

Disciples 801

Chapter 801: The Day The Broken Sword Is Reforged

Yu Shangrong looked at the man's palms that caught his Longevity Sword. The man's palms were emitting purple gas. After he brought the Longevity Sword lower, he asked, "Are you a shaman?"

The partially-blind man retreated as he said, "How dare you compare the likes of me to those third-rate shamans?"

Yu Shangrong's Longevity Sword thrummed and vibrated.

After retreating 100 meters, the partially-blind man raised his hand and unleashed a blast of energy.

Yu Shangrong rode on the momentum and leaped upward before flipping. Then, he brought his sword down.

Energy swords spun out and sliced through the purple gas.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy swords collided with the partially-blind man's palms.

The energy grew stronger as it did the outpour of Primal Qi.

The black figure who was watching the battle from a distance widened his eyes before he retreated next to a huge tree with the partially-blind man's cloak in hand. For some reason, his face was wet with sweat. He muttered to himself, "Who are these people?"

Meanwhile, the partially-blind man's attacks intensified in rhythm.

The rhythm of the partially-blind man's attacks was being intensified. He kept releasing clouds of purple gas and somehow managed to avoid the Longevity Sword.

Yu Shangrong unleashed his sword strikes at top speed; it seemed almost instinctual.

Energy swords and energy fists filled the skies. They seemed to be evenly matched.

The two opponents moved toward another peak, leaving fallen trees in their wake.

An hour later.

The moon hung high in the sky and shone on the land. It was so bright that it seemed almost as bright as day.

The partially-blind man's energy fists were growing in intensity while Yu Shangrong's sword slashes were picking up speed as well.

All the black figure could see were two shadows clashing over and over again in the air and the numerous energy seals.

Boom!

A deafening explosion thundered in the air as a vertical blast of energy appeared in the sky.

The power balance had finally tilted.

Both opponents retreated at the same time and stared at each other from a distance.

The partially-blind man looked at Yu Shangrong whose expression remained calm since the beginning. His eyes gleamed with excitement as he said, "Good."

After that, the partially-blind man removed his clothes and bandana.

"A monk?" Yu Shangrong finally saw his opponent's appearance. His opponent looked like a monk.

"I never kill someone without asking for their names. What's yours?" The partially-blind man pointed at Yu Shangrong.

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly and said, "My apologies. You don't have the right to know my name yet." As he spoke, he shot toward the partially-blind man like a meteorite.

Energy swords that looked solid appeared at a greater speed.

Upon seeing this, the partially-blind man glowered before he parried with his purplish-black fists.

Bam!

The partially-blind man's fist collided with the Longevity Sword.

Yu Shangrong let go of his Longevity Sword and joined his palms together. Thousands upon thousands of energy swords appeared around his Longevity Sword before they shot toward the partially-blind man.

Primal Restoration.

The man's body shone with greater radiance; a stronger energy shield appeared around him immediately.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy shield managed to keep the energy swords at bay.

Boom!

A wave of energy surged out violently.

Both opponents retreated.

"Hm?" Yu Shangrong raised an eyebrow as he said, "Not bad. I didn't expect you to be able to withstand that attack."

In close range, the Primal Restoration's power was intense. It was akin to being stabbed by thousands upon thousands of energy sword point-blank. Yu Shangrong did not expect the partially-blind man to unleash a blast of energy capable of repelling the energy swords.

The partially-blind man heaved a long sigh before he said solemnly, "Forget it. We both have limited time. Take this final move of mine as a parting gift for you while you head to the yellow springs."

Yu Shangrong immediately sensed the change in the partially-blind man's aura.

The partially-blind man's bones seemed pliable at this moment, and his skin began to wrinkle like tree bark. His arms looked as though they had been dyed purple and shone with a faint light.

Yu Shangrong loosened his grip on the sword briefly before he tightened it again.

The Longevity Sword buzzed as energy shrouded it.

At this moment, the partially-blind man shot up above Yu Shangrong. He was clearly much more agile than before. Then, he raised his fist.

In just a moment, a strong gale appeared in the area within 100 meters.

Primal Qi surged and gathered around them.

Yu Shangrong frowned slightly upon seeing this peculiar scene; his instincts warned him of danger. He said in a somewhat admiring tone, "Interesting."

The Primal Qi gathered and surged toward the partially-blind man like a tornado. He was now at the eye of the tornado.

It did not escape Yu Shangrong's notice that the partially-blind man seemed to be holding something in his hand at this moment. It was not an offensive weapon, based on what he could see. In his opinion, the item in the man's hand must be what was gathering the Primal Qi. It was likely a desolate-grade treasure.

Yu Shangrong's robes fluttered in the air as he continued watching. His Longevity Sword, the weapon that had accompanied him almost his entire life, was only a heaven-grade weapon. The strong wind lifted his robes.

A satisfied and smug expression appeared on the partially-blind man's face as he looked at his masterpiece. "I've accumulated Primal Qi close to that of a Ten-leaf elite's attack in this fist... This will kill you."

Yu Shangrong raised his sword. The Primal Qi in his sea of Qi converged in his Longevity Sword. The power that had been stored beforehand resonated as well.

What was the son of heaven's sword? It started with Yin and Yang; it was maintained all through spring and summer; it moved during autumn and winter; it was used by feudal lords to govern the lands.

Primal Qi coursed through Yu Shangrong's Extraordinary Eight Meridians.

At the same time, the Primal Qi around Yu Shangrong seemed to gravitate toward the partially-blind man's desolate-grade weapon.

Upon sensing the surging power, the partially-blind man's confidence grew greatly.

Whizz!

The partially-blind man manifested his avatar; it was a Nine-leaf red lotus avatar. A tint of purple could be seen on his red lotus.

This reminded Yu Shangrong of his experience when he severed his lotus. The difference was the partially-blind man's red lotus was shrouded in purple mist that complemented it.

Boosted by the 150-foot avatar, the partially-blind man leaped before he dove. He fisted his hand and swung them out. A sharp cone-shaped energy seal formed around his fist as he swung it toward Yu Shangrong's face. He said icily, "Die."

At this moment, Yu Shangrong raised his sword. An unyielding expression could be seen on his face. 'The Sword Devil never retreats!'

Yu Shangrong stepped forward before vanishing out of sight. Soon after, three of his figures appeared, looking more mysterious under the moonlight.

This was one of the most powerful techniques from the Guiyuan Sword Technique: Return, Enter Three Souls.

Yu Shangrong manifested his avatar at this moment.

A Nine-leaf avatar appeared.

The partially-blind man continued to advance, confident his punch would land on his target.

At the moment the three figures merged into one, the man's energy exploded. His entire right arm glowed red, and his fist was such a dark color that it seemed black.

When Yu Shangrong thrust his sword forward...

Bam!

The sword's tip and the fist collided.

A huge blast of energy rippled out into the surroundings immediately.

Boom!

The impact from the shockwave created a long and narrow pit on the ground. The rocks and trees that stood in the way were immediately destroyed. The pit on the ground continued to extend until it reached the nearby mountain range. With this, the mountain quake, causing rocks to roll down.

The frown on the partially-blind man's face deepened. He stared at the point of collision between his fist and the Longevity Sword.

The two opposing forces seemed to be stuck in a stalemate.

A contemptuous expression appeared on the partially-blind man's face as purplish-black energy seals shot out from his fist.

Yu Shangrong looked at the energy seals. "Desolate-grade?"

The Longevity Sword vibrated.

Bam!

Faced with a desolate-grade weapon that was backed with ample power, an ominous breaking sound rang from the Longevity Sword. It was a sound that Yu Shangrong dreaded to hear. The Longevity Sword that fought by his side for so many years... was broken!

Over the centuries, Yu Shangrong had never been troubled and always maintained his composure. His heart had always been as calm as still water no matter the situation. However, at this moment, a frown could be seen on his face as rage bubbled up in his heart.

After breaking the Longevity Sword broke, the partially-blind man's fist advanced.

Bam!

The punch struck Yu Shangrong's protective energy. The boost from his avatar was apparent at this moment as the force from the punch dissipated after landing on his energy shield.

"I admire your sword techniques, but, alas, nobody has ever survived this punch of mine. Goodbye!" The partially-blind man pulled his fist back before he swung his fist out again. His fist punched through Yu Shangrong's energy and arrived at Yu Shangrong's chest.

Yu Shangrong let go of his broken Longevity Sword. He joined his index and middle finger before Primal Qi surged out. Then, he brought his hand up to meet the punch.

The partially-blind man sneered. "I might have been slightly wary of your broken sword. Now that you've thrown it away, you've completely lost whatever small chance you have of winning."

At this moment, a faint hint of fury could be seen on Yu Shangrong's otherwise calm expression. "My apologies. Even without my Longevity Sword, you'll still die..."

Chapter 802: The Return of the Sword Devil

Yu Shangrong's golden avatar levitated.

The partially-blind frowned in confusion. When Yu Shangrong unleashed his energy previously, he knew Yu Shangrong was a golden lotus cultivator. However, what appeared before him now was incredibly strange. He discovered his opponent's avatar had no lotus. "There's no golden lotus?" He quickly looked up at Yu Shangrong's expression.

Yu Shangrong smiled faintly.

Nine golden leaves shot out of Yu Shangrong's avatar.

Yu Shangrong controlled them with his fingers and formed a long golden dragon that shot toward his opponent.

Three golden leaves sliced the partially-blind man's protective energy open while the remaining six leaves pierced his chest.

The sound of skin being pierced rang in the air six times in a row.

The force behind the leaves was so strong that they continued to fly after piercing the partially-blind man's chest before they finally stopped after stabbing into the ground.

Just like this, the battle ended.

From the partially-blind man's back, a gaping hole could be seen where his heart should have been.

The Primal Qi in the air was quickly dissipating.

Fresh blood flowed out of the partially-blind man's chest onto the grass.

The purplish-black gas dissipated as well.

The man's arms regained their original colors.

The partially-blind's eyes were brimming with incredulity.

Perhaps, this was one of the benefits of severing one's lotus. Yu Shangrong could catch his opponent off guard.

The people of the red lotus domain were unaware of this technique, after all.

Naturally, as an outstanding swordsman, Yu Shangrong would not risk his life and use this technique all the time. Instead, he would use it to guide the flow of the battle. He was truly an outstanding sword path elite.

Now that the partially-blind's heart had been pierced, his death was certain.

At this moment, the red lotus avatar finally disappeared.

The partially-blind muttered, "You can do that?" Then, he plummeted to the ground with a loud boom.

Yu Shangrong withdrew his avatar and searched for Jiang Xiaosheng.

At the spot where Jiang Xiaosheng was previously standing, only a black cloak could be seen on the ground. He was nowhere to be found.

Yu Shangrong looked down for a moment before he finally descended. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he grunted and spat out a mouthful of blood. He quickly lifted a hand and pressed it against his chest as he sat down cross-legged to adjust his breathing.

The stars in the sky twinkled as it suddenly began to drizzle.

Yu Shangrong did not like how unpredictable the weather was in the red lotus domain. Nevertheless, for an elite like him, it was easy to keep the rain at bay. Before the rain could even land on his body, they were evaporated by a surge of energy. The area within two meters of him was completely dry.

After what seemed like hours, the rain finally stopped.

Yu Shangrong opened his eyes; his injuries were less severe now. He sighed, displeased with his performance. This was his first time getting injured in a battle. He murmured to himself, "Yu Shangrong, when are you going to become like your master?"

Yu Shangrong collected his thoughts and looked at his broken Longevity Sword with a frown on his face. He felt a weight on his chest when he looked at his sword. When he first joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, he

had trained and honed his sword skills with a wooden sword. After his master gave him the Longevity Sword, it had become an integral part of his life.

He was not fanatic to the point where he loved swords to the bones like Jiang Aijian, but he valued it as much as he valued his life.

Was the Sword Devil destined to be alone? The sword had accompanied him through his toughest times. It had helped him slay countless enemies, and it helped prolong his short life as a Nobleman.

It did not matter that the sword was not alive. So long as he had the sword, he could live. Now that the sword was destroyed, would he die?

Yu Shangrong was visibly shaking at this moment. He did not use his Primal Qi as he slowly walked over to his sword while he endured his injuries. He picked his comrade up from the ground with his bare hands, forgoing the use of energy.

The Longevity Sword that reigned supreme in the golden lotus realm was destroyed.

Yu Shangrong carefully placed both fragments of the Longevity Sword back into the scabbard. This way, the Longevity Sword would be complete.

He inhaled deeply before he raised his hand and drew the treasure in the partially-blind man's hands toward himself. What should have been easy caused him much pain. He coughed twice.

He shook his head lightly as he looked at the sky. "You're truly a good-for-nothing."

This was the first time the confident Yu Shangrong called himself a 'good-for-nothing'.

Yu Shangrong straightened his back and held his Longevity Sword in one hand as he traveled by foot back to Cloud Mountain.

...

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou returned from the palace.

Whitzard's speed had always been consistent. He found it satisfactory as well.

When he saw the 12 peaks of Cloud Mountain, a familiar noise rang from the horizon.

Neigh!

"Stop." Lu Zhou commanded Whitzard to stop as he looked in the direction of the noise.

Soon enough, Ji Liang appeared before his eyes, trotting toward him under the moon's light.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and called out, "Ji Liang."

Ji Liang had a white coat and red mane. Its eyes were golden, and they had a faint glow. Initially, it was moving at a rather leisurely pace, but when it saw its master, it began to gallop toward its master.

"You're not slower than Whitzard, but why are you late?" Lu Zhou asked, puzzled.

Neigh!

That one neigh clearly conveyed Ji Liang's emotion. It seemed exhausted from its long journey.

Lu Zhou grew even more puzzled. Whitzard did not seem as exhausted as Ji Liang when it first arrived.

"Turn around," Lu Zhou ordered.

Ji Liang obeyed the order and turned around.

Lu Zhou saw scabs on its hind hooves. He frowned. Upon closer inspection, he saw wounds on its body as well. The wounds looked like they came from a whip.

Lu Zhou leaped off Whitzard's back immediately and studied Ji Liang carefully. He saw there were marks of Ji Liang being chained around its neck.

With all these marks and wounds, Lu Zhou, naturally, had an idea of what had happened. No wonder Ji Liang took so long to arrive; it was being held captive by someone.

With Ji Liang's abilities, ordinary cultivators would not have been able to do anything to it. Lu Zhou was rather certain its captors must have seized the opportunity when Ji Liang was exhausted after crossing the Endless Ocean to capture it.

"They dare lay their hands on my mount?" Lu Zhou said with a hint of fury.

Neigh! neigh!

Ji Liang moved its head up and down as though it was nodding and responding to Lu Zhou's words.

"Can you recognize those who hurt you?"

Neigh! Neigh!

"Alright. I'll give you justice once you're healed." Lu Zhou patted Ji Liang's back. Then, he raised his hand.

A blue lotus dropped down on Ji Liang.

Ji Liang was initially exhausted, but it seemed to grow more energetic as the blue lotus healed it.

Just when Lu Zhou was about to return to Cloud Mountain with his two mounts...

Neigh!

Ji Liang neighed loudly and raised its two front hooves before it galloped toward the distance without any warning.

"Ji Liang!" Lu Zhou called out sternly.

However, for some reason, Ji Liang did not even look back as it disappeared into the night.

Lu Zhou was baffled. As Ji Liang's master, he was slightly perplexed by its lack of regard for him. He had never felt perplexed even when he faced a Ten-leaf expert.

He waited for a while. However, Ji Liang did not turn around or return.

“You traitor. If I see you again, I’ll kill you with a single strike.” Lu Zhou waved his arm and looked at Whitzard. “Are you going to leave as well?”

Whitzard. “???”

Chapter 803: Formations and Swords

Naturally, Lu Zhou was just venting.

He felt like he was truly old in the way he did things. Perhaps, he had transmigrated here for far too long. In this vicious and variegated world, one could lose their life if they were even slightly careless. Sometimes, he had even forgotten his original appearance. His initial urge to become young again when he transmigrated here was ebbing away.

If he did not attempt the Nine-leaf stage, he would have regained the appearance of a young man. Unfortunately, there was no rushing some matters. He would have to slowly accumulate the Reversal Cards.

Meanwhile, Whitzard hovered in the air obediently, not moving unnecessarily. It seemed to be showing its obedience and loyalty.

Lu Zhou glanced in the direction in which Ji Liang left. Then, he leaped onto Whitzard and returned to Cloud Mountain.

With the Violet Glazed Ceramic in his possession, Lu Zhou found his travels exceptionally easy. On top of that, he had a profound cultivation base.

After Lu Zhou returned to his room, he looked at his remaining merit points.

Merit points: 178,040.

After that, he looked at the item cards column.

Mentor and Eternal Paragon were placed at the most eye-catching positions. The two cards cost 60,000 merit points in total. They were expensive.

‘Should I buy them?’ Lu Zhou gauged his cultivation base. He was at the more advanced phase of the mid Nine-leaf stage. He would have to cultivate diligently to break through.

Thousand Realms Whirling cost 500,000 merit points.

After pondering on the matter, Lu Zhou decided to purchase the cards.

“Ding! Spent 60,000 merit points. Obtained Mentor and Eternal Paragon. Will you use them?”

‘Parents worry about their children, and here I am, worrying about my disciples.’

“Use.”

The two cards faded away at seemingly the same time.

After using the card, Lu Zhou did not feel any clear changes. He even stood up and moved around. There were no changes at all; he did not feel any different from before.

“...”

After a moment, he decided to try his luck.

“Lucky draw.”

“Ding! Spent 50 merit points and 110 luck points. Obtained: Reversal Card x1.”

“...”

He had just spent 60,000 merit points, and yet, the 110 luck points merely gave him a Reversal Card?

‘Stay calm.’

He looked at his remaining merit points. 117,990 merit points.

“Lucky draw.”

“Ding! Spent 50 merit points. Obtained mount, Dang Kang.”

“Dang Kang is rare. It’s still in its adolescence so it’ll only hurry to the Evil Sky Pavilion in the near future.”

Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. ‘Finally, something good.’

However, he could not help but wonder why the system was giving so many mounts? For a cultivator, one mount was enough, and yet, he had four mounts now. With the addition of Dang Kang, he now had five mounts.

‘Am I supposed to open a zoo?’

Lu Zhou remembered Qiong Qi. Among his current mounts, Qiong Qi had the greatest combat power, but it was still young. It had great chemistry with Mingshi Yin; they seemed to be a natural pair.

In the end, he decided if he had no other uses for the mounts, it was not a bad idea to give them to his disciples as well.

...

Meanwhile, in a faraway and unknown mountain range, a green boar-like beast that was six feet in length and four feet in height with two big ears and four long fangs seemed as though it had been summoned as it left its pack and flew toward the horizon.

...

After obtaining the mount, Dang Kang, Lu Zhou gained 100 luck points again without obtaining anything else. He stopped trying and entered his meditation state.

After obtaining Dang Kang, he did not feel much pain over losing 500 merit points. Perhaps, the Violet Glazed Ceramic was working to keep his nerves calm as well.

As he breathed, his Primal Qi was clearly flowing much more quickly.

...

After being healed by Lu Zhou, Ji Liang was reinvigorated. It kept galloping toward the dark forest.

At this moment, Yu Shangrong was slowly walking in the forest. When he was young, he had crossed endless forests and braved winding mountain roads and rivers with his mortal body. He had also survived countless tribulations. He had enough experience to know how to deal with the beasts of the forests.

However, times were different. The environment here was much more complicated as well.

Yu Shangrong slowed down to lower his chances of running into a beast.

“A beast?”

Yu Shangrong saw a faintly shining light in the clearing before himself. However, his experience and instinct told him it was not a beast, but some sort of treasure.

This was a usual occurrence in the human cultivation world. Some cultivators would try to capture beasts but would be devoured instead, leaving their treasures behind. Then, those who were lucky enough would chance upon the treasures.

“It seems like I’m in luck.” Yu Shangrong made his way over.

Huge boulders stood in his way in no apparent order. The area ahead of him seemed like a huge rock forest.

He was not reckless. He picked up a pebble and tossed it toward the boulders. When he saw that nothing happened, he advanced carefully, skirting around the boulders to get to the clearing.

“Veins?”

Usually, Formation veins would have to be activated by someone for them to glow. Clearly, someone was here.

Yu Shangrong’s sensitivity toward danger was greater than the others. He immediately noticed that something was amiss. He pushed away from the ground and shot into the air with what little Primal Qi he had left to try and leave the rock forest.

He was about to escape when the rocks in the forest suddenly gathered and formed a net.

Yu Shangrong scowled as he descended. ‘I can’t leave?’

He tried to walk away. Whenever he was about to leave the periphery of the rock forest, the rocks would gather and block his way.

“I can get in, but I can’t get out? Forget it. I’ll just cultivate here. I’ll be able to leave once I’m healed.”

Yu Shangrong leaned against one of the boulders and closed his eyes as he adjusted his breath.

At this moment, a guttural laugh rang from outside the forest.

“This is karma... I didn’t think this day would come so soon.”

The voice belonged to none other than Jiang Xiaosheng, Ye Zhen’s disciple.

Yu Shangrong had been trying to track Jiang Xiaosheng earlier.

Yu Shangrong opened his eyes and looked at the shadow veiled in the darkness as he calmly said, "Are you thinking about killing me?"

"You killed my master; it's only right that I kill you."

"Did you set this Formation up?" Yu Shangrong asked.

"I'm not that skilled, but I can tell you this Formation is left behind by the predecessors. They can be found in many forests and have been around for millennia. There are 361 rock pillars in every area that form a heavenly net that only allows entry but not exit. The bones you see around you are the best proof of this. You're out of luck," Jiang Xiaosheng said smugly.

"You think this Formation can keep me here?" Yu Shangrong asked nonchalantly.

Jiang Xiaosheng chuckled. "My master was even more confident compared to you. However, out of his nine lives, he lost five to this Formation. He had to devour other cultivators to regain his sixth life," Jiang Xiaosheng said.

Yu Shangrong slowly rose to his feet. With his remaining Primal Qi, he shot toward the periphery of the rock forest. Dozens of energy swords formed above his head.

Jiang Xiaosheng staggered backward in fright. Then, he quickly retreated to the far back.

At the same time, the net formed by the rocks stopped Yu Shangrong, separating him from Jiang Xiaosheng.

"Do you think your master can compare to me?" Yu Shangrong shook his head and said evenly, "You have no need to be afraid. I've used up all my Primal Qi. I'll give you a chance to avenge your master. Do you dare to come in?"

It was easy for a confident person to become conceited. However, when used correctly, it could be a terrifying weapon as well.

Jiang Xiaosheng gulped and retreated further. He said indignantly, "Don't even think of scaring me! You can't even protect yourself right now. You'll join the pile of bones soon enough. One day, I'll become an expert that surpasses you!"

"One day?" Yu Shangrong smiled faintly as he looked at Jiang Xiaosheng in slight derision. Then, he returned to the rock pillar and sat down to adjust his breathing. He did not plan to escape this place now. His priority was to recover his cultivation base.

Jiang Xiaosheng said, "We'll see."

Neigh!

At this moment, above the dark forest, Ji Liang dove with its shining hooves.

Neigh!

Jiang Xiaosheng started. "A beast?" He turned around and fled immediately.

Deep within the rock forest, Yu Shangrong called out, "Ji Liang?"

Neigh!

"Don't come in!" Yu Shangrong hovered in the air at half the height of the rock pillar. When he saw Ji Liang flying toward him, he flashed a surprised smile. "I told you, we're fated."

Neigh! Neigh!

Yu Shangrong could not keep himself afloat for long. He had no choice but to descend. "Did master send you?"

Ji Liang nodded.

Yu Shangrong said with a sigh, "You should return for now. This is a great place. I'm going to cultivate my sword path here."

Neigh!

"Return." To Yu Shangrong, asking for help from others was an extremely difficult task. He would rather Ji Liang return to his master.

Ji Liang neighed twice before it flew toward the rock forest.

Yu Shangrong frowned. "You're not going back?"

Ji Liang neighed and dove. After it entered the rock forest, the rocks gathered again, and what looked like a translucent spider web flashed briefly before disappearing.

Ji Liang trotted to Yu Shangrong's side.

Yu Shangrong was not angered; he did not even reprimand the beast. Instead, something stirred in him. He smiled and tossed his Longevity Sword on the ground. He patted Ji Liang's mane. "Alright. When I regain my cultivation base back, I'll bring you out of this rock forest."

Chapter 804: The Sky Martial Court's Demands

The sun rose in the east. The sunlight pushed the morning mist away and shone down on Cloud Mountain, making it look like paradise.

After an entire night's worth of cultivation, Lu Zhou felt that his Primal Qi had been replenished.

After the Violet Glazed Ceramic was improved to the desolate grade, his cultivation base had been raised threefold.

It was no wonder Ye Zhen's cultivation base was on par with a Ten-leaf cultivator despite his young age. If he was not hell-bent on restoring his lives, he would have become a Ten-leaf cultivator long ago.

At this moment, a voice rang from the other side of the door.

"Senior Lu, Sect Master Nie invites you to the hall for a conversation."

"Alright." Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet before he stretched his limbs.

At the same time, he checked his system dashboard.

‘Where did Ji Liang go? Which disciple of mine earned that Nine-leaf reward?’

Lu Zhou did not dwell on this matter and made his way to the main hall.

...

When Nie Qingyun, Sikong Beichen, and the others saw Lu Zhou, they stood up to welcome him.

“Brother Lu.”

“Senior Lu.”

Lu Zhou waved his arm and said, “There’s no need for formalities.” Then, he swept his eyes across his disciples.

Yu Zhenghai, Little Yuan’er, and Conch stood at the side.

He frowned and asked, “Where’s your Second Senior Brother?”

Little Yuan’er shook her head. “Second Senior Brother has always been mysterious. Nobody knows where he’s at.”

Yu Zhenghai said, “Second Junior Brother prefers to be on his own. There’s no need to worry about him, master. Even if Cloud Mountain were to collapse, he wouldn’t be crushed by the weight.”

Lu Zhou nodded slightly.

Nie Qingyun felt slightly awkward when he heard this exchange.

Meanwhile, Sikong Beichen laughed loudly before he said, “Indeed, your capable disciple is one of a kind, Brother Lu. His sword path is already at the peak. I’m sure he’ll master the son of heaven’s sword within these few years. All he needs is just a bit of luck. Within ten years, he’ll surely reach the Ten-leaf stage.”

Nie Qingyun was shocked upon hearing these words. He said, “If you praise him this much, he must be an amazing character.”

Sikong Beichen regarded Nie Qingyun with a bored expression, clearly displaying his lack of interest in entertaining Nie Qing Yun, as he said, “This is Brother Lu’s first disciple. In terms of saber techniques, he’s on par with you, Nie Qingyun.”

“Oh?” Nie Qingyun shifted his eyes to Yu Zhenghai. An expression of envy appeared on his face when he saw the desolate-grade Jasper Saber. His weapon was only a heaven-grade weapon.

Yu Zhenghai said, “Sect Master Nie, shall we have a sparring session someday?”

“I wish no more than to meet my own match,” Nie Qing Yun said.

Sikong Beichen was rendered speechless for a moment by Nie Qingyun. Then, he said, “The great Ten-leaf cultivator of Cloud Mountain is stooping so low as to spar with a Nine-leaf cultivator...”

Nie Qingyun. “...”

Nie Qingyun was about to retort when Lu Zhou said, "Enough." After he sat down, he said, "Let's get down to business."

Nie Qingyun nodded and said, "The Sky Martial Court has been made aware that their men are being held captive on Cloud Mountain. They will send an emissary today to demand the release of their men."

"Demand?" Lu Zhou cocked an eyebrow.

"It wasn't stated clearly in the flying letter. I think the people from the Sky Martial Court will be here soon."

Speak of the devil.

A Cloud Sect disciple hurried into the hall at this moment. He bowed and said, "Sect master, the people from Sky Martial Court are here."

The others nodded. This was within their expectations so they were not surprised.

"Let them in."

"Understood."

...

In the sky above Cloud Mountain, a flying chariot was slowly approaching. This was the Sky Martial Court's flying chariot.

The Sky Martial Court had obtained Cloud Mountain's permission to enter and was being escorted by the cultivators. They passed through the barriers and landed beside the incense furnace before the main peak's hall.

More than 10 cultivators from the Sky Martial Court walked into the hall with boxes in their hands.

When they entered, Nie Qingyun and Sikong Beichen recognized one of them at once.

"Mo Buyan?"

The person leading the group was one of Sky Martial Court's elders, Mo Buyan. He was also Yu Chenshu's most trusted subordinate.

Mo Buyan waved his hand.

The cultivators placed the boxes on the floor.

"Sect Master Nie, we meet again. Temple Master Sikong, you're here as well..." Mo Buyan greeted them in order.

Nie Qingyun and Sikong Beichen were slightly ill at ease.

After a beat, Nie Qingyun said with a frown, "Elder Mo, aren't you going to greet Senior Lu?"

Mo Buyan looked up and finally discovered Lu Zhou and his unusual presence. He hastily bowed and said, "I assume you're the Senior Lu who defeated Ye Zhen."

Lu Zhou looked at Mo Buyan expressionlessly and said, "Get down to business."

"..." Mo Buyan felt awkward.

'Everyone's busy. Who's willing to waste their time with you here?'

Mo Buyan said, "I have only one request for this visit. I hope that Sect Master Nie will release all the disciples of the Sky Martial Court. These boxes contain some tokens of appreciation from the Sky Martial Court."

After Mo Buyan finished speaking, he waved his hand again.

The cultivators behind him opened the boxes.

There were three boxes of extremely high-quality talismans, one box of gold, one box of medicinal pills, one box of secret tomes, and four boxes of heaven and earth treasures. Even for a major sect, these items were considered extremely luxurious.

Nie Qingyun shook his head and said, "Mo Buyan, your people colluded with the Flying Star House with the intention of annihilating my Cloud Mountain. Do you think I'll let this matter go?"

'You're kidding yourself if you think you can resolve this conflict with ten boxes of gifts.'

Mo Buyan said, "Apart from these boxes, the court master will personally request for a pardon on Cloud Mountain's behalf."

"A pardon?"

"The Flying Star House is in ruins. Ever since Ye Zhen and Chen Tiandu died, the five finger peaks had fallen. Thousands of disciples fled overnight. However, that's a separate matter from the deaths of the Sky Martial Court's chief instructor and the royal guard's deputy commander, Lu Zhan. You can hardly explain this matter away. The court master will take care of these matters for you. It'll be as though nothing happened on Cloud Mountain. However..." Mo Buyan paused for a moment before he continued to say, "I'd like to confirm that the Sky Martial Court disciples are unharmed."

"Are you here to negotiate or to make demands?" Sikong Beichen frowned as his voice deepened. "I don't know about Senior Lu, but even I wouldn't agree to your terms... Mo Buyan, do you think I'm a pushover?"

"Please don't misunderstand, Temple Master Sikong. The court master does not wish to aggravate the conflict. Everything can be discussed," Mo Buyan said.

"There's no need for a discussion," Yu Zhenghai said with a stern expression, "Go back and tell your court master that you have no right to speak to my master. If I'm in a bad mood, I might kill all your disciples."

Mo Buyan was taken aback. He turned to look at Yu Zhenghai and said, "Why do you have to put me in such a difficult spot, sir?"

Yu Zhenghai shook his head and said, "You're the one who's putting us in a difficult position."

"Please consider this carefully, everyone. After all, the Sky Martial Court isn't the Flying Star House or Cloud Mountain," Mo Buyan said.

At this moment, Lu Zhou said in a deceptively soft voice, "What's your name?"

Mo Buyan felt chills run up his spine when he heard Lu Zhou's question. He replied, "A true man never changes his name. I'm Mo Buyan."

Yu Zhenghai frowned slightly. 'Is he taking a dig at master for using an alias?'

Lu Zhou's expression remained neutral as he said, "Listen carefully, Mo Buyan."

"Gladly," Mo Buyan replied.

"We'll kill 20 of your disciples today as a warning. Tell your court master that if he's sincere, he should come here and speak to me," Lu Zhou said.

"..." Mo Buyan shuddered. He looked at this old man with slight incredulity. The old man was going to kill without reason and did not seem to take the Sky Martial Court seriously.

These 20 disciples were meant to pay for the lives lost during the red lotus domain's invasion of the golden lotus domain the other day.

Mo Buyan hastily bowed and said, "Senior Lu, please calm down! We can talk things through!"

Chapter 806: The Freakish Evil Sky Pavilion

"Stand up and speak," Lu Zhou said.

The members of the Evil Sky Pavilion rose to their feet.

When Zhu Honggong rose to his feet, Lu Zhou frowned slightly. "Did I allow you to stand?"

Zhu Honggong shuddered and hastily said, "I'm just adjusting my position... Here... You can see better if I move here. Can you see how sincere I am?" As he spoke, he began to prostrate himself on the ground again.

"..." Yu Zhenghai covered his eyes. They had been building up a glorious image in the red lotus domain for such a long time. To the people of the red lotus domain, the Evil Sky Pavilion was a lofty force not to be taken lightly. All of them were worthy of being worshipped by others. With Old Eighth's antics, he had completely destroyed that lofty image.

Nevertheless, Yao Qingquan was shocked. The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples, all elites in their own right, were so respectful and reverent toward Lu Zhou. It was apparent that Lu Zhou had a high status and prestige.

"What's the situation in the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Lu Zhou asked.

Si Wuya knew that talismans were rare and that time was short. He quickly said, "The nine provinces are stable. With Cheng Huang's protection, Sixth Senior Sister is unrivaled. The beasts and the Other Tribes are not a threat to us."

"Is Zuo Yushu a Nine-leaf cultivator now?" Lu Zhou intentionally asked about one person to prevent the others from gaining too much information about the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Elder Zuo has already reached the Nine-leaf stage a long time ago... Currently, she's still familiarizing herself with her Nine-leaf power." Si Wuya had seen the unfamiliar faces around his master so he did not speak unnecessarily and only answered his master's question.

"Forces from the red lotus domain will be invading soon. Be careful," Lu Zhou said.

"Don't worry, master. I'll look after the Evil Sky Pavilion; nothing will happen to us," Si Wuya said with a confident smile.

Lu Zhou nodded. He felt at ease.

The previous broadcast was cut short so they did not know the result of the battle. However, it seemed like the force the red lotus domain sent previously had been completely defeated. No wonder Mo Buyan was willing to back down.

At this moment, Si Wuya said, "Master, I'll be sending some information over through this talisman Formation later."

Upon hearing this, Meng Changdong could not help but ask in surprise, "You know how to send information over?"

"Of course. It's rather easy after all. Just write the message down on a talisman or a canvas and burn it inside the Formation," Si Wuya replied.

"... That's a secret only known by the Sky Martial Court and the Flying Star House. You... To think you know that as well. That's incredible, just incredible..." Meng Changdong said, still shocked.

"Who are you, sir?" Si Wuya asked.

Lu Zhou said sternly, "Watch your manners. He's a new Nine-leaf cultivator of the Evil Sky Pavilion. He's Guardian Meng, the first guardian of the pavilion."

When the members of the Evil Sky Pavilion heard this, they did not dare to act recklessly. All of them bowed in unison.

"Greetings, Guardian Meng."

Meng Changdong was moved when the Evil Sky Pavilion's members greeted him. Although he had been an elder in the Flying Star House, only he knew the wretched treatment he had received there. Even Ye Zhen's disciple could order him around. Now that he joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, he finally gained the respect and status he deserved. How could he not feel moved?

After a brief moment, Meng Changdong inhaled deeply before he cupped his fists together and said, "Nice to meet you."

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou was lost in his thoughts. Indeed, there were many things that were not convenient to be spoken out loud in front of so many people. After a beat, he said, "Guardian Meng, I'll make the preparations later. You'll exchange information with Si Wuya."

“Understood,” Meng Changdong said.

Si Wuya bowed and said, “Yes, master.”

At this moment, the broadcast was cut off.

Lu Zhou turned to look at the boxes in the hall. Then, he turned around and left without saying anything.

Sikong Beichen wanted to say something, but he was too shy to speak out. He sighed before he said emotionally, “Nie Qingyun, you don’t have the bearing of a sect master. Look at Brother Lu... That’s how a sect master should behave and conduct himself.”

Nie Qingyun said contemptuously, “I can say the same about you.”

At this moment, Yu Zhenghai said to Nie Qingyun, “Sect Master Nie, shall we spar?”

“I would love to.”

With this, the duo made their way to the cloud platform.

...

Lu Zhou was not as carefree as the others. After he returned to his room, he wrote down his instructions to Si Wuya on the talismans.

Meng Changdong took the talismans and exchanged messages with Si Wuya before he presented Lu Zhou with the information he received from Si Wuya.

Lu Zhou was not worried that Meng Changdong would leak the information. He would not employ someone he did not trust and would not doubt someone he employed.

After reading Si Wuya’s information, Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction.

“Apart from Mingshi Yin, Nan Gongwei and Zuo Yushu are now Nine-leaf cultivators. Ye Tianxin is also a Nine-leaf cultivator, and she has mastered the karmic fire. Apart from that, she also has Cheng Huang. Duanmu Sheng has been cultivating diligently and has reached the Eight-leaf stage. Leng Luo and Pan Litian are attempting the Nine-leaf stage... There are two Nine-leaf cultivators in the Divine Capital. Zhao Yue’s cultivation progress is slower since she’s busy with governing the land. Zhu Honggong is now a Six-leaf cultivator. Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong are now Four-leaf cultivators. Hua Yuexing is now an Eight-leaf cultivator.”

The collective strength of the Evil Sky Pavilion was now at an unimaginable level.

However, Lu Zhou was rather puzzled. Why did Si Wuya not report his own cultivation base? He stroked his beard as he wondered out loud, “Is he worried that I’d reprimand him?”

After reading the message, Lu Zhou burned it.

Next, it was time for him to deal with the red lotus domain.

“The Sky Martial Court, the palace, Luo Xuan...” Lu Zhou muttered to himself, “Also, what’s a Birth Chart?”

There were many questions that he needed answers to.

...

Over the next two days, Lu Zhou cultivated in his room.

On the third day, Little Yuan'er came to the room door and bowed as she said, "Master, Eldest Senior Brother and Nie Qingyun are still at it!"

Lu Zhou opened his eyes. He gauged his Primal Qi. His cultivation base was already in the late phase. If he could cultivate a little longer, he could sprout the tenth leaf.

"I see." Lu Zhou stood up and left the room.

He appeared on the peak with Little Yuan'er and looked at the cloud platform. The cloud platform was spacious so he could clearly see Yu Zhenghai and Nie Qingyun fighting with all their might.

Energy sabers danced in the air.

The red and golden flashes were dizzying to watch.

At this moment, Sikong Beichen saw Lu Zhou. He unleashed his grand technique and arrived before Lu Zhou. He cupped his fists together and said with a smile on his face, "Brother Lu, your first disciple is amazing!"

"How so?" Lu Zhou asked.

"This has gone on for three days and more than ten rounds. Yu Zhenghai's performance is remarkable. Although Nie Qingyun suppressed his cultivation base to make the fight fair, he's still a Ten-leaf cultivator, after all. Even if it's very slight, he still has the upper hand. However, Yu Zhenghai is honorable even in defeat throughout the ten battles."

At this moment, Yu Zhenghai unleashed the Sovereign Descent.

A waterfall of energy sabers fell from the sky.

The Cloud Mountain disciples were in awe no matter how many times they had seen this.

"He lost all ten fights?" Lu Zhou frowned. "I'm ashamed of him."

"..." Sikong Beichen was speechless. After a beat, he cleared his throat and said, "He's a Nine-leaf cultivator fighting a Ten-leaf cultivator. Brother Lu, aren't you asking too much of him?"

"This is how I've always been with my disciples. Moreover, Nie Qingyun didn't spar with him using his Ten-leaf power."

It was more difficult than reaching the heavens for a Nine-leaf cultivator to defeat a Ten-leaf cultivator.

"A strict teacher will produce fine students. I'm enlightened." Sikong Beichen turned around and looked at the energy sabers in the skies.

The technique, Sovereign Descent, was a truly amazing sight.

Nie Qingyun looked at the incoming attacks intently. His saber moves were neat, and he always parried the energy sabers without any unnecessary moves. His moves were simple and effective. At this moment, he tossed out an energy saber that spun around him, keeping the onslaught of energy sabers from Yu Zhenhai at bay. Then, he said, "Brother Yu, shall we stop here?"

Yu Zhenghai gripped the Jasper Saber and said, "You fell for my trick."

The energy sabers from the Sovereign Descent were in the midst of descending when Yu Zhenghai suddenly unleashed a huge energy saber that was several feet long. He brought the energy saber down with a crushing momentum.

The energy saber vibrated.

Nie Qingyun was certain he could easily dodge this attack. However, after a moment, he was shocked when he discovered the energy sabers from the Sovereign Descent had cut off his escape routes. In the end, he was left with no choice but to parry the blow with his own energy saber.

Boom!

Yu Zhenghai's energy saber fell.

Nie Qingyun looked up; he discovered there were two more energy sabers after the first one fell.

"Nice move!" Yu Zhenghai brought his Jasper Saber down. His aura, power, and techniques were at an all-time high at this moment.

Chapter 807: Water Dragon Song (Part One)

When Yu Zhenghai was only an Eight-leaf cultivator, he had used saber techniques more powerful than this one.

Sovereign Descent and Dark Heaven Starlight are both wide-range energy saber techniques that Yu Zhenghai was skilled in. These saber techniques were flashy, awe-inspiring, and effective when clearing enemies away. However, their shortcomings were obvious as well. In terms of strength, they were, naturally, not as powerful as techniques that targeted a single opponent.

At this time, Yu Zhenghai had used Sovereign Descent as a feint. He combined the energy sabers before dividing his attacks into three to perfectly strengthen his attacks.

Three huge energy sabers fell at the same spot. Since the Jasper Saber was now a desolate-grade weapon, even a Ten-leaf elite like Nie Qingyun had to spend a lot of Primal Qi to condense into energy and to protect his heaven-grade weapon.

These three strikes from Yu Zhenghai brought them back to almost equal ground again.

Meanwhile, the Cloud Mountain disciples continued watching excitedly.

Nie Qingyun was too embarrassed to fight with all his might since it would not be a dishonorable victory for a Ten-leaf cultivator to defeat a Nine-leaf cultivator, but he could not allow himself to lose as well. After the three strikes, he had no choice but to use all his strength to defend himself.

At this moment, The energy from the energy sabers struck the cloud platform...

There were Formation veins inscribed on the surroundings of the cloud platform, rock slabs, and rock pillars. Those could dissipate some of the impacts.

Many cultivators would pay attention to avoid damaging buildings and structures when they sparred. When the Cloud Mountain disciples cultivated, they could only do so at the halfway point of the mountain or on other rock platforms.

However, Yu Zhenghai's three saber strikes cracked the rock floor.

The disciples cried out in shock as they stared at Yu Zhenghai who was hovering in the air.

At this moment, Yu Zhenghai suddenly withdrew his energy saber. He let go of his grip on the Jasper Saber and let it hover in the air. Then, he brought his hand down. "Great Dark Heaven Palm."

The Great Dark Heaven Memorial was a powerful and imposing cultivation method to begin with. Now that Yu Zhenghai combined it with his saber techniques, his saber techniques were boosted, and palm seals began to fill the air.

Nie Qingyun took three steps back before he let go of his saber and directed his palm upward.

Boom!

The golden and red palms collided as energy burst into the surroundings.

The Cloud Mountain disciples who were standing closest to the collision were sent flying by the wave of energy.

When Yu Zhenghai brought his palm down, his Jasper Saber that was hovering in the air flew into his left hand.

The Jasper Saber thrummed and vibrated.

Nie Qingyun frowned deeply. Throughout his ten battles with Yu Zhenghai, he could clearly sense Yu Zhenghai's improvements. Moreover, Yu Zhenghai's improvements were not minuscule; he had improved by leaps and bounds. He felt a pressure bearing down on him now; he could hardly believe this. After a beat, he raised his left, and his saber flew back into his hand.

Yu Zhenghai put more power into his palm strike.

The two opponents were now pushing against each other.

Usually, there was no need to doubt the outcome of a battle between a Nine and Ten-leaf cultivator.

"Another three saber strikes!" Yu Zhenghai held his saber with his left hand and brought his energy saber down.

Nie Qingyun raised his own saber to parry the blow.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A familiar scene was reenacted.

Two energy sabers several feet in length collided. The golden and red energy clashed in the air.

As the saying went, 'Once bitten, twice shy'. The disciples retreated further away as they continued to watch the fight.

...

As Sikong Beichen watched the battle, he was not stingy with his praise. "This is truly eye-opening. To think that he's capable of forcing a Ten-leaf cultivator to this state."

The two First Seats of the Ninth Temple, Yao Qingquan and Zhao Jianghe, found this baffling as well. They were also renowned Nine-leaf elites, but they did not think they were capable of this feat. Although Yu Zhenghai had lost ten times, he, a Nine-leaf cultivator, managed to last until now against a Ten-leaf elite! This was more than enough to prove his strength. Moreover, at this moment, it even seemed like he had the upper hand. The Evil Sky Pavilion's strength had truly exceeded their expectations.

Lu Zhou commented objectively, "It's certainly an achievement for Yu Zhenghai to be able to hold out for so long. Although he's quite accomplished in his saber techniques, he's not flexible enough."

"Can you please explain, Brother Lu?" Sikong Beichen asked humbly.

"There are three levels of sword techniques. The greatest of them is using all creation as a sword," Lu Zhou said as he stroked his beard.

Sikong Beichen had heard about this from Lu Zhou and Yu Shangrong before so he had a little knowledge of it. "In that case, there are four levels of the sword. Alas, I can only understand using creation as swords... I understand now, Brother Lu. The sword and the saber are of the same family to begin with. A saber and a sword are the same."

In a discussion between elites, all that was needed was a small hint to get a message across.

Lu Zhou continued to say, "With this palm strike, he's already on equal footing with Nie Qingyun. He brought his desolate Jasper Saber down on the heaven-grade saber. Indeed, he'll gain the upper hand by doing this, but he only gained a slight advantage. Indeed, the saber and the sword are one and the same, but it's not enough to just understand this." He stroked his beard as he continued to watch the collision between the golden and red energy. Then, he said with a sigh, "A palm is a saber, and a saber is a palm. There was hope for Yu Zhenghai to win when their palms collided earlier. Alas, he missed the opportunity..."

Sikong Beichen nodded and said, "Listening to you speak trumps reading about it for ten years, Brother Lu. Indeed, with the advantage of a desolate-grade weapon, it's not enough for Nie Qingyun to merely deflect the attack with his heaven-grade weapon. The instance their palms collided was when Nie Qingyun was at his weakest. That's brilliant, Brother Lu!"

Lu Zhou's face remained expressionless. Perhaps, he had spent too much time with the members of the Old Age Pavilion because when he heard the praise from a Ten-leaf elite, he merely felt slightly pleased. He was not greatly moved at all.

Just as expected, after Nie Qingyun defended against the flurry of attacks, the advantage of his cultivation base was starting to show.

“My turn.” Nie Qingyun pushed away with both feet as he directed a palm up and pushed Yu Zhenghai away with force.

As Yu Zhenghai tried to move away, Nie Qingyun unleashed spinning energy sabers into the surroundings and claimed the sky.

Yu Zhenghai frowned. ‘What should I do now?’

“Master?” At this moment, Yu Zhenghai looked up and discovered his master was watching nearby with a calm expression. Upon seeing the calm expression on his master’s face, his confidence was greatly boosted. As though he had just received a huge revelation, he recalled his master’s teachings and his experience when he fought with Yu Shangrong. Yu Shangrong had once commented on his saber techniques and said that they were flashy and lacked substance, as if he was only showing off.

‘Is that true?’ Yu Zhenghai was being pushed up by Nie Qingyun. His palm was still pushing back against Nie Qingyun’s palms while his Jasper Saber clashed with Nie Qingyun’s saber.

At this moment, Yu Zhenghai seemed to have an epiphany again. Energy surged out from his fingers; he used his palm as a saber.

Bam!

Nie Qingyun felt a heavy pressure bearing down on him. Alarmed, he hastily withdrew his palm and landed.

When they collided, Yu Zhenghai flipped backward. He grabbed his Jasper Saber with one hand and slowly landed as well.

The opponents looked at each other from a distance.

This round had finally ended.

At this moment, Nie Qingyun was filled with shock. After what seemed like hours, he raised his hand and said, “I’m impressed.”

In truth, Nie Qingyun was rather vexed by this round. He was forced to fight to a draw with a Nine-leaf cultivator; how was he going to maintain his prestige in front of the other Cloud Mountain disciples after this?

The other disciples were at a loss after witnessing this battle as well. They did not know who won or lost. Both opponents seemed evenly matched. However, they felt slightly awkward when they recalled Nie Qing Yun was a Ten-leaf cultivator while Yu Zhenghai was only a Nine-leaf cultivator.

Yu Zhenghai’s expression was solemn as he said in a loud and energetic voice, “Again!”

“...” Nie Qingyun was speechless. He had just recently found out that Yu Zhenghai was a battle maniac. No matter how many times Yu Zhenghai lost, he would insist on continuing. It was obvious Yu Zhenghai would not give up until he had won.

Nie Qingyun was beginning to grow terrified of all these endless fights. He did not wish to fight anymore.

At this moment, Lu Zhou said, “Watch your manners.”

Yu Zhenghai turned around and bowed. "Master."

Chapter 808: Water Dragon Song (Part Two)

Nie Qingyun and the Cloud Mountain disciples saw Lu Zhou flying toward them slowly before landing on the cloud platform. They seemed curious.

Sikong Beichen stood at his original spot while Yao Qingquan and Zhao Jianghe moved to stand at his side.

Nie Qingyun cupped his fists together and said, "Senior Lu."

Lu Zhou nodded. He stroked his beard and said, "Nie Qingyun is a Ten-leaf cultivator, after all. It's almost impossible for you to win him when you're only a Nine-leaf cultivator. Why do you have to force yourself?"

Yu Zhenghai said, "I was so close... We've already fought to a draw."

Nie Qingyun did not know how to feel about this statement.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "You've fought 11 times. Sparring is all about knowing when to stop... If it's truly a contest of killing techniques, do you think you'll have the chance to flaunt all your skills?"

Upon hearing these words, Yu Zhenghai lowered his head. He bowed and said, "You're right, master."

Then, Lu Zhou shifted his eyes to Nie Qingyun and said, "The saber represents courage. Ever since time immemorial, there have been many who cultivated the saber, and as a result, many saber techniques were created. This was how different schools and styles came to be. It's not easy to create something new. However, the cultivation methods under the heavens are the means to the same end. Whether it's the saber or the sword, they're merely tools used by men. Give me your saber."

Lu Zhou raised his hand.

Yu Zhenghai placed his Jasper Saber respectfully in Lu Zhou's hand.

Lu Zhou was inwardly surprised when he felt a cool sensation as soon as he touched the Jasper Saber.

At this moment, it was as though Lu Zhou was surrounded by sabers. All creations could be used as sabers. The palm was a saber, the leaves were sabers, and even the wind was a saber.

"Both of you used the same saber techniques over and over again. Hence, when you fight each other for a prolonged period, you'd understand the characteristics of your opponents. The longer this drags on, the more difficult it'd be to have a clear outcome. Eventually, the one who manages to find an opening would be the victor," Lu Zhou said.

Yu Zhenghai nodded. He agreed with his master completely. He was reminded of the time he had sparred with Yu Shangrong at Cloud Radiant Forest. That fight had lasted for three days and three nights.

Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong knew each other very well. Sometimes, all they needed was a look to know what the other person was thinking and what the other person's next move would be. With that,

it was not difficult for them to come up with a way to counter the next strike. For all these reasons, it was difficult for either one of them to win.

Lu Zhou gripped the saber's handle lightly. The saber's will reached him. He felt the weight of the saber in his hand as he slowly said, "There are eight basic moves of the saber: sweep, hack, poke, pare, skim, slash, chop, thrust. Compared to the sword, saber techniques are heavy and fierce. The movements are huge and pack a huge punch. However, it lacks minute changes. The first strike depends on the user's move, but the second strike depends on footwork. Once a saber is brought down, it's often difficult to change its trajectory mid-swing. However, one can change it by adjusting one's feet. As saber users, you should practice these basics over and over again..."

Yu Zhenghai and Nie Qingyun were not the only ones who understood this. Even the Cloud Mountain disciples present on the scene understood this.

This was how a teacher was supposed to be. With the simplest words, the disciples were taught the truth behind saber techniques. Lu Zhou was a true teacher!

The Cloud Mountain disciples appeared respectful as they listened carefully.

Lu Zhou continued to say, "Control your saber with Qi, and condense your Qi into energy. That way, you'll have many alternatives. The two of you should understand these things so I won't elaborate further."

After Lu Zhou finished speaking, he let go of the saber.

The Jasper Saber spun upward from Lu Zhou's energy until it was above his head.

This was a basic technique that most cultivators had mastered so the disciples present on the scene understood this.

However, Nie Qingyun and Sikong Beichen were perplexed. They did not understand why Lu Zhou was demonstrating these basic techniques.

Lu Zhou pushed his palm up, and the Jasper Saber continued to move up.

"There are four levels of the sword. Similarly, there are four levels of the saber..."

Upon seeing this, the Cloud Mountain disciples began discussing among themselves.

Meanwhile, Sikong Beichen nodded with an expression that showed he agreed with Lu Zhou's words.

By now, These kinds of discussions were already common in the Ninth Temple and the Cloud Mountain.

"If you aren't wielding a saber, you can use your palm as a saber." Lu Zhou raised his hand before an energy saber appeared in it.

Yu Zhenghai and Nie Qingyun were taken aback. Both of them seemed as though they had been enlightened at this moment. Both of them recalled the scene where their palms had collided earlier.

Yu Zhenghai smacked his thigh as he exclaimed, "Why didn't I think of that earlier?"

Nie Qingyun said in slight contempt, "Senior Lu, what if both opponents didn't possess sabers?"

After all, when they were sparring back then, Yu Zhenghai's desolate-grade Jasper Saber was a huge pressure on him.

Lu Zhou looked up at the Jasper Saber spinning in the air. "What do you see in the air?"

"The Jasper Saber?"

With a whistle, the Jasper Saber dropped and stabbed into the ground with a loud sound.

"Look again," Lu Zhou said.

There was nothing in the air.

Nie Qingyun did not understand this. He said tentatively, "Primal Qi?"

Lu Zhou shook his head. "Although Primal Qi can be condensed into energy, it's still limited."

Yu Zhenghai said, "A wind blade?"

"Apart from wind, what else is there?" Lu Zhou asked.

Yu Zhenghai and Nie Qingyun were stumped.

Lu Zhou bent his fingers. The moment the palm saber vanished, a finger-size energy saber appeared in the air. It was neither golden nor red; it resembled ice.

"Water?" Yu Zhenghai said in surprise. He was reminded of the time when he trained with the saber in the Evil Sky Pavilion when he was young. He had trained under the waterfall every day when his master told him that once he grew strong enough, he would be able to forgo the saber and use water as his weapon.

Meanwhile, Primal Qi gathered quickly.

Air contained water vapor. They could not be seen by the naked eye, but they could be captured by Primal Qi. With this, an energy saber was formed.

That was not all.

Countless energy sabers appeared in the sky in neat rows, looking like a saber Formation. Soon enough, water dragons created from energy sabers danced in the air.

Yu Zhenghai was overwhelmed with emotions as he watched this scene.

At this moment, Lu Zhou stomped his feet and flew above the Saber Formation. Then, he spread his arms and dove.

The water dragons roared.

Lu Zhou continued diving until he reached the lake below the cloud platform.

Splash!

A saber Formation much larger than the one before shot out from the lake and circled around Lu Zhou.

Meanwhile, the disciples watched this grand display from the cloud platform in awe.

Sikong Beichen and Nie Qingyun had never seen someone control a saber in such a fashion.

At this moment, Lu Zhou who was hovering in the air asked, "Nie Qingyun, can you withstand this technique?"

"Uh..." Nie Qingyun did not feel very confident at the moment.

Even Sikong Beichen, who understood how to use all creation as a sword, and understood the essence of this technique, was not confident he could withstand this technique, let alone Nie Qingyun.

Lu Zhou looked down at Yu Zhenghai and said, "Yu Zhenghai, do you understand?"

Yu Zhenghai who had been stunned into a daze by this display from the beginning finally regained his senses. He hastily replied, "I have no excuse to not understand this when you're the one making the demonstration, master."

Lu Zhou looked as though he was as light as a feather as he descended back on the cloud platform. After he placed his hands on his back, the water dragons immediately dispersed into drops of water and rained down on the ground.

Yu Zhenghai and Nie Qingyun did not react in time and were drenched. When they looked at Lu Zhou again, they discovered the droplets of water that fell had already turned into energy sabers again. There were countless of them.

Unlike the pure water energy sabers before this, the energy sabers formed by these water droplets were wrapped in golden energy seals!

Yu Zhenghai, Nie Qingyun, and Sikong Beichen were speechless.

"This saber technique is called Water Dragon Song."

The dragon-like saber Formation's power was greatly boosted by the golden energy seals.

At this moment, it was launched toward Nie Qingyun.

Nie Qingyun was shocked. He stomped his feet and raised his saber before himself with both hands.

The dragons roared. The Saber Formation moved up, looking like a dragon that was raising its head.

Bam!

The golden dragon pushed against Nie Qingyun's saber and pushed him backward. As he defended himself, he was frantically thinking of a way to deal with this.

"Manifest!" Nie Qingyun's red lotus avatar appeared before everyone's eyes.

Currently, Lu Zhou's cultivation base was only at the Nine-leaf stage. He knew that if Nie Qingyun manifested his avatar, the difference in their cultivation bases would give Nie Qingyun the advantage and the water dragon would be destroyed. Naturally, he could not let this happen.

Lu Zhou slowly raised his hand and said, "Remember... You must learn to deal an additional attack if the situation calls for it..." Then, he pushed his hand out.

A faint blue palm seal flew to the dragon's head, and the saber Formation's power instantly increased by several folds.

Boom!

"No!" Nie Qingyun drew his arm back to withdraw his saber and immediately retracted his avatar before he flipped backward.

Lu Zhou pushed his palm down.

The Water Dragon Saber Formation dove.

At this moment, several Cloud Mountain elders hurried onto the cloud platform and kneeled on the ground before they pleaded loudly, "Have mercy, Senior Lu!"

Chapter 809: Luo Xuan, You're Awake

Nie Qingyun descended swiftly. As soon as he descended, he staggered backward.

Meanwhile, the golden dragon formed by the saber Formation dove. The energy sabers at the dragon's head were the sharpest and glowed with a faint blue light. At a casual glance, it looked as though the dragon was spewing fire.

When Nie Qingyun was about to raise his arms to block the attack, he discovered his arms were so sore and numb that he could barely lift them. His heart sank immediately. He could only look on as the golden dragon dove toward him.

Splash!

The golden dragon dispersed into water droplets that rained down on the ground when it was just half a foot away from Nie Qingyun.

With this, Lu Zhou's demonstration ended.

At this moment, the entire place was as silent as a graveyard.

The disciples around the cloud platform looked at the stunned Nie Qingyun in shock. Even if they had thought that Lu Zhou killing Ye Zhen and Chen Tiandu was only due to a stroke of luck, they could not deny that Lu Zhou defeating Nie Qingyun had nothing to do with luck at all.

The water gathered on the cloud platform flowed along the cracks of the stone floor, forming a winding river. At this moment, everyone no longer thought of it as just water. This water could clearly kill people!

The Thousand Willow's Monastery Master, Xia Changqiu, was a pure Daoist cultivator, and the philosophies of the Daoist sect were steeped in his bones. He had once said that the highest form of moral conduct was to be like water, benefiting all living things without struggling against them. When he looked at the water dragon, he felt as though he had been enlightened.

Among everyone present on the scene, Sikong Beichen was the calmest. After all, he was already used to seeing Lu Zhou easily defeating Ten-leaf elites.

Meanwhile, the others were still shocked by the Water Dragon Song.

A saber could be all creations while all creations could be sabers.

“Thank you for showing mercy, Senior Lu!” The Cloud Mountain elders expressed their gratitude as they kowtowed. If something were to happen to Nie Qingyun, Cloud Mountain would be done for.

Yu Zhenghai who had been standing behind his master had paid attention to every move of the Water Dragon Song. Although he was an elite in saber techniques, and he had spent his early years under his master’s strict guidance, he was still surprised by his master’s demonstration.

Yu Zhenghai seemed to have gained a deep understanding of the Water Dragon song as he stood still in a daze. The scene of his master unleashing the energy sabers kept replaying in his mind. It was indescribably brilliant. He could not help but wonder if he were able to unleash it so perfectly if he tried.

“Do you understand it now?” Lu Zhou raised his right hand slightly, and the Jasper Saber returned to his palm.

After Yu Zhenghai returned to his senses, he quickly bowed and replied, “I understand now. However, I have a question.”

“What is it?”

“I understand condensing water into energy sabers, but I don’t quite understand dealing an additional blow at the end.” Yu Zhenghai could not understand why his master whose cultivation base was so profound that even a Ten-leaf cultivator like Chen Tiandu was defeated with a single strike needed an additional blow to defeat Nie Qingyun.

Lu Zhou passed the Jasper Saber to Yu Zhenghai before he said, “To nip it in the bud.” After that, he added, “Ponder on that on your own.”

Upon hearing these words, Yu Zhenghai no longer dared to ask any more questions. He hastily bowed. “Understood. I’ll remember your words, master. I’ll master the Water Dragon Song as quickly as possible.”

Lu Zhou stood with his hands on his back as he descended the stairs. Then, he looked at Nie Qingyun and asked, “Nie Qingyun, do you understand why I did that?”

Something stirred in Nie Qingyun. He recalled the incident with the Sky Martial Court and wondered inwardly, ‘Is Senior Lu trying to warn me?’

Nie Qingyun quickly bowed and said, “I understand.” He recalled Lu Zhou’s Thunderblast that day. There was no way to stop that technique. When dealing with a person like Lu Zhou, it was best that Cloud Mountain stopped being on the fence and made their stance clear.

Lu Zhou nodded, pleased. With a wave of his arm, he left.

After Lu Zhou left, the pressure on the others immediately lessened.

Sikong Beichen who remained calm from the beginning to the end flew over to Nie Qingyun. He asked with a hint of smugness, “Nie Qingyun, do you believe that Brother Lu has initiated his Birth Chart now?”

"I do."

"Have you ever thought about how many Ten-leaf cultivators have been born over the past 2,000 years? Naturally, it's almost unthinkable for someone to have initiated their Birth Chart among these limited numbers. On the other hand, it's not so surprising for someone to have achieved that since there was no lack of people attempting it since 2,000 years ago. Perhaps, when the cultivation of humans reaches the state where we can look down on the world, 10,000 years would have passed..." Sikong Beichen had spent a lot of time thinking recently, and he had understood many things.

"Perhaps, you're right," Nie Qingyun said.

"Cloud Mountain and the Ninth Temple have been fighting for so many years, and our conflicts have never been settled. Over the past millennium, none of us has gotten the upper hand over the other. If you're willing, what do you say to sitting down and having a good chat today?" Sikong Beichen asked.

Nie Qingyun did not respond right away. Instead, he turned around and scanned the Cloud Mountain disciples and the kneeling elders. After what happened with Ye Zhen, Cloud Mountain has been affected. They did not have much energy to fight against the Ninth Temple anymore. "Alright."

When the duo was about to leave, Yu Zhenghai suddenly called out, "Sect Master Nie..."

Nie Qingyun turned around and asked, "What's the matter, Comrade Yu?" Nie Qingyun turned and said.

"Are you up for a sparring session?" Yu Zhenghai asked with a straight face.

Nie Qingyun frowned. He immediately grabbed Sikong Beichen's wrist and said, "Old Fiend Sikong, don't even think of sleeping before we talk things through! Comrade Yu, I have some matters to attend to today. I'm sorry, but we'll have to spar another day."

Sikong Beichen. "..."

The Cloud Mountain disciples. "..."

...

Inside the Sacred Rites Hall in the Sky Martial Court.

Mo Buyan recounted his experience on Cloud Mountain to the court master, Yu Chenshu.

The other elders were visibly angered after listening to Mo Buyan's report.

Someone said, "Court Master, we can't let this slide! These foreign tribesmen are too much. How dare they wreak havoc in the red lotus domain? What do they take us for?"

"Some situations require extraordinary measures. I agree with drenching Cloud Mountain in blood. We should teach them a lesson. If we allow them to act so unrestrained, how are we and the royal court supposed to maintain our reputation?"

The court master, Yu Zhengshu, remained silent.

An elder, Jiang Tingzhong, coughed before he said, "Calm down."

The others quietened down.

Jian Tingzhong continued to say, "I understand your anger, my fellow elders. We've sent many of our men to the golden lotus domain, and they've all been killed. Now, the people of the golden lotus domain are wreaking havoc on our territories. It's clear that they shouldn't be taken lightly. Someone witnessed Chen Tiandu being killed by the old man with the surname Lu with just one palm strike. It's possible that someone capable of such a feat has initiated his Birth Chart. How are we supposed to go against someone who has initiated his Birth Chart?"

Jian Tingzhong's were like a cold bucket of water being splashed on the other elders.

The Sacred Rites Hall was silent for a long time.

"It's not easy to initiate one's Birth Chart. Indeed, Chen Tiandu was killed with a single palm strike, but that's because he fought with all his might against Sikong Beichen before that. He was already injured to begin with. Isn't it expected for a good-for-nothing Nine-leaf cultivator such as Ye Zhen to be manipulated by someone else?"

Jian Tingzhong frowned. "What do you know? Ye Zhen had six lives. His avatar is the Nine Infants, and there was no need for him to fear a Ten-leaf cultivator when he was in his dojo. He knew many kinds of Formations, and he knew all the platforms on Cloud Mountain like the back of his hand. Even the court master himself can't easily kill Ye Zhen."

"Enough," Yu Chenshu finally said.

The Sacred Rites Hall fell silent again.

Then, Yu Chenshu continued to say, "All of you have a point, but we can't act recklessly. Since they kept some of our men alive, it means they're wary of us as well. We'll discuss the matter of the Birth Chart later."

"What should we do now?"

"I know what I'm doing. Without my order, nobody is allowed to provoke them," Yu Chenshu said, "That will be all."

"Understood."

After the elders left the Sacred Rites Hall, Yu Chenshu slowly rose to his feet. He addressed his trusted disciple by his side. "Is she awake?"

"Yes. She woke up yesterday."

"Keep this a secret. I'm going to see her."

"Understood."

The disciple left the Sacred Rites Hall with Yu Chenshu. They passed through the door, a half-foot pond, and arrived at the lowermost layer of Sky Martial Court.

The disciple held a lamp and pressed on the wall beside a stone door. Soon after, the stone door slowly slid open.

They descended the steps for a long time before their surroundings finally widened. It was pitch-black.

The moment Yu Chenshu appeared, many figures rose to their feet in the darkness. Alas, they were restrained by ice-cold iron chains. All of them were held in prison rooms that were filled with Formation veins.

A burst of hoarse laughter rang in the dark. "A familiar stench... stench... stench... Lord... Court Master..."

Clang!

The sounds of rattling chains filled the room.

The disciple with the lamp shook in fright.

"Court Master... Court Master... Oh, how I missed you."

Yu Chenshu's face remained expressionless as he ignored the noise. He continued making his way to the deepest part of the room and arrived in front of another stone door. "Open it."

"Understood."

The stone door slid open slowly.

Unlike the pitch-black prison rooms behind them, it was quiet, and a faint beam of light shone down from above. The space was not very big, but it was clean and neat.

The structure of the stone room was unique, and the veins on the walls were complicated and varied. There was a bed in the room.

At this moment, a person could be seen lying on the bed. It was a woman with wrinkles all over her face. Her hair was white, her eyes were listless, and her lips were dry and cracked.

Yu Chenshu walked with his hands on his back toward the bed. After a moment's silence, he waved his arm.

The disciple behind him bowed and retreated out of the stone room before closing the door.

After what seemed like hours, Yu Chenshu sighed and said, "Luo Xuan, you're finally awake."

Chapter 810: Where is Great Void?

It was so quiet in the room that after a prolonged time, one would have auditory hallucinations in the form of buzzing noises.

After Yu Chenshu greeted her, he felt ill at ease. He did like the silence. However, he knew the person lying on the bed with lifeless eyes, Luo Xuan, liked silence. When he could no longer endure the silence, he called out, "Luo Xuan."

Luo Xuan did not reply. She seemed to be in a daze, as though her soul had been stripped from her body. Her lifeless eyes were unfocused as though she could not see. Similarly, she seemed as though she could not hear at all.

Yu Chenshu sat on the edge of the bed. He sighed heavily. "Stop acting. I know you hate me for telling the world that you're a lunatic. But... your research was truly too crazy. That's the only way to maintain

the peace.” After sighing again, he continued to say, “Do you know? I feel much worse than you in regard to this matter. Nobody in the world knows you better than I do. You’re so kind, so smart, but I had to do that. Can... can you understand?”

He continued to ramble on, “Forget it. I won’t hope for you to understand. It’s been 300 years, and your statements are being verified one by one... Everyone’s starting to doubt what we did in the past, if we had wronged you... Although it’s laughable, it’s the truth. By the way... The Sky Shuttle, the Water Shuttle, and flying chariots are now a reality.”

Yu Chenshu was usually taciturn, and the default expression on his face was a stern and serious one. However, in front of Luo Xuan, he talked non-stop.

After a moment, Yu Chenshu finally stopped talking. He looked at Luo Xuan who was lying on the bed intently, trying to see if there was even the smallest hint of joy or excitement in her eyes. Unfortunately, no emotions could be seen at all. His smile stiffened before it gradually disappeared, and his expression returned to his default stern expression. In fact, his expression seemed a little dark.

His eyebrows were slightly knitted together as he said, “Stop pretending. It has been verified that there are foreign worlds. You’re like Jiang Wenxu. Both of you went to the golden lotus domain more than 300 years ago. However, the golden lotus domain has now become our greatest enemy. The Sky Martial Court can do without you. It’s meaningless for you to keep up this act.”

He rose to his feet with his hands on his back as he continued to say, “It’s highly possible that the opponent has initiated his Birth Chart. You’ve researched it for many years. How are we supposed to initiate Birth Charts?”

He suddenly turned around; his eyes were wide with rage as he asked, “How are we supposed to kill a cultivator who has initiated his Birth Chart?!”

On the bed, Luo Xuan’s eyes were still lifeless like before. She was just like a living shell with no soul.

Luo Xuan’s apathy infuriated Yu Chenshu. He suddenly extended his arm and launched a red palm seal toward her.

The palm seal hit the base of the bed.

And yet, Luo Xuan did not even flinch or blink her eyes; she remained unresponsive. Her breathing and her heartbeats were the only indications that she was alive. Otherwise, she seemed no different from a dead person.

Yu Chenshu quickly retracted his hand, immediately regretting his actions. After a fleeting moment of feeling guilty, he gradually calmed down. However, it did not take long before he worked himself up again. His eyes were bloodshot as he said angrily, “Luo Xuan, you were the one who broke the restriction of heaven and earth. That’s why you have to get up and solve this problem! Tell me! Where’s Great Void?! Where did you hide the Great Void seeds?!”

The aloof and insufferably arrogant Sky Martial Court’s Master seemed like a petty man now. Who could have expected this?

Alas, Luo Xuan remained unresponsive.

Yu Chenshu shook his head. He raised his hand, and the stone door behind him slid open.

The disciple with the lamp who followed Yu Chenshu here entered the room.

Yu Chenshu, who had already regained his composure, placed his hands on his back and said, "What's Luo Xuan's condition like right now?"

"We've had a female physician examine her. Her soul might be dispersed," the disciple replied.

"Dispersed soul?"

"People with dispersed souls are incapable of communication. They don't have memories or thoughts, even worse than animals. She's basically a... a living shell now."

Yu Chenshu frowned slightly upon hearing this. "Look after her. She must be cured no matter what."

"Understood."

Yu Chenshu left the stone room with his hands on his back. Through the narrow and dark tunnel, he returned to the dark and smelly underground prison.

"Heheh... What a familiar stench. Lord Court Master... How I miss you..."

"Come here, Lord Court Master... It's been several hundred years, and yet, you're still so smelly...."

Nobody knew there were many experts imprisoned under the Sky Martial Court. These experts were labeled as devils, lunatics, and freak shows among others.

Usually, Yu Chenshu would not take these words to heart. However, he was in a terrible mood today. He abruptly came to a stop when he was at the center of the room. He looked up and said frostily, "Looks like I should teach all of you another lesson."

"Don't... Don't hit me... Lord Court Master, do you want the Great Void Seed? I can tell you... Come here... come here..."

Clang!

The sounds of chains rang in the darkness again. It was obvious from the sounds that the prisoners were being restricted by iron chains.

Yu Chenshu suddenly spread his arms as dark red energy flew to the sides.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Shortly after, miserable cries rang in the darkness. A burst of mocking laughter could be heard among the cries as well.

"This is all you can do... Do you dare to free us and fight fairly? You coward, you'd never dare to do it... You think of going to Great Void like this? Dream on! Luo Xuan is a genius! You can never compare to her!"

Yu Chenshu said with a cold expression, "Sorry to disappoint you, but I've brought Luo Xuan's conceptions to life."

“Impossible! Don’t even think of trying to fool us! Yu Chenshu... Don’t go! Don’t go...”

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of someone struggling against the iron chains rang in the darkness.

Yu Chenshu ignored it and left the prison.

...

Three days later, in the silent rock forest.

After recuperating for three days, Yu Shangrong’s injuries were half-healed. Much of his Primal Qi had been restored as well.

When he opened his eyes, the sun was high up in the sky. Fortunately, the tall trees in the distance blocked out some of the sunlight and created many shaded places.

Yu Shangrong turned around to look at Ji Liang who was sitting nearby.

Ji Liang neighed.

Yu Shangrong raised his hand.

The broken Longevity Sword flew into his hand.

Under his control, the broken sword then flew out of the rock forest. When the broken sword was about to leave the rock forest, the rocks gathered and formed a huge net that barred the sword’s path.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The Longevity Sword dropped to the ground after hitting the rocks.

“Hm?” Yu Shangrong tried again.

The broken sword took flight.

Energy swords appeared.

He formed dozens of energy swords to help the broken sword as it flew outward. When it was at the edge of the rock forest, the obstacle formed by the rocks blocked it again.

“How should I break this rock forest’s Formation?”

Yu Shangrong retrieved his Longevity Sword and returned to the glowing center of the Formation veins.

There was a round rock slab in the middle. The inscriptions on it were clearly made by human hands.

If what Jiang Xiaosheng said was true, that this Formation was left behind by the predecessors and was preserved until this day, things would be difficult.

Yu Shangrong struck the ground with a palm seal.

Bam!

The Formation vein released a wisp of power that swiftly vanished.

He could not break this by force. He looked up to search for another way out. He leaped onto Ji Liang and flew around the rock forest.

Whenever he was at the edge of the rock forest, the rocks would shine before gathering to block his way.

Yu Shangrong gave every rock pillar a taste of his palm seals. Yet, the rock forest remained firm.

While Yu Shangrong was attempting to leave, many winged beasts had flown into the rock forest as well, trapping themselves.

He paced inside the Formation as he mulled over the matter. "Every Formation has a weak point that can be used to break through... Since the rock forest forms the grand Formation by connecting to each other, does this mean I can leave this place if I break the connection?"

'Let's give it a try.'

Yu Shangrong released his broken sword again.

Energy swords appeared.

It split into two and multiplied to eight.

When the broken sword shot out, the energy lines shone and gathered.

With swift movements and sharp eyes, Yu Shangrong interrupted the energy lines with his energy swords.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

His energy swords managed to block some of the energy lines from converging. Unfortunately, some of the other rock pillars still managed to connect.

"Do I need more energy swords?" Yu Shangrong wondered. He seemed to have realized the crucial point.

There were 361 pillars, and a line would form between two of them. If he wanted to block them all, he would need 360 energy swords for each rock pillar. How was he supposed to pull that off?

He thought long and hard about it before a faint smile appeared on his face as he murmured to himself, "Perhaps, the predecessors want me to master the son of heaven's sword here."

With that, he sat down and crossed his legs.

The broken sword hovered before him.

"Primal Restoration."

Golden energy swords materialized around him and flew toward the 361 rock pillars.

The energy swords shot into the surroundings like a tidal wave.

When the heavenly net appeared, Yu Shangrong suddenly launched himself at it. He joined his palms together and Primal Qi rippled out from between his palms.

Whizz!