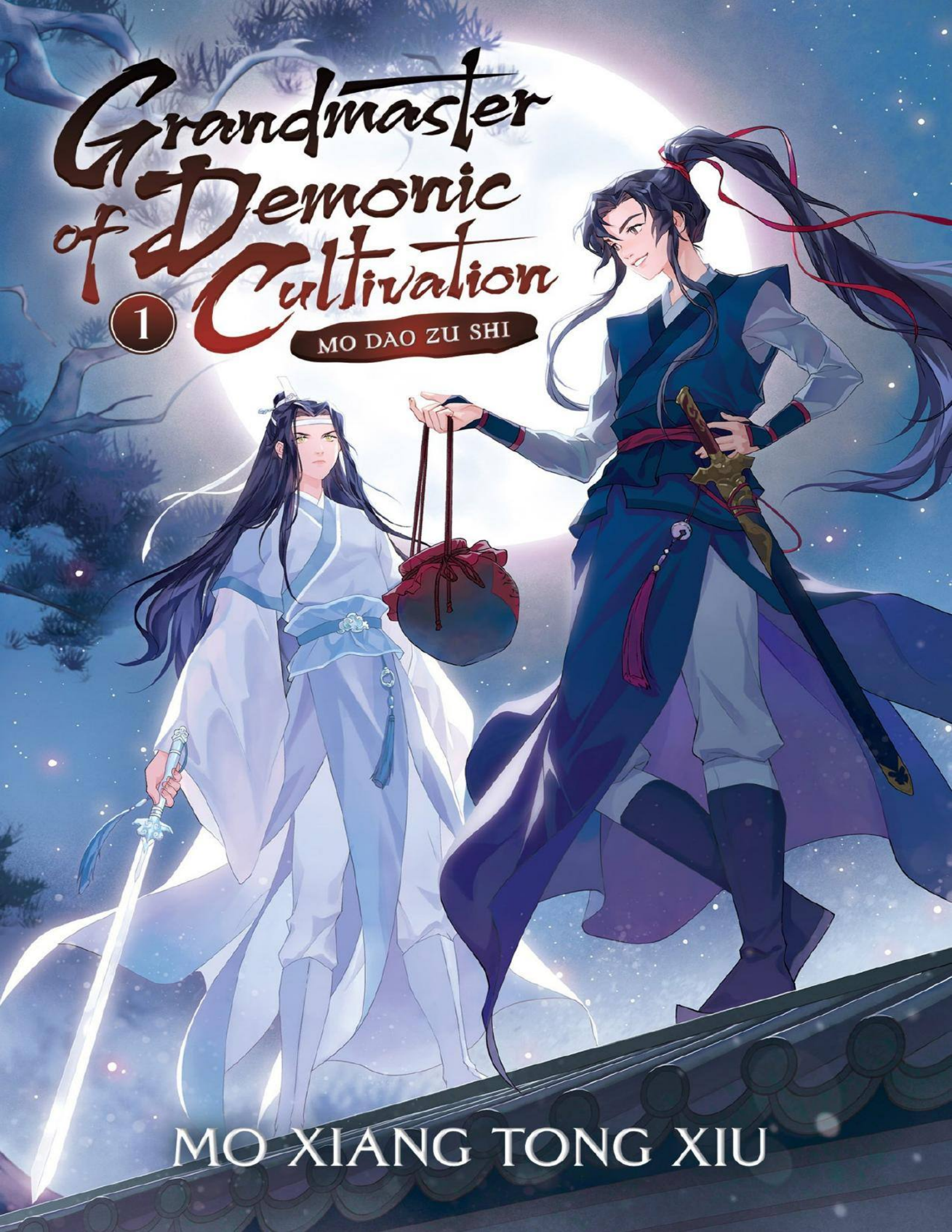


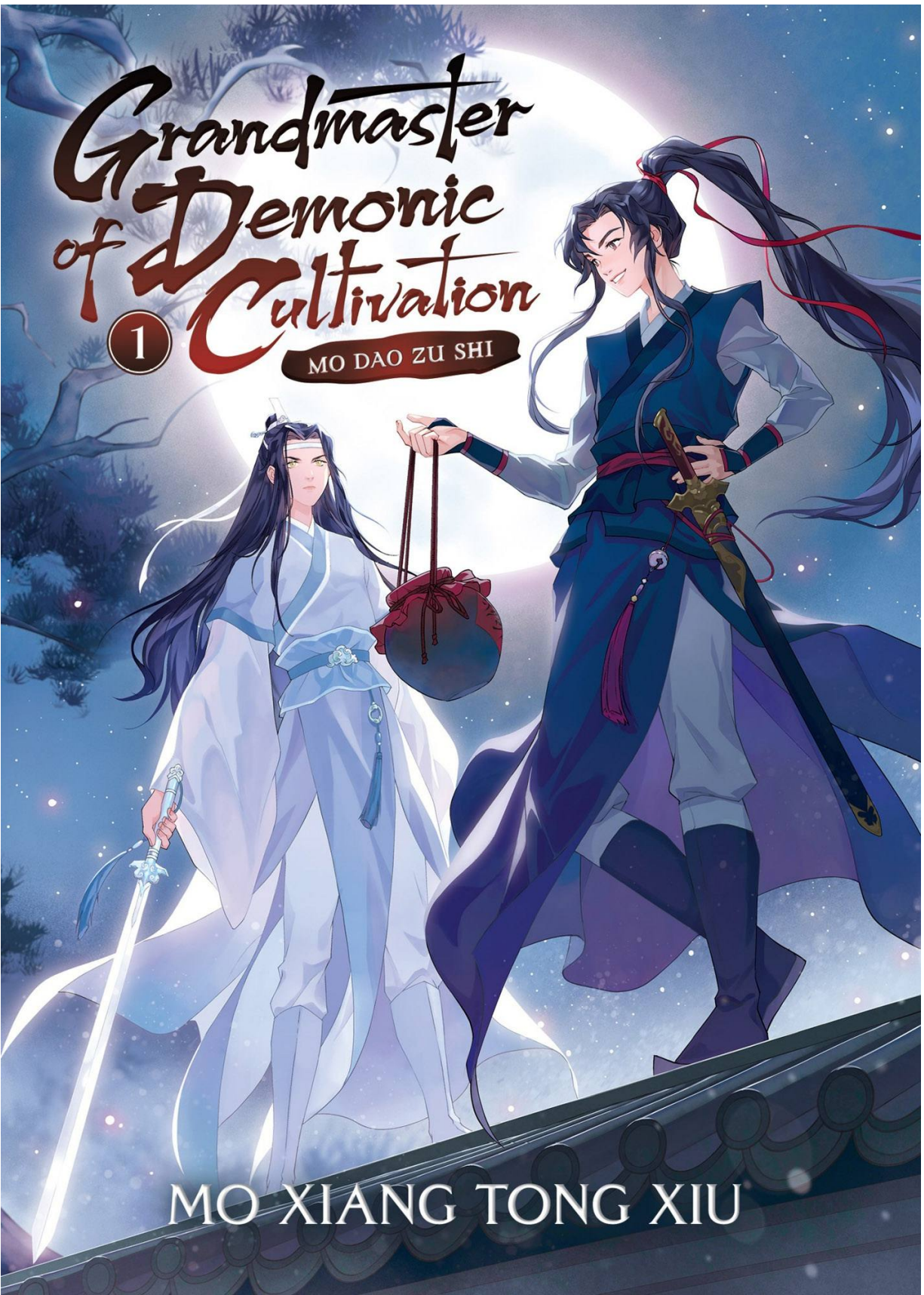
Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation

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MO DAO ZU SHI



MO XIANG TONG XIU



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Grandmaster
of Demonic
Cultivation
MO DAO ZU SHI

1

墨香铜臭





Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation

MO DAO ZU SHI

1

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GRANDMASTER OF DEMONIC CULTIVATION

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Chapter 1:

Reincarnation

REJOICE, Wei Wuxian is dead!”

It hadn't been a day since the Siege of the Burial Mound, and the news had already flown across the entire cultivation world as if it had sprouted wings. The speed was only comparable to how fast the flames of war had spread back then, if not faster.

Suddenly everyone, whether they were prominent clans or rogue cultivators, was discussing this operation of vanquishment that had been led by the four great clans and attended by hundreds of sects both big and small.

“Fantastic, fantastic indeed! Who was the hero who killed the Yiling Patriarch?”

“Who else could it be? Ain't it his shidi, the little sect leader Jiang Cheng? The four major clans fronted the attack: the Jiang Clan of Yunmeng, the Jin Clan of Lanling, the Lan Clan of Gusu, and the Nie Clan of Qinghe. Crushing family for the greater good, they destroyed Wei Wuxian's good ol' lair, the Burial Mound.”

“I must say, well done.”

Someone immediately clapped and exclaimed in agreement, “That's right, well done! If it wasn't for the Jiang Clan of Yunmeng, who took

him in and raised him, then Wei Wuxian would've been a no-name street rat in the countryside—never mind becoming anything else! The former Jiang sect leader raised him like his own son, eh? But look at him: publicly defecting from the clan, making himself an enemy of the world. He's embarrassed the Jiang Clan of Yunmeng utterly and almost doomed them to the same fate of extermination.

What do you call a traitor? Him!”

“I can't believe Jiang Cheng allowed that guy to run amok for so long. If it were me, I wouldn't have just stabbed him when he first defected, I would've cleaned house! He wouldn't even have gotten the chance to do all those crazy things. What does a childhood friendship matter when facing people like him?”

“That's not what I heard, though? Didn't Wei Ying's¹ demonic cultivation backfire, causing him to be ripped apart and devoured by the ghosts under his command? I heard he was chewed to pieces while still alive.”

“Ha ha ha ha! That's what you call karma. I've wanted to say this for a long time now, but those ghost generals he raised were like a pack of unleashed mad dogs, biting people everywhere. And in the end, he got bit to death himself.

Well deserved!”

“Be that as it may, if the little Jiang sect leader hadn't been the one to plan this siege based on the Yiling Patriarch's weaknesses, then

success would've been difficult to guarantee. Don't forget what Wei Wuxian had in his clutches, or how over three thousand renowned cultivators were all completely annihilated that night."

"Wasn't it five thousand?"

"Three thousand, five thousand, they're all the same. Five thousand is more believable."

"He really is completely mad..."

"He destroyed the Yin Tiger Tally before he died, so he gets at least some credit for that. If that evil thing was left to cause harm in the world, his sins would only deepen."

The moment the Yin Tiger Tally was mentioned, there was suddenly silence, as if everyone was wary of something. A moment later, someone sighed.

"Man...speaking of that Wei Wuxian. He used to be a young master in an extremely affluent and distinguished cultivation sect back then. It wasn't like he had no accomplishments. He gained great success in his youth. How glorious and unbridled he was... How did he end up on this path...?"

The subject changed, and voices were raised again in heated discussion.

“It’s obvious from this case that the path of cultivation must always follow the righteous way. The demonic path is only glorious for the moment. You think it looks so glamorous? Heh, look where that got him.”

“Death without a corpse!” a voice replied forcefully.

“It’s not all because of the cultivation path. At the end of the day, it’s still because Wei Wuxian was someone of bad character. He roused the wrath of the heavens and the grudges of men. You know what they say: What goes around comes around; the heavens are watching...”

.....

After Wei Wuxian’s death, judgment of his character was no longer refutable.

The discussions were mostly the same, and any small voice of dissent was immediately squashed.

However, gloom still firmly enveloped everyone’s minds.

Although the Yiling Patriarch, Wei Wuxian, had died at the Burial Mound, the remnants of his soul couldn’t be summoned.

Perhaps his soul had also been ripped apart and devoured by the millions of ghosts. Or perhaps it had escaped.

The former would naturally be a joyous occasion for the entire world.

However, the Yiling Patriarch had the ability to topple the earth and move mountains and seas—at least, that was what the legends said. It would be no great task for him to resist soul-summoning if he desired it. If his spirit returned in the future...if he took over a body and was reincarnated, then the cultivation world—the entire mortal world, in fact—would be cursed to face even greater vengeance, sinking into an endless storm of darkness and blood.

And so, when the hundred and twenty stone beasts required to seal a mountain were set down at the peak of the Burial Mound, every major clan began conducting frequent soul-summoning rituals. They also strictly monitored for cases of possession, sought far and wide for abnormal occurrences, and heightened their security to the max.

In the first year, all was peaceful.

In the second year, all was peaceful.

In the third year, all was peaceful.

.....

In the thirteenth year, all was still peaceful.

Thus, more and more people finally came to believe that perhaps Wei Wuxian had not been that amazing after all. Maybe he really had perished.

Even though he had once turned the world upside down, there had at last come a day when he was the one overturned.

No one could be worshiped on the divine altar forever. Legends were merely legends.

Chapter 2:

The Intractable

WEI WUXIAN had only just opened his eyes when someone kicked him.

A voice thundered in his ears: “PLAYING DEAD?”

He almost coughed up blood from the kick. His head hit the ground, and with his face turned up, he thought hazily, *You’ve got nerve, daring to kick me, the patriarch.*

Wei Wuxian had already lost count of the number of years it’d been since he last heard a live person speak, never mind such awful caterwauling. He was dizzy, and the cracked voice of a young man was rattling between his ears.

“Think for a moment *whose* land you’re living on, *whose* rice you’re eating, and *whose* money you’re spending! So what if I took a few things of yours?

They should’ve been mine in the first place!”

Soon after, there was the clamoring noise of chests and cabinets alike being ransacked. It was a good moment before Wei Wuxian's eyes could focus. A dim ceiling came into view, as did an unfortunate-looking face with a greedy glare.

That face was spraying spittle all over him.

“And you dare go tattle on me!! You think I'm actually afraid of you tattling?!”

Do you *actually* think anyone in this house would take your side?!”

Two large men who looked like servants came over. “Young master, everything's smashed!”

“So fast?” the quacking youth questioned.

“There wasn't much stuff in this broken shack anyway,” the servant replied.

The quacking youth was extremely pleased. He turned to Wei Wuxian, pointing so hard at the man that he was practically jabbing his finger up his nose and into his brain.

“Go and tell on me, I dare you. Who are you playing dead for? As if anyone would actually give a crap about all this junk and wastepaper. I've smashed

everything; let's see what else you've got to go tattle on me with! Think you're all that just because you went to a cultivation sect for a few years? Well, didn't you get kicked out like a stray dog anyway?!"

Presently half dead, Wei Wuxian thought to himself, *It's not pretend. I've actually been dead for many years.*

Who was this?

Where was this??

When had he ever done something like forcibly possess the body of another???

After having kicked the man, ransacked the house, and spent all his temper, the quacking youth strutted out the door along with his two servants, slamming the door behind him.

He ordered in a loud voice, "Keep proper watch, don't let him come out to embarrass people!"

The servants outside the door all heeded. Once the man had gone, silence settled both inside and out of the house. Wei Wuxian wanted to sit up, but his limbs would not obey him, so he lay back down and flipped over. His head continued to spin as he looked at his strange surroundings and the mess on the floor.

Next to him was a copper mirror that had been tossed onto the ground, and Wei Wuxian snatched it up. A dreadfully pale face

appeared in the mirror. Two large blots of red were smeared unevenly on each cheek; if he were to stick out a long and vividly red tongue, then he'd be the very picture of a hanged ghost.

Wei Wuxian tossed the mirror aside, a little disgusted. He wiped his face and found his hand smeared with white powder.

Fortunately, it wasn't that this body had been born strange, but rather, the penchant of the previous owner. A full-grown man with a face heavily caked in makeup, and sloppily applied at that...

This shocked some energy back into Wei Wuxian, who was finally able to sit up. Only then did he notice the circle of a spell array beneath him. The array

was scarlet and crooked, seemingly hand-drawn using blood as the medium. It was still damp, emitting a metallic stench. There were warped and crazed spells drawn within the array that had been somewhat smudged by his body, but the remaining shapes and characters were gruesome in their evil intent. Wei Wuxian had been called by titles such as the Supreme Evil Lord, the Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation, and whatnot for years, so naturally, he was very familiar with obviously devious arrays such as these.

It wasn't that he had robbed anyone of their body—he had been offered one!

The nature of this “sacrificial ritual” was a type of curse. The caster was to harm themselves with a weapon, making cuts on their body