

## Daily life 781

### Chapter 781 Putting their lives to good use

?Entry into the Saint Herb Garden was just as difficult as getting into any top-tier sect, and one could argue it was even harder for the Saint Herb Garden because of the regulations set by the founder which placed emphasis more on comprehension than talent.

Though the regulations for being a member of the sect were hard, other rules were rather lax such as the sect allowing its members to guide cultivators who were not members of the sect that were interested in learning medical techniques. They were free to guide them however they wanted, with the only restriction being forbidden to share the core arts of the sect, which was a given in any sect.

Other than that, anybody from the sect was free to take whoever they wanted under their tutelage. It was encouraged by the sect even, as they distributed merit points for those who guided others well. Countless prominent medical cultivators, alchemists, and herbologists around the continent were born out of that arrangement with countless more pining for the opportunity to learn under a member of the Saint Herb Garden. While they may lack the ability to be a member, learning from one of them was the next best thing.

That tutelage was the route Gao Wei's grandfather used. He arranged for Gao Wei to be under the tutelage of an inner disciple of the sect. With his level of connections and station coupled with the prestige of the Saint Herb Garden, it meant getting anyone above a disciple was next to impossible for him. Even to get an inner disciple to accept Gao Wei, he had to exhaust every favor he had, and even then it wasn't guaranteed as Gao Wei still had to pass an evaluation set by the inner disciple.

Along with the freedom to tutor whom they wanted, they had the freedom to decide the kind of evaluation they wanted to use or not use. Most opted to use an evaluation and while it was not as difficult as the one Saint Herb Garden gave to its prospect, they were still difficult.

Since the performance of their students was a reflection of them and how their peers and seniors would evaluate them, the members of the sect never accepted students lightly. When they did so, it was only after a rigorous test.

Gao Wei had ability, which showed itself in the evaluation and impressed the inner disciple who took him under his wing and guided him for the next twelve years. After she felt Gao Wei had learned enough, the tutelage ended.

Gao Wei returned home as a seasoned medical cultivator. He opened a small clinic in his clan's territory for a season before he finally decided he was well enough to venture out on his own to start somewhere without the backing of his family. He had always admired the founder of the Saint Herb Garden and hoped to go the same route and establish himself from nothing.

It took time, but his dedication and talents shone through, and eventually, he made a name for himself as the founder of the Jade Miracles Cure Manor. Its reputation and fame even rivaled that of his branch family when his talents rose to a blue-grade healer and alchemist. novel.com

Other than his growing abilities, part of what led to the fame of his manor was he was indiscriminate in those he offered his services to, be it those who had no cultivation, or those in the palace realm, his doors were open to all, and his costs were extremely cheap when compared to most. He was dubbed the jade selfless healer.

From how his manor operated, it did not seem like he was doing it for profit, and considering the types of clientele he got, it did not seem he was doing it to establish connections either.

What connection would a palace realm cultivator who was a blue-grade healer gain from healing a late-stage qi refinement cultivator suffering from delirium caused by hearing the whispers of the whispering torment smoldering acacia or a body refinement cultivator who over-exerted their training and suffered internal injuries?

On paper, there was nothing to be gained from it. Of course, some thought being able to help another was payment enough but this was the cultivation world, it operated on transaction rather than sentiment most of the time, whether it was sects who nurtured their disciples in the hopes that they would carry on the legacy of the sect, and culling out those that did not measure, or clan members showing favoritism to those with promise or even healers deciding on who to treat first.

What did you stand to gain from it? It was because of this that many looked favorably at Gao Wei. He was an oddity, he didn't seem like he was gaining much from his manor.

What they did not know was, Gao Wei was indeed gaining something and he wasn't as selfless as they thought. It was always wondered how he remained afloat with the prices he charged which never seemed to be enough to sustain the basic operations of his manor, but for some reason, his manor kept going and growing, with the prices remaining as they were which only added more fame to the selfless jade healer.

What the populace didn't know was the reason he wasn't worried about costs such as herbs and other things were one of the main ingredients of his healing recipes was in plentiful supply around the continent. The lifeblood of cultivators.

The potions and pills he concocted, and the healing arts he used, the key ingredient was a cultivator's life essence. The reason he was never worried about cost was finding the ingredient he needed was pretty easy and it was free at that. The Southern Continent despite its warring nature and how many cultivators had died, was still filled with billions of billions because of how rich its environment was.

Of every 100 mortals born, 60 of them had the potential to cultivate. It is not guaranteed they will reach far, but they had the potential in them and that potential was a factor of the environment in the Southern Continent that was suffused with spiritual qi and all sorts of natural phenomena that transformed the bodies of its inhabitants to be able to survive in its environment.

Gao Wei killed cultivators of all backgrounds and cultivation bases and used them as fuel for a cultivation art he stumbled upon, the ouroboros blood river chrysalis of rebirth.

From what Shao An had written about it, ignoring its gory nature, the art itself as truly profound, and unlike most blood-

refinement arts, that art was more complete, one that at its root was in line with the Origin Dao of the world which was how despite it being a blood refinement art, it had terrifying healing abilities from art, techniques, down to alchemy recipes and refining arts.

It was an all-rounded complete cultivation art through and through. It had its meditation technique, circulation technique, defensive and attracting forms, and even innate traits that it gave the user the further they progressed in it, and in terms of grade, Shao An and the rest said it was likely a purple-grade art.

They couldn't decipher its history or even read its contents as it seemed shielded within Gao Wei's memory and forcibly breaking through it risked killing Gao Wei and its contents disappearing, and Gao Wei himself didn't even know how he found it or where he found it, who created or owned it, he knew he just knew it was with him at some point and it was what helped him grow his strength.

As Yang Qing read through its traits, he soon realized why it was considered a purple-grade art. The deeper one's understanding of the art became, once they reached the emergent phase of the art, they would never age. Through the art, they could reverse their aging the cycle of young and old could be switched with a cycle just like the ouroboros, and the conduit of that transformation was a cultivator's life essence.

It was always said a cultivator's journey was written in his or her blood. Within their blood contained the evidence of all that they had achieved and the potential of what they could, it was the same for humans or spirit beasts, and when they died, all they had achieved would be broken down into its individual parts and be absorbed by the world for it to be carried again by another living thing, a cycle that never stops, and the art Gao Wei cultivated, operated under that guideline. It broke down a cultivator's blood similar to how the earth broke down organic materials of all forms into nutrients suitable for the living. The art broke down a cultivator's body and the nutrients were poured into Gao Wei or he could use it to heal others.

The body contained all the spiritual qi he or she had absorbed, the natural treasures he or she had refined, a record of the attainments he or she had made, all of it was stored in the blood, and was broken down by the art to feed Gao Wei or the patients he treated which was how none of them was the wiser on the nature of the medical techniques he used on them as he had already broken down his victims to their raw forms which he then used.

He was only found out when the disciple that guided him came to see him and detected something odd, though she could never quite put her finger on it. She shared her doubts with a colleague who by coincidence was friends with someone from the Medical Valley of the Order. It wasn't long before Gao Wei was investigated and the truth of his techniques brought to light.

He had killed close to 10,000 cultivators over the years, with two of them being palace stage cultivators, with the bulk being core formation experts. The most ironic thing was he had healed ten times the number he had killed which was why he wasn't executed on the spot when he was found.

When he was sentenced, he showed no remorse for his actions, citing cultivators died all the time, and when alive they were likely to murder countless, at least this way he reduced the number of potentially murderous cultivators and put their lives to a good course by using it to save the lives of countless others.

His reasoning explained why he healed mortals the most out of those who walked through the doors of his manor.

At the end of the report, Shao An did mention breaking him by subjecting him to the torture of experiencing what it felt like to be a human pill over and over, and he no longer holds the strong inclinations he had before.

Yang Qing couldn't help but sigh after reading Gao Wei's file. Regardless of whether Gao Wei was truly remorseful or not now, with his spirit broken, Yang Qing knew the fact he was on the list, unlike the rest, Gao Wei's profile as a healer guaranteed him a spot on the list which was likely Shao An's and the Order's intention.

As for Gao Wei's sentence, it was indefinite. Regardless of how well he did, his sentence would never be reduced, he would remain an inmate until his death, and the only reprieve for him would be not spending it all in Requiem or experiencing life as a human pill.

#### Chapter 782 Ghost Viper Court

"Now only three spots are left.." Yang Qing muttered with a sigh as he continued with the report.

Next on the list was a cultivator by the name of Han Lei who operated by a different name, Chen Xin. He was an elder of an assassin organization known as the Ghost Viper Court. In terms of infamy, the Ghost Viper had the same level as the Blue Soul Flame Crow Syndicate. For the right price, you could them to kill anyone. They had no qualms about who their target was. Of course, they were not foolish in the jobs they undertook as they never accepted any jobs that were associated with ancient rank 1 and rank 2 organizations but anything below that was fair game.

They had assassinated prominent figures from sect leaders to clan heads, to prized princes and princesses, heirs to prestigious organizations, talented seedlings, down to the mundane targets. They could target an individual or even an entire organization which was how Han Lei's path crossed with theirs.

When he broke through the core formation realm, he left his clan to spread his wings on the wider continent which had been the term set by his parents to allow him to leave home. His parents had been one of the elders of the Han Clan, which had been a fairly decent clan having two palace realm cultivators with one of them being his grandaunt.

The plan was for him to roam the continent for three years before he had to come back and serve his clan. However, his trip was cut short about one and a half years in when horrible news reached his ear.

His clan had been pretty famous because of their talisman refinement abilities. The talismans they refined could contain 70% of a cultivator's power from the qi refinement up to the palace realm. It was the foundation with which they propped themselves up. Because of their exceptional skills, the Han Clan was known far and wide, so when they got killed one night to the last member, the news spread like wildfire fast, reaching even the ears of Han Lei who had been hundreds of thousands of kilometers away from their territory.

When he heard the news, he thought it was a joke, and when it proved it wasn't, he thought it was another Han Clan out there that had been destroyed. But as more news trickled in with apt details, he could no longer pretend it was not the same Han Clan that he knew.

The thing about bad news, one would always try to deny it up until it hit them square in the face. Before then they would make all sorts of excuses, try to rationalize it with irrationality and find threads of truth that didn't exist that seemed to disprove the news and label it as fake.

Up until one was face to face with the undeniable reality of that news, they would not accept it no matter how detailed and clear the details. This was what happened to Han Lei. As he was madly rushing back to his clan, all he could think about was how the news he had heard was all a lie, but ultimately when he reached his clan, reality smacked him dead center, and he could not deny it.

When he reached there, the structures were intact. There were no signs of struggle. The scene of utter destruction he had expected to find wasn't there. Everything seemed as he had left it except one thing, the buildings were absent their occupants. A place that he had left so full of life was now deathly silent filled with the stench and grievance of death.

He couldn't believe it, even when he saw the bodies of his clan members, he couldn't believe they were gone. Their bodies were strewn about in the various buildings all bearing the same characteristics. They were pale grey, looking as if they were about to turn to stone, while their eyes, nose, and ears had dried black liquid, and at their necks were four tiny puncture wounds that looked to have been made with tiny needles.

Han Lei said from the facial expressions of most of the bodies, it seemed like none of them realized how and when they died, with some even frozen in the middle of doing a particular action.

Eventually, he made his way to his parent's courtyard and found them the same as the rest, his father was in the same posture as he always was, in the same room as he always, doing the same thing he always did. He was seated in a lotus position in his cultivation room with his hand holding a scroll that contained a record of sales and expenditures for the various businesses belonging to the clan. As for his mother, she was in their garden and looked to be tending to it.

Though by the time Han Lei arrived, the garden had been empty, same with the other places. It had taken him six days to reach his clan which was more than enough time for looters to pick his clan clean of all valuables. At least the bodies of his clansmen were not among the things stolen but everything else even the furniture and clothes was looted.

It was only when he made his way to his grandaunt's abode did he find signs of a struggle, but even then, the signs were not signs one would expect from a palace realm expert. What he saw was her alarmed and looked to be swinging a sword which had obviously been looted, as she wore a look that was indignant, and terrified. She had more puncture wounds than the rest, with her entire body filled with them, which was the same thing he observed from the remaining palace realm expert of the clan who had been the clan leader.

He searched for hours, but not a single member of his clan was alive

#### Chapter 783 Reason For Destruction

In the shock of it, Han Lei ended up going to his grandaunt's body and tried to shake her in the hopes that she would wake and tell him that this was all just a nightmare.

It was in the middle of shaking her that he saw something fall from the sleeves of her robe, a petal of rainbow mist peony. To anyone else, that petal was of no significance even to the rest of the Han family, had they been the ones to see it, it would have no meaning to them, but to Han Lei, it held a message, something his grandaunt had left for him as only he would recognize it.

When he was small whenever he wanted to get something from his parents, if he knew they would refuse him, he would always try to enlist his grandaunt's help but it never came from free. His grandaunt had been a seasoned herbologist who had reached the blue-grade tier. The ink they used for their talisman was made from the starry ink vine plants she grew. Everything his mother knew about nurturing spiritual herbs from his grandaunt.

As a child whenever Han Lei wanted her help she would make him promise to take care of her rainbow mist peonies which other than looking beautiful, smelling great, and clearing the mind, had no other

use. Han Lei hated that flower, it offered so little but demanded a lot of care, where any slight misstep and the plant would die. It was a sky-rank herb but had the fragility of a mortal-rank herb.

It was the neediest plant he had ever seen as it demanded every single thing from the person taking care of it. If you diverted your attention for even a second, the flower would detect, and wither a single petal or it would refuse to bloom. If you showed emotions of anger and reluctance, somehow the flower would sense it, and it would wither, be off by even a millimeter in its nutrient requirement and it would wither.

Its care demanded patience, a steady heart, and attentiveness, which was something Han Lei was forced to learn if he was to get his grandaunt's help, and was more than likely her last message to him, which in a sense had saved his life as it forced him to think things through amid the panic and the suddenness of his new reality.

Before he saw the flower, he had planned to go to the allies they had to seek shelter and even assistance from them. Because of their trade, the Han Family had formed countless connections and favors which Han Lei wanted to take advantage of.

His mind had been filled with nothing but anger and fear, which had made him overlook one crucial thing, the ease with which his clan was wiped out.

Who would help him against a foe that could wipe out an entire rank 3 clan with two palace realm experts without creating a commotion?

Other than the strength of the foe, there was also Han Lei's title as the last surviving member of the Han Clan.

What if whoever wiped out the clan came after him? He risked not only himself but also whoever sheltered him, and those organizations would likely consider that as well and deny him at the door.

There was only one option, Han Lei had to die and in his place, Chen Xin was born. He set fire to the clan grounds and used the ensuing flames as cover to leave the area.



He waited fifteen years before he started investigating what happened to his clan as he improved his strength whilst also searching for a treasure or cultivation art that would enable him to seal his memories.

Even though those fifteen years he didn't overtly investigate the demise of his clan, it was plenty of time for him to think things through over and over and plan what his next steps would be if he uncovered the identity of the perpetrator.

The manner in which his clan was destroyed screamed of an assassin's work, cold, precise, and meticulous. Whether it was done by an individual or by an organization, he could not approach them with his memories intact. Those who were in that line of work would easily sniff out the scent of vengeance in someone.

He buried his impatience deep and ensured every step he took was measured. It took him seventy years before he finally caught a line on who executed his clan which led him to the doors of the Ghost Viper Court.

For the next forty years, he schemed and planned on ways to destroy them but he couldn't do it until he knew who hired them and why and there was only one way he would find the answers to those questions. He had to be one of them.

Though it wasn't easy, he managed to join them, but before he did, he had to seal his memories away which he managed to do with a blue-tier memory-altering cultivation art, the black sea of illusions that was paired with a monarch-grade herb the soul sealing gourd which he used to seal a part of his soul that would only be unlocked if he reached the palace realm.

If he didn't, his memories of what happened even his real identity would forever be lost to him.

His measures proved effective, as he managed to join the Ghost Viper Court, and worked tirelessly as one of their members even drawing the eyes of one of the elders who took him under his wing. With his memories of the destruction of his clan sealed away, he truly believed he was one of their own, making his integration into the court smooth.

He killed for them for years on end, rising through the ranks, completely unaware of why he was there. Neither he nor the court were the wiser. That was until he finally broke through to the palace realm, then all the memories he had sealed came back, and by then he was already a core elder of the manor.

His years of living in subterfuge made him an expert in hiding his true thoughts, so even with his memories back, no one other than him knew he had changed. As a core member of the court, it wasn't difficult for him to uncover what happened to his clan, and what he discovered left him surprised.

Over the years, he had thought of countless reasons on why his clan would be destroyed. Some competitors wanted them gone, a jealous organization eyeing their talisman-making technique. He had thought of many reasons but ultimately they fell short of the real reason.

They were destroyed because of a sky-grade artifact. A rank 3 clan that had existed for over 30,000 years had been destroyed to the last person because of a sky-grade artifact.

#### Chapter 784 Perpetrator's identity

Han Lei couldn't believe it when he read it and had even thought it was a trap set by the manor master who had already seen through his disguise. But as much as he found it difficult to believe it, the evidence was undeniable. His clan had been eviscerated because of a sky-grade artifact.

One of his clan members when exploring a ruin, ended up finding the sky grade artifact there. It was a defensive artifact that could protect a cultivator's body against the attacks of an early-stage core formation expert and could even handle a few attacks from a middle-stage core formation expert but with a limit, past that, and the artifact would be destroyed.

In terms of abilities, it wasn't a standout. Han Lei in denial had even thought that maybe it hid more secrets within it like maybe was one of the keys to the legacy abode of some powerful cultivator, but it wasn't. About the only special thing about it was its design. The sky artifact was in the form of a hairpin that was made from the carapace of an emerald frost scorpion which gave the hairpin a beautiful ethereal lustre whenever the rays of the sun hit it.

When the Han Clan member got it, a lady saw it in his hands as he was appraising it. She made an offer for it in spirit stones which the Han Clan member was about to agree to but hesitated and asked if he could swap the spirit stones for something else. However, that hesitation landed him his death as the young lady had one of the servants she had with her, execute the clan member.

The hesitation shown by that clan member had angered her, and that anger continued to boil within her even after she had killed him. From that anger, she decided to contract the Night Viper Court.

Before taking any contract, the Night Viper Court always did its due diligence on its clients with the same care as it did on its targets to avoid falling into a trap. They had a pretty thorough detail on the young lady.

The young lady's father was a merchant and a prominent one at that. He was originally a farmer born with a wood-based physique, the sentinel birchwood physique which gave him an edge on the crops he grew which became the foundation for the merchant organization he started later on, the Sentinel birchwood pavilion.

With his talents, it didn't take long for his pavilion to hit off the ground and he was wise enough in the market he set his sights on. When a cultivator reaches the core formation realm, they can survive without eating, subsisting on the spiritual qi that they absorb and is converted by the cores.

However, that wasn't the same for those in the foundation realm and below. The cultivators of this rank still needed food, though not frequently as a mortal, they still needed it and the meals they required, to avoid their bodies from accumulating impurities and for it to meet their demands, it had to be of a certain quality, one of which is rich in spiritual qi.

This was the group that the young lady's father targeted. His client base was low enough that he would not step on any toes and the number was high enough that he didn't have to worry about getting clients.

Sects, clans, kingdoms, restaurants that catered to cultivators, and other large-scale organizations would have body refinement to foundation establishment-level cultivators within their ranks in great numbers at that. As long as those organizations were well off, they would prefer to buy the spirit-

rich ingredients from merchants because the costs were not high rather than grow it themselves where they would have to split land that they could use for something more valuable, and manpower that could be better served someplace else than grow food for eating.

Food was never high on the priority list for cultivators and some even disdained it as it meant they were no different than mortals if they still required food to survive.

With countless organizations choosing to buy these ingredients rather than grow them themselves, the Sentinel Birchwood Pavilion grew with orders flooding in because of their quality that outdid most in the market.

The young lady's father was a vane person who tried to use his newfound wealth to find the prettiest lady to wed. His background as a farmer didn't open a lot of doors for him but with the growing reputation and wealth of his pavilion coupled with his growing strength, he eventually found one, the young lady's mother, whom he treated as a god up until her death when she died to some curse placed on her likely by a competitor or adversary of the pavilion.

After her death, the young lady's father poured all his attention and love on the daughter she left behind who looked dead similar to her mother. He spoiled her rotten, doing almost anything for her as long as she required it.

Growing up pampered by one of the most powerful rank 3 merchant organizations in the continent, that young lady, Yi Ai, showed zero hesitation to have the entire Han family destroyed over a hesitation to hand over a sky-grade artifact.

Because of her background, she had the funds to hire the services of the Night Viper Court, and the records even showed it wasn't the first time she engaged their services and neither was she the only one, as her father, Yi Wen, he had quite the number of dealings which was how Yi Ai knew about them in the first place.

With the reason for his clan's demise already uncovered, he bided his time. If he was to strike at both, it had to be successful on the first try. He could not afford to be negligent with the court or the Sentinel Birchwood Pavilion and he did so in a manner befitting of a seasoned assassin.

Chapter 785 Disturbance above

He simultaneously leaked the location of their headquarters to the most powerful enemies of the court he could find, and it wasn't just them, since the court had a list of the targets they had assassinated on behalf of the father-daughter duo, he leaked that information too to their competitors and the organizations that had lost members to the assassination as a few of them were just as powerful as the Sentinel Birchwood Pavilion.

The list of enemies both organizations had was not small, but out of prudence, using the hundred-star treasure hall pavilion as a go-between, he had the information leaked to the Order too.

As for him, he had spent the better part of fifty years breaking apart the techniques of the Night Viper Court and learning all manner of arts that could subdue them. In as much as he was borrowing other people's hands, he wanted to be the one to sink the final dagger through them.

It took some time for those organizations including the Order to verify everything. The details in the information Han Lei shared helped shorten that timeframe.

As he waited for those organizations to act, Han Lei went for the daughter, tortured her, and threw her injured body in the Green Fog Region, in zone nine, where she would not die easily from her injuries but would be tormented to death, but just in case she managed to escape the place, he had also poisoned her with Stygian black corpse poison. It was the most potent poison he had and would require the expertise of a gold-grade healer or a domain expert to remove.

He was insidious in its administration as it would take a week for it to kick in subjecting the young lady to the worst pain she would ever endure for two days straight as her body melted and solidified until her last breath. Some part of him had hoped she would escape the green fog region alive, revel in the joy of being alive, then sink into the abyss when the poison kicked in.

However, Yi Ai barely survived a day before she was devoured. Han Lei sent a recording of her torture to her father when she died. The Night Viper's Court he would kill to the last member, but for Yi Wen, knowing the daughter he dotted on so much met such a brutal ending was the best vengeance he could give him while the rest would be taken care of by the enemies he had built over the years.

It wasn't long before pandemonium broke, and both organizations were attacked. Han Lei used the chaos that came to slaughter his way through the members of the Night Viper Court, down to the court master whom he delayed long enough till the special inquisitors dispatched by the Order arrived in time to kill him.

As for Yi Wen, deranged and maddened at his daughter's death, fought like a madman slaughtering his way through countless using any and all means. He died violently by self detonating taking some of his attackers with him.

After the arrival of the special inquisitors, Han Lei surrendered himself to them as he confessed the litany of deeds he had done as a member of the court. To blend in, he had to truly be like them in his conduct and deeds, especially during the period when his memories were sealed.

He had destroyed countless organizations just like the Han Clan was and he didn't want to be absolved of it. Before surrendering himself, the only request he made was to be allowed to mourn his family at their former grounds for two weeks which he was allowed and after because he surrendered himself of his own volition, the Judicial Review Committee was the one who issued his sentence, though it was more apt to say they were following the wishes of Han Lei.

Yang Qing put down the slip as he rubbed the middle of his brows with a sigh escaping his lips. Cases like this were the hardest to deal with. If Yang Qing was in the same shoes as Han Lei, without any other options, he would have likely gone the same route as him in seeking retribution on behalf of his family.

Sentencing someone for something you would have done yourself, was always hard to swallow, but it had to be done. What Han Lei did, if the Order was not there, he would not have been pursued for it, but now, even if they might sympathize with his actions, he had massacred other clans, and sects in his pursuit.

How would the Order answer to the departed souls of those organizations who had suffered the same fate as the Han Clan?

The lines felt blurry a lot of times.

Yang Qing took a few breaths to calm his thoughts but just as he was about to resume going through the list, he sensed something that prompted him to look above.

The roof above and the walls to the side all glittered from the activation of runes. fre(e)

Yang Qing deactivated his isolation ruin before making his way out of his chamber and onto the surface of the ferry where he was met with a red mist that had corroding and isolation effects.

The mist stretched as far as the eye could see, and countless passengers could be seen panicking as they stared at it with some prudently rushing to their rooms to seek solace in numbers.

Yang Qing and the staff were the only ones who seemed undisturbed by the mist that had appeared out of the blue. The staff went on to reassure the passengers there was nothing to worry about which did little to settle them, while Yang Qing stared above him with a curious gaze.

"I wonder if a blood spirit mist vulture is delicious.." he muttered as he held his chin in contemplation.

"No, not it can't be, considering how bloodthirsty it is, would its meat even taste right? It's probably cursed, right? Or could it be packed with flavors? But wait if I eat it, considering it mostly preys on human cultivators, would that make me a blood refiner by association if I eat it? I can't risk it.." Yang Qing said with deep reluctance drawing shocked glances from the staff members who heard the entire debate.

Others were having panic attacks, afraid for their lives, while he was here seriously contemplating whether the source of that panic was edible or not.

Some of the staff members felt like giving him an earful on awareness if not for the fact that they had been warned repetitively by Duan Tian and even the founder himself to be mindful of him. That warning served as a reminder that no matter how unassuming the person before them seemed to be, he had warranted personal consideration from their founder, which meant he was anything but as simple as he seemed.

The gentle cry of a sword immediately sounded accompanied by a gentle chilly wind that blasted the red mist apart revealing a massive beast that resembled a vulture. It had deep red feathers that released mist, a black beak that looked like it could tear through anything, and blood-red eyes that might as well have been pools of blood filled with malice.

That creature that looked like something out of an abyss now had a thin line extending from its face down to its tail. As if unaware of the line, it screeched as it prepared to charge at the human with blue hair standing calmly a few hundred meters away from it, with a sword in hand.

Just as it tried to fly, its body separated into two from the thin line as its innards and blood froze at the point of separation.

The young man waved his sleeves and the massive beast disappeared.

"Sorry for the disturbance, daoist Yang Qing.." said the young man as he appeared next to Yang Qing.

Yang Qing looked meaningfully at the young man before he asked,

"Bai Chen, that art, is it related to the Frozen Serenity Scripture?"

Chapter 786 Guesses About The Bluefin Spine-Tailed Swift

Though he tried to hide it, Bai Chen looked startled by Yang Qing's question, and Yang Qing could have sworn he felt a faint killing intent flash in his eyes before he covered it up quickly.

"What's with the reaction?" wondered Yang Qing.

After regaining his calm, Bai Chen asked,

"Why do you ask?" though he seemed casual with the question, the wary undertone that lurked beneath it didn't evade Yang Qing's senses.

"There really is something there.." thought Yang Qing as he noted Bai Chen's strange reaction.

"I detected a bit of its aura as you slashed at the blood mist vulture. I have interacted with a few cultivators who cultivated an art from the scripture, and I have also cultivated one myself, it's a meditation art though. I was able to sense the similarities because of it.." said Yang Qing.

Yang Qing had stretched his truth a bit. While he had interacted with some of its arts such as the frostfire cultivation and the winter's embrace meditation art, he only did so back then to further his investigation into the techniques of the Ice Emerald Sect whose core art had also been part of the scripture.

From the list of victims they had attacked over the years, some had been because of their Yin physique, while others had been because they owned a cultivation art related to the Frozen Serenity Scripture. The Echo resonant sect had been one of those victims. They had an array belonging to the scripture, and though it was only a secondary array, it was a blue-grade array, and part of three secondary arrays which when combined would create a gold-grade array, the Frozen Temporal Seal.



Yang Qing had surmised the sect was not just collecting those techniques for the sake of collecting them and there had to be something hidden within them. He had been meaning to research further into it by researching the two arts the Order had in its possession, but he had not had as much free time to do so as he had hoped, and seeing it here again his interest couldn't help but be peaked.

The Frozen Serenity Scripture was an all-encompassing cultivation art that the countless talents and generations of Frozen Serenity Sect members had poured their lives into creating. Almost every type of cultivation was represented within the scripture from sword art, to saber art, to meditation art, to body and soul refinement art, to beast-taming art, to movement art, and other schools of cultivation that one could think of had all been blended into the Frozen Serenity Scripture.

Each of the individual arts was confirmed to be at least at the blue grade, and if multiple were combined like the array, the level could be raised. Each art though different, came from the same root. For those arts that could be combined, mastering one to perfection made it easier to master the other to the same standards in a shorter time.

His cultivation art collecting and dissection hobby tingled when he sensed its traces coming from Bai Chen which was why he couldn't help himself but seeing his reaction, Yang Qing couldn't help but regret the haste of his excitement.

The history of the Ice Emerlad Sect should have served as a reminder for him to be wary of asking about matters relating to the scripture.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to react that way.." Bai Chen said with a bitter smile.

"Sorry too, if I was out of bounds with my question.."

"No, it is perfectly okay. I think it's because I'm on this ship.." Bai Chen said as he looked around him with a nostalgic look on his face.

"Ever since I stepped foot on it memories of my past keep flooding in which has left me out of sorts slightly, but to answer your question, yes, it is an art from the Frozen Serenity Scripture, a sword art I got from the bluefi.." Bai Chen paused mid-through his sentence as he shook his head with a smile before finally looking up.

"It is something I got from my mother.." he said, with a heartfelt smile.

"The Frozen Serenity Sect must have been quite something to create what they created. I haven't interacted much with other arts from the scripture other than the sword art I have, but the profundities contained within it I can hardly believe it's just a segmented part..

How about yours or the other arts you saw.."

"They were all profound..."

"Figured as much. I can't help but wonder why the Ice Emerald Sect dabbled in what they did when they had one too. It should have been more than enough to sustain and grow their sect for years and years to come.

I may be human, but I can never understand our kind.."

Yang Qing sighed at the mention of the Ice Emerald Sect as he said,

"Neither can I.."

On detecting the drop in mood, Bai Chen decided to change the topic as he asked Yang Qing how he found his accommodations, and once again invited him to the steering room to try and have a go, which Yang Qing happily obliged to lighten his heart before finally he felt well enough to head back to his chambers to continue with the list.

As he was heading back there was something that was gnawing at him and it was about Bai Chen. Even though he avoided the topic entirely, Yang Qing kept wondering what happened to the Bluefin spine-tailed swift that raised Bai Chen. Seeing his reaction, it stood to reason that she had passed. It was the circumstances that led to it that bothered Yang Qing, especially now that he knew Bai Chen cultivated an art from the Frozen Serenity Scripture.

There was a chance that the bluefin spine-tailed swift had been targetted because of it. The Ice Emerald Sect had been gathering the arts from that scripture for a reason, maybe it was for themselves, or it was for that mysterious owner of the red abyssal thorn tree.

He didn't want his mind to go there, but he wondered if Bai Chen's mother had been one of the victims of the sect, and seeing Bai Chen's sensitivity to her, Yang Qing didn't want to broach the matter by asking for details about her.

Whatever doubts and guesses he had he would keep them to himself for now. He would only share his thoughts if he found an undeniable connection between the Ice Emerald Sect and the bluefin spine-tailed fin, and even then it would be after he confirmed it had something to do with the sword art she gave him.

#### Chapter 787 Ground Zero

Pushing the matter of Bai Chen aside, Yang Qing decided to focus his attention back on the slip. When he left the steering room, per Bai Chen's estimation it would take two hours before they reached the first location on his list, Camel Lake Town in the Sunbirch Kingdom. His target was the sect master of one of the local powerhouses in Hanming province where Camel Lake Town was located. The sect's name was the Scorpion Lotus Sect, and it was a rank 4 sect.

After finishing with the Scorpion Lotus Sect, he would move toward the next target located in Five Peak Valley found in the Moon Pine Kingdom, which just like the Sunbirch Kingdom was a rank 3 kingdom. His target there was the clan head of the Liu clan, one of the five peak factions of the Five Peak Valley which just like its name was named so because of the five peak clans that inhabited the valley.

After the Five Peak Valley, he would then head to the Ember Lightning Flame Forge pavilion in Thousandforge City located in the territory of the Divine Armament Sect, a rank 2 sect. His person of contact was the owner of said pavilion.

Lastly, he would finish at Azure Mirage City located in Snow Dawn Province of the Great Chen Empire which was a rank two empire. His contact in the city was the sect master of the Spring Rain Sword sect.

Despite his extensive list which contained twenty members, he had restricted himself to four visits this time because of the enormity of the distance where those members were located from one another. In the spirit of caution, the members of his network list were spread far apart from one another to reduce someone piecing it together that those organizations were part of an Order Network.

Because of the distance, four was all he could handle for the five-day timeframe he had been given by the Bluefin Escort Agencies. If he flew with just his cultivation base it would have taken longer.

Yang Qing used the two hours left before the first meet-up to finish the list Shao An had handed him.

Next on the list was a blue-grade formation master by the name of Zhu Qing. Yang Qing couldn't help but raise his brows in surprise when he looked at his age. He was 203 years old and he was already a second-stage palace realm expert and a blue-grade formation master and geomancy specialist when it came to the mining of spirit-rich stones and minerals.

His extensive list of proficiencies and achievements was not something that one would expect to see in someone who was only 200 years old, the fact that it was, he was nothing short of a genius-level talent. He was one of the leading talents of the Blue River Star Guardian Manor, a rank 3 organization that had made its bones in formation arrays. It was one of the best within its rank boasting a reputation as one of the best to hire when one thought of laying down blue grade arrays or buying blue grade formation blueprints.

The quality of their arrays and blueprints stood out in the market and it was a reputation that they had held for over 30,000 years. Countless prominent factions around the continent from sects to clans to kingdoms and empires, down to merchant organizations and even the rogue cultivator community all sort their services.

They had a long list of clients that never stopped, and because of the quality of their services, that number only continued to grow. Even with the increasing number of demands and few people to fulfill them, the pavilion put strict demands on those who would be accepted within their ranks, ensuring only the cream of the crop could join them.

With the pavilion having over a dozen blue-grade formation masters, and two or three rumored to be at the cusp of becoming gold-grade formation masters, their ability to attract talent even as a rank 3 organization wasn't any less than that of a rank 2 sect.

Zhu Qing had been one of those talents. He quickly rose through the ranks and became one of the division heads in a short 150 years, and it wasn't long before he was nominated to be one of the talents to succeed the seat of pavilion master of the Guardian Blue River Star Pavilion.

The seat of the pavilion master was rotated every 200 years to promote competition and improvement within the pavilion to prevent its stagnation. Every talent that walked through the doors of the Pavilion harbored the ambitions and hope of one day becoming the Pavilion Master as whoever obtained that title, it was proof that they were the best in their generation.

Talents always liked to outdo one another, and Zhu Qing was no exception to that. That relentless desire to obtain that seat and shoot for the stars and become one of the youngest pavilion master to have ever graced the Guardian River Star Pavilion led him to his doom. To shore up his abilities to the previous masters who were the ones who voted who would succeed the seat, Zhu Qing undertook a task.

A newly promoted rank three kingdom wanted a defensive and spirit-gathering array to be laid out in one of their spiritual herb farms. After gaining a palace realm expert, the kingdom hoped to borrow that momentum and support the creation of another, and one of those ways involved improving one of their spiritual herb farms which was why they did not hesitate to pay the exorbitant amount it would take to hire the services of the Guardian River Star Pavilion.

Those at the Pavilion were surprised Zhu Qing took such a case as he mostly dealt with more established rank 3 organizations and not young ones like that kingdom. Only Zhu Qing knew why he had chosen them. They were the perfect platform to showcase his abilities. In a well-established organization, he would not be able to freely do what he wanted, but in a new one, he could.

Because of his prodigious talent working with formations all the time and the environment he was in, Zhu Qing once got enough enlightenment to create his formation array blueprint which he felt was at the throngs of reaching the top tier among blue grade formations. However, he had not completely ironed out all the details.

When the requisition of the young kingdom appeared, he thought to himself surely this must be it. If he told them he would lay a top-tier blue grade formation at the same expense as a low-tier blue grade one, which was what they had asked for, as a young kingdom with ambition would they refuse it? Surely not and his guess had been on the mark as the kingdom had been ecstatic when Zhu Qing made the proposition.

Of course, Zhu Qing had withheld a few pieces of information from them such as that was the first time that formation would ever be used. They were the ground zero for that formation array.

Chapter 788 End Of The List (1)

With excitement and anticipation from both sides, Zhu Qing got to work laying his formation. His formation was a complex all-purpose formation that had combined multiple functions into one. It had a

defensive aspect to it, an illusory aspect, an isolation aspect, and gathered spiritual qi which had a regulatory aspect to it.

The regulatory aspect, the idea was borrowed from the design the Summerfield Kingdom had in the arrays laid out in its farms which other than drawing in spiritual qi, had a regulatory array that controlled how much spiritual qi it gathered which was a factor of the needs of the spiritual herbs. This was to avoid the saturation of spiritual qi on the plants.

It took months to lay down the framework which came along nicely from his relentless efforts. The individual parts of the array worked perfectly now all that was left was the final part which was to combine all of them to work as one system. That final step was when a problem occurred.

An array could only reach a blue-grade array if it could borrow the force of the world around it and blend seamlessly with it. It needed to be more in line with nature and the functioning rules of the world. That was only for the blue grade array, however, when it came to the gold grade and the purple grade array, the concept was slightly different.

Both grades of arrays worked in the opposite, they did not blend or work in line with their surroundings but instead, they subverted and transformed it to suit their image. Every mysterious realm had at least a gold array built within it to support its environment which was why they had unique environments. Its concept was borrowed from the grottos that operated like mini worlds.

Zhu Qing got greedy as he was working on his array. The longer he worked on it, the stronger he felt that his design was just at the cusp of reaching the gold tier. Creating the blueprint for a gold-grade array and laying one down, though both were difficult, the latter was even more so and required the presence of a domain expert to do it safely.

Because of the nature of gold-grade and purple-grade arrays, it needed the support of a domain sense to sense the changes down to the minutest of changes caused by the array to its surroundings. This was to prevent any mishap. If a domain expert was not present then anchoring ascendant-grade treasure would work just the same, more so if it was a naturally formed treasure. Zhu Qing lacked both.

In his haste and fervor, he ignored those requirements. All he could think about was he was already close to success. He could feel it, the longer he worked the array, he could feel the resonance power contained within it with every part he completed. Its flow, power, and the ecstasy of knowing the array he thought was a top-tier blue grade might in fact be a gold grade made him ignore the risks.

He was this close, he couldn't stop, he didn't want to stop, he wanted to see it through to the end. Even the seat of the pavilion master no longer mattered to him, all he cared about was he was about to finish a gold-grade array and he was about to leap into the ranks of legends.

But all good things come to an end, the array when it was at the finish went haywire because of the conditions surrounding it. Without a domain sense, Zhu Qing could not have noticed it despite the subtle warning signs being there continuously building up the closer he got to the finish and when he did, putting the final touch to the array which involved placing an anchoring treasure to connect the whole thing, mayhem broke.

Instead of using an ascendant-grade treasure that would have repaired those problems by providing the necessary fuel and environment to support the array's requirement, Zhu Qing used four monarch-grade treasures that were complementary. He had thought that would be enough, but alas he had underestimated the might of a gold grade array.

The entire array became unstable like a slumbering beast that had been woken up unceremoniously. The four monarch-grade treasures that had been used as the anchor were unable to contain the instability. It wasn't long before they got overwhelmed and were swept up in the instability, becoming unstable themselves.

Realizing the danger, Zhu Qing tried to work fast and ordered an evacuation, but ultimately it proved futile when the whole thing exploded. The destructive explosion went beyond the farm, spreading to the town that neighbored it. The farm was ground to dust, and the town was decimated in its entirety. Though Zhu Qing tried to evacuate those he could, ultimately over 50,000 people were lost to the explosion.

The young kingdom was livid, especially after realizing they had been kept dark about the whole thing. Realizing they would not be a match for the Guardian River Star Pavilion, they forwarded the matter to the Order.

For his recklessness and the lives lost as a result, Zhu Qing was sentenced to 125,000 years which was no different than a death sentence for him. Unlike the spirit of the crescent moon saber, Zhu Qing did not have an inexhaustible lifespan. He would need to reach the peak of the domain realm for him to have enough lifespan to serve the entirety of his sentence.

As for the young kingdom, the Guardian Blue River Star Pavillion paid for damages and offered to lay six blue-grade formations at their cost which was personally handled by the senior figures of the pavilion including the master of the pavilion.

"If Zhu Qing had told them that he was laying an untested gold-grade array, would the Caldera Springs Kingdom have refused him, or would they have taken the risk?" muttered Yang Qing.

Zhu Qing could have had a much lighter sentence if the Caldera Springs Kingdom had known about the array beforehand. There were slim chances that they would have refused him even if he told them the risks involved. In all likelihood, they would have taken the gamble. A gold-grade array was a gold-grade array. Having one would guarantee the continuation of their kingdom for thousands and thousands of years. It was something one would struggle to pass up and as for the risks, the potential destruction of the farm was an acceptable loss, and when it came to the town, had Zhu Qing discussed with them on the potential risks involved, they would have likely evacuated in.

All the misfortune could have been avoided had Zhu Qing been upfront about it, and as for the Caldera Springs Kingdom, Yang Qing couldn't help but feel they were the winners in all this. They got six blue-grade arrays in exchange for a single town.

When it came to big organizations, the interest of the whole came before that of the few. Trading one town for six blue-

grade arrays, they probably felt it was a steal, after all, no key figure from the kingdom was caught up in the attack. They had all evacuated in time. The majority of those who died were in the qi refinement and foundation establishment stages and less than a dozen core formation experts.

The cultivator world had always been callous about the lives of 'weaklings'. To them, their loss was like culling the weak livestock from the herd. They could always rear others to take their place with six blue-grade arrays.

With just two left, Yang Qing eagerly moved on to the next name. The next one was a cultivator by the name of Sun Tao, the crown prince of the Wood Stone Kingdom. He had been imprisoned for causing the death of countless mortals in his kingdom during his desperate attempt to save his kingdom. The Wood Stone Kingdom was a rank 3 kingdom that had grown due to the presence of elemental stone mines within their kingdom. They were especially known for having wood element stones.



Elemental stones were different yet similar to spirit stones. The difference was in their composition while the similarity was in how they were formed. Spirit stones were formed in veins and lodes that amassed dense spiritual qi that congealed together to create a mine filled with spirit stones, and within those spirit stones is spiritual qi.

Elemental stones formed the same way, except they tended to form in a place that had dense elements, for example, wood elemental stones would be formed in areas that had condensed wood energy. It could be due to a natural treasure, or naturally formed lode or vein. The stones formed would contain refined wood energy.

Elemental stones just like spirit stones could be used in cultivation, however, because of their nature, they were restrictive in their use. Those with elemental-based physiques or elemental-oriented cultivation arts could make the most out of them in cultivation, unlike their spirit stones counterparts that could be used by all.

However, if one wasn't intending to use it for cultivation they made for great catalysts and ingredients in refining potions and the creation of artifacts. Wood stones, earth stones, and water stones were great for alchemy while fire stones and metal stones were usually preferred for artifact refinement.

Woodstone kingdom was famous for having a lot of woodstone mines which it used to develop its alchemy while selling off the surplus. They also had earth, water, fire, and metal stones and the mines were of considerable size if compared to other places but they were not as large as its wood stone reserves.

Using those mines, the kingdom continuously supported itself sustaining its rank as a rank three kingdom. Though elemental stones were valuable, they were not precious to the point of inciting greed in the eyes of others. At least not mostly except for one particular stone. It's a rarity, and even Woodstone kingdom with all its mines, had never sighted one.

Chapter 789 End of the list (2)

Said stone was the five elemental infusion stone, a stone that contained the fusion of all the five elements and unlike the other stones, this one was considered a dao natural treasure because of the effects it had.

The five elemental infusion stone could be used to polish the body of a cultivator giving them at the bare minimum a gold body in the body refinement stage, and when breaking through to the foundation establishment realm provided they used the stone to polish their foundations in the previous two

realms, they were guaranteed at the very least to have blue grade pillars regardless what grade of cultivation art they practiced.

The more refined five-elemental infusion stone contained dao mysterious truths pertaining to the five elements that could serve a core formation expert preparing to breakthrough to the palace realm. Given enough time and decent comprehension, with the stone, one had a 70% chance of breaking through to the palace realm, and the Woodstone Kingdom had both the fortune and misfortune of finding such a mine within their kingdom.

To the west of the kingdom was the Silver Tiger Kingdom, a rank 3 kingdom, to the east was the Lan Clan a rank 3 clan, to the south was the Dragon Claw sect, a rank 3 sect and to the north was the Willow mist forest filled with over countless ferocious spirit beasts. Of them all, the Woodstone Kingdom was the weakest in terms of power and foundation, however, the Lan Clan, the Dragon Claw Sect never targetted them because they never had anything worthwhile to draw their greed, and as for the Silver Tiger Kingdom, even though it was the neighbor they had the most friction with, they never tore all face of cordiality with one another.

With the mine they found, they could finally strengthen themselves without fear of one day being unable to protect themselves when they were targeted by any of the four neighbors. The mine of five elemental infusion stones they found though wasn't the largest, but it could produce one regular stone every year, while the one that contained the dao mysteries of the five elements took 10- 15 years to form one.

Given enough time, their overall strength would have rivaled that of their neighbors, however, that was only on the prerequisite that their neighbors didn't know about the mine. Sadly they did and that led to the kingdom being besieged on three fronts. Only the ferocious spirit beasts of Willow Mist Forest remained uninvolved as they always have when it came to human affairs, but the other three, attacked Woodstone Kingdom with intensity forcing the Woodstone Kingdom into a desperate situation.

Out of desperation, the crown prince snuck into the Willow Mist Forest and using a camouflage art, stole an egg belonging to one of the ruling spirit beasts in the area and took it to the Silver Tiger Kingdom hoping to borrow the hand of that spirit beast to keep them at bay.

He miscalculated in thinking the spirit beast would act alone as they knew those spirit beasts to be fiercely territorial but he inadvertently triggered a spirit beast tide. The Silver Tiger Kingdom was almost razed to the ground, with a third of the kingdom slaughtered, and the mother of the egg he stole tracked his scent after finding the egg. The Woodstone Kingdom suffered the same fate as the Silver Tiger Kingdom, without countless cities falling to the spirit beast's attack.

Millions died in both kingdoms because of that attack and the number would have swelled had there not been someone from the White Rose Pavillion not been close. With her assistance, the tide was quelled but the damage was done.

The crown prince was sentenced to 100,000 years for his efforts, and because of what he did, the Silver Tiger Kingdom filed for a death duel with the Woodstone Kingdom, with the Order providing a venue for their duel. The format of said duel was both kingdoms sending everyone they had, there was no limit on the number, and they would fight to the last person in said venue.

Surprisingly neither side had an overwhelming victory over the other, with both sides suffering severe losses. Silver Tiger had expected to be the favorites, however, Woodstone Kingdom pulled out a draw because of the countless wood physique cultivators they had. They went toe to toe with their opponents because of their vitality and endurance.

As for the final person on the list, it was an elder by the name of Li Chen. He had been the elder of the Thunderclap Saber Sect. He was a cultivation mad man who had nothing in his mind other than cultivation. He never even took disciples up until he found one in his travels who had a yuan heart physique.

Those with Yuan heart physique were able to find symmetry in two different forces, almost similar to Yang Qing's yin yang jade bones physique. With the Yuan heart physique, one would be able to master water and fire cultivation arts and cultivate it within their body without conflict.

Li Chen had hoped to see the heights of the peak of cultivation vicariously through his disciple's eyes. By his estimates, he would never reach the domain realm, but maybe he could raise one. He threw himself into countless dangers in search of rare resources to assist his disciple. He would disappear for years on end in those ventures and in the last one he ended up locked in a mysterious realm for almost 200 years but it had been worth it as he had found a yin-yang treasure that would be of benefit to his disciple, but ultimately it was all for naught.

When he returned to his sect, he was hit with the news of his disciple's death. His disciple had died while competing on behalf of the sect. There was a small grotto at the border which the Thunderclap Sect shared with two other sects of similar strength. Since they couldn't decide on ownership, they voted on owning it jointly with the right of ownership being decided every three years through a competition between their disciples.

The victor with the ownership rights would be allowed to get 50% of the resources produced within that grotto, while the remaining two would get 25% each. The Thunderclap Sect had hoped Li Chen's disciple would be able to give them victory in the matches. With his physique they thought surely he was a sure-in for the winner, only they didn't take into account that one of the rival sect would have a monstrous talent themselves with a peerless jade physique. That disciple ended up killing Li Chen's disciple in their duel.

Li Chen on hearing the news went crazed and instantly attacked the sect master of the Thunderclap Sect for risking his disciple in a duel without even asking his master, and even after his disciple died, they didn't retaliate against the other sect and just compromised for a few treasures.

The fight between the two quickly heated and it became a fight to the death that spread even outside the sect's grounds into their territories. With the destruction it caused, countless bystanders got caught up in it and died in the process, with the greatest number being the disciples and servants of the Thunderclap Saber Sect as it spread to the nearby towns that neighbored their sect ground.

The sect master got crippled in the process, while Li Chen got severe injuries of his own that were healed when he was sentenced by the Order. He got 70,000 years.

Yang Qing sighed when he finished, as he wondered, of the seven, who would he pick for the remaining three slots.

Chapter 790 Reaching Camel Lake Town

"Who should the remaining three be.." Yang Qing muttered as he wondered of the seven, which four should he pick for the rehabilitation program.

Gao Wei the rogue healer who used the life essence of cultivators as part of his healing regimen already had a guaranteed spot. A healer's value in a place filled with unquenchable violence was much better than a seasoned fighter which was why he figured he was on the list in the first place. Gao Wei was the only one of the seven to get an indefinite sentence. If it wasn't for his occupation as a medical cultivator he would not have made it onto the list of consideration in the first place.

With one slot already occupied, he was left with three more.

There was Luo Siyun the spirit of the crescent moon saber who was imprisoned for destroying innocents in her pursuit to avenge her master.

Other than her, there was Pan Xing, the rogue cultivator who robbed and assassinated prominent organizations with the aid of a treasure, which was guessed was his way of taking vengeance as a jilted lover.

Then there was Han Lei, the last surviving member of the Han clan, a rank 3 clan that was massacred almost to the last member except him by the Ghost Viper Court, an assassin organization with countless bodies to their name. In pursuit of vengeance, he infiltrated them and rose through the ranks eventually becoming one of the elders. That allowed him to find the real reason why his clan was targeted and also put him in a better position to destroy the court from the inside.

Following Han Lei on the list was Zhu Qing, a once prodigious and highly valued member of the Guardian Blue River Star Pavilion whose moment of carelessness led to the deaths of millions when he tried to lay down a gold-grade array.

He wasn't the only one whose life went haywire because of one single mistake, just like him, on the list there was a crown prince by the name of Sun Tao who out of desperation to save his kingdom that was being besieged because of a five element infusion stone mine they found, he tried to lure a spirit beast in one of the factions that had besieged him only to trigger a spirit beast tide in the process that swept both the rival kingdom and his kingdom, causing the death of countless.

And finishing off the least was an Elder of the Thunderclap Saber Sect by the name of Li Chen who out of anger and grief for the loss of his disciple attacked his sect master whom he blamed for that loss. Their battle caused countless casualties both within and outside of the sect.

Yang Qing could only pick three more from among them. He already had an idea of who he would pick for the second and the third slot, it was the fourth one that he had trouble with.

After mulling it over for a few more minutes and still not coming to a decision, Yang Qing let out an exhaustive sigh as he got up to stretch his limbs and back.

"Maybe on my way back, I will have made my choice, if it still proves difficult, I might as well ask Vice Warden Shao An whom he would prefer for that fourth slot. He knows them better than I do and if I do the program well and the number increases, I may as well pick from the remaining ones if they are available at the time.

No need to drain myself on it, it's my vacation.." Yang Qing said as he finished his stretches.

He dispelled his isolation array just in time to hear one of the staff members inform him through his door that they were about to reach Camel Lake Town, his first stop in establishing contact with the members of his network.

Yang Qing leisurely moved to the deck of the ship where he was met with clear skies, warm weather, and a cool breeze. He took a deep breath as he let the cool air freshen his entire body, loosening and relaxing his body in the process.

"It wouldn't be bad to finish the rest of the trip here.." thought Yang Qing as he admired the calming scenery around him.

It wasn't only him who was on the decks as the other guests had already left their chambers, and unlike before when they were terror-stricken, just like Yang Qing they seemed relaxed and even excited. No doubt the display shown by Bai Chen when he slayed the blood mist vulture had something to do with their present mood.

The atmosphere was harmonious infecting all guests around. When the trip started there were cliques among them as they maintained their interaction with those they were familiar with but now because of the relaxing air, the guests were mingling all around.

"Now this is what a vacation should feel like.." muttered Yang Qing as he made his way to one of the staff members who was hanging out refreshments.

With a cold spring passion juice in hand, Yang Qing made his way to the starboard of the ship. They were less than 10 kilometers away from Camel Lake Town, but he could already make out the features of the town one of which was its defining feature.

The town was built atop a hill that closely resembled a camel that was laying down with its hump showing above its frame, and at the center of that hump was a lake, a white-blue lake that filled the town that was built next to it with the smell of white butterfly lilies that grew at the center of the lake.

In the time it took to burn one incense stick, the ship had already reached the town and docked in one of the outskirts places of the town. One of the staff members as per procedure went to pay a courtesy visit to the officials in charge of the administration of the town.

"How long should we wait?" asked Bai Chen as he walked over to where Yang Qing was.

"It should take thirty minutes to one hour, but you don't have to wait, if you have any fares you can make within that timeframe feel free to do so. I'll tell you when I'm done and we can either meet here or within a ten-kilometer radius of the town depending on where you are.."

"You're the boss.."

Yang Qing shook his head with a smile as he left the ship and made his way to the northern part of the town which was where the Scorpion Lotus Sect was located.

The lake at the center of the town had the effect of making the spiritual qi around it gentler than it normally would which is of considerable benefit to young cultivators trying to feel qi for the first time, or for the propagation of spiritual herbs. Because of this, countless organizations settled in the area, ranging from unranked up to rank four organizations like the Scorpion Lotus Sect that were one of the leading hegemony of the area along with Obsidian Serpentfish Sect, Sapphire Palm Sect, and the Mayor creating a subtle balance between the four. Of course, the mayor had an edge over the three as he had the Sunbirch Kingdom behind him.