

I. Family 1428

Chapter 1428: Lu Changsheng: Give Me an Explanation!_3

The Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng let out an unwilling cry, clashing with the Netherworld Long Spear in a thunderous explosion, shattering the void continuously, with surging energy sweeping in a pulsating manner in all directions.

It then turned into a golden arc and returned beneath Lu Changsheng's feet, its fierce might unparalleled.

"Hiss!"

"Hiss!"

"Hiss!"

All the cultivators of the Yiming Ghost Sect were shocked and dumbfounded, unable to believe their eyes upon witnessing this.

Such an ultimate Demon King was actually someone else's mount!

What's going on with this world!

However, they also felt a sense of dread upon seeing the slowly rotating Black Hole Funnel above Lu Changsheng's head.

They felt that without the protection of the Sect's Grand Array, their physical bodies and souls would be crushed to dust.

"Chirp chirp chirp——"

At this moment, on the other side, the Ancient Blood Bat, filled with fear, avoided Lu Changsheng and the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng, flying towards the Yiming Ghost Sect.

In fact, its speed was no slower than Lu Changsheng's.

It only feared that if it went ahead, it would be blocked by the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng and Lu Changsheng.

"Who are you!?"

The Yinming Ghost King, dressed in a black brocade robe, stood majestically on the Ghost Ship and spoke in a deep voice.

"I am Yangming. Your sect's Ghost Demon True Master, as a Nascent Soul Cultivator, shamelessly attacked my son, leaving him half-crippled. I have come to your Yiming Ghost Sect to demand an explanation!"

Lu Changsheng, clad in a dark brocade robe, with the Formless Treasure Wheel in his mind like a blazing golden sun, exuded an extraordinary heroic aura, standing atop the brilliantly radiant Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng with a composed and majestic demeanor.

"What!?"

"Ghost Demon True Master?"

The Yinming Ghost King and Ghost Bat True Master were taken aback, somewhat bewildered.

They never expected the person before them to come for the Ghost Demon True Master.

For the sake of a Ghost Demon True Master, did you really have to let the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng attack so recklessly!

Ghost Bat True Master felt utterly aggrieved!

Having just seen Lu Changsheng subdue the Ghost Princess and Ghost Shadow True Master, he thought Lu Changsheng was colluding with Chu Qingyi to plot against their sect.

But you say you came for the Ghost Demon True Master!

"Buzz—"

Lu Changsheng lightly raised his hand, and Chu Qingyi and Lu Quanzhen emerged from the Tianyuan Lotus onto the Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng.

"Hmm!?"

Chu Qingyi and Lu Quanzhen, witnessing the situation before them, were both astonished.

They did not expect Lu Changsheng to actually arrive at the gates of the Yiming Ghost Sect.

This was a provocation, a blatant provocation to any power!

However, seeing the Yiming Ghost Sect's Mountain Protection Array fully activated yet not attacking, they realized something was amiss.

Although Lu Changsheng had already clashed with the Yiming Ghost Sect, he wasn't engaging in full-scale battle, indicating negotiations were ongoing.

Chu Qingyi keenly noticed the Ghost Bat True Master on the Yiming Ghost Ship.

Seeing the Yiming Ghost Sect's Great Elder with a pale face, devoid of color, and his blood-red magical robe dim and tattered, she was deeply puzzled.

There was no need to guess; such methods were Lu Changsheng's doing.

Lu Changsheng had inflicted such misery on this Ghost Bat True Master, no wonder the Yiming Ghost Sect was willing to sit down and negotiate.

Because if they weren't confident in dealing with Lu Changsheng, enmity would lead to endless troubles.

"Hand over the Ghost Demon True Master!"

Lu Changsheng continued, his indifferent voice like rumbling thunder echoing through the skies and earth.

"Daoist, you subdued two of our Yiming Ghost Sect's Nascent Soul Cultivators, and now you demand people from our sect, isn't this too overbearing!?"

The Ghost Bat True Master's voice was icy and bone-chilling.

Even though he was displeased with the Ghost Demon True Master, the latter was still his sect's Nascent Soul Cultivator.

If bullied to their doorstep and the Ghost Demon True Master handed over, the Yiming Ghost Sect would become a complete laughing stock, with its reputation plummeting.

Moreover, with such an event, how could other disciples still serve the sect? How would guest elders and tributes be willing to join their Yiming Ghost Sect!

"Overbearing? Your Yiming Ghost Sect, shamelessly bullying the young, attacked my son, assaulted my wife, and you call me overbearing!?"

"Since your Yiming Ghost Sect isn't willing to give me an explanation, then don't blame me for being shameless!"

Lu Changsheng sneered coldly, speaking in a chilling tone.

Faced with this Yiming Ghost Sect, he indeed had no choice.

But if your Yiming Ghost Sect had the ability, then never leave the gates!

"Why is he spouting nonsense again..."

Originally tense-faced, Chu Qingyi felt her heart skip a beat upon hearing Lu Changsheng's words, looking at him with slight annoyance.

But seeing Lu Changsheng's profound gaze and composed demeanor, standing alone against the Yiming Ghost Sect, she couldn't help but lightly press her red lips and lower her head.

"Daoist acting in such a manner, aren't you disregarding our Yiming Ghost Sect!?"

The Yinming Ghost King's face was unsightly, his late-stage Core Formation mana surging up and down.

The Nascent Soul Cultivator in charge of the Mountain Protection Array saw this and immediately fully operated the array, with rolling mist moving as if sealing the heavenly dome.

With a green face and tusks, like a mountain, the Ghost King roared ferociously, clutching the Hell's Long Spear, staring fixedly at Lu Changsheng, forming an indescribable terrifying presence.

"Boom!"

However, Lu Changsheng was completely fearless, with surging and majestic magical power mechanism flowing, as the Yin Yang Mixed Hole Great Mill above crushed the firmament, directly tearing a rift in the demon cloud-covered sky.

"Since I dared to come to your Yiming Ghost Sect, I naturally have some confidence in my divine skills. Hand over the Ghost Demon True Master!"

Lu Changsheng's face remained calm and indifferent as he spoke coldly.

The Yinming Ghost King and Ghost Bat True Master's faces were quite unsightly.

The Golden-Winged Heavenly Peng alone rendered them helpless, requiring reliance on the sect's array!

And Lu Changsheng emanated an aura that made them feel danger.

Knowing that the opponent dared to come knocking, his means were undoubtedly extraordinary.

In this situation, they must request that the Supreme Elder come out to have a chance of resolution.