

## Disciples 621

### Chapter 621: A Person With A Profound Cultivation Base Can Do Whatever He Wants

Having experienced much, Yu Shangrong merely squinted slightly. He was not affected and pressed forward.

Yu Zhenghai, on the other hand, exclaimed in shock, "The people of Lou Lan!"

Yu Zhenghai obviously recognized the witchcraft spell used by the people of Lou Lan. As Yu Shangrong expected, being sold to Lou Lan and killed by having his heart gouged out were the only things Yu Zhenghai remembered due to the cycle of obsession.

"Hold on tight," Yu Shangrong reminded Yu Zhenghai.

"Mhm."

Yu Shangrong picked up speed. The duo looked like a meteor in the sky.

The purple gas seemed poisonous. Peculiar tendrils extended wildly out from it into the surroundings.

Yu Shangrong was still focused; his eyes were trained up ahead. At the same time, his energy formed a cone-shaped barrier before him. They were slightly leaning forward now as though they were surfing.

"Up ahead." Young Yu Zhenghai had quick reflexes.

However, Yu Shangrong, naturally, had seen the purple barrier before Yu Zhenghai did. He did not slow down. Instead, he accelerated his speed

Young Yu Zhenghai dared not watch this so he turned away.

Yu Shangrong suddenly drew his sword and pushed a palm forward.

Bam!

His Longevity Sword shot forward and stabbed at the purple barrier. The red runes tore the energy tendrils into shreds, and the barrier shattered like glass.

With this, the duo successfully breached the barrier!

Yu Shangrong suddenly came to a halt after moving 100 meters away...

The witchcraft Formation was only the appetizer.

In the skies, several hundred meters before them, a row of purple-robed cultivators armed with spears barred their way.

The cultivator standing in the middle had white hair and was holding a staff in his hand. He stroked his beard as he looked at Yu Shangrong who had emerged from the witchcraft Formation.

Behind the row of cultivars lay a 10,000-foot-deep abyss. A few more miles opposite the abyss was Heaven's Moat. After crossing Heaven's Moat, Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai would have successfully returned to Great Yan. It was not too far away. Alas, it was so close, yet so far.

Young Yu Zhenghai opened his eyes and looked ahead. "More people from Lou Lan?"

Yu Shangrong did not reply to Yu Zhenghai. Instead, he waved his hand. Two energy seals were unleashed. One of them stuck on himself while the other stuck on young Yu Zhenghai.

The old man with the staff said tonelessly, "We finally meet."

"You're in luck," Yu Shangrong said dismissively.

"You might not recognize me... I'm Bazir from Lou Lan. There are only three best routes to return to Great Yan from Lou Lan. It might've slipped your mind, dear sir, but divination is a part of witchcraft as well," Bazir slowly said.

Young Yu Zhenghai shook his head and said, "The success rate for divination is only one out of five. Even if you made a wild guess out of the three routes, you'd have higher chances of getting it right than trying to predict it."

"..." Bazir's eyelid twitched. He glanced at the young man hovering in the air. "A mortal?"

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly. "Indeed, a mortal."

"Young man, you've got guts, I'll give you that much. Alas, you're an outsider who has nothing to do with the cultivation world. You'll never understand how wonderful cultivation is," Bazir said.

Yu Shangrong glanced at his Eldest Senior Brother. For some reason, a faint smile appeared on his face again.

Bazir stroked his beard and said, "I wonder what amused you, sir?"

"My apologies. I harbor no ill will. I was just thinking about how interesting your statement was. I myself wouldn't have said that in the past," Yu Shangrong said.

Bazir was confused. The young man was only a mere mortal, why should he care? In the end, he shifted his gaze back to Yu Shangrong and said, "Long story short... In terms of cultivation base, I admit that you're a towering figure among men. However, with national interest in mind, I'm afraid I can't allow you to cross Heaven's Moat."

"I like confident men. I hope you'll please this sword of mine." Yu Shangrong raised his right hand slightly and unsheathed his Longevity Sword.

The scabbard flew into Yu Zhenghai's embrace.

Yu Shangrong turned to look at him. "Take care of that for me."

"Alright." When young Yu Zhenghai caught the scabbard, he replied with a maturity beyond his age.

Yu Shangrong smiled and nodded. He raised his hand higher. The scarlet runes on his Longevity Sword's blade shone.

"Activate the Formation." Bazir waved his staff.

Dozens of shamans behind him tossed purple radiant orbs into the air.

The orbs dropped down and formed purple radiant circles.

The Longevity Sword split into five, ten...

Countless energy swords shot forth.

“That’s fast!”

“As expected of Great Yan’s Sword Devil!” Bazir seemed to have thought of a countermeasure. He hammered his staff down. “Shackle!”

The purple rings merged, and a sky curtain fell.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The purple radiant circles blocked the energy swords.

The energy swords whittled away at the shining purple rings.

Yu Shangrong shot upward. He joined his palms together. His Longevity Sword appeared before himself. Then, he dove with it.

“Avatar.”

The lotus-less avatar suddenly materialized behind Yu Shangrong.

Bazir was taken aback when he saw Yu Shangrong’s avatar moved to join its palms together as well. In fact, the avatar’s posture was similar to Yu Shangrong’s posture.

It moved!

Bazir’s eyes widened in shock as he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, “You’re controlling the energy swords with your avatar? Was there such a sword-controlling method in Great Yan?”

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly as he brought his sword down.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

This was... an extra-large version of the Sword Devil’s Destiny. The force of the Sword Devil’s Destiny was multiplied under the control of a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

Energy swords rained down and struck the purple shield rapidly.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Every time an energy sword struck, the purple radiant circle would grow dimmer.

Yu Shangrong’s eyes were trained on his targets. He could feel how powerful these shamans were. They were more powerful than Zhang Yuanshan. However... his expression remained calm and confident.

When the final few energy swords of Sword Devil’s Destiny struck...

Eight of them shone with exceptional brilliance!

Bam!

The energy swords penetrated the purple shield and the chests of several shamans.

Bazir frowned. "You broke through our defenses with a single skill?" He saw the eight energy swords returning to Yu Shangrong. However, upon closer inspection, he discovered they were not energy swords! They were eight golden leaves!

Lotus leaves could be used to kill. Their sharpness surpassed heaven-grade weapons! This was one of the earliest techniques Yu Shangrong discovered.

Eight shamans fell from the skies.

The first round was a great victory for Yu Shangrong!

His Longevity Sword returned to his grasp...

Young Yu Zhenghai exclaimed in shock, "Your sword skills are the best I've ever seen!"

"Is that so?" Yu Shangrong was secretly pleased to hear his Eldest Senior Brother praise him.

"The ones I've seen before can only cut down trees, at most."

"..."

Bazir sounded incredulous as he said, "So, you've returned to the Eight-leaf stage."

Yu Shangrong was puzzled. He said, "What's there to be surprised about? Is there anything more normal than my return to the Eight-leaf stage?"

"..."

Eight people have died from their first encounter. Bazir could hardly accept this. "Do you think that you can do whatever you want just because you have a profound cultivation base?"

Bazir waved his hand again.

The 'Roulians' tossed their spears. The spears were wrapped in purplish radiant circles.

The other shamans unleashed purple orbs that shone with greater intensities.

Yu Shangrong tightened his grip around the Longevity Sword's hilt and said indifferently, "My apologies, but a person with a profound cultivation base can, indeed, do as he pleases!" Then, he leaned forward slightly and charged at the shamans.

## **Chapter 622: As You Wish**

In truth, Yu Shangrong had been concealing his strength in the battle of Yan Province. During his fight with Ma Luping, one of the eight great generals, if he was truly just a Six-leaf cultivator, how could he have fought such a long battle with the Eight-leaf Ma Luping who was a veteran on the battlefield? He was confident, not reckless.

Yu Shangrong had been cultivating and training every waking moment throughout the 49 days he spent guarding the quagmire. The wonderful properties of the quagmire that gave Yu Zhenghai an opportunity to come back to life also gave him an opportunity to achieve a breakthrough. Having returned to the

Eight-leaf stage, he did not feel unfamiliar or awkward. He moved quickly... his speed was infinitely close to his peak.

At the same time, spears wrapped in purple radiant rings were launched at Yu Shangrong in the sky.

At this moment, Yu Shangrong vanished out of sight.

Bazir's heart sank; he was extremely agitated. Although he had taken countless lives before, he did not dare to let his guard down when facing Yu Shangrong.

Soon enough, Yu Shangrong's afterimages filled the sky!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Each and every one of the images brandished a Longevity Sword.

"Snowy Mountain."

The spears dropped down like snow.

Slashing at the snow was but one of the ways Yu Shangrong practiced his sword skills since he was young. It was effortless for him to thrust, pierce, lift, hack, hang, point, intercept, and cut. The basic movements of the sword were performed brilliantly.

The purple radiant rings were sliced open in half like watermelons by his Longevity Sword before fading away in the air.

The spears snapped and plummeted into the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

Bazir's eyes were keenly trained on the figures in the sky. At this moment, he waved his staff. "Protect."

A radiant circle that was clearly different from the other purple ones spread out from Bazir. It had its own miniature sky curtain as well.

The shamans were covered by the purple-red barrier.

Meanwhile, Young Yu Zhenghai was still holding Yu Shangrong's scabbard. There was a fervent look in his eyes. This was the power and cultivation base he thirsted for more than anyone else. Although he had imagined what extreme powers were like, he was still in awe when he saw Yu Shangrong's strength. As though in a trance, he suddenly recalled the scenes of his fight with other people on the streets. He remembered his brother, Ping An, the hardships he suffered after being sold to Lou Lan, and how he fought over steamed buns with the others just to fill his stomach. He hoped that he would one day be a powerful cultivator as well. That was the only way that he would not be trampled in the dirt by the others. Only with power would he stop getting bullied.

Young Yu Zhenghai's eyes widened as he looked at the energy swords in the skies. "So powerful!"

Unfortunately, Yu Shangrong was currently focused on dealing with the purple witchcraft spell so he did not hear this genuine praise.

The moment Snowy Mountain ended, the spears and purple rings had been easily destroyed by the countless energy swords and scattered like ashes in the air.

Whizz!

Yu Shangrong summoned his avatar when he landed. The huge 100-foot avatar moved its golden palms.

The shamans looked up and exclaimed in hoarse voices.

“Impossible!”

Boom!

The avatar’s golden palms pushed down!

The purple barrier immediately rippled.

Yu Shangrong stood in front of the others with his Longevity Sword in hand. He placed two fingers on the blade while he calmly controlled his avatar. He was like a fierce tiger waiting to pounce. Once the barrier cracked, he would lunge immediately.

At this moment, Bazir’s heart was hanging by a thread. He ordered, “Sacrificial offering!”

Two shamans decisively leaped into the center of the barrier. Their bodies were instantly set aflame.

The purple barrier seemed to grow thicker, and its light intensified until it turned a purple so dark that it looked black,

Boom!

The huge avatar struck heavily again!

Ripples spread across the barrier.

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly when he saw the purple barrier had been fortified. “Interesting.”

He tossed his Longevity Sword into the air. His Longevity Sword dropped down and hovered in the air. It flew between in front of the avatar’s palms.

The avatar gripped the Longevity Sword.

The Longevity Sword shone brightly as it was wrapped by a huge body of energy. It formed a super-sized energy sword with the Longevity Sword as the core.

Bazir’s face flushed red. His eyes were brimming with fear when he saw this. “An avatar can be used in such a manner? I’ve truly underestimated you.”

Bam!

The avatar brought the sword downward! The energy sword easily penetrated the purple barrier.

The purple barrier shattered!

“This is bad! Retreat!” someone shouted.

Bazir gripped his staff tightly. His body faded out of sight as he retreated 1,000 meters.

The remaining shamans were not that lucky.

The moment Yu Shangrong's avatar faded away, his Longevity Sword returned to his palm. With a faint smile, he charged forward.

Energy swords rose all around them. Dozens of them were quickly dismembered, and their limbs rained down along with their blood onto the ground.

The witchcraft cultivators scattered and retreated.

...

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 10 merit points."

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 10 merit points."

The notifications kept ringing in Lu Zhou's ears. He was puzzled. He looked outside Dazheng Palace.

After doing ten consecutive draws, the African Chief had possessed him. Lu Zhou could hardly calm down and attempted more lucky draws.

Finally, Lu Zhou placed his hands on his back and walked out of Dazheng Palace. He looked to the west; the sun was setting. Half of the sky was dyed red by the sun's rays.

More than two months had passed, but there was still no news about Yu Zhenghai. He wondered how Yu Shangrong was faring as well.

He stroked his beard, lost in his thoughts. He wondered if he, as the master, should trust his disciples more. After all, they were outstanding Eight-leaf cultivators.

Lu Zhou mumbled to himself, "I hope that he won't disappoint me."

...

Above the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

After the battle, both sides stared at each other down from a distance.

The surroundings were deathly quiet.

About 100 witchcraft cultivators had died in this fight. It was a huge loss.

Yu Shangrong's power had exceeded Bazir's imagination. His eyes were bloodshot as he stared at Yu Shangrong.

The air that carried the faint scent of blood felt heavy at this moment.

After a long pause, Bazir said, "You're powerful."

"And?"

"If you didn't go for the kill earlier, I would've just retreated and acted as though nothing had happened. However, with these many casualties, I won't be able to give the royal capital and the royal family an explanation," Bazir said.

Yu Shangrong remained silent.

Young Yu Zhenghai who was standing behind Yu Shangrong was fearless. He laughed and said, “Do you think your lives are the only ones that mattered? How is it that you’ll gladly kill someone else but won’t stand it when one of your own was killed? Do you think we don’t have to offer explanations to our people as well?”

“...” Bazir looked at young Yu Zhenghai. A young man with a sharp tongue.

Yu Zhenghai hated the people of Lou Lan the most. He called out in a solemn and earnest voice, “Senior brother...”

“Hm?”

“Kill them for me!” Yu Zhenghai was seething with anger and killing intent. He did not know if the Sword Devil, Yu Shangrong, would accede to his request. However, he had no other choice right now. These were his honest thoughts. He turned to look at Yu Shangrong who was wielding the Longevity Sword.

After a brief pause, Yu Shangrong glanced to the side and smiled. Then, he calmly replied, “As you wish.”

### **Chapter 623: Live On**

Yu Shangrong stepped into the air. A gust of wind stirred up in front of him.

Bazir’s eyes reddened. He shouted, “Invite the gods from the four corners!”

The remaining witchcraft cultivators tossed out four radiant circles.

“Oh, great shaman god, listen to my plea. Lend me your strength, and let the souls return! Do not linger at the four corners, for men 1,000-foot tall wait to recover your soul. Come back...”

The four radiant rings were so huge that they blotted out the sky. They swiftly flew toward Bazir.

Yu Shangrong moved swiftly, still as calm as ever. When he saw this, he knew Bazir was much more powerful than he had imagined.

Among the witchcraft cultivators, low-rank shamans could only cast basic spells to heal or chase someone away. They were equivalent to Brahman Sea realm cultivators. Mid-rank cultivators could master low-rank and mid-rank witchcraft Formations, witchcraft traps, curses, and control the will of others. High-rank witchcraft cultivators could lay grand Formations and hold back an entire army. Apart from these powers, grand shamans could also control the dead and invite deities into their bodies.

Bazir was clearly in the final category.

Yu Shangrong split into three.

Left, center, and right. His figures moved in a flurry. Then, he shot past the remaining witchcraft cultivators.

At the same time, the cold glints of swords glinted as the shamans slashed their necks. One by one, they plummeted from the sky into the 100,000-foot-deep abyss to their deaths. They sacrificed themselves, hoping to stop Yu Shangrong with their lives.

The remaining witchcraft cultivators rushed toward Yu Shangrong with their witchcraft radiant circles.



Yu Shangrong swung his sword forcefully.

Return, Enter Three Souls.

100 witchcraft cultivators fell.

At this very moment, a purple cloud appeared in the skies before purple rain began to fall.

Obviously, this was no ordinary rain. Every drop could cut through flesh, erode the soul, and crush the will.

Yu Shangrong was calm. He turned around to face young Yu Zhenghai before he launched a palm seal over.

The palm seal resembled a dragon's claw as it reached for young Yu Zhenghai. It grabbed him and pushed him away!

Bam!

Young Yu Zhenghai was now out of range of the purple rain as he was thrown toward Heaven's Moat.

"Senior brother!" Young Yu Zhenghai cried out hoarsely.

In the next second, the purple rain fell on Yu Shangrong like a waterfall.

From the outside, Yu Shangrong could no longer be seen. One could not be certain if he was dead or alive.

Young Yu Zhenghai sensed the energy under his feet was swiftly weakening. This meant the user's Primal Qi was also weakening. He grew nervous. His view was obscured by the heavy downpour of purple rain.

On the other hand, Bazir and the surviving witchcraft cultivators seemed confident that the Eight-leaf Yu Shangrong would be heavily wounded from the power of their predecessors even if he did not die. Having sacrificed these many people and paid such a high price... it was worth it.

The lump in Bazir's chest gradually disappeared. As long as he could kill Yu Shangrong, everything was worth it!

The purple rain fell for 15 minutes.

At this moment, young Yu Zhenghai felt the energy under his feet disappear, and he began to fall!

At seemingly the same time, countless energy swords shot out from the curtain of purple rain. The energy swords formed an umbrella that spun up, blocking the purple rain.

Yu Shangrong stood in the air, his hands free. His gaze was cold. All of sudden, he split into three figures and charged forward!

When Bazir saw this, chills ran up his spine.

When he saw this. "You're alive?!"

Yu Shangrong looked as though he was casually strolling in the purple rain as he swung his sword around. Every stroke of his blade kept the purple rain at bay. This was one of his basic training in the rain. For Yu Shangrong, not a single drop of water could reach him even if he was standing under a waterfall. That was his sword path.

“Impossible...” Bazir’s lips trembled. The look in his eyes and expressions changed drastically. Soon enough, Yu Shangrong’s three figures were almost upon him.

The remaining five witchcraft cultivators shielded Bazir with their bodies.

Bazir waved his staff. “You don’t have your sword. How are you going to kill me?!”

Yu Shangrong’s expression was cold. A slender energy sword appeared between his index and middle fingers. “Who told you that you can’t kill without a sword?”

His body was straight as he pushed his fingers forward! His energy sword skewered the five cultivators.

The five cultivators fell.

Yu Shangrong continued moving at lightning speed.

Bam!

The energy sword skirted around the staff and pierced Bazir’s heart, leaving a gaping and bloody wound.

Yu Shangrong did not even look at Bazir. He turned around and dove toward young Yu Zhenghai.

Bazir looked at Yu Shangrong in disbelief as blood gushed out of his chest.

The purple rain quickly subsided.

The purple radiant circles were quickly fading away as well.

The area above the 100,000-foot-deep abyss fell silent again...

In an instant, Bazir was the only one left in the air. He struggled to maintain his altitude. His plan was perfect. It encompassed everything from Lou Lan to Rouli, to trap designs, and the ambush above the 100,000-foot-deep abyss. The only thing he miscalculated was Yu Shangrong’s strength.

Bazir looked down. He saw Yu Shangrong diving down, trying to save the falling young man. Realization seemed to dawn on him as he released his power. He could hear the wind roaring by his ears as he plummeted down. He glared at Yu Shangrong as he shouted, “Even if I die, I’ll see to it that you’re trapped in the abyss!”

Yu Shangrong launched a palm seal down. Yet, he was falling more and more quickly.

This 100,000-foot-deep abyss seemed bottomless...

There had been cultivators who went on journeys to discover the secrets of the abyss. After generations of hard work and countless deaths, they arrived at a conclusion. Anyone who fell into the abyss would most likely die. The only ones who could survive were the ones who gave up halfway and returned to the surface.

They fell for what seemed like hours. The light from the sky above was dimming. The deathly stillness of their surroundings resembled a dark and quiet night.

Yu Shangrong launched another palm seal!

The dragon-claw-like palm seal reached out for the plummeting young Yu Zhenghai.

When he saw this, Bazir shouted, "Give it up!"

Yu Shangrong's eyes flashed with determination. He waved his hand.

Swoosh!

The palm seal grabbed hold of Yu Zhenghai and flew upward.

Bazir said, "Too late!"

Suddenly, Yu Shangrong felt a strong gravitational pull from the abyss. He wanted to push himself up with his Primal Qi, but it demanded too much from him. He could only maintain this balance.

As Yu Shangrong hovered in the dark void, he calmly said, "If he dies, Lou Lan will die as well!"

Bazir coughed violently as he struggled to maintain his altitude. His heart sank when he heard Yu Shangrong's words. "Why?"

Bazir thought Yu Shangrong would blame the Roulians. If Yu Shangrong died in the Roulian's territory, the Evil Sky Pavilion should hold it against the Roulians.

"Live on." Yu Shangrong was doing his best to keep young Yu Zhenghai afloat, but he realized the young man had fainted during his speedy drop. He aimed a palm upward and struck Yu Zhenghai.

Yu Zhenghai broke free from the gravitational pull and rose to the surface.

Bazir could not understand Yu Shangrong's actions. "Why would you go to such lengths for a mortal?" No matter how he looked at it, it was not worth it to sacrifice an Eight-leaf cultivator for a mortal!

After all, when Yu Shangrong sent Yu Zhenghai upward with the palm seal, he would certainly sink further.

Yu Shangrong looked at Yu Zhenghai's disappearing figure that was rising up and said indifferently, "There are things that are worth it for no other reason than one thinking it's worth it."

Bazir seemed to be enlightened at this moment. He recalled the conflicts between Lou Lan and Great Yan in the past. He remembered the 70,000 corpses in the desert. He remembered the water of the Guluo River that was dyed red by blood. Conflicts never ended nor did war. His great predecessors once said that humans were the species that was most adept at infighting. What would they gain in the end?

"Perhaps, this is the reason why Great Yan is stronger than the 100,000 tribes..." Bazir unleashed the last of his purple power.

A purple marshmallow-like cloud that flew up and carried Yu Zhenghai... toward Heaven's Moat.

“Alas, I no longer have any strength to save you... My only hope is that you’d spare the lives of the people of Lou Lan.” After he said this, Bazir closed his eyes. His body was soon engulfed in purple flames. This was the final act of honor carried out by a grand shaman to prevent his corpse from being controlled by other grand shamans. Self-combustion. The tongues of flames devoured him slowly... until he disintegrated into ashes in the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

#### **Chapter 624: Searching for the Crystal**

After the purple rain subsided, the energy swords surrounding the Longevity Sword faded away. The Longevity Sword dropped down.

So long as Yu Shangrong had the sword, he would survive. After sensing the location of his Longevity Sword, he controlled his Qi.

The Longevity Sword shone anew. It zipped under his feet at lightning speed.

For this reason, Yu Shangrong fell several hundred meters down. As he hovered there in the darkness, he felt as though he was in a dry and bottomless well. When he looked up, he could only see a patch of oval grey sky. The setting sun gradually brought all light away from his surroundings.

The light faded from the east of the towering Heaven’s Moat. The entire mountain range was soon plunged into darkness. The heavens... closed its eyes.

...

In the darkness.

On one side of Heaven’s Moat, on an ice-cold surface near the top of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss, young Yu Zhenghai was sprawled on the ground, deathly still. His hands were still tightly wound around the scabbard, and his body was stiff.

Snow fell, and the night wind blew.

Yu Zhenghai suddenly shuddered. He opened his eyes and turned over! He looked around his surroundings, clearly disoriented. He did not feel cold in the snow. Instead, he was sweating. He could not see anything at all. The only thing he remembered was losing control and falling into the abyss after the energy seal under his feet vanished. He could not even remember when he lost consciousness.

“Is this hell?”

Nobody knew what hell looks like. The darkness should be one of the most basic characteristics of hell.

Young Yu Zhenghai thought that he had died and gone to hell. The deathly stillness of his surroundings was almost unbearable. He could hear his heartbeats. He tightened his hold on the scabbard and called out softly, “Senior brother?”

His lonesome voice rang and echoed in the darkness, unanswered.

He had too many experiences with darkness... His will and courage far surpassed that of his peers. With his tenacity, he suppressed his surging emotions. He felt about in the darkness. He felt the cold surface of the ground and shuffled forward.

After a few meters.

Swoosh!

“A cliff!”

He quickly retreated. The rubble dropped into the abyss soundlessly.

His heart shuddered. He dared not take another step forward.

He looked up at the sky. He could not see anything. Aside from the biting night wind, his surroundings were terrifyingly still. He did not move any further.

There was only one thing he could do, and that was to wait.

It was a sleepless night.

Young Yu Zhenghai did not close his eyes to rest. However, he did take short naps when he could not keep his eyes open.

When dawn was breaking... he finally had a glimpse of his surroundings.

The 100,000-foot-deep abyss was one foot in front of him!

He took a deep breath... and got up with difficulty.

He looked down into the abyss. He could not see anything aside from darkness.

“Where is he?”

“Where are you?” He shouted into the abyss.

His question remained unanswered.

He walked around and looked at his surroundings... Aside from the towering Heaven’s Moat and the bottomless abyss, he was alone.

The sun rose.

He remembered Yu Shangrong said Great Yan lay on the other side of Heaven’s Moat. He turned around and looked at Heaven’s Moat. He stepped forward, still holding onto the scabbard.

...

Young Yu Zhenghai had been walking for what seemed like hours. He would sit down when he felt tired and drank from the pool when he was thirsty.

When the sun was high up in the sky, he was still not at Heaven’s Moat yet. It seemed so close, but it was so far away.

Just when he felt helpless... he saw clouds of smoke rising in the air. He saw a village, and he could smell the aroma of food. He ran ahead excitedly.

At the entrance of the village...

Young Yu Zhenghai saw several villagers coming out. He staggered forward. "Roulians? A person from Lou Lan?"

Two stocky and young villagers saw the young man at the entrance. Although Yu Zhenghai's robes had been sliced short, what remained of it and his own aura gave away his identity soon after.

"A Great Yan citizen?"

Having spent his days at the bottom of society and endured many hardships, Yu Zhenghai could sense that something was amiss. He turned around and ran!

"Catch him!"

"Don't let him get away!"

Swoosh!

Two wolfdogs larger than Yu Zhenghai sprinted out of the village after him. Although Yu Zhenghai ran as though his life depended on it, without his cultivation base, he could hardly outrun the beasts.

Even though Yu Zhenghai ran as though his life depended on it, without his cultivation base, he could hardly outrun the beasts.

The wolfdogs, under the orders of the villagers, barred Yu Zhenghai's way.

"Looks like we have another slave for our Guluo Village!"

...

Two days later.

There was a discussion in Dazheng Palace.

Lu Zhou paced about with his hands on his back.

Hua Chongyang stood in the palace and said, "After two months of work, the nine provinces are now basically stabilized. The court officials are cooperating well... The Divine Capital is basically free of spies. We've only found one spy throughout the past month. The four city gates are guarded by the brethren from the Nether Sect's four halls. Nothing can go wrong... However, I'm not the best person for governance. Miss Fifth is doing most of the work. We couldn't have achieved this without Miss Fifth's help."

Zhao Yue did not have any experience of governing as well. The only person who had such skills was the Empress Dowager. Since she was Princess Yun Zhao's orphan and the Empress Dowager's granddaughter, it was reasonable for the Empress Dowager to advise her.

However, in the eyes of the others, Zhao Yue was being advised by Lu Zhou.

Pan Litian offered his praise. "Pavilion Master, I didn't know you're skilled in both literature and martial skills. Your martial skills are enough to usher in peace in the nine provinces, and your literary skills can pacify the world. You're truly the greatest person in history!"

Zuo Yushu rolled her eyes at him and said, "We don't need you to tell us that brother has both integrity and talent."

Lu Zhou raised his hand... and interrupted them. He was not in the mood to listen to their flatteries. He looked at Duanmu Sheng and asked, "Is there any flying letter from Liang Province?"

Duanmu Sheng said, "Seventh Junior Brother has said that Liang Province is peaceful. I think there won't be any conflict in the short term. Besides that..." He swallowed his words. However, after giving it some thought, he said, "Eldest Senior Brother has successfully returned to life... but... but on their way back, the people of Lou Lan laid traps and ambushed them. Things... might not be going well for them."

When he heard this, Lu Zhou frowned slightly. He stopped stroking his beard and turned around. He asked, "Have they crossed Heaven's Moat?"

"I... I don't think so."

Actually, the question was pointless. If they crossed Heaven's Moat, they would have been safe. With Si Wuya's abilities, it was impossible for them to not be brought back by now.

However, 'things might be bad for them' contained too many possibilities. It could mean death or injuries... In any case, none of the possibilities were good.

Lu Zhou had not received any notifications of any of his disciples' deaths. He could not allow his disciples to die without a clear reason.

"Hua Chongyang."

"Your orders, patriarch?"

"Can I leave the Divine Capital to you?"

Hua Chongyang was taken aback. "Uh..." He was only a Seven-leaf cultivator. How was he supposed to look after the Divine Capital? In the past, the Divine Capital was protected by the eight great generals. It would be too difficult for him, a single Seven-leaf cultivator, to take care of. The sect master was not here. Even if the three Great Protectors were healed, they would still need time to recover their cultivation base.

A Nine-leaf cultivator was like ten Eight-leaf cultivators. The patriarch seemed intent on leaving the Divine Capital. Without a Nine-leaf cultivator looking after things here, it was only natural that Hua Chongyang did not feel confident.

Zhao Yue bowed and said, "Master, I'll stay in the Divine Capital..."

Lu Zhou nodded. Zhao Yue had royal blood in her, after all. It was beneficial for her to remain here.

At this moment, Ye Tianxin bowed and said, "Master, I'll stay here and guard the Divine Capital."

Lu Zhou swept his gaze across the people present in the palace before he said, "Zuo Yushu, you're a Confucian elite, and you're skilled in Formations. You'll stay here."

"As you command, brother."

“Hua Wudao, you’re skilled in defense. You’ll stay. Hua Yuexing, you’re a skilled archer; you’ll be a great asset to defend the city. You’ll stay.”

“Yes, pavilion master.”

Lu Zhou shifted his gaze away from Leng Luo and Pan Litian. He studied his other disciples.

When Zhu Honggong saw his master’s eyes on him, he bowed and said, “Master, I’ll always be at your beck and call!”

Zhu Tianyuan who was standing next to Zhu Honggong pulled his son aside and said, “In that case, I’ll go as well.”

Zhu Tianyuan had lost face throughout these few days. He no longer cared about what the others thought. All he wanted to do was to follow his son around.

Lu Zhou said, “Zhu Honggong, you’ll stay here and look after the Divine Capital.”

“Huh?”

“You’re not willing?”

“No, no, no... Of course, I am!” Zhu Honggong kowtowed loudly.

The four Evil Sky Pavilion elders were giving him a thumbs-up in their minds.

‘The pavilion master’s move is brilliant!’

With Zhu Honggong here, Zhu Tianyuan would also be restricted to this place.

Zhu Tianyuan and the Ancient Saint Cult were equivalent to an Eight-leaf cultivator. They would be able to hold the fort in case of an attack.

After assigning the different tasks to the different people, Lu Zhou said, “Send word to Si Wuya. Tell him to send the cloud-splitting chariot over.”

“Understood.”

Lu Zhou would bring the others with him.

The Nine Provinces were already settled. It was time for him to search for the crystal. Pan Litian and Leng Luo had experience in the lands of the Other Tribes. They would be beneficial to him if he brought them along. His other disciples seemed to have grown much stronger as well. They could help him deal with some minor problems.

He had a feeling that some other secrets were contained within the memory crystal.

...

In the afternoon of the next day, the cloud-splitting chariot departed for the Evil Sky Pavilion from the palace.

At night, the flying chariot landed at the Evil Sky Pavilion and they rested for a day.



The next morning, the flying chariot departed again for Liang Province.

### **Chapter 625: A White Steed Flits Past a Crack**

On the city walls of Liang Province City.

Si Wuya stood by Jiang Aijian's side.

Jiang Aijian stood with slouching shoulders, making him look lazy. "Your thinking of driving a wedge between them was brilliant. Grand shaman Bazir has died. Have your men ever sent you false information? After all, the hearts of men are easily swayed..."

"There can't be false information... Did I tell you that I have only one source?" Si Wuya asked.

"..." Jiang Aijian gave him a thumbs-up.

Si Wuya had experienced many similar setbacks when he established Darknet many years ago. Naturally, he had devised his own countermeasures. With this, he was very confident in the precision of his information.

"However, Bazir's death was slightly too sudden. No signs of him were left on the site. My men don't have the ability to observe the past like the shamans," Si Wuya said.

"What are you worried about?"

"First, I'm worried that my Second Senior Brother might be in trouble. At the same time, I don't think there are many in this world who can harm my Second Senior Brother. Second, the longer this drags on, we'll be at a disadvantage. Roulians worship the wolf king. Severing the lotus is beneficial to them," Si Wuya said.

"We'll deal with them when they come... There's no need to fear them."

As soon as Jiang Aijian finished speaking, a soldier shouted from the top of the city walls. "A flying chariot is approaching!"

Si Wuya turned around to look at the flying chariot. When he turned back, Jiang Aijian had already disappeared.

Jiang Aijian had already leaped off the city wall and vanished into the crowd below.

Si Wuya shook his head helplessly... He had witnessed Jiang Aijian's skills firsthand during the time they spent together. He knew Jiang Aijian was someone who would try to avoid involving himself in matters that did not concern him.

When Si Wuya saw the long tail behind the flying chariot, he knew it was the Evil Sky Pavilion's sky-splitting chariot. Therefore, he ordered, "Welcome the flying chariot."

When the cloud-splitting chariot reached Liang Province City, the cultivators and civilians in the city looked up.

In the General's Mansion, many cultivators took flight and formed a square formation in the air as they waited for the flying chariot to approach.

Some with keener eyesight recognized the cloud-splitting chariot right away. They exclaimed in surprise.

“Wonderful! It’s the Evil Sky Pavilion’s cloud-splitting chariot!”

“With the Evil Sky Pavilion looking after things in Liang Province, there’s nothing to worry about!”

The civilians leaped in joy.

In the past, nobody would imagine that the civilians would welcome the force from the Fiend Path. People knew now there were righteous people on the Fiend Path as well.

As Yu Zhenghai’s helper, Si Wuya knew what kind of sect Yu Zhenghai wanted to build. He had been instructing his members to keep the people close to their hearts. It was easy to conquer the country but difficult to defend it. Since they took over the Divine Capital, the Nether Sect had decided that it would no longer be the Nether Sect of the past.

...

Inside the General’s Mansion.

Lu Zhou took a seat as soon as he entered the General’s Mansion. He waved his hand dismissively when he saw the others were about to salute him. “No need.”

Si Wuya asked, “Master, I thought you were planning to look after things in the Divine Capital. What brings you to Liang Province?” In his opinion, there would not be a problem with him looking after Liang Province. Moreover, the Penglai Sect, the Blossom Faction, the Ten Thousand Poison Sect, the Fiend Temple, and other forces were stationed here as well.

Lu Zhou looked at Si Wuya and said, “I’ve read your letters. What’s the current situation in Liang Province?”

Si Wuya explained Liang Province’s circumstances to his master. Under his arrangements, Liang Province was making measured advances while maintaining a firm defense. He was exceptionally skilled at keeping spies out. Using his talent in research, he had assigned a unique number to everyone in Liang Province.

When Lu Zhou heard this, he was reminded about personal identification numbers in the modern world. ‘This disciple of mine can actually be compared to the Luo woman.’

After listening to his explanations, Lu Zhou nodded. Everything was stable. Karol had no opening to exploit.

Lu Zhou continued with another question. “Do your sources in Lou Lan know where Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai are?”

Si Wuya shook his head. “I’ve sent my men to search for them over the past few days... I’ve lost many of them in the process. For now, I haven’t got any clue.”

Pan Litian said, “I’ve crossed Heaven’s Moat before. On the northern side of the mountains, there’s a 100,000-foot-deep abyss about five miles to the west. Did you send your men there?”

Si Wuya nodded. "The abyss is in the territory of the Roulians. My men can't investigate there easily... but I've sent some of them there. They're heading north, skirting around Heaven's Moat, to investigate it."

When Lu Zhou heard this, he ordered, "Do all you can to search for Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai."

"Yes, master!"

"Understood!"

With that, the Evil Sky Pavilion continued searching for Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai. They started their search from Great Yan toward the eastern side of Heaven's Moat. They sent cultivators to sneak behind the Roulians. Then, they sent more cultivators to skirt around Heaven's Moat due north and investigate things there.

...

Time passed by in the blink of an eye, before they knew it, a month had passed.

Throughout this month, the Evil Sky Pavilion used various methods and even employed various agents to infiltrate the enemy's campground.

They had also sent cultivators to infiltrate Lou Lan's ancient city and Rouli's royal capital. They wanted to find information about Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai's whereabouts. Unfortunately, their efforts were in vain.

...

Inside the General's Mansion.

Si Wuya and the other disciples lowered their heads. They dared not speak.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he studied them.

Throughout the past month, Pan Litian, Leng Luo, Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Little Yuan'er, Conch, the Penglai Sect, the Ten Thousand Poison Sect, the Blossom Faction, the Fiend Sect, and the other cultivators did not manage to locate Yu Shangrong and Yu Zhenghai at all. They did not even see the duo's shadows.

The investigation had hit a wall.

After a long pause, Si Wuya was the first to break the silence. He said, "Master, I have something to say."

"Let's hear it."

"We've searched the eastern and western sides of Heaven's Moat, and we found nothing. The allied army of Rouli and Lou Lan is stationed to the east, but my agents reported that they didn't see Eldest Senior Brother or Second Senior Brother. The ancient city of Lou Lan and Rouli's royal capital are too far away. It's not very convenient to transmit information over such distances. It's also not efficient to travel back and forth even if we're to send someone there. If something did happen to Eldest Senior

Brother and Second Senior Brother, especially if they're being hidden, I'm afraid we won't be able to find them easily," Si Wuya said.

"This isn't like you..." Lu Zhou said. Was Si Wuya not very confident before?

Si Wuya fell to one knee and said, "I know I'm in the wrong, master! If I'd known, I'd have gone to fetch Second Senior Brother myself! I'm willing to accept any punishment!"

Jiang Aijian said, "Si Wuya can't be blamed for this, Senior Ji. The people of Lou Lan are skilled in witchcraft. His agents are low-rank cultivators. The information they can obtain is limited. That Karol is also a slippery one. My own agents had been exposed in less than three days. They had to flee for their lives."

They could not summon their avatars, but it was difficult for a Great Yan cultivator not to summon their avatars if they were attacked. This was even more true if they had weak cultivation bases.

Pan Litian wondered out loud, "Could they have fallen into the abyss?"

The others looked at Pan Litian at once.

Si Wuya said, "That's possible. However, that abyss seems bottomless. Those who fall in there will die. Even Eight-leaf cultivators won't recklessly jump in. Moreover, it's in the territory of the Roulians. Our men can hardly get in."

At this moment, Mingshi Yin said, "Master, I don't think there's anything they can do to Second Senior Brother and Eldest Senior Brother."

"Go on." Lu Zhou looked at Mingshi Yin, Old Fourth.

Mingshi Yin said, "You've all forgotten about Ji Liang."

The others smiled, hopeful.

Under normal circumstances, their enemies should have had a hard time catching up to them since they had Ji Liang. However, it was strange that they had not returned.

"Ji Liang understands our speech. If it comes back, we can surely ask it about what happened," Mingshi Yin said.

Lu Zhou nodded. Old Fourth never let him down.

Then, Lu Zhou tried to summon Ji Liang. He called out several times. However, there was no reply. Usually, a mount would acknowledge its master like how a weapon would acknowledge its owner. There would be a unique tie between mount and master.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. He closed his eyes and moved his ears. He extended his power of hearing throughout Liang Province City.

Power of speech.

"Ji Liang."

...

Meanwhile,

Ji Liang stopped halfway between Heaven's Moat and the quagmire. It hovered in midair. It had been diligently traveling back and forth between Heaven's Moat and the quagmire until it heard the call of its master.

Neigh!

Ji Liang looked up. It no longer headed for the quagmire. Instead, it turned back to Heaven's Moat and sped toward Great Yan.

### **Chapter 626: Breaking the Spell with a Single Palm Strike**

Outside the forest west of Heaven's Moat, the Lou Lan border campground mourning the death of General Bazir.

Many Lou Lan cultivators were attracted by Ji Liang's bright and crisp call. They looked up at the sky...

Above the towering trees, Ji Liang's hooves shone with light as it galloped in the sky.

"It's the Sword Devil's steed! Catch it!"

The witchcraft cultivators with keen sight recognized Ji Liang immediately.

This was the very horse that led them on a wild goose chase.

The death of the hero of the border, General Bazir, was connected to the master of this horse.

For a time, many witchcraft cultivators gathered together. They had strength in numbers. There did not seem to be a high requirement for courage to face a single horse.

Hundreds of witchcraft cultivators flew at full speed toward Heaven's Moat from the campground.

At the same time, a large number of Roulians and Lou Lan nationals were stationed at the foothills on the eastern side of Heaven's Moat.

The Lou Lan cultivators took flight and tried to surround Ji Liang.

They rose higher at the same time.

The witchcraft cultivators in the west formed a line that pushed forward while the witchcraft cultivators in the east formed a straight line as well.

With this, Ji Liang would eventually run into the Lou Lan cultivators, no matter how fast it traveled.

Neigh!

Ji Liang noticed the abnormality. It raised its hooves and stopped in midair. It saw the witchcraft cultivators blocking its way. Every cultivator held a purple orb in their hands. They were clad in purple hooded cloaks. Purple gas slowly flowed out of their palms. The purple spheres in their hands seemed to be connected by a purple chain.

The witchcraft cultivators behind Ji Liang did the same.

They had the horse in a pincer attack. It seemed that the beast had nowhere to run to now.

Ji Liang was extremely intelligent. It made a swift judgment about its current situation and made a shocking move. It chose to rise higher in the sky. It looked up as it maintained its standing posture, hooves clopping away.

“It’s no wonder Great Yan’s Sword Devil managed to reach Rouli from the heartlands of Lou Lan... What a rare and wonderful steed.”

“We must capture it no matter what. If we can tame it, we can make it work for us. If we can’t tame it, we’ll just kill it!”

“Roger!”

The shamans rose higher into the sky.

Two rows of cultivators followed Ji Liang in its ascent.

Two clouds of purple gas rose as well. They looked like purple sky curtains. It was a magnificent sight.

Ji Liang was not flustered. It reached the highest point of Heaven’s Moat with its legendary speed.

This was not the southern part of Heaven’s Moat. It seemed to know that it could not shake off the witchcraft cultivators at this altitude. Hence, it chose to climb further up. When it had reached the altitude it deemed suitable, the air thinned considerably and Primal Qi was scarce. It was stifling, constricting, and difficult to breathe. It stopped climbing up and flew straight ahead...

“We can’t go any higher! Primal Qi is too scarce here!”

If they went up further, they would not have access to Primal Qi. Without Primal Qi, cultivators were only slightly sturdier than mortals. It was the same for witchcraft cultivators.

Ji Liang did not seem to be affected by this... It continued its flight. Shortly after, its trail drew an arc in the skies as it crossed over the barricade of witchcraft cultivators.

“Stop it!”

“Attack!”

The row of witchcraft cultivators tossed their purple orbs out.

A row of purple witchcraft circles was launched into the air.

Ji Liang nimbly dodged and flew higher.

Neigh!

The rare and precious horse had to control its altitude at this moment. Its eyes shone with a golden light as though they were burning. It advanced courageously. It only had one destination at this moment: Great Yan.

Swoosh!

Ji Liang crossed Heaven’s Moat despite the witchcraft cultivators’ effort to stop it.

At its altitude, it was easy for Ji Liang to cross Heaven's Moat.

Above Heaven's Moat, a snowstorm raged on.

Roaring wind rang in Ji Liang's ears, and its vision was obscured by flecks of white snow.

The Lou Lan shamans adjusted their positions and pursued the horse.

"After it!"

"We can't let it get away!"

"We must avenge Lord Bazir!"

"Revenge!"

Their hatred soared.

General Bazir was a grand shaman. In the eyes of Lou Lan's witchcraft cultivators, he was a hero akin to a god.

The hundreds of cultivators gave chase in a square formation. They worked together well. They knew that Ji Liang was swift. Hence, they cast different spells that complemented each other. They advanced in a pointed formation. With their collective spells, their speed was on par with Ji Liang for a moment!

...

Meanwhile, the Roulians looked at the sky from their campground.

General Karol was also intrigued by this huge commotion. He rose into the air and looked at the pursuing group of witchcraft cultivators in the distance. Shortly after, he sighed. "Although I don't see eye to eye with Bazir and our tempers aren't the best fit for each other, I do respect and admire his character. The sheer number of people willing to avenge him is a testament to his charisma. I've lost to him in this sense."

The moment he finished speaking, a subordinate beside him bowed and said, "General, before Bazir died, he personally led a team that pushed the Sword Devil to the lands of Rouli. His objective was to frame you for the Sword Devil's death to sow discord between Rouli and the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"Is that so?" Karol frowned.

"You may investigate this, general. He also said... that Lou Lan doesn't need a... a..." the subordinate stammered, unsure if he should finish his sentence.

"Just say it. I won't punish you!"

"A 'piece of trash' like you. He can kill Yu Shangrong on his own."

Karol's eyes narrowed when he heard these words. Flames of anger seemed to dance in his eyes at this moment. He scoffed. "He deserves to die then."

After saying this, he descended.

The subordinate followed suit. He had spoken the truth. Even if it were not, the dead could tell no tales.

...

The group of witchcraft cultivators pursued Ji Liang wildly.

Perhaps, it had made too many trips between Heaven's Moat and the quagmire, and also due to the precarious altitude, Ji Liang's speed was slightly slower than usual.

"Kill it!"

"It won't last!"

Many witchcraft cultivators noticed Ji Liang's decreased speed. They poured more of their power into their spells. Their streamlined formation instantly sped up.

Neigh!

Ji Liang continued galloping. It crossed the mountains, the rivers, and the forests.

"Take it down!"

"Understood!"

The witchcraft cultivators channeled their witchcraft power forward. The purple gas converged before their formation. Then, a purple bow and arrow materialized in the hands of the person in the lead.

"Livestock! Let's see where you can run off to now!" He let his fingers go and the arrow sailed in the air.

Bam!

It was breathtaking to see them pitch their spells together in this manner.

The arrow seemed sure to hit its target.

Neigh!

Ji Liang raised its hooves. The arrow was almost upon it.

The others were certain the arrow was about to land when...

Whizz!

There was a resonance in the air.

"Who dares to attack my horse?!"

A figure appeared behind Ji Liang with a palm raised before himself. His fingers were shining blue as he caught the witchcraft arrow with one hand. He looked old, but his eyes were lively.

The witchcraft cultivators from Lou Lan did not expect anyone to be capable of pulling off such a dangerous move. Their expressions changed. If they did not know better, they would have thought they were hallucinating. They were smart so they knew how to differentiate between illusion and reality. The seemingly meek old man who caught the arrow was real.

"Oh, no, we've gone too far... Get ready to retreat!"



They suddenly realized that they had unknowingly entered Great Yan's territory, too preoccupied with the chase.

"Mhm, calm down. Great Yan cultivators are our enemies to begin with. Maintain the formation and retreat to the campground."

"That arrow will keep him busy. Fall back!"

At the same time, they saw the old man who caught the arrow pushed his palm forward.

Boom!

The power gathered from hundreds of cultivators that manifested in the form of the purple arrow was shattered by a blue palm seal. The blue palm seal dispersed the purple witchcraft before flying toward the witchcraft cultivator.

The shaman at the lead felt his hairs standing on end. He roared, "Block!"

### **Chapter 627: Clear the Obstacles**

They thought that the witchcraft arrow was unparalleled. And yet, before the old man who suddenly appeared, it was unbelievably fragile.

The blue palm seal exceeded their expectations.

The hundreds of cultivators struck with their palms again. The witchcraft purple orbs shot forward again.

Alas, the blue palm seal advanced unimpeded, destroying the purple orbs.

The witchcraft cultivator at the lead widened his eyes in shock. He looked at the huge palm seal incredulously. He wanted to retreat and leave their formation, but it was already too late.

Boom!

The palm seal struck the shaman.

The others behind the shaman looked up. They saw the palm seal hitting the shaman as though it was swatting a fly.

Brain matter rained down. The shaman was immediately crushed into a meat patty!

The witchcraft cultivators in the palm seal's path were injured and dropped to the ground. Even those who were lightly grazed by the palm seal were not spared.

The others scattered like a platter of loose sand.

This palm strike took out close to 100 individuals!

The dense formation caused them to pay a heavy price.

They rearranged themselves and looked up as they hovered in the air.

The old man above them was looking down at them with an almighty air as he leisurely stroked his beard.

They were filled with fear, wondering about the old man's identity when they saw many cultivators appearing behind the old man in a row. "Fall back!"

Lu Zhou said, "Take them down."

"Alright! I'll go first..." Mingshi Yin was the first to jump into action. He dove at the enemies at lightning speed.

Soon after, Pan Litian, Leng Luo, Little Yuan'er, and Duanmu Sheng followed suit.

Conch stayed by Lu Zhou's side. She dared not attack since she did not know how to fight.

The witchcraft cultivators were like a platter of loose sand. They were not a match for these people.

Miserable cries rang in the air as the witchcraft cultivators plummeted from the skies.

In less than 15 minutes, all the shamans were taken down. Most of them were dead. The captives numbered less than 100.

"Lock them up in Liang Province's prison. Seal their cultivation bases," Lu Zhou ordered.

"Understood!"

At this moment, Lu Zhou waved at Ji Liang.

Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!

Ji Liang obediently flew to Lu Zhou's side. Despite being clearly exhausted, both physically and mentally, it seemed happy to return to its master's side.

Lu Zhou looked at Conch and said, "Ask Ji Liang the questions that I have..."

"Mhm." Conch walked up to the horse. She directed the questions to it.

Ji Liang merely neighed. Sometimes, its neigh was long, sometimes, it was short.

Although the others could not understand what was said, the girl and the horse did seem like they were having a conversation. Conch was even laughing.

"What did it say?" Lu Zhou asked. 'To think that I need someone else to communicate with my own horse. This is awkward.'

Conch said, "Master... It said that it brought Second Senior Brother to a place far away... But there were many who wanted to capture them. Hence, Ji Liang drew the enemies away and was separated from Second Senior Brother."

Lu Zhou asked, "Does it know where Yu Shangrong is?"

"It said that Second Senior Brother was still guarding the quagmire when it drew the enemies away. When it went back to look for him, he was no longer there. It doesn't know where Second Senior Brother went."

"It doesn't know?" Lu Zhou frowned.

Conch said, "But, it said that it knows how to find him. It's just that it doesn't want to tell me."

"..."

No wonder that Conch laughed. Ji Liang knew how to withhold information as well?

Lu Zhou looked at Ji Liang and said, "If you don't tell Conch, how am I supposed to save that rascal? Can your conscience live with it if that rascal dies?"

Neigh! Neigh! Neigh!

"It said that it doesn't have a conscience."

"..." Lu Zhou frowned and said in a low voice, "Impudent!" The soundwave was quite powerful when he reprimanded Ji Liang.

Conch and Ji Liang started.

Ji Liang huffed before it neighed.

The others, naturally, could not understand it.

Conch said, "It said that Bi An can find Second Senior Brother. Bi An can follow his scent!"

Bi An?

"Ji Liang doesn't like the big guy, Bi An."

There could not be two tigers on a mountain, unless they were of different sexes. On top of that, these two were different species.

Lu Zhou nodded and waved his sleeve.

Ji Liang sped toward the forest of Liang Province, searching for a resting place.

When Ji Liang was gone, Bi An arrived.

At this moment, Si Wuya said, "Ji Liang's proposal of tracking down Second Senior Brother by his scent is a good idea... but... the Roulians and the people of Lou Lan stationed many of their soldiers east of Heaven's Moat. They're our greatest obstacle in our quest to cross Heaven's Moat."

"In that case, we'll clear the obstacles."

...

In the Lou Lan campground.

The hundreds of shamans had not returned, and the others were beginning to worry.

Two generals were pacing outside a tent.

"General, this is bad... The 300 shamans are all gone!"

"They're defeated?"

The general was meant to replace Bazir. When he heard this, his old face fell. He ordered, "Retreat! Now!"

Lou Lan's army retreated from the east of Heaven's Moat in less than an hour. They traveled north and returned to the west of Heaven's Moat through Rouli.

...

Inside Karol's campground.

"General, we've received a report that Lou Lan's 300 shamans had given chase too far in and are completely annihilated!"

When he heard this, General Karol was not shocked. Instead, he guffawed and said, "They deserve it... Even Bazir didn't dare to venture too far into enemy lands. Them?"

"The rest has pulled back from Heaven's Moat!"

"They retreated?" Karol was shocked.

At this moment, a subordinate came running in and said, "General, this is bad! Great Yan's Liang Province's garrison general is challenging you outside the campground!"

Karol frowned. "How audacious! They should be grateful I didn't challenge them. How dare they challenge me?! I'll go out and meet them!"

Karol walked out of the tent. Before he exited the tent, he could already hear the sounds of battle drums in the distance. This meant the Roulian campground was boosting up the morale of its troops. He walked out with an imposing and impressive air.

When he stepped out of the campground, his four deputy generals bowed at the same time. "General."

"What's the situation?"

"Someone's challenging you."

"Open the gates! We'll ride out to meet them!"

"Understood!"

They opened the crude gates.

Karol and his four deputies leaped on their warhorses and headed for the frontlines.

"Today shall be the day where I slay Great Yan!"

"We'll follow you to our deaths, general!"

From the western campground, they sped eastward with the sun behind their backs.

The hooves of the warhorses stirred up clouds of dust.

...

The frontlines.

Up to 10,000 Roulians wielded spears and rushed forth in groups.

Yet, the group standing before them numbered less than 100.

“Master, the provocation worked.” Si Wuya walked up to Lu Zhou.

“Good.” Lu Zhou stroked his beard while the other hand rested on his back. His eyes were fierce as he looked ahead.

The 10,000 Roulian warriors waited as they face their enemies.

“Great Yan’s greatest elite?! You think that you can face my 1,000,000-men army? That dog of a Great Yan strategist, Si Wuya, come out!”

“General Karol will be here shortly. I advise you to surrender now!” Another officer from the other side taunted from the back.

At this moment, a Roulian soldier ran to the front. He bowed and said, “General Karol is here!”

The 10,000 Roulian soldiers cleared a path immediately.

From afar, General Karol spurred his steed forward as he advanced to the frontlines, leaving clouds of dust behind him.

The Roulian soldiers fell to one knee. “Welcome, General Karol!”

“Welcome, General Karol!”

Rouli’s war god had arrived!

## **Chapter 628: Die**

The Roulian warriors and cultivators looked at their war god, Karol, with admiring looks in their eyes.

Karol and his four deputies arrived in an imposing and impressive manner.

Neigh!

The horses stopped and raised their hooves.

Karol and his four deputies alighted from their steeds.

Karol looked ahead and saw the insignificant group of people in front of him.

“General, the old man is the one who wants to challenge you.” A subordinate pointed at an old man who was stroking his beard and had a hand on his back.

Karol projected his voice and said, “Challenger, what’s your name?”

Lu Zhou did not deign to reply to him. Instead, he waved his sleeve.

Si Wuya understood and stepped forward. He calmly said, “General Karol, your reputation precedes you.”

Karol's gaze fell on Si Wuya. He saw the Peacock Plume in Si Wuya's hand. This matched the information he had. Hence, he said, "The Evil Sky Pavilion's seventh disciple. Si Wuya. You're the strategist in Liang Province?"

"I won't call myself a strategist. I'm just slightly witty," Si Wuya said with a smile.

"I'm afraid you're the only one under the heavens who can come up with the method of controlling the masses by assigning numbers to them."

"You flatter me."

Karol looked at the few individuals behind Si Wuya. He shifted his gaze back to Si Wuya and asked, "We're at war, and you merely brought 100 men here to challenge us. Si Wuya, who gave you the courage?"

Si Wuya said, "What matters is the quality of your soldiers, not the quantity. A millennium ago, the southwestern king, Sword Saint Zhong Lida, guarded the border on his own. Yet, even the 100,000-strong Lou Lan army dared not take a single step forward. What's more, we have 100 men here."

Karol said disapprovingly, "I'll have to correct you on two points. First, you're not the southwestern king, Zhong Lida. Second, the times are different. Rouli isn't what it was before."

Si Wuya nodded. "You're right. I completely agree... Indeed, I'm not Zhong Lida, but Great Yan isn't the Great Yan of the past as well."

"It's meaningless to exchange words." Karol looked at the people behind Si Wuya dismissively. "Since you've presented your heads on a platter, it'd be rude for me to not accept them. Let's begin!"

The Roulian warriors behind him spread out. With a single order from General Karol, they would charge forward without fear of death.

Karol raised his voice and coldly said, "I've always been direct with my words... Forgive me for being blunt... Aside from your master, I don't think much of any of you. You don't have the right to be my opponent." He waved his arm.

His four deputies rode out from behind him.

This meant that they would take the simplest form of battle, a general's duel.

When two armies faced off, the duel between their generals would be called a general's duel. Each army would choose one capable general to fight.

Si Wuya shook his head and said in a clear voice, "My master has said that a battle can be avoided."

"Hm?"

"My master has always been merciful. He doesn't wish to see the blood of the people flowing into a river, even if it's Roulians. Hence... if you alight from your horse and surrender while the others retreat, my master will surely be kind and only punish you lightly."

Upon hearing these words, Karol's four deputies laughed uproariously as though they had heard the funniest joke in the world. suddenly broke into a maniacal laugh.

However, Si Wuya's expression was solemn.

Similarly, the Evil Sky Pavilion members' expressions were solemn.

What was there to laugh about when they had a Nine-leaf cultivator among their ranks? This was clearly a serious matter.

Karol said, "Everyone knows that you're cunning."

"I'm a disciple of the Evil Sky Pavilion. I will never lie in front of my master... My master is standing behind me."

As soon as Si Wuya finished speaking, the laughter of the four deputies stopped abruptly. They looked behind Si Wuya at the same time, alarmed.

However, Karol said, "Don't think you can fool me. Your master is taking charge at the Divine Capital, he can't possibly leave... You've found a person who resembles him to challenge me here. Do you think I'll fall for that?"

In a war, psychological warfare often played a prominent role. The more real it seemed, the greater the likelihood it was fake.

Alas, Si Wuya was truly not playing mind games right now. He shrugged helplessly. "Karol, do you think a Nine-leaf cultivator needs to resort to petty tricks?"

At this moment, one of the deputies said, "Si Wuya, do you really think that General Karol is all brawn but no brains? I'll answer that question of yours." He took two steps forward before he continued to say in a loud voice, "It's only natural for the Nine-leaf cultivator to stay in the Divine Capital... I'm not afraid to tell you this... As soon as the Nine-leaf cultivator leaves the Divine Capital, there will surely be Eight-leaf cultivators sneaking into the Imperial city to kill everyone there. Before this, the Divine Capital was guarded by the eight great generals and that dog of an emperor, how could the Nine-leaf cultivator dare to leave? In any case, if there really is a Nine-leaf cultivator here, all he has to do is to summon his avatar. We will surely retreat. There's no need to waste so many words." His words that were laced with Primal Qi traveled far, reaching the people at the back as well.

Mingshi Yin turned and said, "Master, show them your avatar. Let's scare them witless!"

The others looked at Lu Zhou as well. They were looking at him expectantly, waiting for him to summon his avatar.

In a war, the best scenario was one where they could break the spirits of their enemies without actually fighting.

Lu Zhou glanced at Mingshi Yin from the corners of his eyes. 'Is this rascal starting to forget his place just because things have been going smoothly for him recently? I'm down to my last Disguise Card. Even if I use it, it won't be because you told me to. Do you take me as a joke?'

Mingshi Yin instantly knew what his master's look meant. He hastily turned around and shouted, "Bullsh\*t! Who do you think you are to witness my master's avatar? Master, I request for permission to fight!"

Lu Zhou said nothing. He merely waved his sleeve.

Mingshi Yin leaped out after he obtained his master's permission.

The minds of men were strange. The more one acted like this, the more they would think one was lying!

The deputy general guffawed. "Are you infuriated from the shame of being exposed? General, I request for permission to engage in battle."

"Go! Make it quick."

"Understood!" The first deputy charged forward.

Si Wuya shook his head helplessly and stepped aside. He had done his best to negotiate.

Lu Zhou could have made a move. However, if there really was a 1,000,000-men army on the other side of Heaven's Moat, how could he wipe them out? That would take too much extraordinary power. The better way to go about this was to take out their leader. That was how wars were fought.

The deputy was halfway into the battleground when he pushed away lightly from the ground and launched himself into the air. He advanced to meet Mingshi Yin in the air.

Whizz!

Mingshi Yin summoned his avatar! A Two-leaf Golden Lotus spun in the air.

When he saw the Two-leaf Golden Lotus, the deputy scoffed and jeered. "That's it? I'll take you out with one strike!" He folded his palms together. An ax-shaped energy seal shot toward Mingshi Yin.

With the agility increase from his Two-leaf Golden Lotus, Mingshi Yin held his Separation Hook in a backhand grip and pressed forward. He slashed at the shining golden ax.

Karol shouted, "Don't underestimate your opponent!"

The deputy understood. He said gruffly, "I know you're concealing your strength! Die!"

The ax suddenly enlarged to thrice its original size.

At the same time, the wolf king's arms appeared on the deputy's arms. The avatar merged with him instantly.

There was no Golden Lotus!

Mingshi Yin was surprised. He continued swinging his Separation Hook.

"Fourth brother!"

"Mister Fourth!"

Bam!

The Separation Hook drew across the ax!

At the same time, the ax moved toward Mingshi Yin's avatar.



The two of them shot past each other in just an instant!

A crisp sound rang in the air. Who managed to land a blow?

The two opponents' backs faced each other.

The battle had ended with a single strike.

Everyone's eyes were trained on the two opponents, waiting for the outcome.

Who won?

Mingshi Yin did not move. His back was still turned on the Roulian deputy general.

The Roulian deputy general turned around and laughed. "You think you can defeat me? What a joke!" He turned around. His wolf king avatar disappeared.

"Fourth Senior Brother!" Si Wuya cried out.

Si Wuya was about to step in when a cracking sound rang in the air when the deputy general took two steps forward. Soon enough, his cracked armor fell to the ground.

"Hm?"

Blood gushed out from a wound!

"You!" The Roulian deputy general raised his arms and looked at Mingshi Yin's shoulders.

Mingshi Yin wiped his Separation Hook with his sleeve.

From the Roulian deputy general's viewpoint as he dropped forward, he could see a miniature Golden Lotus in Mingshi Yin's sleeve. It only lasted a second since Mingshi Yin had suppressed it. He did not know the exact height or the exact number of leaves, but he was sure there were, at least, six leaves! Soon after, a gurgling sound rang in the air as blood continued to surge out from the wound on his throat, and he fell forward on the ground.

Thud!

The Roulian deputy general was no longer breathing.

Mingshi Yin cleaned his Separation Hook. He looked up and said tonelessly, "Next..."

### **Chapter 629: Amaze the Others with a Single Brilliant Move**

"Joli!" Karol cried out in a hoarse voice.

The deputy general lay unmoving on the ground, clearly dead. Blood continued to gush from the wound on his throat.

This was enough proof that the brave deputy general who was skilled and experienced in battles had his throat slashed with a single strike.

A single strike!

The three remaining Roulian deputy generals stared at Mingshi Yin with flames of fury dancing in their eyes.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion who had been worried earlier were relieved when they saw this.

“That was amazing, Fourth Senior Brother!” Little Yuan’er clapped her hands.

Conch chimed in, “I thought Fourth Senior Brother was going to die... That was scary.”

Mingshi Yin. “???”

‘That sounded wrong. I think she has been influenced by Ninth Junior Sister.’

Pan Litian said, “Actually, I knew Mingshi Yin would most likely win from the start.”

Leng Luo said, “The waves behind drive the ones before. We’re getting old! The younger generation will one day surpass us for sure.”

This time, the duo did not argue. It was a rare moment for them to reach a consensus.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard calmly. He looked at Mingshi Yin’s back. ‘Just how much of his actual strength did this rascal hide?’

The technique moments ago seemed simple, but it was extremely dangerous... With Mingshi Yin’s personality, he would never bet with such a skill. He would have died if he had been slightly careless. In other words, Mingshi Yin was very confident. It was likely that he had already reached the Seven-leaf stage.

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. Mingshi Yin had been the disciple he liked the least when he first transmigrated over. However, he found Mingshi Yin growing more and more to his liking now.

,000 merit points were credited to Lu Zhou.

Mingshi Yin looked at the remaining three deputy generals. He said in an unconcerned tone, “I said next. What are you waiting for?”

“Requesting permission to engage in battle!”

“Requesting permission to engage in battle!”

“Requesting permission to engage in battle!”

The remaining three deputy generals cupped their fists and spoke in unison.

Karol studied Mingshi Yin before he said, “Stand down.”

“General?”

“I said, stand down!”

The three of them sighed heavily and retreated, clearly unwilling.

Karol brought his steed forward. He looked at Joli’s corpse on the ground indifferently and said, “Take him back. Bury him with Rouli’s greatest ceremony.”

“Understood!”

“Wait.” Mingshi Yin raised a hand.

“You’re going to stop us?” Karol was puzzled.

“No, no, no...” Mingshi Yin waved his hands. “There’s no need to drag him away right now. I meant you should wait. With that, you’ll only have to make a single trip, regardless of the number of corpses.”

Karol frowned slightly. His instincts told him that this person was much more difficult to deal with compared to Si Wuya. Perhaps, he had grown accustomed to Si Wuya’s various tricks after dealing with Si Wuya for so long, he felt a sense of foreboding now that he had to deal with someone new. However, he did not wear his heart on his sleeve. Instead, he said, “You?”

“Oh, no... A piece of trash like me isn’t capable of pulling that off...” Mingshi Yin pointed behind him with his thumb. He was pointing at Lu Zhou.

Karol looked behind him and shouted, “Even if Old Villain Ji were here, he wouldn’t be so bold as to act so recklessly!” He pushed away from his steed and leaped into the air. He wasted no time in unleashing a burst of energy.

Boom!

When he landed, the airwave rolled out in a radiant circle.

Mingshi Yin, clearly unimpressed, said, “That’s a wonderful entry... I mean, it’s flashy, but ultimately, useless...”

“Since you chose to have a generals’ duel, we’ll duel like this. We can each cut our losses like this. If I lose... Rouli loses. If I win, Great Yan will submit. Do you dare to make the wager?” Karol placed his hands on his back as he looked at Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin’s gaze turned fierce. He was confident he would be able to take down the four deputy generals. However, the main general was no pushover. Since the dawn of the lotus-severing era, no one had seen Karol make a move. This meant that nobody knew what Karol’s cultivation base was. In the end, he shamelessly replied, “I don’t.”

“...”

How vexing! Flames of fury rose in Karol’s heart. However, he maintained a general’s appearance, keeping his calm and arrogant front.

Mingshi Yin said, “Did you catch your head in a door or something? My master’s behind me. Why should I wager with you? If I agree to it, I’d be a fool. You’re looking down on my intelligence. I feel that... you don’t have the right to fight with me.” After saying this, he turned around and left.

“...”

“You’re making this unnecessarily complicated!” Karol struck.

Naturally, the other deputy generals wished that Karol would make his move as well. That way, they would not have to wait anymore. There were already Eight-leaf cultivators lying in wait outside the

Divine Capital. There was only one Old Villain Ji... No matter how they went about it, Rouli would benefit from this situation!

Boom!

Karol stomped his foot on the ground and leaped into the air to strike Mingshi Yin. He pushed both palms forward, launching an oval energy seal.

Mingshi Yin leaped into the air. At the same time, he launched several palm seals in the air. However, the oval energy seal seemed to be locked onto him. It adjusted its direction immediately and continued shooting toward him.

Mingshi Yin descended. He raised his arms, forming a thick energy seal to defend himself.

Bam!

Mingshi Yin slid backward. His palm seals struck Karol's protective energy seal as well.

Karol took a step backward. He said, "No wonder you're so confident... Since you can withstand this strike of mine, you must have a Seven-leaf cultivation base."

"Wow, I'm exposed! Alright... I'll give up on hiding then!" Mingshi Yin advanced instead of retreating. He stepped forward and held his Separation Hook in a backhand grip as he sped toward his opponent.

Karol scoffed. "You have a death wish." He spread his arms. An oval energy seal zone surrounded him immediately.

When Mingshi Yin was almost upon Karol...

Whoosh!

Mingshi Yin disappeared out of sight. In the next second, he appeared behind Karol's energy seal; his Separation Hook was gleaming coldly in his hand!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Mingshi Yin moved at top speed. Only a flurry of dazzling movements could be seen as he struck relentlessly at the layer of energy.

Karol glanced at Mingshi Yin and scoffed. "Is that all?"

"I'm sorry, but you've underestimated your opponent!"

Whizz!

A Seven-leaf avatar appeared!

Boom!

The Separation Hook shone with a blinding light at this moment. Compared to this, all his previous moves seemed superficial. The Separation Hook instantly sliced through Karol's protective energy like a hot knife through butter and moved down on Karol's back.

Bam!

Karol's rich combat experience was apparent at this moment. He suddenly punched to the side.

This punch landed on Mingshi Yin's avatar.

Both of them slid backward half a step.

Karol turned to the side, avoiding the strike from Mingshi Yin's hook.

However, Mingshi Yin was not a weakling. His Separation Hook moved with great agility. It changed directions immediately and cut sideways.

Bam!

Karol staggered back.

Mingshi Yin moved backward as well. However, he was dropping.

"What a sturdy body." Mingshi Yin did not expect his heaven-grade weapon, the Separation Hook, was incapable of slicing Karol's body!

Karol looked down at the mark on his body. Soon enough, the pale mark faded away. However, there was now an opening on his armor. Technically, he was at a disadvantage after this exchange.

Pan Litian praised, "I didn't expect Mister Fourth to have such skills! I've truly underestimated him."

Leng Luo. "..."

'Since when did he start referring to Mingshi Yin as Mister Fourth?'

Karol looked down in the air. "I admire you... Alas, you must die." Then, he dove. His gaze showed that he was serious now.

It seemed likely that Mingshi Yin would suffer a great blow.

However, everyone had been greatly surprised by Mingshi. They wanted to see just how much of his strength he had concealed.

Lu Zhou shared the same thought as well. He stroked his beard as he watched Karol dove toward Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin summoned his avatar again.

A Seven-leaf Golden Lotus avatar rose into the air. Bluewood grew under it.

"Bluewood Heart Technique!"

"Spring Upon a Thousand Vines!"

This was Bluewood Heart Technique's grand technique.

In the past, Mingshi Yin had to be in a forest to increase his strength. However, Spring Upon a Thousand Vines could boost his strength without him having to be in a forest.

Lu Zhou did not expect Mingshi Yin to have mastered Spring Upon a Thousand Vines. Based on the way Mingshi Yin used the technique, it was likely that Mingshi Yin had mastered it some time ago.

Mingshi Yi swung his Separation Hook up.

At that moment, everyone felt that the Seven-leaf Mingshi Yin could kill the Eight-leaf Karol.

Awooooo!

Karol's avatar appeared! There was no lotus.

Karol merged with his avatar.

Bam!

After merging with the wolf king avatar, the silhouette of a wolf king shrouded Karol.

"Is that a new Roulian method of using the avatar?!" Si Wuya wondered out loud when he saw this. "No wonder Rouli wasn't attacking Liang Province before this. So, you've recultivated long ago!"

Bam!

Karol raised his hand and pressed down.

Before this, avatars were thought to be rigid, like statues that could fly. At most, it could be used as a battering ram. However, now, it could pull off many unbelievable moves.

The wolf king avatar was like a wild beast! It brought its claws down again!

Bam!

It struck Mingshi Yin's avatar.

Mingshi Yin dropped down half a meter!

After three claw strikes, Mingshi Yin frowned.

Karol had the upper hand here. He hovered in the air with his fists raised, effectively raising the wolf king avatar's paws as well! Then, he brought his fists down at the same time!

Mingshi Yin suddenly turned upside down! His avatar turned as well. The Golden Lotus was now facing up!

Boom!

The claws struck the Golden Lotus! Mingshi Yin managed to withstand the attack. He quickly retracted his avatar and descended. He fell into the bluewood pile.

Karol looked down at the bluewood pile. He said incredulously, "So tenacious?" His gaze became fierce as he dove toward the bluewood pile.

Crash!

At this moment, Mingshi Yin emerged from the bluewood pile noisily with the Separation Hook in his hand. He slashed at Karol. The miniature Seven-leaf avatar in his sleeve moved up as well.

Karol shouted, "Did you forget that I have lotus leaves as well?"

“Oh, no!” Mingshi Yin stopped his attack. His avatar expanded!

The wolf king tossed eight golden leaves into the air toward Mingshi Yin.

Bam!

When the first leaf hit Mingshi Yin’s avatar, he grunted as his blood essence surged.

“You’re powerful, but alas, it’s not enough.” Karol pushed his palms out. His avatar left his body. He charged toward Mingshi Yin with the remaining seven leaves. He wanted to take Mingshi Yin out with a single strike.

At the final moment, Lu Zhou tapped the ground with his feet and flew out!

“Pavilion master?”

“Did I miss the chance to perform?”

“How can we let the pavilion master do the hard work?”

Lu Zhou immediately activated his grand technique and appeared behind Mingshi Yin. He raised a palm.

The Fiend Monk’s Hand Seal!

Bam!

The hand seal caught the wolf king!

Karol frowned. He looked at the old man who suddenly appeared and said gruffly, “If you’re really Old Villain Ji, I’d like to experience the strength of a Nine-leaf cultivator here! If you’re not... I’m sorry, but today will be the day of your death!”

Karol flew forward.

“You’re formidable, general!”

The Roulians were riled up. They were excited.

Lu Zhou’s deep-set eyes watch as Karol sped toward him. He struck again with his Fiend’s Monk Hand Seal.

Boom!

The wolf king flew up. The higher the wolf king was, the greater its momentum as it dove.

‘Could it be... that the human cultivator has forgotten this?’ Karol scoffed. “Is that all?” He felt that the Fiend Monk’s Hand Seal merely contained the power of a Six-leaf cultivator. After his avatar was freed, his sense and perception of power were more precise.

Karol sped into the wolf king avatar.

Lu Zhou calmly said, “I was just waiting for you to get in.”

“Hm?” Karol merged with his wolf king avatar again.

At this moment, Lu Zhou struck with his palm. Unlike the Fiend Monk's Hand Seal from before, this time, it was a blue palm seal!

Heaven Writing's extraordinary power!

Everyone born into the world had a name and race. They would eat, drink, experience happiness and sadness.

Originating from nothing, and from it, comes everything. Living in samsara and learning from it.

The power of past lives.

He struck upward! This palm seal was the Daoist Great Blitz Treasure Seal! It was a simple palm seal. It was neat and thorough.

Boom!

It struck the wolf king avatar.

The avatar and Karol were sent flying by the palm seal.

'Do you think this is the end?'

Karol dropped with his avatar!

Lu Zhou raised his palm again! He launched another Great Blitz Treasure Seal.

As the seal rose, it resembled the scene where he propped up the island with a single hand in Penglai Island.

The palm seal traveled at top speed. It landed on Karol and sent him flying up again!

The others were awestruck!

What was happening? Was this old man truly a Nine-leaf cultivator? General Karol was powerless to fight back?

When Karol fell again, Lu Zhou raised his hand and launched the third palm strike!

Great Blitz Treasure Seal!

This scene resembled a person hitting a ping pong ball where the ball's movements were slow as it rose and fell.

After three palm strikes, Karol was no longer stubborn. He chose another spot to land.

The Roulians looked on in fear. Why was General Karol so insistent on descending?

Lu Zhou knew the answer. He moved swiftly. The fourth palm strike! "Did I allow you to land?"

The others were stunned.

"..."

Boom!



The fourth palm strike hit its target.

This time, Karol spat out a mouthful of blood.

### **Chapter 630: The Power of a Nine-leaf Cultivator's Palm Strike**

The blood shocked the Roulians. Their war god, the undefeated Roulian General, was powerless to fight back against an ugly old man? Realization suddenly dawned on them. They understood now why Great Yan sent less than 100 men to challenge them.

The importance of ordinary soldiers in a war could not be discounted. In an era where Primal Qi was abundant, many soldiers had physiques that were tougher than ordinary mortals. With some training, they could strengthen their bodies further. During a battle, cultivators would usually fight against cultivators, who were, more often than not, evenly matched. The ordinary soldiers were the ones who would decide the outcome of the battle. Naturally, these instances did not include one-sided battles.

It was clear that the situation now was not one of those instances! They were in a one-sided battle now. Even with only 100 men, Great Yan could easily crush them. In a one-sided battle, the number of troops was unimportant.

...

After Lu Zhou's fourth palm strike hit Karol, blood rained down on the ground.

The cultivators activated their energies to keep the shower of blood at bay. Unfortunately, those who were not in the Mystic Enlightening realm yet could only put up being drenched by the shower of blood.

Lu Zhou had controlled his strength well when he attacked. He had intended to severely injure Karol with a palm strike and render Karol unable to fight. He was rather taken aback that it took four palm strikes before he managed to injure Karol. It seemed like Karol had a few tricks up his sleeve...

Meanwhile, Karol was greatly shaken. He bit back the pain and rose into the sky and ordered, "Retreat!"

The three remaining deputy generals who heard the order turned their horses around and shouted, "Get ready to retreat!"

With the order, the 10,000 Roulians turned around.

Lu Zhou pushed away from the ground with movements as light as a swallow.

At this moment, Karol displayed his impressive endurance. He quickly descended like a 1,000-catty rock.

Boom!

"General!"

Karol panted heavily as looked up at Lu Zhou who was hovering in the air. Now that he was on solid ground, he felt much more at ease.

Lu Zhou did not strike. He wanted to see what Karol was trying to do and why Karol suddenly decided to descend to the ground. Karol managed to endure four palm strikes; he was clearly not an ordinary Eight-

leaf cultivator. Karol's stubbornness was comparable to Yu Zhenghai. No wonder Karol was confident about guarding the border.

Karol looked at Lu Zhou and wiped the blood from his mouth before he said, "You're truly the Patriarch of the Evil Sky Pavilion!"

Upon hearing these words, the three deputy generals widened their eyes. Their eyes were the size of a cow's eyes at this moment.

Karol was finally convinced the old man was the Evil Sky Pavilion's Ji Tiandao. In his opinion, only a Nine-leaf cultivator's palm seal could render him powerless to fight back. He took a deep breath to calm his emotions.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and asked indifferently, "Since you know who I am, why aren't you running away?"

Karol endured the pain and said, "Joli didn't lie to you. I did station an Eight-leaf cultivator outside the Divine Capital. That Eight-leaf cultivator is the greatest assassin in Rouli. Since you've left the Divine Capital, the people in the Imperial city will meet their demise. A fervent look appeared in his eyes as he said in a lowered voice, "Truth be told, I've always been fearfully respectful of experts. Why would I run away? A man of the battlefield would never fear death."

Karol's arms shook. Soon enough, the wolf king's arms appeared. Then, red lines rose from the back of his warehouse. It seemed as though he was calling to the red lines as they swirled around his body.

Everyone was puzzled when they saw this.

However, Lu Zhou finally discovered the source of Karol's confidence after he saw the red lines swirling around Karol's body. This reminded him of the former emperor, Liu Ge. Unlike Liu Ge, the red lines only swirled around on the surface of Karol's skin, they did not stick to his skin like Liu Ge. For this reason, Karol did not look as terrifying as Liu Ge did.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard. He finally understood why Karol was in such a hurry to land. He asked, "So this is why you're so confident?"

Karol looked up at Lu Zhou and said, "Senior Ji, although I'm an Eight-leaf cultivator, the difference between a Nine-leaf cultivator and I is as great as the difference between the heavens and the earth. I won't be a worthy opponent for you... However, with these runes, I'll be able to fight against you... Naturally, I'll be paying a corresponding price, but it's worth it."

"Where did you get these red runes?" Lu Zhou asked.

"There are many wonders in the great wide world. Alas, I cannot tell you." Karol spread his arms, and the red runes swirling around his body shone again.

The faint red light reminded Lu Zhou of Yu Shangrong's Longevity Sword. He shook his head and said, "Do you think you'll be able to defeat me by relying on external forces alone?"

"We'll know after our battle," Karol said, "If I win this battle by some stroke of luck, Great Yan would lose completely... The 12 allied nations will divide Great Yan and devour it."

Lu Zhou's voice deepened as he said, "I'll wait and see."

Bam!

Lu Zhou walked on air as though there were rock slabs beneath his feet. Loud thuds could be heard as he charged forward.

The others held their breaths as they looked at Lu Zhou. After all, this was a battle between the strongest person in Great Yan and the strongest person in Rouli.

This was a decisive battle!

Lu Zhou appeared above Karol. He raised a palm and mobilized his Qi! A familiar scene appeared. His fingers glowed with a blue light, and the words 'Abandon Wisdom' appeared above his fingers. Then, he pushed his palm downward.

Karol looked up and raised his arms. The red runes shone at the same time.

Whizz!

The wolf king avatar appeared and merged with Karol. The leaves spun up and swirled around his fist.

"Eight-leaf and a half?" Si Wuya was standing closest to the battle so he had the best view. He was shocked. Karol had eight-and-a-half leaves?

Karol stomped his feet on the ground and shot upward. His arms glowed red as he charged toward the palm seal in the air with his lotus leaves. Soon after, he swung his fist.

Boom!

The scripts of Abandon Wisdom dropped down, and the blue palm seal's power collided with Karol's right fist.

Karol dropped five meters!

Heaven and earth shook. The sound seemed to resound thunderously in the air.

Under the attack of the blue palm seal, the power of the red runes on Karol's body seemed to have come to life! His arm shone with a red so dark that it seemed black.

When Lu Zhou saw this, he wondered if his extraordinary power had activated the power of the red runes.

The others held their breaths as they stared at Karol incredulously. Karol had successfully withstood this attack!

"Senior... What do you think?" Karol's eyes shone with excitement.

"The general stopped the palm seal from a Nine-leaf cultivator?!"

"General!"

The Roulian's morale rose through the roof at this moment.

The Evil Sky Pavilion's side was slightly shocked when they saw this. In the past, the pavilion master had always ended a fight with a single palm strike, after all. It was only natural for one to be instantly crushed by a strike from a Nine-leaf cultivator. They truly did not expect Karol to be the first person capable of blocking the blue palm seal.

No wonder the Roulians were confident. Regardless if the pavilion master was the real deal or not, Karol was confident. For an Eight-leaf-and-a half war god with red runes, he was on par with a Nine-leaf cultivator. In fact, he even wished Ji Tiandao was truly here. Who knew his wish would come true?

Lu Zhou looked down at Karol and said in a gruff voice, "You know nothing about power!" He flipped his palm up before flipping it back down. The blue light shone even brighter than before as a blue lotus appeared under his feet. A palm seal that resembled Mount Tai shot out!

Karol used the same technique again. His arms were like red-hot molten iron. The red runes shone brightly as he charged toward the palm seal that resembled Mount Tai.

The palm seal dropped down, and Karol's eight and a half leaves spun up.

Karol was confident he could deflect the palm seal just like before...

Alas...

Crack!

A crack could be heard on his arm before his right arm broke.

The palm seal continued to press down!

"No!"

Boom!

Karol's final cry seemed to be caught in his throat. It was drowned by the sound of the palm seal hitting the ground. He crashed to the ground, leaving no doubt about the outcome of the battle.

When the palm seal landed on the ground, the earth and mountains shook from the impact.

'Have you ever seen a palm strike descending from the sky? How do you feel now?'