

Firmament 831

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Chapter 831: Assassins Went Up!

When Ye Xiao wasn't urging Erhuo, it actually made some supreme dan beads. That meant Erhuo must have gotten lots of good stuff. Otherwise, it wouldn't make so many supreme dan beads itself!

[It must be a huge theft event out there that Prime Master Yue's fish got stolen!]

[Well... I hope it won't get caught.]

Ye Xiao immediately gave up that idea.

[There must be a lot of people in Qing-Yun Realm who can easily catch me. However, there must be much fewer who can catch Erhuo. At least in Cold Moon Palace, nobody can catch it!]

Ye Xiao was thinking about something else that confused him. Under the watch of Prime Master Yue's level nine of Dao Origin Stage cultivation, how did Erhuo steal the fish without being noticed?

That was the real confusing part...

Ye Xiao didn't know that Erhuo had become an honored guest of Yue Changtian. In the wise Prime Master Yue Changtian's eyes, even the ten great elders were suspicious. He could only trust them fifty percent. That little cat was the only one that he fully trusted!

He believed it was impossible to be the thief!

Every day, he would discuss about the theft problem with Erhuo.

Surely, even though Erhuo understood what Yue Changtian said, Yue Changtian knew nothing from Erhuo's meow. He could only make a guess when Erhuo talked to him. The truth was that even if Erhuo told him everything it had done, he still wouldn't know a clue. He was going farther and farther from the truth!

If Ye Xiao knew about it, he would cough out a mouthful of blood!

[Is there anything more ridiculous than this?]

No matter how ridiculous it was, no matter how Erhuo stole the fish, the second month of the training had begun for Ye Xiao!

...

Somewhere else in Qing-Yun Realm.

A group of people was guarding carriages on the way across a valley.

Everyone was holding a weapon in the hand as if their enemies would show up at any second. They were alerted. Everything was like the sign of an ambush for them.

However, the next moment, a stream of sword light suddenly struck down from the sky and then swept over the entire group of people. Countless human heads flew up to the air. Suddenly, a slim figure made

a palm strike to break the flagpole. He grabbed the flagpole and jumped up. The next moment, that flagpole fell down fast along with the flag on it. That man was gone!

In the middle of the group, a stout middle-aged man had just drawn his sword from the scabbard. He was shocked and he was sweating!

"Who the hell is that man? How did he know that I have hidden the Blood Dragon Ginseng in that flagpole?" The middle-aged man only had one thought in mind.

"I am done. This is totally f*cked up."

A lot of martial artists were shouting around him, "Protect the carriages! Protect the carriages! We can just make a new flagpole! Don't risk your lives for a flagpole! That man is trying to make us angry and draw us away to chase him. We can't leave! If we get away, his men will attack the carriages! Do not fall to their trap!"

They crowded over to protect the several carriages. "Let's stay calm and steady. As long as we keep the carriages safe, we are successful!"

The middle-aged man looked at his experienced fellows. He felt so sad but didn't have a way to vent it.

The real valuable thing had been hidden in that flagpole and it was now gone. Things in the four carriages were useless compared to that ginseng. [Ten times of these things are not enough for me to make a compensation... I am so f*cked up this time...]

...

In the forest, Ning Biluo grabbed that Blood Dragon Ginseng and put it in his mouth. He chewed and then simply swallowed it. The next moment, he started to operate his martial art to digest that ginseng.

The way he ate that ginseng was a bit wasteful, but it was a special time. He didn't have time to gather enough materials or to do something on that ginseng slowly and gradually. What he wanted was to absorb that ginseng as soon as possible!

"The martial world in the Qing-Yun Realm is not too much different from the Land of Han-Yang. However, one thing is totally different... Cultivator's cultivation levels... Well, I guess I still have the chance to achieve something in this world!

"The only thing I should do now is to improve my cultivation capability as much as I can and wait for the reunion with Ye Xiao and the others..."

He then took a deep breath and exhaled out a mass of qi. The next moment, he disappeared into the forest.

That Blood Dragon Ginseng brought him two hundred years of cultivation improvement!

This was the thirtieth time that he was hunted since he arrived in this world!

He had no choice. He was new to this world. He knew nobody. He had no resources at all!

He didn't even know the common sense in this world either.

What he had were those materials Ye Xiao had given to him before they ascended. He had to steal or rob other materials on his own!

That was a tough way to go!

Ning Biluo believed Zhao Pingtian and Liu Changjun must be in an even worse situation.

[Even master himself could easily be smashed to death in this horrible world. Nobody could immediately be protected and crowded by a bunch of friendly folks from the first day after ascending to this world!]

...

He was right about one thing, but wrong about the other two.

He was definitely wrong about the Ye Xiao. Ye Xiao actually was so lucky. He ate the Golden-scaled Dragon Fish and got a great improvement in cultivation. Lots of sects started to recruit him and he was forcibly recruited by the Cold Moon Palace. After that, a big crowd had guarded him back to the sect. Many people even died for him.

Ning Biluo was right about Liu Changjun though!

Liu Changjun was in a much worse situation than Ning Biluo. The first thing he had done since he got to this world was to rob a group of people who were from a powerful sect.

Unfortunately, he made it!

What he got was a full carriage of spiritual stones.

That was a big trouble!

That sect was not as powerful as the seven great sects, but it was already one of the big sects in that place. In that sect, there were two Dream Origin Stage cultivator.

Liu Changjun suddenly became a mouse on the street. Every day, there were people showing up trying to hunt him down. What he had been doing all this time was to fight for survival in those days!

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Chapter 832: Sky Ice Palace, Jun Yinglian!

That's right. He had robbed a huge amount of spiritual stones, and because of that, he had been hunted everyday. Under such circumstances, his cultivation was improved like a rocket. Everyday, there were more people from that sect who got killed by Liu Changjun.

He was a first class assassin after all!

Even though he was one of the weakest in Qing-Yun Realm, he was still a rather experienced and skillful assassin. That made him a difficult target in this world!

He was such an expert in hiding his own trace.

That sect who had been hunting him had many superior cultivators. The two most powerful ones were Dream Origin Stage cultivators who could kill Liu Changjun with one strike. However, it was just a big sect in a small place. Liu Changjun was much worse in cultivation, but he was definitely much more experienced than any of them.

As time passed by, facing the great danger, Liu Changjun survived everyday!

As long as he didn't fight those two Dream Origin Stage cultivators face to face, he would be safe.

That sect actually became a whip that kept urging Liu Changjun to improve himself!

What it took to make Liu Changjun improve was the sacrifice of their people's lives!

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The third, Zhao Pingtian, was having a much better life.

Liu Changjun and Ning Biluo were both living alone. However, Zhao Pingtian was not!

He had a great companion, his wife Rou-Er, who was a ghost!

Because of the Soul Gathering Dan, Rou-Er could show herself now. However, she could only show a flurry figure of herself in the air. That's all.

However, Zhao Pingtian was already satisfied!

'Ghost' was always a scary thing in any realm.

In Qing-Yun Realm, Zhao Pingtian was too weak to mess with any real superior cultivators yet. Whenever he was in trouble, it could be solved after Rou-Er showed up in front of some people.

Human beings were afraid of unknown things. Cultivators were no different!

When they saw a ghost, they would sweat and immediately run away because of fear.

With such a great help, Zhao Pingtian was nearly invincible. That made him improve so fast.

Ning Biluo, Zhao Pingtian and Liu Changjun, the three assassins had three different stories in the new world, but they all had the same goal. They all wanted to improve themselves, to prepare for the reunion!

The martial arts Ye Xiao gave them were top quality martial arts even in Qing-Yun Realm. As they cultivated longer, they found its extensiveness and profoundness. Each of them was almost lost in the martial arts, enjoying.

Time flew by.

The three of them were all getting more and more doughty, more and more powerful in cultivation...

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In somewhere else.

Bing Xinyue was walking in a certain place full of snow and ice, wearing floating white clothes.

It was a cliff in front of her. On the cliff, there were three big words.

'Thousand Zhang Ice'!

That was it. The Thousand Zhang Ice mountain.

The entire mountain was a giant piece of ice!

Inside the giant ice, there was a secret palace.

That was Sky Ice Palace.

In the end of the sky, there was a piece of ice, which was over a thousand zhang tall. Inside that great ice, there was a palace!

Finally, Bing Xinyue saw the palace. In the cloud and fog, shining under the sunlight, the palace was glowing with colorful lights. Bing Xinyue smiled.

"Is that Lady Bing?" a middle-aged woman spoke humbly to her, "I'll report to the Prime Master."

"Thanks." Bing Xinyue appreciated it.

Since Xuan Bing returned with great power, the Misty Cloud Palace shocked the entire world again. Disciples of Misty Cloud Palace had great privilege outside the sect. Nobody dared to mess with them and they could finally raise their heads above all the others.

When Bing Xinyue came to this place in the old days, there would always be some people who were mean to her. People would tease her and make troubles on her.

However, this time, all the way along to the Sky Ice Palace, what happened was only peace and serenity. Even Bing Xinyue was surprised that things would go so peaceful for her. She even had a feeling as if she was not attractive anymore, and nobody would love to tease her!

Hmm. Common problems of women. When people kept teasing them, they would feel bored and offended. When nobody dared to mess with them, they felt lost. Oh, women!

After a while, in the Sky Ice Palace, two world class stunning beauties were sitting opposite to each other.

Bing Xinyue was wearing white clothes, showing a warm and gentle smile on the face. Between her two eyes, she looked a bit upset. The lady who sat opposite to her was wearing plain color clothes. She looked amazingly elegant while sitting there quietly. She made people feel cold and distant.

Her eyes were full of sorrow and grief.

"Sister Jun, you can't forget him, can you?" Bing Xinyue sighed.

"Forget him? How?" Jun Yingliang looked extremely sad. She looked at the tomb outside her bedroom silently. It seemed her heart was already buried in that tomb with the man.

A simple response, two questions, she was asking Bing Xinyue, but also asking herself!

"Yue-Er, you don't understand." Jun Yinglian slightly shook her head and said, "Only those who truly loved and made great sacrifice for true love can know how impossible it is to forget their beloved one."

"Perhaps when I die, I will forget him!" Jun Yinglian looked grieved. "It is the four hundred and eighty-ninth day since he left. Time flies indeed. He has gone for one and half a year... I wonder whether he is bored down there. What a conscienceless man. I wonder whether he regrets about how he treated me when he was alive... It is too late now. He lost the chance... We both do..."

Bing Xinyue looked sad. She murmured, "Never in love... Only those who truly loved and made great sacrifice for true love..."

[I don't understand? Really? I did sacrifice for it! But... Have I ever been loved?]

"My request has been pended by the sect." Jun Yinglian sighed. "But I don't care. One more month, if they still won't give me an official reply, I will leave on own. I will leave a message to tell them I give up the position as the Prime Master. I will carry my sword and get down the mountain! I will vent my grudge with my sword in the martial world!"

"Sister, please don't do that!" Bing Xinyue was scared. "How can you fight the three factions on your own? That is suicide!"

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Chapter 833: Who Else Knows?

"Ah. I do want to get myself killed though." Jun Yinglian blandly said, "It must be a long way in the world of death. He has gone first. I can't let him be alone for too long. What makes me still alive is that there are lots of things I need to take care of before I die. Now I have done all I have to do. The last thing is to see you again, dear sister. I won't regret. However, I have to leave my fame that resounds after I die. If I can kill more people of those three sects, it will be much better."

She took a deep breath and said, "I can't... I can't let the righteous Xiao Monarch just die without anybody even trying to avenge him..."

"He has died for over one year now. I want the entire world to think of him again. I want everybody to hear the sound of that resounding name in Qing-Yun Realm again!"

Jun Yinglian's eyes stared at the gravestone.

It was a ten meters high, three meters wide gravestone, which was made from Cyan-cloud Purple Jade.

There were several words on it.

'Laughing upon all heroes in the world!'

"Life or death, I will be with you, laughing upon all heroes in the world!" Jun Yinglian spoke word by word in a heavy voice.

What she showed was decisiveness on her face!

Bing Xinyue sighed. She knew that no matter what she said, Jun Yinglian wouldn't change her mind.

Since Xiao Monarch died, Jun Yinglian's heart died with him!

What's left of her was just a body!

A extremely beautiful body!

But how could she let her beloved sister die like that?

"Sister, you said this is the last time we see each other. I want to ask you something. I shouldn't.. but..."

Bing Xinyue tried to change the topic. However, when she thought about what she was going to say, she was upset and troubled... Somehow, she felt falling into the trouble of love.

"What is it? Go ahead. Don't do this. Just say it, or don't mention it!" Jun Yinglian replied with coldness.

She had lost interests in anything else in the world.

No matter how Bing Xinyue tried to arouse Jun Yinglian's interest, Jun Yinglian just kept being indifferent. She sounded calm and even a bit impatient.

Bing Xinyue was hesitating, but eventually said it, "Sister, did you ever tell anybody about our relationship?"

Jun Yinglian blandly smiled. "I know you have a strong self-esteem, so I never told anybody about you and me."

"That's weird." Bing Xinyue frowned. "How did he... know it. He... He knows it. I never told anybody else either. How is it possible."

"I thought nobody else would know about you and me in the world. However, it turns out there is a man who knows it," Bing Xinyue said.

"Who is it?" Jun Yinglian wasn't interested at all. She just casually asked.

"I went to Land of Han-Yang to see my disciple. And I met this man. He cured my disciple..." Bing Xinyue stopped at this point.

Jun Yinglian didn't care. She just casually replied, "Oh really?"

"I hadn't met that man before. When I met him, I introduced myself. I said I am Bing Xinyue." Bing Xinyue said, frowning, "When he heard my name, his reaction was so weird. His heart started beating faster and he looked pale all of a sudden. I noticed he was shaking. So I asked him one thing."

"I asked him why would he have such a weird reaction when he heard my name." She continued, "Because that was the Land of Han-Yang. Nobody knows my name in that world."

Jun Yinglian nodded. "That's true. What did he say then?"

Bing Xinyue said, "He just told me that he had heard of my name before."

Jun Yinglian frowned. "There is a tunnel connecting the Qing-Yun Realm and Land of Han-Yang. Saint Sunlight Sect and Saint Starlight Sect both had their branches down there... Maybe it is reasonable that somebody has heard about you."

"That's true. I thought so. I asked him where did he hear my name from. If he heard of my name from those sects, it was normal. But what he said was stunning to me."

"What did he say?"

"He looked so weird and he said... The Misty Cloud Bing Xinyue..." Bing Xinyue spoke word by word.

Jun Yinglian spoke blandly, "That's right. He remembers your name because of this... Wait! No!"

The next moment, Jun Yinglian suddenly stood up. The desk was suddenly put down on the floor. The tea flowed over to the ground. She didn't even notice it. "No! That is not right!"

Bing Xinyue was having a strong heart beat now. She said, "You don't think it is right, do you, sister?"

"Did he say Misty Cloud Palace Bing Xinyue, or The Misty Cloud Bing Xinyue?" Jun Yinglian's face turned pale. She stared at Bing Xinyue and asked, "That sounds like a small difference, but..."

"The Misty Cloud Bing Xinyue! I am sure! That is why I was so surprised!" Bing Xinyue said, "So I replied with the next line, 'The Broad Heaven Jun Yinglian!'"

"What then?" Jun Yinglian was getting dramatic!

"Then he said he didn't know you... He said he had only heard of the first line..." Bing Xinyue didn't look at Jun Yinglian.

"He was lying!" Jun Yinglian shouted with a deep voice. Her eyes looked fierce. "He lied! The Misty Cloud Bing Xinyue! Only you and me know about this!"

Bing Xinyue asked, "Nobody else knew it?"

Jun Yinglian shouted, "Of course not..."

Suddenly, she stopped.

She slowly turned her head to look at the tombstone in the yard.

The words on that tombstone was shining!

"I know that poem. I still remember it." Bing Xinyue slowly said, "The Misty Cloud Bing Xinyue; the Broad Heaven Jun Yinglian; the Chaos Creator Xiao Monarch; who asks how hard to reach the heavens!"

Jun Yinglian suddenly sat down on the chair, as if her bones were all gone. She was just slouching on the chair.

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Chapter 834: Go out with the Sword in Hand!

"The Misty Cloud... It only represents one person." After a while, Jun Yinglian said, as if she had just woken up from a bad dream, "The first two lines of the poem... He wrote it... It was only slightly different from Misty Cloud Palace..."

She looked at that tombstone infatuatedly.

"Misty Cloud Palace overwhelms the world. Everybody knows the name. You are from Misty Cloud Palace. Everybody knows it! Nobody would make that mistake!"

"How did he know it? How?" Jun Yinglian grabbed on the chair. Her fingers turned pale! Her breath was getting heavier.

"What is that man's name?" she asked.

"He called himself Feng Zhiling..." Bing Xinyue answered.

"Feng Zhiling?" Jun Yinglian murmured.

Bing Xinyue looked at her and said in a soft voice, "That must be his fake name. My disciple came back to the sect and told me... that Feng Zhiling is actually another person. He is the son of Ye Nantian. Ye Nantian is the Northern General of the Kingdom of Chen in the Land of Han-Yang! Feng Zhiling is actually a young lord."

"Son of Ye Nantian..." Jun Yinglian murmured, "Who is that?"

Bing Xinyue spoke slowly, "It must be a coincidence. That young lord's name... is... Ye... Ye Xiao!"

"Ye the leaf; Xiao the smile!" Bing Xinyue spoke fast. "The three foppish young lords in Kingdom of Chen. They call him Lord Xiao in Capital."

Jun Yinglian heard that and suddenly passed out!

After a while, she woke up under Bing Xinyue's good treatment. She looked blank and said, "What... What did you say just now? What is that young man's name? Who... I didn't hear it clearly. Can you say it again? Can you?"

Bing Xinyue shook her head. She felt helpless about it. However, she still started over to tell her everything again.

Jun Yinglian kept listening to her carefully.

"This Lord Ye, what kind of person is he?" Jun Yinglian asked.

"I... I have no idea. I heard that he is a useless young foppish lord. He is well known as the three foolish young lords in the city. I guess..." Bing Xinyue answered frankly.

Apparently, she knew what Jun Yinglian would do next, so she decided to just tell her the superficial image of Ye Xiao.

However, Bing Xinyue didn't realize that it made her feel so relaxed. Did she really do it just for Jun Yinglian's sake?

Jun Yinglian tried so hard to control her own breath. Her eyes were blinking. She said, "I have to get down there to check on this. I must make sure of everything..."

"But the connection is cut off right now. Nobody can get down there," Bing Xinyue said.

"Hmm..." Jun Yinglian was sad.

"Don't be frustrated though. That young lord Ye Xiao has broken through the tunnel and ascended to Qing-Yun Realm right before the connection was off." Bing Xinyue said, "But nobody knows where he is right now..."

Jun Yinglian's eyes lit up. "You said he is a useless young lord. How could he possibly ascend to this world on his teens?"

Bing Xinyue smiled bitterly. "Maybe he faked a useless lord."

Jun Yinglian took a deep breath and calmed down. "I have to meet this Ye Xiao face to face!"

"Hmm. I understand. But... What you think is impossible." Bing Xinyue hesitated but finally said it.

"I know." Jun Yinglian said, "I know what you mean but I have to see him. I know what I hope is never going to happen. But I have to check on it!"

"Yue, you gave me a dream now. I have to follow it."

"I will only go see him, the young man with the name."

Jun Yinglian said, "But I need to ask you one thing."

Bing Xinyue said, "What is it?"

Jun Yinglian said, "Is his name really Ye Xiao? Ye the leaf; Xiao the smile? You are not making up a story to make me feel happy, are you?"

Bing Xinyue raised her hand and spoke solemnly, "If I ever lied about this, I would love to suffer the divine punishment!"

Jun Yinglian nodded.

She stood up and walked to that tombstone slowly. She stood there and slightly raised her head, looking at the words on the tombstone. She hadn't spoken a word for a while, just staring at it.

Sudden, her eyes became soft.

"Somebody uses your name. Will you allow it?" Jun Yinglian spoke in a low voice. She touched the words and said, "I won't."

Bing Xinyue just stood behind her, staring at her quietly.

The sunset shined on her. The tombstone was shining in colorful lights. At this moment, Jun Yinglian's body seemed to be a part of the tomb.

She looked so isolate and silent.

Bing Xinyue looked at her. She didn't find anything special, but in fact, tears were in her eyes.

She wonder how deep was Jun Yinglian's love to make her look so piteous!

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Bing Xinyue left Sky Ice Palace.

When she left, Jun Yinglian didn't walk her away. She just watched her off from the top of the mountain.

However, in her eyes, it could be told that she wasn't actually watching Bing Xinyue off. She was watching in distance, lost in thoughts. She had actually fallen into such deep thoughts before Bing Xinyue left.

Bing Xinyue walked along the way directly to the foot of the mountain. She looked back to the top of the mountain and saw that slim figure was still standing up there.

She knew that the figure wasn't looking at her.

She knew that the figure wasn't looking at anything in the world.

[If only Xiao Monarch is back to life... Sister should be so happy...] Bing Xinyue suddenly felt sour in the heart and came up with such a ridiculous idea.

...

On the third day after Bing Xinyue left Sky Ice Palace.

Jun Yinglian was wearing white clothes from head to toe with a silk mask on her face. She gently walked out of Sky Ice Palace. Finally, she was back to the martial world.

She looked calm and silent.

White clothes. Space ring. Long sword. Silk mask.

She looked just like the day when she first came out to the martial world.

Casual and elegant.

However, the coldness in her eyes and the darkness of death in her eyes, those made people feel that something serious was going to happen.

When Jun Yinglian left the Thousand Zhang Ice, some carrier birds rushed up high to the sky and flew fast away beyond the clouds.

A lot of people in the Qing-Yun Realm knew about the love story between Jun Yinglian and Xiao Monarch.

Ye Xiao had died for over a year. Jun Yinglian hadn't done anything since then. Everybody knew it was abnormal. Now, Jun Yinglian was eventually out with her sword in her hand, marching ahead to the martial world.

How could those people not be alerted?

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Chapter 835: The Return of Nantian!

Especially the three factions, they didn't even call back their men around Sky Ice Palace even though they had to close their gates. They wanted to know about what Jun Yinglian was going to do.

In fact, Sky Ice Palace was not one of the most powerful sects in the Qing-Yun Realm.

Jun Yinglian, however, was one of the most powerful figures in the Qing-Yun Realm!

At least among the ladies, except Xuan Bing, Xue Danru and other old generation cultivators, she should be the best!

The carrier birds didn't bother Jun Yinglian. She just looked at them and then left the place quickly.

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"Jun Yinglian left the mountain?" Yue Changtian heard the news. He didn't even have time to discuss his lost fish now. He called up an important meeting for the news. "She alone? Left the mountain with a silk mask on the face, a sword in her hand?"

When he made sure it was true, Yue Changtian made a long sigh.

"A chaos is going to hit Qing-Yun Realm soon."

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"Chaos!"

"Last time, it was the Chaos Creator Xiao Monarch! This time, it is the Broad Heavens Jun Yinglian."

"Who hosts the thousand Zhang great mountain, the beauty of the heavens Jun Yinglian!"

"A storm is coming!"

"Unless Jun Yinglian died herself... Otherwise, she is never going to let us go."

The leaders of the three factions all had the same reaction to the news!

"What to do?"

"What to do?"

"What to do?"

...

In fact, even if Jun Yinglian didn't return to the martial world, there were several hidden disturbances rising up in the martial world.

The seven great sects closed the gates at the same time for three years.

That had never happened before.

Some sects in the martial world got the opportunity to grow bigger!

The seven sects closed their gates. The three palaces and two halls closed their gates too. That was the most fortunate thing for other forces in Qing-Yun Realm.

It was such a great opportunity for the other sects to get great improvement!

Before this, the most powerful forces had been suppressing the entire martial world. The other sects could only live beneath their arrogance.

Cloud Breach Sect, which was announced to be the first sect in the world, had been suppressed all the time. They had given up so many resources that they had won during battles. They gave up a lot, so that they could keep themselves safe from the attention of the great forces.

If Cloud Breach Sect fought against any one of the seven great sects, they would totally collapse.

This time, Cloud Breach Sect could expand their territory as much as they wanted.

Three years was more than enough for them to snatch a huge amount of resources in the world. After three years, they would establish a great foundation of their own!

The seven sects closed their gates. All martial forces in Qing-Yun Realm were thrilled.

Nobody knew why Xuan Bing would sweep over all those super powerful forces! If she attacked them only to vent the grudge in her chest, she didn't have to make them close the gates for three years.

She could just beat them up harder.

Why would she make them close the gates?

It was totally a redundant move!

That didn't make sense at all.

However, it wasn't important to know why Xuan Bing did that. For the other sects, they only needed to know the great sects had closed the gates. All the disciples of those super powerful sects had returned to their sects and wouldn't come out.

In Misty Cloud Palace.

In the misty clouds, Xuan Bing was wearing all black, standing on top of the mountain and looking in distance. She looked so cold on the face, like an ice sculpture.

In fact, she looked pale on the face.

She had threatened all those super powerful sects on her own. Even if she was made from iron steel, she would still get hurt.

Behind her, a few elders stood there humbly down at the foot of the mountain.

They were here to ask about what to do next.

They felt rather excited about what the Prime Elder had done but also confused. [Why would Prime Elder do it so recklessly?]

[She has actually offended all those powerful sects in one move!]

Xuan Bing gave a few orders to them and then became like an ice sculpture again.

The elders took a breath of relief and then left.

When they were leaving, they seemed to hear Prime Elder Xuan Bing say something.

It was in a low voice, but they all heard it.

"Qing-Yun Realm should be much safer since all those sects have hidden back behind their gates..."

She seemed to say more than this, but nobody heard it after that.

A piece of cloud flew over and covered her slim figure. Nobody could see her now.

The elders were confused. [Safer? What does that mean? Prime Elder thinks Qing-Yun Realm is unsafe?]

[She is such a powerful cultivator. Nowhere except the four Saint Areas could possibly make her feel unsafe!]

However, nobody dared to ask her about it. They just left with the questions in mind.

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Other than the sects in the martial world, all the noble clans were all celebrating this too.

Especially... Ye Clan!

Ye Clan had been pushed down to the bottom for a long time in the Qing-Yun Realm. Because of the suppression from Qiong-Hua Palace, no other forces dared to get close with Ye Clan.

Ye Clan was like totally banned.

However, for the next three years, Ye Clan was free from the suppression.

Three years was long enough for them to do so many things.

However, the only thing that annoyed everybody in Ye Clan was that the man who made the entire clan under Qiong-Hua Palace's suppression had returned to the world. That was such an annoying thing for all the others!

Ye Nantian returned!

The return of Ye Nantian aroused a complex emotion in every clan member's heart.

When he entered the door of Ye Clan, all the members were silent.

"Why did you come back?" This was the first thing the old leader said to his son. He stared at Ye Nantian. He couldn't believe it.

"Why can't I come back. This is my home. Am I not a member of Ye Clan?" Facing his own father, Ye Nantian didn't show any weakness. He spoke word by word decisively, "I have been living in the lower realm for seventeen years. The tunnel is sealed. Of course, I should come back. Do you think I should just die under that divine lightning strikes? Even after all these years, you still don't want me to come back, do you?"

Ye Nantian sounded tough, but hidden inside his words, there were sorrow and grievances.

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Chapter 836: My Improvement Has Been Limited

The old Ye looked anxious. "The tunnel is blocked. There is no other choice left to you. You surely could come back to Qing-Yun Realm, but you shouldn't show up in Ye Clan like this. Don't you know that we have been suppressed for seventeen years just because of you..."

Ye Nantian spoke blandly, "Didn't I pay my own debt for the old days? I was twenty-three! Now I am forty!"

"The best ages of my life were wasted just because of that thing." He seemed to be in pain. "I understand what a clan means. If my clan doesn't allow me to stay, I will just leave. The world is big enough for me to find a shelter!"

"I came back today because I want to see you and mother. I wasn't a good son. I just want to see this place, where I grew up. I will kowtow to the ancestors, tell them I am back. The last thing, I would love to tell the world that I am back. Ye Nantian returned."

He took a deep breath and said, "Now, all I want is your answer. Should I go or stay?"

The old Ye closed his eyes.

He realized that his little son had really grown up.

It was not the young Ye Nantian who made a huge trouble and got kicked out of the family like a wild dog.

His vigor, power, and qi were all improved to a decent level.

Even when he was facing his own father, he looked casual and confident. However, he didn't feel close to his father now.

He talked like he still wanted to return to the clan, but the old Ye knew that he wouldn't be surprised to get expelled again.

He wouldn't be sad.

He had been hurt once, so he wouldn't feel sad again.

The old Ye felt sad about it, but also pleased that his son had finally grown up!

"I know. Our clan hurt you. You must understand that there are no other options left to us. You saw it yourself. If we didn't expel you, Ye Clan would be destroyed. Ye Clan doesn't belong to anybody. Ye Clan belongs to every member of the clan. We can't let it be ruined because of you."

The old Ye thought for a while and said, "Look. I just can't make the decision on my own. It should be discussed by the elders."

He spoke in a deep voice, "Go to the inner house. Go see your mother... She has nearly blinded her eyes because of all the tears she shed all these years. It must be such a relief and happiness for her to see you again..."

Ye Nantian's eyes turned red. Suddenly, he didn't feel the grievances anymore. Nothing was important now. All those feelings were gone because of his mother's sorrow.

'She has nearly blinded her eyes because of all the tears she shed...'

"I will wait for the clan's decision." Ye Nantian left a word and then walked fast to the inner house.

It seemed he didn't want to stay there any longer.

The Great General Ye, who had conquered the entire world in the Land of Han-Yang, was now extremely soft in the heart.

He was a tough man, and he tried to act indifferent, but deep inside his heart, he was afraid that he would be expelled again by his own clan!

However, he had to wait for the decision, like a prisoner waiting for the sentence. He would eventually get the answer, whether to stay or to leave!

He could only wait. There was nothing else he could do.

He felt lucky about one thing... [What a smart decision not to take Xiao Xiao back here!]

[Xiao Xiao is a tough man. He can create his own bright future by himself. In fact, even if he would starve to death out there, he wouldn't stay here to endure the grievances!]

Ye Xiao had never lived in a family before. He knew nothing about any rules in the clan. Ye Nantian had been away from home for nearly twenty years, but he was still deeply bonded to the family. No matter what happened, the clan was always important to him. The connection between him and the clan might be positive, also negative!

"Nantian, what level are you at now?" When Ye Nantian was about to leave, the old Ye asked. He didn't expect any good news about it though.

When Ye Nantian was twenty-three, he was already level six of Dream Origin Stage. That was shockingly high. He should be a brilliant cultivation genius no matter whether in the Ye Clan or in the entire Qing-Yun Realm. There was a great future ahead of him.

However, when he was most glorious, he met Yue Gongxue.

Because of her, he was beaten so hard and got weakened to level three. There was a hidden injury left inside him since then. After that, he was expelled from the clan!

The old Ye asked about it casually.

In fact, he wished he didn't.

Life was already miserable enough for Ye Nantian. The old Ye thought that his son must be weakened much more. He thought that he shouldn't have asked about it again, because it would hurt Ye Nantian once more.

A man who had been weakened and suffered an incurable injury, how good could he be in cultivation?

It was obviously hitting his sore spots!

It was done by a father to his son!

Ye Nantian stopped and blandly said, "My improvement is restrained because there have been too many things to take care of. I am now at level eight of Dream Origin Stage!"

The old Ye smiled and said, "Oh really. Not bad!" And then he suddenly opened his eyes wide. "What? What did you say? What did you just say?"

Apparently, he didn't really pay attention to what Ye Nantian would say at the beginning. All he thought was not to hurt his son's feeling. No matter what Ye Nantian said, he would say 'not bad'. However, when he realized what Ye Nantian actually said, he was astonished! He couldn't believe it!

[How is it possible?]

"My improvement has been limited. I am only at level eight of Dream Origin Stage. That's it!" Ye Nantian tried to be calm and peaceful.

He knew why his father was shocked.

Basically, it was shocking enough that he didn't become weaker than level three of Dream Origin Stage after all those years. It was already a miracle that he remained at the same level.

After all, Ye Nantian had been staying in a lower realm that was extremely poor.

Besides, he was suffering an incurable injury!

In others' eyes, not to mention cultivation improvement, it was impossible for him to live healthily. In fact, it was surprising enough that he didn't die.

However, unexpectedly, he wasn't weaker at all. He was totally cured and became stronger after that!

He had taken a stride up in cultivation and reached level eight of Dream Origin Stage!

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Chapter 837: Clan Dispute!

It was difficult to improve from level six to level eight of Dream Origin Stage within less than twenty years. Ye Nantian reached level eight from level three, in a world that was extremely poor and with an unhealthy condition.

That was a miracle!

However, when Ye Nantian thought of this, he thought of his dear son.

His son was his biggest pride in his life!

It was his son who cured his hidden wound. When he was in that poor world, it was his son who gave him a martial art to improve him!

He was sure that as long as he kept cultivating himself with that martial art, he would reach Dao Origin Stage within two years!

The old Ye was completely shocked. [Level eight of Dream Origin Stage!]

[How is that possible!]

His son, who was recognized as useless, actually brought back such a shocking news!

"Your wounds? Cured?" The old Ye asked, "The medicines I gave you, it worked?"

Hearing that, Ye Nantian felt the warmth in his heart.

[The medicines... It turns out my father kept sending me medicines...]

Every year in the Land of Han-Yang, he would receive two batches of materials. One was from his mother. She must have worked so hard to gather the materials for him. He didn't know, but he did now, that the other batch was from his cold and cruel father.

[I guess father doesn't know the truth that mother has been sending me materials too... If he knows, he should say 'the medicines we gave you'...]

[He would say we, instead of I!]

"Yes, they did!" Ye Nantian sounded gentler. He nearly burst in tears at this moment.

[I thought there was no love between us, but it has always been here.]

[I was not an abandoned child!]

He couldn't tell them things about his son. He didn't want to tell the old man that all he had done was wasted, so he told the old man the medicines were useful. He just didn't want to hurt the old man's feeling.

The old Ye rubbed his beard like he usually did. However, he was so thrilled that he rubbed off a few strands. He was so happy. "That is great! Now you are fully recovered! You are even much stronger than the past! Now I have a bigger chance to convince the elders to keep you in the family!"

Ye Nantian only felt tears in the eyes. He turned around and entered the inner house.

[Mother, your son has returned!]

...

The oldest young lord, who had been expelled from the clan, returned from the lower realm!

The man who had made a great trouble for his clan was back.

Ye Nantian, the first cultivation genius in Ye Clan, was back.

It spread inside the Ye Clan and shocked every member.

In the Qing-Yun Realm, there were four main regions in east, south, north and west. Every region had eight areas around. Ye Clan was located in the north region.

There was an area in the south of the north region, which was divided into three districts.

Saint Downfall District, Saint Oracle District, and Saint Extension District.

Ye Clan was located in Saint Oracle District.

There were three super clans, which were the three most powerful ones in Saint Oracle District. Below them there were eight great clans, which were in charge of eight different places. Below the great clans, there were lots of big and small clans.

Ye Clan was just an average clan, not too big, not too small. When Ye Xiao first met Ye Nantian in the Land of Han-Yang, he had bragged that Ye Clan was among the top clans in the Qing-Yun Realm. He had to say that, so as to intimidate the man in front of him. However, he didn't know that the man was exactly his father. Ye Nantian knew everything about his own clan. Ye Clan was too far away from being a top clan in the Qing-Yun Realm!

It was like heaven and earth.

If Ye Clan was a top clan in the world, he wouldn't have to suffer that misery in the old days!

Because of what happened on Ye Nantian, Ye Clan suddenly stopped improving! Ye Clan had the chance to grow bigger and become a great clan. If they successfully seized the chance, there would be nine great clans in Saint Oracle District, instead of eight. However, it became impossible after what happened. Ye Clan nearly became a small clan.

Because of that, everybody in the clan felt angry and hateful to Ye Nantian, the cultivation genius in the clan.

He ruined the hope of all generations of the clan and the work of the clan members when they were so close to success!

"Heaven and earth! Rain and win! Land and air! Two lines should sometimes match together. And we are talking about marriage!"

"That's right! He should know better about himself. A toad lusting after a swan's flesh. He hurt both the girl and himself. He even put the entire clan into danger..."

"He should really learn how small he is to covetously dream about marrying the girl from Qiong-Hua Palace. Does he match?"

"He deserves that torture!"

"He deserves it, but he should have never dragged the entire clan down with him!"

"Such an animal! Why should we still keep him in the clan?"

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People kept saying similar things like these.

Now, Ye Nantian was back.

Ye Clan was once again in chaos.

"He's recovered? So what? I won't allow him to stay!" An elder stood up. "What if Qiong-Hua Palace finds out? What if they get mad at us again? Ye Clan could be totally destroyed!"

"That's true. I vote no." Another elder spoke slowly, "Ye Nantian was a bad luck to us. Ye Clan has finally lived in peace for the recent years. Now we are going to embrace a new era of our sect. He comes back with even stronger power, but so what? If Qiong-Hua Palace knows it and comes for trouble, could he handle it? What will happen is no different than what happened in the past. In fact, Qiong-Hua Palace might get even more furious this time..."

There were people objecting it, but there were also people approving it. "I don't think it is such a big problem to let him stay. He was wrong back then and he nearly ruined the entire clan. However, he was too young. Now he is back from his punishment."

"That's right. Not to mention Ye Nantian, who among us hasn't been through the days of ignorant youth?"

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Chapter 838: Stay!

"Besides, staying away far from home for seventeen years, that is enough punishment. We don't have to push him too hard. We are all named Ye after all. Why do we have to hurt our own kin?"

"In fact, except that one particular thing, Nantian has never failed us. He used to be the hope of our clan. We are all old aged now. We all saw him grow up. Why not just give the younger generation a chance? Give him a chance. Maybe it is also our clan's opportunity!"

"That's true. What we don't want to see is Qiong-Hua Palace's anger. Now Qiong-Hua Palace is going to be closed for three years. Nobody knows when will it open again. Nantian is greatly improved now. He is not just an ordinary cultivator. He may do great contribution to the clan. I say it is heaven's will to send Nantian back while Qiong-Hua Palace is closed. It must be heaven's will that Ye Clan will rise again!"

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"I won't change my mind! No matter what you say, my answer is no!" The third elder humphed and said, "Such a black sheep will only bring harm to our clan. We can't let him stay!"

Another elder humphed, "What are you actually so afraid of? Even if Ye Nantian stays, he won't become the inheritor again. He won't be a threat to your man. Why can't you just give him a chance..."

Third elder raged up. "What the hell do you mean by that? What threat?"

They were about to get on a fight.

The oldest elder hadn't said anything yet. His hairs were all grey. Now he started to speak, "I think..."

He was the main force that had led the entire Ye Clan to rush up and become a middle ranged clan in the old days. He was a rather important figure in the clan. Everybody respected him no matter what happened. As he started to speak, nobody else dared to say a word.

They were all listening to him.

"I think since the kid has returned, we can't just turn him away. That is too cruel and coldblooded... Let him stay." He spoke slowly, "But one thing must be clear. He will never return to the position he used to be. He will only be a normal disciple in the clan. He has lost his chance to be the inheritor of the clan."

Nobody said no after that.

"Since Prime Elder said so, I believe this must be a well-considered idea. I agree. I agree with Prime Elder's opinion." Third elder immediately changed his mind.

The others felt relieved. Somebody said, "Prime Elder is always the profound and sober one. I say it is right to focus on maintaining the unity of the clan. Just let him stay. He is a Ye after all. Let him come back home."

Those who strongly objected suddenly changed their minds after Prime Elder spoke.

Prime Elder made the final decision on his own!

The old Ye, who was the host of the clan, sighed.

He knew that those people didn't change their mind to just show respect to the Prime Elder. In fact, they changed their mind because of what the Prime Elder said.

'He will never return to the position he used to be. He will only be a normal disciple in the clan. He has lost his chance to be the inheritor of the clan.'

That meant Ye Nantian would never become the leader of the clan. That meant he wouldn't become a strong competitor to those men's people. They wouldn't care if Ye Nantian stayed in the clan.

Besides, the clan had one more superior cultivator...

"Patriarch mentioned that Nantian is fully recovered, even improved. May I ask in what stage he is?" The Prime Elder looked at the elders around and then asked the old Ye, patriarch of the clan.

"Nantian is now at level eight of Dream Origin Stage." Patriarch Ye, Ye Shuqing, felt that something was stuck in his throat.

His voice was hoarse, not because he had to tell others about his son's cultivation level, but because he was so excited and proud about it. He was so happy that his son finally got to stay in the clan. He couldn't pass the position to his son, but he could finally spend the rest of his life with his son.

However, he also felt chilled in the heart.

[Nantian can stay now, not because he is son of Ye, not because he is a great cultivator, but because he is no more a threat to the others. He has lost his chance to compete for the inheritance...]

[Since when did our people begin to be controlled by the thirst for power and profit?]

[Isn't this a tragedy?]

However, the next moment.

Whoever heard what Ye Shuqing said were all stunned.

"Level eight of Dream Origin Stage?" Even the Prime Elder was shocked. He couldn't believe it.

[Ye Nantian? Level eight of Dream Origin Stage?]

[How is that possible?]

Ye Shuqing had told them that Ye Nantian wasn't weaker, instead he was improved. However, the others thought he was trying to make his son sound better.

When Ye Nantian was expelled, he was level three of Dream Origin Stage. Superior cultivators in the clan had secretly investigated Ye Nantian and found out he was suffering incurable wounds. That injury would even make him weaker and weaker. In other words, Ye Nantian could never improve himself. That was why the elders all considered it was not worth it to let him stay in the clan. Besides, nobody wanted to mess with Qiong-Hua Palace!

Ye Shuqing said that Ye Nantian was recovered. They thought maybe he was lucky enough to cure the injury and become level three of Dream Origin Stage. That was the best—it was nearly a miracle to them!

However, unexpectedly, Ye Nantian was not only recovered but he was also greatly improved! He was now level eight of Dream Origin Stage!

He was not just stuck at going back to level six! He was two great steps up... level eight of Dream Origin Stage!

It was too much of a vague concept to just say that he has improved a bit!

How many people in the Ye Clan had already reached level eight of Dream Origin Stage?

It was easy to reach Dream Origin Stage for people in the seven great sects, three palaces and two halls. However, for the other sects and most of the clans, it was significant!

There was a huge difficulty after every three levels in Dream Origin Stage. Ninety-nine percent of cultivators would forever stop at level six.

Ye Nantian had been seriously injured and staying in a poor realm, the Land of Han-Yang. However, he was recovered and even improved himself to break through level six!

He actually reached level eight!

There was only one Dao Origin Stage cultivator in Ye Clan. That was the Prime Elder, and that was why everybody respected him so much. Also, he was the reason why Ye Clan could keep trying to rise up to become one of the great clans.

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Chapter 839: Who Is the Murderer?

Every great clan must have one Dao Origin Stage cultivator!

The Prime Elder was the only Dao Origin Stage cultivator of Ye Clan. Below him, there were several elders who were in level nine of Dream Origin Stage. Who came next were those in the middle levels of Dream Origin Stage!

It was rather difficult to break through to a upper level!

Patriarch Ye, Ye Shuqing, had reach the middle phase of level nine of Dream Origin Stage ten years earlier. Since then, he had been staying in the same stage without any improvement at all.

In the Ye Clan, there were no more than ten people who had reached level six of Dream Origin Stage!

No more than one hundred people were in Dream Origin Stage!

However, there were over ten thousand people in the Ye Clan!

Every year, the clan would trade for cultivation materials with the money they made in the year to help the younger generation cultivate themselves. However, even though these people were all supported by the clan, they were even doing worse than Ye Nantian, who had been living and cultivating in a poor lower realm!

"Did he eat anything from the gods?" The third elder widely opened his eyes. He just couldn't accept the truth. He looked hilarious though.

However, nobody laughed, because the others all couldn't believe it either!

The meeting room of the clan was suddenly silent.

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After the meeting, Ye Nantian could finally stay in the clan.

He was even assigned to a special position.

'Martial Art Cultivation Chief Master of Ye Clan'!

It sounded imposing and cool, but had no real power at all. To put it frankly, that meant... he had great cultivation that the clan would not waste.

Since he was so talented in cultivation and got him self improved greatly in that poor lower realm, he should just teach whatever was useful to the younger people in the clan.

His duty was to teach people in the clan to cultivate themselves.

That was his only job!

When the clan needed to have a discussion about something important, it wouldn't need Ye Nantian to join the meeting... When there were enemies to fight, he would need to go fight it.

All in all, he must do whatever the clan needed him to do and stayed away from whatever the clan didn't want him to know. What he could have was a place to live in and the title as a member of the Ye Clan!

In fact, Ye Nantian didn't really care about it.

He just wanted to stay in the clan so as to take care of his mother.

He could also have lots of spare time to cultivate martial art. That was a good arrangement for him.

Power and position in the clan, he really didn't want it. He didn't really care about it. All those years in the Land of Han-Yang, he was one of the most powerful figures. He even sat in equal seats with the king. Why would he still chase after the vain fame?

Power in the clan was the last thing he was interested in. He could never be the inheritor of the clan. That was true.

In fact, if the elders begged him to be the inheritor, he would probably turn it down. He really wasn't interested in that! He would never let himself become the patriarch of the clan!

What he wanted to do was to take good care of his parents and improve his own cultivation capability. When he was strong enough, he would go bring his wife and his son back.

That was all he wanted. It was just that simple.

When he finally could live with his wife and son, he wouldn't mind leaving the Ye Clan!

That night, after being apart for over a dozen years, Ye Shuqing was so happy to have his son back and to have a dinner with a whole family.

He asked people to prepare a big feast to celebrate his son's return.

The three of them sat around the table. Even old Lady Ye, who hadn't drunk liquor for years, actually drank several cups. She just couldn't stop smiling.

When Ye Nantian sat down, he finally remembered something important. "Finally, I can have a proper meal with my parents. However, where is my brother?"

Suddenly, the old couple's faces turned dark.

"He... Oh... The second year after you left, your younger brother was killed in Hatred Valley. His head was cut off!" The old lady wept.

Ye Nantian was stunned!

All those years, he had thought that his brother would take care of their parents.

That was why he felt relieved about it. His brother was an honest man. He would definitely take good care of their parents.

Even if Ye Nantian never came back home, his brother would settle everything. He should be relieved about it.

However, unexpectedly, his brother actually died one year after he left the Qing-Yun Realm!

[Why... Why would that happen?]

[How did my parents survive all these years of grievance?]

[That must be utterly painful for both of them!]

[I truly haven't been a good son. I have been really useless and ridiculous!]

Ye Nantian's hand started to shake. His eyes suddenly turned red. Tears dropped down from his eyes. He still remember that day when people from Qiong-Hua Palace came, his brother stepped in front of him and shouted to those men, "I am Ye Nantian! Come fight me!"

"Whoever dares to touch my brother should better step over my body!" His younger brother was shouting!

He didn't step back facing countless Dao Origin Stage cultivators. This young man was full of passion. In his heart, he respected and loved his older brother!

He wouldn't let anybody hurt his brother!

Ye Nantian sobbed with tears rushing out his eyes.

He hadn't thought of the memory for a long time. [Am I such a coldblooded person?]

"Brother..." Deep as he thought, he felt sad. Finally, he burst in tears.

"How exactly did he die?" Ye Nantian looked full of hatred, with a pair of red eyes.

"We don't know." Ye Shuqing smiled bitterly. "He was beheaded. His entire body was cut into pieces... I have cultivated ten years and finally reached the middle phase of level nine, but I am still unable to avenge him. Cultivation doesn't help. No matter what I do, I can't find out who is the murderer. I don't know who did that to my dear son. Whoever did that must be vicious and vile. They didn't even leave him a whole body..."

"He was killed the next year after I left. It shouldn't be Qiong-Hua Palace. He was ambushed. That meant the murderer was not so powerful!"

"Who is the murderer?"

Ye Nantian looked at his father and asked, "So after that, the clan inheritor became somebody else, right?"

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Chapter 840: Where Is Your Son?

Ye Shuqing's face turned pale. He murmured, "You mean..."

"I didn't say anything!" Ye Nantian blandly said, "Blood for blood!"

"I will avenge my brother!" His eyebrows rose up. "No matter who killed my brother, I will never let it go!"

"Whoever he is, he will pay for the price!"

He spoke again word by word.

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The old lady was eventually drunk, because of the liquor, also because of the grievance.

The poor old lady, one of her sons was seriously wounded and expelled, the other died. She had been suffering for seventeen years. Now that one of her sons returned to her, she could finally enjoy the days with him.

She still felt sad about it. She still missed the departed younger son so much. However, she was comforted to a certain extent.

Father and son together, held the old lady to the bed, and then the two of them went to the study room.

Ye Nantian and his father had a conversation till midnight.

At the end, Ye Shuqing finally said something he wanted to say. He hadn't said it because he didn't want his son to feel hurt.

"The clan leadership wouldn't let you participate the clan affairs. I think that may be a better thing for you," he said.

Unexpectedly, Ye Nantian just nodded without saying anything.

"Nantian, what is your plan?" He asked Ye Nantian.

He thought his son's reaction was so quick. Ye Nantian was just over forty years old but was already at level eight of Dream Origin Stage. He was in such a prime age! How could he just stay in a comfortable and useless position!

"Me? Nothing special." Ye Nantian said, "I will cultivate more to improve myself, and I will spend as much time as I can to take good care of you two... Nothing else."

He talked in a peaceful tone. He was calm like a glass of water.

"Well... Don't you have any specific plan?" Ye Shuqing wasn't willing to give up.

"Yes." Ye Nantian raised up his head. His eyes were red with tears. "I will avenge my brother!"

Ye Shuqing was shocked.

It became silent for a while.

"I know you have some clues." Ye Nantian looked at his father. "Father, you are a wise man. Our people all know that. My brother got killed, so there must be something hidden behind it!"

"I guess you know who the murderer is. You just don't want to say it. Why? I understood!" Ye Nantian stared at his father. "I know you have your reason!"

"But I am not you!" he spoke fiercely.

Ye Shuqing made a long sigh and didn't say anything.

"I will start investigating!" Ye Nantian blandly said, "Even... Even if I will get expelled from the clan because of it, even if the entire Ye Clan will fall..."

"I will still seek for revenge!"

There was blood in his eyes.

He spoke word by word in a strong tone. There was the fire of hatred and anger burning in his eyes, also determination!

They both stopped talking.

None of them made any move. Both of them were lost in thought...

Ye Nantian lowered his head. Two drops of tears flowed down on his cheeks.

After another long silent moment, Ye Shuqing spoke again. He changed the topic tough.

"You mother... she asked me something earlier." He hesitated. In his eyes, there were hope and fever. He cautiously said, "Where is your son?"

Ye Nantian raised up his head.

It was the first time he looked into his father's eyes.

From his father's eyes, he could see the desire from a grandfather to see his grandson. That was the hope of carrying on the family line...

It was all men's beautiful wish to live a happy life with their grandchildren!

Ye Shuqing didn't ask while they were eating, because he didn't want the old lady to feel sad. However, she mentioned it to her husband after the meal.

Every elder wanted a grandson.

Who didn't love kids? Especially their own blood?

"Is he still alive?" Ye Shuqing didn't get a response from Ye Nantian, so he was worried.

He was scared. He was afraid he would get an unacceptable answer.

It was his grandson after all.

His only grandson!

In the old man's heart, he knew it clearly. He had lost the younger son. The older son would never marry other women. He would only marry Yue Gongxue.

That meant... this grandson was very likely the only grandson he was going to have...

"He's alive. He's living quite well." Ye Nantian sighed. "He has a handsome look that's from his mother. He has that kind of pride too."

The old man felt relieved. "Heh, heh. It doesn't matter. A young man should have his pride..."

Then he sighed. "It's a shame that the tunnel has been blocked. Nobody know when will it be opened again. That kid have to stay in the Land of Han-Yang for the rest of his life. In fact, that's good for him. I guess you have taught him your special martial art? He is going to be a dominator in that world for sure."

It is better to be the best among the mortals than to be the worst among the elites. We may never see him again, but he is safe. That's good. He should have a happy life down there."

He talked as if it was easy to accept the reality. However, he was obviously disappointed and upset about it!

Ye Nantian shook his head. "Father, you don't need to be so disappointed. He is beyond the limit of the Land of Han-Yang. That realm is too weak for him now. He has ascended to this world."

"What did you say? He actually has... How old is he? Seventeen?" Ye Shuqing's eyes lit up. "How is that possible? He is strong enough to ascend? That means he is another brilliant genius!"

Ye Nantian showed a warm smile. "He is not just a genius. He is the best of the best! He is stronger than the seventeen old me. Much stronger! Much much stronger!"

He emphasized it again and again. In his voice, there was pride and honor!

"Then... why don't you just bring him back to me?" Ye Shuqing was excited.

Ye Nantian said, "He ascended in the natural way. I don't know where he landed yet. Besides, I wouldn't dare to take him back. He may die here!"

He looked up while staring right into his father's eyes. "I won't! I wouldn't dare!"

It broke the old man down.

Ye Shuqing suddenly fell down and sat on the chair. He couldn't say a word for a long time. His face seemed much older all of a sudden.

...