

Disciples 651

Chapter 651: The 12 Allied Nations

Lu Zhou had been waiting for this.

Mingshi Yin, Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Yu Zhenghai stood behind Lu Zhou; they were staying alert of their surroundings.

Angui said hoarsely, "Royal Tutor, is... is it really you?"

The appearance of this mysterious figure shook Angui. He could hardly believe this. The Royal Tutor's contribution could not be denied in regard to Lou Lan's survival to this very day.

The specter nodded slightly. He said, "I was the one who ordered the Bonar Family to defend the crystal with their lives. Your Majesty, surely you won't blame me for this?"

Angui smiled awkwardly. "I'm sure you have your own reasons for doing things, Royal Tutor. How could I possibly blame you!"

Mingshi Yin was speechless. 'How did he change his words so smoothly?' After a moment, he said, "Your Majesty, your promise to my master..."

"Naturally, I'll honor the promise. However, the Royal Tutor has always been the decision-maker in regard to many of Lou Lan's affairs."

'What a two-faced man.'

Angui changed his stance so quickly.

Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Lu Zhou were used to this. Since time immemorial, men's principles would change depending on who was in power. It was meaningless to argue.

The change in Angui's attitude was within Lu Zhou's expectations as well. He was already prepared for this.

Lu Zhou looked at the specter in the air and said, "Jiang Wenxu... I've been waiting for you."

"I've been waiting for you as well."

"The lotus-severing era has dawned. Can you stop the tides of the Nine-leaf stage on your own?" Lu Zhou asked.

Jiang Wenxu's voice was hoarse when he spoke. "I've spent centuries stopping the 12 nations and Great Yan from producing Nine-leaf cultivators... This was how it has been, and how it will always be."

"All this is for your own selfish reasons?"

"My selfish reasons?" Jiang Wenxu raised his voice and said, "If a Nine-leaf cultivator appears, there will certainly be disasters. When that time comes, humans will be wiped out. However, you forced your way into the Nine-leaf stage for your own goals. Who's the selfish one?"

“Disaster?” Lu Zhou looked at Jiang Wenxu who was hovering in the sky. “Ever since the birth of men, there have always been disasters. Humans adapt and grow from disasters. The greatest proof for this is the existence of the Nine-leaf and Ten-leaf stage in the red lotus world!”

Upon hearing this, Jiang Wenxu’s eyes flashed as he said, “You know about the red lotus? However, you only know a part of it. Do you know how great of a price had been paid because of the Nine-leaf and Ten-leaf stages? Countless individuals lose their lives every year because of them. Are you going to turn a blind eye to that?”

“It’s precisely because of people like you that humans aren’t powerful enough,” Lu Zhou gruffly said. In other words, if they were strong enough, why would they have to fear the beasts?

“Hm?” Jiang Wenxu was taken aback and puzzled. He had met Ji Tiandao three times before this. When did Ji Tiandao become this eloquent? Moreover, the things Ji Tiandao knew had exceeded his expectations. “Fine... When our views are irreconcilable, it’s a waste to continue the discussion.”

At this moment, more and more cultivators were gathering around them. Among them, many powerful cultivators were flying toward Jiang Wenxu.

“Shenmu Nation, here.”

“Wuchang Nation, here.”

“Nieer Nation, here.”

“Changgi Nation, here.”

“Kindly give your orders, Royal Tutor.”

The moment the four cultivators bowed, the head of the Bonar Family, Lanhai, was shaken. He immediately fell to his knees and said, “Lord Royal Tutor, please help the Bonar Family!”

Lanhai’s four subordinates fell to their knees as well. “Lord Royal Tutor, please help the Bonar Family!”

Jiang Wenxu looked at Lanhai indifferently as he said, “Alright.”

Lanhai was overjoyed. “Thank you, Lord Royal Tutor. The Bonar Family will follow your instructions for generations to come. We’ll defend the secret of the crystal to our deaths!”

Jiang Wenxu looked down at the others and said, “Ji Tiandao... You promised that you won’t attempt the Nine-leaf stage back then. Since you’ve repeatedly broken your promise, I’ll kill you! The other seven nations are already on their way to Great Yan. The remaining four nations have surrounded Lou Lan’s ancient city. After your death, I’ll seal everything here... Your name won’t appear in the records.” After he finished speaking, he waved his hand.

Angui hastily bowed toward Lu Zhou and said, “I have no choice. Please forgive me.”

When the other officials saw this, they said, “Your Majesty, I think the Royal Tutor has a point...”

“Lord Royal Tutor, please help Lou Lan!”

With these, their stance was clear.

The cultivators near the curtain-like barrier in the sky continued to grow in number.

The other four nations of the alliance were in the ancient city now.

Lu Zhou looked up at the specter. He raised a palm and said, "I'd like to see how capable you are." His fingers glowed blue, and several characters appeared between his fingers.

Whoosh!

Soon after, Abandon Wisdom shot toward Jiang Wenxu. The palm seal passed through Jiang Wenxu and collided with the sky curtain.

Boom!

A ripple spread on the sky curtain.

As Lu Zhou expected, this was just a projection of Jiang Wenxu. There were both advantages and disadvantages to this. The disadvantage was that he could not kill Jiang Wenxu. The advantage was that the others were not even worth worrying about.

Jiang Wenxu allowed the palm seal to pass through him. He waved his sleeve and said, "Get them."

Around the sky curtain, the shamans raised their hands. Purple light spheres appeared in their palms immediately.

Various avatars appeared in the surroundings as well. There were wolf king avatars, leopard king avatars, and tiger king avatars. All of them lunged at the same time.

The purple light spheres gathered in the center of the Grand Witchcraft Formation. With this, the reduction effect from the witchcraft was activated.

Lu Zhou had experience dealing with Grand Witchcraft Formations so he knew how to break the Grand Formation. He pushed away from the ground and shot into the air.

The light spheres shot toward Lu Zhou immediately.

Lu Zhou recited the chant of the Heavenly Writing in his mind.

To gain the power to silence everything, to maintain and manifest samadhi. Like light and shadow, permeating everywhere while staying still in samadhi.

A blue lotus bloomed under Lu Zhou's feet!

The mighty extraordinary power spilled into the surroundings, shattering the light rings in the sky.

The purple energy was immediately overwhelmed.

The wolf king avatars that were lunging toward Lu Zhou were sent flying back!

The witchcraft cultivators who were hovering near the sky curtain spat out blood due to the impact from the tidal wave of Lu Zhou's power.

The Grand Witchcraft Formation that had just recently been activated shattered instantly!

The surface of the tiles and bricks of the buildings seemed to have been removed!

Lu Zhou's power was proof of the Nine-leaf stage.

The power of silence easily crushed Lu Zhou's enemies. He killed more than half of the cultivators around him, and the remaining were heavily wounded.

"Ding! Killed 150 targets. For Nascent Divinity realm targets, reward: 15,000 merit points. For Divine Court realm targets, reward: 1,200 merit points. The others are not counted."

The entire place fell silent after Lu Zhou's attack.

The sky was clear as though the rain had just passed.

King Angui of Lou Lan stumbled backward. He could not believe this. He trembled as he looked at Lu Zhou hovering in the air. His most elite royal guards had been crushed with just one move!

The Grand Witchcraft Formation had disappeared!

The head of the Bonar Family, Lanhai, stared blankly at the sky.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou stroked his beard as though nothing had happened. He looked at Jiang Wenxu in front of him.

Jiang Wenxu was shocked as well. He regarded Lu Zhou with a complicated gaze and said, "Unbelievable."

"This is only the beginning," Lu Zhou replied.

"Indeed, it's only the beginning."

Chapter 652: The Pinnacle of the Extraordinary Power

"I'm surprised you didn't trigger a disaster..." Jiang Wenxu said.

"I can say the same of you." Lu Zhou wanted to know what method Jiang Wenxu used to suppress his own Nine-leaf stage. If the Nine-leaf stage would truly trigger a disaster, why did he not trigger a disaster?

Jiang Wenxu said, "Naturally, I have my own methods." He waved his arm again.

Outside Lou Lan's ancient city, cultivators marched in rows toward them from three directions like colonies of ants.

In the air, four flying chariots, several hundred meters in length, flew toward them.

Jiang Wenxu's projection rose higher than the flying chariots.

Lu Zhou rose higher as well. The higher he was, the further he could see.

The four huge flying chariots and the countless flying cultivators surrounded the ancient city. There was no mortal in sight.

“When Lou Lan was in its prime, even Great Yan wouldn’t dare to underestimate it. I’ve prepared these four nations for you... If you wish to fight me, you’ll have to go through them.” Jiang Wenxu projected his voice to Lu Zhou.

The drones from the four flying chariots were like roaring wind as they drew closer. They arrived at the ancient city without much obstruction.

Lu Zhou looked at the four flying chariots and said, “Just a ragtag mob.”

“I admire your confidence... I hope you’ll unleash the power of a Nine-leaf cultivator so you can serve as a warning to others.” Jiang Wenxu’s projection flew away.

Lu Zhou did not attack. He needed to find out where Jiang Wenxu was.

At this moment, Mingshi Yin, Yu Zhenghai, Leng Luo, and Pan Litian flew over and stood behind Lu Zhou.

When he saw the troops from the four allied nations, Mingshi Yin was inwardly shocked. He said, “The royal tutor sure knows how to lay a trap... This will be tricky...”

The five people from the Evil Sky Pavilion hovered in the air as they looked at the countless cultivators from the four nations.

“Protect Yu Zhenghai,” Lu Zhou said apathetically.

“Don’t worry, master.”

Yu Zhenghai quickly said, “Don’t mind me.”

Naturally, the others ignored him. Yu Zhenghai did not even have his cultivation base or memories. He needed the protection.

King Angui could no longer think straight.

The officials were also at a loss.

The only garrison of the ancient city had been swept away by the greatest expert of Great Yan. However, they had made their stance clear before this.

The head of the Bonar Family, Lanhai, retreated instinctively... He did not expect that the royal tutor was only a projection.

The reactions of those from Lou Lan did not escape Lu Zhou’s notice. He said, “Get them.”

“I’ll get him.” The Golden Gourd Bottle burst forth with radiance as Pan Litian dove. Although he was recultivating, he was still superior to his peers. As the saying went, ‘An emaciated camel is still larger than a horse’.

Upon seeing this, Lanhai was frightened out of his wits. He hastily cast a spell as he attempted to flee.

The Golden Gourd Bottle flashed again with golden radiance!

Bam!

It landed squarely on Lanhai’s back.

Lanhai had been injured by Lu Zhou to begin with. He was no match for Pan Litian with his heaven-grade weapon. He spat out a mouthful of blood before he fell face-first to the ground.

Pan Litian nodded in satisfaction. He reached out and launched a palm seal that caught Lanhai and pulled him back. He flew back to Lu Zhou's side. "Stop struggling. I might just let you tumble to your death."

Pan Litian's words frightened Lanhai so much that he stilled immediately.

Then, Pan Litian raised his hand and sealed Lanhai's Extraordinary Eight Meridians. Now that the greatest elite from the Clarity Sect has personally sealed Lanhai's cultivation base, Lanhai had almost no chance of breaking free.

Meanwhile.

From the four flying chariots that stopped above the ancient city, four figures leaped out of the flying chariots. They stopped short of 100 meters before Lu Zhou and arranged themselves in a semi-circle.

"Arwen of Shemu Nation is here to fight by order of the royal tutor."

"Bask of Wuchang Nation is here to fight by order of the royal tutor."

"Kubo of Nieer Nation is here to fight by order of the royal tutor."

"Xiaji of Rouli Nation is here to fight by order of the royal tutor."

The four of them had strong auras. Their battle spirits were off the charts, and excitement burned brightly in their eyes.

Xiaji, the Roulian, could not wait to make his move. The death of the Roulian General, Karol, incited fury in the Roulians. Moreover, there were 10,000 captives held in Liang Province at this moment.

Lu Zhou looked at the four of them and said, "I've always been merciful. If you turn back now, you may keep your lives!"

"The arrow is already nocked. It has to be fired."

"One of us will have to die today."

With the powerful Royal Tutor supporting them, how could they let this chance slip through their fingers?

At this moment, battle drums sounded from the four flying chariots.

Xiaji said, "The other seven nations are already on their way to Heaven's Moat... Even if you have the power of the Nine-leaf stage, you can't save people from such great distance."

"The Royal Tutor is watching over us today. The Royal Tutor has already reached the Nine-leaf stage centuries ago... What are we waiting for?"

Lu Zhou studied the four cultivators. It seemed like Jiang Wenxu did a good job brainwashing them.

Arwen of Shenmu drew a saber and loudly announced, "I'll go first." He wielded with saber with both hands as he summoned his avatar.

Whizz!

A lotus-less leopard king avatar appeared before it disappeared. It was clear Arwen was trying to show his strength. The eight leaves around his avatar betrayed his cultivation base. Who knew he might even be an Eight-leaf-and-a-half cultivator.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded upon seeing this. It seemed like Jiang Wenxu intended to use him to kill these potential Nine-leaf cultivators.

"Here I come!" Arwen suddenly flickered out of sight as he leaped 50 meters ahead. When he appeared, he merged with his leopard king avatar. As he held the saber with both hands, the energy saber elongated and broadened. It seemed capable of piercing the heavens. He leaped again and brought his saber down in a hacking motion. The energy saber resembled a huge guillotine that was dropping down.

Lanhai was already paralyzed with fear at this sight.

On the other hand, the two elders, Mingshi Yin, and Yu Zhenghai did not even flinch.

The energy saber fell toward Lu Zhou's face.

At this moment, Lu Zhou raised two fingers of his right hand, and a faint blue light flashed

Bam!

The energy saber stopped moving!

Everyone's attention was focused on Lu Zhou. His left hand was still resting on his back. He had raised his right hand slightly, and with seemingly little effort, he caught the huge energy saber with two fingers.

Arwen was shocked. Although he knew a Nine-leaf cultivator would be powerful, he did not expect Lu Zhou would be able to stop the attack he had unleashed unreservedly. When he regained his senses, he tried to free his energy saber from Lu Zhou's hold, but he found that he could not move it at all. How was this possible?

Arwen increased the input of Primal Qi and his force. Alas, the huge saber still remained unmoved.

The old man who was holding the energy saber between his fingers appeared nonchalant and calm. Too powerful!

Soon after, Lu Zhou flickered out of sight.

Grand technique!

While Arwen was distracted, Lu Zhou shot past him.

Goosebumps rose on Arwen's skin, and his hair stood on ends. This was bad! The energy saber scattered as he raised his weapon to defend himself!

Bam!

There was a flash of light as Lu Zhou landed behind Arwen. He held Unnamed in his hand.

The other three opponents were only 50 meters away as they looked at the seemingly frail old man.

Arwen's back was facing Lu Zhou. He seemed to have frozen over; he was still wielding his saber with both hands.

"Arwen!" A sound wave rolled out of Shenmu Nation's flying chariot.

The soundwave rolled over them, and the saber cracked into two.

At the same time, Arwen's body was cleaved into two as well. Then, like trash, he plummeted to the ground as his blood rained down.

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

Lu Zhou had easily killed his opponent with a single move. Who could compare to a Nine-leaf cultivator?

Most of the people present knew a Nine-leaf cultivator was powerful, but the extent of a Nine-leaf cultivator's strength truly exceeded their expectations. He had easily killed an elite who had recultivated to the Eight-leaf stage after severing his lotus! How unfair!

The wind blew in the night scare, causing Lu Zhou's robes to flutter. He looked like an immortal at this moment.

The others could hardly breathe.

At this moment, a gruff and familiar voice rang from behind the four flying chariots. "Continue."

"Lord Royal Tutor has ordered us to continue!"

"I'll go!" Bask of Wuchang Nation shouted as he volunteered himself. He merged with his tiger king avatar, and the muscles on his arms seemed to grow immediately. He leaped out and brought his paws down. Without the shackles of the golden lotus, the Eight-leaf tiger king was now unrestrained!

Lu Zhou raised his right hand. Black runes swirled around Unnamed. There was a flurry of movements before he vanished out of sight.

Bask said gruffly, "I was waiting for this!" He roared and released an overwhelming soundwave. His roar resounded across the heavens.

Although it was just a soundwave, the others felt as though it was palpable when it rolled over them!

"What a powerful roaring technique!"

The sound had barely faded when Lu Zhou appeared beside the tiger king. With an indifferent expression, he swung his right arm.

"Block!" Bask raised his arms!

It was like a hot knife through butter as Unnamed easily cut into the tiger king avatar, Arwen's arms, and his torso.

The battle ended just like that.

Bask's lips trembled, and his eyes were brimming with fear. He could hardly believe this.

"Did you think you'd be able to injure me with that pathetic sound technique?"

"..."

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

The remaining cultivators, Kubo of Nieer Nation and the Roulian, Xiaji, were greatly shaken and frightened. Eight-leaf cultivators had been instantly killed with a single strike. How could they not feel afraid? They turned to look in the direction from where the earlier order came.

The Royal Tutor's voice rang in a timely manner. "Charge at him together."

Lu Zhou gauged his extraordinary power. He had killed two cultivators. Although he had used Unnamed, he still expended half of his extraordinary power. He did not expect the duo would still be bold enough to come at him after he killed two of their comrades.

Kubo and Xiaji attacked together.

At the same time, countless cultivators leaped out from the four flying chariots.

Dozens of Ten Worlds avatars and hundreds of Nine Transformation Yin Yang avatars charged at Lu Zhou from three directions. There were also a handful of Nascent Divinity realm experts in the fray. They were like a swarm of locust plague!

Chapter 653: A Fight Between Nine-leaf Cultivators

If Lu Zhou did not have a Peak Trial Card, he might have chosen to retreat. In the past, his disciples and elders would usually fight before him. However, there was no need for that today.

Lu Zhou looked up slowly as the locust-like cultivators swarmed toward him.

"Since time immemorial, there has never been peace that was won without the spilling of blood. If you dig, you'll certainly find human bones under the soil of peaceful lands. Men have gone on battlefields, chased away wild animals, protected their homes, defended their lands, and held the borders! Kill them!"

Justice lay with those who had numbers.

Once an individual became a part of a mob, their will would become collective, and they would blindly and stubbornly charge forward. They would easily lose their ability to think for themselves and would be blind to concrete evidence. They were radical and fanatic.

This group of cultivators was taken aback when they saw Lu Zhou advancing instead of retreating. He unleashed a blast of energy as he charged into the swarm of locusts.

Energy sabers and energy swords gathered at this moment and shot out.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou's energy glowed blue and stopped all the attacks from reaching him. He stopped moving when he was at the heart of the swarm of locusts. A blue lotus was blooming under his feet, and his body shone with a faint blue light.

To gain the power to silence everything, to maintain and manifest samadhi. Like light and shadow, permeating everywhere while staying still in samadhi.

The power to silence everything.

When the blue lotus fully blossomed, Kubo of Nieer Nation shot toward Lu Zhou with a red dagger in hand. He shouted, "You've fallen into our trap! This is the super heaven-grade, Spotless Dagger! This is a blade given by the Royal Tutor!"

"Hm?" Lu Zhou only looked at Kubo from the corners of his eyes as the leaves from the blue lotus shot toward Kubo who was wielding Spotless Dagger.

Bam!

The power of silence attacked indiscriminately. It did not differentiate between friends and foes.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

"Ding! Killed five Nascent Divinity realm targets. Reward: 5,000 merit points. Killed 210 Divine Court targets. Reward: 2,100 merit points. The remaining kills have no rewards."

The corpses rained down on the land.

Kubo of Nieer Nation who took the brunt of the attack watched as his arms fell off.

The Spotless Dagger fell in the air as well.

Lu Zhou caught the dagger in his hand.

"Ding! Obtained the super heaven-grade weapon, Spotless Dagger. Owner: Jiang Wenxu. Refining needed before use."

"No!" Kubo looked up as he plummeted. The loss of the Spotless Dagger made him forget about his own pain. His eyes were filled with fear as well when he looked at the blue lotus in full bloom.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

The four huge flying chariots were also affected to varying degrees by the power of muting. Their frames were damaged and their decks cracked.

Having lost many of their comrades, the remaining cultivators could only do all they could to keep the flying chariots afloat. Even moving through the air became laborious.

With the locusts gone, the sky was clear for 10,000 miles.

Lu Zhou toyed with Spotless Dagger nonchalantly.

Of the four elites, only the Roulian, Xiaoji, was left.

Xiaji retreated 100 meters through the air. Although they had the support from the Royal Tutor, the difference between their strength and Lu Zhou was very clear. After witnessing Lu Zhou's strength, he did not think this was a battle they could win through numbers alone. He was slightly flustered as he said, "Royal Tutor, it's time for you to make an appearance!"

Alas, silence was the only reply Xiaji received.

Lu Zhou stepped forward. He studied the four flying chariots. After three attacks, half of the four allied nations' forces had been taken out. This was especially true of their main force; three of them had been lost. No matter how many Brahman Sea realm cultivators they threw at him, it would not make any difference. Finally, he shifted his eye to Xiaji. "Xiaji of Rouli?"

Pan Litian chimed in, "Xiaji of Rouli. He's ranked eighth in the Xia family."

Lu Zhou continued to advance.

Xiaji behaved as though he was facing his worst nightmare. He furrowed his brows as he looked at the advancing Lu Zhou in fear.

A voice from the deck rang in Xiaji's ears. "Xiaji, fight!"

The four flying chariots rose. Hooded cultivators emerged from the decks of all four flying chariots. There were all shrouded by purple energies as they joined their palms together.

Brahmic Lullaby!

The chanting that sounded like the buzzing of flies resounded across the sky.

On the ground, the corpses were jerking and twitching to life.

"A combination of the Buddhist's Brahmic Lullaby and witchcraft's puppet technique?" Lu Zhou only had a quarter of his extraordinary power left. He could not even force Jiang Wenxu to show himself after killing three elites. Would he be forced to use a Deadly Strike Card in the end?

'What a pain.'

While Lu Zhou was deep in his thoughts, Xiaji sped toward him like a phantom. His hand was extended before himself as he moved at top speed.

Soon after, Xiaji's avatar appeared. There were eight and a half leaves on the wolf king avatar.

Eight-and-a-half leaves!

Lu Zhou said disdainfully, "You have a death wish."

Lu Zhou's fingers shone with blue light again as the scripts of Abandon Wisdom appeared between his fingers.

Then, the opponents' palms collided!

Boom!

A vertical plane of energy burst forth.

Everyone thought Lu Zhou's shocking palm strike would certainly take Xiaji down.

However, when the dust settled, Lu Zhou saw Xia Ji standing in front of him. Xiaji's expression was blank, and his eyes seemed unfocused.

The incantations from the four flying chariots did not stop and grew louder.

The dead elites were controlled by the spell. They were now puppets that were swarming toward Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou gauged his own extraordinary power. It was empty.

All of a sudden, Xiaji stepped aside, and Jiang Wenxu appeared in front of him. Jiang Wenxu was hiding behind Xiaji! At this moment, his expression was calm, and his smile was confident. Blood stained his right hand. It was Xiaji's blood.

Xiaji had been dead since earlier!

Whizz!

A 150-foot avatar materialized behind Jiang Wenxu. A red lotus blossomed under the avatar. Nine crimson leaves spun around the lotus; they were bright and dazzling.

The Nine-leaf Royal Tutor finally showed himself.

Mingshi Yin, Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Yu Zhenghai were shocked!

Jiang Wenxu smiled faintly as he said, "I wonder if you're satisfied with this?"

Xiaji was already at the Eight-leaf and a half stage. He was the closest to the Nine-leaf stage. Knowing Jiang Wenxu, he would never allow Xiaji to improve any further.

Lu Zhou looked down. The resurrected puppets were charging toward him in a frenzy without a care for their wellbeing. There were a lot of them, and they were more powerful now, fearless of death. Devoid of pain and emotions, the puppets formed the second swarm of locusts.

Nevertheless, Lu Zhou only stroked his beard and said with a smile, "I'm... pleased!"

Jiang Wenxu said, "You're capable of blocking Spotless Dagger. There's no doubt your blue power is of unknown origin. To be safe, I had them whittle away at your Primal Qi and energy. You've lost, you've utterly lost."

Lu Zhou looked at the locusts that were slowly closing in on him. Initially, he intended to kill Jiang Wenxu with a Deadly Strike Card. However, he realized now that just relying on the Deadly Strike Card alone would not solve the problem he was currently facing. In the end, he only said, "Is that so?"

At the same time, a Peak Form Trial Card appeared in Lu Zhou's palm.

Jiang Wenxu retracted his avatar. He coordinated his movements at lightning speed with the locusts as he charged forward and launched a red palm strike.

"Master!"

"Pavilion Master!"

If it were anyone else attacking, they would not have worried. However, this was the Royal Tutor who had attained the Nine-leaf stage centuries ago. How could they remain calm?

At the same time, Lu Zhou shattered the Peak Form Trial Card.

His dantian's sea of Qi was instantly filled to the brim. The rich and plentiful power returned to him.

Hundred Tribulations Insight!

A 150-foot avatar towered in the air. The golden lotus under its feet had nine life-like leaves that shone with golden brilliance.

The locusts close to him were instantly repelled and fell to the ground again.

Lu Zhou's eyes were trained on Jiang Wenxu as he said. "Let's see where you can run now!"

Jiang Wenxu said expressionlessly, "So, you really are at the Nine-leaf stage. You're an arrow at the final stage of its flight! You'll certainly lose!"

"I'll let you have a taste of an arrow at the end of its flight, then!" Lu Zhou moved swiftly.

Grand technique!

Naturally, the grand technique of a Nine-leaf cultivator was far more powerful than an Eight-leaf cultivator.

In just a blink of an eye, Lu Zhou had appeared in front of Jiang Wenxu. He extended his hand. "Abandon Wisdom!"

Boom!

A palm seal that was almost the size of a Nine-leaf avatar descended on Jiang Wenxu.

Jiang Wenxu's palms glowed red. His red avatar collided with Abandon Wisdom.

Boom!

The air turned turbulent as energies ricocheted everywhere.

"Retreat!"

"Fall back!"

The passengers of the four flying chariots finally realized their own insignificance. They were like flies who could not even withstand the aftereffects of the battle between two Nine-leaf cultivators. They had to retreat.

At the same time, Pan Litian shouted, "Fall back!"

Mingshi Yin did not have time to consider their ranks. He grabbed his Eldest Senior Brother and sped backward. "Forgive me, Eldest Senior Brother!"

Nobody had to worry about Leng Luo. He cultivated the Dao Invisibility. He was more adept at fleeing compared to the others.

Abandon Wisdom practically lit up Lou Lan's skies. It was as though the sun was shining in the sky at this moment.

The people, officials, and cultivators of Lou Lan... anyone who looked up would be able to see this strange but eye-catching phenomenon.

The lights flashed alternately between red and white.

Lu Zhou looked down and struck with his palm again.

The Daoist Nine Cuts Hand Seal!

The scripts of Power, Energy, Harmony, Healing, Intuition, Awareness, and Dimension swirled before they dropped down in a straight line.

Boom!

Jiang Wenxu unleashed his red avatar again. He held his hands up toward the heavens as he descended 100 meters! He moved swiftly and returned to his original altitude.

Lu Zhou followed suit. He appeared above Jiang Wenxu, determined to always be above Jiang Wenxu. Then, he pushed his hand down again.

It was five consecutive strikes of Abandon Wisdom!

'Have you ever seen palm strikes that descended from the heavens? If a single strike isn't enough, I'll give you five.'

Golden palm strikes filled the sky.

'Will you remain arrogant after receiving five palm strikes?'

Boom! Boom! Boom

Five golden palm seals descended from the sky and struck the red avatar's crown, causing the avatar to plummet!

Jiang Wenxu grunted and spat out a mouthful of blood. As soon as he retracted his avatar, one thought appeared in his mind: Run!

Chapter 654: A Brilliant Peak

Jiang Wenxu wiped the blood off his mouth and leaped into the air.

Lu Zhou summoned his avatar. At seemingly the same time, he unleashed his grand technique. "Running away?"

No matter where Jiang Wenxu ran to, Lu Zhou would always catch up with him, and he was always above him.

Boom!

When Lu Zhou's 150-foot avatar passed by the two huge flying chariots, the impact was so great that the flying chariots were shattered. Parts of the chariots broke off and fell from the sky.

The chanting cultivators could only give up on hovering there and scattered.

Jiang Wenxu fled swiftly. His intention was for the cultivators on the flying chariots to hold Lu Zhou back. However, he did not expect Lu Zhou to give chase with his avatar. He looked up and asked in confusion, "You're not retracting your avatar?"

"Why should I?"

'I'm not in short supply of Primal Qi. Why should I retract it?'

Jiang Wenxu was perplexed. How could Lu Zhou spend his Primal Qi without restraint? He was sure that Old Villain Ji had exhausted much of his blue energy. He could not understand this no matter how he thought about it.

The two huge chariots were shattered. Many cultivators scattered. They were worried that they would be caught in the fight.

However, Jiang Wenxu ordered, "What are you waiting for? Get him!"

The cultivators who abandoned their chariots looked at the 150-foot avatar. There was a stifling pressure that could hardly be expressed when they looked at the avatar.

A mob was usually senseless. They would lose rational judgment and become extremely fanatic. However, when the mob was faced with absolute and crushing strength, they would return their senses. This mob of cultivators was finally returning their senses after they witnessed Lu Zhou's absolute strength.

"Look closely, Jiang Wenxu!" Lu Zhou raised his palm.

Jiang Wenxu was shocked. His instincts told him that Lu Zhou had yet to unleash his full strength up until now.

Lu Zhou immediately launched dozens of palm seals into his surroundings.

"The Buddhist Great Vajra Wheel Hand Sign!"

The fleeing cultivators stared at the shining golden palm seals with their mouths agape.

Jiang Wenxu frowned deeply. He was greatly shaken; he had thoroughly underestimated Lu Zhou's strength.

"Have you been going all-out since the beginning?"

The Great Vajra Wheel Hand Sign was swift and shocking. It was a powerful palm seal comparable to the Great Seal of Fearlessness. However, the ease in which Lu Zhou cast it made it seem like an ordinary skill,

The Great Vajra Wheel Hand Signs in the air immediately took down the chanting cultivators in the surroundings...

"Ding! Killed 10 Nascent Divinity realm cultivators. Reward: 10,000 merit points. Killed 30 Divine Court realm cultivators. Reward: 300 merit points. The others aren't counted."

With barely any time to catch his breath, Jiang Wenxu moved swiftly again as he attempted to run.

Whizz!

Jiang Wenxu was just about to unleash his grand technique when a palm seal descended on him from the sky.

“Did I allow you to leave?”

Boom!

Without his avatar to support him, Jiang Wenxu was sent flying like a fly that had been swatted away. Rich energy swirled around him.

“Avatar.” Jiang Wenxu suppressed his surging blood essence. He was forced to unleash his Hundred Tribulations Insight again.

The red 150-foot avatar stood under the golden avatar.

Lu Zhou glanced at his remaining time... The Royal Tutor, Jiang Wenxu, was the first person to have lasted this long when his Peak Form Card was in effect.

Jiang Wenxu looked up and shot into his avatar. He directed his palms skyward, and his avatar followed suit. Countless red runes appeared on his palms immediately and arranged themselves into a huge energy sword.

“Do you really think that a Nine-leaf cultivator has no tricks up his sleeve?!” Jiang Wenxu pointed the energy sword upward!

Lu Zhou had already prepared himself for this. He looked at the red runic energy sword as Unnamed materialized in his hand. Then, he formed an energy sword around Unnamed!

Jiang Wenxu’s heart shuddered. “Black runes? A desolate-grade weapon?”

If Jiang Wenxu had been surprised by Lu Zhou’s ceaseless ultimate skills, the endless supply of Primal Qi, and constant maintenance of his avatar, the appearance of the black runes struck fear in him. He was not even afraid when Lu Zhou struck with his blue energy.

“Retract!” Jiang Wenxu was frightened now.

“Too late!”

Unnamed, which wrapped in black runes, fell down.

The red energy sword cleaved into two, and Unnamed continued to fall toward the red avatar.

Jiang Wenxu forcibly retracted his avatar! He struck his dantian’s sea of Qi and continued moving swiftly. Red flames emerged from his body at this moment. He chose to ignite his sea of Qi.

Lu Zhou kept up with his pace. His methods were crude and simple. He retracted Unnamed and sent a palm seal downward!

Boom!

Jiang Wenxu grunted.

Lu Zhou kept up with him while maintaining his avatar. Whether it was in terms of speed or condition, Lu Zhou was far superior to Jiang Wenxu.

After burning his sea of Qi, Jiang Wenxu sped up. He made his way east. Alas, he discovered it was futile. However, he did not give up. Only one thought remained in his mind: Run!

The sky was dyed red at this moment.

The red runes Jiang Wenxu had accumulated for centuries that could kill Nine-leaf cultivators were as fragile as a piece of paper before Lu Zhou.

“Do you think you can run away from me?” Lu Zhou’s thunderous voice rang from above.

Jiang Wenxu sped forward ten consecutive times. When he looked up, Lu Zhou’s 150-foot golden avatar was still towering above him.

As the Nine-leaf avatar moved, it did not matter if it was mountains or forests, everything was flattened. It left only destruction in its wake.

Lu Zhou did not care. He had limitless Primal Qi. He would not do this card justice if he did not go all out in his battle.

Jiang Wenxu looked up. “Why?”

“There are many strange things in this wide world. Humans are only a small part of a greater whole... Do you really think you can fool the entire world?” Lu Zhou raised his palm.

A golden palm seal dozens of times larger than the ones before descended from the sky.

The frightened birds took flight in all directions. The fishes of the rivers leaped out in an attempt to flee.

A single leaf of his could obstruct other people’s vision.

A single palm of his could cover the sky!

Jiang Wenxu’s eyes were bloodshot. Over the years, he had enjoyed a high status and was the most powerful person here. How could he come to terms with this end?

“Foolish humans! You insignificant beings! You will certainly pay a heavy price for your idiocy in the end!” Jiang Wenxu summoned his avatar. The red glow of his avatar and the golden lotus were much brighter than before. He unleashed all his Nine-leaf power in an attempt to block Lu Zhou’s mighty palm strike. He directed his palm seal upward.

Could the ant shake the tree?

Boom!

A shockwave rippled out for 100 miles.

The mountains, rivers, and trees were all flattened.

The soundwave spread across the ground into the surroundings.

The Other Tribesmen cultivators from the 12 allied nations looked east.

The cultivators inside Lou Lan's ancient city stopped whatever they were doing as they listened to the rumbling that was reminiscent of a violent earthquake.

Although Jiang Wenxu had unleashed all his power as a Nine-leaf cultivator, he only managed to stop the huge palm seal for a few seconds. Then, the huge palm seal pressed on unimpeded.

Boom!

This palm strike was not only the manifestation of the Nine-leaf stage's power, but it was also the product of layers upon layers of Lu Zhou's limitless energy.

Throughout the entire time, Lu Zhou had been layering palm seals on top of one another. He did not even know how many palm seals he had unleashed. Only when the palm seal reached the ground did he stop.

Everything was quiet.

Lu Zhou kept his avatar activated. He looked at the timer; fifteen minutes had passed. He still had half of the time left.

Where the palm seal struck, there was a five-fingered pit.

Lu Zhou sensed the movements around him... Although he was in peak form, he had to guard against the possibility of the Royal Tutor fleeing with other methods. As he waited, he did not retract his 150-foot avatar at all.

No birds or beasts dared to get close to Lu Zhou.

It was deathly quiet.

Lu Zhou looked at the pit.

Jiang Wenxu lying in the pit, facing the sky. His chest was stained red by his blood. The palm seal had shattered his avatar. On top of burning his sea of Qi, his cultivation base was now forfeit. He suddenly exhaled and chuckled.

When Lu Zhou heard Jiang Wenxu's forlorn laughter, he knew the so-called Imperial Tutor had completely given up.

There were too many emotions contained in Jiang Wenxu's laughter: contempt, discontentment, helplessness, resentment, unwillingness, and acceptance.

"You've won." Jiang Wenxu's voice was extremely frail.

"You thought you could win?" Lu Zhou asked.

"So what if you've won?" Jiang Wenxu comforted himself as he said, "The seven allied nations have departed a long time ago. Great Yan will become a living hell."

Lu Zhou glanced in the direction of Liang Province. "I wouldn't be so sure about that if I were you."

At this moment, Lu Zhou finally retracted his avatar and dove. The Fiend Monk Hand Seal grabbed Jiang Wenxu.

“You... What are you trying to do?” Jiang Wenxu asked, puzzled.

Lu Zhou looked in Liang Province’s direction. He moved swiftly!

Realization dawned on Jiang Wenxu. He said, “You’re trying to rush back? Give up... We are both losers in this battle.”

Chapter 655: Who is the Winner?

From Liang Province to the end of the Land of Buried Bones, Yu Shangrong, with his Seven-leaf speed, Ji Liang’s speed, and several stops in between, took about ten days to reach his destination. If he did not have Ji Liang, he would have needed twice the amount of time. After fighting the Clarity Sect’s Master, Zhang Yuanshan, he returned to Brackish Mountain’s Melilot Graveyard with his Eight-leaf speed. That took him seven days with several stops along the way.

If one traveled at the full speed of an Eight-leaf cultivator without resting, they would need about five days to travel from Lou Lan, past Heaven’s Moat, to Liang Province. With the full speed of a Nine-leaf cultivator, without resting, it would take a couple of days.

After a day had passed, the seven allied nations had more than enough time to massacre the people of Liang Province, Yi Province, and even Yu Province!

Lu Zhou ignored Jiang Wenxu. He held Jiang Wenxu with the palm seal as he summoned his avatar. When his avatar appeared, his speed and power increased to the maximum. He was moving at top speed at this moment.

“You know nothing about me.” He began moving swiftly and kept unleashing his grand technique in a frenzy. He covered several thousand meters with one leap!

The trees were just blurs. The colors of the sky were but a smudge. The scenery could not be seen at all.

Jiang Wenxu was greatly shaken! Even the most powerful cultivator in the red lotus domain could not have unleashed their grand techniques ceaselessly in this manner! He swallowed all the mocking words that were hanging off the tip of his tongue. He felt as though his worldview had been forcibly changed. This person was not human; he was a monster!

...

It was as Jiang Wenxu had said. Liang Province City was currently engulfed in the flames of battle.

Huang Shijie summoned his Eight-leaf avatar and swept the Other Tribesmen off the top of the city walls. Even so, he was beginning to feel the fatigue from the prolonged battle.

Si Wuya’s huge wings swept past in the air. He took out dozens of cultivators with his energy needles. He ordered, “Fall back! Protect the civilians. Retreat in the direction of Yi Province!”

“Understood!”

The Great Yan cultivators formed a solid wall of avatars in front and kept the Other Tribesmen on the other side.

Jiang Aijian swept past the top of the city walls. His Dragonsong slit past the necks of the Other Tribesmen.

"They're disgusting," Jiang Aijian said after spitting. He descended discreetly and looked at the seven flying chariots in the air.

The huge flying chariots from the seven allied nations, Bofu, Qigong, Sushen, Changgi, Jizhong, Juying, and Wuxian, advanced.

This grand scale of attack was unprecedented.

Although Si Wuya was smarter than most, against the seven allied nations, he had no choice but to retreat as he defended.

"They're certainly going all out..." Jiang Aijian lowered his head and flew up again.

The elites of the seven nations advanced in the air.

Great Yan cultivators fell occasionally.

"Junior Sister, retreat." When Jiang Aijian saw Li Jingyi fighting nearby, he called out to her.

"Alright." Li Jingyi returned.

The cultivators of Great Yan retreated like a receding tide. When they were halfway through their retreat, the seven flying chariots were already hovering above Liang Province City.

Si Wuya said loudly, "Activate the Formation!"

Whizz!

A curtain-like barrier shone above Liang Province City. The barrier isolated the cultivators of the seven allied nations.

"The barrier won't last long. Continue retreating!"

What surprised them was that the flying chariots of the seven allied nations seemed to have gone wild. Under the protection of their cultivators, they unleashed their energies as they rammed into the barrier.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The seven flying chariots crashed into the barrier at the same time.

Ripples spread across the sky curtain.

The cultivators of Great Yan appeared flustered.

Jiang Aijian rejoined the crowd and said, "I've scouted them. The seven nations came prepared. They've practically thrown everything at us."

Si Wuya looked at the seven flying chariots and said, "It's hard to believe that they've aligned their interests so soon."

Zhu Honggong said awkwardly, "Who cares about them? Should we run away on our own?"

They were Nascent Divinity realm cultivators. It would not be a problem for them to save themselves.

Duanmu Sheng frowned and said, "Shut up."

Zhu Honggong withered instantly.

If they abandoned the city at this moment and left the people to their fates, everything the Nether Sect had worked for would be for naught. They would be cursed for generations to come as well.

The Fiend Path was not terrifying, but if one lost sight of the path, it would be akin to plummeting into a 100,000-foot-deep abyss.

Zhu Honggong's father, Zhu Tianyuan, said, "The battle between the Nether Sect and the Divine Capital has gone on for too long... If the eight great generals were still here, we might stand a chance. We can hardly win now."

Si Wuya said, "This is not the time to beat ourselves up. Morale is important. Don't drag the others down. Continue to retreat."

"Mhm. If Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother were here, these people wouldn't dare to act as they please!" Zhu Honggong said.

"Just focus on retreating for now... I've sent a letter to the Divine Capital. Sixth Senior Sister and the others are hurrying toward us. I hope the other sects will see past our differences and side with us for now against the enemies," Si Wuya said.

"We can only hope."

Next to Si Wuya, Little Yuan'er pulled Conch to the front.

Conch saw the seven flying chariots and heard the booming sounds.

"I'll try." Conch raised her Lantian Jade Flute.

"You?" Jiang Aijian shook his head. "Little girl, don't bring us trouble, okay? Take her away."

Conch did not listen to his advice. Instead, she raised the Lantian Jade Flute to her lips.

Red energy appeared, and a soundwave rolled out. The tide of red energy continued to spread out along with the flute's melodious tune.

Upon seeing this, Si Wuya exclaimed in surprise, "Red energy!"

The Great Yan cultivators noticed this as well. They looked at the little girl in the air. The melody was from the Lantian Jade Flute.

"Red energy?"

Even her fellow disciples were shocked to see this.

Sound was a classic method of attacking an entire area.

When the red energy rolled toward the seven flying chariots in the skies, the low-rank cultivator seemed to be in pain. They could not maintain flight and dropped to the ground.

However, high-rank cultivators were not affected.

Little Yuan'er applauded and said, "Conch, hurry! You can do it! The flying chariots are swaying!"

The elites on the seven flying chariots noticed this. They immediately found someone to replace the people manning the helms.

Shortly after, several elites flew out of the flying chariots and arranged themselves in a row.

Lion king, snake king, ox king, and other avatars shone.

Several sound techniques struck back at the red energy.

The red energy immediately shattered, and the sound stopped abruptly.

The tidal wave of noise was almost unbearable. Their minds felt as though they were about to explode!

Bam!

Conch reeled!

"Little Junior Sister!"

The others circulated their energies and caught Conch.

After stabilizing herself, Conch's face was ghastly pale. Her cultivation base... was too low, after all. With her cultivation base, she could not have blocked the attacks of that many cultivators at the same time.

A cultivator sped forward from behind. "Report. The others have already made it out of the city. They're being transported by three flying chariots."

"Alright. Everyone, retreat!"

The Great Yan cultivators were the last ones to leave Liang Province.

The seven elites noticed this and leaped out of their respective flying chariots. They summoned their avatars and shot toward the Great Yan cultivators.

"Nobody's getting away today!"

The avatars moved swiftly!

The seven elites looked down at the Great Yan cultivators from above.

"What do we do now?" Zhu Honggong asked.

"We'll make tea! Can you stop it with your questions?!" Duanmu Sheng said exasperatedly.

"Well, I'm sorry if I'm born stupid. If I were as smart as the rest of you, I wouldn't have asked."

Si Wuya said, "Zhu Honggong, you'll take one direction. Miss Li Jingyi and Jiang Aijian will be in charge of another direction, and Senior Huang Shijie will take one direction on his own... Third Senior Brother and I will act accordingly as the situation shifts. The others should retreat eastward."

"Alright."

Si Wuya's voice had barely faded when...

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The curtain-like barrier above Liang Province City shattered under the wild attacks of the seven flying chariots and the cultivators.

"This is it! We'll win or we'll lose!"

Chapter 656: Sweeping Away

The moment Liang Province's barrier shattered, the cultivators of the seven allied nations swarmed in!

The Great Yan cultivators went their separate ways as agreed.

Unlike the four nations in Lou Lan, there were more elites from the seven nations. Each of the seven nations had several Seven-leaf and Eight-leaf elites.

It was just as Jiang Aijian had said. The seven nations were putting everything they had into this attack. Therefore, it was only normal that they had such crushing power.

The Great Yan cultivators formed four phalanxes and engaged their enemies in battle while the others retreated as planned. They retreated as they fought.

Meanwhile, orders were given from the seven flying chariots.

"Don't hold back. Let's end this as quickly as we can. Don't give them any chance to retreat. Take them down. Even if the reinforcements from the Divine Capital are here, they can't do anything about this!"

"Alright! Send an Eight-leaf cultivator from each side and focus on breaching their defenses."

Then, the seven elites left the flying chariots and summoned their avatars. Seven beast avatars without lotuses lunged at the Great Yan cultivators alongside the seven great elites.

From afar, it seemed as though gigantic beasts were diving into the crowd!

Boom!

Under the avatars' attacks, Jiang Aijian, Li Jingyi, and the group of people with them were pushed back and reeled from the impact. Several cultivators could not withstand the attack of an Eight-leaf cultivator spat out blood and plummeted.

Si Wuya looked at Jiang Aijian.

"Can you do it or not?"

"Sure!" Jiang Aijian brandished Dragonsong. Countless energy swords shot toward the tiger king avatar.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Meanwhile, the other six avatars lunged at the others as well.

"Retreat!"

Two of the avatars charged at Zhu Honggong.

Zhu Honggong circulated all of his Primal Qi and condensed it into energy. It resonated with his zen tunic. Then, energy fists materialized on his hands.

When he saw this, Zhu Tianyuan frowned. "Son, look out..."

"I won't dodge. If I dodge... What would happen to the people behind me?"

Zhu Tianyuan said, "Nice! You really are my son! Because of your words, I'll give it my all today!"

Whizz!

An energy resonance that was clearly different from the others resounded in the surroundings.

A 100-foot avatar materialized before them. An Eight-leaf golden lotus shone with golden radiance. As soon as it appeared, it flew in front of Zhu Honggong.

Boom!

The lion king avatar pounced on Zhu Tianyuan's avatar.

A wave of energy rippled out.

The other cultivators who came charging were pushed back from the energy.

Zhu Tianyuan had blocked two great elites on his own!

Zhu Honggong was excited when he saw this. "That's awesome!"

Zhu Tianyuan wiped away the sweat from his face and said, "This is nothing. I have many more skills up my sleeves! Watch carefully!" He turned the back of his Eight-leaf avatar toward the Other Tribesmen and planted himself in front of Zhu Honggong!

The 100-foot avatar spun in the air. An avatar could be used as a powerful defense and as a weapon. This was especially true when facing low-rank cultivators.

The others were stunned by this scene.

The Other Tribesmen cultivators who swarmed toward them were sent flying by the spinning avatar!

"It can be used like that?" Zhu Honggong was extremely shocked.

"A senior is a senior, after all. His combat experience isn't something that the younger generation can compare to."

The others were relieved.

The power of an avatar was terrifying. However, avatars were also prone to damage. When the avatar was damaged, it would often translate to the cultivator as well. Avatars had to guard against cultivators with heaven-grade weapons.

The seven great elites of the Other Tribes were not without their own special techniques. The seven of them exchanged a meaningful look before they attacked Zhu Tianyuan at the same time.

When Huang Shijie lost his target, he cried out, "Zhu Tianyuan, fall back!"

Zhu Tianyuan realized the precarious situation he was in as well. He wanted to retract his avatar, but the seven elites were coming at him from different directions.

A huge energy saber formed in the air. Clearly, it was a weapon that could pierce through energy!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Three of them reached Zhu Tianyun first.

Zhu Tianyuan staggered backward and grunted.

A cultivator with a sharp blade expanded his energy saber to take down Zhu Tianyun's avatar with a strike.

"Die!" The cultivator raised his huge energy saber with both hands and brought it down with all his might.

"This is bad!"

"Dad!"

Bam!

Zhu Tianyuan reeled as he spat out a mouthful of blood!

Zhu Honggong's eyes widened, and his heart trembled.

"Senior Zhu!" The others exclaimed in shock.

The Other Tribesmen elite with the blade looked down and said in surprise, "You're still alive? If one slash won't do, I'll slash you twice! Let's see how long you'll last!"

After the Other Tribesmen finished speaking, he raised his energy saber again! The energy saber was several times more powerful than before!

At the final moment, a blinding light shot forth in a terrifying manner from Liang Province's western gate.

"What's that?"

"What a powerful aura!"

The unique grand technique attracted everyone's attention.

The speed was so fast that everyone could only see a streak of light. In just a split second, it covered several thousand meters. When they blinked again, the streak of light had already entered Liang Province City.

"Grand technique?"

"Are my eyes deceiving me?"

"This is bad! Great Yan is done for!"

When the Great Yan cultivators saw this, they thought a more powerful Other Tribesmen elite had arrived. Their hearts sank, and their faces were ashen.

When Si Wuya saw the streak of light, his expression soured. He had used all his heart and strength to defend Liang Province for so long, but he was crushed in the face of absolute strength. He could tell the newcomer was a Nine-leaf cultivator!

The Other Tribesmen elites from the seven allied nations merely felt a flash of powerful Primal Qi.

Meanwhile, the elite raised the huge energy saber with both hands, prepared to bring it down on Zhu Tianyuan. All of a sudden, his visions blurred as a golden light shone on him.

Boom!

“Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points.”

The air stilled.

The battle ended.

The cultivators of Great Yan and the Other Tribes looked at the new avatar. In the avatar, they saw an old man with the air of an immortal. The old man’s figure and indifferent expression were familiar.

“Master?!”

“Pavilion Master?!”

“Senior Ji!”

The Great Yan cultivators and the Nether Sect disciples were overjoyed! The moment they saw Lu Zhou, they felt as though they had seen their savior. All of their efforts, resistance, and persistence paid off at this moment.

The greatest expert in Great Yan, the Evil Sky Pavilion’s Patriarch, had arrived!

“Welcome back, Patriarch!”

“Welcome back, master!”

Lu Zhou ignored the joyous greetings. He had been keeping his eyes trained on the countdown timer. He was pleased with the time it took him to travel to Liang Province with his grand technique. It only took him ten minutes. He had three to four minutes left. Without the presence of another Nine-leaf cultivator, this was more than enough time for him.

Jiang Wenxu, who was captured by Lu Zhou, had lost the ability to think. After all, he had seen how Lu Zhou had maintained his avatar and constantly cast his grand technique as they traveled all the way here. In the red lotus domain, was there anyone capable of this feat?

An explanation appeared in Jiang Wenxu’s mind at this moment. Lu Zhou must be a Ten-leaf elite who deliberately hid his cultivation base to appear weak. Was Lu Zhou the true boss of this world?

As the saying went, ‘If you stare into an abyss for too long, the abyss would eventually stare back at you’.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou did not care about what Jiang Wenxu thought. Instead, he looked at the seven flying chariots indifferently. He moved swiftly...

Boom!

A flying chariot fell. At the same time, hundreds of cultivators were sent flying. They either died or were gravely injured.

“Fall back! Retreat at once!”

“Wah! This is the devil himself!”

“Where’s the Royal Tutor? He’s a big fat liar!”

Boom!

Lu Zhou moved swiftly again. The second flying chariot was destroyed.

To the cultivators present, the Nine-leaf avatar was like a tall and towering mountain!

As Lu Zhou destroyed the flying chariots, his Nine-leaf avatar released countless energy swords!

The energy swords covered the entire Liang Province City and stabbed the enemy cultivators as though they were flies!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

After several swift movements from Lu Zhou, the seven flying chariots were completely destroyed.

“Ding! Killed 25 Nascent Divinity realm targets, reward: 25,000 merit points. Killed 350 Divine Court targets, reward: 3,500 merit points. The others yield no reward.”

The six remaining elites were scared out of their wits. They summoned their avatars and fled!

The seven nations were now in a complete mess!

A lion king avatar shot up to the walls of Liang Province City amidst the chaos. He retracted his avatar and thought nobody had noticed him. Just when he was about to escape, the 150-foot avatar sent a palm seal his way. It was the Buddhist Great Vajra Wheel Hand Sign!

Bam!

The palm seal was not huge, but it was swift and deadly. It landed on his chest with great force. He lowered his head and stared at the hole on his chest. “This...”

“Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points.”

Chapter 657: Nothing Can Stop Me

There were five elites left. When they saw the Nine-leaf avatar easily killing everyone and the rain of flesh and blood, there was only one thought left in their minds: Flee!

It was not a shameful thing to flee. Even the Royal Tutor, the Nine-leaf Jiang Wenxu, thought of running away.

Lu Zhou had already marked them. After he had destroyed the seven flying chariots, he sped toward the five elites

Jiang Wenxu was already numbed to Lu Zhou's shocking feats. At this moment, he seemed to be in a trance.

The avatar appeared above one of the enemy elites and pushed its palm down.

Boom!

The enemy elite died!

The avatar moved swiftly again, appearing above another enemy elite. Again, it pushed its palm down.

Boom!

In the five-finger pit, the so-called Eight-leaf elite was now a pulpy mess of flesh and blood.

After unleashing Abandon Wisdom five times, the five elites died in the same manner. They were smacked into the ground and turned into pulp by the extremely powerful palm seal.

"Ding! Killed five Nascent Divinity realm targets. Reward: 7,500 merit points."

Lu Zhou glanced at the dashboard. He did not have much time left. Fortunately, many of his enemies had already been taken down.

Lu Zhou moved swiftly and appeared in the center of his enemies.

"Seeing One's Nature, unmoving like the mountains, Dhyana Mudra!"

"Buddhist Golden Body!"

"The Great Dark Heaven Memorial, the Dark Heaven Starlight!"

"Guiyuan Sword Technique, Primal Restoration!"

"Qi that nourishes the heavens and the earth, Expansive Heavenly Energy!"

One by one, the names of techniques spilled out of Lu Zhou's mouth as he cast them. He did not pay any mind to how many enemies he managed to kill and focused on attacking.

He stood in the heart of the force of the seven allied nations. He wanted to take out as many of them as he could.

'These techniques should be enough.'

Above Liang Province City, the turbulent flow of energy obscured everyone's vision!

The Other Tribesmen cultivators were like headless flies as they dropped from the skies. Many of them were dismembered by the energy swords. Before their blood could rain down, it was evaporated by the Expansive Heavenly Energy.

Lu Zhou remained in the center of his enemy, unmoving.

Time ticked past. Then, there was a notification.

“Ding! Peak Form Trial Card’s time is up. Cultivation base will be restored.”

When they saw the energy swords and sabers that filled the skies, the cultivators of Great Yan were stunned, forgetting how to breathe. Their expressions were either one of shock, fear, respect, awe, stunned, or disbelief.

Jiang Aijian gulped. A cold wind made him shudder and lose his grip on Dragonsong.

Dragonsong fell to the ground with a loud clang!

The crisp sound of energy that permeated the air just a moment ago abruptly stopped.

The entire world fell silent.

“Am I dreaming?” Zhu Honggong wondered, in a daze.

“Powerful... He’s f*cking... powerful!”

“He battled through 3,000 miles on his own and fought a million battalions with a single sword. The pavilion master is Great Yan’s god.”

Jiang Aijian wiped the sweat from his face. He raised his hand and Dragonsong flew back into his grip. “I’m sorry. I couldn’t help it...”

Dragonsong’s fall to the ground pulled everyone out of their stupor.

The appearance of a Nine-leaf cultivator was truly stunning. It was natural that the tides of battle had turned so easily in their favor when they had a Nine-leaf cultivator on their side.

Plots and schemes were nothing but jokes in the face of absolute power. Lu Zhou was a good example of this.

Meanwhile, when Si Wuya saw the fading energies, he ordered, “Clean them up! Kill all those who trespassed onto Great Yan’s lands!”

“Kill all those who trespassed onto Great Yan’s lands!”

Battle cries rang in the air.

The morales of the Great Yan cultivators who were suppressed by the seven nations earlier were greatly boosted.

“Charge!”

“Charge!”

Great Yan launched their counterattack.

In truth, after the appearance of a Nine-leaf cultivator, the remaining Other Tribesmen cultivators were like a platter of loose sand. They were too insignificant to even be considered a worthy enemy. Their backbone, the elites, had been single-handedly killed by Lu Zhou. The remaining survivors were no match for Great Yan’s force. Moreover, Great Yan had Eight-leaf cultivators here.

At this moment, Lu Zhou looked at the retreating Other Tribesmen armies indifferently. Then, he turned around and looked at Jiang Wenxu as he asked, "Are you satisfied now?"

Jiang Wenxu, who was already numbed, looked at Lu Zhou blankly. He stammered, "You... You're a Ten-leaf cultivator?"

Lu Zhou asked, "Can a Ten-leaf cultivator do what I did?" He was trying to find out more about the red lotus domain from Jiang Wenxu.

"I... I don't know." Jiang Wenxu suppressed the fear in his heart. "I've never seen a Ten-leaf cultivator in action..."

"Do you know why I kept you alive for this long?" Lu Zhou asked.

Jiang Wenxu chuckled forlornly. Naturally, he knew. Nothing could help him at this moment. "The memory crystal?"

"I don't like repeating myself. Give me the crystal," Lu Zhou demanded.

"I'm going to die either way. What difference will it make if I surrender the crystal or not?" Jiang Wenxu asked.

"Of course, there is," Lu Zhou said slowly, "I already know about the existence of the red lotus domain. Since you're a Nine-leaf cultivator, the name of Jiang Wenxu won't be unknown in the red lotus domain."

"Are you threatening me?" Jiang Wenxu narrowed his eyes. "I've spent centuries here... I... I'm without ties in the other world. It's up to you to kill me or torture me to death."

Lu Zhou nodded. "Do you think I won't be able to find the crystal just because you refuse to give it to me? Nothing can stop me, not even the red lotus."

"Ji Tiandao, I admit that I've lost... utterly lost..." Jiang Wenxu said before he began to cough violently. He spat out a mouthful of blood that dripped onto his chest and arm. "You're trying to find the crystal? You should just give up. I've sent half of it to the red lotus domain. In that world, you're only as powerful as an ant..."

"Is the red coffin the transporter?" Lu Zhou asked tonelessly.

Jiang Wenxu was stunned. He looked at Lu Zhou silently before he said, "You sure have many secrets... Back then, was your death staged?"

Upon hearing this, Lu Zhou fell deep into his thoughts. From their conversation, he could determine that before his transmigration, Ji Tiandao already had the potential to reach the Nine-leaf stage. However, he was killed by Jiang Wenxu.

"It's meaningless to discuss whether my death is staged or not," Lu Zhou said.

"You're right... The winner takes all. I have nothing to say," Jiang Wenxu replied.

"Did you kill Luo Shiyin?" Lu Zhou asked a shocking question.

Jiang Wenxu shuddered. An expression of shock flitted briefly across his face.

Lu Zhou caught the change and said, "You're suppressing the progress of men, but she's encouraging it. Since she's here, she'd surely become an obstacle. It's reasonable to think that you'd get rid of her."

Jiang Wenxu chuckled. He bit back the pain and said slowly, "Indeed, I killed her. Humans are weak. Why must you seek answers? If you can't stop a disaster, all you have to do is avoid it. Why must you look for trouble while forsaking an easy and peaceful life?"

Lu Zhou launched a palm seal at him.

Smack!

It struck Jiang Wenxu's cheek mercilessly. Five bloodied finger marks appeared on his face. "It's precisely because we're weak that we must explore and break through our limits! How dare you talk down on others when you're so stupid?" Lu Zhou said, "If you'd admit that you're selfish, I might have thought better of you. Alas, in my eyes, you're lesser than an ant."

Jiang Wenxu felt his energy ebbing away as his blood continued to flow. His life aura was almost depleted. He chuckled weakly. "I admit... that I had selfish reasons. I won't allow anyone to ruin my plans, be it Great Yan, or the 12 allied nations. At the very least, I'd prevented humans from being attacked by beasts and from being invaded by the red lotus domain! What did Luo Shiyin do? She studied the heaven and earth shackle and the golden lotus. If I didn't destroy her and her notes, the red lotus domain would've destroyed this place a long time ago! I've done so much, can't I have something for myself?"

"Where are the remaining parts of Luo Shiyin's notes?" Lu Zhou asked threateningly. He did not want to listen to Jiang Wenxu's defense.

Jiang Wenxu shook his head and said with a chuckle, "I've destroyed it a long time ago... Are you disappointed? Also, her name's not Luo Shiyin!"

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. "Who's Luo Shiyin, then?"

"You want to know? I'm not telling you... You've won against me with your cultivation base, but I'll haunt you forever with these secrets..."

As soon as Jiang Wenxu finished speaking, a thin sword formed by blood materialized in his hand. He cried out as he stabbed it at Lu Zhou, "My final strike!"

Lu Zhou shook his head indifferently. Black runes covered Unnamed as he slashed at Jiang Wenxu.

Bam!

The blood sword broke.

When Jiang Wenxu saw Unnamed that wrapped in black runes, his pupils widened. His lips trembled as he said, "Wait!"

An energy sword appeared from Unnamed, at this moment, and pierced Jiang Wenxu's heart.

Chapter 658: Tenacious

Jiang Wenxu, who was already gravely injured, was capable of using a blood sword at the end. It was rather shocking.

Without the halo of the Peak Trial Card, Lu Zhou was a Six-leaf Nascent Divinity realm expert. For an Eight-leaf or Nine-leaf cultivator, a Six-leaf cultivator was pathetically weak. However, for the gravely injured Royal Tutor and the ordinary Other Tribesmen cultivators, he was like an insurmountable mountain.

The energy sword from Unnamed mercilessly pierced Jiang Wenxu's heart.

Wait? What was there to wait for?

"Alas, your opponent is me." Any other ordinary Nine-leaf cultivators would not have been a match for Jiang Wenxu. Whether it was the five or seven allied nations or the Emperor Liu Ge who had a super heaven-grade weapon and an immortal body, they were not opponents a new Nine-leaf cultivator could easily go up against.

Lu Zhou's statement had many hidden meanings, but Jiang Wenxu could not have understood all of them. He did not expect Jiang Wenxu to understand all of them anyway.

Jiang Wenxu looked down at the blood gushing from his chest. His life was slipping away swiftly. He smiled helplessly and said, "Black runes... Blue palm seals... You're not from this world as well, are you?"

"You can think whatever you like," Lu Zhou said apathetically.

Jiang Wenxu struggled as he surveyed his surroundings. He looked at the land one final time. This place was once under his control. He looked at Lu Zhou with a forlorn expression as he wheezed and said with great difficulty, "Y-you... You shouldn't have killed me..."

"Why is that?" Lu Zhou did not retract his energy sword. After Jiang Wenxu was still alive even after being hit by multiple of his powerful attacks. Jiang Wenxu's tenacity was apparent.

"My life stone is in the red lotus domain. When I die, my life stone will shatter... When that happens, they'll certainly find me and massacre everyone with a golden lotus." Jiang Wenxu's voice was weak now. He seemed to be in a trance as he continued to say, "Humans are but animals that can think... Peace and safety from invasions are only self-consoling words uttered by weaklings. The ants think too highly of themselves. How can an ant move a huge tree? How can it... how can it..."

"I hope they'd come sooner," Lu Zhou said indifferently.

Jiang Wenxu regarded Lu Zhou with a complex gaze. "Before I die... Can you tell me... who are you?" When he had seen Lu Zhou through his projection on the peak of Heaven's Moat, he had sensed something special about Lu Zhou. Moreover, during the entire duration of their battle, he felt as though he was battling a Ten-leaf elite.

Lu Zhou shook his head. 'Why should I answer your question when you didn't answer mine?'

Lu Zhou finally withdrew Unnamed's energy sword.

Blood spurted out. Jiang Wenxu grunted. His breath was weaker than a thread now. All of a sudden, his figure contorted as a surging and swelling purple substance shrouded him. Then, he said hoarsely, "I

planted the most powerful spell in this body a long time ago. This is my final gift to you... The entire Liang Province will die with you..."

Jiang Wenxu's body wilted.

Upon seeing this, Lu Zhou frowned slightly. 'Sure enough, this man is disgusting and cunning!'

Lu Zhou retreated. 'I've used all of my extraordinary power. What am I going to do now?'

Si Wuya and the others saw this as well.

"Fall back!"

The soundwave traveled to every corner of the city.

When the cultivators of Great Yan heard the order, they looked up. They saw the rapidly swelling body of gas and retreated swiftly.

The seven allied nations were crippled. There was no rush to destroy them now.

"The last person who disgusted me this much was Mo Li. To think that the Grand Imperial Tutor of Great Yan is even more shameless and despicable," Jiang Aijian said.

Si Wuya said, "This is why Mo Li was unable to control Liu Gu and Liu Ge. It's no wonder the emperor would allow the two grand shamans to get close to the Second Prince. It's no wonder the Imperial family had never seen a happy day since. No wonder Liu Gu was so obsessed with the Nine-leaf stage..."

The truth that everyone in the world believed was nothing but a lie.

"What a grand lie!" Huang Shijie exclaimed.

"This is not the time to be talking about this. That purple gas doesn't seem right. Let's retreat quickly..." Jiang Aijian turned around and sped away with Dragonsong in his arms.

The rate at which the body of gas swelled exceeded everyone's expectations. Initially, its growing speed was slow. However, as it grew bigger, its speed grew faster as well.

"Master!"

"Pavilion Master!"

When Lu Zhou was above the others, he looked behind and said, "Stand back."

The others nodded. If a Nine-leaf cultivator could not stand against the purple gas, who could?

At this moment, the purple gas sank. When it touched the city walls, veins of corrosion crept onto the walls.

What spell was this?

"I hope you're satisfied." A deep voice rang in the air.

It was clear that Jiang Wenxu had channeled the remainder of his life into this witchcraft spell.

Lu Zhou extended his palm. The Great Seal of Fearlessness entered the purple gas and vanished. It was ineffective.

The purple gas was clearly poisonous and extremely corrosive. Even the city wall's surface and colors were stripped, let alone the human body.

One of the corpses that was lying on the city wall instantly liquefied when it came in contact with the purple gas. Blood and flesh spilled on the wall.

"Whizard," Lu Zhou called out softly.

Whizard appeared in the clouds immediately. It seemed to understand Lu Zhou's intention as it gave a loud cry that resounded across the entire Liang Province.

When the cultivators of Great Yan looked up, they saw auspicious Qi floating above the purple gas.

Shortly after, an auspicious rain fell all over the purple gas.

"Ah!" A hoarse cry rang in the air. The voice was laden with despair and resentment. "Why..."

Before the purple gas could spread all over Liang Province, Whizard circled above it and spread the auspicious rain.

The pouring rain was like a waterfall as it rained down on the purple gas. The purple gas was swiftly nullified by the auspicious rain, and its range was quickly reduced.

The miserable cry continued to ring from the purple gas. It grew hoarser and weaker as time went by.

The cultivators of Great Yan were looking at Whizard that was flying in the sky in shock.

As the auspicious rain continued to fall, the others gradually stopped retreating and flew back.

Lu Zhou allowed himself to be drenched in the rain. He was relishing in Whizard's restorative powers. Just like before, his extraordinary power was also being restored swiftly! The recovery speed was amazing!

What kind of power did Whizard possess? It could subdue witchcraft and restore extraordinary power.

In Lu Zhou's eyes, the Heavenly Writing's powers belonged to a system different from the Buddhist, Daoist, and Confucian Societies. Naturally, he was shocked that Whizard was capable of restoring his extraordinary power.

"Ah!" At this moment, a sharp cry resounded in the sky.

The Great Yan cultivators were greatly shaken. Jiang Wenxu's tenacity far exceeded everyone's expectations.

Lu Zhou frowned slightly. 'He's still not dead?' He had completely given Jiang Wenxu a good beating when they were in Lou Lan. He was really surprised Jiang Wenxu could hold out for so long. It was a good thing he was wise enough to bring Jiang Wenxu here with him.

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 4,000 merit points."

“4,000?”

Chapter 659: The Mystery of the Crystal

The reward for killing an Eight-leaf cultivator was 1,500 merit points, but the reward for killing a Nine-leaf cultivator was 4,000 merit points. That was more than twice the number of points.

According to the system’s calculations, Chi Yao’s reward was 5,000 merit points. In other words, Chi Yao was slightly stronger than a Nine-leaf cultivator!

When he recalled his experience in the 100,000-foot-deep abyss, he could not help but feel afraid despite his knowledge and experience. After all, if he did not have a Deadly Strike Card back then, he would have become Chi Yao’s meal. Even after he had used half of his extraordinary power, Chi Yao did not seem to be affected much. Without the Deadly Strike Card as his trump card, the outcome would be predictable.

Compared to Chi Yao, the Imperial Tutor was, indeed, slightly weaker.

The rain stopped as the purple gas gradually faded away into nothingness.

When the rain stopped, a rainbow appeared in the sunny sky.

Peace was finally restored with the final drop of the rain.

Whitzard cried out as it surveyed the results of its doing before it flew away. After it had exhausted its power, it had to hibernate.

Lu Zhou glanced at the system dashboard. As expected, Whitzard’s status was now displayed as resting.

Lu Zhou could vaguely tell Whitzard had expended more energy this time compared to before. He wondered if seven days would be enough for Whitzard to recover.

“Master, Whitzard... is amazing.” Little Yuan’er flew over with Conch in tow.

Lu Zhou turned back to look at Conch.

Conch was looking at the destruction on land with a complex expression.

It was only natural that Liang Province City would bear scars from the war. This was especially obvious in places where the seven flying chariots had swept past.

“Do you know him?” Lu Zhou asked probingly.

Conch shook her head and said, “I don’t.”

Lu Zhou did not mention the red lotus. This was because most Great Yan cultivators did not know about the difference between red and golden lotuses.

“Do you remember where your hometown is?” Lu Zhou asked.

“Far... far away. We’d need to sail on a boat for a long time,” Conch replied.

Lu Zhou turned around and faced Conch. He asked seriously, “What kind of boat?”

“A red coffin. You’ve seen it before, master,” Conch replied.

It was just as Lu Zhou had guessed.

Upon hearing this, Si Wuya, who was standing nearby, was shocked. He did not expect the red coffin to be a means of transportation.

The red runes on the red coffin possessed shocking defenses. Indeed, it was a wonderful idea to ferry cultivators across the black water of the abyss on it.

“Do you remember the black water?” Lu Zhou asked.

Conch shook her head, confused. “Clear seawater. There’s no black water...”

“You didn’t sail on black water?” Lu Zhou asked.

Conch shook her head again.

This answer exceeded Lu Zhou’s expectations. This meant there was more than one route to enter the red lotus domain from this world.

“Do you know Luo Shiyin?” Lu Zhou asked.

“Luo... Luo... I know...” Conch beamed as though she had heard a familiar name.

“Where is she?”

“I don’t remember...”

“What about the others?”

“I don’t remember.” Conch shook her head dejectedly.

Lu Zhou seemed slightly disheartened. With Conch’s current awakening state, it was already commendable for her to remember this much.

“Give me your hand,” Lu Zhou said.

“Oh.” Conch obediently extended her arm toward her master.

Aside from Si Wuya, who was watching this scene with a thoughtful expression, the others did not know what Lu Zhou was doing.

Lu Zhou examined Conch’s pulse. After the examination, he fell deep into his thoughts.

From the examination, Conch’s vitality seemed strong. She seemed to have 1,000 years of life left in her. She had a long way to go before reaching her great limit. She was a stark contrast to Yu Zhenghai.

Yu Zhenghai had died thrice. His 1,000 years of life were completely spent. The Red Fish Heart, which restored some of his life, was the only reason he was still alive. His life aura was weak.

Clearly, Conch was not of a tribe like the Wuqi. Hence, it was almost impossible for Luo Shiyin to be Conch. Naturally, it was too early to be sure about that. Who knew if the red lotus domain had more shocking resurrection techniques?

When Lu Zhou saw the troubled expression on Conch's face, he said, "There's no need to force yourself to remember it..."

"I'm sorry, master. I didn't forget it on purpose..." Conch said remorsefully.

Little Yuan'er tugged Conch's hand and said, "It's alright. Master won't blame you."

"Mhm."

The Great Yan cultivators took flight and hovered above Liang Province as they looked at the devastated city. They sighed in unison.

Although the price was heavy, it brought them peace. It was worth it.

After this war, the 12 allied nations would disband. There would not be any huge disturbances for the time being.

Hundreds of cultivators rose into the air and faced Lu Zhou before they bowed at him sincerely. All their unsaid words of gratitude were contained in this gesture.

At this moment, avatars came flying toward them from the east. The one in the lead was Ye Tianxin who dressed in all white. She activated her Eight-leaf avatar from time to time as she sped through the air.

Behind her, Hua Wudao, Hua Yuexing, Zuo Yushu, and the others rushed forth as well.

Little Yuan'er went up to meet them. She said, "Senior Sister, you're late!"

Ye Tianxin stopped and looked around. She wondered, "We're late?"

"Sixth Senior Sister... Master came all the way with his Nine-leaf avatar and his grand technique... Just like, just like..." Little Yuan'er was at a loss for words. She could not find the proper words to articulate her thoughts.

"Enough." Lu Zhou knew that he would most probably be showered with flattery after this. However, this was not the time for it.

Ye Tianxin led the others and bowed. "Master."

"Pavilion Master."

When Zuo Yushu, Hua Wudao, and Hua Yuexing saw the carnage, it took some time for them to calm down. They could hardly imagine what had happened here.

The extent of the destruction in the city had exceeded their expectations. The curtain-like barrier in the sky was completely shattered. In the midst of the destruction, corpses were strewn everywhere.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "Clean this up."

"Understood!" The Great Yan cultivators went to work immediately.

Si Wuya said, "Master, the eastern part of the city is undamaged. You've fought for a long time. Why don't you rest there?"

“Alright.” Although Lu Zhou’s extraordinary power had been restored by Whizard’s power, how could he remain unaffected from such a long battle? He needed some time to be alone with his thoughts.

...

Meanwhile.

In a towering palace in the red lotus domain.

An old man with a red crown rested with his eyes closed while he stayed seated.

A subordinate walked in. He bowed and said, “Elder Qiu, Elder Jiang Wenxu’s life stone has shattered.”

The old man wearing a red crown opened his eyes and said, “He hasn’t been heard from since many years ago. He has many methods to protect himself... Only a Ten-leaf cultivator could kill him.”

“A Ten-leaf cultivator would be a Thousand Realms Whirling... Should we seek to avenge Elder Jiang’s death from such a powerful being?”

“There’s an order for everything. Study the crystal he sent back for now. Also, tell them to determine the route of the red coffin’s path as soon as possible. We must find out where he was,” Elder Qiu said.

“Understood.”

“Also, what’s the situation with the Flying Star House?” Elder Qiu asked.

“The Flying Star House has taken down the luan and is in high spirits. However, they’ve suffered a huge loss as well. I heard they’re trying to investigate a mysterious murderer, but they haven’t found anything yet,” the subordinate replied.

“Murderer?”

“When Flying Star House was carrying out their mission, they lost a Five-leaf cultivator. They’re sure it’s not the doing of a beast. They’ve been asking around in the city, but they didn’t expect the mysterious elite to be so skilled with the sword. He has killed three of them so far.”

Elder Qiu nodded and said, “An elite swordsman such as that surely won’t be a nobody. Have our men investigate him. The enemy of our enemy is a friend. Try to get him on our side.”

“Understood!”

...

At this moment, the individual who was the topic of many conversations, Yu Shangrong, was sitting in a tavern, taking occasional sips from his wine cup. He looked at the little girl with the big blinking eyes seated opposite him. He wondered if he had been conducting himself too gently that this little girl was bold enough to follow him around. Hence, he did his best to appear cold and said, “If you follow me again, I’ll kill you.”

Chapter 660: Sword Devil of the Thousand Willow Monastery

Wuwu blinked. Not only did she not find him scary, but she found his contradictory behavior rather cute. She stifled a laugh. Then, she raised her palm that was glowing with a faint red energy that seemed

forceful but gentle at the same time. “Senior brother, where did you spend the last few nights? Did any bird catch you? Are you hurt? Let me heal you. My healing technique is amazing...”

Yu Shangrong was speechless.

When Wuwu saw she was being ignored again, she said dejectedly, “How can you not be hurt?”

Yu Shangrong said, “The beasts are terrifying, but it’s not difficult to avoid them.” When he was young, he had made it all the way through various forests and vast lands from the northernmost parts of Great Yan with his limbs intact. Having spent most of his time living in forests and frozen wastelands, his sense of danger was greater than most. On top of that, he was an Eight-leaf cultivator.

“You’re amazing.” Wuwu leaned back on her seat and rested her chin on her hands.

Yu Shangrong stood up. He picked up his Longevity Sword before he said, “Goodbye.”

“I’m not deliberately following you... To quote your words, senior brother, this must be fate. Brother... your life aura isn’t compatible with your cultivation base.” Wuwu leaped off her chair and followed him out of the tavern.

Yu Shangrong stopped in his tracks and turned to look at her. “You can tell?”

The people from the Melilot Nation had short lives. Being alive was a luxury. If they died, they would not feel resentful nor would they blame the heavens or the others.

At this moment, a figure appeared behind a Wuwu. “Junior sister, it’s time to return...”

“Senior brother, you came just in time... This is the man I told you about. He’s an elite swordsman. He’s amazing,” Wuwu said.

The person who appeared behind Wuwu was a middle-aged man. He had thick brows and big eyes. He carried a broadsword. He looked at Yu Shangrong warily as he said, “I’m Ji Fengxing from the Thousand Willow Monastery... How should I address you, sir?”

Yu Shangrong said calmly, “We’re merely strangers who met by chance. There’s no need for us to get familiar. Farewell.”

“Wait.” Ji Fengxing circulated his Primal Qi. His sword thrummed in his hand. “I’ve always liked to make friends through the sword. If Wuwu thinks you’re skilled, then there’s no doubt you’re skilled with the sword. What do you say to a brief sparring session?”

If Ji Fengxing had said anything else, Yu Shangrong would have ignored him and left. However, swords and everything that had to do with them had always piqued his interest. It was rare for a person to be devoted to a single interest in their entire life. For example, his Eldest Senior Brother loved booze. With wine on the table, his Eldest Senior Brother’s worries seemed to lessen. For him, as long as he had his sword with him, he would be happy even if he was just traveling the pugilistic world.

“A contest of sword techniques?” Yu Shangrong turned around and regarded the middle-aged man with interest.

“I’m not good, but I was given the title Sword Devil of Thousand Willow Monastery.”

“Sword Devil?” Due to Yu Shangrong’s skills, he had borne this title for a long time. No one in Great Yan dared to use this title due to their fear of him. He felt strange listening to someone addressing themselves as the Sword Devil.

“That’s right,” Ji Fengxing said.

Yu Shangrong asked indifferently, “How do you want to compete?”

“We’ll control our swords with Qi below the Brahman Sea realm,” Ji Fengxing replied.

If they used the power at the Divine Court realm or higher, it would be difficult to control the damage from their sparring session. Therefore, most people in the red lotus realm preferred to spar using strength in or below the Brahman Sea realm.

Yu Shangrong found the suggestion agreeable. He nodded and smiled. “Alright.”

Ji Fengxing drew his sword. His Primal Qi flowed along his Extraordinary Eight Meridians, through his palm, and into his sword.

“The sword technique from the Thousand Willow Monastery focuses on brute strength. We’re known for our speed in condensing Qi into energy. The lengths of our energy swords may vary, and we prefer the ways of nature.” Once Ji Fengxing drew his sword, he seemed to have changed into another different person. “Sir, anyone who’s capable of forcing me to make three strikes can be considered as an elite swordsman... I...”

Swosh!

A flash of red light shone.

Bam!

Before Ji Fengxing finished speaking, Yu Shangrong was already returning his sword to its scabbard. His expression was as indifferent as usual.

Ji Fengxing’s sword was still raised. The word ‘I’ seemed to be caught in his throat.

Crack!

Ji Fengxing’s sword cleanly snapped into two in his hand and dropped to the ground. While he was speaking, his weapon was broken by his opponent before he could even make a move! He was like a stunned wooden chicken at this moment.

There were no changes in Yu Shangrong’s expression. This was nothing to feel proud about, after all. Although he was new to the red lotus domain, elites were his targets.

Yu Shangrong felt a pang of disappointment and loneliness at this moment. Perhaps, it would be very difficult for him to find a peer who could walk alongside him on the path of the sword. The Sword Devil from the red lotus domain was... incredibly boring.

“Thank you for going easy on me,” Yu Shangrong said perfunctorily before he turned around and walked toward the setting sun. The sunlight made his shadow appear long and straight.

When Ji Fengxing regained his senses, he hurriedly chased after Yu Shangrong. “Hey, hey, hey... I wasn’t prepared when you struck. How could you do that?”

Yu Shangrong remained silent.

Ji Fengxing continued to say, “Although you’ve won, I’m not satisfied with this result... Do you hear me?”

Wuwu followed Ji Fengxing and said, “Senior Brother, there you go again...”

“Little kids should stay out of a conversation between adults. What do you mean again?” Then, he turned to Yu Shangrong and said, “Hey, I’m talking to you. We’re kindred spirits, aren’t we?!”

Swoosh!

Yu Shangrong drew his sword again.

Ji Fengxing sped backward.

Yu Shangrong moved closer. It was a dazzling sight when his sword shadows overlapped.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Yu Shangrong split into three blurry figures.

Return and Enter Three Souls.

In the next second, the Longevity Sword was already close to Ji Fengxing’s neck. If it moved another inch closer, blood would be drawn.

It was silent and still at this moment.

Ji Fengxing gulped as he looked at the person in front of him incredulously.

The two of them maintained this posture for a brief moment.

After a while, Yu Shangrong retracted his Longevity Sword and said tonelessly, “If this were a fight to the death, you’d have died ten times over.”

Ji Fengxing could not refute Yu Shangrong’s words. After a brief moment of silence, he asked, “What sword technique is this?”

Yu Shangrong crossed his arms and said slowly, “There are four levels of swords. The first is the commoners’ sword, the second is the feudal vassals’ sword, the third is the king’s sword, and the highest level of sword is using creation as a sword. Being without a sword is better than wielding a sword.”

Ji Fengxing was puzzled by this statement.

Yu Shangrong said, “Your sword technique is weak. I advise you to not use the title Sword Devil after this... If that hurts your ego, I can only apologize. Farewell.” He turned around and left after he finished speaking.

“Senior!” Ji Fengxing’s form of address changed immediately.

“Anything else?”

“What level are you?” Ji Fengxing asked.

“Me?” Yu Shangrong shook his head and said remorsefully, “I’m only at the second level.”

“...”

Ji Fengxing appeared incredulous. He said, “If you’re at the second level, who’s at the highest level?”

“Naturally, that’d be my master,” Yu Shangrong replied.

“Your master?” Ji Fengxing was shocked. “He must be the most powerful swordsman in the world!”

Yu Shangrong shook his head and said, “My master isn’t known for his sword skills, but his palm seals.”

“...”

Ji Fengxing exclaimed emotionally, “The old mister is skilled in palm seals... That’s great! I like palm seals!”

“...”

Yu Shangrong had a feeling that this person had a fleeting interest in everything. He immediately lost his intention to exchange thoughts about sword techniques with this person. It was difficult for him to get along with such a person. It would be akin to a rocket maker trying to have a conversation with a fireworks maker. They were not on the same frequency. In the end, he asked, “Your sword techniques aren’t polished. How could you call yourself Sword Devil?”

At this, Wuwu laughed and said, “Big brother, this is the title he uses to scare the others. He loves the sword, but he couldn’t find a teacher... It’d be great if you’re willing to teach him, big brother!”

Realization dawned on Yu Shangrong. He asked, “Aren’t there any teachers in Thousand Willow Monastery who can teach you?”

Upon hearing this, Ji Fengxing said with a sigh, “My talents are a far cry from Wuwu’s. Wuwu is from the same village as I am. That’s why she’s trying to help me.”

“This way of doing things is slightly risky.”

Ji Fengxin assumed Yu Shangrong was an elite who had concealed his strength. If that were the case, Yu Shangrong had thought too highly of him.

As they conversed, the sun set.

Yu Shangrong had an idea. He asked, “Where is the Thousand Willow Monastery?”

“It’s not far from here.”

Yu Shangrong smiled. “Are there any rooms there?”

Ji Fengxing was stunned when he heard this. He said, “If it were anyone else, there’s no way it’d be allowed. However, if it’s you, senior, there’ll always be room. Leave it to me!” He had heard from Wuwu that this elite was homeless. If this elite stayed in Thousand Willow Monastery, he could ask the elite to teach him swordplay. As the saying went, ‘The pavilion closest to the water enjoys moonlight first’.

“Thank you.”

...

Great Yan.

Two days later.

In the eastern part of Liang Province City. Inside a Nether Sect branch.

Lu Zhou saw the system points on the dashboard and was filled with emotions. He decided that it was time to raise his cultivation base.