

Disciples 151

Chapter 151: Power of the Ten Shamans

Wu Sheng cupped his fists together and said, "There's no need for that, Pavilion Master... The Ten Shamans are far more powerful than the ten great elites. How are you going to face them when you're outside your barrier?"

Ren Buping waved his hand. He asked the subordinate below him, "Where's the Third Seat?"

"The Third Seat is with Sword Saint Luo Shisan. They'll be here soon," the subordinate replied with a bow.

A frown was etched on Hua Wudao's face at this moment. The situation he had most wanted to avoid was here. He was from the Yun Sect, and yet, now he had joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. The people he least wanted to meet were his former comrades.

"Elder Hua... Luo Shisan should be interested in cultivating alone. Why would he collude with the Fiend Temple? I thought the Yun Sect prided itself on being a part of the Noble Path," Mingshi Yin said mockingly.

Hua Wudao's wizened face flushed in embarrassment, but he did not reply. He had joined the Evil Sky Pavilion after all. What else could he say?

Pan Zhong said, "Sword Saint Luo Shisan is the younger brother of Luo Changqing, one of the three Sword Freaks. The two of them have reached great heights in their sword skills and have always been focused on seeking the path. They rarely involve themselves in other conflicts. I didn't expect Luo Shisan to become another person's pawn."

Wu Sheng shook his head and said disapprovingly, "You're wrong to say that, Brother Pan. You're from the Clarity Sect which also belongs to the Noble Path. Since you've joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, aren't you the Evil Sky Pavilion's pawn?"

A gust of wind blew past.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan's red robes fluttered in the air. Their attitude was completely different from before and had turned confrontational.

Pan Zhong snorted and said, "I have no regrets joining the Evil Sky Pavilion. You're the descendants of the famous Ten Shamans, and yet, you're reduced to being Mo Li's watchdogs. Tell me, don't you think you've let your predecessors down?"

"It's useless to exchange verbal jibes. The sun and the moon bear witness to my loyalty to the palace." Wu Shen cupped his fists together.

"Loyalty my ass!" Pan Zhong could not take this any longer as he said, "You dare tell me you're unaware of what kind of person Mo Li is?"

Wu Sheng had spoken with great confidence before this. However, upon hearing this, he frowned slightly. "You, what do you know?"

“What a coincidence,” Pan Zhong said, “When I was looking for a cure all those years ago, the witch doctors aren’t the only ones I visited. I went to the palace to seek treatment from the Imperial physicians as well... At that time, I discovered something.”

Duanmu Sheng turned to look at Pan Zhong and said, “Spit it out. What kind of person is Mo Li?”

“Mo Li... is the Second Prince’s, Liu Huan, lover!” Pan Zhong paused for a moment before he added, “To be more precise, Mo Li is the Second Prince’s male lover!”

Mingshi Yin. “???”

Duanmu Sheng. “...”

Ren Buping. “???”

The air froze over. The atmosphere was awkward.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan had unnatural expressions on their faces at this moment.

Even Lu Zhou did not expect things to turn out like this. ‘After going around in such a big circle, Mo Li turns out to be a man? This revelation is too shocking.’

The people present on the scene had difficulties believing it.

If that was the case...

‘Isn’t the Second Prince Liu Huan a ‘Dong Xian was a Han Dynasty politician who quickly rose from obscurity as a minor official to being the most powerful official in the imperial administration of Emperor Ai within a span of a few years, with most scholars agreeing that Dong’s quick career advancement came mostly because of his personal relationship with Emperor Ai, very likely a romantic & sexual one, rather than a demonstration of abilities.Dong Xian1’? No, no, Mo Li should be the ‘Dong Xian.’ As Lu Zhou thought about it, he could not help but picture the Second Prince A reference to an episode involving Dong and Emperor Ai, who often slept together on the same straw mat. One afternoon, after Emperor Ai woke up from a nap, Dong was still sleeping, and Emperor Ai’s sleeve was stuck under Dong’s head. Rather than waking Dong up, Emperor Ai cut off his sleeve to allow Dong to continue to sleep without disturbance.cutting his own sleeve with a knife2.

‘Uh...’ Lu Zhou turned to look at Fan Xiuwen who was lying in the flying chariot.

Fan Xiuwen had a murderous look on his face. His eyeballs seemed as though they were going to pop out of their sockets. His lips were trembling.

Lu Zhou wondered what Fan Xiuwen was feeling right now. He quickly shook his head to clear these distracting thoughts and focused his attention on Wu Sheng.

Wu Sheng was visibly enraged. He pointed at Pan Zhong and said, “You insulted our predecessors, the Ten Shamans, back at the Evil Sky Pavilion. I didn’t hold it against you out of consideration for the pavilion master, but now, you’re insulting Lord Mo Li... If I don’t kill you, I will be ashamed of facing the Ten Shamans!” As soon as he finished speaking, he waved his hand.

The 30 red-robed cultivators immediately gathered together. Their faint Primal Qi suddenly became unbelievably powerful. Meanwhile, the ten faint purplish light circles on the ground shone with greater intensity.

“The power of the Ten Shamans!” Ren Buping laughed. “Ji Tiandao, looks like fleeing is your only option! The Ten Shamans are nothing like the ten great elites!”

The light circles were gradually filled with the faint purplish power and were completed in no time.

Lu Zhou looked at the ten light circles and asked, “Is this the so-called power of the Ten Shamans?”

Wu Sheng’s eyes began to turn red as he said, “I have but one request; hand Ye Tianxin over. If you fulfill this request, I’ll spare the Evil Sky Pavilion.” His robes fluttered in the air as his Primal Qi spiked.

Meanwhile, Wu Guan’s eyes reddened as well. One, three, five... up to ten red-robed cultivators’ eyes turned red as well!

“You want Ye Tianxin?” Lu Zhou asked.

“Ye Tianxin is one of the Bais. There’s no need to fool yourself or others, old senior.” Wu Sheng’s aura spiked again.

A hint of shock flashed past Ren Buping’s eyes. He raised his voice and said, “Ji Tiandao, did you live so long for nothing? Don’t you know the Bais’ Cheng Huang can extend your life beyond 2,000 years?”

Wu Sheng’s head snapped back to look at Ren Buping, causing Ren Buping to fall silent immediately.

Ren Buping could clearly feel that Wu Sheng’s bearing and gaze had undergone a huge change. He was sure the person hovering before him was no longer Wu Sheng.

At this moment, Primal Qi shot up from one of the faint purplish light circles on the ground and swiftly merged with Wu Sheng.

The red-robed cultivators who experienced no changes behind Wu Sheng bowed and said in unison, “Greetings, Lord Wu Xian!”

There was a mountain in Great Yan called the Sculpted Jade Door. The movements of the sun and the moon were traced on it. The spiritual mountain was the dwelling of the Ten Shamans; Wu Xian, Wu Ji, Wu Ban, Wu Peng, Wu Gu, Wu Zhen, Wu Li, Wu Di, Wu Xie, and Wu Luo. The Ten Shamans could fly in the skies and tunnel in the ground. There was nothing they could not do.

Ren Buping humbled himself. He cupped his fists and said, “Welcome, Lord Wu Xian.”

Wu Xian who had successfully manifested through Wu Sheng was the leader of the Ten Shamans.

Hua Wudao asked in a hushed tone, “Pavilion Master, what do you plan to do?”

Lu Zhou was, naturally, slightly shocked by this, but he did not let it show on his face. He had thought this was a Grand Formation that was meant to take down or steal the mountain’s barrier. He did not expect it to summon the Ten Shamans. Such powerful opponents were not someone his disciples could handle. ‘Must I use the Peak Trial Card?’

Before Lu Zhou could make up his mind, voices began to ring in the air again.

“Greetings, lord Wu Ji!”

The faint purplish light circles shot out Primal Qi again.

“Greetings, lord Wu Ban!”

They hovered in the air with a demeanor befitting of the Ten Shamans!

Even the foolhardy Duanmu Sheng seemed dumbfounded.

Wu Peng, Wu Gu, Wu Zhen, Wu Li, Wu Di, Wu Xie, and Wu Luo...

The remaining Ten Shamans possessed the bodies of the red-robed cultivators.

A powerful purplish energy burned brightly around their bodies like flames. Their insignificant opponents were now formidable foes!

Ten of them hovered before the cloud-splitting chariot.

Wu Sheng, or more aptly, Wu Xian, looked at Lu Zhou and said indifferently, “So, it’s only a junior whose 1,000-year limit is upon him...” Only Wu Xian would be able to say something like this among everyone present on the scene.

When Ren Buping heard this, he shuddered inwardly. ‘This tone... There’s no doubt he’s one of the Ten Shamans!’ He said hastily, “Senior Wu... Cheng Huang is most likely inside Ye Tianxin. Please lend us your strength to obliterate the Evil Sky Pavilion!”

Chapter 152: Sword Saint Luo Shisan

The purplish flames around the Ten Shamans were burning more and more vigorously. Their auras turned even more imposing as well. Although they did not circulate their Primal Qi, the fluctuations of Primal Qi around them were much more powerful than ordinary cultivators.

“The Grand Predecessor Formation lives up to its reputation.” Hua Wudao was full of praises. “Pavilion Master, I think we can consider Mingshi Yin’s suggestion.”

This was a polite way of Hua Wudao agreeing with Mingshi Yin’s suggestion of ‘waiting this one out’. Frankly speaking, it was a suggestion to flee.

The ten purplish light circles were still emitting peculiar Primal Qi.

The Ten Shamans had manifested themselves in no time at all.

Based on the situation before this, Lu Zhou had calculated that Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin could handle Wu Sheng and Wu Guan. He only needed to use one Deadly Strike Card on Ren Buping. There was no need to fear the others, they would be like loose pebbles. Even if Duan Xing and Luo Shisan were here, Hua Wudao would be able to handle Luo Shisan. Based on his impression, Duan Xing was a tactful person so he might not even join in the battle. Even if he did, all Lu Zhou needed was another card. After calculating the prices of the card, he would still earn from this.

However, the situation had clearly changed. The Ten Shamans had manifested through the Grand Formation. They were the equivalent of ten great elites. How could Lu Zhou's disciples be a match for them?

Lu Zhou continued mulling over his options. The Ten Shamans were already dead. If he used a Deadly Strike Card and did not earn any merit points, would it not be too great of a loss? This was a slightly difficult situation...

Wu Xian looked at the cloud-splitting chariot indifferently before he said in a deep voice, "Cheng Huang? Foolish."

The others were puzzled by his words.

Lu Zhou looked at Wu Xian of the Ten Shamans. He spoke calmly, "Are you the leader of the Ten Shamans, Wu Xian?"

Wu Xian looked at Lu Zhou as well. "Are you Evil Sky Pavilion's master, Ji Tiandao?"

Their tones were similar.

Lu Zhou did not mind. Instead, he said, "Since you're one of the mighty Ten Shamans, why would you become Mo Li's lackeys?"

"Hm?" Wu Xian's voice deepened, "You have no say in the Ten Shamans' matters!" He raised his palm, they were at different heights. Then, he moved his arms in a circular motion. A faint purplish radiant circle with a diameter of five meters materialized before him and shot toward the cloud-splitting chariot.

Lu Zhou was unmoving just like a mountain. This was because... he had sensed the fluctuations in Hua Wudao's Primal Qi.

Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Daoist Seal shone. Six huge scripts shone with golden light as they hovered around Hua Wudao. The eight trigrams appeared under his feet. Yin and Yang intertwined.

Boom!

The Six Compatible Daoist Seal had only appeared for an instant, and the faint purplish light circle was instantly repelled.

Wu Xian's gaze turned to Hua Wudao. "Daoist..."

Hua Wudao cupped his fists and said, "The Ten Shamans had passed away and have no real corporeal bodies. The Grand Predecessor Formation can only grant you 80% of your strength. It's also limited by time... Since you should be wise as a predecessor, why do you have to be indiscriminate between right and wrong?"

"80% is enough." Wu Xian waved his hand.

Hua Wudao said, "Alas, witchcraft is ill-matched in close-quarter combat. It takes a long time to cast a spell. The cloud-splitting chariot can surely leave the area in time."

“You’ll need to have the ability to do that in the first place.” Wu Xie, the most junior of the Ten Shamans, floated forward.

Wu Gu, Wu Zhen, Wu Li, and Wu Di followed behind him.

The five of them positioned themselves in front while the remaining five stood behind them.

Wu Xie suddenly made a baffling move. He suddenly fell to his knees in the air before he raised his palms skyward and looked at the skies above.

The Ten Shamans finally made their moves.

Everyone turned to look at him.

“Pray.”

The purplish flames around them spread.

The ten light circles below suddenly released unique Primal Qi.

Wu Di was making some weird noises that covered the area with the Primal Qi.

“Praise.”

Soundwaves traveled forth.

Mingshi Yin wanted to turn and run at this moment. However, if he ran away, who would man the helm of the cloud-splitting chariot? He looked at his master standing motionlessly, his master clearly had no intention of fleeing.

“Witchcraft...” Hua Wudao said in a deep voice, “They’re each skilled in different aspects, but when they work together, they’re a force to be reckoned with.”

“I’ve never witnessed the Ten Shamans’ power even though I’ve lived so long. I’d like to see how powerful they are!” Lu Zhou said.

‘Worst case scenario, I can just use up all my merit points and finish all of them off. I can live without rewards, but I can’t throw my life away.’

Wu Zhen’s hands ignited. He moved closer to Wu Xie’s left with a pious attitude.

“Sacrifice.”

Unfortunately, witchcraft cultivators did not manifest their avatars. Hence, there were no visual indicators of how powerful they were.

Duanmu Sheng shouted angrily, “All this chatter and puzzling actions... How annoying! I’ll make the first move.” After fiddling for half a day, he lost his patience and decided to personally test their strength.

At this moment, the skies darkened. To be precise, the area covered by the ten radiant circles was cordoned off into a sealed and dark space.

Purple meteors rained down from the skies...

“Imperfect Divine Intervention!” Duanmu Sheng’s spear shadows shot toward the Ten Shamans who were still preparing their techniques.

That was how witchcraft operated. Since they knew it would take time for them to unleash their technique, they, naturally, would not leave themselves unprotected.

Wu Xian said indifferently, “Go.” He waved his arm. A purplish light circle enlarged and shot toward Duanmu Sheng.

Duanmu Sheng’s thousands of spear shadows were parried by a round shield.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

His energy created ripples across the witchcraft shield.

Duanmu Sheng, who had just recently sprouted a leaf, was on par with an ordinary Three-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator in terms of strength and cultivation base. And yet, his ultimate skill was easily blocked by Wu Xian, the leader of the Ten Shamans!

The Ten Shamans were powerful!

The female cultivators were extremely worried by this scene.

Although Hua Wudao was powerful, he was only skilled in defense. He was no match for Duanmu Sheng if he wanted to disrupt their spellcasting. He said in shock, “He’s at least at the level of a Six-leaf.”

Hua Wudao had frequently sparred with Duanmu Sheng so he knew just how powerful Duanmu Sheng was. Even he had to use his full strength to repel this move with such ease. It was clear that even with 80% of his strength, Wu Xian was unbelievably powerful.

Duanmu Sheng hovered in the air. His arms were slightly numb.

Wu Di was still making weird noises.

On the cloud-splitting chariot, several of the female cultivators with weaker cultivation bases were beginning to feel queasy and sick.

The soundwaves had a similar effect as the Brahman Lullaby... However, it sounded less invasive and effective compared to the Brahman Lullaby.

Ren Buping was invigorated when he saw this. He watched on excitedly as though he was enjoying a play.

Pray! Praise! Sacrifice! Three entities suddenly merged.

The remaining members of the Ten Shamans released their Primal Qi as if the floodgates were opened.

‘Is the power of witchcraft helping them amass Primal Qi?’

The others looked up in shock.

The purplish Primal Qi suddenly condensed into energy and rained down like a storm. From outside, it appeared as though there was a purple meteor shower.

“They’re trying to take all of us out with a single move!” Hua Wudao planted himself before Lu Zhou. “Just as well, I didn’t have the opportunity to use my most powerful skill in the Evil Sky Pavilion back then. Let this bag of old bones unleash all his strength today!” He walked on air and left the flying chariot.

Hundred Tribulations Insight! The Golden Lotus under Hua Wudao’s feet shone brightly. Six leaves blossomed!

Heaven, earth, life, death, water, fire. Being and non-being. Eight huge scripts spun rapidly with Hua Wudao in the center. He stood on the eight trigrams. Yin and Yang were combined.

Wu Xian said flatly, “A futile struggle.”

Seemingly at the same time, the Six Compatible Seal burst forth with radiance and covered the entire cloud-splitting chariot!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The purple energy rain pounded on the Six Compatible Daoist Seal. It looked as though raindrops were falling on a shining golden glass surface. Energy scattered everywhere as ripples spread.

Duanmu Sheng looked at the Six Compatible Daoist Seal in shock. “All this while, Elder Hua hasn’t been using his full strength when he was sparring with me?”

Hua Wudao’s expression was solemn as he maintained the Six Compatible Daoist Seal. “This bag of old bones can’t hold out for much longer! Our opponents are the Ten Shamans! Pavilion Master, take the opportunity and run!

Beyond the dark space.

A man extended his arm, and a shining silver sword flew out horizontally. It pierced through the purple space and stabbed the Six Compatible Daoist Seal!

“Sword Saint Luo Shisan!”

Chapter 153: The Ten Shamans Have Arrived, Hold the Fort!

When the Fiend Temple’s Ren Buping saw this, he was extremely shocked. “Luo Shisan can break through the Ten Shamans’ ward?” Meanwhile, the Fiend Temple’s Third Seat had reached his side without him noticing it.

“Sect Master.”

“Duan Xing? You arrived just in time!” Ren Buping said joyfully.

“I traveled on a mount with Senior Sword Saint. Fortunately, we made it in time... I’ve coordinated with Wu Sheng before this. This ward won’t restrict anyone from the Fiend Temple,” Duan Xing said.

“Wonderful.” Ren Buping felt completely at ease. He stared at Sword Saint Luo Shisan’s shocking sword strike.

Luo Shisan was the brother of Luo Changqing, one of the three great Sword Freaks. However, Luo Shisan rose to fame early on and earned the title of Sword Saint. He had been focused on his cultivation all these years. Although Luo Changqing's reputation superseded his, there was no need to doubt his strength.

This sudden change shocked everyone.

Mingshi Yin had to man the helm and could not leave... If he made a move, the cloud-splitting chariot would certainly fall. Little Yuan'er was only in the Divine Court realm. She could not fight against a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite. This was the case for Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng as well. There was no need to mention the other female cultivators. Duanmu Sheng was advancing on the Ten Shamans. He was occupied for the time being and could not return to support him.

"Elder Hua!"

There was only one man who could save Hua Wudao. That man was Lu Zhou.

"Master!" Although Mingshi Yin did not like Hua Wudao very much, he was still a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion. If something happened to him, it was the same as the Evil Sky Pavilion being slapped on the face!

Lu Zhou's hands remained on his back. Something faint glimmered in his wizened hands. An item card appeared. Just when he was about to make his move...

Hua Wudao spoke, "Please, stand back, Pavilion Master!"

'He can still withstand it?'

The eight huge scripts suddenly enlarged to twice their sizes.

Seemingly at the same time...

Bam!

The sword stabbed the Six Compatible Daoist Seal.

Bzzt!

Hua Wudao's eyes burned with anger. "Luo Shisan!"

"Traitor!" Luo Shisan's eyes were also flaming with anger.

When their eyes met, it seemed as though they had both met their arch enemy!

The others were shocked.

The Six Compatible Seal was so powerful. While it was resisting the attacks from the Ten Shamans' purple rain, it could still defend against the Sword Saint's sudden attack! Just how powerful was Hua Wudao?

The silver hair on Luo Shisan's wizened body was ruffled by the wind. He was kept at bay outside the Six Compatible Seal.

The item card in Lu Zhou's palm disappeared. He looked at Luo Shisan indifferently. He was in no hurry to make a move. He was still waiting for the most suitable opportunity. Naturally, a Deadly Strike Card could kill Luo Shisan, but he had to be careful of his usage and had to conserve as many cards as he could. This was even more true for the Peak Trial Cards.

There were the Ten Shamans, Ren Buping, Luo Shisan, Duan Xing, and Mo Li who could be secretly watching at this moment. There were also the elites that the various forces brought. There were too many potential enemies. If he used his item cards without planning, he would only be able to react passively to the battle.

Fortunately, Hua Wudao was powerful enough. His voice rang in the air clearly. "Luo Shisan, I've resigned from the position of an elder a long time ago. How dare you call me a traitor?"

"You barely left the sect when you joined the Evil Sky Pavilion! Hua Wudao... how's that different from being a traitor?" Luo Shisan looked at the huge flying chariot that the Six Compatible Seal defended and felt a fresh surge of anger fill his chest. He spoke in a deep voice, "There's no use wasting words. I'm here on the sect master's order to clean up the mess!"

Bzzt!

The sword shook! It was now wrapped in energy.

The leader of the Ten Shamans, Wu Xian, saw Luo Shisan as well. Perhaps, it was because he was possessing Wu Sheng, he instinctively knew Luo Shisan was not an enemy.

Wu Xian glanced at the ten light circles on the ground. The absorption of power was almost complete. The Ten Shamans' powers were almost at their maximum.

It was almost time for the decisive battle!

Wu Xian raised his hand again, his red robes flapped in the wind. His hair was ruffled by the wind as well. "Yarrow Divination!"

Pray, praise, sacrifice, and Yarrow Divination.

The dark area darkened even more. It was as though the entire world had been plunged into darkness.

"All of you, fall back!" Hua Wudao felt the pressure mounting on himself. There was a strong gale that buffeted the Six Compatible Seal with the purple rain.

Lu Zhou made no move. The more chaotic it was, the calmer he had to be.

Luo Shisan's voice reached them. "Thirteen Swords!" His sword split into thirteen blades! This was the consummate skill which he was famous for! That was how he obtained the title of Sword Saint Luo Shisan.

Whizz!

Thirteen energy blades materialized and shot toward Hua Wudao.

The Six Compatible Seal was indeed powerful. However, it was still a defensive move. It would forever be like a punching bag.

Bam!

The 'fire' script was the first to shatter.

Hua Wudao's expression changed.

The Ten Shamans' corrosive power was too powerful. Fortunately, they were not skilled in melee combat like Duanmu Sheng. Also, about half of them were tasked with auxiliary witchcraft. If that were not the case, Hua Wudao would not have been able to hold out until now. He was helpless as he looked at the thirteen incoming energy blades.

Lu Zhou waved his arm and said in a deep voice, "Ganging up on a single person. Unacceptable!" A cluster of dark blue light shot out from his palm.

Everyone's attention turned to Lu Zhou immediately. How could they not be interested in the actions of the Grand Master of the Evil Sky Pavilion?

Luo Shisan suddenly realized he had made a mistake. With the Ten Shamans' support, he was confident of his victory over Hua Wudao. He was so focused on Hua Wudao that he had overlooked this unassuming old man with weak Primal Qi. This old man whose hair had not turned completely white was Ji Tiandao, the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch?

The dark blurry light shot toward Luo Shisan past the dark space.

"Thunderblast?"

Ren Buping saw this as well. He said in shock, "The Evil Sky Pavilion's eighth disciple, Zhu Honggong, is skilled in the Nine Tribulations Thunderblast, not the actual Thunderblast. How did Ji Tiandao master such a pure Thunderblast?"

Duan Xing frowned. 'Did he really impersonate a Buddhist grandmaster?' After the incident at the Green Jade Altar, the Righteous Sect had complained to the Fiend Temple about this at every opportunity they had. Because of this fallout, the Righteous Sect and the Fiend Temple no longer had any contact. Initially, he did not believe it. However, now that he was witnessing this with his own eyes, he was shocked.

The Thunderblast suddenly burst forth with a bolt of lightning. It looked like a bolt of lightning from the heavens!

Boom!

It struck Luo Shisan! The thirteen energy blades vanished. Luo Shisan reeled from the attack.

Lu Zhou shook his head. 'What terrible luck! Only the repel probability was triggered. This hit did not do him any damage. 100 merit points wasted. Should I use more of them?' In the end, he decided against it. He continued to look for an opening instead.

Hua Wudao sighed in relief when Lu Zhou unleashed his skill. He was much more confident now. "Thank you, Pavilion Master."

"It's nothing."

Duanmu Sheng could not stand this anymore. The energy around his Overlord Spear crackled as he charged toward the Ten Shamans. He spun his arm 180 degrees. Spear shadows appeared and shot toward the Ten Shamans like a fan.

Wu Xian said coldly, "Get lost."

The Ten Shamans erupted with a peculiar purplish Qi at the same time. The purplish Qi wrapped around the Primal Qi and condensed into energy that flicked the Overlord Spear away.

Bam!

Duanmu Sheng reeled back! He was no match for them.

The Ten Shamans were insanely powerful.

The ten light circles on the ground were constantly providing the Ten Shamans with power... Clearly, the Ten Shamans' strength was still growing!

When Ren Buping saw this, he was filled with awe. He hastily reminded, "Lord Wu Xian, show no mercy! Time is of the essence. Don't give them any chance!"

The Ten Shamans were aware of this as well. The Grand Predecessor Formation could only last for half an hour at most. The problem was it took time to cast witchcraft spells.

Pray, praise, and sacrifice were processes that needed time.

The Six Compatible Seal was teetering perilously under the continuous onslaught of purple rain.

Once the Ten Shamans' witchcraft spell took form, there was no way the Six Compatible Seal could withstand it.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er hurriedly approached Mingshi Yin. "Fourth Senior Brother, I'll man the helm. You should go..."

"Alright!" Mingshi Yin leaped out.

Little Yuan'er was no ordinary Divine Court realm cultivator! When Mingshi Yin left, she channeled her Primal Qi to keep the flying chariot afloat. When there was the need for it, she would steer the flying chariot and leave the Grand Formation!

Szzt! Szzt! Szzt!

The sounds of the purple raindrops changed as well.

"Their spell is almost complete!"

After Luo Shisan was repelled, he looked at Lu Zhou who was standing on the flying chariot in shock. He turned to look at Wu Xian. "Lord Wu Xian, give me a hand!"

Wu Xian waved his arm expressionlessly.

The purple raindrops in the skies gathered and shot toward the Six Compatible Seal.

"Look out! I'll help you!" Mingshi Yin moved at lightning speed.

Chapter 154: Unexpected

Mingshi Yin appeared next to Hua Wudao at lightning speed. He extended his arms with his palms out and channeled his vigorous Primal Qi into Hua Wudao's body.

"Mingshi Yin, you..." Hua Wudao did not look back. At this juncture, he would have preferred it if Mingshi Yin continued to man the helm.

With the cloud-splitting chariot's special characteristics, coupled with the Six Compatible Seal, it would not be a problem to leave the Grand Formation as long as the person at the helm was powerful enough. At that point, no matter how profound the Ten Shamans' cultivation bases were, they could not extend their reaches beyond the dark space.

"Don't speak! Elder Hua... you should feel honored I'm even doing this!" Mingshi Yin said with a hint of excitement.

"..."

With Mingshi Yin's support, the 'fire' script suddenly reappeared and took its spot once more. At the same time, the eight huge scripts shone even more dazzlingly. The Six Compatible Seal had clearly grown even stronger now.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The purple rain was kept at bay by the Six Compatible Seal that had grown stronger!

Luo Shishan said in a deep voice, "You're only struggling at death's door..."

Lu Zhou's gaze swiftly shifted from Wu Xian to Luo Shisan. He asked, "Do you have a death wish?"

Luo Shisan suddenly stopped moving as he hovered outside the Six Compatible Seal. He studied Lu Zhou who was standing on the flying chariot behind the Six Compatible Seal. The Thunderblast attack had caught him off-guard. However, apart from being repelled by that strike, he discovered he was not injured at all. Therefore, he said haughtily, "Is this all there is to the Evil Sky Pavilion's grand patriarch? It's not enough to scare me!"

Whizz!

The sword in Luo Shishan's hand vibrated, creating a buzzing noise like a bee.

At this moment, the Ten Shamans suddenly shifted their positions. They stood in three rows of two, three, and five.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan, who were now Wu Xian and Wu Ji, hovered in front.

"The power of the Ten Shamans is finally completed... The Evil Sky Pavilion is finished!" Ren Buping said excitedly.

The ten purplish light circles on the ground had already disappeared. The power of the Ten Shamans had been completely restored. Witchcraft power that resembled waves slowly appeared in the dark skies. It was as though blackened seawater was crashing down from the heavens like an avalanche.

Everyone looked on helplessly.

With the Ten Shamans' power at this level, even Hua Wu Dao with Mingshi Yi's help could not do anything about it!

Luo Shishan who was planning to attack halted his movements. After all, not even an Eight-leaf expert would be able to stop the power of the Ten Shamans. His eyes were filled with excitement at this moment.

Meanwhile, the people from the Fiend Temple stared unblinkingly at the scene before them.

The red-robed cultivators appeared indifferent. It was as though they had already gotten used to seeing this.

The earth-grade cultivators in Tangzi Town in the distance looked at the huge semicircle dark space. They could not see anything apart from the faint glow of the Six Compatible Seal around the cloud-splitting chariot.

The cloud-splitting chariot began to sway!

Little Yuan'er's face broke out in sweat. Even with her Divine Court realm cultivation base, it was still difficult for her to manage the flying chariot with help from Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, and Zhao Yue whose cultivation base was only half-restored. "Master... I can't keep this up any longer!"

Lu Zhou shook his head helplessly. 'Looks like I can't save my cards.' He stepped forward and arrived at the edge of the Six Compatible Seal. A faint glow appeared in his palm.

At this moment, Wu Xian spoke in his deep voice, "Capture the ringleader to capture his followers! I've been waiting for you!"

Thousands upon thousands of purplish conical energies instantly appeared all around them as they moved in on Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. 'Must I waste another Impeccable Card? Is this the Yarrow Divination's power? To foresee the opponent's next move?'

Seemingly at the same time, sobbing noises rang from the heavens.

Wu...

Everyone looked at the purplish tide.

They saw Whitzard, wrapped in auspicious Qi, riding on the purple waves.

"Whitzard?"

Whitzard seemed to have sensed that its master was in danger. It appeared in the skies and went around in a circle. The auspicious Qi dropped down like snow, and the purple tide was pushed back by the auspicious Qi and was swiftly weakened. The purple conical energies were shattered by this magical auspicious Qi.

Everything had its weakness after all!

The people onboard the cloud-splitting chariot were amazed by Whizard's timely appearance.

"Legendary mounts are legendary because they possess exceptional abilities. They can unleash extraordinary power when their master is in need," Hua Wudao said as he looked up.

The Ten Shamans' leader, Wu Xian, narrowed his eyes as he looked at Whizard. Although he was one of the Ten Shamans and had seen many things in his life, his eyes still flashed with awe when he saw Whizard.

The clear sobbing noise drowned out the Ten Shamans' praise'.

This was a complete suppression

Wu Xian's voice was shaking as he said, "Whit... Whizard?"

Wu Ji cried out, "Impossible! We, the Ten Shamans, are wise predecessors! Why is it that we're suppressed by Whizard?"

Whizard symbolized auspiciousness. Anything it regarded as its opponent was evil.

The Ten Shamans were stunned. They did not think that they were evil. In their opinion, those people onboard the cloud-splitting chariot were the evil ones!

'They should die! They shouldn't be protected by Whizard!'

'Why?'

'Where did it go wrong?'

Whizard's appearance surprised Lu Zhou as well.

At this moment, the Ten Shamans' powers were greatly weakened.

The cloud-splitting chariot, being bathed in the auspicious Qi, shone with dazzling glory.

The eight scripts of the Six Compatible Seal had a new addition, 'Separation'.

Hua Wudao could not believe his eyes. He had studied the Six Compatible Seal for decades, and the ninth script had never appeared before. However, with Whizard's rain of auspicious Qi, it finally appeared!

One person's loss was another person's gain!

The Six Compatible Seal with nine scripts easily pushed the weakened purple waves back.

Wu...

Whizard's voice rejuvenated their hearts.

This was truly unexpected!

The item card in Lu Zhou's palm disappeared.

Duanmu Sheng suddenly burst forth with massive amounts of Primal Qi and energy. The energy spread out from Duanmu Sheng and turned into sharp blades that shot in all directions.

The people onboard the flying chariot cried out in awe, "Mister Third! He has sprouted another leaf!"

Duanmu Sheng's rage from being suppressed by the Ten Shamans for such a long time had finally erupted.

A Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar appeared with a Two-leaf Golden Lotus!

Duanmu Sheng had one hand on the dragon's head and another on its tail as he charged toward the Ten Shamans!

"Trying to harm Lord Wu Xian? You'll have to go through me first!" Ren Buping moved swiftly. "Duan Xing!"

"Yes, sect master!" Duan Xing saw Ren Buping sneaking up on Duanmu Sheng with a 100-mile stride. He did not move toward the cloud-splitting chariot. Instead, he disappeared!

After Ren Buping gave his order, his attention was focused on Duanmu Sheng. He did not pay any attention to Duan Xing. "Evil Sky Pavilion's Duanmu Sheng! Die for me!"

Ren Buping's Seven-leaf avatar appeared!

There was a budding form of an eighth leaf among his Golden Lotus's seven leaves.

Lu Zhou waved his arm dismissively. "I told you that you won't live past today!" He despised people who resorted to sneak attacks the most. Moreover, Ren Buping was a thorn that had to be removed sooner or later. It was better for him to get rid of Ren Buping now. He waved his arm slightly and a miniature vortex appeared in his right palm.

The Ten Shamans saw this, and Ren Buping instinctively turned around to look as well...

"Old villain, I've cultivated in seclusion for many years. You can't do anything against me!" Ren Buping said confidently as an extremely powerful energy barrier appeared around his Seven-leaf avatar.

Ren Buping intended to withstand the attack. He wanted to seize this opportunity to take out Duanmu Sheng with a single and quick strike.

The Two-leaf Duanmu Sheng sensed the approaching danger. However, his targets were right in front of him.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou waved his arm and a cluster of energy surged out.

Nine hand seals appeared in a single line immediately! Each of the hand seals was different.

Upon seeing this, Luo Shishan was taken aback, "The Daoist Nine Cuts Hand Seals?! First, there was the appearance of the legendary mount, Whizard, and now, there was the Nine Cuts! For a moment, he blanked out, forgetting his task.

Chapter 155: The Nine Cuts Hand Seals

The Nine Cuts Hand Seals was a supreme Daoist skill.

Lu Zhou did not expect this when he used the Deadly Strike Card. Perhaps, the Six Compatible Seal had influenced it.

Every script of the Nine Cuts Hand Seals was immensely powerful. The Nine Cuts Hand Seals consisted of the Sole Diamond Seal, the Great Blitz Treasure Seal, the Outer Circle Mystic Seal, the Inner Eight Words Seal, the Fetterless Seal, the Pantheon Seal, the Eight Trigrams Seal, the Magic Gourd Seal, and the Sun Moon Seal. Every hand seal corresponded with the nine characters of Power, Energy, Harmony, Healing, Intuition, Awareness, Dimension, Creation, and Absolute. The densely packed scripts circled around the great seal. The nine characters stood in a line.

When Ren Buping who had a Seven-leaf Avatar saw this from the corner of his eyes, he felt his heart sank to his stomach.

From afar, it seemed as though a huge column of light had pierced through Ren Buping and his Hundred Tribulations Insight Seven-leaf Golden Lotus avatar!

Ren Buping was a Seven-leaf elite! Even a great sect with tens of thousands of disciples could only produce one Seven-leaf elite after several centuries of nurturing their disciples. And yet, such an elite was pierced by Lu Zhou's attack.

The colossal avatar cracked as if it was made of glass.

At the same time, Whizard's auspicious aura pushed most of the darkness back. The others could see more clearly now.

The Seven-leaf Avatar shattered. Primal Qi returned to the heavens and the earth and ran rampant in the surroundings.

"Ding! Killed a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm target. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

Lu Zhou glanced at the price of a Deadly Strike Card. It did not increase.

The body of Ren Buping, the Master of Fiend Temple, froze in the air as though he had been immobilized. His eyes were filled with fear.

This meant Duanmu Sheng was no longer caught in a difficult situation. The Overlord Dragon Spear's shadows assaulted the Ten Shamans again.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

However, currently, the onlookers were focused on Ren Buping who had taken a hit from Lu Zhou.

It was said that Ren Buping had been cultivating in seclusion for many years and had experienced a great improvement in his cultivation base. Ever since the Evil Sky Pavilion killed the Fiend Temple's Second Seat, Zuo Xinchuan, Ren Buping had been searching for an opportunity to exact revenge. He even went to the Righteous Sect's Green Jade Altar to seek an alliance with Zhang Yuanshan. Unfortunately, he could not find a suitable opportunity to make his move.

When the palace came up with a plan, and the descendants of the Ten Shamans laid down the Great Predecessor Formation, Ren Buping, naturally, would let such a great opportunity slip through his fingers. For this reason, he had mobilized the entire Fiend Temple and flew here on his flying chariot.

Alas, Ren Buping had underestimated the seemingly weak patriarch of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Ji Tiandao was able to defeat him with just a casual wave of his hand! When the Primal Qi in his body dispersed, he

finally understood why Zuo Xinchuan had died. With such strength, there was no way the Evil Sky Pavilion would be interested in the Fiend Temple. He was like a deflated balloon at this moment. The Primal Qi in his dantian's sea of Qi kept leaking. This continued until he shriveled up and fell from the sky.

"Temple Master!"

"Temple Master!"

The Fiend Temple's flying chariot shook violently. As the saying went, 'When the tree topples, the monkey scatters'.

With the death of their temple master, the remaining members of the Fiend Temple were like headless chickens. They were shocked, uneasy, and flustered!

Duan Xing appeared on the flying chariot. He stood there proudly as he waved his arm and said, "Do not panic! Retreat!" He knew the Fiend Temple's plan had failed as soon as he saw his temple master died.

How miserable! The Fiend Temple did not even have a chance to carry out their grand plan.

Lu Zhou stood on the flying chariot and looked at Duan Xing in the distance.

Duan Xing shuddered. He hastily bowed. "Senior, this was all the temple master's doing. I would never dare to make an enemy out of the Evil Sky Pavilion. I swear, as the Third Seat, from this day on, the Fiend Temple will not offend the Evil Sky Pavilion. If this oath is broken, I'll share the same fate as the temple master!"

Duan Xing moved at lightning speed. A black shadow flitted past a Fiend Temple's elite.

Whoosh!

The Fiend Temple's elite died on the spot.

'How cruel!'

'He killed one of our own!'

The others from the Fiend Temple watched with their mouths agape as they shuddered. When the tiger was absent from the mountain, the monkey would become king. Duan Xing was currently the most powerful person in the Fiend Temple. Who would dare oppose him?

Duan Xing was not making oaths on a whim. He was killing three birds with one stone. By doing this, he could state his intentions clearly to the Evil Sky Pavilion, establish his dominance, and kill Ren Buping's trusted subordinate!

The elite who was killed was Ren Buping's trusted subordinate!

Lu Zhou glanced at the Fiend Temple's flying chariot. 'This man is really self-aware and tactful...' Then, he shifted his attention to Duanmu Sheng.

Meanwhile, Duan Xing ordered decisively, "Retreat!"

The others from the Fiend Temple had not fully registered what had just happened. In the presence of the Ten Shamans and the powerful Evil Sky Pavilion, they were like wooden puppets who had lost their souls. They hastily bowed.

“Understood!” The Fiend Temple’s flying chariot turned around and left.

As for Sword Saint Luo Shisan, he was still in awe over Lu Zhou’s shocking Nine Cuts Hand Seals! For a time, he could not believe what he had seen. He had a difficult time calming down. He retreated.

Since the Ten Shamans were being suppressed by Whizard’s terrifying power, they did not have time to pay attention to these things.

Under Duanmu Sheng’s violent storm of attacks, Wu Xian was infuriated!

Wu Ji said with a frown, “Why?”

Wu Xian raised his right arm and used his left hand to slash it. Fresh blood sprayed out immediately. Faint purplish Qi was emitted from his fingertips. He drew his fingers across his eyes, from left to right. His eyes changed color immediately. It had been red before, but now, they had turned dark blue.

“Soul Gazing?”

Soul Gazing was one of the more common witchcraft skills. It was not an offensive skill. It was mainly used to distinguish the authenticity of things before the spellcaster’s eyes.

Wu Xian did not believe the creature flying in the air was the legendary Whizard. Moreover, he could not accept that he was being thought of as evil! He looked up at Whizard.

“Hm?” Wu Xian discovered the light surroundings Whizard was extremely pure. With the Soul Gazing technique, he could see Whizard shining with seven different colors.

Wu Xian’s heart sank. Although he was powerful, and one of the Ten Shamans, when he saw this, his fingers trembled despite himself. He shifted his gaze away reluctantly and looked at Lu Zhou. ‘This person is clearly weak. Why is there a dangerous aura surrounding him?’

Wu Xian was the leader of the Ten Shamans. He was also the most powerful among them. If he felt the opponent was dangerous, then, there was no doubt the opponent was dangerous!”

‘Unbelievable! Preposterous!’

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Duanmu Sheng did not seem to know the meaning of fatigue. His spear shadows kept stabbing at his targets.

The purple barrier was weakening.

Naturally, the weakening of the witchcraft was mostly thanks to Whizard.

Hua Wudao could not help but praise, “Whizard isn’t merely weakening their witchcraft, it’s increasing our combat strength as well! Everyone, don’t panic!”

Wu...

Whitzard let out a clear cry.

Boom!

The praises of the Ten Shamans stopped abruptly. It was as though the world had suddenly fallen silent.

The moment the sound stopped, Wu Xie, Wu Di, Wu Li, Wu Zhen, and Wu Luo staggered backward.

At the same time, Duanmu Sheng's spear shadows broke through their defenses as well. He retreated in the air and stood on the flying chariot.

Wu Xian raised his hand. The purple flames around him seemed to have grown tentacles and pulled the five of them back.

"Lord Wu Xian!" The 18 red-robed cultivators mustered up their Primal Qi at the same time and stabilized the Ten Shamans.

Whitzard circled in the air again before it descended. Its radiance finally dissipated. Then, it vanished.

"Whitzard?" Little Yuan'er seemed reluctant to see it go.

"Although Whitzard is powerful, there's a limit to its power. It needs to rest as well." Hua Wudao nodded.

Lu Zhou glanced at the system dashboard. As expected, there was a note behind Whitzard's name.

"Resting." There was no indication of the duration of its rest.

'Oh, well. Whitzard's ability has already exceeded my expectation anyway...' After a while, he thought to himself, 'Does this mean Bi An is capable of crushing anyone in its path?'

"Lord Wu Xian!" Sword Saint Luo Shisan drew closer to the Ten Shamans. With the witchcraft weakened, he did not dare to recklessly attack.

Hua Wudao scoffed before he said, "Luo Shisan, since you want to take my old life so badly, I'll give you a chance!"

"Hua Wudao, if you're a man, face me alone!" Sword Saint Luo Shisan was guarding against Lu Zhou who was standing next to Hua Wudao.

"As you wish." Hua Wudao turned around and cupped his fists. "Pavilion Master, I hope you won't intervene. If I die, it's because I'm weak."

"Go, then."

Lu Zhou knew that Hua Wudao had to thoroughly sever his ties with the Yun Sect. Otherwise, this would become the second knot in Hua Wudao's heart!

With the ninth script activated, Hua Wudao became much more confident.

"Die!" Sword Saint Luo Shisan leaped out.

Hua Wudao tapped the bow of the flying chariot lightly with the tip of his feet and left. The moment he left, the Six Compatible Seal vanished as well.

However, the power of witchcraft had been greatly diminished by Whizard. There was nothing to be afraid of now.

Luo Shisan and Hua Wudao were locked in battle. They continued fighting as they gradually disappeared into the distance!

Lu Zhou stood up with his hands on his back, his eyes gleaming coldly.

“Ten Wise Shamans!”

They locked eyes.

Wu Xian only looked at Lu Zhou. “Evil Sky Pavilion. Ji Tiandao.” He obtained the information from Wu Sheng’s memories. He had regarded every one with disdain before this. Now, he felt he had to reevaluate his attitude.

Lu Zhou said, “I’m disappointed.”

“Hm?”

“The wise Ten Shamans have stooped so low as to become lackeys of another person.”

When Wu Xian heard this, he said in a deep voice, “If it weren’t for Whizard, I would have been able to kill you quickly for insulting the Ten Shamans.”

They were bickering again.

Mingshi Yin snorted and said, “Stop f*cking bragging! The power of witchcraft is almost gone. Now, all of you are only at the Five-leaf level, at most... You’re the leader of the Ten Shamans, right? I’ll give you a Seven-leaf, then! Can you withstand a palm strike from my master?”

Wu Xian was already on the verge of erupting in anger to begin with. He was a dead man. He had only been summoned into this world to possess his descendants. At this moment, he did not care about what was good or evil.

“Impudent!” Wu Xian rose higher. He erupted with purplish energy that spread in all directions like tentacles.

When Pan Zhong saw this, he hastily reminded, “Be careful, everyone. The witchcraft-spreading technique is equivalent to a peak Seven-leaf cultivator. It’d be difficult to suppress him without an Eight-leaf cultivator!”

“A peak Seven-leaf?!”

Wu Xie, Wu Di, Wu Zhen, Wu Luo, and Wu Li burst forth with energy at the same time.

“Mortals will be mortals; insects will be insects... The Ten Shamans are beings beyond your wildest imaginations.”

Lu Zhou made a grabbing motion with his hand. He pulled Fan Xiuwen toward him. This was an easy feat for him since he was in the Brahman Sea realm. He looked at Fan Xiuwen as he said, “Fan Xiuwen, are you seeing this?”

Fan Xiuwen's expression remained stoic, and he remained silent.

"The grand leader of the Black Knights who was once on the top of the blacklist... I'll let all of you have a good look!" Lu Zhou slammed his fist on Fan Xiuwen's back.

"Pavilion Master! No!" Pan Zhong's face turned pale in fright.

When he channeled his Primal Qi, Lu Zhou could clearly feel the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power that made him feel refreshed. His mind was extremely clear at this moment.

His Primal Qi shone as brightly as the stars as they traveled through Fan Xiuwen's Extraordinary Eight Meridians! The binding force that sealed Fan Xiuwen's cultivation base instantly dissipated.

"Ah —" Fan Xiuwen's eyes flashed blue. He had a murderous look on his face as he growled, "You again..."

"The infatuation spell has already lost its effect. Aren't you leaving?!" Lu Zhou slammed his palm on Fan Xiuwen again.

Bam!

Fan Xiuwen reeled from the impact. At the same time, he snapped back to his senses. His mind was blank. 'Who am I? Where am I?' After a moment, his memories came flooding back!

"Ten Shamans? Mo Li?" Fan Xiuwen's eyes burned with rage.

Whizz!

Hundred Tribulations Insight! An Eight-leaf Golden Lotus blossomed beneath its feet!

Chapter 156: The Predecessors' Determination to End in Mutual Destruction?

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong regarded their leader with incredulity.

"Leader!"

"Chief!"

"What have you done?" Yue Chong shouted.

It took a while before realization dawned on Pan Zhong. He replied snappily, "Shut up! Fan Xiuwen was afflicted with the infatuation spell. The pavilion master has helped him to undo it. You should be grateful!"

"Infatuation spell?" Yue Chong was stunned.

"See for yourself!" Pan Zhong had studied witchcraft before. Those who did not understand witchcraft would not be able to glean anything from this. Naturally, he was in an awkward situation as well. Lu Zhou's capability of undoing the Clarity Sect's cultivation base-sealing technique with a single palm strike had greatly exceeded his expectations.

At this moment, after a time of blankness, Fan Xiuwen returned to normal. He was suitably enraged.

"Those who offend me, Leng Luo, have to die!"

Fan Xiuwen began with his Dao Invisibility ultimate skill! Under the enhancement of his Eight-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, Fan Xiuwen's shadows filled the skies.

The former person on top of the blacklist was back!

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong were shocked to see this.

Similarly, the other nine shamans were also shocked by the sudden appearance of this Eight-leaf avatar.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The numerous shadows flitted around Wu Xian and attacked him! Energy rained down on him like a volley of arrows!

Pan Zhong was greatly taken aback. "This must be Leng Luo's true strength."

"He has an Eight-leaf cultivation base, after all..."

"He has been living in seclusion for centuries. Who is Mo Li? How did he manage to keep a firm control over Fan Xiuwen who has an Eight-leaf cultivation base?"

Fan Xiuwen's attacks covered the skies and the lands. Even the leader of the Ten Shamans, Wu Xian, was at a disadvantage.

"Lord Wu Xian!" The other shamans cried out.

"I'm the one you're supposed to be looking at." Duanmu Sheng brandished his Overlord Spear and attacked the others.

"Don't forget about me!" Mingshi Yin walked on air as he held the Separation Hook and Scabbard firmly in his hands.

They both possessed heaven-grade weapons. Against the nine shamans who only had Three or Four-leaf cultivation bases, they would be able to hold their own for a while. The problem was they had nine opponents!

Even if they were witchcraft practitioners and needed time to cast a spell, Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin were still outnumbered. How could they deal with nine great witchcraft practitioners who were also members of the Ten Shamans?

"Chief!" Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong's eyes burned. They were willing to risk their lives and limbs for Fan Xiuwen. They knew each other well and trusted each other completely.

When they saw Fan Xiuwen risking his life to fight against a powerful enemy, they could not bear to stay idle.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Do you see it now?"

Pan Zhong explained, "Leng Luo was being controlled. You, four brothers, were pawns in this game. Now, the people who controlled you are right before you!"

“Ten Shamans...” Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong were in the same boat as Fan Xiuwen. They were on board the flying chariot from the start, and they witnessed everything clearly. There was no way they would not be angry!

Pan Zhong walked up to them. He raised his palm and gave them quick taps.

Bam! Bam!

The restraints on their cultivation bases were released! Primal Qi surged throughout their bodies like a geyser. They felt the familiar and nostalgic sensation of power flowing through them.

Lu Zhou glanced at them calmly.

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong dared not plot against the powerful Evil Sky Pavilion’s master. The Nine Cuts Hand Seals had taken out the peak Seven-leaf expert, Ren Buping, instantly. Fear still lingered in their hearts when they recalled that scene. Moreover, the Evil Sky Pavilion was not at fault. The culprits were those people in front of them.

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong exchanged looks before they leaped into the air. “Count us in!”

The addition of another two opponents increased the pressure on the nine shamans.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng could take two opponents each.

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong could handle an opponent each.

There were still three shamans left.

Lu Zhou quickly glanced at Wu Ji, Wu Peng, and Wu Zhen. After Wu Xian, the three of them were the most powerful among the shamans.

Wu Xian was the highest in the skies. He was hovering above the cloud-splitting chariot, completely occupied with Fan Xiuwen. His voice boomed in the sky, “You can’t defeat the Ten Shamans!”

Lu Zhou’s voice traveled far and wide. “You’ve forgotten about me.”

Lu Zhou no longer wasted words and tossed three Thunderblast Cards in his hand out! His targets were Wu Ji, Wu Peng, and Wu Zhen! Three bolts of formidable lightning shot toward them!

The others were shocked.

Lu Zhou stood with his hands on his back after tossing the three cards out. He observed the battle with a carefree air about him.

The clouds rolled as thunder rumbled in the air. Bolts of lightning mixed with energy appeared immediately

The three shamans immediately conjured their shields. There was no time to run away. The Thunderblast lightning bolts were several meters in diameter. This was unlike anything they had ever seen!

‘This can’t be Thunderblast! it must be the Heavenly Lightning Bolt!’

When Wu Ji erected his shield, there was a look of despair in his eyes. At the same time, a thought appeared in his mind. 'Could it be that the Ten Shamans are wrong? Otherwise, why would the Heavenly Lightning strike us?'

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three huge bolts of Thunderblast hit their targets.

The three of them flew back at the same time.

Wu Ji spat out a mouthful of blood! A purplish radiant circle suddenly emerged from his body before it scattered in the air.

Lu Zhou's heart skipped a beat. At the same time, he heard the system notification.

"Ding! Killed one target. Reward: 100 merit points."

'The 1% sure-kill probability! You can only blame your own rotten luck for this!' Lu Zhou shook his head. 'Fortunately, I didn't simply use the Deadly Strike Card. Otherwise, I might even have to pay with my pants in this gamble!'

When Lu Zhou killed a dead person possessing a living person's body, the merit points he earned were only from the living person. The other two victims from the Thunderblasts were injured and heavily injured respectively!

'Lately, it seems like I'm on a roll.' Whether it was the matter of opening the box, the appearance of Whitizard or the 1% sure-kill rate that was triggered, all of this surprised Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou was still deep in thoughts when he heard Wu Xian's voice.

"There's not much time left. Come to me!" Wu Xian was shocked that Fan Xiuwen could give him this much trouble. The anger welling up within him made him want to end this as soon as he could. A murderous expression could be seen on his face before a voice in his head said, 'Lord Wu Xian, please don't self-destruct!'

As Wu Xian parried Fan Xiuwen's ceaseless attacks, he said, "The Ten Shamans have been disgraced by all of you. Let this be a warning to the descendants of the shamans under the heavens!"

"We swear to follow you until death, Lord Wu Xian!" The eight shamans said in unison.

Lu Zhou gave the order decisively. "Take flight!"

"Yes, master!" Little Yuan'er and Zhao Yue immediately channeled their Primal Qi and activated the cloud-splitting chariot.

While Wu Xian was held up by Fan Xiuwen, the Grand Formation was not at its peak. Therefore, the cloud-splitting chariot could leave with ease.

The cloud-splitting chariot shone.

Whizz!

It flew toward the edge of the Grand Formation.

“Third Senior Brother! Fourth Senior Brother!”

Mingshi Yin retracted his Separation Hook and said with a smile, “I can’t beat the two of you... As expected of the Ten Shamans!” With swift movements, he retreated in the air with his Grand Technique!

Duanmu Sheng did the same. He retracted his Overlord Spear. “A true man should be flexible. We’ll fight again one day!”

Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong were taken aback by this development.

Fan Xiuwen’s avatar erupted with energy as he shouted, “Mo Li! Even if I die, I won’t let you live in peace!”

“Chief!”

“Yue Chong! Duan Yanhong! If you’re afraid of dying, leave now! I, Leng Luo, will keep them here!”

Leng Luo was too close to Wu Xian. His avatar had been bound by Wu Xian’s tentacles.

Both of them were in similar situations. They were fighting to see who would be the last person standing. Wu Xian had a time limit, after all. If their fight dragged on, he would not be able to defeat Fan Xiuwen. In this case, it was best to cast a self-destruct spell! All of them would self-destruct with their power and take their enemies down with them. Since they were already dead, why would they fear death?

The red-robed cultivators fled as quickly as their feet could take them.

Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivators could run away with their Grand Techniques. However, the red-robed cultivators were too slow!

“We weren’t born on the same day, but we can die on the same day!” Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong did not leave. Instead, they flew toward Wu Xian.

Three avatars stood abreast.

The instant when the cloud-splitting chariot was about to leave the Grand Formation’s range, the area within the Formation exploded.

With Wu Xian in the center, the power of the eight shamans exploded in the surroundings!

Chapter 157: Fan Xiuwen’s Choice

The surging energy stirred up the dust and soil from the ground with a loud boom, it was as though a sandstorm had suddenly descended. At the same time, scorching waves of dark purple energy bared their fangs at everyone in range. It did not distinguish from friends and foes!

The three avatars merely withstood the impact for a moment before they shattered.

The red-robed cultivators’ cultivation bases were the weakest. Even if they flew at top speed, they could not possibly outfly the flying chariot. They were instantly devoured by the merciless purple energy.

“Master... Third and Fourth Senior Brothers!” Little Yuan’er pointed at Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin who were speeding toward them.

“Stop!” Lu Zhou raised a hand. Based on their cultivation bases, after such a long fight, even if they used their Grand Techniques, it would be difficult for them to escape the sandstorm in time. The flying chariot would have to wait for them.

Lu Zhou appeared calm, but inwardly, he felt regretful! After all, the red-robed cultivators were a source of merit points!

‘The Ten Shamans are dead people... Wu Sheng is the only one who can gain me some merit points. Alas, I don’t think he’ll survive this energy blast.’

As for Fan Xiuwen and the two Dark Knights, they were worth quite a lot of merit points! ‘It’s truly a great loss to me to lose them to this energy blast!’

While Lu Zhou was lost in his thoughts, Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin finally leaped into the flying chariot.

“Let’s go!”

The flying chariot was activated again. When the flying chariot was stopped, it would, naturally, take some time for it to resume flight, causing its pace to slow down. Due to this slight delay, the powerful purplish-black energy wave that pursued Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin was now upon them.

The vast purple energy was like a huge wave!

Lu Zhou frowned slightly as he looked at the wave. ‘I’ve already incurred a great loss... Don’t tell me I have to use another Impeccable Card as well?’ Moreover, he thought the Impeccable Card was like the Deadly Strike Card; it would only provide protection for a single individual!

Suddenly, among the vast wave, an Eight-leaf Golden Lotus avatar shone brightly, accompanied by a strong gust of wind!

Fan Xiuwen appeared within the avatar. He was drenched in blood at this moment.

“Fan Xiuwen isn’t dead?” Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng stepped forward. Their guards were up as they looked at Fan Xiuwen.

Lu Zhou changed his plan and said indifferently, “An ant is trying to shake a tree...” A Deadly Strike Card appeared in his hand as he thought to himself, ‘Trying to take a bite out of me before you take your last breath?’

However, contrary to expectations, the strong gust of wind from Fan Xiuwen blew in the opposite direction.

“Eh? He’s helping us!” Mingshi Yin exclaimed in surprise.

Lu Zhou was surprised as well. Fan Xiuwen should have held a grudge against the Evil Sky Pavilion. At a time like this, he should be more than willing to let this energy blast destroy the cloud-splitting chariot. Why did he choose to help the Evil Sky Pavilion?

‘What’s he playing at?’ Lu Zhou raised his hand. “Wait.”

It was not surprising that Fan Xiuwen, who had an Eight-leaf cultivation base, was so powerful. However, it was shocking that he managed to survive the Ten Shamans’ destructive blast. It was no easy feat.

Mingshi Yin sighed and shook his head as he said, “He’s unleashing this technique while risking his own dantian’s sea of Qi... I think Fan Xiuwen plans to die.”

Fan Xiuwen was already at his limit.

The vast purplish-black wave was pushed back by Fan Xiuwen’s struggle.

Fan Xiuwen’s desperate voice reached them at this moment. His voice was hoarse as he said, “I, Leng Luo... have never asked for another person’s help... I’m risking my life to keep the Ten Shamans at bay here, and I have but one request, senior... Kill... Mo Li!”

Before Lu Zhou could reply, the vast purplish-black wave broke through the wall of wind, and the avatar vanished. The Eight-leaf Golden Lotus spun several circles before it vanished as well.

The huge wave of energy seemed to have morphed into a giant face and said, “How foolish!”

The people on the flying chariot sighed. Who knew Fan Xiuwen would make this choice so he could make this request of Lu Zhou?

The purplish-black wave dissipated.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng channeled their Primal Qi into the flying chariot. Although the power of witchcraft had faded, the sandstorm was still raging. The two of them maneuvered the flying chariot so that it rose higher. The cloud-splitting chariot shone and sailed through the sandstorm, leaving a streak of light in its wake.

In just a blink of an eye, the flying chariot left the area.

...

Meanwhile, the low-level cultivators who were observing the battle from the distant Tangzi Town looked up.

“The Evil Sky Pavilion has won!”

“Those red-robed cultivators were so powerful, and yet, they were still defeated by the Evil Sky Pavilion! Just how powerful is the Evil Sky Pavilion?”

Someone sighed. “Who knows? Our sights were blocked earlier, and we couldn’t see anything but flashes of light and hear the cacophony of noises.”

“It’s enough to just look at the outcome! It seems like even without the first and second disciples, the Evil Sky Pavilion is still untouchable for now!”

There was a long collective sigh. In the beginning, there were not many cultivators there. Then, more and more cultivators gathered to watch the battle from the distance.

A green-clad swordsman stood among the crowd as he looked at the cloud-splitting chariot in the skies with a calm expression on his face and his arms crossed. He shook his head.

“Hello.”

“Brother, it’s dangerous over there. You shouldn’t go there...”

“Thanks.” The green-clad swordsman stepped to the side. He looked at the falling dust and sand that were stirred up by the battle.

“Brother, I think you were late... It’s a shame you didn’t see how exciting this fight was! Do you see that flying chariot? It’s the Evil Sky Pavilion’s flying chariot!” The cultivator beside him began to talk passionately about what had happened.

The green-clad swordsman looked at the flying chariot and ignored the other cultivator.

The cultivator sighed. “I didn’t think the Evil Sky Pavilion would be this powerful. When its first and second disciples were still around, the Evil Sky Pavilion lived in days of glory... However, it seems like it’s still as powerful as it once was.”

The green-robed swordsman noticed the cultivator used the words, ‘as powerful as it once was’. In fact, not everyone hated the Evil Sky Pavilion. There were some people who respected and admired them. Perhaps, this cultivator belonged to the latter group.

The green-clad swordsman nodded politely. “Thank you for your praise.”

‘Thank you? For what? Is he a nutjob?’ The cultivator was baffled.

Suddenly, the crowd began to exclaim in shock.

“The cloud-splitting chariot is coming back!”

“Didn’t they leave?!”

The low-level cultivators retreated. They were worried the Evil Sky Pavilion would send out a villain and kill them. However, that did not happen.

The cloud-splitting chariot returned to the Grand Predecessor Formation’s area and slowed down.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou stood on the flying chariot and surveyed the lands beneath him. “Visibility is completely restored... Search for Elder Hua.”

“Understood.” Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng leaped off the flying chariot.

The moment they left the flying chariot, the low-level cultivators who were watching the battle in Tangzi Town turned around and ran away as quickly as their feet could carry them.

Mingshi Yin saw their actions as he looked down from above. “Cowards.”

“It’d be abnormal if they weren’t afraid,” Duanmu Sheng retorted.

“You’re the smart one, Third Senior Brother.”

The two of them landed. The land was full of potholes and cracks as a result of their battles. The locations of the witchcraft Formations were charred.

"I don't think Elder Hua is too far from here." Mingshi Yin looked around his surroundings.

"Luo Shisan is no ordinary opponent... I'm just worried Elder Hua isn't a match for him."

"Elder Hua's Six Compatible Seal has a ninth script now. I don't think Luo Shisan's 13 energy blades can do anything against him.

"All he does is take blows... If I were Luo Shisan, I'd just stall for time," Duanmu Sheng said with slight contempt.

Mingshi Yin coughed. He acted as though he did not understand Duanmu Sheng's words and said, "You've got a point, Third Senior Brother."

Creak.

Creak.

"What's that sound?" Mingshi Yin turned around.

All of a sudden, a hand emerged from a patch of charred soil.

Mingshi Yin jumped back in shock. He pointed at the pitch-black arm and said, "A living corpse?" However, after a moment, he dismissed that thought. After all, who would be able to survive such a powerful explosion? He was an intelligent person. After mulling over it for a moment, a name appeared in his mind. "No way! Fan Xiuwen?"

Chapter 158: So Weak That It's Boring

The first person that came to Mingshi Yin's mind was Fan Xiuwen. Of all the people caught in the blast moments ago, Fan Xiuwen was the only one who had a possibility of surviving. His two subordinates, Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong, did not have such capabilities.

Lu Zhou stood atop the flying chariot. He looked down on the charred lands. He had seen the arm as well.

"Master, there's a possibility this is Fan Xiuwen. He's truly tenacious! There's no need to trouble yourself, master. I'll kill him on your behalf!" Mingshi Yin grinned and raised a hand. His Separation Hook hovered above his palm and glowed faintly. "We must be careful when facing such a powerful enemy..."

Duanmu Sheng was speechless. 'Old Fourth, you've always been good at bullying the weak.'

Mingshi Yin had just walked up to the charred arm when Lu Zhou's voice reached him.

"Dig."

"Huh?"

Duanmu Sheng explained, "Master wants you to dig the soil around the arm so we can see who it is."

“Oh.” Mingshi Yin recalled his Separation Hook, feeling slightly puzzled. What a shame! If he could kill such a powerful opponent, nobody would dare to look down on the name of Mingshi Yin. He casually waved his arm, and a weak energy loosened the soil around the arm before pushing them away.

Mingshi Yin clicked his tongue as he marveled. “Master, it really is Fan Xiuwen! I didn’t expect him to survive that explosion! This is a miracle!”

Lu Zhou said, “There’s a Daoist technique called the Blood Escape Technique. By using up decades of one’s own life and essence and the power in one’s dantian’s Sea of Qi, one can form a protective layer over one’s body.”

The others on board the flying chariot were shocked to hear this.

Pan Zhong said with a nod, “However, there’s a hefty price to pay for using this Blood Escape Technique... If your dantian’s sea of Qi is damaged, your cultivation base would be forfeit as well. Why would he go to such lengths?”

For a cultivator, unleashing the blood Escape Technique could save their lives, but if their cultivation base was destroyed, what reason would they have to continue living? They would be better off dead. Fan Xiuwen’s choice truly puzzled the others.

Mingshi Yin cursorily examined Fan Xiuwen. A shocked expression could be seen on his face as he said to Lu Zhou and said, “Master, he’s still alive! However, he’s very weak... This is the best time for us to kill him. I’m an expert at striking when someone is down!”

Duanmu Sheng was speechless.

Zhou Jifeng was puzzled.

Duanmu Sheng regarded Mingshi Yin with slight disdain. He did not like to strike a man when he was down.

Zhou Jifeng was the first disciple of the Heavenly Sword Sect, after all. His behavior was still in line with the Noble Path’s principles. Even if he secretly wished to do it, he would never allow himself to actually do it.

Mingshi Yin conjured up his Separation Hook again.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. He looked at Fan Xiuwen indifferently and said, “Fan Xiuwen has committed crimes all his life. He probably didn’t expect this outcome. I think he made this choice so he won’t die with regrets.”

Pan Zhong said, “I think Fan Xiuwen’s will to live comes from his wish to witness Mo Li’s death.”

“Bah... Why should we fulfill his wish? Ridiculous! Does he think the Evil Sky Pavilion is a charity organization? There’s no time. Before he breathes his last, I’ll end him with my blade!” Mingshi Yin was slightly anxious to get on with this.

Duanmu Sheng could not take this anymore. He pulled Mingshi Yin and said, “Old Fourth... Our current priority is to locate Elder Hua...”

“You’re right, Third Senior Brother.” Mingshi Yin nodded.

The two of them looked around their surroundings. Apart from a few onlookers who were brave enough to stay behind, they did not see anyone else.

At this moment, apart from the cultivators in Tangzi Town who had run away, some of them kneeled on the ground and kowtowed. They seemed... excited. Unfortunately, their cultivation bases were too low. Otherwise, they would have made great lackeys in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

All of a sudden, Lu Zhou said, “Bring him back to the Evil Sky Pavilion.”

“Huh? Bring him back to the Evil Sky Pavilion?”

“Fan Xiuwen is an Eight-leaf expert after all... Since he hates Mo Li so much, we should keep him...” Lu Zhou said.

“Yes, master.” Although Mingshi Yin did not like Fan Xiuwen, he had to obey his master’s orders. He raised a hand. A wave of energy lifted Fan Xiuwen up. He channeled some Primal Qi to protect Fan Xiuwen’s heart and meridians to keep him alive.

The moment the Greenwood Heart Technique’s specialty was manifested, Fan Xiuwen’s aura gradually stabilized.

Mingshi Yin carried Fan Xiuwen as he stepped into the air and returned to the flying chariot.

“Elder Hua!” Zhou Jifeng suddenly pointed east. He stood at the highest point after all so it was easier for him to see further.

At this moment, Hua Wudao was dragging his exhausted body along. His clothes were tattered, and his face was riddled with wounds. He walked with heavy footsteps toward them.

Duanmu Sheng walked with a spring in his steps and went to support Hua Wudao. He looked around before he asked with a frown, “Where’s Luo Shisan?”

Hua Wudao sighed and shook his head. He glanced at Duanmu Sheng before glancing at Lu Zhou who was on the flying chariot and said, “His sword skills are too powerful... I couldn’t do anything to him.”

Lu Zhou looked at Hua Wudao intently before he said, “But he couldn’t do anything against you either.” After all, Hua Wudao had a ninth character in his Six Compatible Sea. Even if they fought a battle of attrition, Luo Shisan had to be able to endure it as well.

Hua Wudao nodded. “It was a tie.”

“So, where’s Luo Shisan?” Mingshi Yin asked.

“He left...”

“You...” Mingshi Yin swung his arm. He felt slightly annoyed by this. “How could you let someone whom the Evil Sky Pavilion wants to kill go?”

Everyone was looking at Hua Wudao at this moment.

After all, Hua Wudao was from the Yun Sect. Perhaps, their fight did not end in a draw. There was a chance he had let his former comrade go. Nobody would be able to find out the truth since there were no eyewitnesses.

Hua Wudao immediately cupped his fists and said, "Every word of mine is true... If you don't believe me, Pavilion Master, I'm willing to receive any punishment."

"Enough of your ruse! My master won't fall for something like that..." Mingshi Yin said as he rolled his eyes.

Lu Zhou raised his hand slowly and said in a calm tone, "I believe you."

Hua Wudao looked up in shock. He immediately raised his hands. "Thank you!"

At the same time, Lu Zhou saw Hua Wudao's loyalty went up by 5%.

Duanmu Sheng brought Hua Wudao onto the cloud-splitting chariot.

"Return to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Understood!"

...

Meanwhile, about three miles away from the location of the blast.

Luo Shishan stabbed his sword into the ground to stabilize himself. He panted as he muttered to himself, "That old geezer, he's so powerful..." He had depleted all his Primal Qi from fighting. Who knew an all-powerful Sword Saint like him would end up in such a battered state?

"Forget it. To each his own..." Luo Shisan shook his head helplessly.

However, just as Luo Shishan was about to leave, a green-clad swordsman silently appeared at a spot 50 meters ahead of him.

The green-clad swordsman carried a long sword on his straight back. "Hello there."

Even without strength at this moment, Luo Shishan was not completely unguarded. He was, naturally, startled by the green-clad swordsman's sudden appearance.

"You are?"

"My name's Yu Shangrong."

"..." Luo Shisan's eyes widened. He tightened his grip on his sword, trembling. He was in no condition to fight against Yu Shangrong right now.

"Sword Devil?"

"That is but a name. It's not significant enough to mention." Yu Shangrong turned and studied Luo Shisan.

Luo Shisan took a step back. "I came here on my sect master's orders to clear the taint on our sect. I have no intention of becoming an enemy of the Evil Sky Pavilion"

"You're afraid," Yu Shangrong said.

"I... I'm not..."

"No, you are." Yu Shangrong shook his head lightly. He revealed a faint smile. "There's no need to worry, I won't strike a man when he's down..."

"..." Luo Shisan did not believe him.

"You're weak, so weak that it's boring."

Chapter 159: Cheng Huang? Ye Tianxin's Alive!

The Yun Sect's Sword Saint Luo Shisan had never been mocked like this before. He said, "A grand disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion won't strike a man when he's down?"

Yu Shangrong shook his head and said, "You've misunderstood me, sir..."

"Oh?"

"You're currently very weak... Boringly so. So I'll kill you, but, in one month's time," Yu Shangrong said.

"..." Luo Shisan regarded Yu Shangrong with a complicated gaze. 'What's he playing at? What a peculiar way of thinking for a villain.' He said, "Everyone in the world says that the Evil Sky Pavilion's villains kill without batting an eyelid so it's true... This means that I have another month to live?"

Yu Shangrong said in a gentle tone, "In my hometown, there's a plant called lavender. It's very short-lived. It grows in the morning and withers by nightfall... You're much luckier than the lavender."

"You..." Luo Shisan was, naturally, annoyed when he heard this, but he did not dare to show it.

"Please..." Yu Shangrong made a sweeping gesture with his hand, indicating that Luo Shisan was free to go.

"You won't strike me from the back?" Luo Shisan could hardly believe this.

Yu Shangrong said nothing. Instead, he looked at Luo Shisan calmly.

Luo Shisan took a deep breath. He barely took a step forward before he face-planted on the ground.

Yu Shangrong shook his head and repeated, "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid... Throughout the years I've cultivated, I've never feared anyone... This is caused by my exhaustion from fighting against Hua Wudao for a prolonged period," Luo Shisan said.

Yu Shangrong remained silent.

Luo Shisan turned to glance at Yu Shangrong. When he saw Yu Shangrong smiling politely, he felt himself relaxing slightly. He cleared his thoughts and took another step forward.

Yu Shangrong reminded him, "I hope you won't forget our agreement, sir."

"What agreement?"

“One month later, I’ll kill you.” Yu Shangrong turned around slowly before he walked away at a speed that was neither fast nor slow.

“...” Luo Shishan’s expression turned slightly sour. As he looked at the Sword Devil’s retreating back, he said with slight disdain, “I didn’t even agree to that. How can you call it an agreement?”

Luo Shishan prided himself on his outstanding sword skills. In recent times, he had even made a name for himself. Among those who fought him, in terms of sword techniques, the person he would least like to face was his brother, Luo Changqing. He had once asked his brother who his brother had least wanted to face, and his brother had named the Sword Devil. However, he could not remember if his brother had ever crossed swords with Sword Devil Yu Shangrong. His brother, Luo Changqing, had always been a cautious person. If his brother was wary of Yu Shangrong, this meant Yu Shangrong was not inferior to his brother. For this reason, he did not want to face Yu Shangrong.

“What does it have to do with you if I want to kill you?” As soon as Yu Shangrong finished speaking, his body turned blurry. In just a blink of an eye, he was already hundreds of feet away. In another blink, he had completely vanished into thin air.

Luo Shisan strained his eyes to look in the direction in which Yu Shangrong had disappeared. He was filled with mixed emotions at this moment.

...

Great Yan’s palace.

Within the tranquil palace, one of the boudoirs was in a mess.

Behind a six-paneled screen, a charming woman was trembling, and her expression was unsightly. She stood before a bronze mirror, and it could be seen that her face was ghastly pale.

“Stay your anger, my lady! His Second Highness has said that we’re not to go against the Evil Sky Pavilion ever again!” A female cultivator said from the other side of the screen.

“What else did... His Second Highness say?”

“His Second Highness said that he won’t investigate further into the death of Lord Chen Zhu, and he hopes that you... will reflect on this.”

The charming woman remained silent, and her expression darkened even further. Without warning, she raised a fist and slammed it against the bronze mirror.

Bam!

Her seemingly gentle movement surprisingly broke the bronze mirror as though her fist was a thousand-catties hammer. After that, her anger seemed to have subsided as she regained her composure. “Did the Clarity Sect reply?”

“In reply to your question, my lady... Pan Litian’s whereabouts is still unknown... No one has been able to find him until now.”

“Since we can’t find him, we’ll just have to make him show up on his own... Spread the news about Pan Zhong,” the woman said slowly.

“Pan Zhong has been exiled from the sect for many years. Now that he’s with the Evil Sky Pavilion... will Pan Litian still seek him out?”

“Just do as I told you to.”

The woman sounded calm when she spoke, but the female cultivator hastily bowed and no longer dared to speak. She only said, “Understood!”

...

Meanwhile, the cloud-splitting chariot had returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou glanced at Fan Xiuwen whose body was completely charred and said, “Lock him up... and keep him alive.”

“Understood.” Mingshi Yin brought Fan Xiuwen away.

“Elder Hua, you’ve done a lot this time... Hurry up and get some rest,” Lu Zhou instructed.

“Thank you.” Hua Wudao cupped his fists before he turned around and left as well. It was difficult enough for him to maintain his posture in front of everyone in the state he was in.

Little Yuan’er rushed over to Lu Zhou and asked, “Master, you must be tired as well. Shall I bring you to your quarters to rest?”

“No need.” Lu Zhou waved his hand. He remembered what Ren Buping had said when they were facing the Ten Shamans. Cheng Huang was inside Ye Tianxin.

It was not entirely impossible...

Wu Sheng had laid down the Grand Predecessor Formation for Ye Tianxin. The palace had been fishing for the bones of the Bai people for a decade. The Cheng Huang from the Bais could extend one’s life for more than 2,000 years. Was it true?

Lu Zhou considered it before he shook his head. ‘If it’s true, Ji Tiandao would have been the first one to charge forward, judging by his knowledge and character. The pavilion closest to the water enjoys the moonlight first. He wouldn’t have allowed the palace to benefit from this.’ He said, “I’ll visit Ye Tianxin.”

“Oh. I’ll accompany you there, master.”

The two of them went to the south pavilion.

When the group of female cultivators heard that they were going to visit Ye Tianxin, they followed behind them.

Many of these female cultivators served Ye Tianxin. Although the Derived Moon Palace was no more, they were still Ye Tianxin’s subordinates.

In no time at all, they arrived at the south pavilion.

As they stood outside Ye Tianxin's door, Lu Zhou glanced at the female cultivator who guarded the door and asked, "Did Ye Tianxin show any changes today?"

"In reply to your question, Pavilion Master... there's no change."

"Open the door."

"Understood."

Lu Zhou entered the room.

Ye Tianxin was the same. There had been no changes. She was still lying on the bed, unconscious.

Lu Zhou walked to the side of the bed and studied Ye Tianxin. Cheng Huang was a beast. How could it be inside Ye Tianxin?

Lu Shou waved his hand gently.

Ye Tianxin sat up.

"Hm? She's breathing?" Lu Sheng raised his hand to inspect her breathing. It was very faint. The flow of air came in wisps.

Incredible!

Lu Zhou's expression remained the same as he struck her with his palm. His Primal Qi entered her Extraordinary Eight Meridians. After a brief examination, he shook his head. There were no signs of Cheng Huang. He waved his hand casually again, and she lay back down on the bed. Then, he shook his head as he left the room. He truly did not expect her to still have a breath left under such circumstances. It was unfortunate that she was still unconscious, otherwise, he could have asked her about Cheng Huang directly.

"Master, how's she doing?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"She's hanging on."

"She's alive?" Little Yuan'er's eyes widened.

Upon hearing Little Yuan'er's words, the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators near the door became excited.

Just when Lu Zhou was ready to leave, Mingshi Yin came rushing toward him from the north pavilion.

Mingshi Yin bowed before he said, "Master, I've locked Fan Xiuwen up... It doesn't seem likely that he'll die for the time being. However, I can't guarantee that he won't die in the future."

"Very well."

"Also... There's a letter for the Evil Sky Pavilion. I think some outsider is trying to make contact with us. I received it without asking for your permission."

"Who's the sender?"

"Wei Zhuoyan."

“Bring it to me.”

Chapter 160: Wei Zhuoyan Has Such Resolve?

Lu Zhou received Wei Zhuoyan’s letter and finished reading it quickly. Then, he tossed it aside.

Mingshi Yin hastily caught it. He read it as well. Then, he said with a smile, “The battle against the Ten Shamans must’ve reached his ears. He must be afraid...”

“Senior Brother, what else does it say?” Little Yuan’er asked curiously.

“Wei Zhuoyan wants to offer his humble apology... He wants to atone for the Fish Dragon Village incident. Two days from now, he wants to personally visit the Evil Sky Pavilion and clear up the conflict between us.”

When Duanmu Sheng heard this, he frowned and said, “I’m surprised he has such a high level of resolve.” If it had been anyone else, they would have a mental breakdown and apologize profusely. However, Wei Zhuoyan was the commander-in-chief of the three armies. He would not have easily lowered his head, judging by his status.

Mingshi Yin said, “Junior Sister Tianxin’s life’s wish is to pierce her enemy with her hands...”

“Quit spouting nonsense!” Duanmu Sheng hastily jabbed Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin quickly shut his mouth.

Lu Zhou did not mind. Instead, he said scornfully, “She’s lucky that she’s even alive.” When he finished speaking, he returned to the hidden chamber.

As soon as Lu Zhou entered the hidden chamber, he called up the system dashboard.

Name: Lu Zhou

Race: Human

Cultivation base: Brahman Sea Eight Meridians

Merit points: 10,412

Avatar: Six Recombinant Trigram Lines

Remaining life: 5,992 days

Item: Deadly Strike Card x1, Impeccable Card x2, Critical Block Card x7 (passive), Binding Cage x4, Refining Talisman x2, Ji Tiandao Peak Trial Card x1, Whitzard (resting), Bi An.

Weapon: Unnamed, Amorous Hoop (Owner: Ye Tianxin. Has to be refined before use), Life Cutter, Nirvana Sash, Tear Stain Box.

Cultivation method: Three Scrolls of Heavenly Writing

Overall, Lu Zhou discovered he did not earn as many merit points as he could have during the battle against the Ten Shamans. Not earning as many merit points as he could meant that he had suffered a loss.

"I have 8 luck points..." Lu Zhou considered it for a moment and did three lucky draws.

'Fine. Three 'thank you' messages.'

Lu Zhou felt that lucky draws had to be done on a whim. If he were not in the mood for it, he would not try it. If he hit the jackpot, it would be a gain. If he did not, he would not feel annoyed as well.

'I'll save the rest of my merit points to buy whatever cards I need... When I have sufficient points, I'll buy an avatar.'

"Seven Star Soul... 15,000." Lu Zhou checked the avatar's price in the mall. He was reminded of Yue Chong, Duan Yanhong, Wu Sheng, and the red-robed cultivators. Perhaps, if he had managed to kill them, he would have enough merit points now to buy an avatar.

Lu Zhou shook his head to rid his mind of this idea. Nobody could be certain of what would be different if the past had played out differently.

"Heavenly Writing." Lu Zhou entered his comprehension state. Previously, when he was in the cloud-splitting chariot, the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power broke the witchcraft spell on Fan Xiuwen and weakened many of its effects.

Lu Zhou felt that the extraordinary power must be extremely effective against powers that messed with one's mind such as confounding spells or the Brahman Lullaby. Also, it was easily triggered. Before he could restore his strength to its peak, he would have to rely on this extraordinary power.

...

Two days later.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes after he emerged from the comprehension state. He could not remember how many times he had comprehended the Heavenly Writing. However, he could never understand the scrolls' meanings. Even so, he did not mind. As long as he could obtain extraordinary power, it did not matter if he understood it or if the comprehension state was very boring.

Little Yuan'er's sounded like she was in a rush as she said, "Master... Wei Zhuoyan actually came!" Her tone was filled with disbelief.

Lu Zhou looked at Little Yuan'er and said, "He's tactful... He's not so dumb after all."

"Isn't he afraid that you'll kill him, master?" Little Yuan'er scratched her head.

Little Yuan'er was naïve, but she was not stupid. Wei Zhuoyan's visit to the Evil Sky Pavilion was no different from him throwing his life away. There were not many who would actually come here to seek death.

Lu Zhou said nothing. He remained seated in the great hall and cast his gaze outward in a leisurely manner. Regardless of Wei Zhuoyan's objective, it would be clear when Wei Zhuoyan arrived. It was useless to speculate about it now.

It did not take long before Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng arrived with a crowd outside the great hall.

There were two squadrons of soldiers in armor and martial attire following closely behind them. The well-trained soldiers marched in perfect synchrony. They looked imposing.

Wei Zhuoyan appeared. He had a hand on his ornamental saber. He was heavily built and wore dark armor with a red cape. His gleaming gaze was directed forward. Surprisingly, he showed no signs of fear. He was neither overbearing nor subservient, neither rushed nor slow. He walked with steady, composed, and forceful steps.

The people of the Evil Sky Pavilion who saw this were shocked. After all, most people who came here would fidget and look around uneasily. Some would even bend their backs with their faces covered in sweat. Even when the leader of the Black Knights, Fan Xiuwen, came, his aura was slightly diminished. And yet, Wei Zhuoyan seemed unaffected by the fact that he was in the Evil Sky Pavilion. This proved his mental strength was high. It was truly an extraordinary feat for him to maintain his composure under such circumstances.

“General Wei... This is a smart move,” Mingshi Yin said, “To tell you the truth, the Evil Sky Pavilion has never met an opponent who visits the pavilion to own up to their mistakes. This isn’t a bad plan at all. It’s much better than having our master attacking your home.”

Wei Zhuoyan’s expression remained unchanged as he said, “A true man owns up to his actions. Since it’s my mistake, I’ll bear the consequences.”

“Spoken like a true man... To be honest, you sound like you’re from the Noble Path... Which sect were you originally from?” Mingshi Yin asked as he led the way.

“I’ve never joined any sect.”

“There’s no need to act so high and mighty here... Since you’re here to offer your apology, you should drop the act.”

“Thank you for your thoughts, Mister Fourth.”

At this moment, they finally entered the great hall.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng walked to the side.

Lu Zhou’s gaze fell upon Wei Zhuoyan as he stroked his beard.

Wei Zhuoyan cupped his fists together and fell to his knees. He did it without any hesitation or signs of unwillingness. He looked extremely sincere as he kowtowed with his forehead touching the floor. More than 20 soldiers who had followed him here knelt as well. They moved with such synchronized movements that it seemed as though they had practiced this.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng were taken aback. A man of honor was flexible, but was this not a little too flexible?

In Mingshi Yin’s opinion, he would not have been able to do this. If he could not defeat his opponent, he would run away. He would never kowtow to anyone apart from his master, let alone an enemy.

Nobody expected Wei Zhuoyan to have such resolve. It became clear why such a man could become the commander-in-chief of the three armies.

'What a shame that he has offended master and blamed the deaths of Junior Sister Tianxin's kinsmen on the Evil Sky Pavilion. That's an unforgivable sin.'

"This sinner, Wei Zhuoyan, has come to atone for his sins."

"Wei Zhuoyan?" Lu Zhou said lightly.

Wei Zhuoyan looked up and stared at Lu Zhou squarely. He cupped his fists and said, "This sinner Wei Zhuoyan has come to atone for his sins as promised!" He repeated his words decisively and bluntly!

Apart from Lu Zhou, everyone exchanged a glance.

'Isn't he being too thorough in admitting his sins?'

'He isn't even begging for mercy!'

'This doesn't make sense!'

Was Wei Zhuoyan only enduring this to use himself as a trap just like what the Ten Shamans' descendants tried to do?

At this moment, Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet and descended the stairs with his hands on his back.

Mingshi Yin hastily said, "Please stay, master."

"Hm?"

"I think there's something fishy about him." Mingshi Yin smiled.