck and let out a sigh that was either helpless or resigned, yet she allowed Zhao Xuhe to touch her.

The two of them instantly ignited the entire quiet room of the cave dwelling.

Zhao Xuhe thought of Yu Suzhen's cold demeanor at the banquet and her current enthusiasm before him, feeling an endless surge of energy.

After a long time, they gradually stopped.

On the bed, Yu Suzhen held Zhao Xuhe and whispered: "Xuhe, I don't want to wait any longer. Can't our relationship be made public?"

"Suzhen, I have my difficulties."

Zhao Xuhe shook his head but didn't elaborate, just gave a few perfunctory words.

The truth was simple: the Mending Heaven Peak Master had arranged a marriage for him, with none other than the Peak Master's daughter.

In this situation, how could he have a Dao companion? So it could only be a clandestine affair.

Thinking of this, Zhao Xuhe even felt a bit guilty.

After all, Yu Suzhen was so pure, yet he was deceiving her like this.

After another period of tenderness, Zhao Xuhe reluctantly left, leaving behind some cultivation pills for Yu Suzhen before departing.

After seeing Zhao Xuhe off, Yu Suzhen gradually put away the charm on her face, then hid the pills, and took out a jade slip.

After inputting a message into the jade slip, a moment later.

"Knock, knock knock, knock."

A prearranged code knock came from outside the door. Yu Suzhen immediately went to open the door, and before long, a figure rushed in and directly lifted her by the waist.

"No! Senior Brother Lu, I'm not that kind of person."

"What no, you hypocritical bitch. I knew you still had feelings for Zhao Xuhe. Don't forget you still have a handle in my hands."

"Woo woo woo."

After more than two hours.

Lu Yuanchun left satisfied, while Yu Suzhen lay on the bed silently shedding tears. But the next second, a gentle footstep suddenly came from behind.

Yu Suzhen turned around in astonishment, looking at the figure that suddenly appeared behind her.

A glint of success flashed in her beautiful eyes, but she exclaimed in surprise:

"Senior Brother Luo!?"

Withdrawing his gaze, Lü Yang fell into deep silence, and after a long time, he sighed:

"Truly a talent."

Even he had never expected that in just a few months, Yu Suzhen could achieve such tremendous success in her superhuman endeavor.

He couldn't understand it, but he was deeply shocked.

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

Chapter 82: Negotiating with a Tiger for Its Skin

[1,497 words]

Unlike Zhao Xuhe and Lu Yuanchun, Luo Wuya was not a lustful man, so from beginning to end, he only observed the scene in secret using his spiritual sense.

Yet even so, when he saw the woman who had appeared as cold as a snow lotus at the banquet now lying defeated on the bed with her robe disheveled, looking like a trampled flower, her delicate face still stained with tears, the stark contrast still made him feel a ripple of unusual emotion.

“Junior Sister Yu.”

Luo Wuya took a deep breath, then waved his large hand, enveloping Yu Suzhen in a beam of radiant light, which at least eased the awkward atmosphere between the two of them.

Luo Wuya clearly saw a trace of relief and gratitude on Yu Suzhen’s face.

But soon, her expression turned into helplessness and self-mockery: “I didn’t expect Senior Brother to witness such a joke. I ask Senior Brother not to spread this matter.”

“Junior Sister Yu overthinks.”

Luo Wuya sighed.

He had been observing from the beginning and, although unaware of the details, he was clear that Yu Suzhen was likely coerced by Lu Yuanchun.

“I will keep this secret for Junior Sister.”

“Thank you, Senior Brother.”

As these words came out, the sorrow on Yu Suzhen's charming face grew even more bitter. Her beautiful eyes turned red, glistening with tears, carrying a thousand sorrows and endless grievances.

Soon, Luo Wuya asked about the cause and effect.

“So that's how it is. Junior Sister Yu and Junior Brother Zhao were originally deeply in love. Later, Junior Brother Zhao was accepted as a disciple by the Master of Mending Heaven Peak, but Junior Brother Lu obstructed and made things difficult. For the sake of Junior Brother Zhao, you went to reason with him, only to be schemed against, losing your body and leaving behind a handle to be used against you. That's how you fell into this state.”

Luo Wuya looked at Yu Suzhen and sighed.

As the second senior brother of the Sanhe Assembly, he naturally knew that Zhao Xuhe was now the prospective son-in-law of the Master of Mending Heaven Peak. How could he possibly form a Dao companion with an outsider?

Without a doubt, Yu Suzhen had been deceived emotionally.

At the same time, Yu Suzhen forced herself to sit up and softly said, “Senior Brother, it's getting late. I need to rest. Please don't take offense.”

“I understand.”

Luo Wuya nodded.

Naturally, he could see Yu Suzhen's embarrassment.

Though he wanted to help, he also didn't want to get involved in this muddy water, so he could only sigh again.

“Farewell.”

With that, he turned and left.

After he had left, Yu Suzhen slowly got up and sealed her cave dwelling.

The sorrow and grief on her face quickly disappeared, replaced by cold indifference.

“This should do.”

Zhao Xuhe, Lu Yuanchun, Luo Wuya—these were the three big fish Yu Suzhen had targeted recently.

For this, she had specially devised three different strategies.

Different targets, different strategies.

For example, with Zhao Xuhe, Yu Suzhen believed he was naturally amorous, so she deliberately pretended to fall in love with him and willingly became his secret lover.

As for Lu Yuanchun, after multiple tests, Yu Suzhen saw that he secretly envied Zhao Xuhe for being favored by their Master of Mending Heaven Peak, so she deliberately approached him as Zhao Xuhe's Dao companion.

One wanted to hit, the other willing to take it—naturally, they got involved.

Regarding Luo Wuya, Yu Suzhen used yet another tactic.

After all, Luo Wuya was different from the other two.

At the peak of Qi Refining and aiming to establish his Foundation, beauty to him might as well be a skeleton painted in makeup.

Such a man sought emotional value.

Put simply, he wanted to redeem a woman of the dust. If Luo Wuya truly fixated on this, then he had taken the bait, and Yu Suzhen naturally had ways to control him.

If he didn't fixate, and truly intended to stay uninvolved, that was fine too.

After all, he was just a backup. Yu Suzhen wouldn't pester him. Her fishpond was large, and this big fish wasn't indispensable.

Everything before could just be considered forming a karmic tie. Perhaps it might produce miraculous results in the future.

Treat each case accordingly. Feed the right dish to the right person.

This was Yu Suzhen's cultivated skill as a superhuman. And these were just the big fish. She was also raising many smaller fish who were wholeheartedly devoted to her.

If not for that, how could her cultivation progress by leaps and bounds?

"Amazing, amazing."

Inside Skeleton Mountain, even Lü Yang couldn't help but marvel at Yu Suzhen's extraordinary talent and unorthodox approach. At this rate, she might actually surpass all the disciples.

“It’s just a pity her moves are too bold.”

Lü Yang formed a hand seal with one hand, the circular halo behind him spun, revealing countless possible future events, all pointing to the same outcome—

“What are you doing?”

In an instant, a sudden voice startled Yu Suzhen. She whipped around in alarm, and even the well-prepared Lü Yang gulped.

A young man in black-and-white Daoist robes, with white hair and a youthful face, exuding an immortal air, had suddenly appeared in Yu Suzhen’s cave dwelling. He wore a kindly smile, but his eyes were icy cold, staring straight at Yu Suzhen as if he could see through her soul.

In that instant, Yu Suzhen’s beautiful face froze in place.

Not just her expression—her thoughts, intentions, even her fear were all frozen, as if she had turned into a cold, hard statue.

And this was only the aftermath.

Because at that moment, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak wasn’t truly looking at her. The divine sense behind his gaze was actually locked onto Lü Yang hiding behind her!

“Which Daoist dares to scheme against my disciple?”

“Where did you get Stealing Heaven’s Secrets?”

Faced with the Master’s questioning, Lü Yang appeared calm and unsurprised.

After all, both Zhao Xuhe and Lu Yuanchun were his disciples.

Besides, Stealing Heaven’s Secrets had originally been something he obtained from Zhao Xuhe in his previous life.

But such a mysterious technique—where had Zhao Xuhe gotten it from? Considering the dual cultivation nature of the technique, the answer was obvious.

It was actually created by the Master of Mending Heaven Peak!

Therefore, from the moment he began shaping Yu Suzhen as the fated daughter of heaven, Lü Yang had already prepared for this confrontation.

Of course, he couldn’t meet the Master of Mending Heaven Peak in person.

So he had to make Yu Suzhen suffer for now, using her as bait to lure out the Master, and then meet him through her.

“Minor tricks, I’ve made a fool of myself in front of Senior.”

With a single thought, Lü Yang activated Stealing Heaven’s Secrets, directly taking control of Yu Suzhen’s body and saying with a light laugh, “I merely wish to discuss a deal with you, Senior.”

“It’s you?”

Before Lü Yang finished speaking, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak raised an eyebrow: “So it wasn’t Daoist Hong Yun that day, but you who stole True Person Panlong’s karmic inheritance in secret?”

Then, instead of showing anger, the Master laughed: “Interesting.”

“What gives you the right to negotiate with me?”

“Your blood kin, Senior.”

Lü Yang said calmly, “Senior Brother Chen was saved by me. He still has a sliver of hope for rebirth. Senior doesn’t wish to see your son’s soul scatter, right?”

“Xin’an!?”

At those words, the Master’s expression changed instantly.

He immediately began divining the karma. Soon, he found Liu Xin, who had lost the protection of divine talismans.

But no matter how he calculated fate, he could not glean any further information, nor ascertain Chen Xin’an’s current state.

This only made the Master even more curious.

After all, anyone who could block his divination must either be backed by a Foundation Establishment expert, or possess a rare treasure that disrupted fate. In either case, to dare threaten him showed tremendous audacity.

Worthy of being a disciple of our Holy Sect!

“Speak then.”

After a moment, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak finally said, “What do you want in exchange for returning Xin’an? A rare Foundation Establishment item? A great divine ability?”

“None of that.”

Lü Yang shook his head. “I intend for Yu Suzhen to use Stealing Heaven’s Secrets to harvest from Xiao Shiye, but I need a Senior to help cover the karmic backlash.”

“Oh?”

At these words, the Master’s expression finally changed. He looked at Lü Yang with great interest: “You want to scheme against Hong Yun?”

Lü Yang smiled. “Precisely!”

Xiao Shiye was Daoist Hong Yun’s bait. If Yu Suzhen rashly harvested him, she would surely be discovered, and Lü Yang himself couldn’t conceal the karmic traces.

So if he wanted to snatch meat from a tiger’s jaws, the only option was to cooperate with a Foundation Establishment expert.

And the Master of Mending Heaven Peak was undoubtedly the most suitable candidate—on one hand because Chen Xin’an was a hostage, and on the other because his relationship with Daoist Hong Yun was clearly strained.

Of course, Lü Yang was also fully aware of the risks of collaborating with the Master.

A single misstep, and the cooperation could turn into betrayal.

This was truly a negotiation with a tiger for its skin!

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Chapter 83: A Pleasant Cooperation

[1,421 words]

Inside the cave dwelling, as Lü Yang's voice fell, the Mending Heaven Peak Master seemed to finally take this audacious junior seriously and suddenly let out a light chuckle.

"You're quite good. Are you interested in becoming my son-in-law?"

Lü Yang raised his eyebrows upon hearing this. "I recall, Senior already has a son-in-law."

"Xu He's Panlong inheritance was taken by you, and I want the successor of Panlong to be my son-in-law. As for who the successor is, I don't care."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master didn't mind at all and said with a smile, "Your proposal is interesting, but it also exposed your strength. Seems like there's no Foundation Establishment True Person backing you. How about this? As long as you become my son-in-law, you and I will be family from now on. At that time, I might as well lend you a hand."

Before his words even finished, the Mending Heaven Peak Master waved his large hand.

In an instant, the world spun, and Lü Yang found that his surroundings had suddenly changed.

Overhead was the bright moon and starry sky. He had actually arrived at the peak of Mending Heaven Peak!

"Qian'er, come out."

As the Peak Master's voice fell, Lü Yang saw a flash of divine light.

From within the light stepped out a graceful woman with stunning beauty and a cinnabar mark on her forehead.

"Father, another one?"

The woman was originally somewhat lazy, but upon seeing Yu Suzhen, she froze. "Father, I don't mind, but if it's a girl, it's a bit..."

"You... I told you to cultivate properly in daily life. If you had already mastered the divine ability I taught you, wouldn't you be able to see through the secrets of this girl?"

The Mending Heaven Peak Master gave the woman a helpless look.

Then, with a shift of his divine sense, he directly projected the full context of events into the woman's sea of consciousness.

Only then did he turn to look at Lü Yang again.

“This is my daughter, Chen Shuqian. She cultivates the 『Six Paths Nirvana Phoenix Art』. You cultivate the 『Nine Transformations Dragon Art』. The two of you are a match made by the heavens.”

“If the two of you dual cultivate, the fusion of six and nine would be equivalent to a Foundation Establishment spiritual treasure!”

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang did not respond immediately but instead fell into deep thought.

Objectively speaking, the condition proposed by the Mending Heaven Peak Master was quite tempting.

At first glance, if he agreed, it could indeed be a fortuitous encounter for both of them.

However, this was the Saint Sect.

How could there be anything truly without strings attached in the Saint Sect?

But in the end, he still nodded happily. “Mutual benefit. This junior can agree to this matter, but it must wait until I’m attempting Foundation Establishment.”

“Naturally.” The Mending Heaven Peak Master laughed heartily. “After all, the higher your cultivation, the better the dual cultivation effect with my daughter.

As for Hong Yun’s scheme, I can help you once. Don’t worry—so long as I shield your heavenly fate, I guarantee he won’t catch anything with this bait of his!”

“Then many thanks to the Senior.”

Lü Yang cupped his hands. “Pleasure doing business?”

The Mending Heaven Peak Master grinned. “Pleasure doing business.”

As his voice fell, Lü Yang promptly withdrew his consciousness.

After he left, the Mending Heaven Peak Master waved his hand and returned Yu Suzhen to her cave dwelling.

As for everything that had just happened, she naturally had no knowledge of it.

All relevant memories had been casually wiped by the Mending Heaven Peak Master.

Only then did the Peak Master's daughter, Chen Shuqian, open her eyes and speak softly. "Father, this man is ambitious like a wolf. Are you really going to cooperate with him?"

At this moment, the Mending Heaven Peak Master also retracted his smile and sneered coldly. "Ambitious like a wolf? That's perfect! Which disciple of the Saint Sect isn't like that? As for cooperation... I just said that to stabilize him, to keep him from turning into a frightened bird and fleeing beyond my reach."

Chen Shuqian asked curiously, "So Father isn't going to help him?"

"No, I intend to help him."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master shook his head. "Hong Yun's current state is far from ideal, otherwise he wouldn't have to fish for fate in the Saint Sect every once in a while."

"If not for that, that fellow Chong Guang wouldn't have dared to covet the 'Overturning Lamp Flame' either."

"Under these circumstances, if I make a move and cause Hong Yun to fail in his attempt, weakening his fortune, I can sell Chong Guang a favor."

"Why not?"

"What's more, if this person truly intends to use the technique of Stealing Heaven's Secrets to pull off a Heaven-swapping deception, I can use the connection in fate to locate his true body."

"This person was able to briefly block me on the Net of Karma earlier. He must be someone of a high level. His potential is far better than Zhao Xuhe. Once I locate his true body and capture him, you can use the 『Mending Heaven True Classic』 to squeeze him dry. That would increase your chance of Foundation Establishment by at least thirty percent!"

In his words, Lü Yang was already treated as meat on the chopping block.

But Chen Shuqian still seemed somewhat worried. "But my brother is still in his hands..."

"Don't worry." The Mending Heaven Peak Master said indifferently, "As long as Xin'an appears within my field of vision, nothing will go wrong. Even if he's scattered in soul and spirit, I can still reassemble him!"

"That old bastard clearly has bad intentions!"

Outside the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, Lü Yang opened his eyes, his gaze cold and sharp.

“He definitely harbors malicious intent, trying to uncover my true body and turn me into a cauldron for his daughter.”

“As for Chen Xin’an, he’s not reliable either.”

“After all, that’s one of the Peak Masters of the Saint Sect. Even among Foundation Establishment True Persons, he’s a top figure. Can someone like that really care about familial ties?”

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn’t help scratching his head.

This was just too hard.

Compared to him, how did others even manage to reach Foundation Establishment?

Could it be they just casually gathered a divine ability, a Foundation Establishment spiritual item, a Foundation Establishment secret art, and then gambled their lives on a thirty percent chance?

“Unfortunately... At this point, I have no choice but to gamble too.”

Lü Yang’s gaze shifted toward the Witch Ghost Secret Realm before him.

Although he was hiding quite well now, it was obvious he couldn’t hide forever.

“Moreover, the technique of Stealing Heaven’s Secrets was originally created by the Mending Heaven Peak Master. If I activate it to drain Yu Suzhen, it’s very likely he’ll follow the trail and find me. At that time, only the Witch Ghost Secret Realm might offer a sliver of hope. Maybe I could even strike him hard with the Gold Core Sword Qi...”

With the Gold Core Sword Qi, the Witch Ghost Secret Realm was Lü Yang’s natural haven.

As long as he hid inside, even if discovered, neither the Mending Heaven Peak Master nor Daoist Hong Yun might dare enter.

Then, he could calmly cultivate inside the secret realm, gather the 【Underworld Lord Xuanming's Ghost-Controlling Position】 , complete the 『Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret』 , and achieve Corpse Dissolution Immortal.

At worst, he could still charge at Foundation Establishment with sixty percent success probability!

As for the rule that the Witch Ghost Secret Realm allowed entry but not exit, it didn't matter to him.

So long as he could reach Foundation Establishment, at worst, he could just commit suicide and start over.

If there was one thing that concerned him, it was the instability of the Gold Core Sword Qi ticking like a time bomb.

After all, based on his experience in his past life, this Gold Core Sword Qi would eventually slaughter the entire Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

Lü Yang didn't know the reason behind it.

“The answer to this question might lie with the Tingyou Sect.”

Lü Yang recalled the ancestral statue of the Tingyou Sect he had once seen and pondered.

“That Tingyou Ancestor was likely a Foundation Establishment survivor from the Witch Ghost Path.”

“Could it be he did something that triggered the Gold Core Sword Qi to purge the secret realm?”

The more Lü Yang thought, the more solemn his expression became.

“Looks like if I want to develop safely inside the secret realm, I have to first resolve the issue of the Tingyou Sect. Otherwise, I'll end up dead by the Gold Core Sword Qi sooner or later.”

At this point, Lü Yang finally made up his mind.

Enter the secret realm with his true body!

Take the gamble!

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Chapter 84: Desire to Pacify the Witch Ghost Realm!

[1,556 words]

The Witch Ghost Secret Realm, headquarters of the Tingyou Sect.

Unlike other parts of the secret realm, as the headquarters of the Tingyou Sect, various ghost messengers had been clearing out witch ghosts, and over time, even a city had been built.

Its name was 'City of Unjust Deaths'.

In the center of the towering city stood a divine statue reaching into the clouds.

Nearly eighty percent of the population within the secret realm had gathered in this 'City of Unjust Deaths', and every moment, they could see this towering divine statue.

Its appearance was unmistakably that of the founder of the Tingyou Sect, and beneath the statue stood a magnificent golden palace, which was the retreat place of the eight elders of the Tingyou Sect.

The sect had no leader, only revered the founder, so all affairs were jointly decided by the eight elders.

Usually, only one elder was on duty, while the other seven were in a dormant state.

After all, the system of the Tingyou Sect involved feeding ghosts with their bodies, resulting in a very short lifespan. Without this method to prolong life, they would be devoured by witch ghosts within a few years.

However, at this moment, a full six elders had entered a revived state.

The Great Elder, White Impermanence, sat at the head position.

He appeared very young, dressed in white, tall and thin, with a sinister smile always on his face:

"The founder's statue has been destroyed; this is no small matter."

"Before the statue was destroyed, the founder's decree was transmitted, instructing us to find the person who destroyed the statue at all costs, which is why I have awakened you, fellow disciples."

At this point, White Impermanence looked at the two empty seats and frowned:

“Where are the Martial and Civil Judge brothers?”

A burly man clad in armor, with a bull’s head hanging on one shoulder, stood up and said, “They have just returned to their positions and still need time to fully revive.”

White Impermanence nodded upon hearing this: “Very well, there is no rush.”

Before his words fell, another black-robed Daoist stood up. His face was fierce, body broad and fat, and he said harshly: “Why wait for them to revive?”

“According to the sect’s records, although there are many powerful beings outside, those who have truly reached the founder’s level dare not enter, and those below the founder’s level are at most on par with us. Weren’t those outsiders who intruded into the headquarters recently, claiming to be ‘Divine Martial Sect disciples’, just like that?”

“Rather than waiting here, why don’t we take the initiative?”

“Anyway, the Day and Night Wandering Gods have already returned to their positions; they can monitor the secret realm inside and out. I doubt that outsider can hide; he will surely not escape our grasp.”

“What Senior Brother said is very true.”

The one who spoke in agreement was a handsome young man with three eyes on his head, who smiled and said: “A mere wild fox Zen from the outside world, how could he be our match?”

The eight elders of the Tingyou Sect, before becoming elders, might have had their own names, but after becoming elders, they were known externally by the red-clothed ghosts they controlled: Black and White Impermanence, Martial and Civil Judges, Ox-Head and Horse-Face, Day and Night Wandering Gods, each with their own supernatural methods.

The three-eyed young man who spoke was the ‘Day Wandering God’ among the Day and Night Wandering Gods.

As the name suggests, his witch ghost was the third eye on his forehead, golden in color, resembling a great sun. When opened, it could observe all visible things within the secret realm.

The other ‘Night Wandering God’ was the complete opposite, able to observe all hidden things within the secret realm.

When the two worked together, everything that happened within the Witch Ghost Secret Realm was like observing patterns on the palm for the Tingyou Sect; no matter how powerful, nothing could escape their eyes.

Clearly, the eight elders were vaguely divided into two factions.

White Impermanence and Ox-Head and Horse-Face were one faction, advocating caution and wanting to wait until all eight were present before seeking the person who destroyed the founder's statue.

Black Impermanence and the Day and Night Wandering Gods were confident, believing that outsiders were nothing special and that they could handle it themselves.

"Junior Brother is too reckless."

The Great Elder, White Impermanence, shook his head, his smile unchanged: "This matter is not just about the destruction of the founder's statue, which has caused our sect to lose face."

"It's because the person who destroyed the statue is related to a major plan of our sect."

"You all know that although this place is good, it is ultimately a prison. If we want to live longer and even reach higher realms, we must leave."

"Oh?"

Black Impermanence's eyes flickered upon hearing this, but he didn't believe it and said: "Senior Brother means that person can help us leave this place? Impossible, who can break the Heavenly Sword?"

As soon as these words were spoken, the other elders also showed fearful expressions.

The so-called 'Heavenly Sword' naturally referred to the golden core sword energy hanging high above the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, which had long become a nightmare in the hearts of all within the secret realm for a thousand years. No one dared to think of resisting it.

"We can't break it, but that doesn't mean no one outside can."

White Impermanence chuckled: "The founder has long had a plan. As long as we find this person, we can use strength against strength to break that damned Heavenly Sword."

White Impermanence spoke with conviction, appearing very confident.

Although Black Impermanence and the others still had doubts, since White Impermanence had clearly stated that this was the founder's plan, they no longer insisted on their own views.

At this moment, two more auras appeared in the hall.

On the empty seats, two still somewhat illusory figures appeared, one holding a pen and book, the other holding a bright mirror, precisely the last two elders.

“The Martial and Civil Judges have also revived!”

White Impermanence laughed heartily upon seeing this: “Good, let the Day and Night Wandering Gods take action. Once the target is locked, Ox-Head and Horse-Face will help us quickly get there.”

The Day and Night Wandering Gods nodded upon hearing this, then both opened their divine eyes.

However, in the next second, they were stunned.

“Junior Brothers?” White Impermanence frowned and said softly: “Could it be that the person who destroyed the founder’s statue is extremely good at hiding, and you can’t find his whereabouts?”

“No.”

The Day and Night Wandering Gods showed an expression of disbelief, then said hesitantly: “He is not hiding elsewhere. He is just outside the City of Unjust Deaths!”

Outside the City of Unjust Deaths, Lü Yang’s true body held the Myriad Spirits Banner, standing with hands behind his back.

How could he allow others to sleep soundly beside his bed? Since he wanted to turn the Witch Ghost Secret Realm into his base, Lü Yang naturally couldn’t allow the existence of the Tingyou Sect.

Moreover, he also wanted to meet the old man of the Witch Ghost Path behind the Tingyou Sect.

“Let’s say hello first.”

With a thought, a circular light appeared behind Lü Yang’s head, clear as a mirror. Using the position of the [Saint Thief], he looked down upon the city from above.

Almost simultaneously, almost all the cultivators of the Tingyou Sect felt a sensation.

However, no one understood what had happened; they only saw the witch ghosts within their bodies suddenly start to riot, emitting indescribable wailing sounds.

In the next second—

“Profound Yin Form-Capturing Grand Art.”

Lü Yang pointed with two fingers and slashed. The circular light that had reflected the entire city quietly shattered, and then a terrifying curse-killing force spread out.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Without any warning, within the City of Unjust Deaths, ordinary people were unaffected, but only cultivators suddenly showed terrified expressions and then clutched their necks.

A crack appeared on their necks.

Immediately after, blood gushed out.

“Thud!”

The sounds of countless heads falling to the ground merged into one, neat and uniform, becoming a thunderous muffled sound that instantly spread throughout the entire city!

In an instant, countless witch ghosts lost the cultivators who restrained them and soared into the sky. However, as if out of control, they swarmed towards Lü Yang outside the city.

Lü Yang opened the Myriad Spirits Banner, swallowing them like a whale drinking water, accepting all comers. In less than an hour, he had collected hundreds or even thousands of witch ghosts!

“Bold madman!!!”

Only then did eight blood-red escape lights rise from the center of the City of Unjust Deaths. Within the lights, the eight elders of the Tingyou Sect were furious.

They didn't care about the nearly annihilated sect members.

However, Lü Yang's act of collecting witch ghosts instantly enraged them.

Every witch ghost was crucial to the Tingyou Sect; this was digging up their roots!

White Impermanence stepped forward immediately: “Are you the thief who destroyed our sect's founder statue?”

Lü Yang ignored White Impermanence's questioning, merely looking around, seemingly sensing something, then looked towards the towering divine statue within the City of Unjust Deaths.

“So, it's there.”

In the next second, Lü Yang's figure disappeared from where he stood.

"What!?"

The eight elders' expressions changed drastically.

They instinctively looked around and finally saw Lü Yang's figure sitting cross-legged atop the head of the towering divine statue in the center of the city.

He looked down at the statue with lowered eyes and smiled calmly:

"I have come as invited. Where is the senior?"

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

[1,468 words]

The towering divine statue in the City of Unjust Death was not merely for show.

This statue served as the foundation of the Nether Wishper Sect, constructed at the heart of a secret realm, aligning with the skeletal mountain's ley lines, making it the cornerstone of the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

Construction of the statue began during the lifetime of the Nether Wishper Ancestor, utilizing cultivators as laborers and mortals as materials.

It was only completed after the Nether Wishper Ancestor's three-hundred-year reign ended with his death, imbued with countless divine properties, and held as a trump card of the Nether Wishper Sect, to be used only in dire circumstances.

However, at this moment, everything changed.

Lü Yang sat atop the statue's head, making no visible movements, yet instantly altered the feng shui, replacing the statue and becoming the central hub of the secret realm's world!

This was not a deliberate act on his part but a natural consequence of the disparity in status.

Just as mortals focus only on the highest peak, often unaware of the second tallest, the world tends to pay attention only to those of higher status.

"I have come as invited. Where is the senior?"

Before Lü Yang finished speaking, a majestic saintly figure rose behind him, also opening its mouth to emit a thunderous roar!

In an instant, Lü Yang's voice echoed throughout the secret realm.

The countless mortals within the City of Unjust Death fared relatively well, merely covering their ears, feeling as if thunder had erupted from the mountains, bewildered and at a loss.

Only the eight elders of the Nether Wishper Sect felt as if Lü Yang's voice carried 'weight,' crashing down upon them, disrupting their escape light, nearly causing them to fall from the sky.

Looking up at Lü Yang's manifested saintly figure, they all showed expressions of terror.

"This scoundrel is arrogant. He is desecrating the ancestor!"

"Just one voice has overwhelmed us. Could he be an existence like the ancestor?"

"Impossible!"

For a moment, the eight elders all changed color, their faces flushed with anger.

Their earlier discussions on how to subdue Lü Yang instantly became a joke!

Yet, in the next second, they suddenly showed expressions of joy.

The towering divine statue trembled slightly under Lü Yang's voice, awakening a hidden soul within, which let out a long sigh:

"A disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect... has finally arrived."

As the words fell, the previously cold and hard statue suddenly relaxed its brows.

The eyes, originally forged from refined iron, instantly displayed a glimmer of intelligence.

A Foundation Establishment soul had awakened!

A true Foundation Establishment soul, similar to the Yun Clan ancestor from the previous life, perhaps even superior, as this individual's cultivation seemed higher than the Yun Clan ancestor!

Immediately after, Lü Yang saw a brilliant light fly out from the towering divine statue.

Borrowing the qi to manifest, it transformed into a handsome Daoist with white hair and a youthful face, exuding an immortal aura, landing before him.

The Daoist then chuckled: "Interesting. Where is your physical body, young friend? Only a soul remains?"

"Forgive me, senior."

Lü Yang smiled slightly, his gaze meeting the Nether Wishper Ancestor's: "Senior doesn't seem much better off. This should be your fifth life, correct?"

He was certain this person was a remnant of the Witch Ghost Path.

However, the Witch Ghost Path had been gone for a thousand years.

For a Foundation Establishment True Person to survive until today, at least four reincarnations were necessary.

No matter how profound his cultivation, he was no longer to be feared.

"How did senior know I am a disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect?"

The Nether Wishper Ancestor shook his head: "Young friend, you nearly killed all my followers with one move. Such conduct can only belong to a madman from the Primordial Saint Sect!"

Upon hearing this, Lü Yang frowned, then righteously declared: "Senior's lineage herds ghosts and harms living beings. My actions are to eliminate evil for the people!"

The Nether Wishper Ancestor laughed: "Indeed, a disciple of the Primordial Saint Sect!"

Lü Yang: "..."

After a moment of silence, Lü Yang took the initiative to change the subject: "Senior invited me here. What is your intention?"

"To escape and reestablish my Witch Ghost lineage."

The Nether Wishper Ancestor chuckled: "Therefore, I need to borrow something from you, young friend. Please do not refuse."

"Oh?"

Lü Yang's eyes sparkled: "What does senior wish to borrow?"

As he spoke, the Nether Wishper Ancestor's expression turned sinister, his gaze eerie, staring intently at Lü Yang as if observing prey.

Lü Yang remained unafraid, calmly meeting his gaze.

"You actually understand, don't you? I intend to use the Primordial Saint Sect to break through that Golden Core sword qi, which naturally requires an identity from the Primordial Saint Sect."

The Nether Wishper Ancestor grinned, his white teeth gleaming with a chilling light: "My Witch Ghost Path specializes in souls, with some expertise in reincarnation and possession. I have reincarnated four times. Normally, the fifth life would be completely obscured, no longer transcendent, but there might be a shortcut."

"As long as you, young friend, are willing to lend me your body."

"I will replace you, and the fifth life can be revitalized. I see great potential in you, perhaps even aiding me in regaining Foundation Establishment status."

His tone was calm, but his words were chilling.

"Senior wishes to possess me?"

Lü Yang raised an eyebrow.

"This isn't the first time. Do you think, on the day the Golden Core sword qi descended, why did so many Foundation Establishment cultivators die, yet I survived?"

The Nether Wishper Ancestor was experienced; he had done this before.

Using possession, he seized a mortal's body as a temporary shelter, using its fate to conceal himself, thus avoiding the sweep of the Golden Core sword qi.

Such a method was unique to him in the Witch Ghost Path of that era.

"So, senior has now targeted me?"

"I should thank you."

The Nether Wishper Ancestor smiled: "My time is limited. If you hadn't appeared, I wouldn't have lasted much longer."

Lü Yang sneered: "Do you think you can possess me?"

"In life, one must take risks. The Witch Ghost Path cannot perish in my hands. For this, I am willing to pay any price. Life and death are insignificant."

Despite his words, the Nether Wishper Ancestor's demeanor was confident.

Perhaps he was certain Lü Yang couldn't match him, or perhaps, after barely surviving for a thousand years, he had become indifferent to many things.

Regardless, at this moment, he brought a strong sense of crisis to Lü Yang.

However, Lü Yang still had a question.

If it was merely possession, why did the Golden Core sword qi need to slaughter the entire secret realm?

There must be another, more important reason he was unaware of.

Of course, Lü Yang didn't expect the Nether Wishper Ancestor to tell him.

Even if he did, Lü Yang would only believe a fraction, as it could be a deliberate attempt to mislead.

"It seems I still need to capture senior and interrogate thoroughly!"

Lü Yang's eyes flashed, his figure suddenly disappearing.

Behind him, the saintly figure instantly became clear, with two golden hands clapping together from both sides.

Boom!

In an instant, the brilliant golden light engulfed the Nether Wishper Ancestor's vision, as if he were caught in Lü Yang's saintly figure's hands, ready to be refined instantly.

However, the next second, an even stronger radiance erupted from the saintly figure's hands, directly exploding Lü Yang's palms.

Then, rolling black clouds intertwined with the light, finally revealing a towering mansion reaching the clouds, with jade steps and red terraces, solemn and majestic, bearing three large characters:

【Yama Palace】 !

The mansion's doors opened wide, with jade steps and red terraces.

The Nether Wishper Ancestor sat at the head, also manifesting a dharma body behind him, holding a human-head banner in his left hand and a book in his right.

This was—the Underworld Lord Xuanming's Mansion!

"To achieve Foundation Establishment, status is merely an entry ticket, nothing to boast about."

Before the Nether Wishper Ancestor finished speaking, his aura also surged.

Boom!

The next second, his status reached the same level as Lü Yang's.

The two stood on equal footing, neither yielding, and collided directly!

In an instant, the remaining eight elders of the Nether Wishper Sect hadn't had time to assist.

The collision between the two stirred up visible waves of air, surging like tsunamis, forcing them to retreat violently, coughing up blood incessantly.

Under such a clash, the light between the Nether Wishper Ancestor's brows grew even brighter.

"Since it can't be concealed, success or failure, let it be!"

The Nether Wishper Ancestor's tone was eerie, but his actions became more resolute, as if he had made up his mind.

This mysterious Foundation Establishment cultivator had once used possession to obscure the heavenly secrets, thus escaping the reckoning of the Golden Core sword qi.

However, at this moment, he abandoned concealment, no longer hiding from the heavenly secrets, causing his true identity and corresponding karma to become increasingly clear.

Clang clang——!

Within the secret realm, the Golden Core sword qi suspended in the sky seemed to sense something, emitting a series of light sounds, like a divine sword resonating within its sheath.

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

Chapter 86: The Last Sect Master of the Witch Ghost Path

[1,359 words]

Lü Yang sensed that the aura of Ancestor Nether Wishper was still rising, yet he remained calm, for he knew that their conditions were not much different.

Having lost their physical bodies, only their souls remained.

Their combat relied entirely on the positional boost brought by great divine powers; such methods were invincible against weaker opponents, but once faced with an opponent of equal standing, their weaknesses would be exposed.

The reason they were evenly matched now was purely because Lü Yang himself was also in a similar state.

In order to cultivate the 【Corpse Dissolution Immortal】 , his physical body was still in the state of "dying before shedding," and his condition was only slightly better than Ancestor Nether Wishper's.

However, since he dared to come forward, he naturally had full confidence.

"Nine Heavens Secret Demon Yin Thunder!"

Ancestor Nether Wishper's expression turned cold as he uttered a Dao incantation, forming a hand seal.

In an instant, thunder emerged in the void, lightning flashing and striking down towards Lü Yang.

This time, Lü Yang did not resist directly.

Instead, he silently activated his sword technique, forming a sword light beneath his feet.

Simultaneously, he summoned the Blood Sun Sword Pill to flee a hundred miles away.

Then, he split off another sword light.

Finally, using the sword light teleportation technique from the "Divine Firmament Sword Control True Formula," he flashed and appeared a hundred miles away.

Boom!

A loud explosion was heard as the lightning struck the city of Unjust Death below.

In an instant, several city districts were shattered, raising a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood.

However, no souls emerged from the sea of blood; all had been annihilated!

"A thunder technique that specifically targets souls."

Lü Yang narrowed his eyes slightly.

Thunder is inherently the most yang and rigid element of heaven and earth, but extremes can reverse; the most yin and gentle qi can also give rise to immense thunder.

Ancestor Nether Wishper's "Nine Heavens Secret Demon Yin Thunder" was evidently such a divine power.

It seemed that he had seen through Lü Yang's situation and was using this thunder technique to contaminate his soul.

If struck, Lü Yang would likely lose this battle.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang once again split his sword light, scattering it in all directions.

"Sword escape technique?"

Ancestor Nether Wishper looked over and sneered, "The sword escape of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion is indeed the fastest in the world, but as long as it's a divine power, there must be a way to counter it."

"Our Witch Ghost Path has clashed with the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion several times in the past; how could we not understand this method?"

"Moreover, you don't seem to be proficient in swordsmanship; you probably learned it through dual cultivation methods, right? Such petty tricks, and you dare to show off in front of me."

With that, he pointed with his finger.

From his fingertip, rolling mysterious light surged out, covering the sky and earth.

Upon closer inspection, it was countless witch ghosts, their numbers no less than Lü Yang's sword lights!

Each witch ghost closely followed a sword light.

When Lü Yang used the sword escape to leave the battlefield again, Ancestor Nether Wishper also formed a hand seal, shook his body, and disappeared from the original spot.

In the next second, when Lü Yang emerged from a sword light, the witch ghost beside that sword light transformed, revealing Ancestor Nether Wishper's figure!

Boom!

Another yin thunder struck down.

At the critical moment, Lü Yang shook the Myriad Spirits Banner in his hand.

Hundreds and thousands of Five Thunder Talismans flew out from the banner, simultaneously activating and transforming into a blazing yang thunder, colliding with the yin thunder in mid-air.

"Talismans?"

Ancestor Nether Wishper frowned slightly at the sight but quickly relaxed.

"Although it's a bit troublesome, how many do you have? Still just a drop in the bucket!?"

His voice abruptly stopped.

Because in the next second, Lü Yang fully unfurled the Myriad Spirits Banner.

Talismans flew out one after another, instantly filling most of the sky!

In his previous life, with the assistance of the Bright Dao Jade Slip, Lü Yang had already pushed talisman and formation techniques to the limit of the Qi Refining Realm, ranking seventh grade.

Coupled with the industrial production line of the Myriad Spirits Banner, he directly used talismans to form formations, shifting and changing, instantly mobilizing the power of heaven and earth within a hundred miles.

Moreover, formation patterns lit up around the city of Unjust Death.

In an instant, flying lights and flowing fires, wind and thunder rolled through the sky, firmly covering the entire city and trapping Ancestor Nether Wishper at the center of the formation!

"Did you really think I came unprepared?"

To deal with an elder, Lü Yang came well-prepared.

Before heading to the city of Unjust Death, he had already set up a grand formation around the city.

Now, with the formation activated, it erupted with astonishing power.

In the past, Lü Yang had relied on a Heaven-Slashing Blood River Sword Formation to resist a Qi Refining Level Eight opponent with his Qi Refining Level Eight cultivation.

The boost from formations to combat power was significant.

Ancestor Nether Wishper naturally understood this.

His expression changed drastically, and he immediately formed a hand seal to escape the formation's range.

"Hmph, trying to escape?"

Lü Yang waved his sleeve, and the previously split sword lights immediately swept back.

Earlier, Ancestor Nether Wishper had each witch ghost follow a sword light to track Lü Yang.

Now, it backfired.

In the blink of an eye, the sword lights cleared the remaining witch ghosts outside the formation.

Without the witch ghosts as mediums, Ancestor Nether Wishper could no longer escape remotely and could only watch himself fall into the formation's encirclement with a grim face.

Lü Yang sneered coldly and immediately formed a hand seal.

In an instant, the formation shifted, countless talismans vibrated simultaneously, and wind, thunder, water, and fire poured out, engulfing Ancestor Nether Wishper's figure.

If it were just a simple formation, Ancestor Nether Wishper wouldn't fear it.

But the main formation master was Lü Yang, who added his own positional boost, making it a truly lethal method.

When the wind, thunder, water, and fire dissipated, Ancestor Nether Wishper reappeared, and the previously dazzling soul light had dimmed significantly.

"Good, good, such a junior!"

Ancestor Nether Wishper appeared disheveled, his eyes cold, and he said in a low voice, "I really didn't want to expose this, but now it seems there's no choice."

Before his words fell, his aura suddenly changed!

He formed a hand seal, and the image of the Lord of the Dark Underworld behind him expanded again.

The 【Yama Palace】 became more real, gradually revealing eight thrones.

"Return to your positions!"

A gloomy demonic voice spread in all directions.

In the next second, Lü Yang saw eight crimson escape lights that had just fled to the distance now flying back.

Within the escape lights were the terrified faces of the eight elders of the Nether Wishper Sect.

Lü Yang immediately activated the formation to try to intercept them, but they seemed to be in another space, ethereal and elusive, impossible to stop.

In the blink of an eye, they arrived beside Ancestor Nether Wishper.

"Black and White Impermanence, Civil and Military Judges."

"Ox-Head and Horse-Face, Day and Night Wandering Gods."

With each name Ancestor Nether Wishper called out, an elder sat on a throne manifested by the 【Yama Palace】 .

After all eight elders were seated—

Boom!

Ancestor Nether Wishper transformed into the image of the Lord of the Dark Underworld and sat directly on the main throne of the 【Yama Palace】 .

The entire palace seemed to be reborn, with ten thousand ghosts roaring, each performing their duties, as if the real underworld had descended upon the world, instantly breaking free from Lü Yang's talisman formation!

Almost simultaneously, a sword cry echoed from the sky!

The sound of the sword cry rolled in, carrying an overwhelming divine consciousness, making everyone who heard it involuntarily envision a scene.

It was a towering cliff reaching the sky.

On the cliff, a heroic young man in a Daoist robe sat cross-legged, gazing northward, with a magical sword placed before his knees.

Then, he pointed northward and slashed:

"Witch Ghost Path Master, the chief culprit must be executed!"

Clang clang!

In the next second, all visions disappeared.

Lü Yang saw a sharp sword light—it was the Golden Core sword qi in the secret realm fully awakened!

At this moment, Lü Yang finally understood Ancestor Nether Wishper's identity.

The last sect master of the Witch Ghost Path!

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

Chapter 87: Heaven Collapses

[1,392 words]

At the very moment the sword qi appeared, Ancestor Nether Wishper also raised his head to look at the sword qi that had pressed upon him for a thousand years, causing his fall from the clouds.

In the next second, his face suddenly twisted:

"True Lord, it's been a thousand years! A full thousand years!"

"How much longer do you intend to imprison me?"

"Do you truly wish to annihilate our Witch Ghost lineage!?"

As his words fell, the sword qi in the sky paid no heed, silently discerning something, as if it could descend at any moment.

Ancestor Nether Wishper knew that this was the karmic consequence from his possession a thousand years ago still taking effect.

However, with his aura fully exposed, it wouldn't be long before the Golden Core sword qi completely identified him, then a sword would fly over to take his life.

"I refuse to accept this!"

Thinking of this, Ancestor Nether Wishper suddenly turned around, looking at Lü Yang: "Today, borrowing your life, I will defy the heavens and continue our Witch Ghost lineage!"

As his words fell, Ancestor Nether Wishper manipulated the 【Yama Palace】 to press down with a roar!

Lü Yang activated the formation talisman, once again invoking the power of the formation to bolster himself, yet this time, regardless of wind, thunder, water, or fire, none could harm Ancestor Nether Wishper in the slightest.

Because a disparity in status had emerged.

With the eight elders returning to their positions, the 【Yama Palace】 was complete, and Ancestor Nether Wishper's status had already surpassed Lü Yang's, even rapidly approaching the Foundation Establishment realm!

"It's useless. Since you've forced me to expose myself and reorganize the 【Yama Palace】 , all your methods are now insignificant. This supreme divine ability was once deduced by us Foundation Establishment cultivators together. If nine perfected Foundation Establishment cultivators were to sit within, it might even feign a Golden Core position and battle a True Lord!"

Ancestor Nether Wishper's tone was full of pride.

Which sect in the world doesn't wish to endure for ages? Which doesn't aim to ascend higher? The Witch Ghost Path was among them and nearly succeeded!

If not for the Sect Master of the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion of that generation

That True Lord

That sword qi

"Kill!!!!"

Ancestor Nether Wishper roared, the status of the 【Yama Palace】 still rising, astonishingly entering the ascension state that only appears when breaking through to Foundation Establishment!

"Younger generation, let me show you the true pinnacle of Qi Refining."

Ancestor Nether Wishper stood atop the 【Yama Palace】 , his aura lofty, breaking through nine layers of heavenly barriers in an instant, standing within the "Foundation Establishment realm"!

In the next second, Lü Yang's pupils contracted!

Because having broken through before, he knew that breaking through to Foundation Establishment involves two steps: the first is ascending to the "Foundation Establishment realm," and the second is constructing the immortal foundation.

At this moment, Ancestor Nether Wishper had completed the first step, ascending into the "Foundation Establishment realm."

Yet, he did not choose to construct the immortal foundation.

Instead, he began—

To fall!

Ancestor Nether Wishper stood in the "Foundation Establishment realm," pointing with a finger, simultaneously beginning to descend. In an instant, shadows enveloped Lü Yang's entire mind.

He almost instantly understood the method Ancestor Nether Wishper displayed, sacrificing a "failed breakthrough" to launch an attack from the "Foundation Establishment realm"! But in terms of power alone, this strike was scarcely inferior to that of a true Foundation Establishment cultivator!

This was—

"Heaven Collapses."

In the next instant, shadows fell.

Lü Yang's figure was instantly engulfed, the ground within a hundred miles collapsed, all formation talismans shattered, and the rising dust resembled a dragon ascending to the heavens.

The collision felt like the sky collapsing, turbid waves sweeping the void!

For a time, only billowing energy waves surged, radiant lights intertwined, persisting for a long while before gradually dissipating, finally revealing Ancestor Nether Wishper's battered figure.

One must know that 'Heaven Collapses' is not an ordinary divine ability.

Strictly speaking, it's not even a divine ability, but a method.

The two steps of breaking through to Foundation Establishment, failing the second step results in certain death, while failing the first depends entirely on the cultivator's foundation; a strong foundation allows survival.

And 'Heaven Collapses' was created based on this, a self-destructive method purely using one's foundation to suppress others, attacking the opponent with the momentum of a failed ascension.

Although the user would undoubtedly suffer severe injuries due to the failed ascension, exchanging for a Foundation Establishment-level strike was deemed worthwhile.

"To achieve swift victory, this is the only way."

Ancestor Nether Wishper's expression was calm.

After the eight elders returned to their positions, he could steadily suppress Lü Yang with the 【Yama Palace】, but suppression doesn't equate to swift victory.

With the Golden Core sword qi above, he couldn't afford to waste time.

Thus, he chose this extremely fierce method, severely injuring Lü Yang in one blow, to proceed with the final step of his plan.

"Ten Thousand Souls Devour Spirit Seize Heaven Grand Technique"

As Ancestor Nether Wishper formed a hand seal, a mysterious fluctuation instantly spread, not targeting Lü Yang, but the city of Wrongful Death below.

In the next second, City of Unjust Death overturned!

In just a blink, all living beings within the city were slaughtered by Ancestor Nether Wishper! Not only City of Unjust Death, but blood splattered throughout the secret realm!

Immediately after, visible soul lights surged towards Ancestor Nether Wishper, finally clustering around his soul, transforming into a flying light, rushing towards Lü Yang with a ferocious grin of success.

"Raising spirits for a thousand years, it's time to use them!"

Yet, in the next second, his smile suddenly froze.

As the dust settled, Lü Yang stepped out, not as severely injured as he imagined, merely his clothes stained with blood, seemingly unharmed!

"So that's it, it wasn't the Golden Core sword qi committing mass slaughter, it was you."

Lü Yang sighed, understanding the cause and effect.

Why were there so many people in the Witch Ghost Secret Realm? Because Ancestor Nether Wishper's secret technique required them; they were all nurtured talents!

The reason the secret realm became a dead land in the previous life was likely because Ancestor Nether Wishper killed everyone to perform the secret technique, but failed to deceive the Golden Core sword qi, leading to his own soul's destruction.

Thinking of this, Lü Yang couldn't help but sigh, looking at Ancestor Nether Wishper with a hint of pity.

Pitying his thousand years of survival, yet still in vain.

"This is impossible!"

Ancestor Nether Wishper's face twisted, looking at Lü Yang in disbelief: "You clearly took my 'Heaven Collapses' strike, how can you be unscathed?"

Lü Yang smiled faintly: "To be honest, I do have some skills."

[Purple Talent·Some Skills]

[Some Skills: No matter how terrifying the attack, as long as it's within your capability, you can handle it with ease twice.]

With his current cultivation, the Qi Refining realm was within his capability.

Even "Heaven Collapses" was no exception!

In an instant, Ancestor Nether Wishper showed a look of despair.

Lü Yang was not weak; if severely injured, his possession would have been a guaranteed success.

But if Lü Yang was only slightly injured, the situation was different.

A tenfold chance of success instantly plummeted to fifty percent, or even lower!

However, at this point, Ancestor Nether Wishper had no retreat, only able to muster all his spirit, rushing into Lü Yang's sea of consciousness with the support of ten thousand souls!

He aimed to achieve success in one strike!

Destroy Lü Yang's sea of consciousness in one blow, then possess and replace him!

In the next second, Ancestor Nether Wishper saw within Lü Yang's sea of consciousness.

Lü Yang's soul calmly rose, casually making a few moves as if aided by divine forces, effortlessly and gracefully throwing him out of the sea of consciousness!

Ancestor Nether Wishper: "???"

Due to Lü Yang's actions being too relaxed and unrestrained, Ancestor Nether Wishper didn't even realize what had happened until he was thrown out of the sea of consciousness.

"I told you, I do have some skills."

One to handle "Heaven Collapses," another to handle possession.

"No——!!!"

The failed possession left Ancestor Nether Wishper only time to let out a miserable scream.

Clang! Clang!

In the next second, a majestic sword qi descended from the sky, without hesitation, directly shattering his soul, countless thoughts exploding like stars.

Seeing this, Lü Yang didn't hesitate, sweeping his sleeve to collect all the thoughts.

These were the divine senses formed from the shattered soul of Ancestor Nether Wishper, the last sect master of the Witch Ghost Path, containing most of his memories.

Frankly, they were priceless treasures!

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

Chapter 88: The Path of Heaven's Patrol, the Technique of External Incarnation

[1,732 words]

The Witch Ghost Secret Realm was now empty.

All the people had been killed cleanly by Ancestor Nether Wishper during his possession attempt, and as the Golden Core sword qi descended, Ancestor Nether Wishper was also shattered by the sword qi.

At this moment, only Lü Yang remained in the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

However, the Golden Core sword qi did not strike down but instead returned to the sky above the secret realm, continuing to lie dormant, absorbing the world's vital energy, seemingly never to dissipate.

Yet, Lü Yang's expression did not relax in the slightest; instead, it became extremely solemn, for he clearly felt that a line of karma had been locked onto him by the sword qi.

In other words, once the sword qi erupted, even if separated by thousands of miles, it could still sever his head with a single strike!

"Is it because I took the inheritance of the Witch Ghost Path?"

Lü Yang glanced at the soul fragment of Ancestor Nether Wishper that he had collected; as long as he abandoned these thoughts, perhaps he could escape the karma of the sword qi.

"But... I insist!"

A Foundation Establishment soul, once the soul of a Great Overlord of the Demonic Path and the head of a sect, was not something comparable to the soul of the Yun Clan Ancestor in his previous life.

After all, the Yun Clan Ancestor's soul had been purified by True Person Yinshan.

But Ancestor Nether Wishper's soul contained a full thousand years of experience, including divine abilities, cultivation methods, and various secrets about Foundation Establishment!

"I'll accept this karma!"

With a thought, Lü Yang immediately activated a light escape technique and disappeared from the spot, then casually created a cave dwelling nearby and began seclusion.

Several days later.

Inside the cave dwelling, Lü Yang opened his eyes, and in front of him were the thoughts of Ancestor Nether Wishper, which he had now fully refined.

In the process, he also gained a deeper understanding of Ancestor Nether Wishper.

"This person truly deserves to be called a peerless talent."

Lü Yang sighed, then picked up one of the thoughts; unlike the others, this one shone brilliantly, more spiritual than the rest.

Because this thought did not contain Ancestor Nether Wishper's memories but his testament.

As the saying goes, a cunning rabbit has three burrows; although Ancestor Nether Wishper was confident that his possession would not fail, he had also prepared for contingencies.

This testament was his contingency plan, in which he clearly stated that he would preserve the inheritance of the Witch Ghost Path in its most complete form within his thoughts; if he died and Lü Yang survived, this inheritance would be given to Lü Yang, thus continuing the lineage of the Witch Ghost Path.

Of course, there were conditions.

To obtain this inheritance, Lü Yang must accept the karma of the Witch Ghost Path and rebuild its sect in the future, cultivating a Foundation Establishment for the Witch Ghost Path.

Otherwise, the soul thoughts would self-destruct.

As Ancestor Nether Wishper had previously stated, his lifelong pursuit was to continue the Witch Ghost Path, and he absolutely could not let it perish under his leadership.

Therefore, he had considered everything, whether in life or death.

He even stated in the thought that as long as Lü Yang accepted the inheritance, he had a way to help Lü Yang quickly gain Foundation Establishment combat power in a short time!

How could Lü Yang refuse this?

"Take the benefits first; anyway, the karma of the Witch Ghost Path, no matter how heavy, is only for this lifetime. What does it have to do with me in the next life..."

Ancestor Nether Wishper, the last sect master of the Witch Ghost Path.

He was also the most talented person in the history of the Witch Ghost Path, successfully establishing his foundation at a young age, and then, in just over two hundred years, he combined the celestial stems and earthly branches, yin and yang numbers, achieving complete Foundation Establishment and seeking the position of "Wall Soil."

Unfortunately, heaven is jealous of talent.

At that time, a True Person from the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion had already achieved the "Wall Soil" position, instantly cutting off Ancestor Nether Wishper's path.

How could Ancestor Nether Wishper and the Witch Ghost Path accept this?

However, Ancestor Nether Wishper truly lived up to his extraordinary talent, as he forcefully researched another path and created the method of the 【Yama Palace】 .

Eight complete Foundation Establishments transformed into Black and White Impermanence, Civil and Military Judges, Ox-Head and Horse-Face, Day and Night Wandering Gods, all hosted by him, could temporarily hold the Golden Position and manifest its effects.

Originally a fantastical concept, but with the help of a third-party force, Ancestor Nether Wishper succeeded.

But this success brought a catastrophic disaster to the Witch Ghost Path.

That True Person who had achieved the "Wall Soil" position sat in the Jade Pivot Sword Pavilion and, from tens of thousands of miles away, struck with a sword, declaring the extermination of the entire Witch Ghost Path.

"....."

The more Lü Yang read, the more shocked he became, finally closing the memory thought abruptly, not daring to look further, even refraining from deep contemplation, decisively choosing to stop.

Because he could clearly feel that as he understood more about the events leading to the extermination of the Witch Ghost Path a thousand years ago, a line of karma on his

body became clearer; one end connected to him, the other end immersed in the vast web of karma, like an abyss with no end in sight.

Damn it, that True Person from a thousand years ago is still alive!

Lü Yang was one hundred percent certain that the other end of the karma line was that True Person!

The moment he knew the details, that True Person would also know him!

"This is too damn ridiculous; what a broken place, broken place..."

After a long time, Lü Yang slowly calmed his mind, no longer daring to delve into the troubles of a thousand years ago, and instead began to study the inheritance left by Ancestor Nether Wishper.

Among them, besides divine abilities like the "Nine Heavens Secret Demon Yin Thunder," the most crucial was the [Underworld Lord Xuanming's Ghost-Controlling Position], a divine ability of the Witch Ghost Path.

Although the Witch Ghost Path's foundation was not as deep as the First Saint Demon Sect, the entire sect had only this one divine ability, but Ancestor Nether Wishper had developed it to the extreme.

After reading it, Lü Yang's expression became increasingly amazed:

"No wonder he said in the testament that he could help me gain Foundation Establishment combat power..."

The Underworld Lord's Ghost Position, if nine complete Foundation Establishments practiced this divine ability together to form the 【Yama Palace】, could temporarily hold the Golden Position with Foundation Establishment bodies.

Of course, finding nine complete Foundation Establishments was impossible.

But if he settled for less and had nine complete Qi Refining practitioners practice this divine ability together, supplemented by a vast amount of fortune infusion, it could also temporarily hold the Foundation Establishment position!

The eight elders of the Nether Wishper Sect did just that; Ancestor Nether Wishper passed down this lineage to have people practice with him, and the existence of the eight red-clothed witch ghosts was to form the 【Yama Palace】 with him.

Ancestor Nether Wishper originally intended to use this method to achieve Foundation Establishment immediately after escaping.

Unfortunately, things did not go as planned.

Of course, although this divine ability was astonishing, it was not without drawbacks, as its foundation was built upon the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

"The so-called temporary Foundation Establishment is not truly breaking through to Foundation Establishment."

Instead, it transforms a region into an existence with the same status as the "Foundation Establishment Realm," then governs that region to display the power of Foundation Establishment.

This is not the path of form refinement and ascension.

"This is actually the concept of the 'Heaven Collapses'..."

Lü Yang quickly recalled that when Ancestor Nether Wishper perfected this divine ability, he had received help from a third-party force, borrowing from their lineage.

It was called—the Heavenly Martial Path Court.

Located in Jiangdong!

"Chen Xin'an told me that the Jiangdong lineage is entirely different; cultivators of the 'Heaven Collapses' do not ascend but transform the existing environment."

"In Jiangdong, the Dao Court governs the world, called Heavenly Martial, commanding all races, establishing twelve positions with specific duties, shepherding the people in all directions. Therefore, under the Dao Court, they do not cultivate magic power or learn divine abilities; those conferred with official positions naturally possess magic power and divine abilities. Those who hold positions are equivalent to True Persons, and those who ascend to the great throne are comparable to True Monarchs."

Thinking of this, Lü Yang's brows furrowed deeper.

Different paths cannot work together; he was already a cultivator on the path of form refinement and ascension. Even if he wanted to switch to the Heaven Collapses, it was not feasible.

"So if I use this divine ability to achieve Foundation Establishment, my future path will be cut off."

If within Jiangdong, there was still room for advancement beyond Foundation Establishment, but the 【Yama Palace】 was merely Ancestor Nether Wishper's imitation, naturally leading to a dead end.

And this was just one of the side effects.

Another side effect was that, since it relied on a specific region to achieve Foundation Establishment, it was also confined to that region; once the earth veins were damaged, the realm would fall.

"This method is not suitable for me... but it's not without a clever workaround."

Ancestor Nether Wishper had considered thoroughly, anticipating that Lü Yang might be unwilling to sever his path, so he specially prepared an alternative plan for him.

"The Great Incarnation Universal Divine Method!"

Lü Yang's eyes lit up; this secret method had a simple effect: refining a living person into his own guardian deity, thereby borrowing that person's merit, fortune, and even retaining their thoughts, transforming them into his puppet, yet without creating karma.

"A clone refined with this secret method can just practice the [Underworld Lord's Ghost Position]!"

"By the way, I can also transfer the karma of the Witch Ghost Path to him."

"Even the nine complete Qi Refining practitioners needed for cultivation were arranged by Ancestor Nether Wishper: eight red-clothed ghosts plus myself, everything is ready..."

Only the final step remained: a vast infusion of fortune.

Thinking of this, a bold idea suddenly arose in Lü Yang's heart:

"...Yu Suzhen!"

If she could surpass and kill Xiao Shiye, seizing the fortune of that colorful merit fish for herself, perhaps it could meet the requirements for constructing the **【Yama Palace】** .

She herself could even be refined into a guardian deity!

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

Chapter 89: Surpassing Death, Xiao Shiye

[1,444 words]

“If I can truly refine a guardian spirit that mimics Foundation Establishment, it would greatly aid my own breakthrough to Foundation Establishment, increasing my chances by at least thirty percent!”

Lü Yang sat cross-legged, pondering in his heart:

“Not only that, but more importantly, the guardian spirit would carry complete karmic ties, allowing me to sever them when necessary and shift the karma of the Witch Ghost Path onto it.”

“Although this means that the cultivation fortune obtained from Stealing Heaven’s Secrets cannot be used for Foundation Establishment and must be invested in the guardian spirit, with a guardian spirit, combined with third-grade true qi, 【Corpse Dissolution Immortal】 , 【Saintly Thief】 , and 【Thought-Severing Heaven-Seeing Silkworm Secret】 , I still have a seventy percent chance of breaking through to Foundation Establishment!”

If I obtain the Ascension Order, that would make it eighty percent!

“Moreover, according to Ancestor Nether Wishper, the more preparation before Foundation Establishment, the higher the success rate, and the greater the benefits after breaking through.”

“This pertains to the cultivation of the Foundation Establishment Realm.”

“So-called Foundation Establishment is essentially a gamble with one's life; there are even those who attempt it with only a thirty or forty percent chance, relying on sheer luck to succeed.”

“However, breakthroughs achieved through such gambles are not without cost. The less preparation beforehand, the lower the success rate, indicating that the Dao injuries sustained during Foundation Establishment are more severe. Especially after Foundation Establishment, these Dao injuries become deeply ingrained, hindering further advancement unless removed.”

“The entire early stage of Foundation Establishment cultivation is actually a healing process.”

“Conversely, if you are well-prepared and attempt the breakthrough with a seventy or eighty percent chance, the corresponding healing time after success will be significantly reduced.”

“If you have a full hundred percent chance before breaking through, then upon success, you will have perfected the early stage of Foundation Establishment and can look forward to the mid-stage.”

“In the cultivation world, this method of breakthrough is also known as ‘Perfect Foundation Establishment,’ generally only attempted by the direct disciples of True Lords.”

This is also normal.

It should be noted that Lü Yang has come this far through multiple lifetimes of arduous cultivation, and at best, he has an eighty percent chance of breaking through to Foundation Establishment; the remaining twenty percent is still unaccounted for.

This is not due to a lack of talent but purely a matter of background.

After all, ‘Perfect Foundation Establishment’ requires an overwhelming amount of resources, which ordinary people simply cannot achieve. Perhaps only the direct disciples of Golden Core True Lords can mobilize such resources.

However, despite this, Lü Yang does not intend to pursue the so-called ‘Perfect Foundation Establishment.’

“Although ‘Perfect Foundation Establishment’ sounds impressive, it merely saves cultivation time. I have no need to be fixated on it.”

“An eighty percent chance is sufficient to take the plunge!”

“Break through first, then talk!”

As the saying goes, “Only by standing tall can one see far.” Many matters can only be addressed after becoming a Foundation Establishment True Person; the benefits of breaking through first are self-evident.

Having made up his mind, Lü Yang no longer hesitated.

“Judging by the time, Yu Suzhen should be almost done. If the old master of Mending Heaven Peak is truly willing to act, she has probably succeeded by now.”

Lü Yang formed a hand seal with one hand and once again calculated Yu Suzhen’s recent situation.

Primordial Saint Sect, Sky-reaching Sea of Clouds.

Within a secret realm, an ancient bronze hall, Yu Suzhen sat suspended in mid-air, her thin garments unable to conceal the crimson hue emerging on her skin.

On the other side, Xiao Shiye's eyes were bloodshot, his face contorted with struggle, as if enduring something. His robust body emitted intense yang energy, forming a stark contrast with Yu Suzhen's overwhelming yin energy. For a moment, the convergence of yin and yang was evident.

"Despicable scoundrel!"

In the next second, Yu Suzhen's voice turned icy as she shattered the bronze coffin at the center of the secret realm with a palm strike, her face visibly burning with intense anger.

Xiao Shiye was even more terrified upon seeing this.

However, amidst his fear, a strange sensation quietly emerged in his heart due to Yu Suzhen's resistance, making it increasingly difficult for him to control himself.

The incident originated from a treasure hunt in the secret realm.

Relying on immense fortune, he was the first to enter the core of the secret realm, only to find that Yu Suzhen was just a step behind, forcibly seizing his opportunity.

As it turned out, the inheritance left by the secret realm's master concealed a trap. After obtaining the inheritance, it required the harmonization of yin and yang energies; otherwise, imbalance would lead to immediate death.

At this moment, only Xiao Shiye and Yu Suzhen were present in the core of the secret realm—a lone man and woman—what would happen was self-evident.

Thinking of this, Xiao Shiye instinctively stood up.

"Don't come any closer!"

On the other side, Yu Suzhen almost immediately cried out in alarm. However, her misty eyes and flushed skin lacked any convincing deterrent.

This only made Xiao Shiye more excited.

The two drew closer, and the yin and yang energies completely merged. In the next second, Xiao Shiye saw a fair, jade-like arm wrap around his neck.

In an instant, a fragrant scent enveloped him.

Yu Suzhen's weak voice, tinged with a sigh, still echoed in Xiao Shiye's ear: "Little thief, if you dare touch me, I will take your life in the future!"

This sentence instantly triggered Xiao Shiye's rebellious psyche.

He had heard of Yu Suzhen, the renowned Fairy Suzhen, exceptionally talented, surpassing many disciples at a young age, having reached the late stage of Qi Refining.

In contrast, he was merely an unknown cultivator in the mid-stage of Qi Refining.

From the moment they entered the secret realm, Yu Suzhen had maintained this cold demeanor, never acknowledging him, even forcibly taking his opportunity.

This was intolerable!

“I’ll touch you—what can you do about it?”

Xiao Shiye’s eyes turned blood-red. In a fit of rage, he abandoned all the unease and self-restraint that had arisen, grabbed her forcefully, and began the act.

Yin and yang intertwined, day and night unceasing.

Several days later, Yu Suzhen finally awoke, engaged in another bout of entanglement with Xiao Shiye, but ultimately chose to let him go, even saving his life.

From then on, the two formed an inseparable bond.

Since then, Xiao Shiye could not forget Yu Suzhen.

Especially when he occasionally saw the cold fairy appear before others, he couldn’t help but recall the passion hidden beneath her icy exterior.

Under the influence of his lower desires, Xiao Shiye’s choice was clear: he wanted to become stronger! Strong enough to stand before Yu Suzhen again and openly become her Dao companion!

Driven by this thought, Xiao Shiye arrived at the sect’s Merit Pool.

Having hit rock bottom, any direction was upward.

Take a gamble!

In places unseen by mortals, Xiao Shiye’s soaring fortune burned intensely at this moment, eliciting a response from the Merit Pool.

“This time, I must win!”

“I’ve invested all my contribution points this year; at least give me a gold one?”

“If not gold, at least a purple one as a consolation...”

Under the intense, red-eyed gaze of numerous sect disciples, the Merit Pool revealed its results, and a seven-colored light burst forth!

“Jackpot! Jackpot!”

In an instant, the crowd erupted.

Almost everyone’s gaze immediately focused on Xiao Shiye, now bathed in colorful light, their eyes filled with jealousy, anger, and murderous intent, barely concealed.

Damn it, who is this guy!?

Xiao Shiye paid no attention to them, his face beaming with excitement as he received the colorful Merit Fish that landed in his hand, affectionately rubbing it against his palm.

With this, he could turn his life around!

That cold and proud Fairy Suzhen would surely see him in a new light!

Sensing the envious and greedy stares around him, Xiao Shiye didn’t hesitate. He swallowed the Merit Fish whole and began refining it on the spot.

In the next second, silence fell.

“...”

All the anger, jealousy, and greed vanished. Every sect disciple, including Xiao Shiye, ceased thinking, as if time had stopped.

A figure embodying all the colors of heaven and earth quietly appeared.

It was none other than Daoist Hong Yun.

“Seems like this bait yielded a good catch.”

Daoist Hong Yun looked at Xiao Shiye, nodding in satisfaction.

With the fortune from the colorful Merit Fish, he could alleviate his urgent needs.

With this thought, he immediately prepared to retrieve Xiao Shiye and extract his fortune.

However, he quickly froze.

Because when he extended his divine sense into Xiao Shiye’s body, he found it empty—his true qi and vitality had vanished.

He was dead.

Where's the fish I caught? That big one?

Daoist Hong Yun's smile stiffened, his face turning visibly ashen, staring at Xiao Shiye's corpse in shock and fury.

In the next second, Daoist Hong Yun calculated with his fingers, then laughed in extreme anger:

"How bold!!!"

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

[1,429 words]

Primordial Saint Sect, Mending Heaven Peak.

Just as Xiao Shiye drew the colorful Merit Fish and began refining it, Yu Suzhen made her move.

Activating Stealing Heaven's Secrets, Xiao Shiye was instantly drained to death.

The immense cultivation and fortune that allowed a mortal to reach the peak of Qi Refining overnight were effortlessly absorbed by Yu Suzhen.

In an instant, Yu Suzhen's cultivation surged!

Everything happened so quickly that even Yu Suzhen herself didn't have time to react.

However, this did not hinder her ecstasy.

Could this be her opportunity?

"Am I about to ascend in one step?"

The very next second, a familiar sensation suddenly spread from her dantian, swiftly engulfing her entire body.

This was Stealing Heaven's Secrets!?

Yu Suzhen's expression changed dramatically.

She sensed, in disbelief, that her cultivation, which should have broken through to the peak of Qi Refining, was rapidly declining.

She was all too familiar with this feeling.

During this period, she had surpassed countless disciples and created numerous cauldrons.

Yet, only at this moment did she realize that she herself was someone else's cauldron!

But when did it happen?

Who had acted against her without her knowledge?

Soon, a sense of weakness welled up in her heart.

Joy turned to sorrow.

Terror replaced ecstasy.

The feeling of being slowly drained to death twisted Yu Suzhen's delicate face.

She couldn't help but cry out loudly:

"Wait, wait a moment..."

Before she could finish speaking, the suction force suddenly doubled.

In the next second, Yu Suzhen's energy plummeted to the bottom.

Her entire true qi, cultivation, fortune, and even her soul were drained, flowing out of the sect.

Almost simultaneously, two cracks suddenly appeared in Yu Suzhen's cave dwelling.

Immediately after, two figures stepped out from the cracks, one after the other.

Their gazes instantly fell upon Yu Suzhen's corpse.

"One step too late."

Daoist Hong Yun's expression remained calm.

Only his pair of bone-chilling eyes revealed his current fury.

The next second, he turned his head, his gaze fixed intently on the Mending Heaven Peak Master:

"Chen Taihe, do you wish to fight me?"

Throughout the entire sect, everyone knew his condition.

Anyone who dared to snatch the bait he used to fish for fortune was effectively shortening his lifespan and would inevitably face his fiercest retaliation.

Therefore, even the True Person Chongguang, who had the greatest conflict with him, dared not make a move.

After all, his status was too high.

Even though he was no longer what he used to be, he was still incomparable to ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivators.

However, Daoist Hong Yun never expected that the Mending Heaven Peak Master, with whom he had only minor disputes, would obscure causality and commit such a significant act!

"Daoist Hong Yun, please calm down."

Compared to the furious Daoist Hong Yun, the Mending Heaven Peak Master appeared quite composed:

"The one who acted is the junior who previously took away the Panlong inheritance."

"Following this thread of energy, if we pursue him, we might still retrieve that colorful Merit Fish."

"Although it will inevitably suffer some damage, it's better than nothing."

"Of course, if you insist on fighting me, I don't mind experiencing the style of the former True Lord."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master also did not intend to completely offend Daoist Hong Yun.

After all, he merely wanted to sell Chongguang a favor.

As long as he reduced Daoist Hong Yun's gains, it was sufficient.

There was no need to leave him empty-handed.

This way, he wouldn't be regarded by Daoist Hong Yun as a thorn in the eye.

At most, their relationship would deteriorate.

It wasn't great to begin with.

With the formidable enemy Chongguang ahead, it wasn't a big deal.

Everything was within his plan.

The Mending Heaven Peak Master smiled indifferently.

Then, he calculated with his fingers and quickly found Lü Yang's location.

He immediately took a step forward, crossing the void in pursuit.

Daoist Hong Yun gritted his teeth slightly upon seeing this but could only follow closely behind.

Meanwhile, within the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

As a stream of light traversed the void and arrived, Lü Yang suddenly opened his eyes.

While revealing a look of joy, he also glanced solemnly in the direction of the Primordial Saint Sect.

"Old bastard... as expected, you harbor ill intentions towards me!"

Lü Yang exhaled a breath but did not panic.

He had anticipated that the Mending Heaven Peak Master and Daoist Hong Yun would pursue him.

In fact, it was exactly what he wanted!

Thinking of this, Lü Yang looked at the Innate Primordial Qi Divine Talisman in his arms.

The next second, he removed this treasure that could obscure causality, voluntarily leaving its protection, and instead sent it into the Witch Ghost Secret Realm!

"At this point, there's no point in hiding my causality."

"On the contrary, the causality of the Witch Ghost Secret Realm needs to be concealed."

"Once the Mending Heaven Peak Master arrives and fails to deduce that this is the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, and opens it without authorization, the Golden Core sword qi inside can give him a severe blow."

Thinking of this, a trace of ruthlessness flashed in Lü Yang's eyes.

"Although the sect's foundation is far beyond that of the Witch Ghost Path, and the Mending Heaven Peak Master is the master of a peak, he might possess life-saving items at the Golden Core level."

"But even so, he can't remain unscathed under a Golden Core sword qi."

"At that time, if I can refine a Foundation Establishment Guardian Deity, I can take advantage of the situation to strike him down and avenge the humiliation of being killed by a single finger in my previous life."

Thinking of this, Lü Yang dared not delay.

"Begin refining the Guardian Deity immediately!"

Activating Stealing Heaven's Secrets, the light in his hand dispersed, revealing Yu Suzhen's bewildered soul and the vast cultivation and fortune belonging to the colorful Merit Fish.

The next second, Lü Yang unfurled the Myriad Spirits Banner.

The banner emitted a dark light, and thousands of witch ghosts roared in unison.

Among them were the eight red-clothed ghosts required for cultivating the 【Xuanming Underworld Lord's Ghost Position】 .

As the banner waved, the 【Yama Palace】 , once displayed by Master Nether Wishper, reappeared.

"The Great Incarnation Universal Divine Method!"

Lü Yang formed a hand seal without stopping.

His vast spiritual consciousness transformed into a large hand, enveloping Yu Suzhen's soul, grasping it tightly, and instantly refining it.

"Ah—!"

Yu Suzhen's wail immediately rang out but quickly weakened.

Then, it transformed into a ball of spiritual light, condensing into a new soul.

The new soul was identical to Yu Suzhen in every way.

However, inside and out, it had been completely refined by Lü Yang.

At this moment, her eyes stared blankly at Lü Yang.

Soon, the soul gradually solidified.

The originally naked delicate body was finally covered by a thin veil.

The snow-white dress bloomed like a lotus, and a pair of petite, delicate bare feet hovered in mid-air.

At this point, the Guardian Deity was considered refined.

However, Lü Yang was still not at ease.

After all, he intended for her to feign Foundation Establishment.

But if she became too strong and escaped his control, what then?

Such things must be guarded against.

After all, he didn't want to hear one day, "What a Yu Suzhen, truly a hero among the world," which would be truly amusing.

Therefore, he did not stop.

Instead, he waved the Myriad Spirits Banner, collecting the Guardian Deity back into the banner.

At the same time, he engraved numerous self-destruct restrictions onto Yu Suzhen's soul.

With triple safeguards, as long as she harbored any thoughts of betrayal, she would be doomed instantly, ensuring Lü Yang would not suffer backlash.

Thus, after a while.

As Lü Yang formed a seal, Yu Suzhen's blank eyes suddenly lit up.

Like adding the finishing touch to a dragon, her stagnant thoughts resumed operation at this moment.

The next second, she looked at Lü Yang.

Her plump delicate body slowly knelt down.

Her fair forehead pressed tightly against the ground.

Her clear and pleasant voice was filled with obedience:

"Slave greets Master."

Lü Yang nodded in satisfaction upon seeing this:

"You are no longer the soul of the past."

"From now on, you shall be called Su Nu."

As a Guardian Deity, with the Myriad Spirits Banner and self-destruct restrictions, Su Nu's life and death were now at his whim.

There was no need to worry about her betraying him at a critical moment.

"Return to your position."

With a thought from Lü Yang, Su Nu, who had been refined into a Guardian Deity, floated up and landed in the 【Yama Palace】 , sitting on the main seat.

Immediately after, Lü Yang infused the fortune of the colorful Merit Fish into the 【Yama Palace】 .

The fortune burned like fire, as if tempering refined iron, gradually forging the originally simple and assembled 【Yama Palace】 into a cohesive whole.

However, at this moment—

"Boom!"

A loud noise rang out.

Lü Yang suddenly looked up.

His gaze pierced through the Witch Ghost Secret Realm and saw a void crack suddenly appear above Skeleton Mountain.

The Mending Heaven Peak Master and Daoist Hong Yun stepped out.

The formidable enemies had arrived!

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

[1,620 words]

Outside the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, above Skeleton Mountain.

The void cracked open, and the Mending Heaven Peak Master and Daoist Hong Yun stepped out one after the other, their Foundation Establishment gazes sweeping over the entire Skeleton Mountain in an instant.

In that moment, the previously cloudless sky became overcast, with thunderbolts weaving through the clouds like silver snakes, illuminating half the sky.

Even a casual sweep of divine sense from a Foundation Establishment True Person caused the rogue cultivators and demon ghosts within the mountain to reveal expressions of fear.

"This is the place."

Although his divine sense found nothing, the Mending Heaven Peak Master couldn't help but smile.

That his divine sense failed to locate the target immediately indicated that the opponent's hiding place was of high quality!

"Unexpectedly, there's an additional gain—a secret realm?"

Thinking of the substantial harvest, the Mending Heaven Peak Master couldn't help but hum softly.

In the next second, he calculated with his fingers, attempting to discern the nature of the secret realm, but could only determine that it was an ordinary, unremarkable small secret realm.

"No matter, entering will reveal the truth."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master was confident.

As the head of one of the Four Peaks of the Primordial Saint Sect, his cultivation had long reached the mid-Foundation Establishment stage, just a step away from the late stage.

Looking across the world, who could kill him besides the remnants of True Lords?

With this thought, the Mending Heaven Peak Master immediately formed a hand seal, performing the "Heaven and Earth Searching Technique," quickly locking onto the entrance of the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

"Found it!"

The Mending Heaven Peak Master smiled coldly and stepped towards the secret realm.

On the other side, Daoist Hong Yun, instead of rushing in, revealed a strange expression: "This secret realm... seems off!"

Bearing the name Hong Yun, he naturally excelled in the Dao of Fortune. Just as he was about to follow the Mending Heaven Peak Master into the secret realm, he suddenly sensed a heart-palpitating feeling, prompting him to halt decisively. Given his current cultivation, what could instill such a sense of crisis?

"This is getting interesting..."

With this thought, Daoist Hong Yun suddenly smiled coldly, watching the Mending Heaven Peak Master enter the secret realm with great interest, a hint of schadenfreude in his eyes.

In the next second—

"Boom!!!"

A loud explosion emanated from within the secret realm, followed by a beam of spiritual light shooting skyward, stirring the earth veins of the eight hundred li Skeleton Mountain, revealing its true form.

Due to the Mending Heaven Peak Master's forceful intrusion, the Witch Ghost Secret Realm could no longer remain hidden and was completely exposed.

Simultaneously, a majestic, unparalleled sword qi appeared at the top of the secret realm, suspended in the sky like a galaxy, resembling an inverted mountain and sea.

Beneath the sword qi was the fleeing Mending Heaven Peak Master.

"Despicable junior! Treacherous villain! I..."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master cursed loudly as he fled, his earlier composure entirely gone, replaced by anger and anxiety from being thwarted.

A Golden Core sword qi!

The Mending Heaven Peak Master never expected that the secret realm he considered within his grasp concealed a sword qi left by a Golden Core True Lord!

It was like a shark hiding in a fish pond!

"Lü Yang... who exactly are you!?"

Due to the use of a divine talisman to obscure the cause and effect of the Witch Ghost Secret Realm, Lü Yang lost his protection, allowing the Mending Heaven Peak Master to calculate his identity clearly.

However, even with this clarity, the Mending Heaven Peak Master found it hard to believe.

According to his calculations, Lü Yang had been cultivating for less than a year, yet not only had he achieved perfection in Qi Refining, but he had also mastered the Saint Thief, a secret art of the Primordial Saint Sect.

Moreover, he had also acquired the Taiyin Shedding Form Corpse Dissolution True Method, the Heaven Severing Silkworm Secret, and other great divine abilities of the sect, typically reserved for true disciples. Yet, in reality, Lü Yang had just joined the sect! How could the Mending Heaven Peak Master believe this? It must be false; he had been deceived again!

He even suspected that Lü Yang was the reincarnation of a True Person of the sect.

"No, with such insidious and ruthless methods, there's no doubt—he must be the reincarnation of a True Person of our sect..."

The Mending Heaven Peak Master's thoughts raced, but the sword qi above forced him to abandon these distractions, fleeing through the air in an attempt to evade the sword qi's lock.

However, it was all in vain.

In the next second, the Mending Heaven Peak Master abruptly stopped, his expression grim, as further escape was futile—the sword qi had already locked onto his cause and effect!

A clear voice descended from the sky: "Demonic path, must be exterminated!"

Before the words faded, the sword qi struck!

The Mending Heaven Peak Master couldn't resist, but a jade token at his waist activated on its own, flying in front of him to block the sword qi.

In an instant, even the operation of heaven and earth seemed to slow down.

The sword qi reflected the image of a handsome young man in Daoist robes, while a stern-faced middle-aged man emerged from the jade token.

The two locked eyes, and an invisible mighty force clashed fiercely at a higher level.

"Crack."

With a loud noise, the jade token shattered.

Correspondingly, the sword qi was also diminished by ninety-nine percent, leaving only a wisp that penetrated the jade token's defense and struck the Mending Heaven Peak Master.

Yet, even so, the Mending Heaven Peak Master couldn't withstand it and exploded!

Amidst the scattered flesh and blood, only a powerful soul remained, its eyes filled with immense fury, staring towards the Witch Ghost Secret Realm.

Inside the secret realm, Lü Yang sighed helplessly upon seeing this.

"As expected, he wasn't killed."

Just as he had anticipated, the Mending Heaven Peak Master indeed possessed a Golden Core-level life-saving item, which activated at the critical moment to save his life.

"Fortunately, I have also succeeded here."

Under the Golden Core sword qi, the Mending Heaven Peak Master's physical body was destroyed, leaving only a soul, effectively severely injured.

Nearby, Daoist Hong Yun remained a bystander.

Taking advantage of the time gained by the Golden Core sword qi, Lü Yang successfully completed the final step of the 【Yama Palace】 .

At this moment, the Myriad Spirits Banner swayed, and the eight hundred li Skeleton Mountain responded immediately. The magnificent 【Yama Palace】 rose from the ground, with the guardian deity Su Nu bathed entirely in divine light.

"Master."

Su Nu gracefully descended beside Lü Yang, respectfully bowing, showing no sign of resistance despite her achievements.

In fact, her beautiful eyes held a hint of fear as she looked at Lü Yang.

Since she was personally refined by Lü Yang's spiritual sense, Su Nu, now a guardian deity, was influenced, including her understanding of Lü Yang's temperament.

In her view, her master could be described with four words:

Meticulous as a needle!

Absolutely not to be offended!

Seeing Su Nu's respectful demeanor, Lü Yang nodded in satisfaction: "Come in."

As his words fell, Su Nu immediately responded softly, obediently entering Lü Yang's dantian, offering herself entirely without reservation.

In the next second, Lü Yang's aura surged!

Between his brows, a divine light as brilliant as the rising sun shone forth, with six dragon-shaped and phoenix-patterned talismanic characters glowing brightly.

【Underworld Lord's Ghost Position】

Subsequently, the earth veins of the eight hundred li Skeleton Mountain stirred, and an invisible supporting force descended, adding three more talismanic characters before the existing six.

Named: Yama Heaven.

【Yama Heaven Underworld Lord's Ghost Position】 !

At this moment, Lü Yang felt a warm current flowing throughout his body, with Su Nu like a sweet dew, nourishing his dantian.

With such a Foundation Establishment guardian deity, although he had not yet reached Foundation Establishment, he could already enjoy the enhancements and benefits of the Foundation Establishment realm, to the extent that even the transformation progress of the **【Corpse Dissolution Immortal】** had shortened from decades to mere months!

Practicing great divine abilities with a Foundation Establishment status naturally led to rapid progress!

While Lü Yang felt relaxed and joyful from his great success, the Mending Heaven Peak Master on the other side was not in a good mood.

"How is this possible..."

He stared blankly at Lü Yang's soaring aura, almost unable to believe his eyes: "The Heavenly Martial of Jiangdong? No! It's similar but not quite..."

Before he could figure it out, he saw Lü Yang glance sideways at him.

In an instant, the Mending Heaven Peak Master felt a chill throughout his body.

Now reduced to a soul, with greatly diminished cultivation, engaging in a duel with a Foundation Establishment cultivator could be dangerous!

"...Retreat!"

The Mending Heaven Peak Master's decision was swift, his soul immediately transforming into a stream of light retreating, even casting several avatars to confuse the pursuit.

However, upon seeing this, Lü Yang merely formed a hand seal.

With both hands clasped in a virtual gesture, index and little fingers bent inward. In the next second, a dark light surged behind Lü Yang, revealing a gloomy world.

Within it were countless witch ghosts, supporting a towering hall, roaring incessantly.

There were also impermanent beings claiming lives, ghost messengers capturing souls, judges rewarding and punishing, and wandering gods patrolling the heavens.

Eight righteous deities with blue faces and fangs, fierce yet solemn, each wielding golden shackles, silver chains, mourning sticks, and life-and-death books, surrounded the towering hall.

At the top of the hall, Lü Yang laughed heartily: "Senior, having come from afar, why rush to leave?"

In the next second, the 【Yama Palace】 opened and closed.

"Why not enter my urn and allow me to fulfill my duty as host!"

As his words fell, the Mending Heaven Peak Master didn't even have time to dodge, only feeling darkness before his eyes. When he looked back, he was already imprisoned within the 【Yama Palace】 !

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Chapter 92: Duel of True Persons!

[1,657 words]

As the 【Yama Palace】 hung high in the sky, a gust of eerie wind swept across the eight-hundred-li Skeleton Mountain, accompanied by incessant wails, transforming the area into a ghostly realm.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak stood amidst it all, his expression exceedingly grim.

"With just these tricks, you think you can kill me?"

He almost laughed in anger; regardless of whether Lü Yang was the reincarnation of a True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect, attempting to kill him in such a manner was simply underestimating him too much!

On the other side, Lü Yang remained calm, while in his dantian, the Su Nu, who had transformed into a guardian deity, was drenched in sweat, unreservedly channeling her own status onto him, making his appearance increasingly solemn and sacred, as if he had become the center of the eight-hundred-li Skeleton Mountain.

"Let's give it a try; I wish to witness the senior's divine abilities."

Upon hearing this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak gave Lü Yang a deep look, then nodded: "Very well, let me see which of my old colleagues you truly are!"

Clearly, he had already identified Lü Yang's true identity.

He was undoubtedly the reincarnation of a True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect!

As for why he didn't state it outright, it was quite normal; every True Person of the Primordial Saint Sect carried some troublesome karmic ties.

Such as enemies, enemies, and more enemies.

Now, having finally reincarnated, it was the perfect opportunity to shed past karma; who would willingly acknowledge their past identity and take on their former karmic burdens?

As his words fell, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak bent down, picked up a handful of yellow earth, infused it with his magical power for a moment, and then scattered it.

The dust took root upon landing, instantly transforming into a large lump of earth.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak's soul entered it, and in an instant, the lump of earth took on his appearance.

"Though it's a body of earth and stone, it will suffice."

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak murmured softly, his lips moving as gravel continuously fell, but at least his soul now had a temporary dwelling.

Boom!

As the Master of Mending Heaven Peak cast his spell, Lü Yang did not remain idle. Within the 【Yama Palace】, the sounds of battle echoed as numerous witch ghosts appeared behind Lü Yang.

These witch ghosts, all armed and armored, displayed fierce and grotesque faces.

They were neatly arranged, with ghost soldiers and generals moving in unison.

With a single thought from Lü Yang, they charged toward the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

"Demons and monsters dare approach my Dharma body?"

Upon seeing this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak sneered.

A spiritual light rose slowly from the top of his head, dividing yin and yang, revealing black and white energies.

Upon closer inspection, it was a scroll.

He cultivated the Mending Heaven True Scripture, ultimately establishing a Dao foundation named "Yin-Yang Grand Dao Diagram."

The diagram had two sides: one representing Extreme Yin, the other Bright Yang, using yin and yang to explain the myriad phenomena of the universe. Any divine abilities cast into the diagram would be decomposed, refined, absorbed, and even used for his own purposes.

At this moment, the scroll unfolded, revealing the "Extreme Yin" side facing upward.

The 【Yama Palace】 was primarily based on fierce yin, and the various witch ghosts were also of the yin attribute, making them perfectly countered by "Extreme Yin." No matter how many came, it would be futile.

In the next second, the scroll flipped.

Extreme Yin turned to Bright Yang, and a vast heavenly light illuminated all directions of the Yama Palace.

Wherever it passed, all ghost soldiers and generals were ignited, instantly turning to dust.

However, at the same time, several black lights, like thunderbolts, struck into the Yin-Yang Diagram, causing the Master of Mending Heaven Peak to grunt and his earth-and-stone body to crack.

Nine Heavens Secret Demon Yin Thunder!

Ancestor Nether Wishper had once used this divine ability to suppress Lü Yang's soul.

Now, Lü Yang was using the same technique against the Master of Mending Heaven Peak's soul!

"Truly possesses some skill."

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak's expression darkened.

Although Lü Yang undoubtedly suffered more damage in the recent clash, he himself was not unscathed.

The confrontation between Foundation Establishment cultivators was vastly different from that of Qi Refining.

True Person duels involved manifesting one's Dao foundation through magical power, with countless divine abilities operating every moment.

Thus, when both parties manifested their Dao foundations and clashed, it was akin to deploying large armies, each soldier representing a divine ability.

Every collision was a battle between armies; whoever suffered more losses and could no longer manifest their Dao foundation would be defeated.

Such duels tested one's ability to strategize, essentially their level of cultivation.

In essence, it was like arranging troops: where to concentrate forces, where to feign strength, where to send in a lone force, and where to set ambushes.

With high cultivation, one could anticipate the enemy, arrange calmly, and adapt freely.

With low cultivation, one would be manipulated at will.

Therefore, unless there was a significant disparity, duels between Foundation Establishment True Persons rarely resulted in quick victories, and even if one won, it was difficult to kill the opponent.

Lü Yang's cultivation was undoubtedly inferior to that of the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

But his condition was better.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak's physical body was destroyed, leaving only his soul, making his Dao foundation unstable, while Lü Yang's 【Yama Palace】 had just been completed, at its peak.

It was like Lü Yang commanding an army of a hundred thousand, while the Master of Mending Heaven Peak had only ten thousand elite troops.

The numerical disparity was so great that Lü Yang didn't need complex strategies; a simple attrition tactic would suffice.

Over time, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak would naturally be defeated.

Boom!

Lü Yang gave the Master of Mending Heaven Peak no respite.

The ghost soldiers and generals within the Yama Palace resurrected and surged toward the Master of Mending Heaven Peak again.

For a moment, thunderous sounds echoed above Skeleton Mountain.

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak's expression grew increasingly grim, the cracks on his hastily formed earth-and-stone body becoming more pronounced, as if it would disintegrate at any moment.

"Do you intend for mutual destruction?"

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak looked at Lü Yang, puzzled, as Lü Yang's condition seemed too good, showing no signs of injury.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

'After all, it's not me who's getting hurt.'

Lü Yang glanced at his dantian, where the guardian deity Su Nu was now covered in wounds, her entire body cracked, in a much worse state than the Master of Mending Heaven Peak.

'Not a big problem.'

Lü Yang remained calm, continuing to exploit Su Nu's power.

After all, she wasn't dead yet; as long as she was alive, he could use her to the fullest.

After all, dueling was too dangerous; better to let someone else bear the burden.

Finally, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak couldn't hold on any longer.

He had thought that a young True Person like Lü Yang would cherish his life and Dao foundation more, but Lü Yang was so fierce, seemingly willing to perish together!

"Can't delay any longer!"

With this thought, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak immediately changed his strategy.

The Yin-Yang Grand Dao Diagram closed, Extreme Yin and Bright Yang converged, and finally produced a point of mixed light.

This point of light was initially as faint as a spark, but with the infusion of the Master of Mending Heaven Peak's magical power, it instantly blazed, emitting boundless brilliance.

Wherever it passed, whether ghost soldiers, generals, or Secret Demon Yin Thunder, all were annihilated. The light pierced through the Yama Palace!

Boom!

For a moment, the sky inside and outside was filled with mixed colors, black and white blending together, indistinguishable, clearing all the boiling yin energy.

Seeing this, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak dared not delay and immediately soared into the sky.

What he had just performed was a great divine ability called "Yin-Yang Mixed Hole Supreme Divine Light," which he had relied upon to break through to Foundation Establishment in the past.

After reaching Foundation Establishment, with the added status, his former great divine abilities gained many profound changes beyond Qi Refining. For example, the "Yin-Yang Mixed Hole Supreme Divine Light" he cast could now instantly extinguish spiritual energy, purifying and cleansing impurities.

However, such divine abilities naturally consumed a lot.

If he were still at his peak, it wouldn't matter, but in his current state, using it once was fine; more than three times would exhaust him.

Therefore, he cast it now purely to break the deadlock.

As long as he escaped the 【Yama Palace】 , the sky would be the limit, and he could advance or retreat, gaining room to maneuver.

However, just as he flew out of the Yama Palace, his expression changed dramatically.

Outside the 【Yama Palace】 , Lü Yang's figure quietly appeared, but this time, the guardian deity Su Nu did not accompany him, remaining in place.

"Two people!?"

The Master of Mending Heaven Peak's pupils contracted, instantly realizing: "An external incarnation! You're not yet at Foundation Establishment, just managed to refine a Foundation Establishment-level incarnation!"

Lü Yang ignored him, silently extending a finger.

Generally, he could only duel with the Master of Mending Heaven Peak when merged with Su Nu, but for a single move, he had a trump card.

This move was taught by Ancestor Nether Wishper.

In the next second, Lü Yang began to break through to Foundation Establishment, ascend, and then fall!

Lü Yang's expression was calm, his aura changing, then enveloped in the majestic power of a failed ascension, falling from Foundation Establishment, pointing at the Master of Mending Heaven Peak—

"Heaven Collapse!"

A shadow fell from the sky; Lü Yang's finger caught the Master of Mending Heaven Peak off guard, intercepting his escape mid-air!

Immediately, the 【Yama Palace】 opened its doors again.

Boom!

With a loud bang, the Master of Mending Heaven Peak's eyes widened in anger and helplessness, as Lü Yang's finger struck him down, causing him to fall back into the 【Yama Palace】 !

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