

Disciples 31

Chapter 31: The Lakeside Gang

‘How could he flatter Master like that?’

Little Yuan’er could not help laughing, but when she saw her master’s solemn look, she quickly lowered her voice. Then, fearing that he would scold her, she turned around and covered her mouth.

Murong Hai looked embarrassed and confused. He could not understand what was so funny about such a serious topic.

“You can just ignore her and continue,” Lu Zhou said calmly.

Murong Hai did not know how to keep his sobbing voice after he was interrupted by Little Yuan’er, so he said in his normal voice, “This Lakeside Gang is indeed a nonexistent gang. Two days before they kidnapped the Ci Family, they were surveying in Anyang with about thirty people.”

“How did you know that?”

Since they faked a gang, that meant they did not want others to know them, so how did the Murong Family know what they did?

That gave Murong Hai a pause, and an embarrassed look crept up his face.

“Tell me.”

“Actually, some of them are from my family.”

“You are so shameless!” Little Yuan’er said angrily.

Lu Zhou lifted a hand and said, “Good. You have answered well.”

“Please have mercy, Old Mister! I promise you that I will no longer be against the Ci Family from now on,” said Murong Hai while bowing.

Lu Zhou slowly turned his back on him. “Last question...Can you track down the hostages?”

Murong Hai’s expression changed when he heard that. ‘He really wants to provoke this group of people!’

“This...This...”

“Well?”

“Yes, I can!” Murong Hai bowed his head and answered honestly.

A cultivation seal was a crude tracking method, which greater cultivators would not use. Since the Lakeside Gang was backed by some so-called formidable cultivators, they would not be so ignorant as to neglect such a little trick. In other words, the information was leaked on purpose.

When the mounted brigands kidnapped the Ci Family, all they wanted was money. But what did the Lakeside Gang want?

"We should go back now," said Lu Zhou.

"Let me help you, Grandpa!" Little Yuan'er hopped next to him.

After taking two steps, Lu Zhou stopped and pointed at Murong Hai, "Bring him with us, and don't forget about the imperial token."

Murong Hai was struck dumb. He wanted to kneel and beg for mercy, but Lu Zhou turned away from him, shattering his hope. Weak as he was, he did not dare to fight back, so he just followed timidly, walking dejectedly beside Wang Fugui.

"Grandpa, I found the imperial token."

"Put it away."

"This is a beautiful dragon carving," Little Yuan'er turned the token over and over in her hand.

Lu Zhou smiled. "It is a unique dragon carving of the imperial token, the only symbol that distinguishes a real one from a fake one. Put it away now, lest it attracts unwanted attention."

Plop!

Murong Hai collapsed to the ground, his legs weak, his forehead covered with sweat, and his hands shaking. Little Yuan'er looked back over her shoulder and asked in confusion, "What's wrong with you?"

"That, that token is-is-is a real one?"

"Of course, it is!"

Little Yuan'er shoved the token into her pocket and trotted toward Lu Zhou, and then she heard Wang Fugui's voice ringing out from behind her, "Get up, Murong Hai, you are sitting in a puddle of piss!"

Halfway down the street, Lu Zhou suddenly stopped and said, "Yuan'er, send a letter to your senior brothers. Tell them to keep an eye out for unidentified cultivators approaching Golden Court Mountain."

"Yes, Master!" Little Yuan'er nodded.

"Tomorrow morning, I'll bring Murong Hai to rescue your family."

"Thank you...Grandpa!"

...

By the time they returned to the Ci Family's residence, the night had fallen. As usual, Lu Zhou opened the system interface and looked at the merit points he had.

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points. You have received 3 reversal cards."

"Are reversal cards so cheap?"

Lu Zhou had a sudden feeling that he had been ripped off by the system. When he purchased them from the shopping mall, a reversal card had cost him 500 merit points. But now, he got three with just 50 merit points! If this were not a rip-off, what was it?

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points. You have received 5 critical block cards."

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points. Thank you for trying, you have received 1 luck point."

"Lucky draw."

"Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points. Thank you for trying, you have received 1 luck point."

Lu Zhou shook his head. "This game is too addictive! I just can't stop...No, I have to control myself. I have to stop now."

If he tried ten times and failed to win even a reversal card, then he was losing.

"Use them."

He used the three reversal cards. After that, he looked at the system interface and saw that his remaining life had increased to 5,507 days.

"Oh? Three cards have given me one thousand days of life!"

Lu Zhou remembered that the first reversal card had given him 310 days, and the later ones around 300 days. He was surprised that each of these three cards had given him 333 days.

"Interesting..."

He felt that his body function had strengthened a lot. Although his cultivation base was still weak, at least his flesh had grown stronger. He also felt that his vision had improved significantly, for the light sprinkled through the windows in his eyes and moved like ripples on the surface of the ocean.

"Ugh?"

He rubbed his eyes, and everything suddenly returned to normal. "What was that? Could it be the so-called extraordinary power of the Heaven Writing? If so, how can I use it? The system had said the method to cultivate the Heaven Writing is unlike that of the other cultivation techniques, which means all the existing experience and insight are useless. I guess I'll have to find my own way."

And thus, he opened up the Heaven Writing's interface and continued studying it.

...

The next morning, Lu Zhou, Little Yuan'er, Murong Hai, and Wang Fugui gathered in the courtyard.

"Grandpa, you're getting younger again."

"Garrulous!"

That seemed to be the only flattering words the little girl knew.

Clasping his hands behind his back, Lu Zhou said, "Lead the way, Murong Hai!"

Murong Hai nodded and performed an incantation gesture. Streams of weak energy swirled around his arms before spreading out and disappearing into the void.

"About ten miles to the north."

"Only ten miles away from here?" It was plain that the group of cultivators did not fear that someone might come to rescue the hostages.

'If this is related to those villainous disciples, it may be not appropriate to let Yuan'er go...Should we wait for a little longer?'

"What are you thinking about, Grandpa?"

"Nothing. Let's go!"

"Alright."

Wang Fugui was not a cultivator, so he was left behind to wait in the residence.

...

Ten miles to the north of Anyang, at a place called Bluesun Mountain...

"This should be it," Murong Hai said while pointing at the mountain ahead of them. The three of them looked up from the foot of the mountain.

"This is the Bluesun Mountain. The seal has led us here, so the cultivators of the Lakeside Gang should be hiding in the mountain."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Yuan'er, it's time to rescue your family."

"I understand." A sly smile brushed the little girl's lips as she walked toward the mountain one step at a time.

"At such a young age, she has opened all eight meridians of the Brahma Sea realm...She's really a rare genius!" Murong Hai was still shocked by her cultivation base.

Right then, strange cultivators rushed out of the woods and flew up, hovering orderly in the air on swords, as if they had been waiting here for a long time.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

In the blink of an eye, dozens of cultivators appeared in front of them.

"We've been waiting for you for a long time."

Chapter 32: I Have Told You This is a Trap

The dozens of cultivators looked down at them from midair. Seeing that the situation was unfavorable, Murong Hai took a step back. His eyes grew as wide as that of a cow and he stammered, "Ol-old Mis-mis-mister, the-they are all eight-meridians Brahma Sea experts. This... this..."

'I've told you this is a trap! Look what you have brought me into now!'

"I know." Lu Zhou nodded.

'Ugh?' Murong Hai felt like crying. 'We are about to die, and that's all you can say? You know?'

Murong Hai's family ran businesses of the common people. Although he was a fish in water in the business world, he was just an ant in the face of these cultivators. They were from two completely different worlds. What else could he do but be afraid? Yes, he had opened five apertures of the Mystic Enlightening realm, but with such a cultivation base, he did not even have the qualification to stand in front of Brahma Sea experts.

"Old Mister, I think we should run away now!" he suggested. He knew Little Yuan'er was an eight-meridians Brahma Sea expert, so if she could hold back these cultivators for a while, they might have a chance to escape.

However, Lu Zhou's expression was calm, as if he had not heard Murong Hai's words and was focusing all his attention on the field.

'Crazy...he must be crazy!'

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er showed no fear at all either. Instead, she looked up at the cultivators and rested one hand on her hip while pointing at them with the other and counting, "One, two, three, four, five..."

"What is she counting?" The group of cultivators frowned at her.

The leader of the group said in an angry voice, "We never kill nameless people. Tell us your name!"

"Twelve Brahma Sea cultivators," Little Yuan'er said smilingly after she had finished counting.

The leader paused for a moment, as if he could not believe that he was ignored by a little girl. Right then, a cultivator beside him whispered to him, "That senior asks us to kill whoever comes to rescue the hostages..."

While nodding, the leader said, "We are paid to solve problems. It's rare for you to achieve such a strong cultivation base at this young age, but too bad you got yourself involved with the Ci Family."

The eleven cultivators behind him moved forward, surrounding Little Yuan'er in the blink of an eye.

"Who paid you to do this?" Lu Zhou's husky voice rang out.

"Who are you, old man?" The leader glanced at Lu Zhou and Murong Hai. When he saw that one of them was in the Sense Condensing realm, while the other was in the Mystic Enlightening realm, he shook his head.

Lu Zhou shook his head as well. He realized that reasons and rules in this world were determined by those who had a bigger fist in the end.

“Yuan’er.” He gestured at Little Yuan’er.

The girl gave him a knowing smile as she spread her arms and lightly kicked the ground, leaving a pit behind as she leaped into the air.

“Ah?” Murong Hai was completely struck dumb, and he perfectly demonstrated the look of someone who had never seen the world. Meanwhile, the twelve Brahma Sea cultivators were taken aback by Little Yuan’er’s aura.

“Kill her!”

As soon as the leader gave the order, Little Yuan’er’s laughter rang through the mountain. Then, she disappeared from where she stood.

“The Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps.” It was the most essential part of the movement technique given to her by Ji Tiandao, which allowed her to tread in the air, moving as stealthily as a shadow and as fast as a bolt of lightning.

For a moment, she was everywhere in the sky, dazzling the eyes of all the cultivators.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

One Brahma Sea cultivator after another was kicked down from the air, and instead of falling, they were forcefully thrown to the ground.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Murong Hai was dumbfounded, and he thought, ‘Is an eight-meridians Brahma Sea cultivator really so strong?’

“Ding! An evil man is killed. You are rewarded with 10 merit points.”

“Ding! An evil man is killed. You are rewarded with 10 merit points.”

...

In just the span of a few breaths, Little Yuan’er had kicked eleven cultivators to the ground. Each of them was thrown into the earth with his head cracked, his face covered in blood, and his life lost. By now, the last cultivator stared at her with a blank face, as if he were so scared that he had lost his ability to think.

Little Yuan’er appeared in front of him. She looked so calm that it seemed those dead men beneath had nothing to do with her. Waving her hand, she said, “Do you need my help?”

“No...No, no! I can go down by myself.”

Plop.

The leader retracted his energy and allowed himself to fall freely to the ground. It could at least save his life, or so he thought.

As soon as he landed, the pungent smell of blood stung his nostrils and nerves like a sharp blade. ‘Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing here?’ For a moment, he forgot everything, but then he

remembered that he had accepted a lucrative task, which was to kidnap the whole Ci Family and kill whoever came to rescue them.

...

Murong Hai finally came to his senses. He swallowed and felt as if he were dreaming.

Lu Zhou walked up slowly and said, "You've done a good job."

"Hehe! Grandpa finally praised me!" Little Yuan'er had purposely spared one man and killed the rest, which surprised Lu Zhou.

He rested his eyes on the survivor and said coldly, "Who is the mastermind?"

The man looked up with difficulty at the old man in front of him and said, "I don't know."

"Where are the hostages?"

"Someone had taken them away."

"Who?"

"I...I don't know."

"Have you seen his face?"

"No..."

It seemed that no answers could be dug out of his mouth. Little Yuan'er was furious at his replies while Lu Zhou also slightly furrowed his brow, staring at the leader, who lay on his hands and knees, holding his breath and clutching the ground with his shaking fingers.

"Kill him," said Lu Zhou in a faint voice.

"What! Aren't you going to ask me a few more questions? Hold on! I'll tell you everything! Don't kill me!"

Lu Zhou no longer looked at him but clasped his hands and walked toward the mountain.

Little Yuan'er chuckled and said, "Why didn't you tell us just now?"

It was not that the leader did not want to tell them. He was a Brahma Sea expert after all, and he was unhurt, so he felt ashamed to disclose everything after just being casually questioned.

"The whole Ci Family is on Bluesun Mountain, but their family head has been taken away by my employer...I...I really don't know the identity of my employer!"

The leader hurriedly told them the key important information. But, Lu Zhou did not turn back. He was thinking about how he could find the group of cunning disciples. He had only two peak-form experience cards left, so he could not use them to search for his disciples.

Little Yuan'er said, "You are amazing, Grandpa! He told me everything after you scared him!"

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "I didn't scare him."

“Grandpa?”

“This place is indeed a trap. The mastermind had purposely left behind a message. If he didn’t tell us, others would. So, what’s the point of sparing his life?”

If there were any value to the man, that would be providing Lu Zhou some merit points.

“...”

Upon hearing that, the leader slumped to the ground and his face turned deathly pale.

...

At the Derived Moon Palace...

Dozens of female cultivators skimmed over the mountains and landed one after another.

It was a cultivating ground that looked like a wonderland, and the female cultivators were akin to fairies living in here. Who would have thought that this was the Derived Moon Palace, the dwelling place of Ye Tianxin, who killed people without batting an eye and bore the title of Jadedface Shura?

“Master, we’ve received a letter. An old man and a young girl are approaching the Ci Family’s residence.”

Ye Tianxin and Zhao Yue stood up at the same time when they heard that.

“Have their identities been confirmed?”

“They look somewhat similar to the portraits, but our people did not dare to confirm their identities.”

Similar?

Ye Tianxin laughed and said, “With that old man’s temper, he would never disguise himself. As far as I know, Third Senior Brother has been injured, and the Righteous Sect has sent experts to Golden Court Mountain. Also, after the death of Luo Changfeng, the sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect, there has been no one to succeed him. Their former sect leader, Luo Xingkong, is constantly looking for an opportunity to avenge his son. Fourth Senior Brother alone can never stop a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert.”

Zhao Yue knew what she was trying to tell her. This was the best timing to exhaust Ji Tiandao’s trump cards.

“What if these two aren’t impersonators?”

Ye Tianxin chuckled. “Then the old thing would fall right into our trap!”

“Master, we’ve received another letter. The cultivators of the Lakeside Gang on Bluesun Mountain are all dead, and the whole Ci Family, except their family head, have escaped.”

Ye Tianxin’s eyes lit up, and she did not seem surprised. “The person who can kill all the cultivators of the Lakeside Gang is most likely to be...Little Junior Sister.”

After all, there were not many Divine Court experts. Those from the top ten orthodox sects had no reason to rescue an insignificant family. Only Little Yuan'er had the motive.

"Send a letter to Evil King. Inform him that the plan remains unchanged and to get ready for action."

"I understand!"

Chapter 33: You Only Have Three Months Left to Live

Zhao Yue smiled and said, "Old Eighth is cheeky enough to call himself the Evil King with his weak cultivation base."

Of Ji Tiandao's nine disciples, Zhu Honggong was only slightly stronger than Little Yuan'er. However, Little Yuan'er had just joined the sect for five years, and it would not take her long to surpass him. So, when Zhao Yue heard that their eighth junior brother, who was a little silly, called himself Evil King, she could not help but smile.

But Ye Tianxin said, "It is not that Old Eighth is too weak, but that old thing is too strong..."

What the world knew about Ji Tiandao came from all the 'amazing feats' he had done in those years, when he held sway in the world. But, only his disciples knew what the feeling of accompanying the old villain was.

...

After the people of the Ci Family were rescued, they knelt and kowtowed to Lu Zhou to express their gratitude. As expected, he received merit points from the worship of over a hundred people. He found that although many of them kowtowed several times, he did not get extra points, which told him that additional kowtows would not earn him more merit points.

Little Yuan'er had also reunited with her mother, and that excited her for quite a while. It was a pity that before they could talk further, Lu Zhou asked her to send all the people back to the residence. They still had someone to rescue: her father was still in the hands of that unknown but formidable cultivator.

After the brief battle of Bluesun Mountain, Murong Hai had a new understanding of Little Yuan'er.

"Old Mister, your granddaughter is probably the youngest eight-meridians Brahma Sea cultivator I've ever seen, and I'm certain that she will step into the Divine Court realm in less than three years," he praised sincerely.

Lu Zhou did not say anything but clasped his hands behind his back and walked away.

Twisting her hair with a finger, Little Yuan'er pointed at Murong Hai and said, "Bah! I remember you were scared out of your wits just now."

"Ugh..." Murong Hai looked embarrassed.

"Oh, you don't think so? Count yourself lucky that you still have some use to us. Otherwise, I would have killed you with a kick now..."

“...”

Murong Hai felt that he really could not handle this moody little girl. He did not understand how he had provoked her, even though he was just praising her. ‘I think I’d better just shut my mouth...’ he thought to himself. Then, he quickened his steps and caught up with Lu Zhou. ‘Her grandfather is kinder and easier to talk to.’

After walking for a while, Murong Hai could no longer hold back his curiosity, so he asked, “Old Mister, why did you send the people of the Ci Family back to their residence? Wouldn’t it be a waste of effort if they were kidnapped by someone again?”

Not waiting for Lu Zhou to answer, Little Yuan’er already said snappily, “Idiot! My Grandpa has the imperial token, which I’ve given to them!”

Murong Hai was almost choked to death by her words.

Lu Zhou said calmly, “Don’t worry, these cultivators’ target should not be the Ci Family.”

“I agree,” said Murong Hai while nodding. “If they wanted money, they would have asked it. But they didn’t, and they did not kill a single hostage, which means what they want is something else. In that case, why did they do this?”

Right then, Little Yuan’er pointed at the sky and said, “A carrier pigeon!”

Swoosh!

She shot up like a bolt of lightning and caught the bird before bringing it down to the ground.

“It’s from Fourth Senior Brother.”

Lu Zhou did not ask her to read this time but beckoned her over. Little Yuan’er handed the letter to him, after reading which, he furrowed his brows slightly.

“What did the letter say, Grandpa?”

“Some trifling matters.”

With a casual wave of his hand, the letter was pulverized and carried away by the wind. Murong Hai stood to the side in silence, not daring to ask anything about the letter.

Looking at the beautiful scenery ahead, Lu Zhou said, “Send a letter to Old Fourth and tell him to wait for my return.”

“Oh!”

From the way they addressed each other, Murong Hai guessed that this pair of grandfather and granddaughter should be from some sect. The world of Great Yan was boundless, and it was perfectly normal to have one or two almighty hermits.

“Old Mister, the head of the Ci Family doesn’t have a seal, so we can’t track him. Why don’t we just...go back?” Murong Hai suggested.

Lu Zhou gave him a look, and instead of answering, he asked, "Do you know anything about the imperial token?"

"The token belongs to Great Yan's emperor, and it can be used to mobilize the imperial army of one hundred thousand elites," said Murong Hai. "The army has eight commanders, who guard the eight sides of the capital city. It is said that four of them are Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts and are stationed at the north, south, east, and west of the capital, forming the strongest shield. The eight commanders report directly to the emperor, and the only thing that can command them besides the emperor is this token. It has a unique dragon carving, which makes it very easy to identify."

Lu Zhou nodded. What he said was basically correct. It was after hearing about its uniqueness that Ji Tiandao had sneaked into the palace and stolen it. Since then, time had passed and circumstances had changed. No matter how stupid the imperial family was, they would not let a lost token continue to have the ability to muster the imperial army. Nevertheless, the symbolic meaning of the token remained.

"Since you know about this token, why did you still dare to hold Wang Fugui captive?"

With a sad face, Murong Hai said, "I was careless and failed to notice the dragon carving."

Lu Zhou did not question him further. Just then, Little Yuan'er pointed to the front and said, "Grandpa, it should be ahead."

"Alright."

The three of them skirted a lake to an empty field surrounded by mountains. There was no one around. After carefully studying the environment, Lu Zhou said in a deep voice, "Show yourself."

No one answered him save for the sound of birds calling in the mountains and woods. For some unknown reasons, Murong Hai felt uncomfortable. A chill ran down his back, and he had a feeling that something bad was about to happen. So, he took a step back.

Swoosh.

Suddenly, the animals and birds in the woods scattered and fled in all directions while an evil laugh rang out, echoing in the woods. Right then, a black figure flew from the mountains. He had a man held beneath one arm, but he landed slowly like a feather.

Murong Hai stepped back some more. "What a strong aura! A Divine Court expert! This is not good, he may be a villain from the Golden Court Mountain! Run for your life!" He turned and ran. However, he was not far away when an invisible layer of energy blocked his way.

"It's too late to run away now." The black figure's husky voice sounded terrible.

"Save me, Old Mister!"

Lu Zhou stood unmoving with his hands clasped behind his back. Judging from the fluctuation of the man's aura, he was stronger than an eight-meridians Brahma Sea expert: he should be a Divine Court expert. Lu Zhou did not think that this man was worthy of him using a peak-form experience card.

The man's long black hair had covered his cheeks, making it difficult for anyone to see his face.

“The fact that you managed to escape the trap at Bluesun Mountain proves that you are pretty strong. But unfortunately...that is far from enough.”

“A two-apertures Mystic Enlightening cultivator, an eighth-tier Body Tempering cultivator...” Through the gap between his hair, the man glanced at Murong Hai and Lu Zhou, and then his eyes rested on Little Yuan’er. “...and an eight-meridians Brahma Sea cultivator. Tsk, tsk, this seems like a fair deal.”

Little Yuan’er’s eyes lit up, and she chuckled. “This one should last a little longer.”

The man roared with laughter.

Little Yuan’er was about to rush up, but Lu Zhou raised his hand and stopped her. While stroking his beard, he said, “You are too impatient. He’s merely a Divine Court cultivator. You will have your chance to fight.”

“Oh!”

Murong Hai was speechless. ‘Old Mister looks kind in terms of looks, but why is he so arrogant in speech? Is it because he has a granddaughter who has opened all eight meridians of the Brahma Sea realm?’

“Do you know who you’re talking to, old thing?” The black figure raised a hand and pointed at Lu Zhou.

“The Three Yin Styles of the Daoist Societies?” Lu Zhou’s tone remained calm.

That gave the man a pause, and he moved his eyes from Little Yuan’er to Lu Zhou. His intuition told him that this old man was not an eighth-tier Body Tempering cultivator, but had used some means to conceal his aura. And the fact that he could tell his sect with a glance proved that he was not as simple as he looked.

“Who are you?”

“You are practicing a reverse breathing method, which absorbs the energy essence of the heaven and earth through the Laogong acupoints in your arms and accumulates them in your dantian. The method is very easy to master, but it has a flaw—your bones will be filled with chills, and you will be in extreme pain for at least ten days a month.”

Lu Zhou paused before continuing, “You only have three months left to live!”

Chapter 34: This Is Just The Beginning

Hearing that, the man was taken aback.

There were numerous cultivators in this world, and each one of them had their own secrets. Furthermore, they regarded the flaw in their cultivation techniques as the most important secret.

Over the past two decades, he had poured in all his effort to cultivate the Three Yin Styles, which had made him a formidable Divine Court expert. However, the greater the gains were, the greater the cost would be. The price he had to pay was suffering the pain from the chills in his body.

'How did this old man know about it?' He pushed away a lock of hair that fell from his forehead and stared at Lu Zhou with a pair of eyes as large as that of a cow.

"Let me ask you again, who are you?" His tone grew cold and dark.

Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er remained standing as if nothing had happened, but Murong Hai peed in his pants again and slumped to the ground. 'What a scary voice! He must be a villain of Golden Court Mountain!'

Lu Zhou went on according to what he found in his memory, "When you betrayed the Dao Societies, you had only learned the Three Yin Styles but not the Six Yang Techniques. The extreme cold needs to be balanced with the extreme Yang. It is a miracle that you are still alive today."

"The Six Yang Technique?" the man asked doubtfully.

"Why...Haven't you heard of it?"

At that moment, the man suddenly burst into laughter and his voice shook the mountains.

"How dare you deceive me with nonsense, old man!" Just as he said that, the man, wrapped in a freezing wind, leaped over like a savage beast and threw a punch toward Lu Zhou's face.

The sudden attack shocked Lu Zhou.

Bam!

The great waves lifted by the wind were blocked, and so was the punch. For a moment, the world fell completely silent.

When the dust settled, the man saw that his thunderous attack was not blocked by the seemingly weak and frail old man, but the little girl with a playful smile.

Little Yuan'er had stopped his fist with a palm, and she said, "You have to ask me before attacking my Grandpa."

'What! Isn't she an eight-meridians Brahma Sea cultivator?' he thought as a trace of surprise appeared on his face.

Even Murong Hai, who was slumped to the ground, looked at the scene with a blank face and felt his view of the world, life, and values collapse. 'Why is she so strong? Was she pretending to be a pig to prey on the tiger? Her acting is so good!'

Bam!

A sharp and powerful blast of energy exploded out of Little Yuan'er and drove the man back as she no longer concealed her aura. To the attacker's surprise, she was a genuine Divine Court cultivator!

In fact, even if Little Yuan'er did not stop him, the man could not hurt Lu Zhou, because he still had seven critical block cards. Nevertheless, it was good for her to do that, for it saved him a card.

"You...A Divine Court cultivator at this young age? How is this possible!" The man's voice sounded full of surprise.

Little Yuan'er cracked her knuckles as she looked back and said with a fierce desire to fight on her face, "Grandpa, I want to fight him!"

"Do as you wish."

After getting Lu Zhou's permission, Little Yuan'er smiled even more happily. She beckoned to the man with a finger and said, "I haven't met such a strong opponent as you in a long time. You must hold on for a little longer."

"..."

'Why does this sound so weird? A little girl is provoking a monster?' Lu Zhou thought while shaking his head. 'Never mind! It's also a good idea to fight before talking.'

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er darted forward, stepping on her tiptoe over the blades of grass like a dragonfly skimming the water surface. In the next instant, she kicked the man from the side.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Just like that, they locked each other in a fierce fight.

'She's so fast!' The man reflexively lifted both arms to block.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A series of kicks landed onto his arms, and a great power forced him to keep stepping back into the woods, breaking trees along the way.

The power was simply...amazing.

Lu Zhou went up to Little Yuan'er's father, who was lying on the ground, and briefly examined him. Fortunately, he had just passed out and wasn't hurt.

"She's always unable to control her temper," said Lu Zhou when he saw Murong Hai's pale face.

'Is this a matter of temper? She's totally a fiend out of rein!' Murong Hai did not know whether to laugh or cry. He wanted to stand up, but he found that his legs were weak, and he could not move them at all.

"Old Mister, since you have such a strong granddaughter, why did you pretend to be weak?"

"The world is full of treacherous people. We have to be wary of them," said Lu Zhou.

"You are a wise man, Old Mister! No wonder you were so confident in rescuing the Ci Family. I've underestimated you." Murong Hai calmed himself down.

The two of them chatted leisurely while Little Yuan'er and the black-clothed man fought fiercely. On the surface, they seemed to have reached a deadlock, but in fact, Little Yuan'er had the upper hand since the beginning. Anyone with a discerning eye could easily see that she did it on purpose. She just wanted to fight a little longer and exercise a little more. Staying on the mountain for too long had bored her. Now that she finally had an opponent to 'relax' with, how could she miss the opportunity?

The sounds of energy colliding with one another rang without end. Murong Hai was greatly shocked as he watched them fight. He found it hard to believe that those powerful energy blasts were coming from a weak-looking little girl.

“Old Mister,” he cupped his fist toward Lu Zhou and said, “I have a question, but I don’t know if I should ask.”

“Bring it on.”

“You’re also hiding your strength, right?” Murong Hai had long suspected it. He did not believe Lu Zhou could tame a little devil like this just by his personality and kinship.

Lu Zhou gave him a look without admitting or denying, but Murong Hai took that as a confirmation. ‘Since his granddaughter is a Divine Court expert, he must also be a Divine Court expert at the very least!’

At the thought of that, he hurriedly cupped his fist and said, “Old Mister is really an almighty expert!”

“I’m not an expert yet.” Lu Zhou waved his hand.

Murong Hai was greatly impressed, and he thought, ‘I didn’t expect him to be so humble when his granddaughter is so moody and hot-tempered.’

“Old Mister, if I may say one more thing...”

“What is it?”

“The child is amazingly gifted, and with her cultivation base reaching the peak, her future is limitless. It’s a pity that she hasn’t fully understood the proper way of dealing with people.”

Lu Zhou looked up at Little Yuan’er, who was fighting in the distance. He knew about her temper and character very well. It would take more than just a few days to teach her that.

“You are right. I’ve been thinking about how to teach her the way of dealing with people recently.” He was telling the truth.

“Old Mister is truly a wise man! The child is fortunate to have you teaching her!”

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The black-clothed man’s face was covered with dust, and he kept coughing as energy blasts struck him continuously. It did not take long for him to fall to the ground and stop moving.

“Let’s continue!” said Little Yuan’er smilingly. “Hey, get up now! That was a good move you just made. Come on, let’s fight again!”

Their battle had broken all the nearby trees and riddled the ground with holes of varying sizes.

“This is so boring!” said Little Yuan’er when she saw the man not move anymore.

“Kof! Kof!” The black-clothed man raised his hands and waved them as he said with difficulty, “I, I don’t want...to fight anymore...”

That was when Lu Zhou rose to his feet while smiling, "It looks like they've had enough fighting."

"Very good! Congratulations, Old Mister! Now that all the people of the Ci Family have been rescued, this journey is finally over," said Murong Hai.

Lu Zhou shook his head as he looked at the man lying on the ground and said, "It's not over...On the contrary, this is just the beginning."

"Ah?"

"What do you say, Pan Zhong?"

The black-clothed man shuddered. "How do you know my name?"

"Let's return to the topic just now." Lu Zhou walked forward slowly and said, "You could've lived another three months. Do you want to die now?"

"What?" Pan Zhong's heart trembled, and he did a backward flip. Dust fell off his body, but his face was still filthy, and he was having difficulty standing straight.

"I didn't expect this little girl's cultivation base to be so profound, but she is still not strong enough to kill me." Pan Zhong looked at Little Yuan'er warily.

They had fought over a few hundred rounds, and he was being attacked like a practice target all the while. If truth be told, he wished to turn around and run away right now.

"The true power of the Three Yin Styles can only be brought out with the help of the Six Yang Technique. You've only learned the Three Yin Styles, and that's why you can't get its essence," Lu Zhou said.

"Why have I never heard about this so-called Six Yang Technique?"

Little Yuan'er spat as she rolled her eyes and said, "What's so good about this Six Yang Technique? My Grandpa knows countless cultivation techniques!"

"Countless?"

Right then, whistles could be heard approaching from the distance. Everyone could tell that those were the sound of swords flying across the air.

The group of unknown cultivators came in a threatening manner and great numbers, and many of them had profound cultivation bases. A voice rang out before the people could be seen, "We haven't seen each other in a long time, Little Junior Sister!"

A crimson flying chariot approached from the distant sky, followed by dozens of cultivators, who poured over rapidly like floodwater.

Chapter 35: Master, You Have Fallen into A Trap

"Here they come!" Lu Zhou said as he looked at the crimson flying chariot.

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er's free and easy look disappeared when she saw the chariot, and she said timidly, "That's Senior Sister's flying chariot!" After that, she walked to Lu Zhou's side and stood by his elbow, putting her hands around his arm.

"Don't be afraid!" Lu Zhou waved his hand.

"Oh!" Little Yuan'er found on second thought that he was right. 'Why should I be afraid when Master is here?'

She had brought her father back. It was a pity that he was in a coma and could not witness the spectacle. As for Pan Zhong, he looked more surprised than confused, and no one knew what he was thinking about.

On the side, Murong Hai felt like he was dreaming. 'Hallucinations...This must be all a hallucination!' he thought while pinching himself hard on the cheek.

There were numerous cultivators in the world, and one who had opened all eight meridians of the Brahma Sea realm was already an expert. When a cultivator stepped into this realm, he could float in the air, and when he opened all eight meridians, he could fly in the sky.

Therefore, how could he not be shocked when he saw so many experts flying in the sky? 'Are Brahma Sea experts so worthless?'

In addition, those who could control flying swords were cultivators who had opened at least eight meridians, and many of them were actually Divine Court experts. Moreover, there was a flying chariot here as well.

A flying chariot was a symbol of status, and only the leader of a power could usually own one. As for mounts, especially legendary mounts, it took strength, luck, reserves, and timing to catch one, which made it an existence even more prestigious than a flying chariot.

When the top ten experts besieged Golden Court Mountain with tens of thousands of cultivators, only the top ten experts owned flying chariots.

Who was the expert in the crimson flying chariot?

A brief moment later, the group of experts arrived on the scene and spread out into a semi-circle, looking ready to attack. Meanwhile, the chariot stopped and hovered behind them.

Lu Zhou, Murong Hai, Little Yuan'er, and Pan Zhong all looked at it.

Right then, a seductive voice rang out of it, "Little Junior Sister is getting more and more beautiful."

The familiar voice and tone made Little Yuan'er purse her lips and run back behind Lu Zhou again.

'Little junior sister?' Pan Zhong frowned. 'Who can frighten this unruly little girl with a formidable cultivation base?' However, in the next moment, he seemed to have recognized the owner of the crimson flying chariot. Realizing what was happening, he swallowed hard, and his fingers began to shiver.

"Hmph, traitor! I'm not your Little Junior Sister!" Little Yuan'er said angrily.

Hearing that, a peal of laughter echoed out of the chariot.

“Little Junior Sister, you are still as innocent and lovely as ever!”

At that moment, a Divine Court cultivator floating in midair on a flying sword cupped his fist toward the chariot and said, “Palace Master Ye, you told us that the old villain had relied on a secret drug to survive the last attack, and you secretly informed us with letters that he will be here. What I see now is only a little villain. What’s the meaning of this?”

‘Only a little villain?’ Lu Zhou could not help but wonder. ‘I’m only about ten years younger. Yes, my hair have grown darker, and my skin is tighter, but my facial features remain the same. Am I that hard to recognize?’

The cultivator in the chariot laughed and said, “Open your eyes and have a good look.”

“Oh?”

The chariot moved up the air and upended. The cultivators could not help but look at it, holding their breaths.

A lady in white clothes slowly fell from the sky like a fairy descending from heaven. Her aura was as calm as still water, but it also contained a fierce killing intent.

Even though there was some distance between them, Lu Zhou still recognized her.

‘Ye Tianxin, Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, 45% hostility.’

She was his sixth disciple, currently the master of the Derived Moon Palace, who had her name heard by many. It was said that the Derived Moon Palace only had female cultivators, and every one of them was gifted. However, they all hated heartless, unfaithful men. No one knew the reason, and Lu Zhou could not find the answer in his memory either.

He glanced around and did not find any female cultivators. It was plain that she did not use her own people but outsiders, which was a clever idea.

At that moment, the other cultivators landed as well, but they kept a distance from Ye Tianxin, for she was the fearsome Jadedface Shura.

Lu Zhou clasped his hands behind his back and rested his eyes on Ye Tianxin. Her temperament and appearance reminded him of a poem:

‘The lotus grows in mud, yet is never contaminated by it.

And she floats on waving water, yet never dances with it.’

Lu Zhou was not in a hurry to do anything, because he felt that things were not so simple. They would not set a trap just to catch him. His villainous disciples were not so stupid.

His eldest, second, fifth, seventh, and eighth disciples had not shown up. When he activated a peak-form experience card, he only had half an hour. He must try his best to take down the group of villainous disciples in his peak form.

All eyes were focused on Ye Tianxin. She walked forward gracefully, and the cultivators parted to let her through. After taking ten steps, she stopped and smiled, resting her eyes on the only old man at the scene, "Master, you have fallen into a trap."

A hush fell over the crowd.

The eyes, which were filled with either surprise, shock, doubt, or disbelief, shifted over to Lu Zhou at the same time, the old man who looked in his sixties or seventies.

"This old man is the legendary and famous evil patriarch, who once slaughtered eighty thousand cultivators of Rongbei? Is there a mistake?"

No one could believe it, because he looked different from the portrait. However, Ye Tianxin had personally pointed him out. She was the old villain's sixth disciple, and she could not be wrong.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The cultivators unsheathed their swords as if they were facing a formidable enemy and fixed their eyes on Lu Zhou.

The atmosphere was a little bit bizarre and tense. Both sides stood eyeball to eyeball, but no one dared to strike first. It was also unusually quiet, so much so that everyone seemed to be able to hear each other's heartbeats.

At that moment, Murong Hai looked at the old man with a kind face and laughed. 'He is the notorious villainous patriarch? Haha! You'd better kill me. You are all liars! Liars!'

With his hands clasped behind his back, Lu Zhou looked at Ye Tianxin and said calmly, "Since you have addressed me as Master, I'll give you another chance. Come back to Golden Court Mountain. You will still be one of my nine disciples."

His reply shocked all the cultivators present. It was tantamount to admitting that he was the villainous patriarch!

Ye Tianxin smiled and said, "Master, it is out of respect that I called you Master. As for going back to Golden Court Mountain, you have to ask them first."

The surrounding cultivators all gazed furiously at Lu Zhou.

"Old villain, you are lucky to have won the last battle, but you won't be so lucky this time!"

"A secret drug is, after all, a secret drug...Every secret drug that can increase one's cultivation base within a short time has side effects. Don't worry, everybody!"

"No wonder this old villain could use his energy in such a wanton way the last time!"

"Old villain, now is the time for you to die! Surrender yourself!"

The cultivators were aflame with indignation as they growled and snarled at Lu Zhou. However, he turned a deaf ear to them and just looked at the smiling Ye Tianxin as he asked, "How did you know for sure that I would be here?"

Ye Tianxin clapped her hands, and someone handed her a portrait in response.

"It's hard to believe that the villainous patriarch who once held sway in the world would disguise himself."

Lu Zhou said nothing in response, so Ye Tianxin went on, "Master, would you believe me if I told you that I guessed it?"

Chapter 36: Back To The Peak Again

Lu Zhou lifted a hand and stroked his beard. He had gotten used to the motion, and his mentality seemed to have grown old with it as well.

He looked to his left and right, but he still did not see Zhao Yue and the others. Consequently, he could not help shaking his head. It was not cost-effective to use a peak-form experience card to catch only one disciple. However, he had no other choice now.

"Ye Tianxin..." Lu Zhou's voice was calm and sounded like a teacher calling his student. "I had taught you the Blue Waves Technique and given you the Amorous Hoop in the hope that you could protect yourself in this dangerous cultivation world, not to make you desert the sect and betray me."

Ye Tianxin laughed, her voice so thrilling that it made the hairs of those who heard it stand on their ends. However, many cultivators were pleased to know that the old villain had produced such a treacherous disciple.

"Old man, do you think you can still treat me like you used to?" Ye Tianxin paused as she spread her arms and then continued, "You are old and no longer the same Ji Tiandao who could throw the world into chaos. This place...is the graveyard I've personally designed for you."

The air in the surrounding woods began to stir. Cultivators with profound cultivation bases seemed to notice it, and they quickly sent out their divine senses to probe the changes.

This place was...not simple.

By now, Little Yuan'er could not listen any longer. "How dare you scold Master! You will be struck by lightning!" It was a pity that her reproach was not strong enough.

Lu Zhou waved his hand to signal Little Yuan'er not to interrupt, and then he said, "Who leaked my whereabouts to you? Was it Old Seventh, Old Fifth, or that good-for-nothing Old Eighth?"

Ye Tianxin said, "I don't need them to tell me." She paused for a brief moment and then went on, "I don't mind telling you the truth...The kidnapping of the Ci Family was my plan, and the goal was to lure Little Junior Sister and you out of Golden Court Mountain."

Pan Zhong had a moment of enlightenment, and he asked with surprise, "You are the one who gave me the task?"

"Yes."

“What if this old villain didn’t show up?” Pan Zhong asked. He did not understand why she was so sure that the old villain would be here.

Ye Tianxin smiled, but her voice was cold as she said, “You have too many questions. You just need to do what you were told, and you will be paid what was promised.”

Pan Zhong shut his mouth, for he felt a murderous aura.

On the other side, Lu Zhou’s expression remained unchanged as he said, “Well, I’ve killed many people in the past, and I don’t mind killing a few more.”

Hearing him, all the cultivators opposite him took a step back and grew nervous.

“Why are you still pretending, old thing?” Ye Tianxin stared at Lu Zhou. “The secret drug of Primal Fiend...A dose of this drug can boost a cultivator’s energy for a short time, but the side effect is that the cultivation base will reduce to half for ten days, and it cannot be consumed again.”

Lu Zhou remembered the secret drug when she mentioned its name. It was invented by the Medicine King but boycotted by the orthodox sects in the world because of its overly brutal and evil effects. Over time, it disappeared. He did not expect that they would associate him with it.

“I would not believe if others claimed they have the Primal Fiend drug, but I’m certain that this old villain has it!” shouted one of the cultivators.

Ye Tianxin laughed again and said in a dark tone, “I have another bad news to tell you...”

“I’ve placed down an array here, which has greatly weakened energy. Even if you have the secret drug and take it in your desperation, it will be in vain. Well, that’s all I want to say. Master, this is the last time I call you Master. When you’re dead, I’ll order someone to properly bury you and handle Golden Court Mountain. Oh right, the experts of the Righteous Sect should have arrived at Golden Court Mountain. Third Senior Brother is wounded, so I think Fourth Senior Brother must have surrendered by now.”

When she had finished, Ye Tianxin’s face relaxed, and she stepped back. It seemed that she did not plan to attack herself. Her deep fear for Ji Tiandao made her reluctant to be the first to strike, and she did not think that the secret drug was the old thing’s only trump card. It was not a bad idea to let others be cannon fodder sometimes, and it was also the reason why she did not bring her people here.

“An array?” Little Yuan’er glanced around. She sensed the energy fluctuation in the surroundings, which worried her. “What should we do, Master?”

A row of cultivators was slowly approaching them.

“There’s no need to be afraid.” Lu Zhou’s voice still sounded confident.

Ye Tianxin grew suspicious. She found that one thing Zhao Yue told her was right. The old man’s style of handling things seemed to be different from the past. He did not get angry, fly into a rage, or curse.

“Master...” Suddenly, Wang Fugui ran out of the woods behind them with a sad face while panting.

“Fugui? What are you doing here?” Little Yuan’er asked suspiciously.

“Your mother...she is worried about your safety...” When Wang Fugui saw his master, who was in a coma, he wailed again, “Master, what happened to you?” Then, he kowtowed to Lu Zhou and said, “Old Mister, please save my Master, please...”

Swoosh!

Suddenly, Wang Fugui leaped toward Lu Zhou like an arrow with a glinting dagger in his hand!

He was a Divine Court expert!

It all happened so quickly and suddenly that even the cultivators who were about to attack Lu Zhou did not expect it. They all stared at the scene with wide eyes.

“Master!” Little Yuan’er turned pale with fright.

It was way too close, and Lu Zhou had little chance of dodging the attack. Even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert could not resist the attack without being hurt when unprepared.

‘It worked!’ Ye Tianxin’s eyes lit up, and a look of anticipation crept up her face.

Bam!

The dagger stabbed Lu Zhou in the back, and everything seemed to have paused in this moment.

“Oh?”

Surprisingly, the dagger could not move further even for just a little bit.

‘What’s going on?’ Thoughts flashed through Wang Fugui’s mind. The dagger was a poisoned earth-grade treasure, and he had thrust it with all his strength as a Divine Court expert. ‘Why can’t I feel it stab into his body?’ As an excellent assassin, he had mastered all the details of the craft, just like an excellent archer could tell if the arrow could hit the target or not the moment it was released. He did not need to examine it.

He slowly looked up. The dagger was...blocked by an invisible force?

Lu Zhou’s voice rang out at this moment, “Why do I need to take a drug to kill you all?”

BOOM!

An energy blast suddenly spread out in all directions like an explosion. The powerful energy formed rings of light in an instant and knocked Wang Fugui flying away. At that moment, energy waves that looked like ripples kept spreading out of Lu Zhou’s body.

“Not good! The old villain did this on purpose!”

“Ah!”

“It is not the old villain who has fallen into a trap, but us! Ye Tianxin, you are such a scheming woman!”

Bam! Bam! Bam!

All Brahma Sea cultivators fell to the ground, losing their ability to fight back.

Meanwhile, Ye Tianxin stared at the scene in disbelief and her heart trembled violently. 'He did this on purpose? Why is the array ineffective against him? Why can he still take the secret drug? What went wrong?'

Lu Zhou clasped his hands behind his back and took a deep breath. 'It will be good if I can always keep this form. It feels great to go back to the peak again...'

His aura, cultivation base, and energy had all gone back to the peak levels, as if his young body had returned or he had awakened after hundreds of years of sleep.

"Ye Tianxin, do you think I didn't know you had made a Divine Court assassin disguise as a steward in the Ci Family?"

Ye Tianxin's eyes were filled with shock as she kept backing away.

Chapter 37: The Evil Disciple

Ye Tianxin stepped further back as the fear in her heart gradually surfaced, swelling rapidly. She had lost the feeling of fear for many years, but it appeared again today, so much so that she totally forgot her plan.

Lu Zhou did not even look at the cultivators below the Brahma Sea realm. As for those struggling Divine Court experts, it was only a matter of time before they were defeated. Even the top ten Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts had fled at the sight of him, let alone this group of Divine Court juniors.

His eyes were fixed on Ye Tianxin while he lightly raised a hand. Right then, an overwhelming force grabbed Wang Fugui over like a giant hand.

"AHH!"

Wang Fugui lost control of his body, and his neck was clutched in Lu Zhou's hand in the next instant.

"Everyone in the world knows about the imperial token, so how could Murong Hai not identify it? You shouldn't get in the way."

This man was indeed an assassin Ye Tianxin had planted in the Ci Family's residence. When he saw Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er for the first time, he was not sure if they were the villain and the patriarch of Golden Court Mountain. However, when he got the token, he confirmed everything and continued to act according to Ye Tianxin's plan. He thought of assassinating Lu Zhou in the middle of the night, but he always felt that this old man was not the patriarch of Golden Court Mountain. He was afraid of the latter and also feared that he would ruin Ye Tianxin's plan, so he did not do it.

Wang Fugui's feet parted from the ground and he gradually became breathless, his face reddened.

"You...you...you can't...kill...me..."

Every Divine Court expert was backed by at least one or more powers, but did that matter? Was there any power in the world that could frighten the villainous patriarch? No!

Crack!

Lu Zhou wore an indifferent expression as he closed his fingers. Wang Fugui's head tilted and his eyes rolled upward, his neck broken.

"Ding! You have killed a Divine Court evil man and are rewarded with 200 merit points!"

The reward was richer!

The killing hastened Ye Tianxin's steps, and the crimson flying chariot suddenly drifted down from the sky. She held back the shock in her heart as she flicked her sleeve and said, "He can't last for too long! Don't be afraid..."

Even as she said that she leaped onto the chariot, turned it around, and sped away.

Lu Zhou glanced around and found about fifteen Divine Court experts. The rest of the cultivators, about one hundred people, were all Brahma Sea cultivators.

"Pan Zhong, I'm giving you an opportunity."

"Ah..." Pan Zhong was scared out of his wits. He was shivering all over as he said, "Senior...I was under orders and have no intention of being your enemy! Please spare my life, Senior!"

Pan Zhong knew that it was almost impossible for him to escape from such a mighty expert, and that he might have a chance to live if he begged for mercy, even though he knew this evil villain killed people without batting an eye.

"Kill all Brahma Sea cultivators and I will give you the Six Yang Technique," said Lu Zhou lightly. "To live or to die...it is up to you to choose."

Lu Zhou slowly raised a hand. Over him, Whizard descended from the sky, wreathed in bits of starlight.

'A legendary mount!' Pan Zhong was horrified. It was said that the villainous patriarch of Golden Court Mountain had held sway over the world for nearly a thousand years and owned countless treasures, cultivation techniques, and weapons. It seemed to him now that those were not just some rumors.

"Yuan'er, bring your father away and wait for my return at Bluesun Mountain."

"I understand, Master!"

Little Yuan'er brought her father up Whizard's back. The mount gave a cry and stepped on auspicious clouds, disappearing into the sky under the watchful eyes of everyone.

Right then, Pan Zhong immediately made up his mind. He dropped to his knees and cupped his fist as he said, "I'm willing to serve Senior!"

"Ding! You have obtained a subordinate and are rewarded with 100 merit points."

"Pan Zhong, Divine Court realm, 5% loyalty, cultivation technique: Three Yin Styles."

...

"Very good!" Lu Zhou kicked the ground and catapulted himself into the sky, his aura exploding out like a fierce storm. The remaining Divine Court experts looked at the sky in panic.

“Ye Tianxin has run away! Damnit!”

“Retreat!”

“Ye Tianxin has done us great harm! How could she do this to us!”

It was a few breaths later that they saw the crimson flying chariot already fly far into the distance.

At that moment, they quickly produced their avatars to resist the pressure brought to them by Lu Zhou. Unfortunately, the strongest avatar that could be produced with the cultivation base of the Divine Court realm was a Ten Worlds avatar, which did not even have the chance to open a leaf. There was no way they could resist Lu Zhou’s explosive energy.

“Avatar, Hundred Tribulations Insight!”

An avatar that stood one hundred feet tall and measured twenty feet in width emerged. All the animals and birds within ten miles fled in panic when they sensed the powerful pressure. Right then, Lu Zhou pointed out his fingers like a sword, and beams of sword light began to appear.

‘He’s so strong!’ Pan Zhong was completely overwhelmed by the sheer strength of Lu Zhou. ‘Since there is an opportunity, why don’t I grasp it? The old villain... no, Senior’s cultivation base is so strong! Why would he lie to me?’

Pan Zhong felt a surge of confidence, and when he thought of what happened in the past, he laughed wildly. ‘Since the world is laughing at me for becoming evil, I’ll become evil!’

After laughing, his eyes suddenly turned ruthless and energy exploded out of his Three Yin Styles. “You all are going to die!”

He was a Divine Court expert, so it was very easy for him to deal with those Brahma Sea cultivators already brought down by Lu Zhou’s energy blast. It was like an eagle catching chicks on the ground.

For a moment, miserable cries and shrieks rang without an end. The eyes of those Brahma Sea cultivators grew wide as fear cut into their bones. They could not understand why the Divine Court expert, who was the old villain’s enemy, suddenly turned over and attacked them.

Flesh and blood flew in all directions while broken limbs scattered the ground. The strong smell of blood stung Pan Zhong’s nostrils and nerves.

The Divine Court experts flying backward did not have the time to help their companions down below. They only had one thought in their minds, ‘I need to survive this!’

“The Imperfect Divine Intervention of the Divine One Technique!” A cultivator with a discerning eye recognized Lu Zhou’s move. It was very similar to the scene when the orthodox sects besieged Golden Court Mountain.

“Spread out!”

“Spread out!”

Shouts and cries echoed out into the surroundings.

At the moment Lu Zhou unleashed the sword beams, they suddenly turned black, and dark clouds rolled in the sky.

“The Sword Devil’s Destiny.”

It was the Guiyuan Sword Technique, the famous ultimate skill of Yu Shangrong, one of the villains of Golden Court Mountain.

Unfortunately, it was already too late by the time they realized it. Those black sword beams were too fast, and they shot over like a sudden downpour. Even Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts would not survive under the attack.

There were no screams, no counterattacks, and no room to turn the situation around. The rain of black sword beams pierced their chests like arrows.

Lu Zhou had perfectly demonstrated that all schemes and plots were useless in the face of absolute power.

“Ding! You have killed 15 Divine Court cultivators and are rewarded with 3,000 merit points.”

Lu Zhou’s face was calm. There was no need to verify their death, and it was pointless to do so.

He looked ahead as his figure flickered, and he disappeared together with the huge avatar in the next instant. It was one of his great divine abilities, the Soul Chase.

...

Ye Tianxin’s brow frowned tightly as she mustered all her energy to move the chariot. There were few in the world that could catch up with the chariot when it was flying at full speed, save for those who knew great divine abilities.

However, Ye Tianxin was not a common cultivator. She was the master of the Derived Moon Palace, the leader of a power. A person of her status always had a backup plan.

“Why is the old thing stronger than he was at his peak?” She could not figure it out.

The wind whistled in her ears and blew her face red. She had dismissed the energy shield so that the chariot could fly at its full speed. She looked back over her shoulder, worried. All she saw was the empty, blue sky.

“It seems that the old thing had unleashed his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar just now.” Ye Tianxin’s lips twisted into a smile. “There’s still time...”

She was about to make the chariot dive downward when she heard a buzzing noise. It was the resonance produced by the emergence of great energy.

“Who goes there?”

Ye Tianxin turned around. The chariot disappeared and waves of energy wrapped her up like water.

Lu Zhou’s Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar was right in front of her, one hundred feet high and twenty feet wide, with eight leaves...no, with nine leaves beneath it. Its ninth leaf had bloomed!

“You are an evil disciple.” Lu Zhou performed an incantation gesture.

“Mas-master” Ye Tianxin’s eyes widened in disbelief.

Under the pressure of the avatar, Lu Zhou’s hand seal transformed into a bright cage and fell down toward Ye Tianxin.

“The Fiend Monk’s Hand Seal!”

Ye Tianxin felt a deep sense of despair. ‘How much strength did this old man hide? He is stronger than any experts I’ve met!’

His first attack was already the strongest move.

“Amorous Hoop!” Ye Tianxin’s indomitable spirit drove her to counterattack, and a weapon that gleamed like the moon appeared.

Lu Zhou said faintly, “I gave you the weapon, and I can take it back anytime I want!”

The Fiend Monk’s Hand Seal suddenly changed its course. Ye Tianxin was not its target!

“Come back!”

“No!” Ye Tianxin screamed.

Chapter 38: Take Back Everything You Have

One of the greatest things that Ye Tianxin had relied on to climb up to where she was today was this Amorous Hoop, a heaven-grade weapon.

The Amorous Hoop, as its name implied, was a hoop but with sharp edges. When a cultivator filled it with energy, its power would be even more terrifying. The ‘amorous’ in its name did not symbolize love, but hatred. It meant that no matter what it tangled with, it would never let go.

...

Ye Tianxin watched as the Amorous Hoop, which had accompanied her for ten years, get trapped by Lu Zhou’s powerful Fiend Monk’s Hand Seal and lose its luster.

BOOM!

She wanted to stop it and take back her weapon! If she lost it, her strength would be greatly reduced even if she managed to escape today.

The power of the Blue Waves Technique exploded out of her, pouring toward Lu Zhou like waves. Unfortunately, she was facing her former master, an opponent who knew the Blue Waves Technique better than her.

“Break!”

Waves that were stronger than hers exploded out of Lu Zhou's body and rushed toward her. When compared to them, Ye Tianxin's waves were as insignificant as a tiny stream. In the next instant, she was drowned by the huge waves that blotted out the sky.

Bam!

One of the waves hit her in the chest. She snorted as blood rushed up to her throat and spewed out of her mouth, and then she fell from the sky.

"Soul Chase!" Lu Zhou's figure flickered, and he reached the ground in the blink of an eye.

Ye Tianxin's whole body was in great pain and her mind went blank. The moment the stronger waves crashed down on her, she knew she was defeated. However, she could not understand why the old thing still used Soul Chase after she was defeated. Was he trying to show off his prowess?

In the face of Lu Zhou, whose every move was an ultimate skill, her heart was filled with despair.

'This old thing just doesn't give me any hope!'

...

Lu Zhou fixed his eyes on the falling Ye Tianxin. At the same time, he kept his eyes, ears, and mind wide open. He needed to be sure if any other villainous disciples were hiding nearby.

His avatar had provided him with a powerful perception, but a pity that he found none of them. Anyhow, he found it to be strange. Ye Tianxin should not have the courage to do such a thing by herself.

He slowly raised a hand and energy poured out of it, surrounding Ye Tianxin's body and tightly binding her up. Soon, she slowly landed in front of him, supported from below by the special energy.

"Ding! You have captured a villainous disciple, the sixth disciple Ye Tianxin. You are rewarded with 1,000 reward points."

Their eyes met; there was only a gap of two meters between them. Ye Tianxin's eyes were filled with fear and shock. She had never been so afraid before, not even when she first arrived at Golden Court Mountain to learn from Ji Tiandao.

They were too close to each other. Her heart began to beat violently and her breathing became rapid and suppressed. Meanwhile, Lu Zhou's expression remained the same. The feeling of being at his peak made his heart as calm as still water. When one had strength, one had confidence and vigor.

"Ye Tianxin," he said lightly, but the words struck into her heart like thunder, "you have deserted the sect and betrayed me..."

"What do you want, old thing?"

"I'll take back everything I gave you."

"Ah?"

Ye Tianxin trembled all over, her eyes widened, and her face, which was slightly blushed, turned deathly pale. She wanted to beg for mercy, but she found that the old villain in front of her had lifted a hand as if there was no room for discussion.

The old hand held a ball of powerful energy. It lightly waved, throwing the ball at her, which shot straight into her dantian.

She was stunned as she heard the wall of her dantian, which she had spent years cultivating, crack and shatter like glass. In the next instant, it blew apart like a balloon and all the energy inside leaked into the surroundings.

This meant that she had become an ordinary person now. She had lost all her cultivation base. For a cultivator, there was nothing crueler in this world than destroying his or her cultivation base.

To become stronger, Ye Tianxin willingly joined Golden Court Mountain without fear. After going through hardships and making a lot of effort, she finally reached her present status and achievements. But now, all of that was gone with the destruction of her dantian.

She was completely struck dumb, so much so that she forgot the pain of her body and how to think. After a brief moment of paralysis, a severe and excruciating pain swept through her, filling her with misery. In just the blink of an eye, her forehead was covered with beads of sweat.

Ye Tianxin smiled sadly and raised her head with difficulty. At this moment, all the fear in her vanished. The expression on her face looked like crying, but at the same time, it also looked like laughing.

“Old...Old thing, kill me now... Haha...”

Lu Zhou noticed that her hostility had surged to 60%, and doubts arose in his mind. Although Ji Tiandao was short-tempered, had done all the evil things that one could imagine, and always scolded and beat his disciples, he had never done anything that could make someone hate him so much.

Why did Ye Tianxin hate Ji Tiandao so much?

Anyhow, it was meaningless to know that now. Everything Lu Zhou did, he did it to protect himself.

“You are too stubborn!” Lu Zhou lifted a hand and slapped her face. Consequently, a red handprint appeared on her pale cheek.

“You’re welcome to torture or kill me. Haha...hahaha...” Ye Tianxin laughed shrilly and stared at the ground. “Poor Fourth Senior Brother and Third Senior Brother...They could have escaped the disaster. Why? It’s all your fault! You’ve killed them! From today on, there will be no Golden Court Mountain in this world.” When she had finished, she laughed again. She wanted to infuriate Lu Zhou.

But, it was a pity that Lu Zhou remained impassive. He glanced at the remaining time of the peak-form card on the system panel: he had only five minutes left. He would not make it in time even if he used Soul Chase.

However, the system did not inform him anything about his third and fourth disciples, which meant their lives were not in danger.

His fourth disciple was not stupid. How would he risk his life?

Lu Zhou just said one word, "Fool!"

"Are you scolding me?" Ye Tianxin paused. That was not how the old villain used to scold her.

"No one will dare to bully Golden Court Mountain as long as I'm still alive."

Ye Tianxin swallowed as she looked at Lu Zhou's confident look. She recalled her fifth senior sister's words, 'Master has become different from before.' However, she did not expect him to become so unpredictable and unfathomable.

Lu Zhou put one hand on her shoulder. In response, she cried out and closed her eyes with fear.

'I'm still alive?'

When she opened her eyes again, she saw that they were flying in the sky. A layer of invisible energy shield had wrapped them, blocking the strong wind.

Swoosh!

"Ah..."

It was her master's great divine ability, the Soul Chase.

'Why? Why can this old thing keep using Soul Chase? Does he not need to muster energy? How does he do it?'

It was not the secret drug of Primal Fiend or any other secret drug.

Although she had lost all her cultivation base, her experience told her that there were no traces of energy gathering around Lu Zhou, and his behavior was completely different from someone who had taken an explosive secret drug.

It meant that all the energy came from within himself!

However, it was plain that he was old and his body could no longer contain additional energy!

Chapter 39: Ye Tianxin's Plan?

This was a very strange phenomenon.

Although cultivators could live longer than common people, their cultivation base would decline in the decades or centuries before their death.

Starting from the Body Tempering realm, the body was the key to cultivators' achievement. The realms of Mystic Enlightening, Sense Condensing, and Brahma Sea were all related to bodies.

When the body aged, meridians, dantian, and Sea of Qi would lose their vitality and potential to continue expanding, resulting in the stagnation of the cultivation base. At that moment, combat experience, life experience, schemes, and plots, as well as external forces were the keys for a cultivator to maintain his or her strength.

The problem was that Ji Tiandao was already very old, but why was he stronger than before?

Ye Tianxin could not figure out the reason no matter how hard she racked her brain.

“Why?” She lifted her head and summoned her courage as she stared firmly at Lu Zhou, who looked confident and calm. “I admit that I’ve misjudged you, but...you’ll have a hard time after capturing me!”

Just like that, they flew past mountains, rivers, and forests...

“Have you said enough?”

“Ah?”

Lu Zhou retracted the energy shield, save for the part in front of him.

Swoosh!

The wind immediately blew on Ye Tianxin’s face, making her unable to open her eyes, cutting at her skin like sharp blades and filling her with pain.

Meanwhile, in a corner of an unknown patch of woods...

The eighth disciple Zhu Honggong was slumped to the ground and kept wiping sweat from his face. A man was standing in front of him, who had a pair of sharp eyes and a feather fan in hand.

“It’s a good thing you came just in time, Seventh Senior Brother. Otherwise...I would have become cannon fodder,” said the eighth disciple with a lingering fear in his heart.

The handsome and graceful man was Ji Tiandao’s seventh disciple Si Wuya.

“Old Eighth, you’ve always listened to my advice. Why did you suddenly collude with Sixth Senior Sister?” Si Wuya asked while shaking his head.

Zhu Honggong sighed and said, “I’ve been having nightmares about Master hitting me recently. I’m scared...”

“Why are you so cowardly?”

“How about...I merge my Tiger Ridge Gang with your Crouching Dragon Darknet?” The eighth disciple slapped his thigh.

Si Wuya did not look at him but waved his feather fan and said, “Forget it! You’d better keep your little gang.”

“Why? You saw Master’s avatar. Sixth Senior Sister will certainly sell me out, and I will be finished!” Zhu Honggong showed a sad face.

“Ye Tianxin thought she could find out Master’s trump cards with this group of Divine Court experts. It’s simply a pipe dream. If Master really got weaker, she would not have gotten her turn to attack him.”

She was not the only person in the world who kept an eye on Golden Court Mountain.

“Seventh Senior Brother, did you see how many moves Master had used to kill fifteen Divine Court cultivators?” The eighth disciple swallowed and asked curiously.

“I don’t know.”

“Why? You are so clever!”

“Stop it. You call yourself the Evil King, and yet you also don’t know, do you?”

If truth be told, no one had dared to approach when the nine-leaf avatar loomed in the sky.

“Well, I can scare others with my title, but I’ll never dare to show off in front of my senior brothers,” said Zhu Honggong.

Si Wuya shook his head helplessly. He began to feel a little regret for persuading Zhu Honggong to leave Golden Court Mountain. This fool was such a drag.

When he found that it was getting late, he said, “From now on, you must sever ties with the Derived Moon Palace.”

“Ah? Why?”

“Ye Tianxin led orthodox cultivators to attack Master. She failed miserably, but she did not bring anyone from her Derived Moon Palace. What will the powers behind those cultivators think of this?”

Zhu Honggong nodded and said, “I understand now.”

Si Wuya sighed and continued, “When Master was pursuing Sixth Senior Sister, I briefly inspected the array she placed down. I found something wrong with the array’s pattern.”

“What’s wrong with the pattern?”

“If my guess is correct, Senior Sister Zhao Yue got cold feet,” said Si Wuya.

“Senior Sister Zhao Yue was there as well?”

Si Wuya nodded and said, “When she left Golden Court Mountain, I had already received the information. She had gone to the Derived Moon Palace. With Sixth Senior Sister’s temper, she must have drawn Fifth Senior Sister to her side. Senior Sister Zhao Yue is the best candidate to control the array...”

The eighth disciple was struck dumb when he heard that.

“Also, Pan Zhong is a deserter of the Clarity Sect. He had only learned the Three Yin Styles and is suffering from the bitter coldness that fills his body. Sixth Senior Sister used him as a bait to lure Little Junior Sister, which will most likely displease the Clarity Sect.”

“What about that Wang Fugui?” asked Zhu Honggong.

Si Wuya laughed. “This is a clever move from Sixth Senior Sister. Wang Fugui’s real name is Shen Yuan. He is an expert under Lady Jade, the consort of Great Yan’s emperor. Lady Jade is also the younger sister of the princess of the West, whom the emperor had married!”

“This...” The eighth disciple recalled everything now. The princess of the West was killed by their second senior brother, but everyone pinned the blame on their master.

“What Master did may displease Great Yan’s emperor, and it may even stir up a dispute between two states, resulting in a war. The people will suffer just because of the grudge between a few people,” said Si Wuya.

“Moreover, the fifteen Divine Court cultivators came from three different sects in the southern region of the Great Yan. Many years ago, the three sects’ earth-grade and below weapons were all destroyed by Master’s heaven-grade weapon. They never got their revenge, and now with their experts killed, there is a whole new enmity. What do you think the three sects will do?”

“These are all parts of Sixth Senior Sister’s plan?” Zhu Honggong found it hard to believe that even he was a part of the plan.

Si Wuya shook his head helplessly as he smiled and said, “Unfortunately, no matter how good the scheme is, it is meaningless in front of absolute power. Ye Tianxin could not have expected that Master could keep using Soul Chase. It is said that her crimson flying chariot is faster than a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert flying at full speed. I wonder if this is real or not.”

The way Lu Zhou kept using Soul Chase had turned his perception upside down. What made him even more puzzled was that his fighting style was so fast that it gave Ye Tianxin little chance to lay out her plans.

The eighth disciple suddenly said, “No, I don’t want to be the gang leader anymore. I want to go back to my hometown! I’m not a good player like you all, but I can always hide!”

“...”

When Lu Zhou saw Bluesun Mountain and sensed Whitzard’s aura, he made a nosedive. As soon as he landed, he saw Little Yuan’er fly over, riding on Whitzard.

“Master!” Little Yuan’er called out. She was shocked to see Ye Tianxin beside her master, and she said, “Senior Sister? Bah! You are not my senior sister! You’re a traitor...”

Ye Tianxin opened her eyes with difficulty. It was hard for her to be in good shape with her dantian broken. She looked withered, as if her soul had been lost.

“Keep an eye on her.” Lu Zhou pushed Ye Tianxin to Little Yuan’er.

“I understand, Master!”

The timing was just right. The instant he pushed her out, the effect of the peak-form experience card disappeared.

Lu Zhou calmed down and quickly adjusted to his current state. Perhaps that had given her some indication, as Ye Tianxin sneered, “I never thought the mighty old villain would have such a sorry moment.”

Little Yuan’er refuted her, “You know nothing! Master is getting old. Can’t he take a break?” In the next instant, she realized that she should not have said that, and she pursed her lips and said, “Master, I didn’t mean to...”

Lu Zhou waved a hand and said, “It doesn’t matter.”

Ye Tianxin laughed. "If I were you, I would rush back to Golden Court Mountain at once. Didn't you say that no one will dare to bully Golden Court Mountain as long as you are still alive? Haha! Unfortunately, Golden Court Mountain will change owners today!"

"You're talking nonsense!" Little Yuan'er said angrily.

"Also, that Wang Fugui you killed is an expert under Lady Jade, and the fifteen Divine Court cultivators are disciples of the three sects in the southern part of Great Yan. Master, do you regret attacking me now? Don't forget that I still have a thousand sisters in Derived Moon Palace. If I don't return, they will definitely join forces with the imperial household and the three sects to attack Golden Court Mountain!"

Ye Tianxin felt much better after telling Lu Zhou everything.

Her voice became very light, but the look in her eyes grew tough. "If you regret it, then let me go. At the very least, I am still the owner of the Derived Moon Palace."

Chapter 40: Who Gave You The Courage

Little Yuan'er jumped off Whizard and came in front of Ye Tianxin, only to find her senior sister a bit strange. She looked her up and down before speaking with surprise, "Where is your cultivation base?"

"Destroyed," said Ye Tianxin miserably.

"Destroyed? Then why are you still so fierce?"

"Little Junior Sister, this is the work of your respected master. Listen to me, if he goes on like this, he will push you all into the abyss sooner or later. He is old. How much longer can he protect you?" Ye Tianxin kept fanning up the flames.

"I won't believe you. You are a traitor! Serves you right to have your cultivation base destroyed. Hmph!" Little Yuan'er made a face.

Seeing that, Ye Tianxin's brows furrowed slightly.

'Since when has Little Junior Sister been so submissive to the old thing? What drugs did he give her?'

"Look at him now, Little Junior Sister, he's just like an ordinary old man. Trust me and slap him." Although Ye Tianxin had lost her cultivation base, she could feel that Lu Zhou's current state was completely different from that just now. In other words, a secret drug unknown to her had lost its effect.

Little Yuan'er was taken aback. She snorted and said furiously, "Bah! I won't listen to a traitor!"

She dared not to attack her master even if it were just for training.

On the other side, Lu Zhou looked up at the sky and found that it was almost time.

"Master, I've sent my father back to his residence with Whizard. We can leave now," said Little Yuan'er smilingly.

It was better that way, because an extra man would be a burden. Lu Zhou was glad that Little Yuan'er gave up the chance to reunite with her parents and came back to support him. She was the most conscientious of his nine disciples.

"Let's go!" he waved and said, acting as if he had forgotten about Ye Tianxin.

At that moment, Whizard roared loudly. A legendary mount was like the king in the jungle. When it appeared, all birds and animals had to crawl and give way. However, it knelt obediently beside Lu Zhou and let him mount on its back.

It was only at this moment that Ye Tianxin found that the beast was a legendary mount. 'When did his mount change to a Whizard?' Before she could figure it out, however, Little Yuan'er had grabbed her and jumped onto Whizard's back. Next, the mount trod lightly in the air and flew up the sky.

...

Cultivators had unrestricted access to Golden Court Mountain because the shield was not fixed yet. There were cultivators everywhere. They were at the foot of the mountain, in the gazebo halfway up the mountain, and on the steps that led to Evil Sky Pavilion.

"No one is here!"

"Nor the east!"

"The west is the same!"

"This is strange. Where are the villains of Golden Court Mountain hiding?"

"Keep searching! Lord Elder said we must find Ji Tiandao and Mingshi Yin today!"

In the woods and sky, cultivators searched for the two men with swords in their hands. In addition to the Righteous Sect, many cultivators from the Heavenly Sword Sect were helping as well. The whole mountain was a mess.

Inside the Evil Sky Pavilion...

The elder of the Righteous Sect, Fang Jinshan, sat in a chair while staring with bright eyes at Duanmu Sheng, who was bound with a chain. To his left and right stood three Divine Court cultivators, who were glaring at Duanmu Sheng as well.

This was the third disciple of the old villain whom everyone was afraid of. They would not have caught him if he had not been hurt.

"Duanmu Sheng, as long as you tell me the old villain's whereabouts, I'll spare your life," Fang Jinshan said in a deep voice.

Duanmu Sheng said disapprovingly, "Fang Jinshan, you profess to be a righteous cultivator, but you take advantage of my precarious situation. If you have guts, release me and we will fight three hundred rounds fairly."

Fang Jinshan snorted coldly and said, "I can't believe you are still so arrogant when wounded...Do you think you are qualified to fight me? Even the old villain had to hide in some hole like a rat when I got here, not to mention you."

Duanmu Sheng laughed derisively. He seemed to remember something suddenly, and he said, "Even your brother Dhūta Fang has to bow his head respectfully when he sees me..."

Bam!

He raised both hands and blocked a blow. His blood and Qi boiled while pain washed him over.

Fang Jinshan laughed as he looked at the bedraggled Duanmu Sheng. "Who do you think you are? To me, you are just a dog without its master! Tell me the whereabouts of the old villain and Mingshi Yin. Otherwise, this day next year will be your death memorial!"

The cultivators next to him drew their sabers.

Duanmu Sheng could not move because he was injured and tied up, but the pride in his bones could not be suppressed by mere flesh wounds. He laughed cheerfully and said, "You may try and attack me..."

"You are too arrogant!" Fang Jinshan crushed the armrest of the chair with a hand. He was about to attack when one of the men beside him hurriedly said, "You can't do this, Lord Elder!"

"We can't kill this villain!"

"Our targets are the Evil Sky Pavilion and the old villain. Lord Sect Leader said that he wants them alive."

"Please think twice, Elder Fang! Revenge is a dish best served cold!"

Fang Jinshan was trying to avenge his brother by killing Duanmu Sheng now!

He rolled his eyes and said, "You won't be happy for too long. Since the sect leader doesn't let me kill you...Fine! Surely you haven't tasted the feeling of being imprisoned in a dungeon with no hope of seeing tomorrow's sunlight, have you?"

Swoosh!

A cultivator flew into Evil Sky Pavilion on a flying sword.

"Elder Zhou!" The cultivators to the left and right of Fang Jinshan cupped their fists at him.

Fang Jinshan only gave him a sideways look and said, "Zhou Jifeng, it's good that you have come now. Have you found out where Mingshi Yin is?"

Zhou Jifeng bowed and said, "Second Elder, I have ordered the whole mountain to be searched, yet nothing has been found so far."

"Nothing? You and I saw with our own eyes that Mingshi Yin was severely wounded. I don't believe he can escape too far away with his injuries! I want you to find him!"

"I also hope to find him as soon as possible."

"I almost forgot! The old villain killed Luo Changfeng, the sect leader of the Heavenly Sword Sect and also your respected teacher."

Zhou Jifeng forced a smile as he nodded and said, "With Second Elder around, they can't escape."

Fang Jinshan patted Zhou Jifeng on the shoulder and said, "Although you come from the Heavenly Sword Sect, you are very obedient. You are more sensible than them."

"You're flattering me, Second Elder!"

"Very good! Now, I order you to interrogate Duanmu Sheng with torture!" Fang Jinshan pointed at Duanmu Sheng.

"This..."

Fang Jinshan laughed when he saw Zhou Jifeng hesitate. "No wonder Heavenly Sword Sect doesn't want you. You're just a dog who has lost its master. I don't know what Sect Leader sees in you and why he made you an elder. Get out of here!"

He shoved Zhou Jifeng away as he lifted a leg and kicked out. Duanmu Sheng blocked the kick with both hands and took a few more steps back.

"You can still resist?" Fang Jinshan was puzzled as he slowly raised a hand, summoning his energy this time. As a peak Divine Court expert, he possessed a mighty strength like his brother Dhūta Fang.

Right then, a clump of auspicious aura came over the clouds north of Golden Court Mountain. Cultivators searching the mountain and flying in the air on flying swords all looked up at it.

"What's that?"

"It's a legendary mount! An almighty expert is here!"

"Inform the elders! It should be a righteous expert who comes to support us!"

Elders and disciples of the Righteous Sect stopped searching and looked up at the sky.

The Whitzard let out a deep roar that echoed throughout the whole mountain, and it was immediately followed by an old but powerful voice, "Who gave you the courage to trespass my Golden Court Mountain?"