

## Daily life 431

### Chapter 431 Neighbors (1)

With the passage of time, the battle grew more chaotic with its effects traveling far and wide. Whether it was the Twin River Empire to the East, the Lu clan territory to the North, the Five Mountain Sword Academy to the south, and the Alabaster Midnight Sect to the West; all these immediate neighbors to the Ice Emerald Sect, despite being thousands of kilometers away from the battleground could feel the terrifying undulations created from the fight between the founder and the four judges.

All were hit with different reactions. The younger ones, too ignorant to understand what it meant for shockwaves of a fight to reach that far, had shining looks of ignited spirits and blood boiling, each imagining the future of one day wielding the same level of power as the ones that released so much power in their attacks that it made their buildings tremble despite being so far away, while the older ones had looks of respect, fear, despair and envy for some, especially those who had been hit by the massive slap of reality on their limits.

As for the senior leaders of these organizations, they all had varied reactions. The old ancestor of the Twin River Empire had trepidation and relief the more the fight went on and he saw how terrifying Feng Qiu really was. He was just at the fifth stage of the palace realm, he could not hold a candle to her, and based on what he saw, he could barely even last half an hour against her. Were he to face off against her, his only choice would have been to use every trump card and taboo art to ensure he could escape from her alive, as for confronting her, he extinguished all thoughts the more the fight went on.

He wiped the cold sweat on his forehead when he thought, in a year's time when the grand elder of the Lunar Bug Sect broke through to the palace realm, he had planned to go with him and strongarm the Ice Emerald Sect into giving out their original copy of the Emerald frost flow veiled scripture that was part of the Frozen Serenity Scripture.

When the Lunar Bug Sect came to him for help, in order to gain his cooperation and help in sheltering them from the Ice Emerald Sect that now had a palace realm expert, the Lunar Bug Sect gave out the original copy of their cultivation art that was also a part of the Frozen Serenity Scripture, in addition to sharing a key detail, which was the reason they had a thorny relationship with the Ice Emerald Sect.

The Lunar Bug Sect divulged that the original copies of the cultivation arts that were part of the Frozen Serenity Scripture, had part of a map covertly embedded in them, and the map more than likely led to the main legacy of the Frozen Serenity Sect.

He was skeptical at first, so he used the extensive resources of his empire to verify the claims of the Lunar Bug Sect. He managed to find a few organizations that were weaker than his Empire, that had arts that had ties to the Frozen Serenity Scripture.

With a few veiled threats and promises, he managed to obtain the original copies. The cultivation arts themselves were not much in terms of grade as they fell a little short when compared to the art the Lunar Bug Sect had given him, or the one the Ice Emerald Sect had. If he was to grade them, they were in the top tier of the orange grade, but nevertheless, he parted with a few valuable resources to acquire them.

With the original copies in hand, he studied them for almost a decade before he managed to decipher the secret mechanism of unlocking the map hidden within it. Each copy had its own unique method of being decrypted.

After confirming the veracity of the Lunar Bug Sect's claims, his interest and greed were sufficiently piqued. He was an ambitious person by heart, and he hoped to push the Twin River Empire to greater heights even though he had long let go of his reigns as the Emperor to focus on his cultivation.

Before him, the Twin River Empire had been a rank 4 empire that was stronger than the rest of its rank, but it was still a rank 4 empire, with no palace realm expert in sight until him. He wasn't the favored prince or the one next in line for the throne.

He had been one of the many children, the emperor before him had sired over the years. He bided his time, never competed or showed any interest in the throne, and never tried to form any connection.

All he was known for was being a bookworm, as he spent his days at the royal library studying different things, or hanging out in tea restaurants regularly frequented by scholars and rogue cultivators alike, and later he even joined the Odyssey Horizon Guild. An organization similar to the Rogue Cultivator Alliance, in that anyone could join it.

It was as ancient as the Dragon Meadow and if the rumors floating around were thought to be true, they also had ties with the Dragon Meadow in that both these organizations had their roots from the same place and that place was an ancient sect known as the Primordial Log Keepers.

The Primordial Log Keepers was rumored to be an organization formed by eight transcendent beings. It only had seven founding members, each belonging to a different species. It was founded by a dragon, Ao, a Fusang tree, a kunpeng, a yuan, a fairy, a vermilion bird, and the last one was a sage human, whose identity was unknown other than he was deemed worthy to be a founder along the other mythical beings.

The origin and reason for the Primordial Log Keepers's existence was unknown, and it was even in doubt whether such an organization ever existed in the first place because the lineup of their founders excluding the human, was terrifying, to say the least. It wasn't far-fetched to think that such a lineup was strong enough to unite the whole continent if they so wished.

However, other than the name and the rumored founders, there was no much that was known about them, and any evidence of such an organization existed was virtually non-existent and not many people knew about it, and one of the few reasons talks of it still remained relevant to date other than the monstrous lineup of its founders, was because the Dragon Meadow and the Odyssey Horizon Guild were rumored to have been offshoots of it.

Both their origins had their foundations built from the Primordial Log Keepers. The Dragon Meadow was a mysterious enigmatic treasure house that could safeguard your wares even from the heavens itself.

As for the Odyssey Horizon Guild, it was an organization formed with the aim of exploring the continent. They gave out tonnes of missions related to the exploration of the continent, and their payments were good enough to tempt the masses to venture even to the most dangerous of locations.

You could trade in incomplete lost cultivation arts, recipes, locations to undiscovered grottos and mysterious realms, recipes, and unknown creatures, maps of places that have not been traversed such as the deeper regions of the Green Fog Region. The Odyssey Horizon Guild accepted it all, and in return, you could get paid in spirit stones, certain treasures of equivalent value, and access to special locations to boost your cultivation.

There was no limit to what you could redeem your findings for. If it was extremely valuable, you could even get a saint rank treasure for your efforts, or even gain the means to break through to the soul formation realm. They had the foundations to do it.

They accepted membership from anyone, it did not matter whether you belonged to a sect, clan, royalty, or just a rogue cultivator, anybody could join and undertake their missions. They also had a tiered membership system to encourage the fulfillment of their missions. Other than payment given for

a mission completed, depending on the tier of membership one had, they could have a discounted rate and access to certain resources; some general, some unique to the point that they could only be found in the hands of the Odyssey Horizon Guild.

The higher the membership, the better the discount and the wider the access, and as far as the resources went, it went from cultivation resources to even information.

The majority of rogue cultivators who did not want to join any organization were members of the Odyssey Horizon Guild. As long as they were lucky and made great discoveries, they had the chance to leap over the dragon gate from carps into dragons, and it wasn't just them. Members of royalty, clan members, or even sect members who were not favored within their respective organizations could use the guild as a source to strengthen themselves, and the old ancestor of the Twin River Empire did exactly that.

#### Chapter 432 Neighbors (2)

He joined the Odyssey Horizon Guild and used whatever resources and advantages he had as a no-name prince to complete their missions, and finally, he reaped the rewards for it.

He managed to find an ancient artifact, whose value he didn't know, but when he traded it at the Odyssey Horizon Guild, it garnered him enough merit points to shoot his rank from a white tier member to an orange tier member, along with having the chance to redeem it for the opportunity to break through to the palace realm, which he was quick to do so.

He was given a mystic essence mulberry fruit which gave him enlightenment along with fortifying his foundations, to the point he had the smoothest breakthrough he had ever experienced. He even had doubts if it was real.

With a palace realm foundation, he took the seat of Emperor without opposition or even asking. He used all his experiences and the preparations he had made to be an efficient ruler, all with the express purpose of pushing the empire to greater heights so his name would one day eclipse even the founder of the Twin River Empire.

He was flexible and adaptable, willing to concede when the moment called for it, and he was firm and ruthless when the situation called for it. Slowly and surely, the Twin River Empire grew with him at the

helm, and the empire's golden luck was slowly being centered on him, continuously boosting his cultivation speeds.

Eventually, he managed to reach the fifth stage of the palace realm with help from the golden dragon luck of the empire, and the lingering effects of the mystic essence mulberry fruit.

When the sect master of the Lunar Bug Sect divulged the news of the map hidden beneath the Frozen Serenity Arts, he saw another opportunity, an opportunity for him to reach the domain realm and further cement himself as the immutable emperor of the Twin River Empire, as he transformed it and himself into a hegemon.

After he confirmed the existence of the map, he decided to collect a few of the original copies of the scripture, decipher the map, and then share his findings with the Odyssey Horizon Guild.

Even though he was greedy and ambitious, he had a clear mind on his abilities, and he was under no illusion that with his current abilities and reach, it was impossible for him to collect all the arts tied to the Frozen Serenity Scripture to decipher the complete, and even if by some defying luck he was able to do so, he wasn't about to charge into the grounds belonging to a behemoth sect like the Frozen Serenity Sect.

It was sure to be trapped, and that was a surefire way for him to die. To the masses, he was a fifth-stage palace realm expert, an expert so powerful he could flip the skies with his palm, boil the rivers, and shatter mountains with his breath, but to something like the Frozen Serenity Sect, just their incomplete arts were already more powerful than what his empire had.

Based on that, was a fifth-stage palace realm expert worth anything to them? If he overestimated himself and tried to swallow whatever it was they hid on the map, he would be nothing more than another reckless dead cultivator used to highlight how dangerous that place was, and a warning to others about the dangers of greed.

For him, sharing his findings with the Odyssey Horizon Guild, was the safest and clear way of improving himself. Depending on what he found, and the appraisal of the guild on its value, he was sure the rewards he got could at least support him reaching the domain realm, and if they were really good maybe a shot at the soul formation realm wouldn't be an impossibility.

For him, giving the map to the guild was a no-brainer. Why would cultivators risk venturing into dangerous places such as ruins, grottos, and mysterious realms? wasn't it all for the chance to grow stronger? and if you could do it in a safer way, who would want to risk their life? He sure wouldn't.

This was why he bided his time and collected a few of the arts here and there as he eyed the Ice Emerald Sect. He tried the soft approach with them, then when they refused, he planned to rope in a few other friends he had made over the years, along with the grand elder of the Lunar Bug Sect and forcefully take their copy with minimal risk to himself.

However, seeing the world-shaking battle ahead of him, had things proceeded as he had planned, seeing the insidious lady at the center of it, they would have likely been killed and their bodies swiftly dealt with, and none would have been the wiser about it.

After this, he had decided, he would trade in whatever he had to the guild and redeem it for whatever his findings were worth, and retire and maybe drink tea and chat with old friends like his younger days.

Any grand ambitions he had, had been snuffed out. Right now he only wanted to live a normal life as a retired old man.

As for the three organizations that bordered the Ice Emerald Sect, two of the leaders were indifferent to the whole thing, while one had cold sweats like the old retired emperor of the Twin River Empire, albeit his cold sweat was entirely for different reasons.

The two indifferent leaders were from the Five Mountain Sword Academy and the Alabaster Midnight Sect. Both organizations were rank 3 organizations with the former being the more powerful one, as it had ties with the Jade Leaf Academy, as one of its founders was a former prized student of the Academy once upon a time.

Both the Five Mountain Swords Academy and Alabaster Midnight Sect barely interacted with the Ice Emerald Sect, and with the latter's reclusive nature at the time, it was expected. As for the Lu clan, it was also a rank 3 family albeit a younger one. One of their elders broke through to the palace realm 20 years ago elevating the clan into a rank 3 clan.

It was rumored that said elder had broken through to the palace realm with assistance from the Ice Emerald Sect, as both organizations had close ties to each other.

"Renshu were you also mixed up in this? Is that how you manage to reach the palace realm?" muttered a middle-aged man with apricot robes and black hair tied in a daoist top knot.

His worried-filled gaze was focused on the cataclysmic explosion that was a thousand miles away.

"Have you found her?" he asked when he detected a presence behind him.

"I'm afraid she's gone, patriarch.."

"Damn!!!" angrily roared the middle-aged man as he punched the tree he was next to, shattering it to dust.

It took a while before he finally calmed down, somewhat.

"After this, we need to head to the Order, and report everything, all our interactions with the Ice Emerald Sect, and everything about Renshu.

All the elders are to accompany me. Relay my orders to them, and if one tries to flee, cripple them.."

The shadow figure behind him acknowledged the order, as he disappeared like a formless wind.

...

Above the Ice Emerald Sect

Feng Qiu was filled with punctured holes and slash wounds and disheveled robes, but she still had the same unworried stoic look to her, while her opponents had matching degrees of injuries.

Dai Chen, Zhang Qingge, and Wei Ying, none remain uninjured as they all had frost accompanying slash marks on their bodies.

But neither they nor Feng Qiu showed any signs of fatigue or relenting in the intensity and scale of their attacks, especially the latter whose attacks started changing.

Before they were all tied to cold yin ice, but as the fight went on, another attribute was added to her attacks, Slaughter blood qi started appearing as an opal-looking object slowly appearing in the center of her brows.

#### Chapter 433 Changes To Feng Qiu

The four judges on seeing the ice crystal seed opal forming on the sect founder's forehead, all intensified their attacks on her.

As the opal was forming, the crystal seed on her forehead greedily absorbed terrifying amounts of spiritual qi in the air, slowly influencing the area.

The temperature dropped significantly as it felt more and more like they were in the deep abyss of a frozen tundra, while another feeling also slowly permeated the air. It was a feeling of corrosion, dissolving, and assimilation. It was like acid vapor was slowly mixed in with the freezing temperature.

Despite the sudden changes that foreshadowed that Feng Qiu was about to make big moves, the four judges remained undisturbed as they continually attacked and defended with the same rhythm.

There was no feeling of urgency, desperation, or fear in their attack. Everything was calculated while the intensity kept growing with every passing second.

Mo Liwei was a torrent of lethal speed that aimed to drown her in spear attacks from every angle with extreme swiftness, while Dai Chen and Zhang Qingge approached the fight using the same means, which was absolute destruction. One wielded the force of an apocalyptic power in her fists while the other exploded with the power of the cosmos in his blades, while Wei Ying was the ever-calculative conductor. Her every move either provided the best defense or the best offense.

Yang Qing who had been out of commission as he restored his spent qi was finally done as he started making his preparations for joining the fight.



He rapidly formed seals which resulted in the creation of the universal bead that slowly started forming above him.

Spiritual qi was constantly been fed to the bead in large amounts but it fell a little short of the qi that was being absorbed by the ice crystal opal seed that was forming on Feng Qiu's forehead.

"Yang Qing are you ready?" Wei Ying asked as she blew scythe-like wind currents toward the sect founder intercepting her blade attack that aimed to decapitate Zhang Qingge's left hand.

"I am.."

Spiritual qi stopped flooding toward Feng Qiu with the opal on her forehead looking already fully formed.

She used her long index nail to carve a seal above the opal which resulted in a red glyph forming along with red blood that slowly dripped down to the opal.

For dividing her attention in a fight that she could not afford to, she got injured gravely as Mo Liwei and Dai Chen used the gap created as she was carving the glyph in her forehead to attack her.

Dai Chen managed to slash her in her shoulder revealing her clavicle, while one of Mo Liwei's spear attacks had managed to run her through her stomach.

But to the person being attacked, it was as if the body wasn't even hers as she didn't even flinch one bit despite how gorey the attacks on her body looked with blood dripping from them and the energies of both Dai Chen and Mo Liwei each wreaking havoc on her body to expand the injuries.

Her cold gaze fell on both of them as the wound on her shoulder instantly closed up faster than the eye could blink, while the wound formed from Mo Liwei's puncturing spear, was frozen solid in ice, entrapping Mo Liwei's spear.

Mo Liwei hurriedly tried to pull it back, but it refused to budge. He felt like his spear had been enclosed in a mountain-sized ice that was as heavy as a castle made of century meteor iron, one of the heaviest iron metals around. A single finger-sized piece of it weighed 5 kg, and the ice that had trapped his spear felt as heavy as a castle built entirely of meteor iron.

"If I can't pull it out then I'll just run you through again.." Mo Liwei coldly thought as silver feathers with a strange mystical light around them appeared on his right hand.

While he was doing this, Feng Qiu swung her crescent saber in a sideways slash aiming to decapitate his head.

The slash was a couple of levels stronger and faster than before. That single slash carried with it enough force to part the skies, and it was accompanied by a freezing storm, a terrifying slashing intent, and a red vapor that seemed like it could melt anything in the world.

Mo Liwei acted as if he didn't detect the attack coming toward him as his gaze focused on the spear in his hand.

Roc void step

Feng Qiu's saber instantly sliced through Mo Liwei's head, but the blood or decapitated head scene that should have appeared the moment she sliced through, didn't.

Feng Qiu's eyes had a slight frown as the figure she had sliced through faded away like a mirage.

She cast a sideways glance to her left where another Mo Liwei appeared a few hundred meters away with a spear in his hand and a cold smirk on his face while she had a smooth horizontal line on the ice in her stomach that extended to the other end of her stomach.

Her wound started closing up as the ice melted away and was replaced by skin, but the healing process though fast seemed slower than before.

"How tough is her body?" Mo Liwei wondered in surprise.

Even though he seemed calm on the outside, inwardly he was surprised at the founder's sturdiness.

The rocs were famed for their speeds and how they were able to traverse a large distance in a single moment. Part of what enabled them to do that was their ability to travel through the void. They were expert manipulators of it from birth.

The void was a dangerous realm that existed in the fabric of space and it was filled with countless dangers that were potent enough to even harm a domain realm expert. The area was filled with cataclysmic void storms that could permanently damage their cultivations, cripple them or even kill them.

Other than that there were sounds that could corrupt their minds, and then there were void creatures who were just as dangerous as the void storms. A domain expert would not venture into the void easily, however, for rocs it was different. From the moment they hatched, they all knew how to perfectly maneuver in the void, and their bodies were built for it.

In some regard, they could be considered to be void creatures themselves except they had the ability to survive in the normal world, unlike the void creatures who couldn't subsist without void energy and the biome around it.

Even though Mo Liwei was miles away from being able to traverse the void without care owing to his incomplete roc bloodline, he could execute an aspect of it. He imbued the roc's ability to penetrate the void and used that ability in his spear attack to slash at Feng Qiu, ignoring whatever defenses she had on her.

Even though the slice was thin and looked unassuming, that was one of the most powerful moves in his arsenal. The attack was laced with tiny traces of void energy, which should have eaten away at Feng Qiu's body.

However, things didn't proceed as he had expected. With void energy slowly eating away at her, he expected the injuries to remain unhealed, but judging by how they were slowly closing up, it seemed like the founder had the means to handle the void energy, and based on his judgment, it more than likely had to do with the opal on her forehead.

"Of course, things just can't be easy.." he thought with a weary smile.

#### Chapter 434 Leave It To Him, Abandon All Defenses

Dai Chen and Zhang Qingge each coordinated their attacks to attack Feng Qiu at the same time. Dai Chen targeted the injuries Mo Liwei had created as he swung both his swords like a swirling tornado while Zhang Qingge aimed a punch that was filled with purple runes. The air vibrated with the movement of her punch.

With their synchronized attack, and the speed with which they attacked, Feng Qiu would only have the time to defend one while the other person's hit landed. It was up to her to decide which.

Despite being stuck in a pincer attack, Feng Qiu smiled derisively as she swung her sword intercepting Dai Chen's attack creating an explosion in the strike that sent Dai Chen a couple of steps backwards, with his sword humming as if it was threatening to break. His arms turned stiff as a sharp pain traveled down both his arms.

Gong!

At her back, Zhang Qingge's thunderous punch had just arrived only to clash against red crystalline scales that had appeared at her back.

Zhang Qingge felt like she had hit an immovable fortress that didn't budge an inch no matter how much force she poured on it.

The scale shimmered as it rebounded the force back to her, luckily Zhang Qingge reacted in an instant and crossed her arms to deflect the rebounding force as she flew back.

Feng Qiu then proceeded to release an all-too-familiar technique that she had been using throughout the fight, which was the same technique that the sect master had used against Yang Qing.

Sharp tiny crystal ice shards appeared shimmering like a galaxy of stars. Before they were white in color with a glimmer of blue, but now there was another color mixed in, it had a red tint around the edges that produced the pungent scent of blood.

In addition, the crystals produced wails that targeted to corrupt the minds of Zhang Qingee, Dai Chen, Mo Liwei, and Wei Ying.

Even if the four judges had strong mental strength capable of defending themselves against the mental corrosion, the interference was still annoying enough to affect their fighting power and reactions against the founder.

"I'm ready seniors.."

The moment Yang Qing's voice echoed in the mind of the four judges, a melodious chirp filled with a cleansing and serene power attached to it swarmed their area instantly negating the mental corrosion effect being produced from the crystals.

An exaltation of larks filled with viridian light immediately appeared above the four judges drowning them in a green glow that not only served as a shield against the mental effects of the shards but also refreshed and renewed their minds.

The changes didn't stop there as two koi fish, one blue and the other orange swam to them producing tiny droplets that matched their colors as they swam toward them.

The moment the orange droplets fell on the four judges, their wounds started healing at a rapid rate while the blue droplets made their skin tones appear refreshed, and their breathings normal.

The orange koi fish handled healing and the blue koi fish restored their spiritual qi, and the larks above guarded their minds while also renewing them.

"No wonder the medical valley keeps hounding him to join them.." Dai Chen said with a ferocious barbaric grin appearing on his face as he eyed the founder.

"About time he pulled his weight.." Zhang Qingge said with a carefree smile as she clenched and unclenched her fist like she was recalibrating them. Every time she did so, a subtle force would be produced.

"Liwei, senior Wei Ying, you can let loose without worry now. Senior Wei Ying, you can leave our defense to him.

He is unreliable in many ways, but in terms of support, there are very few who can match him especially when fiendish arts are involved..." Dai Chen.

"Mmmh, with him, as long as you have a single breath in you, dying is an impossibility.." added Zhang Qingge.

Mo Liwei stood silently as he felt the restoration happening in his body.

"With the stories surrounding him, it's easy to forget he is a purple core with a peerless jade physique to boot..." muttered Mo Liwei as he sensed the wondrous transformation in his body.

All his wounds were instantly healed, and the qi he had expended was continuously being replenished by the blue koi fish, while he felt his mind being refreshed by the second.

Wei Ying took in the changes with a curious look in her as she turned back to look at Yang Qing who was surrounded by a green fire and green ocean below him with his hair turning back to its normal color and a green raven with black and white eyes perched on his shoulder and a green pearl rapidly revolving above him.

She nodded to him as a gesture of thanks, and immediately turned to face Feng Qiu with a renewed vigor.

She rapidly formed hand seals that as she threw formation talismans in their air which then transformed into a translucent cyan turtle dragon.

The turtle dragon let out a majestic roar as it instantly charged at Feng Qiu who was surrounded by millions of swirling white blue red crystal shards.

With the charge of the turtle dragon, the crystal shards immediately swarmed in aiming to tear it apart, only to meet a tough defense from the shell that let out a golden glow with every clash as the turtle dragon relentlessly charged on ahead.

Its shell creaked with the ruthless and endless swarm of those shards, but it still held on long enough for the head to strike at Feng Qiu who halted its attacks with the hilt of her sword.

Dragon cyan blaze

Wei Ying who was in the middle of the dragon surrounded by glowing talismans instantly formed other seals that produced a change in the turtle dragon.

The dragon instantly opened its maw letting out a a condensed green light targetted at Feng Qiu's opal.

Feng Qiu managed to turn her head just in time to dodge the green light, that tore a few of her hairs.

Before she had a breather, Mo Liwei, whose look had transformed, and he now had two silver wings and bird legs instantly turned into a silver twirling tornado that swallowed the shards that were aiming to break through the turtle dragon's defense. Meanwhile, Dai Chen looked like he had a red mane that glowed with ancient runes which seemed to strengthen his sword.

He instantly dove toward Feng Qiu with a downward swing bringing the force of a meteor storm with him. The air boiled with his swing.

Feng Qiu instantly swung upwards and used the force to push the turtle dragon backward while aiming to deflect Dai Chen's swords in one complete motion.

Creak!

Her sword immediately started creaking the moment she made contact, as she felt like the weight of the heavens was barrelling through her body.

The opal in her forehead produced an intense red glow that instantly flowed down her hand to her sword, holding it together and giving her the strength to push Dai Chen backward, only for a powerful purple force to strike her at her stomach within that instant.

Roar!

Zhang Qinggee let out a bestial roar that one couldn't believe could be produced from such a tiny frame as she aimed to puncture through the red scales that had been produced the instant her fist connected.

Creak!

Spider-web cracks instantly started forming the more she pushed, and moments later her fist broke through instantly flinging Feng Qiu away like a kite whose strings had been cut.

"With them recklessly going out like this, I guess I have to do my part well.." Yang Qing thought with a smile as he saw Dai Chen and Zhang Qinggee abandon all thoughts of defense, charging in a foolhardy manner.

The other two judges followed suit as they swarmed Feng Qiu with relentless attacks without a care of how much qi they expended or the injuries they gained.

They all seemed to work with a single-minded devotion of destroying Feng Qiu apart, and caution be damned.

Chapter 435 Wisteria Tree, Friend Or Foe

With caution thrown to the wind, and the four judges no longer pulling their punches, Feng Qiu was immediately swallowed in a barrage of attacks, more than she could effectively keep a handle on.

Even though she tried to keep them at bay, with how forceful and absent of care or caution their attacks were, a couple would penetrate her sturdy defenses, heavily injuring her.



However, despite the scale of injuries she got, the crystal seed opal on her forehead would release a subtle red glow and her wounds would instantly close up.

The fight which had been cautious and measured before, had now turned into an all-out bloody brawl, and the intensity and the damage grew by the second.

Dai Chen and the rest would have deep cuts appearing in different parts of their bodies during the fight but an instant later, with an orange drop falling on them, the wounds would instantly close up.

Feng Qiu who was constantly being swallowed by a barrage of attacks, took a quick glance at the person responsible for the sudden change in fighting style.

An intense murderous glint flashed in her eyes as her gaze briefly fell on the green-haired youth surrounded by green flames and green ocean that were constantly revolving around him, with a large pool of spiritual qi constantly being released and absorbed by him.

The techniques he released seemed to have a natural suppression to her blood-fiend arts, which enabled the four judges to act without caution despite her mixing blood poison, curses, beguiling, and mind corruption arts into her attacks. None of them seemed to have any effect on the four judges, and even if they did, they were quickly resolved by the measures of the green-haired youth.

She had half a mind to throw caution to the wind, and try and eliminate him first, but the price she would pay for that would likely be her life even with the opal's support on her forehead.

Yang Qing whose entire focus was on supporting the four judges as best as he could, felt an intense glare on him which prompted him to take a brief pause as he put on the most polite irritating smile he could muster as he innocently waved towards Feng Qiu, hoping to rile her up.

It seemed to have worked as thin fibrous veins appeared in her eyes for a brief moment before her gaze turned indifferent.

Mo Liwei and Dai Chen had taken advantage of the brief relapse to launch a simultaneous attack on her wrist slashing it off, only for a thick red-blue liquid to be reproduced from her arm quickly reforming another hand.

"Hehehehe I may not be a match for Dai Chen and Qingge when it comes to exerting powerful attacks but healing and restraining fiendish arts is just right up my alley.

I'll make sure you cough up all the blood you've swallowed over the years, you old bark.." Y

Yang Qing instantly upped up his output as an intense green glow was released from his body along with a mystical light flashing from deep within his bones.

The ground below him that had been repetitively destroyed over and over till the crater from before was now a wasteland filled with sand, ice, corrosive blood, and cracks that seemed to extend as far as the eyes could see, started showing signs of resurgence below where Yang Qing was.

Small shoots appeared, that rapidly grew in large swaths of grassland. The grass produced, released a radiant glow that seemed to purify the area, especially of the metallic corrosive blood scent that lingered in the area.

From grass, trees slowly started appearing, which upon reaching a meter in height, started absorbing spiritual qi in the area and constantly released it in the area, promoting the growth of more grassland.

An air of vibrant life was immediately reproduced in an area that had been a desolate wasteland moments ago.

Nature's envoy.

Yang Qing waved his hand and the universal pearl above him floated to his mouth. He bit a piece out of it as he formed seals accompanied by a strange incantation that sounded like the lullaby of nature.

A droplet made of the purest green color was produced from his mouth which he gently blew to the ground below him.

Within a few minutes, the area was filled with hundreds of trees, and the area covered by grasslands had tripled. A universal light rune immediately appeared from the grown grassland and trees.

A rapid pulse was produced as the trees and the grasslands seemed to be combining to form something. Within a few seconds, a gigantic humanoid shape made of green vines slowly took form.

"What's he doing?" Feng Qiu wondered as she detected the large amount of spiritual qi Yang Qing kept pouring into the ground below while also healing and supporting the four judges.

But all she could do was wonder because the four judges increased the pace of their attacks keeping her at bay. Even if she wanted to interfere with Yang Qing, she didn't have the opportunity to do it.

The large humanoid green figure took form as its facial features grew distinct. It resembled Yang Qing.

Yang Qing brought his hands together like he was compressing something. The humanoid figure below him that resembled him instantly shrunk in size to match his exact body size and shape down to even his hair.

The figure even adopted his posture as it sat down in a lotus position and seemed to be in deep meditation, mirroring Yang Qing who had closed his eyes.

Beads of sweat appeared on his face, while his skin seemed a tad bit paler like he was in a strain.

"I hope there's a vein down there, otherwise it would put a huge strain on my soul to split my attention like this.."

His brows scrunched up a bit as he focused on his target, a spiritual vein beneath the wasteland of the sect.

He heard a weak voice saying there was a vein below as Dai Chen and the rest were fighting which prompted him to act swiftly despite the precariousness of the situation.

Even without looking, he knew the origin of that voice; it was the spirit of the Wisteria tree that was still hanging on, albeit slightly.

With its reminder, he was able to realize something he had overlooked earlier, which was understandable since it was his first sect demotion.

The Wisteria tree was special, more so for a tree like it that had gained sentience. Therefore it went without question that there had to be a special rich spiritual vein that could support its growth, and considering how the Wisteria tree was still able to maintain its life, despite the sacrificial rune Feng Qiu had used on it, that vein had to be of a high quality.

Yang Qing intended to use that spiritual vein to support an autonomous spell that would remain operational as long the spiritual vein continuously provided the necessary spiritual qi.

With the support of the spell and his own efforts, he could thoroughly suppress the fiendish effects of the arts Feng Qiu used while also boosting his own team's abilities.

As things stood, things would remain at a stalemate for a long time. Feng Qiu seemed like she would continuously regenerate thanks to the opal on her forehead, which based on the vibes Yang Qing was getting from it, seemed to have been condensed from the lives of countless cultivators.

As per Yang Qing's guess, this meant she would continuously siphon the lives of all the cultivators she and the sect had harvested over the years, which was in millions.

As for his end, while he could continuously heal his teammates, he wasn't sure he would be able to outlast that opal, even with the support of the universal bead above, he didn't want to gamble that he had more in reserve when compared to the opal.

The only way he saw out of this was if, by some sheer luck, his teammates were able to land a fatal hit before his qi ran out, which based on how things were going, the odds were slim, or he finds an alternative means to supplement their current needs, and provide additional cover for both him and his team. The spiritual vein mentioned by the Wisteria tree filled that requirement.

If he found it, he would set an autonomous spell targeted at healing his teammates, alleviating that burden on him, while he would focus on restoring their qi and working with the spell to restrain the nature of the fiendish arts Feng Qiu was using.

This was why Yang Qing decided to put a strain on his soul as he split attention with providing cover for his team, while also using the plant clone below him to search for the source of the vein below him.

Thanks to his cultivation art, he had a certain level of sensitivity to different forms of energy, more so spiritual veins that were a concentration of one, and add his Yin Yang jade bone physique, if that vein had yin nature to it, which Yang Qing was willing to bet his lunch it did, then if the spiritual vein did in fact exist, and it wasn't some trap by the Wisteria tree, then with the natural advantages he had, the odds of finding it were high.

As for why he trusted the Wisteria tree, despite it being the center of a lot of dark deeds of the sect, based on his senses, Yang Qing, more or less guessed that the Wisteria tree had been tampered with and corrupted, which was why he felt two contrasting natures coming from it from the moment he laid his eyes on it.

#### Chapter 436 Precursor

Beneath the plant vine clone of Yang Qing, a slender vine was rapidly burrowing through the sand and rock, slithering and crisscrossing everywhere as it sunk in deeper and deeper into the ground. On its tip, it was surrounded by aurora lights that would occasionally drift a certain way which the vine would follow.

Meanwhile, the four judges had adjusted their fighting to suit the present circumstance. Even though Yang Qing's boost was still there, they slightly altered their fighting to accommodate him by lessening the burden of what he had to do especially when it came to dealing with their injuries.

The breadth with which they attacked didn't reduce, because if they let up, they had no doubt that Feng Qiu would capitalize on it and attack Yang Qing. However, even if they didn't decrease their intensity, they did slightly position themselves and also had targeted attacks.

Wei Ying seemed to have taken a more central role in the attack as she used the turtle dragon to restrain Feng Qiu's movements along with her attacks, while Dai Chen and Zhang Qinggee increased the power of their attacks which they used as a way to contain Feng Qiu and not give her room for anything else, while Mo Liwei hanged back a bit even though he still continued with his flurry of spear attacks, with where he was positioned, it seemed to have the direct line to Yang Qing. In case of anything, with his speed, he would be able to reach Yang Qing in a heartbeat.

Despite the five of them having fought together for the first time, the smoothness of their coordination made it seem like they had been fighting together for years. This was why despite Feng Qiu knowing what they were up to, she was helpless to do anything about it. She found it hard to find an opening to exploit in the shortest amount of time not unless she decided to use much more drastic means, which she was hesitant to use especially when she saw the fin floating above them constantly releasing a dark starlight.

But just because she wasn't willing to use taboo arts didn't mean she was willing to let things proceed as they were.

She swiftly evaded Dai Chen's slashing sword attack and used that brief gap to make a small cutting on her palm and flung the blood that was dripping out like it was a hidden weapon attack.

Oscillating blood urchin rain

Hundreds of blood-colored needles that were as thin as a single hair were reproduced from the blood from her palm which she rapidly flung towards the undefended Dai Chen and Zhang Qinggee who had been charging in.

Dai Chen used his swords to defend against the needles that were speedily coming toward him, while Zhang Qinggee used the force generated from her fists to deflect the incoming needles.

Despite the duo doing their best to defend themselves, a few needles still managed to penetrate their defenses. Dai Chen had two needles in him; one on his left shoulder and another on his right forearm, while Zhang Qinggee, had one needle on her left thigh.

The skin around the areas where they had been stabbed started drying into white clay as it slowly spread.

Tsk!

Feng Qiu clicked her tongue when she saw how slow-acting the needles were. When she was at the third stage of the palace realm she used the same technique to turn a first-stage palace realm cultivator,

into a white dried clay figurine, yet now as sixth stage palace realm cultivator, she couldn't replicate the same feat against opponents of a similar cultivation base.

Unwilling to give up, she immediately created more needles to number a thousand, despite the drain producing those needles was on her since they required a bit of her essence to produce.

"This should give me the opening I need," she thought as her cold gaze centered on Yang Qing.

However, her pupils instantly flickered as she detected tremendous undulations of energy suddenly coming from the clone below which suddenly raised its head as it faced her, and then brought its hands together to form a seal that resulted in its body ballooning. It then immediately opened its mouth and blew a green cloudy dust wave in her direction.

The wave had a gentle cool sensation to it, and smelt of spring. The blood needles on Dai Chen and Zhang Qingee started melting when they came in contact with the green particles as their petrified skins regained their normal skin.

Feng Qiu instantly reacted as she launched the blood needles she had formed towards them, with the bulk of it being specially targeted towards Yang Qing.

However, the green cloud dust, clung tightly onto the needles, draining a bit of their energy, while Mo Liwei and Wei Ying stepped in with a joint attack to stop the attack.

The turtle giant grew in size and immediately launched itself sideways putting itself between the needles and the rest while Mo Liwei like a white blinding streak crisscrossed the whole battle field targeting every single needle he flew across.

In less than a minute all the needles had been eliminated as a counter-attack was launched on Feng Qiu.

The blue koi fish around them suddenly doubled in size as it increased its output, while the cleansing melody of the lark increased in fervor, in addition, there was now a raven floating above them constantly spewing out green flames that had a white coating on them.

Feng Qiu's look turned grim, as a multitude of attacks befell her. She was continually barraged by a torrent of attacks with injuries growing by the second.

To respond to the sudden change, her technique switched completely to blood fiend arts. Her opal turned crimson red, with her hair turning red. It looked like it had been refined from blood, while a pungent air of blood surrounded her. It wasn't only her hair that changed as her crimson sword looked like it had been soaked in blood especially when it constantly dripped blood, that was filled with vengeful screams.

The blood needles that she was using in a reserved manner were now being relentlessly produced with the swing of her blade from the blood that was dripping on it.

Blood needles, crimson saber attacks, black miasma, river waves of blood corruption, all sorts of attacks were continuously released by Feng Qiu with no reservations as the opal on her forehead continually let out a crimson glow that grew in intensity almost as a precursor that it was about to birth something.

#### Chapter 437 The crimson red Ba She (1)

The danger levels of the battle increasingly shot up with Feng Qiu adopting the same mode of fighting as the four judges.

Without care for her self-image or the amount of qi she expended, she continuously released high-level blood fiend arts with no pause or reduction in intensity.

Her moves seemed much more natural to her, refined and lethal now that she completely switched purely to blood-fiend arts.

If there were still people who still had doubts as to the guilt of the Ice Emerald Sect, it was all eliminated now.

The air and the ground below them had turned into a purgatory. A blood river flowed below, as it released black miasma corrupting the ground.

The only thing that seemed to stand against it was the grass field that had been formed as a result of Yang Qing's technique, however, even part of it had been corroded by the boiling blood river that slowly encroached on more ground aiming for Yang Qing's plant clone.



On the ground, Yang Qing had decided to use the plant clone to concentrate its abilities on healing the team members rather than split the spell's abilities toward to healing and purification.

Yang Qing had managed to find a high-grade spirit vein that showed signs of evolving into a lesser dragon vein. It was a variant spirit vein that had yin jade liquid forming from it which was how it was able to support the growth of the Wisteria tree and even help it form a spirit.

Just a single drop of Yin jade liquid had the same energy as the output of spiritual qi from a middle-grade spiritual vein, or a barrel's worth of spiritual liquid from a high-grade spirit vein.

Spirit liquid was the liquefaction of spiritual qi, and a substantial amount of spiritual qi was required to form a drop of it. Low-grade spiritual veins were unable to form spirit liquid, and when it came to middle-grade spirit veins, those that could form it, required at least five to ten years to form a cup's worth of spirit liquid, with the time needed to form one reducing the higher up one went on the grades of the spirit veins.

Spirit liquids were a highly coveted substance, and could be considered as natural treasures. They were purer, than spirit stones produced from those veins or the spiritual qi being released, and were also richer in energy.

As long as a weapon was quenched in spirit liquid, it had a high chance of becoming a monarch-grade weapon even if said weapon was crafted by an orange-grade craftsman, and pills and potions of high caliber like the ones used by palace realm experts, as long as the alchemist used spiritual liquid in crafting it, there was a high degree of it being successfully crafted and its quality being stellar.

Spiritual liquids were considered as nature's all-rounded tonic. It was filled with all sorts of wondrous uses. Then above spiritual liquids, were activated spiritual liquids.

Activated spiritual liquids were those spiritual liquids that had an attribute to them, and they could only be formed from spirit veins that were beginning to form a spirit. The process of gaining sentience also alters the aspects of the spirit vein as it begins to gain an identity tied to the nature of the spirit being born.

A spirit vein gaining sentience naturally was purely by luck, though one could induce it by using precious natural resources to try and trigger it, however, the cost was never worth it because, in most instances, the resources it required were above what one would gain even by expending those resources, and spirit vein's that had their sentience triggered through outside interference rather than it occurring organically, had a low ceiling of growth. They would never grow past a lesser dragon vein, despite possibly using an ascendant-grade treasure to induce its metamorphosis.

However, not all things were set in stone, because Yang Qing once read in the bio of an ancient rank 1 sect called the Pine Crane sect, they had a mature dragon vein, and rumor was the spirit vein had been a middle grade one when the sect was just coming up, however, it instantly elevated when the founder was having a dao discussion with a friend of his, that led them into a state of epiphany that lasted 25 years.

The spirit vein ended up soaking the dao light and charm they had been releasing in those 25 years, and it gained a spirit, while the founder broke through to the domain realm after the 25-year epiphany state.

Even Yang Qing didn't know whether that tale was true or not, since inducing a 25-year epiphany state was as rare as stumbling onto a saint-grade treasure, the story at least led credence to the fact that a spirit vein evolving into a lesser dragon vein was easier said than done, which was why he was shocked to find a high-grade spirit vein well on its way into becoming one.

The yin jade spirit liquid it had produced was about the size of a small pond, which showed the spirit vein was just inches away from becoming a lesser dragon vein.

The Wisteria tree managed to cling on to dear life, thanks to that yin jade spirit liquid and the support of the spirit vein.

Even without siphoning the liquid, Yang Qing had ample source of qi to continually produce the green cloud dust for months without worry, which was why he wasn't disturbed by the boiling blood river slowly encroaching on the clone.

He had concentrated a denser green cloud of dust within a 500-meter radius of the clone which continuously produced it as it blew the dust to the fighting going on above.

The green cloud of dust even though its primary attribute was healing, still had suppressive effects on fiendish qi, along with some cleansing abilities, which was how it was able to keep the miasma and blood river on the ground at bay.

...

Above the ground, Yang Qing had been using the green flames produced by the raven to drown out the miasma and eat away at every technique Feng Qiu released, reducing its lethality.

He even had enough energy to spare to attack, which he did by using the orange koi fish to blow orange water droplets toward Feng Qiu. The droplets looked like they had been composed of acid, as Feng Qiu's skin would get scalded every time they made contact, with a pained grimace appearing on her face.

The longer the fight went on, the worse things looked for Feng Qiu. Her body had been repetitively slashed, pummelled, run through, bit through, and burned by the attacks from the five judges, as she healed over and over.

However, after half an hour, the speed with which she healed, showed a decrease, with fatigue slowly creeping on her, while on Yang Qing's end, the universal pearl hanging above Yang Qing, had shrunk and only a quarter of it was left, while he seemed to have expended half his qi, and he wasn't the only one, the other four judges seemed to be in a similar state even with the blue koi fish helping with the expenditure.

The good thing though was, they didn't seem to have any injuries on them even with the tattered robes, and their slightly tired breaths and seeing the battered state Feng Qiu was in, only ignited their fighting wills further.

In tacit unison, they all charged in at the same time pushing their cultivation base and arts to the extreme, aiming to obliterate Feng Qiu in one fell swoop.

Mo Liwei turned into a gleaming silver streak that produced sonic blasts as it barreled toward Feng Qiu, Wei Ying's formation turtle dragon lit up with all sorts of glyphs as it opened its mouth, showing that something utterly terrifying was brewing in its mouth. Dai Chen's two black swords had transformed and turned into two golden blades that released a blinding white-hot radiance. It seemed like he was holding

the power of two stars in his hands ready to detonate them on Feng Qiu, while Zhang Qingge's fist caused the space around it to quake.

The four charged in simultaneously and launched their attack only for the opal in Feng Qiu's forehead to let out a blinding red glow and an explosion sounded as the ground beneath them shook.

The attacks of the four judges were deflected by the explosion as they were blasted back, and the area Feng Qiu stood was covered in dust, with the shadow of a monstrous figure slowly coiling up from it.

#### Chapter 438 The Crimson Red Ba She (2)

An overbearing pressure flooded the area as a dense smell of blood, and corpses flooded the place.

The ground shook like a catastrophic earthquake was happening.

Dai Chen, Zhang Qingge, Wei Ying, and Mo Liwei quickly stabilized as their gazes fell on the cloud of dust slowly clearing up.

"Is that still the founder?!" muttered Yang Qing as he looked at the behemoth creature that had just revealed itself from the dust.

In front of them was a snake whose size made it seem like it could swallow ten whales in a single sitting with no problem.

Just a single scale of the beast was about the size of his whole hand.

Lying before them was an enormous snake with red scales. The red scales had a shine, making it seem like they were made of red gemstones. They glistened with a beauty that was enchanting and deadly.

Its eyes had the same matching red pupils that exhibited the same dangerous allure. They seemed to have a hypnotic effect the more one stared into them.

Cold frosty red mist was constantly being released from the gaps between its scales.

"Is that a Ba She?" asked Dai Chen as he looked at the monstrosity below that was still squirming seemingly adjusting its movements to the ground it was on top of.

Every time it moved, the ground below it would form large fissures, as it caved in from the weight of its movements.

"It would seem so, though this one, I don't know how to put it, seems strangely artificial.." said Wei Ying as a pensive look appeared on her face.

The alarm calls she felt at the start of the sentence became a lot more distinctive when the snake appeared.

In terms of strength, the snake before them, despite its size, the cultivation base still matched that of Feng Qiu, and it was that of a sixth-stage palace realm expert.

However, even though the cultivation base was the same, there was something about it that felt disconcerting. The feeling was ephemeral, which was why Wei Ying was puzzled about it, which was why she went on to share her concerns with the rest of the judges.

They all had pensive looks on their faces, especially Yang Qing, who seemed like he had something on his mind that clicked when he heard Wei Ying's statement.

"I received something from senior Green Cocoon.."

Yang Qing made a pause when he noticed the puzzled look on the judges' faces that seemed like they were asking the question,

"Who is this senior Green Cocoon? How come we haven't heard anything about him or her with a name so unique as that one.."

"Ahem, this senior is the spirit of the saint-grade treasure, the necklace made from the 500,000-year-old silkworm.."

"500,000 year old silkworm...wait! the spirit talked to you?!! when I had it, it was dormant. Blue Universe said it was asleep. At the time I thought it didn't like me much and Blue Universe only made the excuse it slept for years, to make me feel better, but when I asked about the experience of others, they all had the same experience.." Wei Ying said in an incredulous tone, with curiosity shining in her eyes like a curious cat.

"What is it like? How was its voice?" she rapidly fired one question after another.

"Even though I didn't get a response from it, I got a warm motherly feeling from it..It helped me survive the introduction to Senior Blue Universe and Senior Veiled Destiny...." softly muttered Zhang Qingge, with her eyes showing just like Wei Ying, she too was curious about the details of Green Cocoon.

"Oh yeah the enigmatic treasure, I spent my synchronization sharing wine lists with senior Blue Enclave. I wish I had more time.... the recipes he shared were ingenious..." Dai Chen said as he licked his lips with a gluttonous smile appearing on his face.

"She did talk to me once and then went silent.." Mo Liwei suddenly said with a wry smile.

"She?!"

"What did she say?"

"She laughed and said she wished my ancestor was there to see his descendant that has a turtle's persona...she laughed for quite a bit and then dozed off..." Mo Liwei showed he was clearly embarrassed by the tale as he lowered his voice when talking.

The embarrassment grew when he saw the looks the four judges were giving him that seemed to say

"We totally see it.."

"So the senior is a lady? was her voice aged?" asked Wei Ying, which snow balled the conversation into Green Cocoon's personality and other matters that went completely tangent to what Yang Qing wanted to discuss by bringing up the enigmatic saint-grade treasure.

"Do we have time for this?" he wryly thought as he looked at the Ba She that was geared to attack them.

Their conversation barely took half a minute since they were using their palace sense to communicate, but still, Yang Qing felt odd for holding a gossip session in the middle of a fight.

"Did Mao Mao get to them too?" he wondered before he decided to refocus the topic, because he saw the Ba She was well on its way to attack them, and for some reason, he felt it was ill-tempered.

"Senior Green Cocoon left me something in my palace realm which had a slight reaction the moment the burst of red light appeared. It was only for a brief moment before it went back to normal.."

The instant the red glow appeared from the opal, Yang Qing felt the green orb floating dormant next to the green flame tree at the center of his palace realm, suddenly flicker, then it went back to normal.

If Wei Ying hadn't said anything, he would have likely overlooked the flicker and assumed it had something to do with how hard he was pushing his realm as he multi-tasked.

His guess was reasonable since when palace realm cultivators fought, their palace realm would exhibit changes since it was a conduit for their power. The green ocean within his palace realm had been repetitively swaying back and forth with a lot of high tides appearing, while the green flame tree burned with a fiery green flame that reached the skies of his palace realm.

He thought the green orb that had formed as a result of what Green Cocoon gave him, had reacted due to the changes in his palace realm since it was within the vicinity, and Green Cocoon had likely given him to aid him in his cultivation.

It reacting to the movements within his palace realm seemed reasonable enough, that is until Wei Ying shared her doubts.

Chapter 439 The Solitary Figure

"We can't hold off any longer.." Wei Ying grimly said as the other four judges nodded in agreement.

"Just in case we need to be ready to deploy the convocation golden radiant feather in conjunction with the peng's fin with its seals unlocked..At the slightest sign, we act.." she added.

The five judges all took out their gold eagle medallions and formed a seal that instantly made the medallions melt into their palms, forming a gold eagle symbol on the skin at the top of their palms.

"Also I hope the three of you can hold on for half a minute, I'll need Yang Qing's help to deploy a binding array within the turtle dragon strong enough to trap the snake into place..." Wei Ying said as she addressed Mo Liwei, Dai Chen, and Zhang Qingge.

The three nodded as they went to their respective position ready to launch an attack while Yang Qing left his position and flew into the turtle dragon's shell, with the shrunken universal pearl following.

The ba she hissed as it released a pressure that would have likely petrified any man or beast at the early stage of the palace realm and below, with those below the palace realm likely exploding into mists.

However, the four judges remained unmoved even when exposed to such a fearsome pressure. One had the bloodline of a hou, a creature that could swallow even dragons when angered, another had the bloodline of a similar high-ranking mythical beast, the roc, a creature that could easily traverse through one of the most perilous areas in the world, the void space, while the other three had been exposed to scarier sensations than the one the ba she was releasing.

The Ba She as if angry and embarrassed at the underwhelming effects of its display, opened its mouth as it rose up bloating the sky and submerging the area in a sudden darkness with the only source of light being the red glimmering of its scales.

A red lilac gust accompanied by tens of thousands of blood needles that seemed more condensed and deadlier than the ones released by Feng Qiu, were instantly released like an explosion from a volcano, aiming to drown the five judges.



Roc void flight tempest

Mo Liwei pushed his speed and spear intent to the extreme as he launched himself toward the red gust and tens of thousands of needles.

Mo Liwei felt a strange sensation envelop his body as he flew up, spear in hand. His body felt lighter, almost as if it was made of nothing but free-flowing air, his breath was hotter, and his vision had changed.

Time seemed like it had frozen, while he could see wavy purple-green aurora lights flowing from the west to east, as far as his eyes could see, and within that light, there were different channels.

He instinctively knew the purpose of those channels, and that if he dove into one, if he so wished he could reach the closest branch of the Order within two minutes despite it being over 5,000 kilometers away.

However, he also knew his body as it was couldn't handle the dense dark grey mist that was floating within those channels like a viscous substance. But that only applied to the major channels, there were millions of tiny channels floating around the aurora lights, though their distances were shorter, the dark grey star mist contained in them was thin, and Mo Liwei felt it was to the extent he could handle.

"Is this what a pure-blooded Roc sees?" he thought as he gently waved his hands with an incredulous look especially when he saw the complex ancient scripts that were now flashing on each of the feathers that were on the wings in his hands.

He then turned his gaze back to the aurora lights and then the red mist and the tens of thousands of needles that were moving at a snail-paced speed. The needles look like rocks landing on thick mud.

Mo Liwei firmly gripped his spear, as he eyed the millions of tiny channels tracing their points of convergence. Despite them numbering over millions, Mo Liwei only needed to take a short glance, to find the nexus between the channels and the needles.

He gently floated into one of the channels, and like a fish through water, he swam through it at first, then a second later it seemed like the dark grey star mist in that tiny channel seemed to be carrying him to his desired path, and all Mo Liwei had to do was nothing.

Mo Liwei let himself loose, and willingly allowed his body to be carried by the mist, with his wings rapidly flashing with ancient scripts every time they made contact with the grey star mist.

It wasn't long before he arrived at the first needle. He gently stabbed in slow motion with his spear which had also been coated with the dark grey star mist.

The needle broke like weak glass, and Mo Liwei was carried to the next and the next.

To Mo Liwei everything moved slowly but outside, it was a different view from the other judges.

Yang Qing and the rest had already geared themselves for a fight and positioned themselves appropriately especially when they saw the swarming needles. They knew even with Mo Liwei's speed, there would be blood needles that would pass through, due to the sheer numbers, and the explosive power contained in them. So they had to prepare themselves for that eventuality.

However, just as they were readying themselves, they felt a sudden change in air from Mo Liwei, that immediately translated physically. A silver light exploded from his body as his head transformed into that of an eagle-like bird.

It had silver feathers, and silver eyes that had swirling irises that seemed like they could swallow space. It also had a silver beak that had ancient glowing glyphs on it. His wings grew more streamlined and had a grandeur mystic charm about them.

Mo Liwei's figure then seemed like it had vanished, and in a single breath, all the needles had been soundlessly vaporized, while the red lilac mist that was coming toward them vanished like it had been swallowed in something.

When Mo Liwei appeared it was in front of the eyes of the Ba She. A solitary silver figure, that was half the size of the eyes of the massive figure in front of him, however that figure had a presence that dwarfed that massive figure.

## Chapter 440 Binding The Ba She (1)

Splash!

A bursting geyser of blood appeared suddenly from the Ba She's massive eye, with Mo Liwei's figure suddenly disappearing, as he reappeared at the other end.

The Ba She let out a ferocious cry as it wreathed in pain, which resulted in its gigantic body moving all over the place.

The cry created a storm, as it spewed out a bloody mist rain from its mouth. Just like before, thanks to Mo Liwei's interference the bloody mist that was large enough to drown an entire city, vanished.

If it wasn't for the metallic scent of blood that lingered in the air, one could easily assume that the huge blood mist wave was nothing more than an illusion.

"With Mo Liwei handling the defense, I have additional time to make it more versatile.." muttered Wei Ying as she took out a block of wood that had formation glyphs inscribed on it along with four empty triangular slots on each side.

The Ba She's screams stopped after a few seconds while its slashed eye was instantly restored.

It stared warily at Mo Liwei as it geared up another attack. Its red scales opened up releasing more mist that had more purple than red.

From the flowery scent that came from it, it was no doubt poisoned. Other than that, a white fog was produced, along with crystal ice spears that had purple edges.

In its mouth, a high amount of energy was constantly being produced and condensed, as it looked to be brewing something.

Mo Liwei disappeared and reappeared in front of it, but as if it had anticipated his move, the Ba She, rapidly coiled itself at a speed that wasn't expected from such a gargantuan body.

A large spray of blood instantly appeared where its head had been, only now what had been sliced apart wasn't its head, but a part of its tail, which started regenerating albeit at a slow pace after being slashed by Mo Liwei's strike.

The Ba She had coiled its body, burying its head deep within layers of its massively coiled body.

Mo Liwei unwilling to give up, launched more attacks at it creating hundreds of slashed wounds appearing at different parts of its body, causing an eruption of blood in its wake.

That blood produced was so high that a small blood pond formed beneath the Ba She, of course, due to its large frame, the pond may have well been a small puddle in comparison.

But even with the injuries continuously being inflicted on it, the Ba She endured it with a dense amount of energy continuously being gathered at the location where it had hidden its head.

No matter what Mo Liwei did, it refused to budge and just endured. The two sides seem to have been locked at a stalemate.

Mo Liwei's speed may have increased tremendously, but the attack power though it had also experienced a significant increase, was not to the extent that it would allow him to run the massive Ba She through.

If it was not for the void energy coated on his spear, he had doubts if he could have easily punctured through the scales and part of its flesh as easily as he did, but even then with the help of the void energy, all he could do was pierce about 50 inches in, which was tiny considering how large the Ba She was.

While the damage was still significant, due to the number and the presence of the void energy that slowly ate away at its flesh, corroded its blood essence and qi, it still wasn't much in the larger scheme of things, seeing how it was still able to heal the wounds he caused, and the place that seemed vulnerable was hidden beneath layers and layers of scales.

Dai Chen and Zhang Qingge, instantly stepped in as they launched attacks of their own to try and create a hole in its defense.

They could feel whatever it was brewing from its mouth wasn't something they wanted to face.

A storm of attacks instantly flooded the coiled Ba She, with a rain of blood being produced in the wake of it but no matter how horrendous the attack the Ba She did not move, however, with the way things were going, it did not look like it could adopt the turtle technique indefinitely.

The wounds grew deeper and deeper with each passing second, and the three judges concentrated their attacks in one singular location of its body increasing the penetrative damage they could cause in the shortest amount of time.

It released a storm of purple-red mist and the crystal ice spears in an explosive attack to try and reduce their speed.

The ice crystal and the purple-red mist were not targetted but were instead released in all directions in an effort to surround its body like a form of outer protection and also hinder the movements of the three judges.

However, with Mo Liwei leading the pincer attack, he managed to create a clear path within that crystal ice spear storm, for the other two, and the three of them continued with their attacks.

With the way things were developing, it seemed it would only be a matter of time before they pierced a way through to its head.

Meanwhile, Wei Yin looked like she had just about finished carving the last glyph on a triangular block of wood that she inserted into the log littered with glyphs.

"Yang Qing, I'll need your help to pump spiritual qi into my array, also I've added an assimilation rune that should allow the turtle dragon to incorporate your yang white flames.

I know it's a lot but I need you to pump spiritual qi while also releasing the yang white flames, while I handle the binding part, which should make it easy for the three of them to behead it..."

"Whatever you need, senior Wei Ying.."

When she had called him over for his help, he could more or less guess the reasons for it.

Wei Ying proceeded to place the log of wood into the central rune located at the center of the shell of the turtle dragon.

The moment it was in place the glyphs all lit up as green light traveled from the log into the shell lighting up other runes; four to be exact.

Wei Ying took out four other items from her storage ring. They were all materials that were in the monarch grade but one in particular drew Yang Qing's gaze.

It looked to be a part of a turtle shell, and from the lingering energy it released, it seemed to have been taken from the shell of a turtle that was in the late stage of the palace realm.

The air around the scale seemed to weave and bend, as it released dense wood and water energy.

"Is that from an eighth-stage bluevine turtle?" Yang Qing curiously asked, as he hastily tried to cover up the slight gluttonous gleam in his eyes.

He, Feng Xin, and the king of the White Baobab kingdom had once each contributed 100 high-grade spirit stones and commissioned an information organization to compile a list of 1,000 spirit beasts and spiritual herbs that were famed for their tastes.

The list took four years to compile, and the trio sampled a few of the listed ingredients to confirm if that organization had done their job well, and they did.

The bluevine turtle had made it into the list.

