

## Daily life 251

### Chapter 251 Promotion Ceremony (6)

The line's progression seemed to move at a snail's pace according to Yang Qing's perspective. The sect master of the Flying feather sword sect couldn't arrive fast enough. Yang Qing didn't know what he was going to do yet, but the anticipation was eating away at him.

The Flying feather sword sect was a relatively average sect when compared to other rank 3 sects and organizations. It didn't have anything that made it stand out and it wasn't too shabby either.

From the information Yang Qing read about them from the talisman given to him by Song Guozhi, the Flying feather sword sect has been in existence for at least 50,000 years, however, it has been a rank 3 sect for about 7,000 years. In some regard, they could be considered a relatively new rank 3 sect.

The Flying feather sword sect just like its name, was a sect that focused primarily on sword cultivation. They cultivated the Avalanche feather storm sword technique, which in terms of grade, was a low-tier Blue grade cultivation art, which was okay as a mainstay cultivation art for an up-and-coming rank 3 sect.

The cultivation art focused on agility and light movements which would then culminate and create a terrifying sword speed that would shred an opponent to minced pieces. Yang Qing had a feeling Yi Jie would take a fancy to their technique since his 'silent phases of the moon lake' cultivation art also focused on achieving extreme destruction via extreme speed.

Their current sect master, Ai Shan, which Yang Qing suspected was not even his real name, took over the position of sect master 800 years ago when he broke through to the palace realm. In terms of talent, the information given to Yang Qing didn't say much about the sect master but the fact he was one of the recorded 13 palace realm experts that the sect had on file, his talent could not be considered to be bad.

What the file did say was that the development of the Flying feather sword sect has been stable under him. Yang Qing could only assume that meant, there haven't been any major upheavals since he took over on both the positive and negative end.

Finally, only one person was left before it was the sect master Ai Shan's turn.

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"Judge Yang Qing, it's Feng Lei. Assistant head Liang Wen and the rest have filled me in on what is going on and your suspicions about there being a potential Scarlet blood ghost hands member within our midst."

Just as Yang Qing was counting the minutes to his eventual 'meetup' with the suspected Scarlet blood ghost hands member, he heard an unfamiliar gentle easygoing voice in his mind.

"There's no need to answer back first, there are a few things I need to explain to you seeing as how you're already embroiled with the syndicate. Dong Yanlin was sent to us by you, No?

We are still questioning Dong Yanlin, so there is not much he has divulged yet on the Scarlet Blood Ghost Hands Syndicate, however, there were a few things he did divulge to us in regard to his master, senior brother, and senior sister.

His master is called Mo Yin, the one within the Scarlet blood ghost hands that has the moniker, 'The bloodless refiner', who is also one of the ten blood fingers.

From what little Yanlin told us, his rank within the Blood fingers is seventh.

As for his martial siblings, he has two; the eldest is his senior sister by the name of Yu Rue and then she is followed by his senior brother by the name of Gui Shiren.

Of his two martial siblings, he is a bit familiar with his senior brother Gui Shiren. The bits he told us was he was a palace realm expert at the second stage and was skilled in the way of swords, and he is a dual wielder.

Your suspicions may not be wrong as I can see that the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect is also a dual wielder just like the Gui Shiren," said Assistant Director Feng Lei.

Yang Qing's pupils froze for a brief second before they went back to normal. If his guess about sect master Ai Shan was right, and he was in fact a member of the Scarlet Blood Ghost Hands Syndicate, then the information he was just given by Assistant Director Feng Lei, complicated matters.

It was one thing if sect master Ai Shan was just another run-of-the-mill palace stage member of the Scarlet Blood Ghost Hands Syndicate, and it was another if he was the disciple of a Blood finger ranked member of the syndicate. The implications between the two were far apart.

The Blood Finger of the Scarlet blood ghost hand syndicate was made up of members who were the highest-ranking members and also the most powerful, within the whole syndicate. For one to be a Blood finger, they needed to at least be in the seventh stage of the domain realm.

So, every Blood Finger member was at the very least, a late-stage domain expert and there were ten of them in total. They were all given numbers as a measure of their strength from number one through ten, with one being the strongest and number ten being the weakest of the Blood Fingers.

The ten of them held the highest level of authority within the syndicate and were only below their elusive soul formation expert founder.

The reason that the Order even knew about the Blood Fingers was that 300 years ago they managed to catch one of them, the ninth finger.

Capturing him was anything but easy. That member had been caught in the midst of a large-scale ritual where he had sacrificed an entire city of a rank 3 kingdom for some cultivation art. He would have been successful in what he was doing had it not been for the intervention of a roaming inquisitor, who was at the early stages of the domain realm.

A massive fight immediately broke out and the roaming inquisitor would have perished had it not been for the artifacts he had on him and the swift arrival of the backup he had called for before he began the fight with that ninth finger.

It took the combined attack of three domain-level experts from the Order before that member of the syndicate was brought down. Of course, there were a number of factors at play there for the protracted battle despite the disparity in numbers. Some of those factors were; the experts of the Order wanted to capture him alive which was much harder than killing him, and the other was that member had various

esoteric means in his repertoire that proved to be troublesome for the Order experts to deal with in the short term.

The battle spanned three days before it finally had a successful conclusion, which was the eventual capture of the ninth finger of the Scarlet blood ghost hands syndicate.

As for what happened to that ninth finger afterward, Yang Qing guessed he was likely a constant companion of the requiem guards and the special inquisitors. By his guesses, he more than likely hadn't spilled much to date seeing how the syndicate was still active, alive, and healthy.

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"Whatever measures he has on him, there's no way it can match three saint-grade artifacts," thought Yang Qing as he lightly patted his deep blue robe. His thoughts were cut off when Assistant Director Feng Lei continued with his explanation.

"When it comes to his senior sister, Yanlin doesn't seem to know that much since he has only seen her once or twice from the time he got accepted as a disciple by the 'Bloodless refiner'. However, the little he could tell was she was the most powerful and prized disciple under his master, and not only to him, but she was also even well-favored among other higher-ups of the Scarlet blood ghost hands.

Based on that, we can assume she is either at the peak of the palace realm or she may very well be at the domain realm.

I wouldn't be surprised if she was even here.

It would be interesting if she was here though...hehehehe.....ever since we captured the ninth-ranked blood finger, it's been long since we have caught another big fish from them, who knows maybe we may very well get the chance of capturing a seventh-ranked finger, " Assistant Director Feng Leo gingerly said.

"Yang Qing, by now I assume you have already enlisted the help of the saint-grade artifacts, right?"

"Yes, I have," answered Yang Qing.

"Then the way I see it, once we have confirmed the sect master of Flying feather sword sect isn't who he is, we have two options;

One, is we let things play out for the long term and closely monitor all his movements and fully dig out everything that entails his life. This option may take time since Dong Yanlin's master more than likely knows he has been captured and as such they are likely to go underground or break off contact with the rest of his disciples including Gui Shiren who we suspect may be Ai Shan.

The second option is more direct and has a shorter time span, which is you attack him while I and the rest of my colleagues here will closely monitor the reactions of the guests in the hopes of sniffing out any of his co-conspirators in the midst especially that senior sister of his.

I leave the choice to you and don't stress too much about it, even if it fails, we still have the ninth blood finger with us. Even if he is still tight-lipped, it's not for too long. No matter what happens, it doesn't change the fact that we already have the scent of the syndicate. As things stand, we are not dealing with if but on when we will strike at them.

So, act freely, little judge."

Chapter 252 Promotion Ceremony (7)

Yang Qing smiled as he nodded in acknowledgment. Even without input from Assistant Director Feng Lei, he had already decided how he was going to act when the moment came.

While all this was going on, he was still hard at work entertaining the guests. As all this was going on, he even managed to spot the King of the White Baobab Kingdom heading out with Feng Xin with serious looks on their faces like they were discussing something very delicate. Joining them was also the manager of the Thousand Flavors restaurant and one of their up-and-coming chefs by the name of Qi Shan. There was also other personnel from different restaurants within the Order that seemed to have joined in on the discussion that Feng Xin and the King of the White Baobab Kingdom were having.

They even had to switch locations and sat together at the platforms when they saw they were crowding out the area and restricting others from coming in.

"They better not leave me out of the good stuff," thought Yang Qing as he tracked where Feng Xin and the rest had walked off to.

His gluttonous instinct was screaming that something good was happening but in as much as he wished he was there with them, right now he had pressing matters to attend to, and the party in the center of it all was already before him.

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"Hey, you must be Sect master Ai Shan of the Flying feather sword sect. I, Yang Qing, offer my humble greetings and I would like to thank you for coming to my ceremony and wish you a pleasant stay."

Yang Qing offered a polite smile as he cupped his fists in greeting, to the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect.

"Senior Blue Universe, Senior Veiled Destiny, Senior Green Cocoon, did you detect anything off with him?" Yang Qing anxiously asked.

Whatever they said next was going to determine how he was going to act.

"His morphing technique is one of the finest ones I've ever seen. If it wasn't for your suggestion that he may be an impostor which made me take a deeper look, I'm afraid he would have evaded me.

Mmh, it's a rather uncanny technique. It seems to be a blood-related cultivation art. No wonder he can blend so easily without being detected. His point of transformation seems to begin from his bloodline and then proceeds outward. It's a rather ingenious technique..."

"Blue Universe, can you keep it short? We don't have all day here. What if Yang Qing runs out of things to say in the midst of your long-winded explanation?

Why do you always get this way every time a cultivation art is involved.

To me it seems like you should have just taken up little Lao on his offer and be an instructor in that school of his," said Veiled Destiny with an exasperated sigh.

"Yang Qing, you were right, his karmic lines seemed to have been interfered with. At face value, it seems normal, but I can tell that those lines are not his. It seems like another person's life history was grabbed and implanted in him, and another and another.

It looks like they want to pass the different karmic lifelines to be the result of reincarnation, while his real karmic line is hidden beneath layers and layers of fabricated karmic lines.

Sadly, I can't pry into his real line, there seems to be some sort of beast defending it with a thick red malevolent coating.

I could try to force myself in, but judging by the nature of the thing, when it realizes the disparity in strength between us, it is likely to destroy that sect master's karmic line, essentially killing him on the spot.

eaeglesnovel I'm sorry I couldn't be of much help," said Veiled Destiny

"No, this is more than enough Senior Veiled Destiny," said Yang Qing as he waited for the last saint-grade artifact to say her piece, which he wasn't completely sure she would.

"That little kid looks to have the blood of at least half a million people on him. I don't know if it is because of the beast Veiled Destiny detected, but he has a familiar aura to him that belonged to the sacred beast of the Myriad Beasts Sect.

It's strange... Jiayi would not get in with their likes at all. She was no stranger to killing, but even she would not get in bed with someone like him, with such a dense bloodlust on him.

Did something happen to her after the destruction of the sect?

Blue Universe, over the years have you heard anything about the Myriad Beast Sect? Especially in regard to their sacred beast being alive?" asked Green Cocoon.

Yang Qing was in shock from being caught off guard by how many words she had spoken and how eloquent she sounded, unlike the incoherent toddler voice she had before. She now had a graceful, wisdom-filled charm to her tone. Yang Qing couldn't believe it was the same person who couldn't structure a complete sentence together.

"Does she have some ties to the Myriad Beasts Sect?" wondered Yang Qing.

Other than knowing the Myriad Beasts Sect was once a holy land that faced its demise at the hands of the two remaining holy lands and other rank 1 organizations, he didn't know too much about it, despite the destruction of a holy land being a world-shaking event.

The events happened over a thousand years ago, and the reasons behind it were highly suspect. At face value, it was believed that the Myriad Beast Sect was trying to control the vicious Ao Yin beasts known for their wanton slaughter. Rumor was, they succeeded and would soon dominate the southern continent with them.

The whole thing never made any sense since Ao Yins despite their nefarious reputation, could be considered rare beasts just like phoenixes, dragons, the black tortoise, the white tiger, qilins, and the like. Their numbers were rare and few and they needed strict conditions for an Ao Yin to even be born.

Chapter 253 [Bonus ] Promotion Ceremony (8)

If the Myriad Beasts Sect had the intention of dominating the continent through the use of Ao Yin, then where were they going to get the numbers sufficient enough for them to pull it off?

If the continent had such a number of Ao Yin beasts lying around, then three-quarters of it would have already been slaughtered.

There were a lot of unanswered questions on why a holy land got destroyed out of the blue, and it seemed like the top powerhouses were all intent on keeping the matter hidden. Even the Order rarely discussed it.



Yang Qing couldn't help but be curious about Green Cocoon's relationship with the Myriad Beasts Sect and the identity of the sacred beast. For something to be considered the sacred beast of a sect that was known to have all sorts of powerful spirit beasts, the sacred beast must have been a standout powerhouse.

From the things that got looted when the sect fell, he did not hear about a sacred beast at all since most of the beasts the sect had, got slaughtered in the battle as they all chose to die with the sect rather than surrender to outside forces no matter how bleak the circumstances were at the time.

Though the older and more powerful spirit beasts chose how they lived and died, the same could not be said about their offspring and eggs, which all got claimed as bounty during the war. Occasionally one would hear an egg or two from the Myriad Beasts Sect being auctioned off for a hefty sum.

Yang Qing had always wanted to get one, but his financial circumstances made it so, that he would never be a successful bid winner. The celestial nesting weaver was one of the purchases the Order got from one of those auctions, that Yang Qing managed to land as a gift.

"I wonder if the highest level of the library has more information about them?" wondered Yang Qing.

The ninth floor, also known as the purple floor was rumored to store all kinds of information, and being a soul formation expert was not enough to be guaranteed entry to that floor. Unlike other floors where merit points and cultivation base were the key requirements of gaining entry, the ninth floor operated a little differently, in that it was even unknown what was even the requirement of getting into it.

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Yang Qing managed to focus back from his wandering thoughts when Blue Universe answered Green Cocoon's question.

"I haven't heard much about Jiayi or the Myriad Beast Sect for that matter. I did talk with little Jun about it some time back, and all she said was there were definitely a few survivors from the sect, but as for their identities, she wasn't too clear on them.

Maybe Fei can shed more light on it, he is bound to know more than little Jun.

I hope Jiayi is okay though, it would be a pity if a rare Bixi such as her lost her life like that. I haven't met more than three Bixis in my whole life and she had the highest chance of awakening her complete bloodline talent.

What a pity," said Blue Universe.

"Bixi?!!!!!" Yang Qing wondered in shock.

However, he didn't have time to wallow in it for too long because he had run out of things to say to sect master Ai Shan after getting the final confirmation he needed from Green Cocoon and the rest.

It could already be confirmed that the sect master before him was an impostor, there was no doubt about it, now all Yang Qing needed to do, was to decide what to do next;

Does he smile and let the sect master go and let things play out as the Order closely monitors him for the next century or so, to try and dig out other members of the syndicate through him?

Or does he attack now in the hopes that maybe his senior sister and other syndicate members who knew of his cover are present at this exact moment and would show some sort of reaction to the attack?

Of the two, there was only one clear choice for him, one that was rooted in dedication and clarity of the situation at hand and thus Yang Qing acted.

BOOM!!!!!!!

CRACKLE!!!!

Yang Qing launched a thunderous punch that took the form of the fist of oblivion. However, unlike the previous version he unleashed when he was teasing and mildly traumatizing the scion from the Golden Bamboo Pavilion, this one was much grander and much more ferocious.

There was a massive black hole at the end of his fist and inside that hole, one could see white lightning flashing. It was the picture of pure destruction and that force was being launched towards the flabbergasted sect master of the Flying feather sword sect.

When asked why he decided to attack? Yang Qing's answer was simple;

What hotblooded youth would be stupid enough not to jump at the opportunity of using saint-grade artifacts, especially ones that granted monstrous buffs like the ones he had on him?

It was a no-brainer to him, of course, he'd jump at the opportunity to use them and look cool doing it. He would not get another chance like this again, and he was surely going to make the most of it, especially with the potentially exorbitant fines attached to it, he was going to make sure he would get his money's worth.

No way the Order would indenture him to a potential life of long work hours with no pay, and he would just take it lying down. He was going to go all out and taste the life of living it up with saint-grade treasures.

Saint grade treasure Yang Qing was going to have his moment. The silly grin he had on as he threw the punch completely sold him out to the rest as to his true thoughts and motivation on the matter.

Yang Qing didn't care about catching other potential syndicate members, he just wanted to use those saint-grade artifacts, and the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect gave him the perfect excuse to do it.

Chapter 254 : Promotion Ceremony (9)

"Please don't die," hoped Yang Qing as he held nothing back in his punch.

The region around them had already been sealed by the domain experts around, the moment they detected Yang Qing was about to take action.

A thunderous bellowing darkness swallowed the shocked sect master of the Flying feather sword sect whole accompanied by crackling sounds of white lightning.

Yang Qing could detect that his punch was much more refined than it usually was. This was thanks to the heightened effect of the Veiled Destiny which gave him the senses of a domain-level expert.

With this discovery, he was much more eager to try all his other techniques to try and deepen his understanding of them while he still had the chance to, and the only person who could give him that chance was currently swallowed in his fist of oblivion.

The moment of truth had arrived; would it end as just a one-shot denying Yang Qing the opportunity to create a scene where he could brag endlessly for years to come or would the sect master produce a trump card of his own and go toe to toe with Yang Qing?

Yang Qing didn't have to wait for too long to get the answer to that question. His punch that would have instantly destroyed any cultivator that was at the seventh stage of the palace realm and below, was instantly neutralized by a dark red smoke that was accompanied by the agonized wails of the dead.

The dark red smoke seemed like it had a corroding effect on it as it ate away at the massive black hole that surrounded it. The only thing that it seemed to be struggling against was the white lightning that was rapidly crisscrossing within that hole. Every time the smoke came close to the white lightning, a sizzling sound like something being burnt up would be produced.

However, the accompanying wailing sound of the black-red smoke seemed to have a restraining effect on the white lightning which gave a little breathing room to the dark-red smoke to eat away at the black hole and then moved on to the white lightning.

Despite his technique being effectively neutralized, Yang Qing had a beaming smile on his face, like he had just received the best news ever.

"Thank you, sect master Ai Shan," Yang Qing gently muttered as he calmly stood by waiting for the clash of their attack to clear up.

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"That kid," muttered Lei Weiyuan who was observing the position from a different area.

Next to him was Meng Chao, Dean Zhu Lao, his wife, the Yu couple, Dean Chu Zhen, Ren Shu the vice hall master of the medicine valley, and Shao An, the vice warden of the Requiem.

They were all standing in the same area along with other Order employees as they observed the situation.

"He isn't too bad. In terms of execution, I can see he didn't hold anything back," said Dean Chu Zhen the head of the survival and adaptability department.

eaϑlesnovel "He seems careless and cheeky at face value, but he is rather devious," said Yu Hong as she laughed with a shining glint flashing in her eyes as she eyed the attack that was clearing up.

"Mmh, his choice was the right one. Attacking suddenly and with such power will force the opponent to react reflexively increasing the chances that they will reveal their true selves in the process.

Scarlet blood ghost hand syndicate members are notorious for keeping things compartmentalized and hidden even from each other so as to ensure their own safety and anonymity. So other than maybe their master and handler to the syndicate, their identities are a well-guarded secret even from each other which makes using one member to track another, next to impossible.

However, there is one thing that can reveal them to another syndicate member despite not being familiar with each other...

Their core cultivation art," said Yu Long the vice dean of cultivation art dissection and history.

"How many have you spotted?" Meng Chao asked with a competitive smile.

"11," said Yu Long

"10," said Ren Shu

"11," said Ling Meimei

"11," said Yu Hong

"11," said Chu Zhen

"12," said Lei Weiyuan

"12," said Shao An.

"What about you Zhu Lao?" asked Meng Chao to the silent Dean Zhu Lao.

"Leave him be, I doubt his mind is even here," said Ling Meimei as she shook her head at her husband whose eyes were shining as they locked onto Yang Qing's location.

"Maybe he might come up with ideas for another cultivation art," said Yu Long with admiration in his tone.

"How many did you spot, Meng Chao?" asked Lei Weiyuan.

"Just like yours, my number is 12," answered Meng Chao as his gaze fell on a certain young lady mixed within the crowd of guests.

"Technically there are 13 but 12 is just about right."

The response came from a young man who had pristine black robes that were similar to the one Meng Chao had on. His looks were ordinary along with his short wavy black hair.

However, there was one thing that made him stand out, his eyes. His irises were star-shaped and they were light orange in color. He had five pupils in each eye. Four were at the end of each of the four cardinal points of his star-shaped iris, while the fifth one was at the center of the center.

"It seems like nothing can hide from your eyes, Hou Dehui," said Meng Chao.

Were Yang Qing here, he would have recognized that name to be of the inner court domain judge who would step in for him should the leader of the Golden Bamboo Pavilion interfere in his son's case.

"Who's the 13th one?" asked the taciturn Shao An as he furrowed his brows at the guests that surrounded the area Yang Qing had just clashed against the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect.

"Shao An, you can be competitive at times too? Who knew," Hou Dehui said as he chuckled. The others smiled along too which brought out an embarrassed smile from Shao An.

Chapter 255 [Bonus ]Promotion Ceremony (10)

"The 13th one isn't technically a person, but it could be considered one since it's a remnant will that has latched on to someone. It's on that young lady's body. It was why she was able to mask herself so well, even hiding from Yu Long, Yu Hong, Dean Chu Zhen, Hall master Ling Meimei and Ren Shu," answered Hou Dehui as his five pupils danced around his star-shaped iris like they were swimming about.

His gaze was focused on the same person Meng Chao had eyed moments before when he arrived.

"It seems I'm the loser in this one," said Ren Shu as he smiled bitterly.

"I think you did well, considering your strong suits lay elsewhere," said Yu Long in consolation.

"I'm surprised Lei Weiyuan you managed to keep up with Meng Chao and Shao An despite being only in the eighth stage while they're both half-step into the soul formation realm.

Hou Dehui competing with them despite being at the tenth stage is one thing, because of his Viridian void constellation physique, but Lei isn't your strong suit the sword dao? How did you manage to spot the 12th member?" asked Yu Hong, who felt bitter at missing the 12th mark despite being the vice coordinator of the roaming inquisitors of the domain courts.

Roaming inquisitors were second only to the special inquisitors when it came to investigations and were usually a cut above the rest of the normal inquisitors. She couldn't help but feel she had let down her role as one of the top-most figures of the roaming inquisitors, by missing out on the 12th member.

"Well, I've been dealing with a troublesome underling for the past few years. I can't let down my guard around him for even a second, or who knows what things he may get away with within that timeframe. That experience made me sensitive to a lot of things, especially sneaky people," Lei Weiyuan calmly said as his gaze fell on a green-haired youth that had one of the most humble-smug smiles he had ever seen.

"Can't he be low-key for once in his life?" wondered Lei Weiyuan.

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When the attack cleared, the real body of the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect was revealed. It was a 30-year-old male with blood-red hair and at his waist were two swords sheathed in a dark red scabbard that looked like it was made of dried blood.

"How did you know?" asked the 30-year-old man as a despair-filled smile flashed on his face.

Yang Qing ignored the man's question for a brief moment as his gaze fell on the intricately carved fang amulet the man was wearing on his neck. It had terrifying undulations and seemed to be the source of the red smoke that swallowed his technique.

"What is that?" he wondered since it didn't feel like an artifact and felt more lifelike than anything.

"The core ingredients of that thing seem to be the claw, fang, and horn of an Aoyin coupled with the blood of a million cultivators that were all in the core formation realm. There is an intricate spell curved into the amulet that seemed to have 'fed' all that blood to the amulet. According to grade, one could



think of it as saint grade artifact, however, I can detect a dormant real live spirit in there that was alive before the amulet was crafted," said Green Cocoon.

"It seems to match the sensation I got from that saber, albeit this one is over a thousand times stronger," muttered Yang Qing. His running thoughts along with his conversation with Green Cocoon didn't run more than 10 seconds.

"Before I answer, can I assume your name is Gui Shiren, Dong Yanlin's senior brother?" asked Yang Qing.

The pupils of the sect master of the Flying feather sword sect froze for a brief second before they went back to normal, but that brief pause was enough to give Yang Qing the confirmation he wanted.

"It looks like he fell into your hands. I wonder what else my junior brother told you?" asked Gui Shiren. With how things had developed he found it useless to deny anything, especially with his amulet's power already exposed along with his true look.

Even though outwardly he looked calm, his heart was still racing when he remembered the sensation he got when the black hole swallowed him. He has gone through countless dangerous battles before but that attack felt especially different, like it was geared towards his very nature and its aim was to sentence him to the most agonizing pain he could imagine.

His amulet was triggered due to that threat and his fake body reverted to his true self reflexively from the bone-deep intrinsic fear he felt. Even though he seemed casual, he was dreading the fight that would come.

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"Your junior brother was shy at first but once we got to talking and he got to know how amazing I am, he became an endless chatterbox. He offered to let me join your organization under your master, the seventh blood finger," said Yang Qing as he emphasized the last part.

"Yanlin is such a kind guy, we didn't know each other that well, but he even guaranteed to help me become a domain expert. Sadly I had to refuse him because I can't stand blood, but in exchange for the

kindness he showed me, I sent him to some seniors of mine so his injuries could be taken care of while they had a little chat about his background and other things people discuss over tea and biscuits.

Rest assured your junior brother is alive and well, and living the best life here at the Order. I'd like to make the same offer to you, but it looks like you would refuse me, and you don't seem like a tea person either," said Yang Qing as he held his chin in thought.

"You're right, I'm not a tea person, I'm more of a blood wine person," Gui Shiren said as he unsheathed his swords.

"And from the look you're giving me, you don't seem like you wanted to invite me, you were rather hoping I'd decline, weren't you?" he added.

"The syndicate really has some talented people," muttered Yang Qing as his body got bathed in a dense white flame.

"Don't die Shiren,"

eaglesnove1,coM Nature's wrath

The ground beneath Yang Qing caved into a crater as a white flame burst from beneath it like a geyser drowning everything within a 500-meter radius.

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"Feng Lei has said we leave the young lady, along with those who easily revealed themselves during the attack. We are to apprehend the rest but it feels a little overkill to have nine domain experts attacking," said Meng Chao.

"I'll do it, I'm better at handling crowds than you all anyway," said Yu Long the vice dean of cultivation art history and dissection.

Chapter 256 Promotion Ceremony (11)

A fiery clash ensued between Yang Qing and Gui Shiren, luckily the domain experts from the external affairs department along with those from the Eagle Guard division were working in tandem to contain the fight so it wouldn't spill over to the rest of the guests. There were also formation arrays in place that helped contain the effects of the attack between the two.

Despite the guests' safety being guaranteed, they all had confusion written on their faces, especially those belonging to rank 3 and below. The fight happened too fast and the little verbal exchange between Yang Qing and Gui Shiren barely lasted 3 minutes before an all-out clash began between the two and the domains of the surrounding domain experts muffled the content of the said conversation.

Those guests couldn't help but worry that they may be targeted next with no rhyme or reason, especially those from the lower-ranked organizations who were used to being pushed around for no reason half the time, by the more powerful organizations.

The only ones who seemed okay and unperturbed throughout the whole thing were the guests that came from the well-seasoned rank 3 organizations and above. The reaction of Gui Shiren to the sudden attack was enough for them to glean a thing or two, and also a fight between the two sides was well within their interests as they would get to see how strong the new palace court judge of the Order, really is.

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

The intensity of the clash between the two got more ferocious and extreme by the second.

On one end there was a massive white flame that looked like it wanted to drown the skies and everything around it. Within that flame, one could see the silhouettes of different creatures such as eagles, larks, owls, ravens, and crows.

They all danced around the white flames as they flapped their wings.

Opposite them was a massive figure that had the head of a bull with dark hollow eyes. It had two horns that were curled and were about 10 meters long each and had a sharp piercing sensation to them like they could puncture a hole in the space around them if they so wished

The massive creature was bare-chested and had all sorts of strange black patterns inscribed on its chest. Those black patterns would occasionally form the silhouette of a person yelling. A black-red smoke was continuously produced from its body, which only got denser every time it exhaled. In its hands, it held two blood-red swords which it used to clash against the white flames that had dwarfed its frame due to how widespread and enormous it was.

Its opponent was not only the white flames that corroded it with every clash but the birds that were flying above the flames too. Each different species seemed to have their own abilities.

The larks produced a peaceful melody that drowned out the agonizing wails that were being produced by the red smoke from the bull-like creature, the eagle seemed like the one in charge of frontal assault as it clashed against the bull-like figure aiming to tear it with its talons, the owl split into multiple numbers and surrounded the bull like figure in the middle. The owls produced a water-like transparent membrane that surrounded the bull-like figure on all sides. The crows produced small green droplets from their mouths that they fired at the bull figure. Every time one struck its body, a loud booming sound would be produced as the creature yelled with agony. The black patterns on its body would also fade with every strike.

The raven was the only creature that didn't move. It seemed to be perched on something as it sat there, silently with a cold gaze eyeing the bull-like creature. One of its eyes was black and the other was white, the same coloration was also seen in its feathers as they were a mix of white and black.

Yang Qing's figure had disappeared within the white flame that seemed to be increasing in size and intensity with every passing second.

As all this was going on, seven guests disappeared from where they stood when a thin blue needle stabbed at them. In all the commotion, no one seemed to have noticed anything off except a few seasoned domain experts from the guests' side and a young lady who was in the late stages of the palace realm.

She had dark purple bobcat hair, a beauty that didn't stand out too much to get noticed but was enough to turn a few heads if she were to walk in a less crowded place. If it wasn't for her mildly mature look,

one would easily mistake her for a teen due to her short stature. She had on black and yellow robes and was standing beside an early stage domain expert who had on similar looking robes.

Just like the rest of the guests, she seemed to have been closely observing the fight between Yang Qing and Gui Shiren. However, for a brief second a look of fear and shock flashed in her eyes when she saw three people in different parts of the valley disappear at the same time.

"Miss Ning, it seems like you are itching to join them."

The purple haired lady froze the moment she heard that statement. A second later her fists that had been clenched beneath her robes, relaxed.

"Surely you jest, Director Qian. My paltry skills are not enough to match with a talent from the Order or the opponent he is facing. I would barely last a second in that fight were I in either of their shoes.

And besides I'm an alchemist, fighting is a little bit out of my area of expertise," said the purple haired lady with a self-deprecating smile as she answered the elder beside who had worn the same matching robes as her.

"Well your statement isn't exactly correct. Alchemists don't necessarily have to be poor fighters, as a matter of fact I think it's the complete opposite," said the elder beside her.

Chapter 257 [Bonus ]Promotion Ceremony (12)

"Those with the ambitions of being great alchemists need to be great fighters otherwise how will they get the most precious ingredients that are usually found in danger-prone areas?

Without an extremely heightened sense of danger, would an alchemist be bold enough to experiment with new recipes that have a likelihood of causing a cauldron explosion or other alchemy-related mishaps? To develop such a sense other than being skilled in alchemy, one also needs to build it through fights.

I believe alchemy or even closing deals, is each a battlefield of its own, and as such, it needs a warrior's heart to maneuver through each of them.

The Golden robin nest manor was created with such a goal in mind. We are both alchemists and merchants and to be able to do both safely and for a long time, we need to be good combatants, which is why we spend a lot of resources to send some of our prized members to the Battle palace and have them tempered there.

I already made a suggestion to the manor head to have you sent there with the next batch. Your performance has been exemplary over the past 20 years as the assistant head of the blue flame hall, make sure you make the most out of your opportunity.

And I don't think you're that bad compared to them. You're just 200 years and are already a sixth-stage palace realm just inches away from reaching the seventh stage. Such progress really puts old fogeys like us to shame," said Director Qian with some pride in his tone as his gaze fell on the purple-haired girl named, Miss Ning.

"Thank you, truly for the support. I'll try my very best to not let down both your and the manor's expectations of me, and thank you for the opportunity you've graced me with by giving me a quota at the battle palace, despite how costly and precious the opportunity is," said Miss Ning as she performed a deep bow of gratitude.

"Think nothing of it, we deal with merit and your merits warrant you that opportunity, that's all," Director Qian offhandedly replied.

"That being said, the Order definitely has no shortage of monsters. It seems it's about to be over," said Director Qian as a complicated gaze flashed in his eyes.

Miss Ning had already raised her head just in time to see the climax of the battle between Yang Qing and Gui Shiren. Even though her face was facing in the direction of the fight, her pupils stealthily darted around in different directions almost as if she was looking for something.

A look of relief flashed briefly on her face before she focused back on the fight that was almost close to its end.

....

The ocean of white flames that threatened to drown everything and everyone, receded as quickly as the eye could see, almost as if it was being sucked in by something, and indeed it was being sucked in by something. The white flames that extended their reach to a 2-kilometer radius got sucked in by the white raven. The flames seemed to be flowing into its eyes.

Finally, with the clearing of the white flames, one could see what or more specifically who it was perched on. It was a youth who had ocean blue robes seated in a lotus position. His hair was half black, half white and there was a circling symbol that was half green and half golden orange below him, which gave him an ethereal glow. Both of his eyes had irises that fluttered with a white flame.

"Thank you Gui Shiren. I'll be sending you on your way now," said the youth as he addressed the bull-like figure that had lost one of its arms, half of its black patterns were scorched along with its torso. A white flame was currently burning its horns and there was a deep slash on the left side of the face, that looked like they were made from the talons of some beast.

"I guess it's an achievement to have held out this long. Going out like this wouldn't be bad," said the bull-like figure. Its voice was dry and raspy like it had metal blades on its throat.

"I'm sorry master, senior sister," muttered the figure as it used its remaining hand to tighten its grip on its sword. It madly roared as all the red smoke and red lines formed on its body along with its black patterns seemed to be pouring themselves into his remaining hand down to its sword. The monster's frame seemed to be shrinking but the sword started glowing with a dangerous red hue as the air around it started vibrating almost as if it was crying from being in the vicinity of the sword.

Yang Qing had an almost remorseful look on his face as he stared at what Gui Shiren was doing.

All the white flames in the area had already been absorbed by the raven perched on his shoulder. It seemed to have shrunk to the size of a palm when the last of the flame was absorbed into its eyes.

"Nature's discontinuance," muttered Yang Qing as he brought his palms together almost as if he was clapping.

One inside of his palm had a black circle while the other had a white circle. As he was clapping, the white raven perched on his shoulders flew in between his palms. The moment the palms met each other, the raven turned into starlight dust as a shockwave was produced from Yang Qing's hands which traveled toward Gui Shiren that was already charging in his direction.

Gui Shiren only took four steps before he suddenly froze in place. He stayed stuck on that posture and position for half a minute before a change started showing on his body. A white crack appeared from one of his feet and spread throughout his body and turned into a million fissures like a crack that appears on dried clay. His body started disintegrating seconds later like burnt paper.

The booming clash the spectators expected to happen, didn't happen. All they were left to see was Gui Shiren silently disintegrate away in a few seconds, only leaving behind a dull-looking fang amulet that had numerous cracks on it, as the only proof that he was even there and they didn't just imagine the whole fight.

He didn't even get to swing his sword one last time. Most of the spectators found themselves taking gulps of fear at the scene. The silence that had filled the moment sang with extreme loudness to them, especially after the clash they witnessed.

#### Chapter 258 Promotion Ceremony (13)

"Thank you, Senior Green Cocoon, Senior Blue Universe, Senior Veiled Destiny. I would not have been able to defeat him and also leave unscathed if it wasn't for your help," said Yang Qing in his mind.

He was especially thankful to Green Cocoon because of her ability to speed up regeneration.

Nature's discontinuance was one of his trump cards due to its destructive capabilities that usually ignored all forms of defense the opponent may have. Despite its clear advantage, it had a few drawbacks, for one it took a long time to prepare and the other it took a huge toll on both Yang Qing's soul and body when it came to executing the move.

Even with his natural high regeneration, the move would leave him feeling overdrawn for at least two days. In that time, he would not be at 100% especially when it came to the use of arts and techniques that were tied to his soul and mental sea such as the spiritual sense. But right now, thanks to Green Cocoon, he felt like he was brimming with life.



With Green Cocoon's support, he felt that at the very least he could pull off the move a hundred times which was a huge increase to his one move every two days, lest he incurs more serious injuries in the process.

...

The three saint-grade artifacts did not respond back as they were on high alert closely monitoring Yang Qing's surrounding for any potential threat. If an attack were to occur, this would be the most opportune moment. It wasn't only them but Meng Chao and the rest were closely monitoring the situation around Yang Qing and the Star Blooming Mist Valley as a whole.

"It seems there will be no need for you to continue welcoming the guests. You can wait at the platform for now before the ceremony officially begins," said Assistant Head Liang Wen as he walked in Yang Qing's direction.

Yang Qing sheepishly laughed as he looked around him and saw the weary and frightened looks that came from the guests around him, especially those who had come from the rank 3 organizations and below.

After what he had just done, most of the guests would be unnerved at the thought of being welcomed by him and it started to show when the guests conveniently avoided heading in his direction as they used other routes.

"I will do as you say, Assistant Head Liang Wen," said Yang Qing with a bitter smile on his face. His plan of fleecing out the guests for more gifts would now have to be put on hold.

Though if he was asked if he regretted doing what he did, his answer would be a resounding no.

His whole body was still trembling with excitement. The experience he just had went beyond what he imagined. His thoughts were clearer and his moves were seamless. The power that he was able to bring forth with the assistance of the three saint-grade artifacts, was intoxicating.

He was even shocked to discover that he had achieved a smooth breakthrough to the second stage of the palace realm. He didn't even notice, and it was only now that he could feel his palace realm seemed a little bit more vibrant and livelier than before.

The shallow river that had protruded into the large patch of grassland within his palace realm, seemed to have extended its reach by almost a kilometer. In addition to that, there was also another species growing within his palace realm and it wasn't only grass. There was now a small patch of nightshade growing in the area. However, it seemed a little different than the common nightshade since it had a small cloak of white flame covering it. The grass growing around also seemed to have undergone some changes to them. Every blade of grass had dew on it. Yang Qing closely investigated that dew and discovered it had strong healing properties to it.

Such a change was a boon to him since it made his already vitality-rich body even sturdier when it came to healing and regeneration.

"Thank you, Senior Green Cocoon," Yang Qing whispered in his mind. It didn't take a genius to know that such a change obviously had something to do with her.

"Yang Qing, what do you think the Dao of vitality means?" asked Green Cocoon.

Yang Qing froze briefly as he was walking. Green Cocoon's response caught him a little off-guard since the chatty Veiled Destiny and even Blue Universe were still silent.

"If I was to overly simplify it, I would call it living and everything that encompasses it within a living organism's body," Yang Qing answered after a momentary pause.

"Why did you choose it as your main Dao? It isn't the most offensive and with your talent and the bits of Dao charm I've detected around you, you could have established your Dao seed using another Dao if you so wished.

Was it because of your physique?" asked Green Cocoon.

Yang Qing still struggled to reconcile Green Cocoon's current fluency with her earlier way of communication, though that still didn't stop him from answering Green Cocoon's question.

"Before I used to think I stumbled onto the Vitality Dao because of my childhood trauma and the desire to live at the time. I don't know if senior has heard about the peerless jade physiques?" asked Yang Qing.

While he knew Green Cocoon was knowledgeable about a tonne of things, especially after the confirmation that she has been alive at least half a million years, he had doubts she was familiar with the common terminologies used today since she wasn't exactly the most communicative of persons. Maybe the peerless jade physique is known by a different term to her.

"I may not talk much, but that doesn't mean I'm deaf. Over a thousand of your seniors have used us at one point or the other, so that should answer your question," said Green Cocoon with a clearly displeased tone.

Just as Yang Qing awkwardly wondered how to continue on, he was saved by Green Cocoon's next statement.

"Your skepticism isn't unwarranted though since a long while back it went by different names at different points in time. The nature's grace, the peak divide, the classless ascension physique, there was even one era where they shamelessly called it the human elegance...hehehe...that was an interesting era, it had a lot of peculiar people," said Green Cocoon with a chuckle.

Yang Qing took advantage of her joyous state to continue with his explanation.

"As I was saying, I thought my affinity with the vitality dao was born out of my desire to live when my clan members almost killed me in their crazy attempt to help me reach the peerless jade body physique.

It succeeded and I managed to reach it and gained the Yin Yang jade bones physique. Had I not.... well, I wouldn't be here today," Yang Qing said with visible fear in his tone. To date, that was the closest he has ever gotten to dying. It left an indelible mark on him.

"But as I continued cultivating and experiencing different things, I no longer think that. What vitality symbolizes happens to agree with what I want in life which is to live to the fullest. To eat all the foods in the world without fear of dying to them or due to old age. To be able to lazy around and still grow strong, to laugh and cry, to restore and cleanse ..to me all these can be embodied in the Vitality Dao.

I don't live to cultivate but I cultivate to live, and the Vitality Dao to me is the best Dao for exactly that," said Yang Qing with clear resolve in his tone.

A few seconds passed by before Green Cocoon finally spoke up.

"You really are an odd child Yang Qing...but it's not a bad thing, you may very well discover certain things that would have otherwise evaded others because of your mindset.

As a senior who has walked a somewhat similar path to the one, you're treading on, I will leave you with these words to help you in your journey ahead. Keep your openness on what vitality really is, it may very well help you at some point in time, especially if your sense of imagination on what it means is really wide enough.

The Vitality Dao may not be the strongest Dao when it comes to offense but there is an area where it's unmatched even when compared with the Time Dao or the Space Dao. Maybe you may very well discover it, where even I failed.

I wish you well little oddball and think of this as my gift for you on your ceremony. You will only be able to access it when you reach the late stages of the palace realm though," said Green Cocoon.

Yang Qing felt a tremendous power flow into his palace realm which was brimming with so much life that it made his palace realm seem like a desiccated land in comparison. That power attached itself to one of the leaves of the green flame tree at the center of his palace realm. That power coalesced into a small melon seed-shaped white cocoon that had tinges of green on it.

Despite its tiny size, Yang Qing could intrinsically feel even with the boost from Veiled Destiny, he would not be able to match its power or even put as much as a scratch on that cocoon.

"What is this?" Yang Qing wondered.

But he pushed the matter to the back of his mind when he reached the platform. The moment he stepped on it, four other people from the Order had arrived on the platform, almost simultaneously, bringing the total of Soul formation experts on the platform, to nine.

## Chapter 259 Promotion Ceremony (14)

The four incoming soul formation experts all had the same type of robe. It was a pure white robe that had the symbol of a small mountain embroidered on it. The mountain had dense white mist on it and the mist could even be seen moving within the mountain embroidery.

Yang Qing became a bit nervous when they showed up. From their robes he already knew they were from the Spirit Council just like the bare-feet lady, however, the ones present seemed to be of a higher station than her. Yang Qing made that distinction based on the mountain embroidery. It was present on the robes of the four newcomers but was absent in the lady with the white robe.

He was shocked when he saw the degree of familiarity Wu Ling, their Vice Chancellor, had with them as they communicated, whereas Assistant Director Jun Pei and the lady in white showed a hint of reservation.

The current display came as a shock to him since he always assumed when Vice Chancellor Wu Ling was part of the Spirit Council, he was part of the common council.

The Spirit Council was shrouded in mystery even to the members of the Order themselves. What was known was, aside from the elusive president, the Spirit Council held the highest authority in the whole Order, even higher than the individual three vice presidents combined, who were just as elusive as the president himself to Yang Qing since he had never seen either the president or the vice presidents. However, he did hear the Directors of various departments, the chief judge, and even the Chancellor of the institute do have regular meetups with them.

The Spirit Council was known to have two divisions within it; the common council and the high council.

Yang Qing's clearance level didn't allow him to learn more than that, but based on their titles he assumed the high council was of a higher level in comparison to their counterparts from the common council and he had assumed Vice Chancellor Wu Ling was from the common council before he joined the institute, but from their interaction, he had to reevaluate this happy go lucky Vice Chancellor of theirs.

Of the four Spirit Council members, one was an elderly female who looked to be in her mid-fifties. She had tied her hair in a simple bun and had greying hair accompanied by a stern-looking face. Yang Qing felt she gave the same vibe as Lei Weiyuan did. A stern supervisor who will ding you at every turn, even for the smallest of things.

Next to her were three elderly men. One had the looks of someone in their early forties and in terms of aesthetics, Yang Qing despite how much it pained him, had to admit his own inferiority. Even Xia Boqin who was thought to be the looker in their group would lose to the member of the Spirit Council and not only him, even the bare feet lady who Yang Qing stared at for a bit before he was warned, seem to lose a few points when she stood next to him.

"Did he eat the brilliant midnight jasper fruit?" Yang Qing wondered. The fruit in terms of grade could be considered an ascendant-grade tonic but when it came to costs, it could rival the price of a low-grade saint treasure. The reason for that was because of its beautification effect, which would make even the stars weep.

Yang Qing's jealous trait had kicked in without him knowing, which was why he struggled to believe that someone would look that good without 'foreign measures.'

Next to the middle-aged man who Yang Qing was still unreconciled if he was even born that way, was a short middle-aged man with a stocky build. Yang Qing couldn't stare at him for more than a minute because he felt a searing pain in his body every time he did so. It was like a scalding furnace that could refine the earth and the skies, was hidden within the body of that elder.

"Could he be the owner of that domain?" Yang Qing fearfully wondered as he recalled one of the fearsome domain manifestations he was exposed to when he had gone for Dean Zhu Lao's welcome ceremony.

When he went there, he got exposed to a few terrifying domains and one of them was a smelting furnace that looked like it was melting the skies and fashioning it into a weapon. He couldn't help but suspect that domain may belong to the short but stocky member of the spirit council.

The saint-grade treasure in the dark valley had stored almost all domains of every domain expert that has joined the Order since it was founded. Of the domains he saw that day, some may have belonged to present-day Soul formation realm experts.

"I wonder if the president's domain is recorded? It's bound to be a paragon domain," muttered Yang Qing as his eyes gleamed in excitement at the prospect of putting faces to the Domain manifestations he experienced that day.

Even though he still didn't know anything about the classification of domains other than what Lei Weiyan told him that day, which was nothing other than the name Paragon domain. He nevertheless knew Paragon domains could be considered the purple core version of the domains based on the terrifying experience he and Mao Yunru got when they were exposed to them.

That day he was exposed to four of them; there was the sky-smelting furnace that he experienced on his way back after the party and there was the giant purple eye that had a swirling cosmos in it filled with stars, which he felt may have been the domain of their chief judge who didn't have pupils but instead had an iris that was filled with stars.

It was the other two, that he remained curious about. The massive book which produced a single syllable that made his head almost explode, and the mountain that was filled with swords and at the top of that mountain lay a single simple sword that seemed to use the whole mountain as its sheathe, and had a ribbon tied on its hilt with the words 'all are equal'. He couldn't help but wonder if their owners were present.

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The last member of the spirit council looked to be the oldest. He looked to be in his late sixties. He had an average build and an average height and had this lighthearted aura to him that seemed to permeate everything he did, even walking. If one met him on the streets, they would mistake him for that friendly grandpa who liked sharing his stories with anyone who would be willing to listen.

Yang Qing froze when he saw that elderly man casually head in his direction with a friendly smile on his face. His body was mildly bent and he walked with one hand clasped behind his back while his other hand stroked his white beard.

"You must be Yang Qing, what a promising young kid.... How was the experience of using three saint-grade treasures?" asked the elderly man when he was just a few steps away.

Yang Qing was caught off-guard by the whole thing. He didn't know whether to greet him first, but he didn't know his name and their difference in stature made him a little nervous, especially when he got a glimpse of what it felt like to be an early-stage domain expert.

If an early-stage domain expert was that powerful what about a soul formation expert? By the looks of things, the elderly man before him was likely to be above the soul beginner stage and even the soul adept stage. He felt nothing more than an ant in front of him.

The suddenness of the moment left him flustered and he ended up blurting out the first thing that came to mind which was,

"It was awesome, I wish I could do it again."

Yang Qing's eyes widened at the end in shock at what he had just said.

"Pppfthahahahaha!!!!!!.... well said, kid. If it wasn't due to their peculiar nature, I would be more than glad to help but alas they're sensitive but I see you seem to have struck a bond with Senior Green Cocoon, which in some regards is even better than keeping the three of them with you.

I wish you an amazing ceremony, Judge Yang Qing," said the elderly man as he turned back and headed to his seat. The platform had 17 stone seats. One was left for the prime figure of the ceremony, which in this case was Yang Qing, while the remaining 16 were left to the soul formation experts of the Order and special guests.

In all the graduations Yang Qing has been to, the number of soul formation experts present has never been more than 10, in any single time.

Yang Qing was left rooted on the spot and only came to himself when the elderly man added a few words.

"My name is Mo Ye, the Wing Vice-President," said the elderly man which sent waves of explosion in Yang Qing's mind.



"What's a vice president doing here? They don't even show up for promotion ceremonies into the domain courts.... Will I be safe?" Yang Qing was visibly terrified.

In his mind, there was no way someone of their rank would come out casually for a stroll, not unless there was something that prompted their presence. Yang Qing couldn't help but feel fearful. As of this moment, he even felt the three saint-grade artifacts may not be not enough for whatever worst-case scenario he envisioned in his mind.

## Chapter 260 Arrival Of Top Tier Organizations

Yang Qing looked around and realized some of the senior members like the likes of Meng Chao and the rest who knew the identity of Mo Ye as one of the three vice presidents of the Order, all had puzzled expressions on their faces on seeing him on the platform. Clearly, they too, didn't expect him to make an appearance.

At this point, Yang Qing could only hope Vice President Mo Ye was just taking a casual stroll and nothing unexpected was underfoot. However, no matter how much he tried to downplay the whole thing, Yang Qing kept wondering how the entire ceremony could go wrong.

He even ended up transmitting those worries and fears to the three saint-grade artifacts when he kept reconfirming their abilities and their odds of protecting him against any unexpected situation. It was only when he was threatened with a serious beating by the three saint-grade artifacts, did he stop.

Some part of him even started having regrets about why he even broke through to the palace realm and filed for the promotion. Being a superior core court judge wasn't that bad, the cases were not absurd when compared to the ones from the outer core courts, as for the pay,... well Yang Qing had already learned to live on the scraps he got, so he could have survived, and the authority was fairly decent. The only scary thing about the whole thing was he would always be under the thumb of the old fiend Lei Weiyuan.

"I just need to survive the next half an hour to an hour, then I'll be safe," Yang Qing muttered to himself as he tightly clutched his golden eagle medallion whose authority level had been upgraded.

In addition to the saint-grade treasures, his authority was temporarily elevated during the ceremony. He had primary control over all the arrays that were within the platform and the greater part of the Star

blooming mist valley. His authority as of this moment equaled that of Ling Meimei the formation hall master and the spirit council members who were on the podium with him.

He could control over a hundred different types of arrays within a single breath, thanks to his elevated authority. The degree of skill involved in laying down those arrays was beyond his scope so he couldn't quite gauge the full power of each individual array, however, thanks to the medallion he could feel a little bit of their output potential and that brief exposure left his hairs standing even with the protection of the blue universe robe and the other saint grade artifacts.

Soon a problem cropped up for Yang Qing. All this while he had been standing on the platform, sorting out his brief gains from the little scuffle he had with Gui Shiren from the scarlet blood ghost hand syndicate, however now that he was done, he felt a little awkward and mildly afraid of going to his assigned seat at the platform.

The members of the spirit council, the vice president, the Chief Justice, and Vice Chancellor Wu Ling had already crowded out the area as they chatted amongst themselves. Yang Qing didn't have the guts to saunter off there, tell them 'excuse me,' so he could sit in his seat.

Would he just have to stand there until the ceremony began? Luckily his woes were abated when Assistant Director Feng Lei invited him over to the seat next to him. He was the only one who remained seated in his position even when the Vice president and the other spirit council members arrived. The bare feet lady of the spirit council that was seated next to him had already left her seat and went to mingle with the rest of her colleagues, only the Assistant Director of the Special Inquisitors remained at his seat with his otherworldly charm coupled with his slovenly appearance.

Yang Qing was all too quick to grab the lifeline given to him as he made his way to the seat next to Assistant Director Feng Lei.

"Yang Qing have you ever thought of joining the Special Inquisitors?" asked Assistant Director Feng Lei.

Yang Qing almost tripped over when he heard that question.

Is the Assistant Director kidding? Thought Yang Qing.

All his life one of his main goals was to avoid dangerous and troublesome situations at all costs, which was why he opted to join the Order which seemed like the safest place for someone in his circumstances i.e. someone without a strong background, to develop. And at the Order, he worked tirelessly to ensure he would get a post that put him away from the front lines which is why he chose to be a judge. His first choice was to join the administration hall, but he was tricked and lied to when deciding.

He was told those in the administrative department got horrible pay and their work hours were brutal since they handle everything within the Order, whereas judges had great pay and had a degree of freedom in their working schedule. As long as they finished their daily allotted caseload, they could clock out at any time.

Yang Qing was ecstatic when he heard that, which was why he did everything he could to ensure he was a sure-in to become a judge. However, he soon discovered how misconstrued those supposed benefits were, the moment he started. The daily caseloads were so monstrous that he ended up staying all through the night till the next day at times, so his workload wouldn't pile up, as for the pay, Yang Qing quickly found out boiled rice and cold broth wasn't a bad dish to survive on, 27 days a month.

Just as Yang Qing was debating on how to gently reject Assistant Director Feng Lei's recruitment, a silence started spreading through the crowd, quickly followed by faint murmurings. It wasn't too hard to find the cause of it when a bulk of the guests that had arrived all faced in the same direction.

Yang Qing too faced that way along with Assistant Director Feng Lei. Their gazes were locked in on the new guests that had just arrived. It was a team of five, and they were all ladies of varying ages. They all wore the same type of robe, which was an almond-green velvet-like robe.

Yang Qing didn't need Song Guozhi's file to know who they were, since every member of the Order regardless of rank had certain organizations committed to memory and those organizations were rank 2 and rank 1 organizations.

The guests who had just arrived in the almond green robes were from a rank 1 sect called the Sparrows of the harmonious skies sect. It was a sect with a long history and could be considered mid-tier among rank 1 organizations which was something because it meant they had more than one expert who was in the soul formation realm, as for their current exact number, even the Order with all their means had no clue.

The Sparrows of the harmonious skies sect, by those who didn't know, would assume the sect was an all-female sect because the majority of their sect members from the higher-ups down to the outer

disciple were mostly female. However, the sect itself had an all-inclusive policy when it came to disciple recruitment, but there were certain factors in place that made it seem like they solely recruited females, one of which was their core cultivation technique, the Thousand sky traversing sparrow technique.

Yang Qing didn't know much about the technique itself other than it was rumored to be a high-tier gold-grade technique that was teetering to the purple-grade core and was the reason the sect has flourished to date. However, the technique itself had certain peculiarities to it that made it so it was difficult for a man to cultivate it to the blooming stage of cultivation arts mastery, which ended up creating the all-female dynamic of the sect. Though they have had a few male disciples who have achieved major success with it like their current vice sect master, however those who could, were few and far between, and usually they could only do so because of other certain factors such as having a special physique that gave them a certain advantage towards learning that technique.

Their vice sect master was one such example as he mastered the technique because he had a yin wind physique that granted him a type of natural affinity to the technique rooted in the Wind Dao.

Yang Qing saw Meng Chao and Dean Zhu Lao head over to greet them as they guided them to their section. The platforms where the guests stayed were partitioned into different zones. There were five different zones and the placement of those zones was done in accordance with the ranks of the organizations. Rank 1 organizations had their own zones, rank 2, and so forth up to rank 5. The clear segregation had to be done for a bunch of reasons; such as the lower-ranked organizations would feel uncomfortable if they were made to sit next to members of high-ranking organizations.

Even with the presence of the Order, certain stigmas especially ones rooted in strength, were still very much prevalent which could be seen in how the majority of the guests present went silent when the members of the Sparrow of the harmonious skies sect arrived.

Another reason was the danger of the ancestral dragon vein. It was costly to lay down a protective mechanism against the dao corroding effect it had on weaker members, so the Order placed a blanket protection in one single area, which became one of the factors for zoning.

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The arrival of the Sparrow of the harmonious skies sect seemed to have been the signal for the arrival of other high-ranking organizations. Some well-established rank 2 and rank 1 organizations started arriving in droves.