

Disciples 291

Chapter 291 The White Lady

"I know what to do." Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded.

"Thank you, old senior..."

Lu Zhou leaped onto Whizard.

Little Yuan'er sat in front while Qin Jun stood on Whizard's back as it flew toward the Evil Sky Pavilion.

With the Demon Sword on his back, Jiang Aijian left the Mausoleum of Swords a happy man.

Meanwhile, inside the secluded hut.

The gray-robed cultivator, Ye Zhixing, appeared. He bowed and said, "Sect master, the old senior has safely left the Mausoleum of Swords. The Demon Sword is now in Jiang Aijian's hands."

Si Wuya opened his eyes. He looked at the sun and said with a sigh, "It's good enough that he left... Did you find out anything about Jiang Aijian?"

"That man's movements are unpredictable and secretive. We found nothing yet."

"Continue your investigation."

"Understood."

Si Wuya stood up. He placed his hands on his back and asked, "Any news from the four other mice?"

Ever since the disturbance at Upper Prime City, the Darknet had established a connection with the Five Mice... They were not Darknet members, after all. From his understanding of their temper, they might very well do something outrageous. "In reply to your question, sect master, there's no news about the Five Mice yet."

"What about the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Si Wuya asked.

"I don't think the Five Mice will be so bold as to attack the Evil Sky Pavilion again... Now that the Evil Sky Pavilion has someone like Leng Luo, it's as easy as killing a chicken for him to kill them," Ye Zhixing said.

"What's the situation with Eldest Senior Brother?" Si Wuya asked.

"The Righteous Sect has six altars, and the Green Jade Altar proves to be the most difficult to deal with. The remaining five altars won't be a problem. Sect Master Yu wishes to ask your opinion on this," Ye Zhixing reported.

Si Wuya pondered over this for a moment before he said, "Eighth Junior Brother and I have been to the Green Jade Altar before. We've secretly drawn the Formation back then. Give it to Eldest Senior Brother."

"As you command, sect master," Ye Zhixing said with a bow.

Si Wuya understood Yu Zhenghai's thoughts. The Clarity Sect was done for, and the days of the Righteous Sect were numbered. Yu Zhenghai had been itching to take the Righteous Sect down for a

long time now... Yu Zhenghai had no intention of asking for his opinion at all, it was only a pretext. What he wanted was the schematics of the Formation.

The Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er finally arrived in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Duanmu Sheng walked up to them with the Overlord Spear in his hand. He kneeled and said, "Master... you're finally back." "What happened?" Lu Zhou noticed that Duanmu Sheng did not seem to be in a good mood.

"Lu Qiuping... has been rescued," Duanmmu Sheng said.

When Lu Zhou heard this, he frowned. These mice are audacious. They should've learned their lesson when they were here last, and yet, they're still as impudent as ever.'

"Where's Old Fourth?" With Mingshi Yin's abilities, even if he could not capture the Five Mice, he should have been capable of pushing them back.

"Old Fourth? Old Fourth went to the Divine Capital... Didn't you see him, master?" Duanmu Sheng asked, clearly shocked.

Lu Zhou had just returned from the Divine Capital. He did not meet Mingshi Yin. They must have missed each other.

However, Lu Zhou was not worried that anything would happen to Mingshi Yin. Moreover, Mingshi Yin had a tendency to surprise him. He decided to let Mingshi Yin be. Based on the current situation, there was not much need for him to restrict his disciples compared to when he had just transmigrated.

Duanmu Sheng continued to say, "They didn't steal anything. They merely rescued Lu Qiuping. Elder Hua and Lady Yuexing injured them! Those mice were too cunning..." As soon as Duanmu Sheng finished speaking, Hua Wudao and Hua Yuexing walked over from the distance.

Hua Yuexing bowed and said, "I was incompetent and let the Five Mice escape. Please punish me, Pavilion Master."

Hua Wudao was not skilled in attacks, after all. It was understandable that he could do nothing about the Five Mice. However, as a Godly Archer, Hua Yuexing had allowed the Five Mice to run away. Clearly, the Five Mice were more cunning than your ordinary villains.

After a moment of silence, Lu Zhou said, "We'll talk about the Five Mice at a later date. That's all for now."

After busying himself for a few days, Lu Zhou wanted some time to himself.

"Understood."

The others bowed.

In a certain forest.

"Big brother, Fifth Brother's cultivation base has been sealed. We can't do anything about it for the time being. What do we do now?"

The person in the lead was the eldest among the Five Mice, Han Yufang.

Han Yufang glanced at Lu Qiuping who was leaning against a tree stump and said, "The most dangerous place is the safest place... The Evil Sky Pavilion will never expect us to be resting near the Golden Court Mountain."

"That's brilliant, big brother. However, we can't do this forever. It's been two days," Xu Wen, Old Second, said.

Jiang Tang, Old Third, spat the foxtail grass he had been holding between his teeth and said, "I think big brother's right. We should wait for an opportunity before making a move... Our rescue mission will surely raise their alarm. We can only be in peak condition once we have fully recovered from our injuries."

"Big brother, third brother has a point. Rescuing someone isn't our strong point. It's a shame that we weren't able to steal anything from the Evil Sky Pavilion after being there twice. Riches are attained by taking risks. We've already offended the Evil Sky Pavilion, anyway. Once we get our hands on some treasures... We can change our identities and live elsewhere. When old villain Ji is six feet underground 50 years later, nobody can do anything to us," Liu Yunbai, Old Fourth, chimed in,

The others nodded.

Lu Qiuping bore with the pain on his body and said, "Thank you, big brother, second brother, third brother, and fourth brother, for sticking out your necks to save me."

"We're all brothers, there's no need to make a big deal out of this."

While they were making plans about their next big heist, a cold breeze blew through the forest.

Rustle!

"Who's there?!" The leader of the Five Mice, Han Yufang, turned and looked into the depths of the forest.

Cultivators had keen senses to begin with. On top of that, the Five Mice were born with keen perceptions. It was a bright and sunny day. The sudden and peculiar breeze alerted them immediately.

The Five Mice got up at once.

A figure slowly came into view on the small path. The figure was clad in a white cloak, white dress, and white shoes while she held a white umbrella. The figure even had white hair. The lady had delicate and charming features.

The five of them were momentarily stunned. They had never seen a woman who dressed in such a manner. She seemed to have descended from the heavens and did not seem like a mortal.

The lady stopped moving when she was ten meters away from them.

Han Yufang was the first to react. He frowned. 'What lady would come here out in the wilderness?' Despite his thoughts, he said, "Will you grant us the pleasure of knowing your name, milady. Where did you come from and where are you going?" Xu Wen said with a smile, "Out in this wilderness... My fair lady, why don't I escort you back to your home?"

The lady raised her eyes and swept it across the five of them. She said, "The Five Mice?"

"You know us, milady?" Han Yufang was stunned. He instantly raised his guard.

"Heh, see that? Our fame as the Five Mice... Yes, that's right. We're the Five Mice."

"This is my big brother, the leader and strategist, Han Yufang. This is my second brother, the one without a shadow, Xu Wen. I..." Jiang Tang thumped his own chest, "I am invincible underwater, Old Third, Jiang Tang. This man beside me is my fourth brother, he's like the breeze, Liu Yunbai... Finally, here's my fifth brother, the great escape artist, Lu Qiuping..."

The lady nodded slightly. "That's good."

Han Yufang found this strange. He asked, "Milady, you've yet to answer my question."

The lady's gaze fell on Han Yufang. "It's meaningless to answer the question since all of you are about to die."

Chapter 292 The Saying of the FairFolk And The Third Technique

Han Yufang frowned and said, "Milady, why do you say that?"

The lady in white remained silent as Primal Qi gradually surged from her body.

Xu Wen smiled and said, "Don't tell me you're thinking of capturing us? To tell you the truth, we escaped from the hands of the Evil Sky Pavilion's Godly Archer. Even the Evil Sky Pavilion can't do anything to us." "Alas, we were injured."

Although the five of them did escape from the Evil Sky Pavilion, they had suffered varying degrees of injuries. That was why they were recuperating near Golden Court Mountain. They did not expect to run into this strange white lady.

The lady in white said indifferently, "Be on your way..." "Hm?"

There was something in her right hand.

She tossed it lightly as the white umbrella flew into the air. She moved at lightning speed, stirring up a cold wind, as she shot toward the five men.

Han Yufang appeared flustered as he shouted, "This is bad! Run!"

Whizz!

The white lady moved as quickly as a phantom. The disc-like item spun as it shot out.

The Five Mice quickly discovered one thing; this white lady was a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite, and she had a heaven-grade weapon!

“Run!”

“Run for your lives!” The Five Mice were experienced in fleeing. They scattered immediately. They were playing their old tune, hoping to escape the attacks this way.

Alas, when they scattered in different directions, the round disc the white lady had tossed out shot toward them at terrifying speed.

With swift movements, one figure turned into four figures.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Liu Yunbai fell!

Xu Wen’s leg was broken. Tang Jiang died on the spot when he fell to the ground.

Han Yufang wore a sour expression on his face as he sat limply on the ground and gave up on running away. He did not expect this white lady to be so terrifying. None of them had the power to retaliate at all. He took a deep breath before he said, “You... Who are you? The Five Mice have no quarrel with you!” He wanted to fight for a last chance to keep his life.

“Ye Tianxin of the Evil Sky Pavilion,” the white lady’s tone was extremely cold.

Her words crushed Han Yufang’s final sliver of hope. His face was ashen. He did not expect this white lady to be the Evil Sky Pavilion’s sixth disciple, Ye Tianxin.

Han Yufang sighed. He opened his mouth to speak...

Slash!

The round disc slashed his neck before he could even speak. Han Yufang’s eyes were wide and blank as he fell to the side. The five of them lost their lives.

The white umbrella that had been floating in the air fell slowly into Ye Tianxin’s hand at this moment. Just as she said, it was useless for a dying man to know about these things. It was also meaningless to tell them anything. It was nothing but a waste of time. After killing the Five Mice, Ye Tianxin turned around slowly and walked toward Tangzi Town.

A short while later, several mortal men departed from Tangzi Town and arrived at the spot where the corpses of the Five Mice were strewn on the ground.

The men looked at the bodies and stood there in stunned silence for a long time.

“She told us to send these corpses to the foot of Golden Court Mountain... What should we do if the villains kill us?”

One of the men sighed. “Let’s not think about that... It’s not easy to earn money. There are many casualties in the cultivation world every day...”

“Stop standing around. Get to work.”

In the east pavilion of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The first thing Lu Zhou did when he returned to the east pavilion was to look at the ancient parchment drawing on the table.

As expected, the outlines of the Divine Capital and Sword Mausoleum were clearer. Naturally, this included the Evil Sky Pavilion. Those were also where the three remnant pieces of the Open Heavenly Writing scroll were.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard while he studied the ancient drawing. "I've found the remnant pieces of the Open Heavenly Writing. Does this mean the ancient drawing has lost its value?"

The ancient drawing was still on the table. It had not been moved. However, something told Lu Zhou its function was only to show the locations of the Open Heavenly Writing pieces. In that case, what other functions did it have?

Lu Zhou could not think of anything even after a long time. "Forget it."

Lu Zhou produced the final remnant piece of Open Heavenly Writing. He made a movement with his hand. Qi was condensed into energy.

Bam!

The outer cover of the Open Heavenly Writing remnant piece was shattered.

"Ding! Obtained Open Heavenly Writing."

The Open Heavenly Writing dissolved into spots of starlight and floated toward Lu Zhou. Then, the spots merged into one and faded away.

Lu Zhou sat with his legs crossed. He was about to enter his Heavenly Writing meditation state when a thought appeared in his mind. 'What if the item cards' prices rise again now that I obtained the third Heavenly Writing technique?

Lu Zhou checked the current prices for the item cards.

Impeccable Card: 1,500.

Deadly Strike Card: 1,800.

Critical Heal Card: 1,000.

Thunderblast Card: 800.

Cage Bind Card: 1,000.

Lu Zhou's expression darkened. He found the price hike too f*cking outrageous. All he obtained was a technique. The prices did not even rise this much when he improved his cultivation base. From the last price hike, Lu Zhou had a suspicion that the pieces had something to do with the items he obtained. Currently, it seemed that it was the case. His cultivation base, purchase frequency, and usage frequency were all triggering factors.

Lu Zhou looked at his remaining items and merit points.

Merit points: 3,350.

Item: Deadly Strike Card x2, Impeccable Card X2, Critical Block Card x12 (passive), Cage Bind X4, Refining Talisman x1, Ji Tiandao's Peak Trial Card x1, Whizard, Bi An, Critical Heal Card x2, obtained strengthened Cage Bind Card X3, strengthened Critical Heal Card x3, Thunderblast Card x2, Reversal Card X3.

Weapon: Unnamed, Life Cutter, Tear Stain Box, Sky Dagger, Jade Horsetail Whisk, Buddhist prayer bead.

Fortunately, the Reversal Card's prices remained unchanged.

The price of the avatar, the Nine Transformations Yin Yang, was 30,000 points. He found that slightly outrageous. Judging by his current situation, it was no longer practical to earn merit points by killing. At this price, not only would he not earn anything, but he would even incur a loss.

'Let's take it slow... I'll buy a Deadly Strike Card and use the rest of the points on lucky draws!

He was not disappointed. He accumulated 41 luck points.

Lu Zhou shook his head. He entered his Heavenly Writing meditative state.

Just as he had expected, in his meditative state, the scripts of the Heavenly Writing that floated around in his mind before this seemed to be livelier than before. This stimulated his mind greatly.

The scripts shone with golden radiances. It was as if a stirring song of a symphony was playing in his mind. Lu Zhou still could not understand the meaning of these scripts. He merely liked this peaceful and comfortable state. He cleared his mind of all distracting thoughts and lost himself in the moment.

"What will the third Heavenly Writing technique be?"

Outside the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Wudao and Hua Yuexing waited outside the east pavilion.

Little Yuan'er and Duanmu Sheng rushed over when they received the news. "Elder Hua, what's so urgent?" Duanmu Sheng asked in the distance.

Hua Yuexing cupped his fists and said, "The corpses of the Five Mice were found at the foot of Golden Court Mountain. We don't know who killed them."

When Duanmu Sheng heard this, he frowned slightly. "The Five Mice were extremely cunning... How were they killed?"

Hua Wudao nodded. "Someone must've been keeping an eye on them... When the Five Mice left, they had been injured by Yuexing and me. It's true that they're skilled in running away, but in close range, it's only natural that it's easy to kill them in one fell swoop."

The problem was nobody knew who this elite was.

"Could it be Old Fourth?" Duanmu Sheng scratched his head.

"That's impossible... Mingshi Yin has gone to the Divine Capital. There's no reason for him to wait at the foot of the mountain," Hua Wudao said.

The others were puzzled as well.

Little Yuan'er mumbled, "It can't be him, right..."

Chapter 293 The Person Inside the Coffin

The others looked at Little Yuan'er curiously. Duanmu Sheng asked, "Do you know who did this, little junior sister?"

Little Yuan'er snorted and said, "It's probably the strange man who stays in a coffin. I think he's called Gong Yuandu... He's a weirdo. The world is huge, and yet, he chooses to stay in a coffin. That's scary if you ask me."

Hua Wudao was speechless. It was normal for the younger generation to not know Gong Yuandu. However, for an old man like him, Gong Yuandao's name resounded loudly like a thunderclap. He frowned. "Gong Yuandu?"

"You know him, Elder Hua?"

"... I've heard of him."

Little Yuan'er said, "After master killed Kong Yuan with a palm strike, Gong Yuandu came out... He even wanted to challenge master to a battle. However, that man's especially cowardly. He was so intimidated by master's might that he dared not come out from his coffin."

"Wait." Hua Wudao raised a hand. "The pavilion master killed Kong Yuan with a palm strike?"

"Yeah... Why?"

Hua Wudao was stunned. Gong Yuandu was not the only person that he knew. He knew Kong Yuan as well. In fact, he knew Kong Yuan better than Gong Yuandu. Kong Yuan had been a Seven-leaf elite since a long time ago. After cultivating in seclusion, it was rumored that Kong Yuan had a breakthrough. Otherwise, the monk, Kong Xuan, would not be so bold as to lead the monks and commit evil deeds on Runan's holy altar. However, the pavilion master had killed Kong Yuan, the elite zen cultivator, with just a palm strike? He had difficulties believing this. However, there was no reason for Little Yuan'er to lie. At most, she might be exaggerating or she might have mistaken someone else for Kong Yuan. However, it was pointless to think about these matters at the moment. When the pavilion master came out from his cultivation, he would have his answer. He finally asked, "Nothing... You mentioned Gong Yuandu earlier. Is he in the Mausoleum of Swords?"

"Yes." "Is Gong Yuandu powerful?" Duanmu Sheng asked.

"That's a long story..." Hua Wudao began to recount what he knew. "You might not believe this, but Gong Yuandu and the pavilion master were cultivators of the same era... To be more precise, Gong Yuandu is younger than him for about a century. He hails from the northern capital. From the records of the books in the northern capital, he started cultivating when he was five years old... He attained the Divine Court realm when he was barely 15 and was in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm when he was 20. After that, he challenged elites from all over the world for several centuries. Nobody knows how many leaves he had. He kept this up until he met the pavilion master..." He paused before he continued to say, "Come to think of it, the pavilion master seems to be the bane of genius cultivators..." He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Back then, I also lost to the pavilion master due to my own carelessness."

The others rolled their eyes.

‘He’s trying to compliment himself.’

‘Doesn’t his old face feel hot?’

“However, compared to Gong Yuandu, I’m truly inferior... Gong Yuandu is skilled in Daoist seals and zen. He’s especially skilled with the sword. Since Gong Yuandu lost to the pavilion master, he would challenge the pavilion master every year. He lost every match they ever had...”

Little Yuan’er suddenly interrupted and said, “Did he form a knot in his heart?”

The others turned to look at Little Yuan’er.

Duanmu Sheng scratched his head and added, “Yes, I was wondering about that as well...” Hua Wudao coughed and said, “The later stages of cultivation is no longer just a question of determination and insight. One’s frame of mind is also important... Gong Yuandu is a genius cultivator, after all. His heart is made of stronger stuff compared to other cultivators. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been able to defeat the other elites.”

“What happened after that?” Little Yuan’er asked.

“After that... the pavilion master recruited disciples and was once at the peak of his cultivation. He was peerless, and Gong Yuandu decided to give up on challenging him. His sole redeeming grace was that he was younger than the pavilion master. Back then, the cultivation world thought that Gong Yuandu was probably waiting for the pavilion master to grow old, just like everyone else... Unfortunately, after his disappearance, Gong Yuandu never showed his face again.”

At this moment, everyone fell silent.

Duanmu Sheng finally said in confusion, “Come to think of it, I do have some recollection of this. When I joined the pavilion, I remember Eldest Senior Brother talking about it... However, with master’s temper back then, Gong Yuandu couldn’t have escaped unharmed every time. How did he do it?”

“I don’t know about that... I’m only telling you what I’ve been told myself.” Hua Wudao shook his head.

Hua Yuexing asked, perplexed, “Gong Yuandu is an elite swordsman. It’s understandable for him to go to the Mausoleum of Swords to get insight. However, why is he hiding in a coffin?”

Hua Wudao shook his head again. “Like many cultivators at the peak, he’s seeking for eternal life... In the whole wide world, there’s always a handful who’s greedy enough to think of breaking the laws of the heavens. The cultivation world has a change of generations every millennium... There are more cultivators wanting to live forever than I can count... However, none of them have ever succeeded.” “Is the great limit of the cultivation world unbreakable, then?” Little Yuan’er asked.

“Of course...” Hua Wudao took a deep breath. “This truth has been confirmed by countless others... I heard that the person with the longest lifespan managed to live to 1,150 years old.”

“Does that count as breaking the 1,000-year limit?”

"No. The 1,000-year limit is only a saying... Cultivators can prolong their lives by improving their cultivation bases. At around 900 years, our cultivation base would deteriorate, and we'd no longer be able to resist wasting away. For example, mortals living for 100 years can be considered as living a long life... However, even in the whole of Great Yan, there are countless mortals, and yet, only a few manage to live to 100," Hua Wudao replied.

The others nodded upon hearing Hua Wudao's words.

Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists at Hua Wudao. "I've been enlightened... I always learn new things when I listen to you, Elder Hua."

After all, their master had never taught them these things. Ever since they joined the pavilion, they spent their days cultivating or getting beaten up. Little Yuan'er was the same.

Hua Wudao sighed inwardly. He understood Duanmu Sheng's struggles.

In truth, there were sects like this among the Noble Path as well. The only thing was that none of them were as outstanding as the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Gong Yuandu said that he would come in a month so why did he come now? What kind of genius is he? He even went back on his words!" Little Yuan'er said indignantly. "I don't think it's him." Hua Wudao shook his head. "Gong Yuandu holds himself in high regard. He's also a proud man whose pride is deeply etched in his bones. A vulgar task such as tailing you to the mountain and riding the Evil Sky Pavilion of the mice isn't something he would do. Moreover, Gong Yuandu isn't exactly a nice person."

"Oh." Little Yuan'er mumbled. "I didn't actually mean it."

"..." Hua Wudao felt speechless. 'Little ancestor, because of your offhand remark, I had to spend a long time explaining things.' Duanmu Sheng frowned and said, "If Gong Yuandu is that powerful, and he's coming to the Evil Sky Pavilion in a month... When that time comes..."

"There's no need to worry," Hua Wudao said, "I've observed the pavilion master's condition before this. Although he tried to suppress his aura as best he could and maintained it at the Divine Court realm, from his glabella, I can see he's still very spirited. If Gong Yuandu comes, he'll surely lose." "Spirited?"

"I'm just reading his face. The Yun Sect does have Daoist roots, and I learned a thing or two about it when I was a young cultivator," Hua Wudao boldly said. However, inwardly, he hoped they would not question him further.

Little Yuan'er instantly leaped up, invigorated, as she asked, "Hm? Elder Hua, take a look at my face! What's my future like then?"

Chapter 294 Life, Secluded Cultivation

Hua Wudao was speechless although he maintained a calm expression. Things that he did not want to happen kept happening to him. He glanced at Little Yuan'er and said without missing a beat, "You'll surpass Gong Yuandu and become the greatest genius cultivator in a millennium... A genius such as Gong Yuandu would seem like rubbish before you."

Little Yuan'er's strength could no longer be described by talent alone.

Hua Wudao had tried to observe the disciples during his time in the Evil Sky Pavilion. He almost regretted observing them. He felt perplexed when he observed them. They were not particularly diligent, but they progressed much faster compared to ordinary cultivators. Of all the disciples, he knew Duanmu Sheng the best. After all, Duanmu Sheng was competitive and kept challenging him to break his Six Compatible Seal...

Little Yuan'er was delighted when she heard the compliment. She giggled and asked, "Am I that great?" "Naturally."

"I'll have a go at your Six Compatible Seal when I'm powerful enough," Little Yuan'er said, "I'll help you raise your defenses."

Hua Wudao. "..."

Duanmu Sheng did not care about these things. Instead, he asked, "Gong Yuandu has an Eight-leaf cultivation base?"

Hua Wudao replied with uncertainty, "I think

So..."

Duanmu Sheng said with a sigh, "It seems like this is an unavoidable battle."

Hua Wudao nodded. "The Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier is already weakening, it's not the best time to have a battle here... I think it's better to battle in the wilderness 100 miles north of Golden Court Mountain."

Hua Yuexing chimed in, "Indeed, we should look for a suitable place... The wilderness up north is also a good place to watch the battle. If I can watch this once-in-a-lifetime battle, I'd have no regrets in life."

There were many who wanted to watch a battle between elites, but they never had the chance. Many cultivators who had keen perceptions would often be enlightened while watching the battle and achieve a breakthrough. This could be considered as an opportunity for them.

"Wait... Why are we talking about this again?" Duanmu Sheng scratched his head.

Their discussion had suddenly veered to picking a suitable location for Lu Zhou.

Hua Wudao smiled awkwardly and said, "Let's return to the topic of the Five Mice..."

"Right... the Five Mice."

"No matter who killed the Five Mice, they've done the Evil Sky Pavilion a favor! They did great! There's no need for us to trouble ourselves to guess who killed them," Hua Wudao said.

"Elder Hua has a point." Duanmu Sheng nodded again.

At this moment, Zhou Jifeng's voice rang from afar. "Elder Hua, the Five Mice are dead. Where's the zen tunic?"

Hua Wudao was speechless again. 'What's wrong with today? The pavilion master has finally gone into secluded cultivation, and it's supposed to be my turn to act as an elder. And yet, all these incidents are raining on my parade.'

Duanmu Sheng smacked his forehead and frowned. "That's right... I almost forgot. Eighth Junior Brother's problem can only be solved by the zen tunic."

"Uh..." A stiff expression appeared on Hua Wudao's face as he said, "From the looks of things, someone might have killed them and snatched the zen tunic away."

Zhou Jifeng said, "We can't let Mister Eighth stay in that state for too long."

Hua Wudao frowned slightly as he paced back and forth, occasionally glancing at the east pavilion. Unfortunately, there were no movements from the east pavilion. He was deep in thought. He had been wondering lately why the Evil Sky Pavilion's disciples were experiencing problems with their cultivation bases. Then, he seemed to understand that old villain Ji did it on purpose to suppress the disciples that did not leave. "Should we ask the pavilion master's opinion about this?" Zhou Jifeng asked.

"No," Little Yuan'er answered without any hesitation, "Master said that nobody should disturb him this time. I'll be staying in the east pavilion for now..." As she spoke, she walked to the opposite side where the entrance of the east pavilion was located and spread her arms, as though she was barring everyone's way.

Well, since the pavilion master had spoken. They had no choice then. Moreover, they had experiences with this. If they made the same mistake again, the consequences would be dire.

Everyone was at loss over what to do when a voice rang out. "Elder Hua, someone left this at the foot of the mountain."

Everyone turned to look. They saw the female cultivator holding an item in her hands. It was the zen tunic.

Everyone was shocked.

Hua Wudao asked, "Who sent it?"

"It was a commoner from Tangzi Town..."

"How could a commoner retrieve the zen tunic from the Five Mice? Impossible!" Duanmu Sheng said.

The female cultivator continued to say, "The person said that a lady in white asked him to deliver the zen tunic to the Evil Sky Pavilion..."

'A lady in white?'

Little Yuan'er blurted out, "Sixth Senior Sister?!"

Ye Tianxin was the only one who fit the description. She was also the only one with a motive to help the Evil Sky Pavilion. Everything was clear now.

Duanmu Sheng sighed and said, "It must be Sixth Junior Sister. I think her cultivation base is almost recovered. With her cultivation base, taking down the Five Mice isn't a problem. Moreover, the Five Mice were wounded."

The others nodded. They did not expect this to be the work of the Evil Sky Pavilion's sixth disciple, Ye Tianxin. Unfortunately, she had been banished from the pavilion and was no longer a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

'Why did she do this?'

'Does she wish to rejoin the Evil Sky Pavilion?'

The others looked at the east pavilion at the same time. The only person who could make the decision was in there.

At this moment, Lu Zhou was still immersed in the new insight he gained from the Open Heavenly Writing scroll. It was a wonderful sensation! He could clearly sense the movements in his surroundings, and yet, everything felt stagnant at the same time. To put it precisely, he could not feel the passage of time. It was such a comfortable feeling that he wished the feeling would not go away so soon. It was rare for him to have the opportunity to immerse himself in this state. He decided he would not cut his cultivation time short.

Time passed swiftly as Lu Zhou continued to cultivate.

In just a blink of an eye, seven days had passed.

Hua Wudao and the others continued waiting outside the east pavilion.

"Little girl, did the pavilion master show any movements of coming out?" Hua Wudao saw that Little Yuan'er had done as she had said she would. She had planted herself in front of the east pavilion, cultivating and practicing with the Nirvana Sash. She did not leave her post.

"No" Little Yuan'er shook her head.

"Very well..."

"Master should be coming out soon. There's no need to be anxious, Elder Hua," Little Yuan'er said reassuringly. "Well, I'm not exactly anxious... However, I'm worried that Mingshi Yin hasn't returned until today," Hua Wudao said.

Little Yuan'er giggled and said, "Your worries are baseless, Elder Hua. Fourth Senior Brother is the most cunning person I know."

"That's true." Hua Wudao smiled.

"You should head back, Elder Hua... I'll notify you right away the moment master emerges from his cultivation"

"Thank you." Hua Wudao left the east pavilion.

Little Yuan'er remained in the east pavilion and cultivated her Supreme Purity Jade Slip.

Another seven days flew past.

The Evil Sky Pavilion received a letter by Mingshi Yin that was sent from the Divine Capital. He said that he wanted to bring Zhao Yue back to the Evil Sky Pavilion and needed some time. Duanmu Sheng

wanted to report this to his master. However, he was barred by Little Yuan'er. He could not do anything but wait.

When almost a month had passed, close to the promised time with Gong Yuandu, the people of the Evil Sky Pavilion could no longer remain idle.

Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, and the others went to the east pavilion again. "Elder Hua... your cultivation base is the most profound. Can you gauge what's the situation inside the east pavilion?" Duanmu Sheng asked.

Since they could not go in, they could only observe from outside.

Hua Wudao shook his head. "It's best to not disturb him when he's in secluded cultivation. However, from the looks of the Primal Qi's fluctuations, the aura's flow is gentle and steady."

Duanmu Sheng nodded. He walked up to the east pavilion. He saw Little Yuan'er sitting on the eaves with her feet dangling off it. His eyes brightened as he said, "Little Junior Sister, bring master out his cultivation."

Chapter 295 Here Comes the Flying Coffin

Little Yuan'er shook his head and said, "Third Senior Brother, I've said this many times... We can't disturb master. He has said that he should not be disturbed. Otherwise, there would be consequences to bear."

"Uh..." Duanmu Sheng scratched his head and retreated. Initially, he wanted Little Yuan'er to persuade their master since she was their master's favorite. She might be exempted from the punishment. He did not expect her to refuse him.

Hua Wudao looked in the direction of the east pavilion and said, "In that case, we have no choice but to abide by the pavilion master's wishes." He left with his hands on his back.

Hua Yuexing, Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, Duanmu Sheng, and the other female disciples left the east pavilion as well.

Hua Wudao looked at the barrier to check its strength. He said with a sigh, "The barrier has weakened again."

Duanmu Sheng said, "Elder Hua, this can't go on any longer. If master doesn't come out soon, who's going to deal with Gong Yuandu?" He clearly remembered Hua Wudao's words about Gong Yuandu.

The others remembered Hua Wudao's words as well and felt chills running up their spines.

Gong Yuandu was a genius cultivator from the northern capital. He was an elite who was from the same generation as the pavilion master!

Hua Wudao remembered Pan Litian and Leng Luo. Then, he said, "We'll take appropriate actions that are suitable to the situation. There's no point worrying now. This is what we'll do; Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng will lead some of our people and wait at the foot of Golden Court Mountain. Keep us informed should anything happen."

“Understood.” Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng led the others and left.

“What about me?” Duanmu Sheng asked.

“You’re coming with me.”

The two of them headed toward the west pavilion. A short moment later, they arrived in Leng Luo’s residence.

The courtyard was silent.

Hua Wudao looked at his surroundings. He cleared his throat before he called out, “Hua Wudao is requesting an audience.” He was a junior to Leng Luo after all.

Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists as well. Creak!

The door swung open from some force.

Leng Luo, wearing his silver mask, walked out with his hands on his back. He looked at Hua Wudao and Duanmu Sheng and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Hua Wudao went straight to the point and said, “I’m afraid the Evil Sky Pavilion is in trouble. Please lend us a hand, Senior Leng.”

Leng Luo gave a hoarse laugh before he said, “The pavilion master is looking after the Evil Sky Pavilion... What or who could possibly threaten it now?” Leng Luo and Pan Litian were the only ones who did not think much about the weakening barrier.

Hua Wudao bowed. “The pavilion master is currently in secluded cultivation, and it doesn’t seem like he’s coming out anytime soon. I’m afraid you’re the only one who’s capable of dealing with a formidable enemy who’s on his way here.” Leng Luo chuckled and pointed at his neighbor. “You can approach Old Pan for this.”

Leng Luo’s voice had barely faded when the door next door creaked open as well. Pan Litian, with a wine gourd bottle in hand, said with a drawl, “Old Leng, that’s harsh of you. You should be our vanguard now that the pavilion master is in secluded cultivation. These old bones of mine are good-for-nothing other than freeloading.”

“Cut your nonsense. Your cultivation base is improving. Don’t think I’m unaware of that!” Leng Luo said.

“You’re one to talk...” This scene seemed strange. They were powerful individuals, after all. Why were they bickering like children?

Hua Wudao and Duanmu Sheng were stunned by this.

“Seniors... Seniors, please, if I may?” Hua Wudao hastily stopped them from bickering. Leng Luo and Pan Litian looked at Hua Wudao at the same time.

“Speak.”

Hua Wudao said, “This person is a genius sword user. I’m afraid that you’re the only ones who can deal with him, seniors. Isn’t it perfect for the two of you to work together against this opponent?”

Leng Luo glanced at Pan Litian. Although his mask concealed his expression, it was somehow clear that he was thinking, 'Why would I, the great Leng Luo, work together with this beggar?'

Pan Litian was his usual lazy self, barely able to stand straight. He did not even look at Leng Luo as he responded with a similar attitude.

Leng Luo looked at Hua Wudao. "You're from the Yun Sect and have cultivated the Six Compatible Seals to perfection... Can't you deal with him?"

Hua Wudao appeared awkward. "I can only defend and not attack. Moreover, this person's cultivation base is far superior compared to mine..."

"Far superior?"

"That's right."

Leng Luo was stunned. He could be regarded as a knowledgeable person as well. There was only a handful of cultivators who could be regarded as the same rank as the pavilion master in this world. Who could that person be?

"A genius sword user?" "That's right."

Leng Luo wore a disdainful expression on his face as he said with a scoff, "The Yun Sect's Luo Changqing and the Sword Saint Luo Shisan are both my juniors. These two don't have the right to fight against me."

Hua Wudao felt even more awkward now. If it had been those two, he would have been able to deal with them. After all, he was their senior as well. After a brief pause, he finally said, "The man's name is Gong Yuandu."

Thud!

The wine gourd in Pan Litian's hand dropped to the ground. He had a stunned expression on his face, and his right pinky seemed to be shaking. Next to him, Leng Luo had stiffened as well. Even with the mask hiding his face, it was not hard to imagine what his expression was like.

Pan Litian coughed at once. He tried his best to hide his awkward expression and picked up his wine gourd naturally as he said, "This old man can't even hold his own gourd... Old Leng, I hate to admit it, but I'm a far cry compared to you. You should be the one to deal with this genius sword user... Eh? I've run out of wine. What's there to live for without wine? I'm off to search for some wine now."

Leng Luo moved with swift movements. He merely left an afterimage in his wake. In the next second, he appeared several meters before Pan Litian. "Old Pan... I know you like wine so I've had them prepared for you since your legs have been giving you trouble lately. They're in your courtyard..."

"Huh? Since when?" Pan Litian appeared puzzled.

Leng Luo raised his right arm slightly. A weak surge of energy lifted the jar of wine in Pan Litian's courtyard and placed them back down. "Century-old wine..."

Pan Litian was silent.

Leng Luo placed his hands on his back. He sighed and said hoarsely, "Indeed, I'm superior to you in both cultivation base and talent... However, I'm badly wounded at the moment. My sea of Qi and dantian aren't recovering as quickly as yours. You have the help of the Sable Magnolia. If you use your full strength and fight to the death, I don't think Gong Yuandu would dare underestimate you."

Pan Litian coughed and cleared his throat as his expression darkened. 'What fight to the death? Does it have to be so serious?'

Leng Luo said, "I heard you promised the pavilion master that your old life belongs to the Evil Sky Pavilion. You shouldn't try to shirk your responsibility... You're the only person in the entire Evil Sky Pavilion who's capable of keeping Gong Yuandu at bay."

"Naturally, I'll risk my life if I have to... You, on the other hand, are the one who's trying to shirk your responsibility," Pan Litian said. When he saw that there seemed to be no end to their bickering, Hua Wudao said loudly, "Please work together and fight Gong Yuandu, seniors!"

Duanmu Sheng bowed as well. "Please work together, seniors!"

They were both old and decrepit, there was no need for them to look down on each other.

Meanwhile, inside the tunnel of the Mausoleum of Swords.

Click! Clack!

A black coffin could be seen moving. Nobody emerged from the coffin. Instead, the coffin took flight and slowly flew out of the tunnel and passed the Seven Terminal Formation and sword mounds before leaving the Mausoleum of Swords.

Chapter 296 He's Here

When the sun shone on the black coffin, it stopped moving as though it was hesitating. Perhaps, it had been in the dark for too long and felt out of place after coming out into the world again. After a moment, a heavy sigh could be heard from the coffin.

The secluded hut.

Si Wuya was resting his spirits with his eyes closed.

Ye Zhixing finished reading the letter in his hands, bowed, and said, "Sect master, the Five Mice are dead. Their bodies were placed at the foot of Golden Court Mountain."

Si Wuya seemed calm as he asked, "Who killed them?"

"A white lady... There isn't any other information."

At this moment, Si Wuya opened his eyes and said, "Sixth Senior Sister..."

When Ye Zhixing heard this, he was stunned and said, "This is the work of the Evil Sky Pavilion's Miss Sixth?"

Si Wuya smiled and said, "Find out where she is. I'd like to meet her."

"Understood."

Ye Zhixing continued, "I have another matter to report." "What is it?"

"After the disturbance in Upper Prime City, the Divine Capital has sent out some troops to quell it. General Shang of the Imperial guard is dead. Sect Master Yu was greatly delighted when he learned about this. A month ago, he led 10,000 men from the Nether Sect and attacked the Righteous Sect. The Righteous Sect fell, and its sect master, buckled, Zhang Yuanshan, is currently missing. As of now, the Righteous Sect's territories have been assimilated into the Nether Sect's territories," Ye Zhixing reported.

Upon hearing this, Si Wuya said with a sigh, "Eldest Senior Brother is too impatient... There's no need to do that. According to my original plan, Zhang Yuanshan could never get away anyway."

"Sect Master Yu doesn't care about the life or death of Zhang Yuanshan," Ye Zhixing said.

"You must remove the roots of the weed as well... Eldest Senior Brother isn't thorough enough."

"You're wise, sect master." Ye Zhixing did not leave even after he finished speaking.

Si Wuya asked in confusion, "Is there something else?"

"Sect Master, for you to support Sect Master Yu like this, what if Mister Second is offended..."

"I'll explain this to Second Senior Brother. There's no need to worry."

Ye Zhixing nodded and said, "The Nether Sect's faction is growing by the day... I'm worried that your achievements will make Sect Master Yu feel insecure."

Since the beginning of time, making one's superior feel insecure because of one's own achievements never boded well. At the moment, Si Wuya was this character. He had been helping the Nether Sect behind the scenes unconditionally. That was how the Nether Sect grew to where it was right now. Although Yu Zhenghai offered to reward him greatly, he had turned Yu Zhenghai down.

Indeed, they were fellow disciples, and the relationship between them was stronger than most. The problem was Yu Zhenghai had the grand ambition of ruling the world. Such a person would not be able to dominate the world without the calculative mentality of a monarch.

Si Wuya turned to look at Ye Zhixing and said, "Zhixing, why do you think cultivators exist?" Ye Zhixing was slightly taken aback. He did not expect such a sudden question from his sect master. It was not a simple question. If he answered dishonestly, he would seem insincere, if he answered simply, his reply would seem superficial.

"Just speak your mind," Si Wuya said.

"Sect master, I think that a person steps onto the path of cultivation to improve their strength. I also think that a person's appetite should be proportional to their strength," Ye Zhixing answered.

Si Wuya nodded. He slowly sat down and said, "It's not wrong for you to understand it that way. When there's a chance... I'll tell you something else."

"As you wish, sect master."

The next day, at the foot of Golden Court Mountain.

Under Hua Wudao's orders, the female cultivators in the Evil Sky Pavilion were patrolling the area.

Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt!

The female cultivators' attention was caught by a noise from the barrier. They looked up and saw the blue barrier visibly fluctuating, causing them to feel uneasy. Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng stood on different branches on different trees as they cast their eyes into the distance. "The pavilion master is cultivating in seclusion. Is he planning to absorb the remaining power from the barrier?" Zhou Jifeng wondered aloud. "That's difficult to say..."

Zhou Jifeng sighed. "I hope the barrier's power can last for a few more days."

Pan Zhong looked at Zhou Jifeng and said, "Are you regretting this?"

"Never," Zhou Jifeng replied.

Pan Zhong looked at the female cultivators nearby. He looked at Zhou Jifeng again and said, "Will you die if you're told to?"

"Brother Pan, what are you trying to make me say..." Zhou Jifeng rolled his eyes.

At this moment, a female cultivator cried out, "What's that?"

Zing!

The female cultivators of the Evil Sky Pavilion drew their swords as though they had seen a formidable enemy when they looked at a black spot in the distance.

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng looked in the same direction. A black mass was slowly flying toward them from the distant sky.

When it got closer, they could see the shape of the mass was square. When it got closer, they could finally see that it was a black coffin.

Zhou Jifeng's eyes widened. "Brother Pan, this is my first time seeing someone arriving in such a manner. Have you ever seen anything like this?"

Pan Zhong seemed bewildered as well. He swallowed and said, "No... I've never."

"How's he moving? Did he make a hole under the coffin?" Zhou Jifeng gradually calmed down. He looked at the coffin with a frown on his face.

Pan Zhong seemed unaffected. "Beats me..."

The female cultivators stepped back into the entrance of Golden Court Mountain and arranged themselves in three rows.

Zhou Jifeng leaped down in front of them. Then, he turned his head and said, "You, notify the elders."

"Understood."

Pan Zhong leaped down at this moment as well. He stood by Zhou Jifeng's side.

The coffin lowered its altitude and flew toward them. It seemed to be wrapped in some special energy. It was emitting a strange black Qi. As it flew, it left the black Qi in its wake. All in all, it looked quite unsettling and eerie.

Swoosh!

The coffin suddenly picked up speed as it approached them before it finally came to halt before them.

The others did not even dare to breathe heavily. They stared at the coffin with widened eyes. They had never seen such an entrance in their lives. It was only natural that they felt nervous and frightened. Perhaps, humans were inherently averse to coffins. When they saw this coffin, they were flustered, at a loss over what to do.

The atmosphere was extremely heavy.

After some time, a hoarse voice rang from the coffin. "Golden Court Mountain."

The coffin adjusted its angle slightly.

Zhou Jifeng suppressed his nerves as best he could as he cupped his fists and said, "May... May I know if you're Senior Gong?"

"You're nervous." A deep and mocking voice rang from the coffin. "Well..." How could he not feel nervous?

Gong Yuandu sighed and said, "Even after all these years, I still haven't earned the right to be greeted by Brother Ji himself. What a shame, what a shame!"

"..." Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong wore a stiff expression on their faces. "Lead the way..." Gong Yuandu finally said.

"Old Senior Gong... The Pavilion Master isn't feeling well. Can you come again another day?" Pan Zhong said after mustering up all his courage.

"Hm?" The coffin floated over the tops of their heads.

The Primal Qi's fluctuation around it was also much more intense than before. A deep and muffled laughter could be heard from within.

Everyone felt chills running up their spines when they heard it.

Chapter 297 A Fight Between Elites

They had no idea why Gong Yuandu was laughing Zhou Jifeng said decisively, "Get back."

The people from the Evil Sky Pavilion retreated behind the barrier.

Pan Zhong looked up at the barrier worriedly. The barrier was unimaginably weak now, could it keep an expert like Gong Yuandu out? Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong knew they could not keep an elite like Gong Yuandu at bay.

At this moment, the coffin passed through the barrier and entered Golden Court Mountain as though there was no barrier in place. The barrier was still intact, but it showed no signs of being breached.

“What...” Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng were bewildered.

The coffin hovered above them. They could almost feel the stare coming from within the coffin.

When Pan Zhong saw the veins under the coffin, he exclaimed in shock, “Formation veins?”

This was no ordinary coffin. Otherwise, how could it have resisted the corrosion and rot of the long years inside the Mausoleum of Swords?

The surface of the coffin seemed smooth and shiny, and the veins were only limited to underneath the coffin.

Gong Yuandu’s hoarse voice rang from the coffin again. “The younger generation will surpass us in time...”

“Old Senior Gong... y-you should come back another day...” Zhou Jifeng drew his sword as though he was going to put up a fight.

“Divine Court realm?” Gong Yuandu laughed, clearly not thinking much of Zhou Jifeng. It was only natural since he was a genius sword user from the northern capital.

Swoosh!

The coffin made a nosedive!

The others immediately unleashed their Primal Qi and wrapped themselves in energy.

Bam!

The black coffin immediately shattered their energies.

Zhou Jifeng, Pan Zhong, and the female cultivators staggered backward. They could not even withstand a single blow.

There was no need for an elaborate display of strength. This alone proved that Gong Yuandu’s cultivation base was, at least, in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm.

Even 100 Divine Court realm cultivators were no match for a single Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator.

However, the coffin did not go for the kill. After the energies were shattered, the coffin hovered above everyone else. Gong Yuandu said in a deep voice, “Lead the way.”

At this very moment, a female cultivator flew down the mountain and announced loudly, “Elder Hua has ordered that we are to let the old senior up the mountain.”

...

In front of the Evil Sky Pavilion’s great hall.

Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao stood in front while Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan’er stood at the side. The others stood in rows behind them.

The coffin hovered in front of them.

When Leng Luo and Pan Litian saw the coffin, they exchanged a look before shaking their heads. There were plenty of oddities in the wide world. Although they were old seniors who had vast knowledge and experience, this was still their first time seeing such a peculiar thing

‘Hehe, what do you know? A coffin looking for trouble... Would you f*cking believe it?’

After a long moment of silence, Gong Yuandu spoke from inside the coffin, “Where’s Brother Ji?”

“The pavilion master is cultivating in seclusion,” Leng Luo replied calmly. After all, old foxes who had lived for many years knew what the other was thinking. It was meaningless to play third-rate tricks at moments like this. It was much better to be honest.

“Cultivating in seclusion?” Gong Yuandu’s deep voice sounded skeptical. “Ever since his return from the Mausoleum of Swords, the pavilion master has been cultivating in seclusion. Do you believe that?” Pan Litian asked.

The coffin swayed slightly. There were clear fluctuations of Primal Qi around the coffin that rippled into surroundings before it vanished.

The coffin pointed one of its ends to the space between Leng Luo and Pan Litian as it hovered in the air. “Who are you?” The question was directed at both of them.

Leng Luo did not intend to hide as he said, “Leng Luo.”

Pan Litian said, “I...” He nearly said that he was Pan Litian, but he stopped himself at the last minute. He recalled everything that happened in the Clarity Sect and said, “I’m just a beggar. My name is too insignificant to be mentioned.”

Gong Yuandu chuckled and said, “Leng Luo, if I’m not mistaken, you’re an elite whose name was on the blacklist 300 years ago... As for you, hehe, since when did Brother Ji become so kind as to provide shelter for a beggar?”

“Since the pavilion master has shown his magnanimity, it’s only natural for me to stay.” “Interesting, interesting...” This was the first time Gong Yuandu had heard someone praising Ji Tiandao. It was an understatement to say it was a rare occurrence. He was used to hearing people cursing Ji Tiandao. Now that someone was praising Ji Tiandao, he found it strange.

“Gong Yuandu... If you intend to challenge the pavilion master, I’m afraid that you’ll be disappointed,” Leng Luo said. The others looked at Leng Luo. Indeed, he had the right to address Gong Yuandu by his name.

Pan Litian also addressed Gong Yuandu by his name.

“Hm?”

“I’ve joined the Evil Sky Pavilion,” Leng Luo said.

Gong Yuandu was silent. Although he remained hidden in the coffin, it was clear he was considering something. After a while, his voice rang out again. "Leng Luo, I can tell you're injured so there's no need for you to try and intimidate me. As for the old beggar, although the flow of your aura is weak, I can tell you're experienced. However, with your current cultivation base, it's impossible for you to defeat me."

Upon hearing this, Leng Luo and Pan Litian exchanged a look.

The others were shocked.

In a fight between elites, the elites would usually conceal their auras and cultivation bases. How did Gong Yuandu manage to discern all that?

Leng Luo recalled seeing the fluctuation of Primal Qi beneath the coffin, and he said, "It seems like you have some tricks up your sleeve."

"You flatter me."

"The genius sword user of the northern capital, Gong Yuandu. You should be at least 900 years old by now... If you're uninjured, why do you need to stay in the coffin?" Leng Luo asked.

Everyone fell silent at this moment.

It was clear that Gong Yuandu had come here and was prepared to die. If he were in peak condition, would he need to fear death?

Laughter rang from the coffin again. "There are only two things... that I regret in this life... One, I'm not able to solve the problem with the limit on my life. Two, I couldn't defeat Brother Ji before this. Alas, I don't have much time left. I'll have to live or die with my first regret. However, something still can be done with my second regret. Win or lose, at least, I'd be able to die peacefully."

Leng Luo said, "If you wish to defeat the pavilion master, you'll have to go through me."

"And me."

"And me."

"And me." Pan Litian, Duanmu Sheng, and Little Yuan'er chimed in as well.

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, and the female cultivators drew their swords.

It was quite a lineup.

Gong Yuandu said emotionally, "A generation of old birds replaced by a new generation... Good, very good..." As soon as he finished speaking, a peculiar black Qi emerged from the coffin. It seemed like it was not an attack. The symbols carved on the surface of the coffin slowly faded away. It seemed like he was intentionally making himself weaker.

The others were baffled. What was Gong Yuandu trying to do?

At this moment, the coffin slowly descended to the ground.

When Leng Luo saw this, he was convinced that Gong Yuandu's cultivation base had deteriorated considerably. He said, "With your current cultivation base, I don't think you can even break Elder Hua's Six Compatible Sea. How are you planning to take on the pavilion master?"

The others focused their gaze on the coffin.

'Isn't he expediting his death by coming here since his cultivation base has deteriorated so much?'

The others relaxed slightly when they thought they had overestimated their opponent. Hua Wudao cupped his fists. "I'm but a talentless junior. I'm Hua Wudao of the Yun Sect."

The coffin that had landed on the ground suddenly moved to stand vertically.

Bam!

The underside of the coffin faced the others. The veins on the surface seemed to have disappeared.

Chapter 298 Sword Fight at the Evil Sky Pavilion

Without the Formation veins, the coffin was just a coffin. A man on his deathbed had nothing to fear. Gong Yuandu had made his stance clear. After the Formation veins faded away, he said in a voice that resounded throughout the Evil Sky Pavilion, "Cultivate the sword in the Daoist way..." 'Cultivate the sword in the Daoist way?' The others exchanged glances among themselves. In the cultivation world, there were countless cultivation methods practiced by the various sects, but they were means to the same end.

In principle, the cultivators would utilize the Primal Qi from their sea of Qi or their surroundings and condense it into energy. The difference laid in the beliefs of the various sects.

The Confucian, Buddhist, and Daoist sects had differing opinions, therefore, there were many different cultivation methods. The Daoist sects had the greatest achievements in the way of the sword. Hence, cultivators who loved the sword would usually pick a Daoist cultivation method. Jiang Aijian, Yun Sect's Luo Shisan, Luo Changqing, Sword Freak Chen Wenjie, and even Leng Luo and Pan Litian were of Daoist roots. They shared the same origins, but their interpretations of it were different.

For this reason, the Daoist sects branched into even more sects. Some specialized in escaping, some in defense, and some in offense. Those who were inspired would come up with new paths of cultivation for the sword as well. Gong Yuandu was one of these people. "Debate about swords?" Pan Litian laughed. "I thought you're going to fight us to the death."

The coffin was silent.

Duanmu Sheng took a deep breath and said, "Then, I have no business being here. Old Fourth is skilled in talking and squabbling, but I'm not."

'Why is a formal debate a squabble to you?'

Little Yuan'er said, "Oh, I'm not good at squabbling as well. I don't want to grow up into a woman who squabbles and hurls insults on the streets."

Leng Luo and Pan Litian looked at the coffin. They wondered what Gong Yuandu thought about this.

Pan Litian smiled and said, "I, for one, think that if we're going to have a debate about the sword, Little Yuan'er can best you."

"I agree," Leng Luo nodded. "Me too," Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong said in unison.

Little Yuan'er was puzzled.

Bzzt!

The coffin vibrated slightly and made a strange sound. At this moment, a weak surge of Primal Qi condensed into energy around the coffin. Energy blades that resembled icicles hovered around the coffin and revolved around it before suddenly disappearing without a trace. It was clear that Gong Yuandu was annoyed. He said in a deep voice, "Naturally, a debate of the swords is not just verbal. It has to be put into practice as well."

"Oh?" Pan Litian was puzzled. "You're saying we're going to debate while we fight?" "Naturally."

The others were slightly taken aback. They instantly put their guards again.

'This person must be mad!'

'He seems insane.'

Gong Yuandu said, "However, it won't be a fight to the death. A cultivator gains control over Primal Qi by progressing through Body Tempering to Mystic Enlightening. At the Dao Shaping stage of the Divine Court realm, the cultivator would be able to master the path of cultivation... Using the Dao Shaping method to control the Primal Qi of the Mystic Enlightening realm. The path of swords originated from the debate of swords."

Pan Litian laughed before he said, "I think I understand now. We're supposed to spar in the Mystic Enlightening realm without avatars or weapons, am I right?"

To put it bluntly, they would limit their cultivation bases while they compete in their understanding and skills of the swords. This was the best solution for both sides. Moreover, Leng Luo and Pan Litian's cultivation bases had yet to recover. Although Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er's cultivation bases were profound, if both sides were to fight to the death, they still would not be able to gain the upper hand. After all, their opponent was a man who was about to die and had nothing to lose.

"Naturally..." As soon as Gong Yuandu finished speaking, the coffin did a backflip. It was now lying flat on the ground. One end of the coffin was longer, and it was lying in a slanted position. The taller side faced the others.

There was a black character on its surface. It seemed to be a script that was a combination of the characters for 'Imperial order'. It was unsettling to look at.

"We'll have a debate before determining the winner... Go ahead." Gong Yuandu's voice traveled out in a wave of soundwave and resounded in the entire Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Wudao waved his hand as he turned and said, "The juniors won't have to take part in this... At their levels, it's like pitting their insights about the path of the sword against each other. Watch and learn...' The others cupped their fists.

Pan Litian and Leng Luo exchanged a look.

"I'll go..." Leng Luo took several steps forward after he spoke.

When he stepped into the range, energy blades that resembled icicles of varying shapes appeared around the coffin again. The irregularly shaped blades looked strange. "The origin of the path of the sword attracts Primal Qi and condenses it into energy in the form of blades. Primal Qi in the Mystic Enlightening realm can only form two energy blades at most."

As soon as Leng Luo finished speaking, all but two energy blades around the coffin vanished.

Leng Luo raised his right hand with his palm facing the skies. "Quality over quantity..." A relatively thick and huge energy blade appeared in his palm. It was also in the Mystic Enlightening realm.

When Hua Wudao saw this, he said, "This is the collision between the principles of the way of the sword... Let's see who will emerge the victor in this round."

In the next second, the energy blades at the sides of the coffin spun and shot out.

Leng Luo's energy blades shot out as well.

At this moment, the others saw the difference.

Due to the irregular shapes, the energy blades changed their trajectories while they sailed through the air. They sailed toward Leng Luo.

The coffin flipped up in a full circle at this moment. With merely the cultivation base in the Mystic Enlightening realm, Gong Yuandu dodged the attack.

Leng Luo moved swiftly and dodged one of the energy blades.

Bam!

The other energy blade changed its trajectory as well.

It was slightly surprising. Leng Luo raised his hand. He caught the energy blade between his index and middle fingers.

The energy blade vanished. Silence descended on the scene.

The others were baffled. They could not tell who had won. Then, they turned to look at the black coffin.

There was no extravagant battle, powerful fluctuation of Primal Qi, or cunning schemes. There was only the way of the sword.

"I've lost." Leng Luo cupped his fists. He did not want to explain himself nor did he have to.

Everyone could see that Leng Luo had been slightly careless. Carelessness or underestimating the enemy were fatal weaknesses.

When Leng Luo caught the energy blades with his fingers, he confirmed that even if he were to deal with this opponent seriously, at most, he would only be able to take a few blows. If the results were going to be the same, it was better to be direct and concede.

“...” Hua Wudao had to take on the role of explaining again. “Indeed, Senior Leng had executed the act of catching the energy blade with his fingers perfectly. Unfortunately, a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator who had just completed Body Tempering could never catch energy blades with his bare hands. If this had been a fight between two Mystic Enlightening realm cultivators, the energy blade would have slashed his neck. Senior Leng is skilled in Dao Invisibility instead of the sword.”

The others nodded.

“As expected of the greatest genius sword user of the northern capital... Energy blades of irregular shapes. I’m truly impressed...” Leng Luo stepped backward.

Pan Litian stepped forward. He first took a sip of wine from the gourd he carried around before tossing it toward Pan Zhong. “Catch.” Old Pan was carefree enough to toss his weapon aside casually. “I’m not Leng Luo... He’s too green, too inexperienced...”

Leng Luo remained silent. A defeat was a defeat. There was no need to justify nor explain. He was no stranger to trash talk, and he was not bothered by it. Gong Yuandu said, “Old beggar?”

“Yes.”

“On the path of the sword, the Mystic Enlightening realm gives rise to Yin and Yang, which then turns into Taiji, and in turn, the Four Phenomenon. It goes on and on, in a never-ending cycle...” Gong Yuandu said.

Pan Litian said, “If it’s only the Mystic Enlightening realm, there can be only two energy blades at most. It can’t even make the Four Phenomenon, let alone go on forever.” Gong Yuandu was just about to speak when Pan Litian continued to say by raising his voice, “I’ve gone to the south and the north, and I’ve seen enough sword elites. Are you trying to use energy blades to form a Sword Formation, thereby, forming the Four Phenomenon and eventually a never-ending cycle?”

“Interesting.” Gong Yuandu was delighted.

“I told you... I’m not Leng Luo.” Pan Litian looked at Leng Luo from the corners of his eyes as though he was gloating. Gong Yuandu said, “Show me how you’re going to deal with it then...”

Beneath the coffin, a Taiji radiant circle that spanned more than two meters appeared. Yin and Yang intertwined. Energy blades emerged.

Leng Luo applauded. “To have accomplished this at the Mystic Enlightening realm... Old Pan, you should yield.” “Hm?” Pan Litian looked at the radiant circle on the ground and appeared shocked. He was knowledgeable and no stranger to this method. However, he had never seen any sword genius putting this to practice. Many of the studies of the sword had lost their original objectives and values. Who, under the heavens, did not care about the power and ability to kill when cultivating the sword?

Chapter 299 Have Another Cup of Wine

Pan Litian was invigorated. Although he did not know how Gong Yuandu managed to do that, he wished to receive the blows from this sword skill. He raised his right arm slowly. A Taiji radiant seal that was slightly larger than his palm appeared.

Zhou Jifeng, Pan Zhong, and the female cultivators' eyes widened. This was their first time seeing Elder Pan making a move. It was also their first time witnessing this legendary old man conjuring up his Primal Qi. An old beggar who had once lost his cultivation base after having it destroyed. At last, he bore some semblance of his former self. However, what kind of Daoist cultivation method was that Taiji seal on his palm?

Under his mask, an expression of approval could be seen on Leng Luo's face.

Pan Litian pushed his palm forward, and an energy blade emerged from the Taiji seal. He was enhancing his energy blade with the seal!

At the same time, several energy blades appeared in the area where Gong Yuandu's coffin stood. Usually, a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator could only manage two energy blades, at most. However, under the enhancement of the mini Formation underneath the coffin, he was supplied with limitless Primal Qi.

Energy blades from both sides shot through the air. The others instinctively backed away. This no longer looked like a battle between cultivators in the Mystic Enlightening realm. No matter how they looked at it, this seemed more like a battle between cultivators in the Brahman Sea realm!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy blades collided.

Pan Litian smiled and took a step forward. He slammed his wizened and big hand on the ground.

Boom!

The limestone floor cracked.

The Formation shattered!

"Great!" Pan Zhong clapped his hands.

Indeed, as the saying went, 'The older, the wiser!'

Nobody said that they were only supposed to use energy blades. It was perfectly reasonable for a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator to crack the floor. Even a Body Tempering cultivator could do that.

Just when everyone thought that Pan Litian was about to emerge victorious, the shattered Formation veins condensed into energy, gathered, and shot toward Pan Litian's Taiji seal.

Bam!

The Taiji seal shattered.

No more nor less, Gong Yuandu had two remaining energy blades that hovered around his coffin.

"Interesting." Leng Luo applauded. The others were puzzled by this.

'Why aren't they continuing?'

'It's not over, is it?'

Pan Litian had ample time to cast his next attack. What good would Gong Yuandu's two energy blades do? While the others were still puzzled, Pan Litian cupped his fists and said, "I concede defeat." Hua Wudao nodded and took up the role to explain again. "The limit of the Mystic Enlightening realm has been reached."

When the others heard this, realization dawned on them. They had overlooked a problem... Hua Wudao was right. A Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator could only manage a Daoist seal and two energy blades at most... When Gong Yuandu's Formation seal was shattered, two of his energy blades remained. Hence, he had the upper hand.

Pan Litian smiled and said, "Your methods have widened my horizons." After saying that, he retreated.

If old seniors who were rich in experiences such as Leng Luo and Pan Litian could not best Gong Yuandu in a sword fight, it was impossible for the others to do so. The experience of the younger cultivators could not be made up with talent alone, after all.

Hua Wudao cupped his fists. "I'll pass... I'm only good at defense. Moreover, my Six Compatible Seal requires a cultivation base in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm to unleash its special effects. In terms of swordplay, I'm as good as an idiot." With a wave of his hands, he retreated as well.

None of the three old generals could best Gong Yuandu. A slightly awkward atmosphere hung in the air.

Gong Yuandu chuckled and said, "I've painstakingly cultivated the sword in the Mausoleum of Swords for 100 years. It's not surprising for me to win against you lot..."

Duanmu Sheng waved his Overlord Spear and said with a snort, "All you got is that mouth of yours. That wasn't a real competition of cultivation bases. While you're on the battlefield, who would care if you're being fair or not?" His words had merits. In a real battle, was there anyone who would suppress their cultivation base and not fight with all their might?

Bam!

The Overlord Spear struck the limestone floor. Duanmu Sheng's Primal Qi spread into his surroundings in waves.

The others retreated.

Even Pan Litian and Leng Luo did not have as much energy as Duanmu Sheng did.

Duanmu Sheng and the black coffin faced off against each other while the others watched from a distance away.

After a moment of silence, Gong Yuandu said, "If I were to fight you with my full strength, you'll surely die... Naturally, I won't be able to fight after that."

The coffin did not move. It seemed to be giving Duanmu Sheng time to think.

'Do you dare?' The others from the Evil Sky Pavilion knew what Duanmu Sheng's temper was like. They shook their heads and sighed inwardly.

Duanmu Sheng raised a hand. Under his control, the Overlord Spear left the ground and flew into his grip. A domineering energy wrapped around the Overlord Spear. "Let's give it a try then..."

Whizz!

III

A 30-foot avatar materialized behind Duanmu Sheng. On the Golden Lotus under its feet, two blades of leaves were spinning slowly.

The others did not expect Duanmu Sheng to act this boldly... They did not expect him to be this fearless as well.

The atmosphere was tense as though the slightest spark would set off a fire.

"Duanmu Sheng, listen to me, don't act rashly," Hua Wudao advised.

After all, Gong Yuandu was the genius sword cultivator of the northern capital. He was already giving them a chance by setting the rule of sparring with swords in the Mystic Enlightening realm. Why did Duanmu Sheng have to fight with his life on the line? It was not worth it!

"There's no need to persuade me, Elder Hua... Master's not here. If I'm not going to fight, who will?"

Without Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong in the Evil Sky Pavilion, and in the absence of their master, Duanmu Sheng was, naturally, the one with the most senior position. Usually, Pan Litian and Leng Luo would have the right to stand in front of him. However, their cultivation bases were far from being recovered. Hence, they could do nothing but watch.

"Good... Very good," Gong Yuandu said loudly, "I've underestimated Brother Ji. To think that he has such a disciple... In that case, I'll show you what the real path of the sword looks like." The Primal Qi around the coffin began to ripple intensely. It was as different as heaven and earth compared to before. However, just as the coffin levitated slightly, a deep voice rang from the direction of the east pavilion. "Stand back."

Duanmu Sheng shuddered before he kneeled on one knee. "Master!"

Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao cast their gaze into the distance.

Apart from those three of them, the others fell to their knees as they greeted Lu Zhou. "Pavilion Master."

Above the east pavilion, Lu Zhou walked on air as though he was as light as a feather as he made his way toward them.

Little Yuan'er stepped forward and said excitedly, "Master, you're finally here. The lunatic from the Mausoleum of Swords came looking for trouble!"

Lu Zhou landed. He walked toward them with his hands on his back.

Leng Luo and the others cupped their fists slightly at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou's gaze fell on the coffin. He studied it before he finally said, "Prepare some wine."

Gong Yuandu's laughter rang from within the coffin. His voice was slightly trembling when he spoke. No one knew if he was agitated or excited. "You're the only one who understands me, Brother Ji."

The female cultivators hurried to the north pavilion to fetch the century-old wine. Then, they laid out a table and a few chairs before the great hall.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "You're a senior, and yet, you're bullying your juniors... I feel ashamed of you."

The coffin landed slowly.

The others remained silent. Earlier, Gong Yuandu had been insufferably arrogant. Now, he seemed to have wilted a little. Perhaps, their master was the only person who could rein Gong Yuandu in.

"Brother Ji, you're not someone who would break your promise."

Lu Zhou's expression remained unchanged. In truth, he did not know why his cultivation had taken so long this time around. The wonderful thing was he only felt a few days had passed. Only when he opened his eyes did he discover that an entire month had passed.

Lu Zhou did not dwell on the matter and waved his hand. With a flick of his sleeve, a wine jar flew onto the table.

"Are you planning on hiding in the coffin forever?"

The aroma of the wine wafted out.

Pan Litian felt a nearly irrepressible urge to drink. He laughed and said, "To think you're a kindred spirit! If I'd known this earlier, I should've had a drinking contest with you instead of swords!"

Chapter 300 True Colors

Wine was something that was tied to pleasure, after all. Since time immemorial, wine was consumed by scholars and poets alike. Even when martial men fought with their blades and words, wine was often considered an irreplaceable item.

Lu Zhou sat down slowly. He waved his arm. The wine jar filled the cups precisely under his control.

Two cups were filled.

The aroma of the wine permeated the air.

Pan Litian was nearly drooling at this point. If he did not know that the visitor had come with ill intent, he would have rushed over and drunk his fill.

Li Zhou raised the cup of wine... and took a sip.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

The coffin made strange noises.

Gong Yuandu's lust for wine was not inferior to Pan Litian. The aroma of the wine that permeated the air filled him with the urge to drink.

Lu Zhou did not swallow the wine. Instead, he spat it out lightly.

Bzzt!

The wine formed three swords that shot at the coffin from the left, right, and middle.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Three energy blades stabbed into the coffin. Hua Wudao praised. "I've almost forgotten the pavilion master's level of mastery in swordplay. I remember that the Yun Sect's Luo Changqing publicly praised Yu Shangrong's sword skills more than once. How can the disciple's skills be better than the master's skills?" If the disciple was so terrifying, the master could never be mediocre.

Gong Yuandu said in his hoarse voice, "I'm impressed. Ordinary sword path elites can only condense Qi into energy. A true sword path elite can turn anything into swords."

Lu Zhou was unmoved by these flattering words. Instead, he stroked his beard and said, "It's only an insignificant skill, it's too insignificant to mention. You could've easily blocked this attack." 'And yet, why didn't he?' Creak!

The lid of the coffin swung open. A surge of energy rippled into the surroundings as a man emerged from the coffin.

In just an instant, Gong Yuandu appeared in everyone's sight. He resembled a prehistoric man with his disheveled hair and grimy face. A wiry beard covered his face. His clothes were in tatters. His arms were covered in dirt, almost no skin could be seen. This was the greatest sword path elite of the northern capital, Gong Yuandu's true appearance. He looked like a mummy.

The others took a step backward at the sight.

This was the result of living inside a coffin for too long.

Ordinary cultivators could reduce their need to eat in the Mystic Enlightening realm. In the Brahman Sea realm, a cultivator could survive on a single meal every three to five days. In the Divine Court realm, it was enough to eat once every ten days or once every fortnight. In the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, the cultivator could subsist on the Primal Qi of the world. However, the cultivator would still need some actual food every now and then. It was difficult to imagine how Gong Yuandu managed to survive in the coffin all this time. Did he catch rats and insects in the crypt to eat?

Those who tried to imagine how Gong Yuandu had lived thus far shuddered in disgust. Fortunately, the stench from Gong Yuandu was blocked out by their protective energies. Everyone's attention was focused on him at this moment.

Gong Yuandu opened his eyes. He seemed to be disturbed by the glaring light. It took him a moment to acclimatize himself to the light again before he looked at the table that had been set up. Then, he glanced at Lu Zhou. As he slowly took his seat, he said, "You've changed, Brother Ji."

"Oh?"

“But I can’t quite put my finger on it.” Gong Yuandu raised his right arm. The jar of wine hovered above him as he looked up. The wine inside the jar poured down like a waterfall. Glug! Glug! Glug!
“Wonderful!”

Compared to that, Lu Zhou’s manner of slowly sipping from a cup seemed delicate.

The jar was emptied. With a wave of his hand, the wine jar flew to the side. It landed slowly on the ground precisely at the spot where Gong Yuandu had intended for it to land. “Brother Ji... My cultivation base is not what it once was. If we fight with actual weapons, my defeat is certain.” When he spoke, flakes of dirt fell from his face.

Lu Zhou sighed and said, “You know your limit is upon you. Why are you still being so stubborn?”

Gong Yuandu heaved a long sigh before he said, “Brother Ji, you’re not like me.”

“Oh?”

“You’re not as merciless, decisive, or cold-blooded as I am. In a certain sense, kindness shown to the enemy is an act of cruelty against yourself. Back then, you could’ve killed me when I lost to you... If you’d done so, we wouldn’t be in this situation.”

Lu Zhou raised his wine cup and said slowly, “You don’t understand.”

Gong Yuandu was puzzled.

Lu Zhou continued, “If you were dead, I would no longer have any opponent. It’s lonely at the top. I can’t help but find it boring.”

“You’re too kind with your words, Brother Ji.” Gong Yuandu was delighted to be considered an opponent by the greatest villain whose fame preceded his. However, due to the thick layer of grime on his face and his prolonged stay within the coffin, the changes in his expression were unnoticeable. He waved his arm. “More wine.”

The female cultivators nearby swiftly brought dozens of jars of century-old wine over.

Pan Litian was beside himself with envy. He did not think there were enough jars of century-old wine in the Evil Sky Pavilion to sustain this manner of drinking.

Gong Yuandu, naturally, did not care about how Pan Litian felt. He started on another jar of wine and emptied it in no time at all. After that, he cupped his fists and said, “Brother Ji, can you fulfill this dying man’s wish?”

“If that’s the case, I will...” Lu Zhou calmly replied.

“As always, let’s debate about the swords.” Gong Yuandu glanced at Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao when he spoke. Hua Wudao stepped forward and recounted what had happened earlier.

Naturally, even without Hua Wudao’s explanation, Lu Zhou understood what Gong Yuandu meant. He knew Gong Yuandu’s cultivation base had greatly deteriorated when they met in the Mausoleum of Swords. Gong Yuandu could not possibly have any destructive skills that he could use against him at this point.

Smack!

Gong Yuandu flipped his palm around. The wine jar before him flew up. The wine poured out and transformed into energy. A Taiji seal similar to the one earlier appeared on the ground. Then, it formed the Two Instruments and the Four Phenomenon. When the seal was formed, energy blades materialized before him. It was the same technique

How would the greatest devil under the heavens deal with it?

Pan Litian, who was defeated by this move, widened his eyes. He wanted to take in all of Lu Zhou's actions. However, he noticed Lu Zhou merely kept his wine cup raised without any signs of moving. He could see a hint of confidence, or maybe conceit, in Lu Zhou's eyes.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

When the energy blades shot toward Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou suddenly flung the cup. It spun and formed a Taiji seal.

Pan Litian frowned. "My judgment's right..."

Bam!

When the Taiji seal blocked the energy blades, Lu Zhou slammed his palm.

Smack!

The Formation vein was destroyed. The Taiji seal vanished. The Four Phenomenon Sword Formation vanished as well. This time, Gong Yuandu did not have any energy blades left.

Leng Luo, with his hands on his back, said, "To think the same technique unleashed by different people has such a big difference."

Pan Litian's wizened face flushed red. He said, "Don't you have a go at me..."

Leng Luo would never let this opportunity slip by. Pan Litian did not cut him any slack earlier after all.

"The limits of the Mystic Enlightening realm has reached... a draw."

Gong Yuandu shook his head. "This time, it's my loss." He looked at Leng Luo and the others as he slowly said, "The Four Phenomenon Formation consumed at least four times more energy than the Taiji seal. Although Brother Ji unleashed a palm strike, the overall energy he spent was much lower than what I spent. Unleashing the greatest strength with the least amount of power... I willingly admit defeat..." Lu Zhou seemed unmoved by Gong Yuandu's flattery. This was merely a portion of his knowledge and experience of cultivating the sword path. The only thing was that he did not expect it to be used in this situation.

Gong Yuandu raised a jar of wine and tossed it into the air...

Swoosh!

The wine spilled out.

“Again!”

The jar suddenly exploded. The wine transformed into sharp blades.