

## Disciples 631

### Chapter 631: Tracking Down Eldest Senior Brother

The Roulian soldiers stared at the palm-shaped pit on the battlefield in stunned silence.

There was no doubt that Karol was powerful. He was comparable to Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong. He was even confident he could defeat the Evil Sky Pavilion Patriarch. His Eight-and-half-leaf stage and the red runes were rather powerful. It was unfortunate that his opponent was an even more terrifying force!

The Roulians had imagined the majestic power of a Nine-leaf cultivator. They had also heard about the Nine-leaf stage from Great Yan. However, to witness it with their own eyes was still shocking. The power of a Nine-leaf cultivator was beyond their imaginations.

After a brief pause, Lu Zhou leisurely stroked his beard and pointed at Karol who was lying inside the pit. He had spent one-third of his extraordinary power in this palm strike. It should be known that this was one-third of his full capacity after obtaining the Open Earth Scroll and the system authority's upgrade. Clearly, he did not hold back. Since he had completed his objective of taking out the enemies' leader, he did not feel it was a waste even if he had to use all his extraordinary power. He was even willing to use a Deadly Strike Card to complete his objective.

Lu Zhou descended on the ground, eyes still trained on the pit. He did not hear the system's notification. This Karol was truly tough and tenacious.

At this moment, Karol suddenly sat up in the deep pit before spitting a mouthful of blood skyward.

Everyone, including the Roulians, took a step back from fright.

Karol seemed as though he had been slightly flattened by the palm strike. His appearance was rather wretched. His eyes were bloodshot as he said in a hoarse voice, "I... don't believe this."

"What don't you believe?"

"I should have... been able to withstand a Nine-leaf palm seal... Why? Why?" Karol had yet to accept the fact that he had lost.

"There's no reason." Lu Zhou asked nonchalantly, "Where's the owner of the red runes?"

Karol lowered his head and said remained silent.

Lu Zhou added, "If you're unwilling to tell me, I'll ask each and every one of the Roulians. One of them is bound to know the answer to my question."

Karol shivered. He understood the implication of Lu Zhou's words. Lu Zhou was threatening him with the lives of his countrymen!

Karol crawled out of the pit with great difficulty. He flipped over when he reached the top and sat up. He tidied his armor and wiped the blood from his face. Then, he tapped on his dantian's sea of Qi to seal his meridians. He took a deep breath, colors returning to his face.

"General!" Karol's three deputies alighted from their horses and fell to their knees. They did not retreat.

Upon seeing this, the Roulian soldiers followed suit and fell to their knees as well. They cried out, "General!"

Karol looked at Lu Zhou and said, "Spare them."

Lu Zhou shook his head. "You have no right to negotiate."

How could it be possible to allow the tiger to return to its mountain?

Pan Litian who understood Lu Zhou's intention shot the others a meaningful look.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion took flight immediately and summoned their avatars.

Mingshi Yin had seven leaves.

Similarly, Si Wuya was at the Seven-leaf stage as well.

Little Yuan'er had six leaves.

Pan Litian, Leng Luo who had severed their Golden Lotuses had cultivated five leaves.

Pan Zhong, Zhou Jifeng who had also severed their Golden Lotuses had two leaves.

Upon seeing this, the Fiend Temple's Duan Xing felt slightly ashamed. However, he could not possibly stand still without doing anything in this situation. He was also without a Golden Lotus and had two leaves.

The Blossom Faction's Zhang Feng had six leaves.

The Ten Thousand Poison Sect's Sun Simiao had five leaves.

Huang Shijie had eight leaves!

Jiang Aijian had six leaves!

Li Jingyi had seven leaves!

On the other hand, the remaining disciples who were in the Divine Court realm and below rose in the air and flew toward the Roulians as well.

The Roulians did not dare to recklessly make a move. After all, with so many Nascent Divinity realm elites and such overwhelming force, who would dare to move?

The avatars resembled sky lanterns in the sky as they surrounded the 10,000 Roulian soldiers.

The avatars were like metaphorical slaps that mercilessly hit Karol's face.

Soon enough, the others retracted their avatars, and the avatars in the sky faded away.

Karol smiled forlornly, hit by a sudden understanding. He finally understood how the Nether Sect managed to successfully invade the Divine Capital and why Yu Zhenghai could laugh at the world. He understood now it was all because Yu Zhenghai's support, the Evil Sky Pavilion, was so powerful!

Si Wuya seemed to understand Karol's thoughts. He said, "Karol, what you see now is only a small part of our force... Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother had become Eight-leaf cultivators a long

time ago. They're peerless among Eight-leaf cultivators. My Sixth Senior Sister, Ye Tianxin, is also an Eight-leaf elite... Didn't you station an assassin outside the Divine Capital? My senior sister will deal with him. We also have Senior Zuo Yushu who was a genius Confucian cultivator 500 years ago on our side. The Ancient Saint Cult's Master is also aiding us. I hope your Eight-leaf elite will be able to put up a good fight."

When Karol heard this, his blood essence surged. He grunted as blood trickled out of his mouth. He clenched his fists! He had thoroughly lost!

Karol took a deep breath. He closed his eyes and exhaled before he said, "The red runes were left behind in a red coffin. Great General Lanni who guarded the north discovered it at the northern borders. The red runes' power was contained in the red coffin. General Lanni gave the coffin to me."

Goosebumps rose on everyone's skin when they heard this,

Lu Zhou, naturally, knew about the red coffin. "Lanni has already met me with the red coffin a long time ago... Were you and Grand Shaman Bazir trying to verify if I'm truly at the Nine-leaf stage?"

Lu Zhou recalled the time when Tiangou attacked the Evil Sky Pavilion. Tiangou had lost control all too suddenly. Also, with Lanni's brains, he would not have rashly attacked the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, if it was all plot by the grand shaman, then, everything made sense.

"Yes," Karol admitted. He opened his eyes and said, "Lanni's ambition was too great. The existence of the red coffin made him lose himself for a time. He firmly believed in the Nine-leaf stage. He resorted to unscrupulous methods to reach the Nine-leaf stage. There was no place for personal gains while we work for the good of our nation. He deserved to die on foreign lands. At least that way he would make his ancestors proud."

Lu Zhou could not have cared less. He continued, "What else was in the red coffin?"

Karol mustered up his courage to say, "Losers have no right to negotiate, but if you want me to answer your question, I hope that you'll spare the others, senior."

The Roulian warriors' eyes were wet upon hearing this.

Lu Zhou said indifferently, "It's not my style to allow the tiger to return to its mountain... but I'm not a person who massacres unnecessarily as well. They'll become captives in Great Yan. If you refuse to answer my questions honestly, they'll be executed right here."

Karol clenched his fists again; his knuckles whitened. After a moment of consideration, he said, "The Bonar Family."

Lu Zhou nodded and asked, "My second disciple, Yu Shangrong. Have you seen him around?"

Karol shook his head. "Lou Lan's Grand Shaman Bazir laid traps for him. He ordered his men to disguise themselves as Roulians to frame Rouli. Nothing remained of him after his death. Only a five-mile stretch of witchcraft trap was left near the abyss... I've dispatched my men to investigate. There were faint traces of witchcraft in the air above the abyss. They must've fought there. With Bazir's ability, I'm afraid they must've fallen into the abyss."

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion looked worried upon hearing this.

Lu Zhou continued. "If Yu Shangrong fought with all his might, not even you could defeat him, let alone Bazir. Do you think he'll fall?"

"Bazir isn't an ordinary grand shaman," Karol said, "My men have searched 100 miles around the abyss up to the western side of Heaven's Moat. There's no sign of the Sword Devil Yu Shangrong. Bazir's troop of several hundred shamans were all dead as well... Their corpses should've been strewn on the ground. So, there's one possibility..." He did not say the one possibility was they had fallen into the abyss.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he looked at Karol. Then, he waved his sleeve and said, "Lock them in prison. Evil Sky Pavilion disciples, stay."

"Understood!"

The disciples from the Blossom Faction, the Fiend Temple, the Penglai Sect, and the Ten Thousand Poison Sect started moving.

The 10,000 captives were being sent to Liang Province.

Lu Zhou returned his gaze to Karol, but he said nothing.

One would wonder what Karol felt as he looked at the 10,000 Roulian warriors being led away.

After being in a daze for a long time, a contented expression appeared on Karol's face. He turned around with great difficulty and faced Rouli. Then, he raised his left hand and tapped his dantian's sea of Qi. His remaining Primal Qi and damaged dantian's sea of Qi were drained. His body deflated swiftly as blood gushed out. During the entire process of his life leaking away, he kept his back straight as he looked in the direction of Heaven's Moat. Then, he hastily extended his arm and held the armor up. In just a blink of an eye, his body stiffened.

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 2,000 merit points."

Lu Zhou no longer looked at Karol. He called out, "Bi An."

Bi An came running.

Lu Zhou rose into the air and looked at Heaven's Moat.

The others understood Lu Zhou's intention. They rose into the air as well.

Mingshi Yin said, "With Bi An here, we'll find Second Senior Brother in no time."

"Mhm... I believe that Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother are fine." Little Yuan'er nodded.

## **Chapter 632: Slave**

When the Roulian's war god, Karol, died, to the west of Heaven's Moat, the fire from a round purple candle in the Roulian campground went out.

The guards who were stationed outside Karol's tent saw the candle being extinguished and widened their eyes in horror.

"Men!"

“Here.”

“Notify everyone west of Heaven’s Moat to retreat! Make haste!”

“Understood!”

After the Roulian cultivators and soldiers received the news of their war god’s death, their morale took a huge blow. They followed their orders and retreated to Rouli. Since then, the western side of Heaven’s Moat had quietened down.

...

Meanwhile, the Evil Sky Pavilion had sped across Heaven’s Moat under Lu Zhou’s lead.

The top of the towering Heaven’s Moat could not be seen from its base. When they were halfway across, they encountered a snowstorm, and the temperature dropped drastically. The cold wind slashed at their protective energies like blades.

Pan Litian had crossed Heaven’s Moat before so he had experienced this before. He activated his energy to keep the endless snowstorm at bay. He said loudly, “This isn’t the worst. I’ve crossed the southern part of Heaven’s Moat in the past. That’s where the seemingly insurmountable part is. When we reach the top, stay close to each other. We can take turns in using our protective energies.”

Naturally, collective power was greater than individual power.

Mingshi Yin asked, “How did the Roulians get here?”

Pan Litian said, “There are three ways. The first one is to skirt around the mountains from the north. The second one is to cross it on a flying chariot. The third one is through a tunnel in the center of Heaven’s Moat. It was used to transport goods before, but the wars gradually cut the path off.”

“I’m enlightened,” Mingshi Yin said.

As they spoke, the wind roared louder and louder.

The others looked up.

“I’ll go first!”

The Golden Gourd Bottle shone brightly as a Five-leaf avatar spun upward. The conical golden energy shielded the others from the snowstorm as the avatar rose above Heaven’s Moat.

The others flew after the avatar. After that, they took turns summoning their avatar.

Conch was the only one whose avatar was still at the Ten Worlds stage. Thus, she could only struggle and stay by Lu Zhou’s side. She could hardly keep up with all these elite cultivators. She seemed troubled by this.

“Little Junior Sister, let’s go!”

“Little Junior Sister!”

“Haha... Little Senior Sister, before you get stronger, I should get on your good side! I’ll help you!”

Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Si Wuya, Little Yuan'er, and the others released their energies and shielded Conch from the unrelenting snowstorm.

"Thank you, seniors!" Conch sighed with relief. She made up her mind to quickly get stronger.

They could hardly make out the mountains and rivers at the end of the north of Heaven's Moat due to the blizzard that painted everything blue. It was like this all year round. When they looked south, they could not see how high Heaven's Moat was. It was as though they were walking on the mountain's ridge.

Soon after, the Evil Sky Pavilion members arrived above Heaven's Moat and landed. They took in the beautiful mountains and rivers in their surroundings.

Bi An had arrived at the top of Heaven's Moat earlier. It was sitting and gazing into the distance like a stone lion.

"May I one day ascend the summit of all peaks, for there the mountains are dwarves," Lu Zhou exclaimed emotionally.

"What a good poem!" Mingshi Yin clapped his hands.

Duanmu Sheng turned to look at Mingshi Yin, and Mingshi Yin immediately shut his mouth. Even if he was at the Seven-leaf stage right now, whenever he remembered that his Third Senior Brother had already recultivated to the Four-leaf stage, he lost intention to argue.

Duanmu Sheng turned and said, "Nice poem!"

Mingshi Yin. "???"

Pan Litian said, "The people say that the pavilion master's sole virtue is his cultivation base, that he's brave but without brains. Looks like those are nothing but slanderous words. This is indeed a good poem!"

Si Wuya turned around and asked, "Do you know much about poems?"

"Just a little."

"..."

'What are you bragging about? I'm speechless.'

After enjoying the scenery for a while, Lu Zhou said, "Let's get down."

The others nodded. They leaped off Heaven's Moat and sped downward.

After what seemed like hours, they finally landed.

Lu Zhou, "Everyone, apart from Conch, spread out and search... Prioritize your own safety if you run into danger"

"Understood!"

The others flew and spread out.

Without the Roulian and Lou Lan camps, the western side of Heaven's Moat was now peaceful and quiet.

...

Ten days passed in just a blink of an eye.

East of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss, and north of Heaven's Moat.

Cloud Rage River snaked through the entire continent. Many villages were built around the river.

In Guluo Village.

A Roulian old man was describing the condition of the village to a man in fine robes. "My lord, there are more than 20 children around the age of ten in this village this year. They're all obedient. Please accept them. All of them have a high potential to become great cultivators in Rouli. They have the makings of a great warrior."

The man dressed in fine robes shook his head and said, "I've checked their constitutions. They're not suitable to cultivate. Do you have any other children for me?"

"My lord, would you like an older child?"

"I'm sure I've met the older children before... Forget it, I'll head to the next village," the finely-dress man said before he prepared to take flight.

At this moment, two young men from the village were prodding a young man in tattered robes, forcing him back to the village.

Ah Dong, one of the young men, said, "Ah Hai, stop looking around. We won't beat you up if you return the things."

"Don't even think of running away... It's chaotic outside. You'll only starve to death like this."

The two young men took turns bullying the young man whom they addressed as Ah Hai.

When the finely-dressed man saw Ah Hai, he asked in confusion, "Who's this?"

The old man replied, "My lord, he's a slave in our Guluo Village."

"A slave?"

The old man beckoned Ah Hai over. "Ah Hai, come here..."

Ah Hai placed the things he was carrying on the floor and walked over.

The finely-dressed man appraised him. He saw wounds on Ah Hai's body and the unconcealed hostility in Ah Hai's eyes. "A child from Great Yan?"

"That's right. We've always captured Great Yan citizens and use them as slaves. This brat is strong and stubborn. Ordinary Great Yan slaves couldn't endure this and would've taken their own lives long ago. However, this brat is still alive until now," the old man said.

The finely-dressed man waved his hand. An energy blade slashed at Ah Hai's garment, revealing obvious and terrifying marks on his body. He sighed and shook his head, "He has a great talent and foundation... Alas, he's not a Roulian."

Ah Dong smiled and said, "Heh, I didn't know Ah Hai is suitable for cultivation."

The old man shook his head. "Unfortunately, he's a Great Yan citizen."

An idea appeared in the finely-dressed man's mind. He said, "It's not entirely impossible..."

The old man remained silent, but he seemed to understand the finely-dressed man's meaning.

Turning a Great Yan citizen into a warrior who would die for Rouli while fighting against Great Yan. This was not unprecedented.

Ah Hai knew about this as well. In Guluo Village, the pain he endured was only physical. If he could endure it, he would one day be able to find a chance to escape. However, if he fell into the hands of a cultivator, his life would be hell. Without any hesitation, he turned around and ran!

Ah Dong scoffed and said, "Running away again. See that? The people of Great Yan are as dumb as pigs." He raised his hand and whistled.

The strong men from the village and the wolf dogs dashed out.

Ah Hai had been injured and could barely walk straight. It was impossible for him to escape.

Swoosh!

Someone fired a slingshot.

Bam!

It struck Ah Hai's calf, causing him to fall on the ground.

A few villagers swarmed toward him and started to rain down blows on him.

Ah Hai shielded his head and kept quiet. For some reason, he found this scene familiar. Every time he tried to recall, his memories would always turn up blank.

Life was a cycle. If one did not seek change, one would be repeating the same things all over again.

The finely-dressed man raised a hand "Stop."

The Guluo villagers spat at Ah Hai before stepping backward.

"The people of Great Yan are all trash."

The finely-dressed man walked over and said, "You'll kill him like this."

"That's too good for him. Our people have been bullied by them all the time. Six out of my family of ten had died at the hands of Great Yan's soldiers. When that dog of an emperor Yong Shou launched his west campaign, how many of us lost our lives? He's lucky if he dies!"

“That’s right! Killing him is doing him a favor! We should keep him as a slave in our village. When he dies, we’ll chop him up and feed him to the dogs.”

### **Chapter 633: Will You Be My Disciple?**

The finely-dressed man ignored the villagers’ anger. He regarded Ah Hai coldly as he said, “I can give you an opportunity to stand up again. Will you come with me?”

Ah Hai looked up and met the eyes of the finely-dressed man. He remained silent.

The finely-dressed man continued to say, “I can give you a Roulian identity. The Guluo villagers won’t be giving you any more trouble... What do you think? Are you really willing to be a slave here for the rest of your life?”

Ah Hai spat in response.

The finely-dressed man was not angered. He only shook his head and said, “I’ll ask you one last time, will you come with me?” A hint of killing intent flashed in his eyes.

At this moment.

Roar!

A strange cry reached the village from the west.

The villagers who hunted for a living looked in the direction of the sound.

“A beast?!”

“My lord... It’s a beast!”

The finely-dressed man wondered out loud, “This is a remote place, isolated by the 100,000-foot-abyss. How can there be a beast here?”

As soon as he finished speaking, an imposing beast that resembled a tiger flew into view from the west. It stared at them in the air as it held a scabbard stained by mud in its mouth.

At the same time, a few individuals emerged from the forest.

At the forefront, the old Lu Zhou carried the air of an immortal as he stood with his hands on his back.

The others followed closely behind him.

All of them were following the beast that was carrying a scabbard in its mouth at a leisurely pace.

The beast was not moving fast as well. Its speed was only slightly faster than if one were to walk.

The sun shone through the canopy of the forest and illuminated these people.

Before long, the beast descended at the entrance of the village.

When Lu Zhou arrived, he swept his gaze past Guluo villagers and the sticks and rods in their hands, the finely-dressed man, and the two large wolf dogs before his eyes finally landed on the young Yu Zhenghai who was curled up on the ground with his hands shielding his head.

It was understandable that Lu Zhou's other disciples and the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion did not recognize the young Yu Zhenghai. However, as his master, how could he not recognize him?

Yu Zhenghai's youthful appearance brought Lu Zhou's memories back to 300 years ago.

Lu Zhou looked at the Guluo villagers again. With his current cultivation base, he could easily wipe out the entire village for his disciple's sake, but he did not. There were better ways to go about this.

Since Lu Zhou remained silent, the others did not speak as well.

Lu Zhou walked up to Yu Zhenghai. When he saw the confused expression on young Yu Zhenghai's face, realization dawned on him. He asked gently, "What's your name?"

Lu Zhou had asked the same question to the same person 300 years ago. He wondered if this would trigger young Yu Zhenghai's memories?

Young Yu Zhenghai looked around, bewildered, before he answered, "A-ah Hai..."

Lu Zhou looked down and extended his wizened but strong hand to young Yu Zhenghai.

Everyone only watched in confusion. They did not know what Lu Zhou's intention was.

Lu Zhou's disciples were equally as confused. They did not understand why their master would treat an unknown young man in such a manner.

Si Wuya who had spent considerable time with his Eldest Senior Brother was confused. When he met the dirty young man's eyes, he felt stifled and uncomfortable in his heart.

Nobody moved.

With Lu Zhou here, everything would be fine.

Lu Zhou kept his arm extended, waiting for young Yu Zhenghai to take his hand.

Lives were exchanged in the endless world of mortals. Each was given his lot in life in the cycle of karma. It was rare to be reincarnated thrice. Would the past become naught after a long time?

Yu Zhenghai raised a trembling hand.

When Lu Zhou saw the confusion on young Yu Zhenghai's face, he smiled faintly. Then, he pulled young Yu Zhenghai up to his feet.

When Yu Zhenghai's hand made contact with Lu Zhou, several blurry images flitted past his mind before chaos descended in his mind. Blurry figures appeared in his mind, and he was filled with a sense of déjà vu. 'Who's this old man?!'

At this moment, the finely-dressed man finally said, "Hold on."

Lu Zhou glanced at him and said indifferently, "A Roulian cultivator?"

"This is the land of Rouli. It's only natural for the people here to be Roulians," the finely-dressed man said, "I'm Gelong. I've taken an interest in this young man. I'm planning to accept him as my disciple."

"Accept him as your disciple?"

Gelong nodded. "He has a good foundation and is talented. He's a promising candidate for cultivation."

"You have a good eye for talent as well," Lu Zhou said.

At this moment, Ah Dong who was standing at the village's entrance said, "My lord, they're all from Great Yan! Let's get rid of them!"

The villagers had witnessed Gelong's strength before.

Alas, Gelong ignored them. Instead, he looked at Lu Zhou and the others and said, "I'm taking this young man with me."

"Let's see if you're able to."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Gelong asked. He was about to attack when he sensed the mysterious auras from behind the old man. The cultivation bases of the people at the back were unfathomable!

The villagers, naturally, could not sense the cultivation bases of these visitors. They only wanted to watch a show.

Lu Zhou ignored them. Primal Qi surged from his wizened hand at this moment and entered Yu Zhenghai's body to examine Yu Zhenghai's dantian's sea of Qi.

'He's a cultivator!' Yu Zhenghai's eyes widened. His instincts told him he would be saved.

Lu Zhou looked at young Yu Zhenghai. He stroked his beard as he pointed at Guluo Village and the finely-dressed man before he asked, "Do you want to defeat them?"

Yu Zhenghai nodded vehemently even though he was confused. He did not know what Lu Zhou was planning to do. He wanted to defeat these people more than anything else. Defeat is too soft a word; he wanted to kill them all!

"I do," young Yu Zhenghai replied.

"Alright," Lu Zhou said calmly, "You should learn to deal with your matters. I'll teach you a killing method. Are you willing to learn?"

Young Yu Zhenghai nodded. "I am."

"There are many in the world who wish to learn from me... If you want to learn, you'll have to become my disciple. Are you willing?"

The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples who were clueless were, naturally, shocked. What was wrong with Lu Zhou today? Why did he suddenly accept this unknown young man as a disciple? Why?

Young Yu Zhenghai met Lu Zhou's gaze.

The old man and the young man locked eyes.

300 years ago, Ji Tiandao did not ask this question. 300 years later, Lu Zhou fulfilled Yu Zhenghai's wish in Ji Tiandao's stead.

Perhaps, it was due to a fuzzy sense of familiarity, Yu Zhenghai's instincts trusted the old man before him. Moreover, he wanted to leave this place as soon as he could. He wanted to agree to Lu Zhou, but he was also hesitant. This was because his senior brother, Yu Shangrong, had told him he would have a better master waiting for him in Great Yan. In the end, he said, stumbling on his words, "But... I-I already have a master."

Upon hearing young Yu Zhenghai's words, a few villagers laughed.

Ah Dong snickered. "Useless piece of trash! Ah Hai, how could someone like you have a master? You can't even defeat me!"

"You take forever just to move some objects. The lord said that you're talented and have a good foundation, but I think you've let it go to your head!"

"You can't even defeat two wolf dogs in Guluo Village!"

Lu Zhou said gently, "That's alright. If you can defeat them, I'll help you find your master."

'I'm your master, after all.'

Young Yu Zhenghai was overjoyed. He no longer hesitated. He kneeled with a thud and kowtowed loudly thrice. He kowtowed so sincerely that the dirt on the ground stained his forehead.

The others were baffled. Only Si Wuya had trouble suppressing the complicating emotions rising in his heart.

The Roulian villager, Ah Dong, laughed again and said, "Him? If he can defeat me, I'll chop my head off!"

Lu Zhou ignored the villagers. He looked at young Yu Zhenghai who was getting to his feet. He placed a hand on his shoulder. "Deal with your matters on your own."

"Yes, master."

Lu Zhou looked at Yu Zhenghai. Then, he extended his arm to the side and said, "Bring me the saber."

"Huh?" Pan Zhong was puzzled.

Si Wuya waved his sleeve.

Pan Zhong walked up and placed the Jasper Saber he was carrying in Lu Zhou's hand.

Lu Zhou said, "Since you've become my disciple, I'll give you this saber. Wield it well!"

Young Yu Zhenghai was bewildered. The saber was cold to the touch. At this moment, he felt a strong sense of familiarity from the saber. The saber felt like an extension of his body; this feeling caused him to tremble. He looked at the saber speechlessly, clearly shocked.

Lu Zhou flipped his palm. A wooden rod fell into his palm. He slowly said, "I'll teach you a set of saber techniques now."

The villagers laughed even louder.

Yu Zhenghai nodded. "Mhm."

"Listen carefully." Lu Zhou turned around and stepped into the empty space. "This saber technique begins by accumulating the force of 1,000 blades. With a flick of your fingers..." He brandished the rod where he stood; he brought it to his left and right. The rod spun in his hand. His movements were fluid, neat, and thorough.

The others looked on with fearful respect as Lu Zhou taught the young man one of the most powerful saber techniques in the world. They stared at his movements.

Young Yu Zhenghai's jaws dropped from shock. Both the saber and the technique seemed familiar to him. It was embedded in his blood and soul. He instinctively followed Lu Zhou's movement with his Jasper Saber.

Lu Zhou seemed pleased by this. He continued brandishing the wooden rod.

"The silent wind, Qi as still as a lake, the shadowless light, the swift swing of the blade..."

The villagers were increasingly convinced that the old man in front of them was insane. Perhaps, it was due to the lack of Primal Qi, the old man looked comical and unimpressive as he waved the rod about.

Even the Roulian cultivator, Gelong, was baffled. 'What's this old man doing? Why is he teaching a young man he just met?'

"Hundred rivers south of the sea!" Lu Zhou moved more quickly and lunged forward to stab a tree with the wooden rod.

Bam!

The rod pierced the tree, leaving a hole in the trunk.

The others widened their eyes.

"Merge into one." Lu Zhou tapped his foot, releasing a little Primal Qi. He tried to slow his movements and made them as detailed as possible. Then, he released his Primal Qi and leaped into the air. He tossed the wooden rod out as he said, "This is the Great Dark Heaven Memorial."

The wooden rod released densely packed small spinning energy blades that shot down.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The trees dozens of meters around them were instantly fell by Dark Heaven Starlight!

The wind stopped, and the energy blades continued to fall.

### **Chapter 634: The Wise Saber Will Decapitate You**

Silence descended on Guluo Village.

This was the Great Dark Heaven Memorial, the Dark Heaven Starlight. All saber techniques under the heavens paled in comparison.

The villagers widened their eyes, in awe by the old man's feat of clearing the forest with a wooden rod. They did not know the Great Dark Heaven Memorial or any saber techniques, but they knew it was impressive.

Guluo Village was isolated from the world by the 100,000-foot-abyss. It was exceptionally difficult to locate this place without understanding the geography.

Geelong, a cultivator, looked at Lu Zhou incredulously. He was considering fleeing at this moment.

“The Great Dark Heaven Memorial...” young Yu Zhenghai murmured. A feverish look burned in his eyes. He had never heard of these words, but he repeated them over and over again. He felt as though he had uttered these words and unleashed this skill countless times in the past. Memories might be difficult to trace, but this saber technique had been ingrained in his marrow after years of training. In his life, aside from his obsession, all he had was this saber technique, the Great Dark Heaven Memorial, that he had practiced over and over again.

Young Yu Zhenghai felt his blood boiling. All of his muscles and movements were guided by the familiar saber technique. He learned quickly, unbelievably so.

The observers around him were stunned.

Lu Zhou had perfectly demonstrated the saber technique. His movements were as smooth as flowing water. There were no wasted motions. However, it was an extremely complicated technique. How could it be learned by just watching it once?

However, young Yu Zhenghai’s performance stunned the others. It felt as though he had practiced this countless times, based on how familiar he was with the technique.

Young Yu Zhenghai was engrossed in learning the saber technique that he forgot about everything else.

The villagers looked at young Yu Zhenghai in disbelief. They remembered what Lord Gelong said earlier. They could not help the ominous feeling that rose in their hearts. Was this slave truly a promising talent for cultivation?

When Yu Zhenghai unleashed the Dark Heaven Starlight, he instinctively tossed his Jasper Saber out.

Bam!

The Jasper Saber spun twice in the air before it stabbed into the ground.

The intended effect did not occur. Young Yu Zhenghai woke from his dreams.

There was no fluctuation of Primal Qi, no Great Dark Heaven Memorial, no Dark Heaven Starlight, not even the weakest energy saber could be seen.

The villagers sighed in relief. The piece of trash was a piece of trash, after all. To think that he fantasized about wielding a saber and defeating them with a technique he was learning for the first time.

‘He’s born to be a slave!’

They were disdainful, but they, naturally, did not dare to show it on their faces. After all, the old man had cleared the forest with just a rod. This proved the old man was not someone to be trifled with. Fortunately, Lord Gelong was still here. In the end, they decided to endure this for now. When the old man left, they would hang this piece of trash up and flog him for ten days!

Young Yu Zhenghai looked at the Jasper Saber stuck in the ground. He said sheepishly, "I really am a piece of trash."

However, the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion found it too shocking enough that he was able to pull all those moves on his first try. All he lacked was him to Primal Qi.

Experts would pay attention to the methods while those who were ignorant would only pay attention to fanfare.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Remember the essence, not the appearance... This is only your first try, why are you in a hurry?"

Lu Zhou opened his palm, and the Jasper Saber flew into his palm. Then, he sent the saber to Yu Zhenghai.

Young Yu Zhenghai looked at the Jasper Saber and nodded as he received it with both hands.

The second demonstration.

Lu Zhou did not show young Yu Zhenghai the moves again. Instead, he stepped aside and watched.

After the first try, young Yu Zhenghai seemed more familiar with the technique.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion were further shocked.

The third time, fourth time, fifth time...

Young Yu Zhenghai improved with every repetition. The force behind his swings increased as well!

Young Yu Zhenghai increasingly felt that the Jasper Saber was a part of him. It was as though it was a part of his blood. He swung the saber with impressive might; his swings growing stronger and wilder.

Bam!

The saber hit a tree stump and cracked it open.

The demonstration was over.

Young Yu Zhenghai took several deep breaths.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and calmly said, "Good."

In other words, there was no need to repeat it anymore...

Lu Zhou pointed at the villagers and said, "Make your choice."

Yu Zhenghai felt the chilling sensation from the Jasper Saber. A surge of confidence he could hardly explain welled up within him. He pointed at Ah Dong, one of the villagers. "You."

Ah Dong was taken aback. "Me?"

Lu Zhou said, "I won't meddle in your affairs... Anyone who defeats him may live."

Young Yu Zhenghai gripped his Jasper Saber tightly and stepped forward.

Ah Dong frowned. He turned around and picked up an iron hoe. He said, "Fine, you're seeking death!" After saying this, he rolled up his sleeve, exposing his muscles.

Roulians were born brave, and their constitutions were like those of wild beasts.

Ah Dong's eyes glinted coldly as he charged forward with the iron hoe in his hands.

Young Yu Zhenghai took a step backward reflexively.

Lu Zhou said, "If you retreat, you'll die. If you advance, you might live."

Young Yu Zhenghai felt his hair stand on end. What was he afraid of? With a cry, he gripped the Jasper Saber tightly and charged out.

Ah Dong brought the iron hoe down. "Die!"

Swoosh!

Young Yu Zhenghai raised his hand; the Jasper Saber was above his head.

Bam!

Yu Zhenghai staggered three steps backward before he stabilized himself.

Ah Dong snorted. "Is that all?" He raised the iron hoe again. This time, he seemed to put more force into it. His movements were also exaggerated. Then, he charged again.

Young Yu Zhenghai stared at Ah Dong. His knuckles were white as he gripped his saber tightly.

"Relax." Lu Zhou's voice rang in young Yu Zhenghai's ears.

Young Yu Zhenghai realized that he was too nervous. He took a deep breath and calmed down. Perhaps, it was due to his master's constant reminders and pointers, he quickly relaxed. His blood surged!

Swoosh!

Ah Dong brought the iron hoe down!

Young Yu Zhenghai advanced. When the iron hoe fell, he sidestepped it reflexively and rammed his shoulder into Ah Dong.

Bam!

Ah Dong was knocked back!

"This..."

"What happened?"

The villagers rubbed their eyes. They thought they were hallucinating.

The way young Yu Zhenghai had sidestepped that attack was so smooth that it was as though he was incredibly familiar with it. He had moved like an elite! How did that happen?

Gelong frowned slightly. This young man was truly a rare genius cultivator!

Ah Dong could not accept this outcome. He raised the iron hoe and charged at his opponent again.

Young Yu Zhenghai was calmer now. He saw Ah Dong charging toward him. He seemed to have turned into a different person as he spat out a word. "Weak."

He raised his saber with a single hand and charged forward.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

He made three consecutive slashes!

The iron hoe was cut into three sections and fell to the ground.

Ah Dong's eyes widened. He stared incredulously at the iron hoe that had been split into three. When he looked up again, young Yu Zhenghai was already standing before him before he realized it.

The Jasper Saber was raised and brought down diagonally.

The villagers were shocked. They regarded Yu Zhenghai fearfully as though he was a fearsome monster.

Young Yu Zhenghai raised the saber again and swept it horizontally.

Bam!

A single strike!

Bam!

Two strikes!

Bam!

Three strikes!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Three consecutive strikes at Ah Dong's shoulder. Fresh blood gushed out and stained his chest. He could not feel any pain at all, only intense fear. It was as though he was seeing the god of death. Apart from fear, only despair could be seen on his face. He did not expect the young man to be capable of unleashing such power. Every single slash of the saber hit his heart.

A wolf always had a reason for turning back. It was either to repay kindness or to exact revenge!

This young man was not a wolf, but he was sharper and more terrifying than one!

Ah Dong's gaze fell on young Yu Zhenghai's chest. The blade scars on his chest could be clearly seen. He remembered that ten of them were his doing. Realization dawned on him as he fell to the ground.

Young Yu Zhenghai brought his saber down again and again.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Another three strikes landed.

Soon enough, a head rolled over to the feet of the villagers.

“ ... ”

The metallic tang of blood permeated the air.

Young Yu Zhenghai raised the saber in one hand and pointed it at the villagers. His back was straight as he looked at them murderously.

### **Chapter 635: He's Bound To End Up This Way**

The villagers swallowed. They could not stop shaking as they retreated.

The sun shone glinted off the Jasper Saber. Without any interference from Primal Qi, everything seemed primal and straightforward.

Blood dripped off the blade.

Sweat and blood mingled on young Yu Zhenghai's arms. He seemed to be used to seeing such scenes.

“Kill him!” The two wolf dogs on the side barked and pounced at Yu Zhenghai.

At this moment, young Yu Zhenghai seemed to be possessed by an elite. He pirouetted slightly and swung his Jasper Saber furiously. Like before, he did not retreat but advanced. His Jasper Saber moved with merciless speed and precision. The blade slid across the waist of the two animals.

Due to the excessive force and precision of the wounds, the two wolf dogs did not even wail when they were cleaved into two.

The villagers kept retreating.

The strong men of the village came running out.

Many of them were unaware of what had happened. When they saw young Yu Zhenghai covered in blood with the Jasper Saber in his hand, they pointed at him and cursed, “You dog! Are you trying to rebel?”

A Roulian charged toward Yu Zhenghai. In the past, he would have slapped Yu Zhenghai across the face, spat on him, and given him a few kicks for good measure. However, today, he hurled his fist toward Yu Zhenghai, clearly not having any intention to hold back.

The Jasper Saber stabbed cleanly into his chest. It was a straight and forceful stab. There were no flashy moves. This was the simplest and most primitive killing move.

The villager's body stiffened. He looked down incredulously as his life slipped away in front of his eyes.

Young Yu Zhenghai raised his left hand and pressed the villager's forehead.

Thud!

The villager fell backward.

Yu Zhenghai continued to advance.

The villagers finally realized how dire the situation was. The weak and meek Great Yan slave in the past, that piece of trash, Ah Hai, had killed someone!

“Get him!”

The villagers were of the opinion that if they joined forces, they would emerge victorious. This gave them a boost of courage. They charged collectively.

Young Yu Zhenghai was not afraid at all. He wielded the saber with both hands and charged into the mob. He slashed at his left and right. He put his back into every swing of his blade. Every blade saw red! The peculiar thing was... he somehow managed to dodge the attacks of the villagers at the perfect moment.

He was like a lunatic at this moment. His movements were wild, frenzied, and chaotic as he swung his Jasper Saber about

The dismembered heads, arms, and legs flying everywhere deeply moved the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The cultivator, Gelong, was at a loss for words. He could not believe that an ordinary person could obtain the power to fight against a crowd after a brief training session. He did not believe such a genius could exist in the cultivation world. How did that young man master a killing technique in such a short time?

The peerless saber shone on the snow and was so sharp it could slice through the air.

Where the wise blade was swung, heads would roll. It was either kill or be killed.

Guluo Village was in chaos.

For what seemed like hours, the sounds of crashing, howling, and swords being drawn rang in the air before they finally died down.

The remaining villagers were in shock. That slave, Ah Hai, whom they were trying to bring down was still standing with a straight back. The Jasper Saber in his hand was completely covered in blood.

The Roulians around him fell down one after another.

Young Yu Zhenghai was the only one who remained standing among the corpses. He stepped forward with a determined look in his eyes. Perhaps, he was too exhausted from swinging the saber, he staggered before he quickly stabbed the saber into the ground to stabilize his footing. He was drenched in sweat.

At this moment...

“Enough!” Gelong stomped his foot. He unleashed his Primal Qi, leaped into the air, and struck with his palm.

The hope in the villagers’ hearts was rekindled as they looked at Gelong reverently!

The palm seal shot toward young Yu Zhenghai. He instinctively drew his saber to parry it.

Bam!

He held onto the back of the saber tightly as he slid backward, leaving two shallow ditches! However, he did not fall! He looked up and stared at the Gelong in the air.

He took another deep breath. He wanted to shout for help from this temporary master. However, for some unknown reason, the word 'help' was stuck in his throat.

Gelong dove!

Young Yu Zhenghai chanted a familiar sutra in his mind. 'The soundless wind and the Qi are as still as a lake. The shadowless light and the saber that leaves no trace...'

Gelong struck with his palms! "A mortal is a mortal, after all! Die!"

Young Yu Zhenghai raised his saber again as he fought back valiantly. "Hundred rivers return to the sea!"

Bam!

The instant they collided, young Yu Zhenghai flew backward. His arms went numb from the impact!

Gelong was pushed back by the saber. His palm seal dissipated. After sliding backward for half a meter, he came to a halt. How was this possible? He was shocked. "Heaven-grade?!"

Gelong felt contemptuous. He stomped his feet and leaned forward. He kept striking with his palms.

Several palm seals flew forward.

Young Yu Zhenghai was in an extremely excited state. He gripped his Jasper Saber tightly.

Whizz!

The Jasper Saber was vibrating.

Young Yu Zhenghai felt stunned. He did not have the time to think about the reason behind this as he swung to parry the incoming attack.

"Merge into one!"

Shadows shot out from the Jasper Saber and collided with Gelong's palm seals!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Yu Zhenghai's attacks increased in speed!

When the villagers saw this, they looked at each other meaningfully. As though they had come to a tacit agreement, they picked up their hoes and charged at the same time.

"Kill!"

"If he lives, we'll die! Kill him!"

The remaining villagers raised their weapons, stepped over the corpses with bloodshot eyes, and charged toward young Yu Zhenghai.

The more young Yu Zhenghai swung his Jasper Blade, the more he felt that he was becoming one with his saber. More of his potential seemed to be unleashed at this moment! Goosebumps rose on his skin as he continued to swing his saber.

Gelong's attacks rained down like a storm!

When Yu Zhenghai swung his saber again, the Jasper Saber left his hand and flew into the air.

Everything seemed to slow down...

The moment the Jasper Saber left his hand, a sneer appeared on Gelong's face. 'It's time to end this!'

The Jasper Saber spun in the air, drawing an arc in the air before it fell. Shortly after, the Jasper Saber buzzed as energy sabers burst forth...

The miniature energy sabers spun and descended on the Roulians.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

"Great Dark Heaven Memorial!"

The Roulians fell down almost instantly.

Their corpses piled up.

Bam!

The final energy saber stabbed Gelong's heart!

Then, the Jasper Saber returned to young Yu Zhenghai. The coldness of the blade was biting, its majesty was obvious.

The sounds of the battle ended abruptly.

Gelong looked at his gaping chest. When he looked at the young Yu Zhenghai who was barely a foot before himself, his lips trembled. "Impossible... impossible..."

When he dropped to the side, he was still mumbling the word 'impossible'. He shuddered before he took his last breath.

A gust of wind blew the smell of blood away.

Young Yu Zhenghai sat limply on the ground; the Jasper Saber was in his embrace. He had a wild look on his face. He was shocked, flustered, and at a loss... He could not believe it. 'Was this all my doing?'

His clothes were torn from the impact of Gelong's palm seals. The sun revealed his body that was riddled with scars and bruises. It formed a stark contrast with the corpses before him and the stinging scent of blood.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion were stunned. Nobody questioned his ability.

His personality, his experiences, his past... this was only normal. He was bound to end up this way.

“A genius! He’s more of a genius than Conch! It’s no wonder the pavilion master wishes to recruit him as a disciple!” Pan Zhong broke the stifling silence. Although he did nothing all this time, he felt as excited as though he was fighting the battle himself.

“The pavilion master has a great eye for talent. I can hardly believe that such a person exists.”

Lu Zhou looked ahead with a satisfied gaze. He looked at young Yu Zhenghai who was sitting on the ground, looking confused.

At this moment, a figure suddenly emerged from the village.

“How dare you kill my disciple? I’ll kill you!”

The figure moved at lightning speed. His cultivation base was clearly a few levels higher than Gelong’s!

This was bad! Nobody expected there to be more elites?!

Grand technique?

The black figure flew out with his body straight. His palm seal brought with it a momentum that seemed capable of destroying heaven and earth...

Bam!

Young Yu Zhenghai was completely worn out; he could only close his eyes.

There was a sound of a collision.

Yu Zhenghai was sure he was going to die. However, after a moment, he discovered he did not feel any pain. He opened his eyes tentatively. He saw an old man standing before him, looking as lofty as Mount Tai.

The palm strike did not land on Yu Zhenghai but on the old man’s chest.

The black figure’s heart sank. He looked up. He saw Lu Zhou stroking his beard with one hand while the other hand was on his back.

Lu Zhou said, “I hate despicable men who use sneak attacks the most. Get lost!” A surge of energy fanned out before Lu Zhou!

The sound wave was like a substantial energy seal as it struck the black figure’s face. He was sent flying, and his internal organs were grievously injured. His face contorted from the pain as he fell to the ground.

Everything ended with just a strike!

### **Chapter 636: Little Junior Brother**

With the attack from the power of speech, the battle ended just like that.

This black figure must have been the master of the Roulian cultivator, Gelong. He was a Nascent Divinity realm elite. Gelong was in the Brahman Sea realm so his meridians were not connected. For the

resurrected young Yu Zhenghai, he could not even compare to Gelong, let alone this Nascent Divinity realm cultivator.

"You!" Gelong's master who had fallen to the ground after failing to launch his sneak attack looked up at the old man who foiled his plans.

With the sun behind him, Lu Zhou who was dressed in a long robe looked tall and slender.

Gelong's master could not see Lu Zhou clearly. He asked furiously, "Who are you?"

Lu Zhou did not answer him. Instead, he asked, "Are you Gelong's master?"

"Yes."

"In that case, you deserve to die..."

"???"

"This young man... is my disciple." Lu Zhou pointed at young Yu Zhenghai who was sitting limply on the ground behind him.

Gelong's master widened his eyes in his surprise. Then, he surveyed his surroundings. Corpses and limbs were strewn everywhere on the ground. He saw his disciple, Gelong, lying lifelessly on the ground as well. When he shifted his eyes to look behind the old man, he saw other cultivators looking at him. All of them had profound auras. Apart from that, a fierce beast holding a scabbard in its mouth rested on the ground as it watched the proceedings. 'How did these powerful people come to little Guluo Village?'

Lu Zhou no longer paid any attention to Gelong's master. He did not even want to ask for his name. For a cultivator who was not even at the Five-leaf stage, he had many ways to kill him without using the extraordinary power.

Gelong's master's internal organs were injured beyond repair. His Extraordinary Eight Meridians were also torn shredded, and his Primal Qi inside his dantian's sea of Qi had completely dissipated as well. He lay limply on the ground, staring at the sky, as he gradually stopped breathing.

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,000 merit points."

At this moment, young Yu Zhenghai got up with difficulty and kowtowed at Lu Zhou. "Thank you, my savior!"

Lu Zhou turned around slowly. "What did you call me?"

Young Yu Zhenghai felt embarrassed and quickly changed his words. "Ma... Master."

"Get up."

Young Yu Zhenghai's current posture, kneeling after sitting limply on the ground, was not befitting of the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple.

Young Yu Zhenghai slowly rose to his feet.

Lu Zhou appraised his first disciples again.

Throughout the passage of time and the movement of the stars, there was always a cycle in destiny. Time would cause them to age, but it did not reverse their relationship as master and his disciple.

Lu Zhou was also amazed by the special characteristics of the Wuqi Tribe. He did not expect Yu Zhenghai to be restored to his youth. Unfortunately, Yu Zhenghai's memories and cultivation base seemed to have been sealed because of his obsession. Moreover, Yu Zhenghai's life was running out. It was just as Si Wuya had said, even if Yu Zhenghai was successfully resurrected, he would not have long to live. In other words, Yu Zhenghai might die at any time.

Yu Zhenghai looked up and said, "I thought that you... came up with a temporary excuse to save me... This saber is too precious. I'll return it to you now." He lifted the Jasper Saber with both hands above his head.

When the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion heard this, they nodded. They were pleased this young man was tactful. After all, this was the prized saber of the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple.

Yet, Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "This saber is called Jasper Saber. It's a heaven-grade weapon. From this day onward, it's yours."

"..."

Although Young Yu Zhenghai was excited, he looked at Lu Zhou in disbelief. He knew how precious a heaven-grade weapon was. Who would be so generous as to present a heaven-grade weapon as a gift to a young man whom he just met? Especially when said young man was so weak that he could not even protect himself.

Apart from Si Wuya, the others from the Evil Sky Pavilion were taken aback.

'Is the pavilion master serious?!'

Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Master, you mustn't!"

"Please reconsider, Pavilion Master!"

If he gave this weapon to someone else, did it not mean that he was giving up on Yu Zhenghai? This was crueler than taking Yu Zhenghai's life. Yu Zhenghai had a hard life as it was!

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. He said sternly, "Do I need you to tell me what to do?"

"We dare not!" The others lowered their heads and no longer dared to say anything.

On the contrary, Si Wuya said, "I support master's decision!"

"..."

'Did Mister Seventh forget to bring his brains out today?'

This situation was akin to where existing members would not object to new members joining their team. However, if the newcomer was meant to replace the old members, it would surely disgust the existing team members. It was only natural the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples were unhappy that their Eldest Senior Brother's possession was being gifted to a new member.

Lu Zhou looked at young Yu Zhenghai and said, "Keep it."

Young Yu Zhenghai hesitated when he saw the way the others looked at him. However, when he saw his master's serious expression, he knelt and kowtowed as he said, "Thank you, master!"

"Good," Lu Zhou replied curtly.

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng approached Yu Zhenghai and said, "Greetings, Mister Eleventh."

M-mister Eleventh?

Young Yu Zhenghai was slightly overwhelmed by the favor from his superiors.

Pan Zhong smiled and said, "You're lucky. This Jasper Saber was Mister First's prized heaven-grade saber. Now that it's in your hands, make sure you don't tarnish its reputation."

"M-mister First?"

At this moment, Little Yuan'er leaped out and said, "Since Master has accepted you, that makes you Little Junior Brother, right? The most junior one..."

"Little Junior Brother..." Conch chimed in.

Mingshi Yin shook his head. He said without much care, "Little Junior Brother..."

Young Yu Zhenghai was the latest addition to the Evil Sky Pavilion. It was normal for them to address him as Little Junior Brother.

Duanmu Sheng was more candid. He walked over and patted young Yu Zhenghai's shoulder as he said, "Master has accepted you as his disciple, but you shouldn't let it get to your head. We've yet to see if you're worthy of wielding this saber."

Si Wuya. "???"

The two Elders greeted young Yu Zhenghai perfunctorily as well.

"Now, it's your turn to greet everyone else."

Young Yu Zhenghai stepped over two corpses... He was about to bow when...

"Impudence." Lu Zhou's voice was so loud that it made the others tremble.

They were taken aback. What was wrong with the pavilion master? Was he getting crankier with his age?

Lu Zhou stood beside young Yu Zhenghai and said, "Know your place! Hurry up and greet your Eldest Senior Brother!"

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion were stunned. They remained as still as wooden chickens.

Si Wuya explained, "It's the characteristics of the Wuqi Tribe. Eldest Senior Brother didn't have much luck, and he was resurrected to the state when he was a youth..."

"..."

Realization finally dawned on the others. They were so shocked that their mouths fell open.

Pan Zhong's expressions were a sight to behold. He looked as though he had eaten a fly. 'I must salvage this... There must be some way...'

Without a second word, Pan Zhong removed his outer robe, stepped forward, and said, "No wonder... I was thinking that you look familiar... Mister First, I was joking earlier. Please don't hold it against me. I have a small frame, but please wear this. You can throw it away when we return!"

Thud!

Pan Zhong fell to his knees and presented his outer robe to young Yu Zhenghai.

Zhou Jifeng was speechless. 'Have you ever met Mister First prior to this? Familiar my ass... You deserved it! Fortunately, I held my tongue!'

Mingshi Yin regarded young Yu Zhenghai with a complicated look in his eyes. Although he had difficulty believing this, all things considered, it seemed like this young man was truly Yu Zhenghai! Then, he wasted no time in stepping forward and hugging the young man. "E-Eldest Senior Brother?! How I missed you!"

Yu Zhenghai frowned from this gesture and shrank back slightly.

Duanmu Sheng's expression was rigid. He bowed awkwardly and said, "Please don't be frightened by this, Eldest Senior Brother."

Leng Luo and Pan Litian said almost in unison, "Mister First."

They had suspected this from the beginning when Yu Zhengtai demonstrated the Great Dark Heaven Memorial, but they did not dare believe it. No wonder the young man had picked up the technique so quickly. No wonder he understood the essence of the Great Dark Heaven Memorial in an instant and could even use it to kill!

Young Yu Zhenghai pushed Mingshi Yin away...

Although the others were treating him the way he should be treated, he was still reserved and at a loss.

Little Yuan'er skipped over and said with a smile, "Oh, it's you, Eldest Senior Brother. You won't blame me for that transgression, right?"

"No... I won't."

"What about me, Eldest Senior Brother?"

"I-I won't."

The others sighed in relief as though they had avoided a great disaster.

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "I know that you have questions of your own... You'll understand them soon. Bi An."

Bi An flew over. The scabbard in its mouth fell to the ground.

Young Yu Zhenghai exclaimed in surprise, "Senior Brother's scabbard!"

Hm? What senior brother was he talking about?

### **Chapter 637: 100,000-foot-deep Abyss**

The others were stunned again.

Eldest Senior Brother had the highest rank among the disciples, right? Whose rank could be higher than Eldest Senior Brother?

Young Yu Zhenghai picked the scabbard up. He cleaned the dirt off it with his tattered clothes. The veins on the scabbard could now be clearly seen.

Lu Zhou understood what was going on and asked, "You called him your senior brother?"

Young Yu Zhenghai answered honestly, "He's Yu Shangrong. He said he'll bring me to my master in Great Yan..."

Mingshi Yin said indignantly, "Second Senior Brother has gone overboard! How could he take advantage of the situation like this?"

Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng looked around themselves and acted as though they heard nothing. They would certainly make mistakes if they said too much. On the other hand, they would not make mistakes if they kept quiet.

Young Yu Zhenghai was confused. Second Senior Brother? The others addressed him as Eldest Senior Brother even though he was clearly the newest addition.

Lu Zhou looked at young Yu Zhenghai, deep in thoughts.

According to his current resurrected state, Yu Zhenghai did not seem to have completely lost his memories. His dantian's sea of Qi was still intact. The cultivation method and his masterful sword techniques could be unleashed instinctively. What intrigued Lu Zhou was... his current state was slightly similar to Conch.

The Luo woman, Conch, loss of memories, the awakening of cultivation base... Everything seemed connected...

Lu Zhou had already thought about this when he saw Yu Zhenghai. The more he thought about it, the more he found it made sense. Could the Luo woman also be a Wuqian and was resurrected as Conch?

No. The individual's lifespan would shorten every time he or she was resurrected. Lu Zhou had examined Conch's body repeatedly. If she had been reborn, she would not possess such rich vitality. If she was not reincarnated, then, what was it?

The notebook said the red lotus would not limit one's longevity... In other words, did people with red lotuses have longer lives?

He looked at Conch's naïve and pure appearance. He could hardly connect her to the Luo woman from 300 years ago. However, the awakening state Conch displayed and Yu Zhenghai's condition clearly showed that it was possible. Was Conch... the Luo woman?

In the end, Lu Zhou shook his head and dismissed these thoughts. His priority at the moment was to find Yu Shangrong. If it were not for Bi An, they would not have been able to find this place even after a decade.

At this moment, almost none of the others from the Evil Sky Pavilion could reconcile young Yu Zhenghai in his tattered robes to the majestic Yu Zhenghai they knew.

“Where’s Yu Shangrong?” Lu Zhou asked.

Young Yu Zhenghai pointed in the direction of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss and said, “He fell into the abyss to save me...”

“...”

The others were quiet. They could hardly believe this.

Young Yu Zhenghai began to recount what had happened to Lu Zhou.

The others were shocked.

“Lou Lan has the ambition of wolves. It’s no wonder Mister Second hasn’t returned even until now. The grand shaman ambushed him,” Pan Litian said.

“Grand shamans are able to invite deities and set up Formations. There are only a handful of individuals capable of becoming a grand shaman in Lou Lan... Lou Lan is certainly desperate to exchange the lives of that many shamans for Mister Second.”

Mingshi Yin said, “I don’t believe Second Senior Brother is dead. Master... I’ll go and search for him.” As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around, preparing to make his way to the abyss.

Lu Zhou said, “Wait.”

Mingshi Yin stopped moving, puzzled.

Lu Zhou said, “Yu Zhenghai has just been resurrected. His state is unstable. All of you will stay here. I’ll go and take a look.”

“Master!”

His disciples bowed.

“Master, you mustn’t! The prospect of surviving that 100,000-foot-deep abyss is extremely low,” Si Wuya said, “I volunteer to go down there to bring Second Senior Brother back.”

“I’ll go... Your cultivation base is too weak,” Duanmu Sheng said.

“...”

“Stop arguing... My cultivation base is the most profound among us at the moment. I should go.” Mingshi Yin stepped forward.

Pan Litian smiled and said, “All of you are still young. Why should you go? I’m a bag of old bones... I’ll go.”

“Enough.” Lu Zhou raised a hand and interrupted their argument.

Everyone fell silent and looked at Lu Zhou in confusion.

Lu Zhou looked at young Yu Zhenghai next to him and said, “Do as I say.”

“Understood!”

The others no longer dared to object.

...

At the periphery of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

If one were to peer over the edge, nothing else but endless darkness could be seen.

The disciples were all shocked by this sight.

Little Yuan'er and Conch could not bear to look at it and quickly averted their eyes.

Si Wuya said, “This abyss is half as long as Heaven’s Moat... Many cultivators with an appetite for adventure had tried to see how deep this abyss was in the past. Unfortunately, none of them made it back.”

“This abyss is too peculiar.”

“Is it more peculiar than the Four Forests? Even Junior Sister Tianxin managed to return from the depths of Misty Forest... We should believe in master,” Duanmu Sheng said.

“You’re right. Everyone said that going too deep into the Four Forests will only spell death... Now, those with a profound cultivation base could go in and bring a mount or two back with them,” Mingshi Yin said with a smile.

Pan Litian remembered his own experience in Blackwood Forest. He said with a sigh, “It’s strange, now that I think of it. The cultivation bases of humans have always been improving and progressing. Humans are exploring and conquering many previously unknown territories. The southernmost part of Heaven’s Moat was once called the highest point of the world 800 years ago, and nobody could reach it. Yet, many had conquered it throughout the years...”

The others nodded in agreement to his words.

Curiosity and exploration were natural for humans.

Lu Zhou recalled what the Luo woman wrote in her notebook. Perhaps, she had come here to explore as well. However, Great Yan’s Imperial tutor was the exact opposite. He longed for peace and sought a comfortable life.

“Yu Shangrong is my disciple, after all. If he’s alive, I want to see him. If he’s dead, I want to see his corpse,” Lu Zhou said as he stepped into the air above the abyss.

His disciples bowed in unison. “We’ll wait for you here, master.”

“We’ll be waiting for you, Pavilion Master.”

Lu Zhou swept his gaze across the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples and members before he nodded. Then, he descended slowly into the abyss.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion watched as he descended. It did not take long before his figure was swallowed by the darkness.

...

Lu Zhou maintained the speed of descent. When he looked up, he could still see the light from the sky.

After a while, he increased the speed of his descent. The wind roared in his ears, and he activated his protective energy.

He kept descending and would look up every so often. The sky was growing smaller and smaller, and the light was growing dimmer and dimmer.

"Is this abyss truly bottomless?" Lu Zhou did not believe this; he continued descending.

After some time, Lu Zhou suddenly felt a pulling force. "A suction force?!"

Lu Zhou felt his body grow heavier. It was as though some energy was pulling him from below, causing him to expend more and more Primal Qi as well.

"With Yu Shangrong's cultivation base, even if he falls into the depth of the abyss, he couldn't have died."

Lu Zhou slowed his descent. The lower he descended, the stronger the pulling force became.

There was a simple principle behind this. When he sank to the point where the pulling force was greater than his strength, that would be the point of no return.

Where was Yu Shangrong?

### **Chapter 638: Heart of the Red Fish**

When it got a little too dark, Lu Zhou finally stopped descending. He regretted his decision slightly. He had forgotten to replenish his extraordinary power. After his battle with Karol, he was now left with only half of his extraordinary power. On top of that, his cultivation base was only at the Six-leaf stage. If he encountered something much more powerful than himself, would he not be in grave danger? He decided to check his merit points to boost his own confidence...

Merit points: 8,103.

This was bad.

A Deadly Strike Card cost 10,000 merit points!

It was too expensive!

After checking his points, Lu Zhou felt more flustered than he had ever been. If he had known he would feel this way, he would not have checked his points!

Lu Zhou continued to descend after closing the interface.

...

Meanwhile.

The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples and elders waited next to the abyss. They could not help but feel slightly anxious when Lu Zhou did not return even after a long time had passed.

Si Wuya said, "Judging by this depth, I don't think that he'll be back anytime soon... We should stay in Guluo Village for the time being."

The others nodded.

"No." Young Yu Zhenghai shook his head. Perhaps, he loathed the very mention of Guluo Village, he had reacted strongly as soon as he heard the village's name.

Si Wuya said at once, "Eldest Senior Brother, let's set up our tents around here, then."

"Alright." Young Yu Zhenghai nodded.

The others understood that they should not mention Guluo Village again.

Mingshi Yin walked over and said, "Eldest Senior Brother... I'll carry your saber for you... This way, please."

"..." Yu Zhenghai had trouble getting used to this.

Although the others felt awkward, this young man was undoubtedly the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple. With the confirmation from the pavilion master and Si Wuya confirming it, there was no way it was wrong.

Mingshi Yin was the only one who acted naturally.

"Eldest Senior Brother, have a seat... I've wiped it down. I hope you don't mind," Mingshi Yin said in an ingratiating tone.

Duanmu Sheng rolled his eyes. He walked up to Mingshi Yin and said, "Old Fourth, you're hopeless. Flattery won't raise your cultivation base."

Mingshi Yin retreated with a sheepish expression on his face.

Duanmu Sheng produced his waterskin and presented it to young Yu Zhenghai as he said, "This is water from a well in Great Yan. It's sweet and refreshing."

Young Yu Zhenghai was slightly stunned. He looked at the waterskin and seemed to be filled with emotion.

Mingshi Yin. "???"

Yu Zhenghai received the waterskin. "Thank you."

The others were dumbfounded. They had never seen Yu Zhenghai thank anyone before. Although his appearance had changed, the changes in his attitude were much more shocking!

"Eldest Senior Brother." Little Yuan'er skipped over to young Yu Zhenghai.

Young Yu Zhenghai asked awkwardly, "You... are?"

"I'm the former Little Junior Sister and the current Ninth Junior Sister... This is Conch, master's latest disciple... Although you don't remember me, I remember you. Thank you for the Cloud-treading Boots!" Little Yuan'er said in one breath.

Young Yu Zhenghai scratched his head. He was even more confused than before. He had no recollections of the things Little Yuan'er mentioned.

When Si Wuya saw this, he stepped forward and began to explain to young Yu Zhenghai. He started from Yu Zhenghai's identity, how he joined the Evil Sky Pavilion as a disciple, founded the Nether Sect, conquered the nine provinces, and eventually claimed the Divine Capital.

Yu Zhenghai was greatly shocked by this. He could not believe it at all.

Everyone knew that it was difficult to accept such facts. Hence, they dared not disturb him. They left him alone to give him time to digest all these things.

...

The next morning.

When the sun rose in the east, the others went to the edge of the abyss to have long. And yet, there was no sign of their master.

...

Meanwhile.

Lu Zhou was still descending. He did not increase his speed and maintained the same speed.

Currently, darkness surrounded him on all sides.

"Can I really not reach the bottom of the abyss?" Lu Zhou had trouble believing this.

As he descended, the pulling force intensified as well.

In an attempt to find Yu Shangrong, he would launch a palm seal at fixed intervals.

The shining golden palm seal was like a lantern at night that illuminated the surroundings.

When Lu Zhou felt that he had gone far enough, he launched another palm seal.

The shining golden palm seal was quickly swallowed by the darkness.

"Hm?" Lu Zhou discovered the palm seal did not hit the abyss's rock walls like the previous ones.

"The bottom is hollow?"

He stopped and kept himself afloat by condensing his Primal Qi into energy.

The pulling force from below had intensified considerably so he had to spend even more Primal Qi. However, it was still manageable.

Lu Zhou raised his palm that glowed with a golden light. The areas a few meters around him lit up.

He discovered there was nothing around him! Everything about his surroundings made him feel cold despite the temperature.

This time, he launched a palm seal down.

Soon enough, a crisp sound rang in the air, surprising Lu Zhou.

"I'm near the bottom?" He decided to descend.

After a while, he raised his hand, holding a golden sphere that looked like a miniature sun.

When he looked down, he could hardly believe the sight that greeted his eyes.

There was a boundless sea beneath him! He could not see an end to it! What shocked him further was that the water was black!

"Black water?"

It looked like a new world down here!

Lu Zhou hovered above the black water. He did not dare to recklessly touch the black water. He continued to observe his surroundings with the help of his glowing golden sphere.

After a while, he discovered that he had drifted to another place even though he did not move. Due to how dark it was and not having a point of reference, he did not notice it all.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. No wonder he could not find Yu Shangrong. With this, it would be much more difficult to find Yu Shangrong.

The black water was so calm that it seemed like a glass pane.

Lu Zhou flew backward and saw a reef. He landed on it and began to replenish his Primal Qi.

At the same time, he kept himself alert to any minute changes in his surroundings.

He suddenly recalled his power of hearing, and an idea formed in his mind...

To gain the power to hear everything so that we can hear voices in all realms at will.

His ear glowed with faint blue light, and he felt the range of hearing widened.

There were no movements or sounds...

Soon after...

Swoosh!

A red fish had leaped out of the water in front of him!

It was a glowing red fish!

Lu Zhou struck with his palm.

Fiend Monk's Hand Seal!

The shining blue hand seal sailed toward the red fish.

Bam!

The Fiend Monk's Hand Seal grabbed the red fish!

"A fish capable of producing red energy?" This had exceeded the bounds of Lu Zhou's understanding. He raised the red fish and noticed it had an exceptionally stubborn will to live. It was 100 times more stubborn than any fish he had ever seen. The red fish struggled to break free of his clutches to return to the black water.

"You livestock, thinking of going back?"

He raised his palm and struck.

Bam!

Perhaps, his force was too strong.

A soft noise rang in the air as the red fish spat out a red ring of light.

Lu Zhou retracted his palm. The ruby item fell into his palm.

"Ding! Obtained Red Fish Heart x1."

"Red Fish Heart. Provides 100 years of life."

"Really?"

He obtained 100 years of life with a casual swipe of his hand?

Lu Zhou was shocked. He looked at the red fish's corpse and the Red Fish Heart.

'Let's put it away for now.'

He wrapped it up and started replenishing his Primal Qi.

The Primal Qi here was exceptionally dense. He recovered at an exceptional rate.

At the same time, Lu Zhou stayed a while longer on the reef to replenish his extraordinary power.

Without any point of reference, he could only gauge the passage of time with his senses.

After what seemed like hours, Lu Zhou started hearing the sound of waves.

When he looked at the spot where the red fish had appeared earlier, he saw the black water surged into a towering wave.

"What's this?"

Splash!

Lu Zhou gauged his extraordinary power. He noticed that it was nearly full. He no longer dallied. He leaped up and dodged the wave of black water as soon as it dropped. up and rose.

Then, he saw an extremely huge red fish emerging from the black water. Due to the black water, its glow was not very prominent. However, as soon as it broke the surface of the water, a red light burst forth.

Lu Zhou could sense the hostility from the red fish...

Its huge eye rolled around, scanning its surroundings, before it found him.

Lu Zhou did not think he should stay here for long.

He launched a palm seal down and broke free of the pulling force.

It leaped out of the water, raising its head before opening its jaws. It was clear it intended to devour Lu Zhou.

Although it had leaped lightly into the air, the waves it stirred up reached a tremendous height.

“Livestock!” Lu Zhou aimed his palm that was shining with a faint blue light down.

The scripts of Abandon Wisdom appeared between his fingers, and a palm seal that was larger than usual appeared under his feet. Then, he pressed down!

### **Chapter 639: I’m Back!**

Lu Zhou had used half of his extraordinary power on this move. He could sense how powerful the red fish was... It was more powerful than the Eight-leaf experts he had encountered.

Abandon Wisdom descended. This palm seal’s size was unprecedented. Even then, the super-sized palm seal... was barely the size of the huge fish.

Boom!

An explosion rang in the air.

From afar, a golden ripple seemed to spread in the sky, releasing countless rings of light.

Splash!

The red fish’s miserable cry rang in the air before it fell into the black water.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. An expression of incredulity could be seen on his face. He could not believe the red fish did not die even though he had used half of his extraordinary power on the attack.

What a powerful creature!

This reminded Lu Zhou of the 10,000-year-old Cheng Huang that Ye Tianxin described.

The size of Cheng Huang had exceeded his understanding at that time. How could he not be shocked when he saw this?

“A creature from the red lotus domain?” Lu Zhou hovered in midair as he surveyed his dark surroundings again.

He fell deep into thought.

If this was the red lotus domain... How were humans supposed to survive in this dark space and boundless black water territory?

Great Yan's Imperial tutor, the Luo woman, Conch; they were all cultivators from the red lotus domain.

The Luo woman had also described in her notebook that Great Yan was similar to where she was from.

Then, where was this place?

At this moment, he heard a loud splash. He looked up and saw a huge wave that rose even higher than the ones before.

The huge red fish leaped out of the water again with a force much more intense and furious than before.

"Back for revenge?"

Lu Zhou remembered the small red fish and the Red Fish Heart. A small Red Fish Heart gave him 100 years of life. What about... this huge red fish?

Alas, he only had half of his extraordinary power left. If he used it all now, he would be left with nothing.

Although Primal Qi was dense here, it was too dangerous for him to do that. He had no guarantee that other more powerful creatures would not attack him.

"Forget it!" Lu Zhou lifted his right hand. A Deadly Strike Card appeared in his palm. He exerted some force and shattered the item card.

A miniature vortex, swirling anti-clockwise, appeared in his palm.

He struck with his palm...

The Great Seal of Fearlessness!

The Great Seal of Fearless removed fear from the hearts of men and made people feel at ease.

The palm seal illuminated the area within 10,000 meters.

How great was this Great Seal Fearlessness?

For reference, Lu Zhou was only the size of the red fish's eyeball. However, the gigantic red fish was only the size of a fingernail compared to this Great Seal of Fearlessness.

The entire place was instantly lit up.

Light had always been the best element to dispel darkness and fear.

The immensely large Great Seal of Fearlessness slammed into the red fish's face.

Boom!

A thunderous explosion resounded in the chasm, causing the black water to surge and roil.

The energy explosion created a brilliant firework display in the dark.

“Ding! Killed the beast, Chi Yao. Reward: 5,000 merit points.”

“...”

This reward... Lu Zhou had difficulty accepting it.

‘Chi Yao? This red fish’s name is Chi Yao?’

The explosion of energy lasted for a while before it finally dissipated.

Lu Zhou watched as parts of Chi Yao’s body dropped into the black water. When he looked up, he saw a red orb floating in the air.

Without a second thought, he dove and extended a hand.

Monk’s Hand Seal!

He immediately grabbed it in his hand.

“Ding! Obtained Chi Yao’s Heart x1.”

“Chi Yao’s Heart provides 1,200 years of life.”

,200 years of life? Was this a coincidence? According to the Luo woman, this was the same amount of life needed to break through to the Nine-leaf stage for Great Yan’s cultivators!

Lu Zhou removed his robes. He wrapped the Red Fish Heart and Chi Yao’s Heart together and carried it on his back. He could hardly care about his appearance at this moment.

Then, he glanced at the message on the dashboard.

“Purchase Deadly Strike Card!”

After purchasing another Deadly Strike Card, he was left with more than 3,000 merit points.

Killing Chi Yao merely rewarded him with 5,000 merit points, but, he had to spend 10,000 merit points on this card.

It was not practical to farm for Chi Yao’s Hearts using item cards.

Lu Zhou purchased this card just in case he was lucky enough to encounter another Chi Yao.

Chi Yao’s Heart...

Based on the system, a cultivator could reach the Nine-leaf stage with this!

He would purchase the Deadly Strike Card to get more Chi Yao’s Hearts even if it cost him 20,000 merit points per card.

Unfortunately, Lu Zhou hovered above the water for a long time, but there was no other Chi Yao. No other beasts emerged as well.

Perhaps, Chi Yao had been territorial so other beasts did not dare to approach.

Chi Yao’s Heart shone through the wrappings.

There were too many hidden secrets in the abyss, but it was too dangerous to remain here.

After muttering to himself for a while, Lu Zhou felt that... it was time for him to return.

He flew up. Whenever he felt the pulling force, he would release some extraordinary power to negate it.

Looking up from below, Lu Zhou resembled a star flying toward the dark sky.

...

Near the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

There were tents, tables, and chairs scattered around the campground.

Si Wuya was sketching something like a map on the table. Eventually, he finished sketching the outline of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

"This is the structure of the top of the 100,000-foot-deep abyss. I've flown for about eight days... It's the widest in the south and narrowest in the north. It's one-fifth the length of Heaven's Moat. Guluo Village is here, not far from where we are. The Roulian's territory is to the west, and it's blocked by the forest. Due north, past several valleys, is Cloud Rage River. West of Cloud Rage River is Rongbei," Si Wuya explained.

"What's all this for?" Mingshi Yin was perplexed.

"Fourth Senior Brother... This is the bigger picture. The abyss is huge, and we can't see a thing down there. Master will surely be flying around in search of Second Senior Brother, and he might have lost his way. I've already stationed some men near the abyss to await master's return," Si Wuya explained, "However, the southern part of the abyss is extremely wide. It's close to Heaven's Moat, and cultivators can't approach it easily."

Mingshi Yin gave him a thumbs up and said, "That's amazing."

"Thank you for the praise, Fourth Senior Brother."

At this moment, Pan Zhong walked over, bowed, and said, "Mister Seventh, there's a report from the Imperial city. The Eight-leaf cultivator has already been killed by Miss Sixth and the Ancient Saint Cult Master."

"I see." Si Wuya nodded.

"The Roulians are probably flustered and frustrated with so many of their elites dead," Mingshi Yin said.

Si Wuya said, "If all goes well, the 12 allied nations will soon come. Karol was an Eight-leaf-and-a-half cultivator. Once they have a Nine-leaf cultivator, it'll signal the true coming of the 12 allied nations."

"They're only a bunch of misfits." Mingshi Yin waved his hand dismissively.

At this moment, young Yu Zhenghai emerged from a tent and said, "If I may be so bold as to make a request."

Mingshi Yin immediately bowed, cupped his fists, and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, our lives will shorten if you talk to us like that... Just tell us what to do."

“They’re all saying that your cultivation base is the most profound among everyone here. So... I want to spar and cultivate with you. I wonder if you have the time?”

Mingshi Yin. “???”

This... How was he supposed to answer this question? He wished someone would give him the answer!

“I know of an empty space around here. It’s a nice place to spar. I won’t take too much of your time. I can’t help but feel that my saber technique has improved... Hm? Your expression? I’m sorry, did I say something that made you feel uncomfortable?”

Mingshi Yin shook his head and said, “Eldest Senior Brother, please don’t do this... Are you possessed by Second Senior Brother?”

“Possessed?”

“It’s nothing. I’ll go. It’s only a sparring session, right? Let’s go. I’ll spar with you, Eldest Senior Brother.”  
Mingshi Yin was formulating several detailed plans in which he would be defeated...

...

Ten days passed.

Lu Zhou was numb from all the flying.

If it were not for the glow from Chi Yao’s Heart reminding him that he was ascending, he would have lost all sense of direction. Unfortunately, he did not manage to find Yu Shangrong on this trip.

The airflow would move one around. This element would make it difficult for him to search for Yu Shangrong again. However, he was certain Yu Shangrong was not dead. As long as Yu Shangrong was alive, there was still hope.

Lu Zhou who was lost in his thoughts looked up at this moment and saw a round patch of the sky.

“The moon!”

The appearance of the moon invigorated his mind and senses!

“I’m back!”

Please enter the translation

#### **Chapter 640: Great Yan’s Imperial Tutor**

Lu Zhou did not know how much time he had spent in the darkness. The long period of flying and ascending had numbed his senses. In any case, the appearance of the moon in the skies undoubtedly invigorated him, and he felt relieved.

He gauged his remaining Primal Qi. There was not much left. However, it was still sufficient for him to continue flying. The pulling force had long disappeared.

Lu Zhou raised a hand and launched a palm seal.

The golden palm seal illuminated the area before him. He saw the familiar rock face of the abyss.

Shortly after, he felt a gust of cold wind blowing against him.

Swoosh!

Lu Zhou emerged from the 100,000-foot-deep abyss! His vision instantly widened, and the claustrophobic sensation had disappeared.

He flew up into the sky and surveyed his surroundings; his disciples were nowhere in sight. Then, he looked at the seemingly endless darkness below him. Although his appearance was calm, his skin broke out in goosebumps.

Soon after, he descended near the edge of the abyss. Although it was dark, he could still see his surroundings.

Lu Zhou left the abyss and walked forward. After a short while, he realized that the group had grown slightly steep. After skirting around a huge boulder, he discovered that it was a crater that resembled a bowl.

The entrance of the 100,000-foot-abyss was at the bottom of the crater.

Swoosh!

He continued flying.

The roar of the wind rang in his ears.

Lu Zhou looked up and saw snow all around him.

“Heaven’s Moat?!” He realized he had already arrived at Heaven’s Moat. There was an empty region where the abyss and Heaven’s Moat overlapped.

He flew higher.

He was now at the peak of Heaven’s Moat.

This was the southernmost part of Heaven’s Moat, the highest mountain in the world, a place where nobody could reach.

He did not expect this.

He took in his surroundings, confirming it was the highest point of Heaven’s Moat. It was not snowing here. The snow on the ground must have been blown here from somewhere else.

The wind here varied in intensity.

He removed his sack. He rewrapped it in more layers to cover the red glow. Then, he slung it on his back again as he prepared to descend Heaven’s Moat.

After some time, he was at the edge of Heaven’s Moat. He was about to launch himself into the air when a weathered and gruff voice rang amidst the roaring wind.

“You survived.”

If it were anyone else, they would have jumped in shock.

However, after experiencing the darkness of the abyss, Lu Zhou was delighted to hear another person's voice. He turned around and scanned his surroundings. "Who's there?"

He walked along the edge of the land and saw a hidden small rock cave. The voice had come from the cave.

At this moment, a figure made of smoke emerged from the cave. It billowed for a moment before gradually taking form under the moonlight.

The moon shone on him, revealing his appearance. He seemed like an old man older than 60 years. His eyes were dark, and he had a dark beard. Despite his emaciated appearance, there was an unmistakably noble air about him.

Three feet of ice would not form overnight... For someone to be at the peak of Heaven's Moat, he was surely someone with high status.

"I'm Jiang Wenxu... We meet again."

'We meet again?' Lu Zhou studied the person before him and asked in confusion, "I've never met you before. Why did you call out to me?"

Jiang Wenxu shook his head. He said slowly and with certainty in a gruff voice, "I've met you thrice, sir."

"Hm?"

"Our first encounter was when I just arrived on this land and discovered that you were the greatest Eight-leaf cultivator. Hence, I requested an audience..." Jiang Wenxu said, "During our second encounter, we talked through the night. I told you about the Nine-leaf stage and the calamity that it would bring. You promised you'll never attempt the Nine-leaf stage. Then, you sealed your memories. I wonder why you went back on your words and tried to reach the Nine-leaf stage by force?"

Then, he continued to say, "Our third encounter was when you were assaulted by the ten great elites. You were gravely injured. You didn't see me, but I saw you..."

Lu Zhou guessed his identity immediately. He said, "Imperial tutor?"

"They call me Grand Duke Jiang," Jiang Wenxu said.

"So, it's you."

The wind roared and raged, and yet, Jiang Wenxu remained unaffected.

It made sense. Out of all the cultivators in the world, the Imperial tutor who had knowledge of the red lotus domain was the only one who would appear here and guard the abyss. Well, it was either him or the adventurous Luo woman.

"Although I was attacked by the ten great elites, I didn't die. Were you the one who snuck up on me?" Lu Zhou asked.

"I had no other choice," Jiang Wenxu placed his hands on his back and said, "Since you've sealed your memories and given up leveling up, why did you suddenly change your mind?"

Lu Zhou shook his head. He asked, "Will the Nine-leaf stage truly bring about a disaster?"

When he heard this, Jiang Wenxu looked at the night skies, seemingly lost in thoughts. He muttered to himself for some time. He turned and looked at the abyss and said, "Chi Yao is but the tip of the iceberg. To them, humans are only a delicacy. Beasts are easy to deal with, but the hearts of men are unpredictable."

"You're from the red lotus world. Are you worried they'll destroy this place?" Lu Zhou asked.

Jiang Wenxu did not seem surprised by Lu Zhou's question. His expression remained calm. He did not answer Lu Zhou's question. Instead, he asked, "How did you survive the coordinated attack?"

"By sheer luck," Lu Zhou replied, giving an ambiguous answer.

"Did you see Chi Yao?" Jiang Wenxu asked.

"I didn't only see it, but I killed it as well," Lu Zhou replied.

Jiang Wenxu was shocked. His brows were tightly knitted together. Under the moonlight, one could see the expression of incredulity on his face.

"I've told you there's no need to answer this question. Let me ask you this: I'm already at the Nine-leaf stage... Where is this so-called disaster that you talked about?" Lu Zhou asked.

"..." Jiang Wenxu stepped forward, slightly surprised. He appraised Lu Zhou again. "Nine-leaf? I won't be convinced until I've seen it myself." He was certain in his belief that the Nine-leaf stage would bring forth disaster.

Lu Zhou would not simply summon his avatar. Even if he had the Disguise Card, he would not use it without due cause.

Since Jiang Wenxu liked guessing, Lu Zhou decided to let him guess. He deftly avoided the topic and said, "Although the red lotus doesn't limit one's life, it's still bound by heaven and earth's shackle. Can you stop people from trying to break heaven and earth's shackle?"

Jiang Wenxu sighed and said, "So, you've met Luo Shiyin."

"Luo... Shi... Yin..." Lu Zhou repeated the name.

Jiang Wenxu turned around. He walked toward the cave and said, "She's a lunatic, just like you."

"Where's she now?"

Jiang Wenxu remained silent.

Lu Zhou added, "She supported the idea of improving people's strength, in contrast to you. You're both from the same place, but you hold different views."

"No..." Jiang Wenxu had his back against Lu Zhou as he said, "She doesn't know how foolish her actions are. Since you encountered Chi Yao, you should understand how powerful Chi Yao is. Even a powerful red lotus cultivator wouldn't take Chi Yao lightly."

"And?"

“Please show me your avatar.” Jiang Wenxu stopped at the cave’s entrance and turned around to look at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou shook his head. ‘Why should I show you just because you asked me to? Who do you take me for?’

Jiang Wenxu’s face was weathered. He said slowly, “You have many secrets. Unfortunately, I don’t have much time. I wish that you’d lower your cultivation base...”

“What if I refuse?”

“I’ll just have to do it myself, then.”

“You?” Lu Zhou was puzzled.

“Don’t question my ability.” After saying this, Jiang Wenxu raised a hand and struck.

An almost-translucent palm seal sailed forth.

Lu Zhou raised his palm as well. A blue palm seal shot out...

When Jiang Wenxu saw the blue palm seal, an expression of shock appeared on his face. “Blue palm seal?!”

Boom!

The blue palm seal collided with Jiang Wenxu’s palm seal.