

E Monarch 291

Chapter 291: I Will Abuse You Till I Don't Die!

"Young Master Jun, our two Masters are very graceful. They've always considered victory and defeat to be like mist. Therefore, they aren't bothered about such temporary gains or losses. I disdain the very thought of coming down to your level, however... I think it is impediment to ask Third Young Master — what is the appropriate counter-verse to your riddle? If an exceptionally good counter-verse exists... kindly tell us and broaden our minds," a tall scholar from the Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute spoke as he stood up. Apparently, he wasn't convinced of their defeat.

"Or are you a bigger hypocrite than that Li You Ran?"

Jun Mo Xie looked at him with a stunned expression on his face, "I request that you please use your brain before you speak. Please don't use your butt to deal with every problem! Would I deliberately make things difficult for everyone if I had an appropriate counter-verse? Were you kicked by a donkey in your childhood? How can the Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute produce an idiot such as you?!"

"Oh I see... are you deaf apart from being stupid as well? I clearly stated that no one has been able to solve it before I set this problem before everyone! I merely borrowed it; from which ear did you hear that I created that verse myself? I think that you either have no brains... or that it suffers from a fungal infection! You want me to provide you with a counter-verse? You have some nerve to open your mouth! This institute demands payment when it wins, and starts a fight when it loses? Isn't this unreasonable?"

No one spoke in rebuttal when Jun Mo Xie said these words. After all... he had clearly stated that the verse wasn't his own... but someone else's. It showed 'how tough it was to bring the man to book'. The scholars were unable reply to the verse. Therefore, one of them had asked this question in an attempt to bring back some measure of honor to their Institute. Nevertheless, it was a failed scheme. What's more... his attempt provoked a few scoffs from others.

That scholar turned red with anger.

The others had no idea what to do. Then, Li You Ran suddenly opened his eyes. [What's the matter with this man? He has somehow involved me in his problem... What do you mean by "A bigger hypocrite than Li You Ran?"]

[Damn it! What is this guy even saying? How was I being a hypocrite?]

“Is it possible that the Masters may have turned around to send an apprentice to raise a scene after they conceded their defeat? Is it possible that the Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute is a sore loser?” Jun Mo Xie appeared very angry as he spoke, “Anyway, it doesn’t make any difference to this Young Master if you can’t accept a defeat. I may not be a good man, but I respect the wise and venerate the worthy.”

[So you’ve known that you aren’t a good person?] Everyone in the great hall rolled their eyes.

[Do you respect the wise and venerate the worthy in practice? It seems like you’re trying to pull those two old men’s image down to hell.]

“Yan Feng, stand down! A defeat is a defeat; it’s pointless to argue. Why would you try for an incomplete victory? This is merely the first level; do you believe that our Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute can’t pull-back in the next opportunity?” Kong Ling Yang’s lips trembled as he used those harsh words to scold and discredit his disciple.

[We don’t aim for half gains...] The venerable Master Kong was unable to keep his thoughts to himself due to his anguished state of mind. This was the way it was — there was always victory or defeat. However, he had seemingly lost the respect accorded to a Master. He had always attained comprehensive victories in the past. However, this feast had always been held on an island in the middle of the Moon Lake. And the Emperor would never be present for the occasion. However, the venue was the Imperial Palace this time around. Therefore, the Emperor was present... moreover... there was no shortage of the Empire’s high-ranking officials. The importance of this feast was much larger than before. However, he had lost this time...

How could he not feel depressed...?

Fatty Tang had seemingly been the debauchee whom the entire Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute had hated the most. However, the Fatty had suddenly gone down those rankings, and had been replaced by the Young Master Jun at the top. It seemed that the people at the Wenxing Heavenly Literature Institute would never forget their hatred for him... even after tens-of-thousands years. Their hatred for Jun Mo Xie had suddenly been embedded in their very bones.

“He he... respected Master Kong spoke the truth. A scholar only ponders on counter-verses during his leisure time. The true embodiment of an educated man’s talent resides in his poems of accomplishments...” Li You Ran smiled without batting an eyelid, and continued, “Is it possible that the Institute won’t be able to match up to the Young Master Jun in this regard as well...?”

This sentence was very vicious.

If the Wenxing Institute was to concede at this point of time... in front of every civil and military leader of the country... wouldn’t it be akin to admitting that the entire Institute didn’t possess the skill to match a great debauchee like Jun Mo Xie? How could the Wenxing Institute fall to such a level? How could they agree to leave the matter be?

They drew their daggers once again.

[I can see it now. This Li You Ran’s intentions aren’t good. This pretty boy doesn’t mean well. He forced that Master’s dagger in an effort to compel me to show my cards!]

Jun Mo Xie rolled his eyes and leaned to one side. In fact, he nearly came intimately close to Dugu Xiao Yi’s face. Then, he smiled and nodded as he brought out his pre-planned card, “The WenXing institute has brought several scholars, but we also have a large talent pool on our side. How could the Young Masters from each of the great families shy away at this juncture? This will be a charming tale since this Young Master and Young Master You Ran have joined hands to face the Wenxing Institute — regardless of who the final victor is. In However, Young Master Li You Ran has just spoken that he admires this Young Master for many things. He he... this means that this Young Master has surpassed him. In other words... I’m much better than Young Master Li... he he he... did everyone hear that? Therefore, there’s no reason to challenge me if you’re not even on the same level as Li You Ran. This Young Master is very busy; each moment of mine is measure in gold. Therefore, I shouldn’t waste it!”

These words had made for a beautiful counterattack. Not only did he tie in every Young Master present to his warship in one move — he had made Li You Ran the primary scape goat. These words had played an offensive role and a defensive role. In fact, he had executed this move very cleanly.

Everyone exclaimed and changed their gaze. However, the object of their attention wasn’t Jun Mo Xie — it was Dugu Xiao Yi. Jun Mo Xie had leaned towards her, nodded, smiled, and then spoken those words. These words had allowed him room to attack, and then retreat. Even a dumb person could see that he had been trapped in a tough spot. They could make-out that he had brought Dugu Xiao Yi’s pretty face

inside the frame as a distraction. [How could such a shameless bastard speak such a long phrase without half-a-trace of obscenity in it?]

[This guy's words were unnatural for his nature. It sounded like a general endorsement of himself, but there was not a single word of profanity in it! That was bizarre. It seems like he had practiced this beforehand!]

Everyone watched as Jun Mo Xie fell back onto his chair and closed his eyes. It was evident that he wouldn't explain what he had done even if he were inquired. Everyone from the Wenxing Institute felt powerless. Therefore, they turned to Li You Ran since they didn't have a better option. "So, we turn to Young Master Li You Ran for advice in the second round."

Li You Ran stood up and nodded his head slightly, "I am extremely honored." He surprisingly didn't hold any resentment towards Jun Mo Xie for pushing him to the front in this manner.

The Young Master Jun had won that round in all honesty. It didn't matter whether the victory was glorious or not. A win was a win. He believed that he was the heaven's favored child. So, how could Li You Ran defeat him?

The Emperor's gaze invariably flitted across the hall from atop the Imperial throne, and settled on Li You Ran. However, he continued to observe Jun Mo Xie, who sat beside Dugu Xiao Yi, from the corner of his eyes. His inner thoughts were incomprehensible.

"We've heard the opposite side's verses. But everyone knows about Young Master Li's famous flute songs. So, how about we compare the melody of our instruments? I, Jin Yin Zhen, hope to ask Young Master Li for guidance on the notes," A scholar got up and walked towards the Emperor and the big shots. He then turned to face Li You Ran after he had adhered to the necessary ceremonies. He calmly moved his hands and lightly took out a white, jade-shafted, flute.

"Young Master Jin Ying's tunes can move the heaven and earth! How can this You Ran ever hope to compare with you? We needn't compete this round; I admit defeat," Li You Ran smiled bitterly. However, Li You Ran's deliberate admission of defeat had a different purpose behind it. He didn't wish to exert himself unnecessarily. After all, he was in presence of the Emperor at the moment. Therefore, he wanted to form a favorable impression on him. He was looking to achieve the same with a timely effort.

However, Jin Ying Zhen was a formidable opponent. It would be extremely difficult to beat him in this particular field. Every man in his family was handed-down the traditional flute skills after they turned fifteen. Their music was well-known in the entire continent. So, how could Li You Ran possibly win this match? The Wenxing Institute had dispatched him with the hope that he'd win-back a round, and tie the two sides in a draw. This battle had started to turn rough.

"He he... Young Master Jun and I are ashamed. Our skills are inferior in this aspect, and we're willing to concede defeat." Li You Ran's expression didn't change as he continued, "The next round will be taken by Young Master Jun. Li You Ran wishes the Third Young Master the very best."

[I, Jun Mo Xie, says fuck off! This brat made no efforts. He straightaway conceded his defeat. This is too much... If I had gotten a tough opponent — I would've still roared-out a popular song from my throat! I'd prefer to die than to be intimidated to death!]

These feasts would usually start with mutual provocation by poetry. That was generally followed by the regales of the many accomplishments of great and learned men. After that, it would be time for strategies, tactics, welfare policies, foreign policies, etc. — till every art had been deemed as 'discussed' in its entirety.

Jun Mo Xie's words had prepped the two factions for a mutual confrontation by now. However, the gun powder like acrid smell of their rivalry was much more intense than of any confrontation he had experienced in his previous life. Each person who had previously participated in these feasts was aware that the Young Master Jun and Tang Yuan were participating in such a fierce competition for the first time. Therefore, they lacked the obvious experience.

They had surely participated in fierce competitions in the past. But... their competitions usually centered-around topics such as... picking-up young girls. Those circumstances couldn't remotely be mentioned in the same breath as this one...

The Minister of Rights — Sun Cheng He — would now consult with others, and set a theme for poetry. The contestants would then compete fiercely, and then the winner would be adjudged based on their merits.

"The theme for this discussion is 'Knowledge'. I ask both the sides to choose their candidates," Sun Cheng He looked at Jun Mo Xie, shook his head, and sighed. He could already judge the winner and the loser.

[Jun Mo Xie isn't going to win; he's going to make a laughing-stock of himself.]

A scholar clad in blue stood up. It could be gathered from the introduction that he was called Qin Qiu Shi. It was obvious from his name itself that his parents had an obsession, and wanted him to obtain scholarly honors to sate it.

"I request Young Master Jun to grant me a consultation," Qin Qiu Shi cleared his throat and spoke. Half-the-incense-stick had burned down, and he had spent then entire time straining his thoughts.

The court eunuch assigned the task to write-down the poem prepared himself. He put his elbow on the desk, suspended his wrist in the air, and waited for Qin Qiu Shi to start. He was supposed to record everything.

"The brave man had scaled the sky-high icy-mountain,

He had dared to cross the sea of knowledge.

His heart was diligent — he needed no road,

The stars in the sky weren't far.

He had hoped for his country's blessing in that life,

His ardent blood had cast a rainbow bridge.

He seemed to be moving inch-by-inch,

Yet, he didn't give up — he brandished his writing brush."

Qin Qiu Shi was very talented. He had no option since the incense stick had burnt-down to half of its length. However, this verse was rather unexpected. His creative-concept wasn't first-class, but it was well-balanced; it could be considered 'good'. He had clearly explained the concept of 'learning'. Moreover, he had showcased the country's lofty ideals, and the grandeur of his personal aspirations.

The court eunuch finished recording the poem. He then respectfully gave it to the Emperor so that he could go over the verses. The Emperor turned to look at Qin Qiu Shi's face. He looked at him in a profound manner; but there wasn't a single change in his expression. Then, he waved his hand and handed the poem to the court officials so they could pass it around until everyone had looked at it. The court officials nodded after they had looked at it; they proclaimed it to be 'good'. The officials were very talent as individuals. However, they thought that if they were in the same place as this young man... under such enormous pressure... tasked to come up with a poem... with only half an incense stick left — they reckoned they might not have been able to produce such a result.

Jun Mo Xie applauded loudly, "I must concede defeat. You're too quick, too quick..."

"Many thanks for this praise, Young Master Jun. I have little knowledge and talent. So, you and the elders embarrass me by over-praising me..." Qin Qiu Shi spoke humbly of his profound verses. He then continued. "Still, I must ask for the Young Master's guidance in this subject. This person wishes to hear your reply."

"My reply? This Young Master doesn't have so much talent. I can't be that quick; it's not in my nature to finish my artwork so fast," Jun Mo Xie hurriedly and modestly declined the invitation. However, he sounded very disorderly to everyone present.

Tang Yuan burst-out laughing. He was unable to control his laughter. He even clasped his belly after some time. His face twitched with spasm; it seemed as if he was on the verge of death. Tang Yuan had endured Jun Mo Xie's influence for a long time. He had clearly understood the concealed jab Jun Mo Xie had landed with regard to his 'lasting ability'. However, other people hadn't understood the Young Master Jun's words. Fatty, nevertheless, had understood their true meaning, and couldn't stop himself from bursting into laughter...

Everyone else looked at Tang Yuan with disdain since they hadn't understood the mystery of these words. [This Fatty is very insincere! You're here with Jun Mo Xie, but you start to laugh the moment you see his defeat... Such an individual is truly contemptable!]

"The Young Master Jun is very talented; so why did he concede defeat? This won't do; he must recite a poem so that everyone can evaluate it," Han Zhi Dong jumped-up and shamelessly egged Jun Mo Xie.

"Does the Young Master despise the thought of competing with us?" Mei Gao Jie's eyes turned to Jun Mo Xie as he continued in an awe inspiring manner, "This is a completely unacceptable way of treating scholars!"

"Young Master Jun belongs to a military family... So, it is unavoidable that he doesn't much literally talent," a gifted scholar chuckled. He was brimmed with a sense of contentment and happiness at this achievement. He seemed very pleased to see Jun Mo Xie's state of humiliation, "So, how's it surprising that he has conceded defeat in this matter?"

These lines were intended as a corny joke which wasn't supposed to make anyone laugh. However, everyone laughed; and their laughter was full of malice.

[That's a fact; I do look down on you!]

Jun Mo Xie was unlikely to speak these words out loud. [But now you're asking for me to abuse you; and that too with persistence. It seems that you didn't get enough the last time. You'll feel sorry for yourself soon...]

Jun Mo Xie snorted coldly, "I won't be impolite since everyone is waiting so earnestly for my poems. However, I haven't come across much of poetry during my scholarly studies. Therefore, I shall casually compose a song for everyone's pleasure..."

"Casually compose a song? The Young Master Jun is exceptionally talented! His every movement is akin to a poem in itself. He's so admirable; he's very admirable!" It was once again Han Zhi Dong. He had come to hate Jun Mo Xie ever since he lost to his verse. But, how could he allow himself to be beaten by Jun Mo Xie? A loss at such an event would be akin to the destruction of his future prospects.

However, he had been presented with an opportunity to take revenge. How could let it slip by? He wasn't doing it for the sake of the WenXing Institute — rather... he was doing this for his personal revenge.

"WenXing Institute... gifted scholars..." Jun Mo Xie tilted his head and gave a meaningful smile. "Is this the proper way to behave? I would be better off riding my horse to the brothel, taking women, and then act in all sorts of tyrannical ways... without refraining from any crime of debauchery if this is the kind of up-and-coming young men the Institute has to offer to the Empire? Why do you behave with such a political mindset... and act like a groom who wants to change his bride every night?"

He spoke those lines very lightly; in fact, it seemed as if he was casually dishing-out an abuse on the road. However, the intended listeners paid due interest to them. The Emperor's eyes shone and his expression became thoughtful.

The bigshots stared pensively as well.

Everyone suddenly recalled that the WenXing Institute's desire to emerge victorious had always been strong and unbridled in every competition in the past...

Suddenly, everyone's gaze turned towards Jun Mo Xie; [was this kid genuinely not interested in this contest? Or did he point this out intentionally?]

Everyone looked very disappointed. [The very thought of this... is too... wretched.]

Then, Jun Mo Xie frowned, got up, and slowly made way from his seat. His crooked neck was very stiff as he took eight steps. It seemed that was moving forward from the movement of his legs and lower waist. However, in reality... his entire body was moving backwards. It seemed as if an unseen hand was pushing him backwards. His chest shuddered... like he had gotten an electric shock. The Young Master Jun's movements were very strange and unnatural... yet... free and easy.

Anyone from his previous world would've recognized his actions in an instant. Those were the very moves of Michael Jackson — the legendary 'Moonwalk' and the 'Robot'! These two world-renowned moves from his previous world had now made an appearance in this one...

A learned man from his previous world would've started to scream by now: [That shock move was amazing! That neck angle is insane! That moonwalk is the best! Wow! It seems that you've been possessed by Michael Jackson's soul!]

It was a pity that no one amongst this world's plebeians could appreciate the art of it. These people were completely blind to the Young Master Jun's charming and coquettish moves. [Ah...To have talent, yet no one's there to recognize it... But they'll judge the moment I start to abuse them? This world doesn't understand talent! So, I don't expect these people to understand this. I won't stop until I abuse to my heart's content! I won't back away from this today!]

Everyone inside the main hall stared at him like fools. They felt that they couldn't bear to watch it anymore. [Jun Zhan Tian's grandson is a buffoon; how can the Jun Family come up with such a piece of work?] Everyone was speechless...

They then saw him twist his waist... and come to what was a standard 'electronic' stance. His right hand then brushed-up and rested on top of his head, while his left hand made a quick gesture as he snapped his fingers. It then went down to his abdomen. He then started to move in a coquettish manner.

It had to be admitted that if Jun Mo Xie had showcased those moves in his previous life... they would've been considered as extremely hard dance-steps, and would've been labeled as masterpieces of dance. In fact, these couldn't have been done without a proper foundation and training. But how could Jun Mo Xie perform these moves? If it were someone else doing it — they too would've been considered a top dancer.

However, the people of this world could only associate those extremely difficult and artistic high-level movements with the actions a man makes in the bedroom; even the women felt the same way about his dance moves. They looked at the high-speed and provocative movement of his lower body parts... [this is... unbearable!]

"Aooo!..." Jun Mo Xie screamed; it seemed as if he was groaning. The main hall had the Princess... along with several other notable young ladies and the Empress... seated inside it. They all cursed in rage; [this man is extremely vulgar! He has no shame! He acts in this manner in front of so many people!]

Dugu Xiao Yi's eyes had started to shoot flames, while Princess Ling Meng's beautiful face had become deathly pale. Their desires had been plunged into the ground; that lecherous beast had broken them into pieces! [This is extremely disgraceful! This is too vulgar!]

"Listen to me... 'cause I speak with passion;

Ugly ones won't do;

Don't tell me you love me,

I'm too bad;

Don't be infatuated with this elder brother,

This elder brother is a legend;

Don't provoke me,

I'll make you spit blood."

Jun Mo Xie sung the verses under the public's gaze. However, the tone of his voice was intolerable to everyone's ears as he continued;

"Don't be smug with me,

Elder brother is your daddy;

Don't mess with me,

I'll cut your tiny thing;

Elder brother's heart is a desolate place,

I'll kill you and burn everything;

You dare to embarrass me?

Fu*k that!"

As Jun Mo Xie finished — his fingers pointed towards the gifted scholars of the WenXing Institute to indicate whom he was referring to. His expression was one of rage and murder; [I haven't abused you yet, you old fart! You think you can embarrass me? Bullsh*t! Don't you know who I am, you old man?]

There was an uproar in the audience.

Who were his audience? They were sly public officials who had been speaking their view-points for most of their lives. They'd endure every insult and consider their words in order to relinquish their speech of vulgarity. However, Jun Mo Xie had directly pointed at his opponents and abused them.

Each verse was that of a hoodlum — each line was that of a rascal. Then, he had pointed his finger towards the WenXing Institute's scholars at the end, and had hurled abuses at them. Moreover, he threatened and insulted someone of the elder generation.

"You, you, you, you... you... you..." Mei Gao Jie and Kong Ling Yang were revered scholars. How could they have ever been humiliated like this before? And not only had that debauchee insulted them before the high-level officials — he had done so in front of the Emperor! They were extremely enraged. Their bodies had started to tremble frantically; even their beards. Their fair faces had turned somewhat blue, and their eyes had rolled backwards... it seemed as if they were about to faint from excessive anger...

"You darned evil creature!" Jun Zhan Tian jumped up. His beard scattered as he descended angrily. He didn't restrain his strength as he gave his grandson's butt a strong kick. Jun Mo Xie seemingly flew into the clouds at that exact, and was about to hit against the main hall's pillar. His brain would've burst-out from his skull if he had hit the pillar.

However, a man had arrived to save him.

But who?

Standing opposite Grandpa Jun... was Dugu Zhong Heng.

The two men had worked together for many years. So, how wouldn't one know the other's mood? He had stationed himself at the appropriate spot, and caught Jun Mo Xie. His eyes widened into a glare as he shouted, "Jun Zhan Tian! Are you that big an idiot? Do you wish to kill the sole remaining youngster of your family?!"

This old man was something different... He had flatly asked if Jun Zhan Tian would kill the only youngster of his family, and seemed determined to stop him... if needed.

"None of you try to stop me! I must kill this little animal! We've lost our honor! He has tarnished the name of the Jun Family! He'll never turn a new page if I don't teach him a lesson!" Jun Zhan Tian had gone mad with rage. His eyes had gone red, and his red eyeballs were about to pop out. It seemed that he was going to flay his grandson to the bone.

However, those words made the other civil and military officials despise the family; [what honor has he tarnished? Jun Zhan Tian, do you even know what honor is? Haven't you gotten used to your grandson's behavior by now? How many times has he tarnished the family-name today? But you only speak of killing him now? Suddenly, you've changed your attitude, and you wish to teach him a lesson? That's very admirable!]

However, they restrained those curses within their hearts and followed after Grandpa Dugu. Everyone rushed towards Jun Zhan Tian to hold his arms and legs in order to restrain him. How else would they deal with this situation?

Tang Yuan cried out in alarm. His voice echoed, "He's dead... he's dead; someone save him! Third Young Master, my good brother... please don't die... waaaah!" Tang Yuan's tears and nasal mucus rushed towards Jun Mo Xie like a rising tide from the sea.

It suddenly got so noisy that the Emperor furiously hit the side of his Imperial Throne and angrily shouted at everyone, "Be quiet! Be quiet! What a disgrace!"

The power that came from the throne was such that everyone immediately stopped in their tracks, and looked at each other. Their voices started to wheeze as they panted. They felt as if their strengths had been exhausted. However, there were some people who hadn't expended any efforts in this ruckus...

"Your Majesty, please do us Justice. Please punish this shameless and frenzied young brat!" Mei Gao Jie wept bitter tears as he knelt on the floor. Many young students had failed and succeeded over the years. However, had anyone ever humiliated him by the means of such a blatant insult? This instance had been extremely humiliating for him.

Jun Mo Xie lay unconscious on the ground. The corners of his mouth were pulled downwards. He wasn't budging.

"I'm very disappointed with today's matter! Very disappointed!" The Emperor furiously flicked back his sleeve, "How can the great families bicker day and night? How can the WenXing Institute act so petty and narrow-minded instead of contributing towards the good of the common people? This matter ends right now! All of you go back home — and introspect!"

Everyone was dazed by what they heard. The Emperor had spoken those words in a very serious tone.

Just then — they all heard the sound of urgent footsteps. Suddenly, an alarmed voice rang-out, "Emergency conflict report!"

The military officials were stumped as they coldly looked-up. A battle was something these blood-thirsty old men had longed for — but hadn't been able to derive the pleasure of in a long time.

An Imperial Guard hurried-in, kneeled, and presented a scroll to the Emperor.

"A wave of Tian Fa Xuan Beasts is attacking our southern provinces? How is this possible?" the Emperor couldn't help but frown. He doubted what he read aloud. His frown was very profound. "The entire humanity is in danger. Master Shi Chang Xiao and the Xue Hun Manner have issued a joint summon to everyone? Are things really that serious?"

Chapter 292: Attacked by an Assassin!

Inside the secrecy of a secluded room...

An adorned chessboard was laid out...

The black and white cavalry soldiers were engaged in a battle. And the battle had turned very bitter.

"Brother Wen, how do you feel about today's events?" His Majesty gently put down his piece on the board. His actions issued a loud 'pop' sound.

Wen Cang Yu was seated opposite to him. He was dressed in ink-black attire. This was the first that the Emperor had seen his best friend adorn such a dark choice of clothing inside the Imperial Palace.

"It is difficult to determine. There was no Qi fluctuation on his body; that I'm certain of," Wen Cang Yu's facial expression remained stagnant. However, his eyes flickered as he saw his white pawn falling to the board.

"Brother Wen, did you believe that you could kill my imperial queen with this pawn? It's not that easy, ah." His Majesty explained the move, and continued, "But I've always felt that the Jun Family's little brat isn't a very suitable character. What do you think?"

"He's far more than a suitable character. So, there ought to be something fishy," Mr. Wen closed his eyes and considered for a while. He then continued, "This Jun Mo Xie kid is very odd. He was acting evilly, and without a care in the world. He seemed like a debauchee who was enjoying messing with everyone. But he didn't seem to be pretending as far as this Old Man is concerned."

"Elder Brother Wen means..." His Majesty lowered his head slightly. He raised his finger to his temple and started to massage it.

"Perhaps he was afraid to reveal himself to everyone!" Mr. Wen spoke in a thoughtful tone. It was evident that he had studied Jun Mo Xie's movements very clearly, and had given them prior in-depth consideration. He was merely using this opportunity to speak his mind, "He didn't wish to bring himself out in front of everyone; including His Majesty."

“Oh, that’s what you meant!” His Majesty picked up the fallen chess piece from the board, but stopped his hand mid-air, “How would you know that?”

“There are no reasonable words to justify. But I believe that Jun Mo Xie used his renowned behavior to display his arrogance to everyone; however, he also told His Majesty one important thing,” Wen Cang Yu smiled and chuckled.

“He doesn’t intend to dispute the power structure of the world!” His Majesty gave the reply on his own, “His actions were telling me this very clearly so I can feel at ease; so I never have to fear him. And, he used his abusive attitude to inform me of the failures of the WenXing Heavenly Literature Institute’s education system. He tried to tell me the unreasonable faults of their so-called gifted scholars! He wanted me to see the unseen threats posed by the corrupt officials and bureaucrats. His concealed love for the Empire’s welfare leaves me in a debt.”

“Yes. That’s right. That’s the kind of person he is. It’s not necessary to be on guard against him. The WenXing education system has excelled for many years, and their contribution to Empire can’t be denied. However, they’ve focused too much attention on nurturing talent over the last few years, but have forgotten to mold their talents with the proper moral education. The WenXing scholars are shiny at the top, but shaky at the base. They’ve cultivated talented individuals, but they’re nothing more than mere talent. They made a good temporary choice. But when it comes to the welfare of the people, and finding appropriate leaders to solve the public’s problems — their scholars are far from the right choice!

“So, the concealed problem of the WenXing-structure is merely a small problem for now.

“There are some extraordinary talents within Tian Xiang’s group of young heirs to the powerful families. But the main center of attention isn’t very big. There are only two people talented enough for us to concern ourselves with...” Wen Cang Yu smiled, “One is Li You Ran, and the other is Jun Mo Xie!”

“Li You Ran?” His Majesty the Emperor smiled, “Li You Ran is very ambitious, but his schemes aren’t. He never reveals his feelings, and conducts himself in a very smooth manner; he’s airtight. I’ve often heard people say that he’s very talented, and that his strategies can win a war from over a hundred miles. He may be very talented, but mere innate talent isn’t worthy of taking note.”

“Why is that?” Mr. Wen was puzzled by this turn in the conversation. He couldn’t understand why a talented genius wouldn’t be worthy of consideration.

“Perhaps Li You Ran hasn’t perceived it himself, but he had every means, every research, and every skill... but he lacks basic attribute. He has everything it takes to make a great official someday, and would probably be very prominent in his career. However, his traits are more in-line with that of an official; not a ruler!”

The Emperor smiled, “Therefore, Li You Ran can at-best become a top official, but his ambition will obstruct his growth at that point. He would be considered worthy of my worries if he were able to take one step further, but he doesn’t have what it takes to be a Monarch! ...His ambition is not worthy of my praise. I’m confident that his ambitions will fade-out over time. So why should we worry?”

“Would a Monarch plot from behind the scenes? Li You Ran is too accustomed to acting from behind the scenes. He won’t act even if he comes out on the front-lines. His habit prevents him from being accustomed to the role of an Emperor! However, an Emperor needs to be a figure-head. He is required to face the public out in the open. Therefore, Li You Ran is temporarily a target for monitoring, but only temporarily. We merely need to pay attention to his movements to see if we can use him; but nothing more than that. However, there’s no need to eliminate him from the picture since he can cause some waves, but he can’t start a tsunami.”

His Majesty the Emperor had ruled-out the Tian Xiang City’s number-one genius from his list of notable individuals.

“Your Majesty’s thought process is indeed admirable,” Wen Cang Yu carefully considered the angle, and approved of it. He had to admit that the royal prerogative of his friend was indeed much superior to his own abilities. There was a world of difference between the thought process of a Monarch and that of a martial scholar. It was similar to the proverbial distance between the heaven and the earth. The two ideologies followed very different paths.

“That Jun Mo Xie is far more dangerous than Li You Ran. The contrast in the threats they pose is so massive that it can’t even be mentioned in the same breath. Li You Ran’s progress will be limited to some point. But Jun Mo Xie is a hidden dragon. He is bound to fly high once he grows-up and spreads his wings. He had made it clear that he has no thirst for power, but he will become someone noteworthy no matter how his life develops. Li You Ran can turn the clouds and make it rain with one gesture, but he is controllable. However, Jun Mo Xie will become an unstoppable master of the sword once he matures. And, no one will be able to stop him!”

His Majesty sighed deeply, “There are several people in the mainland countries at the moment. However, this land has never seen peerless talents like Jun Mo Xie and Li You Ran. I wish I had fifty years to sit and watch these two youngsters. Their achievements could become the pillars of this Empire once

they come of age! They could write history! Moreover, their natures are very complimentary. That would allow them to maintain balance of power. Therefore, they are suited to become excellent partners! However, I don't know what these kids are for my Tian Xiang Nation's future — a blessing... or a curse...?"

"His Majesty is in the prime of his youth. He is young and energetic; where do such thoughts even stem from?" Wen Cang Yu spoke in a comforting tone.

"I'm clear about the reality of my physical well-being. Perhaps my body will persist for 10-20 years; but it won't hold for much longer than that. The effect of the pain from those wounds will start to show their effect in time. Even the Malicious King of Medicines had made that clear; I will not live for long. There's no need for you to comfort me.

"I only have one concern; and it is the cause of my deepest worries. I've met two individuals that the world has never seen. I can keep them in check as long as I shall live. But once I die... my three sons don't have the skill to control them. They don't have the skill to suppress even one of these two kids once they've spread their wings..." His Majesty sighed with a sense of disappointment and frustration.

"The four seas are calm. The borders are peaceful. Every Family is loyal to the throne. I believe that such an instance will not happen in the near future." Wen Cang Yu continued, "His Majesty can rest assured."

"This lack of disturbance in the situation is the main reason behind my indecisiveness. Perhaps Brother Wen doesn't see it yet... but Jun Mo Xie and Li You Ran have already replaced the balance of the older generation. These two are the key figures in the balance of the present civil and military situation. If one causes trouble... this balance will break in an instant, and this prevalent domestic calm will be torn apart. These two have chosen to preserve this balance for now. However, there is no assurance that they will in the future as well. The harm they can cause isn't minor. There are bound to be turns and twists at every point in the future."

"His Majesty's idea... is to... eliminate them..." Wen Cang Yu pondered on His Majesty's words for a while. He then lowered his head, and asked in a soft voice.

"The Jun Family has suffered a lot of late. So, how could I eliminate their only surviving heir?"

His Majesty smiled bitterly. However, Mr. Wen wasn't convinced by his words.

“Let’s just say that this isn’t the appropriate timing. Think about it Brother Wen... There would be a widespread unrest in the Empire if Jun Mo Xie were to die. Would the Empire be able to sustain such a major storm? If he is to die — he must die from a real accident. Otherwise, this isn’t the appropriate time to eliminate him. The entire Jun Faction will counter-attack. It would become a situation of life and death. We can’t make a move until the Jun Faction has been disintegrated.”

He sighed, “Moreover, let’s not forget that Jun Mo Xie is backed by another family apart from the Juns. Their strength may not be as formidable as the Xue Hun Manor or the Silver Blizzard City, but their retaliation at the time of Jun Wu Hui’s death shook the entire continent!”

He sighed with boundless regret. It seemed that the regret in this sigh had originated from the deepest abyss of his soul.

Wen Cang Yu could tell this very clearly from the sigh he just heard. However, he couldn’t tell why the Emperor had chosen to show the emotions of his heart in regard with this matter. He couldn’t understand why the Emperor regretted and repented this incident...

“The Dong Fang Family! The world’s most powerful family of assassins!” Wen Cang Yu opened his eyes wide as he exclaimed, “Didn’t they disappear eight years ago? Is Jun Mo Xie backed by the Dong Fang Family?”

“You’ve guessed it right!” His Majesty the Emperor painfully closed his eyes and tilted his head upwards, “After Jun Wu Hui and Jun Wu Meng were mysteriously killed in battle... The Dong Fang Family’s top assassins suddenly and frantically charged out to take revenge. They came out to confront the Tian Xiang Empire; they came out to confront the Silver Blizzard City. They came out to confront the entire continent. And, they soaked the entire continent in blood to avenge Jun Wu Hui’s death! Nearly every foreign personnel of the Silver Blizzard City was assassinated in the year that followed. Several generals who had opposed Jun Wu Hui on the battlefield were assassinated as well! And that’s how I received this injury... the Dong Fang Family sent seventeen of their best assassins to kill me, and they inflicted me with this mortal wound. I still haven’t been able to recover from it. My body can never recover from the damage caused by that injury!”

“Silver Blizzard City’s Xiao Family wasn’t the only one who sent out their elites to match them — the Xue Hun Manor came out to confront the Dong Fang Family as well. These elite warriors battled in secrecy. This battle lasted for one year’s time. Eventually the Dong Fang Family was suppressed. The Xiao Family’s Xing Yun and Bu Yu lead the final battle against the Dong Fang Family. Li Jue Tian and Fan Feng

Xue had signed a pact, and they testified that they had eliminated half of the Dong Fang Family's strength at the time. However, the Dong Fang Family wasn't eliminated. They gathered their younger generation and went deep into the secrecy of the mountains to hide. They made an oath at the time of their retreat — the Dong Fang Family will never show-up on the mainland again... not unless the snow-capped sword peak collapses under a landslide, and the Tian Fa forest's Xuan Beasts meet their end!"

"Not unless the snow-capped sword peak collapses under a landslide, and the Tian Fa forest's Xuan Beasts meet their end!" Wen Cang Yu knew about this oath. However, he couldn't help but tremble when he heard it again.

"The sword peak resides at the summit of the snow-capped mountains, and has remained there for the last ten thousand years. How could it collapse under a landslide? The Xuan Beasts live in the sanctity of the paradise of their inside the Tian Fa forest; how could they meet their end? Doesn't that mean that the Dong Fang Family will never come-out in the open again ah...?"

"That isn't necessary. The Dong Fang Family will dispatch its troops in case someone stirs up their base. And their base lies with the people they care about. Jun Mo You and Jun Mo Chou died in battle five years after they made their oath. The Dong Fang Family dispatched their troops once again. They claimed that they needed to extract revenge. The Tian Xiang generals commanding that war didn't survive that assassination spree. The heads of those generals were thrown into the Imperial Palace at night. There was a note attached to their heads. The note read: If Jun Mo Xie were to meet with a mishap — the Tian Xiang Imperial Palace would be the next target! No one apart from me knows about this secret. Not even Jun Zhan Tian!"

"And Brother Wen... it's been three years since... and we still can't stop those assassins from entering the Imperial Palace." The Emperor's voice reeked of anger. There was strong trace of weakness and humiliation in it as well, "Jun Mo Xie is the last surviving son of their daughter; the last grandson of their female bloodline! A gamble with his life could result in the death of the entire Royal Family!"

"Jun Zhan Tian had insisted against rebelling with their support. In fact, he had broken all ties with the Dong Fang Family!" His Majesty smashed that white chess piece onto the board with a 'pop' sound, and a few pieces on the board scattered. His fingers trembled as he hung his head, "Elder Brother Jun has showed undying love for me... I ... I can't do this to my brother!"

Then, he suddenly looked up and spoke, "This, I have to admit! I may... I'm always the Emperor! I'm always the Monarch of my nation. I will never be a father to my Tian Family! The Emperor shall be ruthless... I must always think in favor of the Imperial Power. I must always consider the future of this

country. I cannot allow any possible threat to my Imperial Power... to exist! And I cannot think of my Brother's feeling when... so much is at stake..."

"Perhaps... this is the reason why the Emperor's post is the most desolate! He must be cut-off from the rest... he must be cut-off from the rest... ah..." Wen Cang Yu was silent for a long time before he heaved a deep sigh.

"Therefore, we can't make any moves on the survivors of the Jun Family. No matter what side they take... we can't make a move on them. Even if there is a reason to eliminate them... we can't make a move on them! If they die — they must die in a real accident! And no matter what happens... the Royal Family's members mustn't be involved in this accident in any capacity. Otherwise... if we were caught... and the Dong Fang Family were to lose their mind again... Brother Wen... the situation isn't the same as if was ten years ago. We're on our own since Yun Bie Chen left! If the Dong Fang Family comes back... my Tian Xiang would be... in mortal danger!"

"A real accident... killing a man like Jun Mo Xie in a real accident..." Mr. Wen sighed, "... will be very hard..."

"It's not that hard!" His Majesty smiled deeply. There was a complex expression in his eyes, "This accident would need a fortunate timing. And fortunately, the timing for this accident has presented itself!" He then slowly pulled out a scroll from the sleeves of his robe, and then rolled it out on the chess board.

"The Xuan Beast wave? His Majesty intends to..." Wen Cang Yu's eyes lit-up as he heaved a sigh of relief.

"This incident has happened in the southern parts of Tian Xiang. No other country is involved in it. However, if the Xue Hun Manor's forces were to fall... the first to suffer would be my Tian Xiang!"

His Majesty frowned his brows, leaned his body backwards, and turned his hands, "So, we need to mobilize our troops. And the might of this army mustn't fall short. Therefore, every major family from the Capital will be asked to volunteer their people. We will create an army of elites, and then assign them an army of tens of thousands."

“The people to volunteer for this army will hail from the MuRong Family, the Tang Family, the Li Family, the Song Family, the Jun Family... haha. The entire Capital will be emptied once these people march for the south, and I shall make use of these days and prepare my three sons.”

“And then we shall wait until they return. I believe that matter can change with the passage of time. The entire situation would’ve changed by the time they return.” His Majesty smiled and said, “This force will be massive, and every major family will be asked to volunteer. Who wouldn’t wish to join this army if its might and strength were to be so excessive... ha ha...”

His Majesty the Emperor’s laughter reeked with a cold and malicious intention. Who wouldn’t approve of such a massive force? Who wouldn’t wish to join such a massive force? No one would pay heed to the Xuan Beast’s threat before signing up for this army! The majority would be met with a dead-end!

“Has His Majesty chosen the leader of this army?” Wen Cang Yu asked even though he had guessed the answer.

“Jun Wu Yi!” The Emperor smiled monstrously, “Who apart from Jun Wu Yi could lead this army! Could there ever be a more suitable candidate?” a cold light flashed in the Emperor’s eyes. [I don’t know why you organized that auction at the Aristocratic Hall, Jun Wu Yi... but I’ve gone one step ahead of you this time. And, I’m going to hinder your plans in their tracks! These Tian Fa Xuan Beasts... have come as a blessing!]

Outside the Imperial Palace — Jun Mo Xie’s face was clouded in darkness. It seemed as if his sharp and eagle-like eyes were angrily watching the Emperor. It seemed as if he was looking at the Emperor’s back. In fact, he could barely hold himself in check.

The Young Master Jun had started the “Art of Unlocking the Heaven’s Fortune” to spot any hidden spies in the vicinity. However, he had come across something very unexpected. He whispered, “Fatty, I had asked you to collect the herbs. How many have you managed so far?”

“I’ve just started. How many do you think?” Tang Yuan was stunned. Young Master Jun had asked him to collect some of the rarest herbs a few days ago. Therefore, it would’ve been odd if he had somehow manages several in such a short period of time.

“Listen, I want you to collect those herbs for me in the shortest possible time. I don’t care what method you resort-to in order to accomplish this task. The sooner the better! Make a public announcement if you have to; spread the word for the acquisition of these herbs. You must purchase them even if you have to pay two-three times the price! Also, I had mentioned three special herbs... if you find them — get them; no matter how astronomical their price! Basically, I want them as fast as possible, and I don’t care about the cost or the means. I want you to send over the herbs you’ve acquired to me each day... and I want you send me a batch in the morning, in the day, and the evening. Even if you’ve acquired only one herb — I want you to send it over to me. I want them all as soon as possible! Do you understand?”

“I understand! I will do my best!” Tang Yuan could sense the urgency in Jun Mo Xie’s body language. Therefore, he agreed without any hesitation.

Jun Mo Xie exhaled a long breath; his eyes seemed very dignified. He turned around, and stared at the Imperial Palace’s building which dazzled-golden under the sunlight. It seemed as if he was gazing into two unseen eyes that were staring back at him.

He recalled his performance at the event, carefully considered it, and then calmed himself down.

The Emperor had been suspecting him. He had realized this at the Aristocratic Hall’s auction. This Feast at the Imperial Palace had merely come as verification to the Emperor. No matter how arrogant Jun Mo Xie had acted... no matter how carefully he had planned his behavior... no matter how meticulous he had been... he still wouldn’t have been able to alter this fact.

He would’ve only found a temporary relief if he had given up on his pride, and reverted to being the previous Jun Mo Xie. However, this temporary relief would’ve allowed the Royal Family to become more aggressive in their actions against the Jun Family.

However, Jun Mo Xie would rather die before he’d back-away! “Having balls does not make you a man! It is the incomparably indomitable spirit which does!” These ancestral teachings had become the Hitman Jun’s motto.

Therefore, even though Jun Mo Xie had come across as a debauchee to most people inside the Imperial Palace, but he had demonstrated his true and unrestrained arrogance in reality. He had done this because he had come to realize one important thing when Fatty Tang had stumbled into the main hall with the chair hanging up his buttocks...

If the Emperor wanted to make a move against the Jun Family... he wouldn't need a reason... he wouldn't need any reason! Even if Jun Mo Xie was genuinely a senseless debauchee, and the Emperor decided to eliminate him... he'd do it without a second thought. On the other hand... if the Emperor didn't wish to make a move against the Jun Family... he never would. Even if Jun Mo Xie was the most talented man inside the entire Empire — nothing would happen to their family.

Jun Mo Xie had realized that his fears were baseless.

Moreover, the Jun Family had a certain amount of protection at this point. The Solitary Falcon's reputation as one of the 'Eight Great Masters' would unlikely fail them over the period of the next year to come. As for a year later... Jun Mo Xie was confident that any man who'd wish to make a move against the Jun Family would end-up paying a very heavy price for it.

Jun Mo Xie hadn't planned to drag the Silver Blizzard City's matter for too long either.

He sighed as he recalled that he had the Ninth Grade Xuan Core in his hands. That Xuan Core was waiting to upgrade a person's strength. The ideal person was available as well. However, he didn't have the required herbs...

The HongJun Pagoda, the Flame of Primal Chaos, and the Furnace of Good Fortune were ready... but he didn't have the necessary herbs.

Herbs... this was the crux of the matter; the entire predicament could be described in just one word.

Jun Mo Xie frowned as he sighed.

Jun Mo Xie had recited the book of Folk Remedy in his mind several times in the past few days. In fact, he had memorized the preparations-conditions of every herb and ingredient by heart. However, Jun Mo Xie had come to realize that he could only refine some low-level drugs. Moreover, the success-rate of this refining process wasn't bound to be very high.

The Second Layer of the Art of Unlocking the Heaven's Fortune only allowed him to refine drugs which could enhance a person's skills. Moreover, the herbs required for refining of these so-called low-level drugs weren't particularly valuable or rare to find either. However, Jun Mo Xie was very dissatisfied with

this since the instructions on the book revealed that these medicines may increase a person's skills, but they'd only do so temporarily. The effect of this enhancement would not be permanent, and wouldn't last more than 8-10 years. Moreover, these drugs couldn't be taken repeatedly.

This had left Jun Mo Xie very dejected.

He felt, [Is the HongJun Pagoda's ability to refine drugs not even at the same capacity as the Xuan Beast's Xuan Core?] It must be mentioned that a level nine Xuan Core could enhance a person's skill by many levels in a single shot. Moreover, the drug would even ignore the person's rank and level. So, how could that effect be compared to a temporary enhancement? There are some bottlenecks a person isn't able to break through in his life. And most people are never able to reach the higher levels even after their deaths.

That's the reason why the Supreme Masters were in such a short minority.

Jun Mo Xie had expected far too much. He had only unlocked the second layer of the pagoda. Therefore, the ability to refine such drugs was more than he should've asked for! A Ninth Level Xuan Core was very precious. How many of such would exist in this entire world? Even if there were more than a few... how many people could acquire and refine their cores?

It must be mentioned that some people had been able to acquire medicines which could enhance their skills, but no one had ever refined a medicine which would promote any individual's skill permanently.

His methods would allow him to produce medicine which could enhance a person's skill for 8-10 years. And, the cost of the raw materials wasn't very high either. The news of this matter could create an unprecedented uproar in the world.

Moreover, the Young Master Jun planned on mass-production of these medicines. Therefore, his ability to produce more powerful medicines was likely to increase with the enhancement of his refining efficiency.

However, a man with a belly-full of food never understands a hungry man's hunger.

Jun Zhan Tian was atop his horse. He gazed at his grandson with a tense and unmoving expression on his face. However, he felt very happy inside.

He didn't believe that Jun Mo Xie's performance at the Imperial Palace would lead to anything significant. Therefore, he didn't care much about it. [Who inside this Tian Xiang City could dare to harm my only grandson? In fact, who in this Empire could dare to harm him?]

[My Grandson will rise to the top! That's what a Jun does!]

A sudden change happened in front of everyone while Grandpa Jun was busy feeling complacent!

A strange shadow abruptly appeared under the sunlight. It created waves as it twisted midair. It had emerged from the cover of the trees on the roadside at an unparalleled speed, and had made its way towards Jun Mo Xie like a streamer of light.

This streamer of light had arrived in front of Jun Mo Xie's chest in a flash.

The accuracy and the timing of the attack had been unparalleled.

The timing and speed were so unparalleled that even a Sky Xuan Jun Zhan Tian was unable to act in time. This incident had happened in front of the Imperial Palace. Someone had decided to assassinate Jun Mo Xie at the most unexpected time.

Everyone felt that they were in a dream as they watched that stream of light penetrate into Jun Mo Xie's chest. The streamer of light continued to push-in. Then, that streamer of light retreated at the same pace it had showed-up, and made its way back to the cover of the trees. It climbed up a tree on the side of the street. Then, the tree shook and the shadow disappeared without a trace...

From the start to the finish — everything had happened in the blink of an eye — and everything was over by now!

Chapter 293: A Sharp Sword on the Verge of Being Unsheathed!

The assassin turned his waist around to take a look once he had climbed the tree. However, no one noticed that since everyone's attention was fixed on Jun Mo Xie.

Before anyone — including Grandpa Jun — had the time to feel any grief... Jun Mo Xie roared, "Naa!" But anyone who hadn't listened carefully thought that he had shouted, "Maa!"

Jun Mo Xie's chest had been pierced as far as their eyes could see. This meant that he should've been covered in blood. However, he wasn't dead. In fact, he was perfectly fine. There wasn't a single bloodstain on his body; nor was he injured!

Everyone stared dumbfounded. [What is going on? Jun Mo Xie's chest was pierced by that double-edged sword... how's he...]

Jun Mo Xie's senses had raised an alarm the moment he had come into the assassin's range. He had been a vicious assassin in his previous life. He had gained invaluable experience in the art of assassination. His intuition had become very sensitive towards impending. Therefore, he had sensed that someone intended to murder him before the attack was launched.

Jun Mo Xie's expression had remained the same, but he was mentally prepared to face the attack.

However, the speed of that assassin's movements had managed to surprise the Young Master Jun.

[He's extremely fast!]

The assassin had come-over like a shadow, and attempted to pierce Jun Mo Xie's chest. He was so quick that Jun Mo Xie had barely managed to raise his guard. In fact, he had gotten so close that Jun Mo Xie had actually felt the extremely cold temperature of the assassin's sword.

Jun Mo Xie was the only person who was able to see his assailant's eyes; they were devoid of any warmth. They were deathly still. In fact, the cold of his watchful eyes were no different from that of a dead-fish.

[And then, his speed has created a dusky shadow!]

[This man is too fast! It's too late to dodge!]

His years of experience had been rendered useless in front of that assassin's speed. The blow would've been fatal!

Jun Mo Xie had then made a quick decision. He had no option but to expose himself. The Third Young Master then quickly used his greatest ace, and escaped into the Hong Jun Pagoda to save his life. But, the speed of this unforeseen incident had seemingly created after-images during that transition. So, it had seemed to everyone that the double-edged sword had passed through his chest.

Then, he instantly came-out of Hong Jun Pagoda, and resumed the same body posture as his previous one. This entire sequence had happened in the blink of an eye. It was too much for the bystanders' eyes to interpret. So who would've been able to suspect that Jun Mo Xie had used a supernatural technique to save his life?

So, everyone cried out in alarm.

The Earthen Xuan Light of that man remained still for a moment, and then followed his line of attack as he launched a second attempt.

Jun Zhan Tian had already positioned himself in front of his grandson. His body got shrouded in blue light as he summoned his entire strength. Then, he suddenly started to throw punches. And, each one of his punches exploded in the air like thunderclaps. It was evident that he was employing his full strength.

However, his attacks only hit the voids of the air.

That overbearing yellow light scattered at the moment it came in contact with that blue light. It then disappeared without a trace — as if there was no force behind it.

"It's an after-image!" Jun Mo Xie opened his mouth to speak as he watched that Xuan light disappear. There was very serious expression on his face.

The assailant's Xuan Qi level couldn't be considered very high since he was only at peak Earth Xuan level. However, his speed was 'strangely' fast. The Solitary Falcon was famed for his speed. However, Jun Mo Xie reckoned that he'd only be able to match that assassin's speed; and nothing more.

He was so quick that he managed to leave his after-images behind?! How dreadful is his speed?!

[How could a mere Earth Xuan expert have such an incredible speed?]

Jun Mo Xie wasn't the only one who was unable to comprehend this. Everyone else around him was a Xuan expert, but they weren't able to make head or tail of it either. [Does a person with such speed really exist?]

Jun Mo Xie gave a dull smile as he realized that everyone was on-guard against the enemy, "Don't worry. He is very fast, but I think he can only strike once at that speed. Wouldn't he be fiercer than Yun Bie Chen if he could continue to attack?"

Suddenly, everyone came to themselves. They realized that even though that assassin's speed was dreadful — he could only strike once. [But only a few people who could've avoid that blow...]

[Even a Sky Xuan expert may have sustained serious injuries. He wouldn't have died, but he would've surely been injured very seriously. So, how was Jun Mo Xie able to dodge that attack?]

However, no one knew that the Young Master Jun was covered with layer-upon-layer of cold sweat. The fear of that event was still lingering in his heart.

[Such a lightning-fast death strike!] He had never heard of such speed; not even in his previous life.

Even Jun Mo Xie's unique assassin techniques couldn't cope with it.

Such speed had surpassed the apex of the human body's capabilities.

That isn't to say that nobody could achieve it since it could be done by the Supreme Masters. For example, it wouldn't be surprising if the Solitary Falcon was able to match that speed at the peak of his abilities; or even exceed it somewhat. But, this speed had been demonstrated by a person who was a mere Earth Xuan expert. It had genuinely transcended the scope of expectation.

Jun Mo Xie had always been very conceited and self-confident. He'd looked askance at the world's great warriors and war-lords, and feel that his age was the only reason he hadn't surpassed them. He was extremely proud of his speed. In fact, he was so sharp in his previous life that he had once dodged a bullet that was fired from a sniper-rifle merely 10 meters away. And not even a hair on his body was hurt then.

In fact, his comparative speed wouldn't fall short of anyone in this world either once he'd initiate the Art of Unlocking the Heaven's Fortune. However, he was unable to evade that thunderous death-strike with his usual method.

Couldn't it be said that his speed was faster than a bullet fired from a sniper-rifle? A bullet from a sniper-rifle could travel at nine-hundred meters-per-second. It was nearly thrice the speed of sound.

Jun Mo Xie was extremely shocked. He had managed to dodge that thunderous attack, but he was sweating profusely enough to soak his clothes.

His feet had always been firmly fixed on the ground in every encounter in his previous life. But, he was saddled on top of a horse in this instant. This was a noteworthy difference. However, that assassin's speed was indeed dreadful...

Then, Jun Mo Xie was suddenly struck by an idea. [It's impossible for an Earth Xuan Expert display such speed. However, it may be possible to attain such speed on occasion if one were to possess a unique skill... it would be something similar to Hai Chen Feng's self-destruct skill, but in the context of speed...]

[From the angle of this analysis... that assassin may not be in good health after the usage of this technique. In fact, he may have injured his vital internal organs.]

Jun Mo Xie's eyes became stern as he gazed in the direction of his assailant's departure.

[This man is really dangerous!]

It was very fortunate that no one had gotten injured in that assassination attempt. But everyone remained on-guard on their way back home. Meanwhile, Tang Yuan separated from them after sometime, and hurried to the Aristocratic Hall to get the money for the herbs.

They soon reached the gates of the Jun residence. Then, Jun Zhan Tian finally asked his grandson the question he'd been suppressing this entire time, "Mo Xie, how did you dodge that attack?" He had chocked this question in his throat on the way home. He had introspected and realized that he himself may not have been able to dodge this strike. So, how was his precious grandson able to evade that attack? Jun Mo Xie admittedly possesses some remarkable abilities, but this wasn't a matter of skill. It was a matter of timing. There was no shortcut to this. Therefore, it was only natural that Grandpa Jun was baffled.

Jun Mo Xie smiled dully as he looked at his grandfather. Then, he spoke in a serious manner, "You don't need to worry, grandfather. As long as I'm your grandson — no man can ever kill me; no matter what! Even the Eight Great Masters can't harm a single hair on my body. I'm extremely confident about that!"

"Ah!" Jun Zhan Tian started shaking at the spot. [Isn't this brat bragging a bit too much?]

"Grandfather, this relates to my biggest secret," Jun Mo Xie winked in a ridiculous manner. "It can be used as a last resort to save my life at under any circumstance. You wouldn't want me to expose this secret, would you?"

"I see." Grandpa Jun heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he raised his eyebrows and smiled. Grandpa Jun didn't ask what the secret was. He was a mature man who had seen many-a-things in life. So, he naturally knew that genuine secrets were to be kept close to the heart. And, the higher the number of people who knew of that secret — the higher the probability of its exposure would be. Therefore, he didn't wish to enquire any further as long as he knew that his grandson possessed such means.

"Mo Xie, then you must treat it as your most precious secret." Grandpa Jun looked relieved as he warned, "Don't even tell your future wife. You must keep it sealed in your heart. Your life will depend on

this. Having such an ability is akin to having a trump card. It is your secret power. But you'll lose this secret power once your trump card is exposed."

"Don't worry Grandfather. I understand," Jun Mo Xie said somewhat moved. [My Grandfather cares for me from the bottom of his heart.] No one had ever shown him such care in either of his two lives.

"His Majesty will certainly deploy troops this time," Jun Wu Yi was the only one in the family who hadn't gone to the Golden Scholarly Talent Feast. So, the grandfather-grandson had told him about everything that had taken place there. He spoke in a tone that reflected his confidence, "His Majesty will certainly take action this time! His Majesty wouldn't have read this out-aloud by mistake even if the sky had come crumbling down."

Grandpa Jun nodded, but remained silent. Jun Wu Yi had succeeded his father as the head of the Family after his recovery. It was Jun Wu Yi's responsibility to make the decisions. Therefore, Grandpa Jun would try to talk as little as possible so as to allow Jun Wu Yi to shoulder the family's burden. He'd give his opinions only when an extremely difficult situation, or an unexpected one, arose. Even then, he'd merely suggest his views; nothing more. He'd only dive into the matters half-heartedly. He'd never show excessive intervention.

"It seems that I should get ready," Jun Wu Yi chuckled happily. His eyes revealed in the dreams of a battle. The long-forgotten warrior had awakened inside him.

"Why?" Jun Mo Xie was very clever, but he couldn't understand this sentence. He couldn't fathom why Jun Wu Yi would need to get ready if the Emperor was to send his troops to battle. It was important to know that only a few people knew of Jun Wu Yi's full recovery; he was still a cripple in the eyes of the common people.

"Actually, this Golden Scholarly Talent Feast wasn't a festival in its strict sense." Jun Wu Yi sneered and said, "This feast was held for you; Jun Mo Xie. You were the main reason why this event was organized! You would've been exposed no matter how you had acted — unless you had willingly taken those insults. Your counter-verse was vulgar... but you were able to come up with it in such a short period of time. This is a talent in a sense. Therefore, the feast ended right after your counter-verse; that too at the Emperor's bidding. This means that His Majesty had reached a conclusion by then!"

Jun Wu Yi gave a wide smile, "Mo Xie, you haven't seen the usual disputes that take place in the Imperial Court. The situation at the palace was chaotic today, but there have been many such incidents in the past; some were even worse. So, why was it that the Emperor was so intolerable towards it today? That

is why... I think that our Jun Family was being targeted by His Majesty by the means of this event! Mo Xie, you must've left some small clues. And the Emperor being an overly suspicious person would ask the question — why? He wouldn't think that our actions are for self-preservation. He would view them with jealousy and suspicion. The Emperor must think that we're biding our time and planning something big! Regardless of whether our intention was devious or not!"

Grandpa Jun released a long sigh from the other side. It seemed like he didn't wish to hear what was being said again. He had already thought the same thing that Jun Wu Yi was mentioning at this point. However, he hadn't brought it up. He knew that it was a possibility, but he hadn't spoken of it since he was holding onto his delusions. [To think that after being like brothers for so many decades... the Emperor would treat his family in this manner...] He felt very sad at the thought of it.

"The Emperor is a very suspicious and cautious man by nature. Therefore, I believe that he's unlikely to use a thunderous move against our Jun Family. He would first seek to weaken our family's strength little-by-little. And I'll be the first one to bear the brunt. This attack by the Tian Fa Xuan Beast wave presents him with the perfect opportunity to deal with me first," Jun Wu Yi spoke these words unenthusiastically, but a cold and sharp light flashed in his eyes. The man could see the 'big picture'.

Jun Mo Xie smiled mischievously, "He's gravely mistaken if he thinks that way... Third Uncle, I'll accompany you into battle if you're forced to leave for it. The Tian Fa forest is a wonderful place for our family as far as I'm concerned!"

Jun Wu Yi narrowed his eyes, "You wish to come? I'm afraid that you'll also risk death in that case. However, what I'm mainly concerned about is..." He then looked to his father, "If Mo Xie and I were to leave for the forest — you'll be alone at home..."

Jun Zhan Tian laughed gently, "He won't take rash actions against me. Be at ease; our Jun Family hasn't lost the entirety of its power yet. Why else would he try to measure you beforehand?"

Jun Wu Yi clapped his head, "This child hadn't considered that angle."

Jun Mo Xie smiled, "I didn't expect that this matter would worry Third Uncle such much."

The three men of the family had concluded their discussion. This solution to this situation was bound to be ever-changing.

The three men felt that this matter... hadn't gotten out of their hands yet.

Especially the Young Master Jun. He felt that he had solid grip on this matter. So, why would he worry?

"Mo Xie, can't you ease the training of those three hundred guards a bit? ...They are getting very tired. It seems you're making them run before they're even qualified to walk." Jun Wu Yi's expression was solemn as he raised this issue.

Jun Mo Xie stared blankly for a while. Then, he slowly started to speak, "Third uncle, I understand your concern, but my demands from their training are far from over! I'll only strengthen their training step by step. But I won't loosen it up! What I'll set up... and what I wish... is the strongest military force!"

Jun Wu Yi was stunned. [Is it necessary to continue with this sort of inhumane training? If I were to send anyone from that group to the battlefield at this moment... they would be nothing short of a standard 'slaughtering machine'! Yet... he says that their training is far from finished?]

[What kind of an abnormal squad does my nephew wish to train?]

[And will those ordinary soldiers be able to hold-up to that training?]

Meanwhile, those soldiers divided into different groups, and advanced towards each other on the training field. Each man was sweating profusely; each man was drenched in sweat. Jun Mo Xie had introduced an even tougher training regime ever since they had returned from the Tian Fa Forest. He had doubled the intensity of their training, and would make them work round-the-clock for twenty-four hours-a-day. The Young Master Jun had been particular to the last detail.

A sandbag was tied to each man's arms, hip bones and legs at present. The function of the sandbags was to add extra weight. They weren't even permitted to remove them when they were having a meal... or going to sleep. Their training had become more strenuous with each passing day! It was like a struggle between life and death.

An outsider would become extremely shocked if he saw this. It had ceased to resemble a fight between humans; or a drill of regular soldiers. Rather, it appeared as if frantic beasts were madly tearing at each

other. Everyone's eyes had an ominous glint, and a murderous aura radiated around them. It seemed that they were brimming with irreconcilable hatred towards their "enemy"... and were ensued in a battle of life and death.

They had endured that brutal training the entire afternoon. The Xuan Qi inside their bodies had become similar to an incense stick that was entirely burnt-out. They were solely relying on their bodily strength and instinct as they battered each other and received blows in return at present.

Not a single grain of dust remained on the Jun Family's training field. Each and every inch of the training field had been irrigated with sweat and blood. The men had been repeatedly smashed into the ground. It would appear that even an iron hammer wouldn't be able to make a dent on the battlefield's surface. The whole field had a glossy texture to it...

It was extremely terrifying to look at!

The battle had come to its climax by the time Jun Mo Xie reached there. No man in that confrontation had any strength left.

A soldier roared madly and threw himself at a large individual. He beat him ferociously with his fist and leg. The opposite party neither evaded the attacks — nor did he yield. An unbearable "Bang" sound emanated when the fist and the leg made contact with the man's body. Both men then tumbled backwards. Then, an explosive sound resonated as the both of them smashed onto the ground. Both soldiers then crawled back-up and resumed their ferociously fight. It seemed like two giant rhinos were smashing into each other.

The Jun Family's pond had turned black. Ten huge iron cooking-pots were stationed on its sides. These pots bubbled endlessly. The pots were being used to prepare the medicinal herbs, and some people were continuously pouring the liquid medicine into the pond once it was ready. After that, they'd add some water, and would continue to refine the medicine.

Close to a 100 soldiers soaked naked inside the pond. Their eyes were closed-shut, and their expression was solemn and respectful. They weren't taking a bath. This was another kind of training. During this time, Jun Mo Xie would have each one of them to soak their bodies in that pool as the medicine was poured into it. The water from the pond was replaced every three days, and the medicine was replaced along with it. Therefore, these soldiers would soak their bodies in that medicinal pond everyday after finishing their training in order to restore their health and rejuvenate by absorbing the medicines.

The reason this was just another sort of training was — the water in the pond was always on the verge of boiling point. But it wasn't enough to cook them alive. Also, the water contained precious medicinal herbs; it would replenish their energy, and give nourishment to their bodies so that they could endure the harsh training.

It was only natural that those soldiers would have to pay the corresponding price for availing that useful medicinal water. Therefore, the task of changing the medicinal water was done by them only. Moreover, this task wasn't allowed to encroach upon their training time.

Jun Mo Xie's training methods couldn't merely be termed as 'cruel'. Jun Wu Yi was a harsh soldier, but when he looked at the plight of these soldiers... he felt that this training was somewhat inhumane.

Jun Mo Xie hid on the side-lines. He observed every individual carefully. The Young Master would change the intensity of their training every day these days. And every day, the soldier would be amazed to discover that they when they had barely adjusted to the training of one day... they were on the verge of death the next...

Their limits were exceeded every time!

They trained every day, and round-the-clock. And, they continued to surpass their previous limits. Their bodily strength would increase every two days, and they would be pleasantly surprised to find that their Xuan Qi level would also see a slight increase every few days. And, although the increase was somewhat marginal... it was still a remarkable increase when one considered the time it had happened-in.

This sort of 'speedy' enhancement was simply shocking!

Chapter 294: Determination!

The Xuan Qi cultivation within the ranks of these soldiers wasn't very high. The best among them were at the peak of the Gold Xuan, while the overwhelming majority were at the Silver Xuan realm. However, each man's physical strength had reached 'hair-raising' levels!

Fifty men stood in a row a little distance away. They had their hands to their sides in the 'horse' stance.[1] They stood like that at the foot of the wall. Beside each man that stood in that stance was another one who held a stick in his hands. Each man on the side would gnash his teeth and brandish his stick with a 'whipping' sound. He'd hit each and every part of the man who stood in the stance. The sound of impact was monstrous; it somewhat resembled that of beating a raw cowhide. However, none of the men receiving the beating showed any signs of pain on their face. Perhaps one's face would twitch a little, or maybe another one would frown slightly. However, they didn't show any other outward signs apart from these two things.

They staunchly remained in their stance.

They'd get beaten hundreds of times. Then, the men would pant heavily as they'd rise from the horse stance. They then stretched their neck, wrists and ankles in exercise. This would give rise to a loud "Pop!". The noise was similar to the one that is issued when a firecracker is burst. Then, they'd take-over the wooden sticks. And the men who were previously beating them assumed the 'horse' stance with their hands drooping to their sides. Their muscles were as taut as a young dragon's.

The sharp 'whistling' sounds would be resumed. Only this time — those who were getting beaten and those who were doing the beating — had switched places.

A command was given after they had finished their rounds. Then, the total of these hundred men would make their way to the training field in two orderly groups. The two groups would stand panting on the field where the previous group had been ordered to fight hand-to-hand. The two groups that had been fighting in the field would neatly organize themselves into two groups, and would proceed to the foot of the wall. Then, they'd beat their partner... and then get beaten themselves...

Then, another command would be given, and the hundred men who had just taken the field would commence their horrible fist-fight. Every fist and every leg would hit a vital point; pit of the stomach, the throat, the temples, the back of the head, between the legs, behind the knee... every critical joint...

The scene was hard to imagine as it is. But what would it take to withstand such a bitter beating again and again? However, the men had gotten used to it. They could resist each and every hit. They would try to pick-out each and every possible crack in their opponent's defence. And if they fell into a trap — they'd try their hardest to maintain indifference by keeping their skin thick...

Occasionally, one person would hit their opponent on the nose. This would cause a long stream of blood to gush-out. However, their expression wouldn't change; they'd remain unfeeling. ...As if the man they had hit wasn't their comrade... but their enemy.

Then, there would be a whistle. The men in the pond would come out, get dressed, and line-up beside the pond. Meanwhile, the men on the field would stop, make their way to the pond in an orderly fashion, and enter the pool after undressing.

The men who had just exited the pool would then start with an even harsher training. They wouldn't fight one-on-one this time. This round would be a hysterical beat-up where 'anything goes' between the two groups. Maybe at one point it was one person taking on another one... or maybe at another time it would be many people confronting a single person.

An individual could be surrounded by many others at one moment, and he could be part of a large group that surrounded another individual the next. The chaos of the scene was spectacular and indescribable. Many-a-times one could see a single individual lying on the ground, and being ferociously stamped-on the pit of his stomach and his lower abs. Then, the next moment, he could be seen flying-out and hitting the people that surrounded him; each man would fight with the vitality of a dragon and the ferociousness of a tiger in this crazy battle...

In the entire course of events — besides the bossy battle-commands, and the war-cries — no one would open their mouth to speak anything. They spoke using something else. They spoke using their fists, their legs, their elbows and even their shoulders...

The three groups of men were cycled in this manner. These men were supposedly playing the role of their comrades' training partners. However, this was mere the daytime training schedule. They would undergo Xuan Qi training in the evening. This training session would be accompanied by something even more brutal than what they'd endure during the daytime... an arms drill!

Each individual would gnash their teeth and put their very soul and consciousness into the training. They only had one aim in their minds; [I must meet the Young Master's standards!] This was because the Young Master had told them that their final inspection was upon them. They would be removed from the squad if they were to fail the assessment. Then, these so-called defaulters would be re-assigned to residence guards and kitchen staff!

...after tasting the sweetness of steady and rapid progress ...after seeing a clear hope of becoming a powerful expert ...none of them wanted to return to their former decadent life. It would be a matter of grave shame for them!

These steeled troops were like phoenixes that had attained nirvana after a deadly ordeal, and were now waiting to take form again...

Jun Mo Xie's eyes were unfeeling and ruthless as he oversaw the harsh training on the field. His posture was calm and steady.

He didn't intend to stop at that. He would use his unique medicines on these soldiers once they had attained the highest limits of their strengths. The medicine would show its best results then, and everyone's efficacy would shoot up!

Jun Mo Xie would assign these troops the specific task of 'slaughter' in the future. Just slaughter! Uninterrupted slaughter! Unending slaughter!

Grandpa Jun and Jun Wu Yi stood side-by-side on top of the high-tower of the Jun Residence. Their eyebrows twitched for a moment as they saw the cruelty of the training that was taking place below.

"Wu Yi, you see the training he's giving them... what do you think he plans to do with them? Why would he train them like this?" Grandpa Jun's vision seemed heavy.

"Such training would make these soldiers the master of the enemy combatant's life! They soldiers may or may not be able to defeat the enemy on their own, but I think that Mo Xie is training with a sole purpose in mind — slaughter!" Jun Wu Yi spoke with a greedy expression on his face. It was only natural that any General would wish to covet such troops after he had laid his eyes on them. In fact, it would've been extremely absurd if Jun Wu Yi didn't feel envious of this squad's abilities.

Such a squad would be a part of any General's dream army. Forget three hundred — even a hundred of these soldiers could make a General's army unstoppable. That army would be unbeatable and invincible; nothing would be able to stop such an army!

They would become the enemy's nightmare!

“Slaughter...!” Jun Zhan Tian looked anxious. “Even if they are being trained to slaughter... the important questions would be — for whom would they slaughter, and for what reason they’d slaughter for? This question is very important when you keep the other people of this country in your perspective...”

“This child would beg to differ from his father’s words; this child believes that no matter what — these troops would find it fulfilling to fight for only one person!” Jun Wu Yi lowered his gaze coldly, “These three hundred men would fight only for Mo Xie; for Mo Xie and the Jun Family! The future of our Jun Family rests on Mo Xie’s shoulders. So, what importance would the other people of this country hold?”

“This kind of strength...” Grandpa Jun didn’t seem any less worried, “will attract a lot of jealousy and suspicion once it’s revealed to the people!”

“Jealousy and suspicions? Why?” Jun Wu Yi’s eyes narrowed. A sharp and cold ray of light passed through them, “When has the Jun Family ever been involved in misconducts? And hasn’t the Jun Family always supported the people?”

Jun Wu Yi’s line of thought was beginning to get influenced by Jun Mo Xie’s. He didn’t sound like himself.

The old man sighed. [Did I really make the right decisions in those days? Our Jun Family’s talent has withered... should I also take on some responsibilities?]

“Ah, with Jun Mo Xie... our Jun Family will rise quickly! No power will be able to hold us back! I’m confident about this fact!” Jun Wu Yi then turned his neck to look at the tussle taking place on the training field. He then slowly continued, “However, we need time and strength to achieve that goal. We need absolute strength! And now we already have a prototype of that strength!” Jun Wu Yi clenched his fists. The sounds of his joints’ ‘clicking’ echoed.

“Didn’t that little brat Mo Xie say that he’d oversee this training? So, why can’t I even see his shadow?” Grandpa Jun looked around.

“The training of these men doesn’t require anyone’s supervision,” Jun Wu Yi stated. His eyes were full of admiration, “This training has reached amazing levels! And as for Jun Mo Xie... I don’t know where he is or what he’s up to. However, we shouldn’t try to control him. He can take care of himself. We shouldn’t worry about him. Father, he’s a hidden dragon. We should give him a free hand.”

“You think that we shouldn’t worry about him? You think everything is fine...? Then, you’re not behaving like an Uncle should. This isn’t enough. Mo Xie isn’t that young anymore. Aren’t you concerned about his marriage?”

“Weren’t you the one to witness his ‘growth’ that day? So, how would I know if he’s old enough to take a wife yet...? By the way, how’s his asset, good enough?” Jun Wu Yi asked in a lofty manner.

“It is really good; in fact, he has surpassed this old man’s paragon from the old days... Bah! You brat! What are you saying! Do you want a spanking?!” Grandpa Jun suddenly came to himself and raised his hand. He desired to teach his son a lesson.

The Third Master chuckled, “Why are you angry, dad? Aren’t you happy that Mo Xie has grown up? It’s just that when it comes to marriage... he’ll certainly take his time to make a decision. However, if you plan to force him into do something he doesn’t want to... I won’t have any objections. Rather, I’d be glad to see it happen.”

[Facing my sons is like facing an army...] Grandpa Jun found himself in a knot as he thought about it. He realized that he may not be able convince his precious grandson to act against his will in the most trivial of matters... let alone a topic as important as marriage...

“That little Dugu girl is good to Mo Xie, and I see that Mo Xie also finds her interesting. Is there anyone else? I can’t stand that girl for Mo Xie!” Jun Zhan Tian asked; he seemed unwilling to resign himself.

There was nothing dignified about this. The father and son had started to create a harem for their grandson/nephew.

“Apart from this... Mo Xie used to wander around the Spirit Fog Lake. Maybe there’s someone there...” Jun Wu Yi winked.

Jun Zhan Tian almost fainted. He had to use his hand to support himself, “Is there anything else besides that?”

"I remember that... Mo Xie would seem very ambitious about Qing Han..." Jun Wu Yi dashed-pass and flew-out the open window the moment he finished speaking those words. Even his shadow didn't linger behind. He knew what awaited him if he had stayed any longer.

"You Bastard! Get out from my sight!" Jun Zhan Tian flipped out in rage. However, he realized that his son had already disappeared without a trace. So, he had no choice but to open his eyes wide, stamp his feet and roar down the tower. However, he suddenly stopped his roar in between, and started to ponder pensively...

"Would our Jun Family have to wait for a long time?" He let out a long sigh and shook his head. "That's absurd! That's completely absurd!" The Old Man had no other words apart from "Absurd".

Jun Mo Xie was on the side-lines of the training field when he heard the faint sound of his grandfather's roar. He couldn't help but be muddled with confusion, "Why is Grandpa shouting? Who ignited the fire this time?"

Young Master Jun was unaware that he was the reason behind his grandfather's anger... even though he was entirely innocent in reality.

Jun Mo Xie's body disappeared from the sidelines of the training field without a trace.

Jun Mo Xie looked at the sky and figured that it would night soon. His heart was full of anticipation. He was about to deal with a lot of important matters that night.

First was that accessory worn by Silver Blizzard City's Xiao Feng Wu. It was indeed a spectacular item. How could an ordinary piece of jewelry invoke such a response from the Hong Jun Pagoda? Young Master Jun was unaware of that accessory's origins. However, it didn't matter whether he knew about it or not. He had nevertheless devised a plan, and was quite certain of returning with that item.

Next — was the assassination of his assassin! Jun Mo Xie had the highest level of interest in that matter.

Not only did Jun Mo Xie like that man's execution-style... he highly approved of them.

That person didn't even look back after his head-on strike didn't bear fruit. Instead, he escaped far and wide. And he didn't do a sloppy job at that either. The man left behind no trace. This was the same technique which the Hit-man Jun had employed in his previous life. This man was the only one Jun Mo Xie could consider a true 'assassin' in this world. The other groups of assassins he had confronted in this world were no more than good Xuan experts.

[Did they possess an assassin's style?]

[Those people don't deserve the tag of an 'assassin'!]

Moreover, that assassin was in possession of an extremely fast and unique technique. Jun Mo Xie's killing-ability would shoot-up like a whirlwind if he were able to obtain that skill. Then, he could even hope to kill a Spirit Xuan expert by staging an ambush for the same.

[There must be some mystery behind his speed.]

Jun Mo Xie hid in nothingness till he approached his own small courtyard. His train of thought stopped and he stared blankly in confusion upon seeing two figures up-ahead.

There were two figures at the entrance of his courtyard. They were small and frail. They were kneeling on the ground; their backs were straight. It was impossible to guess how long they had been kneeling like this. However, they seemed stubborn and unwilling to stop.

Jun Mo Xie sighed as his demonic and shadow-less figure slowly walked past them. These two were among the many children he and his uncle had rescued from the Huang Hua Hall. The rest of the children had been re-located to good places. However, these two children had refused to leave for the life of them. They only desired to learn the skills they'd need to extract their revenge.

Their disabilities couldn't be regarded as 'very serious'. However, they were both mute. Their tongues had been cut into half. They would never speak again. Moreover, one of them had only one arm left.

It wasn't that Jun Mo Xie's heart hadn't been moved by their perseverance. However, he had reluctantly rejected them after an examination. These kids had astonishing willpower, and their hatred towards

their enemy would also be helpful. However, their aptitude was mediocre; to say nothing of the fact that they had become physically handicapped.

The Huang Hua Hall hadn't abandoned the prospect of their cultivation for no reason.

Jun Mo Xie had whole-heartedly considered training the two children at one point. He figured that he could use his harsh training methods to suit their tenacious wills. They could show significant progress in just over a decade as long as they were willing to endure the cruel training and have an old-fashioned 'baptism by fire'. In fact, they'd even have a chance at reaching the Earth Xuan realm!

Earth Xuan level could never be considered meagre. An ordinary person would struggle his whole life to attain it. It was a very high goal for an ordinary person to look up to. However, this target had no meaning in the eyes of the Young Master and these kids.

However, could Jun Mo Xie afford to train them? He'd have to spend lots of time and money on their training and rehabilitation. Moreover, it would be a great waste if their progress were to stop at the Earth Xuan realm. Therefore, Jun Mo Xie had considered the topic for a long time, and had then decided that the prospect of their cultivation wasn't worth the effort.

Moreover, their strong desire for revenge wouldn't help in reaping any short-term results. Therefore, it didn't have any significance.

Jun Mo Xie sympathized with them. In fact, he secretly praised their will-power. But, he had realized that it wasn't meant to be.

However, those two children were seen kneeling outside his courtyard ever since he had refused to train them. They could not speak, but their eyes would implore Jun Mo Xie whenever they'd see him.

It was already the ninth day since they had been kneeling at the entrance of his courtyard.

Their slender bodies trembled as they heard the familiar sound of Jun Mo Xie's footsteps. They straightened their backs even more; though, they still remained motionless in that kneeling position.

The Young Master Jun sighed as he slowly walked to stand in front of them. “Look up and look at me!” his voice was a command they couldn’t defy.

Their bodies trembled as they looked up to face Jun Mo Xie in accordance with his command.

Jun Mo Xie was startled. Those two must be around thirteen or fourteen years in age. However, their eyes no longer showed the same longing and urgency of the past few days. That expression had been replaced by deathly stillness.

However, it wasn’t exactly an empty sort of deathly stillness. Rather, it was one where they had disregarded life and death; it was the deathly still of an individual who had disregarded the mortal world.

That ‘deathly stillness’ wasn’t synonymous with ‘emptiness’.

Jun Mo Xie sighed inside. [These are the eyes of a top-notch killer.] One could only bring-out this expression in their eyes once they had been oppressed to an extreme degree, and had begun to consider human life as worthless. In fact, such people considered their own life to be worthless.

If their natural endowments had been any better... as long as it was even a little bit better — Jun Mo Xie would’ve accepted them without hesitation. However, he was helpless at that point of time. Their natural endowments were too substandard...

It required 1% ‘insight’ and 99% ‘sweat’ to become formidable. However, that 1% ‘insight’ was the key. It was more important than the remaining 99% ‘sweat’.

“Tell me your reasons! Show me the extent of your determination!” Jun Mo Xie’s heart felt pity. These two children had suffered a lot. A normal person couldn’t even imagine their suffering. Their hearts were filled with hatred towards their enemy, but they didn’t have any aptitude to practice martial arts. Therefore, Jun Mo Xie couldn’t help but sigh.

Determination?

The two children looked at each other. Then, they nodded heavily in unison.

The child on the left slowly extended the finger of his remaining hand to his mouth. He then bit-down on it resolutely. The kid bit with considerable effort, and tilted his head to the side until he had torn-off a chunk of his own flesh. A river of blood rushed-out from that finger. His entire body shivered with pain, and his face had gone deathly. However, he was otherwise motionless. The child then started to write a character on the ground with the flow of his own blood. He had only written about half of it when the blood-flow slowed down. The boy looked at it in an unsatisfied manner. He then brought his finger to his mouth again. He desperately and ferociously bit-down on it again as he tore-out some more flesh.

A small piece of finger's bone was also pulled out. The white mix of flesh and bone fell-down. A fountain of blood shot-out. The fountain of blood gushed-out far, and some of it was even spilt on Jun Mo Xie's face.

The other child mimicked the first one, and bit into his finger as well. The two children's bodies shivered, yet they maintained control over themselves as the blood gushed-out. The children then drew big and straight characters on the ground.

The child on the left wrote, "I will kill them by hacking them down. I will have no regrets till I die."

The child on the right wrote, "Those who aren't powerful — can only die; nothing more."

Their words contained power. The two of them were trembling with pain; but, they wrote each character meticulously, and with a lot of effort.

The two children kneeled facing Jun Mo Xie after they had finished writing, and knocked their heads heavily on the ground.

Jun Mo Xie's eyes suddenly turned red. He felt a strange feeling in his heart; his heart had started to tremble ferociously.

Jun Mo Xie had conducted himself with cold-blooded apathy in both his lives. He had never been benevolent, and looked at all living things as 'mowed grass' or 'lowly dogs'. He was numb inside, and thought nothing of the common people. He hadn't felt the least bit disturbed when he had witnessed

the horrors of the Huang Hua Hall that day. He wasn't shaken at all. However, the stubborn acts of these two youngsters had moved him very deeply.

"Good! If this is how you feel — I will not be miserly to present you the opportunity!" Jun Mo Xie took a long breath. The color of his eyes became milder as he continued in a sinking voice, "The opportunity I shall provide might grant you the power to rule over the heaven and earth someday. However, it is important that you remember that such a path is full of killing and death! I hope that you... will not disappoint me."

The two children looked up in unison. They couldn't speak, but their eyes were full of ecstasy. Then, that ecstasy was suddenly replaced by unwavering determination. It seemed that they had made the decision from the bottom of their souls. They looked at Jun Mo Xie and knocked their heads on the ground. One of the heads got injured, and blood started to stream out from it.

Jun Mo Xie quickly took the children into his arms and flew inside; he nearly burst-through the entrance. These two had suffered a lot of pain to demonstrate their determination. They hadn't made any noise to reveal their pain, but they'd be in a lot of trouble if they weren't administered a timely medical treatment. This could turn into a very big problem.

Jun Mo Xie had already decided to help them. So, he wasn't going to let another mishap happen to them again.

They possessed such great will-power. They may not have much aptitude, but wouldn't their immense will-power make up for it? The number of people who possessed the necessary aptitude were the same as the number of sand perches on this land. But, how many people had such a strong will-power?

What would natural talent achieve if one didn't have the desire...?

When a person could be so fierce in dealing with themselves — how would they deal with their enemy?

Two phrases had been smeared in blood at the entrance of the courtyard. The words within these phrases dazzled brightly.

"I will kill them by hacking them down. I will have no regrets till I die."

“Those who aren’t powerful — can only die; nothing more.”

The curtain of darkness hooded the sky.

Jun Mo Xie frowned and pondered deeply as he looked at the two thin and weak figures that lay on his bed.

His residence was full of wounded people. There was a thick scent of medicine in the air.

Ye Gu Han lay tranquilly on the giant bed on the side. His breathing was faint, but he was free from danger.

Jun Mo Xie had tidied-up another bed on the side. It had been taken-over by those two children at that moment.

Three wounded people; three crippled individuals.

Those two youngsters had stretched their vitalities to the limit. They had fainted right after Jun Mo Xie had promised to help them. However, they had fainted noiselessly. They hadn’t even issued a groan.

Jun Mo Xie had seen many fierce people. However, this was the first he had seen someone with such a strong base in terms of ferocity, and none with relation to martial arts.

[Will these little devils turn out fiercer than me?]

[Since I’ve promised to help them... how can I train-up these talentless individuals in the shortest amount of time?] Jun Mo Xie was completely clueless in this regard.

[With Xuan Qi? No, this method won’t do. The Huang Hua Hall wouldn’t have stuffed them into those giant jars if they had any aptitude for Xuan Qi practice.]

[That's it for that angle!]

Jun Mo Xie suddenly stood-up. There was an ominous glint in his eyes. [At worst, I can teach them my previous life's Core Law! I'll train them in accordance to the standards I practiced in those days. And as for how much they can advance... it will depend on their luck! And I should be able to refine a 'cleaning essence' Dan if I'm able to ascend to the fourth level of Art of Unlocking the Heaven's Fortune...]

[I'll personally train these two into something which would shock the entire Xuan Xuan Continent! They would eventually be capable of killing the Gods of this continent! With their willpower, my Core Law and Dan medicine... these two terrifying demons would rise like the stars!]

Jun Mo Xie left the room gently, and sat on the threshold. He looked up at the night sky. His train of thought was long, and a lot of time had passed by the time it ended. The stubbornness of those two youngsters had evoked his own past in his mind.

[Wasn't I the same as those two in my previous life? I used to play with my life. I would push myself to my limits in training. How many times did I pass out from the shock of pain? How many times did I push myself to the point of death?]

In what way had Jun Xie's unrivalled reputation come about? Who knew how much effort, sweat and tears of blood had been invested into his reputation...? His fellow apprentices were trying their hardest, but his training had exceeded their difficulty by three times.

Any man who desired success and unrivalled fame — had to be very fierce with himself!

Facing the enemy with ferocity was nothing — being fierce with oneself was important. A true assassin would never care about his life or his accomplishments. Worrying about capabilities brings harm. The worry of one's mind would act as an obstacle.

These... were the words of his previous life's master!

An image of a face floated in front of Jun Mo Xie. It was a face which was black as iron, and cold as ice. Murderous aura emanated from its eyes. However, he felt relieved whenever those two eyes would look at him. However, Jun Mo Xie could feel the presence of those eyes even though he tried to dodge them.

Those eyes were full of nothingness. It was as if they had passed through the two worlds, and were gazing at him from the distance.

He shivered in their cold — just as in the past — but it felt auspicious and peaceful.

“Master...” Jun Mo Xie had lower his head, and covered his knees with his hands in sadness. A door opened, and a ray of light escaped from that crack. It painted Jun Mo Xie’s silhouette. His silhouette curled-up as it shivered in the night wind. It was somewhat lonely.

Power... was it worth yearning for?

He heard light footsteps behind him, and then felt a warm overcoat cover his body.

Jun Mo Xie remained as motionless as before, and asked, “Tell me Little Ke... do you wish to become a powerful individual?”

“Ah?” the little girl cried in alarm. This was clearly unexpected, “Become powerful? What use will that be?”

“What use will that be? That’s an interesting question. If you become someone like the old Solitary Falcon — you can kill whomever you want to kill. You can live in this world free and unfettered; don’t you wish such a life?” Jun Mo Xie asked heavily.

The little girl walked to his side, and calmly sat down beside him. She then tilted her head, and placed her hands on her cheeks to support it. The girl then looked up at the moon and started to ponder earnestly. The moonlight sprinkled on her face; it brought out a somewhat beautiful and gentle flavor to her face.

A little time passed. Then, the little girl smiled shyly and said, “Powerful... I don’t want to become that kind of a person.”

“Oh? Why?” Jun Mo Xie tilted his head and looked at the little girl. Little Ke’s words came very unexpectedly to him. According to Hit-man Jun’s view of the world — any person would answer in the affirmative if they were provided an opportunity to become a powerful individual. It didn’t matter what they did afterwards to achieve it.

Little Ke lowered her head shyly, and started to gently nip at her nails, “Young Master, I don’t know what it would feel like to be a strong person. But, I don’t think... perhaps I’ll enjoy the attention and the praise. But, I don’t know why... but I don’t want it. I’m only a little girl; Young Master’s little girl. All I want... is to take care of the Young Master every day. I look forward to washing Young Master’s clothes, make food for Young Master, and wait for him to return when he has gone out. I just want to be an ordinary maid.”

The little girl smiled shyly again, and spoke, “Young Master, do these words mean that I don’t have any spirit? But... I really don’t want to become strong!”

“No, what you said... I really like it. You’re an adorable little girl who I’m very fond of!” Jun Mo Xie carefully looked at the little girl who sat beside him; for the first time. The moonlight shone on her skin. Her white-blond hair was tied in a bun, and the loose silky strands danced in the wind. Her long eyelashes blinked, and there was a tuft of hair sticking to the skin beside her ear.

The little girl felt a bit uneasy since she was being seized-up by Jun Mo Xie. She twisted her fingers, but pretended to not notice. However, her heart was jumping madly inside her chest. Her face slowly turned red as she lowered her head; she felt like a deer inside her heart.

Jun Mo Xie’s face reveled in an interesting smile as he felt his mind relax. His heart felt at ease upon having such a pleasant little girl beside him. He unexpectedly felt a faint yet heartfelt happiness.

Everyone had their own way of ‘living’. This was the least one could do without a problem.

Like the little girl; her dream was very simple, practical and very warm...

He caressed her beautiful hair softly and said, "You hurry-up to your room, and go to sleep." Jun Mo Xie was astonished to find that his voice had been very... gentle. He felt like he was facing the daughter of his previous life's master...

"Yes..." the little girl answered as she lowered her head. She stood up slowly. She could feel her cheeks getting warmer. It was like her entire body lacked strength as she slowly walked to her room.

She walked two steps before she thought of something, and then turned around to say, "Young Master... you'll go to sleep early... huh?" She found that the Young master, who was just sitting beside her a moment ago, had disappeared without a trace by the time she had turned her head.

"He's very quick..." The little girl bit her lip and smiled shyly again. She then pursed her mouth and raised her head as she remembered what had happened earlier that morning. This made her cover her face... [I am thinking nonsense...]

Jun Mo Xie welcomed the night wind. He didn't even leave a shadow as he flew fast. He could feel the Art of Unlocking the Heaven's Fortune revolving inside of him. Each cycle brought about a large surge of formidable strength in him. There was an unstoppable tendency of Qi flowing through his meridians. He felt extremely satisfied at that moment.

The first target was the Magnificent Jewel Hall.

Jun Mo Xie painstakingly restrained his own aura. He floated silently for a while, and then submerged underground. The Young Master Jun then used his spirit sense to search each and every inch of the land ahead as it slowly spread out.

Jun Mo Xie hadn't forgotten how he had nearly been discovered by Lei Wu Bei the last time. He knew that there were at least three Spirit Xuan experts inside the Magnificent Jewel Hall. So how could he act carelessly?

Being cautious and prudent was a top 'character requirement' for an assassin.

However, the result of his spirit sense's probe greatly alarmed him.

When did the Magnificent Jewel hall have so many experts?

This was quite a terrifying strength!

Jun Mo Xie had searched every corner of the Magnificent Jewel Hall. There were several powerful people in the Magnificent Jewel Hall. Some of them were clearly at the Spirit Xuan Realm, while the others were at least at the peak of the Sky Xuan. He could sense seven powerful Individuals! There were two weaker people as well. They must be Xiao Han and Mu Xue Tong.

[When did so many powerful experts fall from the sky?]

[Are they possibly the re-enforcements from the Silver Blizzard City?]

And Jun Mo Xie's spirit sense detected a very formidable presence in the center. [It must be a Spirit Xuan expert.] There was one amongst them, who, although wasn't as strong as Solitary Falcon... but wasn't very weak in comparison. In fact, he was nearly as strong as the Great Master!

One, two, three... four... five... and another one! There were six other Spirit Xuan experts present there! Jun Mo Xie felt himself getting drenched in sweat.

Chapter 295: Xiao Family's Plans and Arrangements

Six Spirit Xuan experts, seven Sky Xuan peak experts, and two Sky Xuan mid-level experts! This was a very frightful force from the Tian Xiang City's standards!

Why did the Silver Blizzard City send so many experts? — Jun Mo Xie's butt could think of an answer to this question... This force had been assembled to deal with the Jun Family; who else could it be for? They had mobilized this force since one of the 'Eight Great Masters' — The Solitary Falcon — had taken residence with the Jun Family.

If such power was coordinated properly — it could be used to defeat the Solitary Falcon!

Jun Mo Xie carefully controlled his Yin Yang Escape and entered the building. Then, he silently hid himself in the ground.

He couldn't focus on his main target at this time since it was of paramount importance to understand the true objectives of those experts from the Silver Blizzard City. He would learn their true objectives, and then quickly devise some countermeasures to neutralize the enemy's strength.

Otherwise, the consequences of this situation would be very troublesome...

He hadn't expected that his 'moment of greed' would reward him with such important information. Jun Mo Xie sighed from his underground location, [man, my greed is very rewarding. Would I have stumbled upon this information if I hadn't followed after my greed? Didn't I just stumble upon the proverbial 'Pie in the Sky'?]

[The heavens favor the good. This Young Master's good actions substitute the heaven's justice. I punish the wicked, and so my good deeds pave a bridge to my success... Would the heavens strongly favor this Young Master if I hadn't done noble deeds? Humph? Humph...]

"What for...? Don't tell me that wretched cripple is acting up again? I think it's best to take this opportunity and destroy the very roots of this disease! Otherwise we'll have to deal with a prolonged problem!" Not much could be determined from the voice. However, it seemed to be full of resentment and defiance. Therefore, the speaker must've been Xiao Han.

"Such impudence...! We're from the upper echelons of the Silver Blizzard City. Yet, you dare to question our word? It seems that you can't distinguish between our ranks!"

A somewhat gentle voice scolded, "Would we be in such a mess if it weren't for a 'devil' like who willfully started a fire and fanned the flames? The Silver Blizzard City's situation had been tumbled by your actions. If the Dong Fang Family hadn't acted-out, killed our members, and diverted the public anger — I'm afraid that the Supreme Alliance itself would've tried to meddle in that affair! And your willful actions would've been the root cause of that chaos! And, you're still resigned to the destruction of the Silver Blizzard City?"

“Can the insignificant Jun Family ever destroy the Silver Blizzard City? Why are you blaming me for this, Grandfather? How did start any trouble? He tried to steal my wife! He started this animosity between us! Please tell me, which man on earth could ever stand this insult?” Xiao Han asked somewhat emotionally.

[Grandfather? Xiao Han’s grandfather? Isn’t he the top-most individual in the Silver Blizzard City’s Xiao Family?] However, he didn’t know whether that person was Xiao Xing Yun or Xiao Bu Yu. The Young Master Jun held his breath and stayed calm. He remained motionless as he continued to eavesdrop. Hit-man Jun carefully listened to all sorts of voices... whether loud or faint... without any exception or negligence.

“But you’ve already destroyed the four important members of the Jun Family, and the backbone of their power! And Jun Wu Yi was crippled because of a ‘devil’ like you! What more do you want? Do you intend to show no kindness to the dogs and the chicken in their family?” The gentle voice scolded with some resentment and disappointment, “And what of the present circumstances? The Xue Hun Manner and Shi Chang Xiao have issued a joint summon; is that trivial to you? We should be hurrying towards the south. And, now you ‘little devil’ are delaying us with your quarrel over a nonsensical grudge...?”

[I have to admit... this person’s way of dealing with matters is impressive. At least Xiao Han can’t stand up to it.]

“Now that you mentioned that matter — I’ve remembered another one. These two matters are somewhat related. I request Grandfather to pay heed.” Xiao Han’s spirits seemed to rise, “We received a small scroll when we were at the Imperial Palace today. There was very little content on it. It said that Jun Wu Yi would lead the army which would go south to confront the Xuan Beast uprising. Grandfather, it would be better if we...”

“Employing common soldiers to deal with the Xuan Beast uprising?” The gentle voice suddenly paused... as if in contemplation. Then it spoke again, “Ah! Good... if this is the case... then this is truly an opportunity...perhaps...”

“Second Brother... that scroll does present us with an opportunity, but we must remember the summon! They’ve called all the Great Masters to arms! This means that the Solitary Falcon may go south! And in all probability... he would be accompanying Jun Wu Yi throughout the journey. The Solitary Falcon won’t be easy to deal with even if we can handle Jun Wu Yi with ease. Then, the problem will continue to go around in circles. Therefore, I beseech the Second Brother to focus only on Solitary Falcon. He’s the core of our problems!”

[Second Brother? It seems like it's the Xiao Family's second in hierarchy — Xiao Bu Yu!]

"You're right! That old Solitary Falcon deserves a corresponding reply since he has decided to stick his head out! How could we back away from avenging the Sixth Brother?!"

Xiao Bu Yu's gentle voice was brimming with killing intent, "We'll wait for an ideal opportunity when we get to the south. First — the six of us and the Seven Swords — we thirteen will coordinate and kill the Solitary Falcon. Then, we can decide whether we'd need to tidy-up Jun Wu Yi or not. In any case, everything will become clear to us once we get rid of the Solitary Falcon. In fact, we can easily finish this matter — given that area's natural threat — once we've suppressed the Xuan Beasts' uprising."

"So, the Second Brother is suggesting that we wait and deal with this matter after the Xuan Beasts' uprising is handled?" It was an old and familiar sound. Jun Mo Xie listened to it, and determined that it belonged to the Third Elder.

"That's right! Every Great Master has been summoned this time. So, if we make a move and attack a Great Master before the matter in the south is taken care of... I fear the rest of the Great Masters would attack the Silver Blizzard City in return. Therefore, we'll handle him after this situation is taken care of." Xiao Bu Yu spoke with a dark mental-frame.

"Besides, there's that matter of the origins and abilities of that black clothed 'masked man'." Xiao Bu Yu spoke in an even gentler manner, "He snatched our Xiao Family's Soul Replenishing Jade despite our status. He'll understand its importance soon. Then, he'll become aware of the jade being worn by Feng Wu. So, he'll come to snatch it as well. This will happen because Feng Wu will be alone. We'll make it as convenient for him as possible."

He smiled darkly again, "There may be a chance of casualties if the Jade is in possession of an Elder. So, we can't risk it. However, Feng Wu will be an easy target, and he's unlikely to feel threatened. Therefore, he won't harm the boy. This Old Man has already mastered the Divine Inhibition. I can lock onto his soul's scent for 500kms. Xiang Sun will remain on stand-by at all times. Therefore, he won't be able to escape us once he has stolen the Jade. We'll find him even if he escapes to the ends of the earth! Then, we can concentrate our strength, catch-up with him, and resolve the matter in one fell swoop. We'll be able to retrieve both the Soul Replenishing Jades this manner!"

“Good idea, Second Brother!” Everyone’s spirit rose when they heard the plan. However, Jun Mo Xie was stunned. [That’s their plan? They’ve conceded so easily?]

It had to be said that this plan of Xiao Bu Yu’s would’ve been very effective in dealing with anyone. Even Yun Bie Chen wouldn’t be able to see through it. However, it was worthless in Jun Mo Xie’s eyes...

This plan seemed like a ‘honey-trap’, but it was being used on a castrated man. This analogy sounds vulgar... but the result of the matter would justify it.

Suddenly, many elders cried in alarm, “Second Brother, you can use the Devine Inhibition?! Have you stepped into the fourth level of the Spirit Xuan realm!”

“He he...” Xiao Bu Yu’s voice clearly revealed his complacency. “I’m ashamed that it took nearly ten years to make this breakthrough. However, this is the reason why I’m confident that I’ll be able to capture that mysterious ‘masked man’.”

“Congratulations on the remarkable feat, Second Brother!” Everyone spoke in unison. However, Jun Mo Xie laughed in his heart. [Confidence? You speak of confidence in front of this Young Master? How can you behave like that? Your Devine Inhibition is limited to five hundred kilometers. That’s worth a fart to this Young Master.]

“Ahem... no one is to allow any information out if we’re able to deal with the Jun Family successfully... understood?” Power radiated from Xiao Bu Yu’s eyes as he looked around.

“That’s obvious! Otherwise, the Lord of the City will blame everyone, and the consequences will be very unpleasant. Besides, the Jun Family has the Dong Fang Family behind them. So, everyone will carry out their tasks stealthily.” Everybody chuckled as they discussed this.

This made Jun Mo Xie very angry. [This Xiao Family is very malevolent! This Young Master will see who exterminates whose roots when we’re all in the south.]

“Second Brother, about this matter with the Xuan Beasts... It’s apparently a very unusual occurrence. Is it possible that the Kings of the Tian Fa forest have decided to meddle in this matter?[1] How can there be such a huge commotion otherwise? Every Great Masters has been summoned. Second Brother,

which ‘Eight Great Masters’ do you reckon will answer to this summon?” This was the voice of the Ninth Elder.

“That isn’t very difficult to judge. No one has seen tracks of Yun Bie Chen for many years. I’m afraid it’ll be the same this time around. And then, the Great Blue Master Meng Hong Chen lives too far from the Tian Fa forest. He most probably won’t be able to go even if he receives the news on time. However, the Cold Blooded Master — Lei Wu Bei — and the Solitary Falcon will go for sure. After all, they’re right here in Tian Xiang City. They won’t be able to turn their backs even if they wanted to. Also, the one who gave these supreme summonses — Shi Chang Xiao — is already at the Xue Hun Manner. Li Jue Tian will probably return to his Manor since this threatens his family the most. I roughly estimate that four out of the Eight Great Masters will go. As for the Silver Blizzard City... we will go and represent our lord. And perhaps, we’ll be the most powerful in the terms of comprehensive strength. And as for Great Master Wen Tian — I cannot say. He may go, or he may not go. But I think the strength of this tyrannical gathering will be enough to deal with the Xuan Beast uprising even without Master Wen Tian’s addition,” Xiao Bu Yu’s smile exhibited great confidence.

“It’s just that this Xuan Beast uprising is very strange. Some say that they are directly attacking the Xue Hun Manner. Second Brother, I don’t recall the Tian Fa Forest and the Xue Hun Manner having any cause for quarrel.” The Third Elder frowned.

“There must be a reason behind the Xuan Beasts’ decision to leave Tian Fa and attack the Xue Hun Manner. We’ll get to know this after we’ve arrive there,” Xiao Bu Yu spoke faintly. The look in his eyes showed that he didn’t desire to discuss it further.

Everyone was silent.

Everyone was confused about the reason behind the Xuan Beasts’ uprising. However, stationed underground, Jun Mo Xie had a rough idea as to why...

The Young master Jun smiled bitterly.

[If I’ve guess it right... I may have a lot to do with this Xuan Beasts’ uprising.]