

E Monarch 311

Chapter 311: It's My Turn At Last

"I asked you — who are you! Don't you have the guts to tell me your name?" Lei Jian Hong trembled from head to toe as he asked in a low voice. He had paid no attention to the opposite party's insult and ridicule; neither had he glanced at the horrible corpse of his brother disciple that lay on the ground below.

Third disciple Fang Piao Hong looked at her senior's corpse. Her entire body shuddered, and she was unable to speak-up.

The intense fighting had suddenly stopped. Zhao Wu Ji's men had escaped from the danger. So, they were rejoicing incessantly. Their enemies had lost interest in them since that person had arrived. This person had arrived a bit later than expected, but they didn't seem to care about that at this moment.

[It doesn't matter whether he came late or early... it's fine as long as he has shown-up. Isn't preserving one's life above everything else?]

Everyone had stopped. But, the prevailing atmosphere in the battlefield had become increasingly depressing.

Suddenly, the red-clothed man chuckled and raised his hand. His sleeve made a "snap!" sound. A sharp explosive sound emanated as his palm hit thin air. It was obvious that he had hit nothing but empty air. However, it seemed like he had struck at a solid object.

A slight 'swishing' sound was produced in the wind. Then, suddenly and quietly, the silhouettes of many people appeared in the surroundings.

The flames reflected light off each and every new comer's body. They were clad in red clothes. Each one of them stood calm and still. However, all of them had a cold and terrifying light flashing in their eyes. It seemed like a pack of blood-thirsty wolves were waiting for a command from their alpha.

The shadows of two people floated forward in the air, and arrived besides the first red-clad assailant. Their bodies glittered with a dark blue light as they stood facing Lei Jian Hong and Fang Piao Hong. However, the visual impact of their arrival had sent Lei Jian Hong's party into a shock.

All three of these assailants were Sky Xuan experts.

If one would look around... they'd see that many of the new-comers were covered with a bright earthen-yellow light; these people were Earth Xuan experts. There were around ten people who were at the Earth Xuan realm. The rest shone with the misty color of rain; Jade Xuan. There were thirty-to-forty Jade Xuan experts amongst them!

Lei Jian Hong's heart instantly became cold.

As cold as piece of ice...

[How can we fight this battle?!]

[The enemy's strength far-exceeds ours! And, our side only has third sister-disciple and me!]

"My name? Ha ha! Senior Lei, you're not new to this world. I'm an assassin from the Blood Sword Hall. How can I tell you my name? I may not care about you two, but how can I not care about Lei Wu Bei? He's the Great Master Lei! As for whether I have 'guts' or not — you can ask your second brother disciple. He would know it very clearly." the man in red tilted his head and answered Lei Jian Hong.

"Very good! Blood Sword Hall it is. I'll certainly remember you!" Lei Jian Hong glanced at them with grief and indignation. He then turned and spoke, "Junior sister, we'll shall leave now."

"Stop!" suddenly, the red-clad man shouted.

Lei Jain Hong halted his steps.

"Why? Don't tell me that you think that you can keep us from leaving?" Lei Jian Hong gave a plaintive laugh. "Your strength is far above us and we can't match you. But, do you think that you have the strength to restrain the two of us?"

Lei Jian Hong had spoken the truth. Both the sides were led by powerful Sky Xuan experts. It wouldn't be very difficult for the Blood Sword Hall to defeat Lei Jian Hong's side if they wanted to. However, it would be impossible for them to restrain Lei Jian Hong and Fang Piao Hong. These two could cut their bloody path of escape as long as they wanted to leave.

"He he, Elder Brother Lei misunderstands this younger brother's good intentions. You're the Great Master Lei's sole blood relative. We won't dare to commit such an offense!" the red-clad man spoke unhurriedly, "It's just that... your junior's corpse... don't you wish to take it with you? Are you going to leave it in this open wilderness?"

Lei Jian Hong snorted coldly, but didn't pick-up the corpse. He then rose into the air, and pulled Fang Piao Hong with him. He wasn't going to utter a single sentence in such a situation. The branches on the nearby trees oscillated several times as they disappeared into the night's sky.

Lei Jian Hong was aware that carrying Zhou Jian Ming's body would be a very heavy burden. In fact, it would prevent them from leaving. The red-clad man had spoken those words with clear evil intentions, but it was important for him and his sister-disciple to leave that place in order to avoid misfortune.

[A new enmity has been established, and it has left no room for any leeway. That red-clothed man and his companions will use any extreme methods to capture us if we try to retrieve the second brother's body. What difference would it make if my father is the Great Cold Blooded Master? There would be no one left alive to bear as witness if we both die here and the Li Family's warriors are caught in the same net. Then, even if my father decided to take vengeance... he wouldn't know whom to take it on!]

[The opposite party clearly has the strength of kill us if we tarry!]

Therefore, he made a prompt decision and left.

The opposite party didn't see any sense in stopping them — just as Lei Jian Hong had determined. Therefore, no one tried to stop them.

Suddenly, a milky-white mist started to rise in the dim light of night. It covered the entire area, and started to get increasingly dense. It appeared as if it had formed a thin protective screen.

The nights and early mornings were always misty in the wooded mountains. So, no one paid much attention to it. Moreover, a fresh burst of air had passed through the mountain trees along with that mist. This had a serene effect on everyone's heart, and they couldn't help but take deep breaths as they felt their spirits rise.

However, they were unaware that Jun Mo Xie had climbed down the tree, and had let out a deep sigh.

He secretly shouted at his misfortune.

[It's such a pity! Lei Jian Hong and his people left a bit too early! He would've been able to see it if he had remained for a moment longer. It is such a pity that I've had to put-in such efforts, and suffer untold hardships to make this Ecstasy Fragrance. Unfortunately, the two of them were able to escape this trap.]

The Ecstasy Fragrance was unsuitable for use in the battle at an earlier time since there had been a formidable flow of Xuan Qi. It was very likely that it would've been blown away without being able to achieve the desired effect.

However, Jun Mo Xie had realized that the situation had now become stable-enough for him to use his trump card. The Ecstasy Fragrance had been made from the Hongjun Pagoda's Aura. It was formless to the point where it was invisible; it was traceless to the point of secrecy.

However, there was little flavor to it. Nevertheless, it was fresh, cool and elegant. Anyone who smelled that fresh and elegant mist would lose their strength. Even a Xuan Qi expert would see their Xuan Qi decline very significantly. In effect, they'd lose considerable fighting-strength if they breathed-in that fragrance.

This was Jun Mo Xie's biggest trump-card for this operation.

"You... have finally come." Zhang Cun Xiao had suffered many injuries to his body. He limped-over with the use of a support as he welcomed the newcomers. Zhao Wu Ji also walked close besides him. He

looked at the red-clad men with an expression of unbridled fear, but it was mixed with unlimited gratitude.

"Ugh, we had an unexpected accident a while back. That delayed us a little," the red-clothed man replied expressionlessly. "Where are the crossbows?"

Zhang Cun Xiao looked at Zhao Wu Ji. He understood that gesture, and went towards the carriages with some people in tow. However, he didn't stop at the carriages. Instead, he moved forward to the horses that had been drawing the carriages. He took down their saddles. Then, he removed loops of a transparent leather belt from the lower portion of their bodies. He then removed a thin and indiscernible pelt of fur from there. And suddenly, several brightly glittering crossbows fell down with a 'crashing' noise.

That's where Zhao Wu Ji had tied the crossbows!

This scheme was very surprising. In fact, it was exceptional.

Even if a thief wanted to get his hands on those items — he would start with the carriages. And, he would run to another direction to search if the carriages didn't have them. Who would care about what looked like mere 'carriage horses' at a glance?

"There are 350 crossbows in total; twenty more than expected. We've come to deliver them all. The original 'manufacturing-blueprint' has been burnt. A batch of twenty crossbows is tied to the belly of each horse. The remaining horses have batches of special arrows tied to their bellies. The arrows count to a number of 7000. And, this is only the first batch of these arrows. The second batch is being prepared at a quick pace."

Zhao Wu Ji bowed his head in fear and trepidation. He didn't know why he felt that the red-clad man — who was overflowing with a cold aura — seemed dissatisfied with him.

"Very good! You've accomplished your task properly!" the red clad man seemed gratified now, "This place shall allow you to rest. And, you'll also be given a reward..."

"Many thanks..." Zhao Wu Ji was overjoyed. He bowed his head to pay his respect and show his thanks. However, his head fell on the ground with a "Thud!" His face was smiling in gratitude, but it had been beheaded by the red-clad man.

"Fool!"

This was the final comment the red-clothed man had left for Zhao Wu Ji to hear.

"The reward I've given you is that you can follow your younger brother and reunite with him. You can rest in Hell permanently!" the red clothed man stated in a measured manner.

"Senior... you... why?" Zhang Cun Xiao looked shocked as he asked. The red-clad man quickly hit Zhang Cun Xiao's head, and instantly ruptured his brain. His victim was on the verge of death, yet he struggled and asked, "But... why?"

"Why? I thought that you were somewhat smart. But, you turned out to be an idiot as well! You're actually asking me the reason for this?!" The red-clad man wiped the blood from his hands as he smiled, "Do you idiots really believe that the Blood Sword Hall would be willing to cooperate with that idiotic pig of a Second Prince?! He also deserves this only!"

He then waved his hand, and sternly commanded, "Finish the task!"

The other red-clad men quickly set-about their task. They had intentionally or otherwise moved closer to the "lucky" survivors; they were nearly stationed beside them. The survivors had previously thought that the shadow of death had been dispersed from their tail with the arrival of such help. They had felt as if a big burden had been removed from their hearts. Hence, they hadn't taken even the slightest of precautions. They were killed and routed the moment the leader of the red-clothed men commenced the rebellion; they were chopped like melons. Even the very thought of resisting didn't occur in their heads. They just cried in misery as they went down.

The remaining red-clad men wordlessly chopped down with their swords, and beheaded the warriors of the Li Family who hadn't escaped with Lei Jian Hong.

These men had been led by the two Xuan Sky experts to attack their enemies. They had been on the winning side. And, the situation had completely overturned the next moment when three Sky Xuan, numerous Earth and Jade Xuan experts attacked them with full strength. Each one of the Li Family's warriors had felt despair when they had witnessed Lei Jian Hong depart. Therefore, they didn't even have the slightest of courage to resist, and were slaughtered in the blink of an eye.

There were only a little over ten red-clad men left in the battlefield at that moment. However, their strength was truly tyrannical. They attacked to kill; not a single one of their enemies was let-off injured.

The white mist that shrouded the mountain had become even denser.

"Hurry up and inspect! Confirm which horses carry the crossbows! Quickly tidy-up, and retreat!" the leader of the red-clothed men commanded with a sense of urgency.

"He he he... it's finally my turn! This has been fuc*ing exhausting... You guys play the game very fiercely... Most of you are still alive. That makes this Elder Brother very unhappy."

A mysterious laugh rang-out from thin air. It first came from the left, then from the right... then from the front... and then from behind. This phenomenon was unfathomable. One could only hear the words, "Blood Sword Hall is awesome! Your ability to select the most critical of moments... makes me admire you! But, if you're not working for the Second Prince... then, who are you working for? Perhaps I must ask this instead — who has the charisma to deserve the Blood Sword Hall's servitude? This Elder Brother is very interested in knowing, ah."

"Who's there? Who dresses-up as god but acts as the devil? Show yourself!" the leader of the red-clad men shouted while his eyes searched the surroundings.

"Humph... Humph...Humph! I'm your father! Your daddy!" The man in the shadows gave a vulgar smile. He then broke into a hearty laughter, "Is the clever son not sharp-enough to bow down and kowtow at his father's arrival?!"

"You court death!" the red-clothed man screamed in anger. He listened attentively, and then suddenly leapt up. His sword sent-out a long ray of blue-colored light. The blue light flew across, and made explosive noises as it hit several trees at their center. The ground made 'crackling' noises as the trees came crashing down. They pounded on the ground, and caused the dust to rise up in the air.

"Huh? How's this possible?" the red-clad man had killed a Sky Xuan expert with his the power of his attacks a moment ago. But, he had shouted this in a state of shock. He was shocked to discover that his Sky Xuan level Xuan Qi had dissipated to a great extent since the time he had sent his sword-attack a moment ago.

"Ha ha! There's only the unexpected in this world. Nothing is impossible. What can be considered as impossible?" the mysterious man hissed; he had remained hidden. He then roared, "Complete the task!"

There were explosions everywhere. The ground was suddenly overturned like waves in the sea. Silt and dust flew all over the place after the explosions. That was followed by several sturdy figures jumping out — people had suddenly started to appear from all sides.

A nimble figure suddenly appeared in mid-air, and unexpectedly made his way towards those Sky Xuan man. This mysterious expert flew towards them at a great speed.

The leader of the red-clad men cried, "Be careful!" However, he had barely finished crying-out when he saw a flash in front of him. Then, a black-clothed and masked man suddenly appeared right before him. The leader of the red-clad men was that mysterious man's true target. He quickly evaded backwards and raised his sword to go on the offensive.

However, his opponent followed him closely, and launched a quick attack. A cold light flashed to stab the red-clad man's throat. The cold light moved extremely quickly. In fact, it was faster than his eyesight could follow. He hadn't even seen the weapon when he heard a 'whooshing' sound. He then felt the cold sensation of something stabbing his throat.

The red-clothed man barely raised his sword as he retreated again. He then heard the 'whooshing' noise again, and realized that his opponent was about to attack his crotch. He quickly pulled-back his buttocks, and rejoiced in the fact that he had avoided that terrible attack. However, he became scared when he saw that light flash again. There was a thrust towards his eyes. But, he didn't have enough energy to tilt to the side to avoid the attack. He felt a stinging pain on his face, and realized that the dagger had pierced his skin. He then felt two elbows hit his chest. That was followed by a sudden pain in his lower region; every vulnerable area of his body had been ferociously struck.

The red-clad man was angry, in pain, and frightened...

The other side had copied the method he had used against Zhou Jian Ming. However, the roles had been reversed, and he was the one getting hit by the opposite party. Moreover, his opponent's speed was greater than his own; this man was more accurate as well.

[Is this divine retribution?!]

Chapter 312: Frantically Tortured to Death

Yet, what scared him the most was that his own Xuan Qi was fading away. Moreover, his dantian was reeling in chaos; not to mention the fact that he had no time to retaliate. In fact, he couldn't have competed with his opponent on the basis of his own skills even if he had the time to retaliate...

His opponent's speed was extremely fast. Moreover, the red-clad man had been thrown into disarray. Xuan Qi was the only thing he could rely on. However, the only thing he could rely on had already started to disappear. He had even forgotten to defend himself, and was simply being knocked-about.

"Bang!" the red clad man was hit on his crotch. Then, he was hit on the back of his head with a "Bang!" before he had the time to scream. He staggered two steps forward — only to find his attacker already present in front of him. Then, the red-clad man was forced to suffer a gale of countless crushing attacks within a split second.

His opponent's speed was like that of a ghost's. The red-clad man felt his entire body — from top to bottom... each and every part of it — getting hit. Moreover, every spot that was struck could cause the death of a person.

This mysterious attackers understanding of the human body had reached a very skilled and 'easy-flowing' level. It seemed that he was attacking randomly in either convenience or confusion. However, each spot he attacked made his victim feel extreme pain and discomfort; all these regions of the body were considered a taboo in martial arts.

The red-clothed man's consciousness was fuzzy. There was only one thought in his mind. [This person is even more proficient at killing than the men from my Blood Sword Hall. Who is this man?]

The other two Sky Xuan experts were scared at witnessing this sudden change in the situation. They bellowed and moved forward to help their leader. They raised their Xuan Qi — only to discover the lamentable reality a bit too late. They didn't realize when it happened... but their own Xuan Qi had already disintegrated. In fact, more-than-half of it had dispersed. The two felt as if their bodies had been affected by a high-level poison from the inside. They were flustered at being unable to save their compatriot's life. The two experts tried their best to get their Xuan Qi to circulate. They had hoped to force the poison out of their bodies and reinstate their fighting strength by doing this. However, the more urgently they circulated their Xuan Qi... the faster its remnants dispersed. How could they not be frightened?

It was a very scary scene since their men were slowly disappearing from the surroundings as more and more ghosts had started to appear on the mountain... They were like a disease which swiftly spread with thunderous speed.

Each of these newcomers' bodies flickered with glittering golden light. They didn't show any trace of fear as they charged towards the Earth Xuan and Jade Xuan experts; in fact, they even charged towards the strong Sky Xuan experts without any hesitations. The swords in their hand chopped down. It seemed like they were treating the Blood Sword Hall's assassins as a mere flock of sheep that had come for a slaughter.

The strongest amongst this new batch of enemies were Gold Xuan experts. Therefore, the red-clothed assassins would've considered these newcomers to be 'cattle waiting for slaughter' if they hadn't been poisoned earlier... perhaps even inferior to that. These newcomers were like ants to them — at best. It was important to know that the weakest members of this team of red-clad men were Jade Xuan experts.

However, the roles had been reversed. These black-clothed men — whom they would've generally regarded as ants — had somehow started to seem like the tyrant kings of hell!

The overbearing Ecstasy Fragrance had resulted in the crazy drop of their effective-cultivation in front of their enemy. And, their effective-cultivation continued to fall. This fact left the red-clothed men extremely frightened. In fact, they had already lost their will to fight-back.

These cold-blooded assassins' will to fight had been defeated by Ecstasy Fragrance.

A person's mentality wouldn't even hold at par with an ordinary individual's if they suddenly lost the immense strength they had always proudly relied on for their survival.

Therefore, everybody was only thinking of a means to escape. In fact, they were as chaotic as a swarm of bees.

Their Gold Xuan enemies were extremely imposing on the contrary. They were very ferocious, and seemed unafraid to die.

This new group of men had clashed against the other with the intensity of a volcanic eruption within a span of a couple of breaths.

The newcomers' facial expressions were grim and emotionless. They were confronted with a group of cold-blooded assassins. However, their own facial expressions were far more cruel and cold than a cold-blooded assassin's. Their panic-stricken enemies were attacking them in a very chaotic manner, but these newcomers made no attempts to flee. In fact, they didn't even try to dodge the incoming attacks. They merely used their shoulders and chests to confront the attacks head-on as they sent their own swords of their enemy's body.

It seemed as if they were fighting for the fate of their lives. In fact, it seemed as if they could change their lives by sustaining these injuries.

Their strategy was extremely cruel.

[If you confront a cruel enemy — then you've to be even crueler!]

The battle had begun quickly, but it had ended even quicker. The battle was already half-finished when the two forces collided. This was because... the black-clad men had attacked in order to slash at the bodies of the other group. And, the bodies of their victims would turn black once their skin had been pierced. Then, the said-individual would cease to breathe and die in a moment's time.

The weapons of the newcomers had been smeared with a highly toxic poison. This bloody poison could easily take someone's life in an instant. Even the Earth Xuan experts were unable to resist this poison for more-than-half a breath's time.

Jun Mo Xie had stored the poison he had expelled from Jun Wu Yi's body. And, that was same poison he had decided to use in this battle. The swords of these men had been dipped in that poison for an entire night's time. And, this poison was a mix of the top-ten most poisonous substances in the world. In fact, this poison could be bestowed the title of the 'King of all Poisons'.

Those 200-plus men were divided into different groups. Each group of 4 or 5 had been tasked with taking-on one individual. One member would act as a 'meat shield' and bear all strikes from the enemy. The remaining 3 or 4 members of the group would swarm around, and cut the enemy down into pieces.

The Earth Xuan experts were able to resist this onslaught for a moment with some difficulty. However, they'd die the next moment since the poison would corrode their body.

The two Sky Xuan experts were trying their best to force-out the poison as they watched this scene unfold. Their eyes were calm because they possessed the strength of a Sky Xuan. However, their brows couldn't help but twitch at the sight, while their bodies started to get covered with cold sweat.

[These... these... people?! This group of people is considering our life... and even the life of their own comrades as dispensable, isn't it? It is understandable if one fights 'tooth-and-nail' in the battlefield... But, isn't their strategy too barbaric?]

They saw a man's shoulder getting resolutely chopped by one of their Earth Xuan comrades. The blade had nearly pierced the man's shoulder down to its hilt. This was certainly a fatal blow. In fact, he would've been able to cut the man into two parts if he had applied a little more force. However, the victim didn't even flinch. He unexpectedly turned his shoulder. This allowed the blade cut-in even deeper. Then, his muscles held the blade in place... tightly. After that, his comrades vigorously rushed-over. They let-out loud roars and turned that Earth Xuan expert into minced meat.

...Another man's abdomen had been pierced by a sword. That was a certain fatal injury. However, just as before, the impaled man remained expressionless. He then put his hands to work... with one — he grabbed the edge of the blade that had pierced him in an unwavering grip. With the other — he held the red-clad Earth Xuan expert's wrist. Then, he actually smiled in a sinister manner! It was then that many swords fell down from besides him, and turned his red-clad enemy into grounded meat...

The same happened with another person...

Then another...

[These people...! They're more desperate than a man on a death sentence!]

Those who are desperate to fight... usually still feel fear and weakness when they are at death's door. However, these warriors had genuinely ignored the prospect of death. They were only concerned about the death of their opponents.

Fifteen Earth Xuan experts and forty red-clothed Jade Xuan experts were killed in the blink of an eye. What was crueler... was the fact that none of the fifty-five men's corpses were preserved. Their dead bodies had been transformed beyond recognition. Their corpses were a far-more miserable sight than Zhou Jian Ming's.

It went without saying that those assassins could confirm that what they had just witnessed... was the best way to kill since the corpses had been completely dismembered. However, to witness so many dismembered bodies with their own eyes obviously came as a shock to them.

This scene made the two Sky Xuan experts recall their expedition into the Tian Fa forest a year back. They had gone to look for some medicines, and had unexpectedly faced a pack of wolves. However, this group of men was even more dreadful than that pack of wolves. [Isn't this immense murderous intent even beyond the category of Assassins? Even the most blood-thirsty and cruel Xuan Beasts of the Tian Fa forest won't be able to achieve such a high level!]

And then finally...

Then, there was an extremely mournful and blood-curdling scream. It was full of indignation. Then, this sad howl came to an abrupt stop. The two Sky Xuan experts turned around in anticipation — only to see that their leader... who had recently killed the Sky Xuan Zhou Jian Ming... had both of his hands chopped-off. He hadn't yet fallen to the ground. His mouth was opened wide, and his eyes and nose had been beaten into terrible bloody cavities.

They saw their leader's body being kicked high into the sky with a "Bang!" the moment they turned around. Then, a storm-like rain of attacks fell upon his body. Everything... from his throat, heart, crotch, skull... all the vulnerable points of his body were being struck frantically. The two could clearly see that every attack had landed at the vital points of the body. Moreover, these intensive attacks were being carried out very accurately! This fact-alone was worthy-enough to make them tremble!

This incessant and accurate attacking method was very cruel, and cold-blooded. And, it had left them to tremble. Strikes on even half of those vital points could cause a fatality. Therefore, a storm of such strikes was obviously a shocking sight to watch.

Finally, the scene became still after a tart and sour 'snapping' sound was heard. What had just been an awe inspiring Sky Xuan expert... had now turned into a 'walking stick'. That devilish black-clothed man thrust his hand through the pit of his victim's stomach. It passed through the inner cavity like a ramrod, and pierced through his back. The black-clad man's fist firmly held a piece of his victim's heart.

It was hanging in midair!

The hair on the two Sky Xuan experts' body stood up.

This couldn't merely be called as 'cruel' or 'cold-blooded'... or anything similar.

This was abnormal! Extremely abnormal! The abnormality of this scene had crossed the limits of what humanity could bear!

This black-clad individual was naturally Jun Mo Xie. He knew that things couldn't be dragged-on for much longer. So, the Young Master Jun had obviously decided to attack first in order to gain the upper hand. However, he realized something after he had launched his attack. And, this realization had left him very gloomy... very, very gloomy.

The Hit-man Jun was the King of his generation's assassins. He had always been against such tyrannical and abnormal indulgences of playing with one's target. He had always paid attention while striking the target, and had tried to kill the 'target' as cleanly as possible. Therefore, Jun Mo Xie was secretly troubled since he had been forced to deal with his enemy in this manner as a last resort.

The Ecstasy Fragrance had reduced his opponent's fighting strength to a freakishly low level. The enemy had no will left to fight. Moreover, his initial movements and speed had caught his opponent unprepared. The speed of his movements had been faster than his enemy's from the start. But, still...

The strength of the Sky Xuan expert's body was too high! The Young Master Jun's growth had been lightning fast, and he had quickly reached the Jade Xuan realm... but, the gap between the two individual's strength was still supposed to be very great! Therefore, he had decided to use this intensive attack method. He had destroyed his enemy's bones to a point where one couldn't even find their dregs. However, his enemy had still managed to let-out a few painful howls in the face of such attacks...

Chapter 313: The Sullen Sky Xuan Assassins

The Young Master Jun's current firepower was nothing compared to the one he possessed in his previous life. He had managed to take his opponent by surprise, and the man had fallen into a state of naked disadvantage. But, the Young Master Jun still hadn't been able to break past his defenses. In fact, his 'overkill' style offense hadn't proved to be of much significance.

In fact, this man hadn't even been able to raise and amass his Xuan Qi. Therefore, the Young Master Jun was at a total loss for words with regard to this matter; this was very disgraceful.

Therefore, the Young Master Jun didn't dare to relax one bit. His attacks were intensive, but he was very clear about one thing — he himself would suffer losses if he wasn't able to kill the man quickly... in fact, the tables might even turn against him if he gave the other man any room to respond or take advantage. After all, he was merely a Jade Xuan expert when all was said and done; nothing more. And on the other hand, his opponent was at the Sky Xuan realm. In fact, he was a Peak Sky Xuan expert.

[My opponent can make me suffer even if his strength has been reduced to one-tenth of its actual power.]

Therefore, Jun Mo Xie continuously attacked with 'Bang!' 'Bang!' sounds. His fists, knees, elbows, the side of his heels... had been thoroughly jolted by the impacts of his own attacks. In fact, they had started to ache. But, he still wasn't prepared to relax; he couldn't dare to relax. So, it would've seemed that his attacks had gotten increasingly intense.

This one-sided battle would seem different from an outsider's perspective. An outsider would reckon that Jun Mo Xie could've killed his opponent with one strike alone. They would think that he had intentionally used such a cruel method in order to torture his enemy... that he was reprehensible for torturing people in such a manner for his enjoyment.

This level of maltreatment was the talk of legends!

Moreover, Jun Mo Xie had displayed his Xuan Qi in order to dispel the opposite side's imposing mannerism. However, he had displayed the dark blue color of a Sky Xuan Peak expert!

[That Sky Xuan Peak expert is wildly beating-up the other man... that too a man who is at a grade that is lower than his own within the Sky Xuan realm! Not only that... his opponent isn't even retaliating! Could it be that his barbaric attacks are an indication of his nature? He could've settled this in one strike, ah...]

Tears streamed down Jun Mo Xie's cheeks. [Even these sinister attacks aren't going very smoothly. What am I supposed to think ah...? Is my strength that incompetent...?]

Fortunately, this wasn't a game-world where everything operates on pure data. Even the strength of a Sky Xuan had its limits. Young Master Jun had continuously struck his victim over three hundred times in the same place by the end of it — on the pit of his stomach. And, he had then worn-out the Xuan Qi that protected his opponent's body... finally. He had finally beaten his enemy's strong-built body — a body the victim had been very proud of — to a pulp. Then, Jun Mo Xie had severed any scope of the other man's survival by striking his heart.

However, he was unaware that his image had appeared stationary after he had thrown his last punch. This had happened because he was very tired. So, he had taken a moment's rest. But, the onlookers had interpreted this sight in an entirely different light. That image was 'an extreme' to their eyes; it was too cruel, and too abnormal.

[You've already killed him... so, why are you doing this to his dead body? He looks like salted fish... do you wish to scare the dead, boss? This has been an exceptional night...]

The two hundred men looked Hit-man Jun with extreme reverence. There was complete silence for a moment.

They were too shocked!

They were extremely shocked!

It was a while before everyone came back to themselves. Then, the other two Sky Xuan experts looked at Jun Mo Xie with grief and indignation. They gnashed their teeth and asked, "Who are you? Have the guts to tell us your name! You're such a noble and far-reaching person! Your distinguished-self has been conferred my Blood Sword Hall's undying gratitude! We will work from dusk to dawn to pay you back!"

"Huh? Pay back? Shouldn't you think of running away?" Jun Mo Xie spoke in a flabbergasted manner. There was a twinkle in his eye. He then suddenly said, "Bullsh*t! Isn't your imagination too enriched? When did I ever say that I'll allow you to leave? Are you sure you aren't day-dreaming? Or, are you talking in your sleep?"

"Ha ha ha! We've lost more-than-half of our strength after being affected by your poison; this fact is undisputed. And, we've suffered a resounding defeat today! However, do you believe that you and your accompanying group of trashy and repulsive hatchlings can capture us? Right! Your distinguished-self is at the Sky Xuan Peak, and your strength outstrips ours by a margin. But, even your distinguished-self can stop only one amongst us if we truly intend to escape. You must be the one day-dreaming if you believe that you can constrain the both of us! So, the person who's 'day-dreaming' and 'talking in their sleep' is none other than your distinguished-self!"

The two red-clothed Sky Xuan experts laughed in a shrill manner. Their cold words echoed as they spoke, "We aren't afraid to tell you this in all honesty — no matter who you are... or whether or not you have some backing — you and your backers are toast! There'll be no beautiful dream for you... only a nightmare; an unending nightmare!"

"Capture only one of you? What shameful words are you speaking?! I wouldn't have come here if planned to allow even one of you leave! And, dreaming? We'll see who is dreaming!" Jun Mo Xie sneered and waved his hand, "Kill them!"

The 200 men roared loudly. Their injuries weren't light. Yet, they raised their swords, and threw themselves at the enemy like a tide in spite of their injuries.

"Ha ha..." the two Sky Xuan experts laughed heartily. Then, they suddenly leapt-up and rose in the air. One of them went towards the north, and the other one moved towards the south.

They moved extremely fast.

[Even this extremely tyrannical Peak Sky Xuan expert in front of us will have no choice but to chase only one of us. How can he capture the both of us since we're both at the same Xuan level as him?]

Jun Mo Xie snorted and laughed. He didn't move an inch. In fact, the Young Master Jun didn't even have the desire to move. He merely yelled in a cold voice, "Get down!" The sky was resounded with his loud and 'snapping' yell as it came down to the dark and gloomy earth. His men on the ground were in order. They were well-trained. And so, they immediately scattered; they quickly ducked, and went outside the circle.

The two red-clothed assassins couldn't help their 'bladders crack' when they raised their heads to look.

Dozens of nets appeared in midair — from all directions. These nets were studded with shining barbs, and they covered over thirty meters in radius. These nets were dense, and had no gaps that one could escape from. The two red-clothed men looked everywhere — only to find that there were no openings in the nets. Moreover, the nets overlapped each other as they came down; each net had another one above it. If one could cross one net with difficulty... he would then have to face a second one... and after that... even a third one...

The two red-clothed men mournfully cried in despair as forty-to-fifty nets opened-up, loudly fell on them with a "Bang!", and trapped them inside.

The two assassins could've worn the nets out if they would've been able to circulate their Xuan Qi... perhaps they could've even broken them if their Xuan Qi hadn't been lost. In fact, it would've merely been a matter of seconds. However, their Xuan Qi had reduced drastically. So, they wouldn't have had enough time to circulate and amass their Xuan Qi even if they had strived to escape.

Indeed, what they lacked the most at this juncture... was time.

How could Jun Mo Xie have allowed them enough time to counter-attack?

The 200 men had dropped their swords in unison once the command was given. Then, they conveniently took-out the already-prepared thick wooden clubs. After that, they — without any rhyme or reason — proceeded to ruthlessly beat-down upon the two poor 'devils' who were stuck under the many nets.

This was a huge opportunity for those Gold Xuan experts to trample upon Sky Xuan experts. It could be a once in a lifetime opportunity... so, how could they let it pass? Moreover, they had all seen the strength and vigor with which their Young Master had trampled upon his enemy. And so, they weren't prepared to let their Young Master attain all the glory...

[What happened to your Sky Xuan Strength? You still think you can trample and kill...? No... that's your fate.]

Dark Blue lights could be vaguely seen shining-through that heavy layer of nets. It was evident that the two Sky Xuan experts were still struggling with everything they had. They were desperately trying to save themselves from this dire situation. However, the cruel fact was that... their efforts would be in vain. Wooden clubs — as thick as thighs — powerfully fell on the flesh of those two in the midst of jeers and "Puff" sounds...

Their 'nightmare' had truly arrived!

The blood-curdling screams echoed. The two Sky Xuan experts had refused to scream their pain in order to save face at first. Then, they had started to shout as if there was nothing more joyous than that moment in-itself. Their screams had pierced the night sky; their screams had soon started to sound like the screech of numerous owls.

Their Sky Xuan leader had died... and that was extremely sad. However, he had been killed by the "high-level Sky Xuan expert" Jun Mo Xie's sneak attack. So, it could be said that he had died with honor. However, what about those two? They were being trampled by a group of ant-like Gold Xuan experts. How tragic had life been to them in the end?

Come to speak of it... these two people had been pressing their luck for a tragedy. Every man goes to seek-out his tragedies on his own. These two men weren't any different.

Jun Mo Xie originally had many misgivings about these two red-clad men. They had been affected by the Ecstasy Fragrance, but they were still genuine Sky Xuan experts. So, even their minimal strength would be at par with the Earth Xuan realm... perhaps even higher — no matter how much it had been reduced. There was no way to drastically reduce the Xuan Qi level beyond that. Therefore, they would've likely caused severe casualties to Jun Mo Xie's men if they had been allowed to go 'all out' and fight with their remaining might.

Therefore, Jun Mo Xie had covered himself with the distinct dark-blue-color of the Sky Xuan Peak level in order to deter those two.

The two red-clad men had obviously thought that the only option left for them was to escape... and that too — separately. And, it wasn't very surprising either. After all, their strength was merely at the initial stage of the Sky Xuan realm. So, they would've run away when faced a Peak Sky Xuan expert even if they had been in their peak condition. What could one possibly say for a situation when their strength had been reduced...

However, their attempt to flee had fallen within the bounds of Jun Mo Xie's strategy.

Jun Mo Xie had previously arranged for fifty-four of his men to hide in the trees. Each one of these men carried two nets with them. And, they were simply waiting for that moment. One could see only 200 people before? However, it was important to note that these men actually totaled to 254!

They acted like 54 skilled fishermen when they threw those dense nets. Moreover, their two victims had been in a state of confusion and panic when these nets had appeared in midair from nowhere at that critical juncture. So, how could they not have fallen into that trap?

The two red-clad men had should've caused huge casualties to Jun Mo Xie's party by all rights. And even then... they might not have been captured. However, they were now as sullen as a fish that had been caught in a net. Moreover, they hadn't merely been reduced to the fishes in a net at this moment — they more closely resembled the meat on a chopping-block... as their butcher pondered over how to chop them up...

Those two hundred men weren't frightened. They seem to brandish their wooden clubs as if the autumn season had arrived... it seemed as if the season for 'crop harvest' had finished, and they needed to thresh the soya beans from the harvest. They shouted with joy as they hammered their victims. Jun Mo Xie ordered his men to continue that beat-down — for a time period that lasted the duration it takes for

half-an-incense-stick to burn — for the fear of a "playing possum" trick. There was no other reason for him to do so; it was just an assassin's caution.

Thereafter, when Jun Mo Xie went forward to look at the result — what he found could only be described as 'very good'. The big nets had been thoroughly tattered. However, inside... what was inside... could in no way be considered as 'men'. In fact, they couldn't even be considered as 'meat'. What was left inside... was minced meat... hundred percent minced meat...!

Even if one slowly stews meat in a pressure cooker for a day's time... it still wouldn't become that decomposed!

Jun Mo Xie's eyes took a quick glance around. Then, he waved his hand and commanded, "Quickly sweep the battlefield! If an enemy still breaths — quickly remedy it with a knife. Take care of our injured. Retrieve the crossbows carefully! Ensure you leave no traces. Start at once!"

Everyone responded boisterously.

Jun Mo Xie raised his head, and looked in the wooded mountain's direction. There was an expression of profound happiness in his eyes.

The battlefield was quickly tidied-up-clean. Jun Mo Xie calmly gave the order. The men screamed in unison, and turned to mount their horses. Then, the men disappeared as the sounds of rapid hoof-beats echoed. They disappeared without a single trace.

All they left behind... were the pieces of scattered flesh... as evidence of this unusually bloody battle.

Chapter 314: Sword Pointed to Tian Fa

After a long while...

"Bluergh... bluergh..."

"Bluergh... bluergh, bluergh..."

Jun Mo Xie turned to look in the direction of the noise. Two individuals had damaged their lungs vomiting. In fact, it seemed that they'd even vomit-out their intestines. Then, the sounds of vomiting started to rise, and soon it seemed that many people had started to vomit...

"Old Pang, what's to be done about this vomiting...?"

"What can be done? Its vomit... it's useless to try to solve this matter. Let's go back... Bluergh..."

"The Young Master's strength is extremely astonishing. But, that method of his' was extremely... bluergh... cruel... heavens... bluergh..."

"You, shut up! We'll talk about this later! Bluergh..."

There was a gloomy warbling sound. Around ten men came out from their hiding places, and showed themselves. Their faces were pale, and the corners of their mouths were dripping unceasingly. One glance at their faces was enough to determine that they had been vomiting quite heavily.

It seemed that someone had taken the initiate to issue an order to these men, and they quietly departed. However, that person hadn't shown himself from the start to finish. In fact, it was almost as if that person was never present in the first place...

The deep curtains of night fell down. They concealed the crimes, and dispersed the bloody events...

The atmosphere had become peaceful and quite again.

~ The Jun Family Residence ~

It was already after midnight, yet Grandpa Jun's study-room was still brightly lit.

Jun Mo Xie was quietly returning home with his men when he saw that light, and suddenly felt a poetic feeling in his heart. So, he started to sing in his mind; [the night is calm, and the stars are glittering in the sky. The light still shines clear from Grandfather's window up ahead... He's working his heart out to write the research material. His tall figure is reflected in my heart...]

The Young Master Jun had his own way of enjoying himself. He went to his room, and went to sleep.

The two teams of his men rested, reorganized, recuperated and healed. Besides the 350 crossbows and 7000 accompanying bolts — they had also found twenty-to-thirty-thousand silver taels. Jun Mo Xie had generously divided them amongst his 200-plus men. Those who had sustained injuries were given an additional fifty taels. This had left everyone very happy and satisfied. His medicinal dans were curing the wounded men's injuries at a rapid pace without any major problems.

This was only natural since the Young Master Jun had very high-level skills in the medicinal field. His troops had received many injuries in the battle. A few of them had received grave injuries. And, there were some injuries that were so serious that they could be considered as 'fatal'. However, could these serious injuries prove to be a big deal with the Young Master's various medicines at hand? These injuries would obviously be cured within a short period of time.

The Emperor had lost his soldiers, his money, and his crossbows. Jun Mo Xie had ordered his men to use other methods for attacking or defending against the enemy. These crossbows were only to be used for self-defense. [In any case, we must set-off for Tian Fa soon. We needn't fear about being discovered if we use these crossbows in Tian Fa.]

Jun Mo Xie had just settled down. Old Pang had also quietly led his troops back to the Jun residence. Their faces were green, and their lips were white. Their footsteps were weak and unstable.

~ Inside the Study ~

"Lord Master... we've returned at last. Your subordinate has nearly madly vomited himself to death..." Old Pang gasped for air with difficulty.

"What happened?" Grandpa Jun was bewildered.

"It was the Young Master. That Method of his'... is very cruel... bluergh!" Old Pang continued to speak even though he felt nauseous.

"Cruel? What's the matter? Tell me properly," Grandpa Jun was even more bewildered now. Old Pang came from a family of warriors. He had been at his side for many decades. He had spent more time on the battlefield than Jun Wu Yi had. In fact, it wouldn't be an overstatement to call him a veteran of a hundred battles. What cruelty had he not seen already? He had killed at least a hundred warriors himself. And, that too was a conservative count. So, what could've possibly left him to look like this?

"Bluergh!" Old Pang retched as he tried to speak. But, he was finally able to, "My Lord, I've seen men getting killed. I've killed many men myself. But, I've never seen anyone beating a live person to death like that, and then stretching one's hands... only for it to come out from behind a man's chest-cavity with his heart in the hand. And, as for the other two men — their corpses can't even be called 'human corpses'. They resembled 'dumplings' more closely. Even the process of chopping wasn't required anymore. Do you still need me to explain in more detail...?"

"Bluergh! Don't talk about it... shut up, and quickly go outside to vomit! Get lost! Bluergh!" He hadn't finished speaking, but Grandpa Jun could well-imagine the scene. He couldn't help but burst out retching.

Old Pang's evil scheme had prevailed. He chuckled in an evil manner, and went away like a wisp of smoke. [It's not good to vomit alone. Everyone should get to vomit. Everyone should be treated equally. This is fair and equitable.]

However, Grandpa Jun was a top-notch warrior at the end of the day. He only retched for a moment. Then, he resumed his natural state. In fact, he couldn't help but smile as he muttered to himself, "This little devil is full of surprises! That stealthy poison was really... I can't tell how many more cards he has hidden in his hand!"

However, one expert inside the Jun Family was very depressed.

This expert was the same person who had recently been made the 'commander' of the Tian Fa expedition — Jun Wu Yi. He had personally led men to the Ni Chang Pavilion in order to arrest and kill Yue'er and everyone else. After all, the crossbows had arrived and their operation had already begun. Therefore, Yue'er and the others had outlived their usefulness.

This was part of Jun Mo Xie's plan.

However, they rushed into that place, and found it empty. They enquired and found that Yue'er had vanished on the dawn of that day along with everyone else. And, she had left no trace behind.

Jun Wu Yi was extremely disappointed.

He had used a mountain to smash an egg. Even a standard stone could smash an egg... but, he had failed to do so. He was depressed... really depressed. [Where was the information leaked from...?] This thought had greatly puzzled him.

Jun Mo Xie stood on the edge of the convened gathering on following day's dawn.

He had to depart with the army in the afternoon. So, Jun Mo Xie was 'racing against time' in the true sense of the meaning.

"Fatty, I'll be leaving later. Take proper care of the Aristocratic Hall. Bear that responsibility for me. In addition, I will supply you with some medicinal dans. Hold an auction for them every-so-often. And, auction a very small amount. Ensure that you protect the secrecy of the relevant information. And, as for the money you acquire from the auction — don't hesitate to spend it to acquire rare ingredients. You needn't spend much effort to acquire the ordinary ingredients anymore. And, don't collect the medicinal herbs the way you had previously done!"

Jun Mo Xie handed Fatty Tang a bottle of the Multi-Cure Dan, a bottle of the Mysterious Yang Dan, and a bottle of the Missing Yin Dan in order to earn profit. He wasn't going to sell the efficacy-increasing 'Ten Years Dan'. However, these three Dans were enough to cause wide-spread sensation.

"Little Yang Mo, you needn't be involved in the Aristocratic Hall's day-to-day transactions and workings. However, if someone from the royal family comes and proposes something — whether it is excessive or not, whether it is unreasonable or not — you will handle all of it. After all, Tang Yuan's identity is inconvenient for this. You understand, right?"

"But... but..." Little Yang Mo hesitated a bit.

"But nothing! It has been decided!" Jun Mo Xie decisively cut-in. Then, he stated in conclusion, "Quickly go back to your father — the Prince Equivalent — to ask for guidance if you're unable to handle it on your own. Ahem! This matter has already been decided. We won't speak of it again!"

The decision was squeaky clean. So, Yang Mo departed with some worry on his mind. Then, Jun Mo Xie turned to Tang Yuan, "Give all Imperial Family related business to Yang Mo. It doesn't matter if we suffer a loss. In fact, I don't care about any loss from that. Is that clear?"

"It's not clear. Why are you doing this? If per-chance anyone from the Imperial Family does come, and this little devil is unable to handle it... won't it mean that we'll be out of luck?" Tang Yuan's expression was one of protest. He didn't understand the Young Master Jun's decision.

"I don't require you to understand. I only need you to carry it out!" Jun Mo Xie glared in anger. The Prince Equivalent's family hadn't attended the Golden Scholarly Feast. However, he hadn't opposed Jun Mo Xie's intentional or non-intentional instigation either. Everything had seemed to be still.

It had to be said that the Prince Equivalent could certainly keep his composure. However, that move wouldn't work in front of Jun Mo Xie. [So, you're keeping calm? Good! I'll just add to the fire!]

[You think that you could just put up some money on the table, and buy a share... and then this Young Master will keep making money for you? How can it be that easy? What's the point of giving you so much money if I can't even tie your family to the Jun Family's war-chariot?]

[This isn't exactly openhearted. And, it can be considered very mean to exploit a child. However, I can give you a whole generation of Kings if your son's performance is good!]

[Who won't be satisfied with that?]

Tang Yuan still didn't understand his intention. However, he kept his mouth shut when he saw that Jun Mo Xie was getting angry. So, he only responded in agreement from there on. In fact, he himself hadn't thought of it... when had his childhood friend — some he used to go debauching-around — become so authoritative and domineering?

"Song Shang, you will brew wine during this time, and provide it to our families; do you understand? You will also be responsible for the Aristocratic Hall's security at night. Ensure that no mishap occurs!"

"I understand, Master."

"Hai Chen Feng, I want you to consolidate the underworld during the time I'm away. The amount of fighting strength you gather isn't that important to me. Rather, I would like you to gather as much intelligence as you can. Are you clear on that? For example; the beggars on the Capital's street, the people in restaurants, the barman, the pimps of various brothels, the men who stand and keep watch at the doors of the influential families and so on... Utilize their hidden talents, uncover the valuable intelligence, and record it. Intelligence is the first priority here. You can look to deal with the issue of military strength once you've established a definite line of intelligence. Do you understand?"

A cold light flickered in Jun Mo Xie's eyes. He had spoken the entire set of instructions in one breath. It had embodied the most important purpose for his control over the gangs. Therefore, it was very important that Hai Chen Feng understood it properly.

"I understand. The Young Master can feel relieved. I, Hai Chen Feng, will consolidate Tian Xiang City's gangs, and set-up a watertight intelligence network," Hai Chen Feng solemnly replied. He had clearly understood Jun Mo Xie's idea.

"Ahem! Good. Now, we come to another matter. This matter is of the utmost importance. It is something I won't compromise on; and that is the Jun Family's security. Hai Chen Feng and Song Shang, you both will be in charge of this matter. I will say this in short — I won't permit any mishaps. None whatsoever! Nothing at all! No matter the situation! Do you understand?!"

"Be at ease, Young Master! Anyone who wishes to mess with the Jun Family will have to pass over our dead bodies!" Hai Chen Feng and Song Shang replied in unison.

"Ahem! Then, I'm relieved," Jun Mo Xie nodded slightly. He then took out another porcelain bottle, "There are three Dan pills in this; for each of you. Take them. These will serve to increase your Xuan Qi cultivation by ten years! Tang Yuan, you can take Hai Chen Feng's assistance in this matter. And another thing, this matter is a secret of top priority. None of you is to divulge anything outside!"

The three people replied in unison with fanatical looks in their eyes. [To be able to increase Xuan Qi cultivation by ten years!] Tang Yuan wouldn't pay attention to matters pertaining martial strength under normal circumstances. However, even he wasn't foolish enough to disregard this, and got all excited about it. Hai Chen Feng and the Song Shang were both Sky Xuan experts. Their understanding of this matter was obviously more profound.

"You're all temporarily dismissed. Hurry up and go. I will leave for battle this afternoon. There's no need to see me off," Jun Mo Xie waved his hand. His eyes revealed a strange expression as he slowly continued, "If everything goes smoothly on this trip... then when we return... he he..." He laughed in a profound manner. His eyes shone with a cold light that was akin to the one that's reflected off a sword's edge.

The people who saw this couldn't help but tremble. [What plan does this Young Master have? And, how can his expression be so scary?]

The sun had shifted slightly to the west. The drums for the army's assembling rumbled loudly on the massive drill-ground. Their echoes shook the heavens and earth.

Generals chose morning-time go to battle for the most part; preferably sunrise. They'd take the rising Sun to be auspicious. However, the vows before the troops were being taken at noon in this case. This was somewhat different to the usual practice. And, this wasn't a very good idea to say the least about it. How could it be good if the sun quickly set in the west? But, the Emperor of the Tian Xiang Empire had decided this, and no one had dared to ask the reason.

The biting-cold autumn wind dried-up, and boiled over the ground. What regrets would a man have if he could achieve such a feat?

[Let this magnificent army of men and horses follow me impassioned! All without exception will go forward — disregarding life and death!]

Mountains of joyous shouts echoed like tsunamis. It was amongst all this cheering that Jun Wu Yi grasped his wheelchair, and turned around to face His Majesty. He cupped his fists, "Your Majesty, your humble official Jun Wu Yi seeks to resign from his post in order to lead the army."

"I allow you to do so," the Emperor's face had turned red as loud celebratory music started to play.

"Play the music. Send off the Empire's heroes into battle!" Grandfather Dugu Zong Heng stepped forward, and proclaimed with a loud and majestic roar.

The battle drums echoed loudly like a surging tide since they were played with enthusiasm.

Eight horsemen attired in neat battle-clothing and shining armors carried the banner on their staffs. They led the way on their eight horses.

The biting-cold autumn wind blew upon the large banner, and made it rise up. It was the color of blood, and had a single golden word on it — "Jun."

The eyes of some of Tian Xiang's veteran soldiers had welled-up with tears.

The Jun Family's war-banner!

This banner had always symbolized unparalleled victory! This flag was a banner of iron and blood! It had finally risen again after an absence of ten years! However, it still excited everyone's souls; just as it had in the past! It still rolled-up in this weather; just as it had in the past!

The sound of hoof-beats was methodically emanated. The echoes rose as squadron-after-squadron of brightly armored cavalymen moved out in formation, and slowly formed a vast and mighty torrent of steel as they galloped away in the wind.

A blade was raised towards the blue dome of heaven. The sword was pointed towards Tian Fa. The hero of a hundred battles had moved out. And, the hero's blood hadn't gone cold yet.

[Tian Fa! I'm coming!]

Chapter 315: To Violate the Army's Disciplinary Laws

The day after the army had set off... or to be more precise... on the midnight of the day the army had set off — the real client of the Blood Sword Hall, the Emperor of the Tian Xiang Empire — finally received the news he had been waiting for. The Zhao Family's men who had crossed into the Capital's region had been wiped out along with the troops they had hired from the Southern Trade Union. The Second Prince's Devine Storm Guard had suffered the same fate.

The Emperor didn't find this news-report shocking; in fact, it was expected. Otherwise, wouldn't things have failed to live up to his arrangements? However, the news-report wasn't limited to this information. This was because the annihilation hadn't been limited to the aforementioned deaths. The members of the Blood Sword Hall who had taken part in the operation had also died a violent death.

The three Sky Xuan experts, fifteen Earth Xuan assassins, and forty Jade Xuan assassins — all had been eliminated. This news was shocking; in fact, it was extremely shocking.

One would've needed immense fighting-strength in order to destroy such a force. And, this was different from an ordinary defeat... perhaps even an 'attack and a rout' situation. Rather, it was the complete destruction of an entire military group; not a single person had been able to escape.

In addition, the main reason for these events had disappeared without a trace. That is... the meticulously manufactured ultra-killing weapons made using the Xuan Beasts' tendons and highly tempered steel — which several powers had been vying and hoping for — had also disappeared without a trace.

The Emperor had ransacked his table, and had his cup had fallen down. The spirit of his gloomy face didn't revive for many days to come. The crossbows and the strength of the Blood Sword Hall had held great importance for the Emperor. He had never expected that his flawless arrangements would go awry instead of capturing those crossbows. In fact, he hadn't merely lost-out on the crossbows. He had also lost the elite troops that constituted nearly half of the covert martial strength under his command to this unfathomable mystery.

The fact that made him even angrier was that this event had left no clues behind. So, he couldn't determine who had been behind this incident. So much so, that even the tiniest clues hadn't been left behind. How wouldn't the Tian Xiang Empire's Emperor be gloomy? How could he not be angry? This gloom and anger resulted in a cloud of worry and a fog of misery in the Imperial Palace. Everyone trembled with fear and treaded with caution since no one wanted to anger the 'unhappy' Emperor.

As for the effect of the news of this event on the Second Prince... he fainted when he heard this news. This isn't an exaggeration... he had genuinely fainted on the spot.

That was understandable. After all, he had suffered the greatest damage amongst all the participants. He had expended the highest amount of resources from the start to the finish. In fact, he couldn't afford the final outcome of it. The Second Prince had paid for the raw materials that were required for the manufacturing. In fact, he had paid a very high price for them. Perhaps, one should say that he had paid an astronomically high price. Then, he had paid double for the manufacturing cost. The Prince had also engaged a lot of manpower for the transport arrangements. And now, he had suffered a dead loss. Moreover, his Divine Storm Guard had also been annihilated in its entirety; they were the Second Prince's most elite troops!

One could say that he had gone bankrupt while paying for another's wedding dress. The fact that was even more exasperating was that he didn't know who that 'other person' was... The Second Prince probably wouldn't have been able to figure out a way of responding to this situation if he hadn't already fainted in the first place...

Another person was similarly gloomy. It was Li You Ran. The Young Master Li hadn't suffered the loss of a fortune like the Second Prince. But, he had still paid a considerable amount. One could say that he had lost his hard earned savings...

He had sent half of the most elite of his family's secretly trained warriors for this task. And, they had been completely annihilated. Moreover, one of his senior brother-disciples was killed, and turned to minced-meat.

However, the fact that made him even more depressed was that — he didn't know whom to retaliate against. [Should I look for the Blood Sword Hall? Should I find that assassin and take revenge?] Wouldn't the Great Cold-Blooded Master Lei Wu Bei go mad if he didn't take revenge? Moreover, his two remaining senior disciples had been so shaken that they hadn't even brought their deceased brother-disciple's body back. In fact, he reckoned that his senior brother-disciple and his senior sister-disciple wouldn't stay with him for long either.

Nine senior brother-disciples and one senior sister-disciple had come to Tian Xiang City a fortnight ago in order to help him with his plans. However, eight had already died by now. And, the remaining two had transformed into thoroughly frightened creatures.

The Li Family's Young Master — Li You Ran — resented this situation to no end.

Something else had also added to the fire. He had sent some of his powerful seniors to formally gain control over Tian Xiang City's underworld a few nights ago. However, they had unexpectedly been attacked the same night, and had been forced to retreat. And, the Jin Yang gang had engulfed the entire underworld as a result.

The Jin Yang gang had already become the biggest group in Tian Xiang's underworld. In fact, they didn't have any competitors.

[Senior Brother Lei Jian Hong and Senior Sister Fang Piao Hong fought the enemies tonight. These two Sky Xuan experts battled the counterparts. Their enemies' strength was indeed greater than my seniors, but these two senior-disciples have failed in the true sense. They become flustered, and lost all intention to fight-back. A Sky Xuan expert must at least be able to maintain their composure and status!] Li You Ran was especially angry at that point. And, the two seniors had also realized their problem. They were ashamed of letting their junior down, and asked him to let them leave. They wished to find Master Lei Wu Bei in order to discuss the countermeasures with him.

Li You Ran had readily agreed. He had naturally provided them with a great amount of money for their travels. He had politely seen them off to their journey as well. However, muttered curses had arisen from the usually calm Young Master Li You Ran's mouth after the two left. He had suddenly raised his leg, and had smashed his family's door with a kick...

He had already reached Jade Xuan realm. Therefore, he had become quite powerful. His ferocious kick had thoroughly destroyed the door.

It was a proper and incisive kick.

"Jin Yan Gang...? You think that I don't know that you're Jun Mo Xie's people?" Li You Ran's fists clenched. Then, his expression had gradually calmed down, and he had slowly loosened his fists. Suddenly, a gentle smile had stretched across his face. "Jun Mo Xie has left the Capital now. Do you think that I won't be able to deal with you now? Do you think that I won't be able to handle you now? I have many ricks. It would be hard to beat you head-on, but round-about ways can also achieve the same goal!"

The Young Master Jun's blood had boiled during the ceremony of vows that had taken place before they had set out to war. This was the first time that he had felt like a hot-blooded heroic son of a military

family. However, Jun Mo Xie had found himself unable to bear the military's customs after merely half-a-day's journey from the Capital. It was too much for him to take!

[That's forbidden! That won't do either!] Jun Mo Xie had later discovered walking without consent, and even laughing or speaking out-of-turn was improper in his third Uncle's eyes.

Jun Wu Yi had stayed away from the military for more than ten years. But, this barbaric control of the army had brought victories in the past. He seemingly watched over those who weren't pleasing to his eyes with a cold and scowling face, and acted against them with swift and decisive decisions. He would especially nitpick with the group of debauchees — headed by his own nephew — even more harshly for no reason since they weren't pleasing to look at. So, if he saw one of them... he would scold that 'one' youngster. If he saw two of them... he would scold them both.

Therefore, it was fair and reasonable that Jun Mo Xie, Murong Qian Jun, Meng Hai Zhou, Meng Fei, Li Zhen, Li Feng, etc... these Young Masters of the various families were left to whine to no end.

Jun Mo Xie knew that his uncle would need strict authority over the military to hold the battle formations. For that, his uncle needed to establish his prestige. He would need to set-up the image of harsh and firm military discipline since that would ensure strict obedience when they marched into a battle. Could they possibly go to war if indiscipline was rife in the Army? That would be like marching to their death!

Therefore, Jun Wu Yi needed several 'out of luck' and 'damnable' scapegoats in order to establish his prestige.

It was a classic case of 'killing one to warn the many'. He would set an example as a warning to others in order to implement military discipline.

However, Jun Mo Xie hadn't expected that he would be the first 'out of luck' scapegoat.

This incident would sound rather melodramatic... Jun Mo Xie had been riding his horse, and had been fighting an urge to urinate for half-the-afternoon. He took a look around. They had left the city's walls long ago. There were woods to his left, and farms to his right; some hamlets could be seen a little distance ahead. [The troops are advancing forward without a break. So, how do I deal with this?] This was an extremely difficult situation for the Young Master Jun. So, he swung his leg down his horse. Then,

he stealthily slipped-away to some nearby trees. He untied his trousers, and let-out a single stream without any restraint.

There were several trees before his eyes. The magnificent army was marching forward behind him; very close behind him. In fact, they were so close to the trees that the men at the extreme opposite side of this procession of troops could stretch their hand, and fish-out a bird's eggs...

Therefore, the Young Master Jun let out his urinary stream in a highly spirited and invigoratingly straight line.

He had burst-out to his heart's content. Then, he shook 'it' quickly after he was finished. He was about to pull-up his trousers. But, he suddenly realized that two hands had been placed on his shoulders.

"You've separated from the formation without permission. You've ignored the army's discipline, and you've disrupted the public morals by urinating in front of everyone! Young General, we request that you come with us," Two Military Police personnel arrived like heavenly troops, and caught Jun Mo Xie red-handed.

"What... doesn't that sound unreasonable, ah? I obviously have my back to everyone. So, how can you say that I was urinating in front of them?" Jun Mo Xie contended on strong grounds. However, the two 'impartial' law officials grabbed him, and took him with them. The pitiful Young Master Jun didn't even get time to pull-up his trousers! His 'thing' was somewhat discernable to prying eyes. He was seized, and brought under the graceful banner of Jun Wu Yi.

The results were good, and Jun Wu Yi — the commander from the Jun family — put on a show in front of his headquarters. He ceremoniously punished Jun Mo Xie at the official gates with the serious penalty of twenty lashings with truncheons.

If the punishment was too heavy for this crime... then no one called it 'heavy'. And, if it was lenient... then no one called it that either. No one asked mercy for Jun Mo Xie. But, that was only natural. Everyone knew that Commander Jun had found an excuse to put on a display. Moreover, the Young Master Jun didn't have friendly relations with anyone there.

Most real men don't cry in such situations. However, Jun Mo Xie nearly wept. He looked up and clenched his teeth as he said, "Third Uncle, you are 'using your authority to bring about order'. It is this little nephew's bad luck that he had erred a little... but, this is the first time ah..."

"Silence! We're general and subordinate in the army camp. I'm not your Third Uncle. And, you're not my nephew. Deputy General, you've spoken rudely, and you've disrupted the army's discipline. Add ten more hits to his penalty!" Third Master Jun's expression was serious.

Young Master Jun clearly understood that he dare not utter another word. He was sure that he would be hit many more times if he spoke-up again.

The truncheon crackled thirty times, and everyone kept quiet. Many debauchees were present there to witness; old and young. They reveled in his misfortune, but they didn't speak a word. That itself was a desired result.

However, Commander Jun was aware of his nephews' skills. It would've seemed that Jun Mo Xie had suffered serious injuries when one looked at his posterior turning all red-and-blue. However, it wasn't a big deal in reality. In fact, it wouldn't have harmed him much even if he had been struck three hundred times; let alone thirty times. However, he had just caught his nephew red-handed after the military operations had already started. And so, he hit upon an idea. [This kid erred. He's extremely undisciplined. This isn't a good thing.] The Jun Family was a family of generals at the end of the day. So, he had decided to use that opportunity to carefully temper his nephews' temperament. This would be important in laying out a foundation in case he had to lead troops into battle in the future.

As a matter of fact... this idea's origin could be barely credited to Jun Wu Yi. Grandpa Jun had exhorted him to ferociously train Jun Mo Xie before they had departed for war. In other words, he had been given this license by Grandpa Jun himself. So, the Third Master Jun had prepared himself to ill-treat his nephew in an unrestrained manner.

However, it was still a bit too much for the youngster's first act of indiscipline.

Jun Mo Xie covered his buttocks after he had received that lashing of thirty truncheons, and walked out of the Commander's tent with his teeth gnashed. Then, he started to look around for someone he didn't like.

"Ah! Is that the all-powerful Jun Family's Third Young Master? What's with that expression? Is this the first time the Commander has educated you? He he he... Third Young Master Jun, you look very handsome when you cover your butts with your hands! This Young Master really admires you!" Jun Mo Xie had been his rival-in-love over Princess Ling Meng in the days gone by. So, the Murong Family's Young Master — Murong Qian Jun — peculiarly shook his shoulders in an exaggerated manner. In fact, it seemed that he was deliberately making a crackling sound of laughter. Meng Hai Zhou and others were present in the vicinity as well. They roared with laughter at this.

Jun Mo Xie didn't say a thing. He simply walked-over and stationed himself in front of Murong Qian Jun. Then, he suddenly snatched a pike from a soldier who stood beside him. He then used it as a truncheon, and rained-down attacks on the opposite party. He drilled-in an attack with that pike-truncheon at a very fast speed.

[This Young Master had found no place to vent his belly full of anger. Yet, you still dared to provoke me? Are trying to court your bad luck?]

[This is what they call 'intolerable'!]

[This Young Master Jun — at the very least — won't tolerate it!]

What else could Murong Qian Jun expect? The other party had erred, and had broken the army's discipline. And then, the former had still tried to 'take his case' in front of their peers. However, he had been caught off-guard by the Young Master Jun's retaliation.

He wouldn't have been able to avoid it even if he had been prepared for it. He was struck by the truncheon. His eyes instantly filled with a golden light, and stars started to glitter in front of them.

The Murong family's skulls were rather perfect in their bone-structure. The pike hit him dead in the center, and broke off. Murong Qian Jun's skull was perfect, but his forehead was even superior in quality. A red lump — the size of a finger, and as thick as an egg — rose-up right in the center of his forehead at a visibly astonishing speed. In fact, it even made a 'whooshing' sound. It erected straight-up like a unicorn's horn.

"Oh? Isn't this the graceful and elegant Young Master Murong? Is that a pen*s on his head? Don't tell me that this is his innate talent? Is it possible that his 'thing' isn't inside his pants, but on his forehead

instead? It's a pity... such a pity that there's only one egg to it. But, it has a very graceful shape. In fact, it is unrivalled all throughout the land. It is genuinely unprecedented. I truly admire it!" Jun Mo Xie burst out laughing as he made a gesture with his head. His gesture couldn't be considered as 'lame' in front of that shape on Murong Qian Jun's head. Then, he threw away the now-half-pike, and left with long strides.

He had exported his Qi in this strike. So, that the pike hit Murong Qian Jun with just the precise amount of strength, and his skin didn't break. However, this caused his forehead to swell to its maximum extent, and created an 'amazing and astonishing' effect.

Everyone who heard that remark turned to look — only to find a lump on Murong Qian Jun's forehead. It was erect, and amazingly resembled a pen*s. It looked like an especially rare one since it somewhat lacked in length. But, it was of perfect thickness, and had a remarkable likeness in all other respects. It had been imitated to perfection, and was very lifelike!