

Disciples 281

Chapter 281 Seven Stars Landing

Naturally, Lu Zhou did not think much about these swords as well.

The four of them walked forward.

The low-ranked cultivators noticed this problem as well. After looking around, they did not find any sword that they were satisfied with. Ordinary swords had to be nurtured and further tempered. It was too much trouble. Usually, the swords would be better further into the mausoleum.

Jiang Aijian walked as he said with a smile, "Old senior, I'm curious. Who made such a huge mausoleum, and who gathered so many swords? What are their objectives?"

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "The so-called sword mounds are places where swords are buried. The lifespans of swords are longer than humans after all. As time went by, the people died while the number of swords increased. Those with too much time on their hands gathered them and made these sword mounds so that the swords would be refined, tempered, and nurtured."

Qin Jun chimed in, "The Mausoleum of Swords is nothing. In the past, it's said that in Great Yan's Misty Forest, there's a sword mound that holds ten thousand swords... It's where the swords of countless Seven and Eight-leaf elite cultivators are buried. Their swords are all one in a million. They were buried along with the ten thousand swords."

Little Yuan'er said grumpily, "A bunch of nutjobs."

"They're not crazy. I can understand them... If I'm going to die, I'll gather all the good swords and bury them together. Nobody can defile my precious swords. I'll set up a Grand Formation to protect them as well! Then, I'll look for a million swords to be buried alongside myself. I'll be buried standing in the middle of the sword mound. I'll see who dares to covet my swords then," Jiang Aijian announced.

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"Uh... don't give me that look. I'm just bragging... just bragging..." He chuckled before his voice trailed off.

The others stopped in their tracks. They looked at Jiang Aijian as though he was a lunatic.

Lu Zhou merely glanced at Jiang Aijian before continuing on his way. One of the three Sword Freaks... Jiang Aijian truly lived up to his name. Qin Jun said, "The Sword Formation inside the Mausoleum of Swords is the Seven Terminal Sword Formation... It's rumored to have been laid by powerful cultivators with the Seven Stars Landing as a reference. Who knows how many years have passed since then."

"Seven Stars Landing?"

"It's just something from the books... but the Sword Formation is indeed powerful. After all, it's capable of forming the Seven Terminal Sword Formation. Low-ranked cultivators can never get into the core area of the Sword Formation, let alone take the Demon Sword," Qin Jun said.

As soon as they finished speaking, they heard a wretched wail from the deeper parts of the Mausoleum of Swords.

The others looked in the direction of the noise.

“Someone’s there.”

“Let’s take a look.”

Jiang Aijian remembered Qin Jun’s words, and he hastened his steps. He was determined to get the Demon Sword. If it was taken away by Si Wuya, he would not be able to take it back.

The others moved quickly as well as the low-ranked cultivators followed closely behind.

Although they were nervous, when they thought about the possibility of coming across good swords deep within the sword mounds, they would feel exceptionally excited and invigorated.

As the saying went, ‘Men died for wealth while birds died for food’. If they wanted riches, there was no easy path to take. They had to continue forward!

Lu Zhou flew forward.

Jiang Aijian glanced at him and said with a smile, “Old senior...”

“What?” Lu Zhou asked as he flew.

“Nothing...”

Qin Jun was once again touched. He thought that Lu Zhou was kind to him and slowed down to accommodate his speed. Even at such an important time, Lu Zhou was still being considerate toward him.

The other low-ranked cultivators could only run on the ground. A short while later, the four of them flew deeper into the mausoleum.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Swords flew in the air.

When they looked up, there was no source of light.

“There are flying swords. We’re at the Sword Formation.”

Primal Qi flowed in the air as if some unique power was pulling it along. The flying swords were flying due to the airflow.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Many flying swords shot past them.

“There’s a body.”

With the scant amount of light, they could make out the corpse of a cultivator on the ground.

Jiang Aijian went over to examine it and said, “He’s recently dead...”

"A member of the Darknet?" Lu Zhou asked.

"A member of the Core Heart Sect..." Jiang Aijian replied.

"What's a member of the Core Heart Sect doing here instead of cultivating his core?" Qin Jun asked.

"To be more precise, the Core Heart Sect isn't the only one... The people from the Celestial Masters Sect, Hengqu branch, and the Seven Stars Villa are here as well! The Mausoleum of Swords has finally opened, how could they let this chance slip away?"

When Little Yuan'er heard this, she asked in confusion, "Master, is the Demon Sword really that powerful?"

"It's one of the greatest heaven-grade treasures," Lu Zhou replied. Then, he seemed to think that merely describing it as a heaven-grade item did not do it justice. He added, "It's one of the best."

That was a vague way to describe it. However, it was enough to describe the Demon Sword's value.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

More swords flew in the air from the surging Primal Qi.

Jiang Aijian wore a faint smile on his face as he unsheathed Dragonsong. His sword shone with a brilliant golden light as the energy blade began to spin.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

More than ten swords were struck out of the air.

Jiang Aijian merely glanced at them, clearly disappointed, and said, "Yellow-grade?"

Dragonsong returned to its scabbard.

The fallen swords vibrated, wanting to return to the Sword Formation.

"Ah! So they must be destroyed! What a pain..." Jiang Aijian raised his hand.

At this moment, the cultivators who finally caught up exclaimed in surprise.

Someone laughed happily. "Yellow-grade! It's a yellow-grade sword! I want it!"

"At least it's graded!"

The cultivators picked up the swords before they could return to the Formation. "We were right to bring them here," Jiang Aijian said.

Qin Jun said, "Those who got their swords and have no wish to die should get lost right now!"

"Thank you, senior!"

"Don't thank me. Thank this old mister if you must," Qin Jun answered.

The dozen or so cultivators bowed at Lu Zhou.

"Thank you, old mister!"

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 12 individuals. Reward: 120 merit points.”

There were also other cultivators who were not satisfied with yellow-grade swords. They continued to follow Lu Zhou and the others.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Another loud explosion rang further down the path again. Lu Zhou stepped into the Sword Formation's range as though it was nothing, activating his protective energy. He gauged the damage inflicted by the Sword Formation. It was not high. It could be blocked by his energy.

When Jiang Aijian saw this, he said, “Your control over your Primal Qi is truly amazing, old senior. I'm impressed!” Lu Zhou ignored him and continued walking forward.

In no time at all, they arrived at the deepest part of the Mausoleum of Swords.

The scene that greeted them shocked them.

There was a huge, towering tombstone with the top nearly disappearing into the ceiling. Dense rows of inscriptions could be seen on the stone.

The tombstone was shackled by eight thick chains in different directions. It stood there steadily in the center of the mausoleum. Swords of various sizes and lengths were scattered around the tombstone. The flying swords circling the tombstone were too many to be counted. They resembled a school of fish swimming in the sea.

It was these countless flying words that repelled the cultivators who wanted to get close.

About 100 cultivators were spread across all corners of the place as they stared at the tombstone.

Lu Zhou frowned and said, “Where's the item that I want?” He was not interested in these swords at all. His goal was to obtain the final remnant piece of the Open Heavenly Writing scroll.

Qin Jun pointed at a dimly lit path in the distance. “That tunnel...”

Little Yuan'er noticed it as well. She said, “It's a tunnel that leads to your family's tomb...”

Jiang Aijian was taken aback. ‘This little ancestor's words can make you choke. However, her words are true...’

Qin Jun said, “How're we supposed to get there? The Seven Terminal Formation is blocking our way. It won't be easy.”

Lu Zhou was thinking about this matter as well. There were too many flying swords in the Sword Formation. Also, they were powerful to boot. Unless... he used an Impeccable Card while he flew over. However, what if one card was not enough? What if there were other traps inside the tunnel?

At this very moment, the cultivators who were surrounding the tombstone charged toward the Sword Formation.

“Heed my orders! Take down the Sword Formation.”

“The newcomers... Stand back and get in line!”

‘Get in line?’

Chapter 282 Losing the First Showdown

They were all here to try their luck on obtaining good swords. Why did they have to line up?

Jiang Aijian was confused as well.

Qin Jun said with a smile, “There are too many people here. Four of the ten great sects are here so it’s only natural that they have the priority. The remaining minor sects will certainly team up. The Noble Path is known to come up with such meaningless rules. The factor that determines the ownership of the spoils is one’s own strength in the end.”

Indeed, a cultivator was hovering above the gathered cultivators. He seemed to be the temporary leader elected by the people present here. He was the one coordinating everyone’s attacks.

At this moment, the cluster of swords that circled the huge tombstone shot toward the crowd again.

“Attack!”

Palm prints, energy blades, Daoist seals, Buddhist seals flew in the air. It was like a deluge of heavenly flowers.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Jiang Aijian greatly enjoyed himself watching this. He said, “I say, these people are actually smart. It’s almost as if they’re fishing.”

After a round of attacks, many flying swords dropped in the air. However, the air flows quickly picked up other flying swords from the sword mounds, and they joined the orbit as they circled the tombstone at top speed.

The person who set up this Seven Terminal Formation was definitely a genius. The Seven Terminal Formation could carry enough flying swords to circle around the tombstone.

“Stop!” the hovering cultivator shouted, “Prepare for the next wave...”

Qin Jun saw that they were dividing the fallen flying swords among themselves. He shook his head.

“They’ve obtained quite a number of swords. Yet, it’s impossible for the creator of the Seven Terminal Formation not to have considered this. When the number of swords inside the Formation falls under a certain number, the Seven Terminal Formation would snatch the swords back.”

When he heard this, Jiang Aijian tightened his grip on his own sword. ‘If I’d known this, I wouldn’t have brought Dragonsong here.’ He could not help but feel he might incur a loss here.

Qin Jun smiled and said, “Don’t worry. The Seven Terminal Formation will take the swords from the Sword Formation first.”

At this moment, the hovering cultivator looked at Lu Zhou’s group again. “Which sect are you from?”

“We’re not from any sect,” Jiang Aijian replied. “In that case, I’d ask you to fall back! This is the Seven Terminal Formation. Don’t complain if you get yourselves hurt!”

Little Yuan'er was about to lose her temper when she heard their words, but Lu Zhou said, "Let them have a go." If a bunch of powerless weaklings liked to be vanguard and cannon fodder, he would not stop them.

"Mhm." Little Yuan'er retreated.

"That's brilliant, old senior... We'll see how this goes." Jiang Aijian took a step back as well. He added, "This fits my style very much."

However, Qin Jun said, "We'll have to guard against the people from the four major sects... I'm afraid their target is the Demon Sword."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and merely looked on silently.

Meanwhile, near the secluded hut.

Si Wuya was basking in the sun.

Ye Zhixing appeared next to him and bowed before he reported, "Sect master, we've received a reply from the Mausoleum of Swords. The old senior has entered the mausoleum!"

Si Wuya's eyes flew open, and he furrowed his eyebrows. "What did you say?"

Ye Zhixing was taken aback.

This was the first time he had ever seen Si Wuya had such a huge fluctuation in his emotions. Nevertheless, he obediently repeated his words, "The old senior... has gone into the Mausoleum of Swords."

Si Wuya slowly rose to his feet. His expression was rather stiff. Although he did not look particularly angry, his anger was palpable. He shook his head. "My dear master, you're ruining everything!" Then, he said slowly, "I intentionally let slip that the Mausoleum of Swords is open. Second Senior Brother even opened up the entrance by himself. We did this so that we can gather those from the Noble Path there and finish them off in one go!" Alas, their master had also gone into the Mausoleum of Swords. Did he really have to kill his master just to make sure their plans would succeed?

Ye Zhixing did not dare to have any opinion about this. He stood at the side silently, waiting for his orders. No matter what orders were given, he would carry them out unconditionally.

After a moment's silence, Si Wuya said, "Any word from Second Senior Brother?"

"After Senior Sword Devil opened up the entrance to the Mausoleum of Swords, he left. Senior Sword Devil doesn't like to be followed, and we lost him."

"Where's Eldest Senior Brother?"

"Mister First is dealing with the Righteous Sect. However, he did mention that you can contact him at any time if you need to, sect master," Ye Zhixing replied.

Si Wuya considered it before sighing and said, "I believe my senior brothers' thoughts are in line with mine." In just a moment, his expression returned to its usual calmness as he said, "Abort the plan at the Mausoleum of Swords."

“As you wish, Sect Master.”

Ye Zhixing was just about to leave when Si Wuya said, “Who gave us this information?”

“One of the three great Sword Freaks, Jiang Aijian,” Ye Zhixing said.

“Do a background check on him.”

“Understood.”

Si Wuya was much calmer now. He mumbled to himself, “It’s not all bad... At least, we got this big fish out of the water.”

Inside the Mausoleum of Swords, next to the huge tombstone.

The flying swords continued to orbit around the tombstone.

The group of cultivators repeated the same tactics over and over again.

“Stop.” That was another round.

“Count the spoils,” the hovering cultivator said.

“There are 50 swords in total... Ten without grades, 30 yellow-grades, and ten mystic-grades.” “We’re not very lucky... There’s not even a single earth-grade sword.”

“Isn’t it said that the Mausoleum of Swords would produce a good sword every now and then? Why isn’t there a single earth-grade sword after all these years?” someone questioned.

“That isn’t necessarily the case. We’ve only taken 50 swords. Swords of earth-grade and above are rare to begin with. We won’t be able to obtain them so easily.” Then, the hovering cultivator nodded and said, “Continue.”

However, the cluster of swords around the tombstone suddenly flew in another direction! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The swords collided with each other

When they flew past the sword mounds, the swords on the ground were picked up, forming a larger cluster. Seven faint radiant circles shone on the ground.

Qin Jun frowned and said, “This is bad. The Seven Terminal Formation has been activated! It’s activated just after 50 flying swords are taken? That bunch of idiots!”

Jiang Aijian was slightly stunned as well. He looked at the flying swords and said, “The door of the Mausoleum of Swords isn’t open yet! Old senior... I’ve really been conned by your disciple.”

“Hm?” Lu Zhou regarded Jiang Aijian suspiciously.

“My sources have been removed by the Darknet... I had no choice but to come here myself,” Jiang Aijian pointed at the growing mass of flying swords in the air and said with a sigh, “I’ve lost in my first showdown with Si Wuya. This is tragic...”

‘Is that the look of a man who has experienced something tragic?’

Lu Zhou said calmly, "He's only clever in trivial matters... He wants to do away with the members of the Noble Path with the Seven Terminal Formation. It's a good idea, but the Mausoleum of Swords' tunnel is connected to the Imperial crypts. It makes no difference even if the entrance of the Mausoleum of Swords is barred."

Jiang Aijian scratched his head and said, "You've got a point."

Qin Jun said, "Perhaps, there are other traps lying in wait in the tunnel, that's why he's bold enough to come up with this plan."

"Why don't we go and find out?" Jiang Aijian asked.

The flying swords finally gathered together. They shot mercilessly toward the bunch of Noble Path's cultivators.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

"This is bad! The Seven Terminal Formation is activated! Retreat!"

"Fall back!"

A huge number of cultivators sprinted toward the exit.

The flying swords picked up speed and penetrated the cultivators' chests. In just a blink of an eye, more than ten low-ranked cultivators lost their lives.

After that, avatars began to appear! Those with more profound cultivation bases activated their avatars and protective energies.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A huge Golden Body planted itself in the path of the flying swords. It was not an avatar but a Golden Body. The flying swords hit the Golden Body and were repelled.

Everyone's attention turned to the Golden Body.

Chapter 283 The First Seat of the Temple of Great Emptiness

A Golden Body was another form of manifestation of an avatar. In essence, there was not much of a difference between them.

"A Buddha's Golden Body!"

"A Buddhist elite!"

"It's a Buddhist grandmaster!"

This Golden Body was clearly larger than an Arhat Golden Body.

An Arhat Golden Body was equivalent to a Five-leaf cultivation base, a Bodhisattva Golden Body was equivalent to a Six-leaf cultivation base, and a Buddha Golden Body was equivalent to a Seven- or Eight-leaf cultivation base.

This Golden Body before them was a Buddha Golden Body. They did not expect there to be a Buddhist grandmaster here.

Jiang Aijian had once witnessed Lu Zhou unleashing a Buddha Golden Body at Runan's holy altar. Now that another one had manifested before his eyes, he immediately recognized it. He looked at Lu Zhou and said, "Compared to your Buddha Golden Body, old senior, this is nothing. It's like comparing a grandson to the grandfather..."

Qin Jun sounded puzzled when he asked, "Old Mister, you know the cultivation methods of the Buddhist and zen sects as well?"

"Not only does he know about them, but if he claims he's second, no one would dare to claim the first place..." Jiang Aijian did not hold back when complimenting Lu Zhou. Ever since he witnessed the Buddha Golden Body, he felt that the other Buddhist cultivators he met after the incident were too weak and too insignificant to mention.

However, to the others, they were clearly impressed by this grandmaster!

Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!

The flying swords collided with the Golden Body. They flew back and returned.

The grandmaster exclaimed in a deep voice, "A bunch of trash."

'Hm?' The others were stunned. Why did this grandmaster utter such vulgar words?

"Abandon the flying swords!" the grandmaster barked.

"Un-understood..." With such an elite here, the others did not dare to hold onto the swords. They tossed the flying swords away.

When the swords fell into the Formation, they were carried up by Primal Qi and returned to the Seven Terminal Formation. The Sword Formation slowly stopped its attacks and resumed its original form. The swords were now orbiting the huge tombstone again. If it were not for the seven faint radiant circles on the ground, they would have thought that someone else was controlling these swords.

When the Seven Terminal Formation was restored, the Buddha Golden Body disappeared.

The effort the cultivators had exerted before this was all in vain. They had to give the swords they had gone to much trouble to obtain. Their attention was all focused on the grandmaster. At this moment, they finally had a clear look at his appearance. The grandmaster looked emaciated and was dressed in a gray monk robe and a monk cap. He was not young. In fact, he looked like he was in his 60s even though he looked energetic.

"It's a Buddhist grandmaster! Where are our manners?"

The others bowed at the grandmaster.

At this moment, Jiang Aijian suddenly smiled and said, "Kong Yuan... What happened to you?"

The monk frowned. With a gaze as sharp as a blade, he looked at Jiang Aijian...

The others exclaimed in surprise.

“Grandmaster Kong Yuan?”

“Grandmaster Kong Yuan of the Temple of Great Emptiness?”

The Temple of Great Emptiness, the first among the four major Buddhist sects, had always commanded respect. However, ever since the incident at Runan’s holy altar, its reputation had been tarnished. However, since Kong Yuan was still an elite, they were, naturally, fearful of saying anything.

“You know me?” Kong Yuan asked. “Grandmaster Kong Yuan... I can understand why you dressed up as a minor monk, but please hide your Buddhist prayer beads. They stand out too much,” Jiang Aijian said flippantly.

Kong Yuan looked at his prayer beads. He must have exposed himself when he unleashed his Golden Body and his Primal Qi activated the prayer beads.

In the four major Buddhist Sects, Kong Yuan was the only one who wore prayer beads.

However, this was not important. Kong Yuan said in a deep voice, “In that case, there’s no reason for me to hide. I’m determined to get the Demon Sword in the Seven Terminal Formation. I have no need for the others, and you can have all of them... How does that sound?”

The other cultivators dared not bargain with him.

At the end of the day, strength spoke the loudest here. In any case, after assessing themselves honestly, they did not think they were worthy of wielding the Demon Sword anyway. If someone could lead them to take down the Sword Formation, and they could gain the other flying swords, it was not a bad choice at all.

“In that case, kindly provide us with a plan, grandmaster.”

“Grandmaster... I have no qualms with you taking the Demon Sword. However, this Sword Formation is extremely peculiar. How are you going to break it?”

The other cultivators who did not speak silently agreed to this. Jiang Aijian could not help but shake his head. The so-called members of the Noble Path were a bunch of cowards in the face of this bald donkey. They had no morality or backbones at all.

Kong Yuan looked at the Sword Formation and said, “I’ve made many preparations for this sword. Those who have no business here or those who don’t agree with me taking the Demon Sword can get lost now.” The way he had asked them to get lost was extremely unbecoming of his status.

As soon as he finished speaking, two individuals broke away from the group and walked toward the exit.

Jiang Aijian whispered, “Oh, my. There are some with a backbone as well...”

Kong Yuan did not stop them. His eyes were on Lu Zhou’s group as he asked, “Do you have anything to say, benefactors?”

Jiang Aijian said, “I do.” “Let us hear it, benefactor,” Kong Yuan replied.

Kong Yuan had never met Lu Zhou before. On top of that, it was dim in the mausoleum. He did not even notice Lu Zhou standing there initially.

Jiang Aijian said, "What happens if you can't break this Sword Formation?"

Kong Yuan replied smugly, "Since I'm here, it's only natural that I'm confident I'll be able to break it."

"I don't think you can break the Formation... If you can't break this Formation, why are you bragging about obtaining the Devil Sword! What a shameless character," said Jiang Aijian.

Lu Zhou, Little Yuan'er, and Qin Jun looked at Jiang Aijian. They were impressed by his eloquence.

Kong Yuan was of a high status. He was also the abbot of the Temple of Great Emptiness. He would never allow anyone to question him. He immediately said, "If I can't break this Formation, then, I'll just disregard the Demon Sword. However, if I can't break the Formation, who can?"

Jiang Aijian said, "I don't know if anyone else can break this Formation or not, but I know you can't."

Kong Yuan looked at Jiang Aijian again. When their eyes met, Jiang Aijian felt a hint of killing intent directed at himself. Jiang Aijian's heart skipped a beat. 'Is this what a Buddhist grandmaster is like?' He retreated and deliberately moved closer to Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou said curtly, "Scram."

"Scramming now..." Jiang Aijian went to the side.

'Is he trying to use his connections to intimidate others? How dare he use me.'

Kong Yuan ignored Jiang Aijian. He addressed the other cultivators and said, "The disciples of the Core Heart Sect, Seven Stars Villa, Celestial Masters Sect, and Hengqu branch will take up the vanguard." He called out the disciples of the ten great sects directly.

About 20 disciples stepped forward. "Kindly give us your orders, grandmaster."

"I'd like to see your true abilities... Don't embarrass your respective masters," Kong Yuan said.

The 20 disciples exchanged glances. They shook their heads and sighed. Among themselves, the ones with the most profound cultivation base had just recently entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. The rest of them were mostly in the Brahman Sea realm with a handful in the Divine Court realm. How were they supposed to fight against Kong Yuan?

"Let's start then," someone said.

The cultivators returned to their original positions and manifested their avatars.

Jiang Aijian could not bear to see those puny avatars. He looked at them sympathetically before saying, "Old senior... Shall we?"

"There's no hurry," Lu Zhou said apathetically. If someone wanted to be cannon fodder, he was more than happy to sit back and reap the benefits. Moreover, he was not in his peak condition now and wanted to save as many item cards as possible.

Kong Yuan glanced at Jiang Aijian, a flash of killing intent could be seen in the depths of his eyes. A soft grunt rang in the air before his monk robes fluttered and a golden light appeared

“Bright Mirror.”

Chapter 284 Greatest Fiend Zen from the Beginning

Lu Zhou had seen the technique, Bright Mirror, more than once. The more recent time was from Jing Yan’s disciple, a Buddhist grandmaster called Wu Nian, on the Lotus Dais. It had to be said that Kong Yuan’s Bright Mirror seemed to be much more powerful compared to Wu Nian’s. The moment he began to shine, with him in the center, a huge circle of light expanded into the surroundings. Anyone within Bright Mirror’s range would be affected by it.

The cultivators felt the surge of power in their bodies as a shocked expression appeared on their faces.

“Attack!”

Palm prints and Daoist seals were launched toward the incoming flying swords with much greater ferocity and force than before.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Kong Yuan was pleased to see this. The cultivators from the ten great sects were far better than the minor sects. Under the effects of Bright Mirror, they were more powerful now. The effect was much better than he had expected. Bang! Bang! Bang! With this round of attacks, the cluster of flying words was immediately taken down.

Swords fell down from the air.

Just like before, the seven radiant circles on the ground shone again.

Jiang Aijian asked, puzzled, “Old senior, what do these seven radiant circles mean?”

Lu Zhou answered, “The first is the Celestial Pivot, the second is the Rotating Jade, the third is the Shining Pearl, the fourth is Balance, the fifth is the Jade Sighting Tube, the sixth is the Opener of Heat, and the seventh is the Twinkling Brilliance. The first four form the body while the fifth to the seventh form the handle. Together they form the Dipper.”

“I see.” Realization seemed to dawn on Jiang Aijian at this moment.

Little Yuan’er looked at Jiang Aijian and said, “What is it?”

“Don’t ask me... I’m just faking it.” Jiang Aijian looked at the radiant circles on the ground.

Qin Jun explained, “The Seven Stars Landing. From the Dipper’s mouth to its handle, the order is the Celestial Pivot, the Celestial Rotating Jade, the Celestial Shining Pearl, the Celestial Balance, the Jade Sighting Tube, the Opener of Heat, and the Twinkling Brilliance. When these seven radiant circles are one, they’re truly terrifying.” The fallen cluster of swords seemed to grow fiercer as they attacked the cultivators.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

“Grandmaster, aren’t you going to do something?” someone asked.

Kong Yuan snorted. He launched several palm prints into the air. At the same time, he turned and ordered the remaining cultivators, “What are you waiting for? Look for an opening and stop the Seven Stars Landing!”

The cultivators looked at the glowing and flying swords on the ground.

With Kong Yuan and the others keeping the cluster of flying swords at bay, they were beside themselves with excitement.

They ran toward Seven Stars Landing.

A few of them began to run over before the remaining followed suit as though it was the most natural thing to do. The crowd went wild.

“Earth-grade! Earth-grade... It’s an earth-grade sword!” Someone laughed heartily.

Some of the cultivators picked up earth-grade swords from the Seven Stars Landing and were so thrilled that they seemed almost mad. They were completely oblivious that they were standing in harm’s way.

Kong Yuan scoffed. “Open!” He suddenly retracted his palm print, and Bright Mirror vanished. The force of the attacks was greatly diminished.

The flying swords flitted past the cultivators on the ground and mercilessly pierced their bodies, causing a river of blood to flow.

The cultivators who were just outside the range were stunned upon seeing this. Those who were in the Seven Stars Landing were turned into human skewers.

Little Yuan’er covered her face and turned away.

On the other hand, Lu Zhou’s expression was one of indifference. Perhaps, Ji Tiandao’s memories and experience had slightly desensitized him to such scenes. He was no stranger to such scenes after all.

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Just like this, 30 cultivators lost their lives. Some escaped, but they looked worse for wear.

“Kong Yuan! What are you doing?!” Someone questioned and glared at him.

Kong Yuan straightened a palm and said, “Amitabha. The seven stars must be well-fed before the Demon Sword can be obtained... Someone has to be the sacrifice for this. I commend them for their bravery. When I return to the Temple of Great Emptiness, I’ll surely hold a ceremony to help them cross over to the other world.”

“You...”

Kong Yuan’s actions made the crowd furious.

However, Kong Yuan’s eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow as he said, “I’ve given you a chance, and you didn’t appreciate it. You shouldn’t blame me.”

The Seven Stars Landing's power swelled under the fresh supply of blood. The radiant circles spread out. The blood of the cultivators flowed along the veins... Like meridian vessels, they flowed in all directions and finally connected.

When the lines were connected, the Seven Terminal Formation was activated. Qin Jun cried out involuntarily, "The Seven Stars Landing is activated... We won't make it out in time. Old senior, what should we do?" It was clear he placed all his hopes on Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou looked at the group of cultivators.

Kong Yuan's aura was changing as well. He glanced at the seven stars on the ground and the cluster of swords in the air that seemed to have gone berserk as he said, "Amitabha..." His voice rolled out in soundwaves.

'What a powerful sound technique.'

Those with weak cultivation bases felt their scalps go numb and their blood boil from the impact.

Lu Zhou was completely unaffected. The unique restraining effect of Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power left him immune to the sound technique.

Some of the other cultivators could not stand this. They cried out angrily. "Kong Yun! What are you playing at?!" "You'll be a part of the sword mounds..." Kong Yuan's expression darkened.

Who would have expected a high monk to be this evil and vicious?

The flying swords in the air flew at the cultivators.

Many avatars and protective energies appeared. It was a breathtaking scene.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The swords stabbed at them like torrential rain.

The range of the Seven Stars Landing widened until it covered the entire tombstone! The flying swords no longer orbited around it, they were now intent on reaping the lives of everyone present on the scene.

Jiang Aijian raised a hand and formed an energy barrier before himself. "Old senior, I'll take this."

"My master doesn't need your protection! How annoying..." Little Yuan'er planted herself before Lu Zhou.

Little Yuan'er's energy formed a wall, and it acted as a shield in front of her.

Jiang Aijian chuckled and decided not to bicker with her.

Lu Zhou did not mind. At the corner they were at, they could avoid a lot of flying swords. The cultivators from the four great sects, on the other hand, were having a hard time. The cluster of swords was mainly attacking them. Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

The tombstone suddenly trembled at this moment.

Upon seeing this, Kong Yuan looked up and laughed heartily. "My moment is finally here!" He pushed away from the ground and evaded the cluster of swords as a black energy surged out of his body. In just a blink of an eye, he was standing on the tombstone. He unleashed a palm strike downward.

Boom!

The black energy landed on the huge tombstone, causing it to crack. Then, it began to shine through the cracks!

Jiang Aijian frowned as he said, "So, the Demon Sword is inside the tombstone!"

Lu Zhou did not expect this as well.

At this moment, Kong Yuan stood atop the huge tombstone. He looked down at the others as though he was the emperor before his gaze finally stopped on Jiang Aijian.

The cluster of swords was attacking the cultivators in a frenzy. Kong Yuan, on the other hand, was safe.

Lu Zhou could see the bubbling dark energy that Kong Yuan's body emitted. He projected his voice and said, "Fiend Zen?" Kong Yuan's gaze immediately shifted from Jiang Aijian to the old man standing next to Jiang Aijian. This voice projection could not be done by any ordinary person.

Kong Yuan had never met Lu Zhou before. On top of that, it was dark, which made it impossible for him to recognize Lu Zhou. He said, "You have a sharp eye, benefactor."

"The last person who cultivated the Fiend Zen was the Fiend Temple's Second Seat, Zuo Xinchuan. He's also the only person who cultivated Fiend Zen to the Nascent Divinity realm." Lu Zhou's voice spread into the surroundings and reached everyone's ears clearly. He did not seem to be affected by the Seven Terminal Formation.

Kong Yuan shook his head. "That weakling, Zuo Xinchuan, could never be compared to me. I have cultivated both Zens. I'm the greatest Fiend Zen cultivator since the beginning of time."

The others were shocked.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "I'd like to see how you're going to break the Seven Terminal Formation."

Kong Yuan's heart skipped a beat. If it had only been Jiang Aijian, he would not have been worried. However, the sudden appearance of this elite, based on his voice, made the alarm bells rang in his head. "Are you waiting to reap what I have sown?" The prayer beads before Kong Yuan floated up and hung itself on his palms. He spread his arms. He swept his gaze across Jiang Aijian, Lu Zhou, and the others while he said, "The seven stars have been summoned. Dear benefactors, please kindly go on your way. Amitabha..."

Kong Yuan pulled his palms apart, and the flying beads flew toward the group.

Chapter 285 Fiend Zen is not Zen

Buddhist prayers beads were extremely unique weapons. It could be used as a hidden weapon, and it could also be used to defend oneself. There were many ways to use it. However, it required a high cultivation base as well. It was not like sabers and swords, where practice on offensive attacks was all there was to it.

The prayers beads shot forward. They formed several black meteors inside the dimly lit area.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

“Allow me.” Jiang Aijian could not hold himself back anymore as he unsheathed Dragonsong

Lu Zhou saw Little Yuan’er was itching to make a move and called her back, “Let him.” “Oh.”

‘If this little girl charged forward as well, am I supposed to put my hopes in that useless Qin Jun to protect me?’

Jiang Aijian moved with a blinding speed that he left a series of afterimages in his wake.

A golden energy blade flew out.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

It landed on the incoming prayer beads and repelled beads were repelled.

Kong Yuan seemed to have expected this and said, “Nice sword.” When he looked at Jiang Aijian’s sword, an expression of admiration could be seen on his face.

Jiang Aijian smiled and flew toward Kong Yuan.

Meanwhile, the other cultivators were doing their best to repel the cluster of swords’ attacks. The powerful air flows and energy pressured them so much that they found it difficult to breathe. They could only look on as Jiang Aijian flew over. However, they were happy to see this. Regardless of who the victor was in the end, they would still benefit from it.

Kong Yuan took flight as well and stood with his back straight in the air. His lower body was dark while his upper body was bright

“Twin Zen! Good heavens...”

Those with common cultivation knowledge knew that fire and water were irreconcilable; Yin and Yang could not co-exist. And yet, Kong Yuan of the Temple of Great Emptiness managed to combine both zens! Just how talented was he?

It had been rumored for a long time that Kong Yuan of the Temple of Great Emptiness had achieved tremendous improvement in his cultivation base while he cultivated in seclusion. Based on what they could see, it seemed like the rumor was true. All of them looked at Kong Yuan in awe.

“It’s no wonder that monk, Kong Xuan, has the confidence to go to the holy altar.”

“Having cultivated the Twin Zen, even if the sect masters were there, they wouldn’t be able to do anything against him.”

“Well, unless the Evil Sky Pavilion’s old villain is willing to make a move.”

“Kong Yuan’s cultivation base has improved greatly, but he’s still not brave enough to seek revenge from the Evil Sky Pavilion... I think the old villain is the only one who can suppress him. Alas, this is the Mausoleum of Swords. Why would the old villain be here?” The scene seemed peculiar. It was one thing for the minor sects to worship the Evil Sky Pavilion, but these people from the Noble Path cultivators were placing their hopes on the Evil Sky Pavilion.

When Jiang Aijian was in midair, a Dhyana Mudra appeared on Kong Yuan’s upper body. It was a golden Dhyana Mudra. At the same time, another Dhyana Mudra also appeared on his lower body, it was black. The two mudras joined.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jiang Aijian thrust with his sword forward at Kong Yuan and left afterimages in the air. His blows landed on the Dhyana Mudra.

Kong Yuan shouted, “Get lost!”

The converged Dhyana Mudra suddenly swelled.

Like a gust of wind, it pushed Jiang Aijian back!

“I’m dodging...” Jiang Aijian suddenly realized this old monk’s defenses were too powerful. He decided to sidestep the attack.

However, the Dhyana Mudra shifted and changed its size. It seemed as though Kong Yuan had rehearsed this attack for thousands of times.

Bam!

Jiang Aijian raised Dragonsong before himself and tightened his grip, blocking the converged Dhyana Mudra. He reeled from the impact. He hastily said, “Ow... Little girl, catch me!”

Thud!

Jiang Aijian crashed onto the ground. He felt groggy from the crash and was sore all over. If it were not for his protective energy that cushioned most of his fall, the Twin Mudra would have been sufficient to cause him grievous injury.

“Serves you right,” Little Yuan’er said with a smile.

Meanwhile, Kong Yuan still hovered above the tombstone. He was pleased that his Dhyana Mudra had successfully repelled Jiang Aijian. However, he did not stop attacking just because of this. The Buddhist prayer beads that were scattered in the surroundings glinted coldly before they shot forward again. “No way.” Jiang Aijian’s eyes widened. He slammed a palm onto the ground, did a somersault, and retreated.

Little Yuan’er said, “Well? Go on.”

“I can’t! I’ve done my best... I’m not a match for him at all!” Jiang Aijian hastily waved his hands.

Anyone with eyes could see Jiang Aijian did not even use all his strength. How could he have used all his strength when he had not even unleashed his avatar yet? As always, he was someone who cherished his life.

Little Yuan'er snorted. A dense wall of energy was erected before herself.

The Buddhist prayer beads returned. They linked up and formed a chain again that hung on Kong Yuan. "This monk isn't easy to deal with... His Dhyana Mudra could block Dragonsong," Jiang Aijian said, "I'm afraid that you're the only one who can do something about this, old senior."

"Master..." Little Yuan'er wore an expression of disapproval that was directed at Jiang Aijian before changing it to one of pleading when she looked at Lu Zhou, clearly begging for permission to battle Kong Yuan.

Although Little Yuan'er had many treasures with her, Lu Zhou did not feel at ease. Indeed, Jiang Aijian did not use his full strength, but he could tell a thing or two from their exchanges earlier.

This old monk had many skills in his arsenal, which he had yet to use. If he had launched a powerful attack, they were sure to incur a great loss.

"Forget it." Lu Zhou shook his head.

Kong Yuan smiled and said, "Isn't it a little late to finally think things through? I said I'm determined to get my hands on the Demon Sword."

Lu Zhou did not rise to his taunt. "A demonized Zen isn't true Zen..."

"Any Zen that can kill is good Zen," Kong Yuan retorted, "I'm the only person under the heavens who managed to cultivate Twin Zen."

Lu Zhou shook his head with a sigh and said, "I thought you have some other shocking methods capable of breaking the Seven Terminal Formation... I've overestimated you."

"Hm?"

Just when Lu Zhou raised his hand and was about to use a Deadly Strike Card...

Crack!

The huge tombstone cracked open. Large pieces began to fall off.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The inscriptions on the tombstone, strangely, floated into the air. They were densely packed like a can of sardines.

The seven radiant circles were much brighter than before.

When the rubble had completely fallen off, a bronze sword could be seen hovering in the air.

The inscriptions began converging... Like moths to a flame, they shot toward the huge sword.

Black smoke billowed.

The huge sword seemed to have been activated by the inscriptions as it vibrated slightly.

The eight chains in the surroundings were tightly wrapped around the sword. The others were shocked. The eight chains were not meant to stabilize the tombstones! Instead, they were meant to keep the huge sword in place.

When Kong Yuan, who was hovering in the air, saw the Demon Sword, he laughed before he exclaimed excitedly, "Finally, I'm rewarded after all these years!" His laughter resounded throughout the Mausoleum of Swords.

The cultivators were having a rough time repelling the cluster of swords as it was. The soundwaves pushed them further back. Those who could not withstand it dropped to the ground on the spot.

Lu Zhou initially intended to take Kong Yuan down. However, he stopped when he saw the huge sword. The sword seemed... peculiar.

Bzzt!

The huge sword vibrated as though it was trying to break free of the chains. Kong Yuan said with a deep voice, "Don't mind me, I'll be taking the sword." He flipped in the air with his palm outstretched. While he descended, he gripped the Demon Sword! His energy wrapped around the Demon Sword!

Boom!

As though the Demon Sword sensed the intrusion, the inscriptions suddenly scattered!

Kong Yuan's eyes widened.

Bam!

He was pushed back by the inscriptions.

At the same time, a blinding light burst from the Seven Terminal Formation. The swords in the surroundings were summoned by the Demon Sword. They changed directions and quickly gathered.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Shadows of flying swords could be seen everywhere.

Kong Yuan did not expect the Demon Sword to be this difficult to tame. He immediately activated his Dhyana Mudras.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The cluster of swords attacked Kong Yuan!

The remaining flying swords attacked the other cultivators.

The cultivators from the four great sects were beginning to drop like flies at this point.

This was an indiscriminate attack.

"What a terrifying sword," Jiang Aijian said in shock.

"It has accumulated power for many years, and now, it has let loose in one go. Indeed, it's terrifying," Qin Jun said in awe.

At this moment, countless flying swords shot toward them.

Little Yuan'er kept the flying swords at bay again with her energy.

Kong Yuan had the shortest end of the stick.

"Is that old monk that powerful?!" Jiang Aijian did not expect the converged Dhyana Mudra to be capable of repelling that many flying swords.

It formed an independent space.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The chains began to snap one after another. It did not take long before all eight chains had snapped.

The Demon Sword was free!

It accumulated the power from the inscriptions, and its blade glowed scarlet.

After a brief vibration, the Demon Sword changed direction...

The other flying swords gave way.

Whoosh!

Chapter 286 King of Swords

Whoosh!

The Demon Sword shot toward Kong Yuan. His eyes widened when he saw the Demon Sword. His Dhyana Mudra expanded and spread out!

Bam!

The Demon Sword was blocked by the Dhyana Mudra, but it merely paused in the air for a brief moment before stabbing at Kong Yuan again.

"This is the Demon Sword's territory... It's also strengthened by the Seven Terminal Formation. Kong Yuan's out of luck this time." Jiang Aijian seemed excited as he watched on.

Meanwhile, the Demon Sword attacked Kong Yuan in a frenzy. It was as though it had an inexhaustible source of energy.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Kong Yuan had no choice but to fight with the Demon Sword with all his might. The Fiend Zen, his Buddhist seals, and his attacks landed on the Demon Sword. Alas, it did not seem to affect the Demon Sword at all.

As time passed, the Demon Sword's power seemed to increase rather than decrease.

Then, a Buddha Golden Body appeared! The huge golden Buddha repelled the flying swords. The Demon Sword was the only one that continued to relentlessly search for an opening.

“No way! Not even a Buddha Golden Body can suppress the Demon Sword?” Jiang Aijian gulped. How was he going to obtain this sword then? Since the Buddha Golden Body could not suppress the Demon Sword, there was no doubt Kong Yuan would lose.

Avatars and Golden Bodies required huge amounts of energy to maintain, and it was difficult to manifest them for a long time.

As expected, the instant the Buddha Golden Body disappeared...

Whoosh!

The Demon Sword shot at Kong Yuan at a terrifying speed.

Kong Yuan’s eyes widened as he stared at the Demon Sword in disbelief. “I... can’t... believe this...”

Kong Yuan fell from the air and landed on the ground with a loud thud. His corpse sprawled on the ground. Strangely, the Buddhist prayer beads were still glowing dimly.

Everyone’s expressions changed drastically.

Kong Yuan was the abbot of the Temple of Great Emptiness who had a Seven-leaf Twin Zen, after all. How was it possible that he was killed by the Demon Sword? Everyone found this difficult to believe, but the truth was laid bare before their eyes.

When the Demon Sword had achieved its objective, it turned and flew toward the cultivators from the four great sects and killed them in a frenzy.

Compared to Kong Yuan, these people were miserably weak. With every stroke, a life was claimed. A rain of blood began to pour.

Upon seeing this, Qin Jun said worriedly, “Old mister, this can’t go on... the Demon Sword will turn on us sooner or later.”

However, Little Yuan’er said, “They deserve it... That’s how they behaved when they laid siege on Golden Court Mountain.” The people of the four great sects were the Evil Sky Pavilion’s enemies to begin with. It was good news for them to be killed by the Demon Sword. Otherwise, they would surely attack the Evil Sky Pavilion with the other sects sooner or later.

The remaining members of the minor sects scattered and ran. Perhaps, they were too weak. After the Demon Sword killed a few of them, it turned toward Lu Zhou and the others.

Jiang Aijian said with a hint of helplessness, “Heh... This Demon Sword sure knows how to pick its opponents.” “A sword is a sword, after all... It’s being powered by the Formation, and it’s not sentient... Perhaps, someone’s controlling it from behind the scene,” Qin Jun speculated. Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. He surveyed his surroundings but found nothing out of the ordinary.

At this moment, Jiang Aijian leaped out. He parried the Demon Sword with Dragonsong.

Sparks flew!

Energies collided!

They exchanged several blows for a few rounds, but Jiang Aijian did not gain the upper hand. In fact, if this went on, he would suffer the same fate as Kong Yuan. Hence, he chose to retreat. He combined Dragonsong's energy blade with Dao Invisibility, and with swift movements, he appeared next to Lu Zhou. He wiped the sweat off his face and said, "I can't beat it... I can't beat it at all unless this stupid Formation is broken."

"You're too weak. In the end, I'm the one who has to do this." Little Yuan'er could no longer stay idle. She stepped on a cloud and unleashed her Nirvana Sash and engaged the Demon Sword.

Jiang Aijian shook his head and sighed. "It's a good thing for the little girl to feel competitive, but she's behaving too rashly." He turned to look at the calm Lu Zhou and said again, "You seem confident in your victory, old senior. Could it be that you have a way to break the Formation?"

In his point of view, the Seven Terminal Formation had to be broken before the Demon Sword could be defeated. Otherwise, they might all die here today.

"There's no way to break the Formation," Lu Zhou said.

"..." Jiang Aijian scratched his head. He said with a stiff expression, "No... Don't say that... I'm a coward." "It's up to you to believe me or not," Lu Zhou said.

Qin Jun said, "The eye of the Seven Terminal Formation isn't here... It can't be broken."

"It's over... It's over, it's over... Is my great legacy as Jiang Aijian going to end here? I've yet to realize my dream of owning a million good swords," Jiang Aijian said worriedly. Bam! Bam! Bam!

The Demon Sword continued its barrage of attacks twice. Little Yuan'er conjured up some energy and had to retreat. She staggered as she landed and nearly lost her footing.

"Again!" Little Yuan'er wanted to charge again.

"That's enough... Your Cloud Feather Raiment needs to replenish itself as well. You'll endanger your life by charging in again," Qin Jun said.

The Demon Sword did not discriminate between its targets, and it shot toward Qin Jun this time.

Bam!

Qin Jun's cultivation base was only in the Divine Court realm. He instinctively conjured his energy, but it was instantly penetrated by the Demon Sword. His energy shattered immediately, and he was sent flying against a rock wall before spitting out a mouthful of blood.

The Demon Sword hovered in the air and leveled itself before it shot toward Lu Zhou.

"Master," Little Yuan'er said in trepidation.

"Old senior..."

Lu Zhou frowned. Throughout the entire time, he was wondering how he should tame this sword or break the Formation. He did not expect the Demon Sword to target him so soon. He looked at the sword with a slight hint of helplessness. Finally, he said indifferently, "Stand back."

Jiang Aijian shot toward Qin Jun and brought him to the side.

Little Yuan'er retreated as well.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou rose into the air. The Demon Sword could no longer suppress itself as it sailed in the air to stab at Lu Zhou.

Whoosh!

Bam!

The Demon Sword collided with a Buddha Golden Body.

A 100-foot Buddha Golden Body appeared.

Everyone looked up. Even the cultivators of the minor sects who were hanging onto their last breaths were no exceptions.

The Buddha Golden Body was taller than the huge tombstone.

Lu Zhou walked on air. He walked to the center of the Seven Terminal Formation with the Buddha Golden Body.

No matter how the Demon Sword attacked, it could not do anything against the Buddha Golden Body. 'Ten seconds... Ten seconds are all I have... Where's the eye of the Formation?'

Meanwhile, the cluster of swords around the Seven Terminal Formation seemed to have sensed a powerful enemy, and they turned on the Buddha Golden Body at the same time. The densely packed cluster of swords obscured everyone's sight.

The 100-foot Buddha Golden Body did not weaken in the least.

"How powerful!"

"That's a real Buddha Golden Body!"

The cultivators who were sprawled on the ground looked at the Golden Body fearfully as they asked among themselves, "Who's that?"

Unfortunately, ten seconds was too short a time.

The instant the Buddha Golden Body vanished, the Demon Sword and the cluster of flying swords flew at Lu Zhou.

Boom!

Another Buddha Golden Body appeared.

The flying swords that were within the range of the Golden Body were instantly defeated and fell to the ground.

Jiang Aijian was filled with awe. "I'm impressed. He's capable of shrinking and expanding his Golden Body at will... I'm f*cking impressed..."

Lu Zhou seemed to have found a way... With this, dozens of flying swords fell and remained immobile on the ground. They were clearly damaged. Lu Zhou raised his right hand. In his palm, the short and exquisite Unnamed hovered and glowed with a faintly red radiance. Ten seconds should be enough.'

Every second counted in a fight between elites. Moreover, this Demon Sword showed no intention of dodging at all! In that case, he would fight it head-on! He did not hesitate as he charged at the Demon Sword at blinding speed!

Chapter 287 Fell Into Submission

The cultivators widened their eyes as they witnessed this scene. The Buddha Golden Body moved forward. They could only see the upper half of the Buddha Golden Body. The lower half of the Golden Body was hidden by the cluster of swords.

With Lu Zhou's swift movement, the cluster of swords was instantly scattered and fell from the air.

The Demon Sword seemed fired up. It vibrated and buzzed as though it had found its mortal enemy. Lu Zhou wielded Unnamed and slashed it at the Demon Sword. Both swords collided!

Bam!

With the point of collision as the center, a blinding light burst out. Surging Primal Qi blew in the air like a flurry of hurricanes. The energy dropped the flying swords like icy blades.

Lu Zhou did not look at Unnamed. He felt it with his palm and could tell that Unnamed was unharmed. He stared at the Demon Sword unblinkingly. He also kept an eye on the countdown on the dashboard... Three seconds, two seconds, one second... His time was up. The Buddha Golden Body vanished right on time.

Everything fell silent.

The cluster of swords in the Seven Terminal Formation fell. The surroundings glittered from the light that reflected off the swords. Some of the taller mounds resembled hedgehogs.

The Demon Sword was not damaged. However, the peculiar thing was that it had stopped attacking. Instead, it hovered in front of Lu Zhou as it vibrated lightly... Its tip was originally aimed at Lu Zhou's forehead. However, it was now slanted to the side; its target seemed to be Unnamed now.

Lu Zhou was thinking about what to do if he used up all his Impeccable Cards and was still incapable of suppressing this Demon Sword. In that case, he could only use his final Peak Trial Card.

However, the Demon Sword did not move.

The cultivators in the Mausoleum of Swords looked at one man and one sword, facing off. Apart from being in awe, they were bewildered as well. They were certain that the Buddha Golden Body was much more powerful than Kong Yuan. This meant that there was hope of taming the Demon Sword. The swords of differing grades scattered on the floor were the treasures that they coveted. With this, the terror brought about by the Demon Sword began to fade.

Bzzt!

The Demon Sword vibrated again.

Lu Zhou opened his right palm. Unnamed hovered above his palm. What surprised him was the Demon Sword seemed to retreat.

Jiang Aijian was shocked. "As the leader of the three Sword Freaks, I have one thing to announce..."

Little Yuan'er and Qin Jun looked at Jiang Aijian speechlessly. What constructive statement could he come up with at this crucial moment?

Jiang Aijian continued, "Dragonsong can only play second fiddle to the old senior's sword. His sword is too beautiful!"

The Demon Sword did not make a move.

Lu Zhou looked at the Demon Sword skeptically. He waved his hand. Unnamed flew out.

The Demon Sword retreated.

Unnamed returned to Lu Zhou's hand,

Lu Zhou nodded. Although the exchange just now could not destroy the Demon Sword, it was enough to scare it.

This was a strange scene indeed.

Since the Demon Sword was afraid of Unnamed, Lu Zhou decided to unleash Unnamed's might. He tossed Unnamed out. It hovered in the air as energy began to shroud it. One became two, two became four, four became eight... countless Unnamed energy blades appeared.

The fluctuations of the Primal Qi and the intensity of the energy were not powerful. However, the Demon Sword still sensed the threat from Unnamed.

Whizz!

The flying swords around the Seven Terminal Formation vibrated at the same time.

The Demon Sword seemed to be summoning the swords. For a time, the flying swords seemed to stab at Unnamed at blinding speed.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Lu Zhou retreated swiftly. If there was a need, he would use one Impeccable Card. However, reality proved that his worries were unfounded.

The Demon Sword summoned the cluster of swords and attacked Unnamed.

They seemed to be bound together.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The fight went on for a few rounds...

Boom!

A huge halo appeared with Unnamed in the center before Unnamed charged into the cluster of swords, repelling all the swords. After the outburst of the unique energy, Unnamed regained its original form. It hovered in the air and glowed with a faintly red radiance.

The cluster of swords fell.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The low-grade swords could not withstand the terrifying power and were destroyed on the spot. Even those that were of acceptable grades were strewn all over the ground, seemingly to vibrate in... fear.

This made the cultivators fall into despair. All the swords that clashed with Unnamed were broken! Their eyes were wide as they stared at Unnamed.

“What sword is that?”

“Apart from the Demon Sword, none of the swords are a match for that sword.” Jiang Aijian’s eyes lit up. He nearly tossed Dragonsong away. He only had eyes for Unnamed at this moment.

Lu Zhou was surprised by this as well. Unnamed’s sharpness had exceeded his expectations.

Whizz!

The Demon Sword charged toward him. Lu Zhou conjured up his Primal Qi to control Unnamed and parried it.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

There were three consecutive collisions!

The Demon Sword was repelled! This time, it was not as lucky as before.

The Demon Sword fell!

“The Seven Terminal Formation is destroyed! Without the cluster of swords, the Seven Terminal Formation can’t operate anymore!” The cultivators saw hope at this moment. Although they felt that it was a shame for the low-grade weapons to be damaged, the remaining swords that were not damaged were somewhat good swords. This would save them time from having to pick out the good and bad swords.

Qin Jun straightened his back. He wiped the blood off the edge of his lips. He looked at the Seven Terminal Formation on the ground incredulously. Why was the Formation deactivated when they had not even located the eye of the Formation? That did not make sense. He looked around his surroundings and did not see anything out of the ordinary. He only saw Unnamed.

As for Jiang Aijian, he was in a daze. He stared unblinkingly at Unnamed. He was almost drooling. It seemed like he no longer cherished Dragonsong as much as he did before... Meanwhile, Lu Zhou stood straight as he hovered in the air. He looked at Unnamed.

All of a sudden...

Bam!

The Demon Sword finally fell in the center of the Seven Terminal Formation. It buzzed and vibrated. The converging inscriptions emerged from it and flew into the air like a swarm of bees.

"These inscriptions, the power..." Lu Zhou was perplexed. He did not recall Unnamed immediately. Instead, he looked on silently. The inscriptions converged toward Unnamed, and the power surged into Unnamed.

"Uh..." Jiang Aijian wanted to cry. "The Demon Sword has submitted itself... The energy it nurtured over the years is snatched away by the old senior's sword."

This was a good example of the survival of the fittest. The world of swords seemed much simpler than the world of men. Those who won became rulers, and those who lost were reduced to bandits. To think that the Demon Sword had submitted itself after it fell on the ground. Who would have expected this to happen?

The Demon Sword continued to vibrate on the ground. The inscriptions on it were surging toward Unnamed. The inscriptions on the huge tombstone numbered in the tens of thousands, and they rose into the air like a thick cloud of black smoke.

After obtaining the energy from the inscriptions, Unnamed began to swivel.

Lu Zhou eyed Unnamed suspiciously. Ever since he had obtained Unnamed, all he could do was study its sharpness as he attempted to find out its grade. Would Unnamed's strength increase after absorbing this power?

A moment later, Unnamed stopped spinning.

The Demon Sword laid flat on the ground and stopped moving. The inscriptions on it had completely vanished.

Chapter 288 The Second in Fiend Zen

Lu Zhou could clearly see the red glow on Unnamed was more intense now. It seemed longer as well.

'Its grade?' Lu Zhou was still not certain about it. With a thought, he gave it a command. As expected, Unnamed returned to his palm. He gave another order. Unnamed morphed into a black rock, a hammer, a saber, a prong, and other weapons. However, it would only be surrounded by the peculiar inscriptions' energy when it was in the form of a sword. The sword form was much more powerful than the other forms as well. 'It seems like it still has limitless potential so its grade is still unknown?'

Anyway, this was not the time to be studying Unnamed. Lu Zhou put it away and surveyed his surroundings. It was eerily quiet. When he was certain it was safe, he descended to the ground. After calculating, he discovered he lost two Impeccable Cards and did not earn a single merit point in this debacle.

He looked at the Seven Terminal Formation on the ground. Indeed, it was not shining anymore. It no longer showed any signs of being active.

'Strange.' Lu Zhou walked toward the Demon Sword.

At the spot where the tombstone cracked open, there was nothing else apart from the eight broken chains and the rubble. Only a handful of swords on the ground remained undamaged. Naturally, the swords that survived the battle were good swords.

At this moment, the injured cultivators got up at once and kowtowed at Lu Zhou sincerely. The sounds of their foreheads hitting the ground echoed in the mausoleum.

“Thank you, old senior!”

“Thank you, grandmaster!”

“You’re my adopted parent! Please accept my act of worship!” “Ding! Genuinely worshipped by 15 individuals. Reward: 150 merit points.” When he heard this notification, Lu Zhou did not know if he should laugh or cry. ‘I’m a far cry from being a kind person...’

The cultivators of the four major sects were practically wiped out. The remaining cultivators were from the minor sects, and he had nothing to worry about.

Lu Zhou walked up to the Demon Sword and conjured up some Primal Qi...

All of a sudden, the monk, Kong Yuan, suddenly did a flip and got back onto his feet... His double Dhyana Mudra flickered when it was reactivated. He took in his surroundings with widened eyes. An incredulous expression appeared on his face when he got a clear look at everything. ‘What happened? How long has it been since I was out? Where’s the Seven Terminal Formation? Why is the Demon Sword lying on the ground’

His brain hurt as memories flooded into his mind. He remembered now. He was here to snatch the Demon Sword. He had been defeated by the Demon Sword and had fallen to the ground. Fortunately, he was protected by his Buddhist prayer beads. He was not critically injured.

“It’s you?” Kong Yuan’s expression shifted from one of shock to one of fury.

“Kong Yuan...” Lu Zhou stroked his beard.

“Nobody can touch what’s mine. I don’t care how you broke the Seven Terminal Formation... I’ll be taking the Demon Sword away.” Kong Yuan was completely oblivious to what had happened.

“Oh?” For some reason, Lu Zhou discovered that he was excited and delighted that Kong Yuan was alive.

Kong Yuan straightened a palm and said, “Old benefactor, I’m grateful that you’re able to break the Seven Terminal Formation. A sword like this... only an abled person can wield it.” Without any warning, his double Dhyana Mudra burst forth.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, “I’ve said it before, Zen is Zen, and Fiend is Fiend... Fiend Zen isn’t true Zen...”

“Are you trying to teach me about cultivation?”. Kong Yuan chuckled. He did not deactivate his double Dhyana Mudra. He wore a disapproving expression on his face as he said, “Zuo Xinchuan’s Fiend Zen is but child’s play. He can’t hold a candle against me. I’m the only person in the world who’s able to cultivate Fiend Zen... If I’m second in Fiend Zen, who dares to claim to be the first?” The two Dhyana Mudras with striking radiances were the best proof of this.

Lu Zhou shook his head. "Frog in a well..." He paused before he spoke while accentuating each syllable, "I'll teach you what is Fiend Zen." He raised his right hand and directed his palm downward. A faint glow appeared in his palm. The glow swirled in an anti-clockwise direction.

"Hm?" An ominous feeling rose in Kong Yuan's heart. Although there were no intense fluctuations of Primal Qi from the old man before him, he could not help but feel an inexplicable danger.

The cultivators nearby frowned.

"Who's this old man?"

"His strength is on par with Kong Yuan!"

"Are the Buddhist Sects fighting each other?"

When they remembered the huge Buddha Golden Body just now, they thought this was an internal feud. They recalled the news of the conflict between the Heaven Choice Temple and the Temple of Great Emptiness that spread throughout the cultivation world. The Temple of Great Emptiness had sent their people on a punitive expedition against the Heaven Choice Temple. For some reason, the Four Divine Monks were killed, and the Heaven Choice Temple was no more. Until this day, nobody knew what really happened. The current situation looked exactly like an internal feud between Buddhist Sects!

Lu Zhou stood with his back straight. He bent his arm forward and pushed forward with his palm. A miniature palm print appeared.

"A small Seal of Fearlessness?" Kong Yuan did not know if he should laugh or cry. He said disdainfully, "Is this your so-called true Fiend Zen? I... this.. this..." He was halfway through his speech when the miniature palm print suddenly enlarged when it was almost upon him. It was now several feet tall!

The small Seal of Fearlessness instantly became a Great Seal of Fearlessness! Also, it was a black Great Seal of Fearlessness.

Kong Yuan hastily retreated while maintaining his double Dhyana Mudra with a fearful expression on his face.

The others watched this with their mouths agape. This is another f*cking twin zen cultivator!

'Since when did the Buddhist Sects produce these many elites?' 'Is this even allowed?' Whizz!

Kong Yuan immediately activated his Buddha Golden Body while maintaining his double Dhyana Mudra. "The Great Seal of Fearlessness can't do anything against me..."

Boom!

The Great Seal of Fearlessness enlarged again!

The Golden Buddha Body seemed like a decoration as the larger, black palm print held it in its grasp.

Boom!

A loud explosion sounded before it fell completely silent.

Lu Zhou looked at the fading black palm print indifferently.

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

‘Break even.’

However, if this went on, he would one day be in a situation where he could not afford to use a Deadly Strike Card. In any case, he had to kill Kong Yuan.

After the black palm print faded away, a string of prayers beads dropped from the air.

“Ding! Obtained Buddhist prayer beads. Refining needed before use.”

This was an unexpected gain. He waved his arm. The Buddhist prayer beads flew into his hand.

The first among the four major Buddhist Sects, the abbot of the Temple of Great Emptiness, the first of the Fiend Zen from the beginning of time, Kong Yuan, died on this day.

Jiang Aijian was stunned.

Clang!

Dragonsong slipped Jiang Aijian’s hand. When Little Yuan’er saw this, she said condescendingly, “And he called himself the first of the Fiend Zen... Ptooeey!”

Jiang Aijian snapped back to the present, and he hastily picked up his beloved Dragonsong. He held it in his embrace and wiped it...

“Old senior, you surely make an impact whenever you make a move! I, Jiang Aijian, am impressed by no one else but you!”

The other cultivators kowtowed again.

“Thank you, old senior!”

It was a shame that he could not be rewarded for being kowtowed at twice.

Lu Zhou ignored them. He waved his arm and the Demon Sword flew into his hand. He wrapped his hand around it. A biting cold traveled from its hilt into his palm. As he expected, this was no ordinary item.

Lu Zhou narrowed his eyes slightly. The Demon Sword vibrated. It was unclear if it was afraid or merely trying to break free of his control.

At this moment, a peculiar sound came from the tunnel.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

Everyone’s attention was attracted by the sound.

Chapter 289 Living Dead

Bzzt!

The Demon Sword was still vibrating. Without the enhancement of the inscriptions, the Demon Sword was much weaker now.

Lu Zhou did not have time to concern himself about the sound from the tunnel. He conjured up his Primal Qi to suppress the Demon Sword!

Jiang Aijian said, "O-old senior... I... I..." He pointed at himself.

Lu Zhou glanced at him and asked, "You want it?"

Jiang Aijian scratched his own head sheepishly.

The Demon Sword was huge. It was nearly half a man's height, and it was broad and thick. Having lost the power from the inscriptions, it looked extremely ugly. The blade was crude and uneven.

Lu Zhou loosened his grip and pushed forward with his palm.

Bam!

The huge Demon Sword flew toward Jiang Aijian.

Jiang Aijian was overjoyed as he grabbed the Demon Sword and landed a few palm prints on the blade. The remaining inscription power dispersed in the air. The Demon Sword was finally silent.

"Thank you, old senior... Ten years... I'm willing to be at your beck and call for ten more years, old senior!" Jiang Aijian looked at the Demon Sword lovingly.

Little Yuan'er and Qin Jun looked at him speechlessly.

Lu Zhou did not mind the Demon Sword. His instincts told him that the inscriptions' power was the basis of the Demon Sword's strength. The Demon Sword without the inscriptions was like an item without a soul. It was not attractive to him. Perhaps, only a collector like Jiang Aijian would treasure it.

Jiang Aijian produced a rope from his pocket and tied the Demon Sword onto his back while he carried Dragonsong before himself. There was no need to describe how happy he was at this moment. His joy was almost palpable. The happiest moment in a person's life was when they obtained the thing that they wanted the most after all.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

The sound from the tunnel was getting louder and louder.

The others at the tunnel again. The cultivators who survived had no intention of leaving.

Qin Jun's voice trembled as he said, "That's the tunnel to the Imperial crypt... I think it's been connected since a long time ago." Jiang Aijian said awkwardly, "Old senior, shall we... come back another day?"

"Hm?"

"I'll go... I'll go." Jiang Aijian waved his hands at once. After all, he could not possibly allow anyone else to dig up his ancestral graves.

Qin Jun looked at Jiang Aijian in confusion. It was one thing for Jiang Aijian to be eccentric, but why was Jiang Aijian so enthusiastic about this task? He had heard of Jiang Aijian before. He knew that this man loved swords and his own life the most. That tunnel seemed extremely dangerous. Was Jiang Aijian not worried about his life?

Jiang Aijian cautiously ventured carefully over to the tunnel with the Demon Sword on his back. He was now at the entrance of the tunnel...

All of a sudden, a black mass shot out from the tunnel!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Jiang Aijian instinctively conjured up his protective energy and engaged the black entity in a battle.

The others immediately identified what that black mass was. "A coffin!"

"Good heavens! It's a coffin!"

The remaining cultivators were paralyzed with fear. Their knees went weak. They were already injured by the cluster of swords to begin with. They were in no condition to run away!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The coffin spun full circle in the air as it crashed toward Jiang Aijian.

Fortunately, Jiang Aijian cultivated Dao Invisibility that allowed him to move nimbly. With his energy and footwork, he dodged the coffin's attacks. He was merely pushed back.

"What's wrong with me today? Why is my luck so rotten?" Jiang Aijian rode on the momentum of the blows and retreated from the tunnel back to where the others were.

The coffin did not resume its attacks. It merely hovered at the entrance of the tunnel.

"A living dead?" Qin Jun frowned.

"The dead can never come back to life. There's no such thing as the living dead. It's someone trying to play tricks," Jiang Aijian said.

The others stared at the coffin.

A moment later, a deep and hoarse voice sounded from the coffin. "Who trespassed into the Mausoleum of Swords?"

Little Yuan'er glanced at Jiang Aijian and said, "Go and talk to him. It might be your ancestor inside that coffin."

"..." Well, she was not wrong.

After all, the coffin did emerge from the tunnel. Naturally, only bodies of the members of the Imperial family were kept in the Imperial crypt.

Upon hearing this, Qin Jun looked at Jiang Aijian in shock. 'He's someone from the Imperial family? Or is the little girl just teasing him?'

Jiang Aijian scratched his head and said, "My name's Jiang Aijian... How should I address you, senior?"

A deep voice rang from the coffin. "A young man?"

Jiang Aijian examined himself. 'What's wrong with being young? I'm strong and handsome, like a jade tree in the wind...'

The voice continued to ring from the coffin. "There's only one person under the heavens who could break the Demon Sword... That person should come forward." Whoever or whatever it was in the coffin was smart.

Jiang Aijian glanced at Lu Zhou. No wonder. The old senior had concealed his aura. At this moment, he seemed like a weak old man. That was why the coffin had overlooked Lu Zhou's presence. "It's you?" Lu Zhou finally spoke.

Upon hearing Lu Zhou's words, everyone was shocked.

'They know each other?'

The coffin was silent for some time before it spoke again, "As expected, it's you." Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "I thought you're long dead... I didn't expect you to be hiding here."

Whoever was in the coffin gave a peculiar laugh. "Old friend, everyone dies... I'm just waiting for it ahead of time here."

Lu Zhou nodded, but he said, "I'm afraid that's not the case. The Demon Sword, the Seven Terminal Formation, the inscriptions... You think you can find a way to extend your life, don't you?"

'Extend your life?'

Everyone caught the crux of the matter. Since the beginning of time, the cultivators who stood at the peak were all searching for ways to extend their lives. Some even searched for eternal life. This was only limited to the elites.

The coffin replied with a question, "Aren't you the same?"

Lu Zhou was slightly taken aback. Outwardly, his expression was calm as he stroked his beard and said, "No... I've come to terms with life and death a long time ago."

The coffin hissed. Then, it said, "By my calculations, your time is almost up. Are you still defending the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

As soon as these words rang in the air, the cultivators had a horrified expression on their faces. If they still did not understand what was going on, then, they were fools. The old man who stood before them was the Evil Sky Pavilion's patriarch, Old Villain Ji, who dominated the lands!

"He's Old Villain Ji?"

"This..."

The cultivators started crying after consecutive blows to their mental states. Their faces contorted as they cried, and they were beside themselves with fright.

“Run... run!”

They survived the cluster of swords, survived the monk, Kong Yuan, and survived the Demon Sword... However, now, there was the f*cking villain whom they feared the most! They would run away even if they had to risk their lives! The dozen or so cultivators fled while disregarding the protests of pain from their bodies.

Lu Zhou did not mind these cultivators from the minor sects... If they were of the ten great sects, he would have killed them without batting an eyelid. However, he had no quarrel with the minor sects. He decided to let them be. He looked at the coffin as he stroked his beard. “Gong Yuandu, although I’m older than you, I’m going to live longer than you.”

A contemptuous laugh rang from the coffin. “Perhaps.”

“Were you hiding in the Mausoleum of Swords just to search for a way to attain eternal life?” Lu Zhou asked.

“That’s not all to it...” Gong Yuandu said in his hoarse voice, “I’m also gaining insight about the path of the sword and my cultivation method.”

“Gaining insight into the path of the sword?”

“All my life... I’ve always wanted a showdown with you, Brother Ji. Alas, time and tide wait for no man... My cultivation base is slowly returning to the world around me.”

Chapter 290 Promise of a Battle

The black coffin hovered in the air and did not move. “I didn’t expect to meet you here, Brother Ji.”

Lu Zhou asked again, “Are the Seven Terminal Formation and the Demon Sword your doing?”

“I don’t know anything about the Formations...” In other words, Gong Yuandu was the one who left the Demon Sword here and erected the tombstone.

“After all these years of staying in that coffin, did you have any insight?”

Gong Yuandu sighed deeply and said, “I had some improvements in my sword skills, but I’m limited by my cultivation base and couldn’t use them to their full potential. I’m not sure if I’m a match for you now.”

Gong Yuandu and Lu Zhou were both peerless individuals. Perhaps, only Gong Yuandu himself knew how much he wanted to defeat Lu Zhou.

“Do you want to defeat me that badly?”

“I’m not the only one under the heavens who wants to beat you,” Gong Yuandu retorted.

“Well...”

The answer was as clear as day. There were many who wanted to snatch the Evil Sky Pavilion’s treasures or kill the greatest villain of all time.

At this moment, it was clear to everyone that Lu Zhou and Gong Yuandu who was in the coffin were old rivals. Naturally, they knew they had no place to interfere in the conversation between the two seniors.

The voice rang teasingly from the coffin again. "I'm curious... What's the grandmaster of the Evil Sky Pavilion doing inside the Mausoleum of Swords? Did you come for my Demon Sword? You have many more treasures compared to me though."

The atmosphere seemed warm as the old rivals conversed. The pressure that came from the coffin earlier had also greatly lessened.

Lu Zhou replied, "There's something that belongs to me in the crypt of the ever-living emperor."

"You're as stingy as always, Brother Ji... Are you talking about this?" Gong Yuandu's voice barely faded when the coffin flipped over, and a book dropped down. The coffin flipped over again, and its lid closed.

Lu Zhou caught the book with swift movements. It was cold to the touch. However, this degree of cold was nothing to Lu Zhou. His Divine Court realm's protective energy was enough to repel it.

The book had been carefully wrapped. It was decorated with the Imperial family's colors and dragon insignia. Perhaps, the Imperial family was worried that the Heavenly Writing book would rot in the dark and damp environment. Hence, they made a special coating for it.

Lu Zhou flipped through the book.

"Ding! Obtained Open Heavenly Writing remnant piece (final)."

As expected, it was part of the Open Heavenly Writing scroll.

Lu Zhou closed it and tossed it toward Little Yuan'er.

Little Yuan'er caught it and read it out of curiosity. However, she could not understand a single thing and quickly lost interest.

Gong Yuandu spoke from within the coffin again, "This is the only item that caught my eye in the crypt of the ever-living emperor. The other items were nothing but ordinary... Since you're here to dig the grave, Brother Ji, I'm afraid this is the only thing that'll be of interest to you."

Gong Yuandu did not think that Lu Zhou would have a lower standard than his own. Lu Zhou nodded and said, "This is precisely what I was looking for."

"The book contains some unique power, but I could never understand it... Since the ever-living emperor was buried with it, I thought it must've been a treasure. Hence, I kept it."

With this explanation, everything was clear now.

Lu Zhou's objective had been achieved. There was no longer any need to dig up Jian Aijian's ancestral graves.

"Gong Yuandu, if you wish to get out, I can take you with me," Lu Zhou said. Returning a favor with another favor would be considered as repaying the debt. "No, thank you..." The voice from the coffin seemed a little stifled at this moment as though something was stuck in Gong Yuandu's throat. "I might not outlive you after all."

"You have a century before your time is up." Lu Zhou looked directly at the coffin. He sighed and decided to give up persuading Gong Yuandu. "How many mortals live up to 100 years? It's much more difficult for a cultivator, I guess."

This person had often competed with him in the past. This was nothing but the departure of the old and the ushering in of the new. Birth, life, sickness, and death. This was merely the natural cycle of life. "In that case, I won't force you."

Lu Zhou was about to leave when Gong Yuandu sighed and asked, "Before my time is up... May I have a fight with you, Brother Ji?"

The others were taken aback.

A rival was a rival, after all.

Gong Yuandu would not miss an opportunity to trouble Lu Zhou before his own death.

Little Yuan'er had initially been sympathetic to Gong Yuandu for trying to survive inside a coffin. At this moment, what little sympathy she had was swept away. She said indignantly, "What's the matter with you? My master had just fought another person for several rounds... Even if you win this match, it will be without honor. Besides, you're no match for my master."

The coffin shook slightly before a burst of laughter rang from it.

"Brother Ji... I'm surprised you found disciples with that temper of yours. I'm impressed, truly, I am..."

Lu Zhou did not rise to his taunt. Instead, he said, "If you want to fight, come on out."

Little Yuan'er chimed in, "That's right, come out!"

Jiang Aijian joined in as well. "Dear senior, since you're both acquaintances, why is there a need to fight to the death? Moreover, you've said that your limit is upon you, and I'm sure your cultivation base has been diminished greatly. Why is there a need for this?"

Gong Yuandu said, "You've all misunderstood me... Since I'm fighting Brother Ji, it's only natural that I want to do it fair and square... I won't strike a man when he's down. Brother Ji, what do say we meet at the Evil Sky Pavilion after a month?"

Lu Zhou did not mind. "I'm just worried that you won't make it past this month."

With one's life limit looming, nobody could be sure when they would die. Perhaps, it would be today. Perhaps, it could be tomorrow. It could even be a year later.

Gong Yuandu gave a hoarse laugh and said, "We'll meet a month later... If I can't make it, so be it." He figured that it was time for him to accept his fate for once after being so stubborn his whole life.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and looked at the others.

Jiang Aijian addressed the coffin, "Dear senior, since you're going to stay in the crypt, do me a favor and don't damage anything inside." "What's it to you?"

"We should always respect the deceased."

This time, the coffin did not reply.

Lu Zhou glanced at the swords scattered on the ground.

Jiang Aijian said at once, "I won't be taking these third-rate items."

Qin Jun scratched his head awkwardly and said, "May... May I take a couple of them with me?"

Jiang Aijian rolled his eyes and said, "Help yourself."

Qin Jun was overjoyed. He picked up the two best earth-grade swords he could find.

Jiang Aijian said, "Someone has an eye for things."

"A man who loves swords won't settle for less."

"What do you know... We share the same interests, how rude of me..."

"Don't mention it..."

Lu Zhou shook his head. He placed his hands behind his back and walked toward the exit of the Mausoleum of Swords.

The coffin vanished into the tunnel.

Little Yuan'er left the Mausoleum of Swords with her master.

The Seven Terminal Formation on the ground gathered up some energy again.

"Master, who was that inside the coffin?"

"An acquaintance."

"Master, you have friends?"

"To put it more precisely, he's a rival," Lu Zhou explained as he walked.

"So, do you have friends, Master?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"I have many friends..." Lu Zhou replied.

"Oh..."

Finally, they arrived outside the Mausoleum of Swords and saw the sky. They could not help but take a deep breath.

"Whitzard."

Jiang Aijian and Qin Jun ran up to them as well. Lu Zhou did not leap onto Whitzard immediately... "Jiang Aijian."

"Old... Old senior, what's the matter?"

"Zhao Yue is still inside the palace. Look after her," Lu Zhou said.

"No problem. However, I need to tell you something, old senior," Jiang Aijian said.

“What is it?”

“Your seventh disciple, Si Wuya, is onto me. Moreover, I’m certain he’s close to discovering my identity. I must say I’m no match for him in terms of gathering information. His men have been harassing my sources, and I’ve lost no less than five these few days. They were important points of contact for me. If it’s possible, can you perhaps give him a warning or two?” Jiang Aijian asked.