

Disciples 231

Chapter 231 In the Same Boat

Pan Litian's words effectively stomped on the hope that had just begun to bloom in You Hongyi and the others' hearts.

You Hongyi wore an incredulous expression on her face. She shook her head, seemingly in a daze, as she said, "Elder Pan, you..."

Before You Hongyi could finish her sentence, Pan Litian shouted, "Silence!"

His shout startled You Hongyi and the others.

Lu Zhou was surprised that Pan Litian had such steely resolve. Well, this was beneficial to him. From now on, Pan Litian would serve the Evil Sky Pavilion. Pan Litian would definitely be a great asset to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

At this moment, Leng Luo suddenly said, "The Clarity Sect's current predicament is largely caused by Mo Qi, the sect master. Moreover, he was controlled by Mo Li from the palace. This has little to nothing to do with You Hongyi. I propose that we let them go." In his eyes, there were only Mo Li and Mo Qi.

Upon hearing Leng Luo's words, Pan Litian cupped his fists at Leng Luo. This was something he had never done before.

Lu Zhou's expression did not change, but he complained inwardly, 'Do I really look like such an evil and ruthless person to them?' He did not intend to waste his time here or hold this against You Hongyi and the others.

Lu Zhou was about to speak when Little Yuan'er pointed at the flying chariot above the main altar and said, "Master, the Nether Sect's Four Great Protectors are running away..."

When Duanmu Sheng saw this, he glared at them angrily. He bowed and said, "I'm willing to steer the cloud-splitting chariot and pursue that traitor!"

Lu Zhou leaped onto the cloud-splitting chariot. He glanced at the people on the ground before he said, "Let's go."

After that, Lu Zhou turned to look at the Nether Sect's flying chariot that was speeding into the distance. They might not be able to catch up to it now. After all, the Nether Sect's flying chariot was powered by four elites. On top of that, the cloud-splitting chariot was still in the forest. This would surely slow their speed as well.

Little Yuan'er hastily flew up to the flying chariot, not forgetting to pull a face at You Hongyi while she was at it. Then, she stuck out her tongue after she said, "I'll spare your lives on Elder Pan's account..."

Pan Litian, "... He coughed before he finally said, "Little girl, that's not the way to use a heaven-grade weapon."

"Huh?"

“Regardless if it’s a heaven-grade weapon or an earth-grade weapon, once it acknowledges its owner, a bond would be formed between the owner and the weapon. The deeper the bond, the greater the weapon’s strength. I saw you using your weapon earlier. Your movements were great, and it seemed powerful, but it’s not refined...” He reached for the gourd bottle on his waist and pulled the cork out before he placed the cork on his palm. He said, “Try and lift this.”

Little Yuan’er said, “That’s easy...” She waved her hand. The Nirvana Sash moved nimbly as it flew toward Pan Litian’s palm.

The Nirvana Sash easily wrapped around the cork. Little Yuan’er made a face that clearly showed she did not think much of this task.

“Put it back.” Pan Litian raised the gourd bottle. It was clear he wanted her to put the cork back into the bottle.

Little Yuan’er controlled her Nirvana Sash and moved it toward the bottle...

Bam!

She failed.

Bam!

She failed again.

Little Yuan’er was beginning to feel annoyed. She conjured up her Primal Qi. The Nirvana Sash danced in the air around her as though she was trying to kill someone.

Bam!

She failed a third time.

The task seemed simple enough, but she could not put the cork back on the bottle. How strange!

Even Leng Luo was attracted by the activity He looked on, amused.

Little Yuan’er said indignantly, “What’s this? Are you deliberately doing this to make fun of me?”

Pan Litian shook his head. He took the cork from the sash and manually recorked the bottle. Then, he flicked his thumb, and the cork shot out with a pop. He caught the cork with his hand as he said, “Human hands are one of the best weapons... You’ll only be able to say you’ve mastered your weapon when you can control the Nirvana Sash as well as you can control your hands.”

Pan Litian had referred to his hands as a weapon. In a way, he was right.

Little Yuan’er pouted and said, “I don’t believe you. The only person I believe is my master.” After she finished speaking, she moved toward Lu Zhou.

Pan Litian shook his head helplessly. Now that he was without his cultivation base, even if he genuinely wanted to impart his knowledge to her, he was not convincing enough. Moreover, she was a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion. It seemed like he had overstepped his bounds by doing this. In the end, he cupped his fists at Lu Zhou and said, “I’ve been rude. Do forgive me.”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "It doesn't matter."

Pan Litian was the first elite of the Clarity Sect after all. He was a man from Leng Luo's generation. His knowledge and experience could not be compared to the younger generation. It was good that he was willing to instruct the juniors. Moreover, Lu Zhou did not spend much effort teaching his disciples before this.

Lu Zhou looked at Little Yuan'er as he said, "What Elder Pan said is right... Indeed, your mastery of your weapon can be more refined. Thanks to Elder Pan's reminder, I'll spend more time to teach all of you when we return to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Thank you, master!" Little Yuan'er said happily.

Lu Zhou looked at the gourd bottle in Pan Litian's hands and asked, "Heaven-grade?"

Pan Litian was slightly stunned. He nodded and said, "Good eye." Leng Luo spoke in his hoarse voice, "Wine Gourd... I'm impressed."

"I was lucky. The Blackwood Forest burned for 49 days, and this is the only one left." Pan Litian raised the wine gourd in satisfaction and took another swig from it. To think that the insignificant-looking wine gourd was a heaven-grade weapon. It was not easy for him to retain his weapon after he had lost his cultivation base.

The cloud-splitting chariot traveled out of the forest and flew at a high altitude, leaving a meteor-like tail in its wake as it chased after the Nether Sect's flying chariot.

However, the Nether Sect's flying chariot disappeared among the clouds and vanished without a trace.

Duanmu Sheng said, "Master, it's slightly difficult to catch up since the Four Great Protectors are powering the flying chariot at the same time..."

"Third Senior Brother, allow me!" Little Yuan'er said.

A flying chariot depended on the person manning the helm and the others who powered it in the cabin. The higher the cultivation bases of the people powering the flying chariot, the faster the speed would be.

Naturally, Lu Zhou was aware of this. However, he said, "It doesn't matter. Yu Zhenghai has been hit with my mantra. He'll show up on his own sooner or later. Stop chasing after them..."

Yu Zhenghai would never be able to achieve his dreams without his strength and cultivation base. Apart from that, how was he going to keep the Four Great Protectors in check?

"Huh?"

Lu Zhou's expression was calm as he said, "Return to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

Meanwhile, in an unfamiliar forest.

Sunlight filtered through the leaves and shone on Si Wuya's bare body, creating a combination of light and shadow. At this moment, he was leaning against a tree stump. A helpless expression could be seen

on his face as he looked down at the word, 'bind', that was on his chest. It seemed to be etched on his skin and was the color of blood. He looked up and saw Yu Zhenghai's back.

Yu Zhenghai was sitting on a tree stump in a dignified manner. He held the Jasper Saber in his right hand after he stabbed it into the ground to support himself. He appeared unruffled, but a trace of blood could be seen on the corner of his lips.

"Binding Mantra... Master sure has many tricks up his sleeves," Si Wuya said with a helpless smile on his face.

"It must've been hard on you, Seventh Junior Brother," Yu Zhenghai said as he looked ahead.

"We're brothers... There's no need to be so polite. I'm to blame as well for being careless. I thought that by luring master away on Kui Niu, you'll have the chance to end You Hongyi and the others. What a shame..." Si Wuya said.

Chapter 232 The Secret To A Long Life

Yu Zhenghai suddenly punched out with his left hand. A fist-shaped ball of energy shot out and pierced the huge and towering tree in front of him. He suppressed his boiling emotions and said, "No matter. You Hongyi and the Seven Clarity Sons are no threat now. Currently, the Clarity Sect merely exists in name. We've basically achieved our objective. There's no need to be concerned over this, junior brother... If I didn't have your help, the seven peaks wouldn't have been taken down so swiftly."

Si Wuya coughed.

Yu Zhenghai turned to look at Si Wuya and said, perplexed, "The Binding Mantra, the cloud-splitting chariot, the mount, Bi An... Master is as impressive as always. However, why is he stubbornly meddling in our affairs at his age?!" He started out his sentence calmly, but his tone gradually turned gloomy at the latter part of his sentence. It was obvious he was not too happy about this.

Si Wuya said, "Perhaps, the old man is trying to combine the advantages of various cultivation methods to prolong his life?"

Upon hearing this, Yu Zhenghai clenched his left hand and said, "If it's possible to prolong one's life, why hasn't anyone succeeded yet?"

The cultivation world had existed for a long time. There were many prodigies and elites who wanted to defy the heavens and the unchanging truth since time immemorial. However, it had proven to be an impossible task thus far.

"Stay your anger, Eldest Senior Brother. Don't hold this against master." Although Si Wuya was bound by the Binding Mantra, he did not seem to be angered in the least.

Yu Zhenghai slowly rose to his feet. He looked at the sky and sighed. "Fortunately, you're here, junior brother."

Si Wuya shook his head. He recalled the earlier situation in the forest and said, "Don't mention it... If you didn't bring me along, using your essence and blood, I would've been captured by master."

Yu Zhenghai frowned slightly and said, "I'm curious. Master had always refrained from using the Great Dark Heaven Memorial... Why did he suddenly unleash the Dark Heaven Starlight? The fluctuations of his aura didn't seem that impressive, but his control is much superior compared to mine." Si Wuya propped his body up with difficulty. He pointed at the mantra on his body and said, "He even used a mantra... I think he's just trying to warn us with the Dark Heaven Starlight."

Yu Zhenghai looked at the Binding Mantra on Si Wuya again. The huge 'bind' script was dazzling and eye-catching. "Don't worry, junior brother. I'll think of a way to free you from this Binding Mantra no matter what," Yu Zhenghai said.

"All in good time... It doesn't matter if I have my cultivation base or not." Si Wuya smiled confidently. He did not mind the mantra that bound him.

Yu Zhenghai nodded and said, "It's no wonder you can manage the Darknet with how open-minded you are, Junior Brother Wuya..."

"You flatter me, Senior Brother."

"In any case, since you're bound by this mantra because of me, I'll send someone to the Celestial Masters Sect. I believe you can handle the Darknet but not having your cultivation base is a cause for concern no matter what," Yu Zhenghai said.

It was safer for Si Wuya if he had his cultivation base. After all, who could tell if the members of the Darknet were all loyal?

"Let's return to Pingdu Mountain first."

"You're the boss, senior brother."

In the great hall of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Wudao, Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and several other disciples looked at Lu Zhou who seemed to be deep in his thoughts. They were puzzled, wondering what he was thinking about.

At this moment, Lu Zhou was looking at his remaining merit points on the system dashboard.

,220 points.

Lu Zhou bought four Thunderblast Cards earlier but did not use them. He only earned some merit points for Mo Qi. He decided to try his luck on the lucky draws again later.

Lu Zhou waved his sleeve. The menu vanished. When he thought about Yu Zhenghai, he said out loud, "How did he manage to get away?" He had been thinking about this during the journey back but still could not figure it out.

The Binding Mantra had clearly landed, he was even rewarded with merit points. 'Where did it go wrong?'

Hua Wudao looked at the baffled Lu Zhou, cupped his fists, and said, "You don't have to concern yourself with this, Pavilion Master. The person who frequents the riverbank can hardly keep his shoes dry... Moreover..." He trailed off suddenly. It seemed like his words had come out wrongly. His words

could be mistaken as saying Lu Zhou was getting old, and it was only logical that his powerful disciple managed to escape from him.

Lu Zhou was annoyed by Hua Wudao who attempted to console him.

Hua Wudao instantly stopped talking when he felt Lu Zhou's gaze on him. After thinking about it for a moment, he said, "I heard that Yu Zhenghai was hit by your mantra. He'll certainly look for ways to break the mantra. There are only two ways to do that. The first way is to find a more powerful mantra caster. The Celestial Masters Sect has many cultivators who are skilled in mantras. The second way is to come to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

Duanmu Sheng nodded and said, "Elder Hua has a point. Master, let's seize this opportunity and wait for the hare to hit the stump at the Celestial Masters Sect."

"..." The others looked at Duanmu Sheng.

The Celestial Masters Sect was not the Clarity Sect. It did not have many elites such as Pan Litian, but the Celestial Masters Sect specialized in mantras and Formations. No one would dare to underestimate the Celestial Masters Sect in their own territory.

What good would a bunch of misfits do by going there? They would just be serving their heads on silver platters. Leng Luo and Pan Litian would be considered as doing a good job if they did not hold the others back. A tortoise technique cultivator like Hua Wudao who had cultivated his defense to almost-perfection was more suited to stay back to guard their home base...

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "The Celestial Masters Sect might not be able to undo my mantra. The rascal has nowhere to go. He's bound to come here one day."

"Understood," Duanmu Sheng said. Lu Zhou looked at Zhao Yue and asked, "How's Pan Zhong doing?" Zhao Yue replied, "His injuries are stabilizing, he's out of the woods. He'll recover once he gets enough rest."

"Thank you." Pan Litian cupped his fists. His attitude on this matter was a clear indication of their relationship.

Leng Luo asked, "I'm curious. What relationship do you have with Pan Zhong?"

Pan Zhong was in his forties at most. In the cultivation world, he was considered a young man. Pan Litian and Leng Luo were of the same generation, and Pan Litian left the Clarity Sect several centuries ago. No matter how one looked at it, he was definitely way too old to be Pan Zhong's grandfather.

Pan Litian asked, "What does it have to do with you?"

At this moment, Lu Zhou waved his arm. A black brocade box flew into Pan Litian's hands. "I've always kept my words..."

When Pan Litian received the black box, his old hands were visibly shaking. He bowed at Lu Zhou but remained silent. However, his silence was enough to convey his thoughts and feelings. In the past years, although he was presented with the opportunities to obtain sable magnolias, how could he do it without his cultivation base? It was easier for him to ascend to heaven than to obtain a sable magnolia.

Leng Luo was puzzled when he saw Pan Litian's excitement.

Leng Luo said, "With your identity and status, it shouldn't be difficult for you to ask the Clarity Sect to find you a sable magnolia..."

Pan Litian shook his head and said, "Leng Luo, if Mo Li disabled your cultivation base, would she have given you a sable magnolia?"

Leng Luo was silent. The others were silent as well.

Pan Litian cupped his fists and said, "I'll take my leave now."

Leng Luo cupped his fists as well, a sign of him excusing himself.

"Go on." Lu Zhou waved his arm.

Those two needed a long time to recover their cultivation bases. Before they did, they were of little use to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

After the duo left, Lu Zhou asked, "Any news from Mingshi Yin?"

"Master... Fourth Senior Brother has overdone it this time. He's been out playing for so long and has yet to return!"

Lu Zhou found this strange as well. However, the system mentioned nothing about Mingshi Yin. Well, he was not worried that Mingshi Yin would come to harm since he trusted Mingshi Yin's survival skills.

At this moment, Zhou Jifeng walked into the hall with a peculiar expression on his face.

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

"Hua Yuexing is back!" Zhou Jifeng's expression was tense. He paused for a brief moment before he said, "She came with the head of Ye Chengzhi from the Heavenly Sword Sect."

Chapter 233 The Person Who Hates The Evil Sky Pavilion The Most

Lu Zhou did not show it, but he was inwardly surprised. He did not expect Hua Yuexing to kill an elite from the ten great sects just to get into the Evil Sky Pavilion. He also did not expect her to pick an elite from the Heavenly Sword Sect. "Are you unhappy?" Lu Zhou looked at Zhou Jifeng. Zhou Jifeng shuddered. He hastily knelt and said, "I dare not! I would've given anything to kill Luo Changfeng with my own hands. Alas, Luo Changfeng has already been killed by you, old senior. I've long lost any ties I had with the Heavenly Sword Sect."

Duanmu Sheng said, "That'd be the best. Don't ever forget how you survived the ordeal back then."

"Yes, Mister Third," Zhou Jifeng said.

"The Heavenly Sword Sect has been quiet for quite some time ever since they attacked the Evil Sky Pavilion. Luo Changfeng's death was a great blow to them. I heard that Luo Xingkong had gone into seclusion to cultivate before he gave the position of sect master to his son, Luo Changfeng. We have to guard against Luo Xingkong since he has experienced the pain of losing a son." Hua Wudao cupped his fists.

Lu Zhou turned to look at Zhao Yue and asked, "Any news from the station?"

Zhao Yue replied, "Currently, the word outside is that..." She swallowed her words, afraid to speak.

"Continue."

"They're saying that you absorbed the barrier's power to maintain your cultivation base that's declining." Zhao Yue lowered her head. After saying this, she hastily said, "I'm willing to mend the barrier."

Lu Zhou waved his hand. "It's meaningless." It was only natural to mend the barrier, but that would not erase the fact that the barrier had been disturbed.

After all, the outside world was convinced that Lu Zhou's cultivation base was rapidly declining. Even if the barrier was mended, it would not change their minds.

As they spoke, two female disciples brought Hua Yuexing in.

Hua Yuexing seemed battered and looked as though she had not slept for days on end. Her eyes were bloodshot and puffy while her hair was disheveled. She held a green bow in her hand, it did not seem like it was made out of good materials. It should be a yellow-grade weapon. In her other hand, she carried a sack. The base of the sack was dark with bloodstain. The blood had turned crusty after being exposed to the air for a long time.

Since Zhou Jifeng had already informed them beforehand, it was not difficult to guess that a head was in the sack.

Hua Wudao looked on incredulously as Hua Yuexing knelt on the floor.

Hua Yuexing cupped her fists and said, "Hua Yuexing didn't betray everyone's expectations. I've killed a Two-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite, Elder Ye Chengzhi from the Heavenly Sword Sect."

"Ye Chengzhi?"

"You'll know it once you open the sack."

"There's no need for that." Lu Zhou did not have a habit of looking at decapitated heads. He waved his arm and said, "Take care of it."

"Understood." Two female cultivators carefully took the sack away.

Lu Zhou's gaze fell on Hua Yuexing as he asked, "With your strength and cultivation base, you barely pass by killing a Two-leaf cultivator..."

Hua Yuexing blushed from embarrassment. She said sheepishly, "I know that my strength is far from enough... The people from the Heavenly Sword Sect are too cunning. I didn't get the chance to attack them."

"Why did you pick the Heavenly Sword Sect?"

Upon hearing Lu Zhou's question, Zhou Jifeng turned to look at Hua Yuexing as well.

Hua Yuexing said, "I heard that the Heavenly Sword Sect has been itching to do something. Luo Xingkong has been searching for a way to exact revenge on the Evil Sky Pavilion... I thought that it's better to strike first before they could do anything. I wanted to show them that the Evil Sky Pavilion isn't a force to be messed with!"

'Listen to that! Such determination! This method... This is how an Evil Sky Pavilion's disciple should act!'

Hua Yuexing sounded more like a disciple than the real disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion yet. This certainly warmed the hearts of the others. Moreover, the Evil Sky Pavilion needed an archer as well.

At this moment, Hua Wudao said, "Pavilion Master... Hua Yuexing has passed the test. If you'd allow me, I'd like to instruct her in her cultivation from now on."

Hua Yuexing was elated when she heard this. She was about to bow her head in gratitude when...

"Wait."

Hua Wudao was stunned. He had spoken on the pavilion master's behalf before the pavilion master had even said anything. He seemed to have overstepped his bounds. He hastily said, "Please forgive me for my impatience, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet. He walked down the stairs and stopped in front of Hua Yuexing.

"Raise your head."

Hua Yuexing felt uneasy. How could she remain calm and unafraid when the world's greatest villain was so close to her. She looked up nervously.

Lu Zhou's expression remained unchanged. He merely glanced at her before pushing his palm forward.

"Uh..."

The others felt their hearts leaped to their throats. They could not bear to watch this. Even Hua Yuexing closed her eyes. Everyone thought Lu Zhou would hit Hua Yuexing when a light blue radiance appeared in Lu Zhou's palm. Primal Qi fell on her body.

"The Merciful Ark of Salvation." Hua Wudao's cloudy eyes widened.

The light blue radiance enveloped Hua Yuexing's body.

Hua Yuexing immediately felt a surge of Primal Qi flowing in the opposite direction of her own. Moreover, her injuries were healing at an alarming rate. A moment later, she opened her eyes and quickly kowtowed as she said, "Thank you for healing me, Pavilion Master!"

"Ding! Received one sincere kotow. Reward: 10 merit points."

'What a shame.' It would have been better for Lu Zhou if he could be repeatedly rewarded for each kowtow. If that was the case, he would capture that rascal, Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, and make him kowtow once for each passing second. That way, he would be able to earn more than 80,000 merit points in a day. He would be able to purchase all the avatars and look down on everyone from above in just a few days.

Lu Zhou sighed. Well, even a mosquito had flesh. It was better than nothing. 'I'm letting my mind wander again.'

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Since you've joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, you must abide by its rules."

"I understand!"

"Ding! Obtained one subordinate. Reward: 1,000 merit points."

"How many leaves do you have?" Lu Zhou asked.

Hua Yuexing said awkwardly, "Tw-two-leaf..."

'A Two-leaf cultivator is one of the Three Godly Archers?'

It was quite... a letdown.

When Hua Yuexing felt the sidelong glances cast at her from the surroundings, she lowered her head and blushed. With her cultivation base, she would have been a prominent figure in any sect and would have been cherished as a prodigy. She had also been given much attention when she cultivated under the Luo Sect's roof. Alas, this was the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou did not shun her. Instead, he said, "You have remarkable talents. To think that you're able to kill the Two-leaf elite, Ye Chengzhi, with your Two-leaf cultivation base... It's a commendable feat."

"Thank you for your praise, old senior."

"There are many books on archery in the west pavilion. Anyone from the Evil Sky Pavilion is free to go through them."

Hua Yuexing had heard that there were many books and weapons in the Evil Sky Pavilion. Moreover, they were usually the best. She was delighted to hear this and quickly expressed her gratitude, "Thank you, old senior!"

"You're dismissed."

"Understood."

Hua Wudao cupped his fists at Lu Zhou as well. He left the great hall with Hua Yuexing.

Lu Zhou returned to his throne and sat down slowly. He looked at Zhou Jifeng and said, "Zhou Jifeng." Zhou Jifeng shuddered. He hastily bowed and said, "Pa... Pavilion Master." He paused briefly before he said, "I've never regretted my decision to join the Evil Sky Pavilion. My only regret is that I couldn't kill them with my own hands."

"You should let bygones be bygones. What you must do now is to strengthen yourself... If you have the time to entertain meaningless thoughts, you might as well use it to go through the books in the west pavilion."

When Zhou Jifeng heard this, he nodded and said, "I understand."

"Everyone's dismissed." Lu Zhou waved his arm.

The others bowed and left the great hall.

Meanwhile, in Nether Sect on Pingdu Mountain.

Yu Zhenghai stood with his back facing the Four Great Protectors, Hua Chongyang, Bai Yuqing, Yang Yan, and Di Qing, who behaved respectfully. "Sect Master, we weren't able to stop the old senior. Please punish us!"

"Please punish us, sect master!"

"Please punish us, sect master!"

Chapter 234 A Friend With The Surname Ri

Yu Zhenghai turned around to face the three Great Protectors and said, "All of you played a great part in making the Nether Sect as powerful as it is now..."

"We dare not claim any merits," Hua Chongyang hastily said.

"Ever since I left the Evil Sky Pavilion and founded the Nether Sect, this has always been my grand plan," Yu Zhenghai said slowly, "All of you have been a great help to me and are people I trust the most under the heavens."

The three of them did not even dare to breathe loudly.

Yu Zhenghai placed his hand on his back as he moved to stand in front of Hua Chongyang.

Hua Chongyang was kneeling with one knee on the ground and his head lowered. One of his hands was on the ground to support him. "I'm willing to be punished! I was the one who gave the order on your behalf, sect master. This has nothing to do with the others!"

As soon as Hua Chongyang finished speaking, Yang Yan kneeled immediately. "Brother Chongyang was only thinking about the bigger picture. All of us wholeheartedly supported his decision at that time. I'm willing to be punished as well!"

Di Qing kneeled as well. "I have nothing to add, but I'm willing to be punished as well!"

At the end of the day, the four of them chose to retreat when faced with the Evil Sky Pavilion. If they had successfully bought Yu Zhenghai slightly more time, the entire Clarity Sect would have been annihilated. Yu Zhenghai was aiming for a great cause, it was not a child's play. The thing he loathed the most was people chickening out at the critical moment.

However, with a move that surprised three of the Four Great Protectors, Yu Zhenghai placed his hands on Hua Chongyang's shoulders before he pulled Hua Chongyang to his feet. "You're all my trusted people. I would never blame you."

"Sect master..."

"You've done well in this matter."

Hua Chongyang was perplexed. Yang Yan, "... Di Qing, "...

'Wasn't the sect master going to punish us heavily by summoning us here?'

‘Why is he suddenly being so lenient?’ The three Great Protectors were puzzled. They could not make head or tail out of this.

“Sect master, we’re unworthy of your kindness!” Hua Chongyang shuddered as he fell to his knee, assuming his previous pose again. “Stand up and speak.” Yu Zhenghai no longer pulled Hua Chongyang up. Instead, he said, “What I said was sincere. You’re all my most trusted people. I would never punish you.”

At this moment, Yu Zhenghai recalled the Binding Mantra. If his Seventh Junior Brother had not taken the hit for him, he could not and did not dare to imagine what would happen to him. In fact, he was secretly afraid of his master. However, he could not show it lest his reputation and honor took a hit.

Hua Chongyang and the others were moved by Yu Zhenghai’s words. They rose to their feet and said in unison, “Thank you, sect master.”

Yu Zhenghai nodded. Then, he changed the topic and said, “However, if you ever run into my master again...”

Before Yu Zhenghai finished speaking, Hua Chongyang hastily declared, “Don’t worry, sect master. If we run into him again, we’ll stop him even if it costs us our lives!”

“No...” Yu Zhenghai shook his head. “You should run as far away as you can...”

The three of them exchanged glances.

‘What’s the sect master playing at?’

Naturally, they knew they were no match for the Evil Sky Pavilion. Moreover, they had been told to avoid confrontation unless they were left with no choice. This rule did not change since the Nether Sect was founded...

“You’re dismissed,” Yu Zhenghai said.

“Understood.”

Hua Chongyang was about to leave when he seemed to recall something. He asked, “Sect master, is it enough to send Bai Yuqing alone to protect Mister Seventh?”

Yu Zhenghai said, “I know what I’m doing.”

Upon hearing this, Hua Chongyang no longer dared to say anything else. He only said, “I’ll take my leave then.”

The White Tiger Hall’s First Seat, Bai Yuqing, one of the Four Great Protectors, was currently not on Pingdu Mountain. After Yu Zhenghai considered the fact that Si Wuya’s cultivation base had been sealed by the Binding Mantra, he sent Bai Yuqing to escort Si Wuya back to the Crouching Dragon.

Two hours later.

The Nether Sect’s flying chariot parted the clouds.

Si Wuya sat in a dignified manner on board the flying chariot. His eyes were closed as he rested his spirit. Occasionally, he would try to muster up his Primal Qi to break through the seal. Alas, his body was like an empty vessel. Currently, he was almost no different from a mortal who could not even truss a chicken. The only thing he had was his strengthened physique due to the Body Tempering. A cultivator who could not conjure up Primal Qi was a useless person. Si Wuya was currently a useless person. He opened his eyes and said with a sigh, "Stop."

Bai Yuqing who was manning the helm brought the flying chariot to a stop. They hovered in midair motionlessly.

Bai Yuqing asked in confusion, "Mister Seventh, we're almost at the Crouching Dragon... Why are we stopping?"

"Master arrived at Clarity Sect in such a short time from Slender West Lake... This means someone had leaked the information," Si Wuya said.

Bai Yuqing was stunned. He said, "Are you suspecting me, Mister Seventh?"

After all, the one in charge of wiping Mo Qi out the other day was Bai Yuqing.

Si Wuya shook his head with a smile and said, "You've misunderstood me..." He could not possibly say that he had a source among Wei Zhuoyan's men who were present at Slender West Lake the other day.

"Switch directions. Head southward... the Crouching Dragon is only a temporary information station meant to fool the others. Head south... There's an information station less than ten miles away. Yellow Peak Mountain. It's safe there." Si Wuya pointed in the general direction.

Bai Yuqing said, "They say you're more cautious than ordinary people, Mister Seventh. Looks like the rumors are true. I'm impressed." Then, he steered the flying chariot in the southern direction.

After a while, the flying chariot slowly descended.

After Bai Yuqing landed the flying chariot, he said, "Mister Seventh, we've arrived at Yellow Peak Mountain."

The two of them left the flying chariot.

In the meeting room on Yellow Peak Mountain.

Si Wuya and Bai Yuqing entered the room.

"Thank you for sending me here, Brother Bai. Please thank Eldest Senior Brother on my behalf when you return," Si Wuya said.

Bai Yuqing said with a smile. "The sect master has already given me an order. In light of your sealed cultivation base, I'm to be your bodyguard until you regain your cultivation base."

Si Wuya was stunned. However, he quickly regained his composure and acted as though nothing had happened. "Have a seat."

Bai Yuqing cupped his fists and said, "I heard that you prefer quiet surroundings... I won't trouble you any further. Let them arrange my lodgings." He pointed at the Darknet members outside the room before leaving. He seemed like a tactful person.

Si Wuya did not object to this and let Bai Yuqing do as he pleased. As soon as Bai Yuqing left, a faint smile bloomed on his face.

At this moment, the person in charge of Yellow Peak Mountain came in, bowed, and said, "Sorry for being late to greet you. Please forgive me, sect master."

"No matter. Bai Yuqing is one of the Nether Sect's Four Great Protectors. He's also a friend of mine. Treat him well."

"Understood."

"If there's nothing else, you're dismissed." Si Wuya was exhausted from what he had gone through. He wanted to try and break free of the Binding Mantra again.

"I have another matter to report."

"What is it?"

"A few days ago, a visitor with the surname Ri came... He wanted to get something from you, sect master."

Si Wuya frowned slightly and said, "A friend with the surname Ri?" He disliked unforeseen circumstances the most. He did not like the feeling of things being out of his control.

The person in charge was startled by the question and said, "He knew about your identity and the password... Is he an impostor?"

"Where is he?"

"He's a guest on Yellow Peak Mountain..."

For some unknown reason, an ominous feeling rose in Si Wuya's heart. Everything felt like too much of a coincidence.

At this moment, a familiar voice reached Si Wuya's ears. "Long time no see, Seventh Junior Brother."

Chapter 235 Making Things Difficult For A Fellow Disciple

As soon as Si Wuya heard the voice, he shook his head. He knew to whom the voice belonged to.

"There's nothing else. You're dismissed."

"Sect master..."

"He's my friend."

"I'll be taking my leave."

At the same time, a man in peculiar clothes walked in with his hands on his back. His beard was long, and his hair was pulled up. His long robes made him look like a merchant from the other regions.

When he saw the man walk in, Si Wuya was slightly taken aback for a moment. He quickly regained his senses and said with a smile, "Long time no see, Fourth Senior Brother." 'What friend with the surname Ri? It's just a name he randomly came up with!'

Mingshi Yin removed his beard and his baggy robes, regaining his familiar appearance. He said, "Aren't you surprised?"

Si Wuya sat down, keeping quiet. Indeed, he was surprised.

"Master's orders?"

"Master told me to bring you back to the Evil Sky Pavilion," Mingshi Yin said with a smile.

Si Wuya found Mingshi Yin's words strange. He thought back to the incidents at the Clarity Sect. He was perplexed. His master had personally gone to the Clarity Sect with his flying chariot and even unleashed a mantra. Why did he send his Fourth Senior Brother here alone? Moreover, it seemed like his Fourth Senior Brother had been waiting on Yellow Peak Mountain for two days now. Although he was more intelligent than the ordinary person, he could not figure this out. 'Isn't it better to wait for the hare to bump into the tree stump?'

Outwardly, Si Wuya calmly asked, "How did you know that I'll be here, Fourth Senior Brother?"

Mingshi Yin did not act like a stranger. He walked to the other side of the table and took a seat. He poured himself a cup of tea and said, "Simple, I investigated you. There are no walls in the world that don't have ears. Do you remember the flying chariot at Skylark Pagoda? Junior Brother, you've been careless... No matter how many men you employed, do you think ordinary people are able to own flying chariots?"

Si Wuya nodded and clapped his hands despite himself. "How did you find out about the password?"

"I stayed at the Crouching Dragon for two days. I must apologize... I can't really stay put so I went through the entire Crouching Dragon," Mingshi Yin said, "By the way, I've gone through this place as well." "... Si Wuya regarded Mingshi Yin with a complicated gaze. For a time, he did not know what he should say. He did not expect Mingshi Yin to put so much effort into tracking him down. Then, he said calmly, "As long as you're happy, Fourth Senior Brother."

Mingshi Yin emptied the teacup in one go. Then, he looked at Si Wuya and said, "Eh? You don't look so good."

Si Wuya was silent.

Mingshi Yin said with a smile, "Don't pout. My brain's on par with yours. It's not embarrassing to lose to me for once."

Mingshi Yin felt exceptionally happy for besting Si Wuya. The joy he felt was similar to that of a vile character getting into a position of power.

"Fourth Senior Brother, I have something to ask you," Si Wuya said.

"... What is it?" For some reason, Mingshi Yin felt exceptionally happy at this moment. If he had to be honest, he never thought that he would be able to see Si Wuya. He felt like a blind cat that chanced

upon a dead rat. Although luck played a huge part in this, luck was also a form of strength. This was especially true now that he managed to catch a smart and cunning person like Si Wuya here.

"The Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier is greatly weakened. I heard that master forcibly absorbed its power to maintain his cultivation base, is it true?" Si Wuya asked.

Although Mingshi Yin had heard about this matter, he had not been back to the Evil Sky Pavilion yet. Since he did not personally witness it, he did not dare to deny or confirm it. He only said, "I'm sorry. If you want to find out, you'll have to follow me back to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

Si Wuya smiled and nodded. "I must say, Fourth Senior Brother, you've changed..."

"Hm?"

"I remember that you were the one with the most opinions in the past."

"That was in the past. We're living in the present..."

"In that case... Why didn't you forcibly bring me back previously?" Si Wuya asked, puzzled. "What difference does it make if I bring you back now?" Naturally, Mingshi would not admit that he did not have the strength to do so in the past.

Si Wuya chuckled and said, "We're both fellow disciples. Why do you have to make things difficult for me?"

"A traitor is a traitor after all... You should be thankful that I'm the one who came today. If master were here, he'd turn your bones to ashes with just a palm strike. I wouldn't be surprised he does something like that."

"Master's cultivation base is unfathomably profound, I have no reason to doubt his strength... However, I have many things that I've yet to accomplish. I'm slightly reluctant to return at this moment."

"I don't care about your plans... You must return to the Evil Sky Pavilion with me today." Mingshi Yin rose to his feet as Primal Qi surged out of his body.

Si Wuya was not afraid. Instead, he said calmly, "Do you think things will change even if I return? What about five years down the road?" He had shortened the time from ten years to five years due to the problem with the barrier.

Five years later, all of them would still be scattered all over the place. Si Wuya had lost count of the number of times he had tried to tell Mingshi Yin this.

"We'll leave tomorrow's troubles for tomorrow," Mingshi Yin said.

Si Wuya said in a disapproving tone, "In that case, I'll mimic you and say something rebellious... If I'm unwilling, not even master himself can do anything about it!"

Mingshi Yin slammed his plan on the table as he said, "Traitor! I'll purge the pavilion's scum on master's behalf today!"

Smack!

The table cracked. The pots and cups fell to the floor and shattered into pieces.

Mingshi Yin's palm strike elicited no reaction from Si Wuya. He frowned and said, "Impudent! Do you think that I've made no progress?" With that, he struck with his palm again! It startled him when his palm seal landed accurately on Si Wuya's chest.

Bam!

Si Wuya flew back and crashed through the pillar and the wooden door.

"Hm?" Mingshi Yin was puzzled. He had expected to be entangled in a long battle with Si Wuya. He did not expect Si Wuya to stand still and take his blow.

Far away, in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou who was in the midst of comprehending the Heavenly Writing in the east pavilion was startled and confused by a sudden notification from the system.

"Punished Si Wuya. Reward: 200 merit points."

After mulling it over for a moment, Lu Zhou figured out that Mingshi Yin must be the cause of it. However, he was puzzled. Mingshi Yin had just recently sprouted leaves on his Golden Lotus, how was he a match for Si Wuya?

Mingshi Yin walked over to Si Wuya.

Si Wuya spat out a mouthful of blood before he propped himself up in a sitting position.

After appraising Si Wuya for a moment, realization dawned on Mingshi Yin. Si Wuya was not intentionally concealing his aura. Si Wuya's cultivation base had been sealed. He half-lowered his body to look at Si Wuya as he said, "So your cultivation base is sealed... To think that I'd live to see this day, Seventh Junior Brother."

Si Wuya was not angered. He said, "You're indeed more powerful than before, Fourth Senior Brother... However, if my cultivation base weren't sealed, you won't be a match for me."

"Well, it's a pity we won't know for sure. As of now, you've been defeated," Mingshi Yin said.

"Forget it..." Si Wuya shook his head calmly. "A loss is a loss. Do what you must, Fourth Senior Brother."

"Do you think I won't?" Mingshi Yin grabbed Si Wuya by the collar of his shirt and raised a palm.

"Will you?" Si Wuya was not afraid as he stared into Mingshi Yin's eyes.

Chapter 236 Come Back With Me To Face Master

Si Wuya knew his Fourth Senior Brother very well. He knew Mingshi Yin would not follow through on his threat. Who said Si Wuya was always cautious? There were times where he would take risks as well! This was one of those moments.

Mingshi Yin held onto Si Wuya's collar as fury churned in his eyes. He did not recklessly attack Si Wuya. He only glared at Si Wuya as he said, "At the end of the day, I'm still your senior brother... Before I do

this, I want to know the real reason why all of you left the Evil Sky Pavilion.” By ‘all of you’, he, naturally, meant his Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother, Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong.

Si Wuya said with a smile, “That’s simple. Master has a fiery temper, and we’re humans who have dignity. Who can endure that treatment for such a long time? Once we obtained our weapons and cultivation methods, we, naturally, left without turning back.”

“Do you think that I’d believe that? You’re painting your betrayal of the Evil Sky Pavilion as something righteous. When did you grow so shameless?” Mingshi Yin asked with a sneer on his face.

“Pot calling the kettle black... I remember you have such thoughts as well when the elites of the ten great sects laid siege on Golden Court Mountain, Fourth Senior Brother... You might not believe me, but many of those who attacked the Golden Court Mountain back then were my moles... Back then, you infuriated master to no end, Fourth Senior Brother,” Si Wuya said confidently and frankly as though he had seen it with his own eyes.

“Silence!”

A surge soundwave washed over Si Wuya, causing him to sway slightly. Then, he cupped his fists and said, “I’m only stating the truth. Please forgive me, senior brother.”

“The past is the past... You weren’t us, how would you know what it’s like on the mountain back then?” Mingshi Yin inquired.

“To say the same, you’re not us as well. How can you presume to understand our feelings?”

“You dare quibble with me?!” Mingshi Yin tightened his grip before throwing Si Wuya aside.

Bam!

Si Wuya crashed through the railing and landed in the courtyard.

Far away, in the Evil Sky Pavilion. “Ding! Punished Si Wuya. Reward: 200 merit points.”

Lu Zhou briefly opened his eyes before closing them again when he received this notification.

Against a cultivator who had completed the nine stages of Body Tempering, this degree of harm would not have much of an effect on him without some Primal Qi.

Mingshi Yin leaped out of the room and regarded Si Wuya in confusion. After a while, he said, “There’s a cycle in nature, and what goes around comes around. Who’s the wise guy who sealed your cultivation base to the extent that you’re unable to break free...”

Si Wuya propped himself up and wiped the blood from the edge of his lips. He turned to look outside.

Mingshi Yin said, “Nobody will come to your rescue... I’ve been cultivating here whenever I have time. Perhaps, they’re all frightened to death.”

Si Wuya, “...” He suddenly realized that his Fourth Senior Brother was much smarter than he had expected. He managed a smile and said, “Fourth Senior Brother, why don’t you join the Darknet... You can be the sect master, and I’ll be your aide.”

“You’re hopeless! In light of master’s absence, I’ll punish you on his behalf!”

Mingshi Yin raised his hand and cast another palm seal toward Si Wuya.

Just when the energy seal was about to connect with Si Wuya’s chest...

Bam!

Another faster energy seal shielded Si Wuya’s chest.

The energy seal was extremely thick. It appeared at lightning speed and negated Mingshi Yin’s energy seal.

Mingshi Yin turned around to look. A man cupped his fists toward him from the roof of the courtyard. He said, “The Nether Sect’s White Tiger Hall’s Bai Yuqing offers his greetings, Mister Fourth.” “The Nether Sect...” Mingshi Yin instantly retreated and surveyed his surroundings. He was worried that his Eldest Senior Brother was here as well.

Bai Yuqing said with a smile, “There’s no need to feel anxious, Mister Fourth. The sect master has something else to attend to at the moment. He isn’t here.”

“Now that’s a joke. Me? Afraid of him?” Mingshi Yin was inwardly relieved.

“Mister Fourth... I heard the commotion here earlier. The sect master has repeatedly ordered me to not interfere in the personal affairs of his fellow disciples. However... the sect master has also charged me with the protection of Mister Seventh. Why do you have to be overbearing and put Mister Seventh in a difficult position, Mister Fourth?” Bai Yuqing asked.

Mingshi Yin looked at Bai Yuqing and said, “You dare defy your sect master’s repeated orders... If I were your sect master, I’d have the heads of those who did not obey my commands!”

Bai Yuqing was speechless.

Si Wuya managed to rise to his feet before he said, “Fourth Senior Brother, why do you have to be angry... Even if you kill me, what will that accomplish?”

“My problem is you.” Si Wuya, “...” For a moment, he felt that his Fourth Senior Brother was a stranger to him. He did not know why his Fourth Senior Brother had changed so much. After all, the former Mingshi Yin shared the same opinion as them in regard to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

After a moment’s silence, Si Wuya removed the clothes from his upper body. He exposed his slightly skinny yet toned body that came with six-packs. It was hardly imaginable for the gentle and scholar-like Si Wuya to have such a great physique.

However, a huge, blood-colored ‘bind’ script could be seen in the center of Si Wuya’s chest. It was a difficult sight to miss what with the script covering his entire chest.

“A Binding Mantra?” Mingshi Yin frowned, inwardly shocked. He had studied the books in the west pavilion when he was at the Evil Sky Pavilion in an attempt to improve his cultivation base. At that time, his Bluewood Heart Technique was not completed yet, but he was knowledgeable enough. This Binding

Mantra was one of the most terrifying binding techniques. He finally understood why Si Wuya did not retaliate at all. This was why Si Wuya's cultivation base was sealed.

Si Wuya said with a faint smile, "Fourth Senior Brother, do you know who did this?"

"I wasn't there when this happened, why are you asking me?" Mingshi Yin replied with a question. This reply told Si Wuya that Mingshi Yin was not on the flying chariot in Clarity Sect.

'In that case, Mingshi Yin's presence on Yellow Peak Mountain has nothing to do with master.' Si Wuya felt relieved when he thought about this. He said, "Master's the one who put this Binding Mantra on me."

"Master?" Mingshi Yin was shocked. He recalled that his master had been using really unusual techniques lately. Whether it was Buddhist mudras or Daoist seals, he found them peculiar. 'And now, he's even using mantras?' He felt slightly skeptical.

Si Wuya said, "There's no need to doubt me, senior brother. This was indeed done by the old man. You'll understand once you return to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Even if it is, you deserve it!"

"... after I was hit by this mantra, I lost my cultivation base. Danger lurks everywhere in the cultivation world. There are many sects that'll love to flay me alive. Since you're able to find your way to Yellow Peak Mountain, senior brother, others would be able to find their way here as well. Aren't you worried that master would do something equally as cruel to you in the future as well?" Si Wuya asked.

"Spare me these discord-sowing words. You betrayed the Evil Sky Pavilion, deceived your master, and denounced your patriarch. I won't be surprised even if master decides to kill you." Mingshi Yin paused briefly before he said, "Come back with me to face master!"

Chapter 237 Mingshi Yin's Method

Si Wuya prided himself on being able to predict all outcomes. However, he did not expect his Fourth Senior Brother to be this stubborn. He did not expect his Fourth Senior Brother to disregard the Binding Mantra, seemingly not intimidated by the implications that their master might be cruel to him as well in the future. He knew there was no hope in changing Mingshi Yin's mind now. Since Mingshi Yin could not be persuaded, he would have to go about it in another way.

Si Wuya put his clothes back on and said with a faint smile on his face, "Fourth Senior Brother, combat strength is, indeed, important. However, the true deciding factor on the battlefield isn't combat strength alone... I'm afraid it won't be easy for you to take me away."

"I'll try..." The soundwave from Mingshi Yin's voice surged toward Si Wuya.

The space in front of Si Wuya seemed to distort, but the soundwave was, ultimately, kept at bay by the layer of protective energy. It was as though a thick wall had been erected before him.

Mingshi Yin looked at the White Tiger Hall's First Seat, Bai Yuqing.

Bai Yuqing cupped his fists and said, "I'm sorry, Mister Fourth. I have to make sure that Mister Seventh is safe..."

Mingshi Yin said, "What's your name again? "My name's Bai Yuqing. I'm the Nether Sect's White Tiger Hall's First Seat."

"You have a great cultivation base. Will you consider joining the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

"Uh..." Bai Yuqing looked awkward as he said, "Thank you for the kind offer, Mister Fourth. Since I've joined the Nether Sect, I've never thought of leaving."

As soon as Bai Yuqing finished speaking, Mingshi Yin turned to look at Si Wuya with eyes that were filled with mockery. His eyes seemed to say even Bai Yuqing understood that he should not betray his sect.

Si Wuya was not bothered by Mingshi Yin's mockery. He had been mocked by countless people throughout the years. He had been called a traitor, a person who deceived his master and denounced his patriarch, disloyal, faithless, wicked, scheming, petty, and despicable. The countless insults hurled at him had made him immune to it.

Finally, Mingshi Yin looked at Bai Yuqing who was standing on the roof and said, "Alright... I'll remember you."

Although Bai Yuqing's cultivation base was more profound than Mingshi Yin's, when he heard Mingshi Yin's statement, he was inexplicably shaken. However, when he remembered he had his sect master and brothers supporting him, he felt slightly relieved. Moreover, Si Wuya's on the Nether Sect's side. How long could the Evil Sky Pavilion last? In the cultivation world, time was the most valuable and important asset. With his courage bolstered, he cupped his fists and said, "Please try to understand, Mister Fourth. Please leave." "Please leave?" Mingshi Yin stomped his foot.

Boom!

The houses on both sides immediately crumbled.

Mingshi Yin shot into the sky. At this moment, he was looking down at Bai Yuqing from above.

Bai Yuqing met Mingshi Yin's gaze. At the end of the day, he had been longing to fight with a disciple from the Evil Sky Pavilion in the depth of his heart. Ever since he began cultivating, he had heard many legends and stories about the Evil Sky Pavilion. Everyone feared the Evil Sky Pavilion, especially its master, the master of his sect master. When the Four First Seats faced the Evil Sky Pavilion back then, they did not dare to attack... However, now that a good opportunity had presented itself, he could hardly remain calm. He cupped his fists and said, "Do you want to fight, Mister Fourth?"

Swoosh!

Mingshi Yin charged at Bai Yuqing's face at lightning speed.

A solemn expression appeared on Bai Yuqing's face. He did not dare to let his guard down. He leaped into the air, and both of them began to fight.

For a time, the wind blew violently in the air.

Both opponents launched energy seals at each other.

Si Wuya shook his head at this scene.

The person in charge of Yellow Peak mountain ran over fearfully. He lowered his body and said, "It's my fault! I shouldn't have let the wolf in!"

Si Wuya glanced at him and said, "I don't blame you for this."

"Thank you, sect master! Thank you for being merciful." The person in charge sighed in relief. He felt much calmer now.

However...

"Today, you can retire and return to your hometown..."

"Sect... sect master?"

"This is the Darknet's custom. In light of your loyal service throughout the years, you may keep your tongue," Si Wuya said calmly.

The person in charge initially wanted to say something. However, since his sect master had said this, he did not dare to say anything else. He sighed and bowed at Si Wuya. "Thank you for being merciful, sect master. Farewell."

Si Wuya did not look at him. Even when the person left, he did not turn around.

As the saying went, 'A man who does great things would never fret over trivial matters'.

Some mistakes could never be made.

A short while later, another person walked up to Si Wuya. When he saw the chaotic battle in the air, he said, "Sect master, would you like to rest inside?"

"No need." Si Wuya was in no mood to rest. Instead, he walked to the side and watched the battle between Bai Yuqing and Mingshi Yin.

"Sect master, the two of them seem to be evenly matched. Who's going to win?" "There's no need to worry," Si Wuya said, "Bai Yuqing is a Seven-leaf elite. Although Fourth Senior Brother has a heaven-grade weapon, it's impossible for him to win. Bai Yuqing is being considerate."

Although a heaven-grade weapon was powerful, it was impossible to make up for the differences of a few ranks.

"I understand..."

Si Wuya said again, "Spread the word that Yellow Peak Mountain's location has been leaked. Have the core members move."

"Understood."

At this moment, the trees and grass in the area grew wildly and rapidly.

Si Wuya exclaimed, "Looks like Fourth Senior Brother has obtained the complete Bluewood Heart Technique! Master, did you finally come to your senses?"

In the cultivation world, whether it was the Daoist mudras or Buddhist brahman chants, seals, Fiend Zen, or the Confucian school's Expansive Qi, all of it had to be drawn from Primal Qi whether it was to heal or to condense energy seals. However, the Evil Sky Pavilion's Bluewood Heart Technique was different from the other sects. It used Primal Qi to promote the growth of plants.

Countless vines moved in on Bai Yuqing at the same time.

Bai Yuqing was inwardly startled by this. He looked at Mingshi Yin who was coming at him swiftly. He no longer held back. "Mister Fourth, here I come!"

Bzzt!

Bai Yuqing's avatar materialized. It was 70 feet tall. The instant the avatar appeared, a huge wave of energy rolled out from Bai Yuqing in all directions.

The vines were instantly smothered by the firm and forceful energy blast.

A streamlined energy shield appeared before Mingshi Yin in midair. The Separation Hook gleamed in his hands at this moment. As soon as the vines withered, he shot through the air.

"Hm?" When Bai Yuqing sensed a threatening aura, Primal Qi surged out of his body again. He launched countless palm strikes with his hands in an extremely short period of time.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Mingshi Yin drew his Separation Hook across the air before himself, repelling the incoming palm strikes.

"A heaven-grade weapon?" Bai Yuqing saw the Separation Hook in Mingshi Yin's hands. "As expected of the Evil Sky Pavilion's Mister Fourth! However, it won't be enough!" His avatar swiftly and suddenly shrunk to a height of ten feet before it expanded again!

"What's this..." Si Wuya was puzzled by the sight. "The Expansive Heavenly Energy?" He was surprised to see someone from the Nether Sect cultivating the Expansive Heavenly Energy since the Nether Sect was known as the greatest cult under the heavens.

However, regardless if a person is on the Noble Path or the Fiend Path, both sides could freely cultivate the cultivation method they liked. It was normal for the Nether Sect to have an expert who cultivated the Expansive Heavenly Energy.

The instant Bai Yuqing's avatar enlarged, the Expansive Heavenly Energy pushed toward Mingshi Yin with unstoppable momentum. The difference between their strength was rather huge.

Mingshi Yin flipped in the air and tried to deflect the relentless energy blasts that were coming at him.

Chapter 238 Yu Shangrong's Attitude

The Expansive Heavenly Energy surprised Mingshi Yin as well. However, he was prepared to defend against it. He had expected one of the Nether Sect's Four Great Protectors, a Seven-leaf expert, to have a trick or two up his sleeve. He flipped in the air and stabilized his footing after skidding a few hundred meters away. Even then, the Expansive Heavenly Energy made his Qi and blood surge. He felt numb all

over. If he had been caught off-guard, he would have been injured. He hovered in the air as he stared at Bai Yuqing

At this moment, Bai Yuqing had already recalled his avatar.

The entire place was silent. Bai Yuqing did not feel any sense of achievement just because he bested Mingshi Yin. Instead, he was shocked. He had yet to properly gauge Mingshi Yin's strength, making him feel as though Mingshi Yin was holding back. Although there was no doubt he could defeat his opponent, he was still surprised. It seemed like there was a valid reason why everyone, in general, feared the Evil Sky Pavilion. It seemed like the rumor about Evil Sky Pavilion being able to dominate the outside world was not baseless.

"Thank you for letting me win." Bai Yuqing cupped his fists humbly.

"Old Seventh, I've truly underestimated you. I didn't expect you to have found such a helper," Mingshi Yin said as he hovered in the air.

Si Wuya said, "Fourth Senior Brother, why do you have to do this?"

"Seventh Junior Brother, why do you have to do this?"

"It's meaningless to say anything else... Fourth Senior Brother, please return. Please convey my message to master. Tell him I'm doing well and that Eldest Senior Brother and I won't take this to heart," Si Wuya said.

"You bast*rd!" Mingshi Yin cursed, "The audacity! How dare you speak in such a manner to master? You're a disgrace!" He turned to look at Bai Yuqing and said in a deep voice, "I advise you to stay out of this. Get lost." The soundwave rolled toward Bai Yuqing before it dissipated several meters before Bai Yuqing.

Bai Yuqing shook his head helplessly and said, "Since you're being stubborn, Mister Fourth, I have no choice but to do this."

Whizz!

His 70-foot avatar appeared again. It towered over the surroundings. Primal Qi from the surroundings gathered toward it swiftly.

Mingshi Yin frowned. He looked at the avatar with slight contempt. He had hidden his identity as he conducted his investigation recently. He followed his leads all the way to Yellow Peak Mountain and successfully found Si Wuya. He felt as though all his efforts were going to waste because of Bai Yuqing. He was truly unresigned.

Mingshi Yin hovered in midair as energy swirled around him.

Bai Yuqing pushed away from the roof and shot toward the heavens with his avatar.

Mingshi Yin felt a peculiar pressure coming at him, and he retreated swiftly.

Bai Yuqing did not seem to be holding back as he shot toward Mingshi Yin with his avatar like a fired arrow.

The most effective way to crush one's opponent was to utilize the difference in one's cultivation base. Back then, the Righteous Sect's Elder Zhang Chunlai had used this very method to break Zhu Honggong's Octagon Formation. Petty tricks were meaningless before an avatar.

Si Wuya looked at the scene in the skies, slightly shocked.

Bai Yu Qing's back was straight as he moved, and his avatar maintained the same posture as him.

Si Wuya muttered softly, "Eldest Senior Brother, is this truly your will?"

Mingshi Yin retreated again...

The avatar was moving too quickly.

The Darknet members could not help but gape as they looked at the Nether Sect elite's shocking technique.

'The Evil Sky Pavilion's Mister Fourth is going to have a tough time.'

At the end of the day, Mingshi Yin was an Evil Sky Pavilion disciple. How could his pride bear being suppressed by an elite?

The others shook their heads and sighed.

The instant Bai Yuqing and his avatar were upon Mingshi Yin, three green figures suddenly appeared before Bai Yuqing.

"Hm?" Bai Yuqing and his avatar paused in the air.

The three figures slowly turned into two like the reflection a person would see in the water. The person wore a green robe and had long flowing hair. The person hovered in the air with his arms crossed. The sword on his back was buzzing and vibrating.

At this moment, Bai Yuqing's avatar stopped moving completely. It could not move forward at all. He closed his eyes before opening them again. The two figures were now one!

The sword carried by the green-robed swordsman unsheathed itself and flew out with a whoosh!

Upon seeing this, Bai Yuqing's heart sank. A terrifying name surfaced in his mind. 'Yu Shangrong'.

The Longevity Sword shone dazzlingly. Like a firework, it formed a fan-shaped arc as it sliced at Bai Yuqing's avatar.

Swoosh!

The speed of the sword was extremely shocking.

As soon as the avatar was sliced in half, it dissipated in the air. Meanwhile, Bai Yuqing started before he fell. As he fell from the sky, he spat out a mouthful of blood. When one's avatar was destroyed, it was the same as being dealt a heavy blow. This slice would render him bedridden for half a year.

Bai Yuqing's eyes widened as he looked at the green-robed swordsman who hovered in the air with his arms crossed.

The green-robed swordsman was smiling. His long hair fluttered in the wind as the scarlet Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard.

Bai Yuqing continued to fall. The instant he was about to hit the ground, he suddenly struck at the air and did a 180-degree flip. When he finally landed on his knees, he supported his weight by placing a hand on the ground. He panted heavily as he maintained his posture, too afraid to move or lift his head. He knew who the newcomer was. The green-robes swordsman was none other than the Evil Sky Pavilion's second disciple, Yu Shangrong. Soon after, he spat out another mouthful of blood that stained the back of his hands. The color of his blood was crimson like a red plum blossom.

Mingshi Yin who was hovering in the air was thoroughly shocked as he stared at Yu Shangrong, his Second Senior Brother, in confusion. He did not know if he should thank his Second Senior Brother. His Second Senior Brother had helped him by unleashing that sword skill, but his Second Senior Brother was also one of the Evil Sky Pavilion's traitors.

Si Wuya was exceptionally calm. On the other hand, his subordinates on Yellow Peak Mountain were cowering in fear.

The world fell silent.

In the end, Si Wuya was the one who broke the silence. "Greetings, Second Senior Brother."

The others bowed as well. "Greetings, Mister Second."

Yu Shangrong smiled amiably. He waved his hand and said, "You can dispense with the formalities."

The others felt relieved. Yu Shangrong's attitude surprised many of them. He did not seem like a villain who would commit wicked deeds. He was clearly a gentle, polite, and humble man.

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin was struggling with himself at this moment. He was still debating if he should thank Yu Shangrong. 'Ptooey, why should I thank him? Although he helped me, a traitor is still a traitor!' He did not think Yu Shangrong would do anything to him. After all, he had his master's support, and he knew what kind of person his Second Senior Brother was.

Yu Shangrong did not turn around. Instead, he tilted his head slightly and smiled gently as he asked, "Fourth Junior Brother, are you hurt?"

"Huh? No... No... Thank you for your help, Second Senior Brother," Mingshi Yin said.

Chapter 239 Si Wuya's Punishment

"We're both brothers. There's no need to be so polite," Yu Shangrong said gently. Mingshi Yin nodded when he heard this. His pride and confidence that he had been carrying all day seemed to leak out of him as though he was a deflating balloon.

"Second Senior Brother, what brings you to Yellow Peak Mountain?" Yellow Peak Mountain was in a remote location that was difficult to find. Mingshi Yin did not think his Second Senior Brother would disregard his pride like he did and searched all over the place like a fool.

Yu Shangrong said with a faint smile, "I have an appointment with Seventh Junior Brother."

Upon hearing this, chills ran up Mingshi Yin's spine, and he felt goosebumps rising on his arms. He looked at Si Wuya who was standing straight. He understood Bai Yuqing was here to protect him from elites who might come looking for trouble. However, what's the meaning of arranging to meet his Second Senior Brother as well? He really wanted to give Si Wuya a thumbs-up despite himself. 'Now that's a good schemer!'

After the three disciples exchanged pleasantries, everyone looked at Bai Yuqing

Bai Yuqing's avatar had taken a blow from Yu Shangrong's sword. He had yet to catch his breath.

Yu Shangrong looked at Bai Yuqing and said, "Are you Bai Yuqing, the White Tiger Hall's First Seat, under Eldest Senior Brother's command?"

Bai Yuqing gulped. He endured the pain and calmed his turbulent emotions before he straightened up. However, his knees remained on the ground. He cupped his fists and said, "Greetings, Mister Second." Bai Yuqing did not show any dissatisfaction or anger. His sect master had taught them that the Nether Sect would kill gods and buddhas alike to achieve their goal. However, there were two individuals whom they must avoid. One of them was the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch, and the other one was Yu Shangrong

The Four Great Protectors had always kept this rule close to their hearts. However, the Four Great Protectors longed to spar with such an elite in the depths of their hearts. Only by fighting him would they know if the legendary Sword Devil, Yu Shangrong, was truly on par with their sect master. If Bai Yuqing had any doubts, they were completely gone now. Yu Shangrong's attack had made the difference between them as clear as day even though the difference was only a single leaf. He accepted his defeat without complaints.

Yu Shangrong smiled and said, "Not bad." "Thank you for being merciful, Mister Second..." Bai Yuqing said.

"You seem to like bullying the weak with your avatar?" Yu Shangrong said lightly. "Uh..." Indeed, Bai Yuqing's move of using his avatar to crush his opponent seemed like an act of bullying. "I was given an order to protect Mister Seventh by my sect master. Mister Fourth insists on taking Mister Seventh away so I had no choice but to do that. Please try to understand my position, Mister Second."

When Yu Shangrong heard this, he turned to look at Si Wuya and asked, "Seventh Junior Brother, is that true?" He did not wait for an answer as he continued saying, "There's no need to answer in haste. If you say it's not true, I'll end him right here... I'm more than willing to help Eldest Senior Brother get rid of lying evildoers by his side." Bai Yuqing, "..."

Mingshi Yin, "..."

Mingshi Yin shuddered inwardly. His Second Senior Brother was unfathomable as always.

Yu Shangrong had clearly placed Bai Yuqing's life in Si Wuya's hands.

Si Wuya did not hesitate as he replied, "Of course, it is."

Yu Shangrong was direct. He cupped his fists at Bai Yuqing. "My apologies." Bai Yuqing felt his scalp prickle. He hastily cupped his fists. "It's alright."

After that, Yu Shangrong completely ignored Bai Yuqing. He looked at Si Wuya and said, "Seventh Senior Brother, since it was to protect you, then, you're at fault."

"Hm?" Si Wuya's eyelids twitched.

Yu Shangrong said, "Fourth Junior Brother might seem sly on the surface, but he's actually a person who values relationships and loyalty. Knowing him, there's no way he would threaten your life."

"Second Senior Brother..."

"There's no need to explain." Yu Shangrong stood straight in the air as he flew forward slowly. He flew to Bai Yuqing's side.

Cold sweat trickled down Bai Yuqing's face. He was shaking.

Yu Shangrong ignored Bai Yuqing. Instead, he looked at Si Wuya and said coldly, "It's only right for a senior brother to discipline his junior. How could you behave so rudely to your senior?"

Si Wuya sighed inwardly. He said helplessly, "You're right, Second Senior Brother."

At this moment, Mingshi Yin flew over and landed at Bai Yuqing's other side. He said, "Thank you for understanding, Second Senior Brother... Old Seventh, come quietly with me and face master."

"Fourth Junior Brother," Yu Shangrong said, "May I?"

"By all means, Second Senior Brother."

Yu Shangrong said, "Seventh Junior Brother is intelligent and has been a great help to me throughout the years... I hope you'd consider this for my sake." An unnatural expression appeared on Mingshi Yin's face. He forced a smile on his face as he said, "As you please, Second Senior Brother."

"Junior Brother Wuya, surrender your Peacock Plume and apologize to your Fourth Senior Brother," Yu Shangrong said with a faint smile on his face, "This way, your Fourth Senior Brother won't have to return empty-handed." Si Wuya, "... He was starting to regret his arrangement to meet his Second Senior Brother here. He could sense his Second Senior Brother's displeasure. He was not certain if the displeasure stemmed from his Eldest Senior Brother or Bai Yuqing. In any case, it was meaningless to make wild guesses. He cupped his fists and said, "You're right, Second Senior Brother." He bowed at Mingshi Yin. "Fourth Senior Brother, I was rude earlier. Please accept my apologies."

The Evil Sky Pavilion had never practiced such customs. Usually, it was the sects on the Noble Path that stuck with such rigid and corrupted formalities. It seemed awkward for them to be behaving in such a way all of a sudden.

Mingshi Yin did not dare to voice his opinion as well. He said, "I won't hold this against you. After all, I didn't think I'll be able to smoothly bring you back as well." It seemed like he was out of luck. He truly did not expect Si Wuya's cultivation base to be sealed. He was even more surprised to learn that it was sealed by his master. What had Si Wuya been up to these past few days? He shook his head. It was useless to think about all these now. He would learn about it once he returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion and speak to his juniors.

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Mingshi Yin extended a hand toward Si Wuya.

Si Wuya waved his hand at his subordinate.

In no time at all, the subordinate carried the Peacock Plume in his hands and hurried over.

Seel

From its appearance, the Peacock Plume seemed to be forged from pure gold. The shining golden cylinder had two hinges. When they were pressed and Primal Qi was infused into it, the Primal Qi would be condensed into energy before it was shot out from the hinges. It was as beautiful as a peacock spreading its tail. It looked brilliant and splendid. While one was immersed and mesmerized by this otherworldly sight, it would take one's life. This was the way of the Peacock Plume.

Si Wuya remained expressionless.

Mingshi Yin moved quickly and took the Peacock Plume. He clicked his tongue in wonder. He appraised it for a moment before saying, "Now you have neither your cultivation base nor your weapon. However... You do have your brain..."

"Do you want to break my head, Fourth Senior Brother?"

"On account of Second Senior Brother, I won't stoop to your level. However, I should remind you that the cultivation world is a treacherous place. Without your Peacock Plume and cultivation base, you'd do well to avoid your enemies..."

Chapter 240 Master is Old

"There's no need to trouble yourself over that, senior brother." Si Wuya cupped his fists. He made sure he looked like he was sending a guest away.

Mingshi Yin snorted. He did not want to waste any more words with Si Wuya. He leaped nimbly into the air. "You'll fall into my hands sooner or later." He left these parting words that echoed through the mountains as he vanished from sight.

Si Wuya cupped his fists at Yu Shangrong and said, "Thank you for helping me out, second senior brother."

"I don't know if I helped you, but I know you're certainly annoyed that I troubled you," Yu Shangrong said with a faint smile on his face.

"I dare not." Bai Yuqing had protected Si Wuya and Yellow Peak Mountain. However, Yu Shangrong's appearance had caused Bai Yuqing to be injured and the loss of his personal heaven-grade weapon. There was no doubt he regretted these things very much.

Yu Shangrong was, naturally, privy to Si Wuya's thoughts, but he did not bring it up. Instead, he turned to look at Bai Yuqing and asked, "Eldest senior brother sent you?"

Bai Yuqing endured the pain and said, "The sect master has given me specific orders. I daren't go against his words."

Yu Shangrong said, "When you return, tell eldest senior brother that I have no intention of meddling in his affairs nor do I have the time to. However, he'd do well not to act out of place..."

"Uh..." Bai Yuqing cast a helpless glance at Si Wuya.

Si Wuya said, "Brother Bai, please return."

Bai Yuqing cupped his fists and said, "Well, then... Take care, Mister Seventh." He was the White Tiger Hall's First Seat. He knew about the conflicts between Yu Shangrong and his sect master. The two of them had never seen eye to eye, and the changes in the Evil Sky Pavilion did nothing to abate the conflict. He no longer dared to linger here. After all, Yu Shangrong clearly meant to slight his master by injuring him. When he thought about it, he could only blame his own rotten luck for being caught in the middle.

Mingshi Yin sped all the way back to the Evil Sky Pavilion. After a long flight, he finally approached Tangzi Town. At the very least, he could report back to his master with the Peacock Plume in his hands. When he thought about this, he felt much more confident.

Mingshi Yin had focused on investigating Si Wuya all this time so he felt exhausted. Moreover, he had to fight Bai Yuqing as well. He needed some time to rest. When he made a brief stop near Tangzi Town's information station to rest, he overheard the discussion in his surroundings. Someone pointed in the direction of Golden Court Mountain and said, "The Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier has weakened again."

Tangzi Town was not far from the Evil Sky Pavilion, but it was not as if the Evil Sky Pavilion could be easily seen. However, it did nothing to stop these people from speculating. Based on this, it could be seen that many people were secretly paying attention to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"If this goes on, the Evil Sky Pavilion won't last long."

"I think the patriarch is doing the right thing... Dignity and honor is everything for a man. I'd rather live with dignity than let the Evil Sky Pavilion be trampled on by vermin!"

Mingshi Yin was not surprised by their words. There were many strange and wonderful things in this vast world. The Fiend Path existed because there were many who shared the same ideals. As a notable figure in the Fiend Path, the Evil Sky Pavilion, naturally, earned the respect and worship of many. There were also those who wanted to become a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Unfortunately, since his master was getting old, his master had stopped accepting disciples a long time ago. "Dignity won't save your life. Someone went to have a look yesterday. The barrier has

kened by one-third again. The Evil Sky Pavilion seems to have no intention of mending the barrier."

"It's not easy to mend it... It would take a few years to mend it. In a few years, it'd be almost time..."

"You have a point..."

Mingshi Yin gave the few individuals a glance. He did not join in the conversation but minded his own business and enjoyed his tea.

"I heard the Heavenly Sword Sect is prepared to challenge the Evil Sky Pavilion... The Heavenly Sword Sect must be anxious to act."

When he heard this, Mingshi Yin rose to his feet and walked to the cultivators before he sat at their table. He asked, "The Heavenly Sword Sect is going to attack the Evil Sky Pavilion?" He blended in perfectly with the people here.

This was normal at a rest stop. People came and went, and all kinds of news could be obtained here.

A cultivator with a beard said, "Luo Changfeng, the Sect Master of Heavenly Sword Sect, was killed by the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch. He was also Luo Xingkong's only son. You may not know this, but the Heavenly Sword Sect's first disciple, Zhou Jifeng, had defaulted to the Evil Sky Pavilion as well. I heard that Luo Xingkong didn't sleep for three days due to his rage."

"Luo Xingkong has sent a summon to the major sects. It's possible that they might launch an attack on Golden Court Mountain before the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch's time is up."

Mingshi Yin said with a smile, "That old geezer, Luo Xingkong, is so bold?"

'Old geezer?' The others looked at Mingshi Yin.

"There's no need to be so harsh, brother. This is only a small talk during tea. Don't you go bringing your own sentiments into the discussion," the bearded cultivator said with a smile.

Mingshi Yin ignored the comment and asked, "Luo Xingkong has sent a summon?"

"That's right... The ten great sects, apart from the Clarity Sect, have already received the summon. I wonder if the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects would join in as well."

"Where did Luo Xingkong get his confidence from? I mean, look at the Heavenly Sword Sect."

Upon hearing this, another cultivator said, "That's not fair. Luo Xingkong has been cultivating in seclusion for many years, and he shouldn't be underestimated. Besides, the Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier is weakening. Perhaps, this is the chance they've been waiting for."

Mingshi Yin chuckled. Then, he rose to his feet before he said, "Well, I've heard these same words when they attacked the Golden Court Mountain previously. Even with the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch out of the picture, they still have the disciples to contend with."

"You've got a point."

After that, Mingshi Yin left the station.

Meanwhile, in the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

Lu Zhou looked at the price of the avatar, the Eight Methods Connected. It cost 20,000 merit points. Upon seeing the price, he decided to try his luck with the lucky draw.

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Obtained Reversal Card x3."

'Not bad.' Lu Zhou had earned 100 luck points during his last lucky draw. He was surprised he was rewarded this time around. Perhaps, it was all a matter of timing and luck from the heavens.

“Lucky draw.”

“Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Obtained Critical Block Card x5.”

‘It’s better than nothing.’ He remembered this item had only been successfully activated once throughout his history of using it. It seemed to be of little value.

“Lucky draw.”

“Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Thank you for participating. Luck point +1.”

Lu Zhou’s winning streak ended, and he closed the system dashboard.

At this moment, Little Yuan’er ran in excitedly and announced enthusiastically, “Master, Fourth Senior Brother is back!”

“Very good.” Lu Zhou glanced outside.

Mingshi Yin walked in at this moment, carrying the Peacock Plume in his hand. “Master, I investigated the incident at Skylark Pagoda. Indeed, it was planned by that traitor, Si Wuya. Yellow Peak Mountain is his information station. Unfortunately, I couldn’t capture him since he’s protected by an elite. I only managed to obtain his weapon.”

Lu Zhou remembered the merit points he obtained from Si Wuya being punished. He nodded slightly. “Bring it here.”

Mingshi Yin presented the Peacock Plume to Lu Zhou with both hands.

“Ding! Retrieved the heaven-grade weapon, Peacock Plume. Refining needed before use.”

This was Si Wuya’s weapon. It was a rare, projectile-type weapon.