

## Disciples 41

### Chapter 41: The Old Villain Is Back

The voice was menacing, so everyone was taken aback. They judged that the speaker should be an old man who was unlikely to be an expert based on the energy contained in the voice. Nevertheless, it was strong enough to echo throughout the mountain.

Cultivators dotting the mountain all looked up in surprise as Whizard approached on clouds. Legendary mounts were rare, let alone one that came with an auspicious aura. Who was the speaker?

Inside Evil Sky Pavilion, the chained Duanmu Sheng was the first to recognize his master's voice, and he cried out loudly, "Welcome back, Master!"

His voice rang out like thunder and frightened all the righteous cultivators, causing them to tremble with fear and run out in panic. Soon, all the empty fields on the mountain were packed with cultivators.

Duanmu Sheng straightened up and stepped outside Evil Sky Pavilion. When he saw Whizard, who was diving down fast from the sky, his excitement reached its peak. At that moment, he felt a rush of pride and a great sense of confidence.

"Not good! It's the old villain!"

"Don't panic! According to internal intelligence, the old villain is long at the end of his tether. He has relied on the secret drug of Primal Fiend!"

"Form the array! I want all Divine Court experts and above to assemble right now!"

More than a dozen Divine Court cultivators soon gathered above Evil Sky Pavilion. A short moment later, Fang Jinshan and Zhou Jifeng arrived as well. Everyone looked at the auspicious aura that swirled in the sky over Evil Sky Pavilion incredulously.

Lu Zhou stood on Whizard's back as he glanced at the whole Golden Court Mountain. As Ye Tianxin said, the mountain was invaded by a group of ignorant cultivators.

Ye Tianxin's lips twisted into a smile. She wanted to laugh out loud, but she could not. The great pain from the destruction of her dantian had taken away her strength to speak. The reason why she had been able to stay awake until now was that she wanted to see how the old villain would deal with this situation.

Lu Zhou was thinking about how he would deal with the situation. He had two options: the first one was to use the last peak-form experience card. However, it was his biggest trump card, and he would have no other methods to protect himself after using it. The second option was to flee Golden Court Mountain with Whizard. After all, Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin were villainous disciples, and their death would not bother him.

Should he use the last peak-form experience card or flee?

He had used one peak-form experience card to capture just Ye Tianxin, which he considered to be a loss. The only consolation was that he was rewarded with a lot of merit points after the battle.

Ye Tianxin could see that Lu Zhou was thinking, so she said with great difficulty, "Let...me...go...You...You have no more trump cards!"

Little Yuan'er tightened her grip on Ye Tianxin and snorted, "In your dreams!"

The cultivators of the Righteous Sect had assembled, ready to face the formidable enemy. Cultivators beneath the Brahma Sea realm were clever enough to hide behind those stronger ones.

Lu Zhou glanced at the crowd. He saw through the Eye of Truth that the frenzied cultivators were all hostile toward him.

'Wait, is that Zhou Jifeng? His loyalty is 15%? It has increased by 5% compared to when he left the Heavenly Sword Sect?' Lu Zhou did not understand.

Fang Jinshan looked up and said in a cold voice, "I thought some formidable foes are here, but it turns out to be the old villain of Golden Court Mountain. Duanmu Sheng has been captured by me, and Mingshi Yin is seriously wounded by us. Golden Court Mountain belongs to the Righteous Sect now! Come down now to face your death!"

"Come down!"

"Come down!"

"Come down!"

They were facing a legendary mount after all, who could only be caught up by Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts. Fang Jinshan was trying to goad Lu Zhou down. As long as the old villain came down to the ground, they would have a chance to catch him.

'This is a tough decision to make. How I wish I could save a peak-form experience card.'

Lu Zhou shook his head and said in a deep voice, "Well..."

Bam!

Right then, Zhou Jifeng moved as quickly as lightning and thrust a sword beam toward Fang Jinshan, causing sparks to fly in all directions. The moment the beam stabbed into Fang Jinshan's heart, it was blocked by a strange object. At the same time, a violent force threw Zhou Jifeng back and numbed his arms, rocking his Qi and blood.

'Why is Fang Jinshan so strong?'

"What are you doing, Zhou Jifeng!" Someone cried out in shock.

Fang Jinshan did a backward somersault and dodged the fatal blow as he stared furiously at Zhou Jifeng and said, "Why did you do this to me?"

Zhou Jifeng did not expect that the assassination would fail at such a close distance.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou still hovered in the sky as he watched with a great interest and surprised look.

"I didn't expect you to be able to block my attack," said Zhou Jifeng.

Fang Jinshan laughed. "Didn't anyone tell you that there is a huge gap between a cultivator with a heaven-grade weapon and one without?"

"A heaven-grade weapon?"

Zhou Jifeng was very confident in the attack he had been brewing for a long time. If he managed to get close enough, even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert might not be able to block it. However, he did not expect that his target would have a heaven-grade treasure.

What kind of weapon was it?

"Why do you think Sect Leader only sends me, a Divine Court cultivator, to Golden Court Mountain?" Fang Jinshan sneered.

Little Yuan'er grew anxious as she watched. "Master, they make me so angry! I can't believe a group of mere Divine Court cultivators can be so wanton!"

Lu Zhou shook his head as he looked at Fang Jinshan and said, "The Shield of the Dragonheart...I don't think it can be considered a heaven-grade treasure."

Fang Jinshan was startled. "How do you know it is the Shield of the Dragonheart?"

Lu Zhou's expression remained the same. He did not have to argue with a junior; it would only drag him down in status.

Little Yuan'er snorted and said, "What's so strange about it? You were still playing with mud when my master held sway over the world."

She was telling the truth. When Ji Tiandao became famous all over the world, none of the people present were born. In the face of the old villain, they were all ignorant kids who had not seen the world.

"I'm giving you all a chance to live. Put down the weapons in your hands, fix the damage you have done to Golden Court Mountain, and serve me on the mountain for three years. If you agree, I can forget everything you have done today."

He spoke neither too slow nor fast, and his voice was light and calm.

Hearing him, Fang Jinshan suddenly burst into laughter, and then the dozen Divine Court cultivators in front of him laughed as well. It was as if they had heard the funniest joke in the world.

The old villain finally gave up evil and returned to good! Instead of killing people, he now wanted to let people live, and all they had to do was fix Golden Court Mountain and serve him for three years? Wasn't this funny?

It was too funny!

"I had offered you the chance. Since you don't cherish it, you might as well stay here forever!"

Right then, Ye Tianxin raised her heavy eyelids and saw a shocking scene as the old villain's aura bloomed once again. Her head tilted as she wanted to lift it to have a better look. Unfortunately, she only saw the nine-leaf golden lotus appear next to the old villain before she fainted.

It was a nine-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

The color of the world seemed to have changed in that moment. In the blink of an eye, the sky over Evil Sky Pavilion was occupied by the colossal avatar, causing the cultivators to gawk at it in shock.

Why was his first move an ultimate skill? Shouldn't he attack with a few normal skills before using that?

"Master is the mightiest man in the world!" There was a look of admiration on Duanmu Sheng's face.

Meanwhile, Zhou Jifeng broke out in a sweat. He hurriedly put down the sword in his hand and dropped to his knees as he shouted, "Old Senior is the mightiest man in the world!"

Both men's loyalty increased by 5% at the same time.

Lu Zhou did not choose to run away; instead, he crushed the last peak-form experience card. The moment his weak, dried up Sea of Qi was filled, he knew that he had returned to the peak once again.

#### **Chapter 42: The Older, The Wiser**

Lu Zhou did not choose to save the last peak-form experience card. On the day he became Ji Tiandao, his decision had been made: He was destined to keep going along this path.

There was no safe place in this treacherous cultivation world. Golden Court Mountain was his haven and foundation, and he would not allow anyone to take it away from him.

He had two more intentions: He wanted to take this opportunity to warn the world and those who were eyeing Golden Court Mountain that he did not rely on a secret drug but his own strength. Only the strength that truly belonged to him could erupt continuously. There was no secret drug, external force, or trick in the world that could do that.

The disciples of the Righteous Sect and Heavenly Sword Sect were struck dumb. Under the deterrence of the nine-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, they seemed to have forgotten how to move. In addition to amplifying the caster's power, an avatar had a certain deterring effect against enemies. Moreover, the greater the gap between cultivation bases, the stronger the effect would be.

As a result, cultivators below the Divine Court realm all lay face down on the ground, trembling. Even Fang Jinshan, who was the strongest among all, could not help but swallow and take a step back. He was scared and panicked, wanting to flee. He had the Shield of Dragonheart, and it could help him escape, but he must first find an opportunity.

Lu Zhou floated in the sky and looked down at the crowd before his eyes rested on Duanmu Sheng, "Duanmu Sheng!"

"Yes, Master!" Duanmu Sheng trembled.

"The final part of the Divine One Technique includes a sword technique and a spear technique. I will demonstrate them to you now, but only once. Watch carefully!"

Duanmu Sheng was overjoyed when he heard that. He joined the sect very early, but his progress was slower than other disciples. Although Ji Tiandao had taught him the complete Divine One Technique, he

had failed to master the final part even after cultivating it for years. He had been studying it by himself though, which was no different from walking in total darkness, resulting in the slow progress.

Lu Zhou used his fingers in place of a sword, and a sword beam condensed from energy appeared on them. "Use your fingers to condense energy into a sword...Imperfect Divine Intervention!"

A terrifying power exploded out from between his index and middle fingers, accompanied by a blinding light. Then, the sword strike shot straight down toward Fang Jinshan.

"NOOOOO!" Fang Jinshan's eyes grew wide as he screamed at the top of his lungs. A powerful energy exploded out of him, and at the same time, the heaven-grade treasure was instantly triggered, from which came bursting out a beam of golden light.

"It's the Shield of the Dragonheart!"

The primary function of the Shield of the Dragonheart was to serve as a defense, protecting Fang Jinshan from being defeated. It was also the reason why the sect leader of the Righteous Sect sent him here, because he could fight even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert. Even if he could not win, he would still have a chance to escape.

"Second Elder!" Cultivators around watched as the sword strike fell and exploded into a blinding light that forced them to close their eyes.

BOOM!

Before the cultivators could find out about the aftermath of the attack and whether Fang Jinshan was still alive or not, Lu Zhou's old but powerful voice rang out again, "Use your palm as the base and condense your energy! Thousand Waves!"

This was the result when the Divine One Technique was used in the form of a spear technique. It was a ranged attack, and as its name implied, it overlapped a stream of energy into a thousand waves, which were then thrust out like a thousand spears. It was also a key ultimate move of the Divine One Technique.

At the sight of the attack, all Divine Court cultivators gaped while their expression changed drastically.

"Not good! Run!"

They quickly stopped forming the ridiculous array and turned around to flee. The attack was so monstrous that even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert would not dare to face it.

However, it was not targeted at the group of cultivators. Instead, it fell at the same spot where Fang Jinshan was.

BOOM!

No one knew if he were still alive after the attack, because their vision was blocked by a cloud of dust. No one knew if he could withstand such a mighty attack even with the Shield of the Dragonheart.

The collision generated powerful blasts that spread out in all directions, knocking and throwing all the Divine Court cultivators to the ground. For a moment, miserable shrieks and screams filled the air. Even

Zhou Jifeng, a genius in cultivation, was hit by the blasts and had to block them with his own energy so that he could stand still.

'He is stronger than when the top ten experts besieged Golden Court Mountain! Is it because of his nine-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar?' thought Zhou Jifeng. He was sure about one thing: Ji Tiandao had become stronger!

However, he did not understand why Lu Zhou used such a mighty move to deal with Fang Jinshan, who was merely a Divine Court cultivator. It felt like using a sledgehammer on a gnat. There was no way the Shield of Dragonheart could withstand the attack. He had no doubts that the heaven-grade treasure was already destroyed when it was hit by the first strike. He reckoned that the reason Lu Zhou continued to attack was either to vent his anger or to guide his disciple.

After the two strikes, the winds subsided, clouds faded, and the dust and energy blasts that blotted the sky gradually dissipated as well.

Lu Zhou wore a calm expression as he clasped his hands behind his back. He glanced at the time on the system panel and saw that it had only been three minutes. It would be a loss if he only used the last peak-form experience card to deal with this group of cultivators. In fact, what he planned to do was more than that.

"Did you watch them clearly?"

Duanmu Sheng went down on his knees and said, "Yes, thank you, Master! It is better to watch Master demonstrate the techniques than to practice alone for ten years."

"Very good!"

As the dust gradually settled, a huge pit was revealed on the ground below the avatar, but Fang Jinshan was nowhere to be found. He was completely gone!

Right then, the cultivators began to flee in all directions in panic.

"Master!" Little Yuan'er grew anxious. If he still did not let her attack, they would soon escape!

The group of cultivators was trying to replicate the approach they used during the last siege of Golden Court Mountain.

Lu Zhou was formidable, but he did not have three heads and six arms, and he could not clone himself. As long as they fled separately, he would not be able to catch them all. It was the perfect strategy they had thought of when they came, sacrificing a few people to save the lives of the majority.

Since they could not defeat him, they would run away!

"I've said that you all have to stay here, and that means none of you can run away from me!"

The nine-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar flickered and emerged over the Golden Court Mountain. Then, Lu Zhou drove it into the eyes of the mountain's restrictive array.

“Master...” Duanmu Sheng was stunned. He did not know what the other was going to do. Little Yuan’er also looked up with confusion. Meanwhile, the cultivators dared not look back and kept running desperately.

Unfortunately, they were not Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivators, and they could not use great divine abilities to escape.

Right then, Lu Zhou poured all the energy in his dantian into the eye of the array!

“Master is fixing the shield?”

“This...how’s this possible?”

The shield of Golden Court Mountain was constructed by generations of senior experts. It absorbed a great amount of energy and worked in conjunction with weather and geographical position. Previously, when Lu Zhou punished his third, fourth, and fifth disciples to fix it, it would take them at least three years to complete the work. Moreover, it would take at least ten years for one person to repair the shield!

‘Master is old. Shouldn’t he be conserving his strength? Why would he do that?’

This was Lu Zhou’s real intention, also his second intention!

Since the peak-form experience card could keep filling his dantian, and it did not take him too much time to finish Fang Jinshan, he thought why couldn’t he use the remaining time to fix the shield? How could he waste such a good chance?

As the tremendous amount of energy poured into the array’s eyes, a glass-like shield immediately appeared around the mountain, blocking the fleeing cultivators! The realization dawned on Duanmu Shen right then. ‘Master wants to trap them all with the shield and then catch them one by one!’

The old saying proved to be right: the older, the wiser!

### **Chapter 43: What To Do Without Trump Cards?**

Zhou Jifeng was shocked by the terrifying, unlimited energy as well. Previously, when he led other cultivators to destroy the shield, he had used all his strength, and yet it just would not budge. He never thought Ji Tiandao could fix it alone.

At that moment, Lu Zhou did not stop but continued to pour the energy. The shield was not truly fixed yet, and he needed to connect the eye with the arrays in different places. Only when they formed a continuous connection could the energy flow through the whole shield without interruption.

If truth be told, Lu Zhou himself was also surprised by the bug of the peak-form experience card, which provided him unlimited energy. If it were not for the time limit, this card would be truly invincible. With it, he no longer needed to improve his cultivation base.

He did not know how many times he had emptied his dantian, and he had lost count, because it would be instantly filled whenever that happened.

In total, it took him twenty-five minutes to fix the shield, which finally stabilized. When he touched it, he could see bright and terrible ripples spreading like waves on the ocean.

Lu Zhou took a deep breath as he looked around before glancing at the system panel. He still had three minutes. "Yuan'er, kill the rest of them," he gave the order in a calm voice.

Little Yuan'er alone was enough to deal with them. There was no need for him to do it himself.

"I understand, Master!"

Fang Jinshan had been blown to bits. Among the rest of the Divine Court cultivators, the strongest ones were only at the Dao-controlling stage.

The Divine Court realm was divided into three stages: Dao-shaping, Dao-controlling, and Dao-transforming. There was a huge gap between each stage, and the gap was greater between one with a precious treasure and one without. However, these cultivators would never be a match of the nine disciples of Golden Court Mountain, even if their cultivation bases were on the same level.

At that moment, Little Yuan'er could finally vent her pent-up anger. She made full use of the Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps, killing one Brahma Sea cultivator with every step while those Divine Court cultivators had become the target of her pursuit.

There was nothing more normal than a villain of Golden Court Mountain killing people. Some frightened cultivators were able to resist her attack, but that was only for a brief moment. They were like sheep waiting to be slaughtered in a cage, while Little Yuan'er was the hunter with a knife in hand.

Despair and fear pervaded the air.

Lu Zhou did not join the battle. With a wave of his hand, the huge avatar disappeared as he flew back to Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Master!" A trace of blood trickled down the corner of Duanmu Sheng's mouth because he could bear no more.

Lu Zhou glanced at him and saw his loyalty reach 80%, which surprised him. He had simply taught him the Divine One Technique. Nevertheless, it was a good thing to have one more loyal disciple.

His injury should be from his battle with Dhūta Fang of the Righteous Sect. It was amazing that he could bear it for so long. Of course, it was also because of Ji Tiandao's torture in the past that he had become so tough today. An ordinary cultivator would have collapsed to the ground by now.

"Where is Old Fourth?" Lu Zhou asked faintly.

"Fourth Junior Brother fought a fierce battle with Fang Jinshan and others, but he was outnumbered and eventually fled after they wounded him." He paused for a moment and added hurriedly, "I...I don't know where he is right now."

Lu Zhou waved a hand. At the gesture, Whizard carried Ye Tianxin, who was in a coma, and landed in the courtyard within Evil Sky Pavilion. After placing her on the ground, it flew up in the air again and disappeared into the sky.



“Sixth...Sixth Junior Sister?” Duanmu Sheng looked surprised.

Ye Tianxin owned the Amorous Hoop, a heaven-grade weapon, and was ranked ninth on the Black Roll. Even so, she was so badly wounded, which was something he found hard to believe.

Right now, the disciples there were all wounded except for Little Yuan'er, who was killing the cultivators like an unscrupulous wolf, filling Lu Zhou's ears with system prompts that informed him about the merit points he was rewarded.

Lu Zhou turned slowly, and Zhou Jifeng trembled before walking quickly toward him from not far away. He dropped to one knee at about five meters away and said, “I wish to join Golden Court Mountain and serve you!”

“Ding! You have obtained a subordinate, Zhou Jifeng, a Divine Court cultivator. You are rewarded with 100 merit points.”

Lu Zhou gave him a sideways glance. He did not nod or shake his head, but just said in a faint tone, “Tidy up the place.”

He had no time to listen to Zhou Jifeng's explanation, and he did not want to know what happened after he left Heavenly Sword Sect, so he just gave him an order.

“Yes, Senior!” Zhou Jifeng was overjoyed, and he unsheathed his sword. With a fierce look in his eyes, he leaped toward those fleeing Brahma Sea cultivators. Meanwhile, Lu Zhou turned around and walked into the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The interior of the pavilion was a secluded cultivation venue specially built by Ji Tiandao. Even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivator would need to use a very long time to break it with force.

Lu Zhou pressed a secret switch, causing a door to buzz and slide open to the left. He stepped through it and closed it again.

The world fell silent, and the effect of the peak-form experience card ended at the same time. The enormous amount of energy in his dantian receded instantly like tides.

Anyhow, Lu Zhou was quite calm.

The interior of the pavilion was dimly lit, with only a faint light shining through the ceiling. This place was really suitable for cultivation.

Lu Zhou did not need to pay more attention to what was going on outside. He needed to sort out his thoughts and reorganize his trump cards now.

Name: Lu Zhou

Race: Human

Cultivation base: The Qi Refining and Soul Forming stage of the Sense Condensing realm

Merit points: 6,674

Avatar: Three Condensing Flowers

Remaining life: 5,506 days

Items: Critical Block Cards (passive) x 7

Cultivation technique: Three Scrolls of Heaven Writing

Weapons: Amorous Hoop (Owner: Ye Tianxin. It needs to be refined again before it can be used)

The peak-form experience cards were indeed gone, and he only had seven critical block cards left. A powerful enemy could attack ten or even a hundred times in the span of a breath, so seven blocks did not mean much.

Now that he had no more trump cards, what should he do? As the greatest villain of Golden Court Mountain, he was the target of many cultivators out there.

Lu Zhou sat cross-legged between the shafts of light, lost in thought.

The shield had been fixed, and it could stop any formidable enemies for ten days to half a month. Moreover, after using two peak-form experience cards in a row, Lu Zhou had shocked the righteous cultivators. No matter how stupid they were, they would not dare to invade Golden Court Mountain again like this.

The trip to Anyang had brought him over six thousand merit points. Along the way, he had heard many system prompts, and it was expected that he would have accumulated so many merit points. The kidnapping of the Ci Family, the submission of Pan Zhong, the capture of Ye Tianxin, all these had provided him merit points. As for those whom he had killed, he did not have the mood to count them.

Talking about weapons, Lu Zhou did not expect that the heaven-grade treasure he seized from his disciple could be used again. However, it was not easy to refine a heaven-grade treasure, because it was extremely difficult to change it after it had recognized a master. In fact, it was more difficult than changing a person's mind.

"Ding! A Divine Court cultivator is killed. You are rewarded with 100 merit points."

"Ding! A Brahma Sea cultivator is killed. You are rewarded with 10 merit points."

Lu Zhou shook his head. They were only one realm apart, and yet the reward was ten times different.

Now that he had plenty of merit points, he needed to think about how he should use them. Should he try lucky draws? To him, it was like gambling. Although he could accumulate luck points through lucky draws, what should he do if he were down on luck and kept losing?

He thought he should just wait for a little longer until Little Yuan'er and Zhou Jifeng had killed the remaining cultivators. Thinking that, he rose to his feet and glanced around.

He seemed to have not come into the secret chamber for a very long time, so there were many things left forgotten in here. Although the chamber was dimly lit, he could still roughly see the things.

Many cultivation techniques of the righteous sects were kept here, such as the Ancient One Sword Technique, the Tranquil Spell, the Dao Heart Sutra, and many others. From what he knew, they were not practiced by any of his disciples.

He could understand the reason, because these techniques were nowhere nearly as good as those given by the system.

In addition to cultivation techniques, there were also some weapons. Most of them were just Mystic-grade and Yellow-grade, which were very inferior weapons in the eyes of Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivators. It was the same for Lu Zhou, and he lost his interest after briefly glancing at them. They were all covered in a thick layer of dust, meaning that they had not been touched for a long time. Most of them were old, and Lu Zhou could not remember where they came from or how to use them.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard of Evil Sky Pavilion...

Ye Tianxin woke with a start from the excruciating pain in her abdomen. She opened her eyes with great difficulty and looked around her.

"This is...the Evil Sky Pavilion?" It was the place where the ceremony of her joining the sect was held many years ago, and she recognized it at a glance. Everything here was familiar to her, every tree, wall, even the lines on the walls...

Right then, a somewhat weak voice rang out. "Sixth...Sixth Junior Sister?"

Ye Tianxin was taken aback. She hurriedly turned toward the voice and saw Mingshi Yin stagger toward her. His hair were disheveled, face dirty, and chest stained with blood.

"Fourth Senior Brother?"

Mingshi Yin sat down beside her and showed a tired smile as he said, "Junior Sister, it's right to come back..."

"What?" Ye Tianxin frowned slightly. She did not understand what he meant.

"Just get used to it...It is all tricks...Cough! Cough!" Mingshi Yin coughed and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand.

#### **Chapter 44: Reorganize Trump Cards**

Ye Tianxin put a hand on the ground and pushed herself up. The look on her face was rather miserable and puzzled.

Tricks?

None of it mattered anymore.

She rested her eyes on Mingshi Yin. In addition to the bloodstain, he had dirt on his body as well. There was also a long, narrow gash on his chest, which looked quite scary. Under the bright sunlight, she saw that the wound had not scabbed.

Flies were buzzing around the wound, attracted by the smell of blood and flesh.

Was this her fourth senior brother whom the world feared? Was this Mingshi Yin, a Dao-transforming Divine Court expert? Even flies were bullying him right now!

"I never thought I would see you like this one day," Ye Tianxin said weakly. The hot sunshine and dry air made her feel a little uncomfortable.

Mingshi Yin raised his hand and waved. She did not know whether he was driving the flies away or denying her.

"I'm just tired..."

"That old thing left you all on the mountain to die. I can't believe that you willingly stayed behind to work yourself to death for him...Are you crazy?" Ye Tianxin sneered.

Mingshi Yin was so tired that he could hardly keep his eyelids open, but he still replied, "You don't understand...I'm not like you. I...still respect Master very much..."

When he had finished, he closed his eyes and fell asleep. Right then, a wonderful scene occurred. Tiny seedlings sprouted from the gaps in the ground around Mingshi Yin and began to grow at a speed visible to the naked eye. The branches grew from thin to thick, bursting through the earth and rocks as they wrapped Mingshi Yin in them, blocking the hot sunshine and the flies.

Ye Tianxin frowned and looked at the scene with disbelief.

"This..."

She instinctively moved back a little bit. The courtyard in front of Evil Sky Pavilion was huge enough to fill over a thousand people, but she still moved back worriedly. A short moment later, she realized what was happening, and she murmured to herself, "Senior Brother has mastered the complete Bluewood Technique..."

It was the essence of the Bluewood Technique. When it was cultivated to the peak, it could revive and give the cultivator a new life. It also meant that after transcending the tribulation, Mingshi Yin would become an expert of the same realm as Ye Tianxin. He would step into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!

"When did the old villain become so generous?" Ye Tianxin stared at the area covered by woods, stupefied.

"Master!"

A figure in blue clothes descended from the sky into the courtyard—it was Little Yuan'er. She glanced around and saw Ye Tianxin.

"Hmph! Where is my Master, traitor?" She put her hands on her waist and looked at Ye Tianxin with some hostility.

The latter raised her head and glanced at the cute and innocent Little Yuan'er as she shook her head and said, "Little Junior Sister, come over here..."

"I don't want to," said Little Yuan'er.

"Can you tell me what the old thing has been doing all these years?"

Little Yuan'er crossed her arms and ignored her. That put a frown on Ye Tianxin's brow, and she shook her head helplessly. She knew it would be very difficult to know more about the old villain from her little junior sister.

"Little Junior Sister..." Duanmu Sheng's voice rang out from behind.

"Third Senior Brother!"

Duanmu Sheng was not in good shape either. He was chained all over and covered in wounds, with a bloody nose and a swollen face. However, he could still walk and fight.

Ye Tianxin sneered again, but she stopped immediately when she saw Duanmu Sheng glare at her.

"Ye Tianxin, you have deserted the sect, betrayed Master, and your treachery is hated by both man and heaven. How dare you laugh!"

Unlike Mingshi Yin and Little Yuan'er, Duanmu Sheng had a calmer character, but he also had a fiercer temper. He knew Ye Tianxin played a major role in the latest disaster of Golden Court Mountain, so he was mad at her.

"Senior Brother, now that we are at this point, you don't have to be hypocritical anymore. Have you forgotten how the old thing used to treat us?"

Duanmu Sheng paused. He joined the sect very early, and he naturally knew how their master treated his disciples. Had it not been because of that, how would he be betrayed by so many disciples?

Ye Tianxin went on, "Look at how bedraggled you all appear now! The old thing is about to die. When the time comes, I hope you will be as righteous as you are today."

"Shut up!" Duanmu Sheng's nostrils flared. "Yuan'er, since Master is not here, I want you to slap her in the face for me."

"Ah?"

"Do as I say!"

"Oh!"

Little Yuan'er walked to her senior sister and closed her eyes as she raised a hand and threw it across Ye Tianxin's face. The slap was loud and clear, and it numbed the latter's cheek.

Duanmu Sheng reproached, "With this slap, I hope you will remember that this is the Evil Sky Pavilion, the very place where you learned all your skills from Master! If you dare to say anything rude again, don't blame me for not showing you mercy!"

His voice was so loud that it shook Ye Tianxin and rocked her Qi and blood. Although Duanmu Sheng was wounded, he had no problem making such a loud sound.

Since Ye Tianxin had lost her cultivation base, she could not withstand it, and she coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Senior Brother, let me help you remove the chains," said Little Yuan'er.

“No need. The chain is made from cold iron that is over a thousand years old. I’m afraid only Eldest Senior Brother’s Jasper Saber and Second Senior Brother’s Longevity Sword can cut through it.” Duanmu Sheng shook his head and sighed.

Just then, Zhou Jifeng walked nervously into the courtyard while carrying his sword on his back. This was the second time he had entered Evil Sky Pavilion, and his heart was in a flutter. Even though the three villains here were wounded, he was still very nervous and afraid, not to mention there was another moody little villain.

“Stop!” Little Yuan’er shouted at him.

“Greetings, S-Se-Seniors?” Zhou Jifeng cupped his fists and stammered.

“You were a disciple of Heavenly Sword Sect, which is a famous righteous sect. Why do you want to join Golden Court Mountain? Are you not afraid of being laughed at by the world?” asked Duanmu Sheng.

However, Zhou Jifeng was unperturbed. “If I were afraid of being laughed at, I wouldn’t be standing here! Now that I’m here, it means I’ve thought it over! Old Senior, where are you? Please give this junior a chance to explain!” He dropped to his knees.

Ye Tianxin gave Zhou Jifeng a complicated look before laughing, “Crazy, you’re crazy! So many people are eager to stay as far away from Golden Court Mountain as possible, and yet you chose to join it! Are you so impatient to get yourself killed?”

Zhou Jifeng did not look at Ye Tianxin. “Old Senior has bestowed me with an act of kindness...”

“Kindness? This is so funny...so damn funny!”

...

Lu Zhou sighed after he roughly went through all the things in the chamber. They were all old items. Some were pretty good though and might come in handy later.

He found that his merit points had not increased for a while, so he walked back under the light, considering how he would use them.

“Seven thousand five hundred and forty points.” Lu Zhou looked at the merit points on the system panel as he opened the shopping mall.

“A Mighty Four Quadrants avatar costs five thousand merit points...” He shook his head. The avatar could at most improve his cultivation base to the peak of the Sense Condensing realm, which was not enough to keep his life safe. A Five Energies Universe avatar was out of consideration, because it cost eight thousand merit points.

“Weapons?”

Lu Zhou glanced at the weapons in the system. They were divided into categories such as sabers, spears, cudgels, halberds, and many others, and there were four grades as well, namely heaven, earth, mystic, and yellow.

It was just that good weapons needed a powerful cultivation base to support them.

“Cards.” A reversal card cost five hundred merit points, and a critical block card cost one hundred merit points. They were expensive and not worthy enough to be his trump cards.

#### **Chapter 45: Offense Is The Best Defense**

Lu Zhou shook his head and glanced further down.

“An Impeccable Card?”

‘Impeccable Card: Provides 10 seconds of damage immunity. 500 merit points.’

“This card is not bad. It’s almost like invincibility, but ten seconds is too short...I will still be under threat after that. If there are no good counterattacks, I’d rather use a card that can help me flee. Nevertheless, it is still a good card, but it must be used based on the actual situation.”

Lu Zhou did not rush to buy it but continued to look at other cards.

‘Deadly Strike Card: Provides an unspeakable power to deliver a fatal blow to the target. 500 merit points.’

Lu Zhou looked at the description of this card carefully.

As an online game enthusiast in his previous life, he knew that if an item he got from killing a monster had the deadly strike ability, it usually had a very low chance of being triggered. However, this card did not have such a limitation.

He looked to the right and then to the left but found no other description or limitation.

“Unspeakable power...What does it mean?” Lu Zhou was lost in thought. “No matter what power it is, this card should not be bad based on the description. I might buy it later...”

‘Top-grade Defense Card. Reduce damage by 90% for 30 seconds. 500 merit points.’

‘Second-grade Defense Card. Reduce damage by 60% for 30 seconds. 300 merit points.’

...

The more than a dozen cards after that were all defensive cards. Since Lu Zhou’s current cultivation base was only at the Sense Condensing realm, they were pretty much useless to him. After all, even after ninety percent of the damage was reduced, the remaining ten percent was still more than enough to kill him.

He shook his head. “These cards are less useful than the impeccable card. Wait a moment! Why are most of them defensive cards? Is the system trying to make me a coward? Does it want me to let others beat me like a punching bag without fighting back? This is not the fighting style of the villainous patriarch!”

He looked further down. There were only a few cards that showed question marks and did not even have descriptions. He guessed that the system must have hidden their descriptions and prices, just like what it did to the avatars of Thousand Realms Whirling and Myriad Supreme. All online game enthusiasts knew that it meant they were superior and powerful.

After going through all the cards, Lu Zhou chose three impeccable cards and three deadly strike cards. The combination gave him both offense and defense.

Suddenly, he had a terrible idea: What would happen if he attacked an impeccable card with a deadly strike card? Would it be the same as the tale of the strongest spear and the strongest shield? How could he try it? He felt a little embarrassed just thinking about it.

Anyhow, he chose to ignore the rest of the defensive cards because offense was the best defense. In just the blink of an eye, he had spent three thousand merit points. However, these cards did worth the price, so there was nothing to argue about.

“How should I use the remaining four thousand five hundred and forty merit points? Should I buy a few reversal cards to restore my lifespan?”

His body was the key to the recovery of his cultivation base, but the remaining merit points were only enough to buy nine reversal cards and give him about two thousand and seven hundred days of life. That was still much shorter than the lifespan he had previously, which was about a thousand years.

It was worth noting that the reversal card focused on ‘reversal’, which meant it could reverse growth but not add extra lifespan to his old body.

“What about...lucky draws?” He did not know what was wrong with his head, but the word ‘lucky draws’ suddenly popped up. With the experience of the last round of lucky draws, Lu Zhou knew that the game could swallow all his merit points and give him nothing if he were down on luck.

“I should use the remaining merit points to improve my cultivation base, because it is the root of everything...”

Lu Zhou thought of the scene when he last produced the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar. He noticed that the eight-leaf golden lotus beneath it had changed to nine-leaf. He had used a few peak-form experience cards, and they were all the same, so why were the results different?

“Is it because of the Heaven Writing?” He wondered what kind of cultivation technique it was. It was different from any of the techniques in his memory: it had no actual moves, no breathing methods, and no scriptures of controlling energy.

“Well, my cultivation base is indeed the root of everything, but before that...let me just try a few lucky draws.”

...

The headquarters of the Nether Sect was located on Pingdu Mountain north of Yu, a province in the western part of Great Yan.

Inside the great hall of the Nether Sect...

“My lord, I’ve found out everything. The patriarch alone captured the palace master of the Derived Moon Palace, and none of the Righteous Sect and Heavenly Sword Sect experts who invaded Golden Court Mountain survived.”

There was a throne in front of the speaker, shrouded in a cloud of black mist that blocked the view.



"I see," a hoarse voice drifted out of the mist.

"My Lord, the palace master of the Derived Moon Palace was your junior sister. Her assault of the patriarch with the righteous cultivators failed miserably. The Yun Sect, Tian Sect, and Luo Sect are infuriated, and they swear to kill everyone in the Derived Moon Palace as a tribute to their dead disciples. Do you think we need to help her?"

The great hall fell silent. After a moment of quiet, the voice rang out of the mist, "She deserves it. We don't have to do anything."

"Understood, my lord." The man cupped his fist and bowed before continuing, "There is one more thing."

"Tell me."

"The spy we planted in the imperial household reported that Lady Jade plans to wipe out Golden Court Mountain, and she even tried to convince the emperor to mobilize the imperial army."

"And?"

"The emperor punished her by forbidding her from leaving her chamber for three months."

The black mist fell silent as if the speaker behind it was considering something. A brief moment later, the voice said, "Great Yan is always at war, and the imperial army is the force guarding the capital city. How can it be transferred so easily? Lady Jade has shot herself in the foot this time. But..." the voice paused and then continued, "...she comes from the Western Regions and is not one of us after all. Keep a close eye on her."

"I will do as you bid, my lord!"

"Also..." the voice rang out again, "Sword Freak loves to challenge others. Since the Clarity Sect has many experts, send him there...Tell him to avoid the Sword Devil."

"I'll do it right now."

...

Duanmu Sheng, Little Yuan'er, and the others waited anxiously in the courtyard. The sun was already setting, but their master had not yet shown himself.

"It's normal for Master to calm down and recuperate after the battle. Little Junior Sister, stop walking around. You make my head spin," said Duanmu Sheng while rubbing his temple with a thumb.

Meanwhile, Zhou Jifeng said respectfully, "Old Senior is a mighty expert, he will be fine. Look at how bright this shield is!"

Little Yuan'er glared at him and said, "Idiot!"

Ye Tianxin did not think so, and she said in a faint voice, "If I were you, I'd go inside and have a look...He is very old and anything might happen to him..."

Right then, the mechanical sound of a secret door moving came from inside Evil Sky Pavilion, accompanied by the voice they were all very familiar with, "Come in, all of you!"

Everyone including Ye Tianxin trembled, and their weariness seemed to have disappeared in that instant.

Little Yuan'er walked over with a smile as she grabbed Ye Tianxin's shoulder and said, "Let's see how Master will punish you!"

Lu Zhou had come out of the secret chamber and was standing outside with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Greetings, Master!"

"Greetings, Old Senior!"

Ye Tianxin was thrown to the ground. She raised her head, wanting to look at the old man's face, but all she saw was his back.

Lu Zhou did not answer them. Instead, he paced from left to right while stroking his beard.

"Master?" Little Yuan'er called gingerly.

Just then, she heard Lu Zhou murmur under his breath, "Why can't I draw even a single prize..."

"Ah?"

#### **Chapter 46: Down On Luck**

"What are you talking about, Master?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"Nothing." Lu Zhou cleared his thoughts as he slowly turned around and glanced at everyone present. He had a feeling that no matter whom he saw, they were all telling him: 'Thank you for trying!'

Little Yuan'er could tell that her master was not happy, so she laughed playfully and said, "Don't be angry, Master, I've killed all the invaders. If you're still not happy, I can go back and stab their bodies a few more times with my knife."

Zhou Jifeng, "???"

Lu Zhou raised a hand and said lightly, "Where is Old Fourth?"

"Old Fourth is badly wounded, but it also brought him a rare opportunity. He is now protected by woods and cannot come to see you, Master," answered Duanmu Sheng while dragging the chain with him.

Lu Zhou was surprised before he said, "No one shall be near the woods for seven days." It would take Mingshi Yin seven days to break through under the woods' protection, and if the process was interrupted, he would never be able to step into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm again.

Ye Tianxin looked Lu Zhou in the eyes and said disapprovingly, "You don't have to be a hypocrite. I'm pretty sure you'll sneak up on him in the middle of the night and give him a slap."

Lu Zhou simply ignored her and said in an indifferent voice, "Yuan'er!"

“Yes, Master?”

“Put her in the back of the mountain and let her face the wall to ponder over her misdeed.”

“Yes, Master!” Little Yuan’er walked up and grabbed Ye Tianxin.

Ye Tianxin shivered at the thought of the cold and lonely environment in the back of the mountain. She wanted to resist, but her dantian was empty, and she could not even muster a trace of energy.

After that, Lu Zhou’s eyes fell on Zhou Jifeng, who immediately knelt and said respectfully, “Old Senior, I am willing to join Golden Court Mountain. Please take me as your disciple!”

Lu Zhou had not thought of taking a disciple since he traveled to this world. From what he learned, the old villain was at the height of his cultivation base when he started taking in disciples. With his current cultivation base, it was difficult for him to be sure that he would not take in some ambitious and treacherous people as disciples. Moreover, the current nine disciples already gave him a headache, and he did not have extra energy to teach others.

‘The bright moon shines over the sea; from far away we share this moment together...’ he thought of the poem the old villain used to look for disciples. There was one last place to be filled. He wondered why the old villain did not fill it, but it was no longer important.

“You have a great talent, but too bad you have cultivated the Heavenly Sword Sect’s Sword Dao. If you change to another cultivation technique now, you will only get half the result with twice the effort,” said Lu Zhou.

His message was clear: he would not take Zhou Jifeng as a disciple.

“Old Senior...” Zhou Jifeng tried to plead with an eager expression.

Lu Zhou slowly raised a hand and cut him off, before he picked up a book from the table beside him and lightly threw it in front of him. “This is the Heavenly Sword Sect’s Ancient One Sword Technique. With your talent, you should have no difficulty mastering it.”

Zhou Jifeng’s eyes widened as he looked at the book with excitement. He was the eldest disciple of the Heavenly Sword Sect once, and he certainly understood the meaning of this book. The Ancient One Sword Technique had always been taught by the master to the disciples. It was taught level by level, and only when the disciples had learned the first level would the master teach the second level. Although Zhou Jifeng had almost completely mastered it, Luo Changfeng never taught him all the sword techniques. This phenomenon not only existed in the Heavenly Sword Sect, but also in the other righteous sects in the world. Everyone thought it was a tradition and disciples thought it was normal, so no one had ever questioned it.

He never thought that Lu Zhou would throw him the sword technique, which was regarded as a precious treasure by the Heavenly Sword Sect, as if it were something worthless. How could he not be excited? With the sword technique, he did not have to worry that he would not reach the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!

“Thank you, Old Senior! Thank you!” Zhou Jifeng held the book with both hands and kowtowed, touching his forehead on the floor so that it made a loud sound.

Duanmu Sheng said, "Since you are not a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion, you will address my Master Lord Pavilion from now on."

"Yes, I understand!" Zhou Jifeng said respectfully.

"There are many accommodations in Evil Sky Pavilion. Apart from the East Pavilion and the South Pavilion, you can choose anywhere to stay."

"I understand."

"You may leave us now."

With the book in his hands, Zhou Jifeng bowed and withdrew from the Evil Sky Pavilion. Lu Zhou nodded slightly. It was plain that Duanmu Sheng was more experienced in managing disciples.

When Zhou Jifeng was gone, Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Master, this Zhou Jifeng is a disciple of the Heavenly Sword Sect after all..."

It would take too much time for Lu Zhou to explain, and he had to tell Duanmu Sheng about Zhou Jifeng's parents and the murder of his father. It was too troublesome, so he simply waved a hand and said, "I have my own plans."

"I understand, Master." Duanmu Sheng dared not to say he did not understand.

Lu Zhou took one look at the chain around him before turning and walking toward the inside of Evil Sky Pavilion.

Duanmu Sheng was about to say something when he vaguely heard his master murmur, "... luck should have turned..."

He quickly dropped to his knees and said, "Have a good rest, Master." By the time he looked up, his master was already gone.

He wiped away the sweat on his cheek and tugged at the chain around him. He thought of asking Lu Zhou to remove the chain, but it seemed he had to bring it with him for the time being. He realized that his master's indifferent attitude toward the disciples had not changed after all.

After locking Ye Tianxin in the back of the mountain, Little Yuan'er returned to Evil Sky Pavilion. She did not see her master, but only saw her third senior brother, who was sighing with a sad face. "What happened to you, Senior Brother?" she asked.

Duanmu Sheng waved his hand and said, "Nothing. I just feel that Master seems a little absent-minded."

"Absent-minded? Did Master ask you to do anything just now?"

"No, he didn't, but he did say something."

"What is it?"

"Master seems dizzy," said Duanmu Sheng. [1] 1

Dizzy?

Little Yuan'er nodded and said, "Master must be dizzied from all the riding and flying with Whizard. After all, he is old already."

"That makes sense."

"Senior Brother, how should we deal with that traitor?"

"We'll discuss after Old Fourth transcends the tribulation, since he's the cleverest among us. If such a traitor is not punished, how can we face Master again?" Duanmu Sheng said sternly.

"There's one thing I can't figure out, Senior Brother. She had already deserted the sect, but why does she still want to kill Master?" Little Yuan'er felt angry at the thought of it.

Duanmu Sheng sighed. "Junior Sister Tianxin is actually an unfortunate girl..."

"Unfortunate?" Little Yuan'er lifted both hands and pointed her index fingers against each other as she said, "I'm also very unfortunate..."

Duanmu Sheng was speechless. "I'm going to heal my wounds. I'll leave this place to you."

"Oh! Take care, Senior Brother!"

...

Lu Zhou looked at the remaining merit points on the system interface. He had spent three thousand points on lucky draws, which left him with one thousand five hundred and forty points. His luck points had accumulated to sixty as well. He wondered if he should try again. He had truly been down on luck.

"Lucky draw."

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

He had sixty-one luck points now.

"Very good!"

Lu Zhou was in a calm state of mind. He decided to stop now, thinking that he should wash his hands before he tried again. Suddenly, he thought of the ripples he saw when he read the Heaven Writing in the Ci Family's residence, and he said to himself, "I will read the Heaven Writing to change my luck..."

Footnotes:

<h5>Ch 46 Footnote 1</h5>

What Lu Zhou said was 'My luck should have changed/turned.' In Chinese, change or turn is 'zhuan', luck is 'yun'. However, spin is also 'zhuan' and dizzy is 'yun'. When Duanmu Sheng heard that, he mistook it as 'spin until dizzy'.

## **Chapter 47: How Dare You**

Lu Zhou opened the interface of the Heaven Writing and glanced at the characters he could read. They had not increased in number and those he could not read had not decreased either. He judged that he had to repeatedly read the contents in the front part of the Human Scroll and comprehend the meaning

in them before the latter part would be slowly revealed to him. He wondered why there were some extra characters the last time he read it when he had not comprehended anything.

This showed that the Heaven Writing was comprehensible, but it was somewhat difficult.

The light in the chamber was still dimmed, but Lu Zhou immersed himself in reading and comprehending the Heaven Writing. Time ticked away, and at some point in time, the magical scene appeared again: faint specks of light could be seen flickering over the dimmed light source.

However, Lu Zhou was not aware of that. He kept his legs crossed as he read, and soon three days had passed.

...

On Golden Court Mountain, Zhou Jifeng was absorbed in practicing his sword technique, Duanmu Sheng was healing his wounds in seclusion, and Mingshi Yin was at the critical juncture of breaking through. Little Yuan'er was the only person who had nothing to do. She was bored, but she could not leave the mountain.

Fortunately, the mountain was protected by the shield, so she did not have to worry and be on guard against possible enemy invasion. On the fourth day, when she came to the courtyard again, there were movements in the cluster of wood.

She thought she heard a creaking sound, and she bolted into the courtyard as fast as lightning while glancing around.

"Fourth Senior Brother?" She noticed that the wood stacked on top of one another was expanding and growing at an incredible rate, finding it strange. "Master said it will take Fourth Senior Brother seven days to transcend this tribulation. How can he be so fast?"

Before very long, the wood had grown to almost the same height as the Evil Sky Pavilion. Little Yuan'er was forced to keep moving back because half of the courtyard was occupied by it. She could not leave, however, so she simply flew up the air and wheeled around it.

**BOOM!**

Suddenly, the wood burst apart, strewing the sky with broken branches. Little Yuan'er quickly released her energy to keep them from hitting her. In the next moment, a figure flew out of the cluster, his body emanating waves of energy that rippled across the void like water. Little Yuan'er retreated some more and managed to block the waves, which shook even the Evil Sky Pavilion.

An energy vortex was formed in the courtyard, with Mingshi Yin floating in the middle, his eyes closed and his arms outstretched.

"Congratulations Fourth Senior Brother on stepping into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!" Little Yuan'er said in a joyous voice.

...

Lu Zhou, who was studying the Heaven Writing in the secret chamber, was alerted by the shaking as well. He was absorbed in reading when the bookshelves, weapons, and other miscellaneous things

around him swayed and jumped, waking him from deep thoughts. No one would feel happy in this kind of a situation. It was like someone suddenly woke him up when he was sleeping soundly.

It had only been three days that he did not discipline the group of villainous disciples, and now they were making so many noises that it almost brought his roof down.

“How dare you!” Lu Zhou scolded in a faint voice and waved his arm before he continued to read the writings.

...

Mingshi Yin, who was supported by the energy vortex in midair over the courtyard, was enjoying the pleasure of breaking through a new realm. His arms were outreached, his eyes closed, and he wore a satisfying smile.

“Little Junior Sister...”

“Why did you wake up so soon, Senior Brother?”

“It feels so good to step into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. Now that I have an avatar, the world will soon be mine!”

“Senior Brother has gained a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar?” Little Yuan’er asked enviously.

Mingshi Yin’s eyes were still closed as he said lightly, “Before you all came back, I had already stayed in the earth for a long time, so I didn’t need seven days to make the breakthrough. Watch closely, Little Junior Sister!”

Buzz!

At the moment he produced his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, he saw a faint speck of light drift over from the top of Evil Sky Pavilion, and he heard a solemn voice at the same time, “How dare you!”

A sizzling sound filled the air as the faint light corroded the energy waves, turning them into nothingness in a flash.

What would happen when Mingshi Yin was no longer supported by the energy vortex?

Plop!

He fell straight to the ground.

“Ouch!” He did not dare to continue showing off. Hurriedly, he struggled to his feet and turned to the Evil Sky Pavilion as he dropped to his knees and said, “I’m sorry, Master!”

He should have gone to another place to show off and not floated over where his master was resting.

Mingshi Yin was too panicked to get up, both amazed by his master’s skill and thankful that he was not hurt.

“Eh? Fourth Senior Brother, do you need to kneel to release your avatar?” Little Yuan’er slowly descended from the sky.

“Cough! Cough!” Mingshi Yin rose to his feet embarrassingly when he noticed no more reactions from Evil Sky Pavilion. He cleared his throat, pretending nothing had just happened, and said, “I’ve just stepped into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, and I’m still not used to it. Where is Master?”

Little Yuan’er told him what had happened over the last few days.

After listening to her, Mingshi Yin furrowed his brow slightly and said, “Sixth Junior Sister’s cultivation base is destroyed and she is now locked up in the back of the mountain?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll go and have a look at her. Leave everything on the mountain to me. I need you to gather information at the station in Tangzi. Master will certainly ask about that when he comes out of seclusion,” Mingshi Yin said.

“Fourth Senior Brother is so thoughtful! I’ll go right now!” Little Yuan’er jumped happily.

“Stay out of trouble!” After saying that, Mingshi Yin scratched his head. It did not sound like him, but why did the words come naturally out of his mouth?

“Don’t worry, I’m a very kind girl!” Little Yuan’er turned and bolted down the mountain at an astonishing speed.

Mingshi Yin turned and looked at Evil Sky Pavilion. He could not help but shiver at the thought of the warning that he heard just now. He thought he could relax a little bit after stepping into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, but it seemed that he still had a long way to go.

He stepped out of the courtyard, moving like a phantom. Before this, his every step would take him one hundred feet away, but now it took him three hundred feet away.

In the blink of an eye, he arrived at the back of the mountain.

“Eh? You?” Mingshi Yin saw Zhou Jifeng, who was practicing with a sword.

Zhou Jifeng panicked when he saw the phantom-like Mingshi Yin. He quickly put away his sword and the book before cupping his fist guiltily at Mingshi Yin, “Greetings, Fourth...Senior Brother?”

He was not a disciple of Evil Sky Pavilion, so he did not know how he should address the man.

Mingshi Yin grinned wickedly and said, “I heard Little Junior Sister say that you are a rare genius of the Heavenly Sword Sect.”

“She’s flattering me. I don’t deserve that...”

“Well, you can be my practice target,” Mingshi Yin flexed his muscles.

“What!” Zhou Jifeng did not understand what he meant.

Buzz!

“Hundred Tribulations Insight!” A twenty feet tall and five feet wide avatar emerged behind Mingshi Yin.

Zhou Jifeng glanced at it and murmured, “Such a small Hundred Tribulations Insight...”



“What did you say?”

Plop!

Zhou Jifeng fell to the ground as he tilted his head and said, “It’s so strong!”

Mingshi Yin frowned slightly, wondering if the avatar of the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm was really so strong, so much so that it had made Zhou Jifeng faint before he could attack. “A rare genius? You are mediocre at best.” He turned and started toward the Cave of Reflection at the back of the mountain.

Zhou Jifeng carefully opened his eyes, patted himself on the chest as he took a deep breath to calm the boiling Qi and blood in him. If he did not make it look real, he would not be able to deceive a villain like this. He would rather hurt himself than be beat by others!

...

Inside the Evil Sky Pavilion, Lu Zhou slowly opened his eyes. Right then, the light specks near the light source disappeared.

After studying it for a few days, he had a new understanding of the Heaven Writing. He felt as if he had had a long dream. However, many of the meanings were obscured and hard to understand, and he needed to continue studying them.

He opened the system interface.

“I have sixty-one luck points...Lucky draw.”

#### **Chapter 48: Continue To Draw**

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

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. “My luck has not changed. Is it because I used the wrong posture to draw?”

He slowly rose to his feet and continued drawing, but he got the same result four times in a row.

“It’s a ripoff!”

It turned out that his posture had nothing to do with the outcome.

Although he repeatedly complained in his mind, Lu Zhou kept a straight face, which was already very dark.

“Sixty-six luck points...Will they bring me better luck?”

Women had a sixth sense while men had keen intuition. He was certain that he would get something this time.

“Lucky draw!”

‘Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points and 66 luck points. You have received 1 reversal card.’

“...”

Lu Zhou was on the verge of flying into a rage. But, he took a deep breath and looked into the dark distance with his deep, old eyes.

“Fuc...Never mind. Swearing is not the style of a villainous patriarch, nor is it consistent with my status.” After spending so many merit points and luck points, he only got himself a reversal card. He did not know whether to laugh or weep. He wanted to complain about the system, but whom should he turn to? He had never been so angry before, not even when he had failed fifteen times in a row while trying to craft a weapon in an online game in his previous life.

Lu Zhou glanced at the remaining merit points. He still had one thousand one hundred and ninety points.

It seemed that the game of lucky draws was dangerous. Should he stop playing now while he still had some points?

“Lucky draw.”

‘Ding! This lucky draw costs 50 merit points. You have received a weapon: Unnamed. You have received a mount: Bi An.’

Lu Zhou, “???”

The draw that spent his sixty-six luck points only gave him a reversal card, but this draw, which spent zero of his luck points, had given him a weapon and a mount. Lu Zhou did not know what to say.

“Unnamed.”

The weapon was carelessly named, but it did not matter. He had spent so many merit points on it! Surely it was better than the pile of scrap metal in this secret chamber, right?

As Lu Zhou called its name, an irregular-shaped, faintly glowing object slowly appeared in his palm. It was round in shape at this moment and oval in the next.

“What is this thing?” Lu Zhou frowned. He tried to ask the system for some hints, but the system did not answer him. He waved a hand and the black object disappeared. Then, he saw it appear in the item menu of the system like a black stone. He glanced at it and saw a row of tiny words beneath it: Unnamed can change into any weapon according to your thoughts, and the higher your cultivation base is, the stronger it becomes.

“...”

It appeared to be an extraordinary item, and Lu Zhou’s interest was aroused. He lifted his right hand and a weapon appeared in his palm. This time, it was a sword, an exquisite short sword which looked more like a dagger. After that, it transformed into a saber, a spear, a cudgel, a halberd, and many other weapons.

“I understand now.” It was a weapon that could take different forms at will. Although it was only a weapon, it was better than ten weapons. He had hit a jackpot!

“Let’s try its power next.”

...

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin arrived in the Cave of Reflection. When he saw the sad-looking Ye Tianxin, he said, "Junior Sister...do you want to have a look at my Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar?"

Ye Tianxin, "???"

She frowned her brow slightly and stared at Mingshi Yin, who appeared all of a sudden, "If you are here to kill me at the old villain's order, just do it. You don't have to show off..."

Mingshi Yin scratched his head and said embarrassingly, "Well, I didn't mean it."

"I don't care if you want to kill or torture me, just be quick about it." Ye Tianxin turned her head away.

Mingshi Yin shook his head as he sighed and said, "Junior Sister, if Master wanted to kill you, he would have done it."

"Then why did he send you here?"

"He did not. I come here on my own will. After all, you are my junior sister, and I can't let you go astray," said Mingshi Yin.

Ye Tianxin laughed. "Go astray? You are the ones who have gone astray..."

"Are you still holding a grudge against Master for that incident?"

Ye Tianxin turned away from him again, her face and eyes growing cold. She did not want to mention the past. Mingshi Yin walked over and sat down beside her. He waved a hand and the cave lit up instantly.

"I joined the sect earlier than you and suffered more than you. Did I ever complain about anything?" Mingshi Yin said.

"Bah! I seem to remember that you are the one who cursed the most behind his back."

"Cough! Cough!" Mingshi Yin glanced hastily out of the cave and said embarrassingly, "Times have changed. Master is very kind now."

"Kind? Fourth Senior Brother, this joke is not funny at all," Ye Tianxin said while shaking her head before looking down at her bedraggled appearance. What she was trying to tell him was obvious.

"I'm not joking." Mingshi Yin stood up and clasped his hands behind his back as he said with a serious tone, "After living for a long time, Master's thoughts have become clear. His attitude today is quite different from what it used to be."

"So what?"

"Why can't you understand me?" Mingshi Yin said angrily. "Master didn't even take what we did to heart!"

"But I did! As long as that old thing still lives, my heart will not be at ease!"

Pak!

Mingshi Yin suddenly raised his hand and slapped Ye Tianxin. He did not use energy of course and just slapped her face like an ordinary person. The slap struck Ye Tianxin dumb, but she looked up stubbornly into his eyes.

Mingshi Yin raised his hand once again...

Swoosh!

Ye Tianxin closed her eyes.

However, the palm stopped a foot from her cheek and did not hit her. Mingshi Yin shook his head as he sighed and patted her shoulder instead.

“You should ask in front of Master...That’s all I have to say. You’re on your own now!”

He felt that there was no need for him to persuade her further. He turned and was about to leave when Ye Tianxin called out, “Wait a moment!”

“What else do you want to say?”

“My sisters in the Derived Moon Palace will definitely come to rescue me. If possible, I hope Senior Brother can show them mercy,” Ye Tianxin’s voice grew lower and sounded like she was pleading with him.

When he heard that, Mingshi Yin laughed and said, “You really flatter yourself. How would they come to rescue you when they are mired in their own problems now?”

“What do you mean?”

“The Yun Sect, Tian Sect, and Luo Sect have lost so many Divine Court experts. Do you think they will blame it on Master? No! Their first target will be your Derived Moon Palace!”

After saying that, his body flickered, and he was gone in the next instant. A hush fell over the Cave of Reflection while Ye Tianxin looked stunned and at a loss.

...

At the moment Lu Zhou produced Unnamed, he heard a system prompt.

‘Ding! You have disciplined Ye Tianxin and are rewarded with 100 merit points.’

He did not expect that. “Well, no matter which disciple disciplined her, at least it shows that Ye Tianxin still has some value.”

He controlled the Unnamed sword and made it spin rapidly in his palm before stopping and grabbing its hilt.

“With my cultivation base in the Sense Condensing realm, I still can’t control it at will.”

The sword cut at a saber placed on the weapon rack beside him.

Bam!

Sparks flew everywhere. The saber was intact, and so was the Unnamed sword.

This was the item he got from the lucky draw when he had zero luck points.

“It is indeed a piece of junk!”

#### **Chapter 49: A Newcomer**

The Unnamed sword flew back into Lu Zhou’s palm as a faint, pale blue light flashed across its edges. Just when he was about to test it further, he heard a calling from outside the chamber.

“Master, Pan Zhong from the Clarity Sect begs for an audience with you.”

He clenched his palm, and the sword disappeared.

Although his few attempts at the lucky draw were not that smooth, he somehow managed to get something. At present, he was still not familiar with the Unnamed, and he would have to take some time to understand it. Moreover, due to his weak cultivation base, he could not fully unleash its power.

As for Bi An, he could only study it when he was free.

After Lu Zhou left the chamber, the edge of the saber placed on the weapon rack flashed with a pale blue light and cracked with a small line.

When he stood outside, Lu Zhou realized that he had not come out for a long time. The outside world was so bright that he felt uncomfortable for a moment. A few people were waiting for him in the great hall.

“Old Senior!”

“Old...Mister!”

Two men hastily knelt upon seeing Lu Zhou.

Little Yuan’er trotted over to help him as she smiled and said, “Master, when I went to the station to gather information, I saw both of them kneeling outside the shield, so I brought them up. Master won’t blame me, right?”

As he knelt on the ground, Pan Zhong glanced at the old man in front of him from the corner of his eye from time to time. He found it hard to imagine that this ordinary-looking old man was the villainous patriarch of Golden Court Mountain the world feared. The man beside him was Murong Hai, who was shaking and dared not to raise his head.

“You’re not causing any trouble in the station, are you?” Lu Zhou lightly knocked her head.

“No, I didn’t...and I got a lot of information!” Little Yuan’er said.

Lu Zhou nodded and turned his eyes to the two men.

“Stand up and talk.”

Pan Zhong got up without a problem, but Murong Hai staggered when he rose and nearly fell back down. When he finally stood up straight, his eyes met with Lu Zhou’s, and he trembled and dropped to his knees again.

“Old Mister...please spare my life! I was blind to have not recognized a mighty figure like you!”

‘What have I done to you? I’ve treated you kindly along the way, but why do you sound as if I’ve murdered your whole family?’ Lu Zhou thought to himself. However, he remained calm and expressionless. “Yuan’er,” he called in an indifferent voice.

“Yes, Master?”

“Send him away.”

“I understand, Master.”

Murong Hai paused, but before he could say anything, Little Yuan’er had lifted him like a chick and bolted down the mountain. Pan Zhong was speechless and swallowed at the sight of that, thinking that his plan of joining Golden Court Mountain would not end well.

“Pan Zhong,” Lu Zhou’s eyes fell on him.

The other shuddered as he cupped his fist and said, “Old Senior!”

Lu Zhou did not speak but turned to a chair and sat down slowly.

“Do you really want to join my Golden Court Mountain?” Lu Zhou’s eyes were deep, his voice old but powerful.

Plop!

Pan Zhong knelt and cupped his fist, “Yes, I wish to join the Golden Court Mountain. Please accept me, Old Senior!”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and glanced at Pan Zhong’s eyes. ‘Although he only cultivates the Three Yin Styles and has brought himself a body filled with a bitter chill, he is actually a talented man.’

After considering for a brief moment, he said faintly, “People all over the world are afraid of me. Righteous sects and cultivators all over the world want to get rid of me. Even my disciples want to kill me...”

Pan Zhong’s heart fluttered when he heard that. He did not know what Lu Zhou was going to do and what his purpose of saying that was.

“After you join Golden Court Mountain, I’ll naturally protect you. However, if one day...” Lu Zhou paused.

Pan Zhong finally understood, and he quickly kowtowed while saying, “If I harbor ill intentions against Master one day, I will be cut into a thousand pieces alive!”

His loyalty had increased by ten percent.

“Very good!” Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said. “I always honor my words. You may rise...”

“Thank you, Old Senior!” Pan Zhong stood up nervously.

Right then, Mingshi Yin walked into the great hall. His face was all smiles, and he was in high spirits.

He nodded at Pan Zhong before dropping to his knees in front of Lu Zhou, "Master, I've broken through into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm!"

Pan Zhong was shocked when he heard that. Any cultivator who could reach this realm was an expert, and Golden Court Mountain had produced a few of them. So, how could he not be shocked?

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "When you enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, you will gain the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar. Your cultivation base will be different with each leaf your avatar opens. Remember, you must not be arrogant and look down on others!"

"I will remember Master's teaching!" Mingshi Yin kowtowed honestly.

'Ding! You have disciplined Mingshi Yin and are rewarded with 100 merit points.'

Pan Zhong was puzzled as he watched that. He heard others say that the old villain of Golden Court Mountain was a short-tempered man, who killed people without batting an eye and was cruel and merciless in the way he treated his disciples. However, what he witnessed now was completely different from what he had heard. Instead, he felt that the old senior was a good teacher, and he was so much better than those old bigots of the Clarity Sect!

Instead, he felt that the old senior was a good teacher and so much better than those old bigots of the Clarity Sect!

"Master, I had gone to teach Ye Tianxin a lesson when I heard she was being locked up in the Cave of Reflection!" Mingshi Yin said.

Lu Zhou's face was calm. 'So, it is Old Fourth who did that.' However, he thought that it was inappropriate to deal with Ye Tianxin in a rush, so he said, "Let her reflect on herself in the cave. Also, Old Eighth and Old Fifth are involved in the kidnapping of the Ci Family as well."

Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes and said, "Master, since I've just stepped into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, I need to practice my skills with someone. Why don't I go capture Old Eighth and bring him back, so that Master can punish him?"

He did not mention his fifth junior sister Zhao Yue, because no one knew where she had gone.

'Although Old Eighth is weak, he is backed by Old Seventh. Even if Mingshi Yin brings him back, it won't do much good and will also alert Old Seventh...'

After considering for a moment, Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "Leave him alone for now."

Mingshi Yin was puzzled, but he bowed and said, "I understand, Master!"

"I'm tired, leave me!"

"Yes, Master!"

Mingshi Yin winked at Pan Zhong, who looked somewhat absent-minded.

"Se-Senior?"

However, Mingshi Yin dragged him out of Evil Sky Pavilion. When they got outside, he grinned wickedly and said, "You are the newcomer?"

"Greetings...Fourth...Mister Fourth."

"Haha! I like that! Hey, do you want to look at my Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar?"

Pan Zhong, "???"

Right then, Little Yuan'er bolted up the mountain, leaving numerous afterimages behind her.

"Fourth Senior Brother!"

"Little Junior Sister? You're here just in time! Come and have a look at my Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar." Mingshi Yin stretched out his arms as if he were going to hit someone.

Little Yuan'er hurriedly said, "I'll look at it next time, Senior Brother. There is a group of cultivators at the foot of the mountain. I suspect someone is trying to invade Golden Court Mountain again!"

Mingshi Yin was overjoyed when he heard that, "Excellent! I'll go and have a look now. You don't have to trouble Master with this kind of trifle matter. I can kill them all alone!"

"Senior Brother, they are all female cultivators from the Derived Moon Palace!"

Before she could say that, however, Mingshi Yin had already disappeared. Pan Zhong looked confused and did not know whether he should follow or not. Little Yuan'er stamped her feet helplessly. When she turned around and saw his stupid look, she said angrily, "What are you looking at? I'll cut your eyes out if you look again!"

Pan Zhong, "..."

'When...when did I look at her?'

## **Chapter 50: Request Asylum**

Mingshi Yin could not wait to show his new prowess. He unleashed his energy as he made his way down the mountain, eager to reach the foot as soon as possible. When he arrived and saw the cultivators outside the shield, he grinned wickedly and said, "Hundred Tribulations Insight!"

He was a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert after all. Although his avatar was only twenty feet tall, its prowess was not something that any Divine Court cultivators could compare with.

So, as soon as the group of female cultivators outside the shield saw the avatar, their expressions changed.

"An avatar? Hundred Tribulations Insight?" The leading female cultivator frowned.

"Run!" Someone wanted to flee.

"Wait...This Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar is smaller. He should be an early-stage Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivator. The villainous patriarch's avatar is over one hundred feet tall. This is not him!"

"Besides...where can we run to?"



Even as the female cultivators were discussing worriedly, the twenty-foot-tall avatar had arrived over them.

Mingshi Yin glanced at them and said coldly, "Who are you? How dare you trespass Golden Court Mountain!"

All the female cultivators dropped to their knees.

"Hmm?" Mingshi Yin furrowed his brow slightly, as this was not what he had expected. The scene he had imagined was that he would force them to surrender, but they would refuse and he eventually kill them all with an ultimate skill. He did not understand why they were on their knees begging for mercy as soon as he appeared.

The leading female cultivator summoned her courage and looked up at Mingshi Yin, who floated midair over them. She found that she did not know this man. However, she was sure that he was not the villainous patriarch of Golden Court Mountain.

"We are the disciples of the Derived Moon Palace! Please help us, Senior!"

"Please save us, Senior!"

All female cultivators bowed and cried out in unison.

Mingshi Yin was taken aback and felt embarrassed. It turned out that these female cultivators were not here to attack Golden Court Mountain, but for his sixth junior sister.

Their master had destroyed Ye Tianxin's cultivation base and locked her up in the Cave of Reflection, so the disciples of the Derived Moon Palace had lost their leader. Meanwhile, as the three sects in the southern part of Great Yan did not want to clash with Golden Court Mountain, they would vent their anger on the Derived Moon Palace. The problem was, even if they needed help, they should not have come to Golden Court Mountain.

Mingshi Yin was puzzled and he carefully studied them. There were about a hundred bedraggled-looking female cultivators: some with messy hair, some badly wounded, and some who could not even stand by themselves.

He sighed and retracted his avatar as he descended from the air.

"For her crime of deserting the sect and betraying Master, Sixth Junior Sister is being locked up in the back of the mountain. Supposedly, all of you from the Derived Moon Palace should be punished as well. I don't understand why you are here. Are you tired of living?" Mingshi Yin glanced at them with his wicked eyes, striking fear into their hearts.

The notoriety of the villains of Golden Court Mountain was not without foundation.

"Senior, please save us for our Palace Master's sake!" the female cultivator pleaded.

This was beyond Mingshi Yin's expectations. He wondered if the Derived Moon Palace were really so desperate and had nowhere else to turn to.

"No." He turned away from them.

'Are you kidding me? Your survival has nothing to do with me. You should count yourself lucky that I chose not to kill you...'

He was about to leave when he heard a bizarre bell drift over from a distance.

"Oh?" Mingshi Yin frowned slightly and turned around to look at the sky in the distance. The sky seemed to be enveloped in a dark cloud, from which came the bell ringing.

Hearing that, the female cultivators of the Derived Moon Palace turned pale with fear and quickly got up to run toward the shield. Unfortunately, only the people of Golden Court Mountain could travel freely through the shield. No matter how they tried, the shield stood in front of them like a solid brick wall, blocking them outside the mountain.

Mingshi Yin ignored the group of female cultivators and focused all his attention on the dark cloud. His intuition told him that it came with an ill intention. Moreover, someone who could travel in this way should be a mighty figure.

"The people of the Fiend Temple are here!"

"It's the Fiend Temple!"

"Please, Senior, let us through!"

"We are willing to serve you!"

'Are they really the female cultivators of the Derived Moon Palace under Ye Tianxin's leadership who took the world by storm?' thought Mingshi Yin as he gave them a sideways glance and felt slightly disappointed.

When a power lost their Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert, the remaining Divine Court cultivators were just underlings incapable of accomplishing anything, no matter how strong they were.

"The Fiend Temple?" Mingshi Yin felt strange. He thought the Derived Moon Palace should be attacked by the three sects from the southern part of Great Yan. What was up with the Fiend Temple then?

He glanced at the female cultivators again and felt unhappy when he saw them trembling in fear.

'This is ridiculous! How can there be another power that is scarier than Golden Court Mountain? Why are they afraid of Fiend Temple but not Golden Court Mountain?'

It was not until the dark cloud got close enough that Mingshi Yin managed to see what it was exactly. It was not a dark cloud, but a square array with many cultivators forming up a ring around it, all of whom wore black robes. In the middle of the array was a huge ink-colored dragon chariot.

"Interesting!" Mingshi Yin clasped his hands behind his back and waited quietly.

The three men ranked on the top of the Black Roll were Ji Tiandao, Yu Zhenghai, and Zuo Xinchuan.

The ranking of the Black Roll was determined by the evil deeds done by cultivators and not the level of their cultivation bases. However, in general, those who ranked in the Black Roll were either extremely strong or very cunning.

The person in the chariot was Zuo Xinchuan, who was ranked third on the Black Roll and was also the number one expert of Fiend Temple, second only to their sect leader.

What made Mingshi Yin feel strange was the question as to why they suddenly attacked the Derived Moon Palace. Fiend Temple and Golden Court Mountain had always been minding their own business.

Ding!

The bell from the ink-colored dragon chariot was unpleasant to the ear.

Finally, the chariot stopped about a hundred meters from the shield, hovering in the air while the bell stopped ringing as well. Mingshi Yin did not move as he observed the chariot and the cultivators around it, which he found quite intimidating.

After a moment of silence, a Divine Court cultivator flew out of the chariot. He stopped halfway between the chariot and the shield and bowed, cupping his fist as he said politely, "Fiend Temple has no intention of offending the Golden Court Mountain. Mister Fourth, can you let us have this group of female cultivators?"

Mingshi Yin glanced back at the trembling female cultivators and thought, 'I think I will look scarier if I dress like this guy...'

"Suit yourself!" he said as he turned around and stepped through the shield.

"Thank you, Mister Fourth! We will certainly come back one day to express our gratitude," the black-clad cultivator beckoned. At the gesture, the cultivators around the chariot swarmed toward the group of female cultivators like locusts.

"Hold on!" Right then, Mingshi Yin walked out again.

"Is there anything else, Mister Fourth?"

"I almost forgot about Master's new routine...He likes to treat people kindly these days." Right as he said that, he lifted a hand. The shield beside him wobbled, and then the female cultivators staggered and fell through it.

From the mouth of the black-clad cultivator, the group of female cultivators found out that this man was the fourth disciple of Golden Court Mountain. So, after they all passed through the shield, they knelt and cried out, "Thank you for saving us, Mister Fourth!"

Meanwhile, the black-clad cultivator frowned slightly. "Don't you think it is bad to go back on your word, Mister Fourth?" he demanded in an unhappy and hoarse voice.

Meanwhile, in Evil Sky Pavilion...

Lu Zhou leaned back in a chair as he was taking a small break when he heard a system prompt, 'Ding! You have received devout worship and are rewarded with 1,450 merit points.'