

## Daily life 421

### Chapter 421 Battle against seven palace realm experts (2)

Sect Master Zhao Ju seemed to have anticipated Yang Qing's attack as she immediately intercepted Yang Qing's white lightning-flamed bamboo that was swinging downwards toward Fu Ning, who seemed frozen from the sudden attack before she hurriedly stepped back a fair distance as she took out a white saber with a unique design that made it seem it was an arrow in saber form. It seemed to have been designed with the extreme purpose of enhancing its piercing abilities.

Sect Master Zhao Ju gritted her teeth in pain as she forcefully endured the extreme burning sensation that she got as soon as her blade made contact with Yang Qing's bamboo which was cladded with white lightning flames.

The moment she clashed with Yang Qing, those flames would instantly latch onto her blade and speedily crawl into her hands as if they had a life of their own.

And it wasn't just the hands, any flames floating in the air from the clash would instantly home in on the body part closest to them, which was why her face ended up getting the same amount of burn marks the same as her hands.

The flames ate away at her body and qi immediately upon contact, and even seemed to be eating away at the qi and Dao in her attacks, which reduced the venom in her attacks by a couple of levels by the time it reached Yang Qing.

She found herself in doubt if Yang Qing was really a first-stage palace realm expert, and when her eyes wandered to the remaining members of the Order who seemed to be observing the Wisteria tree, she felt a wave of despair wash over her.

"You can't afford to be distracted here, now can you?"

Yang Qing's ominous voice sounded as he rapidly launched another attack when Zhao Ju was momentarily distracted.

Zhao Ju quickly reacted and hurriedly used her blade to deflect another swing of Yang Qing's bamboo-flamed attack, but in her haste her swing revealed a flaw which Yang Qing capitalized by nimbly twisting his wrist, evading her blade, launching the attack at her undefended left side torso.

Before the attack could connect, a crystal blue fan and two silver-white tusk-shaped daggers appeared in direct collision with Yang Qing's attack, intercepting it before it could strike sect master Zhao Ju.

Blazing white flames with crackling lightning and mist were produced when the three weapons collided.

The white flames mushroomed with an overbearingness as it aimed to swallow the three weapons.

Boom!

An explosion sounded as three figures were immediately flung back.

"Thank you, Mei, Liqiu.." said Sect Master Zhao Ju as she addressed the two elders next to her who didn't seem to be in good shape after that clash.

Both of them looked to be in extreme pain as one of them let out a muffled scream as she tried to use her qi to heal her hands, but every time she did, it would be swallowed by the finger-size white flame that was eating away at her hand.

The blue fan in her other hand seemed to be charred halfway with flashes of lightning still passing through it.

As for the other elder, it was Guo Mei whose sleeves had been charred to her elbows with charred and blood-soaked hands.

She gritted her teeth in an effort to keep the pain at bay, but it didn't seem to work as the two tusk-shaped daggers in her hands could be seen shaking due to her trembling hands.

As for Sect Master Zhao Ju, though she managed to escape the brunt of Yang Qing's attack, thanks to the intervention of the two elders, she was still injured as the two elders couldn't deflect the attack completely. A bit of it managed to bypass them and burn the sect master at her side.

However they didn't have time to address their injuries, as they forcefully bore the pain and charged towards Yang Qing, who had taken their brief moment he had blasted them to charge at one of the elders, Qin Zhilan.

Elder Qin Zhilan wielded a golden whip with a black underside. It had hooked-like spikes in every segment that had purple and white mist coming out of it, and at the end of the whip was a sharp dagger that looked just a nick of it was enough to slice through a mountain.

The skill with which she operated the whip made it seem like it was an extension of her body or something she grew with from birth. The whip would sometimes be nimble and ripple with the fluidity like that of a tidal river flow, and at other times it would be rigid, like a piece of frozen ice, sometimes it would be fast, and other times it would be slow.

It was constantly changing, and the transition was seamless.

Besides Sect Master Zhao Ju and Guo Mei, Qin Zhilan had one of the highest combat abilities among the elders, and given enough time she would even surpass Guo Mei because of her raw talent. She had managed to master weapon intent through the whip, with her mastery growing over the years, but despite that, against Yang Qing, she seemed like a complete novice.

None of her attacks landed as Yang Qing seemed like a formless body made of nothing but flames as her whips passed through him, and with every miss he drew ever so closer to her which in turn made her attacks erratic and panicked.

Her whole fight with Yang Qing had taken a few seconds which wasn't enough time for the elders next to her to render aid, especially with how erratic the attacks from Qin Zhilan got, they risked getting injured if they recklessly barged in, which left them at a predicament.

They either charge in and risk getting heavily injured by the whip made of monarch-grade materials and filled with poison that would put a first-stage palace realm expert down within thirty minutes if they were injured by it or wait for the opportune moment to step in, which meant leaving Qin Zhilan by

herself, which was a massive risk in of itself as she would likely have been heavily injured by the time they step in.

They were also hesitant because of the incinerating power that lingered within those white flames. Qin Zhilan's golden whip was already showing signs of being melted apart within that brief exchange.

Luckily for them, they were spared the choice when they saw their sect master swiftly charging over. Following her lead, they made it just in time to save Qin Zhilan from being burned half way through, though the hand holding the whip had been dismembered and burned in the process.

Chapter 422 Help from below

When the sect master and the rest arrived, they didn't have time to help Elder Qin Zhilan with her wounds, as Yang Qing remained relentless in his attacks.

Even with them swarming him, he just kept switching targets. The speed with which he acted and reacted was unmatched, to the point that some of the weaker members like Fu Ning and Su Ju had difficulty tracking him. Which was a major disadvantage for them as they started accumulating injuries by the dozens with every second that passed by.

Then there were the white lightning flames. They were the furthest thing from ordinary flames. The white flame ate away at their yin qi while the white lightning exerted maximum damage on their body at the fastest speed it could while leaving a paralyzing effect on their bodies causing delays in their reactions, which Yang Qing was all too quick to capitalize on.

This was why even with all seven of them ganging up on him, they still failed to injure him and the only people who seemed to remotely be able to keep up with him were sect master Zhao Ju, and Guo Mei, with the latter struggling horribly with every passing moment.

Qin Zhilan would have been able to share in the burden but she had effectively been taken out of commission with her dismembered hand. She could regrow another limb with the high vitality afforded to a palace realm expert, however, she didn't have the room to do it, and even if she did, the white lightning flame eating away at her wounds, suppressed any healing measures, which was why she was still bleeding while being charred, as she desperately held her half-melted whip with her non-dominant hand.

Two minutes passed by but to the elders and sect master of the Ice Emerald Sec, it seemed like they had been fighting for a week non-stop. Their hair was sticking to their scalps and faces were drenched in sweat, their breathing was ragged, and their bodies were riddled with severe injuries from burns that revealed bone that was charred black. Not a single part of their body seemed to have been left unscathed.

The weaker members; Fu Ning, Su Ju, and Mo Xiang seemed to be barely hanging on. Within those two minutes, they had accumulated the worst injuries with Su Ju having a burning hole through her stomach, that was constantly leaking out blood, while Mo Xian had been blinded and had half her left face burned to the bone.

As for Fu Ning, she looked more corpse than human. Her whole body had been burned up that she looked like a human charcoal. There were flashes of lightning blazing around her body which caused her to spasm. With her droopy eyes, and fading labored breath, she looked to just be hanging on by a thread and didn't have long.

The damage to the three elders would have been worse had the sect master and the three senior elders of the sect not stepped in for them, which cost them something.

Deng Yaozu who had been watching all this from below was frozen with disbelief as she watched her sect mates get single-handedly demolished by one person. Her skin had started turning beet red because the smoldering heat from above had started affecting the ground below.

Her and the other quasi-palace stage elder could now distinctly feel what their sect members had been subjected to. The flames that sought to purify everything while at the same time extinguishing everything out of existence.

If just the remnant effects of that flame were hot to this extent, Deng Yaouz shuddered to imagine what it felt like to actually be hit by it. The thought sent shivers through her all body.

She quickly circulated the Emerald frost flow veiled scripture to get rid of the remnant effects caused by the flame above her.

"Even our technique famed for its defense, is struggling this much against those flames?!" she wondered still struggling to believe or understand what was happening above her.

The emerald frost flow veiled scripture gave those who cultivated it a sturdy defense by forming a thin crystalline armor on their skin that was as strong as any low tier defensive monarch-grade artifact, and that sturdiness increased, with the more proficiency one had in the technique.

The protection didn't just stop there, as it even extended to their bones, internal organs, and even qi.

With it, they could sink their whole body into a volcano of lava and remain unaffected without even as much as surface burns. They could ignore the heat completely and even suppress it, which was how they had been able to compete with opposing sects that tried to use Yang-based arts to counter them.

Never in all her years had she seen what she saw today. A complete and thorough suppression that made it seem as if the sect master and the rest of the elders had not cultivated the scripture and were instead defending the flames using mortal bodies.

Her eyes seemed cloudy as she looked up at the motes of white flames that had covered the skies above, and the mirage that was forming because of the intense heat present above and the smell of burnt flesh that was drowned out by the thunderous clashes going on above her, and the painful screams of her fellow elders.

...

"Sect master we can't keep going like this. Just a few minutes have passed!! any more of this and we will all be burned alive within ten minutes!! We don't even have the room to use the array.." Guo Mei said using a secret transmission.

Sect master Zhao Ju seemed like she didn't hear Guo Mei as she continuously charged in trying to prevent Yang Qing from causing more damage to her elders.

It was only after a few seconds had passed, did she reply,

"The founder is about to act with the help of the tree. She's about to use the sanguine doppelganger array..."

## Chapter 423 Exploiting The Moment

"But won't that expose us?! If we use it, it will be the same as admitting to the world we did those things they said we did.."

"Guo Mei, surely you of all people can't be naive to think that someone will step in to help us? even our dearest of allies, would not risk angering the Order by stepping into this quagmire. You heard them, if they get involved they will suffer the same fate as us, no one is that stupid.

"As things stand, using the emerald frost flow veiled array will do us no good. Those flames of his seem to suppress the very essence of our art. If we insist on keeping up the facade, then even with the array, we will all be burned down.

All that the emerald frost flow veiled array will do is give us a few more seconds before that eventuality. But with the sanguine doppelganger array, we can enhance one another while also getting support from the Wisteria and the lives we have fed it all these years.

Fu Ning and those two are barely hanging on, and the way things are going Zhilan isn't that far behind. If those four get eliminated then it will leave only you, me, and Liqiu fighting against him.

How long do we last then? Besides.....before the fight began, the founder said we need to be prepared to abandon the sect.. .....with things as they are, there's nothing much left for us anyway.

The sect is already gone, we might as well go all the way through if it means we get to live. Otherwise, why did we agree to all this, and do the things we did? Get ready, ill inform the rest.."

"Okay.."

On Yang Qing's end, even if he didn't know what the two were discussing, he did notice the sudden change in the demeanor of their sect master.

On the surface, she seemed to have gotten reckless as she madly charged to cover for her weaker sect mates, gaining more injuries, unlike before when her interference would be measured, only acting when the trade-off was small injuries while also creating room for a counter-attack by the other elders.

Yang Qing had to admit that her combat acumen was good, especially when it came to seizing or creating an opportunity from the slightest of chances. The other elders had held on, only thanks to her.

But now, she was jumping in with a hurried manner. Any time Yang Qing went close to Fu Ning who seemed to be barely hanging on or the other two, the sect master would immediately step in with no caution in mind which led her to gain more injuries and expending a lot of qi.

However, despite how she acted, Yang Qing could detect a calmness to her, something that was absent before, which made him think that something was up.

His guess was immediately confirmed when he noticed visible changes to the expressions of those elders, except Fu Ning who was a charred mess, that one could only tell what she was feeling through her eyes.

As for the elders, they all seemed to have one emotion in common, and that was relief.

"Seems, they're planning something..." muttered Yang Qing as his gaze narrowed to the tree below him.

If something was to change, it would come from there.

He quickly exchanged a look with the rest of the judges who had been closely monitoring any changes from the tree while Yu Gen and Xia Ting had been keeping an eye out for any outside interference.

They were not the only ones. All the judges present had brought in one of their inquisitors who were in the palace realm to keep an eye out on the surroundings in secret. All together counting Yu Gen and Xia Ting, there were five other palace realm experts hiding in the shadows.

"It's here," sect master Zhao Ju muttered as a crimson-colored rune flashed from the Wisteria tree and immediately split into nine droplets each targeting; Deng Yaozu, Luo Shan, Su Ju, Mo Xiang, Qin Zhilan, Xie Liqui, Guo Mei and Zhao Ju.



The droplet immediately merged with their glabella, and a resonance seemed to have been created among the nine of them, with one anchor linking them, which was the Wisteria tree that was now letting out a blue, purple, and red pulsating glow.

A transformation started happening within the bodies of each of those members. Their hair which was pure white now had red mixed in with it, along with their pupils. Their skins got pale white, and the injuries they had suffered immediately started healing.

Fu Ning, charcoal-like look transformed and she started looking more human-like as her flesh and skin grew back.

The changes not only happened to her as Qin Zhilan's right hand started regrowing back, while the rest had the scorch marks heal and flesh regrowing along with replenishment of their qi.

"Now."

Just as the members of the Ice Emerald Sect were drowning in the ecstasy of being restored, four lights flashed past them headed toward the tree.

Sect master Zhao Ju and the rest warily looked below them in time to see four figures synchronize their attack on the tree. Different colored lights that carried power enough to raze the whole sect to the ground within an instant were instantly directed at the tree as it was pulsating.

A thunderous sound that made it seem like the earth was quaking resounded as those attacks clashed against a pink-red translucent barrier that appeared around the tree in time to block the four attacks.

The barrier rippled like the surface of water disturbed by a rock as it absorbed all four attacks.

Just like it seemed the barrier had successfully defended against the five attacks, an object was launched above it that looked like a cut-off fin of some fish.

The moment the fin appeared, an overbearing and ancient pressure was released. The temperature dropped and the area seemed to darken, as the sound of the clouds and the ocean were produced from it.

The four figures each settled down and surrounded the tree revealing their origin. It was the four judges; Dai Chen, Zhang Qingge, Wei Ying, and Mo Liwei.

Without pausing a step, they rapidly formed seals that joined together to form one giant seal that linked up with the fin above. Once it made contact with it, the fin produced a whalish roar that seemed to ignore space as it traveled everywhere.

A black light immediately shot out of the fin. The black light seemed to contain a galaxy of stars within it as it targeted the barrier around the Wisteria tree. The barrier's glow intensified as if in preparation for an attack from the black light.

However, the black-light upon making contact with the barrier, phased through completely ignoring it as it penetrated the tree.

A shriek of surprise could be heard coming from the tree, as this happened.

The eight elders along with sect master Zhao Ju were all shocked upon seeing this, as they turned to see a smug grin on Yang Qing's face.

"Now, none of you can escape. That tree, your founder, and this area has its space locked. Thank you for giving us the chance to anchor your founder's location.

That tree is truly wonderful, especially in isolating space, or is it being done by something else, I wonder..." Yang Qing casually touched his chin as if in deep wonder.

"But none of that matters. If it wasn't for your founder personally acting, it would have taken significant effort to isolate her from that space, but now thanks to her intervention, she exposed herself long enough to mark her and lock this area while we are at it.

So thank you all, and as a thank you, I'll now send you on your way. Your roles in this is done.. I was asked to strike terror after all, and this isn't nearly terrifying enough.."

Yang nova universal flame of desolation.

Chapter 424 Fulfillment Of The Sentence (1)

Sect master Zhao Ju and the rest of the elders all had confused looks on their faces as they tried to process what Yang Qing was telling them.

From what he said, Yang Qing made it seem like the whole fight was deliberate and they were nothing more than bait meant to draw out their founder, who bit.

While they had come to terms they were a caliber short of Yang Qing despite having a higher number on their side and also having two members who had a higher cultivation base than him, they still held onto the slightest bit of dignity as palace realm experts in the fact that no one had died yet, and they were still hanging on, and now with the boost from the sanguine doppelganger array, they could even hold Yang Qing to a draw.

A draw that would provide their founder with sufficient time she needed to break through to the seventh stage of the palace realm, or even form other means of escape for them.

But Yang Qing's words changed all that. He made it seem like he had been deliberately going easy on them and did just enough to force the hand of their founder.

The reality of that thought was a little too much to swallow.

"The sheer arrogance. I would like to see if you're capable!!" raged Fu Ning as she gnashed her teeth with murderous intent exuded from her body, which she used to mask the fear that was still showing in her trembling pupils.

Of the seven palace stage experts, she was the one who had suffered the worst injuries from Yang Qing which left her as the most resentful of the seven but also the one with the most fear.

Up until a second ago before the transformation brought by the sanguine doppelganger array, she could feel her life slowly whittling away. Given another half an hour she was sure she would be dead.

Even though her skin had already regrown, she could still feel a scalding burning pain coming from it and the strong scent of burned flesh even though there was nothing burning. The sensation and the experience had left a huge impact on her. Even if she managed to survive this, her cultivation journey had essentially been ended by the experience Yang Qing gave her.

She could already tell that harrowing experience had already been deeply embedded into her, and more than likely was well on its way to becoming her internal demon. The only way she could salvage this was kill Yang Qing, or inflict on him as much pain as she received.

Before, she couldn't even think about leaving as much as a scratch, but with the sanguine doppelganger array, maybe there was a chance.

The array served as a link between the elders, the sect master, and the Wisteria tree. Through the link, they shared everything from damage to power to senses. They were essentially the same person in different bodies, with the Wisteria tree serving as the link between them all, and also the regulator.

If one of them got injured, the damage would be shared by the seven of them, and when it came to power, Fu Ning could feel a boost to her strength. She could distinctly feel she had the same power as Guo Mei, who was a second-stage palace realm expert. Though even if she had a power similar to her, it was a pseudo-power, and she could not wield it as well as Guo Mei, since fundamentally, she didn't have the capabilities for it.

The transformation wasn't on her alone, Deng Yaozu and Luo Jingfei who were in the quasi-palace stage could feel their power had already gone beyond what a quasi-palace stage expert should have by over ten times.

Every member linked by the array shared the same cultivation base, which was the second stage of the palace realm. This included the sect master too, who had her realm regressed back to the second stage.

The limit was decided on what the majority of the members could handle which was usually the second stage, while the Wisteria tree would regulate and bear the burden for those who couldn't, which was Deng Yaozu and Luo Jingfei.

Even though it looked like a step down for losing sect master Zhao Ju's third-stage palace realm cultivation base, it was a wholesome boost in their fighting power, as they now had nine second-stage palace realm cultivators, with all their senses, and other aspects linked, while the Wisteria tree assisted in the background.

There was less likelihood of one of them getting singled out and eliminated since the damage would be immediately shared, while the Wisteria tree also assisted in amplifying their regeneration abilities, which not only extended to injuries but also to qi regeneration.

The array was something their founder gave them, and it was perfect in every way except for the fact that it was a blood-fiend art that required a large pool of blood from cultivators who were at the very least in the core formation realm to act as fuel for it. The array only required one material, cultivator blood, also another disadvantage was it would leave the users of the array in a frenzied state, but the members of the Ice Emerald Sect didn't have this worry because of their Wisteria tree, which anchored the array and was able to keep the array going on for long while also helping them maintain their lucidity.

Fu Ning's confidence was in this aspect. It wasn't the first time, they had used it. When she was just at the quasi-palace stage, she and three other elders, of which Guo Mei was one and at the first stage of the palace realm at the time, managed to corner and slaughter a royal family that had a first-stage palace realm cultivator that was at the peak, along with the rest of the members that had a few quasi palace stage experts and over a dozen members in the peak of core formation realm and hundreds in the core formation realm.

While she didn't think they could defeat Yang Qing as they did that family, they could at least beat him in endurance and force him to expend a lot of qi and when he was running empty, they could seize the moment.

Skill-wise they fell short, but when it came to qi capacity, she felt they had the upper hand, with the support from the array and the Wisteria tree.

Her gaze flashed with a more intense murderous gaze as she thought about how she would skin Yang Qing alive, drain his blood to the tree, and maybe even use the technique they were taught, to try and have him refined into a source fruit.

However, her thoughts of revenge were cut short when she felt the air change, followed by the surroundings, and the source of it was her greatest nightmare, Yang Qing.

His appearance had transformed from white flame-like hair to yellow-orange hair while his eyes were black but had a gleaming radiance to them.

Of the three lines below his eyes, the white one was no longer the one glowing, but it was instead the orange one.

"What are you spacing out for!!! Attack!!!" sect master Zhao Ju hurriedly yelled to some of her teammates who were dazed at the skies that had changed into a swirling cosmos forming a helix swirling shape with Yang Qing at the center.

A massive pressure weighed on them, as it seemed like the weight of a whole world was being brought down on them.

Sect master Zhao Ju didn't know what attack Yang Qing was brewing, but from the scale, she knew well enough than to let him complete it. An attack with such an effect already forming would surely require concentration and time, and any interference was likely to halt it in its tracks and maybe even cause a huge backlash to the user.

Whatever the case, she couldn't let Yang Qing be, so she hurriedly called on the other elders as she charged straight to Yang Qing.

"Nice judgment sect master, but you're not the only one who can be sneaky.." said Yang Qing.

His voice seemed different, as it seemed to carry a grandness within it.

Chapter 425 Fulfillment Of The Sentence (2)

Just as he said this, the area where the sect master and the other elders were still had remnant white flames, that suddenly sparked at Yang Qing's gesture and linked up to form a white net that ignited into a massive explosion.

The sect master and the other elders barely had any time to react as they hurriedly put up their defenses against the white flame lightning onslaught.

A massive ocean wave of white flames mixed with lightning swallowed them whole. Blue crystals filled with black-red corrosive mist could be seen slowly growing from within the ocean of white flame, desperately struggling against it.

Within that mist were the sect master and the nine elders with white red hair, and pale white skins that now had red runes covering them like totem tattoos. The red mist surrounding them seemed to originate from those runes.

They all had strained expressions as they continuously produced a blue crystalline ice and misty red substance that seemed to have corrosive effects to fight against the white flames that were threatening to consume them.

"POUR EVERYTHING!!" Sect master Zhao Ju roared in fury as she pushed herself to the point of bleeding from her eyes and ears, all for the sake of putting out the flames as fast as she could.

She could already feel that whatever Yang Qing was brewing was almost complete. The air around them had gotten more oppressive, and they felt as if a thousand suns were above them threatening to drop.

"How is this possible?!" Fu Ning had a listless look on her face as she looked above her.

Yang Qing's eyes now looked like two blazing yellow suns, while the cosmos from before had gotten much grander and looked to be depicting the universe.

Behind Yang Qing there were 12 orbs; 9 looked formless, almost translucent, while three of them seemed complete. One of them was green and had the symbol of a flower on it and had the densest life force she had ever come across, while the other was blue-green, and one look at it made one feel they

were in an all-encompassing water body, and the last orb was golden orange. It made one feel like it was a blazing star that birthed many suns.

Each of those formed orbs, made Fu Ning feel like she was looking at entire worlds. Her mind couldn't even process what it took to form something like that.

Was this something a palace realm cultivator was supposed to be capable of?

Despair took hold of her as she gave up all forms of resistance.

"Luckily I managed to grasp this one in time...." Yang Qing muttered as the orb moved to the center of the cosmos.

"Sect master Zhao Ju, I hope in the next life, you can be a somewhat decent person, who doesn't betray everything for power...goodbye Ice Emerald Sect.."

Yang Qing waved his palm downward almost as if he was pulling something from the heavens.

The cosmos vibrated and a dense golden light of flame poured down from it, down to the sect master, the elders, and their sect below. Dai Chen and the rest of the elders had already left the area when they sensed Yang Qing's move.

Sect master Zhao Ju had a bitter smile on her face as she looked at the curtain of light that carried with it a pure force of destruction that seemed capable of blowing a hole through the planet.

Complex emotions flashed through her eyes as her journey seemed to flash through her eyes. She could see a young girl smiling at her gentle-looking woman making purple butterfly ice crystals, that seemed as if they were alive as they moved to the swirling fingers of that woman.

That young girl smiled as she resolved herself to be as powerful as that gentle-looking woman. She studiously practiced with the sword endured an eight-hour soak in the pendulum ice pond, and assiduously studied a scroll with the words 'Emerald frost flow veiled scripture.'



Twenty years down the line, that young girl had grown into a pristinely beautiful lady with a mature expert-like demeanor. However, her eyes still had the same excitement as she did when she was younger every time she practiced her sword, or executed the moves of the scripture she had grown fond of, under the gentle gaze of the gentle-looking woman she admired.

However, years later, that lady was screaming as she held onto the corpse of that gentle-looking lady that had a deep slash mark over it. Just as the young lady was about to lose her mind she heard a voice coming from the tree she liked to practice under.

The voice comforted her, and soon she made a connection with the voice. Along with comforting her, the voice guided her in cultivation, which helped her improve in bounds. It was a hundred times faster than when she was guided by her master, who was a gentle-looking lady.

After some time passed, the owner of the voice finally revealed themselves. The beautiful lady was shocked to discover that the voice that had been there with her all these years was in fact the famed founder of their sect, who despite all the time that had passed since her disappearance, was still alive.

The founder continually guided her until she was just at the cusp of reaching the palace realm, and despite how she tried she could never overcome that last hurdle.

Just as she was about to give up and make her peace that was the most her talent could take her, the founder gave her something, a white fruit that made it seem like it was grown in snow. Along with the fruit, the founder also explained the origins of the fruit. Upon hearing it was produced from the life of someone, the beautiful lady refused it at first because of the teachings of her gentle master, who was respectful of life whether preserving it or taking it. She would never take a life if there was another option.

She had grown to believe that too. However, her founder reminded her of the loss she suffered when that gentle master died to someone she had defeated and spared only for them to come back stronger, and with more people, which led to her death.

With the promise from the founder that she would grow strong enough to prevent what had happened to her master and her sect members, she buried whatever guilt she had, and consumed the fruit, and managed to reach the palace realm.

People immediately started fawning over the sect, after her breakthrough, and the enemies they had, some offered an olive branch for peace while others ran.

She finally understood the immense benefits brought about by true strength which became the impetus for the numerous things she did under the guidance of the founder in pursuit of it, till she lost the reason why she pursued power in the first place.

The reason no longer mattered to her as she slaughtered countless, all for the goal of getting stronger. She pulled in others over the years, and slowly they all grew, till they reached this point..

"Master please forgive your foolish disciple.." she muttered to herself as the waterfall of burning light descended on them.

She looked relieved, Guo Mei was unresigned while the rest had looks of terror.

"Han Kingdom, Shen family, Echo resonance Sect....." Yang Qing recited the names of all who had been victims of the machinations of the sect.

"Ma Yuan..consider yourselves, avenged.."

He muttered as a world-shaking explosion sounded beneath him. The tremors were so loud that every area within a 10,000-kilometer radius could feel their grounds shaking, along with the sound of that forceful explosion.

Numerous cultivators within the vicinity immediately started running away when they saw that horrifying display of power.

"OI' Jiu why are you running away, didn't you yell throughout the city how you were coming to defend the honor of the Ice Emerald Sect.."

'OI' Fen shut it, aren't you running too? What happened to letting Elder Guo Mei, see how manly you are, in your showdown against the Order in the hopes of gaining her favor in marriage.."

"What favor? mmph!! Do I Fen Gu look so desperate as to seek to marry a blood fiend cultivator!!

Don't look down on me Ol' Jiu, I'd rather preach Dao to a rock and help it gain sentience and marry it, than risk my lot with a blood fiend cultivator, no matter how beautiful they seem.."

"Are you crying?!"

..

"This should be enough.." muttered Yang Qing with a tired sigh.

#### Chapter 426 Ma Yuan's Daughter

Yang Qing had a complicated expression as he stared at the carnage going down below him. The earth-shattering explosion was still ongoing and it didn't seem like it would be letting out.

After ten minutes the ground cleared and what was once Ice Emerald Sect was now a shattered charred crater that was over 1000 meters deep.

The main central grounds of the sect occupied about an area of 50,000 square kilometers which was a tenth of the whole area of their sect ground which ran for 500,000 square kilometers.

The sect grounds of the Ice Emerald Sect were rather modest in comparison to other organizations of a similar rank that had grounds that ran for millions of square kilometers.

Everything within the central grounds which had borne the brunt of Yang Qing's attacks, anything and everything within the area had been eviscerated which also included all the sect members he had frozen before in glacial ice.

Among those members, there were those who were guilty and there were those who were innocent, however, they all faced the same ending. When the latter group chose to remain behind, they had essentially doomed themselves to suffer the same fate as the guilty ones. Yang Qing had no option but to follow through on the claim he made before.

As things stood, the only members of the Ice Emerald Sect who survived were the seventeen who had decided to leave when Yang Qing made the offer, though technically there were still eighteen survivors, if one was to count the one person who managed to weather through Yang Qing's attack.

At the center of the burned crater, there was a tree that still stood tall with a red-blue dome surrounding it that had numerous cracks on it. However, despite its feeble look, there were undulations of stability coming from that red-blue dome.

The dome vibrated for a few seconds and melted away with the liquid dissolving back into the tree that now had someone coming out of it.

"Yang Qing, here.." Dai Chen said as he handed over a girl who looked to be around fifteen years old to Yang Qing.

She looked to be asleep, while her brows contorted showing deep consternation in her face. She looked like she was having a nightmare. She had black hair mixed with tinges of white, and when one looked at her face, she bore a faint resemblance to Ma Yuan.

"Thank you, Dai.." Yang Qing said as he took over the young girl with relief on his face, which soon turned complicated as he looked at the Wisteria tree below him.

"She had a controlling seal on her, along with a memory-altering gu placed in her brain. I've gotten rid of them, but with the gu, it seems like it has been there for quite some time. It's too early to tell the extent of the damage it had done. I think it's safer if we bring her back with us and have the Medicine Valley look at her for an extended period..." said Dai Chen as he and the three other judges grimly stared in the same direction as Yang Qing.

Before Yang Qing dropped his attack, he had already pin pointed the location of Ma Yuan's daughter. She had been secluded from the rest somewhere and seemed to be in a hypnotic state.

He had Dai Chen grab her just as he was preparing his move.

"I'll tell Ma Yuan when we get back.." answered Yang Qing as pity and sympathy flashed in his eyes as he scanned the fifteen-year-old young girl.

He could detect the remnant effects of the controlling seal on her immature mental sea and foundation pillars, and her mind's fluctuations seemed to be in disarray due to a part of her brain having a hole in it that was closing up.

From the essence he detected from the hole that was closing up, he knew that was the region the gu implanted into her had been nesting in.

Memory-altering gu were special worms that had been soaked in countless precious herbs and certain blood of spirit beasts along with other countless treasures, along with being inscribed with arrays that specifically targetted the mind.

This type of gu required meticulous care and technique to produce, along with an accompanying cultivation art.

This type of gu was highly valued by both heretical and orthodox cultivators due to its purpose. One could use the gu to implant memories into someone, and that person would never be none the wiser that the memories they had were planted.

With the help of this gu, someone who had his loved one's killed, could worship the killer as his/her parents if the killer decided to implant the gu on him and implant memories that made the victim amenable to them.

The gu was highly used in heretical organizations where loyalty was a factor, and even by certain royal families who wanted absolute loyalty from their retainers.

The memory-altering gu came in different grades and qualities depending on the skill used and the quality of ingredients used in making them. One made by someone truly skilled at it would leave the person it was implanted into unaware it was even there until they broke through to the soul formation realm, which by its nature makes cultivators in such a realm, immune to certain abilities, one of which were ones that targetted their minds.

But until then, they would be completely oblivious of it.

The one used on Ma Yuan's daughter was unlikely to be a high-grade one otherwise Dai Chen would not have been able to detect it or remove it as easily.

Yang Qing suspected it was either a two-ringed or three-ringed gu. Their qualities were determined by the rings it formed when being made. One was the lowest and five was the highest. A five-ringed gu would remain undetected to a domain expert.

It was truly an insidious technique and the preferred weapon of choice when controlling someone or when planting a mole because of how difficult it was to detect it, from both outsiders and the person under its effects.

Yang Qing had no doubt that it wasn't only Ma Yuan's daughter who had the memory-altering gu implanted in her, others from the sect had likely fallen victim to it, maybe even the elders down to the sect master who was now gone, had it implanted on them.

Chapter 427 Founder Feng Qiu Makes Her Appearance

?

"The main show is about to start. Yang Qing we are of...watch our backs, will you? She looks like the poisonous and hidden attacks type.." said Dai Chen as he and the rest took out their weapons when the person they had been waiting for finally revealed herself.

Something that looked like a withered tree with humanoid features walked out from the tree. One couldn't even tell whether it was alive. It walked wobbly and had white scattered hair with red tinges at the edge.

The corpse-like figure had on a grey plain robe and on one of its hands it held a broken-off branch to support itself.

It was bent down and hunched over, so one couldn't see its face, but Yang Qing and the rest had no doubt as to the identity of the humanoid creature below.

Who could it be, other than the founder of the Ice Emerald Sect, Feng Qiu, who started all this 40,000 years ago with the massacre of the Sun Jade Kingdom?

Even though she looked to be just on death's door, none of the judges present dared to underestimate her as the four main attackers got ready.

Dai Chen took out two single-edged long swords that were six feet long and the blades were as black as the night sky. They occasionally glittered as if they contained stars in them. The deep blackness and the occasional starlight was a characteristic of weapons or artifacts made from meteor starlight metal which was a top-tier monarch-grade material.

Dai Chen's whole demeanor changed when he held the two swords. A formless pressure accompanied by an extreme slicing sensation formed around him. The air vibrated around him, more so his swords that seemed to be in a highly excited state.

Mo Liwei had taken a silver spear that had a handle that resembled the wings of a bird. His tired state instantly transformed into one of extreme vigor. His eyes changed into a bird's eyes. It was silver on the outside and yellow on the interior.

Wei Ying took out a purple fan that was filled with all sorts of inscriptions. Even though she didn't have any visible changes to her like Dai Chen and Mo Liwei, there was a sense of quality in her that seemed different from before and was even different from Dai Chen and Mo Liwei.

If one was to point out what was different, it was she seemed more at one with the world compared to them. Like she could borrow its force easily.

As for the last person Zhang Qingge, she was the only person without a weapon, but that didn't diminish her presence at all, and her transformation was the most drastic. The shy, gentle-looking person was no more and was replaced by a short lady with an indifferent gaze exuding a battle lust so huge and palpable that it made the air around her quake.

The four of them were like arrows that had already been pulled back to its most limits on a bowstring and were ready to be let loose and obliterate the target and the target of those arrows was a hunched over, wilted bark-looking lady, who with every wobbly step she took, the world seemed to echo it.

An expert at the sixth stage of the palace realm, one whole minor realm than her opponents. Yang Qing despite besting seven palace stage experts, couldn't hope to replicate such a feat on their founder. He

would be lucky to get out with his life if he insisted on fighting her to the death in a one-on-one fight, using normal means.

A middle-stage palace realm cultivator was a middle-stage palace realm cultivator, it didn't matter that he had a deeper more stable foundation base than her, or that he cultivated a purple-grade art, and had a peerless jade physique to work with, he would lose to her if he faced her alone.

There was nothing to it, the fact that she was a middle-stage palace realm cultivator meant she could infuse more dao in her attacks, making them more lethal than whatever Yang Qing could throw at her with his current level.

The palace realm involved cultivating your embryonic dao to maturity, and her embryonic form was a bit larger than Yang Qing's or the other judges in the vicinity.

The only way to bridge that gap was to gang up on her and stack their own qualities along with using high-grade equipment to close that gap, and lucky for them, they had already faced middle-stage and late-stage palace realm cultivators who had a much scarier presence than her by a thousand times, and they did so when they were just in the core formation realm.

To keep them humble, their sadistic instructors would occasionally challenge them to a fight. One instructor would face the whole class. They would be soundly defeated and traumatized after the fact because of how ruthless the instructors were despite holding their punches, but the experience was nonetheless invaluable to them.

This was why despite the founder of the Ice Emerald Sect fully releasing her cultivation base and pressure, they still dared to face her when others in their situation would have shrunk back and escaped.

Her pressure paled in comparison to the instructors, they even felt it was weaker when compared to the instructors who were at the fourth stage of the palace realm, despite her being at the peak of the sixth stage, just at the cusp of breaking through to the seventh stage, effectively breaking into the late stage of the palace realm.



Her power seems impure almost as if artificial and borrowed. Whatever means she used to get her this far will not help her establish her core palace no matter how many lives she sacrifices. Her path will forever stagnate, where she is....

...

"How did this happen?...how did this happen?... Why isn't Master answering even now?..." the founder of the Ice Emerald Sect muttered over and over in a delirious state before she suddenly looked up revealing a dried-up face with hollow sockets with red orb in them.

Chapter 428 Contrasting Transformations

"IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!!" she said with a raspy cackled voice as blood lust thick enough to materialize appeared around her like a river of blood, with mournful souls wailing beneath it.

"If I offer you all to master as tribute, maybe he will answer?" she added with a colder tone as a malevolent smile appeared on her face as she eyed the five of them like chickens waiting for slaughter.

"Who's your master?" asked Wei Ying.

"Mmph, you're unworthy to know him, even that nosey organization you belong to is unworthy of his notice.." she said with a tone filled with zealot spirit towards whoever her master was and disdain for the Order.

"Now, I'm even more eager to meet him.." Wei Ying coyly said.

"I'll ensure you meet him, corpse intact.." Sect founder Feng Qiu coldly said as she took another step which caused the ground beneath her to crack as a red mist appeared from the crack beneath her feet.

She took another step, and more red mist appeared as it flowed into her.

"With things as they are, I have no need for you anymore.." she casually said as she faced the Wisteria tree.

She waved one of her hands as a giant red seal formed beneath her and the tree.

A gargantuan red mist that blew was produced from the seal along with a white icy mist which then flowed to founder Feng Qiu's body and enveloped her like a cocoon.

"Qingge, there's no need to.."Wei Ying casually said when she saw Zhang Qingge about to attack Feng Qiu while she was in the cocoon.

"Despite how she looks and how she was behaving, she is not careless enough to leave herself undefended. She would not have survived this long as a blood-fiend cultivator if she was... Besides her by herself is nothing much, but I feel something unsettling from that rune itself...."

"It doesn't seem entirely of her doing, maybe it's that master of hers.." she said as she carefully eyed her surroundings.

Wei Ying among the five had the highest cultivation base. She was well on her way to reaching the fourth stage of the palace realm. From what Yang Qing heard from Zhang Qingge after this fight she would be going into seclusion in preparation for the breakthrough with her promotion to the inner palace courts already underway.

Her judgment and senses were received with apt attention by the rest because of it, especially Yang Qing, who felt something move in his palace world the moment the rune appeared.

The object that showed a reaction to the rune was the green orb that the enigmatic saint-grade artifact, green cocoon had left with him when he interacted with her, saying it was a gift for him to use when the time came, which he didn't know what that time was, but he was all too glad to receive something from a saint grade treasure that seemed to have been alive for 1,000,000 years.

Whatever she gave, was bound to be useful. That orb flickered slightly the moment the rune appeared.

"If Wei Ying's guess is right, whoever her master is, isn't a simple character. They managed to turn her into a middle-stage palace realm expert, and the physique absorption technique was anything but simple.." Yang Qing muttered in deep contemplation, as he consumed yellow cloud-patterned peach fruit to quickly recover his expended qi.

The last technique he used on the sect master and the elders of the Ice Emerald Sect had expended two-thirds of his qi and for the fight ahead, he couldn't afford to run out even if he would not be an active participant in it.

As Yang Qing and the rest made their final preparations, the red rune flickered and disappeared, along with it the red and white mist being drained from the Wisteria tree that had a seismic transformation from what it once was.

In that short amount of time, it had transformed from a lustrous tree brimming with life and with vibrant blue and purple flowers adding to the pink radiant light that surrounded it, and it turned into a shriveled withered tree that seemed like it would be blown to dust by even the slightest wind.

It was dark grey and the flowers and leaves on it had all withered away, while its branches desiccated and turned to ash leaving only one main stump holding on.

"There is a spirit in there?!" Yang Qing muttered in shock as his pupils trained on the tree.

From the moment he saw the tree, he felt conflicting emotions toward it. One was disgust which he understood because of the resentment and blood that was produced from it, but the other was strange to him, something deep within him felt sympathy, which he didn't understand why until now..

"Seniors, Dai Chen, Qingee, in your fight could you drag it away from the tree..." Yang Qing hurriedly said as he saw them preparing to attack.

The red cocoon holding the Ice Emerald Sect seemed to have completed its job as it cracked releasing a chilling and blinding red light revealing the person from within it.

The Wisteria tree wasn't the only one to have a drastic transformation. From out of the cocoon came out a woman who looked to be in her late thirties.

She had silky smooth red hair that glittered like the stars in the sky gently cascading down her back. Her beauty was matchless, enough to mesmerize and befuddle the masses to the point they would gladly forsake their life, their kin, and their whole ancestry for the chance of gaining her favor.

She had milky white skin, red pupils that seemed to have been crafted from red gemstones, and a cold and aloof demeanor.

The lady stood there, silently, drawing everything to herself like a cold shining star that blinded the radiance of everything around her.

However, her moment was cut short, when a force of pure destruction charged towards her at terrifying speed.

"You overestimate yourself, child," the lady gently said as she casually raised her hand creating an oval red-blue crystalline object in front of her just in time to block a terrifying fist that came with enough force capable of reducing a hundred mountains to ash within an instant.

Boom!

A loud explosion was produced from the impact which rang out throughout the area. The red crystalline shield despite being less than an inch in thickness, held strong against the fist, without so much as a crack forming it as the lady indifferently gazed at the attacker.

"Is that so? I think you're the one who has overestimated herself, your shriveled human bark.." muttered the voice behind the fist.

Armageddon seismic pulse

The thunderous force behind the fist suddenly disappeared like it was sucked back into the fist itself only for a moment later, vibration roars that seemed to have been produced from the earth's scorching core were instantly produced by the fist which instantly shattered the red-blue crystalline shield.

With unmatched speed and power, the fist blazed on towards the lady's face, which had lost its previous casual indifference and now had a look of shock on it.

Swoosh!

The fist missed its target who reappeared a couple of meters away, with a red streaking line across her right cheek with a venomous glare on her face, as the wound instantly closed up.

"Good, good.." she icily said as the branch in her hand transformed into a crescent-shaped saber that had a white surface with a rusty edge that had red-black corroding mist being produced inches from it.

Chapter 429 Mobbing A Sixth Stage Palace Realm Expert (1)

"She always seems like a completely different person every time a battle starts. If one saw her like this, one would think the shy side of her is a pretense.." Wei Ying said with an amused smile as she saw Zhang Qingge who was usually shy and docile, chide the sect master of the Ice Emerald Sect, to the point of even calling her a shriveled human bark.

The person before her now and what she usually was like, were completely different.

"I sometimes wonder, if one is a mask for the other. Maybe this is the real her...." added Dai Chen.

"Don't let her hear you say that.." Yang Qing teased at the back as he consumed more cloud peaches to replenish his qi.

His qi levels were more than a typical first-stage palace realm expert. If it was to be quantified, it matched that of a peak second-stage palace realm expert, and he had expended half of it with the previous technique.

To quickly recover it, the cloud-patterned peaches that could be considered monarch grade would do a better and faster job than if he was to replace the spent qi by absorbing it from the area around no matter how rich the grounds of the Ice Emerald Sect were in spiritual qi.

With the fight about to begin, even as support, he couldn't afford to be careless and was needed to be at the absolute peak, especially, considering how livid the founder Feng Qiu seemed at Zhang Qingge's attack and remarks.

She looked almost ready to skin her alive and torture her in the most brutal way possible.

Yang Qing took out a blue shell and placed it on top of the body of Ma Yuan's daughter. The shell instantly transformed into a blue water bubble filled with trigram seals and encircled her.

"Yu Gen, Catch," Yang Qing silently transmitted his voice towards Yu Gen who was at the boundary of the sect grounds as he launched the water bubble with Ma Yuan's daughter in it, toward him.

Almost instantly he did that, Sect founder Feng Qiu instantly reappeared in front of Zhang Qingge as she brought her crescent-shaped saber down.

The temperature dropped to the point the air seemed to be frozen in the process, accompanying it was a tearing force that could cleave an ocean in half and reduce a mountain to dust.

It seemed to be just a casual swing, but Feng Qiu had brought to full display her strength as a sixth-stage palace stage expert.

Her casual swing carried ten times the force sect master Zhao Ju's full-blown attacks carried.

Zhang Qingge charged up her fist ignoring the saber coming down on her with the aim of cleaving her in half.

A gentle cyan gale appeared in front of her absorbing the force of the attack launched toward her.

A struggle of force between the cyan gale and the freezing tearing saber ensued with the gale looking to be on the losing end.

Zhang Qingge seemed to have been anticipating the gale to come in her defense as she swung her right fist which seemed to carry the force of an exploding volcano.

With her attack added to the mix, it combined with the gale to dispel the saber attack from Sect founder Feng Qiu.

With bells of battle already rung with Zhang Qingge throwing her earlier fist, the battle between the five palace stage experts went into full swing as Yang Qing held up the rear.

With no pause in their attack or coordination, Mo Liwei immediately stepped in to follow up on the attack with his silver spear.

He blurred into a silver streak with a silhouette of a bird enshrouding him and his spear. Within a quarter of a breath, he was already on Feng Qiu, launching his spear with speed that was awe-inspiring and terrifying.

In just the time it took to blink he had swung his spear over a dozen times with nimbleness, fluidity, precision, and speed that defied logic.

Were a core formation cultivator present, all they could see was a silver light switching locations faster than the eye could see.

"Senior Mo Liwei seems to have the bloodline or a physique with ties to the roc.." muttered Yang Qing as he saw the speed with which Mo Liwei attacked, and the silhouette that enshrouded him.

The figure was all too familiar, it was the mythological bird famous for its unmatched speed, the roc bird, which was claimed to be so fast that it would be able to tour the continent in six hours and the whole planet in a day.

Feng Qiu despite having a higher cultivation base, found herself having to defend herself against Mo Liwei's attacks, and when she felt the speed got too annoying for her to follow she decided to go with brute force as she madly swung her saber pouring huge amounts of qi and power into the attack forcing Mo Liwei back, giving her some relief only for Dai Chen, to charge in within that gap.

He carried an unbridled and unfettered air around him as he swung his swords bringing with it the force that made it seem like the meteors were being brought down from the skies.

His black swords had a golden glow at the edge as they cleaved through the blizzard storm Feng Qiu had conjured with the swing of her sword, and soon they were exchanging blows saber vs. sword, each of them masters of their own weapons.

Dai Chen swung with the force of a celestial impact, while Feng Qiu's saber was a slithering viper that had an abyssal breath that froze everything in its path.

Clashes of their weapons brought terrifying explosions and destruction around them, with none letting out. Within seconds they had traded over a hundred attacks with Dai Chen seemingly on the losing end, as slashed wounds appeared on different parts of his body, that were accompanied by frostbite, but to the person himself, it was like the wounds were not even there, as a wild smile and look appeared on his face as he increased the tempo in his attacks.

His attacks seemed to grow with every swing, and the air around him seemed to change. It felt like a primordial beast was being awoken with every swing.

A savage ancient aura immediately leaked out of him which made even the stoic-looking founder raise her eyebrows.

She could feel a domineering aura coming from Dai Chen as she saw golden liquid coming from the wounds she had created quickly dissolving the frost and healing the wounds.

"Seems like Dai Chen has decided to activate his bloodline from the start.." Yang Qing said as he noticed the changes on Dai Chen's body.

Chapter 430 Mobbing A Sixth Stage Palace Realm Expert (2)

His body always seemed bulkier, but now, it seemed like it had shrunk and become more compacted, and slim, while his eyes were orange like a desolate ancient wasteland, as he leaked the aura of a primordial beast.



Dai Chen had the Hou bloodline. The Hou was a mythical creature with the same renown as the dragon, phoenix, qilin, and the like. In some texts, it has even been rumored to have predated the dragons in terms of existence. It wielded the mandate of the heavens.

Yang Qing didn't know about all that or confirm if it was true since there had never been a real sighting of the Hou in the continent, but he knew Dai Chen's attacks carried the force of the stars behind them.

The bloodline he had on him was thin but that quantity gave him enough firepower to finish as among the top 3 in his year at the institute and he had made it into the 4th place in the One Thousand Battle Hall Palace competition. And he would have likely finished in a better position had the competition been different. Because of the tyrannical nature of his bloodline, Dai Chen suppresses himself and would not truly go all out not unless it was a battle to death, which was why he showed no hesitation when he released it when facing Feng Qiu.

However even with the bloodline of the mythical Hou activated, Dai Chen still struggled to gain an upper hand against Feng Qiu who other than being mildly surprised quickly regained her calm and immediately started suppressing Dai Chen, by increasing the flurry of her attacks and its range.

Wounds appeared on Dai Chen by the dozens as they instantly closed up. Luckily for him, he was not fighting alone because Wei Ying who was the originator of the gale from before immediately stepped in and took some of the pressure from Dai Chen.

With a swing of her fan, a fierce cyan gale would be produced, instantly colliding with the attacks from Feng Qiu. The cyan gale seemed to have hundreds of micro-cyclones within them, that instantly grinded and ate away at Feng Qiu's attacks.

Even though they didn't completely destroy them, they did enough to halt them and even reduce the power within them, which provided room for the other three to act with reckless abandon as they instantly charged Feng Qiu.

She always knew when to intervene, and create a moment of reprieve along with a moment for retaliation.

She seemed to have been the one to handle defense and cover while the other three handled attack, which suited them perfectly.

Zhang Qingge carried the force of destruction capable of leveling mountains within her tiny fists, while Dai Chen swung with the weight and the power of the stars in his swords, and Mo Liwei had the terrifying speeds of one of the fastest mythical birds alive to work with.

All three of them had also mastered the intents of their various weapons; Zhang Qingge had fist intent, Dai Chen had sword intent, and Mo Liwei had spear intent.

Weapon sense was reached when the cultivator gained an understanding of their weapon of choice to the point it was no different than their limbs, though for the fist it worked in reverse, one needed to train to the point their fist felt like an embodied weapon. Once one had mastered their weapon, to the point it was no different than their body, their internalized that understanding and slowly integrated it into their cultivation resulting in the formation of weapon qi, their qi would carry the qualities of the weapon they mastered then after that, came weapon intent.

Weapon intent was the materialization of the will borne from the integration of their weapon mastery and understanding, along with the qi that comes from it, to form a brand that was entirely their own. They no longer needed to internalize and understand their weapon, but they had used their understanding of it and made a rendition of it that had their identity in it, which then culminates with them being able to use anything and everything to evoke the abilities of their weapon.

A blade of grass could have the same sharpness and cutting abilities as a sword, a blown breath could have the same piercing power as a spear, and a fist could be trained to carry the same destruction as an earthquake.

With the three of them each master of their own craft, with terrifying abilities and foundations and working together, they were able to somewhat bridge the gap in the fight against Feng Qiu and make it an even playing field by swarming her with their exceptional abilities, and for Dai Chen and Mo Liwei, they also had top tier monarch grade weapons made by the finest masters in the Order to work with.

With those weapons in hand, they had no worries about their weapons failing to penetrate the defenses of Feng Qiu.

Feng Qiu on the other hand proved her worth as a sixth-stage palace realm expert. Even with the three of them working together she still managed to hold her own and just like them, she had mastered saber intent too.

Her attacks were precise, swift, and terrifying. One careless move and any of the three judges would instantly suffer grievous injuries.

Feng Qiu used the same technique as the sect master had used on Yang Qing, where tiny crystalline ice daggers appeared with the swing of her saber, however, her execution was much more precise and the ice daggers had a more penetrative power, speed, and range compared to what Yang Qing faced.

Mo Liwei who had the highest speed had been forced to turn from attacker to defender as he covered for both Dai Chen and Zhang Qingge, with Wei Ying stepping in to elivate the pressure while also creating an opening for the three of them.

Within minutes they had exchanged over a thousand blows with them crisscrossing over the whole grounds of the Ice Emerald Sect, creating even more destruction in their wake.

If there were still more cultivators lurking about thinking of dipping their toes into the mess, they all abandoned all thought when they saw the scale of destruction along with how terrifying the battle grew with every passing moment.

...

On a mountain peak miles away from the fight,

"The Ice Emerald Sect had someone this terrifying? That damn Yin Guo and his Lunar Bug Sect almost threw me and the empire to our doom! Luckily the Order stepped in before I threw myself and the empire into the pit..those bastards!!!!!"

An old man with pure white hair and a regal bearing had a look of abject fear as he watched the terrifying fight that was a blaze a thousand miles away.

Even this far away he could feel the terrifying undulations of the attacks, which sent shockwaves in his heart when he thought of a certain outcome had things not ended up as they did today...

"The ruins of the Frozen Serenity Sect...it's such a pity...but better to be alive, than risk it...i got lucky this time...but that ruin, with it I could reach the domain realm and pull the Twin River Empire to a rank 2 Empire and establish a dynasty to last a lifetime..such a pity.." the old man said in desolation as he shook his head.