

## Disciples 351

### Chapter 351 How Does it Feel to be Surrounded?

Longevity pills. As their name suggested, they were pills that could extend a person's life. It was rumored that they were made from extremely rare materials and were created by powerful cultivators via a meticulous process in a harsh environment.

Even the Core Heart Sect that specialized in refining pills only managed to refine a handful of longevity pills in the millennium.

Some cultivation sects established themselves in the cultivation world by making such pills. A single longevity pill could extend a person's life by 100 years. However, the effects would deteriorate the older the user became. Hence, even longevity pills could not help cultivators overcome the 1,000-year limit. Regardless, longevity pills were still highly sought after by many cultivators. After all, not every cultivator could actually live to their life limit.

"Bring it here." Lu Zhou's voice was commanding and deep.

Li Yunzhao passed the brocade box to Mingshi Yin who carefully received it and placed it on the table before his master. When he saw that his master was resting his spirits with his eyes closed, he did not dare to disturb him.

"I'll take my leave." Li Yunzhao's assignment was completed. He left the eastern pavilion.

"I'll take my leave as well, master," Mingshi Yin said before he respectfully left the room. Outside the eastern pavilion, Mingshi Yin pulled Li Yunzhao and said, "Hey, hey... Eunuch Li, wait up."

Li Yunzhao frowned. "Hm?"

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"Uh, please... Eunuch Li, do you have any more of that longevity pill?" Mingshi Yin asked once he caught up with Li Yunzhao. Li Yunzhao shook his head and said, "What are you talking about? Longevity pills aren't sold in the store, you know? There are no extras. That was the only one. Even then, it was left behind by the late emperor after searching far and wide across the lands. The Empress Dowager has refrained from consuming it all this time. If it had been anybody else, it would've been long gone."

Mingshi Yin said helplessly, "Alright... However, I think you're a great person. My master has searched for longevity pills before as well. Alas, only one was found." Li Yunzhao smiled and said, "Old Mister has helped us greatly. It's only natural to thank him in kind."

Mingshi Yin nodded and said, "You're good with words as well... Alright, enough of this chatter. I'm feeling sleepy..." He stretched his limbs and walked toward the southern pavilion.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes slowly. He looked at the brocade box before his eyes. He shook his head and sighed. 'Why would I need this?'

He waved his hand slightly and the brocade box opened with a click.

"Ding! Obtained longevity pill x 1. Can be refined again to raise its quality."

When Lu Zhou heard this notification, he was slightly surprised. He did not expect that the longevity pill could be refined. He placed the longevity pill in his hand. When it touched his skin, a warmth immediately spread across his palm. It was an exceptionally wonderful sensation.

"Its quality and purity are acceptable, the energy as well..." Lu Zhou appraised the quality of the longevity pill.

Although he was not an expert in refining pills, he knew many things about it. From his memories, he knew Ji Tiandao had searched for the pills many times. He had some rough understandings about anything that had to do with prolonging his life.

The problem was...

'Even if the quality is raised, it won't have any effect on me, right?'

He could hear the Reversal Cards saying that even the highest grade of longevity pills was nothing. He gave it some thought. Although he did not have any need for it, he could still keep it for his disciples.

He raised his hand. A Refining Talisman appeared before it combusted.

Lu Zhou did not seem to hesitate when he tossed the pill into the fire.

A short while later, he had completed the refining process.

"Ding! Obtained a high-grade longevity pill. Reward: 500 merit points."

'A Refining Talisman for 500 points. That's not too bad.'

A high-grade longevity pill could extend a person's life by 200 years. The caveat was that said person's great limit was not within the next 200 years. Otherwise, the longevity pill would not have much of an effect.

In other words, it would have been a waste if Lu Zhou consumed it.

He put the pill away and entered his Heavenly Writing meditation state.

Night fell. The skies were dotted with stars.

A black figure could be seen shooting toward the southern pavilion.

The feet of the black figure did not touch the ground. His movement was silent.

The door of the room easily opened, as though it was pushed open by a gentle breeze.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A cold light flashed for a moment before eerie energy blades stabbed into the bed.

The black figure immediately realized that the bed was not occupied. He retreated as quickly as he could. Then, he heard a voice from above.

"Comrade, you're late... Mind joining me up here to watch the moon?"

The black figure looked up. He decided to give up there and then. He turned around and vanished.

Jiang Aijian, who was sitting on the roof, could not help but feel slightly taken aback. "So fast?"

The black figure moved away from the area, shooting past the corridor and a plaza. Just as he was about to leave the southern pavilion, a mocking voice rang from above him.

"Hey, there, where are you going in the dead of night?"

The black figure looked up and saw Mingshi Yin hanging upside down on the thick beam of the entrance. He was hanging between the words 'southern pavilion'.

The black figure was not nervous. He changed directions decisively. With a leap, he made his way to the western pavilion. He could only reach the northern pavilion from the western pavilion. From the northern pavilion, he could go down the mountain. He did not fly. He stuck to the ground, rooftops, and the various buildings. His movements were nimble and swift.

He had just entered the western pavilion when he smelled the aromatic scent of booze.

"Who's there? Come, join me for a drink..."

The black figure frowned. He changed direction again. There were four pavilions. The eastern pavilion was out of the question since the old villain was there. However, he had no way to get to the northern pavilion. After mulling it over, he leaped into the air and decisively flew toward the northern pavilion. However, as he flew, he realized something was amiss. 'Why aren't they giving chase?'

The thought had just appeared in his mind when a yellow-feathered arrow sailed across the sky like a meteor.

Boom!

The black figure caught it with one hand and somersaulted in the air.

Then, about ten more energy arrows came at him!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

They resembled a fireworks display.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The black figure moved nimbly and tried to avoid the incoming attacks. He dodged the energy arrows as he dove down and landed near the northern pavilion.

A hoarse voice reached his ears. "How does it feel to be surrounded."

'Hm?' The black figure saw another black figure facing him with his back.

Then, the figure turned around slowly. The moonlight shone on the person's face. He wore a silver mask.

Leng Luo's hoarse voice rang in the air. "Li Yunzhao warned you not to act recklessly..."

"I had no choice," the black figure replied.

"Even I have to abide by the rules here, let alone you. Do you think that you'll do better than me?" Leng Luo's tone was calm, but every single word struck home. The black figure said, "I know it's difficult..."

“Even if it means death?”

“Death?” The black figure lowered himself slowly. “That’s too early to say.” Whoosh!

A black mist appeared and the black figure vanished.

Whizz!

A huge avatar that was 100 feet tall suddenly materialized before Leng Luo. Energy spilled into his surroundings.

Boom!

The avatar shrunk at an extreme speed.

“Dao Invisibility of the Other Tribes?”

Leng Luo cultivated Dao Invisibility himself. He knew what this skill meant. Hence, before the black figure disappeared, he used the instant burst of energy to attack his surroundings.

It was now quiet.

At this moment, Jiang Aijian and the others arrived. Pan Litian sauntered over as well.

“Old Leng, can you handle this or what?” Pan Litian asked lazily.

Hua Yuexing hovered in midair. The energy bow in her hand vanished.

Jiang Aijian said, “No way... a person of the same trade? Ptooeey... we’re not of the same trade. I mean, he got away?” Mingshi Yin spread his arms. “You guys had to insist on a game of catching the mice and bet on the direction he would take... Happy now?”

## **Chapter 352 You Picked the Wrong Person**

Leng Luo raised his hand to silence the others. “I’ve injured him. He won’t get far...”

Pan Litian was nonchalant. He lazily took a sip of wine before saying, “Little Ai, there’s no need to worry... He won’t get away.” ‘Who’re you calling Little Ai? My name’s f\*cking Jiang Aijian!

“That man must’ve cultivated the Dao Invisibility skill of the Other Tribes,” Leng Luo said, “During their golden years, many Other Tribesmen cultivated the cultivation methods of Great Yan. Among the various methods, the Other Tribes managed to create an extreme escaping technique with the Dao Invisibility.”

“Doesn’t this mean he’ll get away?” Jiang Aijian widened his eyes. That man had come to assassinate him! The others were nonchalant, but Jiang Aijian was not.

“He won’t get away...” Pan Litian laughed and said, “We’ll have to see who gets to catch this rat first!”

Hua Wudao said, “Elder Leng has struck him too harshly... How could he get away after the instant blast of Primal Qi from the 100-foot avatar? It’s boring to catch a rat like that.” Despite his words, he moved quickly into the distance, unleashing his Six Compatible Seals. Leng Luo looked up at Hua Yuexing who was in the air. “The air is your territory. I’ll leave it to

you.”

Hua Yuexing felt invigorated. She cupped her hands and said, “Rest assured, Elder Leng... Let’s see if he dares to show up in the air.”

Leng Luo stepped forward with his hands on his back and disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Speechless, Jiang Aijian looked around himself. ‘Fellow friends, how can you be so flippant? I’m relying on you. Can you be more serious about this?’

Mingshi Yin patted his shoulder. He rolled his eyes and said, “You’re a Five-leaf elite, aren’t you?”

‘So what if I’m a Five-leaf cultivator? Can’t a Five-leaf cultivator be afraid?’ Jiang Aijian complained inwardly. Outwardly, he said, “You’re right, Brother Ming. Thank you for the reminder.”

“Go away, don’t get too close to me. I think you can have a good conversation about life with my Eighth Junior Brother. We’re not the same kind of people, you and I. You don’t have the strength of character or the moral backbone, do you understand?” Mingshi Yin vanished after he finished speaking.

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At the back of the mountain, outside the Cave of Reflection. Under the darkness of the night, nothing could be seen.

A black figure with a hand pressed on his chest looked in the direction of the Cave of Reflection. He cautiously surveyed his surroundings. When he was certain he was alone, he began to move slowly.

At this moment, a golden gourd bottle sailed through the air.

The black figure stayed close to the ground. He hid his aura when he saw the golden gourd. After the golden gourd disappeared, he looked up. He had underestimated the power of the Evil Sky Pavilion. He could sense powerful energies barring his routes of escape in all directions. The back of the mountain was the only option left for him.

The black figure suppressed his surging Qi and blood as he could before he picked up pace. At this moment, Yu Shangrong, who was sitting with his legs crossed and eyes shut, as he adjusted his condition, moved his ears. “Who’s there?”

Swoosh!

The figure entered the barrier and moved to Yu Shangrong’s side.

Jiang Liang stayed in the Divine Capital most of the time. He would only leave when he was on a mission. He knew a thing or two about the Evil Sky Pavilion. Unfortunately, he did not know the person before him. He had assumed since the man before him was imprisoned here, the man must be an enemy of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

“Don’t make a sound. Otherwise, you’ll die.” Jiang Liang held one hand against his chest as he looked at Yu Shangrong. A suspicious expression appeared on his face as he probed the man before him. He could not sense any Primal Qi from the man, causing him to relax.

"Comrade, you're hurt." Yu Shangrong's voice was as gentle as usual.

Jiang Liang frowned deeply and said, "You're captured by the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

"That's right," Yu Shangrong answered honestly.

"Why didn't you run away?" Jiang Liang asked.

"Run away?" Yu Shangrong shook his head and said with a smile, "If I could, I would've done that a long time ago. Why would I have to wait until now?"

Jiang Liang nodded. "Looks like... I've underestimated the Evil Sky Pavilion, after all."

Yu Shangrong was just about to stand up when Jiang Liang interjected in a deep voice, "Don't move."

"Are you afraid?"

"I've alerted many elites of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Any movement will catch their attention now. If I die, I'll take you with me," Jiang Liang said. Yu Shangrong looked at the night sky outside and said, "You want to kill me?"

Jiang Liang appraised Yu Shangrong again.

The moonlight fell upon Yu Shangrong's face.

Jiang Liang thought that Yu Shangrong looked gentle. He said, "I'm only trying to save my own skin. Don't resent me for this."

"There's no need to be afraid, comrade... If this had happened in the past, you wouldn't have lasted a single breath before me," Yu Shangrong said.

"..." Jiang Liang frowned again. He scoffed before he said, "If it weren't for my injuries due to my carelessness, I'm confident I'll be able to escape."

Yu Shangrong shook his head. "You're underestimating the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"What do you mean?"

"Even if I have my cultivation base, it'd be impossible for me to escape this place, let alone someone like you," Yu Shangrong said calmly.

Jiang Liang, naturally, disagreed. "Speak for yourself."

"Overconfidence and conceit are the downfall of men." Yu Shangrong recalled his master's words. It seemed like master's words made sense.

Jiang Liang looked outside, alert, as he said flippantly, "A lowly prisoner like you can't compare to me. We can't even be mentioned in the same breath."

Yu Shangrong smiled and rose to his feet. "I'm sorry."

"Hm?"

"You've picked on the wrong person." Yu Shangrong's words were simple.

Jiang Liang was baffled by Yu Shangrong's words.

Yu Shangrong took a step forward.

Jiang Liang lunged. His dagger gleamed coldly in his hand.

At this moment, Yu Shangrong drew his sword, unsheathing the Longevity Sword. He brought it up in a 45-degree upward motion.

Whoosh!

The sword was sheathed again.

The series of movements flowed smoothly and naturally like water.

The battle had ended!

Clack!

Jiang Liang's dagger broke in half. One half dropped to the ground, the remaining half was still in his grasp. His eyes were brimming with terror. He felt that his sea of Qi had been pierced. Moreover, he felt as though his lower left abdomen to his right shoulder had been slashed. There was a slender cut that crossed his sea of Qi and was slowly spreading. The person did not use Primal Qi at all. 'Did he manage that with his physical strength alone?'

Jiang Liang turned to look at the Longevity Sword at the side. It emitted a faint red glow before it disappeared. It was clear that the sword was an extraordinary heaven-grade weapon.

Yu Shangrong shook his head with slight dissatisfaction, "Under normal circumstances, you would've died instantly. I'm sorry to draw out your pain..."

Blood stained his clothes. Jiang Liang said, "If I hadn't been heavily injured... You, you couldn't have touched me..."

"If you weren't injured?" Yu Shangrong only smiled faintly. He returned to his original spot and sat with his legs crossed before he closed his eyes to rest his spirits. He no longer spoke after that.

Jiang Liang's life was seeping away. With a thud, he slumped to the ground. The instant his sea of Qi was cut open, he no longer had the ability to conjure up his Primal Qi. On top of that, he was injured. He could only wait for his death now. He was not content with this outcome.

When he was on the brink of death, he looked at Yu Shangrong who was sitting cross-legged across from him, he asked, "Who are you? I'll remember... the name of the person... who kills me."

Yu Shangrong opened his eyes slightly and glanced at Jiang Liang. He smiled faintly again. "My name is Yu Shangrong."

Jiang Liang chuckled inwardly. 'If he wasn't injured? Now he knew that nothing would have changed even if he weren't injured.' If he were not injured, and Yu Shangrong had access to his cultivation base, he would have died in a gruesome manner.

At this moment, countless thoughts flashed through Jiang Liang's head. Whether it was regret, desperation, or a chance to escape, none of those mattered now. Before he breathed his last breath, he uttered his final word, "Good." His head lolled to the side, and he breathed no more.

The night was still, and the moonlight was enticing

After an unknown period of time, the moonlight shone into the Cave of Reflection again. Yu Shangrong's long hair was now half-white.

### **Chapter 353 Seventh Senior Sister's Fairer**

Yu Shangrong opened his eyes slowly. He lowered his head and looked at the hair on his shoulders. He was not shocked by it. He closed his eyes again.

There was a huge wave of energy outside the Cave of Reflection.

Sometime later, a voice rang from outside the cave. The voice was sharp and clear. "Second Senior Brother." Yu Shangrong smiled faintly and said, "Little Junior Sister." He stood up slowly, picked up his Longevity Sword, and walked out of the Cave of Reflection.

Little Yuan'er was standing outside the cave under the moonlight. She had been happy, but when she saw Yu Shangrong's silver hair, she was shocked and worried. She said, "Second Senior Brother, your-hair..." "I'm alright." Yu Shangrong walked up to Little Yuan'er. He looked up at the starry sky and moon with its gentle glow. Then, he shifted his gaze to Little Yuan'er. "You seem to have grown taller."

Little Yuan'er giggled. "Well, it's only natural for people to grow."

"Yes... people grow," Yu Shangrong said.

"The three Elders and Fourth Senior Brother are messing around. I had nothing else to do so I decided to visit you," Little Yuan'er said.

At this moment, Hua Wudao was flying across the sky with his Seven-leaf avatar and Six Compatible Seal. When he sensed some movement at the Cave of Reflection, he hovered in the air and looked down.

Yu Shangrong did not even look up as he spoke, "He's dead. He's inside the Cave of Reflection."

Hua Wudao was slightly shocked and made a move to descend. He was shocked when he saw the dead Jiang Liang. He stooped down to inspect the wound on Jiang Liang's body. When he confirmed that it was left by a sword, he was filled with fright.

Yu Shangrong's cultivation base had been sealed. Naturally, Hua Wudao knew that Jiang Liang was a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite. Even if he was injured, he was not someone who could be killed by a person without a cultivation base. How did Yu Shangrong manage it?

Hua Wudao turned and looked at Yu Shangrong who was backlit by the moonlight.

Half of Yu Shangrong had turned white, but his expression remained calm as though nothing was different.



Hua Wudao could not make heads or tails out of it so he decided to give up guessing. He left the Cave of Reflection for a moment and notified the others to move the body away. When Little Yuan'er saw the corpse, she was also shocked. She said, "Second Senior Brother... you killed him?"

Yu Shangrong nodded faintly.

When he returned, Hua Wudao cupped his fists. "May I ask, how you killed Jiang Liang, Mister Second?"

"With a mighty swing of my sword," Yu Shangrong replied nonchalantly. "... There was no flaw in that answer.

Having inspected the wound, Hua Wudao felt now that his question was meaningless.

"I'm enlightened." Hua Wudao cupped his hands slightly, turned around, and left.

Little Yuan'er gave Yu Shangrong a thumbs-up. She giggled and said, "That's amazing, Second Senior Brother... Second Senior Brother, just how amazing are you?"

That question stumped Yu Shangrong. After giving it some thought, he replied honestly, "I'm just slightly less amazing than master?"

"Slightly less?" "Well, maybe a little more."

"...so, which is it?" Little Yuan'er looked at him, clearly not planning to give up until she had her answer.

"That's not important." Yu Shangrong walked away from the moonlight and went under the shadows of the trees.

This view reminded Little Yuan'er of a certain person. Hence, she said, "Second Senior Brother, Sixth Senior Sister's hair is actually whiter than yours."

Yu Shangrong turned around and said, "Ye Tianxin?"

When Little Yuan'er thought about Ye Tianxin, she became dejected. She said, "Senior Sister Tianxin has it rough. Alas, she's been driven out by Master."

Yu Shangrong smiled. "That kindness of yours is rare, Little Junior Sister."

"Thank you, Second Senior Brother," Little Yuan'er said.

Yu Shangrong noticed that something was not right with her clothes. He asked in confusion, "Is the Cloud Feather Raiment not good?"

"No... It's great, but master won't let me wear it. He says that it's getting in the way of my improvement and cultivation base," Little Yuan'er replied.

"Master's right."

Little Yuan'er said proudly, "I've made some huge improvements lately. Second Senior Brother, let's spar... I couldn't even touch you back then, but I'm sure that I can now."

Yu Shangrong. "..."

Before he could reply, a ten-foot avatar appeared behind Little Yuan'er. It was as quick-witted and cute as its owner.

Yu Shangrong regarded the avatar with a slightly shocked expression. He spoke softly, "Congratulations, Little Junior Sister."

'She's able to enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm and form a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar in such a short time. She has even sprouted one leaf... Perhaps, in the near future, Little Junior Sister would really be able to reach the top of the cultivation world. Her future is something to look forward to!' On the other hand, Yu Shangrong had completely lost his cultivation base. He shook his head.

At this moment, an imposing voice rang in the air.

"Yuan'er, behave yourself."

Little Yuan'er hastily turned around. She saw her master walking toward them under the moonlight with his hands on his back. She bowed hastily. "Master."

Yu Shangrong was slightly taken aback. He went to his Little Senior Sister's side and bowed as well.

Lu Zhou looked at Yu Shangrong's hair. He turned to Little Yuan'er and said, "Yuan'er, I have something to speak about to your Second Senior Brother. Give us some privacy."

"Oh." Although Little Yuan'er was slightly unwilling, she always did as she was told. She turned to look at Yu Shangrong before she waved her hands and said, "Second Senior Brother, let's spar in the future... I'll be going now!"

"Mhm." Yu Shangrong nodded.

After Little Yuan'er left, Lu Zhou extended his hand and said tonelessly, "The Longevity Sword."

Yu Shangrong knew that he could not resist. Yet, he hesitated slightly before he finally placed the Longevity Sword in his master's hand.

When Lu Zhou touched the Longevity Sword, he gauged the energy within it. It was practically empty.

Lu Zhou tossed the sword back to Yu Shangrong and said, "Don't you feel regretful? You could've lived for another 200 years." He was sure that Yu Shangrong had used the remaining power inside the sword to kill Jiang Liang.

The Longevity Sword, like its name suggested, could prolong one's life and stave off death for a while.

Yu Shangrong appeared calm as he said, "I have never regretted the strokes of my sword. In the past, the present, or future, I will never regret it."

With his hands on his back, Lu Zhou asked, "At this point... Do you still think that I'm trying to kill you?"

Yu Shangrong was stunned. Although they had not spoken much ever since they were in Radiant Cloud Forest, he could clearly sense his master's change. After mulling it over, he replied, "There's no guarantee of what might happen in the future."

“The future? How much longer can you live? What future are you talking about?” Lu Zhou retorted.

Yu Shangrong was momentarily stumped. After some time, he said, “You said that you’ll kick down the doors of the Nine-leaf stage.”

Lu Zhou looked up at the sky and the moon that was shining brightly. He sighed, shook his head, and said, “No matter what I did, that’s all in the past...”

Yu Shangrong did not know what he was supposed to say. When he heard this, the animosity he felt in the past rose again, reminding him of what had happened in the past. In the end, he chose to keep quiet.

At this moment, Lu Zhou turned around slowly and looked at Yu Shangrong. “There must be a reason why I tried to kill you in the past... Regardless, you’re still my disciple. Your hair has already turned white. Once you’ve thought things through, come to the eastern pavilion.” He did not wait for Yu Shangrong’s reply and turned to leave the Cave of Reflection as soon as he finished speaking.

A long time, with the moonlight still shining on him, Yu Shangrong tightly gripped his Longevity Sword with his trembling finger before he entered the Cave of Reflection once again.

### **Chapter 354 White Hair Overnight**

“Ding! Instructed Yu Shangrong. Reward: 500 merit points.”

Early the next morning, the sun rose from the east as usual.

When the morning rays shone into the Cave of Reflection, Little Yuan’er hopped toward the entrance. She called out, “Second Senior Brother!”

“Morning, Little Junior Sister.” Yu Shangrong carried the Longevity Sword in his arms and walked out of the Cave of Reflection.

At this moment, Yu Shangrong’s hair was no longer partially white. They had turned completely white. Little Yuan’er’s eyes widened in shock. She pointed at him and said, “Second Senior Brother, your hair...” “It’s alright.” Yu Shangrong looked up at the sun in the east and smiled in contentment. “I’ll look for master.”

“No need.” Yu Shangrong walked forward.

Little Yuan’er stopped in her tracks.

Yu Shangrong walked up to her and smiled. “Little Junior Sister, I’ve completely lost my cultivation base. If you want to spar with me, you’ll have to go easy on me...”

“I... will...” Little Yuan’er found it difficult to speak.

There was a small crowd at the Cave of Reflection now.

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, Hua Yuexing, Zhao Yue, Mingshi Yin, Zhu Honggong, and several female disciples gathered around and watched Yu Shangrong. They had heard about Yu Shangrong killing a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm expert even with his cultivation base sealed. They had also heard about his hair turning partially white. However, now that they had seen him, they saw that his hair was

completely white. His hair had turned white overnight. They knew about Yu Shangrong's lineage and whispered among themselves.

The melilot grew in Nobleman Nation. It bloomed in the morning and wilted at night.

Yu Shangrong glanced at the others. He greeted them in an elegant manner, "Morning."

Everyone else cupped their hands. "Good morning, Mister Second."

Little Yuan'er said, "Second Senior Brother, I'll go ask for master's help. He'll surely find a way."

"Didn't you come to spar with me?" Yu Shangrong asked.

"Well..." Little Yuan'er gave it some thought before replying, "Alright."

In the eastern pavilion of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou had meditated upon the Heavenly Writing scrolls for a whole night. He was now in high spirits. He stretched his limbs and he stood outside the eastern pavilion/

At this moment, Li Yunzhao and Jiang Aijian walked over. The two of them bowed.

Li Yunzhao said, "On behalf of the Empress Dowager, I thank you, Old Mister. After your treatment, the Empress Dowager has been feeling better. We'll return today, and I'm here to bid you farewell."

Jiang Aijian stood up, bowed, and said, "I'll see them off."

Lu Zhou knew what was in Jiang Aijian's mind. He said, "Li Yunzhao... When you return to the Divine Capital, tell them Jiang Aijian is dead. Moreover, tell the Crown Prince that the Evil Sky Pavilion will remember this."

Li Yunzha bowed immediately to kowtow, begging for forgiveness.

However, Jiang Aijian said, "Save it. Don't you know the old senior's style? Go."

"Uh..." Li Yunzhao was a person of the Imperial family, after all. It was only natural for him to speak in favor of the Imperial family. However, Jiang Aijian was also a member of the Imperial family. Liu Huan and Liu Zhi were his brothers, and yet, he did not care about them at all.

Lu Zhou looked as Jiang Aijian pulled Li Yunzhao out of the eastern pavilion. He could not help but sigh. "Oh, ever-living Emperor, don't you have any decent descendants?"

When Li Yunzhao thought about it, that statement sounded wrong. The Fourth Prince, Liu Bing, was a general of the borders. He was a man with achievements. The Fifth Prince, Liu Hong, was timid, but he was not wicked. He almost forgot... Jiang Aijian or Liu Chen, the Third Prince, was not an evil person as well.

Meanwhile, in one of the more secluded branches of the Nether Sect.

Yu Zhanghai was pacing back and forth. He looked at Si Wuya, who was sitting on a chair at the side, and asked, "Seventh Junior Brother, do you have a good plan?"

Si Wuya shook his head. "I didn't expect Jiang Aijian to make this move. Now that he's hiding in the Evil Sky Pavilion, my men can't touch him."

"Must we capture him?" Yu Zhenghai asked.

"Jiang Aijian is Great Yan's Third Prince... He's deeply loved by the Empress Dowager. If we can capture him, the Nether Sect will have another chip to play. Alas... he's too cunning," Si Wuya replied.

Yu Zhenghai said, "The barrier in Golden Court Mountain is gone. You have elites like the Five Mice among your men. Can't they think of a way to sneak in and kill Jiang Aijian?"

"That's impossible." Si Wuya recalled the scene of the blooming blue lotus Si Wuya. "We can't kill Jiang Aijian... Master's clearly protecting him. Also, from the mole I planted around the Crown Prince, I learned that the Crown Prince had sent an assassin to kill him."

"The Crown Prince wants to kill the Third Prince?"

"The Crown Prince must be unaware that Jiang Aijian is the Third Prince. He's merely trying to avenge Liu Huan to gain a good reputation," Si Wuya replied.

Upon hearing this, Yu Zhenghai seemed amused. He laughed and stepped forward to smack Si Wuya's shoulder.

Si Wuya frowned, confused.

Yu Zhenghai said, "Sometimes, I wonder how you've got all these connections in the palace?"

Si Wuya. "..."

"Don't be shy. I won't laugh," Yu Zhenghai said.

Si Wuya appeared awkward as he remained silent.

"So, it's really Princess Yong Ning?"

When Princess Yong Ning was mentioned, Si Wuya shook his head and said, "You've misunderstood, EldestSenior Brother. There's nothing between us."

Yu Zhenghai gave him a meaningful look. He nodded and said, "It's no wonder that Han Yuyuan is afraid to touch you. What a wonderful lady, and yet, you're not satisfied. Junior brother, you should consider lowering your standards slightly." Si Wuya was speechless. He changed the topic at once. "Let's talk about the Nether Sect's upcoming plans."

"That's good! It's just what I wanted." Yu Zhenghai was immediately invigorated. He no longer entertained himself with romantic affairs.

A table was prepared, and a map was spread on it.

Si Wuya pointed to where Liang Province was.

Seven days passed in just a blink of an eye. After getting ten 'thank you' messages in a row, Lu Zhou exited the room. He wanted to get some fresh air. As expected, he should not put too much hope in the

lucky draws. It was one thing to obtain various items at the end, but it was different to lose everything he possessed.

As he was stretching his limbs, Little Yuan'er appeared and said, "Master, master, Second Senior Brother has been staying in the Cave of Reflection for many days now. I'm worried about him. Can you go and have a look at him?"

Lu Zhou frowned. 'It's been seven days. Is he still struggling with his thoughts?' "What's the situation?"

"His hair has turned completely white the other day. Now, he's in a poor state. I don't think he can even lift his sword."

Lu Zhou turned around slowly.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue, Zhu Honggong, Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, and the female disciples swarmed into the eastern pavilion. With a collective thud, they fell to their knees.

It seemed obviously rehearsed.

"Please do something, master!"

Lu Zhou looked at everyone as he stroked his beard and said, "You're pleading on that rascal's behalf?"

Mingshi Yin said, "Although Second Senior Brother has done wrong, he has killed many who coveted the Evil Sky Pavilion's possessions over the years. Please do something, master!" The others bowed as well.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "If anyone should beg, it should be him."

"Master!"

"Silence," Lu Zhou said in a deep voice, "If I were merciful, do you think the Evil Sky Pavilion would be where it is today? Tell him that if he wants to die, I'll let him die!"

With a wave of his sleeve, Lu Zhou returned to the eastern pavilion. He was not Mingshi Yin. He was not Zhao Yue. He was not one of the fellow disciples. He was the master of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The others were rooted to the spots.

Lu Zhou's words rang in their ears. If he had been merciful, the Evil Sky Pavilion would have been destroyed a long time ago. If everyone behaved in this manner, who would be responsible for the next traitor? Their master was right. If he accepted their plea made on the traitor's behalf, their master would not be able to maintain the Evil Sky Pavilion as it was. Moreover, Yu Shangrong had fought against their Eldest Senior Brother and stayed idle when the Evil Sky Pavilion was under siege. He was not without fault. Their master had already fulfilled all his moral obligations by being this tolerant.

### **Chapter 355 Back to Where He Belongs**

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng walked in. When he saw everyone kneeling, he sighed. "Third Senior Brother, do you have a plan?" Mingshi Yin asked.

“Actually, master’s right. Since the founding of the Evil Sky Pavilion until now, if master has been merciful or soft-hearted, we wouldn’t be here today. Didn’t master personally fend off the ten great sects when they laid siege on Golden Court Mountain back then?”

Mingshi Yin sighed and nodded. “However, we can’t just stay idle.”

Zhao Yue said, “Fourth Senior Brother, think of something.”

“There is a way... but it’ll be difficult.” Mingshi Yin looked around himself.

The others looked at Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin said, “The Empress Dowager has given master a longevity pill as a gift, and the pill is in master’s possession. The only thing that can save Second Senior Brother is that pill. However... master is well-advanced in age. He’ll surely treasure the pill... What we’re doing is forcing master to give it up. I’m already surprised enough that we weren’t given a proper scolding by master. Get up, everyone. Let’s go out...”

Everyone nodded upon hearing Mingshi Yin’s words.

The pavilion master’s great limit was near. He was also searching for a way to extend his life. Even if the longevity pill would not be of much help to him, it was not enough of a reason to simply give it away.

Outside the pavilion.

Mingshi Yin said, “If there’s nothing else, we should call it a day. Little Junior Sister, come with me to the Cave of Reflection.”

“Oh.”

The others cooperated well. Everyone left. Mingshi Yin and Little Yuan’er walked toward the back of the mountain along the corridor outside the northern pavilion. They reached the Cave of Reflection.

Mingshi Yin bowed and said, “Greetings, Second Senior Brother.”

Little Yuan’er followed suit and said, “Greetings, Second Senior Brother.”

This time, Yu Shangrong did not emerge. Instead, he said, “Come in.” His voice was gentle and soft as usual. As cultivators, Mingshi Yin and Little Yuan’er could hear his subdued tone.

The two of them entered the Cave of Reflection. When they saw their Second Senior Brother sitting cross-legged there, they bowed again. “Fourth Junior Brother, Little Junior Sister, have a seat.” Yu Shangrong smiled. “Second Senior Brother, why do you have to go so far?” Mingshi Yin did not sit down before he spoke.

Yu Shangrong looked at Mingshi Yin and said, “We’re fellow disciples. There’s no need to beat around the bush. Just say what’s on your mind.”

Mingshi Yin took a deep breath, and mustered his courage, and said, “Second Senior Brother, listen to me. I can see that master values the bond between the two of you. He wouldn’t have allowed you to remain here peacefully otherwise.” He looked at the Cave of Reflection’s environment. It was cold and crude. However, compared to the previous punishments, this was a very light one.

“What else do you have to say?” “Master has one longevity pill. It’ll be able to solve your problem. I don’t know what happened in the past, but is it more important than your life?” Mingshi Yin asked.

Yu Shangrong fell silent. Mingshi Yin suddenly felt that his Second Senior Brother was not against being advised. Hence, he continued earnestly, “Master is quite different from the person he was before. Not only did he grant me the Separation Hook, but he even gave Little Junior Sister the Nirvana Sash. Even Old Eighth got a set of boxing gloves.” “Yes!” Little Yuan’er flashed her Nirvana Sash. The scarlet Nirvana Sash danced before her. This was a high-quality heaven-grade weapon. Although her affinity with it was not at its peak, Yu Shangrong could sense the uniqueness of this weapon.

Yu Shangrong looked at the two of them and said, “If master wants to kill you, how would you feel?”

“The thing is, you’re living peacefully now!” Mingshi Yin said.

Yu Shangrong was stumped.

Mingshi Yin said, “Second Senior Brother, forgive me for being blunt, but with master’s cultivation base, if he wants to kill you, you would’ve been long dead! You couldn’t have possibly lived until this day.” He knew that these words might provoke Yu Shangrong. However, it was better to be clear about such matters. His words were on point.

Yu Shangrong’s heart skipped a beat. He had been nonchalant before this. Now, a frown could be seen on his face.

“Don’t you believe me, Second Senior Brother?” Mingshi Yin asked.

“I do.” After a while, he only said, “Fourth Junior Brother, Little Junior Sister, you can go now.”

“Alright.” Mingshi Yin made no further attempts to persuade him. He looked at Little Yuan’er meaningfully. The two of them left the Cave of Reflection and went to the southern pavilion.

Little Yuan’er asked, “Fourth Senior Brother, will Second Senior Brother die?”

“He won’t.”

“Why’s that?”

“Second Senior Brother isn’t a petty or stubborn man... I’ve been clear with my words. Now, it’s all up to masters,” Mingshi Yin said.

“Mhm.”

Night came.

Lu Zhou felt as though he had reached a bottleneck in his cultivation. Although it was not difficult to raise his cultivation base, he needed the necessary insight to do so. He had to search his memories and the secrets of the Nine-leaf stage. He glanced at his remaining life.

Remaining life: 6,864 days.

Based on what he knew now, it was certain that attaining the Nine-leaf stage would shorten his lifespan. In that case, the 6,000 or so days would not be enough.



Merit points: 24,250

If he could obtain Ten Worlds, he would be able to enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm and start sprouting leaves.

After giving it some thought, Lu Zhou made another ten consecutive draws.

His luck points were now at 20.

The feelings of men were strange. When he heard the 'thank you' messages, he always had this feeling that he would succeed on the next draw.

"Lucky draw." "Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Spent 20 luck points. Obtained Reversal Card x 10."

'Nice. I'm not an African chieftain!' Currently, Lu Zhou felt that he could accept any other result aside from the 'thank you' message. It was good that he had more Reversal Cards. It would be helpful in his preparation to attempt to break through to the Nine-leaf stage.

'I should stop now.' After making the draws, Lu Zhou checked his items. He now had 31 Reversal Cards.

"Greetings, Master." Yu Shangrong's voice reached him. He was kneeling.

Lu Zhou's expression was apathetic. He did not go out. He remained seated, cross-legged, on the floor as he stroked his beard and said, "Have you thought things through?"

"I wish to live," Yu Shangrong replied. His tone seemed more spirited now.

"Come in."

With his master's permission. Yu Shangrong pushed the doors open and entered.

Creak!

Lu Zhou looked stern and imposing under the light. He pointed at the cushion opposite himself. "Sit."

Upon thinking about it, Yu Shangrong realized he had never had a sitdown conversation with his master before. 'Perhaps, Fourth Junior Brother is right.' He sat opposite his master and placed his Longevity Sword by his side.

Lu Zhou's gaze was deep. He looked at Yu Shangrong and said, "Did I really intend to kill you back then?"

This question immediately caused the atmosphere inside the pavilion to freeze over.

However, Yu Shangrong seemed unfazed. He nodded decisively. "Reason?"

"You wanted to attain the Nine-leaf stage..."

Yu Shangrong felt his finger trembling. He could not seem to still them. He continued to say, "Eldest Senior Brother and I had no other choice but to leave."

Lu Zhou's expression was calm, but inwardly, she was puzzled. 'Attain the Nine-leaf stage by killing my own disciples? What kind of logic is that?'

Clearly, there were more complicated procedures involved.

Yu Shangrong met Lu Zhou's gaze and said honestly, "The people of Nobleman Nation live during the day and die by nightfall. However, we have a certain ability..." he paused slightly before continuing, "We can take lives to extend our own. Perhaps, you wanted that ability, master."

When he heard this, Lu Zhou did not find it strange at all. He had his own guesses before this. Now, his guesses were confirmed. If that was the case, what about Yu Zhenghai? "Is this the case with Yu Zhenghai as well?"

"All I know is that Eldest Senior Brother is tough... We'll have to ask him about the other details."

The master and disciple both knew what the other was thinking about. After a moment of silence, Yu Shangrong said, "Seventh Junior Brother said that you sealed your memories in a crystal... Perhaps, the answer you seek is in the crystal."

The room was extremely quiet. The silence was palpable.

'So, this is the reason for the lost memories.' Lu Zhou stroked his beard instinctively and asked, "Where's the crystal?"

"I don't know," Yu Shangrong answered, "However, previously, you traveled to many places. From Rongbei to Rongxi..."

Lu Zhou asked, "Aren't you worried that I might try to kill you again once I regain my memories?"

"Fourth Junior Brother has said that with your cultivation base, if you truly want to kill me and Eldest Senior Brother, it would be a simple task," Yu Shangrong replied, "There are many things..."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Continue."

"You liked to beat Eldest Senior Brother up, and you always made him man the helm... You sparred with the sword with me alone. You made Seventh Junior Brother massage your feet often, and you..." Before Yu Shangrong finished speaking, Lu Zhou raised an arm to interject him. "There's no need to mention anything that's unrelated to the Nine-leaf stage."

"Understood." Yu Shangrong said nothing else.

"Judging by his looks, he's done talking about the Nine-leaf stage?" Lu Zhou looked at Yu Shangrong. He waited for him to continue. He kept looking until Yu Shangrong lowered his head. He appraised his own clothes and hair. He felt ill at ease.

'It makes sense... If Yu Shangrong has learned about the secrets of the Nine-leaf stage, he wouldn't still be at the Eight-leaf stage, let alone be in this state with his white hair.'

The room was silent once more. After an unknown amount of time had passed, Yu Shangrong leaned forward. He broke the silence by saying, "I wish to live..."

Strange.

The look Lu Zhou was giving him was not one of indignance but one of reassurance.

Falling sick and dying were all parts of the cycle of life. Everyone would die. However, only by living could one continue to find the reason to keep on living – hope.

"I'm glad you've thought things through." Lu Zhou waved his hand. The brocade box on the table beside him flew to Yu Shangrong's side. "I'll grant you this longevity pill. I hope that you'll live on." He emphasized the words 'live on'.

Yu Shangrong trembled slightly. When he heard those words that gave him hope, something stirred in him. He kowtowed. There were no flattering words nor dramatic gestures. There was no need for unnecessary explanations and expressions. "This disciple pays his respects," was all he said.

### **Chapter 356 He Must be Cold**

To rekindle a person's passion for life, it was imperative to tell the person to plow on even if the road up ahead was dark. Hope was the best motivator to keep someone going. Lu Zhou felt slightly emotional when he saw Yu Shangrong prostrating himself in front of him. After a moment's silence, he said, "Get up."

Yu Shangrong sat up and took the black brocade box.

Lu Zhou said, "This pill is exceptional. You'll be granted with 200 years of life."

"200 years is enough." Yu Shangrong was not greedy. The power from the Longevity Sword that had dissipated when he killed Jiang Liang was equivalent to 200 years as well. Lu Zhou said, "That's not enough, far from it. How are you going to attain the Nine-leaf stage in 200 years?"

Yu Shangrong was puzzled.

Lu Zhou continued to say, "You said there's nothing but an endless night behind the doors of the Nine-leaf stage... but I don't think so."

There were no easy paths. The journey from the One-leaf stage to the Eight-leaf stage was full of hurdles to begin with. How could it be easy to reach the Nine-leaf stage from the Eight-leaf stage?

Yu Shangrong felt shocked. He thought that his master's statement of intending to attain the Nine-leaf stage at the mouth of the Cave of Reflection was only said in the heat of the moment. It seemed like things were not as simple as he had thought.

Although Lu Zhou saw the confused expression on Yu Shangrong's face, he did explain himself. Instead, he pointed at the brocade box and said, "Take the pill."

Yu Shangrong opened the brocade box. A dark, gleaming longevity pill rested silently inside the box. When he opened it, a strong smell of medicinal herbs wafted into his nose. The smell was aromatic, and it warmed his heart. At the same time, there was an intense fluctuation of energy.

Yu Shangrong was slightly shocked. "A newly refined pill!"

The longevity pill could extend a person's life precisely because it contained a vast amount of energy. However, this energy would slowly seep away with time. This was not like wine that tasted finer as it aged. The longevity pill depreciated the longer it was kept. He did not expect this longevity pill to be this new. Refining a longevity pill required huge effort and investments. He was well aware of this.

"Eat it," Lu Zhou said.

Yu Shangrong did not hesitate. He placed the pill in his mouth. It felt warm at first, but when the pill touched his tongue, there was a scorching sensation. The pill seemed to have come to life as it slid into his belly. He did not even have the time to taste it when it passed his throat. He felt as if he had swallowed a large date whole. Shortly after, the scorching sensation permeated his belly. The pill efficacy was at work.

At this moment, Lu Zhou raised a hand and struck Yu Shangrong's body. "Don't move!"

Yu Shangrong could not move even if he wanted to. With his cultivation base gone and the energy bursting forth from the pill, he was immobilized.

Lu Zhou struck at the air.

A chilling breeze blew against Yu Shangrong, giving him respite from the heat. He knew his master was undoing the Binding Mantra.

With the palm strike, the Binding Mantra instantly vanished as the scorching sensation spread throughout his body.

Everything was silent again.

The nostalgic power erupted from his dantian. It surged forth like an erupting volcano. The power surged through his Extraordinary Eight Meridians and spread through his body. With his Eight-leaf power, the scorching sensation was now negligible. The effects of the longevity pill were manifested further. It permeated throughout his body.

Lu Zhou could see that Yu Shangrong's hair was slowly recovering its original color. This meant that the longevity pill was working.

Time ticked by.

Yu Shangrong was immersed in absorbing the pill's medicinal efficacy.

Lu Zhou also noticed that Yu Shangrong's had loyalty shown up when he prostrated before him. Currently, Yu Shangrong's loyalty was continuously increasing.

Men were strange creatures. A thought could mean the difference of a hair's breadth or worlds apart. Sometimes, a thought was all it took to change one's mind.

The second day. Dawn was breaking.

Yu Shangrong felt that he had absorbed most of the pill's medicinal efficacy. He opened his eyes slowly. The first thing he saw was his master who was resting with his eyes closed as he sat at the table opposite himself.

There were various kinds of books on the table. Yu Shangrong saw they were all related to the topic of lifespan. There was also a map and books about Eight-leaf cultivation. There were books of other genres on the shelves as well. Yu Shangrong was stunned. It had been dim last night, and he could not see clearly. Now that he had a better look, his master seemed to have prepared for this all along. What made his heart stirred was the sight of his master standing before him. This indicated that his master was watching over him the entire night.

Yu Shangrong felt that he had recovered almost all of his strength. The remaining issue was his condition. He kowtowed at Lu Zhou again. Without saying a word, he picked up his Longevity Sword, turned around, and left the room. He was barely out of the eastern pavilion when an imposing voice reached him. "Go to the southern pavilion."

"Understood," Yu Shangrong said.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes slowly. Last night's meditation was ordinary. However, he noticed that the mission, Life of the Melilot, was now completed. As he had guessed, the melilot referred to Yu Shangrong.

The mission rewarded him 2,000 merit points.

As for the other mission, the new Open Heavenly Writing Scroll, the ancient parchment drawing showed that it was on the northwestern corner. 'Looks like it's over there...'

As it was still very early in the morning, Lu Zhou shut his eyes again and continued to meditate on the Heavenly Writing scrolls.

The southern pavilion.

Duanmu Sheng carried his Overlord Spear and stood outside Mingshi Yin's room. "Old Fourth, be my sparring partner..." Mingshi Yin. "..."

After stalling for a short while, Mingshi Yin walked out of his room and said, "Third Senior Brother, we're not at the same level, you and I... I suggest that you find Old Eighth, he's a good match for you. He has the zen tunic and his boxing gloves. He's tough." "He has only just sprouted one leaf..." Duanmu Sheng stepped forward and yanked Mingshi Yin forward.

"How about Elder Hua?!"

"His tortoiseshell technique irritates me to no end!"

Mingshi Yin felt speechless. He wondered, 'Aren't you irritated that I keep running away?' Outwardly, he said, "No, no, no... I'll have to visit Second Senior Brother. Once Second Senior Brother's problem is solved, you can spar with him."

"Second Senior Brother? His cultivation base has been sealed at the moment, he's no match for me." Duanmu Sheng felt his words did not sound right so he said again, "I can't unleash potential if I engage in a battle without Primal Qi."

"You're right, Third Senior Brother. Second Senior Brother is no match for you."

Boom!

There was a loud sound of an explosion.

The two of them were stunned. They looked east beyond the southern pavilion.

'What happened?'

'Who dares to cause trouble in the Evil Sky Pavilion?'

Even Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, who was sleeping like a dog jolted awake. "Which daredevil is it... Let's check it out." Mingshi Yin and Duanmu Sheng rushed out of the southern pavilion.

When they were outside the southern pavilion, they saw many female disciples gathered at the edges of the plaza and watching something.

"Second Senior Brother?"

"No way..."

In the middle of the plaza, Yu Shangrong stood atop the root-shaped pillar. He stood there against the wind with the Longevity Sword in his arms. His white hair was now black.

Those who saw this were shocked.

"His sword is very cold..."

"So is his air..."

"He must be cold, standing up there..." Pan Zhong mumbled.

Zhou Jifeng gave him a nudge. He rolled his eyes and said, "Shut up! Didn't you see what happened to Elder Hua? His cultivation base is restored. There's no way that he'll feel cold!"

Another person stood before the pillar... It was none other than Elder Hua, Hua Wudao, the person most skilled in defense in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Wudao had appeared in the southern pavilion's vicinity earlier on. When he saw that Yu Shangrong's cultivation base was restored, he wanted to challenge him. He knew that he could not win against Yu Shangrong, but he wanted to test the defensive strength of his Six Compatible Seal. However, he could not even withstand a single hit.

Hua Wudao looked up at Yu Shangrong with a pained expression. He said determinedly, "Again."

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly. His voice rang from above. "You're weak, so weak that... you should work harder."

Hua Wudao said awkwardly, "I don't think that I can't withstand two hits." He unleashed his Six Compatible Seal again. The nine scripts spun.

The others scattered.

The Six Compatible Seal enveloped Hua Wudao. The Eight Trigrams appeared beneath his feet.

"Have your standards dropped so much, Elder Hua? Two hits are all you asked for?" Mingshi Yin suddenly said.

### **Chapter 357 The List that Makes the Cultivation World Shudder**

Hua Wudao trembled briefly. A blush could be seen on his wizened face. Since was withstanding a single hit an ordinary thing?

Yu Shangrong stood on the stone pillar and looked down at Hua Wudao as he said, "Take a good look."

Zing! Primal Qi surged, and the Longevity Sword left its scabbard. Although the power from the Longevity Sword had dissipated, its unique characteristics could still strike fear into the hearts of those who saw it.

Everyone's attention was focused on Yu Shangrong at this moment.

Yu Shangrong controlled the sword with his Qi, and an energy blade appeared. He dove. The air in front of the stone pillar seemed to contort as a thin layer of mist appeared. His figure blurred, and it seemed like there were three figures

Hua Wudao's eyes widened. When he did a second take, the three figures had merged into one. The Longevity Sword was already inside the Six Compatible Seal's range.

Yu Shangrong raised the Longevity Sword before himself and pointed it at Hua Wudao.

Hua Wudao felt pain. He had sparred with Duanmu Sheng, Old Third, every day. Although he had not lost, he was not in a good shape after their sparring sessions. When he sparred with Yu Shangrong, he did not expect the gap between Yu Shangrong and Duanmu Sheng's strength to be so big. He was greatly embarrassed.

Zing!

Yu Shangrong recalled his Longevity Sword as he said, "There's no need to feel embarrassed. The Longevity Sword has been with me for many years. It has penetrated countless Formations."

"..." Was that Yu Shangrong's way of comforting another person?

Hua Wudao retracted his Six Compatible Seal and staggered backward.

Pan Litian and Leng Luo who were watching the battle from afar shook their heads.

"Old Leng, you're an Eight-leaf cultivator as well. Why don't you spar with Mister Second?" Pan Litian said tauntingly. "I have yet to recover my cultivation base. We can do this another day... Old Pan, you have the support of the sable magnolia. I'm sure your cultivation base is recovering much quicker than mine. Why don't you give it a try?" Leng Luo retorted.

"I suddenly remember that I've left a jar of century-old wine in the courtyard... Old Leng, care to have a cup?"

"That's a splendid idea."

The two of them quickly reached an agreement and left.

Hua Yuexing quickly supported Hua Wudao.

Hua Wudao said, "I'm alright... Thank you for the lesson, Mister Second."

Mingshi Yin stepped forward from among the crowd and looked at Hua Wudao knowingly as he said, "Elder Hua, you better not form another knot in your heart over this. My Second Senior Brother is famous for his Enter and Return Three Souls sword technique. It's commendable that you're even brave enough to face it."

When Hua Wudao looked around his surroundings, he no longer saw Leng Luo and Pan Litian. He felt much more at ease seeing that they did not witness his humiliation.

Yu Shangrong did not waste words and only said, "Since you're a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion, I'll surely give you all the lessons you need."

II

"Is there anything else that you need me to teach you?" Yu Shangrong asked gently.

III

Yu Shangrong meant well. He was willing to teach all those who wanted to learn. However, his words sounded a little wrong in the listeners' ears for some reasons.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin quickly pointed at Duanmu Sheng and cried out, "Third Senior Brother!"

Duanmu Sheng leveled his Overlord Spear and charged out from the crowd. He grabbed Mingshi Yin's collar and said, "You promised to spar with me! Are you going to renege on your promise?"

"Uh... no, no..."

Duanmu Sheng dragged Mingshi Yin away from the southern pavilion.

"Se-senior Brother... slow, slow down."

The others felt speechless.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er appeared on the beam of the southern pavilion. She said, "Morning, Second Senior Brother." "Morning, Little Junior Sister."

"Master wants to see you."

"Alright."

Inside the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

Lu Zhou placed the brush to the side. He looked at the name list he had just written down and nodded.

Yu Shangrong, Little Yuan'er, Pan Zhong, and the others entered the great hall.

"Greetings, master."

"Greetings, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou's gaze fell on Yu Shangrong as he said, "How was the sparring session?"

Yu Shangrong said, "I won with a single hit." When he said these words, there was a fleeting nostalgic moment where he seemed to have returned to the past when he was still cultivating and learning in the Evil Sky Pavilion. At that time, he had only wielded a wooden sword, but it did not stop him from challenging elites. He had also liked to proudly say that he had defeated his opponents with a single strike. Lu Zhou said, "Elder Hua has a sizable ego. Let him take a few more hits the next time."

The others remained silent.



Yu Shangrong nodded. "Understood." Hua Wudao was an asset to the Evil Sky Pavilion. They should take care not to trample on his pride in case it became a hindrance to his cultivation. It would have been a great loss then.

At this moment, Lu Zhou waved his hand. The paper on the table flew toward Yu Shangrong. With quick reflexes, Yu Shangrong caught the paper. He scanned the names on the list and roughly understood what this was all about. Lu Zhou placed his hands on his back and said, "I have two missions to entrust you... Will you accept them?"

Yu Shangrong replied without hesitation, "As you command, master."

"Very well." Lu Zhou walked down the stairs to Yu Shangrong and said, "All the names on this list... leave none alive." His voice was neither loud nor soft, and the speed was neither slow nor rushed.

Every word reached everyone's ears clearly. They inhaled sharply when they heard the words. Although they did not whose names were on the list, it did not matter. They knew that once the list of names was in the Sword Devil's hand, they would all lose their lives.

Was this the Evil Sky Pavilion's strength?

Yu Shangrong looked at the list again and said, "Weak." The people on the list were weak, indeed. Previously, he would not even deign to look at them. Perhaps, he felt the mission posed no challenge at all, he cupped his fists and said, "Let me add to the list of names."

The others felt speechless.

Lu Zhou replied apathetically, "Alright."

Yu Shangrong brought the paper to the table and began adding names to the list. A moment later, the rather empty paper was crammed with names. After he was done, he presented the paper with two hands to Lu Zhou. "Please take a look, master."

"There's no need for that. If you think you can kill them, then, kill them." Lu Zhou showed his trust in Yu Shangrong. After all, he had no use for someone he did not trust.

The others were silent.

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng, and the others felt their understanding of the world crumbled.

Little Yuan'er, on the other hand, was curious. She walked up to Yu Shangrong and said, "Second Senior Brother, let me have a look."

"Mhm." Yu Shangrong did not mind. He passed the paper to Little Yuan'er. Little Yuan'er raised the paper and read aloud, "The Sect Master of Righteous Sect Master, Zhang Yuanshan. Duanlin Branch Master, Chang Jian. The Celestial Masters Sect's Grand Elder, Zhang Daoran. Hengqu Branch's Grand Elder, Lao Zhangjin. Good Fortune Temple's Abbot, Buddhist Master Miao Zhen. Seven Stars Villa's Hu Shendao..."

Every time a name was mentioned, the others felt their hearts skipped a beat. They were all names of notable individuals. Every single one of them was people whose names shocked the lands. They were the elites of the ten great sects who had attacked the Golden Court Mountain previously.

Little Yuan'er's voice sounded exceptionally clear and bright inside the great hall. After a moment, she paused and looked at Yu Shangrong as she said, "Second Senior Brother, you've added many names."

Yu Shangrong merely smiled.

Little Yuan'er continued, "Yun Sect's Grand Elder, Zhao Ji. Yun Sect's Second Elder, Sun Hong..."

These were the names of people from the Yun Sect, the leader of the Three Sects in southern Great Yan.

The others felt their heart race as they listened. The Three Sects were sects that were stronger than the ten great sects. The sizes of their forces were not something that the ten great sects could compare to.

After reading for a while longer, Little Yuan'er reached the last name on the list. "Luo Sect's Second Elder, Shan Yunzheng."

As soon as Hua Yuexing heard this name, her eyes widened as she staggered backward.

### **Chapter 358 Destined to be Alone**

Zhou Jifeng noticed Hua Yuexing's reaction and looked at her. "What's wrong?"

Hua Yuexing said, "It's nothing... I... I'm alright..."

There were only so many people inside the great hall. Everyone's movements could be clearly seen. It was impossible for Lu Zhou to miss the change in Hua Yuexing's expression.

"The names on this list belong to the people who bear ill intentions toward the Evil Sky Pavilion... There are many sects on the Noble Path, but have you ever wondered why they're the only ones on the kill list?" Lu Zhou asked. Initially, he did not plan to explain his reasons to these people. However, the current Evil Sky Pavilion was different from the past. There were others who came from other sects after all.

Before Lu Zhou began to explain, Pan Zhong interjected, "The names that Pavilion Master and Mister Second wrote down deserve to die. When they attacked Evil Sky Pavilion back then, they should've expected this day to come."

The others nodded.

"Hua Yuexing." Lu Zhou looked at Hua Yuexing. Hua Yuexing immediately bowed and said, "Pavilion Master."

"Shan Yunzheng is Luo Sect's Second Elder... Do you have a problem with me killing him?" Lu Zhou asked. He noticed that when Shan Yunzheng's name was mentioned, Hua Yuexing did not seem to be in a good mood.

Hua Yuexing said, "I don't dare to have an opinion on someone Mister Second intends to kill. I'm just a little emotional."

"Hm?"

"Shan Yunzheng was my master... However, when I left the Yun Sect, I've severed all ties with her..." Hua Yuexing explained.

The others nodded in understanding. No wonder she had reacted so strongly when she heard the name. It was only natural. After all, even if she had become cold-blooded, it would be difficult for her to remain indifferent to her former master.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded, "Shan Yunzheng?"

Hua Yuexing nodded and said, "That's right."

Lu Zhou looked at Yu Shangrong. After all, Yu Shangrong was the one who added the name.

Yu Shangrong said, "In that case, I'll leave her for last... If she's willing to repent before her time, I'll spare her." His words were directed to Hua Yuexing. Hua Yuexing said, "Thank you, Pavilion Master. Thank you, Mister Second." At the end of the day, her master had taught her everything she knew. It could be considered as her fulfilling her obligations by doing this. Lu Zhou had no objections since he did not have much of an impression of this Shan Yunzheng character. There were many elites from the ten great sects who laid siege to Golden Court Mountain. Aside from the ten great elites, he could only remember a handful of the other names. After all, with his status, it's impossible for him to notice and remember every Tom, Dick, or Harry.

With no more objections, Yu Shangrong put the list away. Then, he said, "Please tell me about the second mission, master."

Lu Zhou waved his hand again. Another paper flew from the table.

Yu Shangrong caught the paper and looked at it. It was filled with wriggly scripts and symbols. He could not understand it.

Little Yuan'er stood on her tiptoes and hopped before she finally saw the symbols on the paper. She was baffled.

Lu Zhou said, "For the second mission, head to Brackish Mountain and find a book with these symbols.

Yu Shangrong looked at the paper again as a question formed in his mind. Brackish Mountain was his hometown. He did not know what these mind-boggling symbols meant. However, he guessed that his master was trying to be considerate by sending him to Brackish Mountain. Now that he thought about it, he had, indeed, been away from his hometown for a long time. The second iron rule of the Evil Sky Pavilion was for those who joined the pavilion to sever all ties to the past. He could not possibly reject this kind offer from his master. In the end, he said, "As you wish, master... However, it's not easy to locate all the elites of the ten great sects. This mission will take some time."

"Do what you must," Lu Zhou said.

Not only did Yu Shangrong have to locate them, but he had to kill them as well. There were cultivators who were extremely afraid of death so they would hide themselves behind barriers and Formations. It would take a lot of effort to locate them. For this reason, although Yu Shangrong had a profound cultivation base, it was not a mission he could complete overnight. In the end, he said, "Yes, master!"

Then, Lu Zhou lowered his head to Yu Shangrong's ear and said in a soft voice, "If you run into a powerful opponent, you can just avoid them and leave them to me."

There were all sorts of surprises in the world. Lu Zhou knew Yu Shangrong should not look down on everyone just because he was an Eight-leaf elite.

Yu Shangrong was initially stunned. Then, he nodded. He turned around and left the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

The others looked on as he left. They were filled with emotion. Yu Shangrong had just returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion, but he was already given such important missions. Could he successfully complete the missions he was given? Moreover, Lu Zhou had given him the liberty to act as he saw fit.

Yu Shangrong liked missions like these as well... He could travel alone and challenge elites from other parts of the world while he went about completing his missions. This mission, in a way, allowed him to return to his original lifestyle.

After two days, Yu Shangrong left the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The missions were entrusted to Yu Shangrong because he was the best person for the job. This was also the kind of assignment that would put his abilities to use.

Lu Zhou considered asking Yu Shangrong to capture Si Wuya, Old Seventh, as well. However, Si Wuya was certainly with Yu Zhenghai. Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong were evenly matched. It was practically impossible to bring Si Wuya back. Moreover, the Nether Sect had many branches spread across the lands. It was difficult to locate Yu Zhenghai as well.

Meanwhile, the news of Jiang Aijian's death spread throughout the cultivation world.

Great Yan's imperial family was surprised by this as well.

During the morning assembly. The court officials had a heated debate over this matter. However, the matter was put on hold when the evergreen Emperor did not show up at the imperial court for several days.

Seven days later, there was a disturbance in Yi Province.

The Imperial court and Imperial family had no choice but to shift their attention to Yi Province. Nobody brought the matter of the Second Prince, Liu Huan, up.

Inside the study of the Evergreen Palace.

One of the attendants walked into the study tremblingly. He kneeled on the ground and said, "Your Majesty, a report from the frontlines says that Yi Province is in disarray."

A 60-years old man stood beside the long table. He had a foot-long beard and deep-set eyes. He was the current emperor, Liu Gu. Liu Gu kept writing with his brush, immersed in calligraphy, seemingly unbothered by the news he just received.

After an unknown span of time had passed, Liu Gu put his brush down and said, "Send word to Wei Zhuoyan. Tell him to quell the disturbance."

The attendant was slightly stunned. He was about to inquire if such an important matter should be brought to the court. However, when he saw the emperor's expression, he swallowed his words and said, "Yes, Your Majesty."

"How's the situation with the Empress Dowager?" Liu Gu asked with his hands on his back.

"The Empress Dowager has recovered from her illness after her trip to the Evil Sky Pavilion... However, Bodyguard Jiang, who escorted the Empress Dowager to the Evil Sky Pavilion, is dead. Jiang Aijian, who assassinated the Second Prince, has been brought to justice."

Liu Gu nodded slightly and said, "Here's my decree. The Crown Prince shall be grounded for three months. Also, find a replacement for Han Yuyuan as quickly as you can. Tell the officials to come up with a list of names and present them to me."

"Yes, Your Majesty." The attendant left the study respectfully.

It was now quiet inside the study.

Liu Gu raised his right hand slightly. Red veins could be seen on his palm. He muttered to himself, "When I'm at the Nine-leaf stage, not only the nine provinces, all nations will be mine!"

Seven days later.

In Duanlin Branch's headquarters on Great Ring Mountain.

The Duanlin Branch was a minor affiliate of the Confucian Sects. It was also one of the ten great sects that attacked Golden Court Mountain back then. It was the smallest of them all and was the only branch that was not protected by any barriers of Formations.

It was situated in a remote location, and the path to reach it was winding.

Once the traveler passed Great Ring Mountain, he would have to cross a valley that was infested with beasts and wild birds. Hence, the canyons and moats became the natural protectors of the Duanlin Branch.

It was high noon, and the disciples were reading on the plaza.

At this moment, a green-clad figure appeared in the air.

"Who goes there?!" The disciples immediately gathered and looked at the green-clad figure. They did not dare to insult the stranger. After all, someone who was capable of reaching this place without their permission had to be in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm at least.

The green-clad figure smiled. "I'm sorry for intruding. Is this the Duanlin Branch?" "This is the Duanlin Branch. Do you have business here, senior?" one of the bolder disciples asked.

"Is the sect master, Chang Jian, here?" the green-clad figure asked instead of responding to the question.

The disciples exchanged glances when they heard this.

At this moment, an imposing rang from the great hall that was located halfway up the mountain. "Who wants to meet me?"

A Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm expert with flashing energy surrounding him shot into the air above the great hall.

"The sect master has achieved a breakthrough!"

"That's great! The sect master has achieved a breakthrough!"

The disciples leaped and cheered. This meant the Duanlin Branch has grown stronger. Surely its standing in the cultivation world would rise as well.

When the green-clad figure saw the newcomer, he did not make any move. He was not in a hurry. Instead, he took a piece of paper out from his pocket.

Upon seeing this, the disciples of Duanlin Branch were baffled and at loss over what to do. They had no idea what the green-clad figure was doing.

The green-robed figure produced a black piece of something from his pocket before he crossed Chang Jian's name off the list.

Although the disciples could not see the content of the paper, the green-clad figure's simple movement caught their attention.

At this moment, Chang Jian who was hovering above the headquarters unleashed a grand technique. His energy rippled into the surroundings, clearly showing he had had a breakthrough. Since he had a breakthrough, he, naturally, wanted to flaunt his newly-improved strength.

Chang Jiang looked at the green-clad figure. He knew the newcomer was not a pushover so he had no intention of underestimating his opponent. He cupped his fists and asked, "What business do you have in Duanlin Branch, dear sir?" "Are you Chang Jian?" the green-robed figure asked with a smile.

It was rude to address someone by their full name. Moreover, Chang Jian was the master of the sect. However, he suppressed his annoyance and replied, "I am."

"There's no mistake, then." The green-robed figure put the list back into his pocket.

"What's that?"

"Forgive me, dear sir. I don't have a good memory so I have to consult the list," the green-robed man said politely. "A list of names?"

The green-clad figure looked at the others and said reassuringly, "Everyone else has no need to worry." After all, he was only here for the name on that list.

"..." Chang Jiang frowned deeply. He stared at the green-clad figure with a fiery gaze. He suddenly remembered the title that shocked the heavens. His heart skipped a beat as he said, "You're here to kill me?"

"I'm sorry." The green-robed figure raised his right hand slightly.

The Longevity Sword flew into his palm.

"I know who you are... May I have a few more words with you?" Chang Jian's brows were tightly knitted together. The haughtiness and confidence he had before had vanished without a trace when he saw the Longevity Sword.

"Sure," the green-clad figure curtly said.

"I've just entered the peak Seven-leaf stage... Grant me three days, and I'll surely own up to my crimes," Chang Jian said.

The green-robed swordsman smiled faintly. "No."

"..." As the saying went, 'A cornered dog would jump over the wall.' This was the case with Chang Jian.

"Elders, to me!" Chang Jian shouted.

Many cultivators dived from halfway up the mountain. Their numbers increased. In addition to the disciples on the plaza, there were nearly 1,000 people. However, the green-robed swordsman remained calm. His grip on the Longevity Sword tightened.

The Longevity Sword buzzed as it sensed its owner's battle intent. The sword that had been deprived of blood for a long time was much more terrifying now. "... Everyone on this list will lose their lives to my sword. I would ask the others to keep out of this. I, Yu Shangrong, offer my thanks in advance."

The words 'Yu Shangrong' caused everyone to freeze, striking fear into their hearts.

The reinforcements that Chang Jian called were at a loss over what to do as well as they looked at Yu Shangrong with widened eyes.

Finally, Yu Shangrong made his move. Three figures appeared before they merged into one again as he flew toward Chang Jian like a meteor.

Inside the great hall of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou was thinking about the Nine-leaf stage when he heard a notification. "Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

## **Chapter 359 The Sky Has Gone Cold**

Duanlin Branch on Great Ring Mountain. The mountain was unusually quiet.

Yu Shangrong's Enter and Return Three Souls and his grand technique sent the Duanlin Branch Master reeling for hundreds of meters. He had lost most of his combat strength. It was a one-sided fight with Yu Shangrong doing all the beatings.

Energy blades rained down like a heavy torrential rain on Chang Jian, the Duanlin Branch Master.

It seemed like Yu Shangrong had been suppressing his feelings for a long time and was finally given an outlet to vent. An Eight-leaf cultivator beating up a Seven-leaf cultivator. Although it seemed like an unreasonable and unfair fight, this was how it was when one's sword path had reached its peak.

The theory behind energy blades was for the cultivator to conjure up Primal Qi, condense it into energy, and form the energy into blades... If the cultivator did not have a weapon and attempted to form energy blades with his imagination alone, it would be an arduous and taxing task. The cultivator would have to spend much more energy to achieve it. Therefore, it was important to own a weapon. With a weapon in hand, the cultivator could wrap his energy around it and form energy blades directly. The other energy blades would only have to be replicated via the same process.

A yellow-grade weapon could increase the energy blades' strength and the speed at which they were formed. The number would increase by 30%. A mystic-grade with 30% faster and stronger than a yellow-grade weapon.

For a heaven-grade weapon, there was a leap in its quality. The weapon would obtain a unique ability to penetrate energy. Increasing the blade's strength, numbers, and speed were three times greater than earth-grade weapons. That was how terrifying a heaven-grade weapon was.

Apart from these factors, there was also the owner's affinity with the weapon.

Yu Shangrong had long since reached perfect affinity with his Longevity Sword. It was not three times greater than an earth-grade weapon, but it seemed like it was five or even ten times greater.

The energy blades rained down, destroying the buildings of the Duanlin Branch on Great Ring Mountain were ruined.

When the Duanlin Branch disciples heard the name 'Yu Shangrong', they stared with their mouths agape. They knew how powerful the Sword Devil was. However, when they witnessed the torrential rain of energy blades with their own eyes, they were still filled with fear and awe.

A deep gorge could be seen halfway up the mountain.

The difference between Yu Shangrong and Chang Jian's strength was too great. Yu Shangrong had easily killed Chang Jian.

Nobody dared to step forward or object.

Yu Shangrong opened his hand and the Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard on its own. A faint red energy entered the blade.

Yu Shangrong acted as if nothing had happened as he flew above the headquarters. He surveyed his surroundings for a moment.

None of the Duanlin Branch disciples dared to move.

"I'm sorry for disturbing all of you. Farewell." After saying that, Yu Shangrong disappeared.

Over the next month...

The Hengqu Branch's Grand Elder, Zhao Jin, died.

The Seven Stars Villa's Hu Shendao died.

The Celestial Masters Sect's Grand Elder, Zhang Daoran, died.



For a time, the ten great sects lived in fear and trepidation from these events.

The existence of the Evil Sky Pavilion's hitlist was soon made known to the public.

Many disciples who were involved in the attack on the Evil Sky Pavilion left their respective sects in a bid to save their own necks.

In the Luo Sect, Southern Great Yan.

The Yun Sect had learned about the existence of the hit list as well.

The Luo Sect's third elder, Lu Ping, rushed toward the meeting hall with a worried expression on his face. As the youngest elder of the Luo Sect, he had a long path ahead of him.

"Elder Lu."

"Elder Lu."

The guards outside the meeting hall bowed when they saw him.

"Is Elder Shan inside?"

"In reply to your question, Elder Lu. Elder Shan is in the middle of a meeting."

Lu Ping went in without hesitation. There were more than ten individuals seated inside the meeting hall. When they saw Lu Ping hurrying in, they looked puzzled. "What's the rush, Elder Lu?!"

The other elders looked at Lu Ping.

Lu Ping did not beat around the bush. "Elder Shan, things aren't looking good. There's a rumor in the cultivation world that Yu Shangrong, the Sword Devil, has returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion." Then, he continued in a hushed tone, "The Evil Sky Pavilion has a hit list with the names of the cultivators who attacked it many years ago. Those on the list would be killed by Yu Shangrong."

The others were shocked. Yu Shangrong's strength was not to be underestimated. The Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects made up the Three Sects. The Yun Sect was the only one who had a conflict with the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Tian Sect mostly stayed out of secular affairs. The Yun Sect had only occasional interaction with the ten great sects and did not have much enmity with the Evil Sky Pavilion. Their last conflict was partially caused by Ye Tianxin when she persuaded the Yun Sect to send out a dozen Divine Court realm cultivators to attack the old villain on Bluesun Mountain. The attempt, however, ended in failure with failure.

"The Yun Sect was involved with Ye Tianxin. Every debt has its debtor. What does this have to do with the Luo Sect?" someone asked.

"Lu Ping, don't you belittle our strengths and glorify another force's power. It's only a name list. There's no need to get all worked up about it."

When Lu Ping heard this, he frowned. He lowered his voice and said each word clearly, "Let me finish before you jump to conclusion. The Hengqu Branch's Grand Elder, Zhang Jin, the Seven Stars Villa's Hu Shendao, the Celestial Masters Sect's Zhang Daoran... They're dead."

II

The others gasped as they looked at Lu Ping in disbelief.

“The Sword Devil merely kills according to the name list. Anyone who finds himself on that list will die. A month ago, the Duanlin Branch Master, Chang Jian, had died. His name was first on the Sword Devil’s list. I’ve sent my men to the Duanlin Branch. Sect Master Chang had just recently attained the peak Seven-leaf stage, and he was still utterly defeated by the Sword Devil...”

The meeting hall was now deathly silent. They were beginning to see how serious the matter was.

Shan Yunzheng raised her head, her expression was grim.

Someone said, “You said that the name list contains the people who once attacked Golden Court Mountain?”

“That’s right.”

The others relaxed slightly. They were grateful that the Luo Sect had stayed out of that affair. “Elder Shan.” Lu Ping looked at Shan Yunzheng who sat at the side.

Shan Yunzheng was Luo Sect’s Second Elder. She was also the only female elder of the Luo Sect. She was the best archer acknowledged by everyone in the Luo Sect.

It was rumored that Shan Yunzheng was once considered for the title of the Divine Capital’s Three Godly Archers. Her disciple, Hua Yuexing, made a grand entrance into the cultivation world, and with her amazing talents, she went to the Divine Capital and took her master’s place.

In terms of cultivation base, Hua Yuexing was not at Shan Yunzheng’s level yet. However, she had great potential and a bright future ahead of her.

The others looked at Shan Yunzheng.

“Your name’s on the list.”

“...” Shan Yunzheng felt as if her heart had just been hammered. Although she tried her very best to remain calm and maintain a peaceful expression, a sense of fear welled in her heart.

The others seemed to be rather carefree. They sympathized with her, but they were relieved they were not on the list. Some even took pleasure in her misfortune.

The meeting room remained silent for a very long time.

Shan Yunzheng finally spoke, “Does the sect master know about this.”

“Not yet.”

“I’ll act as if I don’t know about this, then,” Shan Yunzheng said.

“Hm?”

‘What did she mean by that?’

‘How can you ignore the fact that your name’s on the hit list?’

Lu Ping cupped his fists and said, "Elder Shan, we must proceed with caution... If the Sword Devil comes knocking, it'll be too late to regret it."

"Elder Shan, I think that Elder Lu has a point. We should deal with this seriously. We can't afford to brush this off," the fourth elder said.

Shan Yunzheng shot to her feet. She looked around herself and said, "Are all of you afraid?"

The others smiled disapprovingly. "Why should the Luo Sect be afraid?"

"We're not exactly afraid. Let's focus on the matter at hand and not distract ourselves. Elder Shan, what do you plan to do from now on?"

The others looked at Shan Yunzheng again.

Shan Yunzheng said tonelessly, "The Luo Sect has ten holy lands. They span Luo Peak, Purple Cloud Peak, and some 20 mountains. There are up to ten thousand disciples at each site, and they're all protected by barriers and Formations. There are also experts skilled in Formations and Daoist seals. The first holy land, which is this very place, has inherited the Formation from the past ten generations of sect masters. The elders are also the mainstays of the Luo Sect... We should all band together to resist the Sword Devil. In the vast cultivation world, the crooked can't be allowed to triumph over the noble. We must not allow them to do as they wish."

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The meeting hall was silent again.

"You have a point, Elder Shan... Evil is evil, and we can't allow the balance of the world to tip in their favor. Although the Luo Sect's Formation can't compare to the Divine Capital's Ten Terminal Formation, it's not something that can be easily broken."

At this moment, the elder that sat furthest away from the door said, "What if the Sword Devil decides to wait outside? He's of the Fiend Path, after all... As the saying goes, 'It's easier to dodge a spear in the open than defend against an arrow fired in the dark'. The Yun Sect's Luo Shisan, the First Seat of the sword altar, one of the eight altars, wasn't a match for the Sword Devil, and there are many who could bear witness to this..."

He had a point. The concern about the thief was worse than the theft itself. Who could guarantee that the Sword Devil would not stab them from the back?

At this moment, a disciple hurried into the meeting hall. He announced loudly at the door, "Elders, there's a letter."

“From whom?” “The Sword Devil.”

Everyone felt their hearts sank when they heard this. The inevitable had happened.

Shan Yunzheng frowned. She waved her hand and said, “Read it.”

She knew that she had to stay together with the others. Otherwise, with her strength alone, it was impossible for her to evade the Sword Devil’s pursuit.

The disciple opened the letter and read its contents. He seemed to be in a difficult position. In the end, he cleared his throat and read out loud, “I, Yu Shangrong, would like to trouble you to inform the Luo Sect’s Second Elder, Shan Yunzheng that everyone on the list would have their lives claimed by my sword. In a show of exceptional grace, the Evil Sky Pavilion grants Elder Shan a chance to atone for her sins. From this day on, the Evil Sky Pavilion shall add a name to the list every seven days until Elder Shan shows herself or until there are no more names to be added. Please forgive me for my crude choice of words. Writing isn’t my strongest suit.”

After the disciple finished reading this, he looked puzzled.

‘Is this the tone the f\*cking Sword Devil should be taking?’

Even the other elders were puzzled, let alone him.

Shan Yunzheng had a complicated expression on her face. She took a deep breath and said, “It’s him alright.”

“It’s him?”

“Many years ago, I tried to shoot him from the peak of the third holy land. However, his energy was too dense. I didn’t expect him to hold a grudge after all this time,” Shang Yunzheng said, “There’s no need to fear him, everyone.”

The others looked at Shan Yunzheng. She was, perhaps, the only person who could make such lowly words sound righteous.

“That’s not right.” Lu Ping raised his hand. “The letter says that you can apologize, Elder Shan. This means that there is still hope.”

“You have a point, Elder Lu.”

“I concur.”

Shan Yunzheng was stunned. She looked around herself. She noticed that everyone’s attitudes and gaze were different from moments ago. She asked, “What do you mean?”

“Elder Shan... Please consider the bigger picture. I think you should offer your apology.”

“That’s right... According to the Evil Sky Pavilion’s convention, he’s supposed to kill you. But since he made the offer, it means this is a chance.”

“Elder Shan, although the Luo Sect isn’t weak, we’re not bold enough to take on the Evil Sky Pavilion as an enemy. Please consider the bigger picture.”

Then, everyone said in unison, "Please consider the bigger picture, Elder Shan!"

Shan Yunzheng did not expect the change in their attitudes. She placed her hands on her back and chuckled. "A hitlist, huh... What if I refuse?"

Lu Ping said sternly, "In that case, we'll send you there." He emphasized on the word 'send'. His attitude had been different from the other elders from the start. He was determined that the only person who was supposed to die was the person who offended the Evil Sky Pavilion in the first place. After all, this was the Sword Devil, not some two-bit villain. Why should the Luo Sect shoulder this responsibility when Shan Yunzheng was the one who brought this upon herself? "Fine! I'll go!" Shan Yunzheng narrowed her eyes in anger.

Lu Ping said, "Tell you what. I have a friend who owns a mount. You can ride this mount to the Evil Sky Pavilion, Elder Shan"

"That's wonderful!"

"That's splendid."

The other elders nodded and offered their praises.

Shan Yunzheng suddenly felt a lump in her chest. She found it difficult to breathe at this moment.

News of the hitlist spread further in the cultivation world.

There was the saying that the Sword Devil, Yu Shangrong, would add names to the list as a way to threaten the listed individuals to show themselves. As a result, he went about taking many innocent lives.

At the end of the month, Yu Shangrong made it to number two on the blacklist. However, in truth, Shan Yunzheng was the only one who was treated this way.

Three days later, inside the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

Lu Zhou felt extremely relaxed. Throughout the month where Yu Shangrong dealt with the names on the hit list, his merit points rose swiftly.

Merit points: 32,250.

This meant that he could buy the Ten Worlds avatar. With that avatar, he could successfully enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. However, he was in no hurry to purchase it.

At this moment, Zhou Jifeng walked in. He bowed and said, "Pavilion Master, Shan Yunzheng is here."

"Hm?" Lu Zhou descended the steps with his hands on his back. Then, he stroked his beard.

"There's a rumor in the cultivation world that Mister Second has sent a letter to the Luo Sect stating that he would add more names on the lists every day until Shan Yunzheng shows up at the Evil Sky Pavilion," Zhou Jifeng explained.

Lu Zhou frowned.

Although Yu Shangrong liked to challenge elites, he was not someone who enjoyed senseless killing. Why was he so violent?

“Who told you this?” Lu Zhou asked.

“An Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciple heard about this from the people at the information station when they bought supplies from Tangzi Town,” Zhou Jifeng replied.

“The truth is becoming increasingly distorted.” Lu Zhou shook his head. “Bring Shan Yunzheng here.”

“Understood.”

Zhou Jifeng left the great hall.

Lu Zhou went back up the steps and sat down slowly.

Hua Yuexing and the others hurried over when they heard the news.

A short while later.

Shan Yunzheng and four others walked slowly into the Evil Sky Pavilion’s main hall under Zhou Jifeng’s lead.

Perhaps, it was their first time here so they were visibly nervous. They placed a box on the floor and bowed.

“Shan Yunzheng of Luo Sect is here to offer her apology.” Shan Yunzheng cupped her hands. When she looked up, she saw Lu Zhou who sat on his throne. From the corners of her eyes, she saw Hua Yuexing. She was shocked and felt a wave of anger well up in her heart. Without care for her choice of words, she spat out, “You rascal! How could you join this place?”

Hua Yuexing’s expression changed slightly. She took three steps backward.

At this moment, Lu Zhou raised a hand.

A miniature Daoist hand seal flew out.

Shan Yunzheng raised her hands and defended herself with her arms. She activated her protective energy and withstood the hand seal.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Duanmu Sheng’s Overlord Spear was suddenly upon Shan Yunzheng. The densely packed spear shadows overlapped into a thousand layers of waves.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Although Shan Yunzheng was a Six-leaf elite, she was having trouble standing her ground when Duanmu Sheng sneaked up upon her at such close range. Moreover, Duanmu Sheng had been sparring with Hua Wudao, a Seven-leaf cultivator, on a regular basis. The strength behind his attacks was completely different than before.

On top of that, Shan Yunzheng was an archer to begin with. Once her opponent was in close range, even if she had three leaves more, it was difficult for her to put her skills to use. She had no choice but to retreat! Her protective energy rippled before it finally shattered.

Bam!

Shan Yunzheng reeled back. She somersaulted and landed on her feet. Her eyes were wide as she stared at Duanmu Sheng who was wielding the Overlord Spear. Golden energy crackled on the tip of the sword to the dragon carving on the shaft. 'He's strong! Is the Evil Sky Pavilion filled with such strong individuals?' She was thoroughly shocked. "Stand down," Lu Zhou said.

Duanmu Sheng turned around and bowed at Lu Zhou. "Yes, master."

'Master?' Shan Yunzheng suppressed the fear that rose in her heart.

The Luo Sect was unlike the ten great sects or the Yun Sect. The Luo Sect was like the Tian Sect, they never had anything to do with the Evil Sky Pavilion. She did not expect that her single mistake had resulted in her having such a powerful enemy. She looked at Hua Yuexing who was standing nearby. She wondered, 'Did the rascal slander me?'

However, there was no way that she would say that out loud. She could only dismiss her thoughts.

Lu Zhou pointed at Hua Yuexing and said, "Hua Yuexing is a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion... If you call her a rascal, you're being disrespectful toward me."

Shan Yunzheng's heart skipped a beat.

Lu Zhou continued, "I could've asked her to slap you... but," his tone softened as he continued to say, "You were her master once. A disciple hitting her master is against the order of the world. I'll strike on her behalf..."

Shan Yunzheng raised her hand again. A hand seal like the one before sailed toward her.

Smack!

It hit her cheek. The hit was extremely precise. This time, she dared not evade it. She took the slap squarely. The hand seal slap was not light. With this strike, a five-finger mark was left on her face.

When they saw this hand seal, Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng were amazed.

"The pavilion master's hand seal looks the same as mine, but anyone can block mine... The pavilion master's hand seal can't be blocked! That's how different we are!"

### **Chapter 360 Frenzied Mount**

"Do you think you're fit to be mentioned in the same breath as the pavilion master?"

"I was mistaken."

Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong were enjoying this greatly. The two of them were originally forgotten individuals in their former sects. There had been no place for them before this. When they found a place they could stand on their own two feet, they had to judge whether it was reliable. When they just joined

the Evil Sky Pavilion back then, they were slightly reserved. Currently, they were more at ease and no longer as nervous as before.

Shan Yunzheng had spoken out of turn and was punished with a slap. The Evil Sky Pavilion was not a place that someone could behave as they pleased.

They suddenly remembered the pavilion master had once said that he had been merciful and soft-hearted, the Evil Sky Pavilion would not be where it was at now.

Shan Yunzheng did not dare to avoid the slap nor was she capable of avoiding the slap. She became better behaved after she was punished.

After administering the punishment, Lu Zhou sat down with a wave of his sleeves.

Shan Yunzheng, naturally, did not dare to complain.

Lu Zhou did not ask for Shan Yunzheng's opinion as well. Instead, he looked to the side and asked, "Hua Yuexing, do you have anything to say?"

Hua Yuexing was a young lady, after all. She had never been in such a situation. She had no dignity to speak of when she was learning from Shan Yunzheng. Even now, she was still fearful of Shan Yunzheng. She shuddered when she heard Lu Zhou's words and hastily replied, "I don't."

"You don't?" Lu Zhou stroked his beard. He gave it some thought and said, "If you have nothing to say, I'll say something on your behalf."

"Please do, Pavilion Master!" Hua Yuexing, naturally, had no objection to this.

Silence descended on the great hall. Everyone's eyes were trained on Shan Yunzheng.

Shan Yunzheng cupped her fists and said, "Greetings, old senior." "Do you know why you were summoned?" Lu Zhou inquired.

Shan Yunzheng glanced at Hua Yuexing. She considered it for a moment before saying, "Hua Yuexing was once my student, and I was her master. Due to various reasons, she was exiled from the sect. If she has any resentment or dissatisfaction, I'm willing to offer my apologies." "You're the Luo Sect's Second Elder, a person admired by many. With her talents, why did you let her leave?" Lu Zhou asked. Most people would put in a lot of effort to nurture a talented disciple like Hua Yuexing. With a disciple like her, the master would gain honor and glory as well.

A complicated expression appeared on Shan Yunzheng's face. She stammered through her words, "It's... I-it's meaningless to... to speak of the reasons now... In any case, I'm willing to apologize to her. If the Evil Sky Pavilion intends to demand compensation, I'll accept without any complaints."

'At least she knows when to yield.'

At this moment, a deep voice suddenly rang from outside the hall, "Shan Yunzheng, you're a complete disgrace to the Luo Sect."

The others looked for the source of the voice, and they saw Hua Wudao walking in with a dark expression on his face.



Everyone knew that Hua Wudao and Hua Yuexing were close. They shared the same surnames. One of them was from the Yun Sect, and the other was from the Luo Sect. At the end of the day, they could be considered to have come from the same line. However, no one knew the exact nature of their relationship.

When Shan Yunzheng saw Hua Wudao walking into the hall with a dissatisfied expression, she frowned. "Hua Wudao?"

"You recognize me?"

"When I was cultivating in seclusion, I heard that you've joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, but I didn't believe it. It seems like the rumor is true," Shan Yunzheng said.

Hua Wudao cupped his fists at Lu Zhou before saying, "A person like you isn't fit to remain in the Luo Sect. You chased Hua Yuexing out because you wanted to claim her Falling Moon Bow for yourself."

'Falling Moon Bow?'

The name of the weapon sounded extraordinary.

Hua Wudao's words had inadvertently revealed the reason Shan Yunzheng had chased Hua Yuexing away.

"Elder Hua, the Falling Moon Bow is bestowed by the Patriarch of the Three Sects. It's clearly stated that the bow was to be given to me, Shan Yunzheng. Why are you slandering me?"

"Shut up!" Hua Wudao's outburst surprised Shan Yunzheng. She kept quiet after this. She suddenly remembered that she was not in the Luo Sect. This was the Evil Sky Pavilion. "The Patriarch of the Three Sects initially intended to give the bow to Hua Yuexing. Are you going to refute that as well?" At this point, the situation was clear. It was natural for a sect to distribute its assets to its members. Once Hua Yuexing left the sect, she would not be able to get the Falling Moon Bow, regardless of how talented she was.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. He looked at Hua Yuexing and said, "Is what Elder Hua said true?"

Hua Yuexing bowed and said, "It is."

Shan Yunzheng's face turned ghastly pale as she took several steps backward.

Lu Zhou looked at Shan Yunzheng and said, "What's the grade of the Falling Moon Bow?"

Shan Yunzheng shook her head and did not answer.

Hua Wudao had no qualms in answering that. "Heaven-grade, middle."

The others broke into an uproar. As they expected, it was a heaven-grade weapon. Whether it was a low or middle heaven-grade weapon, a heaven-grade weapon was still a rare treasure. It was no wonder Shan Yunzheng would banish Hua Yuexing because of the Falling Moon Bow. It was natural that a heaven-grade weapon would create covetous thoughts in Shan Yunzheng. It would not be a stretch to say that she would even Hua Yuexing for it if the situation called for it.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. He nodded slightly and said, "Shan Yunzheng, I've always been reasonable. I always listen to both sides of the story. Do you have anything to add to Elder Hua's account?"

Shan Yunzheng waved her hands at once and said, "This weapon was given by the patriarch, Yun Tianluo... The Luo Sect's disciples can bear witness to this. Please thoroughly investigate this matter, Pavilion Master."

"When Yun Tianluo founded the Three Sects back then, he distanced himself from the affairs of the world. The Three Sects have since split. Why would he grant you the weapon?" Lu Zhou asked calmly. "I'm the greatest archer in the Three Sects!" Shan Yunzheng said confidently.

Hua Wudao cursed loudly, "Bullsh\*t!"

This outburst frightened Shan Yunzheng again.

Hua Wudao walked up to Shan Yunzheng and said, "In terms of archery, Hua Yuexing's talents are not inferior to yours. Moreover, from what I know, a name was engraved on the Falling Moon Bow. Instead of wasting our breaths exchanging words, why don't you produce it now so that everyone can have a look at it?" "You..." Shan Yunzheng's eyes widened. She had no way to refute Hua Wudao's words.

Duanmu Sheng touched his Overlord Spear and said, "So, we can engrave names on our weapons. I'd like that as well. I'll engrave my name here..."

Zhou Jifeng cupped his hands and said, "There's something you don't know, Mister Third. Engraving your name on your weapon will damage its unique Formation veins. The dragon veins around the Overlord Spear are densely packed. At the same time, it needs to be refined by true fire. It's almost impossible to remove after the name's engraved. Even if you can remove it, there's the risk of destroying the weapon itself. Hence... many powerful cultivators faced the problem of refining another person's weapon after they snatched it away."

Pan Zhong chimed in with a smile on his face, "If that weren't the case, heaven-grade weapons would not be so precious."

Duanmu Sheng nodded. "I see."

The great hall fell silent again.

Everyone's gaze was trained on Shan Yunzheng.

Shan Yunzheng's heart sank. She retreated instinctively.

Duanmu Sheng breathed onto the Overlord Spear and wiped it with his sleeve. He muttered to himself, "What a shame! My Overlord Spear has yet to stab a Nascent Divinity expert to death" "... "Shan Yunzheng shuddered.

"I wasn't talking about you, Elder Shan. Carry on." Duanmu Sheng kept wiping his spear. He felt the peculiar gaze from the others.

Shan Yunzheng could no longer stand this. She knelt and said, "Please forgive me this once, Pavilion Master... Since I'm here, I have no intentions of offending the Evil Sky Pavilion. I'm willing to compensate

in regard to the issue with the Falling Moon Bow.” She waved her hand, and the four subordinates who had followed her here brought the boxes forward.

Click!

The boxes were opened. They were filled with gold, silver, and gemstones.

The Three Sects were rich, indeed.

However, the Evil Sky Pavilion did not house too many people, and their daily expenses were not high to begin with. These secular treasures lacked the power to attract them. Besides, the Evil Sky Pavilion had no shortage of funds. If they were ever in need of more money, they could just peddle off some of the junk inside the western pavilion.

Lu Zhou looked at the treasures indifferently. He rose to his feet, put his hands on his back, and walked down the stairs. “If it weren’t for Hua Yuexing, you wouldn’t have been given a chance to come here.”

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“I’ll give you another chance...”

Shan Yunzheng was overjoyed when she heard this. She said at once, “Thank you, Pavilion Master.”

“Surrender the Falling Moon Bow, and I’ll let bygones be bygones.”

Shan Yunzheng was stunned. For a time, she was speechless.

“You’re not willing?” Lu Zhou asked ominously. It was as if he would strike her at any time.

Lu Zhou’s imposing manner and the mental pressure Shan Yunzheng felt practically left her no room to refuse. “I... I’ll surrender it...” With deliberately slow and reluctant movements, she produced an exquisite-looking bow from beneath her cloak.

It was black and slender. At first glance, it resembled a mini crossbow.

The others stared at it.

Even Hua Wudao was amazed by it.

They did not expect the Falling Moon Bow to look like this. Could such a small and delicate bow unleash a powerful shot?

Everyone was slightly skeptical.

Shan Yunzheng presented the Falling Moon Bow respectfully with both hands.

Lu Zhou raised his hand and waved it. The Falling Moon Bow flew into his hand. As he looked at the Falling Moon Bow, he was reminded of the Sky Bow he saw on Skylark Pagoda. The Falling Moon Bow seemed to be smaller than the Sky Bow.

“Ding! Obtained the heaven-grade weapon, Falling Moon Bow. Re-refining needed before use.”

“Hua Yuexing.” Lu Zhou saw the name engraved on the Falling Moon Bow.

Shan Yunzheng lowered her head and did not dare to speak up. The evidence was there for everyone to see, there was nothing she could say. Her face burned red with shame as she was exposed.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "Do you have anything to say about me taking your weapon from you?"

Did Shan Yunzheng have a choice? Her name was still on the hit list. If she died, what good would a weapon be to her? Therefore, she replied, "No..." "Good." Lu Zhou looked at Hua Yuexing who was standing nearby. He glanced at Hua Wudao as well. Then, he said, "I'll compliment you for being tactful. I'm willing to spare your life seeing that you were once Hua Yuexing's master."

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Shan Yunzheng felt relieved, being granted a great amnesty. However, she felt a pang in her heart whenever she thought about the Falling Moon Bow. "Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Shan Yunzheng thought she could finally leave this place when a female disciple walked in. She bowed and said, "Pavilion Master, the Luo Sect's mount is going out of control."

Shan Yunzheng frowned.

Pan Zhong chuckled and said, "I see that the Luo Sect is rich. To think that you brought a mount."

Roar!

A thunderous roar rang from outside.

Lu Zhou felt that the cry of the beast was familiar. He felt certain he had heard it before, but he could not remember when.

"Master, I'm willing to go subdue this mount. Golden Court Mountain isn't its playground!" Duanmu Sheng raised his spear.

Shan Yunzheng hastily said, "There must be a misunderstanding... This mount is the Luo Sect's Third Elder's mount. I merely borrowed it for the occasion, it's not completely tamed. Please have mercy, Pavilion Master. I'll take it away now!" Roar!

Another female disciple walked in. With a flustered expression, she said, "Pavilion Master, this is bad. That mount... is releasing poison!"

"Releasing poison?"

"How's that possible?" Shan Yunzheng appeared baffled.

Lu Zhou scoffed. "That damn livestock. Bring me to it."

Shan Yunzheng felt like crying. She had already given up the Falling Moon Bow as compensation. Would she have to leave her mount behind as well? The mount was more precious than the weapon. However, after acknowledging its master, it was extremely difficult for another cultivator to tame it. Hence, nobody coveted another person's mount.

The others followed Lu Zhou out of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Shan Yunzheng was completely flustered. She sprinted along with her four subordinates in tow. She looked up and saw a mount that resembled a wolf emitting a purple gas from its body as it charged around in the sky. It was ten feet long

As the mount released the peculiar purple gas, the gas slowly descended to the ground.

"It's really poisonous." Whizz!

Whizz!

Everyone activated their protective energies to keep the purple gas at bay.

"What mount is that?" Pan Zhong asked, curious.

"Tell it to come down before the poison gas becomes too dense!" Zhou Jifeng said urgently. Shan Yunzheng flew into the air. She shouted, "Livestock! Down!"

At this moment, the mount suddenly switched directions. There was a gleam in its eyes as it attacked Shan Yunzheng at lightning speed. "Elder Shan!" Shan Yunzheng's subordinates cried out in unison.

Everyone was taken aback by the mount's sudden move.

Shan Yunzheng was an archer to begin with. She did not expect the mount to attack her at all.

Bam!

Shan Yunzheng fell. However, her protective energy blocked most of the attack!

Roar!

The purple wolf-like mount grew in size. It looked even more hideous now.

Duanmu Sheng who was itching for action said pleadingly, "Master, please allow me to take down this livestock!"

Lu Zhou glanced at him before shaking his head and said, "This is no ordinary poison. It's laced with witchcraft..."

"Witchcraft?!"

The others were shocked.

When witchcraft was mentioned, the others immediately thought about Mo Li.

"How could the mount know witchcraft?"

Meanwhile, the mount released more and more poison in the sky.

Shan Yunzheng immediately kneeled and said, "Pavilion Master, this is definitely a misunderstanding! If the Luo Sect intends to make an enemy out of the Evil Sky Pavilion, I would never come here. Someone must be trying to drive a wedge between us!"

At this moment, Hua Yuexing pulled on her energy bow. She let loose a volley of golden energy arrows.

Twang! Twang! Twang!

The three energy arrows sailed across the sky like meteors and hit the wolf-like mount in the sky.

This was the skill of an archer. Archers could always strike when it was least expected.

Shan Yunzheng stood up decisively and pulled on her energy bow as well. A Six-leaf archer was extraordinary indeed. Three energy arrows sailed across the skies.

Boom!

They had clearly fired their arrows at different times, but their shots hit the mount at the same time.

The others were shocked by this.

Hua Yuexing appeared slightly ashamed.

Hua Wudao patted her shoulder and said, "Don't mind it. You'll surpass her in a few years. After all, you're only at the Two-leaf stage while she's at the Six-leaf stage."

"Mhm. Thank you for the words of encouragement, Elder Hua," Hua Yuexing said.

Shan Yunzheng did not have time to care about that. Her eyesight was as sharp as a falcon's. Her unique character as an archer could also be seen at this moment. She had to subdue this livestock as quickly as possible. Otherwise, a grudge would definitely form between the Luo Sect and the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Shan Yunzheng fired more powerful arrows toward the beast. In the beginning, she fired three shots at one go. Now, she fired ten shots at once. It was as if there was a fireworks display.

However, the mount had exceptional defenses. Apart from howling a few times, it did not seem to be affected as well. Instead, it began to release the poisonous gas at a much faster speed.

The mount seemed to have gone mad as it flitted in and out of the clouds in a frenzy.

Roar!

Who could keep up with its speed? They could barely keep up with it with their grand techniques, let alone subdue it!