

THE MOST GENEROUS MASTER EVER Chapter 117

Ming Yue's eyes were filled with emotions. She was elegant, knowledgeable, and natural. Her looks was considered the greatest evil in the known universe.

Ye Qiu couldn't help but remember his little wife, Lian Feng, who was far away in the Heaven Domain.

He compared it. Yes... it was big.

Ye Qiu suddenly remembered that he had a Love Affinity System. He couldn't help but ask in his heart, "System, are there only one binding for the Love Bond?"

[Host, no.]

[Love Affinity System is based on an upgrade in the master-disciple system.]

[Just like the master-disciple system, the number is not fixed. It only depends on the host's ability.]

[If you want to obtain more treasures, you can give it a try and tie a few more bonds.]

Hearing this, Ye Qiu smiled evilly. Hehe, I'm sorry... Little Senior Sister. The goddess strategy plan began.

Speaking of which, it seemed like there was no need to do much. At this moment, Ming Yue's gaze was just short of loudly telling everyone that she liked Ye Qiu.

Did he still need a plan?

The 100,000-fold has great returns. Ordinary people really couldn't grasp this temptation. It wasn't easy for him to have one official relationship. Lian Feng had also returned to the Heaven Domain. At this moment, Ye Qiu didn't have the chance to trigger it. He could only place his hopes on Ming Yue for the time being. Perhaps he could do something.

Yes, he had decided. He would mess with her.

As if she felt Ye Qiu's evil gaze, Ming Yue blushed and felt a little guilty.

"What evil thing is this guy thinking about again?" Ming Yue's heart raced as she thought to herself. She was still looking forward to it. She recalled the intimate contact between the two of them in the blessed land, and her face flushed red. Especially the gift Ye Qiu gave her, a ginseng fruit tree sapling.

Ming Yue was still extremely touched. Her heart couldn't help but beat faster when she saw Ye Qiu's evil gaze.

Ah... Damn it, damn it... Is he going to confess? What should I do? How should I answer if he speaks later? Should I accept his excessive request? If I accepted it casually, would he think that I was too casual?

For a moment, Ming Yue's imagination ran wild.

Ye Qiu suddenly said seriously, "Eh, Senior Sister, why are you blushing?"

"Go to hell..." Ming Yue, who was originally looking forward to it, was instantly furious. She turned around and left.

I'm so angry. I thought it was some passionate confession. I got excited for nothing.

That's it?

That was it?

You can't do it?

"Haha..." Ye Qiu laughed in his heart. That was what he originally thought. However, when he saw Ming Yue's expectant gaze, he couldn't help but want to tease her.

The effect was not bad. Ming Yue was furious. Unfortunately, he had wasted the opportunity he had been given. However, Ye Qiu didn't feel that it was a pity at all. In any case, he didn't have anything to trap her. He might as well tease his cute senior sister. How interesting was that?

He would think about how to trap her after he taught his two disciples how to refine pills and create a large batch of pills. Thinking of this, Ye Qiu suddenly turned around to look at Lin Qingzhu and Zhao Wan'er.

He dispelled his previous plan and said, "Let's go back to the mountain."

"Huh?" The two of them were stunned.

Zhao Wan'er asked curiously, "Master, didn't you say that you wanted to bring us out to relax?"

Why did this plan change so suddenly?

Ye Qiu said indifferently, "The Dao discussion on Mount Yun Ding is imminent. Let's talk about relaxation in the future."

“Master, what is the Dao discussion on Mount Yun Ding?”

Lin Qingzhu asked curiously. This was not the first time she had heard of this. But no one told her what this thing was.

Ye Qiu explained, “The Dao Discussion on Mount Yun Ding is the biggest event in the Eastern Wasteland. All the experts from the Eastern Wasteland’s various holy lands are gathered here. It’s a Martial Debate that will be held with stunning talents.”

“This grand meeting is similar to our Heaven Mending Sect’s Seven Peaks Martial Meeting. It’s also once every sixty years.”

“In the grand meeting, every talented and outstanding person can be famous and be admired by everyone.”

After a while, Ye Qiu looked at He Wushuang and the others not far away and said, “If you want to become a peerless genius like them, it will depend on your performance in this Dao Discussion.

“In the past, your grandmaster had once suppressed the various Holy Lands and reached the peak of the Eastern Wasteland. I hope that you will cultivate diligently and not disgrace Violet Cloud Peak’s former reputation.”

At this point, their hearts trembled.

They did not expect that Violet Cloud Peak would have such shocking results. The grandmaster they had never seen before was even more powerful to suppress everyone from the various Holy Lands and become the strongest in the Eastern Wasteland? What kind of result was this? It made one’s blood boil just by hearing it.

The two of them immediately said, “Master, don’t worry. We will definitely cultivate diligently and strive to make our Violet Cloud Peak famous during the Dao discussion on Mount Yun Ding.”

Their fighting spirit was full. The competitive spirit in their hearts was immediately aroused by Ye Qiu.

Ye Qiu smiled when he saw this.

Hmm, not bad...

Sometimes, they had to drink this chicken soup. Look, after drinking a mouthful of chicken soup, they were instantly revived and full of fighting spirit.

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However, a suitable amount of chicken soup was enough. He still had to show some care.

“Yes, very good! I’m very gratified that you have such thoughts.” Ye Qiu calmed down and continued, “There are many experts and geniuses in your batch. It can be said to be a golden age. Therefore, you are under a lot of pressure. If you can’t defeat them, don’t force yourself. I won’t blame you.”

The two of them were very touched. In their hearts, Ye Qiu had always doted on them the most. When had he ever blamed them? However, the competitiveness in their hearts didn’t allow them to lower their heads, nor did they allow them to embarrass Violet Cloud Peak and Ye Qiu.

Lin Qingzhu said firmly, “Master, don’t worry. I definitely won’t disappoint you. This time, I will definitely bring back a good result for you.”

Ye Qiu looked at her with relief and secretly laughed in his heart.

The innocent eldest disciple was still the easiest to deceive. Hehe...

Ardor and zeal is coursing through her blood after taking a bite of the chicken soup. As expected of my little sweetheart. Whether I can brag this time will depend on your performance. You can't embarrass me.

"Yes, yes. Don't worry, Master. Senior Sister and I will work hard to bring back a good result for you."
Zhao Wan'er gently echoed.

Ye Qiu looked at his two disciples with satisfaction and nodded. "Yes, it's a good thing to be determined! Let's go. We should go back while we still have time."

"Wait, Master..." Ye Qiu was about to leave when Lin Qingzhu suddenly stopped him. After hesitating for a moment, he said, "Master, you should go to the Xiao Clan to take a look."

Ye Qiu frowned and suddenly realized a problem. Where was Xiao Yi?

Ye Qiu looked around and didn't see any Xiao Clan disciples. He had an ominous feeling.

"What happened to the Xiao Clan?"

Lin Qingzhu slowly explained, "Master, when the tomb opened earlier, Wan'er and I had just left the mountain when we encountered trouble with the Supreme Hall. Little Yi helped us say a few words. He was severely injured by the Supreme Hall's elder and has been brought back by his father to recuperate."

"Supreme Hall?" Ye Qiu's eyes flashed with killing intent as he asked with concern, "Did they hurt you?"

Lin Qingzhu and Zhao Wan'er shook their heads.

Zhao Wan'er said, "No. Fortunately, Martial Uncle Qi arrived in time and stopped them. Otherwise, Senior Sister would be in danger.

"Senior Sister fought with Lu Yan from the Supreme Hall and severely injured him. That elder from the Supreme Hall couldn't take it anymore and wanted to settle the score with Senior Sister.

"Little Yi only said a few words before he was severely injured by him."

After hearing Zhao Wan'er explain everything, Ye Qiu finally understood.

Hah, Supreme Hall? His gaze locked onto the Supreme Hall team that was preparing to leave.

Daoist Qingmiao, who was the leader, suddenly felt his heart tremble. He had an ominous feeling. He had personally witnessed the destruction of the Immortal Mountain Holy Land.

The bloody battle today also made everyone present understand how terrifying the Heaven Mending Sect was.

Daoist Qingmiao did not interfere in this battle. The Immortal Mountain had been destroyed. He was about to bring his disciples back when he suddenly felt Ye Qiu's cold and murderous gaze. His heart trembled.

"Oh no!" Knowing that the situation was bad, Daoist Qingmiao pretended not to see it and urged, "Hurry up and leave."

The astonishing combat strength that Ye Qiu had displayed earlier was not something that their Supreme Hall could resist. If he wanted to, he alone was enough to destroy the entire Supreme Hall. He knew this very well.

At this moment, a cold voice came from nearby.

“Leave? You can leave now, but I’ll personally go to the Supreme Hall, you can bear the consequences later.”

That voice was none other than Ye Qiu.

When Daoist Qingmiao heard this voice, his heart felt like it had fallen into an underground abyss. He knew that things were not good. He could leave now, but this matter might not be so easy to resolve when Ye Qiu came up the mountain.

Perhaps, the Supreme Hall would also be destroyed.

Daoist Qingmiao’s expression was extremely ugly. At this moment, he even wanted to kill Mo Yi.

Pretending to be calm, Qingmiao asked despite knowing the answer, “Fellow Daoist, what do you mean? We don’t seem to have offended your Heaven Mending Sect, right?”

Ye Qiu walked over step by step with a terrifying smile on his face.

“Looks like you like to play dumb.”

Ye Qiu smiled and moved his fingers slightly. A shocking sword intent instantly appeared. Everyone’s expressions changed drastically.

“There’s a limit to my patience. You won’t repent unless you hit a wall, right?”

As soon as these words were spoken, Daoist Qingmiao felt as if his heart had sunk to the bottom of a lake. He knew that he could no longer avoid pretending to be stupid.

Ye Qiu’s current actions were clearly to support his disciple and demand an explanation.

If he was not satisfied with this explanation, the outcome that awaited them would be the same as the Immortal Mountain.

How could Qingmiao not understand this logic? He immediately panicked, his face pale. He hurriedly calmed Ye Qiu down and said, “Fellow Daoist, don’t be rash. What happened before was our fault. We admit our mistake. Fellow Daoist, we can satisfy whatever you want.”

Ye Qiu smiled and put down his two fingers that were condensing sword energy when he saw that he was so sensible. He said, “Not everyone can bully the people of Violet Cloud Peak. Whoever did this, step forward!”

As soon as these words were spoken, Mo Yi, who was in the crowd, immediately felt his heart turn to ashes. He looked at Daoist Qingmiao as if he was begging for help. However, Qing Miao couldn’t even protect himself now. How could he save him?

“Senior Brother, save me...”

Daoist Qingmiao was in a difficult position, but in order to protect the Supreme Hall, he could only sacrifice him. It was not that he was disloyal. In front of the orthodoxy, anyone could be sacrificed, even him.

Daoist Qingmiao sighed as he looked into Mo Yi's despairing eyes and said, "Junior Brother, I'm useless! Do as you see fit. The life and death of my Supreme Hall depends on you..."

Daoist Qingmiao threw the burden to him in just a few sentences.

Ye Qiu was secretly shocked by this plan. It was too ruthless.

Of course, it was impossible for Mo Yi not to understand the meaning of Qingmiao's words. It seemed like he was handing over the decision to him, that the Supreme Hall was advancing and retreating with him, but in actuality...

If he didn't admit it because he wanted to live, then it would be equivalent to pushing the Supreme Hall into the abyss. No one would forgive him. He would be despised by everyone and he would still die in the end.

If he admitted it, he might be able to gain a good reputation, but he would have to bear Ye Qiu's anger.

Shaking his head with a bitter smile, Mo Yi looked at Daoist Qingmiao in despair.

This move was too high. Senior Brother, Senior Brother, I've risked my life for you all these years and sacrificed so much for the Holy Land.

Unexpectedly, this was the outcome.

"Haha..." Mo Yi laughed out loud in grief and indignation. He walked out from the crowd and said generously, "I injured him. If you want to kill or torture me, you can do as you please."

His heart was already dead. Even if Ye Qiu killed him, he wouldn't resist. Today, he finally saw Daoist Qingmiao's true colors. He had the intention to die generously.

Ye Qiu was amused. He didn't expect such a good show. "Haha, interesting! Is this the scene of a break-up between fellow brothers?"

It had to be said that this Daoist Qingmiao was really ruthless.

Ye Qiu couldn't help but admire him and feel pity for Mo Yi. Was it worth it to go through fire and water for such a orthodoxy?

However, this matter would not end like this although it was a pity. These were two different things.

Ye Qiu looked at Mo Yi coldly and said calmly, "Alright, you dared to take responsibility. I won't kill you today."

Mo Yi was overjoyed when he heard this. Ye Qiu actually didn't kill him?

However, Ye Qiu added, "Tell me, which hand did it?"

Mo Yi's heart trembled. He looked at his right hand and roughly understood what Ye Qiu wanted to do.

Unfortunately, this arm that had accompanied him for many years and countless lonely nights was probably going to be lost today. However, compared to his life, a mere arm was nothing.

Daoist Qingmiao's actions today made Mo Yi furious. The desire for revenge in his heart grew stronger. As long as he could survive, an arm was nothing to worry about.

Mo Yi said angrily, "There's no need for you to do anything. I'm willing to cut off my right arm and give you an explanation."

As soon as he finished speaking, a sword suddenly swung down. In an instant, Mo Yi's arm left his body and fell to the ground.

"Ah..." Mo Yi's face was twisted in pain.

This person could be considered a man who dared to take responsibility for his actions! He knew when to yield and when to stand tall. He severed his right arm and gave Ye Qiu an explanation to avoid death.

Ye Qiu was very satisfied with his performance. He also discovered that the hatred in his eyes was already aimed at Daoist Qingmiao. He couldn't help but think to himself, Interesting, does this mean that he's going to be backstabbed?

Originally, Ye Qiu wanted to kill him to avenge his disciples. But he immediately changed his mind when he saw this scene. He was looking forward to what would happen next. Would Daoist Qingmiao's trap himself in his own trap?

Thinking of this, Ye Qiu secretly laughed in his heart. On the surface, he said calmly, "Very good, you're still a man. I can let bygones be bygones."

Ye Qiu looked around and said, "My actions are to tell everyone here that these two girls are my disciples. If it's a spar between young people of the same generation and they lose, it's because their skills are inferior. I admit defeat.

"But if any of those shameless old things take advantage of their seniority to find trouble with them, then they would have to ask the sword in my hand if it agrees..."

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone sucked in a breath of cold air. They could not help but rejoice in their hearts that they had not provoked this great god previously.

Someone whispered, "Remember the appearance of these two girls and instruct everyone in the sect to stay away from them in the future."

"If you provoke this guy, even the sect won't be able to protect you."

"Got it, got it. I'll order it immediately."

"How terrifying! The disciples of a Paragon, whoever provokes him will die..."

The crowd was in an uproar. Someone had already secretly drawn Lin Qingzhu and Zhao Wan'er's appearances, preparing to go back and pass it on to the other fellow disciples to get a clear understanding of them. Otherwise, they wouldn't even know how they died if they really offended them one day.

That was Ye Qiu's disciples, the disciple of a Paragon. Who dared to provoke them?

If you're not afraid of death, go provoke them yourself. In any case, I don't dare.

This guy was completely protective of his children. If you dared to lay a finger on them, he would probably come knocking on your door the next day.

Lin Qingzhu and Zhao Wan'er were very touched. They didn't expect their status to be so important to Ye Qiu.

Seeing their master stand up for them and support them, all the grievances they had suffered before were cleared up at this moment. They were already very satisfied to have such a master. How could they dare to have other expectations?

After Ye Qiu finished speaking, he calmly turned around and looked at Mo Yi. “On account of your sincere repentance, I’ll spare your life today.”

“If you’re not convinced, you can look for me...”

“No, I’m convinced. I’m really convinced.”

How could Mo Yi dare to say that he wasn’t convinced? He was completely convinced. Being able to exchange an arm for a life was already Ye Qiu’s greatest tolerance for him.

All his resentment wasn’t directed at Ye Qiu, but at Daoist Qingmiao.

Ye Qiu smiled and saw through his thoughts. He didn’t expose him. Instead, he shook his head at Daoist Qingmiao and said in disappointment, “Supreme Hall, haha...”

With that, he turned around and left.

His words revealed disdain. The people present were also very disdainful and looked down on Daoist Qingmiao’s actions. Who could accept such a Holy Land?

He risked his life for him and went through fire and water in exchange for this outcome. If not for Ye Qiu’s tolerance, Mo Yi would have died.

No one could accept such an outcome.

Such a holy land was too dry.

There was no friendship to speak of, unlike the Heaven Mending Sect just now.

Working together, sharing honor and disgrace, advancing and retreating together, not fearing death.

With this comparison, the difference was obvious.