

Disciples 301

Chapter 301 A Single Technique Against Various Methods

The sharp blades that were irregularly shaped shot toward Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou placed his right hand on the table.

Bam!

With his hand in the center, Primal Qi rippled into the surroundings. The sharp blades reverted into wine that spilled on the ground.

Lu Zhou's protective energy prevented him from being drenched in wine.

The wine fell like a drizzle of rain.

That was another move. The result was clear.

Gong Yuandu's eyelids twitched. This was the sword path that he had painstakingly studied and cultivated throughout the years in the Mausoleum of Swords. He had mastered converting anything into swords. He did not expect his technique to be so easily dealt with by Lu Zhou.

The others who were watching this battle could no longer understand what was happening. At most, they could only condense Qi into energy. How was it possible to turn wine into blades? Wine was not water that could be frozen into sharp icicles.

Leng Luo said, "The energy forms a vacuum that wraps around the wine. This requires the cultivator to be highly skilled in turning Primal Qi into energy."

"I see." Hua Wudao cupped his fists.

When cultivators attacked their opponents with heaven-grade weapons, they would wrap themselves or their weapons in energy to grant themselves a powerful force. Water did not possess sufficient toughness, hence, it could not do much damage. This was also why no cultivator would spend time practicing such a thing

Everyone did not expect Gong Yuandu to be able to do it so easily. What was even more surprising was Lu Zhou had effortlessly dealt with it!

"The third move..." Gong Yuandu retreated several steps as he spread his arms wide open. Several energy blades instantly appeared around him.

When she saw this, Little Yuan'er pouted and said, "Didn't you say that a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator can only maintain two energy blades? That's cheating!"

Gong Yuandu did not even deign to look at her. He only said, "Little girl, who said these aren't two energy blades?"

"Hm?"

The energy blades spun around Gong Yuandu.

Upon closer inspection, everyone discovered the energy blades were as thin as one's fingers. Moreover, they seemed to be shrinking in size. One would multiply into two, two into four... The size would shrink as their number increased.

Leng Luo shook his head. "I'm still of the opinion that quality is more important than quantity. It's meaningless even if it's flashy."

Gong Yuandu did not agree with Leng Luo. "Numbers can form a Formation!"

Countless energy blades, now as thin as golden needles, formed a Sword Formation.

"You can do that?" The others were speechless. This had exceeded their understanding of the Mystic Enlightening realm. Technically, this was not a Sword Formation that a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator could unleash. After all, Gong Yuandu's understanding, knowledge, experience, and control were near perfection. "This Sword Formation is inspired by the Seven Terminal Formation in the Mausoleum of Swords that I've studied for many years," Gong Yuandu said proudly, "I wonder if you can break this Formation, Brother Ji?"

'Seven Terminal Formation?' The others were rendered speechless by Gong Yuandu's shamelessness. He had been studying the Seven Terminal Formation for such a long time in the Mausoleum of Swords, and yet, he was asking Lu Zhou to break it on such short notice... Was this how sparring usually went? Should it not be more honest?

Hua Wudao's wizened flushed pink. He saw himself in Gong Yuandu. Back then, he had studied his tortoise method for 20 years and had asked the pavilion master to break it on a short notice as well. In hindsight, he found himself foolish and naive. He shook his head. How could the great sword elite of the northern capital make the same mistake?

The energy blades stabbed into the ground and formed seven stars. The densely packed spot shone with a faint golden light.

If it had been used against a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator, a simple stomp of the foot would be enough to shatter this Sword Formation. The problem was it would be difficult for a Mystic Enlightening realm cultivator to break this Formation.

Leng Luo shook his head at this sight.

Pan Litian said, "It's true that quality is important, but when both quality and quantity are accounted for... it would be extremely terrifying. What do you think, Old Leng?"

Leng Luo was taken aback. "This old geezer... He just can't spend a single day without looking for a fight..." Meanwhile, Lu Zhou remained unmoved. He raised the wine cup in his right hand and took a sip. He moved his left hand and gently pushed it forward. With the table following suit, he moved back half a meter, out of the Sword Formation's range. After that, he indifferently offered his appraisal. "What a weak Sword Formation."

"Hm?"

"I'm not inside the Formation, but I can attack you at any time." Lu Zhou flipped his palm so it faced upward. Two energy blades appeared out of thin air. They looked extremely eye-catching

“...” Gong Yuandu staggered backward. He felt a lump in his throat. He had difficulty dealing with such a sudden and merciless verbal attack. He had studied the Seven Terminal Sword Formation for such a long time. The thoughts, intricacies, and theories were all complete. He even managed to replicate it to an extent. However, he had overlooked a simple weakness; he could not force his opponent to stay in the range of the Formation. All his research had been based on the assumption that his opponent would be within the Formation’s range. Regardless of how wonderful the Sword Formation was, it was useless and meaningless if the opponent was not in its range.

Upon seeing Gong Yuandu’s reaction, the others sighed and shook their heads. There were no lack of fanatical geniuses who went to great lengths to do their research. Regardless of how solid their theory was, it would be all for naught if the cultivator did not have practical experience to back it up. Gong Yuandu reached out with his right hand.

Whoosh!

A gust of wind appeared and the miniature Seven Terminal Sword Formation dispersed with the wind. Gong Yuandu closed his eyes and remained silent.

The others found this strange. They wondered what Gong Yuandu was going to do next...

Lu Zhou placed the wine cup on the table and slowly rose to his feet with his hands on his back. “Let go of your obsession. Your limit is still some time away... Although I’m older than you, I’m not afraid of the life limit at all. I can give you another chance.”

“A chance?” Gong Yuandu opened his eyes. A hint of red streaked across the white of his eyes.

Lu Zhou calmly said, “I can guarantee that you’ll survive your final century...” Naturally, he had no confidence when it came to overcoming the great life limit. No one in the cultivation world was capable of that.

During Lu Zhou’s time cultivating in seclusion, many problems appeared in his mind that needed to be dealt with urgently. One of them was regarding the great limit.

“There’s no need for that.” Gong Yuandu’s reply surprised everyone else. At this moment, the Primal Qi on his body surged. It was no longer on the level of the Mystic Enlightening realm. It kept rising to the Sense Condensing realm, the Brahman Sea realm, the Divine Court realm until it reached the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!

“My final move...” Gong Yuandu looked at Lu Zhou. “Kindly show me your guidance.” His stance clearly showed that the final move would no longer be in the Mystic Enlightening realm and that he would use all his strength. He was willing to put his life on the line.

Whizz!

A towering avatar that was so tall that the top could not be seen appeared. Countless energy blades flew around the avatar in densely packed Formations. For a time, it seemed like the entire Evil Sky Pavilion was filled with energy blades...

Leng Luo and Pan Litian looked up before they shook their heads.

Meanwhile, Hua Wudao unleashed his Six Compatible Seal and shielded everyone.

Lu Zhou was the only one who remained outside the Six Compatible Seal. He stood with his hands on his back.

At this moment, Gong Yuandu stomped on the limestone floor! He shot toward the head of the avatar, and the avatar began to gather energy! At the same time, he placed his palm on top of the other palm.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Energy blades kept gathering around Gong Yuandu. It seemed like he had revealed his trump card with this skill. There were irregularly shaped energy blades, a Sword Formation, and countless ordinary energy blades. He was accumulating all his strength.

Nobody expected Gong Yuandu to suddenly attack with all his might.

‘Is he trying to kill?’

However, it was just as Duan Ling Tian had said earlier, there was no absolute fairness in the cultivation world.

The thousands upon thousands of energy blades crashed down like a mountain under Gong Yuandu and his avatar’s control.

It was as though all the Primal Qi on Golden Court Mountain had been gathered by the huge avatar.

The birds of the forest took flight. The air within a kilometer of the area roiled in turbulence, and the clouds began to roll.

As soon as the energy blades had gathered enough energy, they shot toward Lu Zhou.

“Master!”

“Pavilion Master!”

Just when the energy blades were about to strike Lu Zhou’s forehead, he said tonelessly, “Scram.”

Chapter 302 The Secret of Nine-leaf

This was not the third Heavenly Writing technique that Lu Zhou had just meditated upon. It was the grand technique, Scram, that the others were familiar.

The sound exploded in everyone’s ears like a clap of thunder.

To gain the power of speech recognition, even about unspeakable truths. To understand the words spoken by the tongues of beings in different worlds. This was the Power of Speech.

The densely packed energy blades that resembled golden needles were neatly gathered in the air. They were shattered by the soundwave as though they were made of glass. They vanished in the air and returned to nature. On the other hand, the 1,000 energy blades closest to Lu Zhou’s forehead seemed to be reflected as they shot upward.

Gong Yuandu’s huge avatar merely lasted for a breath. Then, the golden avatar exploded like a bubble under the force of the hurricane-like soundwave.

Several energy blades shot toward Gong Yuandu, taking him by surprise. He did not expect this. His protective energy layer was penetrated by the energy blades like a balloon. Some of the energy blades pierced his arms, face, back, and feet. A frightened expression could be seen on his face at this moment. A grunt rang in the air before he fell down.

Meanwhile, Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal instantly shattered. The others reeled back and crashed on the ground as well.

Even Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er who had experienced the impact of the grand technique, Scram, before were startled.

The Power of Speech truly exceeded everyone's expectations. The soundwave continued to travel upward after Gong Yuandu was shot down.

Boom!

The weak barrier was broken by the soundwave from within as though it was a bubble. The barrier faded away.

Gong Yuandu fell to the ground.

Silence descended on the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou looked up. There was no longer a barrier. Uh... It seemed like the force of his attack was greater than before. This complicates things even more... What a headache!

Lu Zhou wanted to scratch his head. This was not what he had intended to do. 'Now that the barrier is gone, what will the Noble Path do?'

Similarly, Leng Luo and the others were rendered speechless by what had just transpired. They rose to their feet and looked at the battered Gong Yuandu.

Lu Zhou turned to look at Gong Yuandu as well.

To everyone's surprise, Gong Yuandu did not die. Although the barrier's power was weak, it was still much more powerful than an elite with a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivation base. The grand technique, Scram, had instantly shattered the barrier, and yet, it could not kill Gong Yuandu.

'How did he do that?'

Gong Yuandu lay on the ground for a moment longer before he struggled to push himself up and sat on the ground. He looked at the ground, uncertain if he should cry or laugh. He had lost completely. He was a man after all, and he had his pride. He would never allow himself to cry in front of others. In the end, he smiled and chuckled softly. He disregarded the pain in his body and said, "I've lost."

Lu Zhou looked at Gong Yuandu. "Have you thought about it?" "About what?"

"The reason you lost."

"I haven't." Gong Yuandu shook his head. He looked at Lu Zhou with a smile before he shuffled to the table and took a seat across Lu Zhou.

The two of them poured themselves some wine.

"You have 100 years left... Are you going to throw that away?" Lu Zhou asked.

Gong Yuandu sighed. "There's something you don't know, Brother Ji." He raised the wine jar and poured it into his mouth. After a few mouthfuls, he lowered it and said, "I don't have that long."

"Why?"

"I've spent my essence and blood a long time ago..." Gong Yuandu said. Essence and blood were the basis of life.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly and asked, "Just to improve your cultivation base?"

Gong Yuandu coughed violently twice. A splash of red could be seen. He had coughed up blood. He wondered if it was due to the damage he sustained from the grand technique, Scram, or if it was due to his old injuries. Strangely, when he coughed up blood, half of his hair turned white. He seemed unbothered as he wiped the blood off the edge of his lips and took another sip of wine. He even managed to smile as he said, "A little more."

"Hm?"

"Just a little more... and I'll be at the Nine-leaf stage."

The others who were standing nearby were thoroughly shocked.

Anyone who had an inkling of common cultivation knowledge would know what Nine-leaf meant. Eight-leaf was the limit attainable by humans. Up until now, there were no cultivators who had successfully reached the Nine-leaf stage. At the very least, nobody knew about any Nine-leaf elites.

Even in the Misty Forest where humans seldom tread or the whirlpools in the seas where no one dared to travel to... there were no Nine-leaf elites. There were no records of such individuals in all the books accessible to men as well.

"Just a little more... and yet, it's an uncrossable chasm," Lu Zhou said.

"Brother Ji, can't you feel it?"

"Feel what?" Lu Zhou asked. "A sense of danger, the feeling of your life slipping away. It's peculiar and unexplainable..." Gong Yuandu lowered his voice and said, "Whenever my cultivation base improves... I'd feel that I've aged. I'm aging quickly, and there's nothing I can do to stop it..."

There was a hint of helplessness in Gong Yuandu's eyes as he said. "Whenever I try to stop it, the Primal Qi that I've painstakingly accumulated would leave my sea of Qi."

"When did you start having these feelings?" Lu Zhou asked.

"During the tenth year inside the Mausoleum of Swords... and the 30th year."

"So, during the first instance, you stopped it, but during the second instance, you did not."

"I had no choice." If his hair had not been covered in grime, his silver mane would have been obvious.

Lu Zhou seemed to be lost in his thoughts as well. 'If what he said is true, the limit of a human's cultivation is the Eight-leaf stage. Alas, I only have him as a reference. That's fewer than I like.'

Gong Yuandu began coughing again. With this cough, his hair turned completely white. Even the grime could not mask the color of his hair. The others were shocked to see this. They did not understand what was happening. Lu Zhou looked at Gong Yuandu's white hair. Realization dawned on him before he softly said, "Fool."

"If I didn't, I would've died instantly." Gong Yuandu laughed again. He no longer drank the wine. His right hand was shaking. "Sometimes, there's nothing wrong with being a fool." Then, he lifted the wine jar and poured its contents into his mouth. The wine agitated his belly. However, he seemed to not be bothered by the discomfort. He was enjoying himself. It had been a long time since he had felt this way after he had entered the coffin. The sting of the wine made him feel human and alive.

Unfortunately, with every mouthful of wine, Gong Yuandu's completely white hair seemed to whiten even more if it was possible. The dirt fell off from his hair. His skin was so wrinkled that it no longer resembled skin. It would not be exaggerating to say it looked like tree bark. "Truth be told, when I attacked... I had a fleeting illusion that I could kill you," Gong Yuandu said with a chuckle.

"If I didn't have some matters to attend to, you would've been a dead man when we met at the Mausoleum of Swords," Lu Zhou said confidently.

Gong Yuandu nodded listlessly. He remembered the Seven Terminal Formation and his Demon Sword in the Mausoleum of Swords.

Lu Zhou could tame the Demon Sword and break the Seven Terminal Formation. Defeating Gong Yuandu was definitely a lesser feat.

"Brother Ji, you're older than I am and possess a much more profound cultivation base... Soon enough, you'll feel the same things I've felt," Gong Yuandu said with a chuckle, "Perhaps, all our seniors felt the same way as they looked for a breakthrough."

Chapter 303 Farewell Beyond the Western Pass

Lu Zhou thought about Gong Yuandu's descriptions and recalled the sensation he felt while he was cultivating in seclusion. "The oldest mortal is only about 100 years old... Perhaps, cultivators are just a different kind of mortals."

Gong Yuandu glanced at Lu Zhou. His gaze slid across the white strands in Lu Zhou's hair and said, "That's a fresh way of explaining it, Brother Ji. You've changed... a lot."

They were old nemeses. In a way, old nemeses knew each other better than friends did.

Lu Zhou merely nodded ambiguously. He could never tell Gong Yuandu that he was actually another person from another world that was far away.

"You've changed as well," Lu Zhou said when he compared the person before him to the person in his memories. The Gong Yuandu of his memories was not an agreeable character.

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The mountain was too small for two tigers. Gong Yuandu was sinister, patient, and sly in nature. He could endure what most could not, hiding away for 100 years in the Mausoleum of Swords. How could he live under the same roof with another elite? Perhaps, a dying man was kinder. The current Gong Yuandu was nothing like his former self.

After three rounds of drinks, the sun was beginning to set.

The sunlight fell upon Gong Yuandu at just the right angle. He was enjoying himself very much. He looked at Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao who were standing nearby before looking at Duanmu Sheng, Little Yuan'er, and the others. Then, he surveyed the Evil Sky Pavilion. He said, "These two had a debate of swords with me..."

"Leng Luo," Leng Luo announced his own name again. Since Gong Yuandu was clearly not in peak condition, he thought, perhaps, Gong Yuandu's memory was not very good as well.

Initially, Pan Litian was just going to refer to himself as the old beggar. However, after giving it some thought, he said truthfully, "I'm Pan... Litian."

Gong Yuandu was slightly taken aback. He said, "The greatest elite of Clarity Sect... I remember you."

"I'm flattered."

"The former Sect Master Ren of the Clarity Sect had passed away. You fought against the eight elders, and I heard that you were injured. Then, you were rescued by the Fourth Prince and was brought to the borders, right?" Gong Yuandu regarded Pan Litian with a puzzled gaze.

The others looked at Pan Litian.

'Was this the reason why Pan Litian left the Clarity Sect?' "That's all in the past. There's no use in bringing them up now," Pan Litian said, waving his hand dismissively. It was also unimportant to ask how Gong Yuandu knew about this.

"Brother Ji, I must say that you're really skilled. You even managed to tame old men such as Leng Luo and Pan Litian... I'm impressed." After Gong Yuandu finished speaking, he coughed violently again. Although there was no blood, it seemed like his hair had whitened even more. He had aged tremendously in just a moment.

A person who had exhausted his blood and essence was the same as a person who had used up all of his life force in exchange for a short period boost in cultivation base through unconventional methods. Even Critical Heal could not help him now. Even if it could, Lu Zhou did not think he would use it on Gong Yuandu. After all, Gong Yuandu had intended to kill him with his shocking move earlier.

Gong Yuandu's gaze on Lu Zhou. His tone seemed different as he said, "It's almost time."

"Aren't you getting into the coffin?" Lu Zhou glanced at the coffin at the side. Initially, he planned to give Gong Yuandu another chance if he was willing to remain in the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, after hearing about the insights Gong Yuandu had gained in the Mausoleum of Swords, he knew it was impossible.

"It's alright." Gong Yuandu did not even look at the coffin as he shook his head. "I suddenly thought of a witchcraft spell. If someone wanted to reanimate my corpse... Let's just say 'I'd be dreadful to look at.'"

"You're right." Lu Zhou nodded and raised his wine cup.

Gong Yuandu's lips twitched. He chuckled and said, "You old geezer... Can't you say something nice for a change?"

A gust of wind began to blow...

Without the protection provided by the barrier, the movement of grass being blown by the wind could be felt in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The rays of the setting sun turned crimson, making it seem as though there had been a bloodbath in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Shhh!

A shocking scene unfolded.

Gong Yuandu's feet began to disintegrate into what seemed like grains of sand. It was as though he was a sand sculpture. "You like wine. You should have some more." Lu Zhou raised his cup.

"Sure." Gong Yuandu's voice was no longer hoarse. It sounded invigorated, young, and playful now. He had blocked the grand technique, Scram, with his dantian's sea of Qi. His sea of Qi that had sealed the energy within his body could no longer endure the strain. The wine traveled into his stomach. His feet were gone, scattering into the wind. The wind blew harder.

Everyone's attention was focused on Gong Yuandu at this moment.

His power returned to the surroundings while his Primal Qi returned to nature and dispersed with the wind.

"Nice wine..." Gong Yuandu lowered his wine cup. He placed both hands before himself. The pace of the disintegration was picking up.

"Any last words?"

"Forget it."

Lu Zhou shook his head. What could he say? He was from another world, after all. His familiarity with Gong Yuandu was from Ji Tiandao's memories. When he recalled everything that happened since he transmigrated, how he survived and resisted the ten great sects, and his hometown, a poem appeared in his mind. It seemed perfect for putting his complicated feelings into words. Hence, he said, "Have another cup of wine, my friend, for beyond the western pass shall be our farewell."

Lu Zhou raised his wine cup and emptied it.

Gong Yuandu drank his final cup of wine as well. He placed the cup on the table. A faint ripple of energy spread out, and his body scattered like grains of sand in the wind. When all that was left of him was his head, he asked, "Where's the western pass?" Alas, he did not manage to hear Lu Zhou's answer. He scattered along with the wind on Golden Court Mountain.

The seat across Lu Zhou was empty now.

Silence descended on the Evil Sky Pavilion once more.

After a moment of stillness, Lu Zhou rose to his feet with his hands on his back. He looked at the coffin and the damaged ground.

The others remained quiet. This was their master's nemesis.

Gong Yuandu had spent his blood and essence, reducing his lifespan by 100 years. Even if he did not challenge the Evil Sky Pavilion, he would have died anyway. Initially, he planned to die in the coffin. That way, he would be left with an intact corpse. Perhaps, he had gained some insight during their wine drinking session earlier and had changed his mind at the last minute.

"Clean this up," Lu Zhou calmly said.

"Understood."

When Lu Zhou entered the great hall, everyone followed after him.

The others bowed. "Pavilion Master." "Master."

Lu Zhou looked around himself and wondered aloud, "Mingshi Yin and Zhao Yue aren't here?"

Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists and said, "When you were cultivating in seclusion, Old Fourth had sent a letter... He said that he's in the Divine Capital and that he'd bring Junior Sister Zhao Yue back with him. Hence, he asked for more time."

"He can do as he wishes."

Duanmu Sheng retreated. Lu Zhou looked at Pan Litian, Leng Luo, and Hua Wudao. He looked at their white hair and wizened appearance. How awkward. It seemed like the Evil Sky Pavilion was slowly becoming a care home for the elderly.

Little Yuan'er was the only one who looked youthful and high-spirited...

Lu Zhou recalled the sight of Gong Yuandu scattering in the wind. He gave it some thought. He had the Reversal Cards so he was not worried. However, what about these people? "Pavilion Master, a letter from Jiang Aijian."

"Read it," Lu Zhou said.

"Old senior, the Righteous Sect has been wiped out by the Nether Sect. Zhang Yuanshan has gone missing. The Nether Sect's actions have been brought to the Imperial family's attention. Coincidentally, the concurrent disturbances in Anyang and Upper Prime City has resulted in the Imperial family being unable to spare any effort to deal with the Nether Sect. Also, your fourth and fifth disciples are safe in the Divine Capital. I'll look after them for you. Here's another piece of information, the Five Mice are dead. The one who killed them is your sixth disciple, Ye Tianxin."

After the letter was read, the great hall was plunged into silence.

Chapter 304 Eldest Senior Brother's Ambition

The others were surprised. They had thought of various possibilities, but they did not think it would be Ye Tianxin. After all, when Ye Tianxin left the Evil Sky Pavilion, only a fraction of her cultivation base was recovered. It was even a problem for her to remain alive. How did she recover her cultivation base in such a short time?

Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists and said, "Master, the thing that happened to the Five Mice occurred while you were in secluded cultivation... We didn't dare bother you..."

"It's alright." The state Lu Zhuo was in while meditating on the Heavenly Writing while he was in his recent secluded cultivation was different. Even if he had been disturbed, he might not have woken up from the state he was in to deal with the matter.

Hua Wudao said, "Ye Tianxin is a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion to begin with. Although she had been banished, she's at least a lost lamb that has found its way back."

Leng Luo sighed and said, "It's my fault for being careless and ended up falling for Mo Li's tricks. I was even controlled by her..."

The others looked at Leng Luo in surprise. They did not expect the person formerly on the top of the blacklist would reflect on his past behavior. It was a rare sight. However, Leng Luo could not be blamed completely for this. The murderer of the Fairfolk, or also known as the Bai people, was the commander-in-chief of the three armies, Wei Zhuoyan. The real Wei Zhuoyan had died. The puppet master, Mo Li, remained hidden deep within the palace. She was also Leng Luo's archnemesis.

Lu Zhou glanced at the three elderly elders. They seemed exhausted from their sparring sessions with Gong Yuandu. Hence, he said, "Elders, you may return and rest."

The three of them cupped their fists at Lu Zhou. Without saying anything, they left the great hall.

The others remained where they were. They dared not leave without permission and awaited further instructions from Lu Zhou.

Little Yuan'er walked up to Lu Zhou and said, "Master, why don't I go and look for Senior Sister Tianxin?"

"There's no need for that." Lu Zhou glanced at her. His attitude was clear.

The others kept their mouths shut.

Inwardly, Lu Zhou thought to himself, 'All she did was kill the Five Mice... Does she think that she can curry favors with the Evil Sky Pavilion with just that? She dealt with the Five Mice, and she didn't even think about coming to see me. I can't possibly be the one to initiate contact with the rascal who cheated her master and denounced her ancestors. Impossible!'

Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Master, I'm slightly worried about Old Fourth. It's the Divine Capital, after all..."

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "I'm afraid that there's no place safer than within the palace these days. There's no need to worry."

"Understood."

If that were not the case, Lu Zhou would have ridden into the palace on Whizard's back and taken Mo Li's wretched life. He would not have given her the chance to pull these stunts. Besides, Jiang Aijian was looking after them. There was not much of a problem.

Lu Zhou initially wanted to study the third technique, but when he remembered what Gong Yuandu said right before he died in front of the great hall, he sighed inwardly. He looked at his merit points as displayed on the system dashboard.

Gong Yuandu's death gave him 1,500 points. Clearly, he was the target with the highest reward.

'Is it true that the Nine-leaf stage can never be attained? Did nobody overcome the thousand-year limit since the beginning of time?' Although Gong Yuandu was his nemesis, they were still from the same generation, after all. He would be lying if he said he was not affected at all. He suddenly thought about the possibility of Ji Tiandao dying because he tried to attain the Nine-leaf stage and failed.

The Fairfolk, Cheng Huang, the secret to eternal life... The fishing of corpses from Measure Heaven River... He was not alone in searching for the secret to a prolonged life in this world...

In the beginning, Lu Zhou paid no attention to this issue because he had the Reversal Cards. However, in hindsight, Ji Tiandao's demise might not have been as simple as it had seemed. The system might not be enough to prevent him from repeating the same mistakes. Moreover, his disciples did not have Reversal Cards, and they would age one day. If his disciples died, who would collect merit points for him? With these thoughts in mind, he did not think he could rely on the system for a prolonged existence.

Lu Zhou thought about Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong as well. When the rascals left the Evil Sky Pavilion, they already possessed Eight-leaf cultivation bases. After all these years, with their talent, were they also searching for the secrets to attain the Nine-leaf stage and a long life just like Gong Yuandu?

'What are the secrets hidden between the Eight and Nine-leaf stages?'

"Bring Qin Jun here."

"Understood."

A moment later, Pan Zhong escorted Qin Jun into the great hall.

Qin Jun was the Prince of Qi, after all... When he entered the great hall and saw the crowd present, he was so nervous that he broke out in sweat. He trembled, at a loss for words. He cupped his fists stiffly. "Old mister..."

"What kind of shameful tasks did you carry out for Yu Zhenghai in the past?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Spill it!" Little Yuan'er barked.

Qin Jun had regained his calm when he was startled by Little Yuan'er again. He retreated slightly. He hastily waved his hands. "Old mister, there must've been a misunderstanding... I've never helped Sect Master Yu carry out any shameful tasks! He was a guest in my mansion thrice. Every time he was there, he wanted to take a stroll in the Divine Capital. All I ever did was pass him some pieces of information. However, there was never any mention of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Please investigate this matter, old mister!"

“What kind of information?” Lu Zhou asked.

“They were about the Imperial guards and the Ten Terminal Formation. There’s also the situation in Anyang and Upper Prime City. And... and...” Qin Jun scratched his head. “About the five princes.”

“Princes?”

“I’m not sure why he’s interested in the princes as well,” Qin Jun said.

“Go on.” Lu Zhou’s attitude was clear. ‘Tell me everything you know and hold nothing back.’

The Evil Sky Pavilion had helped Qin Jun after all. Naturally, he knew about the rules and reputation of the Evil Sky Pavilion. He dared not conceal anything as he said earnestly, “That’s right... The last time Sect Master Yu was in the Divine Capital was a month ago. He said that he would fight Senior Sword Devil. Apart from that, he didn’t say anything else, I swear to the heavens!”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he thought about this. It seemed that the Prince of Qi’s value ended here. He had already guessed Yu Zhenghai’s ambition from the start. Clearly, Yu Zhenghai was making preparations for the future by learning about the Imperial guards and the Ten Terminal Formation. The disturbances in Anyang and Upper Prime City must have had something to do with him.

“Is he going to fight Yu Shangrong?”

“Mister First and Mister Second are disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Their cultivation bases surpassed their elders and dazzled their peers. Perhaps, people of talent appreciate one another and want to see who’s superior,” Qin Jun said.

The iron rule of the Evil Sky Pavilion was infighting was strictly prohibited.

When they were both with the Evil Sky Pavilion in the past, they respected each other. Why would they turn into enemies after they left?

“When and where?” Lu Zhou asked.

“I think it’s four months from now. As for the location, I truly have no idea.”

The two of them were terrifying villains. Nobody could possibly know where they were going to have their showdown.

Lu Zhou stood up slowly and walked down the steps. He looked at Qin Jun and asked, “Do you know Yu Zhenghai’s true cultivation base, then?”

Qin Jun did not dare to meet Lu Zhou’s eyes. He only shook his head. A person’s cultivation base was regarded as a matter of privacy. It was normal for him to not be privy to it. “Forget it.” Lu Zhou waved his sleeve. “That’s all for today.”

“I’ll take my leave.”

“I’ll be taking my leave, master.”

After the others left, Lu Zhou turned around and called up the system dashboard.

Merit points: 1,500. ‘I’m desolately poor.’

Chapter 305 I Shall Properly Instruct All Of You In The Future

Everything was related to merit points. If he was so poor that he could not even feed himself, how was he supposed to purchase avatars and improve his realm?

Lu Zhou had always been thinking of bringing the rascals back, but the problem was that the three remaining rascals were each a handful.

Old Seventh was clearly inflicted by the Binding Mantra and had lost his cultivation base. However, he stubbornly remained hidden. Even with Mingshi Yin's capabilities, he could not bring him back. Clearly, capturing him was a difficult task. His current cultivation base was not even comparable to Mingshi Yin's.

Lu Zhou had the third technique, but he did not know what it was. However, what surprised him was the grand technique, Scram, that he had unleashed earlier only depleted half of his extraordinary power. In other words, the Open Heavenly Writing scroll had given him a third technique and also increased his extraordinary power. As for Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong, there was no need to compare himself to them. Lu Zhou was certain both of them had an Eight-leaf cultivation base.

Lu Zhou stood up. 'I'll have to improve my cultivation base... It's not just that, I'll have to improve my disciples' cultivation bases as well. After all, I can only capture those rascals with a profound cultivation base... and approach the secret of the Nine-leaf stage.'

"Yuan'er." Lu Zhou projected his voice.

Little Yuan'er liked to cultivate in the vicinity. When she heard her master's voice, she appeared inside the great hall like a bolt of lightning. "Master! I'm here!" She did not even kneel. She was hopping around with a wide grin on her face.

Lu Zhou said calmly, "Where are your manners? Behave yourself."

Little Yuan'er pouted and felt aggrieved. She said, "Master, I haven't made any mistakes lately!"

"Don't be so sure about that," Lu Zhou said with his hands on his back.

"Huh?"

"You're all grown up now. You can't act like a child anymore... Someday, you'll have to be independent," Lu Zhou said sincerely.

"Oh." In the past, she never practiced restraint and would immediately threaten to kill another person's family at the slightest provocation.

Times were different now. The hearts of the people in the cultivation world were unpredictable. Danger lurked in every corner. If she were to behave like a child forever, she would never be able to stand on her own two feet.

"Summon your Third Senior Brother here."

"Right away."

A short while later, Duanmu Sheng entered the great hall with Little Yuan'er.

Currently, they were the only disciples in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou had decided to let Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, reflect on his actions in the Cave of Reflection.

"Master!" Duanmu Sheng bowed.

Lu Zhou looked at the two of them and said, "How's the cultivation of your Divine One Technique coming along?"

"I'm making progress even though I feel its progress is slow."

"What about you, Yuan'er?"

"Master, I'm feeling fine... I feel like I'm going to sprout a new leaf soon." Little Yuan'er wore an eager expression on her face as though she was waiting to be praised.

Lu Zhou was speechless. With their mind-boggling talent, was there truly a need for him to instruct them? However, his expression remained unchanged as he said, "I'll properly teach all of you in the future."

When Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er heard this, they grinned in delight.

"Thank you, master!" both of them said in unison.

Early the next morning.

In a certain gazebo of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The gazebo sat on a wide empty land below. It was a scenic place that was also suitable for cultivation, which was suitable for cultivation as well.

Lu Zhou sat inside the gazebo. He looked at Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er who were standing below.

"You can go first." Lu Zhou pointed at Duanmu Sheng. "Demonstrate one round of the Divine One Technique without using your Primal Qi."

"Yes, master." Duanmu Sheng struck his palm out. The Overlord Spear flew into his hand, and he began to demonstrate his technique.

The nine disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion had a reputation in the outside world. Everyone was curious about the treatment of the patriarch to his disciples.

When the others in the Evil Sky Pavilion heard that Lu Zhou suddenly wanted to teach his disciples, they hurried over and observed from afar. This was especially true of the three elders. They were conscious of their statuses. They wanted to look, but they did not want to stand alongside their juniors. Hence, they stood together and observed from the other side. They were curious as well.

"Come in, all of you." Lu Zhou waved his sleeve and beckoned the three elders to join him. They were the elders of the Evil Sky Pavilion, after all.

"Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Hua Wudao walked into the gazebo. They looked down.

Duanmu Sheng was brandishing his spear in a valiant manner. His thrusts were forceful and domineering! They could clearly see the execution of his skills.

A moment later, Duanmu Sheng was done. He spoke confidently, "Master, I'm done."

Lu Zhou looked at the three elders and said, "What do you think, elders?"

"Pavilion Master, we're only elders. We wouldn't dare to overstep our bounds and instruct your disciples." Hua Wudao hastily cupped his hands.

It was one thing to instruct them on other days. In a setting such as this, they had to exercise restraint. After all, Duanmu Sheng was not their disciple.

In truth, Lu Zhou did not mind. However, he decided not to push it if they were unwilling to teach his disciple. It would have been a waste if he could not earn merit points from this.

Lu Zhou stood up and walked to the edge of the gazebo. He pushed his palm out... A miniature golden shining palm print shot out. Then, he said, "Don't dodge."

Bam!

The palm print landed on Duanmu Sheng's leg. He did not move and took the blow squarely.

Lu Zhou's palm print was not too powerful. He merely meant to test Duanmu Sheng. "Your foundation is alright..."

Duanmu Sheng was about to thank Lu Zhou when Lu Zhou continued to say, "However, you were too impatient in your attacks, and you put too much force behind your strikes."

He could tell that much from Duanmu Sheng's exchanges with his opponents.

Leng Luo and the others nodded. In truth, they knew where Duanmu Sheng's problems lay. It was related to his personality. Although he was highly talented, he was still a junior when compared to these old seniors. It was not difficult for a teacher to notice his students' problems. Moreover, these were a bunch of old seniors with terrifying cultivation bases.

Lu Zhou had 1,000 years' worth of Ji Tiandao's memories. Although part of it was lost, it was not something ordinary men could hope to compare to.

Duanmu Sheng scratched his head after listening to Lu Zhou's words. His back was straight, he did not dare to move.

Lu Zhou said, "You are to train under the waterfall behind the mountain for six hours each day for three months."

"Yes, master!" Duanmu Sheng did not seem unwilling. In fact, he seemed delighted. After all, his master was not like this in the past. Previously, his master would rain fists on them and educate them through violence. Currently, not only did his master suppress his temper to teach them, but he even taught them the correct cultivation method. How could he not be happy?

"Ding! Instructing Duanmu Sheng Reward: 300 merit points."

When Lu Zhou heard the notification from the system, his suspicions were confirmed. Before this, he earned merit points by disciplining his disciples. Now, he would have to teach them.

When he instructed Little Yuan'er in the beginning, he had been awarded with merit points. Now that he thought about it, he had been seeking far and wide for something that was close at hand.

"That's a brilliant method, Pavilion Master. It's indeed a great way to train one's endurance and spear skills in a waterfall."

"Looks like the Evil Sky Pavilion's disciples aren't powerful for no reason."

"I'm enlightened," Leng Luo said in a low voice.

Lu Zhou looked at the three of them suspiciously. He was hoping that they would give their opinions as well. He supposed that the Old Age Pavilion would be more aptly named if it was called the Old Age Kiss-Ass Pavilion.

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng were visibly envious at this scene. Even the masters in the Clarity and Heavenly Sword Sects did not personally teach their disciples...

"Use your Primal Qi... Do it again," Lu Zhou said.

"Yes, master!"

Chapter 306 Terrifying Talents

Duanmu Sheng was inherently fierce. Without using his Primal Qi, his movements seemed restricted so he felt unsatisfied. With the crowd watching him, he could not unleash his complete strength. However, now that he heard his master's order, he was, naturally, eager to comply. The Overlord Spear easily flew into his palm. He tightened his grip.

Bam!

Energy flowed out between Duanmu Sheng's fingers.

At this sight, the female cultivators widened their eyes that contained hints of reverence. Even Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng, both talented men, were in awe and impressed by the display.

The outsiders focused on the fanfare while the insiders observed the inner workings. The four old men in the gazebo were shaking their heads.

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng continued demonstrating his Divine One Technique.

Energy shot across the plaza below the gazebo and spread into the surroundings.

Duanmu Sheng seemed to have unleashed every single move with all his might. "Little Junior Sister, get back!"

Duanmu Sheng shot into the air and did a flip before he dove down with his spear in hand.

Upon seeing this, Hua Wudao frowned. "Imperfect Divine Intervention?" He had frequently sparred with Duanmu Sheng. He knew about every one of Duanmu Sheng's moves.

The Imperfect Divine Intervention was the most powerful move of the Divine One Technique. Lu Zhou himself had used this skill to kill hundreds of cultivators from the ten great sects. He had used that technique while his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar was activated and after he had gathered a vast amount of Primal Qi.

However, it was unprecedented the way Duanmu Sheng had executed the technique by diving down. After all, there was no way one's enemy would stay put.

However, when Hua Wudao remembered this was only a demonstration, he decided there was no need to make a fuss about it now. The attack landed. Thousands upon thousands of spear shadows appeared at the spear's tip before they quickly merged into one. He spiraled as he advanced.

Bam!

The Overlord Spear stabbed into the ground. He completed his demonstration with this closing act.

Duanmu Sheng took to the air and flipped again before he slowly descended onto the ground. "Master, I've completed my demonstration."

Nearby, Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng clapped their hands.

The female cultivators joined in as well.

Meanwhile, in the gazebo, Lu Zhou's expression was calm. He stroked his beard as he glanced at the three elders and said, "What do you think? Feel free to say whatever is on your mind." He was worried they would behave in the same way they did before so he quickly preempted it by adding the last sentence.

Hua Wudao seemed to have the most thoughts. He cupped his fists and said, "May 1?"

"Go ahead."

"It's flashy, but ultimately, hollow." Hua Wudao's appraisal was short. "That's all."

Duanmu Sheng was puzzled.

So were Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, and the female cultivators.

Lu Zhou looked at Leng Luo.

Leng Luo got the message. He stood up and walked to the edge of the gazebo. He looked at the Overlord Spear that was embedded in the ground. Then, he shook his head and said, "Unnecessary display of brute strength."

Duanmu Sheng was even more puzzled.

Lu Zhou looked at Pan Litian.

Pan Litian raised his wine gourd, took a sig, and said, "Superficial effort."

Duanmu Sheng's cheeks felt hot. He was embarrassed. However, he did not know where he had made a mistake. He could only muster up his courage and bow as he waited for his master's appraisal.

The three elders returned to their seats after giving their opinions. At the same time, they looked at Lu Zhou's expression.

Lu Zhou was calm. He was not offended by their unfavorable comments.

Lu Zhou looked at Duanmu Sheng's Overlord Spear. He asked, "Did you hear what the three elders said?"

"I... I did."

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "You haven't mastered the Divine One Technique's skills, and yet, you're trying to devise a new skill on your own?"

Duanmu Sheng's face reddened in shame. He dared not speak. Was his master going to jump down from the gazebo and start hitting him?

"Do you remember the last time I demonstrated the Imperfect Divine Intervention above the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Lu Zhou asked.

"I do."

"Train with that in mind. You'll pass when you can break the Six Compatible Seal," Lu Zhou said.

Hua Wudao was taken aback. An ominous feeling suddenly rose in his heart. "Yes, master. I'll surely master the Imperfect Divine Intervention!" Duanmu Sheng said as he cupped his fists.

"That'll be all."

"Understood."

Duanmu Sheng stomped, and the Overlord Spear dislodged itself from the ground.

"Ding! Instructed Duanmu Sheng. Reward: 300 merit points."

Lu Zhou was surprised to find that he had earned merit points again. It was the duty of the teacher to address the pupil's problems. Perhaps, this was what a master should do.

At this moment, a gust of violent wind blew through the mountains.

Lu Zhou looked at the skies.

Indeed, the wind was getting stronger.

Hua Wudao cupped his fists. "Pavilion Master, the Golden Court Mountain's barrier has vanished... If this goes on, I'm afraid the Noble Path won't be able to hold themselves back."

Leng Luo shook his head disapprovingly and said, "I disagree."

"Hm?"

"The pavilion master has defeated the Heavenly Sword Sect on the Lotus Dais before this and saved many cultivators. I'm sure news about this has spread in the cultivation world. The Noble Path has made too many mistakes because of their shortsightedness that stemmed from coveting the Evil Sky Pavilion's

treasures. Now that the barrier's gone... would you rush up the mountain, if it were you?" Leng Luo asked.

Pan Litian chuckled and said, "Old Hua, you're from the Yun Sect. You should understand the Noble Path's way better..."

Hua Wudao nodded and sighed.

Lu Zhou knew what the so-called way of the Noble Path was. Whether it was during the first or second siege, the Noble Path liked to rally under the banner of a punitive expedition against the Fiend Path. This time, it would not be an exception.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said apathetically, "They're merely rats. As long as I'm around, nobody will step on the Evil Sky Pavilion's head." Although he had spoken with no inflection in his tone, his words radiated unquestionable power.

Even the three elders who were conscious of their positions felt that.

Pan Litian sighed and said, "The Clarity, Heavenly Sword, and Righteous Sects have been wiped out. Even if they were to come, they would have to think things through."

The others nodded.

"Master, I'm here!" Little Yuan'er stood in the center of the field, drawing attention to herself.

The four of them ended their discussion about the barrier and looked at Little Yuan'er.

Leng Luo said, "Cloud Feather Raiment."

"Cloud Treading Boots," Pan Litian added. "Nirvana Sash," Hua Wudao chimed in.

They sighed in unison.

The things that some spent their entire lives searching for were simply dropped into someone else's lap. Comparison would only make one feel bitter. Not only was Little Yuan'er terrifyingly talented, but she possessed many rare treasures as well. Lu Zhou looked at Little Yuan'er, nodded, and said, "Begin your demonstration."

Little Yuan'er nodded eagerly, and she began her demonstration.

Her moves, footing, and punches flowed with extreme ease. They were practically flawless. This was especially true of her Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps. The first-rate footwork was enhanced by the Cloud Treading Boots. If she unleashed it with her Primal Qi, only her shadow would have been visible.

As Little Yuan'er continued her demonstration, the others looked on in awe.

"Master, I'm done!" Little Yuan'er awaited her master's praise with a delighted and eager expression on her face.

Just like before, Lu Zhou was in no hurry to comment. Instead, he looked at the three elders. "What do you think?"

Leng Luo was the first to speak. "The Supreme Purity Jade Slip?"

“Yes,” Little Yuan’er replied.

Leng Luo turned to Lu Zhou, cupped his fists, and said, “There’s one thing that I would like to clarify with you, Pavilion Master.”

“What is it?” Lu Zhou would not be surprised if his disciples asked for guidance. However, when one of the three elders turned to him for guidance, he suddenly felt like a teacher.

Leng Luo asked, “Since the Supreme Purity Jade Slip mainly cultivates one’s bodily movements, footwork, and punches... Why doesn’t she cultivate the Invisibility Technique? You’re able to unleash the Great Nine Cuts Hand Seals during the battle with the Ten Shamans. Cultivating Dao Invisibility should be nothing.”

Chapter 307 Great Blitz Treasure Seal

The three elders nodded in agreement. They were looking forward to Lu Zhou’s reply.

Pan Litian chimed in, “Usually, a cultivator would make slower progress when they cultivated more methods. Many cultivators would usually choose to specialize in two or three cultivation methods at most throughout their lifetimes.”

Lu Zhou disagreed. He stroked his beard and said, “Your words are right, but it also depends on the cultivator. Dao Invisibility is a fleeing skill after all. There are hundreds and thousands of cultivation methods under the Daoist Sect. The variations can be confusing. Yet, there isn’t a method that combines the advantages of cultivation methods. Indeed, everybody’s limited to the energy they could spend in their cultivation. Those who manage to cultivate a single cultivation method to perfection are considered grand cultivators... However, it’s only natural that my disciples are different from the others.” He did not have to explain in detail for the three elders to understand his meaning. If it had been a cultivator from any other sect, they could pick one of the various paths to cultivate. However, this cultivator before them was the Evil Sky Pavilion’s ninth disciple. Perhaps, talent-wise, there was nobody who would be able to surpass her. If she had the time and energy to learn a few more cultivation methods, it was definitely a good thing. “I’ve been enlightened.” Leng Luo cupped his fists.

Pan Litian said, “Old Leng, you’ve studied Dao Invisibility all your life, and it’s all about escaping. However, you secretly learned killing techniques as well, right? Otherwise, I don’t think you’d be standing here now.”

Leng Luo did not even look at the old beggar. ‘Raining on my parade at this crucial moment. This old beggar is truly vicious!’

Pan Litian cupped his fists at Lu Zhou and said, “I agree the Supreme Purity Jade Slip is one of the most suitable cultivation methods for Little Yuan’er. However, she has only been cultivating for a short time. She’ll have to slowly build her foundation.” Then, he gestured at his wine gourd. It was a reminder to the time when he made her remove the cork from the bottle with her Nirvana Sash. Based on the test, it was obvious she was lacking in basic control. However, that was not something that could be mastered overnight. “I agree,” Hua Wudao said.

Leng Luo said disapprovingly, "You just said she's quite new to this. In that case, how can you expect her to have a stable foundation now? You're expecting a young girl to display control that's only possible after 100 years of cultivation. I feel ashamed of you."

Pan Litian was taken aback.

"I agree," Hua Wudao said again.

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, Hua Yuexing, and the other female cultivators were puzzled.

Lu Zhou shook his head helplessly. He had given these old men a hard time. Indeed, it was difficult to expect them to pick bones from eggs. With his hands on his back, he looked at Little Yuan'er and said, "You should take the three elders' teachings to heart. Also, you're relying on your items too much. From this day on, you are to keep your Nirvana Sash, Cloud Treading Boots, and Cloud Feather Raiment. You're not to use them if there's no need for it."

"Huh?" Little Yuan'er felt aggrieved.

Lu Zhou added, "We'll reconsider after you attain the Five-leaf stage."

The three elders nodded. That was the greatest issue. However, they were not brave enough to point it out directly. Naturally, her treasures were like gilding the lily, but they were holding her back in her fundamental cultivation. If someone had pointed it out, it might seem like they coveted or envied her treasures. It was the most appropriate for her master to point it out.

"Yes, master." Although Little Yuan'er was unwilling to accept this, she nodded obediently.

"Ding! Instructed Little Yuan'er. Reward: 300 merit points." 'That's fast. I've already earned 900 merit points.'

The path of instruction seemed to be a wide and open road.

"Go, then." Lu Zhou waved his hand.

Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er bowed at the same time before they left.

The three elders were filled with emotions.

Hua Wudao exclaimed, "If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe this is the way you teach your disciples, Pavilion Master... It's starkly different from what's said in the outside world."

Naturally, Lu Zhou knew what those rumors were. He did not wish to entertain them.

Pan Litian stood up slowly. He cupped his fists and said, "I wish to ask something, Pavilion Master."

"What is it?" Lu Zhou turned around.

"Come to think of it, I've been in the Evil Sky Pavilion for some time now. I heard that you're studying the advantages of other cultivation methods. Is this true?" Pan Litian asked.

This was something that Hua Wudao and Leng Luo were curious about as well. They knew Lu Zhou was skilled in Buddhist Zen, the Buddha Golden Body, the Fiend Zen, Daoist methods, and even the Daoist

Nine Cuts Hand Seals. As for sword and saber skills, they could tell how skilled he was based on his disciples.

Lu Zhou said, "The sects under the heavens are all pursuing the same goals." He raised his right hand slowly. This time, there was no item card in his hand. He tried to picture the item card conjuring the Primal Qi. He had a feeling that the hand seals were becoming simpler. It was as if the item cards were grandmasters who taught Lu Zhou personally every time he used them.

The various sects under the heavens pursued the same goals. In essence, all of them utilized Primal Qi and condensed them into energy. Whether they used it to attack or defend, in a gentle or domineering way, it was all dependent on their ideals.

Primal Qi condensed in Lu Zhou's palm, spiraling in the anti-clockwise direction.

It was completed!

A hand seal appeared.

The three elders stared at the palm print on Lu Zhou's palm.

"The Great Blitz Treasure Seal."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard with his left hand and regarded the seal with satisfaction. Naturally, it could compare to the nine massive seals produced by the item cards. However, this was only a demonstration. He did not have to unleash it with his full strength.

The three Elders clicked their tongues in wonder.

There were miniature scripts swirling around the Great Blitz Treasure Seal. Indeed, it was one of the proper Daoist Nine Cuts Hand Seals!

"My horizons have been widened!"

"How could it be so easily done?" "Amazing! Incredible!" "This is truly the Old Age Kiss-Ass Pavilion." Lu Zhou fisted his hand and the Great Blitz Treasure Seal vanished.

Hua Wudao did not seem to have had enough. He cupped his fists again and said, "Pavilion Master... In that case, can you cast the Six Compatible Seal as well?" "...". Lu Zhou appeared calm. However, he cursed inwardly in his heart. 'Why must you be this way? I don't wish to act any more than I need to! When will this end?'

Leng Luo had seen Lu Zhou use the Daoist Nine Cuts Hand Seals. Therefore, he was not surprised to see it again.

The Six Compatible Seal was Hua Wudao's invention! The skill would reach its full potential if it was unleashed by a cultivator in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. Moreover, it was a tortoiseshell method he had cultivated for 20 years. Lu Zhou's cultivation base was only in the Divine Court realm. How was he supposed to pull it off?

Pan Litian said, "You have a point. Please give us a demonstration and broaden our horizons, Pavilion Master."

"I agree," Leng Luo said.

The four old men's conversation drifted into the ears of the young cultivators nearby. All of them moved closer to observe from afar. All of them remained respectfully quiet, afraid of missing out on any detail. It was a rare occurrence for these four old men to have such a discussion after all!

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. 'Should I use an Impeccable Card? No, no, no. It's such a waste to use it just to put on a show!'

Chapter 308 Old But Energetic

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, Hua Yuexing, and the female cultivators leaned forward expectantly. They were juniors who were lacking in knowledge and experiences. They would never let such a great opportunity to learn slip through their fingers. The three elders were expectant as well. Their eyes were all trained on Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou continued his stroking beard. He seemed to be thinking.

Hua Wudao waved his hand. "The Six Compatible Seal is the result of my 20 years of research after all. It's an improvisation based on the Six Seals. To date, I've managed to conjure up nine scripts. It can withstand an Eight-leaf expert's attacks if it's enhanced by the Eight Trigrams Seal. Every single script has to be formed with the most precise control. It's as difficult as ascending to the heavens just to form an extra script. One shouldn't underestimate the scripts of the Six Compatible Seals. When I just joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, with just six scripts, I managed to withstand Duanmu Sheng's attack that was unleashed with all his might."

They had witnessed Duanmu Sheng's Divine One Technique with their own eyes. It was a domineering and terrifyingly powerful spear technique. However, Hua Wudao only needed six scripts to block it.

Pan Zhong wondered aloud, "Elder Hua, what's the maximum number of scripts that you can manifest?"

"When I created the Six Compatible Seals, ten is the maximum. However, with my own cultivation base and perception, I can only manifest nine scripts."

"There's a tenth script?"

"That's right."

"Elder Hua, your achievements with the Six Compatible Seal is truly unparalleled." Pan Zhong and the others were filled with awe.

Regardless of the cultivation method, any new techniques created would require the cultivator to thoroughly master the cultivation method.

Duanmu Sheng's cultivation base was only in the Two-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. It was slightly too early for him to be thinking about creating a new technique. He would, at least, have to wait until he was at the Five-leaf stage or above to create new techniques.

"Elder Hua, how can someone recreate the technique that took you 20 years to create?" Zhou Jifeng said helplessly.

The others nodded as well.

Zhou Jifeng was right. Hua Wudao had spent 20 years to perfect the Six Compatible Seal. Even if the others could understand the theory behind it, it would be difficult to replicate it in a single try.

At this moment, the three elders were inwardly thinking of ways to let Lu Zhou gracefully back out of this.

Hua Wudao regretted his words immensely. He should not have run his mouth and asked the pavilion master to demonstrate the Six Compatible Seal. What was he going to do if he offended the pavilion master? He furtively glanced at Lu Zhou who still seemed to be lost in his thoughts. It seemed like he had to work harder to find a way for Lu Zhou to back out gracefully. He needed something more to save Lu Zhou's face.

Pan Litian asked, "Old Hua, the limit for the Six Compatible Seal is ten scripts?"

"That's correct."

"How many scripts do you think another person can unleash on their first try?" Pan Litian asked.

Yes! They knew they could count on Old Pan to be tactful and come up with a good way out of this situation. This was a high-spec question! They had found a way out of this situation that could potentially become awkward!

Hua Wudao hastily replied, "When I was still with the Yun Sect, my sect master spent three days to unleash the first script, ten days for the second, and a month for the third. Then, there were no new scripts for a year. The sect master didn't have time to study it further so he eventually gave up." Most people would only study his tortoiseshell method out of curiosity. Nobody would spend 20 years on it like he did.

"Ah, then does this mean no one else, apart from you, can manifest more than four scripts?"

"Indeed."

"What is the tenth script?"

"Combination." Since no one could manifest it, Hua Wudao had no qualms about revealing this. He thought to himself, 'This... this should be enough to defuse the situation, right?'

Since nobody else was able to do it, it was only normal if the pavilion master could not do it.

Hua Wudao was about to change the topic when Lu Zhou suddenly flew out and left the gazebo. He walked on air with his hands on his back to the area above the field at a speed that was neither fast nor slow.

Lu Zhou's expression was calm. He had made up his mind. As the great patriarch of the Evil Sky Pavilion, how could he allow the slightest blemish on his pride and dignity? Lu Zhou unleashed some Primal Qi. It was only in the Divine Court realm. However, due to his confidence and composure, no one dared to underestimate him. In fact, they were even fearfully respectful of him.

Everyone's attention was focused on Lu Zhou as he continued to walk forward.

At this moment, a radiant circle appeared beneath his feet.

“Eight Trigrams Seal! It’s an Eight Trigrams Seal!” Zhou Jifeng exclaimed in shock.

When Lu Zhou took another step forward, the radiant circle shone even brighter.

The Six Compatible Seal appeared!

Lu Zhou had access to a millennium of Ji Tiandao’s memories after all. The unrivaled experience and knowledge were displayed without any restraint at this moment.

The three elders stared at Lu Zhou unblinkingly.

Next, it was time to form the scripts.

Lu Zhou was not Hua Wudao, after all. Trying to use the skill, based on his experience and knowledge, was not enough. He turned to look at the others from above.

Whizz!

The first golden script, the ‘Heaven’ script appeared.

Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong looked on with an expression of reverence on their faces.

Lu Zhou waved his right arm.

The second script, the ‘Earth’ script appeared.

When Lu Zhou unleashed the second script, he looked at everyone. He was pleased with the effect.

Zhou Jifeng, Pan Zhong, and the others were looking at him reverently. Even the three elders seemed to be impressed as they looked at him expectantly.

In truth, when Lu Zhou unleashed the second script, he felt that he was already at his limit. After all, his cultivation base was only in the Divine Court realm. He thought it should be enough for him to manifest two scripts of the Six Compatible Seal. ‘Why are they still looking at me expectantly? Why aren’t they telling me to come down?’

Lu Zhou waved his left arm.

Whizz!

His Primal Qi fluctuated again. Clearly, it was not as stable as before.

The third script appeared, the ‘Birth’ circled around him.

Without prior study, he managed to conjure up to the third script with theoretical knowledge alone in such a short time, it was obvious Lu Zhou had overwhelmingly defeated the Sect Master of the Yun Sect in regard to talent.

As for the fourth script... Lu Zhou did not think it would be possible to manifest it.

However, in their awe, the three elders seemed to have completely forgotten to give Lu Zhou a way to back out gracefully. They were still looking at him with an expectant expression on their faces.

‘Forget it. It’s fine if I fail to manifest the fourth script.’

Lu Zhou stood on air as he circulated all of the Primal Qi in his sea of Qi. When the Primal Qi burst forth, he suddenly felt the Primal Qi in his surroundings surge.

‘Am I going to crash?’ It was practically impossible for him to manifest the fourth script with his Divine Court realm cultivation base. He frowned slightly. ‘What should I do?’

At this moment, Hua Wudao finally regained his senses. He hastily said, “That’s amazing, Pavilion Master! I’m thoroughly impressed!” Leng Luo chimed in, “To be able to manifest three scripts of the Six Compatible Seal in such a short period of time, your skills are truly unparalleled.”

The old men in the Kiss-Ass Pavilion finally gave Lu Zhou a way out.

It was finally time for Lu Zhou to back out. However, he discovered the fourth script was in the midst of manifesting. He... could not seem to stop it. He foresaw the fourth script failing to stabilize, and his Primal Qi would scatter, causing him to fall. Lu Zhou pushed out with his palm. His mind was clear at this moment. A unique and peculiar power surged out. The Eight Trigrams Seal under his feet shone dazzlingly compared to before. The scripts, Heaven, Earth, and Life, had been shining with a golden light before this. However, at this moment, the light from the scripts turned blue!

Chapter 309 The Third Heavenly Writing Technique

The others were used to seeing golden light. How could they not be shocked to see it turn blue?

“Elder Hua... is that still your Six Compatible Seal?” Pan Litian asked.

“That’s right. There’s no mistaking it.”

“Using the barrier’s power?”

The three elders could not make sense of what they were seeing

This was the third time Hua Wudao had seen Lu Zhou using this peculiar power. The first instance was when Lu Zhou was cultivating in seclusion inside the hidden chamber, the second time was when he destroyed the grand witchcraft spell on the Lotus Dais, and today was the third time.

Usually, the golden light was released from the condensation of Qi into energy. This was the same for the Confucian, Buddhist, and Daoist sects.

Formations, both for enhancement and attacks, had a bluish glow. A few healing techniques were either blue or green. Some Formations that drew on the Five Elements would change colors depending on the elements.

Meanwhile, the Fiend Zen was black.

Regardless, there was always a rhyme or reason to the colors of powers.

The Six Compatible Seal should have radiated a golden light!

Seeing the blue Six Compatible Seal before their eyes, they could only come to the conclusion that Lu Zhou had drawn on the power of the barrier.

“Uh...” Hua Wudao was at a loss for words.

Shortly after, the scripts, Death, Water, Fire, Being, Non-being, and Separation, appeared, circling around Lu Zhou. In addition to the three scripts from before, there were now nine scripts!

Lu Zhou had successfully unleashed the Nine-scripts Six Compatible Seal!

Lu Zhou swept his gaze across the nine scripts. A section of the Heavenly Writing scroll surfaced in his mind. ‘Is this the third technique of the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll? Is it possible that the third technique allows me to use any methods they’ve unleashed?’

Originating from nothing and everything at the same time. Living in samsara and learning from it. This is the Power of Past Lives. The gazebo was as quiet as a graveyard. Pan Litian who usually had a flippant attitude could not help but raise his hands in a show of respect.

Hua Wudao was flustered. An expression of incredulity could be seen on his wizened face. He cupped his fists. “Hua Wudao humbly accepts defeat!”

“Your amazing might knows no bounds, Pavilion Master!” Pan Zhong cried out.

Lu Zhou did not need a way to back out anymore. He was pleased with the outcome. The nine scripts before him and the Eight Trigrams under his feet was a testament to his defensive ability. He had some extraordinary power left so he waved his hand. “Appear!”

Whizz!

The tenth script, ‘Combination’, appeared and joined the revolving nine scripts. The ten scripts now formed a circle, causing the Eight Trigrams Seal under Lu Zhou’s feet to suddenly expand. With the cultivation field in the center, it expanded and covered the gazebo and half of the Golden Court Mountain! It even touched the towering Evil Sky Pavilion! It had increased dozens of times in size. The difference was only in a single script, but its size was so much larger.

“Ten Scripts Six Compatible Seal?” Hua Wudao croaked.

The others looked at the blue Six Compatible Seal. For a time, none of them could speak.

Nine scripts were already more than enough to impress them. With the sudden appearance of the tenth script, how were they supposed to keep their cool?

“Disperse!” The Ten Scripts Six Compatible Seal instantly vanished as Lu Zhou slowly descended. He was glad everything had gone smoothly. It was important that he kept up appearances. His expression remained calm as he stroked his beard. He had seen the effects of his demonstration on the people around him. He was extremely pleased with the results. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to refrain from showing off in front of these old men in the future. The extraordinary power that he had painstakingly saved up was gone again. He would have preferred to spend the energy to instruct his disciples than showing off here. However, it could not be said that he did not gain anything from this. From his demonstration, he confirmed the third technique of the Heavenly Writing was the Power of Past Lives. In other words, he could use another person’s skills with this technique. The system’s Deadly Strike Card had the same effect. Did this not mean that the three Heavenly Writing Scrolls were equivalent to permanently possessing a Deadly Strike Card and an Impeccable Card? However, he also

remembered that he could not kill his opponent instantly using this power. The Heavenly Writing powers he possessed now were still not as powerful as the Deadly Strike Cards and the Impeccable Cards.

Lu Zhou stepped forward.

The others finally snapped back to their senses. They bowed. No one dared to breathe heavily.

Lu Zhou returned to the gazebo. He looked at the elders indifferently before he said, "Do you have any other questions, Elder Hua?"

Hua Wudao had been unnerved since a long time ago, and he was in a stupor. He had studied the Six Compatible Seal for 20 years, and yet, it was easily replicated by the pavilion master. How could he keep his cool?

Pan Litian who was standing near Hua Wudao nudged him. "Elder Hua?"

Hua Wudao snapped back to his senses. He wiped the sweat away from his face and said, "I... I have no questions." However, he really wanted to say he had many questions about the Six Compatible Seal. Alas, he did not have the courage to ask any more questions.

Leng Luo cupped his fists. "This is the first time the Ten Script Six Compatible Seal has manifested, right?"

Pan Litian offered his praise. "Not only that, but I don't think anyone else would be able to cast it. Even without modifications, nobody can manifest the tenth script of the Six Compatible Seal. If I didn't see this with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it even if you were to beat me to death..." After saying this, he bowed at Lu Zhou and said, "Is this truly your first time using the Six Compatible Seal, Pavilion Master?"

Lu Zhou nodded ambiguously. That was the truth. It was up to Pan Litian to believe it or not.

Hua Wudao, who had taken great pride in his Six Compatible Seal, felt as though he had been dealt with a great blow.

"The barrier's power?" Leng Luo asked.

Lu Zhou did not answer him immediately. This was because he knew he would, at least, need an Eight-leaf cultivation base to truly unleash the Ten Script Six Compatible Seal. He could not possibly say that he had mastered the powers of the Heavenly Writing scroll, after all. In the end, he said, "I'll need a powerful source to unleash the Ten Script Six Compatible Seal."

Hua Wudao fell to one knee. He cupped his fists and said, "I have been utterly rude to have made such a request of you, Pavilion Master... I didn't expect you to use the barrier's power. Please punish me harshly, Pavilion Master!" He was the cause of this after all. Golden Court Mountain had lost its barrier, and Lu Zhou had used the barrier's power just to make a demonstration. How was Lu Zhou supposed to deal with powerful opponents in the future? Therefore, he quickly apologized.

The others looked at each other.

Lu Zhou's gaze fell on Hua Wudao. He saw Hua Wudao's loyalty rising greatly. He said, "You may rise."

"Thank you, Pavilion Master," Hua Wudao said.

"The barrier's power is but an external force. The barrier won't be the factor that decides if we win or lose," Lu Zhou said before turning to look at Pan Litian, "Pan Litian..."

Pan Litian cupped his fists.

Lu Zhou said, "When you first came to this mountain, how did you pass through the barrier?"

Pan Litian smiled brightly. He spun his wine gourd and said, "That's easy... I know a thing or two about Formations. Although the Formation was powerful, it was extremely fragile after the wear and tear throughout the years. It's clear that the Formation had been mended several times from a supply of Primal Qi, but the Formation veins were still damaged. Besides... this Wine Gourd Bottle of mine isn't an ordinary item!" He tossed the wine gourd up, and it spun in the air before a golden light burst forth.

Chapter 310 The Fourth Open Heavenly Writing Scroll

Lu Zhou knew the wine gourd was not an ordinary item so he was not surprised.

However, the others, especially Pan Zhong and the younger generation, widened their eyes and clicked their tongues in wonder.

Before this, Pan Litian had lost his cultivation base and could not utilize his Primal Qi. Now that he could use his Wine Gourd Bottle, he seemed much more invigorated.

"A treasure from the Black Forest?" Hua Wudao exclaimed in shock.

"I was lucky."

Lu Zhou and Leng Luo had heard Pan Litian speak about this previously. They knew the extremely peculiar wine gourd that came from the Black Forest. It was burned by a great fire, and what remained of it was forged into this unique weapon. Its grade was no lower than a heaven-grade weapon.

As everyone knew, there were ordinary weapons that were used by the mortals. Their materials were crude and of low quality. Then, there were the four grades; yellow, mystic, earth, and heaven. From the earth-grade onward, the weapon would be able to form a bond with its user. When the bond was at its peak, the weapon's full potential would be unleashed.

At heaven-grade, the weapon's characteristics would be activated as well. Naturally, a weapon had to be used by a suitable user. For instance, giving sabers and swords to Hua Wudao was a waste. He was skilled in defense, sabers and swords would do nothing to help him. Another example was Hua Yuexing who was skilled in archery. Any other weapons apart from a bow and arrow would not be suitable for her.

For those who were skilled in sound techniques, there were weapons in the form of string or wind instruments. However, these cultivation methods were usually too difficult to master, and few would try to cultivate them.

However, regardless of the weapon, they were the fruits after years and years of labor and research. It was now easier to determine their place and uses.

Saying that, the Wine Gourd Bottle's use was not obvious. Indeed, it was rare to see someone use a wine gourd as a weapon.

Leng Luo asked bluntly, "Old Pan, what's the use of your gourd?"

Pan Litian opened his hand, and the wine gourd flew back into his hand. "There are many uses. I can smash someone's head with it, use it as a pillow, refresh me, or make me drunk." He looked extremely pleased with himself. "Don't give me that look. I'm telling the truth."

Leng Luo's thoughts were written on his face. 'Who'd believe you? You're a crazy old man!'

Pan Zhong who had admired the display cried out, "Old Pan! Not bad! I wish to have such a weapon myself someday." "You want it?"

"Nobody would reject a heaven-grade weapon. It's one of my wildest dreams. Alas, heaven-grade weapons are too rare," Pan Zhong said.

"What do you say to having this as a present once you're in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm?" Pan Litian asked with a smile.

"Huh?" Although the two of them were close they were not at the stage where they would give each other such a rare weapon.

Even a cultivator who entered the Mystic Enlightening realm knew how important heaven-grade weapons were.

Yet, Pan Litian said, "You'd need a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivation base, at least, to wield a heaven-grade weapon. Remember to work hard."

"Don't make fun of me, Old Pan... I'm not taking your weapon," Pan Zhong said.

The duo's relationship was clearly different from the others. The old men could tell that much, but they remained quiet.

At this moment, Hua Wudao could no longer endure it. Against his judgment, he bowed at Lu Zhou and said, "Please enlighten me, Pavilion Master. How did you manifest the tenth script of the Six Compatible Seal?"

'Tell the truth.'

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. So long as he was not required to make any demonstrations, he would go along with the request. Coincidentally, he had gained some insight from the demonstration. "Daoist methods are based on nature and originate from the heavens and earth. In that case, it should be returned to nature."

"Uh..." Hua Wudao was completely bewildered by Lu Zhou's vague words.

Lu Zhou thought he had explained it quite clearly. He asked, "Do you understand?"

Hua Wudao blushed. He was a genius cultivator of the Yun Sect, after all. If he said that he did not understand, it would be too embarrassing. In the end, he nodded and stammered, "I... I think so."

"You'll certainly gain a lot from this if you reflect upon it enough." Lu Zhou placed his hands on his back and walked toward the Evil Sky Pavilion. He did not expect that the philosophy from his past life could be used in this manner. All he said was some general stuff that could be applied to practically any occasion. 'It's good that he didn't understand it. This way he'll think it's awesome and profound.'

Moreover, he did not gain any merit points from giving these instructions. This told him that it was useless for him to instruct people that were not his disciples. They were a bunch of old men. They had neither future nor hope. It would be better for him to focus his energy on his troublesome disciples.

"Save journey, Pavilion Master."

The others bowed. They watched Lu Zhou leave.

Lu Zhou returned to the east pavilion. He thought about the techniques he currently possessed.

The first Heavenly Writing power was the Power of Speech. It was a sound technique.

The second Heavenly Writing power was the Power of Muting. It was an offensive technique where the blue lotus bloomed.

The third Heavenly Writing power was the Power of Past Lives. It must be a replicating technique that enabled him to replicate techniques from others.

In addition, meditating on the Heavenly Writing scroll could suppress witchcraft spells, Brahman sound techniques, illusory effects.

He was certain that these Heavenly Writing powers were connected to the Open Heavenly Writing scroll. Since there was a third technique, there would, naturally, be a fourth technique.

In that case, where was the fourth Open Heavenly Writing scroll?

When Lu Zhou thought about this, he walked up to the table and looked at the old parchment drawing. The Mausoleum of Swords was clearly shown. "As expected, this shows the locations of the Open Heavenly Writing scrolls."

Lu Zhou scrutinized the picture again. Apart from the Divine Capital and the Mausoleum of Swords, the other parts of the picture were blurry. He could only wait for the fourth Open Heavenly Writing scroll.

With the parchment drawing, he would not have to worry about not being able to find the next Open Heavenly Writing scroll. With this thought in mind, he no longer studied the ancient picture. He went behind the screen and sat cross-legged before he began to meditate on the contents of the Heavenly Writing

Meanwhile, in the secluded hut.

Si Wuya suddenly coughed violently. However, there was no blood!

He parted his clothes, revealing his toned torso. The color of the Binding Mantra was fading, however, there did not seem to be any improvement in his cultivation base.

"Is this really a Daoist mantra?"

Si Wuya stood up. He felt much better now. He had a feeling this mantra would continually keep his cultivation base restricted...

Ye Zhixing appeared nearby. When he saw Si Wuya's expression, he hastily said, "Sect master?"

"I'm alright... Report," Si Wuya said with a wave of his hand.

"Our sources near Golden Court Mountain have reported back. The mountain's barrier is gone," Ye Zhixing said.

When Si Wuya heard this, he frowned in confusion. "What happened to the Evil Sky Pavilion..."

"Sect master, the old senior had just returned from the Mausoleum of Swords... I've sent some men to the Mausoleum of Swords, and they found that the Demon Sword had been taken away," Ye Zhixing paused before continuing, "The Demon Sword is now in Jiang Aijian's hands..."

Si Wuya said, "With master's temper, he would never give the Demon Sword away that easily. Looks like the person who's been helping the Evil Sky Pavilion behind the scenes is Jiang Aijian."

"Jiang Aijian is one of the three great Sword Freaks. He's a coward! How could it be him?" Ye Zhixing found this strange. An awkward expression appeared on his face when he finished speaking. His sect master had ordered him to run a background check on Jiang Aijian, and yet, he could not find anything.

Si Wuya shook his head and said, "He's the only person who knows the palace like the back of his hand."

"He?"

"The Third Prince, Liu Chen..."