

Disciples 241

Chapter 241 The Neglected Box

Little Yuan'er had never seen the Peacock Plume before. She had only heard about it from her seniors. She was in awe by its appearance when she saw it. She murmured, "Beautiful..." Then, as though she had regained her senses, she suddenly said, "Even then, it looks outdated. It's not as nice as my Nirvana Sash."

Mingshi Yin, "..."

Ever since Little Yuan'er had obtained the Nirvana Sash, nothing else seemed to impress her anymore.

'Look at her being so pleased over some lousy red cloth.'

Lu Zhou looked at the Peacock Plume. "How did you find Old Seventh?"

Mingshi Yin was invigorated by this question. He said with a smile, "That's a long story..." "Forget it, then." Lu Zhou picked the Peacock Plume up.

Mingshi Yin. "...". It seemed like he had lost the opportunity to brag. In the end, he said, "Master, Old Seventh's cultivation base is sealed. For this reason, he has nowhere to go. I ran into that traitor, Yu Shangrong, and one of the Nether Sect's Four Great Protectors, Bai Yuqing, as well."

Lu Zhou cursed inwardly. 'So it was Old Seventh's cultivation base that had been sealed?' Outwardly, he calmly said, "I'm the one who sealed Old Seventh's cultivation base. It's no surprise that you managed to defeat him. Bai Yuqing's cultivation base is much more profound than yours. Since Baiyuqing was there, how did you succeed?"

Mingshi Yin grabbed at this chance to brag. "Bai Yuqing is a member of the Nether Sect after all. When I mentioned your name, master, Bai Yuqing was scared out of his wits. He didn't dare to stand in my way. Moreover, the traitor, Yu Shangrong, was there as well..."

"Yu Shangrong didn't try to stop you?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Not really... I lectured him for a long time. He knows that he's in the wrong and didn't dare to argue with me," Mingshi Yin said with a straight face.

When Little Yuan'er recalled her encounter with her second senior brother, Yu Shangrong, at Anyang City, she wondered to herself, 'Is Second Senior Brother someone who listens to reason?'

"Fortunately, I was smart enough to confiscate Seventh Junior Brother's Peacock Plume before I left... This way, he won't be able to cause any more troubles or commit any more sins in the future."

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. He said, "You've done well this time."

Mingshi Yin bowed and said, "Thank you for the compliment, master."

"If there's nothing else, you should return to rest."

"I have another matter to report."

“What is it?”

“When I returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion, I passed by Tangzi Town’s station. I heard that Lu Xingkong, the former Sect Master of Heavenly Sword Sect, is gathering his forces to attack the Evil Sky Pavilion again,” Mingshi Yin said. He had carefully studied the Golden Court Mountain’s barrier when he returned. Indeed, the barrier was much weaker now. He had also spoken with Elder Hua who confirmed the rumors that were flying outside. Whether it was the Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciples or the cultivators of the outside world, all of them were of the opinion that his master had absorbed the power from the barrier. Moreover, those in the Evil Sky Pavilion had also witnessed what happened to the hidden chamber.

Lu Zhou seemed unaffected as he said, “Luo Xingkong is a broken man... He’s too insignificant to mention.”

Mingshi Yin hastily bowed and said, “I’m willing to go down the mountain and head to the Heavenly Sword Sect to kill Luo Xingkong!”

At this moment, Zhou Jifeng hurried into the great hall. The moment he entered the great hall, he greeted Lu Zhou. “Greetings, Pavilion Master, Mister Fourth, Miss Ninth...”

“What’s the matter?”

“I heard Mister Fourth is back so I came to see him.” It was clear Zhou Jifeng had something he wanted to say.

When Mingshi Yin saw Zhou Jifeng fidgeting, he rolled his eyes and said, “Stop hesitating and spit it out... You’ve yet to master your own methods, but you sure do a good job of mimicking the hypocrisy of the Noble Path.”

Zhou Jifeng’s face turned a shade of pink from Mingshi Yin’s mockery. “Pavilion Master... I’m willing to go to the Heavenly Sword Sect!”

“Why do you want to go to the Heavenly Sword Sect? And you want to go there with your Dao-controlling stage of the Divine Court realm?” Mingshi Yin attacked Zhou Jifeng mercilessly.

Zhou Jifeng scratched his head awkwardly and said, “I... can persuade them.”

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Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “You’re a Heavenly Sword Sect disciple. You’d only worsen conflict worse if you went. Although Luo Xingkong has been cultivating in seclusion for many years, he’s not yet of any concern to me.”

“Your might knows no bounds, master!” Mingshi Yin said ingratiatingly.

Zhou Jifeng cupped his fists and said, “Luo Xingkong’s cultivation in seclusion isn’t as simple as it seems. When I was still in the Heavenly Sword Sect, it’s rumored that Luo Xingkong had obtained a cultivation method that could boost his cultivation base for a short period of time. We have to be careful of him!”

“Boost his cultivation base for a short period of time? Isn’t he worried that he might descend into depravity, implode, and die?” Mingshi Yin mocked.

"That, I don't know..." Zhou Jifeng said.

The path of cultivation had its own rules. Anyone who wanted to break the rules would have to pay the corresponding price.

Leng Luo chose to implode his body to help the cloud-splitting chariot survive the Ten Shamans' powers. If Lu Zhou did not make a move, Leng Luo would not be alive today.

A spear in the open was easier to guard against than an arrow fired in secret. What if the old man, Luo Xingkong, had secretly cultivated a move of mutual destruction such as Leng Luo's? Who would be able to survive that?

Everyone looked at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou said nonchalantly, "A mere Heavenly Sword Sect thinks it can go against me?"

Mingshi Yin chimed in enthusiastically, "That's right! When the elites from the ten great sects attacked master back then, they accomplished nothing. Now that the son is dead, the father steps up... How ridiculous!"

Zhou Jifeng said, "Your might knows no bounds, Pavilion Master."

Little Yuan'er stepped forward and said, "Forget about bounds, let's go..."

"Mi-miss Ninth... yo-your orders?" When Zhou Jifeng remembered the Nirvana Sash, his eyes reddened.

"I'm trying to improve my affinity with the Nirvana Sash... Don't worry, I know I was wrong. I guarantee no one would be hurt this time," Little Yuan'er said with a grin.

Zhou Jifeng was taken aback.

Mingshi Yin was speechless.

'Is this really Little Yuan'er?'

'Something seems off.'

They had never seen Little Yuan'er apologize to anyone apart from Lu Zhou.

Before Mingshi Yin could wrap his mind around this, Little Yuan'er was already out the door.

Zhou Jifeng cupped his fists and followed her out.

Lu Zhou nodded slightly. 'Little Yuan'er seems to be more mature now.'

Mingshi Yin rubbed his eyes. He felt as though he was in a dream and pinched himself hard. 'Ouch! That hurts! I... I'm not dreaming. It's real!'

Lu Zhou frowned slightly when he saw Mingshi Yin's antics.

"Master... I'm alright... I'm not crazy," Mingshi Yin said awkwardly.

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng strode into the great hall with the Overlord Spear in his hand. Based on how loud his footsteps were, it seemed as though the earth would quake in his wake. He walked up to Mingshi Yin and clapped Mingshi Yin's shoulders firmly. "Greetings, master."

A pained expression appeared on Mingshi Yin's face. 'Why do you have to hit me when you greet master?'

Lu Zhou asked, "How's the repair of the hidden chamber coming along?"

Ever since the hidden chamber was destroyed while he was cultivating in seclusion, Lu Zhou could not find another place where he could peacefully comprehend the Heavenly Writing. Although the environment in the east pavilion was acceptable, it lacked the tranquility of the hidden chamber.

"We'll need about ten more days. Master, I discovered a box while I was tidying the place. Please have a look," Duanmu Sheng said.

"A box?"

At this moment, two female cultivators carried a box into the great hall.

The box seemed old. However, it was obvious that it was recently cleaned. Its material was unique. It resembled leather and wood at the same time. The box was brownish in color.

When the two female cultivators placed the box on the floor, Mingshi Yin walked over curiously. "What's in it?"

"I don't know," Duanmu Sheng replied.

"Break it open, and then, you'll know!"

Chapter 242 The Lost Key

"If I could break it open, why would I ask them to carry it here?" Duanmu Sheng rolled his eyes.

"You have a point, Third Senior Brother," Mingshi Yin said sheepishly.

Lu Zhou rose to his feet slowly with his hands on his back before he moved toward the box. There were many boxes inside the hidden chamber. He never paid attention to any of them. Many of the boxes had accumulated thick layers of dust on their surfaces due to prolonged periods of neglect.

"The other boxes were damaged when the hidden chamber was destroyed. This box is the only one that's intact. I found it strange so I asked them to carry it here," Duanmu Sheng said.

Mingshi Yin smiled. "It's only natural for master's items to be treasures."

Lu Zhou ignored them. He bent down and studied the box. This must have been left behind by Ji Tiandao when he was still alive. However, it had been too long ago, and his memories were blurry. He could not recall anything about the box at this moment.

"Restriction." Lu Zhou looked at the densely packed lines around the box and identified them immediately. This was an extremely unique Restriction. The lines covered all six surfaces of the box to form one complete pattern. If he did not study it carefully, he would have thought it was some exquisite

ornamental pattern. The strange thing was Restrictions or Formations usually required an input of Primal Qi to be activated. How did this Restriction operate?

When Lu Zhou was cultivating in seclusion inside the hidden chamber, he had used the power from the Heavenly Writing. Under the power of Heavenly Writing, the boxes, cabinets, and lesser weapons were all destroyed without exception. Since this box remained unscathed, this meant that either its material was unique or it possessed an extremely powerful defense.

“Master, you’re knowledgeable in Formations and Restrictions. What Restriction is on the box?” Mingshi Yin could not make heads or tails out of it after looking at it for a long time.

Lu Zhou said nothing. Instead, he continued studying it. When he walked to the other side of the box, he noticed a small opening on the side. “A key...”

Mingshi Yin came over as well. He lowered his head and looked. Then, he exclaimed in surprise, “Indeed, we need a key.”

Duanmu Sheng saw the keyhole as well. “Master, I’ll go look for the key right away.”

“Go...”

Duanmu Sheng turned around and left immediately. The hidden chamber was too messy. He would need some time to find something like a key amidst all that mess.

Lu Zhou did not think the key was in the hidden chamber. He glanced at the system dashboard. As expected, there was an additional tip behind the ‘Search for the lost key’ mission; Can be used to open the lost treasure chest. He had never seen this tip before. It was obvious the box before him was the treasure box stated in the mission. He had traveled far and wide to look for it only to find it under his nose. He waved his hand and said, “Bring this to the east pavilion.”

“Yes, master.” Mingshi Yin brought the box away.

Lu Zhou waved his arm casually and put the Peacock Plume away before he returned to the east pavilion.

Seven days passed in just a blink of an eye.

After comprehending the Heavenly Writing for seven days, Lu Zhou felt that the extraordinary power contained within himself was replenished again.

Lu Zhou nodded. This meant he could use the power for a couple of times. At the moment, he had mastered two kinds of Heavenly Writing’s techniques. The first one was the power of speech that was similar to a sound technique. The second was the power of muting that was similar to a reflecting technique.

These two techniques required extraordinary power. There was only a single source of extraordinary power and that was from comprehending the Heavenly Writing.

Lu Zhou sighed inwardly. ‘Seven days, perhaps, even ten. That’s how long I have to comprehend the Heavenly Writing before I can unleash its powers once.’ He was slightly amazed at the high requirement

of the extraordinary power. However, when he thought about the might of the powers, he felt that it was justified. 'You reap what you

sow.'

"Master, a letter from Jiang Aijian." Zhao Yue's voice rang from outside.

Ever since Little Yuan'er became obsessed with her Nirvana Sash, the task of receiving letters fell upon Zhao Yue's shoulders. However, Lu Zhou felt that this was a good thing as well. Zhao Yue was more mature than Little Yuan'er.

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"Read it."

Zhao Yue produced the letter and respectfully read it aloud.

"Old senior, I have three things to tell you. First, Luo Xingkong, the former Sect Master of Heavenly Sword Sect, has sent out a summons to take down the Evil Sky Pavilion, but the other sects have yet to show any movements. Luo Xingkong is slightly flustered and exasperated by this. You must be careful. Second, Yu Zhenghai, your first disciple and the Sect Master of the Nether Sect, has assimilated another two minor sects. They're the Tempered Sect and the Devil Sect. By the way, Yu Zhenghai seems to be active lately... Third, wait for my next letter."

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. If he was not used to Jiang Aijian's way of doing things, he would have been rendered speechless by this letter. 'Can't this fellow use a longer piece of paper for his letters?'

The report ended.

Zhao Yue felt awkward as well. She felt out of place, standing here, but it seemed inappropriate to leave.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "You're dismissed."

"I'll take my leave then. I'll report again when the next letter arrives." Zhao Yue left the east pavilion.

At this moment, Lu Zhou waved his arm. The Peacock Plume appeared before himself. He was secretly shocked when he had seen the Peacock Plume's smooth and shiny surface earlier. His seventh disciple had been with this weapon for a significantly shorter time compared to the time Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong had their respective weapons. It was clear Si Wuya had been frequently using the Peacock Plume.

Lu Zhou raised his hand and held the weapon. For some reason, the words 'Refining Talisman' surfaced in his mind. If he refined this weapon, what would Si Wuya think?

Lu Zhou waved his hand. The final Refining Talisman appeared in his hand.

Perhaps, it was due to his affinity with his weapon, Si Wuya, who was sitting cross-legged in a hut that was far away from the Evil Sky Pavilion, suddenly opened his eyes. A frown could be seen on his face. Two words escaped his mouth. "Peacock Plume."

This was the way of heaven-grade weapons. When the bond between a weapon and its owner had reached a certain threshold, the two entities would form a connection that was akin to telepathy. This connection could not be explained.

Si Wuya did not know why the Peacock Plume suddenly appeared in his mind.

At this moment, a grey-robed subordinate who was nearby heard Si Wuya's voice and decided to have a look. "Sect Master."

"I'm alright," Si Wuya said.

"Sect Master, should... should I make a trip to the Celestial Masters Sect?"

"There's no need for that." Si Wuya stood up slowly. "Eldest senior brother has already promised to send someone there. If I go, eldest senior brother would think I don't trust him. Moreover, second senior brother has injured Bai Yuqing. At a time like this, it's more appropriate to look for eldest senior brother."

"Should I head to Pingdu Mountain, then?"

Si Wuya did not reply immediately. If this were the past, he would have given an order immediately. However, he was hesitating at this moment. "Wait."

"Your orders, sect master?"

"Did the Heavenly Sword Sect make any moves lately?" Si Wuya asked.

"The Heavenly Sword Sect has sent out summons and has sworn to take down the Evil Sky Pavilion. Luo Xingkong is eager to make his move, but none of the other sects are with him yet. The Heavenly Sword Sect is too insignificant to mention in its current state."

Si Wuya nodded and said, "Did Old Eighth send a reply?"

"There has been no news from Mister Eighth for ten days now."

"That's not unexpected. He must've been sent to the Cave of Reflection. I didn't place much hope on him to provide us with information in the first place. Moreover, it's probably safer for him to remain in the Cave of Reflection," Si Wuya said, "Also, I suspect that there's a spy among us... From this day on, anything related to the Evil Sky Pavilion, no matter how trivial, should be reported to me and inspected by me."

"Understood!"

"One more thing... Tell Wushu that there's no need to rescue Old Eighth. His current goal is to steal the Peacock Plume."

"Yes, sect master!" The grey-robed subordinate replied before respectfully taking his leave.

Chapter 243 Thirteen Letters of Provocation

On a towering tree near the secluded hut.

Yu Shangrong sat on a branch and leaned against the trunk. His eyes were closed and a faint smile could be seen on his face. He said nonchalantly, "Seventh Junior Brother... if you do that, you'd be throwing your previous efforts down the drain."

Si Wuya looked at Yu Shangrong, who was on the branch, and said, "I've underestimated master's ability..."

"How so?" Si Wuya said confidently, "I allowed Old Eighth to return to the Evil Sky Pavilion so that his safety would be guaranteed. Moreover, I needed him to provide me with information from within. Old Eighth is dumb and wouldn't be killed. If need be, I can send Wushu to rescue him."

Yu Shangrong shook his head lightly. He smiled disapprovingly and said, "I'm just worried that Wushu would become a target scorned by the others."

"Also, I surrendered my Peacock Plume to Fourth Senior Brother... to test master's strength. However..." Si Wuya paused before continuing to say, "It seems like the Peacock Plume is in danger."

"The conditions to refine a heaven-grade weapon are strict. Since I've helped you... You shouldn't regret it," Yu Shangrong said. "You're right, Second Senior Brother."

"Now, it's your turn to help me..." Yu Shangrong opened his eyes. Rays of sunlight shone on his chiseled face through the leaves. He leaped off the branch with light movements and landed before Si Wuya like a drooping willow.

Si Wuya's heart quickened. Ever since he founded the Darknet, he heard countless news about people coming to life or dying. All sorts of things could happen in a single day. There were events as serious as the sky falling down, and troubles as trivial as a mustard seed. However, he had never once felt shaken. Yet, Yu Shangrong's words sent chills running up his spine.

Si Wuya knew his eldest senior brother and second senior brother had always been at odds with each other. He would not be surprised if they fought each other in the future. However, he did not expect the day would come so soon. He was caught slightly off-guard. "Second senior brother... can't we..."

Before Si Wuya could finish his sentence, Yu Shangrong raised a hand and interjected, "I've decided. I hope he doesn't get injured within these six months..."

The world of elites was a lonely one. It was only natural for them to wish their opponents would be able to fight them at their full strength. It was boring to fight against a weakling after all.

"With eldest senior brother's cultivation base, I'm afraid only master would be able to injure him."

"That's why you shouldn't provoke master..." After Yu Shangrong finished speaking, he lightly tapped the branch with the tips of his toes and rose into the air as though he was as light as a feather. When he was dozens of meters in the air, he turned around and said, "Take care of yourself."

"Don't worry, senior brother... I can keep myself safe."

"We'll meet again."

"I'm sure we will."

The two of them cupped their fists at each other.

Yu Shangrong did not waste any time. With both hands on his back, he flew in the air and vanished into the horizons.

Si Wuya shook his head and sighed softly. He returned to the secluded hut. He looked at the information sheets strewn across the floor and the list of urgent matters he had to attend to. Suddenly, the usually calm and steady Si Wuya swung his arms in anger!

Swoosh!

The stack of paper scattered everywhere.

"What am I doing all this for?" At this moment, Si Wuya suddenly grunted before blood trickled out of his mouth. He did not seem bothered and calmly wiped it off with his sleeve.

Another grey-robed subordinate who was nearby knelt with one knee on the ground and said, "Sect master, are you alright?"

"I'm alright... It's just the backlash from trying to break free from the Binding Mantra." Si Wuya's brows were deeply furrowed.

"Do take care of yourself, sect master."

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Meanwhile.

"Ding! Punished Si Wuya. Obtained 200 merit points."

Although Lu Zhou was not sure what Si Wuya was doing at the moment, he knew these 200 merit points must mean that Si Wuya had suffered from the backlash.

Lu Zhou shook his head. He looked at the Peacock Plume and said, "It's not easy to break the Binding Mantra."

This Binding Mantra originated from the system. Even if a Six or Seven-leaf elite from the Celestial Masters Sect tried to break it, it would not be easy.

Lu Zhou thought about everything Si Wuya did recently. He shook his head and said, "Rascal... I'll hold onto your weapon for now." With a wave of his hand, the Refining Talisman vanished.

This was the first time the master and disciple had fought from a distance, and Si Wuya had been soundly defeated.

Lu Zhou put the Peacock Plume away. At this moment, Zhao Yue's voice rang from outside...

"Master, there are two letters."

"Two letters?"

"One of them is from Jiang Aijian. The other... is from the foot of the mountain."

“Read them.”

Zhao Yue opened Jiang Aijian’s letter first and read aloud, “Old senior, this third piece of information concerns an important imperial affair. I didn’t want to tell you about it in the beginning, but after giving it some thought, I decided to tell you about it. Wei Zhuoyan’s four deputies led 50,000 men to the Liang Province to quell the unrest there. The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, has returned to the palace in triumph with his troops... I know you don’t care much about rebellions, but I’m sure there’s something amiss in the palace with such a huge disturbance. Be careful of Mo Li.”

Lu Zhou’s expression remained calm.

In the end, this message was related to the puppet master, Mo Li... Lu Zhou had no interest in joining the palace factions. He would leave it up to fate in regard to Wei Zhuoyan’s ability. He ordered, “Continue.”

“Understood.” Zhao Yue opened the second letter. She skimmed through it and said, “It’s a letter of challenge from the Heavenly Sword Sect.”

When Lu Zhou heard this, his expression remained calm. As the saying went, ‘When it rains, it pours.’ So many trivial matters came one after another.

“Master, Luo Xingkong has arranged a battle arena and wants to challenge you to a one-on-one fight,” Zhao Yue said hesitantly.

“Ignore him.’ Lu Zhou did not think much about the puny Heavenly Sword Sect. Moreover, his mind was preoccupied with the box, the key, and comprehending the Heavenly Writing. At the same time, he had to think of some way to deal with Si Wuya, Yu Shangrong, and Yu Zhenghai. He did not have time for other matters.

“Understood. I’ll take my leave then.” Zhao Yue turned around and left.

The next morning, Zhao Yue came to the east pavilion again with another letter in her hand.

“Master... This time, the Heavenly Sword Sect’s Luo Xingkong had sent a messenger... It’s also a letter of challenge. Luo Xingkong claims his cultivation base has improved greatly and wishes to fight you fairly.”

Lu Zhou said disapprovingly, “He’s got some balls...”

Usually, the ten great sects regarded the Evil Sky Pavilion with fear and reverence. However, the Heavenly Sword Sect was bold enough to send a letter via a mere disciple.

‘He’s truly blinded by the grief of losing his son.’

“There’s no need to bring me any letter from the Heavenly Sword Sect from now on.”

“Yes, master.”

During the next ten days, a letter of challenge would arrive each day without fail.

They were all intercepted by Zhao Yue.

The 13th letter was presented to Zhao Yue by one of the female cultivators.

Zhao Yue thought that it would be the same as the previous ones. She opened it and read the letter. A frown soon appeared on her face. "Where's the sender?"

"He just left the foothill."

"Capture him... and kill him with thousand cuts," Zhao Yue ordered expressionlessly.

The two female disciples were from the Derived Moon Palace after all. When they heard this command, they were slightly frightened.

Zhao Yue lowered her voice and said with a hint of anger, "Do it!"

"Understood!" The two female cultivators sped down the mountain.

With the letter in hand, Zhao Yue walked toward the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Chapter 244 As He Wishes

Zhao Yue was furious. This was her first time feeling this way after she returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion. A steely expression could be seen on her face as she made her way to her great hall.

When she was about to enter the great hall, Mingshi Yin suddenly showed up and said, "Fifth Junior Sister, what's the matter?"

"Four Senior Brother, look at this." Zhao Yue waved her hand. A gentle energy brought the letter over to Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin caught the letter and read it. Various emotions flitted across his face as he read the letter. As soon as he finished reading it, he cursed, "That old geezer, Luo Xingkong! How dare he call us repulsive?! How dare he challenge the Evil Sky Pavilion to a deathmatch on the Lotus Dais?!"

"Eh, what's this?" At this moment, Mingshi Yin noticed an oval pattern at the bottom of the letter. The inside of the oval was filled with many irregular lines. He found it strange. After staring at it for a long time, he still could not make heads or tails out of it.

Zhao Yue spoke up at this moment, "Senior brother, we must report this to master."

"Alright."

The two of them walked toward the great hall.

Coincidentally, Little Yuan'er was in the great hall as well. She was practicing with her Nirvana Sash to improve her affinity and control over it.

"Senior brother, senior sister! Look at this... My Nirvana Sash is much more powerful than before!" Little Yuan'er bragged excitedly.

"Yes, yes." Mingshi Yin did not have time to speak to his little junior sister at this moment.

Mingshi Yin and Zhao Yue saw Lu Zhou holding a brush. It seemed like he was drawing.

"Greetings, master!" "Greetings, master!" Both of them fell to their knees and greeted Lu Zhou in unison.

Mingshi Yin stole a glance at the piece of paper on the table. He saw a drawing of the box that was found in the hidden chamber. Even the patterns were successfully recreated. It was a perfect drawing of the box. "Master, you're an amazing artist! My horizons have truly been widened." Despite his words, he found this odd. His master's writing used to be indecipherable, when did he learn to draw so well? Writing and drawing were not skills that could be mastered overnight. Without dedicated practice and a certain level of talent, it was impossible to draw so well, regardless of one's cultivation base. Lu Zhou placed the brush on the table. He looked at Mingshi Yin and Zhao Yue before he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Please have a look at this, master." Mingshi Yin presented the 13th letter of challenge from the Heavenly Sword Sect.

Lu Zhou took it and scanned it. He showed no changes in his expression despite the unpleasant content of the letter.

Mingshi Yin said, "Master, the Heavenly Sword Sect is spreading lies everywhere... They even dare to openly insult the Evil Sky Pavilion. Enough is enough. I humbly request for permission to descend the mountain and kill every member of their sect." Zhao Yue chimed in, "I agree!" Fortunately, Duanmu Sheng was not here. If he had seen the letter of challenge, he would have charged down the mountain without notifying anyone. "I killed Luo Changfeng, the Sect Master of Heavenly Sword Sect. However, Luo Xingkong still dares to act so boldly. I'm sure they must have a trick or two up their sleeve. They must have come prepared," Lu Zhou said calmly.

"Master... It doesn't matter if they came prepared, we can't forgive them for their blatant provocation," Mingshi Yin said indignantly.

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Send word to Jiang Aijian. Tell him to investigate Luo Xingkong. Also, send him this drawing and have him investigate it as well." He pointed at the completed drawing of the box.

"I'll go right away." Zhao Yue picked up the drawing, turned around, and left.

Mingshi Yin looked at the oval-shaped pattern at the bottom of the letter and asked, "Master, you're so knowledgeable, do you know what this is?" He was quite curious.

Lu Zhou turned the letter around to have a better look at the oval pattern.

After looking at it again, Mingshi Yin's eyes widened in shock. "A tortoise with its head in its shell?"

Mingshi Yin was right. It was a tortoise with its head in its shell.

How could the Evil Sky Pavilion disregard this insult?

"Master... This... This... How can you let this go?" Mingshi Yin was so angered that he stumbled over his words. Based on his master's temper in the past, his master would have led all of them over and kill those people without a second thought.

"What do you think we should do?" Lu Zhou asked.

Mingshi Yin was taken aback by this question. 'What's master playing at?' After muttering to himself for a moment, he finally replied, "Since he insulted us, Lu Xingkong deserves to die!"

"So be it," Lu Zhou said calmly.

Mingshi Yin was taken aback. A surge of excitement welled up in his heart. His blood began to boil, and he was filled with enthusiasm. He could not wait to charge down the mountain to wash away this insult. Moreover, he felt he had been slacking recently. He was not himself.

A short while later, Zhao Yue returned. She held a letter in her hands and said, "I've sent word to Jiang Aijian... but, Seventh Junior Brother sent a letter as well..." She spoke tentatively. After all, Si Wuya had angered their master recently. Who knew if their master would be displeased?

"Read it," Lu Zhou said.

Zhao Yue opened Si Wuya's letter and read, "Dear master, I have a request..."

Zhao Yue had barely begun to read when Mingshi Yin cursed heatedly, "That bastard! How dare he requests something from master! I regret not ending him back then!"

Zhao Yue glanced at Mingshi Yin before she continued reading, "Please don't refine the Peacock Plume... My affinity and bond with it have reached its peak. When you bestowed it to me years ago, I treated it, and still treat it, as a valuable treasure. It's impossible to find a second owner that's more suited to it. I believe that you don't wish to see someone else tainting the Peacock Plume's prestige as well."

Mingshi Yin cursed again, "That hopeless narcissist!"

"I heard the Heavenly Sword Sect is sending out summons and taunting the Evil Sky Pavilion. I've investigated this matter. Luo Xingkong is grieving for the loss of his son so he wants to fight with his life. The others on the Noble Path plan to wait this out and reap the benefits after. Give me a month, and I'll surely annihilate the Heavenly Sword Sect so that I can remove this thorn in your flesh." After Zhao Yue finished reading the letter, she passed it to Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin read it and nodded before he said, "That's more like it... Old Seventh sure is willing to go to great lengths for the Peacock Plume."

Lu Zhou wondered inwardly, 'How did Si Wuya know that I was about to refine the Peacock Plume?' Perhaps, the bond between Si Wuya and the Peacock Plume was truly at its peak. That was probably how Si Wuya sensed the threat of his weapon being refined.

"Master, I have a question. Si Wuya's Darknet has eyes everywhere. However, many of them are mere mortals who barely have the strength to truss a chicken. How does he plan to deal with the Heavenly Sword Sect?" Zhao Yue asked.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "The Nether Sect." When he cast the Binding Mantra, although Kui Niu had appeared, it had hit Si Wuya instead. This meant that Si Wuya and Yu Zhenghai were close. The demise of the Clarity Sect certainly had something to do with Si Wuya as well.

Mingshi Yin scratched his head. Despite his reluctance to accept it, he said, "With the Nether Sect doing the work, we can sit back and relax."

"No." Lu Zhou raised his hand and said in a deep voice, "A month is too long... Since Luo Xingkong is asking for a battle, we'll fulfill his wish."

A new mission appeared on the mission list. "Clear the Evil Sky Pavilion's name. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

"Yes, Master!"

"Yes, Master!"

Mingshi Yin and Zhao Yue said in unison. They felt excited when they heard their master's words.

The Evil Sky Pavilion could not possibly keep quiet and do nothing when Luo Xingkong was acting so arrogantly.

Chapter 245 A Fight To Death

Early the next morning in the great hall.

Lu Zhou looked at everyone gathered here.

Pan Zhong was absent due to his injuries. Pan Litian had been recuperating after consuming the sable magnolia a few days ago. Although Leng Luo was powerful, his power was almost nonexistent after the trip to Slender West Lake.

Lu Zhou did not expect anything from the three of them.

"Master... Jiang Aijian's letter arrived this morning. His words are essentially the same as what Seventh Junior Brother said but with some exceptions," Zhao Yue presented the letter she held and said, "The Heavenly Sword Sect isn't without help... However, this helper isn't among the ten great sects. Its movements are mysterious and nearly impossible to investigate."

Lu Zhou nodded. Based on this, it could be seen that Jiang Aijian's information was more precise than Si Wuya's. He remained silent as he walked out of the great hall with his hands on his back.

Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue, Little Yuan'er, Zhou Jifeng, Hua Yuexing, and ten female cultivators trailed after him.

A short while later, they stood before the cloud-splitting chariot.

"Senior brother, I heard from little junior sister that your steering has improved greatly," Mingshi Yin said. "It's too insignificant to mention compared to your skills. It's too insignificant to mention..." Duanmu Sheng hastily waved his hands.

"I told you I wasn't lying. Manning the helm does wonders for your cultivation... Senior brother, there's another benefit to manning the helm..." Mingshi Yin put up a show of whispering something important.

"Hm?" Duanmu Sheng inched closer.

Mingshi Yin said softly, "It can calm the heart and temper one's character... It's a wonderful method to cultivate a good attitude."

"Are you saying I'm hot-tempered?" "No, no, not at all." Mingshi Yin waved his hands frantically.

When Duanmu Sheng heard this, he nodded and said, "Fourth Junior Brother, what do you think about my Overlord Spear?"

“It’s majestic, and one of its kind! It’s the greatest treasure you could ever find!” Mingshi Yin praised.

Duanmu Sheng sighed as he shook his head and said, “I know you’re disgruntled for being granted some junk as a weapon. You should man the helm well and calm your heart. A heaven-grade weapon is still a heaven-grade weapon no matter what. There’s no need to put too much thoughts into how majestic it looks.” “Uh...”

“Go on, then.” Duanmu Sheng gave Mingshi Yin’s shoulder an earnest pat.

‘I... I never f*cking said that I like majestic weapons.’ Mingshi Yin leaped to the helm helplessly.

Duanmu Sheng turned to look at his little junior sister. He thought his little junior sister needed to temper her character as well. He did not like her flinging her red cloth around everywhere she went.

The others boarded the flying chariot.

Duanmu Sheng leaped to Lu Zhou’s side. He lifted a side of his clothes, blew on the Overlord Spear’s dragon ornament, and rubbed it down until it shone with a pleased expression on his face.

With Mingshi Yin manning the helm, the people onboard the flying chariot had an exceptionally smooth journey. Hua Wudao stood at Lu Zhou’s side. He looked down at the surroundings of the Evil Sky Pavilion with his hands on his back. With this vantage point, he could see the Golden Court Mountain’s barrier in its entirety. He said, “I have a question, Pavilion Master. When you absorbed the barrier’s power while you were cultivating in the hidden chamber, did you do it to maintain your peak condition?”

Lu Zhou glanced at him and said, “You think that’s the case as well?”

“I dare not.”

“I’ll mend the barrier,” Lu Zhou said. The weakening of the barrier was a hot topic of discussion in the outside world. This was equivalent to saying he was growing weak as well. Unfortunately, he had not found a good way to mend the barrier at the moment. If he entrusted the task to his disciples, they would need at least three years to mend it. The Eight-leaf Leng Luo and Pan Litian were currently old misfits so he could not place any hope on them. The quickest way was to use a Peak Trial Card, but he would not simply use that card.

Hua Wudao said, “The Lotus Dais is where the sects on the Noble Path spar... I’m just worried Luo Xingkong intentionally provoked us so he can lure us there after he sets a trap.”

“Your worry isn’t unfounded,” Lu Zhou said with a nod.

“There’s no need to worry, Elder Hua... All tricks and schemes are meaningless before master.”

“Naturally, I believe in the Pavilion Master’s strength.”

At this moment, Hua Yuexing walked over. Perhaps, she was new to the Evil Sky Pavilion, she seemed reserved. She bowed and said, “I have something to report.”

“What is it?”

Hua Yuexing sounded unsure of herself as she said, “When I waited for the Heavenly Sword Sect’s Elder Zhang Zhicheng at a tower near the sect, I think I saw someone familiar...”

“Who’s that?”

“The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing,” Hua Yuexing said as she fell to her knees. She cupped her fists and continued to say, “When I was with Lady Jade, I unintentionally saw a portrait of the Fourth Prince. However, I can’t be sure it was him I saw so I didn’t report this earlier. Please forgive me, Pavilion Master!”

The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, usually guarded the borders. He had several military achievements under his belt, hence, the factions in the palace would not easily move against him. If he wanted to return, he would have to relinquish his command of the army. The question was, why would Liu Bing choose to return at this juncture?

Lu Zhou’s gaze fell on Hua Yuexing. He remembered Jiang Aijian’s status and said, “Have you met Jiang Aijian before this?”

“Our first meeting was at Skylark Pagoda,” Hua Yuexing said, slightly nervous.

“Stand up and speak.”

“Thank you, Pavilion Master.” Hua Yuexing stood up respectfully.

“Have you contacted Jiang Aijian before?” Lu Zhou asked when Hua Yuexing lowered her guard.

Thud!

Hua Yuexing fell to her knees again before she began to kowtow. “I dare not!”

Hua Wudao hastily cupped his fists. “Hua Yuexing is from the Luo Sect where upbringing is stringent. She would never do something like that.”

Mingshi Yin turned his head and said, “Stringent upbringing? Why did she leave the Luo Sect, then?”

“Uh....”

“Can’t answer that, can you? I was wondering why Jiang Aijian seems to know everything. It seems like he and Old Seventh are made from the same cloth,” Mingshi Yin said.

Lu Zhou looked at Hua Yuexing. Even after being interrogated, her loyalty did not decline. It was clear she was not lying. He said, “Stand up and speak.” “Understood.”

“You’re talented. Have you been to the west pavilion?”

Hua Yuexing replied, “I-I haven’t had the time.”

“There’s a cultivation method called the Quick Condensation in the west pavilion. I think that it suits you well,” Lu Zhou said indifferently.

Hua Wudao hastily waved his hand. “What are you standing there for? Thank the Pavilion Master!”

“Thank you, Pavilion Master!” Hua Yuexing kneeled again.

The others were speechless when they saw this. It seemed like Hua Yuexing had gotten used to life in the palace. Kneeling seemed like second nature to her. The palace and its rotten rules!

Hua Wudao said, "The Luo Sect doesn't have any cultivation method like this for you. An archer is powerful when there's a distance between her and the target, but her weakness is also clear. Once another cultivator gets close enough, the archer would rarely have enough time to condense energy and fire shots. Quick Condensation is the perfect remedy for this shortcoming." Hua Yuexing nodded solemnly. "Thank you for your instructions, Elder Hua. I will work hard."

Loyalty +10%.

Sometimes, Lu Zhou felt that although Hua Yuexing was bound by many rules, she was a pure person. She appeared to have some experience in the outside world, and yet, she did not seem to be completely tainted by it. It was not a big deal to give her a cultivation method so he was surprised to see her loyalty increasing by so much.

Meanwhile, inside the secluded hut.

Si Wuya opened his eyes. He guessed the time by looking at the sun's rays at the hut's entrance.

As expected, a grey-robed cultivator flew toward him and landed on his knees before he said, "Sect master, it's just as you've said. Someone has been passing information to the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Do you know where the information is from?"

"The palace."

Si Wuya frowned when he heard this. How strange. His master had never concerned himself with those people in the palace regardless of which faction they belonged to. How was this possible? "Have our sources in the palace investigate this."

"Understood."

Si Wuya's frown eased away. He smiled confidently as he said, "It's normal for master to believe this person. In that case, we'll play along with him."

"...I'll look for Senior Sword Devil immediately."

"No." Si Wuya shook his head. "Go to Pingdu Mountain." "Yes, sect master."

Chapter 246 The Debate on the Lotus Dais

The grey-robed cultivator turned around and left the secluded hut.

Si Wuya removed the clothes from his upper body. The scarlet script on his chest was still there. It did not show any signs of fading at all. He sighed softly. Since the mantra had landed on him, he had tried several methods to break it. Unfortunately, the mantra was not in the least affected.

Si Wuya looked at the books about mantras before he shook his head. 'I shouldn't believe everything that's written in the books. The mantra-breaking methods mentioned in the books are useless.' He changed into another set of robes and looked up at the skies. Then, he said, "Men."

Swoosh!

Several grey-robed cultivators appeared immediately.

"Sect master." "I'm going to the Lotus Dais." When the grey-robed cultivators heard this, one of them looked up, cupped his fists, and said, "Sect master, your cultivation base is still sealed. It's too dangerous for you to go there. I suggest..."

Si Wuya tidied his garments and interjected, "I know... However, there are certain matters that I have to personally attend to. Otherwise, I'd feel uncomfortable."

"But..."

"No buts. Are you saying that my words mean nothing?" Si Wuya turned to look at them.

"We dare not! We swear to protect you with our lives, sect master!"

Si Wuya nodded. An expression of helplessness appeared on his face as he sighed. "You've been with me for many years and are willing to throw away your lives just to ensure my safety. I'm not someone who would take a brother's life for granted. After all these years, you should at least know this much about me."

The grey-robed cultivators lowered their heads and no longer said anything.

Si Wuya said, "Tell Wushu that we're ready to move. Let's go..."

"Yes, sect master!"

The Lotus Dais was a sacred place where the major sects would spar and debate. It was located to the north of Yang province, ten miles past Huaishui. It was divided into two levels. The upper level was the dais whereas the lower level was the petals of the lotus. It was a wide and spacious area that extended for several miles. There was a towering pillar on each of the lotus' petals. No less than five fire basins were suspended from the pillars that served as a source of illumination at night. The lotus petals were covered with limestone, and the stage was made of marble.

The surroundings of the Lotus Dais were peppered with many inns and places of gathering. There were also bejeweled jade palaces around the dais that made for a splendid view.

At this moment, many people gathered at the Lotus Dais.

"Days and years have passed. Today's the 14th day. So, has the Heavenly Sword Sect sent out the letter of challenge to the Evil Sky Pavilion today?"

"They sent 13 letters so far. I'm sure they'll send another one later. I heard the letter they sent yesterday is filled with insults. Knowing the old villain, he must be furious. It's highly possible that we'll see him today. I wonder which shameless person came up with such an idea."

The people who had gathered here formed small groups as they stood around, waiting for the show to start.

The Evil Sky Pavilion did not appear even after 13 letters were sent. Some of them were starting to think that the Evil Sky Pavilion would not be coming after all. Hence, many of them were emboldened and moved even closer to the dais.

On the Lotus Dais.

Luo Xingkong was resting his spirits with his eyes closed. He said in a dignified manner, closing his ears to the discussions below the Lotus Dais. There were ten chairs behind him. The cultivators that occupied the seats all wore white robes with swords in their hands.

Luo Xingkong wore a white robe as well. The white strip on his forehead was tainted with blood.

Behind the lineup was a banner that read, "The killing of my son is an unforgivable crime."

"Sect master, is the Evil Sky Pavilion's villain not coming again?" Several Elders appeared indignant.

"There's no need to be anxious." Luo Xingkong opened his eyes. He cast his deep gaze at the skies as he said, "He'll surely come after I insulted the Evil Sky Pavilion in that manner. The old villain has a short fuse. He won't be able to let it slide." "Sect master... since the old villain has ped the barrier's power, he might be extremely powerful."

"You can save your breath. The arrow is nocked and has to be fired. Naturally, I have a trick or two up my sleeve after cultivating in seclusion for so many years. Changfeng is dead, and I have no reason to keep on living... If the old villain shows up, just carry out my plan," Luo Xingkong projected his voice to the elders.

"Yes, sect master!" the ten cultivators behind Luo Xingkong replied in unison.

They waited in silence for a long time, but there were still no signs of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The audience made some more noise.

"Sect Master Luo, send out the 14th letter of challenge... I suggest you insult their parents as well!"

Luo Xingkong swept his gaze across them and said nothing.

"The Heavenly Sword Sect's name will resound loudly in the cultivation world."

"Forget it, let's go back... I thought I'll be able to watch an interesting show today. It seems like the rumors are true. The Evil Sky Pavilion isn't what it used to be. I remember how grand they were in the past. Who would dare slight the Evil Sky Pavilion at that time?" someone said with a sigh.

The sigh gave rise to more sighs.

There were also a few self-proclaimed righteous men who voiced their support for the Heavenly Sword Sect.

"The villain wreaked havoc and committed crime everywhere he went. He's also killed countless men. Everyone should persecute them!"

However, very few shared this view. At least, not openly.

There were also people who did not make their stance clear. They hid in the bejeweled jade palaces nearby while keeping an eye on the developments on the Lotus Dais.

Finally, Luo Xingkong shook his head and said, "Listen to my order. Send the 14th letter of challenge to the Evil Sky Pavilion..."

At this moment, a Heavenly Sword Sect disciple came up to Luo Xingkong and softly said, "Sect master, the disciple who sent the 13th letter hasn't returned from his trip yet. I'm afraid... that something bad has befallen him."

Luo Xingkong's expression darkened as he said, "Continue sending the letters. Let your creativity run wild with the contents so long as you can make the Evil Sky Pavilion leave their mountain. Those who fear death... will be banished from the Heavenly Sword Sect. Those who are willing to send the letter will be rewarded with 1,000 catties of gold and the Ancient One Sword Technique."

As the saying went, 'A person can be bought as long as the price is right'. The rich bought lives with money while the poor exchanged their lives for money. This had always been the way the world worked.

When Luo Xingkong made the offer, there were outer disciples who immediately volunteered for the task.

Elder Luo Zheng said contemptuously, "Let the audience compose the letter..."

"Understood."

The Heavenly Sword Sect prepared a piece of paper that was a foot long and laid it out in the open. Brushes and ink were also prepared.

At this moment, someone shouted, "What's that?"

"It's a meteor!"

"That can't be right. Since when does a meteor look like that?"

Swoosh!

In the distant sky, something with a long tail in its wake appeared in everyone's sight, parting the clouds in its way. It was extremely eye-catching.

Those knowledgeable cultivators recognized it for it was immediately.

"It's the cloud-splitting chariot!"

"It's the Evil Sky Pavilion's cloud-splitting chariot!"

"Run!"

The members of the audience who stood on the Lotus Dais immediately scattered toward the lotus petals.

There were those who had just recently learned how to levitate among the cultivators. In their haste, they lost control of their Primal Qi and fell miserably to the ground, causing them to see stars.

It was chaos as the crowd pushed and shoved each other frantically in an attempt to get away. Although the Evil Sky Pavilion was not what it used to be, it was not a force that these small fries could afford to offend. They put great distance between themselves and the dais, choosing to watch from below. They did not think the Evil Sky Pavilion would switch its targets, give up on the Heavenly Sword Sect, and deal with third-rate characters such as themselves.

Luo Xingkong and the others rose to their feet.

Luo Xingkong's eyes were spitting flames of fury as he looked at the approaching cloud-splitting chariot. A hint of anticipation and lust for battle could be seen in his eyes as he said fearlessly, "You're finally here!" A dead man had nothing to fear after all.

The same could not be said for the ten people standing behind Luo Xingkong. They felt their hearts thumping wildly in their chests, clearly not having a good time.

Luo Xingkong looked around himself.

The onlookers were gathered tightly on the lotus petals. There were only a few Brahman Sea cultivators who hovered above the rest and looked on from above.

The cloud-splitting chariot slowed down and came to a stop a few dozen meters above the Lotus Dais.

Everyone looked up at the cloud-splitting chariot.

Lu Zhou and Hua Wudao appeared in everyone's sight. Some onlookers who had never seen Lu Zhou before exclaimed in surprise, "So, that's the Evil Sky Pavilion's master... The master of the nine villains!"

"That girl must be the youngest female disciple, Ci Yuan'er. She looks inexperienced, but she doesn't bat an eyelid when she kills!"

The others were not as recognizable so the crowd could only make rough guesses.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou looked at the Heavenly Sword Sect's disciples on Lotus Dais.

Luo Xingkong looked at Lu Zhou and said in a confident and loud voice, "You're finally here." His voice resounded through the place.

The crowd fell silent immediately.

Little Yuan'er ran into the cabin and took a chair out. She giggled and placed it behind Lu Zhou. "Master, have a seat."

Lu Zhou nodded and slowly sat down. He was inwardly pleased. 'The little girl is growing up. She's finally growing into a considerate young lady.'

Elder Hua had an awkward expression on his face. As the saying went, 'Respect the old and cherish the young'. Did he not deserve a chair as well?

One of the female cultivators saw this and hastily carried a chair over. "Elder, have a seat."

"Thank you." Elder Hua cupped his fists slightly and sat down.

Lu Zhou looked at Luo Xingkong, the oldest among the others, who was standing at the lead. His voice rolled out in waves as he said, "Are you Luo Xingkong?"

The onlookers clicked their tongues in amazement.

'As expected of the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch.'

'He's hale and hearty despite the years. He doesn't seem like a pale remnant of his past.'

'His voice is clear and confident as always.'

Luo Xingkong said in a deep voice, "I thought you're too afraid to show up since you didn't show up even after I sent 13 letters of challenge. When did the Evil Sky Pavilion become this cowardly?"

Lu Zhou did not take the bait, ignoring Luo Xingkong. He turned to the side and said, "Since it's just the Heavenly Sword Sect. I'll leave it to you."

"Yes, master."

"Yes, master!"

Mingshi Yin beckoned Zhao Yue over. "Fifth Junior Sister, you take over the helm."

Mingshi Yin was too eager to switch positions. Maintaining the chariot's altitude did not require too much strength, Zhao Yue alone would suffice.

Mingshi Yin leaped up before he looked down. "You old geezer... You're not fit to fight my master."

"That's not for you to say," Luo Xingkong said.

Mingshi Yin said with a sneer, "Hey... Luo Changfeng was your son, right? He deserves to die. How dare you challenge the Evil Sky Pavilion for such a reason?!"

Luo Xingkong did not seem to be in a hurry. Instead, he looked up and said, "You've got a terrible mouth. Are you one of the Evil Sky Pavilion's nine great livestock?"

The members of the audience felt their bodies heat up. They did not expect the Heavenly Sword Sect to be so bold to insult the Evil Sky Pavilion in its face.

Meanwhile, a strong battle intent burned on the Lotus Dais. Luo Xingkong said, "The likes of you aren't fit to fight against me..." Then, he turned to look at Lu Zhou before he continued to say, "The only one worthy for me to make a move is you alone."

Lu Zhou did not deign to reply to Luo Xingkong. He closed his eyes and rested his spirits.

Mingshi Yin said, "If you want to fight my master... you'll have to defeat me."

Luo Xingkong waved his hand. Five of the ten men behind him stepped forward.

"We're the five great disciples of the Heavenly Sword Sect. Who dares challenge US?"

The strong battle intent from the Heavenly Sword Sect exceeded the audience's expectations.

'Is the Heavenly Sword Sect not afraid of death?'

"I'll go!" Duanmu Sheng shouted. Just when he was about to jump down, the Heavenly Sword Sect's Elder Luo Zheng said, "I'll deal with this one."

Hua Wudao stood up slowly. With his hands on his back, he said, "Allow me."

As everyone else looked as Hua Wudao walked on the air and slowly descended.

Hua Wudao looked at Luo Zheng. However, Luo Zheng stepped back and the five great disciples surrounded Hua Wudao.

Mingshi Yin saw through their tactics immediately. He turned to Lu Zhou and said, "Master, that old fox is playing games."

Lu Zhou did not open his eyes. He merely nodded. It was meaningless to watch Tian Ji race his horses. Moreover, Hua Wudao was a Seven-leaf elite. His Six Compatible Seal was peerless. The five cultivators were only in the Divine Court realm. How could they be a match for Hua Wudao?

The five disciples began orbiting Hua Wudao. Their swords vibrated with energy.

Luo Xingkong said mockingly. "I was wondering who you'd send out. In the end, it's Yun Sect's Elder Hua... I feel ashamed for you!"

Hua Wudao stood with his hands on his back. There were no changes in his expression at all. He had already thought things through and made his peace while he was in the Evil Sky Pavilion. He knew he would have to face a situation like this from the day he joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. "Do your worst."

The five disciples brandished their swords and slashed at Hua Wudao.

Hua Wudao widened the distance between his feet as six scripts surrounded his body. He took a step forward. "Six Compatible Seal."

The sunlight did nothing to diminish the radiance from the six scripts.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The swords' energies landed on the Six Compatible Seal.

Hua Wudao seemed completely unaffected. He took another step forward.

Upon seeing this, Luo Xingkong was stunned. He had heard about Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal previously. There were many who scoffed at it and called it a tortoiseshell technique. He was surprised by its application now that he had a chance to witness it!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The five disciples did not hold back as they attacked. Alas, the Six Compatible Seal was nowhere close to what they had imagined. They were like ants that were trying to uproot a tree. Their attacks did nothing to the Six Compatible Seal.

Hua Wudao took another step forward.

Luo Zheng cried out, "What are you waiting for? Combine your swords!"

"Understood!" The five disciples rose at the same time and merged as one.

At this moment, a huge green circle appeared where Hua Wudao stood. The circle was about five meters in diameter! This was Hua Wudao's Eight Trigrams energy seal.

"The Buddhist cultivation method, Bright Mirror." With a heart as bright as a mirror, understand all beings to grasp the opponent's every move... Those who were blessed would have their cultivation

bases greatly enhanced. Those who were cursed would have their cultivation bases greatly reduced. This was an ultimate area skill that boosted the caster and harmed the opponent. This skill required one to be in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm at least! The more profound one's cultivation base was, the more terrifying its effects would be. The Heavenly Sword Sect was a Daoist sect, why would its members cultivate this method?

On the other hand, Hua Wudao was not afraid at all. His expression was indifferent as continued making his way forward. The Eight Trigrams was under his feet, and only three scripts remained in his Six Compatible Seal. The others had shot out.

Luo Zheng shook his head and said, "Heed my order. All you have to do today is kill anyone from the Evil Sky Pavilion!"

Hua Wudao said, "I'm afraid you won't be killing anyone today!" The Six Compatible Seal suddenly enlarged and spread out. Nine shining golden scripts shot in all directions!

The five disciples had barely unleashed their sword techniques when they were sent flying back by the scripts.

Chapter 247 Clearing The Evil Sky Pavilion's Name

The five disciples spat out mouthfuls of blood, and they dropped their swords. Their energies were easily destroyed as though they were made of glass. Even with a powerful enhancing technique such as the Bright Mirror, it could not close the gap between the differences in their strength. Hua Wudao had made a perfect display of crushing his opponents using the difference in their cultivation bases. He left no room for his opponents to act. "Amazing!"

The scene was similar to how a grandfather would discipline his grandsons. The two sides were on completely different levels.

Who said tortoiseshell techniques could not be used offensively? Who said tortoiseshell techniques were only destined to be a punching bag? The members of the audience felt their blood boil from watching this. Most of them exclaimed in surprise. "The Yun Sect's elder has truly joined the Evil Sky Pavilion!"

"The Evil Sky Pavilion has a powerful helper... Doesn't this mean the Heavenly Sword Sect is in trouble?"

Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal was exceptionally eye-catching and dazzling. Although it was a tortoiseshell technique, its visual display was quite impressive. This was especially true when the nine scripts shot out. The combination of the golden radiance and the Daoist mudra made it look as if a golden flower had made a brief appearance. Luo Xingkong frowned as he looked at the Bright Mirror seal on the ground...

Hua Wudao continued moving forward. The Six Compatible Seal appeared again.

The five disciples crashed onto the ground. Four of them were knocked out cold while one of them spat another mouthful of blood and died.

Mingshi Yin shook his head when he saw this. "He's been with the Yun Sect for too long. He's still not ruthless enough. Well, that being said, he has shown some improvements. After all, when he first joined

the Evil Sky Pavilion, I didn't think he would ever kill another person." Meanwhile, Lu Zhou was still resting his spirits with his eyes closed. He pondered over the box and the key and also how he should capture the remaining rascals. He paid no heed to the developments on the Lotus Dais.

Hua Wudao was still moving forward. With every step he took, another script appeared on his body, shining with golden radiance.

Luo Xingkong stared at Hua Wudao and said, "Hua Wudao... I really didn't expect a grand Yun Sect elder to side with the evildoers. I'll have to demand an explanation from the Yun Sect after this is over."

Hua Wudao suddenly shot forward.

Bzzt!

Hua Wudao's 80-foot Seven-leaf avatar towered above everyone.

The Heavenly Sword Sect's people fell limply to the ground when they saw the avatar. They were standing too close to it and were suppressed. The five elders and Luo Xingkong looked up a frightened expression on their faces.

The members of the audience stared with their mouths agape.

'Seven-leaf!

'That's a Seven-leaf avatar! Many tried their whole lives but were unable to attain it!'

With just Hua Wudao alone, it seemed like an uncrossable chasm had opened up between the Heavenly Sword Sect and the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The onlookers were in an uproar.

'How are they going to fight this?'

'Fight? Forget about fighting.'

'The Heavenly Sword Sect is asking to be humiliated.'

At this moment, in the flying chariot, Mingshi Yin said, "Elder Hua, don't bully the juniors."

Hua Wudao nodded. He tapped the ground with the tips of his toes. His avatar vanished, and he returned to the flying chariot with movements as light as a swallow. The difference was too great. It was meaningless to fight. "Here I come!" Little Yuan'er leaped down from the flying chariot. The members of the audience were puzzled.

'What're they playing at?'

'Isn't Hua Wudao enough? Why are they switching people?'

Nonetheless, the onlookers were looking forward to the show. After all, it would be too boring if the fight was one-sided. "This is the Evil Sky Pavilion's ninth disciple, Ci Yuan'er."

"Why is she bringing the red strip of cloth around? Is she planning to get married?"

As soon as the person who made that remark finished speaking, the Nirvana Sash flew away from Little Yuan'er like a dragon toward him.

The onlookers were scared out of their wits and scrambled to retreat.

That person did not even have time to react before he was lifted high in the sky by the Nirvana Sash. Then, the sash loosened its hold.

The cultivator who had just entered the Mystic Enlightening realm began to freefall in the air. A miserable wail rang in the air before he crashed on the ground, bloodying his face. "That strip of cloth? This will teach you to keep your mouth shut," Little Yuan'er said indignantly. "What a fierce little girl! Someone with keen eyes suddenly exclaimed in awe, "A heaven-grade weapon! That's a heaven-grade weapon!" "It's said that the Evil Sky Pavilion is filled to the brim with treasures... It seems like it's true!"

"It's best to keep your mouth shut. That brother has it bad!"

Little Yuan'er did not even look at those beyond the stage. The Nirvana Sash returned to her like a flying dragon before it looped around her. She looked at the people from Heavenly Sword Sect with a smile on her face. She moved her finger at Luo Xingkong, motioning him to come over. "Old man... I'll be your opponent."

The Heavenly Sword Sect's disciples took a step back. Many of them regretted being here. Why did they have to go against the Evil Sky Pavilion in such a direct manner? "Even the weakest villain is so terrifying. How're we supposed to fight?" "I'll be your opponent, little girl!" Luo Zheng, one of the five elders behind Luo Xingkong, could not endure it anymore. His sword sailed through the air as his words left his mouth. Sword energy surged. On top of the Lotus Dais, streaks of flashing crescent sword energies danced in the air. Little Yuan'er did not let her guard down. She took two steps backward and parried the blows with her Nirvana Sash.

Someone said, "Luo Zheng's in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. He has no leaf. He's one of the Heavenly Sword Sect's elites."

"I heard the Evil Sky Pavilion's ninth disciple's cultivation base is only in the Divine Court realm. The Heavenly Sword Sect should be able to salvage some of their dignity now..."

The onlookers had barely finished their discussions when Little Yuan'er's Nirvana Sash lashed out violently in all directions.

Little Yuan'er rose into the air and moved swiftly using the Nirvana Sash as her foothold. This was the Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps. Bam! Bam! Bam!

She pushed Luo Zheng back with the Nirvana Sash and a crushing momentum.

Luo Zheng did not expect his opponent to be so powerful. His expression was sour as he retreated.

"Bright Mirror!" The instant Luo Zheng entered the Bright Mirror's range, his avatar appeared. Under the enhancement of the Bright Mirror, his avatar sprouted leaves! There was a sudden surge of power, and his sword energies' force increased. "Be careful, little junior sister," Mingshi Yin reminded Little Yuan'er from above. "Take this!" Luo Zheng stomped both feet on the ground and made a beeline for Little Yuan'er. With his sword in his hands, he slashed it at Little Yuan'er. The tip of his sword flashed

with a golden light as he also seemed to transform into a streak of light. Mingshi Yin frowned, wondering if he should help Little Yuan'er.

Whizz!

Little Yuan'er's avatar materialized behind her. The appearance of her avatar was unique. It looked like a child who was in the process of growing. It had grown ten feet taller compared to before. Most importantly, her avatar was sprouting a leaf at this moment! "How's this possible? She's sprouting a leaf!" "She's sprouting a leaf mid-battle? She's in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm with a One-leaf avatar! She's not in the Divine Court realm!"

Little Yuan'er's performance changed the people's views of the Evil Sky Pavilion. There were many with terrifying talents. However, Little Yuan'er was the only one who managed to attain a One-leaf avatar and enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm within six years. This was unprecedented and probably would never happen again.

Little Yuan'er watched as Luo Zheng charged at her. Instead of retreating, she advanced. She flew into the air, meeting him head-on. "Too late!" Luo Zheng scoffed. The sword in his hand suddenly multiplied into eight. Eight sword energies shot toward Little Yuan'er.

Under the Bright Mirror's influence, it seemed to be even more powerful.

Whizz!

"What's that?"

"No way! The Cloud Feather Raiment?"

"Wait! Not only does she have the Cloud Feather Raiment, but she has the Cloud-treading Boots as well!"

The Cloud-treading Boots coupled with the Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps was extremely powerful! Little Yuan'er brought her Nirvana Sash along and hovered above Luo Zheng despite his incoming sword energies. The sword energies were negated, and she pounced on Luo Zheng. A smile dripping with ridicule appeared on her face before she said, "You're too weak!" After that, she kicked him hard.

Bam!

"Ding! Killed a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm target. Reward: 1,000 merit points." At this moment, it was deathly quiet on the Lotus Dais.

The onlookers gulped as they stared at the falling Luo Zheng. The great Heavenly Sword Sect's elder was killed with a single kick?

"Elder Luo!" Two disciples rushed over to check on Luo Zheng. "Elder Luo is dead!" Little Yuan'er paid them no mind. She hovered in the air and gestured at Luo Xingkong. "They're not enough. You should be my opponent."

The remaining four elders could not take this any longer.

"Luo Yong, kill this little girl. Avenge Luo Zheng!"

Luo Yong was one of the five great elders. "Little junior sister, you're too slow! Allow me..." Mingshi Yin said as he slowly descended.

The onlookers shifted their gazes to Mingshi Yin.

"He must be the Evil Sky Pavilion's fourth disciple."

Little Yuan'er pouted and said, "Senior brother, I haven't had enough yet!"

"Be a good girl. You've had your moment."

"Humph!" Little Yuan'er returned to the flying chariot.

Mingshi Yin stood on the Lotus Dais with his hands on his back. He looked at the people of the Heavenly Sword Sect and said, "I'm not my little junior sister. I won't hold back. Come."

Realization seemed to dawn on the onlookers at this moment. The Evil Sky Pavilion did not only come to annihilate the Heavenly Sword Sect, but they were also here to prove that the Evil Sky Pavilion was still powerful. It seemed like they were trying to regain their former glory. They only remembered the Evil Sky Pavilion's first, second, and seventh disciples had left the Evil Sky Pavilion. They seemed to have forgotten the Evil Sky Pavilion still had other disciples. Moreover, the remaining disciples seemed as powerful as Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong who traveled the lands and challenged all kinds of elites.

"Preposterous!" Luo Yong raised his sword at an angle. His eyes were cold. He looked as though he no longer cared about life and death as he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Finally, he slowly opened his eyes. The onlookers began to discuss among themselves again. "That's Luo Yong, one of the five great elders. He's skilled and known for landing the last blow. It's rumored that the cultivators he had faced could not even take more than three blows from him."

"He's that powerful?" "He's an elder of the Heavenly Sword Sect after all. Moreover, he's brave enough to disregard his life. The Evil Sky Pavilion should've let Hua Wudao fight."

Luo Yong's face was expressionless as he looked at Mingshi Yin. His sword moved and Primal Qi surged out of his body. When he moved, he left afterimages in his wake.

Upon seeing this, the onlookers gasped in surprise as they watched with rapt attention. 'He's too quick!

The scene resembled one where dozens of figures were attacking Mingshi Yin at the same time.

Mingshi Yin smiled and charged forward.

Rip!

A clear ripping sound resounded across the Lotus Dais. The surging Primal Qi and the vibration of the sword abruptly stopped.

Everything seemed to have come to a standstill at this moment.

The two opponents had switched positions. They were now standing with their backs facing each other.

Luo Yong's eyes were wide open. He exhaled, but he did not inhale. His lips trembled as he mumbled, "H-how... How's this possible?" Then, he fell face-first onto the ground. "Ding! Killed a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm target. Reward: 1,000 merit points."

Luo Xingkong's frown deepened. He looked at Mingshi Yin who had turned to look at them.

The onlookers were extremely frightened. 'He only made a single move from the beginning until the end!'

'How did he do that?'

Many of the onlookers could not catch what happened due to their cultivation bases. They merely saw figures clashing and heard a ripping noise before it was all over. There were no flashy collisions of energies or Daoist Mudras.

"Who's next?" Mingshi Yin asked calmly. There were three elders left. They no longer seemed like a formidable threat.

The onlookers shook their heads.

"The outcome is clear. The Heavenly Sword Sect is done for." "They have the Bright Mirror on their side, and yet, they were easily crushed! The cultivation world has underestimated the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"The three remaining elders are only in the peak Divine Court realm. How can they possibly be a match for the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

Mingshi Yin looked at the people from the Heavenly Sword Sect and said again, "Luo Xingkong, I suggest that you step forward."

Although Luo Xingkong was clearly furious, he did not make a move. He seemed to be waiting for the perfect opportunity to make a move. He would glance at the flying chariot occasionally only to see Lu Zhou's eyes were still closed as though all this had nothing to do with him. He felt stifled at this moment. He turned to look behind him. It was empty. "Fourth Junior Brother, it's my turn." Duanmu Sheng brandished his Overlord Spear.

Mingshi Yin. "..."

'Please don't. I haven't had enough.' Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes and said, "Third Senior Brother, this isn't a fight worthy of you. You should stay with master. Fighting these people would only lower your status!"

Upon hearing this, the onlookers had different thoughts in their minds.

'Listen to that.'

'Is that something a decent person would say?'

'So, the Evil Sky Pavilion's third disciple is an elite on the same level as the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch?'

This assumption was not outrageous. After all, the first disciple, Yu Zhenghai, and the second disciple, Sword Devil Yu Shangrong, were cultivation elites. It was rumored that the two of them had Eight-leaf cultivation bases since a long time ago. The third disciple had joined the pavilion quite early so his cultivation base should be quite profound as well!

Mingshi Yin addressed the people before him, "Is there anyone else who wants to fight as well?"

The air seemed to stagnate at this moment.

Luo Xingkong turned to look at the three elders.

'What's with this farce?' 'Any random disciple from the Evil Sky Pavilion can easily crush us! Does he think we find it fun to throw our lives away?'

All of a sudden, one of the elders tossed his sword to the side and loudly said, "I quit!" The audience was in an uproar.

In the Noble Path, acts of treason or fleeing were considered detestable and unforgivable. To think that something like this would happen to the Heavenly Sword Sect, one of the ten great sects. It was impossible for Luo Xingkong to not feel angered.

"I quit as well!" The remaining two elders tossed their swords aside as well.

Luo Xingkong's expression changed as he raised his right hand.

A golden fist shot toward the elders.

Bam! Bam!

The two elders died at the same time.

Luo Xingkong said expressionlessly, "The Heavenly Sword Sect's Elders Luo Tianxiang and Luo Hongzhong fled before the enemy. Executed on the spot!"

The onlookers wore a fearful expression on their faces.

'How merciless!'

At this moment, the onlookers could feel the show was about to reach its climax. They looked at Luo Xingkong who had a steely expression on his face. From the beginning until the end, he was the only one who appeared cold, furious, and vengeful. At this moment, a voice rang from the flying chariot. "Sect Master Luo... why do you have to do that?"

The others turned to look.

It was not Lu Zhou who had spoken nor was it Hua Wudao. Instead, it was the Heavenly Sword Sect's former first disciple, Zhou Jifeng. "Traitor," Luo Xingkong cursed as soon as he saw Zhou Jifeng.

Zhou Jifeng cupped his fists at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou did not open his eyes. He merely waved his left arm.

Having received permission, Zhou Jifeng stepped into the air and hovered above the Lotus Dais. He stayed there and surveyed his surroundings. He cupped his fists at the onlookers and said, "Everyone, I need to clarify the truth." 'Here comes the juicy part!' Such was the nature of men. Losing or winning a battle was not important.

Everyone kept their ears open as they looked at Zhou Jifeng who was hovering in the air. Since he was the former first disciple of the Heavenly Sword Sect, his words should be credible.

Chapter 248 Helper

Zhou Jifeng's appearance excited the audience. After all, watching a one-sided battle was boring. They might be in awe for the first few rounds, but it got boring after that.

Meanwhile, the Heavenly Sword Sect's disciples began to curse when they saw Zhou Jifeng.

"Zhou Jifeng, traitor of the Heavenly Sword Sect! How dare you show your face here when you've joined the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

"Traitor!"

"Death to the traitor!"

Traitors were looked down upon since ancient times regardless if they were from the Noble Path or the Fiend Path.

This was a conflict between the Evil Sky Pavilion and the Heavenly Sword Sect. The Heavenly Sword Sect's people even disregarded their lives just to provoke the Evil Sky Pavilion. What did Zhou Jifeng want at this juncture?

Luo Xingkong looked up and said in a deep voice, "Zhou Jifeng, I regret not allowing Changfeng to kill you with a palm strike back then. Otherwise, you wouldn't be alive today!"

Zhou Jifeng looked down at Luo Xingkong and said, "Luo Changfeng nurtured me only to improve his own cultivation base. Tell me... he killed my parents and humiliated my family, what should I do about that?" His tone was calm, but it was laced with thick Primal Qi, causing his voice to resound in the surroundings.

Upon hearing this, the onlookers broke out in a commotion again. Luo Changfeng was the poster boy of the Noble Path. They were, naturally, shocked to learn that Luo Changfeng had done such a thing. Moreover, it was widely known that Zhou Jifeng was one of Luo Changfeng's prized disciples. They found this rather hard to believe.

"Lies! My son had always acted righteously and without guilt. How dare you slander him now that you've joined the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Luo Xingkong said.

Zhou Jifeng had expected that people would not believe him so he was not surprised. He spoke with a clear voice, "My real surname is Jiang. I'm from the Jiang family in the Yi province..."

"Jiang family? Yi province's Jiang family? That family had produced cultivation geniuses generation after generation..." someone said in surprise.

"Zhou Jifeng is from the Jiang family? How... How do we know he's telling the truth?"

Zhou Jifeng continued to say, "I have the special mark of the Jiang family on my body... My cultivation style was compatible with Luo Changfeng. The Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm is divided into three stages; the Dao Primal, the Chaotic Primal, and the Combined Dao. The Combined Dao stage was the

only one where two can be merged as one...' At this moment, the sword on his back buzzed and vibrated. The sword moved and spun in the air. It drew several shadows in the air and eventually merged into one.

"That's Luo Changfeng's sword skill... Nobody in the Heavenly Sword Sect mastered it but Zhou Jifeng."

Zhou Jifeng's sword fell on him. Thousands of sword shadows revolved around him. It could be seen that his control over the sword was precise. His clothes were shredded by this move.

The onlookers exclaimed in surprise again.

The move did not seem powerful, but it was rare for someone to have such fine control over a sword. There was no doubt this sword that moved like the wind and the willow was Luo Changfeng's style. Zhou Jifeng turned around and showed his back to everyone. Everyone saw the unmistakable delicate mark on the back of his shoulder.

There were people in the crowd who recognized the mark immediately.

"Indeed, that's the unique mark of the Jiang family... The Jiang family would brand this mark on their members' backs. It looks just like a birthmark. There's no mistaking it!"

"The Jiang family was tragically annihilated 30 years ago. Rumor has it that the culprit is an elite swordsman..."

Zhou Jifeng looked around himself and said in a clear voice, "The one who killed my family isn't the Evil Sky Pavilion, but the so-called Noble Path's Heavenly Sword Sect's Luo Changfeng!" He said this with raw emotions as he pointed at the Heavenly Sword Sect.

It was one thing for a few people to agree with it. However, once this was confirmed by several groups of people, even the people who were skeptical were convinced of the veracity of Zhou Jifeng's words...

"Ptooeey! The Heavenly Sword Sect is despicable!"

"Ptooeey!"

"They say they're on the Noble Path, and yet, they commit such acts that would incur the wrath of gods and men alike!"

Many onlookers who felt indignant voiced out their opinions as spittle flew everywhere.

A huge public commotion could drown out many things. Once the crowd began to curse, they sounded much worse than the contents of the 13 letters of challenge. "Luo Xingkong, I feel ashamed on your behalf for having such a shameless son... If I were you, I would kill myself somewhere where no one would find me!"

"..." (Skipping through 10,000 words of insults.)

How concerned was Luo Xingkong with his reputation? He was not one to tolerate even the smallest blemish to his name. He would not allow the sect's reputation to be tarnished as well. How could he endure the verbal abuse from the crowd?

"You... you..." Luo Xingkong glared at Zhou Jifeng and staggered a few steps back. He was infuriated to the point of throwing up blood. "Sect master!" Two disciples rushed forward and supported Luo Xingkong.

Even then, the crowd did not relent with their insults. Instead, they only laughed at Luo Xingkong

"Serves him right! He deserves it!"

Luo Xingkong felt dizzy from listening to all the insults.

Mingshi Yin said with a smile, "The old geezer has sustained internal injuries..."

It seemed like Luo Xingkong did not have long to live. No wonder he was in such a hurry to exact revenge.

Zhou Jifeng regarded Luo Xingkong coldly. He pointed at Luo Xingkong as he said, "I didn't get to kill Luo Changfeng with my own hands to exact revenge so I'll kill you in his place!" His sword danced and shot out dozens of neatly-arranged energy blades at Luo Xingkong

Luo Xingkong lifted his arms. The two disciples staggered backward. As the saying went, 'Even a scrawny camel is larger than a horse'. Although Luo Xingkong had sustained internal injuries, he was not someone Zhou Jifeng, who was in the Divine Court realm, could easily deal with. He spread his arms and a wave of energy dispersed the energy blades.

Whizz!

An avatar appeared before Zhou Jifeng and blocked all of Luo Xingkong's attacks.

Mingshi Yin appeared in the air and said with a smile, "I'm your opponent..."

"You think you can stop me?" Luo Xingkong was furious.

Mingshi clicked his tongue and taunted Luo Xingkong with a finger as he said, "They're right. You're really shameless."

Luo Xingkong turned to look at Lu Zhou. He said icily, "You killed my son. It's only fair that I kill one of your disciples." After saying that, he turned his attention to Mingshi Yin who was hovering in the air. He raised his right hand, and a long and thin streak of Primal Qi appeared in his hand before transforming into a sword.

"The Primal Nurturing Sword."

"A quasi heaven-grade weapon," someone in the crowd said.

The Primal Nurturing Sword spun a few times above Luo Xingkong's palm. Energy blades appeared in the air and shot toward Mingshi Yin like a rain of blades.

Mingshi Yin recalled his avatar and descended to the ground.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

His Separation Hook appeared!

"You dare fight me with a One-leaf avatar?" Luo Xingkong increased the output of his energy. Suddenly, Mingshi Yin charged through the energy blades and moved swiftly toward his opponent. Bam!

He stabbed forward with the Separation Hook.

Luo Xingkong raised his palm and parried the blow with his energy. He retreated from the impact.

"Nice!" the crowd exclaimed in surprise.

"That was a nice close-range move!"

"As expected of a disciple from the Evil Sky Pavilion. He knows how to dodge the attack and play to his advantage."

At this moment, Mingshi Yin had successfully gotten close to Luo Xingkong.

A heaven-grade weapon was no joke. Luo Xingkong stumbled a few steps backward before he finally managed to stabilize himself.

Mingshi Yin stood in his spot and smiled. "Who told you I only have one leaf?"

Luo Xingkong frowned. "So what if you have two leaves?"

"Who told you I only have two leaves?" Mingshi Yin retorted with a smile.

The onlookers were shocked.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin looked down at his feet. A green circle could be seen shining on the ground.

"It's the Buddhist Bright Mirror again!"

"There's a Buddhist elite nearby!"

If the Bright Mirror was used as a Formation, it had to be set up beforehand and could only be used once. If they wanted to use it again, they would need the help of a Buddhist elite. It seemed like the Heavenly Sword Sect had help. Was this person the source of Heavenly Sword Sect's confidence?

Meanwhile, the radiant circle on the ground expanded and covered Luo Xingkong as well. At the same time, behind Luo Xingkong, ten individuals flew over.

"People make mistakes. We should forgive whenever possible."

Chapter 249 Not Worthy to Fight Me

This caught the attention of the onlookers near the Lotus Dais.

"The nuns from Cloud Shine Nunnery?" A few people exclaimed in surprise.

More than ten nuns appeared on the dais before they bowed and greeted everyone.

"Wu Nian of Cloud Shine Nunnery greets everyone."

The appearance of Cloud Shine Nunnery's Buddhist Master Wu Nian caused everyone to fall silent.

If the Heavenly Sword Sect had such a helper, the outcome would be difficult to predict.

Luo Xingkong cupped his fists at Wu Nian and said, "Thank you for your help, Buddhist Master."

The female Buddhist Master, Wu Nian, rose to fame a century ago. She was the greatest elite of Cloud Shine Nunnery. Who would have expected that the Cloud Shine Nunnery would help the Heavenly Sword Sect?

Hua Wudao turned to look at Lu Zhou, who was still resting his spirits with his eyes closed, and said, "Pavilion Master."

"I know." Lu Zhou did not open his eyes. He was, naturally, prepared for the possibility of their opponents having outside help. Apart from that, it seemed like their opponents had more than one helper.

Wu Nian glanced at Luo Xingkong. Then, she raised her palm and softly chanted sutras as she waved her horsetail whisk.

A light blue radiant circle appeared under Luo Xingkong's feet. It shone as brightly as the stars in the night sky.

"The Buddhist healing technique, the Merciful Ark of Salvation."

Luo Xingkong was moved. "Thank you, Buddhist Master."

Wu Nian nodded and turned to look at Mingshi Yin. "Dear benefactor, I've been observing from a pavilion in the distance. The Heavenly Sword Sect has already been dealt a great blow. The Evil Sky Pavilion would be discourteous if it insists on oppressing the weak."

Mingshi Yin chuckled and said, "Don't preach about courtesy to me. I'm no righteous man... So what if I want to oppress the weak? What are you going to do about it? Fight me?" He looked at his master as he thought to himself, 'I f*cking enjoy oppressing the weak through my affiliation with master.'

"Benefactor, there's no need to use such crude words... There's a saying about justice being in the hearts of the people, and there can be no waves without the wind. I can't bear to watch this so I'd like to discuss this with you."

Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes and said, "Here comes another lecture."

Wu Nian said, "I merely wish to put an end to this conflict so that it wouldn't escalate further."

"Why didn't you show up earlier then? Are you only showing up now to protect your little man?" Mingshi Yin said with a sneer.

"You!" Wu Nian was an elite of the Cloud Shine Nunnery. She was respected and praised by many. How could she endure such snide remarks?

Wu Nian was about to leap into rage when two words rang clearly in the air. "Wu Nian."

Everyone on the Lotus Dais clearly heard the voice. It seemed to have come from the cloud-splitting chariot. Everyone shifted their attention to the chariot immediately.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes and slowly rose to his feet. He stood at the bow of the flying chariot and looked down at the Lotus Dais with his hands on his back. It seemed like the Evil Sky Pavilion's master, the greatest villain under the heavens, was finally about to make his move.

Buddhist Master Wu Nian raised her head slightly. A look of shock briefly flitted across her face before she said, "Old benefactor."

"Do you recognize me?" Lu Zhou asked.

Wu Nian shook her head and said, "This is our first meeting." "Is Jing Yan faring well these days?" Lu Zhou asked.

"... Old benefactor, do you know my master?" Wu Nian was shocked. Her voice was slightly shaking.

Lu Zhou sighed and said, "It's the teacher's fault for not properly teaching and disciplining the pupil. How can Jing Yan have a disciple like you who can't differentiate between right and wrong?" "Why do you say that, old benefactor?" Wu Nian asked.

"I thought she would focus on her cultivation and manage the Cloud Shine Nunnery well when I granted her the Jade Horsetail Whisk. What a shame..."

When the Jade Horsetail Whisk was mentioned, Wu Nian's expression changed slightly. The Jade Horsetail Whisk is from the Evil Sky Pavilion?

The audience was in an uproar again.

When Luo Xingkong saw Wu Nian's mood seemed to have darkened, he hastily said, "Don't be fooled by the old villain. Please help me, Buddhist Master..." After saying this, he moved in front of Wu Nian and looked up before he shouted, "Old villain, do you think I'm afraid of you?"

Lu Zhou surveyed the buildings around the Lotus Dais. He wondered where the Heavenly Sword Sect's other helpers were hiding. 'Aren't they coming out?'

"I thought you'd be able to tell right from wrong, seeing as you're the former Sect Master of Heavenly Sword Sect. I thought you would be able to offer something substantial on the Lotus Dais... I'm truly disappointed," Lu Zhou spoke calmly and slowly, "You prattle on and on about compassion, duty, propriety, and integrity, and yet, you kill without mercy. You pride yourself on being part of the Noble Path, and yet, the words that come out from your mouth are far from decent. On top of that, you continue to remain oblivious to it all. You're truly a shame to your predecessors."

"You!" Luo Xingkong suddenly felt his chest tighten. These words stung, especially since they came from Lu Zhou.

Mingshi Yin chimed in, "You might not be aware of this, but you've become a laughingstock..." Laughter rang out around the Lotus Dais in a timely manner after Mingshi Yin spoke. Nobody cared if they were from the Noble Path or some renowned sect, they only knew Luo Changfeng had committed some despicable acts.

At this moment, Luo Xingkong seemed to be reminded of the insults and sneers from the crowd. Moreover, the insults seemed to grow more and more profane by the minute.

Someone shouted, "Luo Xingkong, you've lived for so many centuries in vain. You can't even defeat his disciple, but you dare to challenge him! Do you have any shame?"

"That old thief thinks too highly of himself. He's old and weak with a battered body. All he can do now is bark furiously at his opponent... How brazen!"

Upon hearing these words, Luo Xingkong's eyes widened before he threw up blood due to his surging Qi and boiling blood.

"Sect master!"

"Sect master!"

The Heavenly Sword Sect's disciples rushed toward Luo Xingkong.

Luo Xingkong's eyes were opened so wide that it seemed as though they were going to pop out of their sockets. His chest rose and fell heavily. When Buddhist Master Wu Nian saw this, she said, "Amitabha. Step aside."

The Heavenly Sword Sect's disciples took a step back.

Wu Nian waved her horsetail whisk. A faint blue light shone on Luo Xingkong.

Lu Xingkong spat out another mouthful of blood.

Mingshi Yin shook his head and said, "This is the backlash from his anger. The Merciful Ark of Salvation would only expedite his death instead of healing him."

When Buddhist Master Wu Nian heard this, she immediately retracted her Jade Horsetail Whisk.

Ten nuns stepped forward and surrounded Luo Xingkong

They joined their palms together and began chanting a sutra.

"Meditation Dharani?" Mingshi Yin sneered and said, "Old thief, just give up... Why do you have to do this? Do you want to stay alive so badly just to listen to the insults that are being hurled at you?"

"You... you... you..." Luo Xingkong panted heavily.

"Your problems will be over once you're dead. You won't have anything to hold onto... Listen to me, just go on your way. Moreover, there's no way you can defeat my master. It's really not that bad. You'll be the first person to be angered to death by the Evil Sky Pavilion. You'll be famous!"

Luo Xingkong's anger reached his heart. His chaotic Primal Qi exploded in his meridian vessels, and he took his last breath. His head lolled to the side as the strength escaped his body.

The entire place was silent.

The ten nuns had stopped chanting the Meditation Dharani as well.

The onlookers were baffled and shocked. The great former Sect Master of the Heavenly Sword Sect, Luo Xingkong, was angered to death?

A palpable silence loomed over the entire place. Even the sound of a needle dropping would resound loudly at this moment.

Lu Zhou heard the notification of the 1,500 merit points reward from the system. It seemed like angering someone to death was also counted as the Evil Sky Pavilion's doing. He really did not expect Luo Xingkong to die in such a manner. Moreover, he did not even have a chance to make his move yet. This was destined to be a joke in the cultivation world.

Mingshi Yin said with feigned innocence, "Don't look at me... This has nothing to do with me. I was just kindly offering my advice!"

"Amitabha... A hurtful remark is as cold as six months of winter. I did what I could." Wu Nian sighed softly. She turned around and looked at her ten disciples before she calmly said, "Let's return."

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "You're not going anywhere."

Chapter 250 Buddhist Master Jing Yan and Days of Old

Lu Zhou's disciples, naturally, knew what his words meant.

The first one to make a move was Duanmu Sheng who had held himself back for a long time. He flexed his arm as he raised the Overlord Spear before throwing it out with all his might.

The Overlord Spear was wrapped in energy, and its tip glinted in the light as it sailed through the air.

Anyone with a keen eye could easily see this was a wonderful heaven-grade weapon.

Heaven-grade weapons were divided into different ranks. However, the ranks were a little blurry. The difference in heaven-grade weapons could be seen clearly in the case where Yu Shangrong's Longevity Sword broke Zhuo Ping's male and female double swords. Apart from that, heaven-grade weapons' strength was also dictated by their wielders' strength. Compared to a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator with a One-leaf avatar, a heaven-grade weapon wielded by a cultivator with a Five-leaf avatar was, naturally, much more powerful.

The crowd cheered when Duanmu Sheng tossed his spear out.

Bang!

The Overlord Spear struck the marble floor three feet away from the Buddhist Master, Wu Nian.

The marble floor cracked, spreading more than ten meters away.

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er unfurled her Nirvana Sash as well. It rolled out like a red carpet. She trod on it swiftly, blocking the nuns' path.

Mingshi Yin seemed at ease as he leisurely walked up to one of the towering pillars and stabbed his Separation Hook into it. A contemptuous smile could be seen on his face.

The onlookers were in an uproar again. Perhaps, it was due to their opponent identities, the crowd was exceptionally riled up. After discovering the Heavenly Sword Sect's despicable deeds, they could not help but feel disgusted by the pretentious nuns from the Cloud Shine Nunnery.

Wu Nian was puzzled. "Amitabha... Old benefactor, what's the meaning of this?"

Lu Zhou looked down at the Buddhist Master, Wu Nian, condescendingly before he shifted his attention to the horsetail whisk. "You may leave once you destroy your own cultivation base and leave the Jade Horsetail Whisk here."

Buddhist Master Wu Nian. "..."

Lu Zhou spoke in an unhurried tone, his tone was neither light nor solemn. It was as though he was talking about something insignificant. Perhaps, it was due to his status, when he spoke, everyone fell silent. Even without using Primal Qi, everyone clearly heard his words.

"Old benefactor, the Cloud Shine Nunnery has no quarrel with the Evil Sky Pavilion. Why are you putting me in a difficult spot?" Wu Nian asked innocently.

Lu Zhou sighed and shook his head. He did not entertain her. Instead, he said, "Did Jing Yan tell you nothing?"

Wu Nian was perplexed. Her instincts told her the Evil Sky Pavilion's master had a unique relationship with her master, Jing Yan. She entered the Cloud Shine Nunnery when she was young and grew up there. She had been under Jing Yan's tutelage for a century, and yet, she had never heard her master mention the Evil Sky Pavilion. In the end, she straightened her palms and said, "Old benefactor, I'm confused by your words. Please kindly explain."

Lu Zhou said, "Bastard." This was one of Ji Tiandao's more vivid memories. He recalled what had happened in the past centuries. Time and people changed, but some things still remained the same.

"Why are you cursing, old benefactor?"

Ten nuns stepped forward and surrounded the Buddhist Master, Wu Nian.

When she was surrounded, Wu Nian began chanting some strange sutras.

The ten nuns straightened their palms and chanted as well.

Wu Nian bowed at Lu Zhou who was standing on the cloud-splitting chariot and said, "Although I don't know what relationship you have with my master, I know that I'm blameless. If you're willing, I humbly invite you to the Cloud Shine Nunnery where we can discuss this topic at length. Farewell!"

Buzz.

Radiant circles grew from under the nuns' feet. These were improved Bright Mirrors. They could move with the caster. The green radiant circles had complex patterns and emitted a unique energy. This was the most used and most difficult enhancing technique of the Buddhist sects.

The 11 of them levitated in the air. With Wu Nian in the center, the radiant circles enveloped them as they rose into the air.

Duanmu Sheng grunted and flew into the air. The Overlord Spear on the ground was pulled out of the ground by some energy. It buzzed and vibrated as it flew back into his hand.

Whoosh!

Having suppressed himself for too long, Duanmu Sheng made a beeline for the nuns.

Upon seeing this, Wu Nian shook her head and sighed. "This is the Evil Sky Pavilion's third disciple, Duanmu Sheng. I heard he cultivates the Divine One Technique, and he's extremely overbearing and fierce. From what I can see today, he lives up to his reputation."

The radiant circles shone.

Bam!

The Overlord Spear hit the radiant circle, but the 11 nuns continued to rise in the air.

Duanmu Sheng glared at them and said, "Hundred Tribulations Insight." His Two-leaf avatar appeared next to him. The two leaves spun so quickly that it left afterimages that made it look like he had ten leaves before they merged into one.

Wu Nian frowned slightly. "Amitabha... Break!"

The Jade Horsetail Whisk flashed. Densely packed droplets of energy descended from the radiant circle like the rain.

The ten nuns chanted even more loudly at this moment.

It was rare to see someone from a Buddhist sect to fight in such a manner. The members of the audience felt their heart race as they watched with their mouths agape. Their eyes were trained on the Evil Sky Pavilion's third disciple, Duanmu Sheng. Duanmu Sheng lifted his Overlord Spear.

Bang! Bang! Bang! He deflected the rain of energy with his avatar, but he was forced to descend from the impact.

Boom!

A loud explosion rang in the air as soon as Duanmu Sheng's feet touched the marble floor. Debris and rubble flew everywhere. The marble floor's surface was almost completely covered in cracks.

The onlookers retreated as they looked into the sky. "Allow me." Hua Yuexing raised her arms and formed an energy bow and arrow. With fluid movements, she fired a feathered arrow.

Bam!

The radiant circle blocked Hua Yuexing's arrow.

"They have an archer?"

"The Evil Sky Pavilion is too powerful!"

"Although the arrow couldn't break the Buddhist Bright Mirror, only a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite can fire a shot like that."

As soon as the crowd's voices faded, another ten shots were fired. They resembled ten beams of golden light in the air.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er and Mingshi Yin shot toward the nuns at lightning speed.

The scarlet Nirvana Sash was like a huge blooming rose, it was extremely eye-catching

Mingshi Yin had a determined look in his eyes. The Separation Hook gleamed as he held it in his hand.

Upon seeing this, Wu Nian scoffed before she said, "Amitabha. You asked for this..."

Four Buddhist seals shot out of the Jade Horsetail Whisk.

The ten nuns suddenly spread out in a formation and formed a large circle. The radiant circle seemed to follow their movement and enlarged as well. At this moment, it had covered the center of the Lotus Dais. Energy surged from the circle.

"The abyss of worldly suffering knows no bounds."

A wave of energy rolled out like a huge wave. The chantings seemed to bring with it a feeling of sorrow that loomed in the air. Those who were caught in the feeling of sorrow had a hard time extricating themselves from it.

Hua Wudao was just about to stand up when Lu Zhou raised his hand and said, "Since I started this, I'll put an end to it."

Hua Wudao nodded.

Little Yuan'er, Mingshi Yin, and Duanmu Sheng were enveloped by this energy and could not make a single move. Lu Zhou stepped out of the cloud-splitting chariot.

Everyone turned their eyes to Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou's aura did not seem particularly powerful as he raised his hand. "Bastard!" His voice was deep and forceful, the soundwave rolled out into the Lotus Dais.

It reached Wu Nian and her fellow nuns as well. They saw Lu Zhou walking toward them in the air. They felt nervous despite themselves. 'The Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch is going to make a move!'

Lu Zhou raised a hand with a flick of his sleeve. He was indifferent as he lightly struck out with his palm.

The air sizzled slightly as Primal Qi gathered. The air before Lu Zhou seemed to contort.

At this moment, the character, 'bind', that was the size of his palm, shot out.

There were those who were more knowledgeable among the crowd. They knew what script it was.

"The Binding Mantra!"

The Binding Mantra shot toward the nuns with a speed quicker than Hua Yuexing's arrows. There were no flashy displays of size changes or radiant lights.

Bam!

The script resembled a meteor as it breached the energy circle without any difficulties.

“How’s... that possible?”

Before Wu Nian could even react, the Binding Mantra landed on her. She grunted, and the chanting stopped immediately.

The ten nuns could not sustain the energy circle since it demanded a huge amount of energy. Their formation crumbled immediately.

Enlightenment was immaterial and so was a clear heart.

The more powerful the Buddhist Bright Mirror was, the more energy it needed to sustain it.

Without Wu Nian in the middle, they lost their power. It was as though a central pole had been removed from a majestic building. Regardless of how impressive it was, it would still crumble.

Waves of energy rippled out into the surroundings. The ten nuns reeled back and spat out blood. They were sent flying several hundred meters back from the center of the Lotus Dais.

Wu Nian’s expression changed drastically. When she tried to circulate her Primal Qi, she found her body empty. As soon as the energy circle disappeared, she fell down.

Little Yuan’er retracted her Nirvana Sash.

When Mingshi Yin saw this, he cursed, “What trickery is this... I better dodge!” After that, he moved to the side.

Duanmu Sheng adjusted the direction of his Overlord Spear so that it was facing the ground.

Bam!

The Overlord Spear stabbed into the marble floor again. He stood on the end of the shaft with his arms crossed. He looked at Wu Nian expressionlessly.

Boom!

Wu Nian crashed onto the cracked marble floor. A cultivator without her cultivation base. Her body that had been strengthened by Body Tempering landed on the floor like a huge piece of metal. A human-shaped hole could be seen on the floor.

Silence descended on the Lotus Dais.

The onlookers rubbed their eyes in disbelief. ‘The strongest elite in the Cloud Shine Nunnery is defeated by the Evil Sky Pavilion’s patriarch with a single blow?’

Lu Zhou, on the other hand, appeared calm. It looked as though he did not expend much effort at all.

Hua Wudao said in awe, “Your skills have truly widened my horizon, Pavilion Master.” He could be considered as a knowledgeable and experienced person. He knew one would not be able to cast a Binding Mantra without a profound cultivation base. Moreover, Wu Nian was in the range of the improved Bright Mirror when she was hit.

Lu Zhou descended. He placed one hand on his back as he stroked his beard with his other hand.

The onlookers did not even dare to breathe heavily. They stared at the greatest villain under the heavens in awe.

Little Yuan'er landed near Wu Nian.

The ten nuns from the Cloud Shine Nunnery lay on the ground, raising their heads with great difficulties.

Lu Zhou stood next to Wu Nian and looked down at her.

Wu Nian's eyes were filled with fright and disbelief... There was a trail of blood at the edge of her mouth, and her face was ghastly pale. Her lips were trembling as well. She tried her best to get out of the crater, but she could not move at all.

Lu Zhou waved his arm, and the Jade Horsetail Whisk flew into his hand.

"Ding! Recovered the Jade Horsetail Whisk. Refining required before use."

Lu Zhou remembered the things that happened. Although they were Ji Tiandao's memories, he felt as though he had personally experienced them. He could not have enough of the conversations on Cloud Shine Peak, watching the moon on Lilac Mountain, and watching the fishes in the Hundred Leaves Lake. All these felt like they had happened yesterday. He seemed to recall something before he asked, "How's Jing Yan faring?"

Wu Nian's eyes widened. "My... master... has long since passed away." Upon hearing this, Lu Zhou's expression remained calm. He sighed and said, "... Life, growth, sickness, and death, the so-called circle of life. There's no such thing as a circle in the world... The best state to be in is being alive."

Little Yuan'er was secretly shocked to see her master looking slightly forlorn. Ever since she joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, she had never heard about her master having a friend. Who knew he had a female Buddhist Master as a friend? She could vaguely tell their relationship was quite good as well. She asked curiously, "Master... who's Jing Yan?"

Lu Zhou did not reply to Little Yuan'er. Instead, he looked at Wu Nian and asked, "Who ordered you to meddle in my affairs?"

Wu Nian could not help but shake her head and said, "No... No one... I bet, and I paid the price..."

'Bet and pay?' Lu Zhou found Wu Nian's choice of words strange. 'What did she wager? That the Heavenly Sword Sect would win? That the Evil Sky Pavilion would eventually lose?'

Wu Nian coughed and spat another mouthful of blood. She tried to push herself up once again. This time, she used all her strength and finally managed to get out of the hole.

Seeing her battered appearance, the onlookers gulped, inwardly shocked. To think the greatest villain in the world was still so terrifying!

"Where's Jing Yan buried?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Near Cloud Shine Peak and Hundred Leaves Lake..."

"..." Lu Zhou shook his head and said apathetically, "I remember this Jade Horsetail Whisk had acknowledged Jing Yan as its master... How did you end up with it? Answer truthfully. If there's an ounce of a lie in your words, this day, next year, will be the anniversary of your death." Wu Nian shuddered. She had thought, with her strength, she would be able to escape at the very least. She did not think she would be at the Evil Sky Pavilion's mercy. At this moment, she realized how ridiculous her thoughts were. Finally, she replied in a deep voice, "After my master passed away, I had no choice but to take over my master's place as the Cloud Shine Nunnery's abbess. The Jade Horsetail Whisk was given to me by my master." After speaking, she slumped to the ground.

Lu Zhou looked at Wu Nian. Then, he sighed and said, "The Buddhist sect is unfortunate."

Wu Nian was silent. She had nothing to say.

With his hands on his back, Lu Zhou said, "I'll be taking back the Jade Horsetail Whisk... Are you willing to live without your cultivation base?"

When Wu Nian heard this, her eyes widened. She hastily got up, flustered. "No, no, no..." She moved to Lu Zhou. Her pride and air of superiority from moments ago seemed to have vanished without a trace. She was about to touch Lu Zhou's feet when she was blasted away by a surge of energy.

The ten nuns of the Cloud Shine Nunnery leaped up at the same time and moved to the center of the dais.

Meanwhile.

Inside the third pavilion, far away from the Lotus Dais.

"Retreat! The plan has failed!"

Within the fifth pavilion.

"The plan has failed, retreat!"

Within the eighth pavilion.

"The plan has failed. Everyone, pull back!"

The cultivators in every pavilion deserted the buildings as quickly as they could. They left the Lotus Dais without turning back.

However, in the ninth pavilion.

An order was given. "Prepare for action."