

Daily life 461

Chapter 461 Caldera Of Corpses

A certain corner, within the ruins of the Ice Emerald Sect,

"It seems master has already recovered the sarcophagus blood bead he had given that old hag Feng Qiu. tsk, here I thought I'd get to have it.."

A young man with a guileless look on his face, apricot robes, and black hair neatly tied in a daoist top knot stood within the ruins of the Ice Emerald Sect as his gaze fell toward the center of it.

He gently stretched his hand forward before he quickly pulled it back, with a grimace on his face.

His hand had been burnt to the bone with a sizzling sound that released black smoke constantly produced from his burnt hand.

A red incandescent glow was produced from his bones, and his flesh regrew back.

"What a feisty formation.." he muttered as he warily stared at the ward before him filled with complex runes and white flames moving in between those runes.

The ward flickered and disappeared as if it was never there.

The young man stared at the area the ward had appeared for a few more seconds seemingly debating something before he finally shrugged his shoulders in defeat.

"Forget it, it would take considerable expenditure to break it and I doubt the Order would leave anything worthwhile in there anyway. By the look of things, they even cleansed the entire area. Tsk, it's a pity about that bead. I wonder why master treated her so well, despite her being nothing more than a collector..." he turned with his hands behind his back and disappeared like a gust of wind.

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Within a secret grotto in the southern continent,

A mountain tall enough to blot out the sky filled an entire grotto surrounded by red vapor. The mountain looked like a volcanic mountain, except where there should have been lava overflow, it was deep red liquid, that constantly released fumes in the air slowly trickling down the mountain.

As the liquid moved down the mountain, red and purple glyphs would constantly flicker from the surface of the black mountain.

The grotto had a red moon above it, and there was no other object in sight except the mountain, however, within that mountain was a different case.

At its caldera, there were piles of corpses that looked to be stewing within the bubbling red blood. The corpses were huge in size an number to the point that they formed mountains of their own within that caldera.

The corpses were of different varieties; there were spirit beasts such as the Ba She which were bigger and released a much more terrifying aura than the one the founder of the Ice Emerald Sect had released when she had transformed. In terms of size and stature, she had lost out completely. Other than the Ba She, there were countless other spirit beasts each more ferocious than the previous from avianic spirit spirit beasts, to reptilian ones, to mammalian ones. There was a massive bear the size of a small hill, its body covered with the black aura of destruction. The air around it trembled and cracked just from its presence. A bird that released the most savage aura that corpses around it would constantly be minced.

However, in terms of disposition, they all paled to five corpses, which even in death, had a majestic air about them. The five corpses were similar, though they varied in color; two were black and three were red. The three corpses had the shape of a snake, except unlike snakes, their scales carried an ethereal and otherworldly air around them.

Even though they were dead, spiritual qi danced around them almost in joy, while their head, was that of a dragon, and their eyes even dead, radiated with unviolable majesty. They were flood dragons, monsters born with the strength of a palace realm cultivator at birth, and each capable of toppling an

entire nation. They could command the winds and the rain with a single swipe of their claws, creatures with the strongest essence of the true dragons.

Based on their monstrous sizes and the half-formed horns the five flood dragons had just reached maturity which meant they all had the strength of a domain expert and a late stage at that, however, here they lay, dead, their bodies slowly being dissolved by the boiling red liquid below them.

In addition, within the pile of corpses, there were human corpses that had their skins dissolved. Their bones released a golden glow and had dao markings on them, which made them shine like precious jade ascendant-grade treasures. The glow and dao markings showed that the corpses belonged to domain experts, and they numbered in the hundreds.

Such a scene would send shockwaves around the continent, as the caldera housed the corpses of terrifying beings able to topple a nation with the palm of their hands and eradicate oceans with another, but they were nothing but food for the boiling red liquid below and in the midst of that harrowing scene was a red shining thorn tree in the center of it.

The red thorn tree was just two meters tall and was filled with millions of palm-sized fruits of different colors. The boiling liquid below it refining the corpses around it seemed to have originated from that tiny tree, and sitting cross-legged beneath was an elderly man with a refined appearance, donning pure black robes.

The elderly man looked to be in his early sixties, white hair smoothly flowing down his back, and irises that burned with blue-black flames. Even with his look, he had lustrous smooth white skin, that made it look like it had been crafted from the purest jade that removed all embellishments and impurities.

Despite being surrounded by enormous corpses that bore enough pressure to create a hole in the earth, the elderly man's presence was accommodating and all-encompassing to the area, as if he could contain an entire world within himself.

However, that same elderly man had four holes in his body, that constantly leaked out golden red blood that had tinges of icy blue air in it. Just a single drop of that blood made the ground below quake in an explosion.

The wounds had an overwhelming and catastrophic energy that could destroy the world surrounding them, which was what prevented the wounds from closing up.

However, despite the severity of the wounds, the elderly man had an indifferent and calm look on his face, seemingly unaffected by it as he held a red thorn in his hand.

"For an upstart, this organization has some rather skilled individuals..."

Chapter 462 Relationships And Enemies, Old And New (1)

"Feng Qiu was useless to the end. Even with the support I offered her, the best she could reach was the sixth stage of the palace realm. Utterly useless...How far have I fallen, if the best help I can get is third-rate rubble?"

The cultivators she got did little to help with my current predicament, and she went and got herself killed before she could even find more arts tied to the Frozen Serenity cannon.

The arts she delivered and the ones I have are barely enough to help me deduce the coordinates of the main grotto of the Frozen Serenity Sect. I need the sovereign tears ice vine fruit if I want a chance of healing these damn wounds.." the elderly man said as he eyed the four holes in his torso that released a calamitous aura.

"110,00 years and it still burns with the same venom as when I got it from that qilin. If that twerp Liu Gen had stayed the course, the wounds would have already been healed, but he went and got full of himself just because he reached the soul formation realm.

And what did that get him? With his puny strength, and a cultivation art I helped him improve to the gold grade, he thought he could dominate the world.

He got slapped around for all his bluster, some crimson wave that was. That kid..."

The elderly man sighed as a rare sign of emotion appeared on his face.

"Such a pity, he had enough talent to even stand out even during the heyday of our sect. But with the means of that kid, I'm sure he is still alive somewhere.

Liu Gen you twerp, you still owe me, and I'll be collecting on a part of that debt today.." the elderly man said as he pinched the thorn in his hand that turned into a red bead filled with inscrutable runes.

" While that kid may have eliminated my abilities to track him through the art I helped him make, the others are not as skilled...three members of that sect seemed like they survived. One of them should be enough to deflect their attention.

You should be thankful you twerp that I'm only going for the one in the domain realm.." the elderly man said as he flicked the bead in the air.

It let out a radiant red light and immediately vanished in the air.

"That should be enough to mislead them...The Order.." a complicated expression flashed in his eyes as he mentioned the name.

"I thought nothing of them at first, but they are too strange. That kid, it seemed like he had the aura of that jade enlightened arc butterfly.

If it wasn't for the restoration abilities of that butterfly and her sect, we would have won the battle back then.

But how is she alive? I was sure she died to the ancient..." he had a bewildered look as she tried to recall past events.

"Then there was that swordsman and that sneaky old man. Even back then, they would have stood out. How did an upstart like them find such powerful people in such a short time?

We had enough talent and foundation back then to run amock in this continent, even with enemies all around, but even with our means, we couldn't spew out so many talents in such a short amount of time.

Are they supported by remnants of the past? It's the only thing that explains it, but who? All of them should have died back then, down to their roots.

This is all too strange, at my state, I can't afford to get entangled with them yet.." the elderly man muttered before he went on to close his eyes in meditation.

The red boiling liquid below him started surging, rising, and falling with every breath. It released a mystical radiance that covered the corpses around it, the red abyssal thorn tree, and the elderly man.

With every corpse dissolved, the tree would vibrate, and produce a red pearl fruit which would then drop disperse into mist that covered the old man's wounds.

Thunderous explosions would be produced every time the mist came in contact with the wound, as an auspicious air accompanied by an ancient-sounding roar was produced from the wound. A loud tearing sound would be produced immediately after.

"Mmh.." the elderly man suddenly opened his eyes with a surprised look on his face.

A rusted old sword that was broken halfway immediately appeared in his hands as he hurriedly stood up.

A murderous cry was produced from the sword that brought with it the illusions of an ocean and mountain of blood, and corpses. The corpses were mythical creatures, powerful spirit beasts, and soul-formation cultivators.

The sword released a dark star cloud that had the aura of terror, decay, and corrosion. The air around its rusty edge was torn apart by its malevolent aura.

The red abyssal tree behind the elderly man let out an eerie black and red light as a majestic red rune was produced from one of the tips of its branches. The rune was in the shape of a scythe, a grim reaper's scythe.

A blinding white light carrying the momentum of a world behind, and the shattering force of a galaxy appeared in the reflection of that elderly man's irises, which turned grim at what he was staring at.

Bang!

A thunderous explosion reverberated all around the grotto bringing enough force to make it seem like the world was ending.

A red barrier filled with glyphs appeared around the grotto to block the incoming mystical white light, but it shattered after a brief struggle as the light charged head-on toward the caldera illuminating everything in its path.

The mountain which was filled with nothing but gloomy red light, now had a light of dawn, shining on it, tearing away at the gloominess and the miasma around.

Boom!

The elderly man swung his sword at the incoming mystical light producing a red-black streak with his swing.

The space was torn apart as easily as slicing through butter, revealing the grey depths of the void.

Chapter 463 Relationships And Enemies, Old And New (2)

The mystical light and the red-black scythe-like light from the elderly man's attack collided bringing an even more calamitous explosion and destruction.

The red boiling liquid below got eviscerated along with the corpses that were around. The red scythe-like glyph from the red abyssal thorn tree sprung into action when the collision force produced by the two attacks, spilled over to the flood dragons.

It obliterated any spilling energy that went in that direction.

After a few seconds, the sounds of armageddon silenced when the elderly man was able to slice through the mystical light.

However, immediately after the light disappeared, he vomited blood, as the wounds on his torso flared up with blue lightning flashes and cracks spreading from the holes.

He hurriedly plucked about a dozen red pearl fruits from the red abyssal thorn tree and speedily consumed them.

The cracks that were rapidly spreading around his body were halted and slowly started receding back. They only disappeared completely when the elderly man consumed, one red pearl fruit that stood out from the rest. It had a golden light flowing through it, along with dao marks.

He had a frosted expression as he ate it, leaving only four similar-looking pearl fruits on the tree.

"Dammit!!!!!!!" he roared as he angrily punched the ground below him creating a massive crater below him which immediately closed up from a radiant glow of the red abyssal thorn tree.

"I'm sorry about that, old friend. I lost myself.." the elderly man said.

"We need to change locations.." he added.

The red abyssal thorn tree as if in agreement with him, produced another red light, which was more intense, as its body got covered by dense ancient runes.

The space trembled and then split apart revealing the dark grey void. The whole mountain range disappeared into it, with the space closing up.

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A few seconds earlier, skies of the southern continent, stood two men, one old with a kind-looking face, the other young, with white hair and an otherworldly charm to him.

"Mmh.." the elderly man's gaze was trained in a particular direction with a deep piercing look.

"What is it, brother Zhu Qiu?" asked the white-haired young man.

"Our friend is a rather skilled one. They have already altered the location and deflected it elsewhere with enough skill to fool most soul formation experts. Even I am struggling. I can only vaguely detect the original placing.." said the elderly man as he formed a seal with one of his hands, creating golden leaves that gently and hazily floated in alternating directions.

"He must be pretty skilled for him to have even the skills to mislead your detection. But he hasn't yet done it, has he?

How long can you pinpoint him?" asked the white-haired youth as he took out an azure-colored long sword that looked like it had been carved from the skies.

"About three seconds.."

"That should be more than enough time to send them a little gift for all their troubles. I'd feel a little indignant if I came all this way for nothing.."

"You're sure to cause a commotion again Tao Wen, like the last time your sword was brought out.."

"Can't be helped. They almost killed our young saplings, I have to get them back for that, even if only a little, besides, with the way things have been going off late, we need to remind the continent we are still there, otherwise more injuries and death will come for them.."

"Well, when you put it like that, even I need to put my old bones to work before I retire.."

Behind the kind-looking elderly man, a massive radiant colored illusory jade tree appeared. The jade tree looked like it could hold up the heavens and the earth.

A burst of radiant light filled with dao lights surrounded it as it shot that light in a particular direction.

Seeing the light, the white-haired young man whose demeanor and air were casual suddenly transformed as he pulled his sword over his shoulders with the tip floating over his hand almost as if he was aiming at something.

An ethereal light surrounded him, as the sword in his hand let out a joyous hum that echoed for hundreds of thousands of kilometers from where he was.

"A million starlights .." he calmly muttered as he jabbed his sword forward.

A sublime sword cry was produced followed by a brilliant white light that neatly sliced apart the space everywhere it moved exposing the deep void. The dark grey mist contained within evaporated from being touched by that light. Were Mo Liwei here, he would be gobsmacked. Just a tiny bit of the mist could erode his body in an instant if not handled carefully, but the light produced by the white-haired young man's strike had disintegrated every single void mist in its trail.

Within that darkness, there had been humongous whale-sized creatures releasing auras powerful enough to drive a palace realm expert crazy, but they all fled without question when that light appeared.

A flash of white light carrying the force and momentum of an entire galaxy illuminated cities, kingdoms, empires, sects, the void, bringing with it a terrifying pressure that alarmed old monsters in the soul-formation realm to young children with no cultivation bases.

All quivered in terror beneath that radiant light that flashed and disappeared before their eyes could register, leaving behind a torn space, and overbearing pressure as evidence it was there.

All who saw it knew that whoever or whatever was being targetted, was surely to be obliterated to dust.

The light traveled for hundreds of thousands of kilometers, traversing large territories of land and water, before it disappeared into the void.

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Present time

"They have disappeared.." muttered the kind-looking elderly man as the jade tree behind him disappeared.

"I figured as much, even my intent was hazy in pinpointing them. I think we need to inform the president about it. There was an uncanny aura, one belonging to the Ghost Lamp Saccorhagus Sect..." said the white-haired young man with a grim expression on his face.

The kind-looking elderly man who had an easy-going air to him suddenly turned stiff as his pupils trembled at the name.

"Those madmen?! They're still alive?!" he said as a murderous look appeared on his face.

The air around him vibrated from his fury as the clouds above him darkened with a calamitous power brewing from it.

"It could be just one of their grounds, but with the means those guys had, I would not be surprised if some survived.

The president and the others, regularly scour the continent in search of any survivors, but none has been caught.."

"We can't let that blight resurface, I don't think the continent can take what happened back then.." the kind-looking elderly man said with a somber expression.

He waved his sleeves and a space vortex appeared with the two walking in.

Chapter 464 Ma Yuan Receives The News (1)

Yang Qing sighed as he stepped out of the teleportation portal within the administration hall of the headquarters.

Every branch's teleportation array was linked to the headquarters via the administration hall. After arriving instead of feeling the relief he usually felt whenever he came back from field excursions, all he felt now was a heaviness throughout his whole body.

However, he firmed himself to do what needed to be done. If it wasn't for the little brief respite at the former grounds of the now-removed Clear Sword River Sect, he wasn't sure if he'd have the guts to do what needed to be done.

He went to the deployment department and completed the procedures for returning back, one of which was the removal of the protection of the saint-grade treasure, the Voyager Bell from him, so there could be space for others to use who may be leaving.

After he was done, he took out his communication talisman and called Zheng Hu to have him bring Ma Yuan to his abode so he could give him the news.

As he was making his way to the Deer Mountain branch, Yu Gen had already called him to inform him he had already taken Ma Yuan's daughter, Ma Ling to the Medicine Valley to have her examined and have the damages done to her by the memory-altering gu, repaired.

Yang Qing could only hope the extent of the damage done to her wasn't high to the point that she couldn't even remember her father. He wasn't sure Ma Yuan could take it along with the news of the loss of his wife.

Luckily, even if the damage was extensive, with the expansive means of the Medicine Valley, they would be able to restore her completely since they have dealt with countless cases similar to hers over the years.

Yang Qing slowly made his way to his abode. He had told Zheng Hu to bring Ma Yuan over after half an hour, which should give him enough time to prepare himself. Though the preparation part of it was just a lie he told himself, to give himself as much time as possible.

He spent all that time sighing and changing seating positions on his terrace, trying to find the perfect posture, and the perfect seat to deliver the news. Like the seat, and the sitting position could somehow alleviate his nerves and maybe even help Ma Yuan receive the news better.

Sadly, after thirty whole minutes of trying, he failed to find it. With Ma Yuan having already been brought over, Yang Qing let out another sigh, one of the millions he had let out since the day started, as he resolved himself to just go with it.

Ma Yuan's face and his whole body demeanor spoke of someone who was a bundle of nerves and anxiety.

Countless emotions flashed through his eyes, but only two were the loudest, that was worry and hope.

Zheng Hu had not told him anything on the way over, only that Yang Qing had come back and wanted to see him.

On the way over, all he could think of was from today, he would either be reunited with his wife and daughter, or he would get to experience a hellish torture that would be a thousand times worse than what he had experienced in the past seven years.

His heart drummed with every step he took till he saw Yang Qing's abode, with his steps getting heavier and heavier. His ears started ringing, his palms sweating, he felt nauseous, his body was heating up, his tongue dried up, and his mind seemed to be blanking out.

He had envisioned this moment every single waking moment for the past seven years, and now that it was here, he felt like he couldn't take it.

"Judge Yang Qing..." his voice cracked up as he greeted Yang Qing with a daoist salute.

"Please have a seat, Ma Yuan.." Yang Qing gently said.

Yang Qing infused his words with his qi which now had an increased calming effect thanks to the opportune transformation he had experienced earlier from the living organisms that were next to the courtyard of the sect master of the Clear Sword River Sect.

He hoped qi's serenity effect, could help Ma Yuan, even if it was only just a little. The action seemed to have visible effects, as Ma Yuan's hands stopped shaking, and he was less fidgety with his body movements, even though one could still see the anxiety in him, which was understandable.

"Ma Yuan, there's no easy to say this, other than to just say it. Your daughter is alive, and we brought her back with us, however, there were some complications with her so I had her taken to our Medical Hall. They should be able to resolve whatever issues she has. I can guarantee that.

As for your wife.."

Yang Qing took a momentary pause before he decided to take the plunge,

"She was dead before we arrived. She died a month ago, and she left something for you.." Yang Qing somberly said as he took out the white jade talisman with her recording from his storage ring.

From the reflection of his eyes, Ma Yuan had frozen solid. At first, there was a slight smile, but when Yang Qing dropped the bombshell of his wife, his smile froze halfway along with his body.

His body twitched as his eyes rolled back.

"Seems like he has fainted.." muttered Zheng Hu with a somber expression.

Yang Qing sighed as he picked Ma Yuan up and went and placed him beneath the green flame tree. The green flame tree had refreshing and soul-soothing effects, along with restraining effects on mental demon seizures.

Yang Qing and Zheng Hu sat next to him in silence without saying anything as they waited for him to come to.

It took almost two hours before Ma Yuan regained consciousness.

The moment he came to, his face instantly paled with eyes wide open, lips and body trembling.

"She's, she's, she's dead?!" he asked softly almost as if afraid if he said it loud enough he would trigger her death.

"She is.." Yang Qing softly answered.

Ma Yuan went into a daze as he softly muttered.

"Why?" over and over with his head facing downwards as his shoulders started trembling.

His voice choked up, and tears started dripping from his ears.

"What did she leave me?" he weakly asked, with his face still facing the ground supported by his hand.

Yang Qing contemplated how to answer it before he said,

"Her final words, and her hopes for you.."

He gently slid the white jade talisman to his feet and he slowly left the area along with Zheng Hu.

They went to the terrace, leaving Ma Yuan to his thoughts and the talisman.

Chapter 465 Ma Yuan receives the news (2)

Ma Yuan remained in the same posture beneath the green flame tree. He was seated, his head bent down and one of his palms supporting it, leaving one free hand.

Tears continually poured out of him, as he muffled his cries. If he started yelling, he was afraid he would never stop.

"Shun Fei, why did you leave?" he weakly said with a cackled voice.

He still made no attempt to reach for the talisman. Every time he would try to reach out, fear would overwhelm him, and his hands would refuse to move.

He stared at it, and before he knew it, the talisman seemed to have transformed into the visage of his wife. Her cold, stern, breath-taking face that hid her emotions, those limpid black eyes that hid a curiosity in them, and a presence that he could never forget.

The years he spent with her, the laughs, the occasional ice beatings he received when he pushed her buttons one too many times, and the beautiful bundle of life they created in their daughter. Those ten or so years would probably be the best his life could ever be.

When his memory reached his daughter, his foggy mind seemed to suddenly clear up.

"Ma Ling is alive.." he muttered to himself, as he slowly stretched his hands and finally picked up the talisman.

He held it hesitantly before he firmed himself to listen to its contents. No matter how afraid he was, he had to listen to her last words. It was the least he could do since he couldn't protect her.

"I hope it's not a one-worded message, with her calling me a blockhead.." he said as he smiled wryly.

"But knowing her, I wouldn't be surprised if she did.." he added as he took a deep breath.

Ma Yuan pulled spiritual qi from the surroundings to use it to activate the recording white jade talisman. Even though his dantian was shattered, he could still pull in spiritual qi from his surroundings, it's just that his body would be unable to store it or refine it without a dantian.

But pulling enough qi to activate the white jade talisman was something he was more than capable of doing, especially with his sturdy foundations of having a gold body, and had reached the core formation realm with a blue core. His aptitude at gathering spiritual qi and manipulating qi was still there, though what he could do with it had dropped multiple levels, without a dantian in place.

Ma Yuan nervously took a gulp, with expectant eyes that had sadness in them as the talisman let out a soft white glow from the runes inscribed on it being triggered from the input of qi.

His eyes gleamed and trembled when he heard his wife's voice.

"Ma Yuan,

You're a blockhead.."

Ma Yuan flinched in trepidation on reflex as he heard those first lines. They were all too familiar to him, and how he would always make a break for it when he heard those words from intentionally pushing her buttons before he got slammed by his wife's ice hammers.

He had an embarrassed smile when he realized his cowardly reaction before he perked up his ears to the rest of the message.

It didn't take long before he heard the entirety of the message.

He had a gentle gaze as he stared at the talisman in his hands, with a weak but mirthful smile. Even though there was sorrow, there was relief and comfort in him.

"This was a pleasant surprise, Li Liu... Thank you for an amazing life too. You were an exceptional wife, too good for me, and an even exceptional mother. It's sad Ma Ling won't get to have you in her life as she grows older, and even maybe have kids of her own.

I will always remember you too, to the end, and I'll make sure Ma Ling does too.

You've always been unreasonable, but I promise, I will live, Li Liu, for you, for our daughter, and for myself.." He said with a deep sigh as he stared at the sky above him, envisioning his wife's rare smile.

"Am I a shameless braggart though?" he wondered as he rubbed his nose with a bitter smile.

He slowly got up and gently and carefully stored away the white jade talisman. Other than his daughter, that talisman had become the greatest treasure he could ever have. He would hold onto it until his last breath, continually listening to it, on easy days and especially on the hard days, which he was sure would be plenty.

He couldn't help but smile when he realized his wife knew him too well. Without her encouragement and plea, he knew himself too well, and he would have likely given in to the pain of the grief and chose to accompany her.

While he would accompany his daughter until she was safe and better, he knew he would be no different than a living dead, present but continually absent with the memories of his wife, counting the days until he reunited with her, ignoring everything else.

But now, no matter how hard it would be, he had to present for his daughter, and also for himself, to live his life, which he wasn't sure what it would be.

He had no cultivation base or connections that he could use.

"I'll just take it a step at a time.." he muttered to himself as he slowly made his way to where Yang Qing and Zheng Hu were.

"Thank you.." Ma Yuan instantly said as he performed a deep bow toward Yang Qing.

"There's no need for that.." Yang Qing said as he helped him up.

"I'm sorry I couldn't save your wife..." he added with a look of regret.

"You did more than enough.." Ma Yuan said with a smile, which seemed to have lessened the weight on Yang Qing's mind and heart.

"What happened to Ma Ling? Can I see her?" Ma Yuan desperately asked.

With his mind cleared up a bit he want nothing more than to be next to his daughter.

Yang Qing went on to explain the matter concerning the memory-altering gu and the repercussions to look out for.

However, Ma Yuan wasn't hit hard by the news nor surprised as he had expected him to be. It turned out Ma Yuan had seen his fair share of memory implant gu, and when his wife and daughter were taken, he had expected whoever took her, to do something like that.

Though he was still worried about the extent of damage done to his daughter, the worry wasn't that high especially when he got the guarantee that his daughter would be monitored and healed by cultivators from the Order.

After finishing the explanation, Yang Qing and Ma Yuan made their way to the Medical Valley.

Chapter 466 Medical Valley

The Medicine Valley is considered one of the most important places in the whole Order. It's because of its existence that the Order can conduct its affairs in maintaining some semblance of peace and structure around the continent, despite the severe manpower shortage and a large area to supervise.

Other than training, and using every resource they have to ensure the growth of all who step through their doors, the existence of the Medicine Valley was another key component towards the growth of the Order.

The cultivation world being as dangerous as it was, even with high talent coming through its doors, the Order would not have survived as long as it has, without the presence of the Medicine Valley, especially during the early years when the Order was just making its presence known.

Wars were still constant, and the Order was spread thinner than it was now, it had less manpower then, and its name did not have as much deterrent as it did now.

Its members were constantly in fights that left them injured, despite their skills. There was a limit to where skill could get you if you had enemies everywhere you turned, and within the rank of those enemies, there were those who had the same skill level as you, or those who were even stronger.

In such instances, you need something to ensure your survival, in case the artifacts and other means fail, and that something was the establishment of the Medicine Valley.

The Order poured countless resources, time, and thought into its establishment. It was done with the same care as the Institute.

They did mass recruitment, and constantly scoured the continent for those with wood, water element affinity, and special physiques that suited alchemy, herbology, or medicine. Delved into ruins, mysterious realms in search of lost legacies tied to alchemy and medical techniques, exploration of the Millionsfold treasure ocean, the Bestial churning sea, and the Blue Origin ocean in search of a variety of herbs and unique treasures, visiting forbidden grounds. They have continuously researched ways of merging different schools of cultivation with medicine, herbology, and alchemy. These included arrays, geomancy spirit beast zoology, and the like.

Domain experts and even soul formation experts were constantly involved in the planning phases, as they monitored every single aspect of it day and night.

Every measure possible was thought of and acted upon. The Order poured every resource and time it could get its hands on into creating a haven of life. Where no matter how bad the injuries, you could be a single breath away from death, but the moment you stepped into the Medicine Valley, you instantly regain your life, losing your body is nothing more than a flesh wound, poisoning and curses are nothing but allergies that the Medicine Valley can quickly remedy.

The Medicine Valley was meant to serve as an anchor to those from the Order. As long as it was there, no matter what happened out there, and how bad it got, the Valley provided comfort and solace to every Order member, because they knew as long as it existed, it was like they had a second life.

To date, no matter the heights it reached, the Order still continuously pumps more resources, and other things, to ensure its continual development and growth, till it becomes an unrivaled land of healing, one unlike any other, even capable enough to dwarf the Universal Saint Garden Sect, a rank 1 sect, unrivaled in its fame for healing techniques, especially its founder, who had a lucky encounter in a grotto and ate a fruit that modified his body to form three dantians matching three elements; water, wood, and earth. His medical techniques were unrivaled and renowned far and wide.

Yang Qing had never visited that rank 1 sect, but in his own biased opinion, he felt the Medicine Valley of the Order did not lose out to the Universal Saint Garden Sect.

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It didn't take them long to reach the Medicine Valley. Yang Qing used the teleportation array in his office to take him and Ma Yuan to the location.

The Valley was shrouded with millions of protection wards, but with his medallion, he got in easily. He also had a medical valley special token, courtesy of the valley master, in their bid to recruit him. It allowed him entry as he pleased, even in areas with stringent requirements.

The Valley was like his backyard. He even wondered how much latitude the Valley Master had been given in the area, for her to unilaterally give out something like that token easily with no oversight or vote.

..

Ma Yuan's jaws dropped when he saw the Valley. Whatever he had imagined the place would look like, the place had completely subverted his imagination.

It required no introduction for him to know this was the Medicine Valley, even a blind man would know the moment they stepped in.

The area was true to its name, a valley, a verdant never-ending valley. It was saturated with dense spiritual qi, which was so dense to the point it had turned into a fine mist that had stunning colors produced from the gentle glow of the sun above.

The mist nourished the herbs below and invigorated the lives of all who stepped into the valley. Ma Yuan could feel a sense of calmness and tranquility from the moment he stepped in.

Whether it was the dense mist above, the musical chirp of birds, the flowing water from the rivers that were meandering all over the valley, or the gentle breeze. They all worked in concert to promote tranquility and serenity to all in the area.

Ma Yuan saw countless fields, some looked man-made and others looked like they were by natural occurrence. In each of them, the quality of the spiritual herbs was the highest he had ever seen.

The ethereal shine they had, the air they released around them, all clear markers that every single herb he came across whether it was the silver bitterweed, a mortal rank herb, the blue river dewberry- an earth rank herb, turtle starfall orchid- a sky rank herb, they all had one thing in common.

As per Ma Yuan's judgment from extensive years as a farmer, he could tell that each one of them was at the utmost limit in quality one could achieve in them.

He took great pride in his skills in herbology, especially in the propagation and care of spiritual plants, but he felt that pride instantly shatter when he saw the countless fields before him.

There were thousands and thousands of fields filled with spiritual herbs as far as the eye could see, and every single one of them had the same degree of quality.

Chapter 467 Coalescing Tranquility Rivers Of Healing

Ma Yuan couldn't replicate their quality with even three or four spiritual herbs, let alone match the thousands of herbs in each field.

He couldn't help but be awed by the scenery before him. It took great skill beyond his imagination to achieve such results. From the quality, down to how they were even able to grow a huge variety of spiritual herbs in a single field.

From his experience, spiritual herbs were similar to spirit beasts. They would always try to dominate one another in competition for territory, and the higher the quality of the spiritual plant, the higher the odds something like that would happen.

A top-quality spiritual herb would stifle the growth of other spiritual herbs around it, and those that do grow around it, are 'slaves' to that one herb. All they do is provide resources for it to grow stronger, but all around, Ma Yuan saw countless herbs growing together, of similar quality.

"We are headed this way.." Yang Qing said pulling him out of his stupor as he pointed to their left.

Along the way, Ma Yuan was repeatedly awed. He had lost count of the number of times he had released gasps of shock, or his eyes widening at something he thought impossible.

Mixed with the fields were beautifully crafted courtyards and pavilions made of wood. He had no idea of the material, but the craftsmanship, detail, and care were the same level as the care and attention afforded to the spiritual herbs.

He saw countless cultivators rushing about to the different courtyards and pavilions, whilst some made their way to the countless fields and natural forests around them.

Every one of those cultivators had the same colored robe, which was a robe that had a mix of green and yellow.

Ma Yuan assumed them to be the workers of the place, because of the rich herbal scent wafting from their bodies, and they all seemed to have a similar quality to them, something he had detected from Yang Qing too, when he was being healed by him, an abundant gentle breadth of life.

Ma Yuan managed to spot what he presumed were patients outside of the courtyards they passed by. However, he was surprised to find they were not from the Order. Their robes varied in colors along with the emblem on them.

He recognized the symbols of some of them as some belonged to merchant organizations and sects from outside the Order, while some as an itinerant cultivator himself, he could recognize one of his own at a glance.

"Wondering why there are outsiders here?" Yang Qing calmly asked to Ma Yuan's puzzled look, who nodded at Yang Qing's question.

"Well, the valley offers treatment to outsiders at an affordable rate. One is to create goodwill, the other, its experience and exposure.." Yang Qing softly said as he admired the youths rushing about.

If it wasn't for their ruthless working schedule, he may have been one of them.

"Experience?"

"Yes, for them.." Yang Qing said as he pointed to the young cultivators in green robes.

"For them to grow into their talents, they need as much hands-on experience as they can, and well when it comes to us, sadly they may not get it, because any injuries and maladies we get are bound to be something beyond their means to handle, which is why we accept those from outside the order to be purposefully handled by them.

The number of patients they handle will never dwindle, and the cases will be varied because their patients are all from all different walks of life, from different regions around the continent, each with their own medical story waiting for the young practitioners of the Medical Valley of the Order to unravel.

They get exposed to all sorts of scenarios and maladies, some common, some strange, some easy, some complicated, some known, some unknown, and in that storm, they slowly find their way as they slowly build on what they know, to the point they get skilled enough to handle injuries capable enough of putting someone from the Order, down.."

"And now we are going to see one of those who passed through that storm, to an even bigger one. They are the ones handling your daughter's case, and she couldn't be in finer hands.." Yang Qing added with a soft smile on his face.

"Thank you...." Ma Yuan said with a bit of relief, though he still seemed worried. But seeing the countless patients around him, coming in and coming out better, helped ease his growing tensions.

They went past a few more courtyards, pavilions, stone bridges, and meandering paths before they stopped before they stopped at a road path that had the sign

'Coalescing tranquility rivers of healing'

The sunlight seemed dimmer, and the wind seemed cooler. The region was welcomed by a canopy of lush forests and gently flowing sounds of a river, though, from the sounds, Ma Yuan felt it was more than one, which proved to be true when he saw four rivers meandering through the forest they were walking through, combine into one congruent point then split up into four from that point.

That central point had a three-story pavilion built above what seemed to be a white lotus. The pavilion was built in the shape of a turtle, which made it meld with its surroundings perfectly.

The region was tranquil and relaxing.

"Follow my exact steps.." Yang Qing said as he stepped onto one hyacinth flower at the congruent point. There were thousands of them in there, all identical to a tee.

Ma Yuan nodded, as he followed Yang Qing's lead. It took them ten minutes to reach the pavilion, despite it looking like it was less than a hundred meters from them.

When they reached the pavilion, Yang Qing led him to a small turtle head at the entrance where he input his qi, and a short teleportation array, appeared, which transferred them into a room that had a lady, a fifteen-year-old girl asleep encased in a white liquid filled with ruins.

The white liquid seemed to be a cultivation spell produced by a young lady with green robes standing next to the sleeping fifteen-year-old girl.

Ma Yuan's pupils trembled, his lips shaking as he muttered,

"Ma Ling.."

Chapter 468 Ma Ling's State (1)

Ma Yuan used all his will to stop himself from instantly rushing to where his daughter was. He softly approached her along with Yang Qing, as his body shook from head to toe, with a myriad of emotions flooding him.

"Greetings, sister Tan Jie, how is she?" Yang Qing asked the lady in green robes standing next to Ma Ling.

"Yang Qing.." the young lady removed her line of sight from Ma Ling to them as she nodded in greeting.

"Other than interference to her memories, everything else is okay. We checked her for curses, and the nature of her qi to see if it was tainted with deviant arts, trigger implants, and the like, and she was absent of them.

It seems like the memory-altering gu was the only thing she was subjected to. It should take six months to completely repair the damage it had caused while also undoing some of the changes it may have done..."

"Your daughter will be okay.." she gently added as she addressed Ma Yuan who was already in tears at her reply as a look of relief washed over him.

"Thank you.." he softly muttered under chalked emotions.

The lady called Tan Jie nodded, as she dispelled the water barrier filled with runes that was covering Ma Ling.

"You can talk to her if you want. It will also give us a baseline for marking her progress. We know she has forgotten a good chunk of her life, but we don't know exactly which parts. You conversing with her could help with that.." Tan Jie said as she stepped back allowing Ma Yuan some room at his daughter's side.

"Thank you for handling this, Tan Jie.." Yang Qing secretly said to Tan Jie via his palace sense.

He had told Yu Gen to bring Ma Yuan's daughter specifically to Tan Jie after the fight at the Ice Emerald Sect.

She was one of the youngest talents of the Medical Valley and was also personally tutored by Ren Shu due to her talents.

She had the cosmic rainwood natural physique which gave her mastery over both wood, and water elements, and also had light attribute mixed in. Her physique also gave her a soul that was stronger than most.

The advantages it afforded her made her one of the best blue-grade physicians around the Medical Valley.

Due to her talents, she was always very busy, and the cases she dealt with were tough ones. She handled only Order employees, and the ones she handled were those from the peak of the core formation realm to the palace realm.

Ma Ling's case would have been something that would have never come at her door on a normal occasion if not for Yang Qing.

The duo could be considered close friends. They got acquainted through Ren Shu, who in a bid to recruit Yang Qing to the Medical Valley, had also personally taught him a few of his techniques, and usually when he did so, Tan Jie was always present too, receiving alternate guidance on her own.

Even though he had no intentions of joining the Medical Valley, learning their techniques, especially from a peak domain expert like Ren Shu who doubled as a gold-grade alchemist and physician would not

be a bad thing, and on occasion to pay him back, he did offer his services to the Valley whenever he had time, using the skills taught by Ren Shu. I think you should take a look at

Though he did not match Tan Jie in terms of ability, he was not that bad off, especially because of his physique and his universal qi influenced by the cultivation art he had gotten from the Valley Master.

Since his institute days till date, he has been coming to the valley every now and then, which was how he was able to build a friendship with one of the promising figures of the Valley.

"I didn't mind it and the gu technique used was sophisticated. I had to consult Master Ren Shu to do the preliminary first aid before he left it to me. Handling her care would be a worthwhile experience.."

"But that's not to mean you won't have to fulfill your end of the bargain. You need to help me with my cases for a whole week nonstop.." she added as she sternly stared at Yang Qing.

Just like her master, Deputy Valley Master Ren Shu, she felt Yang Qing wasted his talents by becoming a judge, he should have been posted at the Valley. So when the opportunity presented itself to have him there, she was quick to exploit it, even if it was only for a week.

"I will, besides, I feel like I will need it.." Yang Qing said with a sigh.

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Ma Yuan stretched his hand to his daughter's forehead with hesitation, as guilt showed in his eyes.

Though he knew he couldn't have averted what had happened with his abilities, especially after being told the strength of the Ice Emerald Sect, he still felt he had failed them both, especially his daughter.

He felt like it was his own weakness that had robbed his daughter of her mother, and when it came to him, while he wanted to accompany his daughter to the very end, with a shattered dantian, he could never improve on his cultivation base, and when his lifespan as a core formation expert was up, he would be leaving her behind alone again, to mourn another parent.

"I'm sorry Ma Ling for having an unreliable father like me.." he softly muttered as he gently rubbed her head.

Tears filled his eyes, as he saw that face that closely resembled his wife's.

His demeanor suddenly changed, like he had been electrocuted, when he saw the eyelids of Ma Ling start to tremble like she was about to open.

His heart leapt to his mouth when he saw those eyes start to open.

Ma Ling hazily opened her eyes and took a few seconds for them to adjust to her surroundings.

A look of confusion befell her, which then turned to shock, then fear as she hurriedly coiled back like a cornered animal.

"Ma Ling, it's me .." Ma Yuan softly said, trying to hide the fear in his voice, from her reaction.

Chapter 469 Ma Ling's State (2)

Ma Ling looked his way in confusion, though there was something different this time, and that something grew more and more prominent, the more Ma Yuan tried to gently coax her not to be fearful.

Ma Yuan gently and slowly brought up things they used to do together, her favorite meals, what they'd do on a typical day, what she liked doing, what she hated, but had to do like the morning punching routines her mother had her do diligently without fail.

Every story Ma Yuan brought up, seemed to evoke something from her, even though it seemed like she was still wary of Ma Yuan and the rest, the things Ma Yuan said, made her pause her movements.

From the way her eyes moved, it seemed like the things seemed familiar, yet unfamiliar to her, as she scrunched her face at why strange things seemed familiar despite her having no recollection of it.

The final nail was when Ma Yuan took something out of his storage ring. It was a short knife, though from the crude design, calling it a knife was an understatement. From its shape, it looked like a grafting knife.

It had lumps all over, the edges looked dull, and the material used to make it was sand iron which was a low-grade earth-rank material, while the wood used as a handle, was a mortal-rank wood, which had been processed poorly.

However, that crudely shaped knife had been encased in a box made from prismatic juniper wood, which was a top-tier sky rank tree.

"Do you remember this, you made me this when you were four, and it is one of the greatest treasures I have.." Ma Yuan said with a proud smile as he gently picked up the harvesting knife and slowly passed it to Ma Ling, who from the moment the knife appeared, froze as a look of remembrance appeared on her.

She stopped moving back to the board of the bed and crawled forward, slowly taking the knife from Ma Yuan's hand as she closely examined it.

She traced her hands over it, examining every single part with her touch and sight, seeming more familiar to it with every sense.

"Dew harvester.." she absentmindedly muttered.

"Yes!" Ma Yuan excitedly said.

"You named it the Dew harvester, saying I could even harvest dew with it.." Ma Yuan said, then became embarrassed when he remembered there was company present, and the craftsmanship of the knife.

He wasn't the only one, because Ma Ling's cheeks reddened with embarrassment too.

"Who are you? Your voice seems familiar but I've never seen you...I don't think I have.." she tilted her head in contemplation as she closely scrutinized Ma Yuan.

Ma Yuan's lips opened and closed a couple of times as if in a struggle with what to say.

"I'm your father, Ling'er.." he said after struggling with it.

His eyes held fear and hope in them, as he said it, along with regret, and guilt.

"Father.." her eyebrows joined up in consternation at those words.

"But I don't have one. I'm an orphan that the Ice Emerald Sect took in from when I was a child. My parents died to bandits when I was small, and Elder Deng Yaozu found me and took me back to the sect..

Who are you?! Where is Elder Deng Yaouz?!"

She started to get hysterical which left Ma Yuan heartbroken and confused about what to do.

He felt his spirits plummet to the ground and his heart break at his daughter's reaction. Earlier when she recognized the knife, he thought maybe things were not as bad as he had imagined. I think you should take a look at

He had personally seen what memory-altering gu could do to someone, and when his wife and daughter got taken, of the worst case scenarios, of the one that had most probability in his mind, was them having their memories altered, and souls controlled. This was why, though he felt hurt, his daughter had one in her, he wasn't as affected greatly by the revelation.

But then, he came here, saw her, whatever experience and expectations he had, all went with the wind, and he became a parent with the hope that his only child remembered him, and when she showed signs of it, the gloomy world he had been living in for the past seven years, seemed to light up, and now with her present reaction, he felt he had been thrown to an even deeper darkness than before.

Tan Jie flashed to where the hysterical Ma Ling was and gently tapped her forehead, which put her to sleep, as she gently laid her on the bed. She formed a seal with her hands and the water barrier from before reappeared but now Tan Jie left it to run autonomously as plant tendrils appeared below Ma Ling's bed and wrapped themselves around the water barrier.

The water barrier seemed to change when it came into contact with the tendrils. A purifying, gentle energy started pulsing from it, which made even the heartbroken Ma Yuan have some semblance of calm.

"Your daughter will be fine, the fact that she recognizes your voice, and certain objects from her past, is a really good place to start.

We have had worse, and we still managed to restore them, fully..." Tan Jie comfortingly said.

"We will do the same with your daughter.." she firmly added.

"Really?" Ma Yuan asked, desperate to cling to something.

"We will.."

"Okay.." he said as he took a seat next to Ma Ling.

"Now as far as the treatment goes, we will do things gradually. You can talk with her about her past, things she did, as for revealing your identity or her mother's, let's wait until her mind and mental sea are stable, which should be after about three or four months.."

"Okay.."

"Your daughter is in the best hands possible.." Yang Qing said as he patted Ma Yuan's shoulder.

"Thank you, Judge Yang Qing, for all you have done. I don't know how I can ever repay you.."

"Don't worry about it, worry about your daughter that will be payment enough.."

"I'll leave you to your daughter, the Medical Valley has accommodations you can use, right Tan Jue?"

"Yes, someone will be here shortly to guide him.."

"Good, Ma Yuan I wish you and your daughter well, and should you need anything, you can always reach out to me, don't hesitate.."

"I will.."

"Tan Jue, I leave them in your care, and thanks.."

"MmH.."

Yang Qing turned and left and made his way to the Judicial Review Committee, as per Vice President Tao's orders, and he also had the matter with the Spiritual temperance sect territory to present.

Chapter 470 Meeting at the Judicial Review Committee

It didn't take long for Yang Qing to reach the simplistic and quaint courtyard that housed the highest officials within his occupation, the courtyard of the Judicial Review Committee.

Present were Long Enlai, who was trimming yet another miniaturized bonsai tree, and playing go were Jiang Heng and Jia Bohai.

Yang Qing couldn't help but admire the carefreeness of the trio. They never seemed to be working. They were all just sitting around, enjoying their hobbies in a tranquil environment.

Yang Qing entertained the thought of joining them after he reached the late stages of the domain realm, which he guessed could be one of the requirements, as for the other requirements, he had no idea, as it was still too early for him to entertain such thoughts.

"Greetings seniors.." he said as he cupped his fists in greeting.

The trio looked up at him with the gazes of a grandfather looking at their grandchild.

"How is Ma Yuan doing?" asked Long Enlai.

"He handled the news better than I thought, though it would be a hurdle for him moving forward, from what I've seen, he will be okay.."

"What about you?"

Yang Qing froze and then mustered a smile that would show he was okay, however, he was quickly cut off by Jia Bohai before he could say what he wanted to say.

"There's no need to pretend, Yang Qing..." he said with a gentle look in his eyes.

"We have all lived for quite some time, and in that time, we have experienced all manner of trying moments, and some of them broke us several times over.

So we know, that going through the ordeal you just went through, can't have been easy, and there is no need for you to pretend it was at least not for us.

We all know it could not have been easy because it wasn't easy for us when we had to do the same thing when we were in your shoes.

Ours were worse because such cases back then were not as few as they are now. We purged countless, at every single turn on every waking moment. to the point rivers of blood and mountains of corpses flooded the continent.

It was a pretty ironic time..." he said as he smiled ruefully.

"We were started in order to reduce large-scale loss of life, but the amount of lives that died by our hands when we just started matched the same numbers as what was seen during the continent-wide large-scale wars.

I almost ran away a few times back then. I couldn't take it, and I had doubts whether I was suited to be a judge.

In my first year as a judge, I had destroyed no less than 200 organizations, and over half of them were complete annihilation.

Weeks after each destruction, I could still smell the metallic stench of blood on me. I couldn't take it so practiced the turtle breathing technique, so I didn't have to take a breath, and when that didn't help, I invested in spiritual herbs that were known for their purifying abilities, and when that failed, I decided if I wanted to avoid that smell, then there was only one sure way, use techniques that would eviscerate the bodies of those sentenced.

If their bodies were instantly grounded to dust, then there would be no blood stench. So I practiced, and practiced, and practiced, countless cultivation arts that were famed for their explosive and tyrannical attributes.

With how diligent bordering on fanatical I was in my practice, I gained an unmatched skill in them, and a nickname too. Because of how I laid waste to everything in sight, people started calling me the sundering phantom of desolation.

I destroyed everything within an instant and left just as fast. A blur of misfortune. However, I still couldn't escape it..that smell.." Jia Bohai stared at the skies before he turned his gaze back to Yang Qing.

"I almost went mad at the time, with my internal demons growing in numbers and ability. Honestly, it still sends shivers down my spine whenever I think back on those days..."

He chuckled briefly before he went on.

"At the time I tried all I could, to hide that I'd been affected by my duties. I'd been touched by it, but I sure couldn't show it, especially, not when my colleagues did the same thing as I did and seemed perfectly okay.

I wasn't about to be that cultivator who lacked the resolve for his job. 'Cultivators reach greater heights through a pile of corpses' was a saying I grew up hearing as a child which ended up having an influence.

But, eventually, I finally broke. Lucky for me, at the time there was a senior who had noted the changes that had been happening to me.

He pulled me aside and told me it was okay to feel what I felt. We may be cultivators who are able to shatter mountains with one hand and overturn oceans with the other, but our fundamental being has not changed. We are the living first, and have values of the living, which means certain things will affect us whether we like it or not, whether we have a high cultivation base or not.

A mortal or a cultivator will feel the same grief if they lose a loving parent. Having a high cultivation base doesn't absolve you of that.

They both feel the same level of rush and excitement when they find the right partner to spend the rest of their life with.

Mortals have immortalized cultivators, that we ourselves grew to believe it, that we were different, above it all, but this couldn't be further from the truth.

We got disillusioned by that notion, and that thinking almost drove me to madness.

Yang Qing what you feel is perfectly okay, don't pretend it's not there or wish it away. What you feel is the proof of life, a component of the living.

Whether we are humans, spirit beasts, or sentient plants, we all have things that will make us feel regret, doubt, anger, and confusion. Feeling those things doesn't make you any less of a cultivator.." Jia Bohai said as he placed his hands on Yang Qing's shoulders.

"We have all felt it, and still feel it even now. Back then that senior had me leave my post as a judge and had my cultivation base sealed for a month, and left me in some remote village where for three years, I got to live my life as a mortal and the ups and downs that come to it.

They may not have our cultivation base, but they have resilience where it matters. Here and here.."

Jia Bohai pointed at his head and heart.

"You're not okay, are you?" he softly asked.

"I'm not...." Yang Qing faintly said.

"Good, we will help you. This is one of the core reasons the committee exists.." he said with a kind smile.

"Don't worry, I won't be sealing your cultivation base and throwing you in some farm in the middle of nowhere like I was.

You don't need such measures. The Order has come a long way from such drastic means. We have created our own ways of handling such issues, one of which is something you have been scheming all these years for..."

Yang Qing's eyes had a glint of curiosity seeing Jia Bohai's smile.

"Could it be?"

"You will be getting a break from your duties, for the next month. A break from this would suit you well. It's the constant thing we discovered helps, along with that for that month your presence will be required at a special ground we have called the Required blissful peak.

It was built for the express purpose of dealing with internal demons, clarity, and introspection and also doubles up as a blessed ground for silent meditation.

It is anchored by a saint-grade tree, the auspicious grove wood tree, that helps. It will help you see things that you can't at the moment. It exposes your heart, thoughts, and surroundings, to give you a base to see things with clarity, unmuddled by other things.

You'll need to spend your time there for four hours every day, you can decide on the time, and you'll need this to get there. Just input your qi, and it will automatically transport you there.." Jia Bohai said as he passed over a tear-shaped blue stone.

It was soft and cool to the touch, and Yang Qing could feel his mood gradually improve with his hands on it. The constant thoughts and voices that had made a home in his mind, seemed to gradually turn mute.

"As for the rest of the matters, we can discuss them after the month is up. Your friends will be undergoing the same care too.." added Jiang Heng.

"Thank you, seniors.." Yang Qing said as he gave them a solemn bow.

"Think nothing of it, it's what we should do as your seniors.." Long Enlai said with a soft chuckle.

"Don't lose yourself, young judge.." said Jia Bohai as he cast a meaningful gaze at Yang Qing who nodded back in acceptance.

"What about my pending cases?"

"They'll be there, waiting for you.." Long Enlai said cheekily, as the three old men took pleasure in Yang Qing's changing expression.

"I knew it! There is no way they'd be that nice. Stingy blackhearted Order.." Yang Qing thought to himself as he hastily said his goodbyes.

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"I'm thankful nowadays we don't have to send our own to Requiem.." said Jia Bohai with a sigh.

"It is.." muttered Long Enlai as the trio went back to what they were doing prior to Yang Qing coming over.