

CEO Bride 811

Chapter 811

The beautiful woman took three banknotes out from her bag and said, "Thank you, Father Lloyd. Please accept this 300-dollar payment!"

Lloyd smoothed his long white eyebrows and replied kindly, "Quiet Winds Church never charges for their work."

"This is a well-deserved payment, though!" The beautiful woman insisted.

"Haha! No need, no need. Run along. I still have to offer my services to the next person." Lloyd waved his hand in refusal.

"Alright, thank you again!" The beautiful woman lowered her head gratefully and then moved aside to let the next person come forward/

At that moment, Lloyd noticed his junior coming out of the café. He then addressed the people waiting, "This will be the last person. The rest of you can go home. If you want to seek blessings and as

repentance, you can visit Quiet Winds Church and find me!"

With that, he began to talk to the person in front of him. It was an elderly person who appeared to be in their 60s with graying eyebrow that formed a straight line, a hooked nose, prominent cheekbones, and deep, inscrutable eyes

Lloyd's smile gradually faded as he calmly said, "Please leave, sir. I don't provide anything for those with malicious intentions."

The old man stood with hands behind his back, a half-smile on his face. "You can't tell, can you?"

Lloyd glanced at the old man again. "Whether or not I can tell your intentions, I'll leave you with these words-despite endless suffering in the bitter sea, you'll still see the shore when you turn back."

He truly could not see the future for this old man. Judging from this person's demeanor, he could tell he was not a good person.

The old man smiled faintly. "You're a charlatan who deceives people."

"You're talking nonsense." A young man behind the old man angrily retorted, "Father Lloyd never charges for his service. How can he be al

charlatan?"

"That's right, Father Lloyd is a renowned figure in Jonford. His

follower base is even larger than some B-list celebrities!"

"This old guy doesn't look like a good person. He's deliberately trying to tarnish Father Lloyd's reputation."

"Exactly, you'd better leave!"

The onlookers glared at the old man, their anger evident on their

faces.

The old man was slightly stunned. He had not expected his casu

remark to stir up such resentment. Quiet Winds Church seemed to b

regarded as a sacred place in these ants' eyes.

However, it did not matter. After tonight, Quiet Winds Church would no longer exist. By then, he wondered what kind of feelings these ants

would have.

With this in mind, a faint smile appeared at the corner of the old

man's mouth as he turned and left.

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Chanté 811

Dressed in his purple robe, Cillian walked over at a leisurely pace. He had white hair but a youthful face, and his features were refined. His

eyebrows were sharp, and his eyes starry bright. No one would not

find him handsome.

The surroundings fell into a silence as profound as death.

"Damn, even as a man, I want to go up and kiss him!"

"Heck, how is he even more handsome than me?!"

"If he were in a fantastical TV show, he'd easily play the role of a god!"

“Ah... My idol...”

Countless eyes converged on Cillian, who was already accustomed to

He ignored the attention and walked calmly to Lloyd’s side. He looked in the direction where the old man had disappeared, asking,

Who was that person just now?”

Lloyd sneered. “No one good for sure.”

Cillian’s brows furrowed slightly. He looked in the direction

man had left again, sensing a sinister aura emanating from him

Chapter 812

Cillian and Lloyd two returned to Quiet Winds Church.

Standing before the entrance, Cillian looked up at the blood-colored

star in the sky.

“The Blood Star appears when calamity approaches. Could a great calamity be descending upon Quiet Winds Church?” he wondered.

Despite his calculations, he could not discern anything. Cillian

frowned as he contemplated whether to activate the protection array.

Seeing the troubled look on his junior's face, Lloyd smiled and asked, "You look like you have something on your mind."

Hands behind his back, Cillian recounted what Eric had warned him.

about earlier.

Lloyd felt a sense of unease course through him as he said, "So, what

are we waiting for? Let's quickly activate the array!"

Eric was, after all, a Golden Amulet Master. If he had personally come to warn his junior, then Quiet Winds Church must be in danger.

Cillian remained silent. His dignity would surely take a hit if he were

to accept the man's warning now.

When Lloyd noticed that Cillian was still unconvinced, he smiled again and said, "You've already advanced your strength by a level when you broke through to the Profound Reality Realm. If there's

danger, we can overcome it!"

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Cillian lowered his gaze and sighed. "Activate the protection array."

In the end, he chose to heed Eric's advice. While he had no fear, Quiet Winds Church had over a thousand disciples.

As the head priest of Quiet Winds Church, he had to consider the overall situation. He could not let the lives of the disciples be jeopardized because of his personal impulsive decisions.

“Ah, my strong-willed junior!” Lloyd exclaimed with a cheerful smile as he made his way into the grounds with hands behind his back.

Half an hour later, the Path takers who had been meditating and

practicing within Quiet Winds Church were abruptly awakened by a loud and intense explosion.

Dozens gathered at the main gate. The dozen or so more elderly Path takers who had cultivated their discerning eyes could see that a

massive transparent barrier had come down on Quiet Winds Church.

“The protection array?”

“What is Cillian up to? The array isn’t meant to be activat

an old man with a donkey-like face coldly snorted.

The protection array of Quiet Winds Church could only be a three times. It was activated for the first time centuries ago

Quiet Winds Church faced potential destruction. The head at the activated the array, saving the church.

ly!”

80 years ago, it was activated the second time to suppress the

zombies beneath Quiet Winds Cliff. They broke free and wreaked

havoc within the sanctuary after the head of that time, along with the

elders, expelled them.

They were left with its final activation, and now Cillian had

squandered it.

If Quiet Winds Church were to face disaster again without the

protection array, the sanctuary could very well be wiped from the Path.

community.

“Junior Cillian has his reasons for activating the protection array. Why get so worked up, Senior Trey?”

Another old man with an air of celestial grace chuckled. Although Quiet Winds Church seemed outwardly united and harmonious, it had

actually split into two factions internally.

One faction supported Cillian, known as the Cillian Sect. The other

faction, the Cain Sect, was led by the donkey-faced old man-Cain

Twilight.

The first generation of practitioners in Quiet Winds Church had retired

from cultivation and returned to secular life. This left the second

generation of practitioners becoming the pillars of the sect.

Being the son of the previous generation's elder, Cain possessed exceptional talent from a young age. He excelled in his practice

the Path. At the age of 30, he reached the qualifications to be

assessed as a Golden Amulet Master.

Logically, the position of the head of Quiet Winds Church should have

been passed to him. However, the elders of the previous generation

unanimously believed Cillian to be of better temperament and cast all

their votes in his favor.

Cain harbored resentment over this matter. Over the years, he had

gathered many disciples from the second generation, hoping to

regain control of Quiet Winds Church.

Now that an opportunity had presented itself, he naturally wanted to challenge Cillian's authority.

Chapter 813

“Hmph, as everyone knows, the protection array can only be activated three times. It has already been activated twice. Cillian activated it the final time without our consent and without discussing it with us.

“Clearly, he doesn’t regard us or the thousands of Path takers in Quiet Winds Church with any importance!” Cain said coldly.

“Senior Trey is right. If Quiet Winds Church has to face a strong enemy again without the protection array, the lives of the practitioners will be at risk. Cillian doesn’t care about them at all and is not worthy of being the head!” another elder from the Cain Sect immediately chimed in.

“Cillian is not worthy? Then do you think you’re worthy?” Lloyd arrived just then with his hands behind his back.

“Senior!” everyone greeted him.

Lloyd looked at Cain and the elder who spoke earlier with disdain, Cillian holds the highest authority in Quiet Winds Church. His decisions represent the entire sect. What are you gossiping a

behind his back?"

Cain's expression darkened. "We only have three uses with the

protection array. It's already been used twice, and this is the last!"

Lloyd looked at Cain as if he were an idiot and said, "You think I need

you to tell me that?"

"I need an explanation from you!" Cain demanded.

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He had already won the hearts of a small number of Quiet Winds Church practitioners. All he needed to do was give the order and he could lead the group away. However, his goal was not to divide Quiet Winds Church but to reclaim it in its entirety.

"An explanation?"

Lloyd's eyes turned cold. With a wave of his sleeve, vast true energy instantly sent Trey flying. "You have no power but constantly scheme for the leading position. Take a look at yourself before talking

nonsense!"

At that, the third-generation practitioners and several of the elders exchanged glances. They were unable to believe their ears when they heard such vulgar language coming from Lloyd's mouth when he was known for his teachings.

Lloyd had disliked Cain for a long time. The man harbored envy and hatred. He was always plotting to overthrow Cillian. Lloyd even suspected that Cain might have been behind the poisoning incident when his junior was young.

Cain was a stage five great-grandmaster, but his strength worth mentioning in front of Lloyd, who was at stage nine.

Clutching his chest, Cain sternly said, "Lloyd, you've gone too far!

Lloyd straightened his flowing white eyebrows and sneered, "I'm grand elder of Quiet Winds Church. Is there a problem with me disciplining you when you are only the third elder?"

Cain's eyes burned with fury, and the veins on his neck bulged.

Seeing him silent, Lloyd turned to the few elders standing with Cain.

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What do you think? Is there a problem with me disciplining the third

elder?"

"N-No problem!"

"No problem at all!"

They shook their heads repeatedly.

Lloyd held a position in Quiet Winds Church that was just below the head. Sometimes, his influence even surpassed that of the head.

It was a hard task for them to shake Cillian when Lloyd was by his side.

“Disperse, everyone. For the next three days, no one is allowed to enter or leave Quiet Winds Church!” Lloyd withdrew his gaze and left leisurely with his hands behind his back.

Cain stared at Lloyd’s departing figure, his eyes flickering with cold killing intent. After a while, he returned to his room with his people.

The six elders, abandoning their previous submissive attitude expressed their grievances, “Lloyd has indeed gone too far to find a way to suppress his arrogance!”

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The seventh elder echoed, “Exactly They just want to monopolize the church’s power. We elders can only trail behind. We don’t even ha

say!”

The rules state that important decisions concerning the Quiet Winds Church should be jointly discussed by the eight elders. However, Cillian and Lloyd had clearly disregarded them and made decisions

on their own.

This matter would surely spread tomorrow, and by then, they would undoubtedly lose their reputation.

At this moment, the eighth elder suddenly opened his mouth and said, “I recall that there’s a way to deactivate the array. We should do it

now before the power is completely out.”

Chapter 814

The sun set behind the western mountains. It was nearing evening

when Nash emerged once again from the underground basement,

this time to challenge The Swordsman.

The Golden Onyx Pill was going through the detoxification stage and

would be successfully refined at the very latest by tomorrow. It took a long time for ordinary martial artists to digest such pills.

However, Nash’s cultivation of the Longevity and Creation Technique

allowed him to absorb medicinal effects completely in a very short

time.

Once the Golden Onyx Pill was refined, he would break through to the Mystique Loyalty Realm within three hours.

Melody was on the couch in the living room while Hera carefully fed

her oats. Finn and Ken had rushed back in the afternoon.

Finn smiled and said, "As expected of Nash. If it were any other doctor, you wouldn't be able to get out of bed in less than ten

even half a month!"

Melody's recovery was much slower compared to his when he poisoned. However, he had taken elixirs while Melody only drank

some holistic medicine for a few days. Such miraculous concoction

were not something just anyone could cook up.

Hera could not help but feel proud when she heard Finn praise Nash." Of course, you gotta consider whose man he is!"

Finn laughed heartily at that. "Exactly. Only a stunning beauty like you

can have such an excellent man like Nash!"

Nash came back inside. Finn and Ken immediately shot to their feet

when they saw him. "Mr. Nash!"

"When did you guys come back?" Nash asked with a smile.

"We just arrived this afternoon!" Finn replied.

"Perfect. Help me deliver this letter of challenge to the Duerson.

family," Nash said as he passed the envelope to Finn. The content of

the letter stated that he would have a decisive battle with The

Swordsman at Sigur Cliff at noon in two days.

Sigur Cliff was a mountain on the southern outskirts of Jonford about

200 miles from the city center.

"Mr. Nash, are you really going to fight him?" Finn frowned as he

accepted the letter, feeling the weight of the situation descend upon

him.

Nash was strong, almost invincible when compared to those in the same realm as him. He might be able to escape even if

not defeat someone at the early stage of the Mystique Loyalt

However, The Swordsman had been famous for a long time, and

Nash was certainly not his match.

“Yeah,” Nash confirmed.

Nash was aware of Finn’s concerns but did not explain much apart from a faint acknowledgment. Finn wanted to give a few more words

of advice, but Nash had already walked over to the sofa to help Melody remove the gauze.

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“Finn, I’ll go with you!” Ken looked at Finn and said. Finn nodded. With the letter of challenge in hand, they took their leave.

Nash removed the gauze that was wrapped around Melody’s head.

Melody’s beautiful face was not only free from scarring, but her skin

was also delicate and flawless.

Hera’s eyes lit up as she squealed happily. “Melody, you’ve become

even more beautiful!”

Melody slowly opened her eyes, her pupils even brighter than before. The light in the room was gentle, but Melody still squinted.

When she heard what Hera said, she immediately removed the gauze

from her hands. There was not a single scar on her hands either, and

her skin was as smooth as a baby's.

Melody shivered. She quickly picked up her phone from beside her

and unlocked it with shaky hands. She opened the front camera and

took a picture of her face.

Her face looked clean and supple as it radiated a warm lust

the light.

Chapter 815

Melody was so excited that her eyes turned red. If Nash was not Hera's man, she would have wanted to hug him and give him a kiss. The desire for beauty was universal, especially when one's

appearance had been decent before.

She might not have turned every single person's head when she went out in the past, but at least half of the people she encountered would find her pleasing to the eye.

After being so severely injured, Melody had contemplated suicide at the thought of her face being ruined. Now, seeing that she had recovered and become even more beautiful than before, she could

not help but be excited.

With his hands shoved in his pockets, Nash smiled and said, "Have you figured out how to thank me?"

Melody lowered her head and replied, "How do you want me

you?"

"How about offering yourself?" Hera burst into a delicate laugh while covering her mouth before Nash could even say anything.

Melody knew Hera was joking but still could not help her face fr

turning red.

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Hera then got up, looked at Nash, and asked with some concern, "Are you hungry? I can go and make something for you."

Nash was slightly taken aback, but then he nodded and smiled. "Sure, I haven't had tomato pasta in a long time!"

Chappe #15

Hera happily made her way to the kitchen.

At the Duerson Villa, Borris and a few others were having dinner at the

moment. The table was filled with all sorts of expensive delicacies.

After Borris and Peter had a drink, Borris asked, "Master Peter, when

do we take action?"

Peter picked up a piece of alligator meat and chewed on it. "Tonight,

let the ghoul overlord absorb some moon essence. Then, we'll attack

Quiet Winds Church tomorrow night!"

Ever since arriving in Jonford, Peter had set his sights on Quiet Winds

Church. It was a place where many practiced the Path. Many

outstanding individuals and spiritual energy converged there.

Some remarkable Path takers had also been buried at the back of the

mountains, their lingering souls now protecting the sanctuary. All of

these would become nourishment for the ghoul overlord.

Borris smiled and said, "There's a Path taker called Lloyd. I must

his blessings."

The old man who offended Lloyd earlier in the day was Borris himself. His scant words had angered Lloyd, leading to public outrage and

insults being thrown at him. Borris was quite unhappy about it.

Just then, a bodyguard walked in and said, “Boss, someone delivered a letter of challenge!”

A challenge letter? Duncan smiled and looked at The Swordsman.” It’s likely from Nash to my godfather!”

The bodyguard handed the challenge letter to Duncan, who read it before handing it over to The Swordsman with a smile. “Just as expected, Nash is challenging my godfather to a battle to the death.

on October 17th at Sigur Cliff!” The Swordsman accepted the

challenge letter and read it.

The letter of challenge was written on a standard A4-size paper:

[Long have I heard of The Swordsman’s Seven Deadly Swords,

renowned throughout the world!

[I, Nash Calcraft, request to learn through battle.

[On October 17th at Sigur Cliff, let us determine victory and defeat, as

well as life and death!]

Nash’s writing exuded a majestic and dominating aura, reminiscent

of a dragon soaring into the sky. The Swordsman crumpled the letter

into a ball and casually tossed it into the trash, laughing indifferently.

“October 17th shall be the day Nash Calcraft succumbs! Duncan, b

Nash a good coffin. In two days, you’ll come with me to Sigur Cl

Duncan chuckled and replied, “Alright, Godfather. I was thinking th

same thing!”

Nash was considered a prominent figure now. Buying him a good

coffin would at least allow him to leave with some dignity.

Boris solemnly asked, “What if Bladesman Divus or some other

powerful figure interferes?”

The Swordsman’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t we have Peter and his ghou

Peter frowned and replied, “A duel between Mystique Loyalty Realm

powerhouses will attract many forces. Bringing the ghou

The Swordsman’s brows furrowed slightly, and Borris quickly

suggested, “Swordsman, how about inviting Black Wind Double Kill to witness the duel at Sigur Cliff?”

The man nodded at this suggestion. “Good idea. We can avoid any

sneak attacks from the National Martial Bureau behind our backs that

way!”

Chapter 816

After delivering the letter, Finn and Ken returned to Royal Bay.

Nash was enjoying his meal while Hera watched him affectionately

with her hands propping up her face. “Slow down. Don’t burn yourself!”

Nash mumbled incoherently, “My wife’s pasta is delicious.”

Hera’s smile on her face became even brighter.

Having completed her workout outside, Melody felt no discomfort in her body, apart from the fact that her true energy had yet to fully

recover.

Finn and Ken walked into the living room with Melody.

Nash finished his pasta in a few bites, wiped his mouth, and then

looked at the approaching group. “It’s getting late. Do whatever you

need to do.”

Melody glanced at Hera, who had her back turned to her. She guessed

what Nash had in mind. "It's been a while. Shouldn't you treat me to a meal?" she said to Finn.

Finn's mouth twitched. "Why aren't you the one treating me?"

Melody rolled her eyes at Finn. "Fine, I'll be generous for once!"

Finn looked at Nash and asked, "Will you be coming?"

Melody looked at Finn as if he were a fool. "Didn't you see that he has just finished eating?"

"Oh right..." Finn scratched his head awkwardly. He then followed Melody outside, asking, "Can I bring a plus one?"

Melody's curiosity piqued. "Who do you want to bring?"

"My girlfriend!"

"You managed to get a girlfriend?"

"I don't like hearing that from you. I'm a handsome guy, suave and charming. I can find a girlfriend within minutes!"

Their voices became quieter and quieter.

Hera narrowed her gaze and asked, "Were you trying to get rid of

them to do something naughty?”

Maria came out of the kitchen, untied her apron, and said with a

smile, “I’ll be clocking out, then!”

Hera just realized that Maria was still there, and her face turned as

red as a tomato.

Maria walked out of the villa courtyard.

Immediately after, Nash walked straight to Hera, hugged her, and hurriedly led her upstairs. He said, “One day apart from you feels like years. We haven’t seen each other in two days. Shouldn’t we spend

some quality time together?”

On the Green River Expressway, Felicity had been on the road for four to five hours in a row. Despite that, she still looked spirited. Such was the advantage of being a martial artist.

She would not be exhausted even if she had to drive for three days

and three nights straight.

Feeling bored, she switched on the music player and heard the latest

popular songs being played. She nodded her head and swayed along

with the rhythm.

Suddenly, something hit her from behind. Despite her timely control

of the steering wheel, the car was still thrown into the air, spinning.

several times before it came to a stop.

Just as the car landed on the ground, another off-road vehicle made a

sharp turn and violently collided with the side of Felicity's car.

Felicity's car broke through the guardrail and fell off the pitch-black

bottomless mountain cliff.

Several vans parked on the roadside. Over 20 people in suits, wearing

sunglasses and black masks, followed down the steep slope.

Felicity's car had rolled down the steep slope, eventually crashing into

a large tree. Fuel was leaking from the gas tank, and there was a blue

light in the undercarriage.

Despite being dazed and disoriented, Felicity smelled the gasoline

outside and immediately realized the imminent danger of the car

exploding. She grabbed the package nearby, tore off the seatbelt, and forcefully pushed open the car roof.

She jumped out of the vehicle, her delicate figure immediately

sprinting ten meters away

With a boom, the car exploded, destroying the surrounding flowers.

and trees.

Felicity noticed a large number of flashlights approaching from the slope and realized that these people were trying to kill her. She

quickly turned around and ran.

Chapter 817

A light shone on Felicity.

“She’s not dead...”

“Quick, chase after her!”

Over 20 people pulled out their guns and swiftly caught up to her.

“Who the hell wants to kill me?”

Wearing a white dress and dressed completely like a lady, Felicity

cursed as she ran downhill.

Dominic!

It must be that old scoundrel, Dominic.

The mayor did not dare to mess with Dominic, but she was not afraid

of him. That was why he wanted to get rid of her. He would not dare act rashly in Sagen, however, so he immediately arranged for others

to intercept her on the road the moment she left.

“You old scoundrel, just wait until I catch my breath. You won’t know

what hit you then!”

Just as she spoke, she heard something click beneath her. Felicity screamed as she fell to the ground. The Eight-Part Sceptre in her hand flew out of her grip, falling into the grass.

At the same time, the hitmen behind were closing in.

A dozen flashlights illuminated Felicity, and she turned pale.

artists at stage nine of the Energy Cultivation

Realm or at the grandmaster level. No wonder they were so fast.

The leader looked at Felicity's bloody leg that was caught in the animal trap and said with a smile, "Even God is unhappy with you. meddling in others' business." Saying this, he pulled the trigger.

www.

Felicity dodged the bullets by tilting her body. "Useless bugger!"

The leader sneered. "Kill her."

A series of gunshots echoed through the air.

"The Light guides you!"

Suddenly, a white figure flickered to Felicity's side. A young and handsome priest with folded hands appeared, surrounded by a faint golden light that blocked all the bullets.

"Where did this damned priest come from? Get lost, man!" the leader cursed.

The handsome priest said calmly, "Forgive those who deserve forgiveness. Gentlemen, please leave!"

"Hmph, let's kill them together!"

After saying that, the hitmen drew their custom-made daggers and rushed forward.

"Praise be, praise be!"

The handsome priest huffed slightly Suddenly, a giant statue

appeared behind him. With a single palm strike, all 20 people were

instantly sent flying a hundred meters away.

“I can’t believe it. How is this priest so powerful?”

Felicity’s eyes widened, forgetting the pain in her leg.

The white-robed priest walked to Felicity, crouched down gracefully, and opened the animal trap on her leg.

“Ouch! It hurts, it hurts, it hurts!”

Felicity grabbed the priest’s arm, tears almost streaming down her face.

The white-robed priest calmly said, “Endure it for a moment and the pain will pass.”

After removing the animal trap, the white-robed priest took out a medicine bottle from his sleeve, removed the cap, and poured some white powder onto Felicity’s leg.

Felicity screamed hysterically at the pain, her voice reverberating through the mountains.

The white-robed priest stood up and asked, “Who are you? Why are they trying to kill you?”

Leaning against a tree, Felicity weakly replied, “I’m the deputy chief of the Sagen Inspection Office. Those people are from the association. I’ve been causing trouble for them lately, so they wanted to kill me the moment they found an opportunity.”

The white-robed priest nodded his head, somewhat understanding the situation. “I’ll take you back to the village first. You should be able to walk again tomorrow after a night’s rest.”

Felicity nodded. She then pointed

the patch of grass in front and

. "Help me look for a package over there?"

The priest in white walked toward the direction Felicity was going

and picked up the package

in the grass. When he felt the essence

of Mythism coming from

it, he was surprised and asked,

"Is this a Mythism artifact?"

Chapter 818

Felicity nodded. She then pointed to the patch of grass in front and said, "Help me look for a package over there!"

The priest in white walked toward the direction Felicity was pointing

at and picked up the package in the grass. When he felt the essence

of Mythism coming from it, he was surprised and asked, "Is this a Mythism artifact?"

Chapter 818

Mythism artifacts were considered extremely sacred objects for

followers of Mythism, so much so that they even aroused desire in priests. However, the white-robed priest quickly regained his composure and returned the package to Felicity.

He then turned around and said, "Please follow me down the

mountain."

Holding the package in her arms, Felicity gritted her teeth and said, "

Do I look like someone who can walk?"

The white-robed priest stopped in his tracks. He hesitated for a

moment before turning back to Felicity with an uncertain look.

Looking up at him, Felicity said, "Why are you standing there? Help me

up!"

"The Light guides me!"

The white-robed priest joined his hands in prayer. He seemed hesitant

as he did not know how to support a woman in a dress who had her

arms and legs exposed.

Felicity's lips twitched. "Are you avoiding touching me because I'm a woman?"

Closing his eyes, the white-robed priest began reciting scriptures,"

The Light guides and reveals that five aggregates are empty, thus

transcending all suffering. O Teacher, form is no different from

emptiness, emptiness is no different from form. Form is emptiness,

emptiness is form.

"Sensation, perception, volition, and consciousness are also like this.

O Teacher, all phenomena are empty-they have no characteristics, are not produced or destroyed, not defiled or pure, not increased or

decreased.

"Form is emptiness, emptiness is form. Sensation, perception,

volition, and consciousness are all the same. Shariputra, all dharmas are marked by emptiness; they do not arise or cease, are not defiled or pure, do not increase or decrease."

"Stop, stop, stop!

“Go find me a sturdy stick. People might think you’re performing

some ritual to save me if they don’t know any better,” Felicity said as she felt goosebumps growing all over her skin.

The white-robed priest turned around and walked into the night. He

was able to quickly procure a sturdy wooden stick.

Using the stick, Felicity followed the white-robed priest. After about half an hour, they arrived at a bustling village.

The village was filled with small buildings. The houses were also clustered together. Every household had its lights on, making the entire village look very bright.

Holding the package in one hand, Felicity walked down the village.

road with the help of the stick.

Some ladies and gents were sitting at their doorsteps eating dinner. They cast friendly glances at them. “Jaxon, have you eaten? Come to my house for dinner!”

“I’ve already eaten, thank you.”

“Jaxon, do you have time tomorrow? Can you accompany me to the town to buy some things?”

“I have to recite scriptures tomorrow.”

“Jaxon, who is this woman?” a middle-aged man in a leather jacket

asked with a smile.

The white-robed priest smiled and answered, "A passerby I saved on the way."

The middle-aged man glanced at Felicity's injured right leg and awkwardly scratched his head. "You didn't step on the animal trap I

set, did you?"

Felicity, who had just been immersed in the rustic charm of the

village, was instantly furious upon hearing that the trap belonged to

this middle-aged man.

However, constrained by the fact that her lifesaver was right in front

of her, she suppressed her anger and said, "I was careless, so don't

worry about it!"

The middle-aged man awkwardly said, "There have been jackals on the mountain recently and our chickens keep getting taken. That's why I set some animal traps. I posted notices in several nearby villages and on the highway. I guess you didn't notice..."

"Yeah, it's all my fault for being careless!" Felicity retorted

sarcastically.

She was knocked down the mountain and chased by an assassin. As

if she would have noticed those traps!

The middle-aged man did not seem to have noticed Felicity's

sarcasm. He just smiled and said, "Jaxon, take her to Yana's house to

stay overnight and bring her to my house for dinner tomorrow!"

"Sure, Mayor." Jaxon bowed with folded hands.

Mayor?

Felicity was stunned for a moment and immediately put away her

sarcastic expression, saying, "T-Thank you, Mayor."

The white-robed priest led Felicity to a luxurious three-story building. He rang the doorbell, and a woman in her 30s immediately answered.

When the woman saw Jaxon, she smiled and said, "Jaxon, have you

eaten?"

Jaxon smiled slightly and replied, "I've eaten. I saved this lady. The mayor asked me to arrange for her to stay overnight at your place."

Yana tilted her head and glanced at the woman. She then nodded and

smiled. "Okay, come in quickly!"

Jaxon turned to Felicity and said, "Please rest here. I'll take my leave first."

After that, he turned around and walked away.

Felicity followed Yana into the house, where she saw a pair of twins playing with building blocks in the living room.

Smiling, she asked, "Are they your children? How old are they?"

Chapter 819

Yana nodded and smiled. "They're three years old this year..."

"You haven't eaten yet, right? Come, have some food!" Yana supported Felicity and led her to the dining table.

Felicity looked at the dishes on the table, sighing. "The village looks

to be doing quite well. Everyone is living in nice houses."

Yana handed disposable cutlery and tableware to Felicity, explaining, " Things only improved for us in recent years, all thanks to Jaxon!"

As she ate, Felicity listened to Yana's introduction to Jaxon. About five years ago, an old priest came to Pear Blossom Village with the critically ill Jaxon. The villagers took them to the community health/center but could not save the old priest's life.

Jaxon woke up after seven days and nights of unconsciousness. However, he had lost all his memories. He only knew his name was Jaxon. Upon learning of his master's passing, Jaxon was overcome with grief and meditated in front of his master's grave for six months.

During that time, the villagers took turns bringing him food. One day, Jaxon suddenly shone with a dazzling golden light, leading the villagers to momentarily believe that he had achieved Enlightenment. However, Jaxon explained that he was just practicing martial arts.

Fortunately, after that day, Jaxon finally emerged from the sorrow of his master's passing. In recent years, he helped Pear Blossom Village build roads, engage in agriculture, and cultivate delicious vegetables and fruits.

What was even more miraculous was that Jaxon was also skilled in

grafting and was able to produce large and sweet pears.

Pear Blossom Village was renowned for its pears, and well-cultivated pears could fetch high prices. Merchants eagerly reserved the

village's high-quality snow pears, and prices continued to rise each

year.

In the past two years, every household had been able to upgrade their houses. They enjoyed a happy and prosperous life.

Villagers often gathered to listen to Jaxon recite Mythism scriptures. Over time, Pear Blossom Village underwent significant changes in its reputation. The villagers became generous, hospitable, and kind.

Felicity's eyes sparkled with admiration when she heard Yana introduce the village. Such good men were not easy to come by. Unfortunately, he was a priest who refrained from worldly pleasures.

Yana smiled and asked, "You must be a young lady from those big families in the big cities, right?"

Felicity was slightly surprised. "How did you figure that out?"

Yana chuckled. "You're delicate and have a touch of aristocratic aura. You're definitely not an ordinary person from a common family!"

Felicity chatted with Yana for a long time. As bedtime approached, Yana took out some medical supplies to help disinfect and dress her

wounds.

At noon the next day, Felicity woke up from her nightmare of being chased. Out of habit, she reached for her phone on the bedside table, only to remember that it was in the car.

She then touched the package beside her pillow and felt relieved.

when she confirmed that the scepter was still there.

There was a knock on the door, and shortly after, Yana's voice called

out. "Miss, it's time to get up to eat!"

Felicity lifted the blanket and sat up. She was surprised to find that

her foot no longer hurt. She glanced at her foot, only to see a shallow

scar left from yesterday's wound. Although not very aesthetically

pleasing, at least she could continue her journey.

Felicity got out of bed and took a few steps, feeling as if she could

even participate in a marathon.

“Miss!”

“Yeah, coming!”

Felicity opened the door to a smiling Yana. “We’re going to the fair today, so I called you up earlier!”

“Alright, I’ll be right down!”

Felicity went to the bedside, slung the package over her back, and

tightened it. Then, she followed Yana downstairs.

After breakfast, Felicity expressed her gratitude several times before

going ahead to look for the priest, Jaxon.

Chapter 820

Yana had to attend to the children and could not guide Felicity.

Instead, she got one of the neighbor’s children to lead Felicity to

Jaxon.

The child led Felicity to a forest behind the village. The forest floor

was covered with dry yellow leaves that looked like a carpet. After traversing through the forest, they finally arrived at a small wooden house. In front of the house was a small stream, with fields and mountains on the other side.

“Mr. Jaxon lives in the wooden house ahead. He should be meditating and practicing by the stream now. Pretty lady, please don’t disturb Mr. Jaxon!” the little boy reminded her.

Felicity smiled and nodded. “Do I look like someone so rude?”

The little boy chuckled. “I’ll go back for lunch first!”

“Sure. Thank you, little friend!”

“No need to be polite!”

The little boy bounced away. Felicity walked gracefully around the wooden house and reached the front. The crystal-clear stream flowed gently. On a large stone next to it was Jaxon, who was once again

dressed in white. He was meditating on a cushion.

Felicity approached him with light steps and crouched down to look.

at his profile.

Jaxon had fair and delicate skin, a straight nose, a face like carved

H

marble, and thin lips that were slightly pursed. The contours of his side profile were pleasing to the eye.

She had not been able to take a good look at him last night because it

had been dark. Now, seeing his handsome face, her heartbeat

quicken a bit.

The priest was even more charming than that handsome father she

knew.

“You have come. For what purpose?” Jaxon’s thin lips slightly parted.

Felicity smiled charmingly and replied, “You saved me yesterday, so

I’ve come to thank you!”

Eyes still closed, Jaxon simply said, “All phenomena arise from

conditions, all connected by fate.”

Felicity playfully said, “Are you saying we have a destined connection?”

Jaxon slowly opened his clear and bright eyes. He gazed at the

distant mountains. Lips parting slightly, he said, “Due to fate and

circumstances, one’s coming together and parting is destined by

heaven in its mysterious workings.”

Felicity pouted. “Can’t you say something I can understand?”

Jaxon clasped his hands together and closed his eyes again. “You should set out on your journey.”

Felicity sighed. “Here comes the eviction notice. Are all priests so

dull?”

Jaxon remained motionless, seemingly in a deep state of meditation.

“Forget it. Well, thank you for saving me. I’m Felicity. If you ever come

to Sagen, you can find me at the Inspection Office!” Felicity restrained

the urge to kick Jaxon into the water. After saying that, she left.

A moment later, Jaxon slowly opened his eyes. In front of him was an old priest with yellow robes.

Jaxon was in a daze. "Master.

The old priest's expression was kind, and he had an air of transcendence to him as he smiled slightly.

"Flowers bloom and wither without attachment. Each finds its own path. Origins and endings have their fates. Why worry and resent?

Journey through wind and rain, be compassionate, joyful, and generous. Encounter each moment with tranquility.

"Go, leave this place. How can you see through the worldly entanglements without entering the mundane world?"

"Master, I miss you so much.

Jaxon's thin lips trembled, and his eyes reddened.

"All phenomena arise from conditions, and when these conditions cease, they fade. We will meet again when the time is right."

The old priest smiled faintly and walked away into the distance.

“Master, don’t leave...”

Jaxon stood up and reached out to his master, but the old man had disappeared without a trace as if he had never been there.

“Hey, Mr. Javon

Felicity had fummask hack the