

## Disciples 131

### Chapter 131: The Second Disciple's Choice

Si Wuya held the box with one hand as he said, "We can't tell anyone about this, lest they covet the treasures of the Evil Sky Pavilion."

Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, said nonchalantly, "Seventh Senior Brother, there are plenty of them who are hungrily eyeing the Evil Sky Pavilion like a predator. Another person won't make a difference."

"No, I'm talking about this box in particular." If it was some extraordinary treasure, it would definitely cause chaos if people knew about it. He carried the box back into the Tiger Ridge as Zhu Honggong trailed after him.

A flying chariot that looked like a ship was parked on the ground. A dozen cultivators dressed in light-color robes stood around it. When Si Wuya appeared, they bowed in unison. "Sect Master."

Si Wuya tossed the mysterious box into the flying chariot before he leaped inside. "Head to Anyang."

"Understood."

Whoosh!

The dozen cultivators channeled their Primal Qi at the same time. The huge flying chariot that was powered by the Formation veins and Primal Qi slowly rose into the air. Before it flew away, it paused for a moment.

Si Wuya said calmly, "Old Eighth, don't do anything to attract attention to yourself for now. The pact between the Fiend Temple and the Righteous Sect has collapsed. They won't be challenging the Evil Sky Pavilion, but they'll come for you."

When Zhu Honggong heard this, he shuddered and spoke with an aggrieved tone, "Senior brother, this was all your idea. Why am I shouldering the blame?"

Si Wuya calmly looked in Anyang's direction as he said, "Although Zhang Yuanshan has openly taunted the Evil Sky Pavilion many times, that man is actually a big coward. He's afraid of dying. Otherwise, he would've rushed back to the Green Jade Altar when you and master showed up. With his cultivation base in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, he's more than capable of doing so."

"Still, it's unfair that I have to shoulder the blame."

"Men like him share a common trait; they're afraid of the strong, but they pick on the weak." As soon as Si Wuya finished speaking, the flying chariot flew away.

A slight frown could be seen on Zhu Honggong's face. In other words, Zhang Yuanshan thought the Tiger Ridge Gang was a pushover? He bowed slightly at the flying chariot that was growing smaller and smaller in the distance. "Have a safe journey, Senior brother." When he straightened his body, he said with a scoff, "I'm not a pushover."

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Two hours later.

The flying chariot landed slowly near Anyang. Si Wuya emerged from the flying chariot and looked up at the city.

One of Si Wuya's subordinates walked over and said, "Sect Master, we've cleared the surroundings. Nobody will find out about your movements."

Si Wuya nodded. "Wait here. I'll be back soon."

"Sect Master, Senior Sword Devil is known to spend his time in the city recently. What if Senior Sword Devil is angered by your sudden visit?"

Si Wuya glanced at him and said, "You're wrong about Second Senior Brother... I'll make my own judgments."

"Understood."

Si Wuya raised a hand. The mysterious box in the flying chariot flew into his palm.

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Meanwhile. On the third floor of a restaurant in Anyang City. From the window here, one could see the entire Anyang City.

A green-clad swordsman was pouring himself some wine.

The entire restaurant was empty. There were no other guests.

A waiter trembled as he stood at the side. He would look at the green-clad swordsman furtively every once in a while.

The green-clad swordsman suddenly asked, "How much longer?"

"From... from Bluesun to... to Anyang... takes an hour. He should be... h-here by now." The waiter stumbled through his words when he spoke.

"There's no need to be afraid... There's wine and some dishes here. Have a seat and drink with me," the green-clad swordsman said calmly.

"No, no, no... I dare not. I'll just stand here... It's nice standing here..." A chill ran up the waiter's spine when he heard the green-clad swordsman's words.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Someone was coming up the stairs.

Several cultivators arrived on the third floor. There were one cultivator in the Divine Court realm, two in the Brahman Sea realm, six in the Sense Condensing realm, and three in the Mystic Enlightening realm.

Apart from the green-clad swordsman and the waiter, there was only a table, a chair, and enough food and wine for one person on the third floor of the restaurant.

The green-robed cultivator glanced at these cultivators. He continued pouring himself some wine and said calmly, "Leave the Bluesun mounted brigand here. The others may leave."

The waiter behaved as though he had been pardoned from the death penalty. He hastily bowed and said, "Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir!" He ran away quicker than a hare and disappeared down the stairs.

The cultivators looked at the green-robed swordsman with a puzzled expression on their faces.

A middle-aged man who seemed to be the leader of the group sensed the green-clad swordsman's peculiar aura. He cupped his hands together and asked, "Who are you, dear sir?"

The green-robed swordsman did not deign to answer the middle-aged man's question. Instead, he asked, "Are you all the mounted brigands from Bluesun Mountain?"

"Calling us mounted brigands sounds harsh... We're only trying to make a living and make ends meet. It's not easy for us to keep this restaurant up and running. I hope that you won't give us any trouble, dear sir."

"In that case... that's easy." The green-clad swordsman raised his wine cup and finished it in one go. He was speaking calmly in the beginning. However, with just a drop of a hat, his tone changed. "I'm sorry, but can you end your own lives? My sword doesn't like to be tainted by the blood of low-level cultivators."

The cultivators were shocked by this, instinctively taking a step back.

"Who are you, sir?"

The green-clad swordsman put his wine cup down. He smiled faintly as he said, "I'm Yu Shangrong."

"..."

"The Sword Devil?!"

The cultivators did not even try to verify it was true, they instantly turned tail.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

At the stairs, a formidable wall of energy blocked their escape.

The green-clad swordsman continued to pour himself some wine and drank it. It was as though he did not see any of this.

The dozen cultivators began to panic.

Without any warning, many hidden energy weapons shot toward them from outside the restaurant. There were sparkles of gold as a peacock's plumes shot toward them.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The weapons penetrated the low-level cultivators' chests with utmost precision. Some of them even looked like hedgehogs.

The green-clad swordsman did not even bother to look up. He merely shook his head lightly. He put his cup of wine down and said in a slightly teasing tone, "Junior Brother, you've spoiled my mood. I was enjoying a nice drink here. I really don't like the smell of blood."

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Si Wuya walked up the stairs with his hands on his back, the mysterious box was hovering next to him. He wore a smile on his face. He sat down across the table and said, "I'll treat you to a feast next time to apologize for ruining your mood, senior brother..."

Yu Shangrong shook his head slightly and said, "It's enough that you have that thought. However, it's truly a shame. I promised to let them end their own lives."

"It's my fault... I shouldn't have interfered," Si Wuya said, "Senior brother, you're a person of great standing. Why are you lowering yourself to deal with these scummy mounted brigands?"

"Little Junior Sister is naïve and pure. Her problems are my problems," Yu Shangrong said.

Si Wuya was taken aback. He said, "You certainly love Little Junior Sister dearly."

"I wouldn't call it love..." Yu Shangrong said gently, "When Elder Senior Brother and I left the Evil Sky Pavilion, Little Junior Sister hasn't even joined yet."

"Then, why?" Si Wuya swept his gaze at the corpses of the mounted brigands.

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly. He stood up with his hands on his back. He looked at the scenery outside as he said, "I've met Little Junior Sister a few times. I think she's like me, a person who treats others with sincerity."

"..." Si Wuya coughed lightly before he said, "Second Senior Brother, let's talk business." He waved his hand, and the mysterious box landed on the table.

### **Chapter 132: You Know Me Well, Junior Brother Wuya**

Yu Shangrong's gaze fell on the mysterious box. He appraised it for a moment before he looked away.

Si Wuya said, "This is master's box. It needs your weapon as a key to unlock it."

"Master is an interesting person. Even when he's cooped up in the mountain, he never fails to find something for us to do," Yu Shangrong said with a smile.

"Perhaps, he's trying to test us with this."

"Seventh Junior Brother, you know the human heart very well, and yet, you can't see through master's thoughts?"

Si Wuya shook his head and heaved a long sigh. He walked to Yu Shangrong's side with his hands on his back. He looked down at the bustling street of Anyang as he said, "If this were in the past, I would confidently say that I'm privy to his thoughts. However, lately, I find myself becoming uncertain."

Yu Shangrong said lightly, "I don't really care. In fact, I don't think much about him. So long as he stays put, I'll feel at ease."

"Clearly, things aren't going the way that you like it to," Si Wuya said with a smile, "Master is doing the exact opposite. First, he kills the Fiend Temple's Second Seat, Zuo Xinchuan. Then, he captured the leader

of the Black Knights, Fan Xiuwen. He has a senior Buddhist monk helping him, and he recruited the Clarity Sect's disciple, Pan Zhong, and the Heavenly Sword Sect's disciple, Zhou Jifeng... Even Yun Sect's Hua Wudao is never heard from again after he went up the mountain."

"It seems like your confidence has dwindled, Seventh Junior Brother... You sound hesitant," Yu Shangrong said.

Si Wuya nodded. He did not deny it. He said, "I obtained this information from the Darknet. However, there are several conflicting reports. The part about the senior Buddhist monk cannot be trusted. It's true that the Buddhist Sect played a part on the holy altar... However, there's a possibility that the senior Buddhist monk is master himself..."

Yu Shangrong was slightly surprised. He said, "Master is skilled in many cultivation methods. Your speculation is not without merits."

"If this is true, then, there's a possibility that master has found a way to master cultivation methods from other sects. Yes, that's possible," Si Wuya mused.

Yu Shangrong did not reply. He stayed silent as he looked at a distant spot in Anyang City.

The crowd on the streets slowly began to thin. The sun was setting in the west.

Si Wuya finally turned to look at the box before he said, "Second Senior Brother, it's up to you to unlock the box or not."

"You've made your choice?"

"Master's time is almost up. If he found a new method, I'll wipe my eyes and wait," Si Wuya said.

"I don't like to use my brains..." Yu Shangrong said calmly, "Although there are times that I don't agree with your methods, I think you're right, in this case." He did not reach for his sword, but the long sword on his back that gleamed with a faint red sheen moved of its own accord. It lodged itself into the groove on the mysterious box.

Click!

A crisp sound rang in the air.

An opening appeared on the side of the box.

The Longevity Sword was ejected and returned to the scabbard on Yu Shangrong's back. He asked, "How come the box didn't open?"

Si Wuya replied, "We still need Eldest Senior Brother's Jasper Saber."

"Seventh Junior Brother, you're smarter than the others. What do you think is contained in this box?"

"It's not heavy so it can't be gold, silver, or gemstones. I don't think it's any heavy weapon as well. To be contained in such a box, I do hope that it's a treasure map," Si Wuya said jokingly.

"A treasure map? Something that'll lead us to something valuable like the bones of the Bai people?" Yu Shangrong sounded puzzled, but his expression was indifferent.

"The bones of the Bai people are not actual treasures, but I'm sure there's some sort of treasure. It just hasn't been found yet. The palace has been fishing bodies out of the river for a decade and has found nothing. We can basically eliminate the possibility of it being the bones of the Bai people," Si Wuya said.

Yu Shangrong sighed softly. "I hope Sixth Junior Sister will be able to move on from this."

"Put aside that matter, I'm afraid she's in dire straits now. Knowing master, things bode ill for her."

Yu Shangrong nodded. He did not continue the conversation about Ye Tianxin. Instead, he glanced at the mysterious box next to him and said calmly, "Eldest Senior Brother seldom shows himself. I don't think you'll be able to find him."

"I'll try... Perhaps, Eldest Senior Brother will share the same opinion as us," Si Wuya said.

Yu Shangrong pointed in the Divine Capital's direction and said, "Eldest Senior Brother isn't on Pingdu Mountain. He should be in the Divine Capital."

When Si Wuya heard this, he was slightly taken aback. "Eldest Senior Brother has been cultivating in seclusion all this time. Many of his missions were carried out by his subordinates. Why did he go to the Divine Capital, the tiger's lair and the dragon's den?"

Yu Shangrong only said, "I don't like the way Eldest Senior Brother does things."

"Uh..."

"That's why I killed Chen Wenjie."

"..."

"I gave Eldest Senior Brother and Chen Wenjie a notice in advance. I told them I would raise my sword. If they came over with their necks extended, their heads would certainly be lopped off, and their blood would spill," Yu Shangrong said slowly.

Si Wuya was at a loss for words. He finally sighed and said, "You and Eldest Senior Brother have your own standpoints. There's no right or wrong."

"Seventh Junior Brother, you've always been one who can see the bigger picture. Do you think Eldest Senior Brother is doing the right thing?" Yu Shangrong asked.

"Well..." Si Wuya paused before continuing with a smile, "Eldest Senior Brother is wrong."

Yu Shangrong flashed a satisfied smile. "You do have a unique take on things, Seventh Junior Brother."

At this moment, troops of mounted soldiers appeared on Anyang City's streets. There were three to five red-robed cultivators among the troops of 30 to 50 men.

Yu Shangrong pointed at the troops and said, "You're right. Wei Zhuoyan has sent someone."

Si Wuya placed his hands on his back and said with a smile, "Although Wei Zhuoyan doesn't agree with a certain someone on matters of governance, they're grasshoppers tied on the same string, after all. Besides, Wei Zhuoyan is too ugly..."

"Ugly?"

"It doesn't matter. In any case, Wei Zhuoyan's current move is low," Si Wuya said with a smile.

"Will you make a move, Seventh Junior Brother?" Yu Shangrong asked.

Si Wuya shook his head and said, "Just like before, I'll observe the situation for now and make my decision when I have to. Second Senior Brother, don't you prefer to do things this way as well?"

"You know me well, Junior Brother Wuya," Yu Shangrong said.

The organized troops proceeded along the streets below. The red-robed cultivators left Anyang City with the mounted soldiers.

Finally, Si Wuya cupped his fists together and said, "Second Senior Brother, I'll take my leave now and head to the Divine Capital."

"Alright," Yu Shangrong waved his hand and said, "Tell him something for me. Tell him that I don't want to meddle in his matters, and he shouldn't meddle in mine as well."

"I'll convey the message faithfully..." Si Wuya said as he waved his hand. The box hovering in the air vanished instantly.

Yu Shangrong glanced at the bodies strewn haphazardly on the floor. He frowned slightly and said, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to kill you... For every grievance, someone is responsible; for every debt, there's a debtor. Farewell." He leaped nimbly into the air and walked on air as though he was strolling in a park. He followed the mounted soldiers and the red-robed cultivators.

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Meanwhile, Si Wuya returned to his flying chariot.

"Sect Master, we saw Senior Sword Devil heading in the Golden Court Mountain's direction."

"There's no need to worry. Second Senior Brother knows what he's doing. By the way, is there any news about the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sect's Sword Saint, Luo Shisan?"

"In reply to your question, Sect Master, Sword Saint Luo Shisan hasn't made any moves yet."

"Report to me right away if he does. I believe Second Senior Brother will like an opponent like him very much."

"Yes, Sect Master."

### **Chapter 133: Completing the Cultivation Methods**

Si Wuya waved his arm and said, "Head for the Divine Capital."

"Sect Master, the Divine Capital is surrounded by the Imperial guards. Ordinary flying chariots won't be allowed in. I'm worried we'll run into trouble."

According to Great Yan's laws, the Imperial guards were authorized to execute any unidentified flying chariots near the Divine Capital. If there was a serious battle, the Darknet would be at a disadvantage. They were not people skilled in combat, after all.

"No matter... I have a token from His Highness. We'll have unrestricted access," Si Wuya said confidently.

"Sect Master, your intelligence knows no bounds! We'll depart now!"

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Meanwhile, Lu Zhou received a reward of 200 points for disciplining his eighth disciple, Zhu Honggong. He opened his eyes slowly and glanced at the merit points on the system dashboard; 8,962 points.

'I still need more than 3,000 points to buy the Six Recombinant Trigram Lines.'

Lu Zhou was under the illusion that he would certainly hit the jackpot if he did a lucky draw right now.

"Lucky draw."

Three consecutive 'Thanks for your participation' mercilessly broke Lu Zhou's illusion, and he instantly sobered up. He had accumulated 8 luck points.

'Forget it. I'm giving up on this lucky draw. Poor Mingshi Yin. The merit points he earned for me from disciplining Old Eighth are almost completely spent by me.'

At this moment, Little Yuan'er came running in from outside. "Master."

Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue followed closely behind her.

Lu Zhou closed the system dashboard and asked calmly, "What's the matter?"

"Jiang Aijian has sent word that Wei Zhuoyan has sent about 3,000 men to our mountain. They've already passed Anyang," Little Yuan'er said.

Duanmu Sheng snorted and said, "This Wei Zhuoyan can't tell bad from good. It's bad enough that he's unwilling to admit his guilt, but he even dares to send soldiers here! Master, grant me permission to descend the mountain and fight with them. I want to kill all of them."

Zhao Yue chimed in, "I concur!"

When Little Yuan'er saw how decisive her seniors were, she quickly said, "I want to descend the mountain as well!"

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "I think Wei Zhuoyan has properly thought this out since he's bold enough to send so many men to the Golden Court Mountain."

"Master, is it possible Wei Zhuoyan is stronger than the 10 great elites?" Little Yuan'er asked skeptically.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "This has nothing to do with their strength. I won't even consider them as worthy opponents even if they send 10,000 men here, let alone 3,000."

Zhao Yue bowed and asked, "Master, are you saying these people aren't here to fight?"



Duanmu Sheng said with a nod, "Indeed, there's a possibility of that."

At this moment, a female cultivator walked in slowly and bowed before she said, "Pavilion Master, Mister Fourth has returned."

"Let him in."

A short while later, Mingshi Yin sauntered into the great hall. "Master, I've gone to Tiger Ridge and gave that rascal, Zhu Honggong, an earful. Also, I met Old Seventh at Tiger Ridge. He promised to unlock the box. I'll be retrieving it in seven days."

"Alright," Lu Zhou replied calmly.

Mingshi Yin continued, "Master, do you want me to bring Old Eighth back the next time?"

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "Old Seventh and Old Eighth are close. If we capture Old Eighth, we'll lose our connection to Old Seventh. Old Seventh is a cunning character. We should leave Old Eighth be for now."

"That's brilliant, master," Mingshi Yin said with a bow.

Lu Zhou looked at Mingshi Yin and asked, "You met Old Seventh?"

Mingshi Yin nodded. "Old Seventh's schemes run too deep. I don't understand what he's after. Although he's no longer in the Evil Sky Pavilion, I'm still his senior brother. I told him to use his Peacock Plume. All we need now are Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother's weapons. With Old Seventh's methods, I'm sure there won't be a problem."

Lu Zhou shook his head slightly. "These rascals are only coveting the treasure in the box."

"That box is extremely mysterious and can't be forced open. With the final key, the Amorous Hoop, in your hands, master, they won't be able to get their hands on whatever is in the box."

Lu Zhou had already thought about this. Knowing Si Wuya, Old Seventh, he would never leave a treasure box like this alone. Many people knew about the treasures in the Evil Sky Pavilion. The cultivators under the heavens would never notice if there were an addition or removal of a single treasure. Rather than leaving the treasure inside the box forever, it would be better for it to be opened. Nobody could stop the nine disciples from possessing the treasures without elaborate plans.

"Let's put the matter of the box aside for now," Lu Zhou said with a wave of his hand.

"Master... This is my cultivation method that I've written down. Please inspect it." Little Yuan'er quickly placed her copy on the table before Lu Zhou.

This situation made Lu Zhou look like an old instructor in an ancient private school. Little Yuan'er was one of the students whose works were pending his approval. Lu Zhou skimmed through the small booklet.

The Supreme Purity Jade Slip emphasized on connecting the body's motions with one's fists. The cultivator would, through his unyielding hard work, channel Primal Qi from the surroundings into his

own body and improve his cultivation base through this cultivation process. This cultivation process was highly favored by nature. It was a most profound cultivation method.

Fortunately, Lu Zhou's memories contained the mnemonic chants and Qi-channeling technique of this cultivation method. He was also very familiar with it. All he needed was a single glance, and he could see where it was lacking.

"Hm?" Lu Zhou frowned slightly. "Grab a brush."

"Yes, master." Little Yuan'er quickly prepared the Four Treasures of the Study and laid them out before Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou dipped the brush in some ink and began writing. He filled up the parts that were lacking in the Supreme Purity Jade Slip.

His disciples looked on nervously. They dared not say anything. They merely watched silently from the sides.

Lu Zhou counted about 10 missing crucial sentences in the cultivation method. When he filled up the missing parts, he was even more surprised. This was because Little Yuan'er actually managed to cultivate the missing parts with her own talents. The more remarkable feat was that she did not descend into depravity because of the missing parts.

"Yuan'er."

"Yes, master."

"I've improved and completed your cultivation method. You'll cultivate according to these guidelines from now on," Lu Zhou said calmly.

Little Yuan'er was overjoyed to hear this. "Thank you, master! I won't let you down. I'll enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm as soon as I can!" She received the completed Supreme Purity Jade Slip respectfully before she hurried to the side and began poring over the text.

When Mingshi Yin saw this, he hastily said, "I'll go and write down my cultivation method now." He would not let this opportunity slip through his fingers. One of the biggest reasons why he, Duanmu Sheng, and Zhao Yue did not leave the Evil Sky Pavilion back then was due to them being limited by their cultivation methods. Now that his master was willing to help them improve, he was, naturally, excited.

"This is my Divine One Technique." Duanmu Sheng presented his cultivation method with both hands.

"This is my Brilliant Jade Technique." Zhao Yue placed her copy on the table as well.

'There aren't many omissions in the Divine One Technique... It's only lacking a few sentences.' Lu Zhou browsed through it and filled in where necessary.

However, the Brilliant Jade Technique was lacking in its crucial parts. The Brilliant Jade Technique was a proper peak heart technique. It was a cultivation method with a profound power. When it was activated, the cultivator's skin would become as translucent as jade. Its power was not unleashed outside, but it accumulated inside instead. While it was activated, the cultivators would not need to

expend their own internal strength but were able to increase their power. In this way, they could use the technique without having to rest at all. Their source of strength would be practically endless.

After muttering to himself for a while, Lu Zhou completed the Brilliant Jade Technique. "Discard the concept of one and the other, merge with the outside world. When you immerse yourself completely, you'll attain the flexible nirvana. This is the final mantra of the Brilliant Jade Technique. Zhao Yue..."

"Yes, master."

"You're not completely healed yet. You should put off cultivating this for now," Lu Zhou said calmly.

"Yes, master."

"Ding! Completed the Supreme Purity Jade Slip. Reward: 200 merit points."

"Ding! Completed the Divine One Technique. Reward: 200 merit points."

"Ding! Completed the Brilliant Jade Technique. Reward: 200 merit points."

### **Chapter 134: A Close Friend of Eldest Senior Brother**

Lu Zhou was slightly surprised to hear the system's notifications. When Ji Tiandao taught his disciples their cultivation methods, he withheld many details from them. Apart from suppressing their cultivation bases, he also restricted their possessions of weapons.

Lu Zhou's disciples were, naturally, shocked when they saw he was no longer suppressing their strength or deliberately hindering their cultivation progress.

After completing the cultivation methods, Lu Zhou placed the brush down. He stroked his beard and said, "I've completed your cultivation methods. Don't disappoint me after this!"

The three disciples knelt in unison. "We won't let you down, master!"

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Meanwhile, in the Divine Capital.

An Imperial family's flying chariot rose slowly from the Divine Capital's Prince Qi's Mansion. The flying chariot was surrounded by many cultivators on all sides. They formed an extensive and square formation around it. The flag of Prince Qi's Mansion fluttered in the air as the flying chariot flew away from the Divine Capital.

When he saw this, Si Wuya smiled faintly. "Eldest Senior Brother is certainly skilled and bold. I didn't think he'd actually go to Prince Qi's Mansion."

"Sect Master, should we give chase?"

"No need... Wait here."

"Understood."

Si Wuya walked on air. He made his way to the huge flying chariot with the mysterious box in his hand.

The flying chariot was massive. Usually, flying chariots were built with an emphasis on the display of magnificence and comfort. Speed-wise, it was not the swiftest means of transport.

Si Wuya had no trouble catching up to it.

The people in the Divine Capital were used to seeing the Imperial family's flying chariot in the skies.

A middle-aged man dressed in black robes with a chiseled face stood at the front of the flying chariot. He surveyed the lands below him.

A female subordinate standing next to him said with a bow, "Sect Master, it'll take us six hours to reach Pingdu Mountain from the Divine Capital. You should get some rest."

The middle-aged man pointed at the Divine Capital and said, "It's been a while since I left Pingdu Mountain. Let me indulge in the scenery of the rivers and mountains..."

"Understood."

"It's only when you're standing on this flying chariot that you'll feel compelled to take this all in... If you stand at the top, even the Divine Capital will be beneath your feet," the middle-aged man said slowly.

"You're right, Sect Master."

"Forget it... You're boring," he said as he thought to himself, 'No matter what I say to them, they'll just bow and agree. None of them have an opinion of their own. This is dull.'

"Sect Master, someone's approaching us." A voice from nearby rang in the air.

The middle-aged man shook his head indifferently. "Kill him."

"This man has a profound cultivation base. He says that you'll certainly meet him."

"Interesting." The middle-aged man walked to the other side of the flying chariot with his hands on his back. He saw a man with a mysterious box who was surrounded by his guards.

Five of the middle-aged man's guards hovered around the flying chariot as they guarded against the newcomers.

"Eldest Senior Brother, long time no see." Si Wuya projected his voice.

"Let him in."

"Understood!" The five great protectors moved aside.

Si Wuya arrived at the flying chariot safely with swift movements.

"Greetings, Eldest Senior Brother." Si Wuya waved his arm casually, and the mysterious box landed on the flying chariot slowly. He bowed toward the middle-aged man.

This middle-aged man was none other than the first disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion, Yu Zhenghai. He was the master of the Nether Sect.

Yu Zhenghai glanced at Si Wuya and said, "You strike me as a busy man. Why do you have the time to visit me in the Divine Capital today?"

"You're joking, Eldest Senior Brother. I can't really say the Darknet is giving me many things to do. You, on the other hand, went to the trouble of traveling long distance. You left Pingdu Mountain and personally visited Prince Qi's Mansion," Si Wuya said.

Two subordinates quickly prepared two chairs on the flying chariot's deck. Yu Zhenghai motioned for Si Wuya to take a seat.

"Your Second Senior Brother killed one of my men... If I don't personally come here, knowing his temper, I'm afraid that I'll lose more men." When Yu Zhenghai mentioned Yu Shangrong, there was a sharp edge to his voice.

"Please calm down, Eldest Senior Brother... He killed Sword Freak Chen Wenjie because he aligned himself with the Nether Sect on the surface, but he was secretly colluding with the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects... Second Senior Brother helped you eliminate a mole from your ranks. It's a good thing," Si Wuya said.

Yu Zhenghai said indifferently, "I'm aware of Chen Wenjie's background... He was but a pawn. At the very least, I could openly restrict the Clarity Sect's elites... Although your Second Senior Brother is an amicable person, he's stupid. His mind is far too simple. He'll never be able to figure out my thoughts."

"You're right, Eldest Senior Brother..." Si Wuya said with a smile.

"Old Seventh... let me ask you something."

"Ask away, Eldest Senior Brother. I'll tell you anything and everything I know," Si Wuya said goodnaturedly.

"You've always been able to see the bigger picture. Do you think that your Second Senior Brother is right?" Yu Zhenghai asked.

"Second Senior Brother is wrong..." Si Wuya said with a straight face.

"You have a unique view on things, Seventh Junior Brother." Yu Zhenghai's face displayed a rare gleeful expression. He continued, "If I decide to flatten the Divine Capital, what will you do?"

"I'll fully support you."

Yu Zhenghai laughed heartily and said, "You know me well, Junior Brother Wuya."

"Second Senior Brother has something he wants me to tell you... He said that he has no intention of meddling in your affairs, but he said it's best if you don't meddle in his as well," Si Wuya said, passing on the message in its entirety.

"He's still the same..." Yu Zhenghai shook his head. "Forget about him... Now that my Junior Brother Wuya is here, let's not ruin the occasion. Bring us some wine!"

The two subordinates behind him hastily went to fetch some wine and prepared the table.

Si Wuya was speechless. However, he knew his Eldest Senior Brother liked to drink. It would not be in his favor to reject his Eldest Senior Brother.

After three cups of wine, Yu Zhenghai said calmly, "Seventh Junior Brother, what brings you here?"

Si Wuya placed his wine cup down and pointed at the box beside him. "Master's box."

When Yu Zhenghai heard this, he frowned slightly. "After I came out of cultivating in seclusion, I heard master single-handedly drove away the ten great elites... He should be living out his days in the Evil Sky Pavilion. What's the matter with this box?"

"This box is extremely mysterious. Heaven-grade weapons can do nothing against it... It needs six weapons to be unlocked. Now, all we need is your Jasper Saber... and Sixth Junior Sister's Amorous Hoop. The Amorous Hoop is currently in master's possession."

Yu Zhenghai said, "Master has many treasures, and yet, he's fussing over this particular one. Do you know what's inside?"

Si Wuya shook his head. "I have no idea. However, the more precious it is, the more reason for us to unlock it. Treasures should not remain sealed. If you want to flatten the Divine Capital, it's better for you to have as many treasures as possible, Eldest Senior Brother."

"You have a point." Yu Zhenghai raised his right hand slightly. There was a flash of light in the flying chariot. The Jasper Saber flew into his hand.

"Place it into the groove, and it'll activate the contraption." Si Wuya pointed at one of the grooves.

However, Yu Zhenghai did not place his Jasper Saber into it. Instead, he glanced at the pattern on the box and said, "Second Junior Brother has made his choice... You've also made your choice, Seventh Junior Brother. If I refuse to unlock the box, what will you do?"

Si Wuya smiled faintly, it seemed as though he had expected this. He answered, "This box was brought down the mountain by Fourth Senior Brother Mingshi Yin. He has a heaven-grade weapon that resembles a hook and a blade at the same time. Fourth Senior Brother has given me a limit of seven days. If this box remains locked, I'm afraid that master will get angry."

"When a person gets old... he's bound to get cranky." Yu Zhenghai flicked his finger lightly.

Ping!

The Jasper Saber spun in the air. However, it did not enter the groove on the mysterious box. Instead, it sailed toward a group of cultivators gathered under the flying chariot.

Si Wuya was taken aback. He looked down, stupefied. "The Azure Dragon's headquarters?"

## **Chapter 135: The Great Dark Heaven Memorial**

When the Jasper Saber shot out of the flying chariot, it spun clockwise in the air. Every blade of energy morphed into the likeness of the Jasper Saber. The real Jasper Saber was shrouded in a body of dense energy. It was like a huge cartwheel that stirred up Primal Qi. The Primal Qi shot out and condensed into energy that formed miniature Jasper Sabers.

"The Great Dark Heaven Memorial. The Dark Heaven Starlight," Si Wuya said with a nod.

The Great Dark Heaven Memorial was the cultivation method Yu Zhenghai was famous for. Ever since he obtained the Jasper Saber, he merged the Great Dark Heaven Method and his sword skills through his own insight and hard work. Even his peers would not underestimate the force of this skill.

Needless to say, these sorry excuses of cultivators from the Azure Dragon Association did not stand a chance. When they looked up and discovered the rain of blades, it was already too late.

There was a drizzle of blood accompanied by a foul wind.

The Jasper Saber was an outstanding weapon among heaven-grade weapons to begin with. It could easily break through the protective energy layers around the mediocre cultivators. Some avatars, which were only half a person's height, had only appeared for an instant before being destroyed by the Great Dark Heaven Memorial's rain of blades.

In the time it took for them to take a breath, the Jasper Saber returned to Yu Zhenghai's hand. The saber appeared no different from before. It looked ordinary and insignificant. It was as though one would find it lying around in any blacksmith's workshop.

"Four great protectors," Yu Zhenghai said indifferently, "Clean it up."

"Yes, Sect Master." The four great protectors leaped off the flying chariot one after another.

After four of them left the flying chariot, four colossal Hundred Tribulations Insight avatars lined up in a row. The golden lotuses beneath their feet had at least six leaves!

Si Wuya knew the Nether Sect was powerful but did not expect it to be this extent. This had truly exceeded his expectations. Apart from the four great protectors, Yu Zhenghai had thousands upon thousands of sect members and many powerful cultivators spread out across the land. It was shocking to imagine what kind of methods his Eldest Senior Brother must have employed to recruit so many experts into the Nether Sect with his personal abilities. He turned to look at Yu Zhenghai.

Yu Zhenghai did not even deign to look at the Azure Dragon's headquarters. Instead, he was looking at the scenery in the distance. "Junior Brother Wuya, there's no need to be surprised... The Azure Dragon Association is an ally to my sect on the surface, but they bite the hand that feeds them. They had this coming," Yu Zhenghai said nonchalantly.

Si Wuya was not shocked. He had appraised Nether Sect's strength once before. If the Nether Sect did not possess true strength, it would never be able to become the greatest cult under the heavens. He smiled faintly before he said, "Nice move, Eldest Senior Brother."

"You flatter me, Junior Brother... Come, let's have another toast." Yu Zhenghai raised his hand, and the cup of wine on the table flew toward him. With his cultivation base, he could already move objects with his energy as if it was second nature to him.

Si Wuya replied earnestly, "Sure!"

After they emptied their cups, the four great protectors walked toward them on air before entering the flying chariot one after the other.

"Sect Master, the cleaning up has been done."

"Very good." Yu Zhenghai placed his wine cup down.

The four great protectors retreated to his back respectfully.

Si Wuya put his cup down as well and said, "I've seen the display and have had my drink. Eldest Senior Brother... about the box..."

Yu Zhenghai raised a hand to interrupt him. "If you didn't come, if it had been anyone else, I would never agree to unlock this box. But since you asked, I have no reason to not give you face. I'll unlock the box. However..." He paused for a moment before continuing, "Not today."

"Why?" Si Wuya asked, puzzled.

"Seven days later, I'll personally deliver this box to Old Eighth's Tiger Ridge... I'll take this opportunity to visit him as well. I'd like to reminisce," Yu Zhenghai said.

Si Wuya nodded and said, "That's a good plan."

"Old Seventh, aren't you going to ask me why I'm giving you this excuse?"

"I've always felt at ease when you're the one doing things, Eldest Senior Brother. I have no need to doubt you," Si Wuya said calmly.

Yu Zhenghai laughed heartily. "The person I admire the most under the heavens is you, Seventh Junior Brother."

"You flatter me, Eldest Senior Brother," Si Wuya said with a smile. He stood up as soon as he finished speaking.

The flying chariot continued moving toward Pingdu Mountain.

Si Wuya looked at the chariot's course and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, I have something else to attend to. I'll have to trouble you with the box then."

"It's a trivial matter." Yu Zhenghai nodded calmly. "If you meet Second Junior Brother, tell him this. If he's free, I would like to spar with him."

"Uh..."

"If you want to keep your blade sharp, you must temper it frequently. I think that it's the same for Second Junior Brother's sword," Yu Zhenghai said slowly.

"You have a point, Eldest Senior Brother. As the saying goes, it's like meeting a formidable opponent in chess or to encounter a talented person while selecting a general. Without a worthy opponent, it's difficult to maintain one's combat skills fighting third-rate opponents all the time." After that, Si Wuya cupped his hands together and said, "I'll convey your message to Second Senior Brother."

"Go then." Yu Zhenghai waved his hand while drinking some more wine.

Si Wuya leaped off the flying chariot. He dove down and vanished in a blink of an eye.

Yu Zhenghai's four great protectors who stood behind him positioned themselves around the flying chariot. They took up a corner each. One of the great protectors bowed and said, "Sect Master, this man



is slightly hypocritical. He ingratiates himself to you and flatters you. We should be on guard against him.”

The protector’s voice had barely faded when Yu Zhenghai glared at him. A Great Dark Heaven’s palm print hit the protector’s chest.

The protector dared not fight back. He took the blow squarely. He grunted as he doubled over. His Qi and blood were surging. He fell to one knee and said, “Please forgive me, Sect Master. I have spoken out of turn.”

“This strike is only a minor punishment... Seventh Junior Brother isn’t someone who can be judged by you lot of people.”

The protector lowered his head and dared not say anything.

“The four of you are my most trusted subordinates... If it weren’t for Seventh Junior Brother’s efforts behind the scenes, do you think the Nether Sect can attain its current glory?”

The protector’s eyes widened. He dared not say a word.

Yu Zhenghai shook his head. His voice softened. “This strike isn’t only a punishment, it’s also a warning. Never underestimate anyone.”

“You’re right, Sect Master.”

...

Meanwhile, after Si Wuya landed, a swift-moving flying chariot sped over from the other side of the Divine Capital. It flew at a low altitude at specific angles and routes which avoided the Imperial guards’ defenses. The flying chariot came to halt beside Si Wuya.

More than ten cultivators left the chariot and came to Si Wuya’s side. They bowed at the same time. “Sect Master, the Nether Sect has been doing away with opposing factions in a frenzy lately. Everything between the Divine Capital and Pingdu Mountain now belongs to the Nether Sect. Since you have deep ties with the Nether Sect...”

Si Wuya raised a hand. “There’s no need to worry. Sometimes, the outcome of a battle isn’t decided by the size of the force... A sentence, a person, or an item could easily change the outcome on a battlefield. I’m sure Eldest Senior Brother understands this. He did not get to where he is now by not knowing anything after all.”

“What about the Evil Sky Pavilion’s box...”

“I expected that Eldest Senior Brother would keep it. Also, did you leak the information to the Clarity Sect?” Si Wuya asked.

“We have.”

“Very good. Let it progress on its own from now. There’s no need to meddle anymore.”

“Understood!”

Some things merely needed a single push. The more naturally things progressed, the more real it would seem.

"Sect Master, there's a piece of information from the Darknet. Wei Zhuoyan's men are already at Tangzi Town."

"Continue to monitor them."

"Understood."

Si Wuya glanced at his flying chariot and said, "I don't need the flying chariot this time... I suddenly have the urge to stroll around the Divine Capital."

### **Chapter 136: The Red Robes' Visit**

When his subordinates heard this, they bowed and retreated silently.

Si Wuya proceeded toward the Divine Capital with his hands on his back.

...

The Divine Capital.

In a quiet courtyard of the Changning General Mansion.

Wei Zhuoyan was relaxing on a recliner and enjoying the warmth from the sun on his skin.

"General, our men have reached Tangzi Town," a maidservant next to him said.

Wei Zhuoyan nodded and said indifferently, "It's only a formality. All we have to do is accompany them along the way. Sending that number of men and cultivators to the Evil Sky Pavilion is no different from sending them to their deaths. If she likes to hit a rock with an egg, then, let her do it."

"You're right, General. However, the lady is currently a favorite of His Highness. We can't provoke her."

Wei Zhuoyan snorted. "I'd like to see how long she'll remain a favorite. Her subordinate, Chen Zhu, was one of the Divine Capital's Three Godly Archers. However, he had recently lost his life in the Grand Witchcraft Formation when he went to the Measure Heaven River. Did she think I won't find out about it despite her numerous attempts to conceal this from me?"

"Lord Chen Zhu is dead?"

"It's just as well. I despise arrogant people like him. He thought he was invincible just because he can shoot a few arrows," Wei Zhuoyan said.

"If you think it's good, General, then, it is good."

"Nobody in the palace knows about this yet. Send someone to leak this information to His Highness..." Wei Zhuoyan said.

"Understood." After a while, the maidservant seemed to hesitate before she said, "However, I'm curious. Chen Zhu is a Six-leaf Godly Archer. He had never missed a shot. Who could kill him?"

Wei Zhuoyan shook his head and said, "I've thought about that as well... Alas, there are far too few clues about the battle at Measure Heaven River. The activation of the Grand Witchcraft Formation is as good as destroying all the evidence. We have no way of uncovering the truth. However, since that person is capable of killing Chen Zhu... He must be an elite. I hope he's not an enemy of mine."

"You're an important officer of the empire who wields great military strength, General. Who would dare to make an enemy out of you?" The maidservant said ingratiatingly.

Unfortunately, Wei Zhuoyan seemed unmoved by her flattery. With the position he held, he was used to all kinds of flattery. He merely chuckled before he said, "The Evil Sky Pavilion is powerful. They're not to be taken lightly."

"General, the Evil Sky Pavilion has sent word demanding that you admit to your crimes. They're clearly taking us lightly. Of the Evil Sky Pavilion's nine disciples, the first disciple is the Nether Sect Master, Yu Zhenghai. His strength is unfathomable. Why don't we work together with the Nether Sect?" The maidservant said softly.

Wei Zhuoyan was slightly taken aback, but he was not angry. He said calmly, "The Noble and Fiend Paths will never tolerate each other. Don't bring this up again."

"Understood."

...

Meanwhile, Wei Zhuoyan's men and the red-robed cultivators had gathered in Tangzi Town.

"My lords, Tangzi Town isn't far from Golden Court Mountain. We'll be able to reach the mountain by today," a soldier said to the red-robed cultivators.

"There's no hurry." A red-robed cultivator waved his hand. He sauntered over to the perimeter of Tangzi Town and surveyed the surroundings.

The dense forest had concealed Golden Court Mountain. The flatlands had been converted to fertile farmlands by the people of Tangzi Town.

"We'll march to Golden Court Mountain at first light," the red-robed cultivator said.

"Understood!"

The red-robed cultivator who had spoken waved at the other red-robed cultivators. There were about 30 of them, and they gathered and stood in three rows.

,000 mounted soldiers stood behind them.

However, the 30 red-robed cultivators did not walk into the town. Instead, they walked along the flatlands.

The 3,000 mounted soldiers were bewildered by the cultivators' actions.

The red-robed cultivators began picking up their pace. Soon after, their feet left the ground, looking like ghosts hovering above the farmlands. It was a chilling sight.

At this moment, the red-robed cultivators released a peculiar energy from their bodies, frightening the birds into taking flight and the beasts into hiding.

The red-robed cultivators changed formations; from three lines to one line before it settled in a semicircle before they marched to the Golden Court Mountain.

In a blink of an eye, the 30 red-robed cultivators disappeared.

The 3,000 mounted soldiers exchanged looks among themselves. Feeling helpless, they had no choice but to set up camp near Tangzi Town.

...

Midnight.

The sounds of roaring wind, wailing, and the crackling of fire rang from the direction of Golden Court Mountain's direction. The noises lasted an entire night.

...

Early the next morning, the 30 red-robed cultivators appeared outside their camp in neat rows. It was as though they had waited all night.

"M-my lords!" When the military officer of the mounted soldiers woke up, he was shocked by the presence of the red-robed cultivators.

A red-robed cultivator said calmly, "Let's go."

...

Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou glanced at the progress of the box's unlocking under the mission tab. It showed 4/6. In other words, there were two weapons that had not been used on the box yet. One of them was the Amorous Hoop that was in his possession. According to Mingshi Yin, all that was left was his first disciple's, Yu Zhenghai, Jasper Saber. He rose to his feet slowly and closed the system dashboard.

"Yuan'er."

Little Yuan'er ran in from the outside and said, "Master, you called?"

"Any news from Jiang Aijian?"

"No," Little Yuan'er said as she shook her head.

"Maybe he's busy trying to get to his Dragonsong." Lu Zhou stood up with his hands on his back and descended the stairs.

Little Yuan'er walked up to Lu Zhou obediently and supported him.

At this moment, a female cultivator walked slowly into the great hall. "Pavilion Master. Someone from the palace requests an audience."

"Who is it?" Lu Zhou asked calmly.

Little Yuan'er added, "If everyone is just allowed to meet master, my master will be exhausted to death."

The female cultivator bowed and said, "He's sent by Wei Zhuoyan."

"Where's Wei Zhuoyan?"

"He's... not here. However, the red-robed cultivator seems to have a profound cultivation base."

Little Yuan'er said, "Master, why don't I go down and fight him?"

Lu Zhou waved his arm and rejected Little Yuan'er's proposal. He said calmly, "Let them in. I'll leave this in Mingshi Yin's hands. I'm tired."

"Understood."

Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue, and Duanmu Sheng hurried over to the great hall when they heard the news.

While the visitors had not arrived yet, Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Master, this Wei Zhuoyan thinks too highly of himself. He's looking down on our Evil Sky Pavilion. I request for the permission to head to the Divine Capital and kill this scoundrel."

"..." Mingshi Yin glanced at his Third Senior Brother.

Before Lu Zhou could say anything, Hua Wudao who had arrived slightly later said, "I commend you for your bravery, Mister Third, but the Divine Capital is highly guarded and filled with elites. It's said that Wei Zhuoyan's cultivation base is at least Six-leaf. Naturally, Mister Third's Divine One Technique is powerful as well. However, a pair of fists can hardly defeat four hands. It's best not to act rashly for now."

Lu Zhou nodded while stroking his beard and said, "Elder Hua has a point. Old Third, I heard you've been sparring with Elder Hua lately?"

Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Yes, I have."

"That's good. Elder Hua's Six Compatible Daoist Mudra is peerless. If you can break it, your strength would improve by leaps and bounds," Lu Zhou said.

"I... will work hard."

Elder Hua coughed again and said. "It's naturally a good thing to guide the juniors, but I'm getting old, and I can't spar too frequently."

Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists toward Elder Hua and said, "In that case, let's reduce the frequency from three times a day to twice a day..."

"Uh..." Elder Hua's old face flushed. Hua Wudao could not find a way to give voice to his sufferings. He had to spar day in and day out with someone who would fight even more valiantly the more times he lost.

Lu Zhou spoke with his hands on his back, "It's best to do it once every three days. You won't be able to handle it if it's too frequent anyway."

“Yes, master.”

“Thank you, Pavilion Master.”

At this moment, two red-robed cultivators escorted by a female cultivator sauntered into the great hall from outside.

Their robes covered their bodies from head to toe. Their steps were steady and stable. Their hands were crossed. A few soldiers carrying a box followed them closely from behind.

“Greetings, Pavilion Master. I am Wu Sheng.”

“Greetings, Pavilion Master. I am Wu Guan.”

### **Chapter 137: Offering Amnesty is a Great Mishap**

Lu Zhou sat down calmly. He ignored them and seemed to be thinking about another matter.

Mingshi Yin would never let an opportunity to showcase himself go to waste. Since his master left the matter in his hands, this meant his master valued him.

“Wu Sheng and Wu Guan?” Mingshi Yin’s gaze fell on the duo. “Are you the descendants of the Ten Shamans?”

Wu Sheng, the one on the left, bowed and said, “We brothers are indeed descendants of the Ten Shamans.”

Mingshi Yin said, “You’re the ones who sealed my junior sister’s cultivation base, right?”

Wu Sheng said, “That’s a misunderstanding. The reason we’re here is to resolve that misunderstanding.”

“I’m listening,” Mingshi Yin said with a smile as he sat down.

Wu Sheng said slowly, “Although we’re descendants of the Ten Shamans, we’re loyal to Great Yan’s Imperial court. Recently, there have been some minor conflicts and misunderstandings with the Evil Sky Pavilion. My lady has ordered me to visit the Evil Sky Pavilion and apologize to the Pavilion Master.”

“That’s all?” Mingshi Yin asked skeptically.

“When my lady visited the Clarity Sect a while ago, the Clarity Sect’s elites had coincidentally captured Miss Fifth, Zhao Yue. Hence, my lord sealed Miss Fifth’s cultivation base. For this transgression, my lady is willing to offer up five mystic-grade weapons and 20,000 gold as compensation.”

As he spoke, two of the soldiers behind him opened the box they had been carrying. There were five weapons and gold that shone brilliantly.

When Mingshi Yin heard this, he smiled and said, “Mystic-grade weapons? I’m impressed! Let’s see... What’s this?” The Separation Hook and Scabbard hovered above his right palm. It was shrouded in a thin layer of energy that clearly displayed his weapon’s grade.

Duanmu Sheng chimed in, "There's also my Overlord Spear." He raised his right hand and the Overlord Spear spun in circles. His energy formed lights that traveled from the spear's tip to the end of its shaft. This made the carving of the dragon on the shaft look even more majestic.

The two disciples' heaven-grade weapons were on full display.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan exchanged a glance. A hint of shock appeared in their eyes before it quickly disappeared.

"We have a whole new level of respect for the Evil Sky Pavilion. Heaven-grade weapons seem so ordinary here," Wu Sheng said flatteringly.

"Now that you know this... How can you have the confidence to carry a pile of rejects up our mountain?"

"We've been rude," Wu Sheng said as he cupped his fists.

Mingshi Yin asked, "Who's your lady?"

In truth, it was easy to find out about this. After several incidents, they were certain this elite was the favorite person by the Second Prince's side.

"My lady's name is Mo Li. She's the most powerful witchcraft cultivator in Great Yan!" Wu Yan said, a hint of pride could be clearly heard in his tone.

Upon hearing this, Little Yuan'er said provokingly, "The most powerful witchcraft cultivator? You can brag all you want, but I won't believe it."

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan glanced at Little Yuan'er.

"That's not important. What's important is... Lord Pavilion Master's thoughts." Wu Sheng cupped his fists together again.

Mingshi Yin shook his head and said, "If she had personally come, there might be a chance. Both of you aren't qualified to speak to my master."

"Uh..." Wu Sheng could not help but feel taken aback. An ominous feeling rose in his heart. He hastily explained, "Lady Mo Li has many matters to attend to each day. To tell you the truth, Lord Chen Zhu passed away some days ago. Lady Mo Li is too saddened by this, and she can't leave the Divine Capital."

Wu Guan chimed in, "Lady Mo Li has been searching for the murderer, working herself to the bones night and day. Lady Mo Li will surely tear the murderer to pieces when she finds him. When this matter is dealt with, Lady Mo Li will surely visit the Evil Sky Pavilion." He paused to take a breath before he continued, "Also, I received information from the palace that someone was impersonating the Evil Sky Pavilion in the Measure Heaven River. Those people are too audacious. Lady Mo Li will also deal with the impostors in order to resolve the conflict with the Evil Sky Pavilion."

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng were slightly stunned by these words. There was the Grand Witchcraft Formation near Measure Heaven River. Chen Zhu, one of the Three Godly Archers, was killed by the Evil Sky Pavilion. At that time, the Witchcraft Formation was fully activated, obscuring everyone's vision.

Ding Fanqiu's impersonation of the Evil Sky Pavilion had averted the palace's attention. In other words, the palace did not know it was the Evil Sky Pavilion who killed Chen Zhu.

At this moment, Lu Zhou, who had remained silent all this while, suddenly said, "I'll bury the hatchet regarding Zhao Yue."

Lu Zhou's disciples exchanged a look. They were slightly taken aback. Who knew their master would be so magnanimous? Compared to the past, he was now as different as heaven and earth.

"Thank you, Pavilion Master!" Wu Sheng and Wu Guan bowed in unison.

After Wu Sheng straightened his body, he said, "There's another reason for our visit to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Speak."

"The Evil Sky Pavilion is on the Fiend Path. The ten great sects are eyeing it like prey. Lady Mo Li is sincerely impressed by the Evil Sky Pavilion's strength. Currently, Great Yan's Imperial family is in dire need of support. Would the Evil Sky Pavilion consider serving the Imperial court and bring joy to the general populace?" Wu Shen asked slowly.

"Are you trying to offer amnesty by recruiting us into your ranks?"

"This isn't recruitment. Lady Mo Li genuinely admires the Evil Sky Pavilion. This is an offer of friendship. Moreover, with this, the Evil Sky Pavilion will be taking the first step on the Noble Path and will surely be respected by all!"

Duanmu Sheng raised his Overlord Spear and struck the floor.

Clang!

"Anyone else can say those words, but not both of you. How many people do you think have been hurt by witchcraft? I'm sure you know that clearly. And yet, you have the temerity to preach about being on the Noble Path?!"

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan were rendered speechless.

Mingshi Yin chimed in, "If you really want to bring happiness to the people... Can you explain the massacre of innocent people in Measure Heaven River?"

Wu Sheng frowned. The ominous feeling in his heart grew even stronger. He felt everyone's eyes were trained on him and Wu Guan. Finally, he asked, "The Evil Sky Pavilion knows about Measure Heaven River's incident as well?"

Mingshi Yin replied, "Chen Zhu was too presumptuous so my master sent him to the afterlife."

"..." Wu Sheng and Wu Guan took a step backward in unison. They looked at Mingshi Yin with expressions of disbelief.

Wu Sheng forced himself to calm down before he asked, "The Evil Sky Pavilion killed Lord Chen Zhu?"

"Are you deaf?" Mingshi Yin asked with a smile.



Wu Sheng quickly offered his own analysis of the incident and said, "Speaking about this, I'm sure there's a misunderstanding. Lord Chen Zhu was told the people near Measure Heaven River were only impostors. Lord Chen Zhu must have mistaken the Pavilion Master for the impostor. Although Lord Chen Zhu was a Godly Archer, he had always been impetuous with his actions. If he had offended Lord Pavilion Master, then he could only blame himself for his death."

"It's true that you people are shameless and have thick skin. Didn't you just say your lady wants to tear Chen Zhu's murderer into pieces? Look, my master is here. Are you brave enough to make a move?" Mingshi Yin said mockingly. However, he froze for a moment, realizing he had said something wrong. He lowered his head and slapped his face as he said, "That was a slip of tongue. Please forgive me, master."

Lu Zhou was not bothered by this. His expression appeared calm.

Wu Sheng said awkwardly, "It's all a misunderstanding. I didn't know that Lord Chen Zhu died in the Pavilion Master's hands. I hope the magnanimous Pavilion Master won't hold this against me."

"You're wrong." Mingshi Yin shook his head.

"..."

"A mere Chen Zhu could never satisfy the Evil Sky Pavilion." Mingshi Yin waved his arm. Two female cultivators beside him bowed slightly.

Shortly after, the two female cultivators carried an unconscious Ye Tianxin over on a wooden chair.

Everyone's eyes were on Ye Tianxin.

Wu Sheng was confused. "This is..."

"This is my master's sixth disciple, Ye Tianxin... She's from Measure Heaven River's Fish Dragon River," Zhao Yue said.

Wu Sheng frowned slightly. He suddenly realized why the Evil Sky Pavilion had such an attitude.

"I see."

Wu Sheng's confidence was dwindling as he cupped his hands together and said, "To tell you the truth, General Wei Zhuoyan of Changning is the one who annihilated the Fish Dragon Village. It has nothing to do with Lady Mo Li."

Duanmu Sheng sneered. "So we should just take your word for it?"

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan's expressions changed slightly. They fell to one knee at the same time and said, "We have no knowledge of this. If our lady is really involved in this, we're willing to atone for it. Please forgive us, Pavilion Master!"

### **Chapter 138: Seeking Peace at a High Price**

Mingshi Yin said, "What's the relationship between your lady and Wei Zhuoyan?" He could tell from Wu Sheng and Wu Guan's tone that Wei Zhuoyan and Mo Li did not seem to be on friendly terms.

"Uh..." Wu Sheng stammered and did not dare to say anything.

"You said the incident at Measure Heaven River has nothing to do with your lady, and yet, there was a Grand Witchcraft Formation at the jetty where they fished for the corpses. An elite, Chen Zhu, was also guarding that place. Do you think I'm stupid?"

Thud!

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan fell to their knees without any hesitation. Their foreheads broke out in sweat and said, "Lady Mo Li was only acting on orders. The activity at the jetty has been going on before the Formation was laid. The Fish Dragon Village incident truly has nothing to do with my lady. If there's half a lie in my words, I'll die a gruesome death!"

No matter what they said, Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng were determined not to believe them.

The atmosphere tensed.

Just when the two of them were about to get up, Pan Zhong, who had remained silent from the beginning, said, "Why does the mistress of the Ten Shamans' descendants have the name Mo Li?"

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan were slightly stunned. They turned to look at Pan Zhong. If this had been under any other circumstances, it would have been a great offense for Pan Zhong to mention Mo Li's name directly. However, this was the Evil Sky Pavilion. No matter how scathing their words were, they could only endure them.

"Anyone can cultivate witchcraft. Lady Mo Li's cultivation base is profound, and we're willing to follow her."

Pan Zhong said again, "Since ancient times, the Ten Shamans were experts respected and feared by all. They were skilled in medical skills and divination. They had also reached great heights with white witchcraft. Since you're descendants of the Ten Shamans, why would you lower yourself and become the lackeys of these people?"

'Lackeys?' Wu Sheng and Wu Guan had sour expressions on their faces. They studied Pan Zhong for a moment. They did their research before coming to the Evil Sky Pavilion. They did not recall there being such a person in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Dear sir, you are?"

Pan Zhong spoke frankly, "A man of character is proud of himself and stands by his actions. I was from the Clarity Sect but am now a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Evil Sky Pavilion's problem is my problem."

Wu Sheng cupped his fists and said, "Nice to meet you, Brother Pan... Being a descendant of the Ten Shamans isn't something to be bragged about. So long as we're serving the Imperial court, we'll be able to bring happiness to the common folks."

"Well said," Pan Zhong said as he clapped his hands, "I spoke to Mister Fourth about it. It seems the Grand Witchcraft Formation isn't the only thing near Measure Heaven River. For 100 miles along the river, there were witchcraft traps as well. Even an expert such as Mister Fourth fell prey to it, let alone the common folks. When I was still with the Clarity Sect, I frequently heard reports about civilians dying gruesome deaths near the river. How do you explain that?"

Wu Sheng's expression changed slightly. He was speechless from Pan Zhong's rebuttal.

At this moment, Lu Zhou just silently watched as though this had nothing to do with him.

Wu Sheng spoke respectfully, "Cultivators frequently got near Measure Heaven River and harassed the local people. With the Grand Witchcraft Formation in place, such incidents have decreased considerably. There are always two sides to every story. Your words are slightly unfair, Brother Pan."

"Even so... Inside the Grand Witchcraft Formation, the salvaged bodies were piled up in a warehouse. A dead person should be treated with the utmost respect, and yet, look at how you disrespected them. Aren't you worried that you'd be struck dead by lightning when you go out?"

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan took a step back. Pan Zhong's words had shocked them.

"After this, we'll surely employ the services of a Buddhist grandmaster to conduct a ceremony for the deceased. We'll pray that they find peace and happiness in the afterlife," Wu Sheng said weakly. His words held no conviction. In fact, he seemed uncomfortable.

Pan Zhong laughed and said, "A witchcraft cultivator wants to employ a Buddhist grandmaster to chant sutras. If the Ten Shamans hear this, I think they would be so infuriated that they would come back to life!"

"You —"

Hit a person, but not his face. Pan Zhong might have gone slightly overboard.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan regarded the Ten Shamans with reverence. How could they endure the people they revered being insulted?

Wu Guan had taken half a step forward, but he was forcibly restrained by Wu Sheng.

Wu Sheng said, "Brother Pan, we're here to genuinely seek peace! We have no intention of making another enemy! If we have offended the Evil Sky Pavilion in any way, we're willing to atone for it!" He was smart. He bowed at Lu Zhou directly.

Making peace or discussing the truth aside, the brothers, and their Lady Mo Li, did not expect that the Evil Sky Pavilion was the one who killed Chen Zhu. Chen Zhu was Mo Li's trusted general. Could Mo Li accept this?

The great hall was silent.

Creak.

There was a creaking sound from where Ye Tianxin was.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan looked at Ye Tianxin. A hint of shock appeared in their eyes!

Mingshi Yin turned to look at his master, who was deep in thought, and said, "Bring her back."

"Understood."

Ye Tianxin was still unconscious. It was meaningless for her to remain here.

The female cultivators brought Ye Tianxin away.

Lu Zhou stood up slowly and descended the stairs. "It's not impossible to make peace."

"We are endlessly grateful for your magnanimity, Pavilion Master!" Wu Sheng bowed respectfully.

"I'm curious... can the bones of the Bai people extend the limit of one's life?" Lu Zhou suddenly asked.

"Uh..." Wu Sheng was caught off guard by this sudden inquiry. He stammered and struggled with himself before saying, "For now, it's not possible."

"Why are the bodies still being fished out of the river, then?"

"This is a palace secret! Pavilion Master..."

"My master is giving you a way out, and you're not taking it. Forget about your secrets... Just spill it!" Little Yuan'er waved her fist.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "You can choose to keep it to yourselves. You can even leave the Evil Sky Pavilion safely. I've never forced another person to do something against their will..."

When he heard this, Wu Sheng shook his head. He cupped his fists and said, "Although this is a secret, there have been no breakthroughs after 10 years. Forget it... It's rumored that the bones of the Bai people can be used to attain longevity. That's not true, and the palace has wasted 10 years before they discovered this. It's the Bai people's Cheng Huang that can extend one's life limit."

"The Bai people's Cheng Huang?"

"Cheng Huang has the appearance of a fox with horns on its back. Anyone who rides it will live for 2,000 years," Wu Sheng said.

Everyone was suitably shocked when they heard this.

Mingshi Yin said with a frown, "It's the name of a beast?"

"That's right," Wu Sheng sighed and said, "At the battle of Measure Heaven River many years ago, Wei Zhuoyan and the Black Knights' Fan Xiuwen wiped out the Other Tribes near the river. Their true objective was to search for the bones of the Bai people. Then, their target changed to Cheng Huang. Not even Wei Zhuoyan and Fan Xiuwen themselves know about this. The palace suspects that Cheng Huang had sunk to the bottom of the river along with the bones of the Bai people in that battle."

"So, the palace is really fishing for Cheng Huang? And, it hasn't been found after all these years?" Pan Zhong interrupted.

Wu Sheng shook his head and said, "If it had been found, we wouldn't have this misunderstanding today." When he finished speaking, he glanced at Lu Zhou who looked indifferent. He bowed and said, "I've told you what I know truthfully... Pavilion Master, does your offer remain?"

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "I've always stayed true to my words."

"Thank you, lord Pavilion Master!" The two of them hastily bowed.

"See our guests off."

“Understood.”

Since Lu Zhou was the one who said this, the others, naturally, did not oppose it.

They looked on as Wu Sheng and Wu Guan left the Evil Sky Pavilion.

...

Shortly after, Wu Sheng and Wu Guan exited Golden Court Mountain’s barrier. When they stepped out of its bounds, they sighed in relief.

“Brother, the Evil Sky Pavilion killed Chen Zhu. What should we do? How should we tell Lady Mo about this?” Wu Guan asked worriedly.

“I know what to do... If we don’t pay a great price, we wouldn’t be able to make the Evil Sky Pavilion lower their guard. The secret of Cheng Huang must’ve been impactful. Everyone knows that Ji Tiandao’s time’s almost up. Now that he learns about this, what do you think he’ll do?” Wu Sheng said.

“That’s brilliant, big brother.” Wu Guan was hit with a sudden realization.

“I’ll explain this to Lady Mo.”

“What about Pan Zhong? I didn’t expect that brigand to side with the Evil Sky Pavilion. He had spoken rudely and insulted the Ten Shamans! That’s abominable!”

### **Chapter 139: Beard the Lion in His Den**

“Pan Zhong is from the Clarity Sect. He only learned the Three Yin Styles. When he was kicked out of the Daoist Societies, he was afflicted by a bitter cold. He went around looking for a cure. White witchcraft could treat the bitter cold, but he was denied treatment. He bore a grudge against witchcraft ever since. However, I didn’t expect him to join the Evil Sky Pavilion,” Wu Sheng said.

“I don’t think I’ll ever be at peace if I don’t kill this man.”

“Let’s report this first. Pan Zhong... will die in due time.” Wu Sheng glanced at the Evil Sky Pavilion again. He gave an order, and the dozens of red-robed cultivators proceeded toward Tangzi Town.

The 3,000 mounted soldiers felt like they were headless flies as they followed the cultivators around. Although they were well-trained soldiers, they were still third-rate fighters compared to these cultivators.

Wu Sheng knew that Wei Zhuoyan was merely humoring them. Therefore, he did not care if these men had real combat skills.

Halfway through their journey, the cultivators, led by Wu Sheng and Wu Guan, flew toward the flatlands. “Wait here.”

The 3,000 mounted soldiers had to stop and wait. The military officer eyed them suspiciously.

“What are they doing?”

“Who knows. They’re a mysterious bunch... As long as we don’t have to go to the Evil Sky Pavilion, I’ll do anything!”

“Yeah, you can bravely enter the Evil Sky Pavilion, but you won’t be able to leave with your life intact.”

While they were talking, the 30 red-robed cultivators vanished. At this moment, they were gathered at a spacious spot. They moved about on crooked paths. This went on for about two hours before Wu Sheng raised his hand and said, “Assemble.”

“Big brother, the Communication Formation is completed.”

“Mhm. Let’s begin.”

“Understood.”

At this moment, a faint purplish circle appeared under Wu Sheng’s feet.

The other red-robed cultivators surrounded Wu Sheng.

Bzzt!

A witchcraft Formation appeared.

Under the support of the 30 cultivators, the Formation seemed to have been activated instantly.

Wu Sheng looked at the witchcraft circle. It quickly flew into the air and formed a dome over everyone present on the scene.

Wu Sheng fell to one knee. “Lady Mo.”

A voice rang from the witchcraft circle.

“What’s the situation?”

“I have two things to report. First, Lord Chen Zhu is killed by the Evil Sky Pavilion...”

“What did you say?!”

The witchcraft circle shook.

“Ji Tiandao has admitted it himself. It’s true,” Wu Sheng answered in a trembling voice.

A deep laugh rang from the witchcraft circle. One could not tell if the person was laughing in joy or anger.

Wu Sheng did not seem surprised. It seemed like he was used to Lady Mo Li’s mood swings. Instead, he continued to say, “Second, I discovered that Ye Tianxin, the Evil Sky Pavilion’s sixth disciple, is a Bai!”

“Very good.”

“Third, I told the Evil Sky Pavilion about the secret of Cheng Huang as an offer to make peace.”

There was no angry rebuttal. Instead, the voice said indifferently, “You’ve always been cautious. Continue.”

“Ji Tiandao’s life is almost up. If he learns about Cheng Huang, he’ll certainly search for it frantically. This information is extremely valuable to him. I’m sure Ji Tiandao will believe your sincerity in wanting to make peace, my lady,” Wu Sheng said.

“As expected, you didn’t disappoint me.”

“We’ve laid the groundwork for a Grand Formation five miles north of Tangzi Town. We’ll be able to complete it soon,” Wu Sheng said.

“In that case, proceed with the original plan.”

“Understood.”

“We must avenge Chen Zhu.”

“Understood.”

“Lastly... I hope Wei Zhuoyan can be the scapegoat.”

“Understood.”

Wu Sheng kept acknowledging the orders.

After the three instructions, the witchcraft circle dissipated.

The 30 red-robed cultivators’ feet left the ground, and they hovered in a row.

Wu Sheng looked around at the deserted surroundings. “Continue to lay the Formation.”

“Understood.”

...

Meanwhile, Wei Zhuoyan’s 3,000 mounted soldiers had no idea these red-robed cultivators had no intention of returning to the Divine Capital. They kept waiting at this spot, pacing back and forth. It felt as though they had to stay here forever.

...

In a faraway forest.

The green-clad swordsman, Yu Shangrong, smiled faintly and mumbled to himself, “Interesting.” Then, he vanished.

...

Meanwhile, in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou’s expression remained indifferent.

“Master, they are descendants of the Ten Shamans. I’m worried they have ulterior motives!” Mingshi Yin said.

Pan Zhong nodded and said, “They’re extremely daring to beard the lion in his den.”

"Fourth Junior Brother is right," Duanmu Sheng interjected.

When Little Yuan'er saw her master deep in thought, she spoke contemptuously, "Master, we shouldn't have let them leave. We should've captured them and interrogate them under torture like what we did to Fan Xiuwen. I don't think they can keep their mouths shut at that time!"

"..."

"Why is everyone looking at me? Did I say something wrong?" Little Yuan'er asked innocently.

"You're absolutely right, Miss Ninth!" Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng nodded at the same time.

"Master, didn't I improve a lot?"

Lu Zhou looked at Little Yuan'er calmly and said, "Of course, I know they intentionally disclosed that information. Chen Zhu was one of the Divine Capital's Three Godly Archers. He was a true Six-leaf elite. Chen Zhu's death has dealt a great blow to Mo Li. She won't let this matter rest. Besides, we've already incurred hatred with what happened to Zhao Yue." Although they had never met in person through their previous fights, he could tell from his opponent's methods that she was not a benevolent person who would actually bury the hatchet and make peace.

"In that case, why did you let them go, master?"

"With them around, Wei Zhuoyan won't feel at ease... I believe that although they serve the same master, they're now like water and fire, by the looks of things. The snipe fights the clam, and the fisherman catches them both," Lu Zhou said.

"... That's brilliant, master!" Duanmu Sheng said earnestly.

Zhao Yue decided to stay out of this. After all, she had made a mistake before. She could not bring herself to offer such low-level flattery no matter what.

Lu Zhou looked around and discovered Hua Wudao was missing. In the current Evil Sky Pavilion, he needed a talented person such as Hua Wudao to offer some useful opinions.

"Where's Elder Hua?"

"Elder Hua has been exhausted recently. He's resting in the west pavilion," Duanmu Sheng said.

"Very well."

Lu Zhou waved his arm and stood up. "Mingshi Yin."

"Yes, master."

"Remember to retrieve the box on time," Lu Zhou said calmly.

"Master... The box should be in Old Seventh's hands now. If all goes well, Old Seventh should've gone looking for Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother. With my strength and cultivation base, even if I'm a match for them, they might not be willing to unlock the box." Mingshi Yin scratched his head awkwardly.

Lu Zhou said, "Old Seventh is an intelligent person..."



"An intelligent person will be able to open the box?"

"Intelligent people have one thing in common... They believe that they're infallible," Lu Zhou said.

Mingshi Yin gulped and lowered his head. When he analyzed Lu Zhou's words, he thought to himself, 'Is master deliberately showing his strength to warn for me?'

Duanmu Sheng said, "You have a point, master. I think so too."

"..." Mingshi Yin chimed in, "You have a point, master... Once the seven days are up, I'll visit Old Eighth and retrieve the box."

...

Two days passed by in a blink of an eye. Above the mountains near Tiger Ridge, a massive flying chariot emerged slowly.

#### **Chapter 140: Long Time No See, Eighth Junior Brother**

There were dozens of cultivators propping the flying chariot up on all sides. It seemed as though it was moving slowly, but in just a blink of an eye, it was already hovering above the Tiger Ridge.

A huge flag was raised on the flying chariot. The words on the flag read, 'Nether Sect'. Under the words were the patterns of the Jasper Saber and the Dark Heaven Starlight.

Zhu Honggong who was napping was started away by his subordinates' panicked cries.

"Gang Leader, an unidentified flying chariot is approaching the ridge!"

Zhu Honggong leaped to his feet immediately. He remembered his Seventh Senior Brother's words. He wondered out loud, "Is the Righteous Sect here to seek revenge?"

"Gang Leader, if it's really the Righteous Sect, I suggest that we... run away now."

"Run away? Don't be silly. I'm the great Evil King, why would I be afraid of the Righteous Sect?" Zhu Honggong sat back down. He appeared calm, however, his heart was in a mess.

"It's said that Zhang Yuanshan, the Sect Master of the Righteous Sect, has a Seven-leaf Golden Lotus cultivation base!"

"He's only a Seven-leaf... That's nothing to me. However, we can consider your previous suggestion. Which is the fastest route for our escape?" Zhu Honggong asked.

"The back of the mountain."

"Let's go." Zhu Honggong moved swiftly and decisively as he led his subordinates toward the back of the mountain.

However, when they exited their stronghold, four huge avatars descended upon them. The avatars covered the entire forest and the surrounding mountains. The colossal avatars and the golden lotuses under their feet were brimming with life. There were two Seven-leaf Golden Lotuses and two Six-leaf Golden Lotuses. They towered over everyone.

“Gang Leader! What’re you doing?!”

“Gang Leader, hold it! I didn’t bring an extra pair of pants!” Two of his subordinates quickly supported the trembling Zhu Honggong.

At this moment, a faint laughter could be heard somewhere above the four towering avatars.

“Long time no see, Eighth Junior Brother.”

Zhu Honggong was bewildered.

The massive flying chariot stopped above the four avatars. A figure walked out from it, followed closely by four others. The five individuals were walking on air as though they were strolling in a park before they descended slowly.

The Tiger Ridge Gang’s members had never witnessed such a scene. Many of them had never even seen a Six-leaf expert their entire lives. And yet, four of these people suddenly appeared before them. How could they not be shocked and frightened?

“Eldest... Eldest Senior Brother?” Zhu Honggong hastily wiped the sweat from his face. He cleared his throat before he said to his subordinates, “Let me go. Look at all you, frightened just because of this.”

As soon as Zhu Honggong finished speaking, the four avatars vanished.

The five elites slowly landed before Zhu Honggong.

Yu Zhenghai, with his chiseled face and manly aura, stood before the other four. With his hands behind on his back, he said with a smile, “Eighth Junior Brother.”

“Eldest Senior Brother!”

Zhu Honggong smiled and said ingratiatingly, “It’s you! How nice of you to grace the Tiger Ridge Gang with your presence. I thought it was some scoundrel who came to seek death. I nearly unleashed all my strength to attack.”

“Forget it! Your skills might be able to scare others away, but that’s all there is to it,” Yu Zhenghai said.

Zhu Honggong laughed before he said, “Eldest Senior Brother, you’re such a busy man. What brings you here?” Then, he looked left and right before he barked at his subordinate, “Stand down! Can’t you this person is my Eldest Senior Brother?”

“U-understood!” The subordinates said in unison.

Then, one of Zhu Honggong’s subordinates asked tentatively, “Uh... G-gang Leader, do you still want a change of pants?”

Bam!

Zhu Honggong instantly kicked his subordinate. Then, his expression turned solemn.

Yu Zhenghai did not answer his question. Instead, he looked at his four great protectors and instructed them, “Leave the box here. Return with the flying chariot.”

"Sect Master, aren't you returning to Pingdu Mountain?"

"It's been a long time since I've seen my Eighth Junior Brother, I'd like to reminisce with him for a bit. I'll be staying in Tiger Ridge for a few days." Yu Zhenghai said calmly, showing no disdain for this place.

"Understood." The four great protectors placed the box on the ground and bowed slightly before they returned to the flying chariot.

Shortly after, the flying chariot left the Tiger Ridge and vanished from sight.

Yu Zhenghai pointed at the box beside him and said calmly, "A difficult task given by your Seventh Senior Brother..."

Zhu Honggong glanced at the mysterious box and said with a smile, "So, Seventh Senior Brother actually went to look for you, Eldest Senior Brother... If you ask me, this box shouldn't be opened at all! Why should we open it? If we butt heads and spill blood over its contents in the future, it'd be such a shame..."

"The content of the box doesn't attract me. The only thing that attracts me under the heavens is the great rivers and mountains." Yu Zhenghai did not enter the stronghold. Instead, he walked to the edge of the cliff and looked down. He liked this feeling of looking down. He could see the living beings below, and they appeared like insignificant insects in his eyes.

"Eldest Senior Brother... I'm not as ambitious as you are. All I want is just to live a good life," Zhu Honggong said with a grin.

"Eighth Junior Brother, if this box contains a heaven-grade weapon, and it's the kind of weapon that you like, what would you do?" Yu Zhenghai asked.

"A heaven-grade weapon?" Zhu Honggong's eyes brightened. He scratched his head and walked up to the box. He appraised it from various angles. "Oh, so this box contains a heaven-grade weapon! Then, it should be opened! A heaven-grade weapon shouldn't be sealed."

"You're just echoing Seventh Junior Brother's words..." Yu Zhenghai said, "You should work harder in cultivating in your free time. Your current cultivation base is far from enough to handle a heaven-grade weapon. Only those in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm can wield a heaven-grade weapon."

"Well, I understand what you're trying to say, Eldest Senior Brother. However, the Nine Tribulations Thunderblast that master taught me only contains seven stages. With two stages missing, I think it's commendable that I can even cultivate to my current level," Zhu Honggong muttered.

Yu Zhenghai nodded and said, "Let's put the Nine Tribulations Thunderblast aside for now. There are many cultivation tomes from various notable sects under the heavens. You can cultivate those in the meantime."

"I'm not used to them. The tomes from the so-called notable sects give me a strange feeling after I tried cultivating them. They're not suitable for me at all. I like this Nine Tribulations Thunderblast the most!" Zhu Honggong said pitifully.

Yu Zhenghai turned to face Zhu Honggong. "Forget it." He sauntered toward the stronghold.

“Eldest Senior Brother, what about the box?”

Unfortunately, Yu Zhenghai ignored him.

Zhu Honggong waved his right hand, and the box flew toward him. He carried the box and ran after Yu Zhenghai.

Yu Zhenghai behaved as if he was in his own home. He sat on the throne.

“Eighth Junior Brother... Have you been doing Seventh Junior Brother’s bidding this whole time?”

“No way. We’re just helping each other out as brothers...” Zhu Honggong said.

“You’re an Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciple after all. This little stronghold isn’t befitting of the title ‘Evil King’,” Yu Zhenghai said calmly.

“Eldest Senior Brother, this isn’t what I want either. I live my days in fear. I ran into master near the Green Jade Altar the other day. If I weren’t quick-witted, I don’t think we’ll be able to meet today, Eldest Senior Brother,” Zhu Honggong said.

“Master is advanced in age, why would he be at the Green Jade Altar?”

“How would I know?”

“The Green Jade Altar is the Righteous Sect’s territory. Weren’t you afraid that Zhang Yuanshan might kill you?” Yu Zhenghai said with a smile.

“Me, afraid of him?”

The moment Zhu Honggong spoke, one of his subordinates ran into the stronghold and said, “G-gang Leader, tt-there’s another flying chariot approaching the ridge. This one is smaller than the previous one. It looks like it’s from the Righteous Sect!”

Zhu Honggong was stunned, and he nearly lost his footing.

Yu Zhenghai spoke slowly, “Old Eighth, show me how much you’ve improved over the years. I won’t interfere.”

“...” Zhu Honggong wanted to cry. ‘Big Senior Brother, if you weren’t here, I would’ve run away. What should I do now?’