

## **Re: God of Formation.**

### **#Chapter 61: A Coincidence Encounter With Jiang Yawen - Read Re: God of Formation. Chapter 61: A Coincidence Encounter With Jiang Yawen**

*Chapter 61: A Coincidence Encounter With Jiang Yawen*

Jun Wu walked through the eerily quiet street, watching the ruins with vigilance.

His hand gripped the mural while his right hand held his Runic Revolver.

An unsettling feeling crept up from the depths of his soul.

This feeling came when he fell into the labyrinth and now, it once again appeared.

"I need to leave the ruin immediately..."

He was not greedy. With everything he gained from his raid and the stash he found in the labyrinth, looting Elder Feng and his party.

He couldn't ask for more.

Now, all he wanted was to find the exit and leave.

With light steps, he walked over fallen fences, broken pillars, heading toward what he thought would be the exit.

Unlike other ruins, the exit was fixed and people entered at a fixed entrance and departed through the same spot.

This was different. When they entered the ruin, they appeared at a random location with no exit behind them.

To leave, they needed to find the exit which was easier said than done.

Suddenly, Jun Wu halted in his track, straining his ears to listen.

'Something is happening?'

He tried to find the direction the slight sound was coming from but he couldn't pinpoint the location.

After waiting for a minute with no luck, he continued to move forward. This time even more cautious.

Suddenly, the sound of heavy footsteps came from ahead. Raising his head, he could not see the distance.

The ruins of a destroyed story building blocked his view. To know what was happening, he needed to bypass the collapsed building.

Slow and steady, he climbed through the collapsed structure, trying not to make any sound.

He walked through the debris with caution and arrived at the other side.

"What!" His jaw dropped.

Before him was a horde of skeletons fighting with the humans.

"Shit! How did they escape from that place?" He cursed, his face marked with confusion.

"I need to leave..."

Before he could turn and leave, a woman was racing toward the collapsed structure with all her might.

Behind her were a few dark skeletons baring their fangs.

"Shit! My damn luck." Jiang Yawen pushed her speed to the limit.

Like everyone else, she thought she could increase her strength from this ruin exploration.

But she was wrong.

This was no ruin but a nightmare.

Since she arrived, she had been battling Ruin Beasts, fighting fellows not to kill for her spoils.

She luckily survived the Spirit Storm and prepared to leave but who would have expected the sudden arrival of the dark skeletons.

"I just want to leave..." She cried, panting heavily, exhaustion marring her face but she dared not stop to catch her breath.

The dark skeletons were cold, brutal and unforgiving.

They would devour her whole while turning her into them.

With only a few meters from the collapsed building, she raised her head, her heart brimming with hope.

But then, she saw a young man trying to leave.

She did not think too much of it as she rushed into the collapsed structure.

Dust and debris fell over her but she did not care. She just wanted to escape.

On the other hand, Jun Wu had already left as he was busy trying to search for an alternative route.

Quickly, he turned to another street and escaped with a light sprint.

The situation was turning dire with every passing second.

He barely sprinted a few meters when he noticed the dark skeletons walking out from the crumbling buildings.

"How can this be?" He wondered, his gut twisted in anger.

Every attempt to leave the ruin was foiled by the dark skeletons.

He paused, contemplating.

'I can take them...'

'I don't need to leave.'

He had already wasted a lot of time changing his direction and now, he didn't want to waste more time looking for another route.

"Fight!" His eyes burned with determination.

He held the strange mural tightly and cast a defensive formation around his body.

He knew better than to let the dark corrosive energy touch his body.

With the defensive formation in place, he charged forward. His Swift Wind Blood activated, his speed blurring with the wind.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

Four wind blades struck through the air, slicing the heads of the skeletons.

Since the Wind Blades were made of wind, they could not be affected by the dark corrosive energy.

Watching the dark skeletons' heads falling off their shoulders, Jun Wu's confidence increased.

"Yes... I guessed right."

He unleashed a wind blade attack on the dark skeletons, sending their heads into oblivion.

But to his shock, he noticed the separated heads would automatically rejoin with the bodies.

And in no time, the skeletons were back on their feet.

"Shit!" He cursed but his hand did not stop shooting out Wind Blades.

Releasing the Wind Blades, he cleared a path and rushed out of the dark skeleton encampment.

Escaping from their encampment, Jun Wu breathed a sigh of relief and increased his speed.

He moved from one street to another, cutting through the dark skeletons on his path as if they were nothing.

He did not care if they were killed or not. His mission was to escape.

"Wait!" A female voice shouted. "Wrong direction."

Hmm?

Jun Wu slowed his speed, his eyes filled with vigilance as he looked toward the voice.

Coming out of her hideout, Jiang Yawen looked at the boy the same as her with shock.

"You!" She pointed her finger at Jun Wu.

She did not expect the person she was trying to save from entering the den of the dark skeletons would be him.

Jun Wu was also stunned. He locked his gaze on her and asked coldly.

"What do you want?"

Staring at him, Jiang Yawen was stunned. She felt the aura emanating from his body and her jaw dropped slightly.

"How is this possible?" She wondered.

Inside the ruins of Bright Pearl Village, he was a Third Rated Martial Artist.

Now, barely over a month, he had already become a High Stage Second Rated Martial Artist while she was stuck at Intermediate Stage Second Rated Martial Artist.

Also, she knew he was the famous once-in-a-century array formation genius.

Just thinking of everything made her throat dry in shock and confusion.

"What? Why did you stop me?" Jun Wu asked, his patience thinning out.

"Ah!" She recovered from her shock and responded quickly. "A few meters from the location you're heading to is the den of the dark skeletons. There are thousands of them and growing."

"But I've found another path to the exit but it is also full of dark skeletons. But if we team up we can push through." She said seriously.

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*Chapter 62: Fighting Their Way Out.*

Walking through the strangely quiet ruins, Jun Wu and Jiang Yawen headed toward the so-called exit.

As for why Jun Wu decided to go with her, he needed to confirm if it was true or not.

He had been trying to find the exit without luck and now, he was not ready to throw the chance away due to his lack of trust or wariness.

Nevertheless, he did not trust her. His hand rested on his Runic Revolver, ready to release a barrage of shots and decimate her if she tried anything funny.

"We're here." Jiang Yawen announced.

Swiftly, she climbed over a crumbling building with ease and pointed at the distance.

Jun Wu followed, climbing the crumbling building without exacting his weight.

Looking at the distance, he saw the shimmering exit and a hidden sigh of relief escaped from his lips.

Finding the exit was more difficult than expected but now...

He only needed to survive the dark skeletons and he would escape.

"What do you think?" Jiang Yawen turned to look at him. "Do you think both of us stand a chance?"

Jun Wu did not respond immediately, his eyes lingered on the tens of dark skeletons scattered before the exit and responded.

"Yes." He nodded and jumped down from the crumbling building.

"Where are you going?" She asked, her eyes widening.

"What do you think?"

Jun Wu increased his pace, walking toward the exit. Although the exit was crawling with dark skeletons.

He was not too bothered.

With the exit in sight, nothing could stop him any longer. Besides, his gut was telling him something worse was going to happen if he stayed longer in the ruin.

Behind him, Jiang Yawen quickly followed him. Her face marred with fear and uneasiness.

She expected they would sit and plan their strategy of how to escape but she was wrong.

'This is insane... reckless...' She screamed in her heart.

'Should I turn back?' She bit the corner of her lips, conflicted about what choice to make.

She had tried escaping alone and the result was she barely escaped with her life.

As for waiting for others, she did not think that was a good idea.

The ruin was a lot bigger than anything she ever knew and dangerous.

Who could say she could survive until the next group came.

Looking at Jun Wu's confident back, Jiang Yawen sucked in a cold breath and a flash of determination appeared on her face.

She had witnessed Jun Wu's unconventional fighting style and she knew he was strong.

Perhaps...

Bang! Bang!

The sound of battle jolted her back to reality. She looked at Jun Wu and saw him confronting the dark skeletons.

Jun Wu's Wind Blades were as deadly as ever. Like a grim reaper, they cleaved through the heads of the dark skeletons.

With every head flying in the sky, he pushed forward.

From the corner of his eyes, he saw her fighting the dark skeletons.

Jun Wu nodded and increased his attacking power. Six blades appeared in the thin air, cutting everything in their path.

Watching the horrifying Wind Blades, Jiang Yawen was stunned and shivered.

She knew if she faced such deadly Wind Blades, she did not stand a chance.

Although Jun Wu's strikes were overwhelming, the dark skeletons outnumbered them by a large margin.

Additionally, they were undying. Each strike did not truly kill them but only stopped and delayed them for a minute or two.

Surrounded from all sides, Jun Wu and Jiang Yawen battled with all their might.

Jiang Yawen began to lose hope. They were still a considerable distance from the exit and if this continued.

It was only a matter of time before they were defeated. They would be exhausted to death if not killed by the dark skeletons.

Jun Wu knew all this but he had a plan. While he was pushing he was setting up two array formations at the same time.

It was quite tasking. He would have been exhausted to death without any Blood Qi if not for his primordial meridian.

His primordial meridian was merely a fraction of his Blood Qi during the array formation.

With each step, he set up an array pattern using his Blood Qi.

Sweat dripped from his forehead, his clothes drenched. Still, he pushed forward.

From the side, Jiang Yawen watched Jun Wu's strange movements and was confused.

"What's wrong with him?" She wondered out loud as she parried a dark skeleton's saber attack.

She staggered backward, her hand trembled. She was exhausted and could barely hang on.

Merely raising her weapon was becoming increasingly difficult.

"I can't hold on any more." She shouted, her face filled with fear and panic.

Jun Wu did not respond as he focused on the array formation.

"Just a little more." He whispered.

Bang! Bang!

A series of attacks landed on his defensive shield but did not break it.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

He cleaved through the dark skeletons around him and pushed forward.

He looked at Jiang Yawen and saw she was on the brink. A few more attacks and she would be done for.

However, he did not have any intention of helping her. If she could hold on a little longer, that would be her luck and if not, so be it.

Unknown to Jun Wu's plan, Jiang Yawen's face was etched with unwillingness and regret. She was not willing to die, not now.

She had a lot of plans for her future, dying in a damn forsaken ruin was not part of it.

Bang!

She managed to roll to the side, avoiding a deadly saber slash. Her breath was labored, she could barely rise to her feet.



From the corner of her eyes, she saw Jun Wu faring a lot better than her. Still, she did not see any way where both of them were going to survive this.

Sigh!

A deep sigh escaped from her lips when she saw the relentless dark skeletons come for her again like vengeful spirits.

"Move back!"

She heard Jun Wu's voice, staring at her with seriousness.

Hmm?!

She was confused but chose to believe him. Summoning her strength, she rose to her feet, deflecting the dark skeletons' attack as she retreated.

Suddenly, she saw the ground lit up in a blue light. In a blink, the light had covered the center, trapping most of the dark skeletons inside.

Seeing this, Jiang Yawen widened her eyes in disbelief. But that was not all.

From the ground, a deadly scorching heat erupted, burning the dark skeletons.

Under the horrifying heat, the dark skeletons made eerie wails that made both Jun Wu and Jiang Yawen shiver.

Jun Wu only looked at his Trapping Array Formation and Burning Furnace Array Formation for a second and said.

"Let's leave."

Without waiting for her, Jun Wu walked toward the exit.

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At the center of the ruin, a group covered in black robes made an altar etched with strange runes.

On the altar were hundreds of bodies piled up, their blood dripping forming a small stream.

"Let's begin." A voice commanded.

Immediately, the group began to chant in a strange language and with each chant their voices rose an octave. Slowly, the strange runes on the altar began to pulsate as if coming alive.

Dark clouds began to gather in the sky and slowly they spread.

As for the fresh dead bodies on the altar, they began to disintegrate, rising toward the cloud.

*Chapter 63: Coming Out.*

Thick tension hung outside the ruin. Every clan looked at the ruin entrance in panic.

This was the first time they had ever seen a ruin entrance barring people from entering after a period of time.

What was going on? This was the question on everyone's mind.

Even the mighty Jun aristocrat clan were clueless about what was going on.

The Master Martial Artists from the Mystic Path Academy and Frostwind Academy had gone to check the entrance only to return shaking their heads.

As for attacking it, that would be stupid.

It was common knowledge, no one attacked a ruin entrance and lived to tell the tale.

Not giving up, they summoned the Array Formation Association President to check the protective formation guarding the ruin entrance.

Alas...

They were disappointed.

Left with no option, everyone could only wait patiently, praying nothing would happen to their students and descendants.

By the third day, many began to lose hope.

Perhaps, the ruin entrance would not open again. Just the thought sent a cold shiver down everyone's spine.

There were thousands of people inside the ruin and if they all perished inside the ruin.

The loss would be unimaginable.

Suddenly, the dormant ruin entrance came to life.

"Look! The entrance is active." A voice shouted, his tone filled with excitement.

"Hahaha. I knew the entrance would still open."

Quickly, the news of the entrance coming back to life spread throughout the camps.

Everyone stepped out of their camps, staring at the entrance with anticipation and nervousness.

Suddenly, a woman stumbled out of the ruin entrance.

For a moment, everywhere was quiet. All eyes were locked on the woman.

The woman was covered in bruises and her robe was torn in many places.

She puked a mouthful of blood and her face paled. Struggling to her feet, she raised her head and saw the crowd staring at her.

In a corner, she saw an old man with long white hair. "President..." She called.

The Array Formation President widened his eyes and stared at the woman for a moment before a look of realization appeared on his face.

"Elder Shen!" He exclaimed.

Elder Shen nodded and walked toward the association elders.

The array masters that did not enter the ruin stared at her in confusion and puzzlement.

Others were also looking at her in puzzlement. Everyone was trying to know what was going on but looking at the situation.

They all controlled their impulses.

The President arrived before her and supported her from falling.

"What happened inside the ruin?" He couldn't help but ask.

"Too dangerous..." Elder Shen responded, and a mouthful of blood escaped from her lips.

"Don't talk...we need to attend to your injury immediately."

However, the two words were enough to make everyone realize how dangerous the ruin was.

Tension and panic gripped everyone's mind like a vice.

The two Jun clan Master Martial Artists stood on the hill with a pensive expression.

"What really happened inside the ruin?" One of them couldn't help but mutter.

At the Gong clan's side, they were also worried. All their talented younger generation were sent into the ruin world.

Their clan's future would turn bleak if they lost them.

They shuddered at the mere thought.

The Yuan clan master knitted his brow, his face filled with panic.

The tension was so palpable that it could be cut with a knife.

Whoosh!

From the ruin entrance, a group came one after the other. Like Elder Shen, they were haggard and covered in bruises.

One of them had even lost an arm.

The group looked at the crowd with expressionless faces before they turned and left.

They were rogue martial artists.

But their presence gave everyone hope.

Slowly, more people began to come out but they were few.

Too few.

Suddenly, people stopped coming out of the entrance.

For the next five hours, no one came out.

"Someone should just tell us what the hell is going on!" A clan master shouted, unable to control his fear and rage.

Everyone looked at him for a moment before they ignored him.

The situation was too dire for them to care about some weak clan master.

Slowly, murmurs began to spread among the people.

"Don't you think there might be a deeper scheme behind all this?"

"Why would you say that?"

"Think of it? Have you ever heard of a ruin entrance closing? Also, look at the various grievous injuries of those that came out."

"It was like they were coming back from a battlefield."

"You're right..."

"So what are you saying? That some powerful force was using the ruin as a facade to hunt down people."

"I don't know, but I think it is close to it..."

As the discussion spread, it became more twisted and exaggerated.

Slowly, they began to involve the Jun clan. Some were even confident enough to name the Jun clan behind the incident.

Watching the people running their mouths, the Jun clan Master Martial Artists were too lazy to care about them.

Anyone with a bit of common sense would know the truth.

Just then, the ruin entrance pulsed and a person came out.

"Finally, another person is out." A voice muttered in relief.

All gazes locked on him.

Whoosh!

Another person came out from the ruin. She was a girl. She stood behind the boy with an exhausted expression.

These two were Jun Wu and Jiang Yawen.

Jun Wu looked at the crowd without any change in his expression.

"Is that Jun Wu?" A voice asked in a low voice.

Although his voice was low, with the quiet atmosphere everyone heard him.

Quickly, everyone identified Jun Wu. Also, teachers from the Mystic Path Academy were happy when they saw Jiang Yawen.

Looking at Jun Wu, the Gong clansmen wore an ugly expression.

How could this be?

With the rumor of how dangerous the ruin was, how could he manage to survive?

Just thinking of it made their blood surge in anger.

To hell with danger.

Since a mere array master could survive, how could the others not survive?

Just as Jun Wu prepared to leave, two people arrived before him.

"Young Master, please wait."

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*Chapter 64: Dangerous? No, It's a Nightmare.*

"Young Master, please wait."

Jun Wu halted in his tracks and looked at the two people and asked coldly.

"Why? What?"

The two men did not have any change in their expressions.

"Young Master, can you please follow us to a private place to discuss." One of them said calmly.

"No..." He rejected firmly and departed.

From their robes, he knew they were elders from his clan but he did not care.

Apart from his father, he did not care about others. His hatred for the Jun's was bone deep.

Looking at his departing back, one of the masters asked.

"Should I stop him? With our strength, we can easily take him away."

"If you want to die, you can try it." The other responded and left.

Jun Wu's father was no joke. Touching Jun Wu was touching his reverse scale.

When angry, he could kill anyone. Clansmen or not.

Therefore, provoking him without sufficient strength was nothing but inviting death to oneself.

Looking at the departing Jun Wu, no one dared to stop him or meet him.

As for their curiosity about his experience inside the ruin, they could only swallow down their throat.

Meanwhile, inside the Mystic Path Academy tents, all the teachers gathered and stared at Jiang Yawen.

"Is it true the ruin is dangerous?" A woman asked.

Jiang Yawen's face was no longer pale. After a recovery pill and a healing pill, her body had recovered a bit.

She looked at the curious teacher and shook her head.

"Not dangerous..." Her voice trailed off, thinking of the word to describe the ruin.

However, some of the teachers were impatient.

"I knew it. How could Tier-2 be that dangerous? Those are just wild claims." A man shouted in indignation.

"Are you now suggesting those injuries were fake?"

"The injuries are not fake but it can be done by humans but that does not make the ruin dangerous."

"I believe our people inside the ruin have a better chance of survival and we don't have to worry about them not returning alive."

Listening to this, all the teachers nodded in agreement.

They can't trust the words of others. Now that one of their students had returned, they knew the truth.

However, an old teacher creased his brow and looked at Jiang Yawen.

"Student, are you saying the ruin is not dangerous?" He couldn't help but ask.

Jiang Yawen shook her head. "That's not what I mean. The ruin is not dangerous but a nightmare."

Hmm!

All the teachers froze and the wide smiles on their faces faltered. They were already celebrating the return of their people but now...

"What!" A woman exclaimed. "Are you telling the truth?"

The teachers nodded.

"Student Jiang, please tell us this is not true?" A male teacher said impatiently.

There were hundreds of their students inside the ruin and close to five First Rated Martial Artists.

Losing such a force would affect the foundation of the academy.

That, they couldn't accept.

Jiang Yawen looked at the teacher and sighed. "This is the truth. You can believe it or not..."

She rose to her feet and prepared to depart. She was too tired to continue the meaningless chatter.

She needed to sleep to recover from her injuries. Halting in her track, she looked at the teachers that still could not believe it.

"Have you heard of the Dark Skeletons?" She asked.

Dark Skeletons?

All the teachers were confused, their apprehension increasing.

"We don't. Tell us about it." A female teacher asked, her voice trembling in fear.

"They've appeared inside the ruin and they're immortal and their numbers are increasing. To leave the ruin, you must defeat them."

"I hope those inside the ruin can make it out alive." She muttered and left the tent.



All the teachers stood with wide eyes, their jaws dropped. None of them could make any sound.

The gravity of what they just learned sent a shiver down their spines.

Dark Skeletons!

The word echoed in their minds like a toiling bell.

"W-What should we do?" A teacher asked with trembling, looking at the others.

"We need to report this to the academy." The oldest teacher said, his voice grave.

There was no room to doubt Jiang Yawen. She was their student and there was no reason why she would lie to them.

Thus, they needed to act quickly.

An Immortal Skeleton.

That alone was scary.

Slowly, the teachers came out of the tent with grave expressions.

Quickly, two teachers departed with great urgency. The reaction of the Mystic Path Academy teachers confused everyone.

The powerful forces realized things might not be simple as they all thought.

Perhaps, the situation was more dire than they imagined.

Immediately, many forces began to send their people to find out what was going on.

Not long, the news spread among the crowd. The word Immortal Skeletons played on their lips.

It was now they began to understand the horror of what was going on inside the ruin.

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Jun Wu arrived at the Mystic City with ease. He did not care what the people knew or not.

Right now, he wanted to return to his mansion and take a cold bath.

Inside the city, he found a carriage which took him to his mansion.

Outside the mansion, a person stood with a worried expression.

"Big sis, you don't have to worry. The Young Master would be alright." Xinyue's younger brother said, trying to ease his sister's worries.

"What do you know? Do you think it's easy inside the ruin?" Xinyue retorted without looking at her younger brother.

Suddenly, they saw a carriage slowly approaching them. Curiously, they waited patiently, holding their breath.

Xinyue's hand shifted and moved to the hilt of her sword. With Jun Wu not around, she did not trust anyone.

Creak!

The door of the carriage was pushed open and a young man stepped out.

Seeing the familiar figure, Xinyue's eyes widened.

"Young Master!" She cried and rushed forward.

She threw herself into Jun Wu's arms without hesitation.

For the past three days, her heart had been in torment, sick with worry over his fate.

And now, she thought of nothing else, only grateful her savior had returned alive.

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*Chapter 65: Tea, Shadows, and Silent Vows*

A day later.

Jun Wu stood under the willow tree, enjoying the morning breeze. His shoulder-length hair swirled gently with the breeze and his face had regained its luster.

For the bruises and injuries, after consuming healing pills and recovery pills, his body had returned to its peak.

Watching the rising sun on the horizon, Jun Wu couldn't help but worry about Zhang Wei and Mao Yun.

'I hope they can make it back alive...' He thought and shook his head.

Without venturing into the ruin, people would never understand the horror that lay inside.

Especially for those that fell into the labyrinth. He had come close to death so many times that he had lost count.

By grit and luck, he managed to survive that hell hole. His thoughts drifted to Mei Ling.

"I wonder if she is also out."

Since they both escaped the labyrinth, he believed her chance of survival was higher than the others.

However, the sudden appearance of the Dark Skeletons made it impossible to judge if anyone could survive.

Slowly, he thought of Jiang Yawen. They had once been enemies but under the threat of the Dark Skeleton.

They were forced to work together.

Without her, he would take the wrong path while also, without him, she would fall to the Dark Skeleton.

Thinking of everything, Jun Wu realized life was more complicated than what you read in books.

Unknown to him, while he had faced the horrifying labyrinth, those on the surface also faced the Spirit Storm.

Therefore, everyone had their fair share of the ruin's brutality.

"Young Master, please come and take your tea before it gets cold." Xinyue said from behind.

Hmm?

Jun Wu came out of his thoughts and turned his head. He looked at the sweet and beautiful girl a couple of feet from him.

Xinyue's beauty was a kind of beauty that would make people want to protect her. It invoked the people's possessiveness and primal nature.

Now, he understood why those that plotted against her did so. Such beauty would make anyone jealous.

He walked to the wooden bench and took his seat. Looking at Jun Wu's graceful figure, Xinyue's ears reddened as she elegantly served him tea.

"Where is your brother?" Jun Wu asked.

"He is out gathering news." She responded and stood beside him.

"What are you doing? Come and take a seat."

Jun Wu knew Xinyue was battling her inferiority complex. With her bad experience in the Mystic City and the academy, this feeling had grown.

With her beauty and talent, she should be proud and confident. Unfortunately, she had been beaten and bruised so many times that those emotions had been snuffed out.

Thus, she developed a coping mechanism. To lower herself to servant or maid. All just to survive.

But now, he was going to slowly change it.

Jun Wu raised his head and stared at her with an expression giving no room for argument.

"A-h Yes..." She wanted to protest but Jun Wu's gaze extinguished the thought in her mind.

With lowered head, she dragged her feet and sat beside him. Her heart pounded heavily against her chest like a war drum.

She gripped the hem of her clothes, trying to find courage.

"Raise your head..." Jun Wu said in a low commanding voice.

Her breath quickened, she gripped the hem of her cloth tightly as she raised it slowly.

Watching her reddened neck, Jun Wu chuckled and decided to tease her. "I can remember yesterday how someone was so brave and threw themselves at me."

Ahh!

Xinyue was too shy to breathe and quickly turned her head to the side. "Young Master, please stop teasing me."

Hahahaa.

Jun Wu laughed. "Alright, I'll stop teasing you." He took a sip from his teacup.

"But remember, if you keep shrinking under pressure. You are giving your enemies the chance to trample on you."

"And if you want to stay by my side, you can't do that. Stand your ground and raise your head with pride." He said seriously.

"I know..." Xinyue nodded.

Just then, the door to the courtyard was pushed open and Xinyue's brother entered.

Watching his sister and Jun Wu, the boy grinned with a knowing smile.

"Young Master, I've gathered all the latest news." Hao Ran said with a bright smile.

"Oh good. Tell me." Jun Wu looked at Hao Ran with a pleased expression.

He did not ask the boy to gather intelligence but he was wise to go out early in the morning to gather intelligence.

His life on the street had taught him to always make himself useful.

Jun Wu listened to the boy's narration without interrupting him. After a few minutes, he was done revealing the news.

"Well done." He praised and added. "Now, go and eat."

"Yes, Young Master." Hao Ran grinned, showing his little white teeth.

He glanced at his sister before he scurried away.

"Young Master, I'll go and assist my brother in training." Xinyue rose to her feet and departed.

From Hao Ran's news, she knew Jun Wu needed some space to think.

Looking at her departing back, Jun Wu couldn't help but smile. Both the sister and brother were wise.

He shook his head and thought about what he just learned.

'Spirit Storm!' he mused.

He never expected while they were lost in the labyrinth, a much more horrifying danger was sweeping the surface.

'Why do I feel there is more to this ruin?' he thought.

Since they entered the ruin, they had been in danger. Ruin Beasts, Labyrinth, Spirit Storm, and lastly, Dark Skeletons.

Everything reeked of conspiracy.

From Hao Ran, he learned only a few managed to return. Elder Shen being the first person to return.

He could only say she was lucky to survive.

"I guess the Soaring Cloud Region wouldn't be peaceful any longer." He mused.

"Mao Yun, Zhang Wei, you must come back alive." He rose to his feet, ready to meet Elder Peng.

During his battle in the ruin, he had noticed some of his weaknesses and needed to address them immediately.

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Outside Jun Wu's mansion, a group of men dressed in black robes, faceless masks, and hoods stared at Jun Wu's mansion like vipers from the shadows.

"We strike tonight." A voice said.

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*Chapter 66: Mist of Death, Blades of Silence*

Under the night sky, the street was quiet, and the Mystic City was shrouded in tense silence.

News of the horrifying Tier-2 Ruin had spread throughout the city. Many people had left for the ruin entrance.

Many forces had sent most of their people into the ruin and if they failed to come out.

They couldn't imagine the consequences.

The usual city bustling into deep late night reduced. Brothels and restaurants had few customers.

Hawkers and pedestrians were few.

Tension and panic hung in the air throughout the day. At night, the people couldn't wait to retreat to the comfort of their bed and sleep while hoping there would be positive news tomorrow.

Yet, a group of assassins was locked in the shadows looking at Jun Wu mansion.

While everyone was focusing on the ruin, a deadly assassination was about to take place.

Whoosh!

The shadows moved swiftly. Their movement was light and swift. They arrived before the mansion wall and one of them commanded.

"Quick, disable the array formation."

From the group, a person came forward and began to study the protective array formation around the mansion.

For three days, they had been lurking around Jun Wu mansion, trying to gather intelligence.

Thus, they knew the mansion was protected by a Grade-1 Protective Array Formation.

The assassins did not need to destroy the array formation, they only needed to make an opening in the array, allowing them to sneak in.

Tension gripped the assassins like a vice. Time was running out.

The array master was delaying too much.

Just when the leader wanted to speak, the array master announced.

"Done!"

A sigh of relief escaped from his lips. Under the hood, he wiped the bead of sweat from his forehead.

The assassin leader nodded and swiftly entered. He jumped over the wall with ease.

Behind him, his men followed while bringing the array master along.

Attacking an Array Formation Master without an array master was good as dead.

Who knew how many arrays were in place.

And indeed, they were right.

Jun Wu mansion had more than one array formation.

"Spread out. Make sure no one is left alive." The Leader commanded.

Whoosh!

The assassins unsheathed their weapons and moved swiftly spreading out.

Suddenly, the mansion was covered in mist, obscuring their vision.

Watching the mist, the assassins rushed forward fearlessly.

They had one goal– Kill Jun Wu at all costs.

After running for a while, something strange began to happen.

No matter how fast they ran, they could not arrive at the mansion.

What is going on?

One of the assassins stopped in his tracks and looked at his surroundings. He saw nothing but the strong mist obscuring his vision.

"Damn! What is going on?"

One time everything was alright but, in a blink, everything had gone awry.

"Something is going on?"

Without hesitating, he retreated.

Whoosh!

From the shadow, a gleaming blade shone brightly and appeared before the assassin.

"What!" He screamed; his heart skipped a beat.

The blade was swift, slicing through his throat and disappeared into the mist.

The assassin held his throat with both hands and fell on his knees.

A thin line appeared on his neck and slowly, blood seeped out, dyeing his hands in red.

Thud!



His body hit the ground and his head rolled off from his shoulder.

At another part of the mansion, an assassin was running with all his might, hoping to escape from the mist.

Unfortunately, the moment they entered the mansion. They had triggered the Cloud Mist Array Formation.

The Cloud Mist Array Formation was a deadly array that obstructed the sense of direction and blocked their perception of time.

They thought they could rip apart his formation without alerting him. That was naive.

Besides, the protective formation was just a ruse. The Cloud Mist Array Formation was the real threat.

It activated automatically when the Protective Array Formation was breached or tampered.

For Jun Wu, the assassins had turned into fish on his chopping board.

Suddenly, four Wind Blades appeared out of the mist, assaulting the assassin from all sides.

Ahhhh!

The assassin tried to evade the attack, but it was too late.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

He was diced into pieces. His death was swift and brutal.

One after the other, Jun Wu moved like a grim reaper in the mist, harvesting the lives of the assassins.

They thought they were the assassins, but they were wrong. The moment they stepped into Jun Wu's command, the situation had reversed.

Jun Wu had become the predator.

The assassin leader stood frozen, his back drenched in cold sweat. He looked at the array master seated on the ground and urged.

"Quick! Break this goddamn array formation immediately."

This was the first time he had been under such pressure since he became an assassin.

All his targets were killed swiftly. Even those that surrounded themselves under the protective formation, they could not escape from his cold blade.

When he took Jun Wu's mission, he thought it would be easy. To him, it was free money.

But now...

Every nerve in his body was screaming of impending death and all he wanted was to escape.

Who said it was easy to assassinate an Array Master?

He would punch anyone who said that if he managed to escape here.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

While the array master was trying to decipher the unknown array formation.

Six Wind Blades appeared out of the mist, whistling toward them.

Ahhhh!

The array master screamed in panic.

"Humph!" The Assassin Leader snorted and appeared before the array master, swinging his sword to block the Wind Blades.

He barely blocked all the Wind Blades when more appeared from behind.

This!

His expression changed as he tried to protect himself.

Ahhh! Ahhhh!

A miserable scream escaped from his lips. His leg was lacerated by one of the Wind Blades.

He gnashed his teeth, sucking in a cold breath. He was an Intermediate Stage First Rated Martial Artist.

Yet, he had been rendered helpless against his enemy. Worst of all, he did not lay his eyes on him.

He looked at the array master and saw his head was already separated from his neck.

Despair crawled into his heart. He knew his end was near.

Without an array master, how could he escape?

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Six Wind Blades appeared out of the mist, striking him from all sides.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Ahhhh! Ahhh!

His arm was separated from his shoulder while his leg did not escape.

Left with only an arm and a leg, he lay on the ground covered in blood.

From the mist, a boy appeared looking at the assassin leader.

\*\*\*\*

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#### *Chapter 67: Mao Yun and Zhang Wei Returns*

The following morning, the sun rose on the horizon and the cool gentle breeze filled the air.

However, the crowd in front of the ruins did not appreciate the breeze. Their hearts and minds were at the ruin's entrance.

It had been five days since they entered the ruin and yet, only a handful of people managed to come out.

And if this continued, it was only a matter of time before they were lost forever.

With their patience running thin, the leaders could not hold back any longer.

While most were waking from their sleep, hoping their people would come. A group marched toward the ruin entrance with firm determination.

"What are they doing?"

"Are they going to enter the ruin?"

"That's crazy! Have they forgotten how dangerous the ruin is?"

"What could they do? We've all been waiting like fools for the past five days. I guess they couldn't hold back any longer."

Looking at the group, no one tried to stop them. Everyone was curious, waiting to see what would happen.

Whoosh!

They rushed into the ruin entrance at the same time but what came out was their miserable scream.

Ahhhhhh!

Their soul-rending scream sent shivers down the spines of the crowd. Everywhere was silent. They widened their eyes with disbelief.

Before they could wrap their heads around what just happened, they saw something sent out of the ruin entrance.

Thud! Thud!

All eyes moved to the object that came out of the ruin entrance. And behold, it was human skeletons.

Ah!

A person cried in panic and took a step back.

Watching the skeletons, their expressions shifted from shock to seriousness.

The message was clear.

No more entries.

Every leader wore a grave expression with various thoughts flashing through their eyes.

What type of power could turn many First Rated Martial Artists into skeletons in seconds?

Even a Master Martial Artist could not do that.

From this, everyone knew the situation had spiraled out of their control and the chance of them retrieving their people was close to zero.

With the thought settling in, sorrow and grief gnawed on their hearts like a vice.

Suddenly, the entrance twisted and a group stumbled out.

"Look! Another group has come out!" A voice shouted.

His voice cut through the gloomy atmosphere hanging in the air.

"Ah! My son!" A man shouted in tears as he rushed to meet his injured son.

Out of the group, only one or two people could remain standing. Most of them lay on the ground, trying to catch their breath.

They were covered in blood, bruises and various degrees of injuries.

Quickly, the various forces came out to help their men. Right now, no one cared if they managed to find any treasure or not.

From the Jun clan, two First Rated Martials returned. The two Master Martial Artists overseeing the situation breathed a sigh of relief.

Slowly, the quiet crowd came to life. Almost half of the force had one or two that managed to return.

While the crowd was still trying to understand what happened inside the ruin, another group rushed out.

Their number was close to fifty.

With more people coming, the gloomy air began to dissipate. Hope was restored in everyone's heart.

The Gong clansmen dominated half of the people that returned, followed by the Mystic Path Sect.

Among them was Mei Ling. Her robe was tattered, hair disheveled, blood leaking from the corner of her lips.

She was the only student from the Frostwind Academy.

When she found teachers from her academy, she approached them without any change in her expression.

More and more people came out. And the people learned the horror of the ruin.

Mao Yun and Zhang Wei stumbled out of the ruin. Mao Yun's condition was bad with various grievous injuries on his body.

Zhang Wei quickly supported him and left the ruin entrance.

Standing a couple of meters from the ruin entrance, the Silver Star City Lord looked at the entrance with a worried expression.

His two sons had yet to come out.

With how dangerous the situation was getting, he knew his sons must come out now.

To breach the Dark Skeletons guarding the entrance, it took a lot of force with many people dying.

Thus... he hoped.

Whoosh!

The entrance twisted once again and another group came out. They were the Jun clansmen.

In the lead was Jun Zhenya. She had a deep gash on her chest but she seemed not to care.

She turned in the direction of her clan and marched forward fearlessly. Her eyes were cold, filled with killing intent.

Looking at Jun Zhenya, one of the Gong clan elders wore a grave expression.

"This is bad..." He mused and rushed into the tent to report the situation to the others.

...

Jun Wu stood inside the study, thinking about yesterday's assassination attempt.

He caught the assassin's leader and tried to question him but the assassin leader was more ruthless than he thought.

He bit his tongue and died.

Thus, he could not find out who wanted him dead.

He had a few enemies but could not pinpoint who sent assassins to kill him while everyone's attention was on the ruin.

He suspected his clan and the Gong clan but he could not rule others out.

Shaking his head, he decided not to think too much about it and his gaze shifted to the mural he hung on the wall.

This was the strange mural he found in the ruin.

He stared intently at the mural and he felt his surroundings change and his thoughts slowing down.

The feeling was bizarre but it only lasted a couple of seconds before it disappeared.

"What's that?!" He exclaimed.

He wiped off the bead of sweat from his forehead with his heart still pounding heavily.

The feeling was unlike anything he ever felt. He tried to invoke the feeling again but the mural did not react.

"I can't rush. I need to take it slow..." He mused.

Although he wanted to unearth the mural's secret. He knew he must not be impatient.

Suddenly, a frantic knock came from the door.

Creasing his brow, he rose to his feet and opened the door.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Young Master, Uncle Mao and Uncle Zhang have returned." Xinyue announced happily.

\*\*\*\*\*

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*Chapter 68: The Great Loss.*

**Two days later.**

"Have you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Ah! You're not updated on the current news going around the city. Let me tell you, I heard the ruin entrance has disappeared."

"Really? When?"

"Yesterday."

"Ah! What would happen to those inside?"

"Do you need to ask? Dead, of course."

The news of the disappearance of the Tier-2 Ruin entrance had spread throughout the Soaring Cloud Region.

When the Tier-2 Ruin appeared, everyone thought this was a golden opportunity for them.

But now, most of the clans and forces were covered in grief.

The Silver Star City Lord sat with a lifeless expression on his throne.

His face filled with grief and regret. He had lost his two sons and more than half of his men.

With this loss, their foundation had been weakened. Forget about promoting his clan to one of the major clans in the Soaring Cloud Region.

He did not think his clan could survive the next couple of years.

His eyes twitched in regret. He gripped the armrest tightly and was ready to scream.

His eldest son was talented with all his hopes on him. But now...

"Why? Why?" He screamed.

While he was drowning in grief, the Gu clan was also wallowing in grief.

Apart from the Gu clan master that managed to return, every member of the clan did not make it back.

"My clan is doomed." The Gu Patriarch muttered, his heart ached, sorrow etched on his face.

"Why did I have to send everyone into the ruin?" He asked but no one was around to answer him.

He stared at the Mortal Grade weapon in his hand and rage surged.

Bang! Bang! Bang!



"I lost my son and everyone for this damn weapon."

He vented his anger, hitting the broadsword on the ground continuously.

....

Inside the Mystic Path Academy. Everywhere was silent like a graveyard.

The few students walking around were quiet. No one dared talk loudly.

Classrooms were empty.

Sorrow hung over the academy like a thin veil.

"What's our loss?" The Vice Dean asked in a solemn tone.

"Three hundred students did not make it back." A teacher responded in a low voice.

Huh!

All the teachers sucked in a cold breath. This was the greatest loss since the founding of the academy.

The Vice Dean's eyes twitched. He opened his mouth to speak but paused for a moment.

"What about the teachers?"

"We lost all of them except one."

Out of all the Peak Stage First Rated Martial Artists that went into the ruin, only one returned.

Huh!

The loss was too great.

Too great.

Bang!

"How could this be?!" The Vice Dean banged the table in fury.

Why would it turn out like this?

This was the question on everyone's mind. They had explored many ruins, though not Tier-2 Ruins.

Yet, none had turned out like this.

What changed?

Watching the Vice Dean rage, all the teachers held their breath.

"You can all leave. Try to maintain the academy and stop any rumor from spreading."  
He commanded.

....

Inside the Frostwind Academy, the situation was a lot better than the Mystic Path Academy.

Although they lost students, it was fewer than the Mystic Path Academy.

The Vice Dean looked at the teachers in charge of the exploration.

"How is our loss?" She asked, her voice was neutral, giving no room for anyone to guess what she was thinking.

"We lost fifty students and four teachers." The teacher responded, slightly wiping off the bead of sweat from his forehead.

The Vice Dean's piercing gaze made the male teacher uncomfortable.

"I heard Mei Ling made it back." She said, resting her back on her seat.

"Yes. She sustained a deep injury and she's recovering."

"You can leave." She waved her hand to dismiss the teacher.

With the teacher gone, she tapped her expensive wooden table gently, lost in thought.

Although the academy lost many people during this exploration, they learned something important.

Ruins were not as safe as they thought. The impression that ruin entrances could not stop people from entering had also changed.

They knew little about the ruins which was their weakness.

"I need to find out more." She thought out loud and vanished from her spot.

.....

The Gong clan matriarch sat on her throne with a cold expressionless face.

She looked at the quiet and asked.

"Who can tell me what happened?"

Although her voice was calm, all the elders could hear the cold biting blade in her voice.

They forcefully swallowed the lumps in their throats and exchanged subtle glances.

Who would step forward? They thought.

Watching the elders shifting on their seats, the Matriarch's rage grew.

Bang!

She shattered the armrest and a suffocating aura erupted from her body.

Anyone who did not know her would have thought she was easy to handle, but those from the Gong clan knew how terrifying she was.

She had killed her way to the throne.

For the clan and her mission, she wouldn't hesitate to kill any of them.

Under her rage, the proud and arrogant were shivering like kids.

"M-Matriarch..." An old elder said with a trembling voice.

"Yes..." She turned and faced him.

"We sustained such a great loss because we never had experience of a Tier-2 Ruin. But now, we know better and if any Tier-2 Ruin appears we will be more prepared."

"Really?" The Matriarch's cold biting voice hung in the air but no one dared to respond.

"We're barely strong enough to contend with the Jun clan but with this loss, do you think we stand a chance?"

"Matriarch, I heard their loss is way greater than ours. Also, Gong Tao led a group to kill a lot of their younger generation." A female elder responded.

"And you think that's a good idea?"

No one responded. The Jun aristocrat clan were their arch-enemies.

Killing them should have appeased the matriarch but why did she seem annoyed?

Watching the elders that failed to understand the gravity of the situation.

"You bunch of trash. Have you ever thought how the Jun clan would react?" She asked, her anger rising.

Killing the Jun clan younger generation was not a bad idea but that was when they killed them without leaving any eyewitness.

But now...

\*\*\*\*\*

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*Chapter 69: Becoming A Grade-1 Blacksmith (Mortal Grade)*

**Three days later.**

Jun Wu stood inside the new blacksmith forge hammering with deep focus and attention.

He was bare-chested, sweat dripping down his chest.

His well-proportioned muscles were moving in tandem as he swung the hammer.

Clang! Clang!

His hammer removed all the impurities from the metal ingot as he turned it into the desirable shape he wanted.

His hammer never stopped moving. On the anvil, circular plates appeared one after the other.

When he reached the ten plates, he stopped working and wiped off the bead of sweat from his forehead.

Inside the Tier-2 Ruin, he discovered he had many weaknesses which he did not like.

The battle inside the Labyrinth would have been more dangerous if he did not have the Runic Revolver.

He might know many formations that could trap and kill his enemies, but would he have the time to set up the array formation.

The answer was no.

Against the Twin Fury Lion, the space was narrow leaving no room to set up formation. He could only defend helplessly while escaping.

Just thinking of it made his blood boil in anger.

He had a library of ancient formations, runes, and others in his memory. Why would he not make use of them?

Thus, he vowed when he returned to the surface. He must correct his weakness immediately.

And this was one of them.

Without resting, he took his runic pen and moved to the next steps. He picked four plates out of the ten plates and began to work.

He needed to inscribe the anchor runes, flow runes, qi runes, and lastly the killing runes.

Standing outside the forge, Xinyue and others watched Jun Wu working with sharp focus.

"Uncle Mao, are you not going to ask the Young Master to relax a bit?" she asked, worried about his health.

Mao Yun and Zhang Wei shook their heads.

"This is how the Young Master is. When he is focused on something. He will see to it that he completes it." Zhang Wei responded.

"Ahh! That is not good. Are you not worried he might collapse."

Looking at Xinyue's concern about Jun Wu's health, the two retainers had a pleasing smile on their faces. With each passing day, they liked Xinyue more.

She was respectful, humble, and took care of everyone. Importantly, she was beautiful.

With such a pretty girl among them, the lone dogs couldn't help but smile.

After coming from the ruin, the two sustained various injuries and were recovering under her intense care.

As for their loot, they kept it hidden for now.

According to Jun Wu, the Soaring Cloud Region situation was quite sensitive, and they needed to keep a low profile for the time being.

This was not the time to flaunt their wealth.

Just then, Jun Wu walked out of the forge holding four black plates.

"Zhang Wei, what's your weapon?" Jun Wu asked.

"Young Master, I use a saber." Zhang Wei replied, puzzled.

"Good. Take your saber and attack these plates." He threw the plate on the ground.

Zhang Wei, Mao Yun, and Xinyue were confused. Why would he ask him to attack metal plates?

Still, Zhang Wei complied and took out his Mortal Grade weapon. His countenance changed, taking a fighting stance.

Slash! Slash! Slash!

In quick succession, Zhang Wei sent a barrage of attacks. The metal plates trembled with faint pulsations of runes.

Jun Wu stood by the side watching the array plates without blinking. After close to a minute, he stopped Zhang Wei from attacking.

"Young Master, what is going on?" Mao Yun asked.

"You will see..." he responded and picked the four array plates.

On the plate surfaces, there weren't any traces of the saber on it. They were smooth with rune patterns.

"Zhang Wei, let's fight." He said as he walked to the training field.

Zhang Wei and Mao Yun looked at each other with a knowing glance. Now, they had begun to understand what the Young Master was making.

It must be a weapon.

But how could four plates become a weapon? This puzzled them.

Still, everyone walked to the training field.

Standing a couple of feet from each other, Zhang Wei faced Jun Wu with a solemn expression.

He did not dare look down on Jun Wu. Their weak Young Master was long gone. What stood before him was a waking monster.

"Young Master, I'm not going to hold back." He declared.

"That's what I want." Jun Wu nodded. "You can attack."

Whoosh!

Zhang Wei lunged at him with his saber raised. Before he closed the distance, Jun Wu responded with six deadly Wind Blades.

In addition, he threw the four array plates to form a square.

Zhang Wei barely dodged the six Wind Blades when the battle took another turn.

The moment the four array plates touched the ground, they were activated.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The four array plates formed a dense net around him while releasing a terrifying saber qi attack.

The saber attack resembled Zhang Wei's attack.

Ahhh! Ahhhh!

Zhang Wei let out a miserable scream as the dense saber qi ripped through his clothes cutting deep into his skin.

Whoosh!

The array plates were deactivated. However, the effect left everyone horrifyingly scared.

Zhang Wei lay on the ground covered in blood.

Jun Wu was also stunned. He did not expect the Four-Square Killing Net would be this frightening.

Quickly, he took out a healing pill from his storage pouch and gave it to him.

Swallowing the healing pill, the effect was almost immediate.

"I'm sorry. I did not expect the effect would be that powerful." Jun Wu apologized.

Zhang Wei nodded. He knew his Young Master did not deliberately do it. Besides, this was not the first time they sparred to test his creation.

While Mao Yun and Xinyue were stunned by the effect of the Four-Square Killing Net, a voice came from behind.

"Young Master, is that your new creation?" Elder Peng asked with a trembling voice.

"Yes..." Jun Wu nodded. "It is a Four-Square Killing Net array plate. A Grade-1 Array Plate."

What!

Everyone widened their eyes.

"Young Master, you've become a Grade-1 Blacksmith?" Elder Peng asked with wide eyes.

Jun Wu nodded and a faint smile hung at the corner of his lips.

Everyone could not believe their ears. He was already a monster in Array Formation known throughout the Soaring Cloud Region.

And now...

Zhang Wei and Mao Yun exchanged a knowing glance. Xinyue stared at Jun Wu with bright stars in her eyes.

Feeling their gaze, Jun Wu cleared his throat and looked at Elder Peng.

"Have you delivered the letter?"

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*Chapter 70: Wrath of the Jun's clan.*

"So, you're saying the news that the Gong clan attacked the Jun clansmen inside the ruin had spread throughout the Soaring Cloud Region." Jun Wu looked at Elder Peng.

"Yes, Young Master. Everyone is talking about it." Elder Peng nodded.



Seated under the willow tree, Jun Wu and everyone were relaxing, enjoying the fresh air.

Yesterday, Jun Wu asked Elder Peng to deliver a letter to Frostwind City. Between Mystic City and Frostwind City, there were over fifty miles.

Elder Peng had departed yesterday early morning and could only return now. From his journey, they learned about the Gong clan's atrocities.

As for what was in the letter, no one asked.

"Young Master, how would your clan react?" Xinyue asked.

She had heard of the Jun aristocrat clan and the Gong aristocrat clan but never truly understood the two powerful aristocrat clans.

Now that she was close to a Jun, she wanted to know more.

Before Jun Wu could respond, Zhang Wei replied. "The clan would have sent masters to teach them some lessons."

Lesson?

Xinyue was still confused. However, no one was ready to go into details.

Jun Wu had learned how brutal and merciless his clan was. He could only hope the Gong clan was ready for what was coming for them.

...

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## **Flying Cloud City**

The city was on lockdown. The air reeked with intense tension. On the street, everywhere was empty, leaving behind the lost dogs and cats.

Restaurants were closed. Taverns empty.

Clans with protection array formations had already activated them. Those without array protection hid at the corners of their rooms.

Alleys and corners devoid of their usual activities.

The slums were quiet like a graveyard.

Many did not know what was going on but the news of an impending war had been spreading throughout the city for the past three days.

Guards and soldiers were deployed to protect the city wall and ensure no one was seen on the street.

For the guards and soldiers, their faces were etched with fear and panic. Under their metal helmets, sweat dripped like a broken pipe and their palms were sweaty.

Many wished they could escape. The pressure was becoming unbearable with each passing second.

Inside the City Lord's mansion, commanders, captains, scholars, and strategists gathered around a round table.

Everyone could feel a heavy pressure on their shoulders.

"City Lord, are you sure they would not use their powerful experts?" An old male scholar asked for the umpteenth time.

"Scholar Yu, yes. I've answered you time and time again. Please don't ask me again, otherwise, I might be angry." Gong Xin responded with a deep frown on his face.

As the City Lord, this was the first time he had been questioned repeatedly.

He was not a patient man but the situation demanded he condone the old man's nonsense.

As long as they could survive today, he would not hesitate to teach the old man a lesson.

He shifted his gaze to the army general and asked.

"How is our preparation?"

"City Lord, we're prepared for anything. We should be able to hold them back." The old general responded confidently.

But inwardly, he was panicking.

How could they prepare against the Jun clan? Those crazy people were known for not following common sense.

He thought he could enjoy the post of general without any trouble but who would have thought some crazy young master from the Gong clan would dare kill the Jun clansmen.

That's just crazy!

The audacity and nerves of their actions made his old blood boil.

Now, the innocent souls were going to pay for their actions.

Why? Why?

He clenched his fist underneath the table only to release it.

Of course, he knew why.

His withered old face was etched with helplessness.

The Gong clan controlled the life and death of everyone in Flying Cloud City.

They were the hegemony. The uncrowned king.

If they breathed, it would affect the lives of the commoners.

Against such a force, what could he, a mere Peak Stage First Rated Martial Artist, do.

Suddenly, a terrifying pressure descended on Flying Cloud City.

Huh!

Everyone inside the city, no matter their hideout, gasped under the horrifying pressure.

Their faces contorted into panic.

They are finally here.

"The courage for a mere Gong Clan to kill my Jun Clan clansmen is commendable." A voice boomed over the city like an imperial decree.

"But it seems many have forgotten who controls the Soaring Cloud Region."

"Many have forgotten the wrath of the Jun's. Today, I want you to open your eyes wide to see what will happen to anyone who dares question the Authority of the Jun's."

Suddenly, above Flying Cloud City an overbearing palm appeared, descending like a heavenly judgment.

Boom!

The Flying Cloud City Lord's mansion was flattened to the ground.

A cloud of dust rose to the sky.

Spies around the city sucked in a cold breath when they saw the horrifying power.

But the horror was far from over, the booming sounded continuously.

When it finally stopped.

Flying Cloud City had been turned into ruins and the city walls into rubble.

For a good five minutes, the city was quiet like a graveyard.

Slowly, those that survived the horrifying palm strike came out and saw what was left of their city.

Various soul-rending wails filled the air. Their beloved city was gone.

Many had lost their homes, wives, children, and properties.

Hundreds of kilometers from Flying Cloud City, the Gong clan estate sprawled at the foot of a mountain.

Standing above the Gong clan were two Expert Martial Artists staring at the Gong clan.

Looking at the two Jun Expert Martial Artists, all the Gong clan were shocked.

This was crazy.

Why would the Jun clan deploy two Experts at once.

"Tell us what you want. We can discuss this." The Gong Clan Matriarch rose in the air.

"Discuss?" One of the Jun Experts shook his head. "Do we look like we care about whatever you have? Get lost."

He sneered and threw a palm strike.

Watching the palm strike, the Gong Matriarch wore a solemn expression. She unsheathed her sword and struck, intercepting the palm strike.

From the Gong ancestral ground, an old, withered man came out and rose to the sky.

Quickly, a life and death battle ensued.

While they were fighting in the sky, the Jun clan Master Martial Artist rushed into the Gong Clan.

Today, the Jun clan would make sure there was a river of blood.

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