

Pet Store 1151

Chapter 1151 Building Extreme Foundation

“Junior brothers, you’ll surely become core disciples within a year considering your potential!”

Many senior brothers and sisters gathered around Su Ping and the new disciples, hoping to make friends with them,

None had a deity constitution. They remained stuck in the first volume, never entering the second.

Those who had entered the second volume were already dominators of certain regions; they didn’t have to make friends with the new junior brothers.

“Junior Brother Su, you’ve only just entered this school; I have some Spirit Nurturing Pills that will help you with your cultivation,” said a graceful senior sister with a smile; she offered him a bottle of said pills.

Su Ping glanced at the gift and readily accepted it. “Thank you very much, senior sister.”

“I’m Fang Yu. Feel free to look for me if you need anything.”

Fang Yu was even more delighted to see him accept the present.

“Fang Yu? I’m glad you’re not Fang Shiyu[1], or it would be impossible for me to beat you...” Su Ping mumbled.

“What?”

“Nothing.” Su Ping shook his head, and thanked her a second time.

Seeing his forthcoming attitude, many others walked over and offered him cultivation pills they had saved for their own use.

“Junior Brother Su, you are an extraordinary genius. Don’t forget your senior brothers when you enter the inner circle,” someone said jokingly, but they actually meant it. Su Ping replied with a smile. “I won’t. I certainly won’t forget my senior sisters either.”

“Haha. Junior Brother Su, you’re so humorous.” All his seniors laughed.

“Bah!”

Many senior sisters who had already offered him gifts rolled their eyes at him; they didn’t expect their new junior brother to be that bold, teasing them right after being admitted.

The other newcomers were rather envious as they saw how Su Ping easily got along with their seniors. In any case, they were no longer as anxious as before; many of them accepted the gifts offered and made friends with them.

“Hmm.”

Disdain flashed in the eyes of the charming young man. Having been born in a renowned family gave him the advantage of knowing a lot about the sects; he was aware that the senior brothers and sisters

who went to greet him were mostly mediocre, thus undeserving of his time. He wasn't short of Spirit Nurturing Pills, either; those pills were the beginner-level kind for cultivation families.

He certainly wouldn't be impressed by something that cheap!

Still, he avoided saying anything offensive, simply bidding farewell to the seniors who wanted to talk to him, and then squeezed out of the crowd.

"Why are you so arrogant?" someone said and sneered in disdain, but wasn't too obvious about it; they even smiled at him when they met him.

"I heard he's from a renowned cultivation family. Tricky to deal with indeed."

"It's said that a great deity was born in his family. Unfortunately, that's all in the past."

"There's a chance he can also become a great deity considering his constitution. Mind you, just a possibility; not everyone who boasts a deity constitution can reach that level."/>

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The other disciples communicated with eye contact, keeping outwardly silent. Instead, they eventually gathered around and talked to the more friendly disciples, such as Su Ping.

The latter greeted them politely, accepting plenty of gifts in the process. He was impressed by the generosity of immortal cultivators, who were offering him quite a lot of stuff, even though they had never met. They were truly great people!

While holding the bundle of cultivation pills, Su Ping said with a smile, "Senior and junior brothers and sisters, I'm leaving to resume my cultivation. Goodbye!"

Everybody quickly said goodbye. Their expressions looked odd after Su Ping left; their junior brother didn't turn anyone down. Doesn't he know he has to return the favors later?

Once back in his residence, Su Ping opened the bottles of pills, and poured them all into his mouth.

The Spirit Nurturing Pill helps cultivators sense the spiritual energy in nature and kickstart their cultivation.

Su Ping was already experienced when it came to cultivation. He swallowed the Spirit Nurturing Pills, which turned into a torrent of spiritual energy that flowed inside his body. He focused his attention and cultivated according to the technique.

He directed the spiritual energy with his consciousness and cleaned his marrow, which was the first part of the first volume.

Once the marrow was cleansed, he would gain an extraordinary power. That meant that he would become a cultivator in the future.

He would be able to hold up a weight of a thousand kilograms. He would be equal to a level-3 battle pet warrior.

The second step was to build a foundation. He had to concentrate spiritual energy inside his body, just like stars in his acupoints; it would be the basis of his cultivation.

That was a critical step.

The second step required Building Foundation Pills, which were of different qualities. The most powerful Building Foundation Pills were made of the best ingredients, adding the foundation would count as them making the building indestructible.

The Chaos Star Chart can attract the spiritual energy in nature...

Su Ping was astonished.

He tried to activate the Chaos Star Chart and use the method to absorb astral power, only to find that the spiritual energy in nature was absorbed into his body like a tornado.

Right, my previous body, shrouded in deity aura, was already a half deity. Absorbing astral power and absorbing deity aura are the same for my body...

Su Ping was quite thrilled; he had already witnessed the cultivation speed of the Chaos Star Chart, which was as fast as a whale swallowing. The Spirit Nurturing Pills helped him discover that a lot of spiritual energy was being squeezed and condensed into liquid inside his veins.

"I'm trying another cultivation system as a new cultivation. My main purpose is not to return to the Star State as fast as possible; I'd better stay on solid ground and experience everything carefully." Su Ping wasn't in a hurry to improve his level; he was absolutely able to cross nine states in one day with the spiritual energy in his body.

Still, he would only regain his original power if he did that.

What Su Ping wanted to do was to take a step forward, beyond what he had achieved.

He soon condensed the first drop of liquid spiritual energy inside his body, which fell right where his Astral Ocean used to be. Then, the second and the third drop also fell, making the pool expand.

Su Ping was going to build a lake of spiritual energy, and transform it into a lake of deity aura in the future!

Su Ping's body became even smoother thanks to the flowing spiritual energy, but not many impurities were removed; after all, he had a Golden Crow Constitution to begin with. The cleansing didn't improve his physical attributes significantly, but it did improve his veins.

A day later,

Su Ping completed the marrow cleansing part; the lake of spiritual energy was already full.

He had also finished up the Spirit Nurturing Pills his senior brothers and sisters had gifted him.

Strange. Why can't I feel any spiritual energy?

Our senior brother said that we're talented and we should be able to vaguely detect the flow of spiritual energy on the first day. But I'm not feeling anything right now.

"I'm only feeling sleepy..." said someone with a yawn.

Su Ping opened his eyes, and heard the voices of other disciples in the neighboring rooms. He instantly stopped cultivating.

He opened his eyes and watched. There seemed to be flames in his eyes, allowing him to see spiritual energy in the air. The hazy spiritual energy was concentrated in his room at the moment; it was extremely thin elsewhere. Fortunately, he was surrounded by freshmen. His seniors would have noticed the anomaly if they were present.

The Chaos Star Chart is too domineering. Others won't be able to cultivate if I stay here. Su Ping raised his eyebrows, then walked out of the room after thinking for a moment.

"Senior Brother Su, it's already late. You're still up?" someone said curiously, seeing Su Ping walk out.

He replied, "Our seniors mentioned a cave where we can cultivate. I'd like to go there and take a look."

"I see. I heard that you have to pay spirit stones to have access. Also, it's very expensive. Ten thousand taels of gold can only get you a dozen regular spirit stones. That's not enough to last a day," said a disciple.

Su Ping nodded and walked out of the dormitory.

The disciple mumbled to himself, instantly heaving a jealous sigh upon remembering that Su Ping had a deity constitution. Su Ping was just a regular student like him, yet he had no doubt that some senior sisters and brothers would willingly pay the needed spirit stones for his junior.

He was right. Some of the seniors recognized him.

"Are you going to cultivate in the cave too, Junior Brother Su?"

"Yes."

"This Snow Moon Cave was built by Master with advanced spiritual energy arrays, which must be powered with spirit stones. Junior Brother Su, since you just came. You must be short of spirit stones, right?"

"Yes."

"That's all right. I have plenty; I can pay for you. How many days are you going to cultivate, Junior Brother Su?"

"Three days, for starters," Su Ping thought for a moment and said.

"Three days in a row? Junior Brother Su, you're truly diligent. Still, you haven't cleansed your marrows yet; I don't think you can endure it. I'll prepare some food for you, Junior brother." That senior of his was rather considerate.

Su Ping was stunned at first, then shook his head. "That won't be necessary; I'm usually not hungry."

"That won't do; food is necessary for every immortal cultivation. How can you cultivate if you're starving?" The senior brother quickly shook his head.

“About that... Actually, I’ve successfully cleansed my marrows already,” Su Ping had to confess. He didn’t like to be disturbed during his cultivation.

“You have?”

All of them looked at Su Ping, with dumbfounded faces.

It’s only been a day since he was admitted as a disciple, and he already succeeded?

Impossible!

It took them at least three months to cross that hurdle.

As for the other people with deity constitutions, it would have taken from two weeks to a month, too.

“Junior Brother Su, have you cultivated in your home before?” That senior’s eyes glittered. He laid his finger on Su Ping’s wrist and was shocked to detect the flowing spiritual energy in his veins.

“More or less.” Su Ping nodded.

His senior brother was enlightened; it was indeed possible to cleanse marrow fast with the deity technique had he cultivated before joining them.

“Junior Brother Su, you are indeed extraordinary. I’ll just leave you be then,” said that senior.

“Thank you very much, senior brother.”

Su Ping cupped hands in salute. He entered the corresponding room inside the cave, using the badge his senior brother offered.

The cave had training rooms of different qualities. It was clear that his senior brother wasn’t very rich, as he only registered a low-level training room for Su Ping. Even so, the room went for five spirit stones a day, which equaled thousands of gold taels, enough for an ordinary person to live many extravagant lives.

The spiritual energy here is indeed much more abundant. About the arrays...

Once entering the training room, Su Ping saw that there was twice as much spiritual energy compared to that found naturally outside; it was as hazy as mist. He could see hidden spiritual patterns etched everywhere in the room.

Su Ping had learned arrays from Joanna. All arrays had something in common; some mechanisms worked for all of them.

“I see...”

Su Ping gradually realized he wouldn’t need to pay spirit stones if he set up his own spiritual array.

He memorized the array and then focused on cultivation.

The spiritual energy around him surged; it was all absorbed and looted by the Chaos Star Chart. Even the spiritual energy in the neighboring training rooms was drawn to him.

Su Ping was completely devoted to his cultivation.

As a second step, he chose to build his foundation with Old Monster Ye's dragon and phoenix blood.

After cleansing his marrow, Su Ping realized he could somehow detect the opening of his small worlds. After all, the small worlds still existed deep inside his body; they had merely been sealed.

The spiritual energy he had acquired after cleansing his marrow allowed him to touch his small worlds again. He was still unable to make use of his small worlds' power, but he could once again fetch things he had kept there.

He began to build the foundation with the dragon and phoenix blood.

Su Ping fetched the same amount of blood from each type. He saved half for the Inferno Dragons and other pets. Besides, he didn't need that much blood; after all, he still had the Golden Crow Constitution; absorbing too much external blood would actually pose an obstacle to him.

Two streams of power flowed into Su Ping's body as he absorbed the blood.

Su Ping forged nine stars through the Chaos Star Chart method by burying the pure power and the spiritual energy in his acupoints!

To build a foundation, building three stars will do. After that, it's possible to enter the next state.

Those who have excellent potential will build six stars; the most extraordinary geniuses go for eight or nine stars!"

Nine stars are the maximum...

The Heaven Asking Church's building foundation technique would no longer help him once he built nine stars. Still, Su Ping felt that his body had yet to be perfected.

The two blood types of refined ultimate beasts couldn't reach a balance in his body.

Fifty fifty would balance things. I have to build ten stars!

But I don't have any more acupoints to accommodate the last one...

Su Ping was bursting with power, feeling he was about to fall apart. The foundation building process had already made his Golden Crow Constitution unbearable.

He would be destroyed fundamentally from the inside out if he failed.

"Yin and yang..."

Su Ping closed his eyes. While going through such an extreme moment, he suddenly made the decision of taking out all nine stars and gathering the power of the last star as the foundation to create an enormous star.

The star was divided into two parts, but they coexisted harmoniously.

The two streams of power were balanced at that moment; they enhanced and rejected each other at the same time.

The power didn't work on Su Ping's body directly, else he wouldn't be able to bear it. However, he could easily accommodate such a power when they coalesced and reached a balance.

[1] a famous fictional character who's good at martial arts

Chapter 1152 Training Finished

Su Ping had a strange feeling when the yin yang star was built, like a heavy weight hanging inside his abdomen.

An invisible line connected the weight to his forehead; all the power in his body was strung to it. It seemed that he wouldn't fall no matter how much he shook.

The weight was like a damper on a high tower, only a hundred times more effective.

My power and my body are both balanced to the extreme!

Su Ping examined himself carefully, and enjoyed his current status. It seemed that he wouldn't fall even if he stood on the edge of a cliff.

The feeling was not just about his body, it was also related to his cultivation. He discovered that he could easily break any obstacle with an unusual power of balance!

Is this the constitution that Old Monster Ye wanted? Also, I've detected the power of chaos...

Su Ping extended his hand, feeling that he could fetch something from the void; there was a chance he could do that if he was strong enough.

He wasn't fetching an illusion from the void, but the power of illusion itself!

My constitution has changed a little bit. The Solar Bulwark seems to have been enhanced again...

Su Ping examined his body. The foundation he had built didn't improve his level, as his body had reached the limits of the Star Lord State; he could cut laws apart with nothing but his body, and he could see laws in the void with his naked eye. There were even bright gold colors in Su Ping's eyes at the moment!

The gold colors were not just pure divine power, but the transcendent divine power that had been purified by Heavenly Tribulations.

My body will probably be as sturdy as an Ascendant's by the time I fully digest this!

Su Ping's eyes glittered.

The essence and blood of the two ultimate beasts had brought him exceptional improvements. Even though he hadn't been restored to the Star State yet, he still felt he was much stronger than before.

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Su Ping took a deep breath, then slowly exhaled; he feared that the training room would be razed to the ground if he exhaled too fast.

He didn't stay much longer; he looked at the already barren training room, then simply rose and left.

Hardly had he exited the place when he saw the senior who had paid the spirit stones for him. The latter also noticed him, and felt that he was somehow different. Having no time to think, he asked, "Junior Brother Su, you've finished your training already?"

"How long have I been there?"

"Only two days."

"Thank you very much for your spirit stones. I'll be returning them to you later." Su Ping nodded and quickly left after offering a cupped hands salute.

All the disciples currently training in other rooms opened their eyes in confusion after he left, as they felt that the spiritual energy around them had become abundant all of a sudden.

The spiritual energy had been as thin as that of the outside world for a while; someone had already reported the situation to their master.

"The cave's spiritual arrays must've been in disorder and Master probably just fixed it. What a shame; the spirit stones I paid for the last two days were a waste!" A lot of people were regretful, wondering if their master would compensate them.

Su Ping didn't return to his residence afterwards, heading instead to the rear mountain.

There was a vast jungle there; it was the cultivation place for the poor disciples.

There were some inferior beasts in the jungle, no stronger than level six. The enrolled disciples would be absolutely safe after building their foundation.

Most disciples with a set foundation would have the mountain as a place for traveling.

Su Ping entered deep into the jungle and found a cave.

There was a tiger and a few cubs in the cave. The tiger was alarmed the moment Su Ping entered the cave and jumped at him in a frenzy.

Su Ping realized that the tiger thought he was a predator and wanted to protect its children. He laid his hand on the tiger and suppressed it. Then, he discovered that the tiger was as strong as a level-7 battle pet warrior.

Su Ping petted the tiger and said gently, "Just relax. I'm only here to spend the night. I'll give your kids a gift if you help me guard the door."

His words seemed to contain a mysterious power that soothed the bad-tempered tiger. It widened its big eyes and looked at Su Ping with fear and confusion, as it didn't sense the often found brutality of a hunter in Su Ping, but only a warm and cozy aura.

Su Ping touched its head and smiled. He then took out some herbs and pills to set up a spiritual array inside the cave.

Although he didn't have spirit stones, he could use the spiritual energy inside the herbs as a substitute; it would be even more effective, since the herbs were of a higher level.

The tiger watched him in awe during the array setting process. It was crouched by the cave entrance, wanting to leave but fearing that Su Ping would notice.

Su Ping finished preparations soon after and then waved at the tiger.

The tiger hesitated for a moment, but eventually crawled to him slowly.

The three fat young tigers followed their mother and staggered towards Su Ping. One of them bared its fangs at Su Ping, as if it was trying to protect its mother.

Su Ping smiled and held the three young tigers in his arms. He then said to their mother, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you. Guard the door and don't let anyone come close. Don't hurt them either; just scare them off."

The tiger looked at its cubs held by Su Ping and hesitated, but then turned around and moved to the entrance of the cave.

It was able to understand him, and was scared of his formidable presence. Oddly enough, there was still a sort of intimate feeling.

However, its beastly nature called for caution and unwillingness to trust a human being.

"Kids, behave." He looked at the fang-baring little tiger in his arms, then rubbed the fat on its nape and transmitted spiritual energy mixed with Golden Crow aura into its body. The youngling was unable to endure such powerful bestowal, thus soon passed out as if drunk.

Su Ping sat cross-legged and placed the cubs on his lap; then, he started a secluded training session.

Once the foundation was built, he had to form his cores as a next step.

The cores to be formed included three types: the illusory core, the real core, and the golden core.

After the golden core was formed, he would be as strong as ninth-ranked battle pet warriors and be able to fly in the sky like a bird.

The mountain was as peaceful as ever while Su Ping cultivated in the jungle.

The new disciples were all training diligently. The older disciples would meet with others for tea or drink during breaks; sometimes they would also leave the mountain for parties or cultivation seminars.

Cultivation was too boring; it wasn't easy for new disciples to endure a couple of years. It wasn't unusual for them to become sloppy after a long time of hard work. Some of them were only sloppy on occasion, but others simply couldn't focus on cultivation again.

Many weren't eliminated due to lack of potential.

"It's been half a year. Have any of the new disciples shown promise?"

Mu Xuefeng, asked about her disciples just after finishing her training; as their master, she would certainly show concern for them. In particular, she had admitted six disciples with deity constitutions; they would surely become core disciples.

Her first disciple Zhuang Bizhe reported respectfully, "Reporting to Master, two of the six exceptional disciples you recruited are remarkable. They've built their foundation in only half a year! The disciple named Tang Jingyu has excellent potential; he's from a renowned cultivation family. He's now trying to form a core!"

Slightly surprised, Mu Xuefeng nodded and asked, "Not bad. How many foundation layers did he set? Did you warn them about the downsides of hastiness? They must be very cautious at this stage."

"Seven," replied Zhuang Bizhe respectfully, "I talked to him. He had already built seven layers. It didn't seem likely that he would build another, so I allowed him to try and form a core. As for the other person, his name is Yan Yuanxiang; he's built six foundation layers, and he wants to establish more."

Mu Xuefeng put on a smile. "I didn't expect that I would pick up such a pair of rare talents. It's remarkable to find they've built foundations in only half a year. Summon them; as their master I will help them go higher!"

Zhuang Bizhe enviously nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

"What about the other four disciples?" Mu Xuefeng asked again.

Zhuang Bizhe said, "I know that three of them have only just built one or two layers. As for the last disciple, named Su Ping, he's been missing for half a year. It's said that he's been in secluded training on the rear mountain. I'm not aware of his progress.

"However, I heard that he successfully cleansed his marrow a long time ago, even faster than Tang Jingyu did. It only took him one day; I don't know whether or not it's true..."

"He cleansed his marrow in one day?"

Mu Xuefeng was dazed for a moment, then shook her head with a smile. "Impossible. The marrow cleansing method of our Heaven Asking Church is abstruse, more thorough and complete compared to methods from other sects.

"If he were in another sect, it might have been possible for him to cleanse his marrow in a day or two, but it takes three days at least in our sect. That's the record of the Heaven Asking Church which hasn't been surpassed in years."

Chapter 1153: Challengers

Zhuang Bizhe thought for a moment and said, "Other disciples might have misunderstood him."

Mu Xuefeng slightly nodded her head and asked, "Apart from them, are there other exceptional candidates?"

"The others don't have deity constitutions. Most have merely cleansed their marrows; some junior brothers who aren't talented enough haven't even done that yet. It'll take years before they build their foundations."

Zhuang Bizhe smiled and added, "However, there are two junior brothers that are quite exceptional; they've already built two foundations, showing an extraordinary power of understanding. They might become core disciples too."

“Oh?”

Mu Xuefeng’s eyes glittered. “In that case, bring them here too; I’d like to hand them a gift.”

“Yes.”

...

The news that Mu Xuefeng had finished her training session was a shock to many disciples. Some disciples felt jealous upon learning that some of the outstanding new disciples were to be rewarded by their master.

Su Ping had been training deep inside the jungle and was oblivious to the whole matter.

“Every step in the cultivation path is more difficult than the last; I didn’t expect to be surpassed that quickly. I do envy Senior Brother Tang for his innate deity constitution.”

“Senior Brother Fang built his foundation without a deity constitution. Maybe we’re just too stupid.”

“I’ve just cleansed my marrow. I’m almost ten times stronger than before and it’s a breeze to knock down a dozen muscular men. I was going to take a break for a couple of days, but I didn’t expect them to be so far ahead.”

Everybody whispered on the mountain.

Mu Xuefeng resumed her secluded training after helping in foundation improvement for her disciples, then another half a year passed in the blink of an eye.

Every disciple would be tested a year after their admission.

On that day, all freshmen were informed to gather in front of the hall.

“Is everybody present?”

Zhuang Bizhe stared at the junior brothers and sisters as he stood by the gate.

“Two are missing. Junior Brother Zhou went to the rear mountain for training a couple of days ago and was hurt by a ferocious serpent. He’s still resting and cannot join us; he asked me to report his condition to you and Master,” said a young man respectfully.

Zhuang Bizhe frowned a bit. “Can he get off his bed?”

“Well... I think so.”

“Then have him come; there’s a chance that Master can help treat him,” said Zhuang Bizhe.

Dazed for a moment, the young man quickly replied, “Got it. I’ll fetch him immediately.”

“Who else is missing?” asked Zhuang Bizhe.

Everybody looked at each other in bewilderment. They noticed that only five of the six people with deity constitutions were at the front. Obviously, one of them was missing.

"It's our junior brother named Su Ping," said a young man angrily. He was among the disciples with deity constitutions.

"I heard that he's been cultivating on the rear mountain; I haven't seen him in a long time. Some claimed to have seen him surrounded by ferocious beasts in the woods; I don't know whether or not this is true."

"Did he accidentally get killed in the jungle?"

The other disciples speculated. The ones who had once offered gifts to Su Ping could only sigh, feeling that their investment had been wasted.

"He has a deity constitution anyway. Why did he cultivate on the mountain?" asked someone curiously.

The others who had deity constitutions were able to cultivate in the special cave frequently, all thanks to the financial aid of their senior brothers and sisters; they had been making progress at a fast pace. As for the mediocre people like them, they had to train on the rear mountain and hunt beasts for spirit stones.

Zhuang Bizhe keenly heard their whispers and frowned. "Did something really happen to him?"

Mu Xuefeng had also heard their discussion clearly. She furrowed her brow and said to Zhuang Bizhe, "Go take a look on the rear mountain. Bring him back if you find him."

"Okay." Zhuang Bizhe nodded.

Having already cultivated the second volume, he was able to establish a world inside his body and was able to detect anything on the rear mountain.

Whoosh!

Zhuang Bizhe simply tore the void apart and entered the rear mountain.

His unpredictable flash shocked many of his fellow disciples, who showed envious looks.

On the rear mountain—

Su Ping was still cultivating inside a cave.

He had plundered a massive amount of treasure from Old Monster Ye's palace. Much of it was in the form of pills that had extinguished their consciousnesses. So, Golden Lotus didn't take them away; she left them in the treasury and Su Ping picked them up.

Su Ping had been making dramatic progress thanks to those pills.

I didn't trigger any Heavenly Tribulation when I made the major breakthrough like I did before. Do I have to become a Star Lord to trigger it? Su Ping was surprised. However, he had been through enough Heavenly Tribulations; one missing tribulation didn't matter at that point.

Exactly at that moment—Su Ping detected a visitor.

"Huh?"

Judging by the guy's robe, he was very likely a senior brother of his.

“A beginner Star Lord...”

Once he sensed the guy’s level, Su Ping concealed his aura and took out his watch. He realized that a year had passed since his enrollment.

“It’s been a year already...”

Su Ping heaved a sigh with troubled feelings. He looked out of the cave, only to find that the tiger was still working as his guard. It had actually risen from the seventh to the ninth rank.

A two-rank spike in only one year was rather astonishing; it was the fastest the tiger could advance considering its bloodline.

There were also three dog-sized tigers next to Su Ping, healthy and strong. Even though they were still young, they had all reached the fifth rank.

All of them had benefited a lot from Su Ping’s cultivation.

It’s time to go back. I should also ask Master where I can find the core of the Realm of Deities... Su Ping’s eyes glittered. He quickly moved to the cave’s entrance.

He released some of his aura, then noticed how the young man quickly dashed towards him.

Indeed, he’s looking for me.

Su Ping waited patiently for Zhuang Bizhe to arrive.

The latter was slightly astonished to see Su Ping, and even more shocked to see the tiger at the entrance of the cave. He was about to kill it—

“Wait a second, senior brother,” said Su Ping quickly, after noticing his deity aura waves.

Zhuang Bizhe: “?”

“Please spare it,” said Su Ping.

Zhuang Bizhe was stunned for a moment. He was in a hurry to attack because he feared that the beast would hurt his junior brother; he didn’t expect that Su Ping would defend it. It wasn’t until that moment when he realized that the beast wasn’t intent on hurting Su Ping. There were also a couple of young tigers next to the latter, which seemed to be close to him.

“Are you Junior Brother Su? What’s going on here?” Zhuang Bizhe couldn’t help but ask.

“I can communicate with beasts; they won’t hurt me,” said Su Ping.

Zhuang Bizhe was enlightened. He said, “Junior Brother Su, you’ve cultivated here for a year, right? I had someone check your dormitory; everything is covered in dust.”

“I lost track of time when I devoted myself to cultivation,” said Su Ping.

Zhuang Bizhe was lost for words. “Master feared that something had happened to you and sent me to fetch you. Come back with me since you’re all right. It’s been a year, so it’s now time to test your performance. Those who are outstanding shall be rewarded.”

“All right.” Su Ping had already realized the purpose of the man’s visit.

Zhuang Bizhe rolled his sleeves and shrouded Su Ping with a cloudy power. Then, they quickly set off.

Su Ping turned around and looked back to say goodbye to the tigers outside the cave.

The two of them returned to the hall. They could perceive the inhaling and exhaling sounds from a high platform where disciples were practicing.

Zhuang Bizhe and Su Ping walked out of the void, then flashed to a certain place down the stage. Su Ping had already been through similar things and wasn’t surprised. He cupped his hands at Mu Xuefeng. “It’s an honor to see you, Master.”

“I’m glad that you are fine.” Mu Xuefeng gave a slight nod, then narrowed her eyes when she fixed her attention upon Su Ping.

“Thank you for your concern, master,” Su Ping quickly replied.

“Humph. Junior Brother Su is truly an honorary guest. Nobody can invite him over except our senior brother,” said an angry young man with a snort.

Su Ping looked at him in surprise. “Junior brother, who are you?”

“Junior brother? My name is Ma Bo. We came to this place together with Master. You don’t remember me?” The young man was even angrier, seeing that Su Ping had forgotten him; he was one of the few with deity constitution anyway.

“So, you’re junior brother Ma who came with me. Forgive me for my lack of respect,” said Su Ping, although the sentiment was not behind it.

Ma Bo was rather infuriated by the latter’s insincerity, but he held himself back because Mu Xuefeng was present. He said, “I heard that you were cultivating on the rear mountain. It’s been a year; you must have built your foundation, right?”

“Yes.” Su Ping nodded.

Ma Bo sneered in his heart, but didn’t show it on his face. He simply asked curiously, “How many foundation layers have you established, Junior Brother Su?”

“Are you my son? Why should I tell you?” Su Ping asked back.

Ma Bo burst into fury. “What’s that supposed to mean? You’re being absolutely disrespectful!”

Zhuang Bizhe frowned when he heard their argument and was quick to stop them. “That’s it.”

Ma Bo gritted his teeth and glared at Su Ping. “Let’s see how much progress we’ve made in the last year on the stage later, shall we?”

Su Ping was lost for words. *Where is this idiot from, provoking me nonstop? Does he really not know what death means?*

“What’s your problem?” asked Su Ping.

Ma Bo replied grimly, "I beg your pardon?"

"Is it hard to understand that question?"

"You!"

Feeling sweat on his forehead, Zhuang Bizhe said angrily, "Shut up! If you want to fight, fight on the stage later!"

Ma Bo glared at Su Ping and finally fell silent.

Having no time to bother with him, Su Ping approached Mu Xuefeng and said, "Master, there's something that I've wanted to ask you."

"Oh?" Mu Xuefeng gazed at Su Ping with great interest. "What is it?"

"I wonder where I can find out more about the mysteries related to the core of deity aura?" Su Ping looked her in the eye.

Mu Xuefeng narrowed her eyes. "The core of deity aura? That's already beyond any divine technique. If you find out about them, every word you say will be the truth; you have to grasp the second volume to see the true nature of things. As for the mysteries of deity aura, you'll have to explore the twelve rivers in the sky."

She looked up to the sky as she spoke.

It was still daytime; three suns were hanging high in the sky above them. The blue sky was boundless, but twelve rivers could be vaguely seen; they occupied the sky like twelve dragons.

"It's said that all the deity aura comes from them; the twelve rivers are the origin of deity aura in the entire world. Many have tried to explore them, but they're so dangerous that not even Deity Emperors can enter them easily," said Mu Xuefeng softly.

The other disciples looked up at the sky after overhearing that, not knowing that the twelve rivers of clouds they had grown tired of watching were actually that mysterious and splendid.

"I have to go to the sky?" Su Ping raised his head and narrowed his eyes.

"Ha. Don't aim too far," said a sneering Ma Bo nearby.

Su Ping raised his eyebrows and spoke frankly, "I'll just punch you in the face if you keep being such a pain in the ass. You hear me?"

Ma Bo was dazed. He obviously didn't expect Su Ping to be that bold, to threaten him right in the presence of their master.

"Punch me? Come and try!" declared Ma Bo angrily.

Pa!

Su Ping dashed forward and slapped him right after he said that. There was a crisp sound, and Ma Bo was flung back. Behind him was the arena; he fell right in the middle of it.

This brought shock to the pair of cultivators currently practicing there, as it was completely unexpected that a third person would join them.

Zhuang Bizhe was just as dazed. He was about to give his two juniors a warning, but was cut short; Su Ping acted too fast, before he could do anything.

“Is he Ma Bo?”

“Ma Bo, the guy with a deity constitution? Why is he in the area? It’s not his turn yet, is it?”

“He didn’t go there voluntarily; he was just slapped into the arena.”

Many people turned their heads and looked in shock at Su Ping, the one behind the slap.

The other man had a deity constitution, yet Su Ping had simply slapped him away.

He did it right in front of their master. He was truly bold!

How unruly. Isn’t he afraid that his master would punish him?

Zhuang Bizhe snapped out of his stupor, and looked at Su Ping with a mix of shock and fury. “What are you doing?”

“Granting his wish,” Su Ping replied naturally.

Zhuang Bizhe was rendered speechless.

Exactly at that moment—a roar came from the sky, and many radiant flying swords descended from the sky, with graceful arrow-like curves.

“It’s the Moon Watching Mountain!”

All the senior disciples wore awful expressions when the visitors revealed themselves.

“He Buyu from Moon Watching Mountain pays his respects, Senior Mu.”

A handsome young man in white clothes stepped out, carrying a sword on his back. He caught the attention of many female disciples.

Mu Xuefeng slightly furrowed her eyebrows. She nodded casually and asked, “Why are you here?”

“Moon Watching Mountain recruited a group of disciples last year. They’ve been working hard since then; my master asked me to take them out and see what the disciples of other sects were capable of, so that they’ll be motivated to work harder upon their return,” said He Buyu with a smile.

Mu Xuefeng asked casually, “Are you here to challenge us then?”

“We wouldn’t dare challenge you; we’re simply seeking your guidance,” said He Buyu quickly.

Chapter 1154: Failure

Mu Xuefeng merely snorted.

Moon Watching Mountain was always competitive. Fortunately, she had found six disciples with deity constitutions and all of them had built their foundations; Tang Jingyu in particular was already forming his core.

Having made such progress in only one year, he was certainly a rare cultivation genius.

“Fine. Let’s have a contest then.”

Mu Xuefeng casually waved her hand, quickly modifying the terrain around her all of a sudden; the distance between buildings and the people was lengthened, making the place even vaster. There were deafening noises as the arena where the disciples had been practicing rose to more than twenty meters tall.

The ground around the arena had sunk, creating a deep ravine, and making the arena a couple of meters higher than the audience, just like before; they could still see what was going on.

“Enter the arena from the bottom; whoever is capable of ascending to the arena may participate,” said Mu Xuefeng casually.

Changing the terrain was a piece of cake for her, but stunned all the new disciples from both parties; they were all shocked by her methods.

Mu Xuefeng’s casual actions were exactly related to the behavior of a deity they looked forward to attaining!

“Ascending from the bottom?”

Everybody looked down. Twenty meters didn’t sound a big deal, but it was actually a five-story height!

Jumping to the top of such a height was too hard for those who had just cleansed their marrow.

Their bodies would become extraordinary after marrow cleansing, but that was just the beginning of their cultivation. They could defeat ten enemies at the same time, but they couldn’t leap five-floors high; only those with foundation could do that.

The rule that Mu Xuefeng had stipulated extinguished the opportunity for most of the new disciples to show themselves.

He Buyu smiled, not too surprised after seeing the arrangement; he had never planned to send too many disciples anyway. He only needed one victory to awe them.

At this moment, in the arena—Ma Bo was rather stunned and panicked because of the turn of events.

He noticed that the arena was almost twenty meters high; he would have surely died in the past, if he were to fall.

Still... He had yet to try falling from such a height.

It hadn’t been easy for him to build his foundation in the past year; he didn’t make time for any field battles.

You can fight all you want, but can you please help me down first? Ma Bo cried in his heart, then looked at Su Ping with stoked hatred; he wouldn't have been caught in such an awkward situation had it not been for Su Ping's slap

Fortunately, he was rational enough not to attack Su Ping.

Their competitive clashes were rooted in mere rivalry between fellow disciples. However, their master's external enemies had shown up. Even if he were to win if he attacked Su Ping again, his master would definitely not feel happy about it.

"Which of you will go first?" He Buyu asked.

Mu Xuefeng was rather indifferent, as if she hadn't heard the question.

Zhuang Bizhe instantly understood what she meant; the guy wasn't qualified to speak to her directly. Naturally, he had to speak on her behalf as he was on par with He Buyu. He said, "Junior Brother Ma will be our first champion; you may send yours now, Junior Brother He."

Ma Bo, still in the arena, was rather stunned by such a decision; he looked at Zhuang Bizhe with astonishment. Still, before he could even curse—Zhuang Bizhe's voice echoed in his head. "Try your best. This concerns the honor of our sect. Master will surely award you if you win."

Ma Bo was dazed for a moment, but then instantly became serious.

He was confident in himself, even though he knew that it would be hard for him to win the first duel.

Although it's dangerous for me to spearhead the event, it'd be awesome if I secure the first victory! Ma Bo thought. He instantly dropped his grudge against Su Ping and stood up and said, "I am Ma Bo. Please send your champion, Senior Brother He!"

He Buyu casually looked at Ma Bo, who was apparently an ignorant newbie that didn't understand how strong he was.

Is the guy confident because of his deity constitution?

But so was he; his deity constitution was also extremely powerful. He was admitted as a disciple rather late, so he was a junior brother to Zhuang Bizhe in terms of seniority. However, he didn't think the latter was stronger than him.

Even though they had never fought, he was absolutely confident in his abilities.

"Junior Brother Qin will be our champion," said He Buyu while chuckling.

Su Ping raised his eyebrows; he couldn't help but look at Ma Bo sympathetically, thinking that the guy had already lost, even though the duel had yet to start. After all, his opponent had a protagonist's surname; those who had such surnames were usually very strong.

A slim and shy young man stepped forward, coming from behind He Buyu as he spoke. However, there was a sharp aura between his eyebrows; he was like a young wolf that hadn't grown up yet but was already showing an aggressive side.

The young man cupped his hands at He Buyu, then jumped to the bottom of the deep ravine. After that he leaped and reached the arena which was more than twenty meters high.

He landed steadily.

His fall and rise were so smooth that many people narrowed their eyes as they watched.

Ma Bo secretly cried and changed his expression upon seeing such moves; he resented Su Ping again.

Seeing Ma Bo's grim look, the young man said with a casual expression, "Junior brother, can you ascend to the arena?"

Ma Bo snorted and said, "You don't need to ask."

After that, he leaped off the stage, feeling slightly panicked. He soon landed back in the arena, although a bit unsteady; he shook and nearly fell.

He blushed because of this; his opponent's landing was awesome, while on the other hand his performance was embarrassing.

Everybody was looking at him at the moment; he felt that his cheeks were burning. He gritted his teeth and rose. Since he had miscalculated the distance, he didn't land on the arena until he jumped to almost thirty meters high.

"So high!"

Many new disciples were surprised by this; they had almost laughed at Ma Bo's unsteady landing earlier, but they were now intimidated by the strength he had just revealed.

However, those with keen eyes frowned.

Some disciples next to He Buyu had expressions screaming mockery.

Clearly, they had all realized it wasn't because Ma Bo was strong, but because he wasn't able to fully control his strength yet.

Jumping thirty meters wasn't too difficult for anyone who had built a foundation.

He will surely lose. Su Ping shook his head after a quick glance. He then looked at the ever-smiling He Buyu, not revealing his scheme. The Qin-surnamed young man was the second strongest disciple behind him, and had obviously built his foundation a long time before.

They want to crush us in the first battle. Su Ping looked up at Mu Xuefeng, only to see her furrowed brow. Her normal expression returned in a flash; no one knew what she was thinking.

What a shame. It's boring to fight kids. Otherwise, I would have been able to avenge you, Su Ping thought.

The guy was his fellow disciple anyway. Alas, he wasn't interested in those rudimentary battles, at all.

He felt absolutely bored.

Up on the stage—

Ma Bo was no longer embarrassed upon hearing the exclamations; he even felt rather proud of himself. Once he landed, he looked at the young man and said casually, "You seem to be younger than me. You may attack first; I won't take advantage of you."

"Ha."

The Qin-surnamed young man couldn't help but laugh. He didn't say anything, though; he merely crossed his arms.

Zhuang Bizhe flew to the sky above the arena and said, "I'll be the temporary referee of this practice. You may begin."

The Qin-surnamed young man didn't waste any time talking after he heard the cue. He even skipped formalities and simply charged at Ma Bo.

Whoosh!

He moved as quickly as lightning, reaching Ma Bo in the blink of an eye.

Ma Bo was definitely shocked, not expecting the guy to be that fast. He hurriedly resisted the guy's punch.

After a bam, he was pushed back and his arms became numb.

Is his fist not made of flesh? How can it be that hard? Ma Bo was shocked, and in pain. He grimaced, wanting to wave his arm; still he held back, as it would have been embarrassing.

"I won't go easy on you anymore!" he shouted and punched back at his opponent ruthlessly.

The young man with the Qin surname moved nimbly and dodged Ma Bo's attacks. He then suddenly extended his fist. Having no time to dodge—Ma Bo was hit in the chin, being instantly flung back. Blood splashed out of his nose and mouth.

The Qin youngster sneered and stayed where he was, not intent on giving chase.

Ma Bo rose to the ground in embarrassment, then wiped off the blood from his nostrils and mouth. He couldn't have looked more awful; the guy was too strong for him to resist.

He couldn't have formed the core; he could have only built the foundation. Had he formed the core, he would have been capable of flying. Furthermore, it's impossible to form the core in a year, but why is he so much stronger than me? Ma Bo was puzzled, infuriated and humiliated.

"Get off the stage. You're no match for me," said the Qin-surnamed young man with a casual attitude.

Ma Bo snapped out of his daydreaming, where he was thinking random thoughts. He instantly wore a grim expression and said angrily, "Are you underestimating me?"

He charged forward as he spoke, waving his fists.

The Qin-surnamed young man sneered and quickly approached the other with his body movement technique. He dodged Ma Bo's attacks and punched him right in his cheek. Ma Bo was instantly thrown away, and was unable to get back to his feet in a long time.

Zhuang Bizhe heaved a sigh after seeing that; the gap between them was too vast. Even if both had built a foundation, they weren't as strong as each other, at all. Some of the strong cultivators who had built their foundation could even fight those who had just formed the core.

The Qin-surnamed young man was undoubtedly a rare genius; Ma Bo on the other hand was just a normal person with a deity constitution.

"We admit failure," Zhuang Bizhe announced. He didn't want Ma Bo's embarrassment to increase, as the man would fail no matter how harder he tried. So, just admitting failure and preserving his dignity was for the best.

Ma Bo sat up on the ground, feeling anger, frustration and pain. From the corner of his eye, he could tell that everybody was looking at him. Still his performance had been truly humiliating; he had been crushed.

Ma Bo struggled to get back to his feet, and said in a low voice, "Senior brother, I'm sorry..."

Zhuang Bizhe smiled and replied, "It's no big deal. The cultivation journey is very long; one year is too short for anything to be decided. You'll have a lot of opportunities to catch up in the future."

Ma Bo took a deep breath. "Thank you, senior brother."

"Leave now," said Zhuang Bizhe with a smile.

Ma Bo nodded and jumped off the arena. His landing was unsteady, again, probably because he had been wounded.

He went to Mu Xuefeng and apologized again, his head lowered.

He looked at Su Ping from the corner of his eye, seething with hatred.

Su Ping glanced back at him but ignored him. The guy was as insignificant as an ant to him, and his hatred didn't matter whatsoever.

Every important person in that world was hated. They would have a lot of enemies just because their status was high and they were known by many; it was unrealistic to kill everybody who hated them.

"It's nothing. Just work harder later," Mu Xuefeng comforted him.

On the stage—Zhuang Bizhe looked at He Buyu and asked, "Who are you going to send next?"

"Senior brother, let me," the Qin-surnamed young man replied on stage.

Dazed, Zhuang Bizhe was rather cold. "You want to continue challenging? You've already been challenged!"

"But I didn't enjoy myself; that senior brother was too weak for me, so I couldn't display my full strength." The Qin-surnamed young man chuckled. "I'm here to seek guidance from my opponents; it would be a shame if I leave without learning anything."

Zhuang Bizhe narrowed his eyes with coldness and fury.

It was clear that the young man was planning to crush all opponents, all on his own.

“Indeed. Senior Brother Zhuang, since this is a practice, everybody should enjoy themselves,” said He Buyu with a chuckle.

Zhuang Bizhe gave a gloomy snort and said, “Fine. Let’s enjoy ourselves then. Xiao Tang, you’ll be next.”

He simply sent Tang Jingyu, who was the strongest on his side.

Off the stage—many disciples couldn’t help but fix their eyes upon the handsome young man.

There was affection in the eyes of many female disciples, who liked him for his appearance, talent and background.

“Sure.”

Tang Jingyu calmly nodded with a smile. He then leaped to the bottom of the deep ravine. After that, he hopped from the ground like a swallow, landing on the arena in a spot twenty meters high.

1

His movement were agile and beautiful.

Many female disciples’ eyes were glowing; they had realized the gap between Ma Bo and him.

“Humph!”

Ma Bo felt rather uncomfortable upon seeing his opponent’s movement, but he didn’t show any of it. He simply glimpsed at Su Ping angrily now and then, laying all blame on him; he wouldn’t have been the first to fight if it weren’t for the latter.

Tang Jingyu landed on the stage and said casually, “Let’s start.”

The Qin-surnamed young man smiled, showing interest in his eyes; he suddenly attacked after Zhuang Bizhe announced the beginning of the duel, this time even faster. He moved as unpredictably as a butterfly when he approached Tang Jingyu.

The latter punched and stopped the Qin-surnamed young man from moving forward, as having seen through the guy’s technique. The Qin-surnamed young man had to retreat and defend himself.

He put on a solemn expression. “Interesting. You are a worthy opponent.”

He then dashed forward again, instantly throwing dozens of punches; it seemed as if three of him were punching at the same time.

Tang Jingyu resisted all of the punches. Their fists would clash constantly, and neither of them could win.

Chapter 1155: Pressing Too Far

“The Wind Summoning Technique!”

Tang Jingyu suddenly squeezed his fingers after a fierce clash, then silver light flashed on his fingertips. A gale was raised on the arena all of a sudden, soon evolving into a tornado that wretched his opponent.

“A true technique!” a disciple exclaimed outside the arena.

“He actually grasped such a powerful true technique!” Some disciples couldn’t have been more envious.

The Qin-surnamed fellow was clearly caught unprepared. Tang Jingyu also dashed into the tornado at that moment; the power of the tornado seemed to be spinning along with his arm. He quickly punched and threw the Qin-surnamed young man off the arena.

Whoosh!

The young man was picked up by some sort of power as he fell, and then taken to He Buyu.

The latter looked rather cold at the moment, unlike his formerly smiling self. He stared at Tang Jingyu on the stage. “He’s grasped a true technique after only a year of cultivation. You’ve really gotten yourself a great disciple, Senior Mu.”

Mu Xuefeng casually sat on her chair as if seated in a cloud, unresponsive.

Her attitude remained; He Buyu was unqualified to speak to her.

Zhuang Bizhe chuckled and asked, “Junior Brother He, who’s next?”

He Buyu looked at the disciples around him; some of them were slightly weaker than Qin Feng. They could have defeated the guy whom Qin Feng had beaten earlier, but they couldn’t possibly defeat Tang Jingyu.

“You have to take care of this.” He Buyu looked at a young man next to him.

The latter seemed plain-looking and unremarkable, but he was casual, unfazed by anything.

“No problem, Senior Brother He,” said the young man with a smile.

He then stepped forward and fell like a rock to the bottom of the ravine outside the arena, not slowing his fall any technique.

But the moment he landed—he simply stood there, without having caused any impact, as if he would have been standing there the whole time.

His performance made a lot of people change their expressions.

The young man then easily jumped to an altitude parallel to the arena, to then walk forward and reach the edge of the arena, as if he were walking on flat ground as he entered the arena.

The whole process was so casual and easy that most onlookers were shocked, not expecting anyone to control their strength with such precision—

Not to mention that he was a new disciple, just like the rest of them.

Zhuang Bizhe narrowed his eyes and looked at Tang Jingyu; he was slightly relieved once he saw that the guy was rather interested. “Whenever you’re ready.”

“I seek your guidance.” The young man crossed his arms casually.

Tang Jingyu did the same. “I seek your guidance too.”

Once formalities were done with, the Fang-surnamed young man dashed forward ruthlessly, reaching a spot only a dozen meters from Tang Jingyu in the blink of an eye.

“Wind Summoning Technique!”

Tang Jingyu instantly performed his true technique again; it had already been exposed, so he didn’t have to hide it anymore.

Another tornado was summoned, wreathing the Fang-surnamed young man. However, the latter slowed down his sprint; he seemed to be merely pacing, and his every step was as steady as a rock. The tornado couldn’t shake him in the slightest.

“Huh?”

Tang Jingyu raised his eyebrows, then squeezed his fingers in a different way. “Spiritual fog!”

A fog suddenly popped up amidst the tornado, which gradually slowed down and occupied the entire arena.

Those present couldn’t see the two guys in the fog, but Tang Jingyu could detect his opponent’s location precisely; he punched the guy in the face.

Whoosh!

The Fang-surnamed young man turned around and brutally slashed at Tang Jingyu’s neck with his hand all of a sudden.

The latter’s pupils contracted. He quickly tried to dodge, but his opponent’s hand grabbed his shoulder, pulling and then pushing him. While being pushed, the Fang-surnamed young man’s shoulder hit him like a mountain, and his elbow bashed his throat. Tang Jingyu was thrown away in the blink of an eye.

Zhuang Bizhe slightly changed his expression as he watched.

The fog was only a simple stealth technique; he was naturally able to see through it with ease.

He didn’t expect that Tang Jingyu would be defeated that fast, despite using two true techniques!

“He’s so agile; he crushed Xiao Tang with nothing but the hardness of his body and martial arts. He must have been an exceptional martial artist before he became a cultivator.” Zhuang Bizhe felt gloomy and angry as he realized they would lose.

On the stage—

Tang Jingyu quickly rose from the ground, feeling that his throat was burning and his neck felt about to break; even breathing was painful. He hurriedly concentrated his spiritual energy on his throat to heal it, and finally felt cool.

The fog and the wind didn’t work on them; what kind of method was that? Tang Jingyu looked at him in shock. He had been born in a renowned cultivator family; both techniques he had used were transmitted to its members and were indeed powerful. He didn’t expect them to be rendered useless!

Besides, his opponent had yet to use any true technique.

“Give up. You’re no match for me. I was once a master martial artist before I picked up cultivation,” said the Fang-surnamed young man, eyes as cold and dazzling as lightning.

He wasn’t very old yet, but he was already a famous martial artist; he was well known in the world of mortals.

“Give up?” Tang Jingyu changed his expression after hearing that, feeling humiliated and infuriated. Not once had he given up in his life; he wanted to be the best in every competition, and he had always been.

“Lighting Sting!”

Tang Jingyu quickly squeezed his fingers and attacked again. A lightning bolt emerged in front of his hand, and he slapped it towards his opponent.

The Fang-surnamed young man narrowed his eyes and stared at Tang Jingyu warily, as realizing what the man was doing.

“Rot in hell!”

Tang Jingyu slapped the guy’s chest.

Exactly at that moment—the staring Fang-surnamed young man narrowly dodged his hand, then slapped the back of Tang Jingyu’s head. The heavy impact made Tang Jingyu’s head ring; he stiffened, and couldn’t even remember what he was going to do.

That lapse in reasoning gave the Fang-surnamed young man an opportunity. He kicked and punched several times, ending with a kick in Tang Jingyu’s abdomen, sending him out of the arena.

Tang Jingyu recovered from the shock, his expression changing greatly. However, he was incapable of flying just yet; he invoked the Wind Summoning Technique to push himself back to the arena—

But his opponent kicked and punched him again as he tried to return. Tang Jingyu was unable to keep his balance in midair and instantly fell.

Zhuang Bizhe was rather grave. He waved a hand and picked up Tang Jingyu as he was falling. This also meant that Tang Jingyu had lost the battle.

The audience was rather stunned by the outcome.

The arena had been shrouded by the fog, and they were unable to see the battle clearly. *How was Tang Jingyu kicked out of the arena in the blink of an eye? He lost just like that?*

Wasn’t the fog Tang Jingyu’s true technique?

How was he defeated while using his technique?

The disciples found it hard to understand. Then, something terrifying occurred to them. Had the Fang-surnamed young man formed the core?

Such a thought brought gasps and chills to many.

The fog on the arena was already gone at that moment, and the Fang-surnamed young man was revealed on the stage.

Zhuang Bizhe calmly and gracefully announced the result.

He Buyu chuckled and said, "Senior Brother, I heard that Senior Mu admitted six people with deity constitutions. Shall we continue?"

Zhuang Bizhe frowned, then looked at the Fang-surnamed young man who showed no intention of leaving the arena. "That won't be unnecessary. Junior Brother Fang is extraordinarily talented; I don't think the others can beat him."

2

"How do you know that if they haven't fought yet? This is practice anyway; they're supposed to learn from each other and make progress together," said He Buyu, chuckling.

Anger flashed across Zhuang Bizhe's eyes. He had been frank, but the guy was still not letting him go. Would they not stop until they defeated all the disciples on their side?

Chapter 1156: Entrance

"Damn it!"

Tang Jingyu, who had fallen off the arena, was already back on his feet thanks to the support of other disciples. His expression was unsightly after hearing what He Buyu and the others said; he didn't expect that he would lose, bringing humiliation to his school for it.

He clenched his fists as he looked at the Fang-surnamed young man in the arena.

"Why? Are there no disciples capable of fighting on the Light Snow Mountain?" asked the Fang-surnamed fellow with a casual tone, still in the arena.

All the Light Snow Mountain disciples were furiously glaring at him, clearly provoked.

Even the senior disciples were more or less enraged because the guy had purposefully left out the "new" term from his claim, seemingly stressing out that disciples of all generations were no good!

A woman roared and stepped up. "This is outrageous. Senior brother, allow me!"

She was a new disciple with deity constitution. She was outraged; there was nothing but coldness on her pretty face.

Zhuang Bizhe's face was cold too, silently hearing what his junior sister said.

He knew that the others would only be crushed if Tang Jingyu lost.

But...

"Senior brother, let me!"

Another young man stepped up. Without a deity constitution, he was but one of the new disciples with regular physiques who had built a foundation. He said solemnly, "Let me try him out; even if we lose, we must go all out and fight the good fight!"

"That's right! Count me in! This is humiliating!"

The other disciples were indignant too.

Zhuang Bizhe heaved a sigh, then glanced at the young man. He nodded and said, "You may go. Just be careful."

The young man nodded and leaped into the deep ravine. Moments later, he jumped back to the arena and said coldly, "I don't have a deity constitution, but we're going to duke it out today!"

"Be my guest," said the Fang-surnamed young man indifferently.

The young man roared and dashed forward, showing remarkable strength and expertise; but very soon—he was punched away the moment he approached the Fang-surnamed young man.

The young man was pushed back to the edge of the arena. He gritted his teeth and charged again; alas, he was then knocked out of the arena without being able to see how his opponent had done it.

"Anyone else?" The aloof young man looked down at the other disciples, hands behind his back.

"Let me!"

The woman who had roared earlier leaped onto the arena without waiting for Zhuang Bizhe's approval. Her face was cold, but she seemed rather short-tempered. She charged straight at the Fang-surnamed young man the moment she got on stage.

"Just a worthless woman. Humph!" Disdain flashed across the young man's eyes. He dodged her attack with ease, then punched three times at the same time with two clones.

The woman dodged two punches at first, to then be hit by the last one; she coughed blood and was blown back.

"If you're all as weak as them, I don't think it's necessary to continue," remarked the ever casual Fang-surnamed young man.

Zhuang Bizhe coldly narrowed his eyes. "Junior brother, you're a new disciple. It's understandable that you're still young and proud. However, I suggest you keep your head down once in a while, or it might hit something and break!"

The Fang-surnamed young man slightly changed his expression and looked at him, not daring to reply.

His heart shook due to Zhuang Bizhe's pressure; his heart was quaking and he couldn't resist, at all.

"Senior Brother Zhuang, is it really appropriate to be so mean to a junior brother?" Coldness glittered in He Buyu's eyes.

Zhuang Bizhe said indifferently, "Being his senior brother, I'm only teaching my junior how the world runs."

"The Moon Watching Mountain will teach him that. Senior Brother Zhuang, might as well spend the time teaching your own junior brothers and sisters on the Light Snow Mountain. This practice is boring if none of them is capable of fighting," said He Buyu.

Zhuang Bizhe was rather grave.

The other people with deity constitutions were infuriated; they had never been humiliated like that since they entered the school.

“Alas.”

Su Ping heaved a sigh and said, “Let me.”

He walked forward as he talked, and pointed at the tip of his foot; he then landed on the arena, as softly as a cloud.

“Huh?”

Zhuang Bizhe narrowed his eyes upon seeing the newcomer; although Su Ping didn’t leap from the deep ravine, he had still shown remarkable expertise by moving to the stage.

“Did this junior brother make a mistake? You have to go down there before you go up the stage!”

“Is he incapable of jumping up from down below?”

“He hasn’t even built a foundation yet? Why be bold enough to go there? Senior Brother Fang will surely crush him!”

All the new disciples of the Moon Watching Mountain mocked him.

All the senior disciples along with He Buyu were silent, as they recognized Su Ping’s expertise when he made his entrance.

“Interesting.”

Up on the stage—the Fang-surnamed young man raised his eyebrows, unbothered by Su Ping not jumping up from the deep ravine. He said casually, “I hope you’re not as disappointing as them...”

“Well...”

Su Ping interrupted him and looked around, “Why don’t you all come together? Otherwise, it would seem that I’m being awfully mean to you.”

What?

Everybody fell silent; even the falling of a needle would be heard.

Everybody’s eyes widened. Not just the disciples of the Moon Watching Mountain were shocked; the visitors from Light Snow Mountain were similarly affected.

All of them wondered if their ears had deceived them.

Together?

Are you trying to get killed?

After a few seconds of silence—angry exclamations burst out from the disciples of Moon Watching Mountain.

“Who’s this guy? Damn it!”

“So pretentious. He probably can’t even jump to the arena, yet he’s pretending to be a badass!”

“Where’s this idiot from? Didn’t he see Senior Brother Fang’s performance? Or maybe he simply didn’t understand what he saw?”

“Senior Brother Fang, just beat him up!”

All the Moon Watching Mountain’s disciples were infuriated by Su Ping.

The ones from Light Snow Mountain were also about to complain, but the angry uproar delighted them. Whether Su Ping could win or not, it was exhilarating to see their opponents angry.

“This guy...” Tang Jingyu couldn’t help but shake his head. Even though he was also enjoying the situation, a verbal victory didn’t mean anything; he didn’t think Su Ping could exceed him, or beat his junior on stage.

“You’re asking to be killed, idiot!” Ma Bo cursed angrily. He was still holding a grudge because of the previous slap.

“Don’t you know that anything you say will make your failure even more humiliating afterward?”

The Fang-surnamed young man coldly stared at Su Ping and gradually approached him; he intended to beat him in a thunderous manner and teach him the price of bragging.

“I’m not bragging; I’m telling the truth,” said Su Ping.

He glanced at Mu Xuefeng outside the arena; he only chose to join the competition until he saw the anger in her eyes. Otherwise, he would have felt ashamed to beat those kids.

“Why don’t you come here too?” Su Ping asked He Buyu.

The latter was astounded, and so were the other disciples mocking him; none of them knew how to respond.

Has the guy truly gone crazy?

The disciples of Light Snow Mountain also fell silent. They looked at each other in bewilderment, thinking that Su Ping was unimaginably wild.

“Junior brother, do you have any idea what you’re talking about?” said He Buyu, narrowing his eyes. Whether or not Su Ping was a retard, he wouldn’t stand for such an insult.

“I do. You won’t regret it when I beat the whole lot of you,” said Su Ping.

Veins protruded on He Buyu’s forehead. He ignored Su Ping and said to his fellow junior on stage. “Send him off the arena!”

The latter nodded. He was already ten meters from Su Ping; he sprinted forward as quickly as lightning, crossing the remaining distance in only half a second. He launched a storm of fists towards Su Ping, showing an even greater strength, speed, and brutality!

But the next moment—he was flung back even faster when he was three meters away from Su Ping.

Bang!

He flew out of the arena, and fell to the bottom.

The scene was so surprising that it went beyond anyone's expectations, the thought sinking in until the young man hit the ground, so nobody reacted in time to catch him.

All the Light Snow Mountain's disciples were dumbfounded; they were staring at Su Ping with strange expressions.

Chapter 1157: Searching for Deity Rivers

"W-What's going on?"

The disciples of the Moon Watching Mountain snapped out of the shock, then looked at their fallen Senior Brother Fang in disbelief. The weird scene was not an illusion; it was real!

He was instantly defeated?

Impossible!

Nobody saw exactly what happened when Senior Brother Fang was knocked away!

Even so, the senior disciples of Moon Watching Mountain, He Buyu included, were sour-faced after the initial shock.

They saw how Su Ping had merely punched in the most simple way, and his opponent was flung off the stage.

The attack was normal and unremarkable. And yet, it was much stronger and faster than that of anyone who had built a foundation.

"Did he cheat?"

"Did some of his seniors intervene?"

Some disciples of the Moon Watching Mountain were questioning the fact, finding it impossible to accept the situation. Senior Brother Fang, their strongest fellow disciple, had been utterly defeated with lightning speed, and they didn't even see how Su Ping had done it. There was only one possibility—

He Buyu and the others came out of their befuddlement; their expressions changed a bit upon hearing the complaints of their juniors.

"Humph. Are you sore losers?"

Before He Buyu could say anything, Zhuang Bizhe—who had also recovered from his shock—snorted and said, "Junior Brother Su, is this how the Moon Watching Mountain teaches your disciples? You slander those you can't defeat?"

He Buyu was infuriated by the latter jumping on the chance to scold him, but he knew he couldn't argue back. Even they had barely seen how Su Ping had achieved such a result; it was natural for the new disciples to misunderstand.

"Silence," He Buyu said in a low voice.

1

The angry disciples were stopped in time, as they were about to lash out because of Zhuang Bizhe's taunt.

Everybody looked at Senior Brother He with a mix of shock and suspicion.

"Senior Brother Fang lost; his opponent is far stronger than those who have attained the building foundation state," said He Buyu solemnly.

Not just the disciples of Moon Watching Mountain—many of those from Light Snow Mountain were similarly puzzled. Still, confusion gave way to shock upon hearing what He Buyu said.

Su Ping was far stronger than the terrifying Fang-surnamed fellow?

He already formed the core?

Forming a core in one year...

Many people couldn't think beyond that point; they looked at Su Ping as if he were a monster.

Ignoring the whispers, He Buyu gazed at Su Ping and imposed pressure on him. "Junior brother, are you really a new disciple of the Light Snow Mountain?"

"Huh?"

Su Ping didn't feel any pressure; the questioning made him raise his eyebrows.

Before Su Ping replied—Zhuang Bizhe had put on a cold expression. "What's the meaning of this? Are you suspecting that Junior Brother Su isn't a freshman? Would you like to check his registration file?"

He Buyu's expression changed; there was a short lapse of silence before he said, "Senior Brother Zhuang, I'm not questioning this junior brother's date of registration. I simply want to know whether or not he has pursued immortality before he became a disciple."

Zhuang Bizhe frowned, realizing why the man made such a question. He looked at Su Ping, also eager to know the answer.

"Yes. I have pursued immortality before," Su Ping voluntarily answered.

There was nothing to hide. Besides, it would be hard for him to hide it even if he wanted to, as his strength would eventually give him away.

He Buyu seemed enlightened, and he looked better than before. "No wonder you're so skilled, junior brother. I wonder, what level were you, and where did you cultivate before you were admitted by the Heaven Asking Church?"

“Are you interrogating me?” Su Ping narrowed his eyes and looked down at him.

His question and his condescending eyes naturally imposed a great pressure on He Buyu, who felt that a ferocious beast were staring back at him. All his pores contracted beyond his control; his heart raced and his expression showed it, as he felt anxious and pressured.

This came as a shock for him; such a natural reaction made him realize that Su Ping was too strong and dangerous!

“Junior Brother Su passed the test of the Three Lives Mirror when he was admitted by this sect; there’s nothing wrong with him. You don’t get to interrogate him, Junior Brother He!” Zhuang Bizhe defended Su Ping, feeling angry by the interrogation.

He Buyu, however, didn’t seem to hear what Zhuang Bizhe said. He looked at Su Ping in shock and suspicion. He felt that the situation was absurd, thinking it was a hallucination.

“So, he’s cultivated in the past. No wonder he’s so strong.”

“Doesn’t that count as cheating? It’s understandable that Senior Brother Fang lost.”

“Maybe he’s cultivated for a couple of years. It wouldn’t be surprising even if he condensed a core already. Given another two years, Senior Brother Fang will form the core too!”

The other disciples from the Moon Watching Mountain were all enlightened, feeling much better as a result; they thought that Senior Brother Fang’s failure was glorious.

“This junior brother declared that he wanted to challenge me. Therefore, I can give him a chance,” He Buyu said all of a sudden, shocking all those present.

All eyes looked at him in bewilderment, not expecting him to actively join the competition.

Zhuang Bizhe’s expression changed ever so slightly. He said with an angry voice, “Junior Brother He, are you a sore loser?”

He Buyu replied peacefully, “None of that, Senior Brother Zhuang. It’s just that this junior brother challenged me just now. As his senior, it’s only natural that I practice with him and offer guidance, right?”

Zhuang Bizhe was grave-faced, as he couldn’t really refute that. The heart of the matter was that Su Ping had initiated the challenge, and the challenge had been accepted.

Su Ping had already answered before Zhuang Bizhe looked for a way to respond, “That’s all right.”

He received another round of strange expressions from everyone present, as they thought he was truly out of his mind.

Does he really think he can beat He Buyu, who has been famous for a very long time?

“Junior Brother Su...”

Zhuang Bizhe’s expression changed as he wanted to stop him, but Su Ping simply urged, “You may all come together, if you think it’s unfair for him to fight me on his own.”

The disciples of Moon Watching Mountain were infuriated, thinking the latter was too arrogant since he held them in such contempt.

"I can handle you alone," He Buyu scoffed. He was determined to find out how strong Su Ping was, and find out what made him so confident. He also wanted to figure out whether or not the pressure he felt earlier was just an illusion.

1

He simply flashed toward the arena afterwards.

"You may attack," said He Buyu indifferently, hands behind his back.

"Okay," said Su Ping and walked toward his contender, unwilling to waste his time.

He didn't walk too fast; he didn't sprint, either. He simply took one step after the other.

Still, he seemed to be stomping on He Buyu's heart with every step.

He Buyu couldn't retain the indifferent expression on his face any longer; his face was changing as his opponent approached.

Su Ping became increasingly bigger in his eyes, emanating a magnificent aura; just like a mountainous giant that would crush him underneath his feet.

"Huh?"

In the sky—Zhuang Bizhe also noticed this, and was rather shocked.

"You..."

He Buyu's hands—which had been clasped behind his back in the beginning—were now dangling on his sides. His body shivered, cold sweat dripping from his cheeks. He then regretted being too cocky earlier; he even felt the urge of attacking first to overcome the fright.

Bang! Bang!

Su Ping approached him one step after the other. Ten meters, five meters, three meters!

He Buyu could no longer hold back at that distance. Face contorted, he suddenly attacked, throwing the illusion of a small world right towards Su Ping's face.

The latter, however, calmly extended his hands and grabbed the small world illusion, to then tear it apart as if it were nothing but a thin piece of paper.

Su Ping swung his fist while the other was coping with shock; the attack crashed into He Buyu's chest like a golden dragon, knocking him out of the sage. He stayed in midair outside the arena.

In an instant, everybody fell quiet.

The disciples of both factions were astounded.

"No way..." Tang Jingyu mumbled to himself with widened eyes.

The Fang-surnamed young man—who had gotten back on his feet by then—looked at the scene with utmost disbelief.

It was indeed unbelievable!

The power shown by Su Ping was beyond their imagination!

Even He Buyu had been knocked out of the arena with a single punch. It was like witnessing a god being taken down by a mere mortal!

Zhuang Bizhe's expression changed to one of shock. Even though he despised the people of Moon Watching Mountain, he could admit that Junior Brother He was talented and strong. And yet, the man had been pushed out of the arena by one punch?

That junior brother of his seemed to be terrifyingly strong!

He couldn't have achieved that with just one year of cultivation, not even if he was a reborn Deity Ancestor!

That is, unless Su Ping had already cultivated to a very high level before he was admitted as a disciple!

In prevailing silence—Su Ping shook his head and withdrew his fist. He was no longer trying to hide his strength. He was ready to explore, having learned the deity aura's origin from Mu Xuefeng. It would be of little use to stay in the Heaven Asking Church any longer, so he wasn't afraid of being exposed.

He had only taken part in the competition to repay Master Mu's favor and help her keep face.

He turned around and looked at his benefactress who was still seated. He smiled upon seeing her shocked and speechless expression, then jumped out of the arena to approach her.

"Master," said Su Ping obediently.

Mu Xuefeng looked at him, momentarily dazed. "You..."

"I plan to search for the origin of deity aura. Thank you for taking care of me all this time," said Su Ping respectfully.

There was a slight change in Mu Xuefeng's expression as she hesitated. However, Su Ping simply took to the clear sky after offering a bow.

The still stunned disciples snapped out of their shock and exclaimed as they watched him soar in the sky.

They didn't understand the power that defeated He Buyu, but they did know that being able to fly was a telltale symbol of having formed a core.

However, after calming down and mulling over the matter with more care, they realized that forming the core was an insignificant achievement for Su Ping. Having defeated Senior Brother He Buyu, was an indicator of an even greater power!

He was only one step away from becoming a great deity!

On that day—all disciples raised their heads and watched Su Ping soaring into the sky as if he were ascending.

“He...”

Back in the crowd—Ma Bo was stunned for a long time before he finally got a grip on the situation. His heart was pounding; no wonder Su Ping had slapped him away that easily. He didn't know that the guy was strong!

Realization terrified him, as he remembered how he had mocked the latter. He would have surely been gravely wounded if Su Ping hadn't been as merciful.

2

He had learned a lot from the incident, keeping a low profile from then onwards and no longer being arrogant with others, which would benefit him in his future life.

“Oh no!” Mu Xuefeng realized what had just happened; her expression changed as she flashed to catch up.

She had already reached him when Su Ping disappeared from everybody's sights, stepping out of the void and standing in his way.

“You're going to the deity rivers?”

Mu Xuefeng extended her arm and stopped Su Ping.

Dazed for a moment, Su Ping then said with a smile, “That's right.”

“It's too dangerous.” Mu Xuefeng shook her head. “Like I said, even Deity Kings would have trouble approaching the deity rivers. The rivers seem to be right above us, but there's actually a long distance in between. They're so dangerous that even Deity Kings might perish. Even I wouldn't dare approach them; you certainly shouldn't.”

Su Ping smiled in return. “I have my ways. Cultivation is all about overcoming difficulties in your own way, right? That's why it's fun.”

Mu Xuefeng shook her head, dazed. “That's not wrong. However, I'm your master; even though I may have failed in fulfilling my responsibility, I cannot stand idle and watch as you get yourself killed.”

Lost for words, Su Ping could only say, “Master, I'm just going there to take a look. I'll come back if I encounter any danger.”

“I'll accompany you then.”

“...”

Su Ping suddenly felt a headache. He still wanted to keep his resurrection ability a secret in that site. After some thought, he could only say, “Master, look over there.”

1

“Huh?”

Mu Xuefeng turned around, but she saw nothing.

Her head turned back, only to find she was alone. She could see the traces left by Su Ping in the void after the flash. What gave her a slight shock was that the traces were shallow; he must have traveled into a deep space and disappeared.

1

Her eyes were keen enough to tell that her new disciple had mastered the perfect path of space!

“No wonder he defeated He Buyu with one punch...” Mu Xuefeng mumbled and looked up, already knowing he was determined to go there; he would still sneak out later, even if she stopped him then.

1

Did he come to the Heaven Asking Church just to ask about the deity rivers? But that's common knowledge... Mu Xuefeng's eyes glittered. She remembered that Su Ping didn't do anything during the one year he stayed there, not once thinking that he was a spy. If he were, he wouldn't have exposed himself for her sake.

Maybe he joined the Heaven Asking Church because of me?

2

Her eyes rippled for a moment, then she heaved a sigh as she stared at the traces left by Su Ping.

1

...

In the high sky—

Su Ping moved at a high speed; he wasn't relieved until he saw that Mu Xuefeng wasn't chasing him.

Then, he looked at the deity rivers above him and dashed at full speed.

He had already returned to the Star State after a year of cultivation, regaining his peak combat abilities and becoming even stronger!

It was all thanks to Old Monster Ye's pills, which were all great tonics. The new constitution—brought forth by the dragon and phoenix blood—proved to be increasingly helpful as he rose to higher levels.

His new constitution allowed him to gain a deeper understanding of the law of chaos, even though he had grasped it perfectly.

Chapter 1158: Leader of the Heaven Asking Church

Whoosh!

Su Ping flew straight up, high in the sky. Oxygen became scarce and was gone in the blink of an eye, while the temperature dropped to below zero readings.

1

That would count as being in a place beyond the atmosphere if he were on the Blue Planet!

But that was the Realm of Deities. The nine deity rivers above him were just as brilliant as before; their sizes remained the same.

1

Fortunately, Su Ping no longer depended on oxygen after he returned to the Star State, which meant that he could thrive while in the void.

He would still be safe and sound even if he was in a cold -270 degree environment.

Not even places with absolute zero could freeze him after grasping his small worlds; he could resist the cold with the laws embedded in them. The harsh conditions couldn't possibly hurt him, even if he set foot on the sun.

"Huh?"

Su Ping encountered a couple of strangers who were hunting a beast; the creature was about to succumb thanks to their joint efforts.

They also noticed Su Ping flying by, and were surprised to see the clothes he was wearing.

They're all disciples of the Heaven Asking Church?

Su Ping also noticed their clothes; he didn't expect to find fellow disciples hunting at such altitude. All of them appeared to be Star Lords.

"Which mountain are you from? You're not even a Celestial Deity yet. What gave you the guts to come here alone? It's very dangerous," said one of the young men to Su Ping via telepathy.

Su Ping glanced at him, but didn't reply. He kept on flying upwards.

The young man raised his eyebrows and snorted, leaving the matter alone.

"You're not even a Celestial Deity yet, and you dare go farther up. You're asking to be killed!"

"Senior Brother He has already warned him. He can only blame himself if he dies in the end,"

Said the others. They quickly finished off the wounded beast, not considering the task a big deal.

Su Ping continued flying upwards for almost eighty thousand meters, then felt that the temperature had almost been reduced to absolute zero. He had to stave off the cold by releasing his small worlds.

He ran into another group of fellow disciples. Some were acting alone, meditating in the void; others were practicing sword or divine techniques, causing loud noises.

After briefly communicating with them, Su Ping finally learned that "above the skies" wasn't just a description in the Realm of Deities; there were really nine skies.

Each sky covered a span of a hundred thousand meters.

Su Ping had just reached the second sky; the nine deity rivers were above the nine skies!

Normal cultivators in the Star State could only reach the first sky.

Star Lords moved about in the second and third skies. There were a lot of tough beasts up in the fourth sky; only great deities could explore it.

The sixth sky required the strength of a Deity King.

Is this what the ancient people said about 'climbing the sky'? The nine skies are truly difficult! Su Ping thought.

He reached the third sky soon after, where the temperature had dropped to absolute zero; the oxygen was thin and everything was in complete stillness. There wasn't even a bit of fog, because the water had been solidified.

It was like a world of stillness.

While protected by his small worlds, Su Ping ignored the freezing cold and the obstacles with laws as he pressed forward.

He saw a person cultivating in the third sky. The latter was surprised to see him there, as it was bizarre to see another disciple of the Heaven Asking Church reaching the third sky.

Su Ping showed no intent of greeting him, simply going further up.

Once he disappeared from that person's sight, he went on for tens of thousands of meters more before he reached the fourth sky.

It was a world of stillness yet again, the only difference being the presence of chaotic laws in the void, making some areas extremely dangerous.

Su Ping was caught in those areas several times during his ascent, and had to break free by releasing his second small world.

It's indeed difficult to explore the origin of deity aura.

Su Ping's eyes glittered as his determination grew; he continued without hesitation.

Su Ping made it to the fifth sky, despite all the dangerous moments along the way.

The laws present were even more overpowering and chaotic. There were all kinds of unusual phenomena in the void, including raging flames, twisted vortices, frozen tornadoes, and shattered lightning bolts.

The views were unimaginably splendid, briefly unfolding like painting scrolls in the void.

Su Ping kept on moving while avoiding those laws. He resisted the void's invisible pressure by making use of the power of three small worlds, and then entered the sixth sky.

Barely upon arrival he sensed the deepest coldness. It was not just absolute zero; the entire area was covered in the perfect law of frost.

Fire was raging inside Su Ping's body, which drove away the cold. Most laws were unmoving in the sixth sky; he avoided the frozen laws and accidentally touched some of the flowing laws which had been hiding in deeper places.

All of them are perfect laws...

Su Ping was shocked when he felt the power of laws in that place; but then, his eyes glittered. That was a perfect cultivation spot, as he would have samplings to grasp all the perfect laws.

If in the end I can't reach the deity rivers, it wouldn't be bad if I returned to this place later on to cultivate, Su Ping thought. He was delighted at the discovery of such an unexpected cultivation holy land.

He didn't stay to fight the flowing laws, choosing to break out.

However, although the flowing laws were perfect, they were much more powerful than according to Su Ping's estimation.

They are also perfect laws, but ten times or even a hundred times more powerful than mine!

Su Ping felt shocked while he resisted the current area. His understanding of laws was renewed.

He soon found the reason for that: if laws could be compared to weapons, the power of laws would be equal to the hardness of the materials the weapons were made of. Even if the laws were all perfect, they were also being wielded by different entities.

He was performing laws with his own power as an individual, but the laws present contained the power of the whole area!

Su Ping struggled to resist for more than ten seconds and was then torn apart and killed in the sixth sky—

Still, Su Ping's body was quickly resurrected. Right after rebirth, he unleashed all his power with God's Arrival, releasing three of his small worlds and freeing himself from the vortex of laws.

He simply continued his journey after breaking free.

The journey thus far was approximately 100,000 meters high; Su Ping died three times before finally reaching the seventh sky.

This is a place only Deity Kings would dare visit. Even the Ascendant State experts will likely get killed here. Su Ping thought as he observed the seventh sky. To his surprise, the nearby void was bright and cloudless; he could see the blue sky on the distant horizon.

No laws or anything else were at the moment frozen in the local void.

Su Ping found that the temperature of that place was behaving oddly; he was unable to tell whether it was cold or hot.

To be more precise—he couldn't feel the temperature.

Or rather, even the extreme coldness or hotness could no longer be displayed; it was an area which exceeded their physical understanding.

There are no other perfect laws. Is it possible that even perfect laws would have trouble appearing at this height? Su Ping solemnly flew onward. Soon after, he noticed that a strange force was squeezing his

body, as if he were swimming in the sea. However, he didn't feel the coldness of the seawater; it was the sole sensation of being covered and squeezed.

Crack!

Su Ping felt that all his bones were cracking, as if about to give out.

The pressure alone was already insufferable; he had a feeling that would fall apart at any moment.

His face was unsightly, as the current difficulties foretold his inability to reach the deity rivers.

Even if he could resurrect again and again, it would be pointless to keep at it to die right after.

He took a deep breath, gritted his teeth and proceeded; it was too early to give up just yet.

Considering his bodily resilience, he could endure a dozen seconds or so, which was enough for him to sprint long distance.

Bang!

It came to pass—Su Ping finally exploded after flying for several thousand meters.

He quickly resurrected on the spot and rushed upward.

Flames surrounded him as he then turned into a young Golden Crow, with bloody feathers amidst the golden ones, as well as golden dragon scales on his neck, instead of plumage.

1

Su Ping's body was no longer a pure Solar Bulwark avatar, but a mutated version with dragon and phoenix blood!

Roar!

Su Ping bellowed like a beast. Golden blood was squeezed out of his feathers, splashing in the void; he sprinted for several thousand meters to explode once again.

The resurrection card was pulled soon after.

Whoosh!

He continued to charge upwards, excruciating pain making him grit his teeth; there was nothing but determination in his golden eyes.

His sprinting and dying cycle continued, finally reaching the highest point of the seventh sky after repeated resurrections and a gravely wounded body. The eighth sky was right ahead of him.

What frightened Su Ping was that the eighth sky was absolutely dark, like the veil of the night.

He couldn't see a single thing.

The deep blue he had seen in the seventh sky didn't seem to be the dome; otherwise, it should have been black, considering the blockage of the eighth sky.

It wasn't until he was a few kilometers away from the eighth sky when he finally saw its darkness, as the former skies had always been blue. Su Ping couldn't explain such a phenomenon; there had to be a mysterious power behind that.

He naturally felt wary when moving toward the dark eighth sky, as it seemed like a realm of death where no living creature could make it through!

I've already come this far. There's no reason to retreat!

Su Ping gritted his teeth and took a deep breath before entering the eighth sky.

Hardly had he stepped in when he felt his soul shiver. He had goosebumps all over his body, as if having just set foot in some sort of mixture made of blood and water. The strange feeling of coldness pierced his body, delving deep into his soul.

The next moment, Su Ping felt that his body was decaying and his strength was gone.

What kind of power is this?

Su Ping was quick and released his small worlds as an attempt to protect himself; however, the triple small worlds were swiftly corroded in the darkness. The illusory world was eaten up at a slower pace, managing to protect Su Ping for a couple of additional seconds.

Still, it was definitely not nearly enough.

"Huh?"

While Su Ping considered whether or not to give up—he happened to hear an exclamation of surprise higher up.

Then, he saw that the darkness before him was pushed away, and a circle of light approached. Inside the circle was an old man, white hair and beard, wearing a blue robe plagued with patches.

The old man was clearly astonished to see Su Ping there, and his surprise grew when he gauged the young man's level. He asked in surprise, "A brat that's not even a Celestial Deity yet?"

He found it unbelievable to see such a strange brat in the eighth sky!

Not just Celestial Deities, even Deity Kings who could make it all the way there would be considered geniuses.

The old man couldn't help but ask, "Brat, how did you get here?"

Su Ping didn't expect to meet someone else, either. Judging from the old man's overall look, he was very likely in the Celestial State, if not stronger. Su Ping then asked, "Who are you? An elder of the Heaven Asking Church?"

"An elder? I'm the leader," said the old man angrily.

He then looked at Su Ping's clothes and raised his eyebrows. "You're a disciple of the Heaven Asking Church? Odd. Why don't I know about you? Brat, tell me, how did you come up here?"

“By flying, of course,” Su Ping replied. He had trouble finding words, not thinking that such an unremarkable, yet motley clad elder would be the boss of the Heaven Asking Church.

“Brat, watch your manners!” said the old man angrily; he would have flicked the back of Su Ping’s head if he weren’t too astonished at the moment.

Su Ping gritted his teeth, but was unable to persist; his body was already on the verge of collapse.

Noticing the young man’s agony, the old man pointed his finger, releasing a streak of golden light that enshrouded the latter, regardless of the disrespectful treatment.

Su Ping immediately felt that the power previously squeezing him to a pulp was gone, and that it was now warm and cozy. He looked at the old man and asked, “Why did you help me?”

“You’re a disciple of the Heaven Asking Church. I certainly cannot stand idle and watch you die.” The old man rolled his eyes, completely lacking the gravitas commonly found in leaders of major sects. He gave Su Ping another look and asked. “You would have died if I hadn’t helped you, brat. How did you get here when you’re this weak?”

“I forgive you for calling me brat because you saved my life. I have a name; it’s Su Ping,” said Su Ping, his turn then to be angry.

“Ha?”

The old man widened his eyes, as if the answer would have been completely unprecedented. “You forgive me? I can easily obliterate you with a single breath of air. You don’t believe me, eh? You wouldn’t even be able to be reborn.”

“No, I don’t believe you,” came Su Ping’s quick reply.

The old man choked angrily. He had never seen such a strange and fearless kid in his entire life. *Is there really something wrong with his head?*

“Never mind; I’m too lazy to punish you for your disrespectful attitude, you brat. If you’re a disciple of my Heaven Asking Church, what are you doing here?” asked the old man.

“I want to see the deity rivers above the nine skies,” said Su Ping, “What are you doing here?”

Veins protruded on the old man’s forehead. No one had ever acted as casually when addressing him in the past. He rolled his eyes. “Above the nine skies? You think you’re capable of going there? Which mountain are you studying in? I want to know who’s been guiding a stupid disciple.”

1

Chapter 1159: Ancient Deity Constitution

“I’m from the Moon Watching Mountain,” said Su Ping.

“The Moon Watching Mountain? Humph. Unbelievable; how could they raise such a disrespectful disciple? Looks like I have to teach them some more when I get the chance,” said the old man with a snort, then observed Su Ping carefully. “Brat, how exactly did you come here? Tell me the truth, or I will dispel the protective shield immediately.”

“I’ve already answered you; I flew here. How else could I have come here?”

“That’s bulls*it!” roared the old man, “You’re too weak to have flown all the up!”

“Believe it or not, it’s the truth.”

Su Ping wasn’t scared of the old man, at all; he would have been scared if he were in the outside world, but he would be completely fine since he was in a cultivation site.

“You’ll die immediately without my protection. How could you fly in such conditions?” asked the old man furiously.

“It’s not like I can’t resurrect after I die,” replied Su Ping matter-of-factly.

“??”

The old man was shocked by the answer.

It wasn’t until two seconds passed that he finally digested what Su Ping said, while still in shock.

“What did you say? You can resurrect after you die? Also, you spoke as if it were nothing surprising...” The old man was definitely shocked; such an insignificant brat had challenged his understanding of the world.

Su Ping asked, “What are you doing here? Cultivating? Meditating?”

The old man snapped out of it and solemnly gazed at Su Ping. “Can you really resurrect?”

“Old man, let’s do this in turns; I’ve answered your question, but you haven’t answered mine yet,” said Su Ping angrily.

The old man’s lips twitched; he was even more convinced that the Moon Watching Mountain needed some teaching.

1

To think that his years training in seclusion would spawn such a disrespectful disciple. It would be disastrous if other mountains were to do the same.

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you what I’m doing; not everybody is qualified to learn.” The old man scoffed and narrowed his eyes at Su Ping.

The latter looked back, realizing he was actually considering whether or not to remove his power. The situation was slightly surprising. If it were anyone else, they probably would have removed their power to test whether or not the one questioned was telling the truth. However, the old man is still considering it; it was obvious that he was worried about Su Ping finding an untimely death.

This old man...

Su Ping’s eyes glittered. Shedding his cheeky behavior, he said, “Senior, I’m hoping to go to the places above the nine skies. Can you go there? Or rather, can you take me there?”

The old man frowned and asked, “Why do you want to go there?”

“I’d like to explore the deity rivers, then find and understand the origin of deity aura,” said Su Ping frankly.

The old man felt dazed, unable to avoid looking at Su Ping with a mix of shock and suspicion. He had speculated that Su Ping was an expert from another sect pretending to be a disciple of the Heaven Asking Church, plus hiding his real strength. There was no other way for such a weak brat to enter such a place.

However, the guy wouldn’t have needed to explore the origin of deity aura if he were capable of hiding his real strength from him. Rather, he could have left for the deity rivers anyway, not needing to risk himself by taking off from the sky right above the Heaven Asking Church’s headquarters.

“Of course I can go there, but why would I help you?” asked the old man.

Su Ping said, “Like you said, I’m a disciple of the Heaven Asking Church. You’re the leader of this sect, so you should give me a hand. Besides, I will certainly return your favor in the future if you help me!”

“Well, well..!”

The old man sneered. “Who do you think I am? How exactly are you going to return my favor, considering how weak you are?”

There was first a moment of silence, before Su Ping said, “Maybe you’ll find the answer in the future.”

The old man raised his eyebrows and glanced at Su Ping. “I can help you, but I must tell you that you’ll encounter grave dangers above the nine skies, even with my help. You could be killed at any moment. Are you ready?”

Su Ping nodded. “All I need is your help, senior; I’ll take care of the rest.”

“All right, let’s give it a try.” The old man was not one to hesitate; he waved a hand, then Su Ping flew towards him while covered in golden light to enter the dark eighth sky.

The golden light drove away the darkness, revealing the void.

“Follow me.”

The old man turned around and dashed forward. Su Ping—still shrouded in golden light—was being drawn to him by a power from some sort.

There was nothing but a boundless darkness; the old man and Su Ping would simply rush into the darkness, one in the lead and the trailing behind.

Su Ping then recalled what Mu Xuefeng had said. Going to the rivers was dangerous, even for a Deity Emperor to go to the rivers. The old man was clearly a Deity Emperor, if not even stronger.

A long while later—

The darkness before him was suddenly gone. Su Ping saw infinite colors in the area ahead of the old man; each color seems to be a manifestation of some sort of power.

“This is the ninth sky.” There was solemnity in the old man’s voice as he stepped into the beguiling space and time. “The concepts of time and space don’t exist in the ninth sky. Laws and power that you know don’t exist, either. Only one kind of power can be found here...”

“What kind of power?”

“The power that belongs to ‘Heavens’!”

After taking a deep breath, the old man continued, “You can’t leave this place without enough power, even if you fly for hundreds of thousands of kilometers.”

The old man was at the moment covered in flowing silver light. The golden light wreathing Su Ping also turned silver, carrying exactly the same aura as the old man’s.

The elder pushed with his hands and his body turned silver, glimmering and emanating a magnificent aura; his body seemed to have been infinitely expanded all of a sudden.

Su Ping felt that he had suddenly become an ant underneath the old man’s feet. To be more precise, he was even more insignificant than an ant at the moment.

“Well...”

Su Ping’s eyes widened as he watched. The power harnessed by the old man was beyond his understanding; he was absolutely shocked.

The next moment—Su Ping saw the old man make a grab for him with an enormous hand. He then felt he had been enshrouded by the sky itself.

All the glamorous colors around him turned silver. Su Ping was gradually rendered unable to see anything else, except for the silver space. A long time passed, then the silver space disappeared. Su Ping felt he had just been rescued from drowning all of a sudden; his every pore was inhaling at a fast pace.

The thing they were absorbing was the purest deity aura!

Su Ping could feel as more deity aura was accumulated in his body with each breath taken.

The silver color was gone. Su Ping saw nine long rivers above him, much akin to giant dragons; the sight was quite awe-inspiring. All of them were exclusively made of deity aura.

He could even see the surging deity aura in the long rivers with the naked eye. The rivers were flowing and circulating; the deity aura from those rivers sank into the mortal world down below.

“Is that the origin of deity aura?”

Su Ping turned around and looked at the nearby old man, who was currently catching his breath, as if exhausted. Still, the silver light around him was just as bright.

“Brat, those are the deity rivers you wanted to see. However, you must enter the rivers so you can really feel the origin of deity aura, and they are the most perilous places. Even I wouldn’t dare enter them easily,” said the old man to Su Ping.

The latter glanced at him. “Then, why did you bring me here?”

“Because I want to find out what you’re going to do,” said the old man.

“...”

Su Ping was rather lost for words. He currently felt that the silver energy circumventing him was fading away, while a freezing cold was surging towards him. Meanwhile, a tremendous amount of deity aura was also floating toward him; his body was so full he was almost about to explode.

Damn it. Too much deity aura could be lethal?

Su Ping slightly changed his expression; the deity aura present was too dense. Even though he was trying to stop absorbing, his body was still going at it instinctively. Or rather, the deity aura seeping through!

It was looking for a host, as if it were a parasite!

The deity aura here is thousands of times denser than in any cultivation holy land I’ve been to; definitely one of the most dangerous places... Su Ping’s face was pale due to the invasive deity aura, which was too overwhelming for him to properly absorb; his body was about to burst.

His endurance to take in energy was greater thanks to the Solar Bulwark. Once the external deity aura filled up his body, his cells were honed and tested again.

Five seconds. Ten seconds.

Su Ping was unable to hold for much longer—his body exploded.

The old man frowned at the sight. “Are you truly dead?”

He didn’t do anything, since he wanted to see how Su Ping would cope with the danger. Still, he didn’t expect such an outcome.

Surprisingly, Su Ping reappeared out of nowhere.

The old man was stunned, eyes wide as saucers.

Resurrection?

I didn’t feel any ripples in space and time. Such a resurrection is too weird!

This is impossible! Where is this brat from? The old man was greatly shocked, as Su Ping’s resurrection method went beyond his understanding.

Su Ping no longer had time to dawdle; he quickly charged at one of the deity rivers.

Deity aura became more abundant as he drew closer, his body exploding soon after. Even so, he chose to resurrect and move onward.

Again and again, he exploded and resurrected, puzzling the old man to no end.

“This deity aura...”

Su Ping’s body was continuously filled up by deity aura; all his cells were stretched to their limits. His body was quickly changed and adapted with every attempt.

Without him realizing it, his body had gradually been transformed into that of a real deity!

He had been transformed by deity aura!

3

Deities were a species born with deity bones. The capability of cultivating spiritual energy came inborn.

This trait was enabled thanks to their deity bones, which were the essence of deity aura.

Su Ping's entire body had been transformed into the essence of deity aura; not just his bones, but his blood, veins and even hair had been turned into deity aura too.

Su Ping's new body no longer needed the transmuting vortices inside his body to absorb and produce deity aura anymore. Other types of energy he absorbed would automatically transform into deity aura.

The old man watched as Su Ping resurrected and evolved time and again. He could not be more shocked when he saw the silver light on Su Ping's body. *This brat... has actually developed the ancient deities' constitution...*

The ancient deities were the first of their kind in creation.

Apart from deity bones, they had deity structures all over their bodies.

Su Ping's new body was comparable to those of the very best among all ancient deities. His every cell was constructed with deity aura!

Such conditions would bring him infinite benefits, like drastically speeding up his cultivation, and easily exceeding the unparalleled geniuses among deities in ways they couldn't possibly imagine.

Su Ping had been completely transformed into an ancient deity after two hundred rounds of resurrection. He currently felt that the lethally abundant deity aura couldn't hurt him anymore. As a matter of fact, his endurance increased, managing to stay alive for a couple of minutes each time.

The reason for his dying was no longer related to the excessive deity aura, but the mysterious power coursing the deity rivers.

Su Ping was currently in one of the deity rivers. He was genuinely frightened as he looked at the currents.

Is this what the origin of deity aura looks like?

Why is it in the shape of rivers?

Su Ping was as insignificant as a drop of water in front of those streams. He stared at their splendid nature in a trance, and saw countless things in them.

He seemed to be hallucinating due to some sort of power.

Perhaps it wasn't a hallucination, but an ability brought forth by deity aura.

"Structure..."

Su Ping was gradually lost in his observation, standing before the rivers in a daze.

He wasn't woken up until his body was torn apart. He then chose to resurrect, devoting himself to his contemplation once again.

Once he was transformed into an ancient deity, he was then able to see the tiniest changes and the infinite possibilities brought forth by deity aura. It was possible to construct anything with that power.

He didn't have to be a Star Lord. Anyone in the Fate State would have the ability to create lives, as long as they were familiar with deity aura!

It was incredible!

When it came to battle pet warriors, creating lives was a method that only Star Lords and Ascendants were capable of using. However, it wasn't the same for ancient deities.

While Su Ping was lost in his reverie—one of the rivers surged and consumed him.

Hardly had he entered the river when Su Ping woke up and felt the excruciating pain coming from every part of his body, as if his body was being dismembered and absorbed by the river.

He unleashed the Solar Bulwark and his three small worlds, but he was melted in the river only two seconds later.

Su Ping quickly resurrected and resisted with all his strength once again.

I should fight deity aura with deity aura!

Su Ping tried to protect himself with the deity aura inside his body, but he could hardly resist the substantial permeation of deity aura from the river, which was more abundant and condensed. Su Ping felt that his body was being squeezed.

The deity aura inside his body and that found in the river were clearly of different qualities. Just like comparing cotton and iron.

Su Ping tried absorbing the deity aura flowing in the river. However, one tiny bit of said deity aura had almost torn apart the ocean inside his body.

Is this the most genuine deity aura? I don't believe it! Su Ping became ruthless. His body exploded another time, then he resurrected and kept absorbing.

Chapter 1160: Small Deity World

Once, twice... Ten times, a hundred times... Su Ping lost count of how many times he had resurrected; he simply felt he was able to survive for longer each time.

At first, he wasn't able to think peacefully during the painful resurrections; he could only force his body to absorb as much deity aura from the rivers as possible.

The deity aura inside his body was being constantly purified, but it was still not nearly as pure as the one found in the rivers.

He gradually got accustomed to the pain during the resurrections, and began to enjoy the absorption of energy.

1

The integration of the accumulation inside his body and the original deity aura from the rivers sounded like a simple process, but it was intricate and amazing. Infinite energy was parsed and transformed into something more fundamental. Su Ping was able to see how deity aura evolved as the energies were interweaving, and how it could be used.

Normal deities had to use finger techniques or spells to perform deity skills. However, a mere thought was enough to raise a thunderstorm or a landslide when making use of the deity aura's core.

That was the main deity skill.

It was distant, unpredictable, boundless, powerful, great and mysterious!

Deity aura was more plastic than astral power, and its structure contained unique features, which astral power or divine power didn't have. Even though divine power was even more astonishing in bursts, it didn't contain that unique feature.

Structure...

Just like the Path Source World that contains the law of origin, the Realm of Deities contains the features of structure, right?

Su Ping was deep in thought.

He was shrouded in a hazy, silver deity aura that also moved in his veins as passing fumes. It gradually formed a gigantic cocoon that tied him up.

An infant law gradually took shape inside Su Ping's body, like a wisp of smoke. It looked fragile, but it didn't disperse, no matter how it was shaken. It was elastic and fickle.

Driven by Su Ping's thoughts, the law gradually gathered in the shape of a finger, which was then covered in skin and grew a fingernail. In the end, blood and veins appeared at the end of the finger.

Soon after, golden blood flowed out of the finger. It was deity blood!

The finger suddenly cracked, and a ball rolled out from inside, turning out to be an eye.

The eye was brilliant; countless glittering threads seemed to be hidden within, representing wisdom.

Then, the finger cracked again, and a tiny mouth with sharp fangs appeared on the back of the finger.

2

"Life..."

Su Ping gradually opened his eyes, then looked at the finger floating before him. His eyes turned completely blank, devoid of sclera even; that was how the eyes of the most ancient deities looked.

Su Ping had been able to construct lives with his previous abilities.

However, that finger was different.

Su Ping didn't use any Star Lord power, nor his small worlds; he simply constructed the finger with the law he had just grasped. The finger wasn't a simple creature either... To be more exact, it was a god!

Also, it was a pure-blood god!

That's right. That finger was a unique god that Su Ping had just created.

That was something that only Ascendants could achieve under normal conditions. However, Su Ping had created such a life, even though he was only a Star State warrior.

The Star Lords who had grasped the perfect law of vitality could also construct lives with ease, but those lives would be ordinary at best. They would need special materials as mediums to create lives with special constitutions. However, Su Ping used nothing but the power of laws!

In terms of the result, it seemed to be the same as his previous abilities, which weren't very useful.

But that wasn't the case this time.

Creating lives was only one of the law's usages.

Making things out of nothing was what made the law terrifying!

This meant that Su Ping was not only able to create lives, but also to create other laws!

1

However, it seems that I can only create simple laws. The top, rare laws, such as the law of reincarnation, cannot be created just yet... Su Ping tried again and failed; he obviously was incapable of doing that just yet. Still maybe he would be able to when he entered the Ascendant State.

If that wasn't the case, maybe it would happen when he reached the Celestial State.

Is this what deity aura really is?

Su Ping stared at the surging rivers before him. His body was at the moment soaking in one of them, moving along with it. However, he didn't feel any movement of the river while he was in it.

No, this is just the power contained by the deity aura's core, not what it really is. How exactly did the core originate? Su Ping's eyes glittered, suddenly feeling the urge to explore everything; he wanted to know how the world took shape, how flowers bloomed, and why the world was so vast.

After grasping the new law, Su Ping was able to stay alive while entering the rivers.

Even those beyond the Celestial State would be unable to resist the might of the rivers with their own power. However, Su Ping had chosen to melt into them instead of fighting them.

Somewhere close by—the old man observed the situation unfold, dumbfounded.

He had watched how Su Ping resurrected again and again in disbelief.

The young man didn't return once or twice; he had resurrected an endless amount of times!

The scariest part was his inability to see how Su Ping was able to come back to life, and what kind of power he used!

The methods he knew were all useless in front of the rivers, but Su Ping still managed to do it.

Where is this brat from?

The old man was rather crept out. He suddenly had the feeling that someone was watching everything from high above, and that the kid was the queen piece on a chessboard, while he on the other hand was a mere pawn accompanying him for a while.

“Damn it, are the legends real?”

“It’s impossible. This is a prosperous age. If they are real, I should know about them...”

“Wait, the sorcerer mentioned that the acme of prosperity is the start of decline... Is it possible...”

The old man’s eyes widened in shock; there was fear in them.

Inside the rivers—

Su Ping kept on contemplating to understand and perfect the new law he had grasped. His body and his constitution were concurrently changing thanks to the influence of the rivers.

He was at the moment able to survive inside the rivers without needing to resurrect; he then lost track of time during his cultivation. Once he felt that his mind was tired, he opened his eyes again and discovered that he was covered in a hazy shadow. He thought about it, and the shadow shifted between illusion and reality. It appeared to be another small world.

Is it... my fourth small world?

He was stunned, remembering how he constructed it during his previous meditation. He didn’t expect that the fourth world could be built that easily.

Su Ping examined this new world carefully; it contained abundant deity aura, including the projections of deity auras, which looked minuscule.

If the deity rivers in the outside world were dragons, those in the fourth small world would be deemed as tiny bugs.

3

Su Ping took a deep breath, then gradually melted the fourth small world into his small worlds’ system, using his previous experiences as reference. Very soon, his fourth small world popped up and blossomed like a lotus flower, residing at the very top, feeling rigorous and boundless.

1

“Since I grasped it in the Realm of Deities, I might as well call it Small Deity World,” said Su Ping to himself.

His second world was the Illusory world.

His third world was the Path Source World.

His fourth world was the Small Deity World.

If it's possible to build a small world with the deity aura's core, it should be possible to do the same with the cores of divine power and those of other powers...

Su Ping's eyes glittered. He had now figured out how to condense other small worlds; all he needed was to carry it out. It would be impossible to do for others, even if they knew how. However, he had cultivation sites and was able to travel anywhere he wanted. It became increasingly clear to Su Ping how awesome the system's cultivation sites were.

Not wanting to waste any time, Su Ping then chose to leave.

Even though that place was one of the best cultivation spots he could find in that site, he had already hit the bottleneck; establishing more small worlds would be more helpful. Once he was no longer able to get more small worlds, it would probably be the time for him to enter the Ascendant State.

I won't have my freedom back until I reach the Ascendant State. Although I don't have to leave the store, I must be capable of leaving it whenever I want to, Su Ping thought.

He then controlled his body and flew out of the rivers. He looked into the distance, only to find that the leader of the Heaven Asking Church was still waiting for him, so he immediately dashed over to meet him.

"You..."

The old man looked at Su Ping with a mix of shock and suspicion; he wasn't as casual as before.

Su Ping chuckled and said, "Senior, thank you for bringing me here. I will remember this favor, hoping I can repay you someday. There's something I need to do now; farewell."

The old man was dazed for a moment, but then relaxed. Even though Su Ping was quite uncanny, the young man now owed him a favor anyway. He nodded and said, "All right. The Heaven Asking Church will always welcome you."

"Okay."

Su Ping waved a hand with a smile, and then communicated with the system to exit.

He no longer worried about hiding anything after having already exposed his resurrection ability.

A channel appeared in the void soon after, which absorbed Su Ping, disappearing right before the old man's eyes.

"Was that...?"

The elder narrowed his eyes. He had detected a terrifying power and pressure coming from the depths of the void channel, which made his soul shake.

It seemed that the channel was leading to a horrifying place.

...

Back in the shop.

Su Ping returned to his store. He walked out of the pet room, and saw Joanna and the others chatting in the lobby.

Joanna narrowed her eyes and looked at him. The sutra old man and the cauldron woman also looked at him; both of them noticed that Su Ping was different.

Su Ping smiled, not bothering to explain. He said to Joanna, "I'm only here for a break, as I'll be leaving soon. Have you enjoyed each other's company?"

"I guess." Joanna nodded.

The cauldron woman bluntly said, "You seem to be stronger."

Su Ping simply smiled, leaving it at that. After saying goodbye to them, he returned to the pet room and took all his pets. He had previously been unable to open his pet space due to the plummeting of his cultivation. He was greatly relieved to find they were all safe and sound now that he summoned them again.

"What a tough cultivation journey."

Su Ping selected the Archean Divinity. The next world he wanted to establish was the Small Divine World!

"That Ancestral God established seven small worlds. It should be possible to build more..."

1

Su Ping had randomly landed somewhere in the Archean Divinity while he pondered. He asked a local about his current position, then returned to the continent where the Heaven Path Institute was located. He teleported himself back to the institute with the student badge in the end.

There are hundreds of thousands of cultivation systems. There aren't as many power systems, but the number is certainly greater than seven...

Su Ping's eyes glittered. If it was possible to build a Small Deity World with the deity aura's core, it should also be possible to build a Small Divine World using the divine power's core.

1

He could also build a small netherworld with the power of death originating from the Chaotic Realm of the Undead.

5

Furthermore, he could build a world of chaos with the original power of chaos.

"Plus the two small worlds I built earlier, I would then have seven small worlds..."

"But that won't be enough... According to the Golden Crows, ancient gods and devils possessed sorcery power. My Sorcerer's Divine Constitution contains the same power.

"I would have eight small worlds if I can unearth its core and build a small world with it!"

Su Ping's eyes glittered. He felt that the preparations for the journey to the Ascendant State were quite arduous. Fortunately, it had been smooth thus far, even though the cultivation in the Small Deity World had been time-consuming.

I'll be unparalleled in the universe and throughout history if I cultivate eight small worlds... Su Ping thought, feeling excited; not even the Ancestral Gods had achieved that. He would be unimaginably strong if he reached the Ascendant State with such a foundation!

Su Ping made plans during his trip back to the Heaven Path Institute.

Hardly had he returned when he saw that his appointed maid was actually waiting for him.

"Mr. Su, you're finally back," said the maid in delight when she saw him.

Su Ping asked, "What's the matter? Is there something amiss?"

"Don't go out for now." The maid looked around; she was still cautious, even though nobody else was in Su Ping's palace. "The Rain Clan people are infuriated since you killed their prince in the arena. They came looking for you, but representatives of the institute told them to leave since it had been a fair duel.

"However, the institute cannot block them forever. The Rain Clan will surely come to you for trouble. After all, they cannot tolerate the fact that you killed their prince in public."

Su Ping had at first thought that his mentor was looking for him, and was quite disappointed by this. "Is that all? That's nothing; their prince was just too useless and treacherous. I disposed of the garbage on behalf of his clan."

The maid felt dazed for a moment, but then burst into laughter; she soon realized it was inappropriate and stopped. After looking around nervously, she said, "Mr. Su, in any case, just be careful. The Rain Clan is a high-ranked one. Besides..."

She didn't finish, but Su Ping understood the idea.

Besides, he was but a mere human being.

It was clear that he didn't have any powerful supporters in a territory of gods.

Exactly at that moment—another maid snorted and walked out of the palace. "Humph. Shirley, you're badmouthing high-ranked gods behind their back. Aren't you afraid of your family suffering