

## Disciples 661

### Chapter 661: Eight-leaf Patriarch

Merit points: 74,603.

Avatar: Hundred Tribulations Insight.

Remaining life: 40,521 days.

Item: Deadly Strike Card x1, Critical Block Card x62 (passive), Binding Cage Card x2, Whitzard (resting), Bi An, Ji Liang, Critical Heal Card x1, Thunderblast x1, Disguise Card x1, Golden Taixu Mirror, Appearance Alteration Card x3, Reversal Card x33, Shining Stone x1.

Weapon: Unnamed, Life Cutter, Jade Horsetail Whisk, Spotless Dagger, High Void (damaged).

From Lou Lan to Liang Province, he had earned close to 70,000 merit points.

The reason he did not reach 100,000 merit points was due to the lack of Nascent Divinity realm elites. The reward for killing Divine Court realm cultivators was reduced to 10 points each. Cultivators below the Brahman Sea realm were not counted. For this reason, although he had slain many of his enemies, his merit points were relatively low.

“Just as well. I’ll spend 50,000 merit points, and use the rest for lucky draws and purchasing the cards,” Lu Zhou said.

Lu Zhou called up the item card dashboard. Without hesitation, he purchased a Golden Lotus Leaf. Before he raised his cultivation base, he decided to stockpile Deadly Strike Cards in case its price rose in the future.

Lu Zhou checked the price for the Deadly Strike Card. It was 10,000 merit points each.

“Purchase.”

After purchasing a Deadly Strike Card, Lu Zhou looked at the price and frowned despite having expected it. The price had risen to 12,000 merit points. The prices of the other item cards had risen as well.

Lu Zhou was slightly speechless.

The prices were increasing more and more frequently. The prices would go up every time he raised his cultivation base or purchased a card.

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 1,500 individuals. Reward: 15,000 merit points.”

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 1,000 individuals. Reward: 10,000 merit points.”

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 564 individuals. Reward: 5,640 merit points.”

“Ding! Received genuine worship from 346 individuals. Reward: 3,460 merit points.”

When Lu Zhou heard this notification, he was slightly stunned. After a while, he thought it was only normal. After all, there were many citizens in Liang Province City. He wondered which disciple of his was

being worshipped by the civilians. He could not help but feel the numbers were too low. Perhaps, the citizens were wary about returning to the city so soon after the war ended.

Unfortunately, he could not force people to worship him. In any case, this was better than nothing.

Merit points: 99,603.

“!!!” Lu Zhou was angry when he saw his current points. If he did not purchase a Deadly Strike Card earlier, he could have purchased two Golden Lotus Leaves and return to the Eight-leaf stage.

Lu Zhou inhaled deeply to calm down; he really felt like cursing! Perhaps, he was used to his new identity, his attitude had turned calmer.

‘Forget it. Being short of 400 merit points isn’t a big deal.’

Creak!

At this moment, the door opened.

Zhu Honggong walked in respectfully. He prostrated himself on the floor as he said, “Greetings, master!”

Lu Zhou collected his thoughts and observed Old Eighth for a while. The gears in his mind were whirring as an idea took form.

For a time, the room was silent.

Zhu Honggong found his master’s silence strange and discomfiting so he stole a glance at his master and tentatively called out, “Master?”

Lu Zhou asked, “What’s your cultivation base?”

“I’m now at the Three-leaf stage after recultivating... Lately, with the help of my father, I’ve improved slightly.”

“Oh?” Lu Zhou asked expressionlessly. “Among the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples, who’s cultivation base is the lowest?”

“Naturally, it’s Little Junior Sister Conch,” Zhu Honggong smiled and said, “Little Junior Sister isn’t at fault since she had just recently joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. It hasn’t even been a year since she began to cultivate. It would not take her long to enter the Nascent Divinity realm. Even Ninth Junior Sister can’t compare to her.”

“Who’s the second last then?” Lu Zhou asked.

“Uh...” Zhu Honggong began to guess the reason for his master’s questions. Why did his master suddenly ask about his disciples’ cultivation bases?

There was no need to mention his second to seventh senior brothers. Their cultivation bases were much more profound than his. His Ninth Junior Sister was a little ancestor, and he would not even compare himself to her. Since he had already mentioned Conch, his Little Junior Sister, there was only one person left.

When the name appeared in Zhu Honggong's mind, he cleared his throat before he solemnly replied, "In reply to your question, master... It's Eldest Senior Brother! However, that's not his fault as well. After all, he hasn't even regained his memories, and his cultivation base is lying dormant..."

"What about the third from the last?" Lu Zhou asked again.

"..." Zhu Honggong was taken aback. He finally saw where his master's questions were leading to. He hastily said, "I'm dumb, and I shouldn't be proud of myself. I've only improved by a single leaf, and I'm already bragging. I promise to cultivate harder after this!"

"Ding! Disciplines Zhu Honggong. Reward: 200 merit points."

"Your Eldest Senior Brother's cultivation base is much more profound than yours," Lu Zhou said.

"I know that I've made a mistake. I'm the second weakest..." Zhu Honggong suddenly felt that the comparison was not strong enough. He slapped himself with smooth movements borne from habit. "I was wrong to talk about Eldest Senior Brother behind his back! I deserve to be punished!"

"Ding! Punished Zhu Honggong. Reward: 200 merit points."

Lu Zhou felt much better after hearing the two notifications. 'Seems like I should speak with my disciples more often about their cultivation bases and their conducts...'

It was the duty of a teacher to resolve his students' confusions. There was no end to learning, and there would always be room for knowledge.

"It's good that you're aware. You may leave," Lu Zhou said as he waved his arm.

"I'll take my leave now, master." Zhu Honggong exited the room respectfully. When he was outside the room, he scratched his head. 'What's with master? Why did he suddenly ask these questions? Wait! Why did I even come here in the first place? Did I come here to get scolded?' After being scolded, he had forgotten the reason he had come looking for his master.

...

Inside the room.

Lu Zhou opened the item column. Without any hesitation, he purchased another Golden Lotus Leaf.

"Ding! Spent 100,000 merit points. Obtained Golden Lotus Leaf x2."

"Use."

One of the Golden Lotus Leaf swiftly dissolved into spots of starlight before entering Lu Zhou's dantian's sea of Qi. He manifested his avatar and shrunk it until it hovered in his palm. As the Primal Qi energy in his dantian's sea of Qi increased, he could sense that he was about to sprout a new leaf.

His eyes were focused on the rapidly spinning golden lotus under the shining golden avatar. The six leaves were spinning as well.

Shortly after, rings after rings of light began to move down from the avatar.

Lu Zhou's mind contained various techniques and experiences of sprouting leaves. However, he had no experience of using the Golden Lotus Leaf. If he did not have the system, it would have been impossible for him to sprout leaves so rapidly.

The radiant rings continued sliding down from the waist of the avatar to the feet.

Whizz!

A crisp sound rang in the air.

Lu Zhou saw a leaf sprouting from a corner of the golden lotus.

The leaf was golden and shining. Soon enough, it looked the same as the other leaves around it.

His Golden Lotus was now a Seven-leaf Golden Lotus!

....

Meanwhile, the surge of Primal Qi outside Lu Zhou's room drew his disciples' attention.

The Nether Sect disciples guarded the entrance to the courtyard. They did not allow anyone without proper business to get close.

"The patriarch is cultivating in seclusion. Guard the place well!"

"I heard that the patriarch loves to try eccentric things. No matter what happens, don't get close."

Naturally, those who had no business to be there could not get close.

The disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion and a few others were nearby. They looked at the courtyard where Lu Zhou was staying.

Zhu Tianyuan said with a sigh, "Brother Ji is already at the Nine-leaf stage. Why is he cultivating the method to sprout leaves?"

"Maybe he's preparing for the Ten-leaf stage?" Zhu Honggong speculated wildly.

"You have a point."

Zhu Honggong was speechless.

"Old Eighth, you were in master's room earlier. Did you notice anything different?" Duanmu Sheng asked.

"Hm, not really. Everything seemed normal. Master gave me a round of compliments. That's all," Zhu Honggong said with a straight face.

Zhu Tianyuan said, "My son, did you tell him what I told you to tell him?"

"Father, would you believe me if I told you that I forgot about it?"

**Chapter 662: Returning to the Peak**

Zhu Tianyuan rolled his eyes at him. He was about to lecture him when he launched into a coughing fit. The direct battle with the elites of the seven allied nations had dealt him heavy damage. Let alone lecturing someone, it was impressive enough that he managed to emerge from the battle standing.

Zhu Honggong was speechless. He said, "Master has just given me an earful, and now, you too?"

Zhu Tianyun said sulkily, "Didn't he compliment you?"

"He lectured me first before showering me with compliments."

"My son, you must bring this up to your master if you have the chance... I'm counting on you to take over the Ancient Saint Cult," Zhu Tianyun said.

"I know, I know," Zhu Honggong said absent-mindedly.

The others looked at the sky above the courtyard where Lu Zhou was staying. The convergence of power made them click their tongues in wonder. Although they were used to seeing Lu Zhou gathering energy in this manner, they still stopped and watched. They wanted to gain some experience from his cultivation. This was especially true for the four elders who benefited from the time he gathered life energy. Apart from that, Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng had attained One-leaf cultivation bases previously as well.

...

After a moment, the courtyard fell silent.

Inside the room.

Lu Zhou looked at the seven leaves on his golden lotus, pleased. Naturally, this was not the end. For most cultivators in Great Yan, this was indeed a profound realm. It brought with it status, fame, wealth, and glory. The perks were unending. Regardless of the sect, anyone with that cultivation base would be accepted as an elder. Alas, it was not enough for him. After all, he was the Evil Sky Pavilion's Patriarch who once stood at the peak of the Eight-leaf stage. He was the greatest expert in the world.

Lu Zhou did not stop improving his cultivation base. He recited in his mind, 'Use.'

As the Golden Lotus Leaf dissolved into spots of starlight and entered his dantian's sea of Qi, the Golden Lotus Leaf on the system dashboard gradually disappeared.

'Fine!' The system was stingy. He would have to rely on himself. This was clearly a sign for him to rely on his own strength to reach the Nine-leaf stage from the Eight-leaf stage.

What was the Nine-leaf stage like? The Nine-leaf stage that Lu Zhou experienced when he used the Peak Trial Card could not be used as a reference. It seemed impossible to have a limitless store of power. Jiang Wenxu was flustered and lost the ability to make sound decisions. However, if Jiang Wenxu had thought about it carefully, regardless of the realm, it was impossible to have a limitless supply of power.

At this moment, power gathered above the courtyard again. It was much richer than before.

Lu Zhou sensed that the Primal Qi in his dantian's sea of Qi was denser than when he attained the Seven-leaf stage moments ago.

From the Five-leaf stage, the addition of a single leaf meant a substantial leap for cultivators. Naturally, the changes from the Seven-leaf stage to the Eight-leaf stage were huge as well.

Lu Zhou summoned his avatar again. The miniature golden statue appeared above his palm. At the same time, golden energy rings kept sliding down from its waist. The golden lotus under its feet seemed to be spinning much more quickly than before.

He could feel the golden lotus was being nourished, and it grew brighter due to the radiant energy rings. This was the sign of a breakthrough.

The higher a cultivator's realm was, the more difficult it would be to improve. Who could sprout two leaves consecutively like what Lu Zhou was doing? However, it had to be said that he was not an ordinary cultivator.

If he used Ji Tiandao's peak Eight-leaf cultivation base as a reference point, the time he spent since his transmigration was nothing but the low point of his life. Even if he reached the Eight-leaf stage, it would only amount to a restoration to his previous state. In the eyes of the others, he was already a Nine-leaf cultivator. Therefore, the Eight-leaf stage... was not enough.

The radiant rings descended and sank into the golden lotus under the avatar's feet. At this moment, the golden lotus began to buzz.

Shortly after, his dantian's sea of Qi became unbearably hot. His Primal Qi was being replenished as well. His Seven-leaf state was already at the peak.

Lu Zhou could clearly feel that whenever the radiant rings slid down, his own cultivation base would rise.

Click!

A crisp and pleasing noise rang in the air.

Something stirred in Lu Zhou's heart, and he looked at the golden lotus.

The golden lotus slowed its speed of spinning. It was now one size larger, and a new leaf had appeared at a previously vacant spot. This meant that Lu Zhou had returned to the Eight-leaf Nascent Divinity realm, the peak of his cultivation base!

At the same time, he could feel the walls of his dantian's sea of Qi being broken through. It was now much larger than before.

He could keenly feel he was far stronger than those at the Six or Seven-leaf stage.

Lu Zhou clenched his fist, and the golden lotus avatar disappeared.

He did not step outside immediately. Instead, he closed his eyes and familiarized himself with the Eight-leaf stage.

...

Meanwhile.

The Evil Sky Pavilion's flying chariot was crossing Heaven's Moat toward Liang Province.

Mingshi Yin who was manning the helm looked ahead and said, "After Heaven's Moat, we'll reach Liang Province soon."

Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Yu Zhenghai were staring at two of the paralyzed passengers on the deck, Angui and Lanhai. One of them was the King of Lou Lan, and the other was the head of the Bonar Family.

Ever since Lu Zhou destroyed the forces of the four allied nations, the remnants of the forces were not a match for the rest of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Even if they were, they would not easily make another move.

To atone for his sins, Angui brought Lanhai and boarded the cloud-splitting chariot. They intended to apologize to Lu Zhou in person.

"Dear elders, please put in some good words for us when we meet the old mister later!" Angui said in a flattering tone.

"Sure, sure..." Leng Luo replied.

Upon hearing this, Pan Litian asked, "Old Leng, you're not really thinking of pleading for him, are you? For someone as two-faced as him, we should just kill him with a single strike."

"..." Upon hearing this, Angui's face paled immediately.

Mingshi Yin did not bother with Angui. Instead, he pointed at the corpses in Heaven's Moat and said, "Look!"

This drew Leng Luo, Pan Litian, and Yu Zhenghai's attention. They looked in the direction Mingshi Yin had pointed.

Towering trees were fell, and corpses were strewn everywhere.

From Heaven's Moat to Liang Province, it seemed as though something had crashed through the landscape. Five straight pits trailed uninterrupted all the way to Liang Province.

The cloud-splitting chariot followed the pits.

Leng Luo said, "The seven allied nations have already reached Liang Province. There might be trouble up ahead. We should be careful."

Three days had passed so the four of them were worried about Liang Province. Therefore, as soon as they dealt with things in Lou Lan, they immediately flew to Liang Province without stopping to rest. Along the way, they would look at the marks of battles on the ground. The land was riddled with holes.

Angui and Lanhai who saw the scene on land were greatly shaken.

The flying chariot slowed down its speed.

The aftermath of the battle left all of them stunned for a moment.

Wars were cruel. The barbarians with the ambition of wolves would never understand this. They would always attempt to benefit from wars. In the end, what did they get?

Bam!

“Ahh!”

At this moment, a wail resounded in the air.

Yu Zhenghai had fiercely stomped on Angui.

When Angui recovered from the pain, a puzzled expression appeared on his face as he said, “This... this has nothing to do with me!”

Yu Zhenghai said, “So what? Can’t I stomp on you even if you have nothing to do with this?”

“Uh... Sure, you can!” Angui pressed his chest.

Lanhai was already beside himself with fright. His back was drenched in sweat.

“We’re here.”

The others looked down at Liang Province.

After the battle, many cultivators were bustling in the city, trying to rebuild it.

On the city walls, cultivators were cleaning the bloodstains in shifts.

Huge groups of Great Yan cultivators carried the bodies under the city walls away.

Bam!

“Ahh!” Angui wailed in pain and despair again.

Yu Zhenghai did not even wait for Angui to speak as he said, “I’m stomping on you because I feel uneasy. Sorry.”

“Please... don’t be...” As the saying went, ‘The loser would have to acquiesce to the winner’. Although he was the king of a nation, he had no choice but to bear with this treatment.

...

In Liang Province.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes and slowly rose to his feet. After stretching his limbs, he knew the next issue he had to tackle was about his longevity. Judging from Luo Shiyin’s notes, breaking through to the Nine-leaf stage required 1,200 years. In other words, he needed, at least, 876 Reversal Cards to reach the Nine-leaf stage while maintaining his current condition. Currently, he only had 33 Reversal Cards.

Since his cultivation base had increased by two leaves, he wondered if the price of the Reversal Card rose as well.

He was about to use his Reversal Card when a voice rang from outside.

“Master, Eldest Senior Brother is back! He brought a memory crystal with him.”

“Send them here.”

“Understood!”



## Chapter 663: Memories (Part One)

When Yu Zhenghai alighted from the flying chariot, the disciples of the Nether Sect who welcomed them did not recognize him. Perhaps, he looked too young. Similarly, he did not remember the Nether Sect as well. He thought it was normal for them to welcome the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The group of people from the Evil Sky Pavilion who had just arrived made their way to Lu Zhou's courtyard before meeting with the other disciples.

"Go in!" Mingshi Yin kicked the two captives into the hall.

The two captives knelt down in the center of the hall. When they looked up, they saw a stately Lu Zhou before them, causing them to tremble in fear. They had been on board the flying chariot for a long time before they reached Liang Province from Lou Lan. However, the old mister flew back in such a short time! Based on what they had seen when they traveled here, the allied forces of the seven Other Tribes had been utterly crushed. With a Nine-leaf cultivator in Liang Province, it was clearly very safe here.

"Old Mister... Angui came to atone for his sins!"

"Lan... Lanhai..."

Before Lanhai could finish speaking, Lu Zhou waved his arm and said, "Drag him out."

"Huh?" Lanhai's mind went blank.

Mingshi Yin was stunned. When he regained his senses, he hastily said, "I understand, master. This Two-faced fiend has no right to speak to you. I'll drag him out and behead him now!" He did not forget to emphasize the word 'behead' when he spoke.

Thud!

Lanhai fainted. However, this did not stop Mingshi Yin from dragging him outside.

Angui was left kneeling in the hall.

Leng Luo produced a brocade box from his sleeve and slowly walked toward Lu Zhou. He presented the box with both hands. "This is the memory crystal we obtained from the Bonar Family... According to them, Jiang Wenxu has been studying it, but he did not obtain any substantial information from it."

Lu Zhou received the brocade box and placed it on the table beside himself. His gaze fell on Angui before he said, "How long has Jiang Wenxu been staying in Lou Lan?"

Angui answered truthfully, "Only for a few decades... The royal tutor... I mean, that despicable and cunning traitor, keeps moving around. I only recently found out that he's the Royal Tutors of the other nations as well. I didn't think he was such a petty man."

"Let's leave the matter of Jiang Wenxu at that. If you're thinking about atoning for your sins, tell that to the Emperor of Great Yan. I want no part of it," Lu Zhou said. His words clearly indicated his lack of interest in becoming Great Yan's emperor.

The conflicts between nations should be left to the experts to resolve. Whether they would pay by lands, tithe, or submission, it was up to Great Yan's Emperor.

Sweat dripped down Angui's face as he said, "As you wish, old mister!" However, the problem was... who was the Emperor of Great Yan?

At this moment, Ye Tianxin hurried into the hall. She bowed at her master and said, "Master, nothing extraordinary happened in the Divine Capital lately... The officials are doing a great job as well. The Nether Sect disciples have also been assigned tasks. However, as for the Emperor... There's some difficulty in selecting the proper successor to the throne."

If the court officials had their way, they would elect someone with the correct bloodline to ascend the throne. The individuals who fulfilled this criterion were the Third, the Fourth, and the Fifth Prince.

Jiang Aijian had no interest in the throne, the Fourth Prince was missing, and the Fifth Prince was slightly meek. Even if they agreed to take the throne, they would still need approval from Yu Zhenghai, the Sect Master of the Nether Sect Master. After all, he had successfully conquered this land, Yu Zhenghai.

Lu Zhou looked at Yu Zhenghai before he said, "Let's leave it for now."

"Understood."

"Lock him up for now." Lu Zhou waved his sleeve.

Angui was sent away.

Everyone understood Lu Zhou's intention. He was giving Yu Zhenghai the due respect since Yu Zhenghai still had not recovered his memories.

Lu Zhou looked at Yu Zhenghai, who seemed at a loss, before he waved his hand and said, "If there's nothing else, you can all take your leave."

The others bowed and left the room.

Yu Zhenghai's mind felt heavy when he walked. When he exited the room, his footsteps seemed laborious.

When Mingshi Yin saw this, he supported Yu Zhenghai. "Eldest Senior Brother, are you ok?"

"I... I'm alright. Help me back."

"You shouldn't strain yourself too much. Let's return and get some rest." Mingshi Yin helped Yu Zhenghai toward the other courtyard.

At this moment, Zhu Honggong walked toward them.

Mingshi Yin beckoned Zhu Honggong over and said, "Old Eighth, help Eldest Senior Brother return to his room. I have something else to attend to."

An aggrieved expression appeared on Zhu Honggong's face as he said, "I have something to attend to as well!"

"No, you don't. Hurry up."

"Oh." Zhu Honggong had no choice but to support Yu Zhenghai.

Mingshi Yin turned around and left.

Yu Zhenghai felt embarrassed from being supported so he hastily said, "I'll manage."

"Eldest Senior Brother, don't you remember anything?" Zhu Honggong asked tentatively.

Yu Zhenghai nodded honestly. "Mhm."

Zhu Honggong's eyes darted around his surroundings before he said, "Eldest Senior Brother, among all the other disciples, we have the closest relationship."

During his time Lou Lan, Yu Zhenghai confirmed he was the Eldest Senior Brother. He wanted to regain his memories as soon as he could as well. He asked, "Was I fierce in the past?"

"No. You've always been polite and gentle, especially toward me. You took great care of me!" Zhu Honggong said. "When I was the leader of a gang on Tigerridge Mountain, you frequently sent treasures my way. You're closer to me than a biological brother."

Yu Zhenghai nodded as he listened. He said, "Did I treat the others the same way?"

Zhu Honggong said, "Of course not... You were especially nice to me."

Yu Zhenghai nodded again. He patted Zhu Honggong's shoulder. "Looks like we're the closest among the disciples."

"Please care of me, Eldest Senior Brother."

"Alright."

When Yu Zhenghai finally lay on the bed, he was extremely drowsy. It did not take long before he fell asleep.

...

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou opened the brocaded box, revealing a shining crystal that glowed dazzlingly with a bluish light in the box. It was the size of an egg.

"Is this the memory crystal?" Lu Zhou picked the crystal up. He noticed the lower half had been cut off.

The function of a memory crystal was to store memories. With Jiang Wenxu's powers, why was he not able to decipher the memories in the crystal?

Yun Tianluo sealed the recording of his own breakthrough in the chessboard. The method to unlock it was to offer it 20 years of one's life.

In the end, Lu Zhou decided not to make wild guesses. He would know the truth if he personally gave it a try.

He placed the half crystal on his pal before he circulated his Primal Qi. When his Primal Qi entered the crystal, he felt a refreshing and palpable sensation. He felt as though he had been transported into a completely white world at this moment.

"Is this... the stored memories?" Lu Zhou was perplexed as he continued to push the crystal.

After a while, he was still alone in the white and vast world. He could neither see nor touch anything.

Lu Zhou continued walking forward... The coolness of the crystal was growing stronger as well. He hastened his footsteps in the white world.

“A wall?” Lu Zhou saw a wall blocking his path at this moment.

There were many boxes along the wall, and there was an assortment of unintelligible runes inside the boxes.

“What a way to seal your memories!” Lu Zhou said with praise.

### **Chapter 664: Memories (Part Two)**

The wall that was lined with boxes barred his way.

Nobody else could have understood the runes on the walls. However, as a transmigrator and a person from the modern world, Lu Zhou understood the meaning of these runes. Even if the runes were only half visible, he could still recognize them as the 26 alphabets. Could this be... fate?

Even if Jiang Wenxu was a peerless genius, he still could not have understood these runes.

What was the password?

He walked up to the wall and touched the remaining halves of the runes. Although he could tell they were alphabets, he needed some time to understand them.

“Ji Tiandao?” A while later, Lu Zhou touched the alphabets that formed the pinyin of Ji Tiandao’s name. Yet, the wall did not move.

“Was I mistaken?”

Lu Zhou tried again, switching between similar runes. He attempted it several times but to no avail.

“It’s not Ji Tiandao?”

All of a sudden Lu Zhou remembered the poem: The bright moon shines over the sea; from far away, we share this moment together.

He tried again. He touched the alphabets related to the poem. On his third attempt, the wall finally shook.

“It worked!” Lu Zhou was delighted.

After a short moment, the wall dissolved in the air like a cloud of smoke.

Frames after frames of images flooded his mind, and they seemed ethereal.

...

The first segment of the fragments of Ji Tiandao’s memories spanned different lengths of time.

Ji Tiandao had successfully attained the Eight-leaf golden lotus stage.

Emperor Yong Shou came to congratulate him with gifts. Before leaving, Liu Ge said, "The improvement in your cultivation base is truly shocking, Brother Ji."

Ji Tiandao answered, "I'm merely lucky."

Liu Ge asked, "Do you believe in the existence of the Nine-leaf stage, Brother Ji?"

"Of course, I do. What about you?"

"I don't..." Liu Ge's smile was meaningful. "What do you intend to do after this, Brother Ji?"

"I'll establish a sect and recruit disciples."

...

The second segment of the fragments of Ji Tiandao's memories spanned different lengths of time as well.

"When Great Void was on its way back, they lost a few tomes of cultivation methods and a pill?"

(The memories related to Great Void were distorted and blurry.)

(Ji Tiandao suspected it might not be a medicinal pill.)

"I've mastered the secret and method to reach the Nine-leaf stage."

"I need to teach nine disciples and use their longevity or lives to attempt the Nine-leaf stage."

"I've recruited three disciples. I need six more... Most of the candidates aren't talented enough or suitable. They can't endure the process of being modified by the pills... Alas, I've lost one."

(Parts of the memory were exceptionally blurry and distorted.)

"Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong's cultivation bases are improving quickly. Is this really the effect of the pill?"

"Duanmu Sheng has just joined. The effects of the pill aren't too clear on him."

...

The third segment of Ji Tiandao's fragmented memories.

"I must make them hate themselves... That way, they won't have any qualms when I kill them in the future."

"The people outside say that I have a short fuse. I'll kill them when I have the time. The thing that annoys me most is when someone bad mouths me behind my back."

"The Wuqians and the Noblemen are in conflict. Their cultivation bases are improving at roughly the same pace, and their tempers are at odds. The cultivation world is starting to pay attention to the Evil Sky Pavilion. I must set an iron rule that fellow disciples aren't to fight each other."

"I've gravely injured Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong for the tenth time... They're stubborn. They must hate me by now..."

“The Evil Sky Pavilion has lost some items, but they’re not important. I don’t need the Sky Fragments and the blank pages. However, the cultivation world has its eyes on Golden Court Mountain. It’s eyeing us like a predator eyeing its prey. I must intimidate them... I’ll have Old First and Old Second spend some time outside.”

...

The fourth segment of Ji Tiandao’s fragmented memories spanned different lengths of time as well.

“The Evil Sky Pavilion’s name shocks the world. I’m pleased.”

“I’ve recruited the fourth disciple. He has talents, but I don’t quite like him.”

(A part of the memory was distorted and blurry.)

“I’ve recruited my fifth disciple. An orphan of Princess Yun Zhao? She’s struck by the Dark Yin Palm Seal as well? Liu Ge is a useless ruler. I’ll take the royal token from him!”

“I’ve recruited my sixth disciple. This little girl had it rough. Should I tell her the secret about the royal family massacring the Fish Dragon Village?”

(A memory about the truth and knowledge about the Fish Dragon Village appeared.)

“I’ve recruited my seventh disciple. He’s witty. I like him.”

(A part of the memory was distorted and blurry.)

(He confirmed that he had given Old Sixth and Old Seventh their weapons and cultivation methods.)

...

The fifth segment.

“I’ll try killing Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong. I wonder if I can obtain their life span?”

“Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong left the Evil Sky Pavilion.”

(A recollection about the fight between Ji Tiandao, Yu Zhenghai, and Yu Shangrong appeared.)

“I’ve misjudged the cultivation bases of the two traitors. I managed to defeat them, but I couldn’t kill them!”

“Change of plans. I’ll teach them incomplete cultivation methods. Also, I won’t give away weapons for free. I must think of some way to retake Ye Tianxin and Si Wuya’s weapons. I must limit the progress of the other disciples.”

“My great limit is nearing. I must recruit the eighth and ninth disciple soon.”

(A memory related to Ye Tianxin and Si Wuya leaving the Evil Sky Pavilion appeared.)

...

The sixth segment of Ji Tiandao’s fragmented memories spanned different lengths of time as well.

“Old Eighth’s cultivation method is greatly flawed. Cultivating it will decrease his lifespan...”

“Old Ninth is the latest addition. The pill has worked wonders for her. I can’t make the same mistakes. I shouldn’t give her the Jade Horsetail Whisk or teach her the complete cultivation method.”

“That traitor, Old Seventh, has tricked Old Eighth into leaving...”

(A memory about Old Eighth leaving the Evil Sky Pavilion appeared.)

“Yu Zhenghai’s Nether Sect is now the greatest Fiend sect. I’ll try and see if I can kill him... Alas, I can’t find him. He runs too quickly.”

(When he returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion, he was attacked by the ten elites.)

...

The seventh segment.

“Someone called Jiang Wenxu told me about the dangers of the Nine-leaf stage.”

“Jiang Wenxu’s second appearance. He displayed his strength as a Nine-leaf red lotus cultivator. I think he’s trying to threaten me... I convinced him that I’ll seal my knowledge about the secrets and methods to reach the Nine-leaf stage.”

“My great limit is drawing closer... The cultivation world is keeping a close eye on me, and Jiang Wenxu is coveting my pills.”

(A fragment about Jiang Wenxu questioning the origins of the pills, weapons, and cultivation methods appeared.)

“Pills? Perhaps, these aren’t medicinal pills... They’re more like seeds, the seeds of Great Void...”

(A fragment of the memory was distorted and blurry.)

“I’m afraid that the plan of using my disciples to reach the Nine-leaf stage won’t work.”

“Perhaps, Jiang Wenxu was right; the Nine-leaf stage will bring forth a great disaster. However, how’s he a Nine-leaf cultivator, then? Won’t the red lotus absorb his life?”

“... How many years of a person’s life will the golden lotus take? Maybe it’s not the golden lotus alone. The heaven and earth shackle might actually exist.”

“I’ve made my final attempt at the Nine-leaf stage... My time is up, and I somehow managed to reach the Eight-leaf-a-half stage... That old fox Jiang Wenxu snuck up on me.”

“Jiang Wenxu wants me to give him all my memories about the Nine-leaf stage’s secret, the Great Void seeds, and the origins of the weapons and cultivation methods... I’ve sealed all this inside the crystal. However, he can’t possibly know about my origin. I’ll set an obstacle that he can never overcome.”

(A fragment of the memory was distorted and blurry.)

...

Swoosh!

The images around Lu Zhou disappeared, and he returned to reality.

Although much of the information was just as he had guessed, having it confirmed made everything clear now.

He regained most of his memories from what his disciples told him. However, some mysteries remain unsolved even with the crystal.

“Great Void seeds? What’s Great Void? Where’s Great Void?”

Lu Zhou noticed something too strange to be a coincidence as well. Every time there was mention of Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, and Si Wuya, the memories would be blurry.

### **Chapter 665: Invading Manmans**

“The origins of the weapons and cultivation methods?”

“An evil system?”

Although these were only his guesses, he could infer them from his available memories.

The only thing that intrigued him was the origins of the Great Void seeds.

Lu Zhou looked at the memory crystal in his hand. The energy contained within it had already faded. He moved his fingers.

Crack!

The memory crystal was reduced to fine powder that scattered as it fell in the air.

He did not expect Ji Tiandao to have sealed this many core memories.

Lu Zhou felt his head was heavy. Perhaps, this was the side effect of regaining some of his memories. He returned to the room and lay down to rest.

“Ding! Found half of the memory crystal. Reward: 5,000 merit points.”

...

Meanwhile, inside Liang Province City.

Si Wuya went through Luo Shiyin’s records again before placing them back. Then, he asked, “How’s Eldest Senior Brother faring these couple of days?”

“Eldest Senior Brother seems drowsy... He’s worked up an appetite and spent most of his waking hours eating! He can eat more than I can. After he has his fill, he’ll return to sleep.” Zhu Honggong spread his hands open.

“Keep an eye on his changes,” Si Wuya said before asking, “What about master?”

Zhu Honggong said, “Master has been sleeping over the past two days... I daren’t disturb him!”

Si Wuya nodded and said, “Master must be tired from facing the 12 allied nations. He needs the rest. Men!”

“Mister Seventh!” Two Nether Sect disciples appeared.



“Tell the others that nobody is allowed near master’s courtyard. If there’s anything strange, report to me immediately.”

“Understood!”

Zhu Honggong said, “Seventh Senior Brother, if there’s nothing else, I’ll go and cultivate.”

“Go on.”

Zhu Honggong turned around and left.

Then, Zhou Jifeng hurried into the room. “Mister Seventh, many strange birds have near Heaven’s Moat recently.”

“Strange birds?”

“The birds are ferocious. Once cultivators get close, they’ll attack. I’ve drawn them. Take a look...” Zhou Jifeng unrolled the parchment and placed it on the table.

Si Wuya looked at the sketch. The birds resembled a mallard with a wing and an eye.

“A biyi bird?” Si Wuya found it familiar.

“This is much larger than biyi birds... Our men were attacked when they had barely gotten close. They nearly lost their lives,” Zhou Jifeng said.

“I’ve studied books about strange beasts in the repository of Great Yan’s Imperial family... These beasts should only be found deep within the Blackwood Forest. Why are they near Heaven’s Moat?” Si Wuya found this strange.

“I think you should go take a look.”

“Alright.”

...

Meanwhile, on the eastern side of Liang Province. Near the eastern side of Heaven’s Moat.

Winged beasts flew in the skies.

Huang Shijie and Zhu Tianyuan, two Eight-leaf elites, were looking at the birds in the sky as they hovered in the air.

“I don’t think that they have any intention of attacking. They’re staying within range of that spot.”

“If that’s the case, we can rest assured... I hope they’re not hostile toward humans.”

At this moment, Si Wuya and the others arrived.

The others saluted him.

Si Wuya looked at the Biyi birds in the sky, slightly shocked. Then, he said, “There are birds on Chongwu Mountain that resemble mallards with one wing and one eye. They fly in pairs and are known as manmans.”

“Manman?”

“That’s right. This beast is called manman or the biyi bird. It comes from the boundary of the Blackwood and Misty Forests, north of Chongwu Mountain,” Si Wuya said.

Huang Shijie said, “Everyone says that the Evil Sky Pavilion’s Mister Seventh has read many books and is more intelligent than most. I’m impressed.”

“You flatter me.” Si Wuya said, “These beasts have limited attacking power. Usually, Brahman Sea realm cultivators can defeat them. However, their numbers are slightly high. They might be a hindrance to the movement of the people once they become too much of an annoyance.”

“Mister Seventh, how do you think we should solve this problem?”

“All we have to do is find out why they’re here,” Si Wuya replied.

The others nodded.

Indeed, prescribing the right medicine for the right illness was a good measure.

Si Wuya flew out toward the manmans.

When the manman’s noticed the incoming human, they immediately gathered and attacked.

Si Wuya calmly summoned his avatar.

Whizz!

His Seven-leaf avatar kept the manmans at bay.

When he saw this, Huang Shijie said, “I didn’t know that Mister Seventh is already at the Seven-leaf stage.”

Everyone knew very well how monstrously talented the Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciples were.

Zhu Tianyuan asked, “Mister Seventh, my dumb son isn’t talented. I wonder how your master helped him reach the Nascent Divinity realm?”

Si Wuya hovered in the air and said, “Perhaps, it’s because of his cultivation method... The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples have different cultivation methods. Eight Junior Brother cultivates the Nine Tribulation Thunderblast. He might not be suited to other cultivation methods.”

“Makes sense.”

At this moment, the three of them were hovering among the manmans.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The manmans were struck out of the air by the avatar.

Huang Shijie and Zhu Tianyuan summoned their avatars as well to dispatch the manmans.

With this, their visions grew clearer.

Si Wuya was shocked when he saw the tree branch in front of him. “Nest?!”

There were nests in the forest before them. Most of them were completed.

“Interesting! These beasts are thinking of staying here!” Huang Shijie exclaimed.

“This won’t do. They’re already disturbing the lives of humans!” Zhu Tianyuan said.

“Don’t do anything for now.” Si Wuya observed their surroundings. He noticed the manmans had selected the spot where the bodies were buried.

The manmans that dropped to the ground scratched at the ground and pecked at it like chickens.

“Look.” Si Wuya pointed at the manmans below.

One of the manmans dug up a limb and started pecking on it. Its claws were extremely sharp, and it tore the limb apart in no time and devoured it!

Their hairs stood on end as they witnessed this.

Si Wuya said, “The Roulian’s General Karol had fought against Great Yan in the west of Liang Province. However, no manmans have appeared there. There’s only one reason they’re gathered here...”

“What is it?”

“The blood mist released when Jiang Wenxu died tainted these bodies. Perhaps... Jiang Wenxu was right about one thing.” Si Wuya paused. “The Nine-leaf stage will bring forth disasters... Nine-leaf cultivators are sumptuous meals in the eyes of these beasts.”

Huang Shijie smiled and said, “Manmans can’t even defeat Brahman Sea realm cultivators so how are they going to eat Nine-leaf cultivators? Isn’t that inference too unlikely?”

“No, look.” Si Wuya pointed at the huge nest in the center.

Si Wuya’s voice had barely faded when two extremely huge manmans emerged from the center of the nest. Their heads were several meters long, and their eyes were as large as an adult’s fist.

The two manmans had sensed human presence so they slowly lifted their wings that spanned dozens of meters.

Swoosh!

“Uh...” Huang Shijie was rendered speechless by this sight.

“When humans explored the Blackwood Forest in the past to capture beasts and tame mounts, they had attracted some flying beasts... To stop the beasts from harming humans, I lit a fire when there was a gale and burned Blackwood Forest.”

“What do we do now? Should we burn it?” Zhu Tianyuan asked.

Si Wuya said, “Let’s retreat for now...”

“Why should we retreat? Let’s just kill them,” Zhu Tianyuan protested.

“We’ll only attract more manmans if we kill the big ones... Their targets are the corpses tainted by Jiang Wenxu’s blood,” Si Wuya said.

“Alright! Let’s retreat for now!”

The three of them reached a consensus and left the horde of manmans to return to Liang Province City.

With this, the huge manmans flew back into the nest. However, the little manmans gave chase after the trio. They pursued them all the way to the city walls.

“Miss Yuexing, take them down.”

“Understood!” On the city walls, Hua Yuexing pulled on the Falling Moon Bow and fired energy arrows. Nobody was more suited to deal with such a situation than her.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy arrows landed true on their targets, and the manmans rained down on the land.

### **Chapter 666: Disciplining Eldest Senior Brother**

Hua Yuexing’s hard work was witnessed by all. It was an impressive sight to see her firing so many energy arrows in such a short time. After she mastered the Evil Sky Pavilion’s Quick Condensation, her mastery of the bow kept rising. It was only a matter of time before she became the greatest Godly Archer of Great Yan. Of the currently known Godly Archers, only the Luo Sect’s Shan Yunzheng’s line was left. The rest were already in hell.

Si Wuya, Huang Shijie, and Zhu Tianyuan returned to the city walls. The manmans that chased after them were shot out of the skies by Hua Yuexing.

These smaller manmans were not even a match for Brahman Sea cultivators so it was relatively easy to deal with them.

“The two large ones don’t seem to be easy to deal with,” Zhu Tianyuan said as he looked at the huge tree in the distance.

Si Wuya nodded and said, “Let’s wait for a few days. The targets of these birds are the corpses. If they don’t leave after they’re done with the corpses, we’ll think of some way to drive them away.”

The others nodded before they left the city wall.

Si Wuya who was lost in his thoughts as he stared at the manmans’ nest did not leave the city wall. He could not help but wonder if this was the disaster brought about by the Nine-leaf stage. After a moment, he looked at Hua Yuexing who had landed on the city wall after she fired at the manmans and said, “Miss Yuexing, I’ll have to trouble you over the next few days.”

Hua Yuexing bowed stiffly. “Rest assured, Mister Seventh. So long as I’m here, the beasts won’t be disturbing the people.”

Si Wuya nodded and left.

Like the Divine Capital, Liang Province City was being rebuilt at an exceptional pace. Under the collective effort of Great Yan cultivators, the decimated buildings were rebuilt where they once stood.

...

When Si Wuya returned to the meeting hall. Zhou Jifeng hurried in. "Mister Seventh, this is bad. Mister First... I think he's going crazy."

"Crazy?"

"Mister First has recently worked up a huge appetite. He's eating... well, a lot would be an understatement..."

"I'll take a look." Si Wuya found this puzzling. His understanding of the Wuqians far exceeded the others. During Yu Zhenghai's second resurrection, he had personally guarded Yu Zhenghai for 49 days and watered Yu Zhenghai. Back then, Yu Zhenghai did not develop a voracious appetite. Why did this suddenly happen now? He was lost in his thoughts as he walked. He speculated it might have something to do with Yu Zhenghai's needs as a growing man. Now that his Eldest Senior Brother's trauma and obsession had been overcome, he should have returned to normal.

Shortly after, Si Wuya and Zhou Jifeng arrived at the courtyard where Yu Zhenghai was staying. They discovered it was empty and hurried to Zhu Honggong's room.

When they entered the room, they saw Yet, they found Zhu Honggong and Mingshi Yin pacing inside.

Si Wuya asked, "Fourth Senior Brother, what happened?"

Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes at Zhu Honggong before he said, "This dimwit couldn't stop him. Eldest Senior Brother ate an entire red fish."

"Red fish?" Si Wuya frowned slightly.

Mingshi Yin spread his hands helplessly and said, "Master has given the Red Fish Heart to Eldest Senior Brother. I've been looking after the red fish and Chi Yao. Eldest Senior Brother's appetite suddenly increased, and he ate everything he could get his hands on. The food in the kitchen has been devoured by him. Not even my red fish was safe. I wonder when Eldest Senior Brother developed such a keen sense of smell that he even found the red fish."

"Let me see." Si Wuya walked to the bed. He saw Yu Zhenghai lying on the bed with a distended belly, snoring. Then, he examined Yu Zhenghai carefully before he sighed in relief. He wondered out loud, "There's no problem with his body... Why did he suddenly develop such a huge appetite?"

"I'm not worried about anything else, but I don't know if the red fish is poisonous or not... Nobody knows for sure since it came from the abyss," Mingshi Yin said.

Zhu Honggong mumbled, "I can't be blamed for this. Who can stop Eldest Senior Brother if he wants to eat something?"

Mingshi Yin stole a glance at the sleeping Yu Zhenghai and said in a hushed tone, "What are you afraid of? Eldest Senior Brother hasn't regained his memories or cultivation base yet. You should follow Second Senior Brother's example. At moments like this, you should treat him like a younger brother!"

Zhu Honggong. "???"

“Let’s be rational. This is for his good as well. Think about it. If Eldest Senior Brother recovers one day, he won’t remember anything that happened during his period of amnesia. If you don’t help him now, Eldest Senior Brother will blame you in the future if something happens!” Mingshi Yin said.

Zhu Honggong’s eyes widened. He smacked his thigh and said, “You’re right, Fourth Senior Brother. How silly of me!”

“Look after Eldest Senior Brother. I’ll take my leave.”

Si Wuya felt that Yu Zhenghai was not in great danger so he left the room as well.

In the end, only Zhu Honggong and Yu Zhenghai were left in the room.

...

When dusk arrived, Zhu Honggong was still mulling over his Fourth Senior Brother’s words. The more he thought about it, the more sense they made to him. He would thump his chest from time to time and say, “Fourth Senior Brother is right. If Eldest Senior Brother recovers from this, won’t he blame me for not stopping him? I should be stricter with him now.”

He turned around and looked at Yu Zhenghai who was sound asleep. He bowed respectfully as he said, “I’m sorry, Eldest Senior Brother!”

Perhaps, Zhu Honggong’s movements were too great, or perhaps, it was for some other reason, but Yu Zhenghai woke up at this moment.

“Eldest Senior Brother?”

Yu Zhenghai did not respond to Zhu Honggong. The first thing he said was, “Bring me something to eat.”

Zhu Honggong cleared his throat before he rested his hands on his back and said with a cold expression on his face, “Eat? Look at yourself... How can you still think about eating?”

Young Yu Zhenghai was slightly taken aback. The duo’s relationship had gotten closer recently. He had been convinced by Old Eight that his relationship with Old Eight was the best among all the disciples. He had even gotten used to ordering Old Eight around. This sudden change in attitude truly took him by surprise. “I’m hungry...”

“This won’t do. This is for your good. Do you know what you ate before this? You ate the red fish that master brought back from the abyss. You should be grateful that nothing bad happened to you after eating it. If something were to happen...” Zhu Honggong continued to say sternly in the manner of a senior speaking to his junior.

“Eighth Junior Brother... Bring me something to eat. I promise this is the last time...” Yu Zhenghai said in a slightly pleading tone.

Zhu Honggong steeled his heart. “No! I was lenient toward you before. Do you really think you’re all that?” He could see the complex expression on Yu Zhenghai’s face. He sat down and said, “Come here... Give me a massage!”

“Oh.” Yu Zhenghai massaged Zhu Honggong obediently.

“I’m doing this for your good. I’m reminding you of your place by having you give me a massage. You’re the Eldest Senior Brother, but the situation in Liang Province isn’t completely settled yet. You can’t have everything you want. You must lead by example, understand?”

“Yes.”

Zhu Honggong closed his eyes with an expression of enjoyment on his face. ‘This is f\*cking comfortable. It’s thrilling as well.’ He pointed at his legs and said, “Now, my legs.”

‘Comfortable.’ As he enjoyed the massage, Zhu Honggong nearly fell asleep.

Yu Zhenghai could hardly stand it so he climbed back onto the bed and fell asleep as well.

...

When night fell, the sound of snoring could be heard from the room.

Zhu Honggong was sleeping like a dead pig.

However, Zhenghai was tossing and turning in his sleep. He felt like he was burning. He was dreaming. Scenes of the past played in his mind. His fights, how he was robbed before he was sold to Lou Lan, and how his heart was gouged out to when he died; everything replayed in his mind. Scenes of him coming back to life, becoming a disciple in the Evil Sky Pavilion, obtaining the Jasper Saber, entering the Eight-leaf stage, founding the Nether Sect, and recruiting the Four Great Protectors; these memories returned to him as well.

...

The next morning.

When the sunlight from the morning sun shone into the room through the window, Zhu Honggong slowly opened his eyes. He had a good night’s rest. When he turned around and discovered Yu Zhenghai was still asleep, he said with a frown, “Get up!”

### **Chapter 667: I’m Back**

Yu Zhenghai did not respond to Zhu Honggong.

Zhu Honggong rose to his feet and stretched his limbs as he yawned. After that, when he saw Yu Zhenghai did not move, he called out, “Yu Zhenghai.”

When Zhu Honggong recalled yesterday’s event, he felt he had been too silly in the past. He could have let his Eldest Senior Brother do all the manual labor. His Second Senior Brother was smart enough to realize that.

Zhu Honggong moved his limbs for a moment before he sat down. Then, he said, “Get up. Fetch me a basin of water so I can wash my face.”

Yu Zhenghai sat up stiffly with movements that resembled that of an animated corpse.

Zhu Honggong glanced at Yu Zhenghai and urged him, “Huh? Why are you still sitting? Yu Zhenghai...”

Yu Zhenghai turned to face Zhu Honggong. His voice was domineering as he said, "What did you call me?"

Zhu Honggong yawned again. He did not even look at Yu Zhenghai as he said, "What? Should I call you Little Yu?"

"Hm?"

Zhu Honggong suddenly felt that the atmosphere was not right. He turned to look at Yu Zhenghai who was sitting in a stately manner at the edge of the bed. He was instantly stunned.

Yu Zhenghai's expression was dark and extremely solemn. He was frowning slightly. Part of his clothes was torn as he had regained his original physique. His posture, expression, aura, and his gaze...

Yu Zhenghai merely looked at Zhu Honggong coldly and silently. Then, he flipped a palm, and the Jasper Saber on the nearby rack flew to him swiftly. An energy saber materialized for an instant around the blade. His control over Primal Qi and the materialization of the energy sabers were extremely masterful.

Yu Zhenghai's gaze fell upon the Jasper Saber. He rolled up his sleeves and wiped it lightly as though he was wiping down an old friend. After waking up from his sleep, it was as though he had awakened as a different man. He had slept deeply and for a long time as though he had been sleeping for centuries. He did not leap into a fit of rage or nor did he say anything to Zhu Honggong... he only continued to wipe his Jasper Saber.

After a while, Yu Zhenghai raised the Jasper Saber toward the sunlight shining through the window. He circulated some Primal Qi. It buzzed before his energy saber materialized for an instant and disappeared again.

The room was silent.

After a long time, Yu Zhenghai heaved a long sigh. He was back! He had finally awoken from his dream. He rose to his feet with his hands on his back.

Thud!

Zhu Honggong fell to his knees as tears streamed down his face. "E-elderst Senior Brother... Will you believe me... if I told you that I was only joking with you earlier?" When he saw the look in Yu Zhenghai's eyes earlier, he knew that the Eldest Senior Brother he was familiar with had returned! 'Oh, Fourth Senior Brother... You really got me good this time! What should I do now?'

Yu Zhenghai's expression was calm when he looked at Zhu Honggong. He did not seem angry. He only said, "Get me a set of clothes."

"I'll go at once!"

"Prepare the water for my bath," Yu Zhenghai added.

"Right away!" Zhu Honggong scampered away. He purchased a new set of clothes and personally carried buckets of water.

"Eldest Senior Brother, allow me to rub you down." Zhu Honggong was determined to stay.



Yu Zhenghai said, "No need."

"I'll be waiting outside, then. If there's anything you need, just call me. I'll be here," Zhu Honggong said with a bow.

Yu Zhenghai asked, "Where's your Second Senior Brother?"

When Zhu Honggong heard this, he said with a sigh, "Second Senior Brother fell into the 100,000-foot-deep abyss to save you. His whereabouts are unknown."

Yu Zhenghai said nothing else.

Zhu Honggong sensed the change in the atmosphere, and he respectfully left the room.

...

The sun was high in the sky.

After changing into his new clothes, Yu Zhenghai emerged from the room. He stood with his back straight and his hands on his back as he looked at Zhu Honggong who was leaning against the door frame and dozing off. "Old Eighth."

Zhu Honggong jolted awake. He hurriedly bowed. "Eldest Senior Brother!" He was extremely nervous. 'Eldest Senior Brother, please don't hold a grudge against me!'

"Bring me to master."

"Alright."

The two of them walked out of the courtyard.

The instant the two Nether Sect disciples who were guarding the entrance saw him, their eyes reddened as they fell on one knee. "Welcome back, Sect Master!"

Yu Zhenghai stopped and nodded. "You've done well."

Despite his curt words, the two Nether Sect disciples were touched.

Along the way, the Nether Sect disciples the duo encountered would fall to their knees when they saw Yu Zhenghai.

"Welcome back, Sect Master!"

At the second intersection, Zhu Tianyuan walked up to the duo. He said jokingly, "Son... hurry up and look for your master! You've put this off for too long! Eh, your Eldest Senior Brother has grown taller again. This form is nice. Finally, he's starting to look the part of the Eldest Senior Brother."

Zhu Honggong. "???"

Zhu Honggong felt like crying. 'No! Father is going to put his foot in his mouth again!'

However, contrary to Zhu Honggong's expectations, Yu Zhenghai did not seem to mind. His back was straight as he cupped his hands together and said, "Greetings, uncle."

“There’s no need to be so courteous! Do you have time today? I’ll teach you another saber skill... It’s much better than your Great Dark Heaven Memorial!”

Young Yu Zhenghai had lost his memories, after all. He had been asking advice from the people around him and asking them to spar with him. The Eight-leaf Huang Shijie and Zhu Tianyuan became natural targets for him to seek guidance from.

Zhu Tianyuan raised a palm, and an energy saber hovered above his palm.

Yu Zhenghai smiled. He extended two fingers of his right hand, and a rapidly spinning energy saber immediately materialized before him. When he spread his hands, the energy saber suddenly enlarged. Then, he pushed his palm up, and the energy saber shot into the heavens. It was dazzlingly brilliant.

Whizz!

The energy saber instantly split into thousands upon thousands of energy sabers! What a magnificent sight!

Finally, Yu Zhenghai fisted his hand, and the energy sabers disappeared as though they were never there in the first place.

Zhu Tianyuan was as stunned as a wooden chicken. “...”

Yu Zhenghai said calmly, “Indeed, the Ten Thousand Blades is a great saber technique... However, it focuses too much on splitting one into 10,000. That splits the might of the energy saber. Hence, the energy sabers are in disarray. It’s flashy but insubstantial. In fact, it’s somewhat of a waste. If you arrange the energy sabers into a saber formation, it can work wonders. For example...”

He extended two fingers again. An energy saber burst forth. He spread his fingers. The energy saber enlarged, spun upward, and split into 10,000 blades.

Unlike before, these 10,000 energy sabers formed the outline of the Eight Gates Formation. The energy sabers affected boosted each other, and their might was multiplied!

Yu Zhenghai fisted his hand again, and the energy sabers disappeared. Then, he placed his hands on his back and asked, “What do you think, uncle?”

Zhu Tianyuan. “...”

This saber technique, the level of Primal Qi application, the transformations of the energy sabers, and his entire aura. Was this the adult Yu Zhenghai?

Yu Zhenghai did not wait for an answer. Instead, he walked away with his hands on his back toward his master’s courtyard.

Zhu Tianyuan was still stunned speechless. “Son? You know...”

“Get lost...” Zhu Honggong hurried after Yu Zhenghai.

Zhu Tian Yun could hear words like “You’re amazing, Eldest Senior Brother!” and “The Ancient Saint Cult’s saber techniques are rubbish!”

Was this his son? He could understand the compliments, but why must his son insult him as well? What an ingrate!

Zhu Tianyuan stood in stunned silence as he watched Yu Zhenghai's retreating back.

...

Yu Zhenghai and Zhu Honggong finally arrived at their master's courtyard.

Yu Zhenghai walked to the door respectfully, knelt, and loudly said, "The rascal, Yu Zhenghai, is here to greet his master." He kowtowed before he said again, "I'm back."

### **Chapter 668: Red Coffin Transporter**

Inside the room.

Lu Zhou opened his eyes slowly. He looked at the scenery outside the window. The sun was bright.

He felt as though he had slept through a generation.

He looked at the setting sun as though he was sitting under the pavilion halfway up Golden Court Mountain. It had only been a short while, but he felt as though it had been a long time.

He opened his palms and looked at them. After reversing his life, his mind and spirits felt much better.

Based on the voice and the words, Lu Zhou knew Yu Zhenghai was kneeling outside... Yu Zhenghai's voice, words, and his senses told him the adult Yu Zhenghai had returned.

"Come in."

When Yu Zhenghai heard his master's gruff voice, he was inwardly delighted. He rose to his feet immediately and entered the room.

Zhu Honggong wanted to follow Yu Zhenghai into the room, but he never liked such situations in the first place. The atmosphere was usually heavy and stifling. He thought about gathering everyone here to make it a merrier occasion. That way, his Eldest Senior Brother might even forget those unhappy incidents. With this thought in mind, he said, "Eldest Senior Brother, I'll notify the others."

Yu Zhenghai entered the room. It was spacious and brightly lit. His master was sitting in a stately manner inside. He walked up to his master and kneeled again. "Greetings, master."

Lu Zhou studied Yu Zhenghai; he was not in a hurry to speak. He was inwardly shocked when he saw Yu Zhenghai's appearance, physique, and build were restored to how they were before he came back to life. Although he expected this to happen sooner or later, he did not expect Yu Zhenghai would revert to his adult self overnight. In any case, it was a good thing.

Apart from that, Lu Zhou also noticed Yu Zhenghai's loyalty had risen to 85%. He had expected as much. After a long silence, he said, "I'm glad that you're back."

There were no words of admonishment nor did he bring up past grudges. Even his tone was not as severe as Yu Zhenghai had expected.

Yu Zhenghai had even prepared himself to be punished. Regardless of what punishment his master meted out, he would obediently accept it.

“Master.”

“Stand up and talk.”

“Understood.” Yu Zhenghai rose to his feet.

Lu Zhou stood up as well. He said, “As you wished, the Nether Sect has conquered the empire.”

Yu Zhenghai said sheepishly, “It’s all thanks to you, master.”

“I’m going to ask you something, and you’re going to answer me truthfully.” Lu Zhou looked at Yu Zhenghai.

“Ask away, master. I’ll tell you everything I know.”

“Currently, the nine provinces are under the Nether Sect’s control. I have gravely injured the 12 allied nations. The Imperial tutor, Jiang Wenxu is dead. The empire can’t do without a ruler. Have you ever thought about becoming the emperor?” Lu Zhou asked.

Upon hearing this, Yu Zhenghai hastily fell to one knee and said, “I dare not! The entire Nether Sect is willing to support you for the throne, master!”

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “Do you think that I want that?”

Yu Zhenghai was taken aback. Then, he thought it was obvious. If his master had truly wanted that position, was there a need for his master to wait until now?

“Just tell me if you want to become the emperor or not?”

Under the heavens, who would dare say no?

Yu Zhenghai gave it some thought before shaking his head and said, “If this was before my resurrection, I might have said yes. However, now... Pingan is dead, and my wish has been fulfilled. Dying three times has taught me much.”

“It’s good that you’ve thought things through,” Lu Zhou said.

At this moment, the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion walked into the room. When they saw the adult Yu Zhenghai, they looked surprised.

It was customary for the juniors to greet their seniors. Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue, Ye Tianxin, Si Wuya, Zhu Honggong, Ci Yuan’er, and Conch greeted Yu Zhenghai in unison. “Greetings, Eldest Senior Brother.”

If the throne had lost its allure to him before this, the current situation made him feel even more certain he did not want to become emperor. Life was a series of giving and taking. There were many things that could not be possessed at the same time.

“Sect Master!” The Four Great Protectors rushed over when they heard the news. When they saw the adult Yu Zhenghai, they kneeled with tears brimming in their eyes.

These were Yu Zhenghai's comrades who went through thick and thin on the battlefield with him. He walked to them and helped them to their feet before patting their shoulders.

The others greeted him as well. "Welcome back, Mister First."

Yu Zhenghai was not someone who loved to put on airs. He cupped his fists at the elders.

Everyone who should be here was here. The only one missing was Yu Shangrong.

Yu Zhenghai turned to face his master and said, "Second Junior Brother fell into the 100,000-foot-deep abyss to save me. Master... I request for permission to enter the abyss and rescue Second Junior Brother."

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "It's extremely dangerous in the abyss. With your abilities, I'm afraid you won't make it back."

Si Wuya chimed in, "The black water at the bottom of the abyss is home to high-rank beasts. From what master described, these beasts aren't weaker than Cheng Huang. Even with Senior Sister Tianxin's Eight-leaf cultivation base, she could do nothing about Cheng Huang. Going down the abyss without a proper plan is equivalent to rushing to your death."

The others nodded.

Humans had a natural tendency to fear and avoid darkness.

Yu Zhenghai said, "What do you think we should do now?" Yu Shangrong was now in the red lotus domain. He could not sit back and do nothing.

Si Wuya said, "There's no need to be anxious, Eldest Senior Brother. The red coffin is a kind of transporter. It can pass enter the abyss... I've dispatched some men to retrieve the red runes scattered by Jiang Wenxu when he lost. I believe that we might be able to build the same red coffin."

"That's good." Yu Zhenghai nodded.

Zhao Yue stepped forward. She bowed and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, you should take control of the Divine Capital..."

Before she could finish, Yu Zhenghai shook his head and said, "You do it."

Zhao Yue. "..."

Jiang Aijian immediately chimed in, "I concur! Nobody said that women can't take the throne!"

Even the great Third Prince of Great Yan had given his support. The others would not have anything else to say about this. Besides, Zhao Yue was of the Imperial family, and she had the favor of the Empress Dowager. In terms of acceptance, the officials would be more willing to accept her being on the throne.

The others smiled.

"But..." Zhao Yue stammered.

"No buts. Don't even think about declining. I have only one request," Yu Zhenghai said.

“What is it, Eldest Senior Brother?”

“Treat my comrades well!” Yu Zhenghai said.

“You don’t have to worry about that, Eldest Senior Brother. They’re indispensable to Great Yan,” Zhao Yue said with a smile.

“I’m relieved to hear that.”

Perhaps, they did not expect this simple conversation to result in the election of an empress. When Hua Chongyang and the others heard this, they wanted to speak up.

However, Yu Zhenghai raised his hand to stop them. He said, “I know what you’re going to say. I’ve made up my mind. There’s no need to persuade me.”

The Four Great Protectors bowed and said nothing.

Lu Zhou nodded. He was pleased. He could see they had let go of their obsessions. This was not an easy thing to do. This would also be useful to their cultivation in the future as well. In the end, he said, “If there’s nothing else, let’s call it a day.”

The next stage of his cultivation was extremely important.

The others bowed and left.

...

The nine provinces had settled down. They needed more time to build the red coffin.

Yu Zhenghai suddenly felt bored. He had just stepped outside the room when he called out, “Fourth Junior Brother.”

“Yes, Eldest Senior Brother?” Mingshi Yin responded.

“I heard your cultivation base has improved tremendously. I’ve just recovered. Train with me.”

Mingshi Yin. “...”

“You don’t look so good,” Yu Zhenghai said, puzzled.

“Eldest Senior Brother, I’m no match for you,” Mingshi Yin said in an aggrieved tone.

Yu Zhenghai nodded before he shifted his gaze to Duanmu Sheng and said, “Third Senior Brother, let’s do it.”

Duanmu Sheng agreed without any hesitation. “Sure.”

“You, too, Old Eighth...” Yu Zhenghai pointed at Zhu Honggong.

“Huh?”

Yu Zhenghai did not even wait for Zhu Honggong’s answer. He placed his hands on his back and proceeded to the plaza.

The three of them had no choice but to follow him.

Soon after, there were cries from three opponents being beaten up by a single opponent rang in the air. The others could only sigh.

...

Meanwhile.

In the Thousand Willow Monastery in the red lotus domain.

Yu Shangrong leaned on the rail and looked at the scenery.

“Senior, I’ve gathered the information you wanted... The person who killed the luan was Ye Zhen. He’s the elder with the highest status from the Flying Star House. After that feat, Ye Zhen’s fame skyrocketed. The luan was guarding a place called the Black Water Mystic Cave. That’s not a place where cultivators dare get close to. Every year, the Sky Martial Court would send dozens of cultivators into the cave, and none of them ever came back,” Ji Fengxing said.

“Nobody survived?” Yu Shangrong was puzzled.

“You might not know this, senior, but the Black Water Mystic Cave is extremely vast. You can’t see anything in there. It’s also rumored that there are many high-rank beasts in the cave. It’s too dark inside, and it’s far too easy to lose your way. Even Nine-leaf cultivators won’t simply enter that place. Nobody knows where it leads to.”

Such was the workings of fate. Not even Nine-leaf cultivators would underestimate the Black Water Mystic Cave, and yet, Yu Shangrong survived it.

“Thank you,” Yu Shangrong said, “In exchange for that, I’ll teach you a basic sword technique.”

Ji Fengxing was overjoyed when he heard this.

### **Chapter 669: The Challenging Sword Devil**

Yu Shangrong raised his hand. He dislodged a piece of rotten wood from the railing and placed it in his palm. He said, “Train with this piece of wood. Stab, hack, slash, tap, thrust, intercept, slice, and cut. Repeat these eight basic moves 10,000 times. Use Primal Qi no greater than the Mystic Enlightening realm. If the rotten wood remains intact, you’ll have passed.”

“Uh...” Ji Fengxing was taken aback.

“You’re not willing to learn this?”

“I... I am! However, I’ve never seen anyone else training with the sword like this. Is it... reliable?” Ji Fengxing was skeptical.

Yu Shangrong flashed a faint smile. “That’s how my master taught me.”

When Ji Fengxing heard this, he said excitedly, “If I train in this manner, how long will it take for me to be as powerful as you, senior?”

“With your talents, I’m afraid that it’s difficult for you to reach my stage even if you work at it for your entire life,” Yu Shangrong said bluntly. However, when he saw that Ji Fengxing seemed to be affected by

his words, he added, "Although you won't be able to attain the highest levels of the sword path, you'd still be considered an elite."

"An elite?" Ji Fengxing gulped.

"Under the heavens, I'm afraid that nobody can ever reach my master's heights. Even I am still meditating on the kings' sword, let alone the highest state of the sword path. Hence, there's no need to feel discouraged," Yu Shangrong said.

"I understand. Thank you for enlightening me, senior," Ji Fengxing said before he left to train with the rotten wood.

Yu Shangrong looked at Ji Fengxing for a few moments before he flew up to a tree branch. Although he had been here for some time now, this place still felt like a dreamland. He wondered how he was going to return to Great Yan?

...

Time continued to pass. In just a blink of an eye, a month had passed.

"Senior, you're really far-sighted. The people of the Sky Martial Court have gone to Black Water Mystic Cave and sent five cultivators in there. I heard they're much more confident this trip around. I think they're guided by some life stone," Ji Fengxing said.

"The Sky Martial Court?" Yu Shangrong was puzzled.

"It's one of the academies affiliated with the Great Tang Dynasty. Their research focuses on energy, red lotus, heaven and earth shackle, and alternate worlds."

Yu Shangrong frowned and said, "Heaven and earth shackle? Alternate worlds?"

"Senior, you must've heard of them before, right? Sky Martial Court has been studying the heaven and earth shackle for a long time now. The red lotus' limit is currently the Ten-leaf stage. The people of Sky Martial Court think it's caused by the heaven and earth shackle."

Yu Shangrong did not know about the red lotus. When he remembered that he had severed his lotus, he said, "Are there no restrictions on the red lotus?"

"What kind of restrictions?"

The two of them were never on the same page to begin with.

Yu Shangrong asked no further. He was almost certain the red lotus did not have the 1,000-year limit.

"So, the great limit is the Ten-leaf stage?"

"You can say that... 300 years ago, there was a lunatic called Luo Xuan from the Sky Martial Court. That person told a great lie. She claimed that by building a transporter with runes, we can avoid the beasts and find alternate worlds. She successfully crossed the Boundless Ocean with her transporter and came back. However, that lie was too crude. The Sky Martial Court exposed her. The believers of the supreme red lotus even wanted to burn her alive. Then, she went missing... Don't you think it's funny? The people



of the Sky Martial Court are trying to enter Black Water Mystic Cave with the red coffin now. On one hand, they called another person a nutjob for doing something they're doing now," Ji Fengxing said.

Upon hearing this, Yu Shangrong frowned. From what he knew, there was no such person in Great Yan. 300 years ago? Who was Luo Xuan?

"Do you know what the cultivation bases of Sky Martial Court's explorers are?" Yu Shangrong asked.

"I'm not sure..."

If what Luo Xuan said was true, these people might actually enter the golden lotus domain. The golden lotus domain was guarded by a Nine-leaf cultivator. There would not be much danger so long as the visitors were not Nine or Ten-leaf cultivators.

Yu Shangrong was deep in his thoughts when Ji Fengxing asked curiously, "Senior, how many leaves do you have? Can you show me?"

Yu Shangrong turned and looked at him. He did not have the habit of showing his avatar to others. Moreover, his was a golden avatar. He asked a question in response, "Aren't there any elites in Thousand Willow Monastery?"

"I'm only an outer disciple... Those people are too proud. There's no way that I can see their avatar."

For a person with Ji Fengxing's realm, it was only natural for him to want to see an Eight or Nine-leaf avatar. To him, those were perfect works of art in the world.

Yu Shangrong shook his head, rejecting Ji Fengxing's request.

Ji Fengxing. "..."

At this moment, three cultivators appeared.

"Ji Fengxing, are you man enough to come out and fight?" one of the newcomers said.

Ji Fengxing hid behind Yu Shangrong and cowered in fear. "Senior, help me."

Yu Shangrong shook his head helplessly.

Ji Fengxing's action made the trio laugh.

"So, this is the Sword Devil of Thousand Willow Monastery... I'll hit him every time I see him."

"Hey, you, get out of the way."

Yu Shangrong looked at the person pointing at him and said with a faint smile, "Ji Fengxing is only a Brahman Sea Eight Meridians cultivator. You are all of the Divine Court realm. You won't be considered as powerful cultivators by bullying the weak."

"Does it have anything to do with you?"

"Naturally, it does."

"You'd better stay out of the Flying Star House's matter."

“Flying Star House?” Yu Shangrong remembered the Five-leaf elite he killed when he had just arrived in the red lotus domain. There was the Nine-leaf elite, Ye Zhen, who was the first person he met. At that time, Ye Zhen had led 1,000 red lotus cultivators to take down the luan. Clearly, the Flying Star House was powerful.

“You’re right to feel afraid. Ji Fengxing, if your little sister joins the Flying Star House, we’ll call it even,” one of the cultivators hovering in the air said.

At this moment, Wuwu flew to Yu Shangrong’s side. She pouted and said, “It’s you guys again?!”

“Miss Wuwu, you have outstanding talents. Why must you make yourself suffer in the Thousand Willow Monastery? In the Flying Star House, you can even order the three of us to kowtow to you. The Thousand Willow Monastery is on the decline. You’re skilled in healing, but who can teach you there?” the cultivator said.

Wuwu shook her head and said, “Never. I hate the Flying Star House.”

Yu Shangrong understood the situation now. The Flying Star House was doing this to recruit new blood. He pushed away from the ground lightly and hovered in the air. “My apologies...”

The trio shifted their attention to Yu Shangrong. “You’d better stay out of this, sir.”

“I think Wuwu and Ji Fengxing have made their intentions clear. Please leave,” Yu Shangrong said indifferently.

“Since when did Thousand Willow Monastery gain another dumb disciple...”

The trio drew their swords. Alas, their swords barely saw the light of day

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly. The sword behind him flew out.

Swosh!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three swords were broken.

Yu Shangrong’s Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard on his back.

The three of them frowned. “An elite?”

Ji Fengxing laughed. “Are you afraid now? This is my master! My master is the true Sword Devil of the Thousand Willow Monastery!”

The trio behaved as if they were facing a great enemy. They did not underestimate Yu Shangrong anymore.

At this moment, a person came flying toward them. With three swift bursts, the person appeared above the trio.

The three of them were delighted by this person’s arrival. They bowed and said, “Elder Lu.”

Lu Song looked at Yu Shangrong, and Ji Fengxing and Wuwu who were standing behind Yu Shangrong.

"I asked the three of you to meet the master of the Thousand Willow Monastery with the gifts. What are you dallying here for?"

"Elder Lu, the monastery master isn't in. We ran into Miss Wuwu and made our intentions clear to her... However, this man wanted to hurt us." One of them pointed at Yu Shangrong.

Lu Song looked at Yu Shangrong.

Yu Shangrong remained calm and indifferent.

Lu Song could not determine how powerful this person was after observing him for a moment. He said, "You have a wonderful cultivation base, sir."

"It's nothing," Yu Shangrong said with a faint smile.

"The Flying Star House has always abided by the rules in whatever it does. It's unbecoming of you to bully the weak, sir. If you sincerely apologize to these disciples of mine, I'll let bygones be bygones. What do you say?"

### **Chapter 670: A World of Difference**

The current situation was highly related to the continuous decline of the Thousand Willow Monastery. Over the years, the Thousand Willow Monastery had trouble recruiting members. They were facing a talent drain. The older elites were fading into the background, and its former days of glory seemed to be no more.

On the other hand, the Flying Star House was the complete opposite. They had many talented members. With their numerous disciples, they were one of the rarer huge organizations. After the Nine-leaf elite, Ye Zhen, led the members to kill the high-rank beast, the luan, it boosted the Flying Star House's reputation even more.

A few years ago, the Thousand Willow Monastery finally had a few presentable disciples. The Flying Star House's elder, Lu Song, frequently visited the Thousand Willow Monastery. On the surface, it seemed like he had come in good faith and spoke nothing but pleasant words. He appealed to both the logical side and the emotional side of things. In truth, this was an act of suppression and threat of a larger force over a smaller one. The Thousand Willow Monastery had no choice but to give their disciples away.

The little girl, Wuwu, was a special case. Initially, nobody noticed her talents. After all, in a world where it was the survival of the fittest, those with larger fists and higher talents were preferred. A cultivator with extremely weak offensive power like Wuwu would not be favored by most sects. This was how things were before she displayed her amazing healing power.

Hence, Lu Song used his tried-and-true strategy. He visited Thousand Willow Monastery again. Today was his second visit.

"Are you sure?" Yu Shangrong smiled faintly.

"Of course." Lu Song sounded easygoing, but he was clearly determined.

Yu Shangrong nodded as he looked at the trio and said, "My apologies."

Upon seeing this, the trio became even more arrogant. They raised their heads and thought it was not wrong for them to insult Yu Shangrong.

At this moment, the sword on Yu Shangrong's back left its scabbard again. He faded out of focus before three figures appeared on the left, the center, and the right. Then, a red flash shot past the trio.

Yu Shangrong reappeared behind the trio. He hovered in the air with his arms crossed as the Longevity Sword returned to its scabbard.

The trio's eyes were widened in fear.

Lu Song hovered in the air with a frown on his face as he looked at his three disciples.

Ji Fengxing and Wuwu who stood behind the railing looked at Yu Shangrong in confusion. 'Did he just charge forward and return without doing anything?'

When a person moved at an incredibly high speed, he or she would be able to trick the eyes.

At this moment, the trio felt a cold sensation on their necks. Scarlet lines appeared on their necks and widened until blood began to gush out. With this, they collapsed to the ground.

...

"Ding! Killed three targets. Reward: 30 merit points. Domain extra: 300 merit points."

...

Ji Fengxing's eyes widened, and he shuddered inwardly. 'He... he killed them without any warning? They're the members of the Flying Star House! This is bad!'

Even the courageous Wuwu did not expect Yu Shangrong to kill the trio without any warning.

Lu Song who was shocked by this sudden turn of events leaped into a fit of rage. "How dare you?!" He raised his hand, and a red palm seal shot toward Yu Shangrong.

Yu Shangrong easily sidestepped it.

Lu Song dove as he cried out, "I must kill you today. You'll accompany my three disciples in death!" He kept shooting out spinning palm seals in rapid succession.

Yu Shangrong flashed in and out of sight as he dodged the palm seals.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Lu Song's attacks grew fiercer, but Yu Shangrong did not condense his Qi into energy.

Upon seeing this, Wuwu could not help but say, "Big brother, use your energy!"

Yu Shangrong had kept his energy concealed all this time. This was because his energy and avatar were golden. If he used them, his identity as an outsider would be exposed. At that time, even the Thousand Willow Monastery might act against him.

Yu Shangrong smiled and said, "He's not worth it."

Lu Song was enraged by this statement. He summoned his avatar.

Whizz!

A Six-leaf red lotus avatar appeared in the air.

With this, Lu Song was clearly much stronger than before.

The red energy seals in the skies were dazzling that it was difficult to see anything else in the surroundings.

Yu Shangrong spun up in the air before his figure flashed out of sight again.

Grand technique.

“You won’t get away.” Lu Song gave chase.

In an instant, the two of them disappeared.

Ji Fengxing rubbed his eyes. He looked at the empty sky and the three corpses on the ground. He was at a loss. He paced up and down as he muttered, “What are we supposed to do? This is bad! What should we do? What should we do?!”

Wuwu looked at the three corpses and said, “Big brother is fierce!”

“Uh...”

‘Aren’t you focusing on the wrong thing?’

“Wuwu, wait here. I’ll notify the elders of the Thousand Willow Monastery. Since members of the Flying Star House have died, they’ll come reckoning sooner or later,” Ji Fengxing said with a sigh. If this matter escalated, there would be a feud between the sects.

Wuwu suddenly said, “Don’t move.”

“What?”

“Let’s wait for big brother to return. Don’t tell the elders yet,” Wuwu said.

Ji Fengxing thought about it for a moment. If he reported this matter, he would also be admitting he was the cause of the conflict. The elders of the Thousand Willow Monastery might bring his head to the Flying Star House to apologize. In the end, he might be made into a sacrificial lamb. That would not do.

Ji Fengxing sighed as he looked at the three corpses again. The only thing he could do was wait for the senior’s return.

...

Meanwhile, Lu Song unleashed his grand technique twice and shot into a dense forest. He saw that Yu Shangrong was no longer flying forward. Instead, Yu Shangrong was hovering in the air with his back facing him, carrying his Longevity Sword. He said, “I’ve told you that you won’t be able to escape.”

Yu Shangrong turned around slowly and looked at Lu Song. With a faint smile, he said, “I like the scenery here.”

“Hm?”

“If this were in the past, I wouldn’t have resorted to a method like this.” Yu Shangrong was slightly disdainful of the tactic of luring one’s enemy into a trap.

Lu Song was puzzled by that statement. However, he did not want to waste his time on Yu Shangrong so he did not dwell on Yu Shangrong’s words. Instead, he summoned his avatar.

The Six-leaf red lotus avatar towered in the air and sailed toward Yu Shangrong with a crushing force.

Lu Song moved his palms at the same time and pushed down. Numerous palm seals appeared immediately.

“Indeed, the scenery is nice. This shall be your grave... what?”

Whizz!

An Eight-leaf golden lotus avatar appeared!

Boom!

The Six-leaf red lotus avatar was instantly shattered by the larger avatar. It looked like a red glass bottle had crashed against a golden mountain.

Lu Song who had never seen a golden avatar before was, naturally, shocked and baffled. It did not take long before fear welled up in his heart.

At this moment, Yu Shangrong drew his Longevity Sword.

The sword vibrated.

Snowy Mountain!

Yu Shangrong’s shadows filled the air!

The golden energy sword wrapped around the Longevity Sword that glowed faintly red.

Energy swords rained down like snow and hit Lu Song’s body. The attacks were precise.

Yu Shangrong’s strength was so overwhelming that Lu Song could not even put up a fight.

“Traceless Sword.” Yu Shangrong continued to wield the Longevity Sword. He continued attacking the injured Lu Song with energy swords.

Yu Shangrong’s expression was calm as he shot to the left, the right, up, and down.

From the beginning until the end, it was a one-sided battle.

After his avatar was destroyed, Lu Song was even more powerless to fight back. Every strike of Yu Shangrong’s sword sent him flying. He would ping-pong from one side to another by the strikes.

It was clear there was a world of a difference between Yu Shangrong and Lu Song’s strength.