

Disciples 271

Chapter 271 Persuading with Reason

His appearance surprised Lu Zhou slightly. He seemed to be born and dressed like a eunuch.

Li Yunzhao was in no hurry to enter the room. Instead, he paused deliberately. After another minor eunuch that seemed to be in his forties caught up with him, Li Yunzhao entered the room.

Qin Jun hastily said, "This is the Old Mister about whom I mentioned..."

When Li Yunzhao looked up with his hands behind his back, their eyes met.

He had spent his days living well within the palace's borders. Even though he was well-informed, he had never seen the Evil Sky Pavilion's master in person before. At this first meeting, he felt suppressed by Lu Zhou's invisible aura.

He knew that he was facing someone incredible. This was not an aura that originated from cultivation base alone. It was an aura that someone of a higher status radiated.

The three-foot ice was not formed overnight. Li Yunzhao had only felt such pressure from the Emperor. "Are you Li Yunzhao?" Lu Zhou addressed him by name right away.

Before Li Yunzhao came, Qin Jun had told him about him, so he knew who this person was. Therefore, he was not angered.

"I am." Lu Zhou kept his gaze straight as he summoned, "Zhao Yue."

Zhao Yue stepped forward from the side and said, "Yes, Master."

She knew what her master meant. She turned to face Li Yunzhao and said, "The person who found me near Bluesun Mountain is this man."

When Li Yunzhao saw Zhao Yue, he frowned slightly and said, "You?"

Ignoring him, Zhao Yue returned to her spot and kept quiet.

Lu Zhou said drily, "Speak." Li Yunzhao smiled as he cupped his fists and said, "I might've come ill-prepared... I was invited by the Prince of Qi for a small gathering and heard that the Old Mister from the Evil Sky Pavilion intends to get to know me, yet there seems to be something bothering you, Old Mister."

Qin Jun hastily explained, "I had to make that excuse up. Please, forgive me, Old Mister."

Lu Zhou waved his hand, not minding at all.

So long as Li Yunzhao was here, he would not ask about anything else. Lu Zhou said, "You should know what I mean. I won't repeat my question twice."

The aura and atmosphere in the living room were slightly strange now. Li Yunzhao glanced at Qin Jun. "I know about the Evil Sky Pavilion, and I know about its nine disciples. I didn't expect you to personally come to the Divine Capital, Old Mister... If there's anything you want to know, ask away. I shall tell you everything and anything that you want to know."

Li Yunzhao's voice was sharp and thin, making anyone who heard him have goosebumps. Lu Zhou nodded with a pleased expression and said, "Is Zhao Yue from the palace?"

"She is."

"Did you leave the Dark Yin Palm's cold poison in her body?"

"I did."

"Your reason being?" Li Yunzhao paused. His answer did not come as forthrightly as before. This question seemed to have touched upon some important matter...

"Old Mister, about the reason, I can't speak of it...and I won't..." Li Yunzhao replied.

When Lu Zhou raised his right hand, there was a flash of radiance in the dimly lit room.

There seemed to be a blue vortex in his palm.

Li Yunzhao's eyes widened and he took three steps back. "Old Mister!"

"Pavilion Master!"

Lu Zhou pushed his palm forward.

The vortex shot out toward Li Yunzhao.

Boom!

A purple bolt of lightning smashed through the ceiling and converged with the vortex.

It hit Li Yunzhao!

When the powerful impact directly penetrated the Dark Yin energy seal which he prided himself in, he reeled and crashed into the courtyard.

A round opening appeared above their heads.

Nobody seemed to have seen how Lu Zhou made the attack. This peerless elite from the palace did not even have the chance to show off his skills like an elite before he was sent flying from a single blow.

It was a single technique!

The little eunuch who followed him turned to look with wide eyes.

Li Yunzhao crashed to the ground! Blood trickled down the sides of his lips. He panted heavily while his eyes were filled with disbelief.

As he pressed his chest with one hand, he pushed himself off the ground with the other.

The entire living room and courtyard were as silent as a graveyard. Because the commotion had been extremely loud, the guards of the Prince of Qi Mansion hurried over.

"Get lost!" Qin Jun barked.

The guards quickly turned around and left the courtyard. Who would dare butt in when the Evil Sky Pavilion was the one making a move?

Li Yunzhao coughed and somehow managed to stand. He appeared calm but was overwhelmed with fear in his heart.

The Divine Capital was full of elites.

Even so, Li Yunzhao had thought that nobody could defeat him with a single move.

"I've learned my lesson." Li Yunzhao cupped his fists. After being attacked, he was willing to accept it.

Qin Jun remembered his question yesterday. In hindsight, it seemed to be an overly stupid question. The prominent person by the Empress Dowager's side could not even withstand a single blow!

Lu Zhou appeared calm. This Thunderblast was a minor lesson to him.

"Speak." His expression remained calm.

Li Yunzhao shook his head helplessly and said, "I heard that the Evil Sky Pavilion Master's methods are shocking and I've always wanted to have a chance to spar with you, Pavilion Master. Even if I lose, I'll accept the outcome willingly. As for this Thunderblast, it's my loss..."

He paused before continuing, "When Princess Yun Zhao was in labor, there was a red moon. It was a bad omen, and I was tasked to get rid of the embodiment of ill portent."

This statement contained loads of information.

Zhao Yue shuddered. Her face went ghastly pale as she asked, "Princess Yun Zhao is my mother?"

"That's right."

A single rock gave rise to a thousand waves.

Qing Jun, the butler Hong Fu, the minor eunuch, and Little Yuan'er were beside themselves with shock.

Li Yunzhao straightened his robes, knelt to the ground, and said, "Although you weren't officially bestowed the title or claimed by your own family, I should still pay you homage. No matter what, I shall...kowtow!"

This kowtow practically confirmed Zhao Yue's identity.

It should be known that the person kowtowing was the prominent figure by the current Empress Dowager's side, Li Yunzhao.

Without waiting for a reply from Zhao Yue, Li Yunzhao had already gotten up. "Princess Yun Zhao has always led a tough life. I couldn't bear to end the life of her offspring just like that, hence I didn't follow through and merely left the Dark Yin Palm," said Li Yunzhao. As Lu Zhou stood up slowly, everyone's attention was on him now.

Lu Zhou walked forward with his hands behind his back. He walked up to the door of the room and said, "The Crimson Moon? Who told you to kill her?"

“Well...” Li Yunzhao hesitated once more.

“Are you not going to speak?” Lu Zhou said.

“Why do you have to put me in such a tight spot, Old Mister?”

“Zhao Yue is my disciple. Are you saying that I shouldn’t be looking out for my own disciple?” Lu Zhou said. Zhao Yue’s heart was stirred.

“It’s not that I’m not willing to tell you, but the imperial concubine who meant to do Princess Yun Zhao harm has passed away. All I want is for this matter to be settled and for everyone to move on,” said Li Yunzhao.

“I persuade with reason. The reason is now clear. Alas, you won’t listen!” Lu Zhou stroked his beard and stepped forward.

Li Yunzhao frowned. Once bitten, twice shy.

The blow from the Thunderblast left a lingering fear in his heart. “I was careless and was hit by the Thunderblast just now...Do you think that I’d have no tricks up my sleeves after living inside the palace for so many years? I know about the Evil Sky Pavilion’s strength...You leave me no choice but to retaliate.”

His body burned with vigorous Primal Qi which naturally condensed into energy.

Chapter 272 Persuading with Morals

The Prince of Qi, Qin Jun, felt extremely awkward.

This was the Divine Capital, after all. If two great elites fought here in the Divine Capital, it would surely cause a great disturbance.

In order to maintain peace in the Divine Capital, the capital’s guards would also be mobilized. If they could not stop it, the imperial guard would move out until the battle between the cultivators was settled.

The Divine Capital was a flourishing place with crouching tigers and hidden dragons. Even then, how did it manage to avoid fights that broke out over vast areas? It was all thanks to the imperial city’s guards. Otherwise, the Divine Capital would have been flattened by the cultivators a long time ago.

The terrifying thing was that with the imperial city as its center, there was the Ten Terminal Formation which was collectively laid out by cultivators who were skilled in Formations.

The presence of the Ten Terminal Formation was enough to intimidate the cultivators in the imperial city to not make any rash moves.

That was why...

Qin Jun did not want to see these two elites fight.

“Say, can’t we talk things through, Eunuch Li!?” Qin Jun did his best to dissuade them.

Although the butler, Hong Fu, was afraid, he had no choice but to embolden himself and say, “Honored guests, calm down. What if the imperial city becomes aware of this?”

Eunuch Li’s sharp voice reached their ears. “My mistress, the current Empress Dowager, represents the imperial family. If I lose, it means that the imperial family has lost!” Lu Zhou shook his head. “Stubborn mule!”

He waved his arm.

Without warning, he brought his arm in a swinging motion from his left to his right.

A miniature electric-like vortex appeared and shot out. Everyone else held their breaths. They stared at the blue vortex and wore perplexed expressions.

As Li Yunzhao’s face fell, his Dark Yin Energy was ready. It revolved around him like a tornado.

The only thing better than before was that he was now slightly prepared.

When the blue vortex was upon him, another bolt of lightning fell from the skies.

Boom!

It hit its target precisely.

Bam!

Li Yunzhao reeled again. This time, he flew for a much longer distance.

Before the others could see clearly, there was another loud bang. Li Yunzhao crashed into the thick wall of the Prince of Qi Mansion, creating a human-shaped dent in it. Li Yunzhao was stuck inside the wall and could not move.

The Prince of Qi Mansion fell quiet. It was an eerie sort of deathly stillness and silence.

To think that Li Yunzhao acted as if he was very powerful!

Did he not mention that he had some tricks up his sleeve?

Did he not say that he was an elite by the Empress Dowager’s side?

Why was he so weak?

Was he made of paper?

Perhaps, Li Yunzhao was an impostor all along. Was he a cultivator who was merely masquerading as a person who had actual abilities?

The others were puzzled. Lu Zhou was the only person who appeared calm. This card merely pushed him back and did not kill him. Old eunuch, if you actually triggered the 1% kill-rate, you can’t blame me.’

“Eunuch Li?” Qin Jun was the first person to break the silence. He voiced out his question carefully.

Crash!

Surprisingly, Li Yunzhao walked out of the wall.

The rubble slid off him. His eyes were slightly listless while his lips were trembling.

Then, with a muffled grunt, fresh blood trickled out. This time, he was injured as he had triggered the 30% chance of harming the target.

‘You’ve got some luck for staying alive.’

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he looked at the eunuch as if nothing had happened.

Li Yunzhao’s remaining confidence and pride were long gone. The so-called peerless elite, great Eunuch Li, was worth less than a dog’s fart before the Evil Sky Pavilion Master!

‘Are you powerful? You were a useless person who could not even withstand a single attack!’

Everyone was always talking about how powerful the old villain, Ji Tiandao was, but there were never any standards to compare to.

Even Qin Jun did not know how powerful Lu Zhou was. However, he knew Li Yunzhao’s cultivation base.

He was a person who was on par with the eight great leaders, yet against the Evil Sky Pavilion Master, he could not even withstand a single hit.

The superior cultivator was clear

“Eu-eunuch Li, are you alright?” Qin Jun ventured carefully.

In his heart, he mumbled, ‘Don’t you die on me. If you die, my mansion will be done for.’

At the same time, Qin Jun wanted to curse at him. He did not seem like an expert at all. It felt as if he was a weak pushover instead.

Li Yunzhao calmed his breathing and suppressed his surging essence and blood.

A moment later, he spoke, “Princess Ping Le passed away a long time ago. Back then, she and Princess Yun Zhao begrudged each other. In a fit of confusion, Ping Le ordered me to take the life of Princess Yun Zhao’s daughter, who is also your fifth disciple, Zhao Yue, Old Mister.”

“Why did they begrudge each other?” Lu Zhou wanted to know.

“The Prince of Zhenxi was the person whom the two princesses loved at the same time. However, the Prince of Zhenxi picked Princess Yun Zhao. Then, the Prince of Zhenxi died on the battlefield, leaving Yun Zhao behind...What a shame.” Li Yunzhao wore an expression of regret.

Lu Zhou noticed his choice of words. Although he mentioned the Prince of Zhenxi, he did not say his name. “The Prince of Zhenxi?”

“It’s one of the palace’s taboos. His name must not be said.”

Lu Zhou had no intention of asking about the name. After all, at this juncture, he would be able to find out once he did some digging.

At the side, Qin Jun bowed and said, "I've met the Prince of Zhenxi once. However, at that time, he was on a campaign at Loulan. He's indeed a heroic man. All I know is that he was a great leader on the battlefield and a true man. However, I didn't know about him and Yun Zhao..."

He left his statement unfinished. The affairs between a man and a woman had always been of great importance in a person's life.

At this point, Zhao Yue staggered backward. She sat on the chair, feeling slightly weak.

Little Yuan'er could not bear to listen to this. She hastily went forward, supported Zhao Yue, and comforted her softly, "Senior Sister, what a tough life you have..."

'Sigh. This little girl doesn't even know how to properly comfort someone. How can she be this blunt and direct? Then again, it's good enough that she has the intention.'

Zhao Yue grabbed Little Yuan'er's hand and said, "I'm alright." When Li Yunzhao saw this, he continued, "I sympathized with Princess Yun Zhao back then. I boldly went against Princess Ping Le's wish and left the Dark Yin Palm's cold poison in your body to cover this up. Otherwise, Princess Ping Le would never have allowed her to leave the castle walls. I was thinking that so long as you don't step onto the path of cultivation and live your life happily as an ordinary person, the cold poison would never be triggered at all."

At this point, Li Yunzhao paused. "Then, to my shock, I heard that Zhao Yue joined the Evil Sky Pavilion...I had been looking for her ever since so that I could help her get rid of the poison."

"So, you're saying...that you saved Senior Sister Zhao Yue?" Little Yuan'er said with a soft snort.

"Well..." Li Yunzhao cupped his fists. "I wouldn't be so bold to claim merit."

There was a brief moment of silence.

Lu Zhou looked at Li Yunzhao and said, "I've always been persuaded by someone with morals... If you've spoken the truth, I'll spare your life. If I find out that there's an ounce of a lie in your words, I'll make sure that you'll pay with your head."

Li Yunzhao shuddered. He was someone who held a high position in the palace and had the power to decide the life and death of another person.

Currently, when he felt his own life and death being in someone else's hands, he could not help but shake.

"However," Lu Zhou suddenly added, "while a capital offense may be absolved, you can't escape from a living hell."

"You..." Li Yunzhao's expression froze over.

'It's true that you were sympathetic and did not kill Zhao Yue, but that's only enough for you to keep your life.'

At this moment, the minor eunuch in the living room suddenly clapped.

Pa, pa, pa... "Amazing, just amazing!"

Chapter 273 Persuading with Name

Qin Jun, the old butler, Hong Fu, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er looked over.

Li Yunzhai suddenly acted reverently. He kneeled at the low-rank eunuch and greeted, "Greetings, Your Fourth Highness."

'Fourth Highness?'

From the very beginning, the young and vulgar-looking man who had been keeping a low profile was the Fourth Prince?

Qin Jun appeared surprised. He did not expect this person to be the Fourth Prince who had just returned from the borders. He hastily walked over. "Greetings, Your Highness."

The seemingly low-rank eunuch stopped clapping his hands and straightened his robes. He removed the eunuch's cap and tossed it aside. Currently, his bearing was completely different from before. His true appearance had also been revealed. He was not as young as it seemed earlier. In fact, he had a weathered look. This was to be expected since he had spent many years on the battlefield. This person was none other than Liu Bing, the Fourth Prince. Liu Bing cupped his fists at Lu Zhou. "Your methods are breathtaking, old mister... Li Yunzhao is at least a Six-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite. And yet, he couldn't even take a single hit from you."

"You're Liu Bing, the Fourth Prince?" Lu Zhou asked.

"I am."

"Are you planning on standing up for Li Yunzhao?" Lu Zhou could sense that Liu Bing's aura was not particularly dense. On the surface, it did not seem like he had a profound cultivation base.

"I've been admiring you for a long time, old mister..." Liu Bing said with a smile, "I have no intention of standing up for him. He deserves this. However, you'll have to consider the dog's master before beating a dog. Li Yunzhao is the Imperial family's dog. At the end of the day, I can't just stand by and do nothing."

"That's good." Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. 'At least, he's tactful...'

The reputation of the Evil Sky Pavilion was widespread. Although Liu Bing had spent his days on the battlefield, he had heard a great deal about the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Both of Lu Zhou's attacks had completely suppressed Li Yunzhao. Liu Bing was amazed by it. The Evil Sky Pavilion truly lived up to its name.

"How do you plan on punishing him, old mister?" Liu Bing asked respectfully.

Li Yunzhao bowed down. He had a pained expression on his face. He did not feel this bad even when he was hit by Lu Zhou's attacks. However, since the prince had spoken, he knew he would not be able to escape this calamity. Who knew he would meet the Fourth Prince here.

Lu Zhou looked at Li Yun Zhao and said, "Why do I need to report to you about what I intend to do?"

“...” Liu Bing was slightly stunned. He was taken aback by this question. “This old villain.. He’s even more troublesome than rumored. Not only is his cultivation base terrifyingly profound, but his temper is quite peculiar as

well!”

In the end, Liu Bing said, “That’s going too far, old mister... You’re free to do whatever you want to Li Yunzhao. I won’t stop you.” Liu Bing took a step back, making it clear that he had no intention of interfering.

Li Yunzhao frowned deeply, “Your Highness...”

Liu Bing glanced at Li Yunzhao and said, “The Prince of Zhenxi and I campaigned in the west together. We’re not the best of friends, but we were comrades. However, you tore his family apart. I can’t protect you from this.” After he finished speaking, he looked away.

Li Yunzhao bowed and addressed Lu Zhou, “Your cultivation base is unfathomable, old mister, and I willingly accept defeat... I’ll accept whatever punishment you mete out.” When Lu Zhou heard this, he stroked his beard and nodded. ‘Now that’s a tactful person.’ If Li Yunzhao was defiant, he planned to hit him with more Thunderblast until Li Yunzhao surrendered. “Very well,” Lu Zhou continued to say, “Are you willing if I destroy your cultivation base?” At the same time, a Thunderblast Card appeared in his palm. He waited for Li Yunzhao’s answer silently. Li Yunzhao’s expression turned sour. Destroying his cultivation base was no different from killing him. He did not expect this old villain of the Evil Sky Pavilion to be this merciless. How could he be willing to accept this?

Lu Zhou noticed the change in Li Yunzhao’s expression and asked, “You’re unwilling?” “I dare not. However, I have something to say. I’m sure you’ll change your mind after listening to what I have to say, old mister,” Li Yunzhao said.

‘Hm?’ The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, turned around and looked at the old eunuch curiously. He did not have a deep impression of Li Yunzhao. After all, he spent most of his time on the battlefield. He had only met Li Yun Zhao a few times since his return from the borders. Initially, he had planned to get familiar with Li Yunzhao so he would have a source by the Empress Dowager’s side. Alas, who knew Li Yunzhao to be filled with schemes?

“Speak.”

“I’ve been serving the Empress Dowager for 50 years... Deep inside the palace, the Empress Dowager merely trusts a handful of people, and I’m one of them. The Empress Dowager is in possession of a certain item that I think has something to do with the Evil Sky Pavilion,” Li Yunzhao said.

‘Hm?’ Lu Zhou’s heart stirred. He remembered that the information on the old parchment drawing was pointed toward the palace. ‘Is it possible that the item is truly in the palace? If it’s true, then, it’s a pleasant surprise!’

“Continue,” Lu Zhou said.

Li Yunzhao nodded and said, “It’s a book without words... It was left behind in exchange for the Imperial family’s token that you stole... I mean, took.” He quickly coughed to hide his slip of the tongue. Was he seeking death by saying such words at such a perilous time? Hong Fu was exasperated on Li Yun Zhao’s

behalf. He thought that the heavens must have been blind for someone like this to be the eunuch trusted by the Empress Dowager's side and managed to survive until now.

At this moment, Liu Bing interjected, "Are you betraying the Empress Dowager? If that's the case, death will only be waiting for you."

Li Yunzhao shook his head and said, "There are many things you do not understand, Your Fourth Highness, since you've just recently returned from the battlefield, allow me to explain. When the Imperial family's token was lost back then, everyone had searched for it. The Empress Dowager was the only one who knew that it was in the Evil Sky Pavilion's hands. The Imperial token was originally kept by His Majesty, but it was left to the Empress Dowager's care due to His Majesty recuperating. When the token was lost, the Empress Dowager was beside herself with anxiety, and she sent someone to the Evil Sky Pavilion..."

Lu Zhou was about to say that he had no recollection of this. However, he suddenly remembered the lost memories. Therefore, his expression did not change. He did not speak as well. The more he spoke, the more mistakes he would make. If he did not speak, he would make no mistakes.

Li Yunzhao said, "Back then, old mister, you didn't surrender the imperial token, but you sent a blank Heavenly Writing scroll."

Realization dawned on Lu Zhou suddenly. That blank Heavenly Writing scroll must have been the remnant piece of the Open Heavenly Writing. Lu Zhou was not interested in knowing the reason behind this, he only asked, "Where's the scroll?"

Li Yunzhao replied, "It's still in the palace."

At this juncture, Lu Zhou finally understood that Li Yunzhao wanted to exchange the blank Heavenly Writing Scroll in order to save his cultivation base. Coincidentally, Lu Zhou had already given the imperial token to Jiang Aijian. Jiang Aijian had used it to open the warehouse, and the key was back in the imperial family's hands. It seemed like it was fated.

Lu Zhou did not turn around. He said, "Zhao Yue..."

"Yes, Master."

"You're the victim here... You'll decide his fate."

Since Lu Zhou had already discovered the blank Heavenly Writing scroll was in the palace, he had many ways to retrieve it. He had no need for Li Yunzhao. For this reason, he gave Zhao Yue permission to decide on Li Yunzhao's fate.

Everyone looked at Zhao Yue.

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Zhao Yue bowed and said, "What belongs to you should be taken back, master... He did somehow save my life. If he's lying about that, we can always kill him in the future." "That's right." Little Yuan'er nodded vehemently.

When Lu Zhou heard Zhao Yue's words, he was pleased that this disciple of his had turned out this way. She was finally considerate enough to think about her master.

Little Yuan'er, on the other hand, was still a work in progress.

"Li Yunzhao... Did you hear that?" Lu Zhou asked.

"I understand... This time tomorrow, I'll be bringing the item to you, old mister," Li Yunzhao said.

At this very moment, from the tower opposite the Prince of Qi Mansion, a hidden golden weapon was fired.

The target was Li Yunzhao.

The assassin vanished as soon as he fired the weapon.

Li Yunzhao's expression turned unsightly. He flipped backward in the way as energy erupted from his body,

The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, frowned and said, "Li Yunzhao, it seems like you're completely trusted!"

Bam!

Chapter 274 Persuading with Fists

The energy-wrapped weapons collided with Li Yunzhao's palm.

He intercepted the weapons with his bare hand!

Clearly, the assassin had underestimated Li Yunzhao. Even though he was injured, he was not someone who could be killed by these hidden weapons.

Li Yunzhao turned to look as he tossed the weapon aside and said, "There's no need to be surprised... It's just someone with ulterior motives who wants to get me out of their way. This has happened far too often." Lu Zhou looked at the hidden weapon which was now lying on the ground.

For the weapon's might to be accentuated to such a degree, the assassin was no ordinary elite cultivator.

As expected, Great Yan's Divine Capital was full of crouching tigers and hidden dragons.

Nobody was actually fazed by this.

Since Liu Bing's mental qualities were much tougher than the common man, he merely glanced at it and said, "An assassin?"

"With a cultivation base of at least One-leaf... Interesting," Liu Bing mumbled.

Li Yunzhao searched the perimeter with his gaze, trying to locate his target.

As he kept his guard up, he said, "My life isn't worth much... If the Empress Dowager doesn't trust me, I would've been dead a long time ago. I can't have possibly stayed alive until this day."

As expected...

A black figure shot past the corner of the pagoda, sprinting along the windowsills of the pagoda.

Clearly, this person had been trailing Li Yunzhao from the start.

Li Yunzhao was so exasperated that his voice changed as he shouted, "Despicable vermin!"

His sharp tone sounded peculiar when he uttered a curse, but it somehow emphasized how angry he was.

Just when the others felt helpless, Lu Zhou said, "Yuan'er."

"Yes, Master."

"Catch him." "Teehee...Yes, Master." Little Yuan'er was exceptionally pleased to receive such an order for the first time.

The reason why Lu Zhou had given this mission to Little Yuan'er was that Little Yuan'er was the bane of mice like these. She also had many treasures. Even though her cultivation base was only at the One-leaf stage, she could easily beat a stalker on the same rank.

Little Yuan'er pushed away from the ground and rose straight into the skies above the Prince of Qi Mansion while her Nirvana Sash spread out like a blossoming rose.

When she unleashed her Seven Starts Cloud Treading Steps in her Cloud-treading Boots, bluish starlight adorned the night sky. It seemed more dazzling and brilliant above the Divine Capital at night.

Whoosh!

As she vanished, Li Yunzhao swallowed in shock. Even though he knew that this little girl was weaker than he was, he felt powerless.

Qin Jun and Hong Fu had spent most of their time in the Divine Capital, so they had seen a fair share of elites.

However, they had never met such a genius. To think that she had such a wonderful cultivation base at her age! If she was given more time, how far would this little girl be able to go? No one knew.

After a moment's silence, Liu Bing snapped back to the present. With a clap of his hands, he said, "I heard that the Evil Sky Pavilion's disciples are all amazing in their own right. I now see that it's true! I'm duly impressed!"

"You sure chat a lot," said Lu Zhou.

"I..." Liu Bing suddenly felt that he was acting too haughtily before such an individual, hence, he toned down his regal voice and said, "All I want is to get to know you, Old Mister." "Get to know me?"

"I've just returned from Rongxi. There are many things about the Divine Capital that I don't understand and I like to make friends. With your cultivation base, Old Mister, I find it a waste if you can't talk freely about life over some wine," Liu Bing said.

"So, you went to the Heavenly Sword Sect?" Lu Zhou asked.

Liu Bing shuddered and said, "You know about that, Old Mister? As expected, you have an extensive information network. Indeed, I have been to the Heavenly Sword Sect. Unfortunately, Luo Xingkong was hellbent on having that fight to the death. Alas...it didn't end well for him."

"Do you know about what happened at the Lotus Dais?"

"I've heard about it...I heard that you've saved many cultivators out of kindness. Currently, rumor has it that you're a kind person, a living Buddha," said Liu Bing. "Do you think that I shouldn't be a kind person?"

"No-no-no..." Liu Bing hastily waved his hand and said, "Quite the contrary. If you're not a kind person, Old Mister, who is? If you aren't, that bunch of cultivators would've already all died a gruesome death!"

He noticed that the conversation was progressing in a dangerous direction. This old villain Ji did not seem to be a person with whom he could easily get along. Also, it seemed as if he could easily offend him.

"That was close."

He nearly made it sound as if Lu Zhou was the one who had threatened the survivors to spread the good word about him. Even though he felt that this version was more believable, he could never say that to Ji Tiandao's face.

Liu Bing was starting to regret having ever come here.

At this moment, the scarlet Nirvana Sash danced above the Prince of Qi Mansion, resembling a dancing dragon.

Little Yuan'er's figure could barely be seen. This was a trick of the eye that was the result of extremely quick movements.

She flew in circles while using her Nirvana Sash as footholds in her Cloud-treading Boots. Then, the sash was retracted and wrapped around her body. It wound itself around her waist and tied itself in a bowtie.

Fuh!

Little Yuan'er gave the cultivator in dark night clothes she was carrying a good kick.

Thud!

The cultivator fell into the Prince of Qi Mansion's courtyard.

As he shivered, the black-clad person dared not move.

"Ding! Captured a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm target. Reward: 200 merit points."

Li Yunzhao gave the person a sweeping gaze. He exclaimed in shock, "His sea of Qi has been destroyed. This..."

Little Yuan'er slowly descended.

With the Nirvana Sash around her waist and coupled with the effect of the Cloud Feather Raiment, she could have been mistaken as a deity from the heavens. The little girl had grown up, after all.

Little Yuan'er cupped her fists and said, "Master, I can explain! I didn't do it on purpose. He kept running away, and I had no choice but to break his sea of Qi with a punch."

'What a fierce little girl!'

She spoke the most chilling words in the meekest tone.

Was this the youngest disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion?

Li Yunzhao had to admit that he would have to reevaluate the Evil Sky Pavilion and correct his previous misconceptions. Even if old villain Ji were to kick the bucket, these disciples of his were already matured!

Who could guarantee that the nine disciples would not grow into nine old villain Jis in the future?

However, Qin Jun said, "I, for one, think that this is a wonderful way to deal with him, Miss Ninth. We mustn't forget...that such vermin are exceptionally sly. This is the only way to make sure that there won't be any surprises."

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. "Very good."

It was a good thing that his disciples showed growth.

Little Yuan'er giggled, feeling elated. "Thank you for the compliment, Master! I'll surely work harder!"

This seemed wrong somehow.

Li Yunzhao and the Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, were speechless.

Little Yuan'er walked up to the man, placed her hands on her hips, and demanded, "Who sent you?"

The black-clad person said nothing.

"If you're not going to talk, I'll take you back to the Evil Sky Pavilion and have my Third Senior Brother, no, my Fourth Senior Brother torture the living hell out of you. My Fourth Senior Brother has methods of torture that you could never think of..."

Crunch!

The black-clad person's eyes widened, and his head lolled to the side.

Li Yunzhao bent down and checked for his breath. "He's dead."

"Huh? Dead... What a coward!" Little Yuan'er was flustered. She looked at her master innocently as she was worried that her master might blame her for this.

Li Yunzhao said, "He bit off his own tongue... He was carrying poison in his mouth. People like him live on the edge of a knife on a daily basis and they're prepared to throw their lives away. Once they're captured by the enemy, they will take their own lives."

Lu Zhou shook his head and sighed.

‘What a shame. I should’ve let Little Yuan’er end him. That way, I could’ve at least get some merit points out of him. Is there something wrong about the way I’m teaching my disciples?’

Chapter 275 Heaven Writing Scroll Reopened

Qin Jun’s brows relaxed.

A dead assassin was better than one that had escaped assassin.

After all, he was the one who had invited Li Yunzhao over. His only wish now was for the Fourth Prince not to use this against him when he returned to the imperial city.

“Men!” Qin Jun shouted.

A guard marched into the courtyard. “My lord!” “Clean this up.”

The guard looked at the corpse on the ground. Without a second thought, he dragged it away.

Li Yunzhao slowly got up to his feet. He looked up at the moon which had just risen in the skies and saw that the new moon resembled a sickle.

It was getting late, so he should be heading back.

He had been out for long enough. If he was not back when the Empress Dowager summoned him, he dared not imagine the consequences.

“Old Mister, I’ll return tomorrow. Farewell,” Li Yunzhao said.

Lu Zhou said nothing. Nobody stopped him as well as they looked on when he left the Prince of Qi Mansion.

Appearing slightly awkward, the Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, smiled and said, “I think...it’s time for me to leave as well.” ‘Look at that thick face of his.’

Lu Zhou was reminded of Jiang Aijian. He said, “You remind me of him.”

He wanted to add that it was expected since they were born of the same father, but when he thought about Jiang Aijian’s identity, he did not say it. “Him?”

“Forget it. There’s no need to bring him up.” It had been a long time since he was in contact with Jiang Aijian. The last time they contacted was through Mingshi Yin.

Now, Lu Zhou was in the Divine Capital. Although he was a prince, Jiang Aijian refrained from associating himself with anyone within the palace walls. Therefore, Lu Zhou reckoned that Jiang Aijian would not come.

Lu Zhou returned to the great hall with his hands behind his back while Liu Bing followed after him.

Little Yuan’er found this strange and said, “It’s late. Why aren’t you leaving?”

“Leaving?”

“Do you think that my master doesn’t need to sleep?” Little Yuan’er thought that this person was slightly daft.

Liu Bing smiled. He cupped his fists at Lu Zhou and said, "Old Mister, in any case, I genuinely want to make more friends. There's no need to rush for a decision. It's always good to have another friend. We shall meet again. Until then."

Lu Zhou did not stop him. He had no intention of interfering with the factions in the palace. After all, Liu Bing had just returned from the borders and did not have a firm foundation, and there were many who were keeping a close eye on him.

This was apparent from his impersonation of a minor eunuch.

Little Yuan'er scratched her head and said, "Master, is he threatening us? Should I catch him?"

"There's no need," said Lu Zhou.

"Oh."

Little Yuan'er returned to Zhao Yue's side. When she glanced at her Senior Sister and remembered her tragic past, she said with a sigh, "Senior Sister, now that I think about it, I've had a happier life than you."

Lu Zhou was taken aback. Although he knew that she meant to comfort Zhao Yue and intended to say that she had been slightly ungrateful for her own life thus far, it somehow came out wrong.

In the courtyard, many servants came in to clean.

Qin Jun's son stretched his limbs and walked over. "Father, are our guests still here?"

"Don't wander about. Go back to your room," said Qin Jun.

"Who is he?"

Qin Jun turned to look in the direction of the great hall. Then, he looked at the damaged wall and said, "The guy your little sister won't stop talking about..."

Qin Shuo stood riveted to the ground. He was dumbstruck.

Qin Jun was too lazy to explain, thus he ordered a nearby servant, "Bring him back to his room. How will such a coward be able to inherit this mansion?"

"Understood." When the courtyard was nearly cleaned, Qin Jun went into the main hall with the butler, Old Hong. "Old Mister, I didn't know that the Fourth Prince would be coming as well. Please forgive me," said Qin Jun.

"Don't you know him?"

Qin Jun sighed. "The Fourth Prince is usually at the borders. He was very young when he left. Now that he's returned as a middle-aged man, his appearance has changed a lot. On top of that, in that disguise, I wasn't able to recognize him."

"The borders..." Lu Zhou mumbled, "Since he's from the borders, why is he trying to gather people to himself like the other princes?"

In Lu Zhou's impression in his past life, the people of the borders did not usually conform to these standards.

Qin Jun said, "It's only to protect himself. Soon, the Fourth Prince's military authority will be taken from him. When that time comes, he'll be alone and powerless. He has no intention of harming the others, but the same can't be said about the others."

At this juncture, Old Hong sighed as well. "Forget it."

Lu Zhou stood up with his hands behind his back. "You've done well... I've always differentiated between gratitude and grudges. Tell me what is it that you want."

Qin Jun hastily waved his hands and said, "I dare not! Unlike the greedy bunch of the cultivation world, I'd never covet the Evil Sky Pavilion's properties."

As Lu Zhou shook his head, he turned around and left while Little Yuan'er departed with Zhao Yue.

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin locked Lu Qiuping up in the north pavilion.

Then, he brought Pan Zhong over and sealed Lu Qiuping's cultivation base before going to rest.

Early the next morning, Mingshi Yin left the Evil Sky Pavilion and flew toward the Divine Capital. Halfway on his flight, he suddenly remembered a question. 'Where's Master? How am I supposed to find him?'

In the afternoon, at the Prince of Qi Mansion, it was almost at the appointed time.

The old butler, Hong Fu, knew that Eunuch Li would come again, so he had been waiting at the door first thing in the morning. He would peer down the streets every now and then and even run to the intersection to wait.

It was only when the sun was sliding toward the west that a familiar carriage came into sight.

Hong Fu was overjoyed. He kept gesturing at the servants beside himself. "Tell the master that he's here."

"Understood. I'll go right away."

The carriage came to a stop before Hong Fu.

As the curtains were parted, the silver-haired Li Yunzhao alighted from the carriage. He did not seem to be in his best condition.

"Eunuch Li." The butler hastily supported him.

Li Yunzhao disembarked and looked up at the mansion. Then, he sighed and said, "I've kept my word. I hope that he keeps his as well."

"This way." Hong Fu dared not speak on behalf of Lu Zhou. After all, they were now here, and this matter would be up to them. He would leave fate to the heavens.

Li Yunzhao produced a brocade box as he followed Hong Fu into the mansion.

Shortly after, they entered the main hall. When he saw the stately and unmoving Lu Zhou, Li Yunzhao dared not act carelessly. He walked respectfully up to him and presented the brocade box with both hands as he said, "This is the blank Heaven Writing scroll I mentioned yesterday."

Lu Zhou's gaze fell upon the brocade box. "Do you know what it is used for?" "If it's nothing but a useless piece of junk, they wouldn't have kept it until now." Li Yunzhao said, "Come to think of it, the Empress Dowager was ailed by a heart illness for a long time. When she unintentionally used this as a pillow, she was cured of the illness within a month. I think that this item must be different from a 'scroll' that's meant to be read, but it's some kind of ancient jade which contains certain powers."

"You're a good guesser." Lu Zhou did not reveal the answer. He left it up to his imagination.

As he accepted the brocade box, Lu Zhou waved his sleeve and the lid was opened.

"Ding! Obtained one remnant Open Heaven Writing scroll."

As he expected, it was a remnant Open Heaven Writing scroll.

"There's one more?" When Lu Zhou saw this Open Heaven Writing Scroll, he frowned slightly.

Li Yunzhao was startled with a jump. He hastily explained, "I have no intention of keeping it to myself. If I had, I wouldn't have waited until this day. Throughout the years, I have had no shortage of chances."

Chapter 276 The Rascal Is Causing Trouble Again

Lu Zhou did not direct the statement at Li Yunzhao, he was merely talking to himself.

Open Heavenly Writing remnant middle piece. This meant there was another piece outside. That was strange. 'Did Old Villain Ji only give one? It should be in the palace as well. Where is the final piece, I wonder?'

Unfortunately, Lu Zhou did not have the parchment drawing with him. Otherwise, he could have compared it for clues. However, it was useless to dwell on it now. He would find out once he returned. Finally, he said to Li Yunzhao, "It has nothing to do with you."

Li Yunzhao was slightly stunned. He did not dare to ask any more questions and respectfully retreated to the side.

Lu Zhou put the remnant piece away. This was connected to his next power. It was a guarantee of improvement in his strength so he had to treat it cautiously.

Li Yunzhao asked tentatively, "W-what about our promise from before?" He was anxious. After all, it would be no surprise if a villain went back on his words. Lu Zhou glanced at him and said, "I've always kept my promises. You've done well..."

Li Yunzhao relaxed. He cupped his fists at Lu Zhou. "I have another request, old mister."

"What is it?"

"When I left the palace, I told the Empress Dowager that I would be bringing the scroll back... The Empress Dowager had asked me repeatedly about this, and I could not find any good reason to take the

scroll away. Out of ideas, I used Princess Zhao Yue as an excuse. The Empress Dowager... wants to meet Zhao Yue," Li Yunzhao said.

Lu Zhou looked at him.

Li Yunzhao hastily explained, "Only the Empress Dowager and I know about this... Within the palace walls, I can guarantee with my own head that I'll keep this a secret."

Lu Zhou indeed had the right to reject Li Yunzhao on Zhao Yue's behalf. However, when he glanced at Zhao Yue, he saw that seemed to be deep in thought.

After muttering to himself for a moment, Lu Zhou said, "Zhao Yue."

"Yes, master."

"Since this concerns you, you can decide..."

Zhao Yue was moved. Since they joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, the disciples rarely had any power to decide for themselves. She did not expect her master would allow her to decide something so important. This truly surprised her. However, she did not decide instantly. She gave it some thought before finally replying, "Master, I'd like to go and have a look."

"Go, then."

When Zhao Yue heard this, she walked to Lu Zhou and respectfully kowtowed to him.

When Lu Zhou looked at Zhao Yue, he could see her loyalty rising quickly. He waved his hand.

Li Yunzhao said, "I'll guarantee her safety with my life."

"I'll be taking my leave for now, master."

Li Yunzhao made an inviting gesture, and Zhao Yue walked out the door.

The two of them soon vanished from sight.

Qin Jun said, "I didn't expect Princess Yun Zhao's orphan ended up being your disciple... The heavens are making a fool out of us." "I don't care whose orphan she is," Lu Zhou said.

"You're right, old mister."

Lu Zhou was just about to return to his room to meditate on the Heavenly Writing when a servant rushed in from outside and said, "My lord, a letter for you."

Qin Jun frowned and said, "A letter for me?" The Divine Capital was huge. If it was from his colleagues, they would not have used this method to contact him.

Qin Jun opened the letter and read it. Realization suddenly dawned on him. He hastily bowed and said, "Old mister, it's for you."

"Allow me." Little Yuan'er leaped forward. She opened the letter and read it aloud, "Old senior, I'm at the Mausoleum of Swords. There might be something you're looking for here. Your disciple sure is persistent. Hahaha..." She knew who this letter was from immediately.

Lu Zhou frowned. "Mausoleum of Swords?" Qin Jun cupped his fists and said, "The Mausoleum of Swords is near the Imperial Crypt... It's said that it's a place of extreme Yang, and there are many swords buried there. The mausoleum itself is of the Yin-attribute, and the balance between Yin and Yang created a wonderful environment to nurture good swords. Hence, every decade or so, there would be cultivators trying their luck at the mausoleum."

With this explanation, it was clear that Jiang Aijian had gone looking for good swords. After all, he would never let an opportunity like that go to waste. He loved swords to the bones and valued the sword as much as his own life.

Lu Zhou remained silent as he rose to his feet with his hands on his back and left the main hall.

"Rest well, master."

"Rest well, old mister."

On his way back to his room, Lu Zhou took out the Open Heavenly Writing's remnant piece from the brocade box again. The moment he touched it, the scroll dissolved into spots of starlight and floated toward him. In that instant, the remnant piece vanished.

Lu Zhou probed the Heavenly Writing's power. There was no new power. He sat down cross-legged as he muttered, "Looks like I'll have to wait until I've found the last piece."

Lu Zhou no longer dwelled on this and began to meditate on the Heavenly Writing.

Night fell.

The Divine Capital was silent.

A green-robed man carrying a sword hovered near the Prince of Qi Mansion. He saw a carriage speeding toward the Imperial city on the street of the Divine Capital.

Li Yunzhao was standing on the carriage and urging the steeds on.

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly as he shook his head and said, "... Congratulations, Junior Sister." He looked toward the southwest of Great Yan before looking at the new moon and murmured to himself, "You're luckier than I

am."

All of a sudden, Yu Shangrong burst forth with a terrifying Sword Qi that stirred up a gale before it shot into the distance. Shadows of swords covered the skies. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Like a crushing wave, they shot forward into the night sky. "The Sword Devil's Destiny."

The ink-colored energy blades seemed to have eyes of their own as they shot toward the black-clad cultivators lying in wait in the surroundings.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

"Ah... Sword... It's Sword Devil."

"It's Yu Shangrong!" "It's too late!"

The rain of blades fell upon them and pierced the chests accurately.

Corpses fell from the roofs to the ground. These people did not even have a chance to resist.

When the rain of blades stopped, the corpses of the black-clad cultivators were strewn across the streets.

Zing!

The Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard.

Yu Shangrong behaved as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He looked down from above with a lofty air. He did not even spare a glance at the corpses. Instead, his eyes were looking at the Prince of Qi Mansion. He sighed and said with a hint of grievance in his tone, "Master, the Prince of Qi is Eldest Senior Brother's person. Why are you running around blindly like this?"

Yu Shangrong had withdrawn his aura as he hovered above the Prince of Qi Mansion. If one did not look closely, one would not be able to see the peerless elite hovering above the Prince of Qi Mansion. He remained in the air like a god. He did not leave right away. He crossed his arms and continued looking at the Prince of Qi Mansion. "Hm?" Yu Shangrong's attention was caught by a blue light. It seemed like a blue firefly in the dark of the night, and it also seemed like the rippling reflection of the moon on a lake. It felt... special. Although he was knowledgeable, he did not know what it was. Curiosity caused him to fly over. He hovered above the roof. The blue, starlight-like spots of lights were densely packed as though they were clouds of smoke.

Chapter 277 Master's Dying Flash?

Yu Shangrong became even more curious. He moved closer. He landed on the roof as light as a feather. He was cautious and withdrew his aura completely. He looked at the billowing faint blue light, puzzled. He had never seen anything like this before. It felt somewhat like the barrier's power, but it was not. The spots of light began to drift to the horizons, and despite himself, he reached out as to catch them with his hand.

All of a sudden, a deep voice rang along with the spot of lights, "Who's there?!"

The blue fireflies instantly condensed into energy and merged with the sound wave as it surged upward.

Although Yu Shangrong had been caught off guard, an elite like him could instinctively conjure up a protective energy. As soon as he felt a threat approaching, his protective energy was automatically activated.

Bam!

"Hm?" Yu Shangrong frowned slightly as he tried hitting it with his hands before retreating on air.

Inside the room...

Lu Zhou opened his eyes at this moment and looked up.

When he entered into meditation mode, he could roughly sense the happenings around himself. The spot where the starlight appeared above him was an especially sensitive spot.

When Yu Shangrong touched it, Lu Zhou sensed someone's presence immediately! When he recalled the assassins who showed up before this, he did not hesitate and called out, "Yuan'er."

Little Yuan'er started before she leaped out of her room and stood outside Lu Zhou's room.

"Master?"

"Capture the assassin... Your own safety is of priority. Do not pursue him too far and make it quick," Lu Zhou said.

"Yes, master!" Little Yuan'er was elated. She loved a good game of catching the mouse. She leaped onto the roof and surveyed the surroundings. After taking in her surroundings, she sensed a burst of Primal Qi just a few moments ago. She unleashed her Supreme Purity Jade Slip's Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps and disappeared in just a flash. Lu Zhou's sound technique had alerted the Prince of Qi, Qin Jun. So, he had, naturally, hurried over.

"Old Mister, what's the matter?" Qin Jun's heart was racing. He kept furtively glancing to the side. The Divine Capital was supposed to be the safest place on Great Yan. He did not expect there to be so many troubles ever since the old mister's arrival.

"You should all head back." Lu Zhou projected his voice.

Qin Jun and the others were slightly taken aback. However, they did not dare to ask too many questions. He only replied, "Alright." He felt slightly helpless. He looked at the roof and felt uneasy. In the end, he sent some of his men to investigate the surroundings and increased the patrol.

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er left afterimages in her wake as she sped through the silent and dark streets. She gave chase all the way to the middle of the street where the Primal Qi's aura suddenly vanished.

"Where is he?" Little Yuan'er found this strange. She had the Cloud-treading Boots, her cultivation method, the Supreme Purity Jade Slip, and her Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps. Under normal circumstances, with all these, in terms of speed, she would not lose to a Four or Five-leaf cultivator. She did not expect her target to be so agile. At this moment, she remembered Lu Zhou's words. She nodded and muttered to herself, "He might be an elite... Let's stop here."

She turned around and was about to return when Yu Shangrong suddenly called out, "Little junior sister..."

Little Yuan'er focused her gaze in the dark and saw Yu Shangrong emerging from the shadows of the night as the gentle moonlight shone on him. He carried a sword as always with a faint smile on his face.

"S-second... Second Senior Brother?"

Yu Shangrong studied his little junior sister for a moment before he praised her. "I'm surprised to see that you've obtained the Cloud Feather Raiment. You've also achieved a breakthrough in your cultivation base. Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm... Not bad."

"It's really you, Second Senior Brother!" Little Yuan'er said happily, "Second Senior Brother, since when did you become a thief?"

"A thief?" Yu Shangrong uncrossed his arms and looked at himself. "Which part of me looks like a thief?"

“Master wants me to bring you back!” Little Yuan’er said.

Yu Shangrong chuckled softly and said, “Little junior sister, why did master come to the Divine Capital?”

When she heard the question, Little Yuan’er lowered her head. She held onto one end of the Nirvana Sash and spoke in a slightly sad voice, “Master wants to find out about Fifth Senior Sister’s past... Fifth Senior Sister truly had a tragic past. I feel sad for her as well.”

Yu Shangrong laughed when he saw Little Yuan’er sad expression. He was at a loss for words. Although he had only met her a few times, it seemed like his impression of her was right. She was indeed a pure and kind little girl. Finally, he asked, “Is master doing well?”

“He’s alive and kicking!” Little Yuan’er replied honestly.

Yu Shangrong found this strange. ‘He had already used the barrier’s power once. How come it seems like he’s still in peak condition?’ A term popped up in his mind at this moment. A dying flash or a spurt of energy before one’s death.

“Little junior sister, I have some matters to attend to. You should head back now,” Yu Shangrong said with a gentle voice and a smile on his face.

“Oh.”

“We’ll meet again.” Yu Shangrong smiled as he waved his hand lightly. Then, he crossed his arms again as he walked toward the end of the alley. However, his feet did not touch the ground, he was walking on air. With a whoosh, he disappeared.

After Yu Shangrong disappeared, Little Yuan’er scratched her head. Something felt amiss, but she could not quite put her finger on it.

The Prince of Qi Mansion.

Realization finally dawned on Little Yuan’er. She seemed to realize what was amiss. She stood before her master’s room and said softly, “Master, I was unskilled, and the thief managed to run away. Please punish me.”

“There’s no need to blame yourself. If he’s able to evade you, he must’ve been strong. You should head back,” Lu Zhou said.

“Master... I didn’t expect Second Senior Brother to become a thief. He’s really too fast, I couldn’t catch up to him!” Little Yuan’er explained.

When Lu Zhou heard this, he frowned slightly. “The person on the roof was that rascal, Yu Shangrong? No wonder she couldn’t catch up to him!’ Alas, it was a shame he did not personally make a move. It was useless to cry over spilled milk. ‘Oh well.’

“Go and get some rest,” Lu Zhou said.

“Yes, master.” Little Yuan’er returned to her room.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou was lost in his thoughts. Why was the rascal, Yu Shangrong, in the Divine Capital? He had a feeling that Yu Zhenghai, Yu Shangrong, and Si Wuya seemed to know about his whereabouts. Moreover, they never failed to escape at just the right moment.

Back at the Clarity Sect, the Four Great Protectors barred their way. At Anyang City, Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai gave Little Yuan'er gifts. Yu Zhenghai's flying chariot was seen at the Lotus Dais. Now, he even ran into Yu Shangrong at the Prince of Qi Mansion in the Divine Capital. All the signs showed that someone was keeping a close eye on his movements.

Finally, Lu Zhou dismissed all these thoughts and continued meditating on the Heavenly Writing

The next day, in the Prince of Qi Mansion.

Qin Jun brought his butler and waited outside Lu Zhou's room since early morning. After a long wait, there did not seem to be any movements inside the room.

The butler, Hong Fu, felt that something was amiss and said, "Master, could something have happened? Just this morning, the city's garrison found many bodies lying around the streets. They suspect that it's the work of an assassin."

"Let's wait for a little longer." Disturbing Lu Zhou's rest without cause was something that could possibly cost them their lives.

After a long time, there were still no signs of movements.

When the sun was high up in the sky, Qin Jun finally could not wait any longer. He bowed and called out, "Old mister."

There was no reply.

Qin Jun waved his hand. The old butler, Hong Fu, went up and opened the door before entering the room.

Lu Zhou was nowhere to be found in the room.

Qin Jun sensed that something was not right and came running over. He swept his gaze across the room, it was empty. He smacked his own thigh. "Inform the sect master. Tell him that the old mister has left the Divine Capital and most probably has gone to the Mausoleum of Swords."

"Understood."

However, Qin Jun's voice had barely faded when Lu Zhou walked out of Little Yuan'er's room. He stroked his beard slowly and stared at Qin Jun with a pointed gaze.

Chapter 278 Against The Heavenly Energy

Lu Zhou looked at the sun like an ordinary old man, basking in the warmth of the sun. He even stretched his limbs before he walked to the center of the courtyard.

Qin Jun and the others widened their eyes in horror. They were immobilized as they stood riveted to the ground. They could not control the trembling of their bodies.

A calm expression could be seen on Lu Zhou's wizened face. There was no sign of anger at all. However, the lack of anger was even more terrifying to those two people.

This was plain suffering. They wanted to cry.

Little Yuan'er ran up to Lu Zhou's side. She giggled and said, "Master, I'll massage your back for you every day after this."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded in satisfaction. He found her promising and worthy to be taught. 'This little girl is maturing nicely.'

Thud!

Qin Jun could not take it any longer and fell to his knees.

Qin Shuo and Qin Ruobing who had just arrived at the courtyard's entrance were stunned. However, without even knowing the reason, they quickly knelt on the ground as well.

The atmosphere was tense and heavy at this moment.

Lu Zhou's gaze finally fell upon Qin Jun as he asked, "Reporting to someone?"

"I dare not!" Qin Jun kowtowed. This was related to the lives and deaths of all his kin. When he spoke, his voice was an octave higher. "That rascal disciple of mine, Yu Zhenghai... What did he offer you?" Before Lu Zhou revealed himself earlier, he had thought Qin Jun had some ties with Yu Shangrong. He did not expect it to be Yu Zhenghai.

Qin Jun said, "Please be fair, old mister... Me and the sect master are only friends."

"Friends?"

"I've never once thought about plotting against the Evil Sky Pavilion from the beginning until the end! If there's an ounce of lie in my words, I'll die a gruesome death!" Qin Yun said with gusto.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "What did Yu Zhenghai make you do?" "To pass information about the Divine Capital and within the palace to him. I've received grace from you, old mister, and I would never betray the Evil Sky Pavilion!" Qin Jun said with his head lowered.

"I helped you, and yet, you repay that rascal?"

"..." Qin Jun's mind went blank. No matter how he went about it, this did not seem right. This made him fall limply on his butt. The old butler, Hong Fu, mustered up his courage and said, "If I may be so bold as to speak... I'd gladly pay for the sins with my life after I have my say!" Honestly, Lu Zhou would not deign to give a person like Hong Fu a second glance under any other circumstances. However, this butler was indeed different from the other mortals. From the moment Lu Zhou stepped into the Prince of Qi Mansion, Hong Fu's performance had been stellar. Therefore, Lu Zhou had a good impression of him. "Speak."

The old butler gathered up his courage and said, "Sect Master Yu had no idea that you'd come to the Divine Capital... If my master had wanted to disclose this information, there would've been no need to wait until this day. It's true that my master has been in contact with Sect Master Yu... However, my

master told Sect Master Yu directly that he would never do anything that would harm the Evil Sky Pavilion. Otherwise, he wouldn't cooperate with Sect Master Yu. Your portrait has always been kept in my master's study. He looked upon it fondly and frequently as he reminisced about his past." That sounded awkward. Lu Zhou was a man, but he was thought about and looked at fondly by another man. Truly awkward. Outwardly, there were no changes in Lu Zhou's expression. He had to dig out more information from Qin Jun.

Hong Fu gestured to the servant beside him. The servant hurried into the study and returned with a portrait in his hands. It was a portrait of Lu Zhou although he looked more weathered and wrinkled there. The portrait did capture his natural charm though.

Little Yuan'er received the portrait. She looked at it and said with a smile, "Master, this is a bad drawing. It looks nothing like you."

Lu Zhou looked at the preface on the side. "Respected teacher, Ji Tiandao. Forever 23 springs old." There was a poem scribbled at the side that he thought would be a waste of time to read. He waved his arm and a gust of energy wrapped around the portrait.

Smash!

The portrait was reduced to dust before it scattered in the wind.

'How dare this rascal call me his respected teacher?'

"This goes against the Heavenly Energy."

"Please, forgive me, old mister!" Qin Jun and Hong Fu kowtowed and did not dare to move, their foreheads touching the ground.

When Lu Zhou had spoken those words, his tone was deceptively calm. He was not truly angered. He was just... inspired at that moment to say that. However, the words had another, deeper meaning. He knew that Yu Zhenghai was planning on obtaining everything under the heavens. In that case, would Yu Zhenghai not covet the treasures in the Evil Sky Pavilion?

In regard to Hong Fu's words, Lu Zhou thought Hong Fu had a point. If Qin Jun had any ulterior motives, he would have notified Yu Zhenghai right away. There was no need to wait until this moment.

"The reason why I wanted to notify Sect Master Yu when I thought you left, old mister, is due to two sentences Sect Master Yu had said to me..." Hong Fu said.

"What did he say?"

"I daren't say!"

Lu Zhou remained silent. He only stared at Hong Fu pointedly. 'It's true that you know how to conduct yourself before others, and you know how to cause trouble for your opponents. However, this doesn't mean you can withhold information from me.'

Qin Jun said hurriedly, "Sect Master Yu's first statement is that he wishes that you would spend your remaining days peacefully in the Evil Sky Pavilion." "What about his second sentence?" Little Yuan'er asked curiously.

“Sect Master Yue’s second statement was that he wishes you would never remember those things... the hatred he incurred upon himself would be brought to his grave.” After Qin Jun said this, he added, “That’s what he said.”

Little Yuan’er was puzzled. “What does he mean?”

In truth, Qin Jun and Hong Fu did not understand the second sentence as well. However, to Lu Zhou, it contained a lot of information. This had two meanings. The first one was that Yu Zhenghai knew that he was missing some of his memories. The second was that Yu Zhenghai seemed to have his own reasons for leaving the pavilion.

After a moment’s silence, Lu Zhou said, “Tell the rascal to come to the Divine Capital.”

When he heard this, Qin Jun broke out in sweat and said, “Old mister... Even your seventh disciple couldn’t make Sect Master Yu meet you in person no matter what, let alone someone like me!”

“Why’s that?” Little Yuan’er was even more curious now.

“Well... I don’t know about that,” Qin Jun replied.

When Old Hong felt the atmosphere had lightened somewhat, he kowtowed and said, “Please spare the Prince of Qi Mansion, old mister!”

The others echoed Hong Fu’s words.

Lu Zhou said, “I’m not an unreasonable person... Seeing that you bear noble thoughts, I’ll spare the Prince of Qi Mansion.”

“Thank you, old mister!” Qin Jun and the others kowtowed.

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 15 people. Reward: 150 merit points.”

Lu Zhou’s expression remained calm when he heard the system’s notification.

“However...” Lu Zhou suddenly changed his tone, “You’ll have to stay in the Evil Sky Pavilion for some time.”

“Huh?” The rest could be understood without having to be said.

Since Qin Jun was in contact with Yu Zhenghai, he, naturally, knew some things about Yu Zhenghai. Lu Zhou would never let a source of information like Qin Jun go.

Qin Jun seemed to understand Lu Zhou’s thoughts as well. He bowed and said, “I’m willing to supply you with all the information that passed between me and Sect Master Yu.”

At this moment, dozens of cultivators flew across the Divine Capital’s sky.

According to the law, flying was forbidden in the Divine City unless there was a special occasion or if it was the Imperial city’s guards.

The sudden appearance of flying cultivators caught the attention of the common folk.

“Yuan’er.”

“Yes, master.” “Take him away.”

Chapter 279 Open Heavenly Writing Final Remnant Piece

Qin Jun exclaimed with surprise as a gust of energy carried him. He was only in the Divine Court realm so Little Yuan’er could easily capture him.

“Master... should I give chase?” Little Yuan’er asked excitedly. When she saw the cultivators making their appearances, she was beside herself with excitement.

However, this was the Divine Capital after all. Elites were as numerous as the clouds.

The Imperial city’s guard and the Ten Terminal Formation formed a powerful defensive mechanism. It had been impregnable for many years.

Lu Zhou muttered to himself briefly before he looked at the old butler. “Prepare the carriage.”

“Right... right away!” Old Hong understood what Lu Zhou meant. He hastily ordered the servants to prepare the carriages.

This was a peculiar scene indeed.

The Prince of Qi Mansion’s servants prepared the carriage and allowed outsiders to bind their master and load him onto the carriage. Fortunately, this was the Prince of Qi Mansion. There was nobody else here. Otherwise, this would become a huge joke. After the carriage left, Qin Shuo and Qin Ruobing still seemed to have difficulties processing what had just transpired. “Young master, young lady, don’t worry. Master has only gone to the Evil Sky Pavilion for a short stay. He’ll be back.” Old Hong had no other way of comforting them.

Qin Shuo was so shocked that he was rendered speechless.

Qin Ruobing, on the other hand, mumbled, “If I’d known, I would’ve asked them to take me along as well.”

Both Qin Shuo and Old Hong were puzzled.

In the carriage.

Little Yuan’er asked curiously, “Master, can’t we fly over like the rest of them?”

Before Lu Zhou could reply, Qin Jun said awkwardly, “Miss... Miss Ninth, can you... loosen this a bit...”

Like the saying went, ‘The monk could run, but the temple could not’.

“Keep dreaming!” Little Yuan’er waved her fists.

Qin Jun could only cast Lu Zhou a pleading look. Lu Zhou said, “Untie him.”

Little Yuan’er raised her hand after she scoffed at Qin Jun. A gust of energy loosened the ropes.

At this point, Qin Jun had nowhere to run. It was meaningless to tie him up.

After he was freed, Qin Jun cupped his fists and said, “Thank you.”

When he saw Little Yuan'er ignoring him, Qin Jun said, "This is the Divine Capital after all. Old mister doesn't want to attract any unwanted attention... There are many people with great power in the Divine Capital. There are plenty of carriages such as this one. We won't be noticed."

Little Yuan'er nodded as if she understood what was being said.

Shortly after, the carriage slowed to a stop outside the city.

"I expect the cultivators would swarm toward the Mausoleum of Swords once it's opened. We must keep a low profile," Qin Jun said.

Little Yuan'er looked at Qin Jun suspiciously. 'Why is this fellow acting more and more like a person on our side?'

"Where's the Sword Mausoleum?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"It's 30 miles northwest from the Imperial city. It's among the complex of crypts," Qin Jun replied.

Lu Zhou looked in the direction of the Mausoleum of Swords. He understood more about the mausoleum than Qin Jun did. After all, he had access to a millennium's worth of Ji Tian Dao's memories. He would not lose in a contest of knowledge.

When Qin Jun saw that Lu Zhou remained silent, he continued, "Old mister, the letter for you mentioned..." He trailed off suddenly, thinking it was better to be careful of what he said.

"Speak," Lu Zhou told him.

"Your disciple is persistent... Is he the one who wants to cause you trouble?" Qin Jun remembered the content of the letter he opened in the Prince of Qi Mansion.

Lu Zhou said, "You should know that better than I."

"Uh..."

Everyone knew who the traitors of the Evil Sky Pavilion were. There was no way that Qin Jun would not know about them. Meanwhile, this was also meant as a jab at Qin Jun. He knew that Yu Zhenghai was a traitor, and yet, he still worked with Yu Zhenghai. Where was his respect toward the Evil Sky Pavilion's master?

Qin Jun smiled awkwardly and did not reply. Lu Zhou stepped into the air with his hands on his back. He flew in the northwest direction. He did not know which of his disciples was bothering Jiang Aijian. Was it Yu Shangrong, Yu Zhenghai, or Si Wuya? No matter who it was, if he ran into them, he would take them down on the spot.

"What're you spacing out for? We're leaving." Little Yuan'er had already stepped into the air. When she turned around and saw Qin Jun standing there in stunned silence, she urged him on.

Qin Jun stepped into the air at once. He followed them and said, "I'm coming..." At this moment, he had lost all bearing of a prince.

Qin Jun and Little Yuan'er followed Lu Zhou.

Little Yuan'er was a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator, after all. Also, she had the Cloud Treading Boots. Her speed was fast.

Qin Jun, on the other hand, felt touched when he noticed that Lu Zhou's speed was almost the same as his own. 'Old mister is adjusting his speed in consideration of me... I really don't deserve this.'

Although the three of them did not fly at the speed of a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivators, they arrived quickly since the Mausoleum of Swords was not too far away. A short while later, the three of them landed near a mountain range which extended for several miles.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard with one hand and placed the other hand on his back as he observed the mountains.

After Qin Jun descended, he said, "It should be near Purple Sun Mountain."

"Let's go." Lu Zhou walked along the winding mountain path.

A while later, they heard what seemed to be a heated argument. "The Darknet is too despicable! The Mausoleum of Swords should be open to everyone, and yet, they barred everyone from entering!"

"Well, they are villains after all. Don't forget that the Darknet's master is Si Wuya. He's the seventh disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"I'll accept it if it's the old villain Ji, but not Si Wuya. He's nothing but a traitor!"

At this moment, Lu Zhou and the others turned the corner and saw the group of cultivators. There were about 50 of them gathered there. Their cultivation bases were of different realms. There were some in the Mystic Enlightening realm, the Brahman Sea realm, and the Divine Court realm.

There was also one at the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm... Jiang Aijian? He was squatting alone on a rock and carried his sword in a lazy manner. He looked at the path that was blocked with a boulder.

"Jiang Aijian."

Jiang Aijian shivered and slid off the rock. He turned to look around him. 'Who would recognize me and call out to me in this wilderness?'

After a while. "Old senior? Long time no see! Oh, how I miss you so... Heh, little girl, you seem taller than before..." Jiang Aijian extended a hand and walked up to them without a hint of shame.

Little Yuan'er rolled her eyes at him and looked in the other direction.

Lu Zhou looked at the barred path and asked, "What's all the commotion about?"

Jiang Aijian pointed at the huge boulder and said, "Your disciple blocked the path..." "Is it difficult to open the path with your cultivation base?" Lu Zhou asked.

Jiang Aijian cleared his throat. "I'm one of the leaders of the three Sword Freaks. People fall for me, and the flowers bloom for me. I'm an elite of the sword and would never do something like this."

"Hm?"

Lu Zhou stared at Jiang Aijian, causing Jiang Aijian to feel uneasy.

"I'll do it, I'll do it... I was waiting for you, old senior. The moment I sent the message, I knew that you would come," Jiang Aijian admitted.

"You mentioned in your letter that there's something I want in the Sword Mausoleum?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Indeed..." Jiang Aijian nodded and said, "You told me to investigate the Evil Sky Pavilion's item... and I went through much trouble to do that. I didn't know it before this, but I was shocked by what I discovered. The two so-called blank Heavenly Writing scrolls in the Empress Dowager's hands are from the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Continue," Lu Zhou said.

Jiang Aijian was a prince. It was no surprise that he managed to learn about this.

Lu Zhou already had his suspicions before this. Jiang Aijian's words only confirmed his suspicions. In other words, the final remnant piece was, indeed, still in the Empress Dowager's possession.

Chapter 280 Prioritize the Old

Jiang Aijian looked around himself before he moved closer and said in a hushed tone, "The Empress Dowager had an illness, and it's said that the blank Heavenly Writing scrolls cured her. Hence, she gave one of them to the Retired Emperor... Alas, it was of no use. The scroll was then entombed with the Retired Emperor.' When Little Yuan'er heard this, she said, "Are you saying that you want to exhume a grave for my master?" "What are you talking about? I'm not doing such things. I'm here to find the Demon Sword," Jiang Aijian said. "Demon Sword?"

"The Mausoleum of Swords is behind the crypt. It's a location nurtured by Qi of extreme Yin and Yang. I'm certain that a peerless sword had been produced at this place. On such an occasion, I, the leader of the three Sword Freaks, can't possibly be absent... Little girl, don't glare at me," Jiang Aijian said.

Lu Zhou asked, puzzled, "Are the others free to dig up the Imperial crypt?" Jiang Aijian waved his hands and said, "The Mausoleum of Swords and the crypts are different. The Purple Sun Mountain has the Yang-attribute on the south and the Yin-attribute on the north... It extends for several miles, and both locations have nothing to do with one another." He abruptly stopped talking at this point. He suddenly remembered the old senior before him had to be even more knowledgeable than he was, and yet, he went on and on about what he knew. He felt as though he had made a fool out of himself.

Lu Zhou looked at Jiang Aijian and said, "Indeed, both locations aren't the same... but they're both in the Purple Sun Mountain. Perhaps, they might have been connected a long time ago. Are you going to just stand there?" By this, he meant that as a prince, was he going to stand by and do nothing while outsiders dug his family's grave? "Well..." Jiang Aijian was slightly stunned.

Lu Zhou walked toward the boulder that was blocking the path.

The group of cultivators turned their attention to Lu Zhou immediately. When they saw the old man, they hastily made way for him.

Lu Zhou's appearance had changed some more compared to before... It was not merely a reversal of his age, but his taste in clothes had also changed. Ji Tiandao kept his hair slightly unkempt, he had a short temper, and did not practice restraint. The clothes he wore were simple and crude at best. On the other

hand, Lu Zhou preferred to keep his appearance neat. At the very least, his clothes had to fit well. He had the air of an elder about him now. Based on this alone, he and Ji Tiandao did not seem like the same person at all.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Clean this up."

The people around him exchanged looks among themselves. 'Old man, who are you talking to?'

Little Yuan'er pointed at Jiang Aijian and said, "Go."

"Me?" Jiang Aijian pointed at himself.

"Yes, you..."

Jiang Aijian wanted to cry. 'Very well... For the Demon Sword, I'll bear with this for now.' He pushed away from the ground and spread his arm before unsheathing Dragonsong. Upon seeing this, the cultivators were in awe and made way for him immediately.

"What a powerful person!"

"Didn't he say there's nothing he could do about this earlier?"

"This aura... Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm! He's a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite!"

As soon as Dragonsong was unsheathed, a ring of golden light surrounded the sword, and a huge energy blade appeared. Jiang Aijian slashed downward with his sword.

Boom!

The energy blade collided with the boulder.

Rubble and debris shot up everywhere.

The cultivators activated their protective energies to defend themselves against the ricocheting rubble and debris.

A short while later, the air cleared, and they could see clearly again.

The boulder had been sliced apart by Dragonsong! Jiang Aijian was pleased with his own handiwork. He descended slowly. When he landed, he ran his hand through his hair and returned Dragonsong to its scabbard before saying, "I can't help it... I'm flashy and powerful."

The cultivators took another step backward. 'Too powerful.'

Even Little Yuan'er did not expect this shameless person to be capable of such a mighty move. It seemed like she had been underestimating him all along.

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction and said softly, "Let's go."

Qin Jun and Little Yuan'er followed him.

"The old first."

“True, true. The old should go first.”

When the cultivators saw that Jiang Aijian behaved respectfully to the old man, they dared not underestimate Lu Zhou.

Little Yuan’er bared her canine teeth and said harshly, “Who are you calling old? You’re old! Your entire family is old...”

The group of cultivators was so shocked that they did not dare to get close. They merely followed from a distance.

After walking for a while, Little Yuan’er saw the group of cultivators was still following them. She said, “Master... They’re so annoying. Should I chase them away?”

“There’s no need for that.” Lu Zhou stroked his beard and looked ahead. “There are many swords in the Sword Mausoleum. Their cultivation bases aren’t enough to move the Demon Sword. On the contrary... If they remove enough swords from the mausoleum, the Sword Formation would be weakened.”

Jiang Aijian said, “You’ve got a point. As expected of old senior. You’re highly knowledgeable... I’m impressed.”

“Brown noser!” Little Yuan’er pulled a face at him.

Qin Jun cupped his fists and said, “Old mister, are you saying that the swords in the mausoleum’s Sword Formation are without owners?”

“They’re without owners, and they easily recognized new owners... We’d need some energy to destroy them,” Lu Zhou said.

“I see... I’ve learned something new from you again.” Qin Jun bowed.

The group of cultivators behind them overheard their conversation and was delighted. A few of the bolder cultivators bowed at Lu Zhou and the others. “The old mister is right... We must work together in the Mausoleum of Swords! There’s strength in numbers! Our cultivation bases are weak and can only obtain ordinary swords. The old mister’s cultivation base is profound, and he’ll obtain the better swords. This is perfect!”

“The old mister is kind and magnanimous, unlike the despicable Si Wuya who’s a selfish prick.” “...” Little Yuan’er looked at her master with an awkward expression on her face.

Lu Zhou was not angered. The rascal deserved to be cursed for what he did.

Perhaps, they found Lu Zhou approachable, the cultivators grew bolder. They closed their distance and some even walked with them.

Shortly after, they arrived at the entrance to the Mausoleum of Swords.

“The mausoleum is up ahead...”

“The entrance is barred again.”

“Why is he doing this? It only troubles others and serves himself.”

Lu Zhou ignored their discussion. He calmly said, "Jiang Aijian."

"What?"

"Deal with this."

"Me again?" Jiang Aijian felt everyone's eyes on him. "Fine... I'll do it." He thought to himself, 'Sigh. This is far from what I've planned.' Like before, Jiang Aijian easily removed the obstacle.

Qin Jun said, "He must be doing this to buy time. These boulders... can't stop stronger cultivators. It's clear that he's doing this to buy time."

"The Demon Sword can't be easily obtained," Jiang Aijian said confidently.

"You're right. However, you forget that Si Wuya is the Evil Sky Pavilion's seventh disciple!" Qin Jun retorted.

Jiang Aijian was rendered speechless and was flustered by Qin Jun's words. 'Please don't speak if you're lacking in conversational skills!'

Lu Zhou remained silent. Instead, he walked ahead of the others with his hands on his back into the Mausoleum of Swords.

Little Yuan'er hastily followed him.

The cultivators swarmed into the mausoleum.

The moment they entered, mountainous piles of swords came into view. Various swords were sticking out of the sword mounds. They were of various sizes and lengths. The cultivators were captivated by this sight. Jiang Aijian, on the other hand, shook his head. "They're all third-rate items!" He could hardly wait to get his hands on the Demon Sword. To him, the swords here were unrefined and common. Only the Demon Sword in the Sword Formation was the greatest beauty in his heart. It was the only sword he fancied here!