

## Disciples 191

### Chapter 191: The Nirvana Sash

Ye Tianxin was a cold person. When she saw her sisters who had been following her for a long time kneeling down, she merely sighed. She did not say anything. She bowed at her sisters who were kneeling on the ground and left the mountain.

When Mingshi saw the female cultivators were about to speak up, he interjected, "You guys really are stupid... Do as you're told."

The female cultivators stood rooted to the spot.

...

Meanwhile, in the south pavilion's courtyard.

Hua Wudao sighed and said, "I can see the child genuinely wants to repent... What a shame..."

Mingshi Yin seized the chance and said, "Master... Sixth Junior Sister's cultivation base has just recovered. She was even hit by the backlash from helping little junior sister. I'm worried it's dangerous for her to leave the Golden Court Mountain like this."

Lu Zhou glanced at Mingshi Yin and said, "That's her fate."

Zhu Honggong pulled the hem of Duanmu Sheng's garment to stop him from talking.

Duanmu Sheng took a step back and silently stood at the side.

It was as Mingshi Yin had said, the current Ye Tianxin was still weak... With her identity as a Bai, if she left the Evil Sky Pavilion, there would be many who would be vying to kill her. However, if she did not have a trick or two up her sleeve after all these years, she would have been a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion in vain. Even Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, whose cultivation base was only in the Divine Court realm cultivation base managed to establish a stronghold in Tiger Ridge and kept himself from harm for so long. It was highly improbable for the intelligent Ye Tianxin to get into trouble.

"Look after Little Yuan'er."

"Yes, master."

...

Lu Zhou returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion and entered the hidden chamber. There, he sat down cross-legged.

Before comprehending the Heavenly Writing, Lu Zhou glanced at the mission list. Indeed, Ye Tianxin's name could no longer be found there. At this juncture, it was pointless dwelling on these things.

He opened the Heavenly Writing's interface and began to comprehend it. At this point, he had basically memorized the contents of the Heavenly Writings. Apart from the indecipherable scribbles, he was not sure if there would be any new content.

He scrolled down...

“To gain the power of speech, even about unspeakable truths, and understand the words spoken by the tongues of beings in different worlds.”

“To gain the power of immaterial existence so that we may visit many places without having to move, reaping many benefits.”

“To gain the power to foresee the future, even about unspeakable possibilities and the tribulations in the different worlds.”

The contents were the same as before. There was no additions or anything missing. Naturally, it was still as incomprehensible as ever.

His comprehension of the Heavenly Writing was currently on loop. On the surface, it seemed extremely bland. However, the effects of comprehending the Heavenly Writing were becoming more and more noticeable. This motivated him to continue comprehending it.

However, when would this end?

As he looked at the rows of incomprehensible words of the Heavenly Writing, Lu Zhou shook his head. Then, he quickly entered his comprehension state.

Time passed in just a blink of an eye.

Before he knew it, a day had passed.

Early the next morning, Lu Zhou had just emerged from his comprehension state when he heard voices from outside...

“Master, I’m here to wish you good morning!”

Lu Zhou stood up slowly and opened the door of the hidden chamber. His gaze fell upon an excited Little Yuan’er.

Little Yuan’er squatted on the ground obediently. When she saw her master, she leaped to her feet and said enthusiastically, “Master, I can now easily unleash my Hundred Tribulations Insight!” She casually waved her arm, and her Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar appeared.

The golden avatar disappeared just as quickly as it appeared. She could conjure it and dismiss it at will.

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction and said, “Entering the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm signifies you’re among the experts. However, you shouldn’t be too prideful about this.”

“Understood,” Little Yuan’er said.

“The sable magnolias are extremely potent, and yet, you took all of them in one go. If it weren’t for...” Lu Zhou paused. Then, he said, “You nearly lost your life by consuming them in such a manner.”

Little Yuan’er mumbled, “Master, senior brother told me that Senior Sister Tianxin was the one who saved me...”

When he saw Little Yuan’er was about to plead on Ye Tianxin’s behalf, he chided her, “Don’t mention her! I’ve been extremely lenient toward her.”

Little Yuan'er no longer dared to speak.

Lu Zhou went into the great hall with his hands clasped on his back.

Apart from several female cultivators cleaning the hall, there was no one else around.

Lu Zhou was puzzled. These female cultivators belonged to the Derived Moon Palace. He did not expect them to remain here now that Ye Tianxin was gone.

When they saw Lu Zhou, the female cultivators stopped what they were doing and bowed at Lu Zhou. "Greetings, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou merely nodded and took his seat.

Little Yuan'er walked up to him with an ingratiating smile. She kneaded Lu Zhou's shoulders and chuckled occasionally.

Lu Zhou frowned. One who was friendly for no reason was certainly hiding evil intentions. He said in his deep voice, "Just say what you want to say. It's unbecoming to hide your true intentions."

Little Yuan'er said with a smile, "Master, have you forgotten something?"

Lu Zhou raised his hand and gave Little Yuan'er's forehead a knock. "This girl!" Naturally, he knew what Little Yuan'er meant. Back then, he had promised her that he would give her a weapon once she entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm.

Due to a fortuitous turn of events, Lu Zhou had purchased the limited-time treasure box and obtained a weapon that was suitable for Little Yuan'er. Whether it was Life Cutter or the other junk inside the hidden chamber, none of them seemed compatible with Little Yuan'er.

Lu Zhou raised his palm slowly. With just a thought, the scarlet Nirvana Sash appeared in his hand.

It was completely red and seven-foot-long. Its hue was like fire, and its shape was like a dragon.

When Little Yuan'er saw the Nirvana Sash, she looked at it intently as she said, "Ma-master, what's this?"

"This is the Nirvana Sash, a binding treasure... Its length is flexible and dependent on your cultivation base." Lu Zhou turned to look at Little Yuan'er. "You don't like it?"

"If it's from you, master, there's no way I won't like it!" Little Yuan'er's gaze was still trained on the Nirvana Sash. Initially, she did not think it looked too impressive. However, the more she looked at it, the more she felt it was not as simple as it seemed.

"In that case, I'll give you this Nirvana Sash." He waved his hand.

The Nirvana Sash did a 360-degree turn above his palm. Golden dragon veins shone along the sash and blended harmoniously with the red of the sash.

The Nirvana Sash flew toward Little Yuan'er. It wrapped around her three times, from her waist to her upper body.

Little Yuan'er exclaimed in surprise. When the Nirvana Sash finished wrapping itself around her body, its radiance immediately disappeared.

"Ding! The Nirvana Sash has successfully acknowledged its owner. Activated grade: heaven-grade.  
Reward: 1,000 merit points."

Little Yuan'er was utterly thrilled. She held the Nirvana Sash like a monkey.

"Thank you, master!" When Little Yuan'er received the Nirvana Sash, she bowed at Lu Zhou. "I won't let you down!"

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "The Nirvana Sash has acknowledged you as its owner. You should get used to it as soon as you can and don't slack off."

Little Yuan'er nodded vigorously and said, "I'll surely put it to good use." When she finished speaking, she dashed out of the Evil Sky Pavilion with a hint of impatience.

Lu Zhou nodded. He felt pleased. He was filled with anticipation in regard to Little Yuan'er's future... With her talents, she would have no problem surpassing his other disciples in the near future. He was just about to return and comprehend the Heavenly Writing when he heard the wails from outside.

"Mi-miss Ninth... No, don't..."

## **Chapter 192: Emancipate Yourself and Become the Master**

Lu Zhou saw Pan Zhong being bound by the Nirvana Sash as he shot past the doors of the great hall. He projected his voice, "Stop playing around."

Little Yuan'er landed on the ground and responded with a slightly aggrieved tone, "Oh."

Lu Zhou shook his head. He returned to the hidden chamber and continued his comprehension.

...

Outside the great hall.

Pan Zhong's face was bruised and swollen from being tossed around by the Nirvana Sash.

Under Little Yuan'er's control, the Nirvana Sash unbound him and returned to its owner.

It wrapped around Little Yuan'er before it seemingly disappeared into her black robes.

Little Yuan'er scratched her head and said, "Shall we... try this again at the back of the mountain? I'm not familiar with it yet."

Pan Zhong waved his hands frantically and said, "Miss Ninth, I'm no match for you..." He kept begging for mercy, unwilling to spar with Little Yuan'er. Even if she did not have a breakthrough, he still would not be so foolish as to spar with her.

"You're boring." Little Yuan'er placed her hands on her hips.

When Pan Zhong saw this, he said in a hushed tone, "Miss Ninth... Brother Zhou has been practicing the sword lately, and he seems to have improved a lot. He was the first disciple of the Heavenly Sword Sect and is a genius in swordplay."

"Where's he?"

"At the back of the mountain." Pan Zhong did not hesitate and pointed toward the back of the mountain. He intended to offer more words of praise, but when he turned around, he discovered Little Yuan'er had left, leaving only a fleeting afterimage behind.

Pan Zhong sighed and shook his head. He muttered under his breath, "I'm sorry, brother Zhou." He touched the wounds on his face. 'Fortunately, they aren't too serious.'

At this moment, Mingshi Yin who so happened to be flying past saw Pan Zhong's bruised and swollen face. "Pan Zhong... What happened to you?"

Pan Zhong bowed and said, "Hello, Mister Fourth... It's nothing, I just tripped and fell over while I was walking."

Mingshi Yin was no fool. Nobody could injure themselves to this extent from a minor fall. He asked, "Where's my little junior sister?"

Pan Zhong glanced in the direction of the back of the mountain and said, "Miss Ninth obtained her heaven-grade weapon, the Nirvana Sash, and was eager to find someone to spar with... I think she has gone to look for Zhou Jifeng."

"What? The heaven-grade weapon, the Nirvana Sash?" Mingshi Yin repeated, puzzled.

"How could I have forgotten about Mister Third and Mister Fourth... Both of you have profound cultivation bases and wield heaven-grade weapons. Both of you are the best candidates to spar with Miss Ninth and her new heaven-grade weapon," Pan Zhong said as he smacked his forehead.

Mingshi Yin landed on the ground and said nonchalantly, "It's fine if you tell my little junior sister to look for Third Senior Brother... if you see her, tell her I'm terribly busy." As soon as he finished speaking, he disappeared at lightning speed.

Pan Zhong scratched his head. 'Busy? Weren't you just looking for Miss Ninth?'

A series of low wails rang from the back of the mountain, causing Pan Zhong to shudder. Realization dawned on him at this moment. 'I should leave now!'

...

Five days later.

The Golden Court Mountain was in disarray during these five days. The Nirvana Sash could be seen everywhere.

...

In the hidden chamber of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou who was comprehending the Heavenly Writing was, naturally, unaware of what was happening outside.

The Dao-shaping stage of his Divine Court realm was stable now.

With just a thought, he launched the system interface.

Name: Lu Zhou

Race: Human

Cultivation base: Dao-shaping stage, Divine Court realm.

Merit points: 12,820

Avatar: Seven Star Soul

Remaining life: 6,249 days

Item: Deadly Strike Card x1, Impeccable Card x1, Critical Block Card x7 (passive), Binding Cage Card x4, Refining Talisman x2, Ji Tiandao's Peak Trial Card x1, Whitzard (rest completed), Bi An, Sky Fragment x1

Weapon: Unnamed, Life Cutter, Tear Stain Box

Cultivation method: Three Scrolls of Heavenly Writing

Lu Zhou noticed that Whitzard was completely rested. He did some calculations and discovered it would take Whitzard five days of rest to recover after unleashing a powerful support move. This was a surprise to Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou decided to see if there were any new item cards. He opened the item mall... Unfortunately, the item cards remained the same.

Regardless, it was still a boost to have these item cards around. He only wished the price was not so high.

"Sky Fragments..." Lu Zhou checked the mission list again.

The missions of disciplining his disciples were there, as always. However, he did not know how he was supposed to go about disciplining his disciples to earn merit points. He could not just look for faults with them for no good reason. Moreover, the system would never allow him to exploit such a major flaw.

Lu Zhou searched for anything related to the Sky Fragments in his memories. Alas, Ji Tiandao had never given much thought to the Sky Fragments. He did not even bother to look at them. There were no clues at all.

"Perhaps, Elder Hua might know something about it." Lu Zhou got up slowly.

An idea suddenly appeared in his mind. He raised his right hand, and Unnamed materialized in his grasp. He waved his left hand, and the Sky Fragment appeared.

'Since the Sky Fragments are items from the system's mission, can it be broken by Unnamed?'

Lu Zhou could not explain it, but he felt that he was developing an obsession to test anything solid against Unnamed.

Lu Zhou raised his hand, and a cold gleam flashed past.

Bam!

To Lu Zhou's surprise, the Sky Fragment broke and fell to the floor.

The cut was clean, and Unnamed was unscathed.

"It's really junk?" Lu Zhou regarded the Sky Fragment with a suspicious look. Even if he gathered all eight fragments, they were only a pile of junk.

'What's the use of collecting these?' Lu Zhou was inwardly mocking the items when the broken Sky Fragment slowly connected and restored its original form.

'What? It can repair itself?'

Lu Zhou conjured up some energy and picked the Sky Fragment up. He scrutinized it and saw that it was flawless as though it was never cut.

'What an interesting item.'

Lu Zhou put the Sky Fragment away, turned around, and left the hidden chamber. He went into the great hall.

As soon as he entered, he saw Mingshi Yin pacing around in the great hall.

When Mingshi Yin saw his master, he hastily bowed and said, "Greetings, master. May you live for 10,000 years and beyond!"

"..."

'He must've picked this up from Old Eighth.' Lu Zhou asked, "What's the matter?"

Mingshi Yin replied, "I have two things to report. First, Pan Zhong returned home to pay respect to his ancestors. When I saw you were resting, master, I told him to go."

"Pay respect to his ancestors?"

"Ever since Pan Zhong cultivated the Three Yin Technique, he had looked terrible. For this reason, he didn't return home for three years. Now that he has cultivated the Six Yang Technique, he's looking much better," Mingshi Yin said, "However, he was from the Clarity Sect after all. I'm just worried the Clarity Sect won't leave him alone when he's out there."

Pan Zhong was now regarded as a villain as well, having joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Clarity Sect could not capture Old Eighth before this. There was no way they would let Pan Zhong slip through their fingers.

Lu Zhou nodded. "The Clarity Sect has already merged with the Righteous Sect. That's not unexpected... The Clarity Sect has already aligned itself with the Second Prince. I think Mo Li is behind many of these incidents."

“Master... Mo Li has been opposing us constantly... Why don’t you go to the Divine Capital and directly kill her?”

“Great Yan’s Imperial family isn’t as simple as you think,” Lu Zhou replied, “What’s the second matter?”

“The second matter is about little junior sister,” Mingshi Yin said with a smile, “She’s turning 16 in three days. 16 is an age to remember! I’ve discussed this with Third Senior Brother, Fifth Junior Sister, and Eighth Junior Brother, we feel that we should do something to make her happy.”

Lu Zhou sighed. ‘Time flies. In just a blink of an eye, Little Yuan’er is now a young adult.’

At this moment, Little Yuan’er entered the Evil Sky Pavilion’s great hall with a few others.

“Master.”

“Pavilion Master.”

Lu Zhou glanced at them. He frowned slightly as he looked at Zhou Jifeng and asked, “How did you sustain these injuries?”

Zhou Jifeng hastily bowed and said, “I fell.”

Lu Zhou looked at Duanmu Sheng. He was not injured, but there was a slight tear at the hem of his clothes.

The female cultivators stood at the side, clearly too afraid to say anything.

Little Yuan’er lowered her head and shrugged, sticking her tongue out for a moment.

“Troublemaker!” Lu Zhou chided.

Little Yuan’er spoke fearfully, “I’m wrong, master.”

Lu Zhou shook his head. ‘She’s turning 16 soon, and yet, she has no respect for her seniors... This is unbecoming. She’s behaving outrageously after obtaining the Nirvana Sash. She shows no restraint or discipline. Moreover, with Duanmu Sheng’s cultivation base, there’s no way that he couldn’t beat Little Yuan’er. If she doesn’t respect her senior brothers, this meant she wouldn’t respect her seniors. She might even be disrespectful to me in the future!’

“On your knees,” Lu Zhou said.

Thud!

Zhou Jifeng kneeled instinctively in Little Yuan’er’s direction and said, “Miss Ninth, I... I’m sorry.”

### **Chapter 193: She’s Not a Child Anymore**

Lu Zhou was speechless. Kneeling must have been ingrained into Zhou Jifeng that it had turned into a reflex. He must have been bullied all the time. He said in a slightly displeased tone, “Yuan’er, on your knees.”

Little Yuan’er shuddered and kneeled.



Zhou Jifeng blushed from embarrassment when he realized what had happened. He quickly shuffled to the side on his knees.

Lu Zhou chided, "Now that you're 16 and is coming of age, you're no longer a child. How can you treat your seniors with such disrespect?"

Little Yuan'er pouted.

Teaching another person had always been a great problem since ancient times. Jia Tiandao had neglected this. Perhaps, he had his reasons for taking in all these rascals. However, Lu Zhou would not allow himself to repeat Ji Tiandao's mistakes. He said sternly, "Apologize."

Little Yuan'er turned around obediently and said, "I'm sorry, senior brother..."

Duanmu Sheng merely waved his hand and said, "It's alright. I wasn't hurt anyway. It's one of my duties to instruct you, little junior sister."

An unnatural expression could be seen on Zhu Honggong's, Old Eighth, face, as he said, "Master, little junior sister wasn't harsh..."

Mingshi Yin turned to glare at him.

Zhu Honggong immediately clamped his hands over his mouth... Did his words not contradict his master's words?

Lu Zhou did not mind this. After all, it was good for Little Yuan'er's seniors to teach her and look after her.

After she apologized, Lu Zhou said again, "Your punishment is to copy the Great Purity Jade Slip 200 times and face the wall inside the Cave of Reflection for three days..."

"..."

The others were shocked.

'Master is going all out.'

'He has never punished little junior sister before.'

'What's gotten into him today?'

Little Yuan'er was taken aback as well. She was akin to a child who had never received a beating all her life and was suddenly dealt a heavy punishment. It was only natural for her to feel aggrieved. However, she replied obediently, "I... accept the punishment." She rose to her feet and left the great hall for the south pavilion.

Lu Zhou looked up and saw everyone's unnatural expressions. He asked, "Any problems?"

"Master, little junior sister is still young..."

"She's not a child anymore." Lu Zhou raised a hand and cut Mingshi Yin's words short.

A 16-year-old could no longer be considered a child no matter which era they were in.

When the others saw that Lu Zhou had made up his mind, they no longer dared to plead for Little Yuan'er.

Lu Zhou swept his gaze across them and asked, "Where's Elder Hua?"

"I'll go and get him." Mingshi Yin fled the hall. He intended to discuss their celebration plans for Little Yuan'er. By the looks of things, he decided to forget about it.

A short while later, Mingshi Yin and Hua Wudao arrived in the great hall.

Hua Wudao bowed at Lu Zhou and asked, "What is it that you've summoned me for, Pavilion Master?"

Lu Zhou casually waved his hand and the Sky Fragment appeared. "Do you recognize this?"

"A Sky Fragment?" Hua Wudao said with a smile, "This is yours, to begin with, Pavilion Master... It's said that the Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier had gone down one day, and it was stolen by the Pickpocket Sect's Yanzi Yunsan. However, I have no idea if that's true or not." A curious expression could be seen on his face. He clearly wanted to verify this with Lu Zhou. It was also clear that he found it amusing that a petty thief had stolen something from the great Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou said honestly, "I've never cared about it and have tossed it away without much thought. It's only natural that it was stolen.

"..." Hua Wudao opened his mouth but chose to shut it in the end.

Treasures that everyone else raced to obtain were just trash that he tossed away without a second thought. Perhaps, the Master of the Evil Sky Pavilion Master was the only one who could talk like this.

"Why are you asking about this, Pavilion Master?" Hua Wudao was curious.

"I'm looking for them."

"..."

'Why is he looking for something he had tossed away?' Hua Wudao, naturally, did not dare to verbalize his thought. Instead, he said, "It's said that there are eight Sky Fragments. I'm not entirely sure where they are right now. I'm afraid that it'll be difficult to look for them."

Lu Zhou nodded. He was not surprised. It was normal for Hua Wudao to not know about this.

"Rather than fishing for a needle in the ocean, it may be quicker to locate the thief who stole them in the first place."

"Yanzi Yunsan?"

"That's right. The Sky Fragments are precious items in the outside world. They wouldn't have disappeared without good reason," Hua Wudao said, "However... The Pickpocket Sect has vanished from the cultivation world. It won't be easy trying to locate Yanzi Yunsan."

After pondering about it for a while, Lu Zhou said, "Mingshi Yin..."

"Yes, master."

“Old Seventh’s information network is everywhere. Tell him to find Yunsan,” Lu Zhou said.

“Uh...” Mingshi Yin felt slightly nervous. Si Wuya, Old Seventh, had left the Evil Sky Pavilion. On all accounts, he was also a traitor. Was it not inappropriate to solicit a traitor’s help?

“Master... What if Old Seventh refuses to help?”

“He’s an intelligent person.”

“The problem is... I can’t even find him.” Mingshi Yin scratched his head.

Zhu Honggong raised his hand, “I know...”

“...”

“Seventh Senior Brother’s Darknet is spread out in all corners of Great Yan... They have a base in Anyang as well,” Zhu Honggong said.

Si Wuya was a cunning person. There was no need to ask, the others knew he only told Zhu Honggong about one of the bases.

Mingshi Yin said, “I’ll send a letter now.” Then, he turned to Zhu Honggong and said, “Old Eighth, what are you standing around for?”

Hua Wudao smiled brightly and said, “I heard that the Evil Sky Pavilion’s seventh disciple is treacherous and cunning... resourceful. Looks like the rumors are true. If Mingshi Yin can’t find him, no one can.”

“Indeed, Old Seventh is cunning,” Lu Zhou said with a nod.

“I’ve always been curious... Based on my recent observations, you aren’t someone who would commit all kinds of evils, Pavilion Master, contrary to the rumors. Although there are certain things that I don’t agree with, I’d still support them wholeheartedly with a clear conscience. Why did you drive your disciples out of the Evil Sky Pavilion in the first place?” Hua Wudao asked.

Lu Zhou’s expression was calm.

As soon as Hua Wudao finished speaking, the others shifted their attention to Lu Zhou as well.

Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue looked especially eager to hear the answer.

“Elder Hua, you’re exceptionally talkative today,” Lu Zhou commented.

Hua Wudao noticed that he had overstepped his bounds. He hastily cupped his fists and stepped back.

When Lu Zhou saw that Hua Wudao had left the great hall, he said, “Send word to Jiang Aijian... Tell him to investigate Yunsan’s whereabouts.”

“Master... There’s a letter from Jiang Aijian.”

Mingshi Yin and Zhu Honggong returned.

Lu Zhou was suspicious. ‘How does that fellow manage to appear at the right time, every time?’

“Read it.”

Mingshi Yin unfolded the letter and read, "Old Senior Ji, I've missed you since we last parted. I'm impressed by your methods of stealing a rafter and replacing it with a column. I can't help but applaud what you've done..."

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Mingshi Yin held the letter with one hand and clapped with his other hand.

The others looked at him as though he was a fool.

'It's one thing to read it, what gave you the courage to actually clap your hands?'

Lu Zhou did not mind this. Instead, he said, "Continue."

"Three days ago, Wei Zhuoyan was ordered to quell the disturbance in Anyang. Mo Li and Consort Yi want to meddle in this affair using their influence... The stars are lining up, and there are many things that cannot be conveyed through writing. I wish to meet you... Looking forward to your reply."

When he finished reading, Mingshi Yin said, "This Jiang Aijian thinks too highly of himself... Master isn't someone he can meet just because he wants to."

#### **Chapter 194: Aligning Stars**

Zhu Honggong looked perplexed. He inquired in a low voice, "Fourth Senior Brother, who's Jiang Aijian?"

"Liu Chen, the Third Prince of Great Yan's Imperial family," Mingshi Yin replied offhandedly.

Jiang Aijian's real name was Liu Chen.

Zhu Honggong was speechless. 'He's quite the character.'

"Has anyone discovered the truth about Wei Zhuoyan?" Duanmu Sheng asked.

Mingshi Yin said, "Well, previously, Jiang Aijian told us about the real Wei Zhuoyan's location. This time, it seems like he knows Wei Zhuoyan is a fake. This means he has eyes around Wei Zhuoyan."

Lu Zhou was deep in thought... Mingshi Yin's inference made sense.

Even if the upper echelons of the palace knew that Wei Zhuoyan was a fake, they would never acknowledge it officially. The commander-in-chief of the three armies could never be touched. They would prioritize the bigger picture. Those who intended to expose Wei Zhuoyan would be those who wanted to cause a disruption.

'Is Consort Yi trying to plunge Great Yan into chaos? She's from the Western Regions, after all. She has the strongest motive to do this. No matter how at odds Mo Li and Wei Zhuoyan were, they're still part of the Second Prince's faction. They wouldn't turn against each other... In that case, who would want Wei Zhuoyan dead?' Lu Zhou could not come up with an answer no matter how much he thought about it. 'Instead of guessing blindly, it's much better to meet him and ask him about it directly.'

At this moment, a female cultivator entered the hall and said, "At the base of the mountain, Ci An requests an audience."

'Ci An? Who's that?'

Mingshi Yin scratched his head. Then, he smacked his forehead and said, "Master... It's little junior sister's relative. He came here before."

Duanmu Sheng frowned and said, "Did something happen?"

"Let him in ." Lu Zhou waved his arm.

"Understood."

Soon enough, a visibly nervous Ci An arrived in the great hall. His eyes darted around warily as though he expected a villain to jump at him and kick him. He stammered, "G-Greetings, old... old senior..."

Mingshi Yin asked, "What's wrong? Is someone kidnapped again?"

It was no wonder their master established a rule for those who wished to join the Evil Sky Pavilion to sever ties with their pasts. Little Yuan'er's relatives alone had gotten into trouble several times. Ordinary people could never endure this. They might be used as hostages to threaten the disciples. Pan Zhong was the same. He would have to be severely warned when he returned.

Ci An hastily waved his hands and said, "No, no... It's not a kidnapping."

"What is it then?" Mingshi Yin asked.

Ci An sighed and said, "The old master and the madam... plans to leave Anyang. They miss the young lady... and wish to see her one last time before they leave."

"Do you know about the Evil Sky Pavilion's rules?" Mingshi Yin asked.

"I... I do."

"How dare you come here then?"

"Ever since the incident in Bluesun, the old master and the madam have been missing the young lady. Now that the young lady's turning 16, the old master and madam want to meet the young lady dearly. They'll never see her again after this meeting! Please be magnanimous, Pavilion Master," Ci An said as he fell to his knees.

Lu Zhou was curious. The mortals would not dare to contact the Evil Sky Pavilion, let alone doing it repeatedly. It was truly strange. The old master of the Ci family had been unconscious throughout the kidnapping incident on Bluesun Mountain. He did not get a chance to see Little Yuan'er at all. However, according to the Evil Sky Pavilion's rules, a disciple would have to sever ties with their past once they joined. He could not make an exception just because they were related by blood. If all of his disciples had that many ties to the secular world, things would be difficult for the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, he was not in a hurry to turn Ci An away.

"Why are they moving?" Lu Zhou asked.

Ci An replied, "Anyang hasn't been peaceful as of late. Murders keep happening every now and then... It's said that the Other Tribes are responsible for this. Previously, the Ci family had the protection of the officials... but those people have fled!"

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. Combined with Jiang Aijian's information that Wei Zhuoyan had been ordered to quell the disturbance in Anyang, Ci An should be telling the truth.

Ci An lowered his head and trembled.

The great hall was quiet.

Ci An glanced at the greatest villain in the world furtively before he hastily lowered his head again. He did not know what was going through Lu Zhou's mind and found the silence stifling.

After a long pause, Lu Zhou waved his arm and said, "Send the guest away."

Mingshi Yin cupped his fists at Lu Zhou. Then, he made an inviting gesture toward Ci An. "This way."

"Pa-pavilion Master?" Ci An did not seem to have heard if his request was granted or not. When he heard Lu Zhou ordering his disciple to send him away, he was slightly stunned.

A hint of annoyance crept into Mingshi Yin's voice as he said, "Aren't you leaving?"

Ci An hastily rose to his feet and followed Mingshi Yin out of the great hall.

The others bowed and left as well.

...

Meanwhile, in the great hall of the Darknet's headquarters, Crouching Dragon.

"Sect Master, the Evil Sky Pavilion's Mister Fourth has sent a letter..."

"What's the matter?" Si Wuya stood up slowly. He was slightly curious. He left the Evil Sky Pavilion a long time ago. The Evil Sky Pavilion had never contacted him all this while. There was no precedent for this.

"It was sent to the contact point in Anyang and was redirected here. The Evil Sky Pavilion wants you to investigate Yunsan's whereabouts."

"Yunsan?"

"That's right. The only descendant of the Pickpocket Sect, Yanzi Yunsan."

"The Pickpocket Sect is no more. Yunsan is the only member left. What business does my master have with him?" Si Wuya found this very strange.

"I'm not sure..."

Calling Yunsan the descendant of the Pickpocket Sect was a nice way of putting it. To be direct, he was just a thief.

To think that a person like Ji Tiandao would contact Si Wuya just for a thief... Si Wuya could not wrap his mind around this.

One of his subordinates who was standing by the side bowed and said, "I heard that Yunsan has stolen something from the Evil Sky Pavilion before. Could this be related to that incident?"

Si Wuya nodded and said with a smile, "Oh, master, your heart is growing less and less generous by the day."

"Uh... Sect Master, should we investigate Yunsan?"

At the end of the day, the Darknet did not belong to the Evil Sky Pavilion. They could reject this request without any qualms.

"Let's fulfill his wish," Si Wuya said lightly, "After all, he's getting old. I wish that he'll be able to live out his final years comfortably."

"Understood."

The subordinate was just about to turn around and leave.

"Hold on."

"Your orders, Sect Master?"

"Have the Clarity and Righteous Sects been up to anything lately?" Si Wuya asked with his hands clasped on his back.

"The Clarity and Righteous Sects had assembled and went to Tiger Ridge but found nothing. They had returned yesterday. I assume they're seething with anger right now."

"Very good." Si Wuya twirled his Peacock Plume and asked, "Anything from the palace?"

"Wei Zhuoyan has left the Divine Capital and is heading for Anyang to quell the disturbance."

When Si Wuya heard this, he chuckled and said, "That little impostor sure has guts."

"Sect Master, should we do anything about it?"

"There's no need for that."

"Understood."

"Also, spread the word that the Giant Silkworm Gloves have been sighted in Anyang."

When the subordinate heard this, he was stunned. "Sect Master, to lure Yunsan with this method... Isn't it too..."

"It's true that Yunsan is skilled in stealing... However, he's extremely proud as well. Since my master wants to find Yunsan, as his disciple, I can't sit back and do nothing. The Giant Silkworm Gloves are the best bait..."

"Understood. I'll see to it right away..."

## **Chapter 195: At Sixteen**

During these three days, Little Yuan'er had been copying the Supreme Purity Jade Slip. She copied it throughout the days. Her back was hurting, and her hands were spasming. Moreover, she was punished to stay in the Cave of Reflection. Fortunately, she had obediently completed her punishments. The

others could not help her as well. Her senior sister, Zhao Yue, was the only one who offered some words of comfort by her side.

“Senior sister... Is master really mad at me?” Little Yuan’er asked after finishing the 100th copy of the Supreme Purity Jade Slip.

“Master’s doing this for your own good... so that you won’t make the same mistakes in the future.”

Little Yuan’er nodded and muttered, “How am I going to practice with the Nirvana Sash from now on?”

“You can still practice, but you should know how to hold back. Personally, it doesn’t bother me if Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong are beaten up. However, since you even attacked your senior brothers, it’s no wonder master is angry.”

“You’re right. I should be less harsh next time.”

“...”

After Little Yuan’er put the Supreme Purity Jade Slip away, Zhao Yue said, “Go on.”

“Mhm... Wait for me, senior sister. I’m getting quite good with my Nirvana Sash now!”

“...” Zhao Yue gestured for her to go.

...

Little Yuan’er walked to the Evil Sky Pavilion with 100 copies of the Supreme Purity Jade Slip in her hands. She went along the small path, the corridor, and the pavilion before arriving at the great hall.

Little Yuan’er saw her master who seemed to be deep in thought. She smiled and walked over.

“Greetings, master!”

She propped the 100 copies of Supreme Purity Jade Slip above her head with her small hands as a sign of repentance.

Lu Zhou turned and glanced at her. He asked, “Have you thought things through?”

Little Yuan’er declared, “I’ll make sure to sure respect my senior brothers and sisters and honor you, master!”

“It’s good that you’ve thought things through... if you repeat this offense again, I won’t be so merciful,” Lu Zhou said.

“I understand.”

If she was being disrespectful in the Evil Sky Pavilion, her senior siblings would still be able to cover for her. However, if she went out into the cultivation world that was full of sinister people, nobody would be able to protect her.

Ten years? 100 years? 1,000 years?



Lu Zhou was not sure if he could actually exploit the system's loophole and continue to live on forever just as he had imagined... Ever since he discovered the item cards' prices could rise, he became extremely cautious and only used them sparingly.

At 16, Little Yuan'er's cultivation path was only beginning. It was the duty of a teacher to instruct and solve confusion. Instructions were there for a reason.

"Yuan'er, you're 16 now... Do you have any wishes?" Lu Zhou asked while stroking his beard.

"I have but one wish... I hope that you'll live a long life, master!"

This answer surprised Lu Zhou. "Why?"

"Everyone's saying that your time is almost up and that you'll only be able to live for more than ten years at most. I don't believe them... You'll still be around even after those people wither to death in their old age..." Little Yuan'er said confidently.

Clearly, this little girl did not have a bad character. Moreover, this little disciple of his had also given him much help all this time. Now that she had entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm and possessed the Nirvana Sash, he could not let her wander down the wrong path. If she could be taught, she would have a future worth looking forward to.

"Yuan'er, have you thought about your family members?" Lu Zhou asked.

Little Yuan'er shook her head. She put her copies of the Supreme Purity Jade Slip down. It seemed like she had never felt homesick. Perhaps, she had been too young when she left home and had gotten used to life in the Evil Sky Pavilion. Her concept of home might be different.

"Master, since I joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, I know what the rules are," Little Yuan'er said.

Lu Zhou sighed softly. "You're different from your senior siblings... They'd been alone and had nobody to depend on since they were young. They have nothing to tie them to the world."

Just when the master and the disciple were having a conversation, Mingshi Yin and Zhu Honggong walked in.

They bowed at Lu Zhou before they greeted him.

"Master, it's as you've said. Old Seventh has replied, and he agreed to help us find Yunsan," Mingshi Yin reported.

"Good," Lu Zhou replied calmly.

Mingshi Yin glanced at Little Yuan'er and said, "Master, about little junior sister..."

Lu Zhou raised a hand and cut him short. He said, "Send word to Jiang Aijian."

Mingshi Yin hastily bowed.

Lu Zhou continued, "Ask him to meet me in Anyang City."

Mingshi Yin appeared delighted. He hastily said, "Little junior sister, what are you standing there for? Thank master, quickly!"

Little Yuan'er was confused. However, she did as she was told. "Thank you, master..."

Lu Zhou waved his sleeve, turned around, and returned to the hidden chamber. Currently, the only thing he could do apart from comprehending the Heavenly Writing was try his luck at lucky draws.

After a while, he realized there was no end to his bad luck with the system. His luck points were now at 89, and yet, he did not win anything at all. It was more practical for him to comprehend the Heavenly Writing.

Lu Zhou closed the system dashboard, and he began the dreary comprehending process.

The densely packed glyphs and symbols appeared exceptionally lively.

Time passed by in a flash.

Before he knew it, a whole night had passed.

"Ding! You have read the Human Scroll of the Heavenly Writing 100 times. Reward: 100 merit points."

Lu Zhou opened his eyes. He had read the scroll for more times than he cared to count over a long period of time, and yet, he had only finished reading the Human Scroll? He had difficulty understanding that. However, he could clearly feel that his mental state was much clearer compared to before. It was as though he had returned to his state when he was younger. He touched his beard and his skin... Well, it seemed like he still looked old.

Lu Zhou stood up slowly before he stretched his limbs. He checked his body once. There did not seem to be any changes physically. In other words, comprehending the Heavenly Writing merely improved his mental state.

He remembered that the Heavenly Writing was effective against witchcraft and the Brahman Lullaby. Lu Zhou guessed that the Heavenly Writing's power was most probably related to his mental state.

Lu Zhou glanced at the system dashboard. Everything was normal.

"Hm?"

Lu Zhou saw a short reminder on the item card's column. The prices of item cards would be adjusted according to the user's cultivation base and purchasing frequency. He looked at the prices... As he expected, they have risen again.

The Deadly Strike Card was sold at 800 points, the Impeccable Card was sold at 600 points, even the Thunderblast Card was sold at 400 points.

,000 llamas stampeded across Lu Zhou's heart.

'This is such bullsh\*t.'

It was clear now the prices of the item cards were not merely related to the frequency of purchase but to his strength as well. He had thought it was only related to the frequency of his purchase. It was clearly his wishful thinking.

The combination of these two conditions would prevent the host from being over-reliant on item cards. It would also serve as a motivator for the host to improve his strength as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, it provided the host with a means of self-defense when he was still weak.

‘The system won’t even let me exploit any loophole...’

Lu Zhou instinctively glanced at the Reversal Card’s price... He read the display, “500 points.”

‘Fortunately, it hasn’t gone up.’ He was going to rely on it to stay alive. If its price increased, he would be hard-pressed to keep going.

His current endeavor of comprehending Heavenly Writing had resulted in a great loss on his side.

Fall into the moat and you would be wiser.

Lu Zhou thought about it. He decided to buy some item cards every time before he comprehended the Heavenly Writing.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin’s voice rang from outside. “Master, the flying chariot’s ready.”

“Alright.”

Lu Zhou waved his arm. The system dashboard disappeared.

He walked out of the hidden chamber into the great hall.

“Greetings, master.”

“Greetings, Pavilion Master.”

Lu Zhou looked at everyone and said bluntly, “We’re going to keep a low-profile this time when we go to Anyang. There’s no need for the flying chariot.”

Mingshi Yin was slightly stunned. He said, “Master... our numbers...”

“That’s why we shouldn’t be traveling in such a large group.” Lu Zhou had a feeling they would attract too much attention if too many of them went. After all, Jiang Aijian was only willing to discuss this in person.

## **Chapter 196: Revisiting Anyang, Same City, Different People**

The Evil Sky Pavilion was still lacking in strength. It was a far cry from its glory days.

Even the newcomer, the Eight-leaf expert, Fan Xiuwen, might not be able to compare to the Evil Sky Pavilion when it was at its strongest. There was nobody who did not fear the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The first disciple, Yu Zhenghai, founded the Nether Sect on his own, and it had grown into the greatest cult... His strength was apparent.

The second disciple, Yu Shangrong, had never lost a fight.

If those two were still around, the crisis where Golden Court Mountain was besieged by the ten great elites would not have happened.

Someone had to stay back to guard the Evil Sky Pavilion.

For this reason, Lu Zhou merely brought Little Yuan'er, Mingshi Yin, and Duanmu Sheng to Anyang.

Zhao Yue and Zhu Honggong were weaker. They were more suited to remain in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Perhaps, Little Yuan'er had just been 'heavily punished', she did not jump and make a fuss about wanting to ride in front on Whitzard.

When Whitzard's auspicious aura appeared above the Evil Sky Pavilion, Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, widened his eyes until it seemed like they were going to pop out of their sockets. "Wh-when did master subdue this mount?"

Zhou Jifeng said with an expression of awe, "Ordinary mounts can be captured in foreign regions or the forests. To capture a mount with certain abilities such as this one, it's... fated."

"I heard that Mister First once caught a legendary hippogryph in the Misty Forest as a mount. However, nobody has seen it before..."

Zhao Yue shushed them and said warningly, "Are you tired of living?"

The others shut up.

It would not be pretty if Lu Zhou heard them discussing the first disciples, Yu Zhenghai, in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er left on Whitzard.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng could only fly on their own as usual.

Although a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator could not compare to a mount's speed, they were by no means slow.

...

Two hours later.

Inside Anyang City.

Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er walked on the streets. They were surprised to see the streets were not as crowded as they had expected. Moreover, there were only half as many merchants compared to the last time they visited. It was a slightly desolate scene.

Little Yuan'er who found this strange asked, "Master... Should I stop someone and ask them about this?" In order not to repeat her mistakes, she had kept her senior sister's words close to heart. Before she did anything, she would ask her master first.

"There's no need for that." Lu Zhou decided to go to the Ci Mansion. The rise or fall of Anyang City was a problem for Great Yan's Emperor. It had nothing to do with him.

Little Yuan'er nodded vehemently with an 'Mhm'.

Shortly after, both of them arrived at the Ci Mansion's door.

Little Yuan'er knew what she had to do. "I'll go and knock, master."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. He felt pleased. 'She's learning well. Previously, she would've kicked the doors down without a second thought.'

Dong! Dong!

Little Yuan'er knocked twice.

The doors open with a creak.

"Young lady?" The person who opened the door was Ci An. They met him when he was rescued from Bluesun Mountain and another time when he went to the Evil Sky Pavilion for the first time. How could he not recognize Little Yuan'er now that she had appeared before him? "I'll inform the old master and the madam right away!"

Ci An turned around and ran. He kept shouting that the young lady was back.

Little Yuan'er did not seem to care about this. Instead, she turned around and said, "Master..."

Lu Zhou who was next to her said calmly, "Let's go in."

They had just crossed the threshold when they saw dozens of individuals escorting a middle-aged couple dressed in embroidered clothes out. They were Little Yuan'er's father, Ci Yuan, and mother, Ci Zhangshi.

Ci Yuan was in his mid-life. He seemed to have an indomitable spirit. Madam Zhang was graceful and elegant. She was still attractive despite her age. When she was young, she must have been a well-bred young lady with looks that could topple a city.

Lu Zhou was surprised to see Ci Yuan did not seem to fear him. Apart from being more alert, Ci Yuan was neither servile nor overbearing. It was truly rare for a mortal to show such courage.

"Yuan'er!" Madam Zhang ran over and embraced Little Yuan'er.

Little Yuan'er was slightly taken aback by this. After all, they had not met for six years. It was only natural that they felt like strangers.

Lu Zhou said calmly, "Kowtow to your father and mother."

"Oh." Little Yuan'er kneeled on the ground.

It was right and proper for a person to kneel to the heavens, to the earth, and to their parents.

'I must teach her well.'

When Little Yuan'er kneeled on the ground, Madam Zhang was moved to tears. The mother and daughter spoke at length.

Ci Yuan glanced at Little Yuan'er, and his heart stirred slightly. He stood at a distance and cupped his fists toward Lu Zhou before he bowed. There was respect in his eyes.

Lu Zhou merely nodded in response.

The servants did not recognize Lu Zhou. They did not know that Little Yuan'er had joined the Evil Sky Pavilion as well.

However, these people were secular individuals who had nothing to do with the cultivation world after all. It was to be expected. There was nothing to talk to them about... Moreover, their current objectives were completely unrelated to these people.

"I'm tired."

Ci Yuan hastily told Ci An to ready a room. Ci Yuan knew who this person was so he dismissed those who were not needed and forbade them to come close.

...

Inside the room.

It was much quieter.

Lu Zhou sat down and calmly looked at Ci Yuan and his wife.

There were no outsiders in the room...

Ci Yuan and his wife walked up to Lu Zhou respectfully. "Old Mister, you once saved the Ci Mansion from a serious crisis... Please accept my gratitude."

The couple was about to kneel when Lu Zhou waved his arm. A gust of energy pushed them back on their feet.

"Since you're Yuan'er's parents, we're of the same seniority. There's no need to kneel," Lu Zhou said.

Ci Yuan and his wife appeared grateful.

Lu Zhou looked at two of them and said without beating around the bush, "I have a question for you... I hope that you'll answer me honestly."

Ci Yuan did not dare to dally and replied, "Ask away, old mister!"

"Did something happen in Anyang?"

Ci Yuan answered, "The rebel army is wreaking havoc here, and the people are suffering... It won't be long before the citizens of Anyang will be left miserable and homeless."

"Isn't the Commander-in-Chief of the three armies, Wei Zhuoyan, here in Anyang?" Lu Zhou asked.

"He arrived at the northern side of Anyang City two days ago. However, he hasn't entered the city yet. I'm not sure about the reason why," Ci Yuan replied.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded.

Wei Zhuoyan was an impostor, after all. It was normal for him to be cautious.

"Final question..." Lu Zhou made a sharp turn with his words. "Yuan'er has joined the Evil Sky Pavilion since she was ten. Joining the Evil Sky Pavilion means she has to sever her ties to her past. I can let the

Bluesun incident go since there was a danger that your entire family might be annihilated... However, what's the reason for the contact this time?"

When Ci Yuan heard this, he hastily gestured at Madam Zhang.

Madam Zhang produced a scarlet embroidered box and held it in her palm.

Ci Yuan said, "Please have a look, old mister."

Lu Zhou waved his hand and the embroidered box flew into his grasp. He opened the box and took a look... The item within shocked him and Little Yuan'er slightly.

"A sable magnolia?"

Ci Yuan glanced at Little Yuan'er and said nothing.

Lu Zhou knew what he meant. He found a random excuse and said, "Yuan'er, go have a look outside."

"Yes, master." Little Yuan'er obediently left. She walked out of the room as she looked at the sky. It was still early. Her senior brothers were taking their time so they might not be arriving any time soon.

Little Yuan'er did not like to talk with the people from Ci Mansion. Hence, she went to a deserted corridor in the Ci Mansion.

"Hello."

A gentle voice reached her ears.

Little Yuan'er shuddered. She looked all around her, "Who's there?"

A slender green-clad swordsman who was holding a sword stood with his back facing her.

### **Chapter 197: First Meeting With Second Senior Brother**

Little Yuan'er felt suspicious. She remembered her master's words and did not dare to be careless. She asked again, "Who are you?"

The green-robed swordsman turned around slowly. A genial smile could be seen on his face as he looked at Little Yuan'er. He nodded slightly and said in a gentle voice, "It's just as I expected."

"What do you mean by it's just as you expected? What are you looking at?" Initially, Little Yuan'er intended to threaten to poke his eyes out, but she was worried her master would get angry. For this reason, she swallowed the threats that were hanging on the tip of her tongue and said, "I'm warning you, stop following me..." After she finished speaking, she walked past the green-robed swordsman and walked along an alley.

The green-robed swordsman crossed his arms and followed Little Yuan'er.

Little Yuan'er frowned. She stopped and said, "Hey..." Then, she raised a foot and stomped on the ground.

Bam!

The ground was dented.

Anyone at the fifth stage of the Body Tempering realm was capable of this.

Little Yuan'er thought the green-robed swordsman would be frightened by this. However, to her surprise, he seemed completely at ease. He continued to stare at her as he followed her around.

A thought suddenly appeared in Little Yuan'er's mind. 'This fellow isn't a pervert, is he?' She came to a halt abruptly and turned her head to the side before asking, "Do you really plan on following me?"

The green-robed swordsman did not reply to her.

Little Yuan'er instinctively gauged his Primal Qi waves, but she discovered she could not gauge it. 'An elite! Is he here to harm master?'

The green-robed swordsman remained calm with an easy smile on his face. He seemed to be watching her every move.

Little Yuan'er instantly put her guards up.

The green-robed swordsman thought she would continue on her path when suddenly...

Bam!

Little Yuan'er launched an attack at the green-robed swordsman like a fired arrow.

The explosive speed of the Supreme Purity Jade Slip that was cultivated by a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator was not to be taken lightly. A Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator was not easily found even in Anyang City. With this in mind, Little Yuan'er thought the green-robed swordsman would be so frightened that he would wet his pants.

However, there was only a slight hint of shock in his eyes before it disappeared. He looked just as at ease as before. His protective energy blocked all of Little Yuan'er's attacks.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Little Yuan'er unleashed every technique in the Supreme Purity Jade Slip. Her shadows seemed to appear everywhere. Every punch from her landed on the energy wall, leaving faint ripples on it.

The green-robed swordsman did not fight back. He was just smiling as he glanced at her occasionally. His dense energy barrier did not reflect her attacks. Instead, it behaved like water. It did not disperse nor did it hit back.

Little Yuan'er felt angrier the more she attacked...

Hundred Tribulations Insight!

An avatar that was roughly the same height as her appeared!

The dazzling translucent golden girl-shaped avatar was exquisite and refined.

The green-robed swordsman turned to look at it before smiling faintly. He moved his hand...

Whoosh!

The energy disappeared. The surging of Primal Qi vanished as well.



Everything fell silent at this moment.

The green-robed swordsman's hand was on Little Yuan'er's forehead.

Little Yuan'er kept flailing her arms, but she could not reach the green-robed swordsman. "Darn it... Let go! Let me go!"

"Interesting," the green-robed swordsman commented.

"Alright... You win..." Little Yuan'er looked at him warily. She gave up fighting and retreated.

'What if he's a bad person...' She could feel that the man before her possessed formidable strength and cultivation base.

The green-robed swordsman flashed a faint smile. He greeted her again, "Hello."

"Goodbye." Little Yuan'er walked back up the path.

"Little junior sister... you should say hello as well."

"Huh?"

"I'm your Second Senior Brother."

"..." Little Yuan'er did not have much recollection of her Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother. In fact, they had not officially met. There was no way she would recognize Yu Shangrong. She really found it hard to believe that the green-robed swordsman standing before her was her Second Senior Brother, Yu Shangrong.

She said skeptically, "Second Senior Brother?"

When he saw she was doubting him, Yu Shangrong's Longevity Sword left its scabbard, shot to the end of the alley in a blink of an eye, and appeared before Little Yuan'er just as quickly. He wore a faint smile on his face as the elegant scarlet sword hovered in front of him.

Little Yuan'er was shocked. A hint of surprise could be seen on her face as she frowned. "Huh? Second Senior Brother? No, I mean, traitor!"

Yu Shangrong did not seem to mind her words. With just a thought, the Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard. "Little junior sister... Do you think I'm a traitor as well?"

Little Yuan'er looked at the elegant and smiling Yu Shangrong. He was not what she had imagined him to be. He looked like the boy-next-door. She had trouble reconciling his image with that of a traitor. Hence, she shook her head before nodding and said, "I don't know. You must be since that's what master said."

"Let's not talk about that..." Yu Shangrong said.

"What are you doing here in Anyang?"

"To see you."

The two of them walked back at a leisurely pace as though they were taking a stroll together.

"How did you know?" Little Yuan'er's curiosity was piqued, and she followed up with more questions.

“Seventh Junior Brother told me about it.”

“Seventh Senior Brother is here as well?”

“I don’t know.”

“What about Eldest Senior Brother?”

“I don’t know.”

“Second Senior Brother... Can I see your sword?”

To a swordsman, their swords were their lives. They would never part with it.

However, Yu Shangrong’s reply was light and easy. “Sure.” He handed his Longevity Sword over.

Little Yuan’er received it carefully. However, the instant she held it in her hand, the terrifying weight made her stumble backward. Fortunately, her cultivation base was not weak. She made timely adjustments to her strength and wielded it as though it weighed nothing.

Little Yuan’er admired it for a moment. She even gave it a few swings. She clicked her tongue in wonder. Then, she presented it back to Yu Shangrong with both hands in a respectful manner.

“What do you think?” Yu Shangrong asked.

“I can’t say for sure... I feel that it’s good, but it doesn’t seem to fit me,” Little Yuan’er said honestly.

Yu Shangrong sheathed his Longevity Sword and said with a faint smile, “You’re not suited for the sword, little junior sister...”

“That’s right, I have the Nirvana Sash! Senior Brother, would you like to see it?”

“No, thanks.” Yu Shangrong stopped in his tracks. He looked up at the sky and at Ci Mansion before he said. “Little junior sister, I have a gift for you.”

Little Yuan’er clapped her hands and said, “Really?”

Yu Shangrong raised his right hand, and an embroidered box flew toward him from afar. He had clearly prepared this beforehand.

“What’s that?” Little Yuan’er asked curiously.

“I hope you’ll like it...” Yu Shangrong gave her the box.

Little Yuan’er opened it and looked inside... A set of green, exquisite-looking clothes were folded neatly inside the box. They had a faint glow to it as well.

When she looked up again, Yu Shangrong was already walking in the opposite direction with his sword in his hands.

“Se-second Senior Brother?”

“I’m glad that I met you. I have something to attend to. We’ll meet again.” With that, Yu Shangrong went further and further away.

Little Yuan'er put the embroidered box away. She nodded at Yu Shangrong's back. With surprising maturity, she said, "Thank you for your gift, Second Senior Brother!"

Whoosh!

Yu Shangrong's figure disappeared.

The empty alley was now deserted.

It was as if the famous Sword Devil had never been here in the first place.

Little Yuan'er carried the embroidered box, unsure of how to feel...

At this moment, Ci An called out from afar, "My lady. Old Mister wants to see you."

"Coming!" Little Yuan'er returned to the Ci Mansion.

When she entered the room, Lu Zhou's gaze fell on the embroidered box she was carrying.

Little Yuan'er hastily said, "Master... I didn't steal this. It was given to me by Second Senior Brother..."

### **Chapter 198: Disturbance in Anyang**

Little Yuan'er carried the box in a respectful manner. She opened it gently and took a look. She said, "Master... It was Second Senior Brother who gave this to me. It's a set of clothes."

Lu Zhou's eyes fell on the clothes that were glowing faintly. 'She won't steal a set of clothing, right?' After a while, he said, "Bring it here."

Little Yuan'er obediently placed the embroidered box by his side and removed the lid.

Ci Yuan and Madam Zhang looked at the clothes inside the embroidered box at the same time. They were mere mortals. Although they had a few friends from the cultivation world, they did not recognize what this feather raiment was.

Lu Zhou recognized it. However, his expression remained calm as he said softly, "Cloud Feather Raiment."

"Cloud Feather Raiment?"

It was said that the Cloud Feather Raiment was completed over several centuries by the hands of three generations of master tailors. The procurement of the materials, Formation veins, decorations, and the drafts of the design alone took decades. All of the materials came from Misty Forest. The Cloud Feather Raiment could negate most energy damages. It was the same kind of treasure as the zen tunic. In terms of level, it might be even higher than the zen tunic.

Lu Zhou did not expect Yu Shangrong to be this generous. He muttered to himself for a moment and said, "Take it." He thought to himself, 'It's a waste to throw such a treasure away.'

Little Yuan'er scratched her head. "I'm allowed to keep it?"

Lu Zhou nodded lightly.

Little Yuan'er gave an "Oh" before she stowed the Cloud Feather Raiment away.

Lu Zhou looked at the Ci couple and said, "If there's nothing else, you're dismissed."

From their brief conversation before this, Lu Zhou learned that Little Yuan'er had been afflicted by a terrible disease when she was young. Ci Yuan looked for a doctor that could treat his daughter high and low. An elite diagnosed Little Yuan'er and told them her sea of Qi was blocked. Ci Yuan had remembered that ever since she joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. When he finally obtained a sable magnolia, he sent Ci An to the Evil Sky Pavilion to request an audience.

However, what puzzled Lu Zhou was... with Ci Yuan's abilities and identity, he should not have been capable of obtaining a sable magnolia.

After a brief moment of muttering to himself, Lu Zhou stopped dwelling on the matter.

He did not have to explain much about Little Yuan'er's problem with her sea of Qi to Ci Yuan too much. The sable magnolia was a rare treasure, after all. It would only bring the Ci family trouble if it were left here.

....

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng arrived at the Ci Mansion in the afternoon. Their lodgings were prepared there as well.

...

Night fell.

The moon was bright while the stars were few and far in between.

Movements could be heard outside of Ci Mansion. The sound seemed to have come from the streets.

"The rebel army!" Someone shouted.

Lu Zhou had not gone to bed yet. He was sitting cross-legged, trying to stabilize his cultivation base. Perhaps, it was due to the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power, his mental state was in top condition.

He opened his eyes and saw lights flashing outside the door.

"Master, the rebel army is on the streets. Should I go and take care of them?" Mingshi Yin's voice rang from outside.

Lu Zhou replied, "There's no need to bother with anything outside of Ci Mansion."

"Yes, master."

Lu Zhou closed his eyes again and circulated his Primal Qi.

The sound of hooves clapping down the streets could be heard moving across the streets of Anyang.

It was Wei Zhuoyan's duty to quell the disturbance. The Evil Sky Pavilion had no responsibility to do that.

Shortly after, the sounds of killing and fighting rang from Anyang City.

People or objects flying in the skies could be heard as well.

A brief moment later, everything was quiet again.

...

Early the next morning.

Dawn was just breaking when Lu Zhou opened his eyes slowly. He shook his head lightly.

The improvement of his cultivation base was excruciatingly slow via cultivation... However, it was better than nothing. He preferred this over his state when he had just transmigrated where he could not cultivate at all.

He had many cultivation methods in his mind. His experience and insight regarding cultivation were much greater than most cultivators. However, it did not seem to be overly helpful in regard to improving his strength. The most use he had for them was to discipline his disciples with it.

...

Meanwhile, in the sky north of Anyang City.

A flying chariot was headed toward the city at a uniform speed.

The huge flying chariot was a sight to behold.

Dozens of cultivators formed a Formation around the flying chariot.

Although the citizens of Anyang were no strangers to flying chariots, it was their first time seeing such a majestic one.

This flying chariot was well-known.

The citizens seemed to have forgotten about the disturbance last night as they looked at the sky.

The flying chariot kept moving forward until it stopped above Anyang City.

At the same time, smoke signals indicating the presence of hostile forces rose from Anyang City.

The thick clouds of smoke floated toward the horizons...

From the flying chariot, throngs of masked cultivators leaped down and dove at the soldiers of Anyang City!

"The rebel army!"

"The rebel army!"

The citizens immediately realized what this was. They scurried back to their respective homes.

Chaos had descended upon Anyang City.

However, the cultivators' targets were not the citizens of Anyang City. Their targets were the soldiers on top of the city walls.

Sounds of killings and fighting could be heard throughout the city.

The northern gate was forced open by the masked cultivators, and thousands of mounted soldiers flooded into the city.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng leaped onto the rooftop and looked from afar.

In the southern part of the city, troops of soldiers and cultivators swarmed against the masked cultivators.

Both sides clashed.

Mingshi Yin shook his head and said, "The rebellion of Anyang... Things look serious."

"Are we going to ignore this?"

"Why shouldn't we? This is the Imperial court's matter. It has nothing to do with the Evil Sky Pavilion." Mingshi Yin obediently stood by his master's words.

"We'll just sit here and enjoy the show then..."

The servants of the Ci Mansion stayed indoors and did not dare to take a single step out of the mansion.

The battle on the streets was fierce.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng decided to sit on the roof and watched the battle play out from a distance.

"Can Wei Zhuoyan really do this... Isn't he just sending these small fries to their deaths like this?" Mingshi Yin said, seemingly amused.

In an instant, half of the soldiers were lost.

Those that emerged from the flying chariot were cultivators after all. Although they were only in the Sense Condensing and Brahman Sea realms, against ordinary soldiers, it was like killing an ant with a hammer.

"Well, an impostor is an impostor, after all... If he can't quell the rebellion here, I don't think he'll be able to keep his position for long," Mingshi Yin said.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin saw two Ten Worlds avatars appear on the northern side of the city.

"Oh, he finally made a move."

A Ten Worlds avatar meant the cultivator was at least in the middle-stage of the Divine Court realm.

There were two of them to boot. That should be enough to intimidate these masked cultivators.

As expected, the masked cultivators retreated. After all, Brahman Sea realm and Sense Condensing realm cultivators were nothing before a Divine Court realm cultivator.

However, the masked cultivators had numbers on their side. On top of that, they had sent their troops in through the open city gates... Both sides were almost equally matched.

Corpses were strewn all over the streets of Anyang City. They were all bodies of cultivators and soldiers. The common folk of the city was unaffected.

The impressive display of strength by the cultivators damaged many of the city's buildings. The ground was filled with bumps and potholes.

"This is quite the stalemate." Mingshi Yin was still sitting on the roof, watching with great interest.

"I can understand why Wei Zhuoyan isn't doing anything, but what about his subordinates?"

He was the Commander-in-Chief of three armies after all, and he was tasked to quell the rebellion. If Anyang City was plunged into chaos, would that not be humiliating for the Imperial court?

His voice barely faded when a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar shot toward the city at lightning speed from the northern city gates.

"An elite!" Mingshi Yin frowned.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng moved in unison as they retreated to the other side of the roof.

"A Six-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight!"

They knew the cultivator was an elite because his 70-foot-tall Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar did not damage any building as it shot past them at low altitude.

Under the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, a pretty lady in embroidered clothes charged at the masked cultivators!

Wherever her avatar passed, the masked cultivators were sent flying. At this moment, hundreds of masked cultivators spat fresh blood from their mouths.

It was a breathtaking scene.

Mingshi Yin hardly blinked as he said, "An avatar can be used in this manner?"

Duanmu Sheng had never seen anything like this before either. He said, "She must be one of Wei Zhuoyan's people... Strange, when master took Wei Zhuoyan's dog life, was she not there?"

With just one skill, the masked cultivators dropped to the ground.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

They crashed through the roofs and the buildings crumbled.

There were a few houses that were still inhabited, and their occupants evacuated the place in a hurry with no plan in mind. They merely scattered on the streets.

The two fighting forces seemed to have principles of their own. It seemed like they tried not to harm the citizens.

At this moment, all eyes from the rebel army were focused on the lady.

The Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar vanished, and a lady in blue embroidered robes slowly descended. Her expression was determined as she said, "Those who surrender will be spared. Those who choose to continue with this will be killed without any exception."

## **Chapter 199: A Battle of Impostors**

The lady in the embroidered clothes had a soft and light voice, but it was filled with force.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng did not expect there was such a powerful lady by Wei Zhuoyan's side.

"What do we do now?" Duanmu Sheng scratched his head. He had the urge to jump in the moment he saw a fight.

"Don't move. This has nothing to do with us... Master's cultivation base is profound. He must've noticed such a huge commotion by now... If he wanted to interfere, he wouldn't have waited until now."

"You have a point, junior brother."

On the chaotic streets.

The metallic scent of blood wafted in the air accompanied by the sound of flies buzzing. The flies seemed to have found a great feast.

However, the filthy creatures could not get within three meters of the lady in embroidered clothes. The lady in the embroidered clothes crossed her arms, her movements elegant and refined.

The masked cultivators behaved as though they were facing a formidable enemy, they kept retreating.

The soldiers with spears were merely cannon fodder in the battle between cultivators.

Who could go against this elite?

When she saw that nobody answered her, the lady in the embroidered clothes walked forward.

Neat rows of soldiers and several armored cultivators advanced behind her.

One side advanced while the other side retreated.

As though it could sense the perilous situation below, the huge flying chariot in the air moved slowly toward the southern city gates and lowered its altitude.

The lady in the embroidered clothes slowed down before she looked up. A slight frown could be seen on her face.

A flying chariot as huge as this one required at least 50 Brahman Sea realm cultivators infusing their Primal Qi into it at the same time. Moreover, if they flanked the chariot as it flew, it would need at least five Divine Court realm cultivators. This meant that there were other cultivators onboard the flying chariot... Powerful cultivators.

The lady in the embroidered clothes spoke softly, "Since you're here, senior, why did you have to use the rebel army in the city?" Her voice that was laced with Primal Qi traveled in the air. She knew that her voice had reached the flying chariot loud and clear, and yet, there was no response that came from the flying chariot, deliberately ignoring her.

Both sides were now at a stand-off.

The lady in the embroidered clothes turned to the side. The officials and soldiers behind her parted to the sides.



Wei Zhuoyan rode on a tall and mighty steed and approached her.

Apart from the rhythmic clapping of hooves on the road, the streets of Anyang were silent.

All eyes were on the warhorse.

This was the Commander-in-Chief of the three armies, the cultivation elite who was rumored to be at the Seven-leaf stage, Wei Zhuoyan.

“General.” His four deputies lined up next to him before they bowed and greeted him.

The lady in embroidered clothes merely bent her back slightly before returning her gaze to the flying chariot.

Wei Zhuoyan did not look at the flying chariot. Instead, he said, “Jingyi, do you know why His Majesty merely gave me 5,000 men and horses even though he sent me here to quell the rebellion?”

“In a battle between cultivators, quality trumps quantity.” The lady dressed in embroidered clothes was called Li Jingyi. “His Majesty also wished to test your strength, General.”

“It’s good that you understand this.”

“I shouldn’t have held back,” Li Jingyi said apologetically.

Wei Zhuoyan nodded and projected his voice, “All lands under the skies belong to His Majesty... What are your motives for disturbing the peace in Anyang under the rebel army’s name?”

The huge flying chariot hovered in the air silently as ripples of dense Primal Qi surrounded it like waves.

Based on this, it could be seen that the expert had an aura that rivaled Li Jingyi.

When he saw Wei Zhuoyan’s condition, Mingshi Yin nodded as he clicked his tongue. He was surprised by Wei Zhuoyan’s acting skills and transformation.

If he had not known better, Mingshi Yin would have thought this was the real Wei Zhuoyan...

Real and fake, truth and illusion...

Wei Zhuoyan had undergone a huge transformation.

Also, from their conversation, Mingshi Yin understood that Li Jingyi was an elite by Wei Zhuoyan’s side. She had been holding back when she had unleashed her Six-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar earlier.

‘Just how strong is she?’ Mingshi Yin took a deep breath. It was normal to meet many elites in the Divine Capital. However, he did not think the chances were high for backward places like Anyang. ‘Are there treasures underground? Is the air sweet? No, it isn’t. In fact, it smells...’

Mingshi Yin said irritably, “Third Senior Brother, stay away from me.”

“Who’s there?” Li Jingyi’s eyes flashed like lightning as she looked toward the roof.

‘Drat! I forgot to project my voice inwardly!’ An elite like Li Jingyi would definitely pick up on his voice if he had spoken out loud.

On the rooftop 100 feet away, Mingshi Yin stood up awkwardly and waved his arm.

“Carry on... Carry on. I’m just an ordinary citizen... Carry on...”

“...”

At this moment, Mingshi Yin felt thousands upon thousands of eyes on himself. He was standing with his back to the sun. Mingshi Yin’s and Duanmu Sheng’s appearances could hardly be seen.

Li Jingyi spoke softly, “Unrelated people should keep away.”

“I’ll leave, I’ll leave.” Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng moved two roofs back. When the two of them came to Anyang, they had concealed their auras. They should appear no different from new cultivators right now.

The two sides resumed their face-off.

Waves rippled from the huge flying chariot in the skies, and a voice finally rang from the flying chariot. “Wei Zhuoyan must die.”

The voice was booming.

“Preposterous!”

“Kill,” Wei Zhuoyan said coldly.

His four deputies waved their arms. Dozens of cultivators behind them charged toward the rebel army.

Five Energies Universe to Eight Methods Connected avatars appeared.

The avatars lit up the streets.

This must be what it would have looked like if the city was filled with soldiers in golden armor.

The thousands of soldiers present on the scene merely served as a stark contrast to the impressive avatars.

When the masked cultivators and the rebel army charged forward, a huge sword floated down from the flying chariot. The sword was wide and thick. It resembled a saber. It was wrapped in dense energy. In just a moment, it began to spin, resembling a huge windmill.

Li Jingyi frowned. She was the first to speak, “The Nether Sect? Retreat!”

The huge sword moved too quickly. The dozens of cultivators could not react in time. They were hit by the sweeping waves of energy from the sword that was spinning like a windmill. All of them were sent flying.

Mingshi Yin looked at the sky in shock. “Eldest Senior Brother’s Dark Heaven Starlight?”

“Eldest Senior Brother?” Duanmu Sheng looked up hastily as well.

“That can’t be right...”

“What can’t be right? I’ll report this to master and so he can capture his disciple.” Duanmu Sheng felt slightly shaken when he looked at the huge chariot. He turned around, preparing to leave.

Mingshi Yin grabbed Duanmu Sheng’s arm. He looked at the cultivators who were sent flying and began to analyze. “Eldest Senior Brother never parts with his saber. This huge sword looks like a saber, but it’s not... The Dark Heaven Starlight isn’t as powerful as well. With Eldest Senior Brother’s skills, these people won’t be alive after suffering one hit.”

“You mean, someone’s impersonating Eldest Senior Brother?”

“That’s right.”

Upon hearing Mingshi Yin’s words, Duanmu Sheng carefully looked at the scene again.

‘It looks really similar.’ Duanmu Sheng muttered, “I was wondering why Eldest Senior Brother is so weak... As it turns out, it’s just an impostor.”

“An impostor against the fake Wei Zhuoyan. Don’t you think this is interesting?”

If they did not look carefully, it was difficult to tell them apart from the real thing. Even the Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciples had to look carefully. There was no way the others would suspect this was not the real thing.

“This person isn’t weak,” Duanmu Sheng commented.

“If he could recreate Eldest Senior Brother’s Dark Heaven Starlight to this extent, there’s no way he’s a weakling.”

The two of them continued to watch the battle.

Li Jingyi seemed shocked that her men were sent flying by the Dark Heaven Starlight. She glanced to side briefly before she said in a hushed tone, “General, retreat.”

“I believe in your abilities,” Wei Zhuoyan said.

“I’m afraid I won’t be able to guarantee your safety in a high-level battle... If you fall, all hell will break loose,” Li Jingyi said. At this moment, she had changed the way she addressed Wei Zhuoyan to ‘you’.

Wei Zhuoyan remained silent.

## **Chapter 200: The Greatest Cult Under The Heavens**

Wei Zhuoyan followed Li Jingyi’s advice and retreated. His four deputies retreated as well. He sighed softly as he looked at Li Jingyi’s slender back. ‘Who knew Wei Zhuo Yan had been relying on Li Jingyi all along to get to where he was?’ He felt exhausted. He was pushed into this position by some bizarre turn of events and was suddenly tied to the entire nation.

Li Jingyi looked at the skies and said softly, “For the sect master of the greatest cult under the heavens, the Nether Sect, to grace us with his presence... I apologize in advance for my rudeness.”

The voice that rang from the flying chariot was deep and confident. “What I want is Wei Zhuoyan’s life.” The words were straight-to-the-point.

"I don't understand. Why is the Nether Sect meddling with the rebel army and impeding the general's efforts to quell the disturbance? Are you trying to make Great Yan your enemy?"

"Do you have a death wish?" This sentence was laced with a powerful sound technique.

The ears of the listeners rang from it.

The huge sword appeared again. It was much more vigorous than before.

Both sides retreated.

Even the masked cultivators were wary of the Dark Heaven Starlight.

Boom!

A deep chasm opened up between the vanguards of both sides.

The houses in the area crumbled.

"General Wei, retreat!" Li Jingyi warned Wei Zhuoyan again.

When Wei Zhuoyan saw the situation was getting dangerous, he turned his steed around and left. His four deputies kept close to him and protected him. They retreated in the direction of the city's northern gate.

"I'll fulfill your wish then." Waves of killing intent surged from the huge chariot.

Li Jingyi frowned. "I know I'm no match for you, sect master... but I won't back down."

A powerful fluctuation of Primal Qi appeared on the huge chariot.

When he witnessed this scene, Mingshi Yin shook his head. He did not expect the lady in the embroidered robes would be so courageous. Although the person in the flying chariot was an impostor, there was no doubt he had a powerful cultivation base. Was it possible that the lady dressed in embroidered robes had concealed her strength? Was it possible that she actually possessed the strength to hold her own against such a powerful opponent?

...

At this moment, a faint blue light rose from the Ci mansion.

This unique aura attracted everyone's attention, and everyone turned to look.

The ordinary soldiers could not see it clearly, but the cultivators who were flying were awestruck by the sight.

A petite and refined girl who was shrouded in blue light flew out of the mansion and landed on a roof.

"Little junior sister?" Mingshi Yin gulped. "Isn't this the effect of the Cloud Feather Raiment?"

Duanmu Sheng was also shocked by Little Yuan'er's Cloud Feather Raiment. "Indeed, it's the Cloud Feather Raiment."

Little Yuan'er flew nimbly as if she was a lark...

Even the attention of the people on the flying chariot was focused on Little Yuan'er at this moment.

Mingshi Yin muttered, "Master is too biased... Isn't it enough to give her the Nirvana Sash? He even gave her the Cloud Feather Raiment as well."

When Little Yuan'er saw Mingshi Yin, she projected her voice to him, "Master said that Li Jingyi and Wei Zhuoyan mustn't die."

Mingshi Yin was stunned. "We're to do something about it?"

"Jiang Aijian wrote to master asking him to make a move," Little Yuan'er said.

"Master is truly kind... Since Jiang Aijian has always been earnest while carrying out his duties, he can be counted as one of us now." Mingshi Yin nodded.

However, why would Jiang Aijian help Li Jingyi?

Little Yuan'er glanced at Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng before she flew above them. She looked at the opposing sides.

Thousands of soldiers and hundreds of cultivators exchanged glances among themselves.

Li Jingyi saw the girl in the feather raiment. A person in possession of a treasure like the Cloud Feather Raiment would not be someone ordinary. Although she had just entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm recently and was a little girl who had not sprouted leaves yet, nobody dared to underestimate her.

A deep and resounding voice rang from the flying chariot. "Little girl, who are you?"

Little Yuan'er glanced at the flying chariot and said, "Master said that nobody's to touch Li Jingyi and Wei Zhuoyan."

The flying chariot was silent. It was as though its occupant was thinking about something.

Li Jingyi cupped her fists and said, "Thank you for taking a stand, little girl. However, you should stay out of this matter... Look after yourself if you can."

Little Yuan'er blinked as she looked at Li Jingyi who stood with a straight back. She asked, "Are you Li Jingyi?"

"I am." Li Jingyi bowed elegantly. "Little girl, onboard that flying chariot... is Yu Zhenghai, the sect master of the greatest cult under the heavens, Nether Sect! You should run for your life now..."

Little Yuan'er looked at the flying chariot. She frowned. 'Eldest Senior Brother is on the flying chariot?' Due to the appearance of her Second Senior Brother, Yu Shangrong, and the fact that she had not seen her Eldest Senior Brother before, she readily believed this.

Mingshi Yin did not expose the impostor's lie. Instead, he regarded Li Jingyi with interest.

Little Yuan'er pointed at the flying chariot and asked in confusion, "The Sect Master of Nether Sect?"

"That's right."

Li Jingyi saw that the girl was young. Kind as she was, she said, "There's an organization called the Evil Sky Pavilion in this world. The patriarch of the Fiend Path has nine direct disciples, and they're all villains. The Sect Master of the Nether Sect is the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple. It's rumored that he has an Eight-leaf Golden Lotus avatar and has never met his match yet."

Little Yuan'er was slightly stunned.

A voice rang from the flying chariot in the sky again. "Since you know who I am, why do you insist on putting up a fight?"

Li Jingyi replied, "You know the answer to that, sect master... I can't possibly back down."

The safety of Anyang City, and perhaps, Great Yan itself, was tied to this woman.

Mingshi Yin knew he was no hero nor was he a righteous person. However, he felt this woman seemed dependable.

"Then, you shall die..."

A huge sword floated down from the flying chariot again.

The huge sword spun and dropped swiftly in a sweeping motion toward the city.

Li Jingyi pushed herself off the ground with her feet and shot into the horizons. She raised her fair right arm, and an umbrella-shaped protective energy appeared above her. The energy rippled and glowed, seemingly alive.

At this moment, four masked cultivators leaped down from the flying chariot.

Even the Four Great Protectors were impostors. It was clear their cultivation bases were nowhere close to the real ones.

Mingshi Yin said in a deep voice, "Master said that Li Jingyi can't die!"

Bam!

Mingshi Yin shot toward one of the masked cultivators. The Separation Hook and Scabbard flashed in his hands.

When Duanmu Sheng saw this, he shot out like a fired arrow at the other masked cultivators. He wielded his Overlord Spear in his right hand and launched himself at his target's face with cloud-splitting force.

"Take that little girl down!"

"Roger!"

Boom!

The Dark Heaven Starlight collided with Li Jingyi's barrier.

Energies converged and scattered in all directions. A huge ripple that resembled a large wave spread out for 100 meters.

Li Jingyi continued to climb up in the sky. She glanced below. “Little girl, run... She raised her hand and a cone-shaped energy shot toward the masked cultivators. She intended to buy Little Yuan’er some time to flee with this attack.

However, Little Yuan’er was puzzled. ‘Do I look like such a cowardly person?’

The Cloud Feather Raiment fluttered. The energy waves dissipated into nothing when they reached her.

All of a sudden, the Nirvana Sash appeared! “The Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps!”

The red sash wrapped around two of the masked cultivators.

Everyone stared with their mouths agape. This was especially true for those cultivators who were just spectating.

‘This little girl must have an extraordinary background. She has quite a lot of treasures.’

Although the Cloud Feather Raiment was not a weapon, if it were to be graded, it would not lose to a heaven-grade weapon.

“Is this all you got?” Little Yuan’er’s Nirvana Sash hit its targets.

Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng had the upper hand now.

Li Jingyi was slightly surprised as she said, “This little girl...” At the same time, her gaze swept across Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng.

All of a sudden, a peculiar beam of purple energy shot out from the flying chariot! It resembled an energy blast but not entirely so.

Li Jingyi raised a hand and shot an energy blast of her own toward it. “It has no effect?” At this moment, she understood this peculiar purple energy was witchcraft. Moreover, it was headed toward Little Yuan’er...

Everything happened too quickly. Only a few seconds had passed since Little Yuan’er had leaped in and attacked.

“Alas, little girl. I’ve done my best!” Li Jingyi looked up and continued to fly toward the flying chariot.

To catch bandits, one would first have to catch the ringleader!