

## Disciples 121

### Chapter 121: Releasing Zhao Yue

Lu Zhou kept his eyes on Fan Xiuwen. When he heard the news, he said calmly, "How unfortunate." After he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

The door closed again, plunging the room into darkness.

In the pitch-dark room, Fan Xiuwen's eyes flickered with a faint bluish glow again. However, it only lasted a second before it disappeared.

...

Lu Zhou walked out of the north pavilion and saw a flustered Little Yuan'er. "Master, quick, quick, quick... Fifth Senior Sister is going mad!"

Lu Zhou shook his head. His expression remained the same as he said, "There's no need to panic."

The two of them walked to the Cave of Reflection that was located behind the mountain. When they arrived at the Cave of Reflection, many Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators were already gathered there. Even Hua Wudao was watching nearby.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng stood at the entrance like guardian deities.

Hua Wudao said with a sigh, "I didn't think there's such an evil technique in this world... To think it's witchcraft."

Mingshi Yin asked, "Elder Hua, can you help her?"

Hua Wudao shook his head and said, "I'm afraid the Pavilion Master is the only person who can undo this spell."

As soon as Hua Wudao finished speaking, the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators bowed in unison. "Pavilion Master."

Hua Wudao hastily turned around. He put his pride away and said, "Pavilion Master."

"There's no need for formalities." Lu Zhou waved his hand and walked into the Cave of Reflection with his hands on his back.

Zhao Yue was behaving like a madwoman at the moment. She was repeatedly running into the walls of the cave.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng had covered the walls with a gentle energy to prevent her from fatally hurting herself. However, before they arrived, Zhao Yue had already managed to bruise her face swollen, and her hair was a complete mess. Between her eyes, the scarlet lotus was glowing with increasing intensity.

"Master, Fifth Junior Sister is being controlled by the witchcraft spell. Hurry up and do something about it, master!"

“Junior Sister Zhao Yue’s crime isn’t worth the loss of her life. Please have mercy, master!”

Lu Zhou looked around him and said, “She brought this upon herself.” If she had obediently stayed on Golden Court Mountain, she would not have been afflicted by this witchcraft spell.

Zhao Yue was delirious. She had a murderous look on her face as she spouted nonsensical words to everyone she saw.

“I’m going to kill you.”

“I’ll kill you!”

“Kill! Kill!”

Zhao Yue lunged toward Lu Zhou. Although her cultivation base had been sealed, Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng, naturally, still would not let her do anything to their master.

Two vines grew out of the ground and bound Zhao Yue. Mingshi Yin bowed and said, “Fifth Junior Sister is delirious and spouting words that are not her own. She must be under the influence of the peculiar witchcraft spell. I’ve asked Pan Zhong, and he told me the spellcaster is the only one who can break the spell.” He sighed before he said, “Otherwise... In any case, I don’t believe it. Master, please do something!”

“Where’s Pan Zhong?”

“He’s in the south pavilion, looking up something in the books,” a female cultivator answered from outside the cave.

Hua Wudao said, “Pan Zhong’s not wrong. This spell is extremely evil. It muddles the heart and is capable of turning her into a puppet. Fortunately, Zhao Yue has an amazing fortitude and a stable cultivation base. It must not be easy for her to hold on until now.”

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. He looked at Zhao Yue who was in a frenzy. Her eyes were blank. He barked, “The audacity!” He struck Zhao Yue’s shoulder with his palm. With his Brahman Sea Eight Meridians cultivation base, the others did not suspect anything when his Primal Qi surged. Instead, their attention focused on Zhao Yue. They looked nervous, clearly worried about her.

Lu Zhou had already injected some of his Primal Qi into Zhao Yue’s meridians. Her eight extraordinary meridians were under the witchcraft power’s complete control. Unlike Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue’s entire body was filled with witchcraft power! It launched itself at Lu Zhou’s Primal Qi at the first moment.

“Hm?” Lu Zhou’s Brahman Sea Eight Meridians cultivation base seemed extremely weak at this juncture. The Primal Qi he had just released was completely devoured by the witchcraft power. The witchcraft power flowed along her meridians and pushed its way toward Lu Zhou’s palm.

Zhao Yue suddenly opened her eyes. She wore a peculiar smile on her face and said, “I finally found you, you old thing!”

“Break!” Lu Zhou barked and pushed. He was not sure if it was a product of his will or if it was due to the danger, he found himself in the state of comprehension when he was studying the Heavenly Writing. His

mind was clear, and his heart was calm. The Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power seemed to have activated as it swiftly converged in his palm. He felt as though he was holding a block of ice.

Bang!

Zhao Yue flew backward from the impact.

Mingshi Yin's energy cushioned her crash on the stone wall.

Zhao Yue spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. At the same time, the lotus on her forehead disappeared. She fell to her knees and supported her weight with her hands. She struggled for a moment to lift her head before revealing a strange smile on her face. She said to Lu Zhou, "You win this time, old thing."

Thud!

Zhao Yue slumped to the ground immediately.

The Cave of Reflection was silent.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng wondered if they should help Zhao Yue up. After all, she seemed to be cursing their master just a second ago. They were worried the old man would be angered by this.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "Bring her to the south pavilion."

"Understood!" Mingshi Yin hastily carried Zhao Yue away.

The lotus on Zhao Yue's forehead had indeed faded away. At the same time, her Primal Qi was circulating of its own accord.

Mingshi Yin was overjoyed. He said, "Master, I think the spell on Junior Sister is broken!"

Outside the Cave of Reflection, the people cheered loudly.

The female cultivators' wore an expression of awe on their faces.

Hua Wudao said with a shocked expression, "To think that the Pavilion Master is capable of breaking such an evil spell! My horizons have truly widened!"

At this moment, Pan Zhong came running with a stack of books in his hands. He cried out, "I found it! I found it! Everything that has anything to do with the spell is right here!"

"..."

Pan Zhong came to a halt and looked around him. "Uh... is she alright now?"

Everyone else rolled their eyes.

'The sun would have set a long time ago if we waited for you.'

Zhao Yue was brought to the south pavilion by two female cultivators.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng walked up to Lu Zhou.

"Master, was Junior Sister Zhao Yue being controlled earlier?" Mingshi Yin asked with a lingering fear in his voice.

“Her heart was controlled by witchcraft.”

Hua Wudao walked up to them slowly. He cupped his fists slightly at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou asked calmly, “Do you have something to say, Elder Hua?”

“The spell on Zhao Yue has been lifted. I think that person won’t be making any moves in the near future. When the spell is broken, if the spellcaster attempts to control the target again, but they’ll be hit by the recoil.”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, “Elder Hua, do you know anything about this person?”

Hua Wudao heaved a long sigh and said, “I’ve only heard stories about this person.”

“I’m genuinely curious. You would rather stay here than rat out the Second Prince. Are you really doing this to keep the peace in Great Yan?” Lu Zhou asked as he stared at Hua Wudao intently.

“Uh...” Hua Wudao’s expression froze for a moment before he shook his head and said, “I’m afraid only the sect master and the Second Prince knows about this.”

Lu Zhou glanced at him and said, “So, the Yun Sect really has a dirty deal with the Imperial Family.”

“...” Hua Wudao’s wizened flushed red from embarrassment.

Lu Zhou said to Little Yuan’er, “Send word to Jiang Aijian. Tell him that the nice sword I’m giving him is worth the trouble of him coming here to retrieve it.”

‘Jiang Aijian?’ Hua Wudao found the name familiar. Jiang Aijian was a skilled swordsman, but even then, he was only a third-rate character in the cultivation world. Why would the Evil Sky Pavilion value him?

## **Chapter 122: Meeting Jiang Aijian Again**

“I’ll contact Jiang Aijian immediately,” Little Yuan’er said.

Lu Zhou walked with his hands on his back as he returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

...

Shortly after being brought to the south pavilion, Zhao Yue regained consciousness. The familiar environment and memories returned to her immediately.

“Miss Fifth, y-you’re awake!” A female cultivator exclaimed in shock.

“I... What happened? Shouldn’t I be in the Cave of Reflection?” Zhao Yue asked in confusion as she struggled to sit up.

The Derived Moon Palace’s female cultivator next to Zhao Yue recounted what had happened earlier.

Upon hearing this, she asked incredulously, “You’re telling me that master broke the witchcraft Restriction for me?”

“Yes, Pavilion Master came and broke the witchcraft spell with just a strike of his palm,” the Derived Moon Palace’s female cultivator prepared some hot water as she said, “The witchcraft spell was terrifying. Fortunately, Mister Third and Mister Fourth arrived just in time.”

Zhao Yue sighed softly. She tried to circulate the Primal Qi from her dantian's sea of Qi. The moment she attempted it, she felt sore all over.

"Miss Fifth, the witchcraft Restriction has just been lifted. It's best for you to rest for now. There's no need to rush your cultivation and circulate your Primal Qi. They'll recover in due time."

Zhao Yue nodded and lay down.

...

Half a day later.

In the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou heard two notifications.

"Ding! Breaking Zhao Yue's witchcraft Restriction. Reward: 1,000 merit points."

"Ding! Completed the investigation of the Fish Dragon Village incident and discovered the truth. Reward: 3,000 merit points."

Lu Zhou nodded with satisfaction. Now, he would have to find another way to earn merit points.

While Lu Zhou was contemplating this matter, a Derived Moon Palace's female cultivator walked slowly into the great hall. "Pavilion Master, Jiang Aijian requests an audience. He's at the foot of the mountain."

"Let him up."

"Understood."

Little Yuan'er, Mingshi Yin, and Duanmu Sheng rushed into the hall when they heard the news.

A moment later, escorted by the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivator, Jiang Aijian appeared outside the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall. During his journey here, he had been looking around curiously, swiveling his head left and right. A blade of grass could be seen between his lips. He asked, "Hey, hey, hey, when did you join the Evil Sky Pavilion? Is it scary here? This is the base of the villains, right? Aren't you afraid at all?"

Jiang Aijian continued to ask a barrage of questions as he made his way to the great hall. "I didn't expect to see so many women in the Evil Sky Pavilion..." He clicked his tongue. "This tree looks nice. The greenstone floor looks nice as well."

"..."

Jiang Aijian's curious expression was still evident on his face as he slowly walked into the great hall.

Mingshi Yin asked, "Is this Jiang Aijian?"

Little Yuan'er replied, "That's him. You can tell by his thick skin."

"Since master regards him highly, he must have some outstanding qualities."

Jiang Aijian walked up to the people inside the hall and waved his hand in a sheepish manner as he said, "Old senior, I'm not used to such a grand welcome. Quick! Give me the nice sword, and I'll be on my way."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard calmly and said, "Jiang Aijian."

"Is there anything, old senior?"

"Sit down and talk."

"There's no need for that. We're old acquaintances now. Just give me the nice sword, and I'll be on my way immediately." Jiang Aijian was feeling less and less confident by the minute.

Lu Zhou waved his hand.

The Derived Moon Palace's female cultivator at the side presented Jiang Aijian with a sword.

Jiang Aijian took the sword with his right hand. In just a blink of an eye...

Crack!

The sword broke.

"No way! Old Senior! Is this what you mean by a nice sword? Is this the sword you meant when you said it's worth the trouble for me to come and personally collect it?" Jiang Aijian looked at the broken sword in shock.

Duanmu Sheng said, "This is the best sword in the Evil Sky Pavilion. It's made from a thousand-year tree, and a master craftsman carved the patterns on it."

"..."

Duanmu Sheng continued to say, "The Evil Sky Pavilion's disciples learned and trained with this sword. Sword Devil Yu Shangrong had once used this sword to kill 1,000 of his enemies." Duanmu Sheng's words were powerful and resonated in the great hall.

"..." Jiang Aijian was speechless. 'These f\*cking trolls! This is just a wooden sword, but they're making it sound so amazing! Is there even anyone who would be on my side here?'

Jiang Aijian looked at Lu Zhou and said, "Old senior, my heart's feeling slightly cold right now..."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "This is indeed a nice sword. You don't want it?"

"Old senior, you said you hate petty men who don't keep their words. No matter how much you hype this wooden sword, it still won't turn into a treasure! Although I'm a sword maniac, my mind is still sound. I don't want this sword," Jiang Aijian said, feeling aggrieved.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"You'll have to pay for it then..."

"..."

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "This sword is extremely precious to the Evil Sky Pavilion, and yet, you just broke it. If you don't pay for the damage, I'm afraid..." He left his sentence unfinished.

Mingshi Yin's Separation Hook and Scabbard and Duanmu Sheng's Overlord Spear flickered brightly at this moment.

Jiang Aijian gulped. He took a step back and waved his hand. "No, no, no. I'll pay for the sword. I will. How much is it?"

Mingshi Yin smirked. "Do you think that it can be valued with money?"

"What would you have me do, then? Should I contact a craftsman to duplicate this sword?"

"That won't do. We want this original wooden sword," Mingshi Yin said.

Jiang Aijian tossed the remaining half of the wooden sword away. He dusted his hands and said, "I get it now. You tricked me, old senior. Let's cut to the chase, shall we?"

Lu Zhou stood up and descended the stairs with his hands on his back. He walked up to Jiang Aijian and said, "This is what I like about dealing with intelligent people."

"If I were intelligent, I wouldn't have been tricked by you," Jiang Aijian muttered to himself.

"Jiang Aijian, you used me numerous times to help you remove obstacles from the palace. You're the first person who's daring enough to behave in such an atrocious manner toward me."

"..." Jiang Aijian's expression changed. He took several steps backward.

At this moment, the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators stood in a row, blocking the entrance of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

At the same time, an old man whose hair and beard were white slowly walked into view from outside the great hall. As he moved, eight trigrams moved with him under his feet. The six huge scripts radiated with golden light as they circled him.

"Yun Sect's Hua Wudao?" Jiang Aijian was on the verge of tears. He hastily waved his hand. "Old senior, t-this is all a misunderstanding!"

When Little Yuan'er saw this, she clapped her hands happily and said, "Quick, lock the doors! I'd like to see where he's going to run to... Senior Brother, catch him and beat him to a pulp!"

"Oh, my dear aunt, I have no quarrels with you! Why do you have to do this? Why is there a need to use blades and swords?" Jiang Aijian said.

Lu Zhou said calmly, "Stand back, everyone."

"Understood!" The Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators returned to their original positions.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng stowed their heaven-grade weapons away as well.

The ring of light on Hua Wudao's body vanished instantly. He cupped his fists slightly at Lu Zhou and said, "Is this the cultivator who's said to love swords to the bones and values a sword as much as his life, one of the three great Sword Freaks, Jiang Aijian?"

Jiang Aijian scratched his head sheepishly and said, "Those are all exaggerations... Merely exaggerations."

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "The name, Jiang Aijian, is only meant to conceal his own identity... Who would've thought that such an unbridled and uninhibited person is the Third Prince of the majestic Great Yan?"

### **Chapter 123: Palace Conflicts and Bones of the Bais**

A deathly stillness pervaded the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

Lu Zhou's words shocked everyone.

'How could this craven, glib, and eccentric man be Great Yan's Third Prince?'

'Nothing about him resembles a person from the palace!'

'Is master getting senile?'

The disciples had different thoughts running through their minds. Naturally, none of them dared to verbalize their thoughts.

Jiang Aijian was momentarily stunned. When he regained his senses, he said, "Old senior, you jest! How can I be the Third Prince?"

Lu Zhou did not expect Jiang Aijian to admit to it immediately. He said calmly, "My disciple, that rascal, Ye Tianxin, spent five years digging through the palace archives, and the conclusion she arrived at was that I'm the one behind the Fish Dragon Village incident. And yet, a rogue cultivator like you managed to discover the truth. How did you manage it?"

Jiang Aijian said, "I've told you. I have friends in the palace."

Hu Wudao who had just entered the great hall asked, "What kind of friend has access to such top-secret information?"

"..." Jiang Aijian was at a loss for words.

Hua Wudao continued, "Greetings, Your Highness." He was from the Yun Sect, after all. He could never dispose of the convoluted and overelaborate etiquette.

Seeing this, who knew if it was a force of habit or a slip of tongue, Jiang Aijian said solemnly, "You may dispense with the formalities." As soon as he realized his mistake, he slapped a hand over his mouth. He said hastily, "A misunderstanding! Truly a misunderstanding! Everything's a mis..." He trailed off with a sigh before he finally said, "Fine..."

Hua Wudao straightened himself respectfully.

Lu Zhou nodded his head and said, "I have time on my hands. I'm not worried you won't admit to it."

Jiang Aijian said with a sigh, "I went to so much trouble to send information to the Evil Sky Pavilion. Old senior, I'm very troubled by this treatment!"



Mingshi Yin interjected, "Cut the nonsense! Since you're a prince, the Evil Sky Pavilion's obstacles were your obstacles as well."

It was clear Jiang Aijian had used the Evil Sky Pavilion. Who would be brave enough to do this? Even Yu Zhenghai, the Sect Master of the Nether Sect, did not dare to use the Evil Sky Pavilion when he was trying to expand his territory even though he could have done so.

Jiang Aijian hastily waved his hands and said, "Foul! I'm crying foul! I told the old senior that I hate the schemes and deceptions in the palace. That's why I left the palace and all the nonsense and disputes there. No matter how many obstacles you removed, old senior, I can't go back to being a prince."

Hua Wudao said, "Your Highness, why did you maintain a connection with the palace, then?"

Jiang Aijian sighed again when he heard Hua Wudao's question. "Although I'm a prince, I do have a few best friends. You can laugh at me if you want, but I admire the lives of the common folks. However, it's difficult to care only about yourself under the skies of Great Yan. I had no choice but to take on the alias of Jiang Aijian and become a free and unfettered rogue cultivator."

"The three Sword Freaks possess cultivation bases in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. It's very impressive for Your Highness to attain this as a rogue cultivator," Hua Wudao said respectfully.

"That's only a false reputation..." Jiang Aijian said.

"What a great speech!" Lu Zhou said, "If you have no interest in this, why did you betray your own brother?"

Jiang Aijian was taken aback.

'The mastermind behind the Fish Dragon Village incident is the Second Prince. Not only did you not defend your brother, but you even stabbed him in the back. Who would believe you have no personal interest in this?'

Everyone's eyes were trained on Jiang Aijian at this moment. The current situation resembled a court in session where a criminal was being examined. He, Jiang Aijian, was the main character of this hearing.

Jiang Aijian sighed and said, "The most fickle people under the heavens are the princes."

Inside the palace walls, apart from protocols and rules, nothing else mattered but power and status. There was no place for familial relationships.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Back to the topic, do you know why I was investigating the Fish Dragon Village incident?"

"Isn't it for your sixth disciple?" Jiang Aijian asked in confusion.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "That's not all... Do you know Ding Fanqiu?"

Hua Wudao frowned slightly when he heard Ding Fanqiu's name. He said, "Ding Fanqiu is a member of my Yun Sect."

Mingshi Yin retorted, "Elder Hua, please be aware of your current position and attitude. Ding Fanqiu impersonated my master and committed crimes everywhere he went. He defamed master and the Evil

Sky Pavilion. According to the rules, he should be cut into eight pieces and thrown to the back of the mountain to feed the wild beasts!”

“...” Hua Wudao’s old face turned red. When he came to the Evil Sky Pavilion, he had already resigned from his post as a Yun Sect elder.

“I’ve heard of him,” Jiang Aijian said darkly.

“Ding Fanqiu told me all the commotion in the Measure Heaven River’s Fish Dragon Village is to find a special bone,” Lu Zhou said.

“Is that so?” Jiang Aijian scratched his head.

“Jiang Aijian... do you think I’m gullible?” Lu Zhou’s cloudy eyes looked at Jiang Aijian pointedly.

Jiang Aijian was discomfited by this and did not know how to react. Finally, he said, “Old senior, since you already know about this, why do you have to ask?” This was as good as an admission.

Lu Zhou asked, “The palace has been fishing out bodies from the river for a decade. In your opinion, did the palace gain anything?”

“No.”

“What’s this special bone?” Lu Zhou asked again.

“Uh...” Jiang Aijian looked around himself. He seemed to be mindful of the many pairs of ears here.

Lu Zhou did not mind this at all. He said, “You should understand that at this point, it’s meaningless to conceal these things from me.”

Jiang Aijian cupped his fists at Lu Zhou. At this moment, his frivolous manner seemed to have disappeared as he said, “I have no need to lie to you, old senior. To be honest, I think that many of them have forgotten that I’m a prince from the palace since I left the palace many years ago. There aren’t many of my friends left in the palace as well. In a few years, perhaps, there won’t be a Third Prince in this world.” He continued to say, “While investigating the incident at Measure Heaven River, two men were killed. Naturally, they can’t blame anyone for their lack of skills.”

The great hall was quiet now.

Jiang Aijian continued, “My brother’s a cruel man. He’s unfit to be the ruler of this nation.”

“I believe you,” Lu Zhou said.

“Thank you, old senior...”

“Jiang Aijian, in your opinion, is it possible that the bone is the bone of the Bai people?” Lu Zhou asked calmly.

“Bai... people...” Jiang Aijian shook his head. “There was a rumor in the palace that the bones of the Bais can help one to overcome the limits of one’s life. If that were the case, what’s the point of fishing up the bones in the river over the past ten years?”

Nobody had succeeded in discovering the alleged treasure after salvaging the bones of the Bai people from the riverbed for a decade. Hence, the objective of this operation might have shifted to something else besides the bones of the Bai sometime during the ten years.

“Old senior, I’ve said what I have to say. I’ll be honest and admit I do have a vested interest in this. It’s fine if you don’t grant me the nice sword,” Jiang Aijian said.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “I told you I despise petty men who don’t keep their words. Since I’ve promised you a sword, I’ll definitely fulfill my promise.”

After he finished speaking, Lu Zhou raised his hand and waved it around slowly. A black item appeared and floated toward Jiang Aijian.

At this moment, everyone’s attention was focused on the black item. They could not help but wonder what treasure the Pavilion Master of Evil Sky Pavilion had given Jiang Aijian.

## **Chapter 124: A Nice Sword**

The black item fell into Jiang Aijian’s hands. It looked nothing like a sword. It was more like a small parcel.

However, Jiang Aijian’s eyes widened in surprise as he exclaimed excitedly, “An imperial token?”

“That’s right. The nice sword I’m giving you is this imperial token,” Lu Zhou said calmly.

‘The imperial token is a nice sword?’ The others were baffled by this.

Jiang Aijian scratched his head and said, “If you give this to someone in the palace, it’ll be extremely useful to you. Old senior, isn’t it a waste for you to give it to me? I’m a craven man, I don’t have the courage to order people around.”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, “This item is, indeed, an imperial token. However, it’s also the key to the imperial warehouse. Otherwise, why do you think the Imperial Family searches for it far and wide?”

Jiang Aijian was surprised by Lu Zhou’s words. He was not the only one. None of the others knew there would be another use for the imperial token.

“In that case, are you trying to harm me, old senior? I’ll get into trouble just by having this valuable item in my possession. If the people in the palace find out that I’m in possession of this, won’t they come hunting for me?” Jiang Aijian said.

“You’re the most suitable person to keep this item. You’re a prince, and you’re a person who loves swords. You’re the only one who can get close to the warehouse as well. Don’t be in a hurry to turn this down. What I’m trying to tell you is that a nice sword is kept inside the warehouse. The sword’s name is Dragonsong,” Lu Zhou said.

“A-a sword? D-dragonsong?” Jiang Aijian’s voice trembled slightly. It seemed as though he had a difficult time believing this.

Hua Wudao said, shocked, "Dragonsong is a heaven-grade weapon that's renowned throughout the world hundreds of years ago. Its sharpness is unrivaled! Many in the cultivation world have been looking for it before it disappeared. I didn't expect it to be in the palace."

Little Yuan'er asked curiously, "Elder Hua, is this sword that great?"

Hua Wudao replied, "Of course! It's considered a godly weapon even among heaven-grade weapons. A heaven-grade weapon would usually need to acknowledge an owner to unleash its full potential. Dragonsong is different. The owner of the weapon has never been found. None of its former users were acknowledged as its owner."

Everyone appeared shocked. In other words, Dragonsong had never once unleashed its full power.

"You're saying that it's possible that this weapon is even higher than heaven-grade weapons?" Little Yuan'er asked skeptically.

"There has never been a weapon that's higher than heaven-grade... I can only say it's superior to ordinary heaven-grade weapons," Hua Wudao said.

Little Yuan'er could not contain herself when she heard this. She quickly turned to Lu Zhou and said, "Master, you can't give him this weapon. It's too good for him!"

Jiang Aijian hastily stuffed the imperial token into his pocket. He said shamelessly, "No, no, no. I like this very much, old senior! Don't worry, I'll work even harder than before. I-I'm very satisfied with this item. This trip is truly worthwhile." He waved his hand and made his way to the entrance as he continued to say, "Everyone, I, uh, have something to attend to so I'll take my leave first! Goodbye! Eh, little girl, please stop glaring at me."

"Jiang Aijian..." Lu Zhou said calmly.

"There's no need to see me off, old senior. I know the way back." Jiang Aijian kept his hand on the imperial token as he walked backward. He was worried Little Yuan'er would come running after him.

"Pass on a message for me."

Jiang Aijian stopped in his tracks and asked, "What message, old senior?"

"Wei Zhuoyan is the main culprit of the battle at Measure Heaven River... I hope that he surrenders and admits his guilt," Lu Zhou said coldly. His words plunged the great hall into silence. If a needle were to fall on the ground now, everyone would have been able to hear it loud and clear.

"O-old senior, you're joking, right? Wei Zhuoyan is in command of a huge army, and he's an important officer of the nation. Demanding that he admits his guilt might cause an upheaval," Jiang Aijian said, "Moreover, he has a profound cultivation base. Rumor has it that his strength is comparable to Fan Xiuwen, the leader of the Black Knights. He also has many henchmen in the palace... I think it's easier to ascend to the heavens than to make him admit his crimes."

Lu Zhou rested his hands on his back as he said, "Once a man has risen to a certain position, he won't admit his guilt even if he has done wrong. I understand this sentiment. However, just because I understand it, it doesn't mean I like it."

Jiang Aijian asked, "Aren't you afraid of offending the Second Prince? Won't it be disadvantageous for the Golden Court Mountain to have so many enemies? I know the Evil Sky Pavilion possesses shocking strength, but the lands under the heavens belong to the empire... It's impossible for the Imperial family to not have its own tactics to have maintained stability in the cultivation world throughout the years."

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "You're wrong."

"Huh?"

"Wei Zhuoyan will die sooner or later. It's just a matter of choosing how he dies," Lu Zhou said coldly.

"Uh..." Jiang Aijian stroked his chin and considered it for a moment. "I'll send a messenger."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Escort our guest."

"Understood."

Jiang Aijian said, "Before I leave, I'd like to know, how did you see through my act, old senior? I don't think my knack of obtaining information is enough to give me away."

Lu Zhou waved his hand indifferently. He did not deign to reply to Jiang Aijian. He merely motioned for the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivator to send the guest away.

Jiang Aijian did not persist when he saw Lu Zhou ignoring his question. He only shook his head helplessly before he turned to leave. "I think you've been in the palace before this, old senior. Otherwise, you won't have the imperial token in your possession." He laughed. "Forget it. It's not important. Farewell..."

Mingshi Yin bowed and said, "Master, although this man is unruly and doesn't resemble a prince, I think he's a talented person. Should we retain him?"

"There's no need for that. There are other uses for this man," Lu Zhou said calmly.

Hua Wudao bowed and said, "Pavilion Master, I have something to say, but I wonder if I should say it at all."

"Hua Wudao." Lu Zhou's tone was stern. "Be mindful of your place... There's a limit to my patience."

Hua Wudao immediately lowered his voice. He nodded respectfully and said nothing else.

Mingshi Yin said with a smile, "Elder Hua, you're no longer a member of the Yun Sect. You're an elder of the Evil Sky Pavilion now. There are many who would love to be in your shoes. If you regret this decision, you're welcome to leave at any time. However, you should think carefully before choosing your friends and enemies."

Duanmu Sheng raised his Overlord Spear and brought it down on the floor heavily.

Clang!

The newly laid greenstone floor was ruined by a new pit.

"Death to the deserters!"

"..."

Lu Zhou looked at Hua Wudao indifferently. If it were not for Hua Wudao's 5% loyalty, he would have struck him for speaking in Ding Fanqiu's favor earlier.

Hua Wudao seemed to have realized that there was a problem with his attitude as well. He said, "I've been rude."

When Lu Zhou saw Hua Wudao's stiff expression, he said, "Although your Six Compatible Seal is powerful, it's not perfect."

Hua Wudao, who was a cultivation maniac, was immediately invigorated when he heard this. He cupped his fists and said, "Please guide me, Pavilion Master."

"How many leaves does your avatar have?"

"I've made no progress over the past 20 years. It's still at the Six-leaf stage."

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng were shocked. It was no wonder they were incapable of breaching Hua Wudao's defenses even after taking turns to attack him. Against an expert of such a rank, even if he did not use his Six Compatible Seal and merely used his protective energy, they would not have been able to break his defenses.

"There are tomes about the Six Compatible Seal and Six-leaf avatars here. You may peruse them at your leisure, Elder Hua." Lu Zhou stroked his beard.

Hua Wudao beamed. He said respectfully, "Thank you, Pavilion Master." The general public was of the opinion that the Evil Sky Pavilion hoarded many treasures, tomes, and weapons. Every cultivator dreamed about gaining access to these things. When the barrier was broken back then, the Righteous Sect and Clarity Sect had been searching the mountain for these treasures. How could he not feel excited being given access to these things?

The great hall was quiet again.

A Derived Moon Palace's female cultivator walked over slowly, curtsied, and said, "Pavilion Master, the palace master..."

"There are no palace masters here!" Duanmu Sheng rebuked the female cultivator immediately.

These female cultivators had regarded Ye Tianxin as their leader ever since they joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, and Duanmu Sheng had wanted to teach them a lesson since a long time ago.

The female cultivator was shocked. She nodded and said, "Y-ye Tianxin requests an audience."

"What's the matter?" Lu Zhou asked coldly.

"Ye Tianxin is unconscious. I'm afraid... I'm afraid that she won't make it!"

## **Chapter 125: The Death of Ye Tianxin**

Lu Zhou waved his arm. He did not even look at the female cultivator when he walked out of the great hall with his hands on his back.

Little Yuan'er, Mingshi Yin, and Duanmu Sheng followed closely behind him.

A short while later, Lu Zhou arrived at the south pavilion.

Some female cultivators were already waiting for him at the south pavilion's entrance. When they saw Lu Zhou, they fell to their knees. "Greetings, Pavilion Master!"

Lu Zhou ignored them, directly making his way to where Ye Tianxian was being held. He waved his arms and a wave of energy pushed the door open.

At this moment, Ye Tianxin lay on the bed. Her face was ghastly pale. Her skin and hair were completely white.

The two female cultivators in the room knelt before they retreated.

Ye Tianxin looked up with great difficulty. When she saw her master, she hastily tried to get up but ended up falling off the bed instead. "M-master."

Lu Zhou's expression was indifferent as he said, "Have you heard?"

"I know that I've committed a grave and unforgivable sin," Ye Tianxian said before breaking into a fit of violent coughing and spat out a mouthful of blood.

A female cultivator immediately went forward to support her.

"This disciple has one request..." When Ye Tianxin saw Lu Zhou remaining silent, she mustered up her courage and continued to speak, "I would like to kill Wei Zhuoyan with my own hands to avenge the Fish Dragon Village. After that, I shall atone for my sins with my life."

When Lu Zhou heard this, he stroked his beard. He said without any inflection in his tone, "Your cultivation base has been disabled. How're you going to kill Wei Zhuoyan?"

"Uh..." Ye Tianxin's expression soured. In her current condition, she might not even be able to defeat a mortal, let alone Wei Zhuoyan who had a profound cultivation base. If the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators did not take such good care of her, her condition would be even worse.

"Ye Tianxin," Lu Zhou said apathetically, "You betrayed your master, denounced your patriarch, defected from the Evil Sky Pavilion, committed crimes, and ruined my reputation. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Mingshi Yin scratched his head at these words. 'Master, what reputation are you talking about?'

After all, Ye Tianxin was not the only one ruining the Evil Sky Pavilion's reputation in the outside world. All these years, the Nether Sect, Darknet, and even Old Eighth's Tiger Ridge Gang had blamed all their actions on the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Ye Tianxin said respectfully, "I have nothing to say."

"In that case, I'll grant you death."

"Huh?"

Lu Zhou suddenly raised his hand and hit Ye Tianxin.

This sudden development caught everyone off guard.

A surge of gentle energy hit Ye Tianxin. If she still had her cultivation base, this energy wave would not have hurt her. However, she had no cultivation base at the moment. This hit could be fatal to her.

Bang!

“Master!”

“Master, don’t...”

Little Yuan’er, Mingshi Yin, and Duanmu Sheng did not expect their master to suddenly lash out as well. They were greatly shocked. All of them cried out to plead for mercy, but it was too late.

Ye Tianxin was sent flying from the energy’s impact. She dropped to the floor with a thud.

“Pick her up,” Lu Zhou said nonchalantly.

“Y-yes...” The two female cultivators were scared witless. They hastily helped Ye Tianxin onto the bed.

Lu Zhou waved his arm and walked up to the bed and looked at Ye Tianxin. ‘Indeed, there aren’t any Primal Qi in her dantian or sea of Qi.’ He raised his hand and placed his palm on Ye Tianxin’s forehead.

Upon seeing this, Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng fell to their knees immediately. “Master!”

Lu Zhou lowered his hand. However, Ye Tianxin had to be punished. He placed his palm softly on her forehead. A faint wisp of Primal Qi surrounded her before a peculiar thing happened...

Ye Tianxin’s skin tone changed again. It was now like a jasper with a faint sheen. At the same time, her hair, arms, and the rest of her body turned transparent before she began to levitate in the air.

“This is...” Duanmu Sheng was greatly shocked.

“That’s right, a Bai...” Mingshi Yin said with a nod.

“Why’s master doing this?”

Mingshi Yin looked at the situation in the room again before he pulled Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan’er out. When they were outside, he sighed and said, “Junior Sister Tianxin has a rough life... When she fearlessly joined the Evil Sky Pavilion many years ago, her talents were nothing special. However, her cultivation base improved in leaps and bounds. The annihilation of the Fish Dragon Village is probably her motivation. Junior Sister Tianxin was cold and heartless, but she never complained about master’s criticisms and temper. Hence, master granted her the Amorous Hoop. The Amorous Hoop isn’t really amorous. Instead, it symbolizes hatred.”

“I still don’t understand,” Little Yuan’er mumbled.

“The reason Junior Sister Tianxin’s cultivation base improved so quickly is due to her being a Bai. Since ancient times, the Bais were exceptionally gifted in cultivation. I’m afraid that master’s palm strike bodes ill for her.”

“Bodes ill for her?”



“That might not be the case. If master wants to kill her, he would’ve done so when we captured her. Why would he wait until now?”

Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan’er were confused.

Mingshi Yin continued to say, “If Junior Sister Tianxin dies, she only has herself to blame. That’s the consequence of betraying master, denouncing the patriarch, and defecting from the Evil Sky Pavilion. If she lives, it means that her destined time isn’t up.”

“You’re saying the Bais might have some special ability that preserves their lives?” Duanmu Sheng asked, puzzled.

“Maybe... I don’t know much about the Bais,” Mingshi Yin said.

Little Yuan’er said with a pout, “Senior brother, based on your words, it seems like Senior Sister Tianxin has had it rough.”

At this moment, Lu Zhou finally walked out of the room. His expression was indifferent as usual.

“Master.” The three disciples bowed in unison when they saw Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou glanced at three of them and said, “Life and death are decided by the heavens.” As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Mingshi Yin could not help but worry. He entered the room immediately. He saw Ye Tianxin lying on the bed and rushed over to examine her. There was no aura nor pulse. His eyes widened in astonishment as he staggered backward.

The two Derived Moon Palace’s female cultivators were crying uncontrollably on their knees beside the bed.

Mingshi Yin could not believe this. He circulated his Primal Qi and infused it into Ye Tianxin’s meridians. “Hm? What’s this?” No matter how he tried to infuse his Primal Qi, Ye Tianxin was like a rock, unmoving. His Primal Qi was completely blocked from entering her body.

“Her extraordinary eight meridians are completely sealed.”

“A Bai?”

Mingshi Yin hastily lowered his hands and turned to look at the two female cultivators. He asked in a deep voice, “Before master left, did he say anything?”

“Pavilion Master, Pavilion Master said... that life and death are decided by the heavens. Whether Palace Master survives or not, it depends on her fate!”

Mingshi Yin muttered to himself, “As expected...”

...

Meanwhile.

The General’s Mansion in Changning.

“General, there’s a letter from the palace. The messenger emphasized that you should open it yourself.”

Wei Zhuoyan received the letter. He opened it and went through it carefully. After reading its contents, he slammed the letter on the table.

Bang!

The letter and the table were instantly destroyed.

“The audacity...” Wei Zhuoyan’s eyes were burning with rage.

Wei Zhuoyan’s subordinate ventured carefully, “General... what is it that angers you so?”

“A trivial matter,” Wei Zhuoyan waved his hand and said, “Draft a reply for me. Say that I’m informed about this.”

“Understood.” The subordinate left.

Wei Zhuoyan scoffed and said, “A mere witchcraft cultivator dares to order me around. Preposterous!” Then, he barked, “Men!”

“Yes, general.”

“I’m feeling unwell. I won’t be attending any feast,” Wei Zhuoyan said.

“Then... what about His Highness’s side?”

“I’m not going.”

“Understood!”

## **Chapter 126: To Redeem Oneself**

When Lu Zhou returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion, he went to the hidden chamber and began to study the Heavenly Writing. After half a day of poring over the text, his mental state was rejuvenated.

After Lu Zhou was done, he shifted his attention to the mysterious box again. He raised his right hand and Unnamed appeared in his hand.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Lu Zhou wielded Unnamed and swung it at the sword several times. It merely left a few marks on the mysterious box. Even then, the marks only remained for a few moments before it disappeared, the mysterious box was restored to its original appearance. The box was more hardy than he had expected.

“Perhaps, I need some sort of key?” Lu Zhou muttered to himself when he saw a groove on top of the box. Its pattern was quite peculiar. He manipulated Unnamed until it matched the pattern of the groove on the box before inserting it into the groove.

The pattern suddenly changed.

Clack!

Unnamed was repelled.

Lu Zhou raised his hand and recalled Unnamed. The sword vanished into thin air. Then, he sent several waves of energy at the box.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

‘Stupid box!’

...

Meanwhile, outside the hidden chamber.

Mingshi Yin and the others who had just arrived near the hidden chamber heard the commotion inside.

“Master is angry again,” Little Yuan’er mumbled.

“Many things have happened recently. It’s only natural for master to be angry.”

“Senior Brother, will Senior Sister Tianxin be alright?” Little Yuan’er asked softly.

“I can’t be sure. Master said that it depends on her luck.”

The three of them shook their heads.

Bzzt!

The hidden chamber’s rock door slid open slowly.

The three of them immediately held their breaths. They did not dare to continue their discussion. They saw their master swing his arm before a wave of energy carried a mysterious box into the great hall.

Lu Zhou slowly walked up to them with his hands on his back.

“Master!” Three of them called out in unison.

“Mingshi Yin.”

“Yes, master.”

“You always have the most ideas. This box is extremely mysterious. I’ll leave it to you for now. Find a way to open it,” Lu Zhou said slowly.

“Yes, master.” Mingshi Yin grinned when he saw the box. ‘I like simple tasks like this the most.’

Lu Zhou walked up the stairs and slowly sat down. As soon as he sat down, his three disciples immediately straightened up, they did not dare to behave carelessly. However, he did not look at them and continued entertaining his own thoughts.

‘Currently, I have 8,762 merit points. It seems like a lot, but it’s still not enough for me to buy the Six Recombinant Trigram Lines. Initially, I planned to purchase item cards for when I need them. However, if I recklessly buy them, the prices would go up. I have no choice but to spend my energy to improve my cultivation base, Although their cultivation bases are good, it’s still impossible to take them on missions like killing Wei Zhuoyan.’

When Lu Zhou thought about his disciples, he finally said, "How's the improvement of your cultivation bases coming along?"

Duanmu Sheng hastily bowed and said, "I've had some breakthrough with my Divine One Technique. I think I can attain a Two-leaf avatar within a month."

Mingshi Yin said, "My cultivation base is at the One-leaf avatar stage."

"You're not concealing your strength?" Lu Zhou stared at Mingshi Yin. After all, he discovered this fellow had intentionally concealed his strength when he was fighting Zhang Qiuchi.

Mingshi Yin hastily said, "Master, I'm telling the truth. I daren't hide things from you."

Lu Zhou nodded. He looked at Little Yuan'er, who was standing at the side. "Yuan'er, what about you?"

Little Yuan'er blushed. She stammered, "Peak Divine Court realm..." When she finished speaking, she fell to her knees and said, "I'll break through to the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm as soon as I can."

Of Lu Zhou's nine disciples, apart from Old Eighth and Old Fifth, Little Yuan'er was the only one who was still in the Divine Court realm. Little Yuan'er felt ashamed when she thought about this.

Lu Zhou did not mind much. However, he did feel their overall strength was slightly weak. If they wanted to stand firm in the cultivation world, they would at least need cultivation bases with Five-leaf or Six-leaf. The strongest of his disciples was Duanmu Sheng, who was close to attaining a Two-leaf avatar. Indeed, they were quite weak. Ding Fanqiu had a Five-leaf cultivation base, Fan Xiuwen had an Eight-leaf cultivation base, and Hua Wudao had a Six-leaf cultivation base. When he made the comparison, he truly felt his disciples were unpresentable. Thus, he said to them, "You'll have to work harder on your cultivation."

"Yes, master," Three of them replied in unison. They were shocked as well. Their master would not care about them like this in the past. It was considered good as long as he did not hold anything back from them.

At this moment, a female cultivator's voice rang from outside the great hall. "Zhao Yue requests an audience."

Lu Zhou's three disciples instinctively turned to look.

Lu Zhou said calmly, "Let her in."

Zhao Yue walked into the great hall with two female cultivators escorting her.

"This sinful disciple pays respect to master." Zhao Yue respectfully knelt on the ground.

"Raise your head," Lu Zhou said indifferently.

Zhao Yue lifted her head slowly. She flinched when her eyes met Lu Zhou's eyes.

The golden lotus on Zhao Yue's forehead had disappeared.

"I'm grateful for your mercy, master... The witchcraft Restriction has been lifted," Zhao Yue said with slight trepidation.

“How’s your cultivation base?”

“I’ve recovered about one-fifth of it. I’ll need one month to completely recover,” Zhao Yue answered honestly. When she finished speaking, she kowtowed as she said, “I know that I’ve made a mistake. I beg for a chance to redeem myself, master!”

Upon hearing this, Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng kneeled down as well.

Although Little Yuan’er was a beat slower, she followed suit as well. However, she seemed puzzled by this.

Lu Zhou glanced at the other three before he said, “Zhao Yue.”

“Yes, master.”

“I’ll give you an opportunity to redeem yourself,” Lu Zhou said.

“Thank you, master! I won’t let you down!” Zhao Yue was overjoyed.

Lu Zhou noticed that Zhao Yue’s loyalty had increased by 15%. Currently, the Evil Sky Pavilion was weak. He had to focus on increasing his disciples’ loyalty and improving their cultivation bases. At the same time, he had to earn merit points. The truth behind the Fish Dragon Village had been brought to light, and he could not rush things on Wei Zhuoyan’s side as well. When he thought about this, he said, “In these few days, put all of your cultivation methods down in writing and present them to me.”

“Huh? Write down our cultivation methods?”

The disciples were dumbfounded.

“Do it. No questions,” Lu Zhou said in a tone that brooked no arguments.

“Yes, master.”

Lu Zhou had ordered his disciples to do this because he was not certain if his disciples were cultivating the right and complete methods. His lost memories were most probably related to his disciples. If the cultivation methods they were taught were defective, it would become a huge obstacle to their improvements. After a while, he waved his arm and left.

The four of them exchanged glances.

“Old Fourth, you’re the one with brains... What’s master playing at?” Duanmu Sheng asked as he scratched his head.

“How would I know...” Mingshi Yin carried the box and began studying it. Compared to writing down his cultivation method, studying the box was more interesting to him.

Zhao Yue said emotionally, “In any case, there’s no doubt that master has changed.”

“Fifth Junior Sister, you’re much more fortunate than Junior Sister Tianxin. Her fate is now in limbo. We’re not sure if she can make it,” Mingshi Yin said.

Zhao Yue was shocked by Mingshi Yin’s words, “What happened to Junior Sister Tianxin?”

Mingshi Yin sighed and said, "She's now in a deep slumber... It's best not to ask further. I don't want to guess master's intentions."

"Are you saying that master is so simple-minded that you don't want to guess his intentions?" Duanmu Sheng asked.

Mingshi Yin's eyes widened as he said, "Shh! Third Senior Brother, I said no such thing! Master is very intelligent!"

"..." Little Yuan'er's eyes brightened as she said loudly, "Oh, I know, you're saying master is stupid!"

"..." Mingshi Yin carried the box and vanished into thin air. A boneheaded teammate could do you more harm than the most formidable opponent. He left for a quiet place behind the mountain.

As soon as Mingshi Yin arrived, he placed the box on a rock. He stroked his chin as he studied the box intently. The box was unlike anything he had ever seen. There were no gaps, no notches, no cover. It was a perfect cube!

"Regardless of what kind of box you are, a heaven-grade weapon can definitely break you!" Mingshi Yin raised his right hand, and his Separation Hook and Scabbard appeared in his hand. He swung it.

Bam!

Sparks flew.

Both his weapon and the box were unscathed.

"Incredible." Mingshi Yin's eyes widened. "I'm the dumb one here. Master would never give me something simple to deal with."

Mingshi Yin saw the groove on the box. The sun shone on it, and he saw a unique pattern. "Hm? Why does this resemble my Separation Hook and Scabbard?"

### **Chapter 127: The Way to Open the Box**

The pattern was made clear by the sunlight.

Mingshi Yin was intrigued. He placed his Separation Hook and Scabbard into the groove.

Clack!

The top part of the box turned. There were now slits on all sides. Then, with another sound, the slits disappeared, returning to its original form.

"Eh? My Separation Hook and Scabbard!" Mingshi Yin was greatly shocked. He hastily grabbed his weapon. "It's stuck? No!" The Separation Hook and Scabbard was like the flesh of his heart. He could not allow anything to happen to it. He held onto the Separation Hook and Scabbard with all his might.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mingshi Yin swung his arms wildly. The rocks and boulders in his surroundings were almost all destroyed, but the Separation Hook and Scabbard would not dislodge from the box. It was caught in the groove!

“No way...” Mingshi Yin wanted to cry. “Did master regret giving me the weapon and devised such a method to get it back?” He continued thinking to himself, ‘That can’t be right. Master doesn’t need to use such an elaborate method if he wants me to return the weapon.’

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng appeared with his Overlord Spear. “Junior Brother... What’re you doing? I was looking for you everywhere!”

“Senior Brother, I’m afraid I won’t be able to spar with you... My Separation Hook and Scabbard are stuck!” Mingshi Yin pointed at the groove on the box.

Duanmu Sheng said with disapproval in his voice, “It’s only a rotten box. Stand back!”

“What’re you going to do?”

“Further.”

“...”

Bam!

Duanmu Sheng stabbed the mysterious box. The box was sent flying back from the impact. It landed on the rock wall, leaving a dent, before it fell to the ground.

Duanmu Sheng looked at his Overlord Spear. It was perfectly fine. He looked at the box. It was perfectly fine as well. He praised, “It’s tough!”

“Senior Brother, look...” Mingshi Yin pointed at the Separation Hook and Scabbard’s groove. There was another groove.

“What’s this?” Duanmu Sheng asked.

“Why don’t you... poke it with your Overlord Spear?” Mingshi Yin had a feeling this box had a fondness toward heaven-grade weapons.

Duanmu Sheng obediently followed Mingshi Yin’s suggestion. He raised his Overlord Spear before he jabbed it into the groove next to Mingshi Yin’s Separation Hook and Scabbard.

Clack!

The Overlord Spear was stuck in the round groove.

It was as if some mechanism had been triggered. An opening appeared on the surface of the box.

Bam!

“My weapon!” Duanmu Sheng cried out, stunned.

The opening catapulted the two weapons into the air. Mingshi Yin utilized his Primal Qi and made a grabbing gesture with his right hand. The Separation Hook and Scabbard returned to his grasp.

The Overlord Spear flew into the air and dropped down. Duanmu Sheng caught it easily by the ornamental dragon around the shaft.

“This box... is peculiar.” Duanmu Sheng regarded the box with a shocked expression on his face.

One of the box's six sides had a small opening now.

Realization dawned on Mingshi Yin before he said excitedly, "I get it! As long as we place all of our weapons in the respective grooves, we'll be able to open master's box!"

Under the sun's rays, the patterns of the grooves on the box were exceptionally clear.

Mingshi Yin began pointing at the numerous grooves that had appeared on the box. "This is the Jasper Saber. This is the Longevity Sword. This is the Amorous Hoop, and this is the Peacock Plume."

Duanmu Sheng was amazed by this. He said, "I wonder who designed this exquisite box."

"How would I know?" Mingshi Yin shrugged and said, "Fortunately, we discovered the secret to opening the box!"

"What good would it do us? The Peacock Plume is in Seventh Junior Brother's hands. The Jasper Saber and Longevity Sword are in Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother's hands. I don't think anyone under the heavens is able to make them surrender their weapons!" Duanmu Sheng said. He wanted to add, 'Even master won't be able to do it', but he was worried he would bring trouble upon himself. So he swallowed his words and replaced them with something else.

Mingshi Yin nodded. "I don't dare to look for Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother... I'll report this to master!"

"Master is resting now. In the meantime, why don't we spar?"

"..." Mingshi Yin seemed to be on the verge of tears. "Third Senior Brother, I recommend Elder Hua in my stead! You can't even break his tortoise technique even though he was holding back. How can you live with that? Besides, he's a Six-leaf elite. He's much more suitable as your training partner."

Duanmu Sheng beamed and said, "You have a point. I'll look for Elder Hua right away!"

After Duanmu Sheng left, Mingshi Yin continued to study the box for a while longer behind the mountain. He only returned in the afternoon and carried the box to the great hall of Evil Sky Pavilion.

When Mingshi Yin arrived in the great hall, he noticed his master, Little Yuan'er, Zhao Yue, Zhou Jifeng, and the others were all gathered there. They seemed to be in some sort of discussion.

Lu Zhou was seated above the rest. When he saw Mingshi Yin coming in, he said, "Just in time."

Mingshi Yin placed the box on the floor and saluted Lu Zhou as he said, "Master, I've unlocked the secret to opening this box."

"Oh?" Lu Zhou felt slightly excited, but his expression remained unchanged as usual. Although this disciple of his was slightly difficult to control, he was very competent in completing tasks.

"To open this box, six weapons will have to be fitted into the respective grooves... Take a look, master..." Mingshi Yin waved his hand, and the box hovered in the air. "This is the Jasper Saber and Longevity Sword; this is the Peacock Plume and the Amorous Hoop..."

Mingshi Yin held the box at an angle so that the sunlight from outside the great hall would illuminate the grooves.



It was as Mingshi Yin had said. The patterns on the box's surface were the patterns of his six disciples' weapons.

"Master, Third Senior Brother and I inserted our weapons into the grooves earlier, and this opening appeared. I think we need two more openings before we'll be able to unlock the box," Mingshi Yin said with a hint of pride in his tone.

Lu Zhou nodded. "Good job."

Mingshi Yin felt as though he was soaring from happiness when his master praised him. He bowed and said, "Thank you for your kind words, master."

Lu Zhou had thought of that as well. He had even changed Unnamed's shape to fit the groove, but his attempt was unsuccessful. Clearly, the system would not let Lu Zhou exploit such a loophole. He needed the Jasper Saber, Longevity Sword, and the other weapons to open this box. However, now that the villainous disciples had left the Evil Sky Pavilion, it was slightly impractical to count on them.

Zhao Yue bowed and said, "Master, I think Fourth Senior Brother is the best person to unlock this mysterious box."

Mingshi Yin was startled by this suggestion.

"How so?" Lu Zhou asked.

"The Peacock Plume is in Seventh Junior Brother's hands. Seventh Junior Brother has a good relationship with Eighth Junior Brother. With Fourth Senior Brother's abilities, it's not difficult for him to locate Eighth Junior Brother. Once Seventh Junior Brother is found, it won't be difficult for him to contact Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother. I believe they'll be curious about the contents of the box. They would surely think of a way to open it."

Mingshi Yin was still stunned.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard calmly and said, "Good idea."

Mingshi Yin hastily said, "Master, we should take time to consider this before making any decisions... Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother's cultivation bases are profound. What if they decide to kill me and take the box away?"

When the others heard this, they nodded. They felt that Mingshi Yin had a point.

Lu Zhou, however, shook his head while stroking his beard and said, "Although Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong are rascals, they're lenient toward their juniors. There has never been an internal feud among the disciples ever since the Evil Sky Pavilion started taking in disciples. I believe they won't harm you."

Mingshi Yin wanted to cry. "But, I... I don't believe that..."

## **Chapter 128: Teaching the Eighth Disciple**

"That's the end of the discussion. Don't let me down." Lu Zhou stared at Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin got goosebumps when he heard Lu Zhou's words. He carried the box and spoke in an aggrieved tone, "Yes, master."

"Everyone's dismissed."

"Understood."

Lu Zhou glanced at the system dashboard. The progress of unlocking the box had appeared on the mission list. Indeed. He did not think there was anyone more suitable for this task than Mingshi Yin. He was certain Mingshi Yin was the only one who could deftly maneuver his ways between these different villains. Only someone as shameless as Mingshi Yin could complete this task. Moreover, based on his memories, Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong had never mistreated their juniors. He frowned as he thought to himself, 'In that case, why did they abandon the Evil Sky Pavilion? This is giving me a headache.'

After Mingshi Yin left the great hall with the box in his hands, a female cultivator walked in and bowed before she said, "Pavilion Master, Ye Tianxin showed no changes today."

"Alright," Lu Zhou replied indifferently.

Ye Tianxin had fallen into a deep slumber, and her fate was still in limbo.

"Master, Senior Sister Tianxin won't die, will she?" Little Yuan'er asked softly.

"I don't know," Lu Zhou replied honestly.

"If she dies, will you be happy, master?" Little Yuan'er asked.

As soon as Little Yuan'er finished speaking, Lu Zhou knocked her head and chided her, "Have you finished the assignment I've given you?"

Little Yuan'er rubbed her head as she replied with a pout, "Not yet."

"Then, what are you standing around for?"

"Eh? A letter!" Little Yuan'er leaped away at lightning speed. A short while later, she returned with a letter in her hands.

Lu Zhou did not reprimand her for this. Instead, he said, "Read it."

"It's from Jiang Aijian," Little Yuan'er said before she continued to read out loud, "Old senior, I've conveyed your message to Wei Zhuoyan. As expected, he did not think too much about it. Also, you're right. Someone with a high position in the palace isn't on friendly terms with Wei Zhuoyan."

Lu Zhou nodded. It was just as he had predicted.

Wei Zhuoyan had worked hard to climb to his current position. He was now an important officer of Great Yan and commanded a formidable force. If someone appeared out of nowhere and told him to give all this up, he would not possibly agree to it.

"Send a reply to Jiang Aijian... Tell him that I'm informed about this." Lu Zhou stroked his beard calmly.

Little Yuan'er spoke with a hint of anger in her voice, "Master, this Wei Zhuoyan is getting on my nerves. Should I descend the mountain and kill him?"

"Can a Divine Court realm cultivator kill a Seven-leaf or possibly an Eight-leaf elite?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Uh..." Little Yuan'er lowered her head as she twiddled her fingers.

"Wei Zhuoyan didn't rely on his cultivation base alone when he became the commander-in-chief of the three armies. Pull one hair, and the whole body moves. He's different from Fan Xiuwen. Fan Xiuwen was once on top of the blacklist. He's just a pawn in the secret service. The Great Yan's Imperial family won't concern themselves with him even if he dies. However, Wei Zhuoyan is different. There are many who wish for his death, and there are also many who don't..."

"What do we do now?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"There's no need to worry... I want more than Wei Zhuoyan's life..." Lu Zhou said calmly.

...

Half a day later.

Mingshi Yin left the Evil Sky Pavilion with the box and hurried over to Old Eighth's, Zhu Honggong, base.

When Mingshi Yin arrived, Old Eighth, Zhu Honggong, was napping on a wooden armchair.

One of Zhu Honggong's subordinated hastily ran up to him and shouted, "Gang leader! We have a problem! Someone has infiltrated the ridge!"

Zhu Honggong jumped from the shock. He hastily got up and chided, "Why are you panicking?! Who dares invade the Tiger Ridge on my watch?"

As soon as Zhu Honggong finished speaking, Mingshi Yin's voice rang from outside. "Yo! I see that you've become more impressive since we last met."

Mingshi Yin's figure appeared before Zhu Honggong. He covered 300 feet in a stride and reached Zhu Honggong in just a blink of an eye.

Thud!

Zhu Honggong fell to his knees obediently. His kingly behavior had completely vanished. He asked, "Senior brother, y-you... What brings you here?"

"What? Am I not welcomed here?"

Zhu Honggong said ingratiatingly, "Is it possible that you've decided to join my Tiger Ridge Gang? That's great! From this day on, you'll be the Tiger Ridge's Gang Leader. I'll let you have the title of the Evil King as well. I don't mind playing second fiddle to you!"

"Cut that out." Mingshi Yin placed the box on a nearby table. He sat down without any invitation and said, "I'll never leave the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Huh?"

"I'm here on a mission."

"What kind of mission? Don't tell me that you're here to kill us?" Zhu Honggong trembled inwardly. He was filled with worry and his forehead broke out in cold sweat when he recalled his encounter with his master near the Green Jade Altar.

"I don't understand how a coward like you are bold enough to leave the Evil Sky Pavilion. Your cultivation base isn't as profound as Elder Senior Brother's cultivation base, you don't have Second Senior Brother's bravery, and you don't have Seventh Junior Brother's brains. Perhaps, you're emboldened by your physique alone?" Mingshi Yin mocked.

"Senior Brother, please don't insult me like this. I'm actually quite intelligent," Zhu Honggong said shamelessly.

"You?"

"That's right... If I weren't smart, I would've been captured by master that day near the Green Jade Altar," Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, said with a self-satisfied smile.

"Oh, shut up," Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes and said, "Master just thinks taking you back to the mountain isn't a priority at this moment. If he sees Old Seventh, we'll see if he's merciful."

"..." Zhu Honggong was rendered momentarily speechless. After a while, he looked at the box and said with a smile, "Fourth Senior Brother, since you're not here to capture me, what did you come here for? I'll help you in any way I can!"

Mingshi Yin pointed at the box beside him and said, "This mysterious box belongs to master. It can only be opened with Seventh Junior Brother, Elder Senior Brother, and Second Senior Brother's weapons. Seventh Junior Brother is an elusive figure. Hence, I have no choice but to look for you."

"Fourth Senior Brother... It's only a box. Why don't we cut it open with a blade? There's no need for heaven-grade weapons," Zhu Honggong said as he drew the saber of a subordinate who stood next to him.

Mingshi Yin did not stop Zhu Honggong. He sat on the wooden armchair, waiting to watch a good show.

Old Eighth brandished the saber and slashed down mercilessly.

Bang!

Sparks flew in the air as the saber snapped into two and dropped to the ground with a clang.

Zhu Honggong's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. He looked at the mysterious box and gulped. "Heavens! Why is this box so hardy?"

"If I know the answer to that, would I be here?" Mingshi Yin grabbed the grapes beside him and ate them. He spat the skin out from time to time.

"Fourth Senior Brother... I truly wonder. The Evil Sky Pavilion is waning, and the cultivation world is waiting for master's life to run out. When that time comes, all the treasures in the Evil Sky Pavilion will be looted. Why don't you seize this opportunity..."

"Shut up!" Mingshi Yin snapped.

Thud!

Zhu Honggong fell to his knees again.

"You master-betraying, patriarch-denouncing scoundrel... It's one thing for you to leave the Evil Sky Pavilion, but you dare curse your master?! What did master ever do to you?" Mingshi Yin chided.

"Uh..." Zhu Honggong scratched his head. "I just got beaten up a lot. There's no real enmity between us..."

"Do you know what happened to your Sixth Senior Sister?"

"Senior Sister Tianxin?"

"Her cultivation base is destroyed, and her fate is in limbo... Listen to me, don't go against master. I can understand why you want to leave the Evil Sky Pavilion, but if you do anything behind his back..." Mingshi Yin said coldly.

"Senior Brother! You're wrongly accusing me! I have done no such thing!" Zhu Honggong straightened three fingers and swore to the heavens.

#### **Chapter 129: The Seventh Disciple's Thoughts**

Zhu Honggong took half a step forward and continued, "I've never done anything unworthy of master ever since I left the Evil Sky Pavilion. When you asked me to investigate the kidnapping in the Ci Family, I investigated it thoroughly. Someone committed the crime using Tiger Ridge's name. We were framed!"

"I didn't ask about your Little Junior Sister's kinsmen. Why are you taking a general comment as a personal attack?" Mingshi Yin asked.

"..." Zhu Honggong pulled a face and said, "I won't be able to clear my name even if I wash myself in the Yangtze River."

"That's enough. I know you weren't behind the kidnapping in the Ci Family. You're not that bold." Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes.

When Zhu Honggong heard this, he was overjoyed. He said in an attempt to flatter Mingshi Yin, "I knew you're the most sensible one, Fourth Senior Brother. Master didn't say anything, did he?"

"Master doesn't even think much of you. You shouldn't have an inflated view of yourself." At this point, Mingshi Yin continued saying with a stern expression, "Back to the topic. You've seen the box. Do you know where Old Seventh is right now?"

Zhu Honggong chuckled and said, "That's funny, Fourth Senior Brother. How would I know where Seventh Senior Brother is? However, you can try looking in the Crouching Dragon. I heard the Darknet's headquarters is located there."

"Old Eighth, you've never been a schemer before this. Are you trying to lead me to harm?" Mingshi Yin suddenly lowered his voice.

As soon as Mingshi Yin finished speaking, applause sounded from behind the screen.

The handsome Si Wuya appeared gracefully before them.

“Old Seventh?” Mingshi Yin glared at Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth. “Didn’t you say you don’t know where he is?”

Si Wuya walked up slowly. He bowed before he greeted, “Greetings, Fourth Senior Brother.”

Although Si Wuya was Mingshi Yin’s junior, Si Wuya’s flippant demeanor made him feel uncomfortable. He preferred to be in Zhu Honggong’s company. Perhaps, it was because he knew it would be difficult to manipulate an intelligent person. However, since he was the senior, and he was here on his master’s order, there was nothing he had to worry about. Finally, he said, “Old Seventh, don’t you have anything better to do than to eavesdrop?”

“You’re joking, Fourth Senior Brother... I’ve been in Tiger Ridge all this while. It’s normal for a senior brother to visit his junior brother, is it not? I didn’t expect you to grace us with your presence, Fourth Senior Brother.” Si Wuya walked along the left side of the room. He lifted the hem of his robes with both hands and sat down.

“Since you heard our conversation, I won’t beat around the bush. Lend me your Peacock Plume for a while,” Mingshi Yin said.

Si Wuya’s gaze fell upon the mysterious box appraisingly. Although his expression did not betray his emotions, he was inwardly shocked. This was his first time seeing such a peculiar box. However, he did not think it strange since their master had many treasures in his possession. He said calmly, “I can lend you my Peacock Plume, but I’d like to have a few honest words with you, Fourth Senior Brother.”

“There’s no need for that. I’m different from both of you. It’s best if you lend me your weapon... Come, place your Peacock Plume into this groove.” Mingshi Yin was extremely cautious. He did not want to listen to Old Seventh’s enticing words.

Si Wuya’s heart stirred slightly, but his expression remained calm. He said, “Fourth Senior Brother, you’re much more cautious compared to when we last met.” As he spoke, he raised his right hand. The Peacock Plume appeared above his palm, turning round and round.

Zhu Honggong’s eyes turned green with envy. He muttered under his breath, “I sure hope I’ll obtain a heaven-grade weapon someday.”

Si Wuya grabbed the Peacock Plume and walked up to the mysterious box. He said, “If this box contains an item that can control us, will you still open it?”

Mingshi Yin was stunned.

Si Wuya noticed the change in Mingshi Yin’s expression and deliberately slowed his movements.

Mingshi Yin raised his hand and said, “Wait.”

“You have something to say, Fourth Senior Brother?”

"I've always been curious... Back then, why did you, Old Eighth, Elder Senior Brother, and Second Senior Brother suddenly leave the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Mingshi Yin asked.

Si Wuya did not seem surprised to hear this question. He put his Peacock Plume away and placed his hands on his back. He said, "Fourth Senior Brother, if someone holds a knife against your neck, and you have no way of fighting back. The only choice is to run away. Will you run?"

Mingshi Yin was taken aback by this question. He did not answer the question.

Si Wuya returned to his seat and sat back down slowly. He spoke cheerfully, "The Evil Sky Pavilion has too many enemies. Ever since the ten great elites attacked the Golden Court Mountain, everyone's waiting for master's life to run out... When that time comes, even if Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother didn't leave, it'll still be difficult for us to avoid the locust plague."

Mingshi Yin snorted and said, "They're not even as impressive as locusts."

"Do you believe in master that much?" Si Wuya asked calmly.

"Shut up!" Mingshi Yin suddenly raised his voice. He stared at Si Wuya as he rebuked him, "Old Seventh, don't you forget your roots! I don't blame Old Eighth for being deceived by you. However, how could you be unable to differentiate between right from wrong, and darkness and light?"

It was normal for a senior to reprimand a junior. However, when Si Wuya heard this, his expression remained calm. There were no fluctuations in his expression at all. "Fourth Senior Brother, since you know I'm able to differentiate between darkness and light, how do you know the place where I'm standing right now isn't in the light?"

"You —" Mingshi Yin waved his hand and said, "You've always had a glib tongue."

"You flatter me, Fourth Senior Brother."

"In any case, master had once taught you. That's an indisputable fact!" Mingshi Yin said.

Si Wuya smiled faintly. He clapped his hands and said, "It's hard to believe that you'll defend master like this after our short separation, Fourth Senior Brother." Compared to the old Mingshi Yin, this degree of change was beyond his expectation.

"I'm different from you." Mingshi Yin sat down and grabbed the remaining grapes on the plate. He spat the skin of the grapes at Si Wuya's feet on purpose.

Si Wuya looked at that mysterious box and said, "Fourth Senior Brother, if you're asking me to open this box as a Senior Brother, I won't object to it and will do as you say. However, if it's anything else, I'm afraid I won't be able to cooperate."

Mingshi Yin who had just calmed down felt his temper flared up again.

Bang!

With just a smack from Mingshi Yin's palm, the table next to him collapsed. With movements as quick as a bolt of lightning, he launched energy attacks at Si Wuya.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Si Wuya tapped the ground with his feet lightly. He retreated with ease. One of his arms was on his back as he blocked Mingshi Yin's energy attacks.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In just a blink of an eye, the interior of the ridge was filled with energies sailing in the air.

Mingshi Yin attacked while Si Wuya retreated. None of them gave an inch.

Zhu Honggong was stunned. He hastily rose to his feet and waved his hands as he shouted, "Senior brothers... Please, please stop! If you keep this up, I'm afraid my little ridge will be torn apart!"

The people of the Tiger Ridge Gang kept retreating. They could only look on from afar. They dared not intervene.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mingshi Yin landed three more palm strikes on Si Wuya's protective energy.

Si Wuya did a backflip and landed on his feet. He said with a smile, "Fourth Senior Brother, congratulations on entering the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!"

"You're a disgrace. As your Senior Brother, it's my responsibility to discipline you!" Mingshi Yin stomped one of his feet on the ground.

Boom!

An imprint of his foot was left on the ground. Like a fired arrow, Mingshi Yin shot toward Si Wuya.

### **Chapter 130: Differing Opinions and Tacit Agreements**

When Si Wuya saw this, he retreated with movements as light as a swallow. He was still parrying Mingshi Yin's energy attacks with a single hand.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Their energies collided without regard for the buildings around them.

Zhu Honggong's heart wrenched with every strike. He quickly tried to mediate. "Senior brothers, stop this! We're brothers, why do we have to fight among ourselves?"

When Si Wuya heard Old Eighth's mediation, he projected his voice, "Fourth Senior Brother, you've stayed on the mountain for far too long. Although you've entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm with a stroke of luck, alas, you've been suppressed for far too long. You can't do anything to me."

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"You're wrong." More energy surged out of Mingshi Yin's body as his Separation Hook sailed toward Si Wuya at a peculiar angle.

Bam!



At seemingly the same time, the Peacock Plumes shot out! The hidden weapons formed from blades of energy shone with golden radiance as it defended its owner.

The Separation Hook swatted the energy blades away with its hook and edge.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Although the Peacock Plume had spread out, Mingshi Yin was too close, and the plumes could not spread too far. Hence, the Separation Hook was at a slight advantage. This could also be attributed to Mingshi Yin's sudden attack.

After their heaven-grade weapons collided, both of them retreated. They stopped fighting and glared at each other.

Energy faded from the air. Their surroundings were quiet again.

Si Wuya wore a shocked expression on his face as he stared at Mingshi Yin's Separation Hook and Scabbard. He praised, "Fourth Senior Brother, not only did you enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, but you even possess a heaven-grade weapon!"

"And still, I'm no match for your Peacock Plume, Seventh Junior Brother," Mingshi Yin said calmly.

"It's right and proper for a senior to reprimand his junior. I've been rude. I hereby apologize to you, Fourth Senior Brother." Si Wuya cupped his fists.

"I have no need for your apologies! This box belongs to master. I need Elder Senior Brother, Second Senior Brother, and your weapons to open it. It's up to you whether you want to help or not," Mingshi Yin said.

"What's in the box?"

"I don't know, but since master highly values this box, it must be something extraordinary," Mingshi Yin replied.

"Aren't you worried that we'll take the treasure inside for ourselves after we open it?" Si Wuya asked with a smile.

"Master has already thought of that. The final key is the Amorous Hoop. Junior Sister Tianxin has been captured and imprisoned by master. Her Amorous Hoop is in master's hands," Mingshi Yin said.

Si Wuya sighed and said, "I heard Second Senior Brother say that master has undergone a great change, whether it's his way of doing things or his temper. It seems like it's true." When he finished talking, he brought his Peacock Plume to the mysterious box.

Zhu Honggong was relieved when he saw both of them had stopped fighting. He walked up to them and said, "If Seventh Senior Brother praises this thing, it must be valuable."

Si Wuya hit Old Eighth on his stupid head with his Peacock Plume and said, "You money-grubber. This item's worth can't be measured by money." He studied the patterns on the box's surface, and in just a flash, he found the groove for the Peacock Plume. He was guarded and did not insert the Peacock Plume into the groove immediately. He scrutinized the box for a while before saying with a nod, "I'm surprised

that master has such a mysterious box. The grooves are interconnected. If we're not careful, our weapons will be stuck." As he said this, he inserted his Peacock Plume into the groove.

Click!

A noise rang from the box. The Peacock Plume was ejected. Although another groove did not appear, the groove that resembled the Peacock Plume had clearly disappeared. This meant the Peacock Plume had played its part in unlocking the box.

Si Wuya lifted his right hand, and his Peacock Plume vanished.

"Fourth Senior Brother... Are you satisfied with this?"

Mingshi Yin did not show any signs of approval. Instead, he only said, "This is what you should do. Besides, I know you're the only one who can contact Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother. I'll leave this box in your hands for now. I'll return to Old Eighth's place in seven days to retrieve it."

When Si Wuya heard this, he said, "It's true that I can contact Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother. There's no place the Darknet can't locate under the heavens. The problem is, Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother aren't as open-minded as I am. I'm afraid that we won't be able to unlock this box."

"Are you really so worried that the box might contain something that spells doom for your treasures?" Mingshi Yin mocked.

"Worried?" Si Wuya chuckled. "To tell you the truth, Fourth Senior Brother, if I were really worried, I wouldn't have inserted my Peacock Plume into the box earlier."

"That's the best. I believe Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother will understand as well." Mingshi Yin waved his hand. The box flew into the air, spun a few times before it fell on the ground, creating a square pit. "At the very least, master is alive and kicking."

In other words. 'Master is still alive. Even if you're not in the Evil Sky Pavilion, he's still your master. If master is angered, he might just hunt you down and drag you to the Yellow Springs even if his life is near its end.'

"Don't worry, Fourth Senior Brother. I'll inform Elder Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother about this." Si Wuya cupped his fists together calmly.

Mingshi Yin nodded in satisfaction. Si Wuya did not show much reluctance. Instead, he was being cooperative. This greatly surprised him. When he was about to leave, he asked, "Old Seventh, were you involved in the kidnapping of the Ci Family?"

Si Wuya shook his head and said, "No."

"I believe you," Mingshi Yin said.

"Although we want results, we have our principles. The Evil Pavilion has never seen any internal feud since it has started recruiting disciples. There weren't any before, and there won't be any in the future," Si Wuya said calmly.

"I hope so." Mingshi Yin left with his hands on his back.

Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, sat on the floor as he wiped the sweat off his forehead. He looked at the damage around him before he sighed and shook his head.

Si Wuya remained unruffled. He walked to the wooden armchair and sat down before he said, "Old Eighth, a fired arrow can never be taken back. Since it has come to this, there's only a single option available to us." When he said this, he turned to look at the mysterious box beside him. "Master has moved unhindered under the heavens for many years. He might have many more treasures that he hasn't shown anyone. This box is definitely extraordinary."

Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, rose to his feet and approached the mysterious box. "Could it be a weapon?"

"I won't eliminate that possibility..."

"Why did you promise to open this box, then?" Zhu Honggong was puzzled.

"This box is extremely unique. If it remains locked, the treasure would stay sealed. Master's life is almost up, how long can he possess this treasure? It's better to unlock the box and bring the treasure into the world," Si Wuya said. He rose to his feet and rested his hands on his back as he said, "When I was fighting Fourth Senior Brother earlier, did you see his weapon?"

"I did! I'm curious about it as well. Fourth Senior Brother has been staying in the Evil Sky Pavilion for many years, but he has never grasped the essence of the Greenwood Heart Technique before this. Moreover, his cultivation base was suppressed. However, he exchanged so many blows with you. His weapon is a heaven-grade weapon, right?" Zhu Honggong asked.

"That's right."

"..."

Si Wuya raised his right hand. The mysterious box seemed weightless. A cluster of energy wrapped itself around the box as it flew into his hand.