

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense

#Chapter 21 - 21: The State Preceptor Ensnared by Lust - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 21 - 21: The State Preceptor Ensnared by Lust

Chapter 21: Chapter 21: The State Preceptor Ensnared by Lust

Li Xiaobai's expression turned dark, realizing that his senior brother and sister were at a standoff over the bathhouse issue.

Indeed, this bunch of people was always so out of tune.

"Senior sister, there's really no need for that. The little junior brother is still here, if you want to take a bath, just ask him directly."

Liu Jinshui forced a smile. His senior sister was excellent in every way, except that she was a bit stubborn-minded.

"No, when we are out on a mission, accidents abound. We could be thrown into battle the moment we arrive at our destination. Where would the little junior brother find the time to build a bathhouse for us? We must take it with us just in case," she insisted.

Su Yunbing was very determined, intending to use her Great Divine Power to simply collect the entire simplified version of the bathhouse.

The ground rumbled, covered with cracks like spider webs, and the occasional burst of energy sheer through all the surrounding trees, scaring Li Xiaobai into waving his hands again and again in protest.

"Senior sister, there really is no need for this. I have already stored enough water for bathing. When we get there, we just need to build a small reservoir, it doesn't need to be this complicated."

The bathhouse was a product of the System. It didn't require preparing anything specific—just a plot of land to set up a simple water reservoir.

Hearing this, Su Yunbing's expression also softened considerably.

"Okay, then let's go with what the little junior brother says."

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At the gate of the mountain, many disciples had already made their preparations. Li Xiaobai and the others were late to arrive, but the look on the State Preceptor's face bore not the slightest hint of displeasure.

On the contrary, upon seeing Su Yunbing and Ye Wushuang, his face broke into a smile, and he was exceedingly enthusiastic.

Elder Sun from the Punishment Hall was leading the team, standing at the very front of the group, muttering to himself, making some complaints to Li Shejin.

He felt immense pressure about this trip because he was one hundred percent convinced that those from Misty Peak would definitely not let Li Shejin off the hook. It wasn't just Misty Peak—there was also something suspicious about the look in the eyes of the Immortal Feather Sect's top disciple, Feng Wuxie.

Things seemed to be moving in the direction he feared the most.

This group of disciples was not the kind to suffer losses quietly. If Li Shejin courted death, there would be no stopping them.

All he could do was leave it to fate.

Behind Li Shejin was docked a massive warship, its wooden structure was ancient and dignified, with dragons carved on the prow and swirling divine patterns faintly visible on the hull.

The big characters for Zhenyuan were inscribed at the bow, giving off an extraordinary aura.

Li Xiaobai had never seen such a design before. Could one really sail a ship on land?

"Senior brother, what's this ship for? Can it sail on land?"

Li Xiaobai nudged Liu Jinshui who was standing beside him.

"Little junior brother, this thing is called a warship, a toy of the rich. It's a type of flying vehicle that allows you to soar through the sky, but it runs on spirit stones as fuel, which is quite costly," Liu Jinshui explained.

Li Xiaobai suddenly understood. Minister Li's swagger was quite high, to be riding such a lavish vehicle.

"You disciples have probably never seen such an advanced magic treasure in your lives. Let me tell you, this is called a warship, a treasure of Zhenyuan Country. You are truly fortunate today to have the opportunity to ride such a high-level vehicle magic treasure," Li Shejin announced.

"This warship can fly through the sky and burrow into the earth, travel a thousand miles in a day; it is the pride of Zhenyuan Country. You'll see more similar things once you reach your destination, but for now, come aboard!"

Li Shejin's greedy gaze swept over Su Yunbing and Ye Wushuang a few times, evidently scheming something.

One by one, the people boarded the ship. The ship was large, with rooms inside, complete with all the necessary furniture, very luxurious indeed.

"Heh, the two female disciples from Misty Peak may go rest in the rooms, while the rest of you just stay on the ship for now," Li Shejin graciously gestured, playing the gentleman.

Ye Wushuang covered her face and giggled slightly, walking slowly into the room with Su Yunbing.

"Minister Li, what is this..."

At this point, Elder Sun could clearly see what Li Shejin intended to do.

"Elder Sun, just do your part well. I'm simply concerned that the two young female disciples from Misty Peak are delicate and frail, fearing they might overexert themselves. Thus, I wish to take care of them a bit, please ensure that your Immortal Feather Sect disciples watch their words. When we arrive at Zhenyuan Country, don't let them speak carelessly!"

Li Shejin spoke indifferently, sneered coldly, and turned to enter the interior of the ship.

After he left, the group from Misty Peak could no longer hold back their laughter and burst into hearty chuckles. Feng Wuxie's expression also relaxed; now, anyone could tell that the State Preceptor was doomed.

Li Shejin started the ship's engine, and the hull buzzed, the air trembled, and a resounding roar filled the air.

The air currents were tumultuous, the hull slowly floated upwards, and gradually accelerated forward. In the air, without any obstacles, it traveled in a straight line.

Li Xiaobai lay on the ship's railing, admiring the outside scenery with envy. The life of the wealthy was indeed grand, even flying was done with such style.

He wondered if the shop had any similar flying devices; if he had Spirit Stones in the future, he would get a set for himself.

Most disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect were on a ship for the first time and appeared very curious, patting and examining the deck, eager to explore the structure of the ship.

Lin Mang and Hao Jian whispered together in a corner, their expressions dark and their gaze drifting towards Li Xiaobai from time to time.

Clearly, these two had premeditated plans.

"Are you two discussing strategies to deal with Li Xiaobai?" Feng Wuxie asked with a smile as he sat down.

"Brother, this is a personal grudge between Li Xiaobai and me that must be settled. Please, brother, do not intervene," Lin Mang urged solemnly, determined to vent his anger.

"Heh, don't worry. If you want to deal with Li Xiaobai, I can help you."

Lin Mang and Hao Jian were both startled. On the surface, it seemed that Feng Wuxie had no significant interaction with Li Xiaobai, so why would he consider dealing with him?

"Brother, why would you do this?"

"You don't need to know the reason. You just need to understand that Li Xiaobai's power has already surpassed yours. If you want to lay hands on him, you need to take advantage of a situation."

"How do we take advantage?" Lin Mang was puzzled; his brain was quite simple.

"Entering the Divine Beast Mountain Range is our best opportunity to make a move. The range is full of Demonic Beasts, and it's quite normal for one or two disciples to die. Making a move there is foolproof. As long as you follow my instructions, I can ensure that you'll have your revenge."

"As for now, you'd better keep a low profile and not blow your cover!"

Feng Wuxie looked indifferent, knowing that with two fools beside him, there was no need for him to act personally. They could even take a hit for him if necessary, killing two birds with one stone.

After exchanging glances, Lin Mang and Hao Jian nodded; they all had a common enemy and could collaborate.

At that moment, Li Shejin came out again, finding Elder Sun to give a few more instructions, and then with a beaming smile, he headed towards Su Yunbing's room.

Elder Sun's face showed discomfort, constantly explaining something to Li Shejin, who wouldn't listen to a word he said. In the end, Li Shejin's expression became stern and fierce, leaving Elder Sun with no choice but to give up.

It seemed he was worried that someone would disturb his good time, little did he know that what was truly awaiting him was a nightmare.

Li Shejin was in a very good mood at this moment, his feet almost floating as he walked.

In truth, he had originally looked down on the disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect. To him, it was but a small sect, and even the Sect Leader was merely at the Great Perfection of the Golden Core Stage, far inferior to the major sects.

Yet, to his surprise, he had found a Phoenix in this barren den, coming across such ravishing beauties.

Fate hadn't treated him unfairly; the thought of the two women soon writhing beneath him, with tender cries, stirred his heart incessantly.

He pushed open the door in front of him.

"Hehehe, my little beauties, I'm here!"

Chapter 22: Chapter 22: State Preceptor, Let's Be Friends

After fiddling with the ship for a while, Li Xiaobai lost interest in it.

This thing looks quite impressive, but it's such an easy target—if an enemy attacks, there's no escaping.

"Junior brother, how many seconds do you think the State Preceptor can last inside?" Yang Chen mocked as he stared at the cabin.

"Hopefully, he can be a five-second real man," Liu Jinshui chuckled.

The State Preceptor was really something, so arrogant and full of himself that getting skinned alive and strung up would be well deserved.

In the midst of their conversation, Li Shejin pushed open the door and walked inside, casually locking it behind him.

"That's like holding a lantern in the latrine—looking for shit." Li Xiaobai shook his head and sighed; there was nothing he could do if someone was courting death so eagerly.

Elder Sun was also leaning over the bow to enjoy the scenery, allowing things to run their course, his face livid with anger from the previous conversation.

What scions of eminent families—in the absence of the ties between Zhenyuan Country and Central Province, they would have long since helped the other party ascend to the Western Paradise.

Inside the room,

Su Yunbing and Ye Wushuang had chilly expressions; they had not expected Li Shejin to really dare to enter.

As he watched the two graceful beauties seated on the edge of the bed, Li Shejin could feel a flame rising up from his lower abdomen.

"Heh heh, ladies, do you find the room satisfactory?"

Li Shejin tried to suppress his excitement, hoping to appear a bit more dignified.

"Very much so," Ye Wushuang responded with a light laugh.

"That's great to hear. We'll soon be entering Zhenyuan Country, and if you have any needs, just tell me. If anyone bullies you, I'll sort it out for you!"

"Heh heh, you know, I am a strong practitioner with a third-level Golden Core. Your Elder Sun has only just barely reached this realm. In the entire Immortal Feather Sect, only the Sect Leader can contend with me to some extent."

"Heh heh, we thank the State Preceptor for that," they replied.

"Of course, honestly, I do have a soft spot for you 'sisters.' If..."

Li Shejin, taking the opportunity, also sat on the edge of the bed, prattling on as his hand, uncontrollably, wrapped around Ye Wushuang's waist.

Noticing that she didn't resist, Li Shejin's smile grew wider, and his actions became bolder.

Intending to roam about a bit.

Yet, he quickly realized that something was wrong. The frail, boneless comfort of her waist was gradually fading, replaced by a stiffness, as rigid as stone.

Looking down, he noticed his hand wrapped around Ye Wushuang's waist had turned completely emerald green.

"Ah!"

The sound of a pig being slaughtered echoed throughout the cabin.

"What... what is this?"

"You wench, you dare to harm me!"

"Do you know who I am? No one has ever dared to treat a citizen of Zhenyuan Country like this! Hand over the antidote immediately, I might let you off this time!"

Li Shejin's face contorted, his eyes filled with panic and unease.

The emerald green toxin was spreading swiftly from his palm to his arm; in a short moment, the entire arm had turned green.

As his body gradually lost feeling, Li Shejin grew more terrified and tried to call for Elder Sun.

"Damn it, such a coward, so afraid of death, and still rambling so much, how did you ever get by in this world!"

Su Yunbing had long since run out of patience. She slapped him hard, sending Li Shejin flying across the room, crashing to the floor with his teeth knocked out, coughing up blood.

"How is this possible, mere disciples of the Immortal Spirit Sect possessing such cultivation!"

It was at that moment he realized that these women were far from ordinary disciples—their cultivation levels were much higher than his.

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Looking at the situation, it seemed they had no intention of letting him leave alive.

"A mere Zhenyuan Country, trying to pull something over on me?"

Su Yunbing looked disdainful as she grabbed Li Shejin's jaw. With a snap, his jaw was dislocated, rendering his mouth immovable. Li Shejin could no longer speak and could only make continuous, panicked yelps that displayed his terror.

"Li Shejin, is it? The State Preceptor, is it? Don't worry, my sisters and I will provide you with a full range of services," Ye Wushuang said, still smiling widely.

"The poison on you isn't lethal; it will only make you lose sensation. But your consciousness will remain very clear."

"Why waste words on him? Junior Sister, if you have any poison, just pour it into his mouth. If he survives, it's his luck; if he dies, just drag him away."

Su Yunbing blocked the door to prevent Li Shejin from escaping.

Li Shejin's trouser leg dampened in embarrassment; a fishy smell began to drift through the air. The guy had actually been frightened into wetting himself.

"State Preceptor, didn't you say you had a soft spot for us sisters? Drink this, then we'll be good friends..."

Ye Wushuang pulled out a small bottle and forcefully poured its contents into Li Shejin's mouth.

"Xingtian Sect will not let you go..."

Li Shejin's pupils constricted, and his eyes gradually became dull...

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On the deck, the disciples were attentively sensing the movement inside the cabin.

Just five seconds after Li Shejin entered, his screams had pierced the sky, but now the room had suddenly fallen eerily silent, as if something even more terrifying was about to happen.

Elder Sun was also feeling some regret at this time, regretting his act of pique. If he had stopped Li Shejin earlier, although he would have been cursed out, he could at least have saved his life.

Now it was too late for regrets.

"That State Preceptor, he must be dead, right?" a disciple asked, unable to refrain.

"Does that even need to be said? Dead as a doornail, probably being dismembered as we speak."

Yang Chen laughed heartily, taking great pleasure in punishing the State Preceptor.

"The door's opening!"

"He's coming out, he's coming out!"

Moments later, the door to the cabin opened. Contrary to everyone's expectations, Li Shejin walked out unharmed, followed by Su Yunbing and Ye Wushuang.

What was going on?

The disciples were puzzled; the screams from earlier were no ruse, so how could these three walk out together so amicably?

Li Xiaobai was also very confused, but more so, he felt that there was something off about the State Preceptor now, though he couldn't put his finger on what exactly was wrong.

Seeing Li Shejin emerge unscathed, Elder Sun exhaled a long breath of relief; no matter what, it was good that the man was still alive.

But then his brow furrowed, as he sharply sensed something amiss about Li Shejin now.

"Cough cough, State Preceptor, my disciple didn't cause you any trouble, did she?" Elder Sun asked tentatively.

"Heh, how could she? Your disciple is quite excellent. I really want to have a long talk with them, to let our ideals soar!"

Hearing Elder Sun's question, Li Shejin seemed to regain some vigor, but there was a hint of dullness in his eyes.

Seeing him like this, Elder Sun felt a chill in his heart.

He was all too familiar with this situation; it was the Puppetry Technique. Someone had used a special method to forcefully erase the person's consciousness, turning them into a completely obedient puppet.

Although they might act normally on a day-to-day basis, when it comes to matters involving their master, they become extremely zealous.

If someone were to discover this, it could potentially escalate into a diplomatic issue between the Immortal Feather Sect and Zhenyuan Country. In a serious case, it could even be said that the Immortal Feather Sect intended to steal the secrets of Zhenyuan Country.

Damn it, this would be even worse than killing him!

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Chapter 23: Chapter 23: The Puppet State Preceptor

There was no doubt about it, this was definitely Ye Wushuang's handiwork. Once a bowl of Meng Po Soup was ingested, you could be certain the State Preceptor would forget everything completely.

Li Xiaobai also knew about the State Preceptor's condition. The world was full of wonders, and it was clear that the State Preceptor was a man of dubious character. That he had met this fate could even be considered a good deed.

Just from his lascivious look, one could guess that he probably had a collection of beauties hidden away at home.

Apart from a few individuals, most hadn't noticed anything unusual about the State Preceptor. They all thought he was as normal as ever, though they found it strange that he could walk out of the room unscathed.

Peace gradually returned to the ship.

In the distance, the occasional rumbling could be heard.

It was the forces from different directions sailing their warships, all with Zhenyuan Country as their destination.

Each warship bore its own sect's unique emblem, which Li Xiaobai didn't recognize; he could only watch eagerly as they flew by. These warships not only could fly, but they also had several cannon ports on their edges, meant for attacking.

Compared to the other warships, the one he was on seemed rather low-end.

A middle-aged man on a nearby warship noticed Li Xiaobai's gaze. He nodded slightly and said with a smile, "Are you also heading to the Divine Beast Mountain Range to clear out the Demonic Beasts?"

"Yes, we cultivators see injustice on the road and draw our swords to help; it's all part of our duty," replied Li Xiaobai.

"Truly a heroic youth, full of ambition. I am Lei Wu from the Cloud Sky Sect. May I ask how the young brother is called?"

The middle-aged man had a commanding presence and clearly looked like an upright person, the kind who wouldn't stand for any nonsense in their sight.

"I am Li Xiaobai from Misty Peak," Li Xiaobai said candidly.

Elder Sun grabbed him and hurriedly explained, "We are disciples from the Immortal Feather Sect. This time, we have come to broaden the disciples' horizons and to contribute our modest efforts."

The Cloud Sky Sect was a middle-tier sect, with a level far above that of the Immortal Feather Sect, and Lei Wu was one of its renowned iron-blooded elders. Elder Sun couldn't afford to let Li Xiaobai speak out of turn.

"If that's the case, then we'll see each other in Zhenyuan Country," Lei Wu said, clasping his hands in farewell before the warship accelerated and vanished from sight.

"Elder, how come their ship can go so fast? Can't we speed up?" asked Li Xiaobai.

"We should be thankful to have a warship at all; don't ask for too much. In a little while, we'll arrive at Zhenyuan Country. Don't make trouble. In front of the larger sects, we need to keep a low profile."

"Heh heh, got it!"

Li Xiaobai nodded and looked around, only to find that his fellow male and female disciples had all disappeared.

Upon entering the cabin, he was immediately taken aback. The room had been transformed into a pool at some unknown time, and several of his male disciples were soaking in it.

"Little junior brother, come and join us. The water was brought down by our sister from the mountain; it has the same effects," one of them called out.

Su Yunbing had ultimately brought out the bathhouse.

"No thanks, brothers and sisters, enjoy your soak," Li Xiaobai said with a strange expression, promptly closing the door and stepping back out. It

seemed that unwittingly, he had turned his fellow disciples from fervent cultivators into lazy creatures who only knew how to bathe all day.

But it seemed like he hadn't really done anything, it was all the male disciples' own initiative.

Yup, definitely not his fault.

Zhenyuan Country and the Immortal Feather Sect were neighbors, not far apart. The warship soon arrived at the destination.

Li Shejin operated the warship, which descended slowly. Li Xiaobai saw that the area below was already densely packed with warships, a dazzling sight to behold.

It seemed that there were far more people and forces heading to Zhenyuan Country than he had imagined.

There were officials on the ground specifically responsible for reception. After the ship docked, Li Shejin was the first to disembark. It was evident that the State Preceptor held a high position in Zhenyuan Country.

After a brief conversation, officials came over to handle relations, leading the disciples from the Immortal Feather Sect into Zhenyuan Country to settle down.

The issue of subduing the Demonic Beasts required the representatives from each sect to attend a conference and decide upon the matter after discussion.

Compared to before, Li Shejin had already become indistinguishable from a common person, and that hint of stiffness was nowhere to be seen.

Upon Ye Wushuang's instruction, the State Preceptor followed several attendants and left.

"Please, follow me."

The attendants were very calm, showing no signs of panic caused by the upheaval of the Demonic Beasts.

"Hasn't the rampage of the Demonic Beasts affected Zhenyuan Country yet?" Li Xiaobai asked, walking along, he felt that the place was very calm, not resembling an area that had been ravaged.

"Of course not, our Zhenyuan Country is protected by the Divine Power of Great Immortal Zhenyuan, how could it be disturbed by mere Demonic Beasts? Only some villages on the outermost perimeter are often attacked by Demonic Beasts," the attendants said.

The arrogant attitude of these attendants was identical to that of the great national preacher, truly befitting those from the same country.

Li Xiaobai wanted to pry further, but clearly, they were no longer interested in talking to him.

After bringing everyone to a large hall, the attendants left.

This hall was surprisingly large, almost rivaling a soccer field, with disciples from major powers gathered here, all discussing the affairs of the Divine Beast Mountain Range.

Elder Sun entrusted a few words and then left, as he needed to participate in the conference to understand some details of the operation.

"Gentlemen, let's find a spot for ourselves. Try to avoid friction with the disciples around us; it's more important for us to enter the Divine Beast Mountain Range early to seek opportunities," he said.

Feng Wuxie led the team and found an empty space for the disciples of the Immortal Feather Sect to rest.

"This godforsaken place, what luck could there possibly be," Lin Yin grumbled a few times.

Li Xiaobai felt helpless; his senior brother was too powerful. To the many disciples, the Divine Beast Mountain Range was a land of absolute peril, yet his brother didn't take it the slightest bit seriously. The gulf between them was simply too wide.

However, he agreed very much with Feng Wuxie's words. Li Xiaobai thought that compared to his brother and sister, Feng Wuxie was a proper senior brother—good-natured, strong, and always considering the disciples' standpoint.

Immortal Feather Sect settled down and made camp in the hall.

"Servant, bring some tea, I'm dying of thirst," Liu Jinshui said nonchalantly.

Soon, the attendant responsible for hospitality came over to take a record.

"Which sect's disciples are you?"

"Immortal Feather Sect."

Feng Wuxie reported the name of the Immortal Feather Sect.

The attendant shook his head, put away his pen and paper, and prepared to leave.

"What do you mean by this?"

Feng Wuxie frowned. Even though the Immortal Feather Sect wasn't a major sect, it didn't deserve to be so coldly disregarded.

"Small sects don't need to register; tea service is not provided," the attendant said indifferently.

"We are here following your State Preceptor to eradicate the Demonic Beasts, is this the hospitality of Zhenyuan Country?"

Feng Wuxie was very annoyed, feeling humiliated as the senior brother of the Immortal Feather Sect, it was a loss of face for his sect.

Moreover, he truly didn't understand why Zhenyuan Country was acting so arrogantly and imperiously. They had come in such a hurry, he had not even had a proper talk with his master yet.

If small sects were not regarded, then why bother to send a messenger for notification?

Could there be some hidden reason?

"State Preceptor?"

"As long as one's strength reaches the Golden Core Stage, one can be titled a State Preceptor. Our Zhenyuan Country has an uncountable number of them; which one are you referring to?" the attendant inquired somewhat playfully.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24 Who is Arrogant

"Liu Jinshui, Minister Li."

Feng Wuxie's face turned completely grim, as numerous disciples from various sects began to gather around to watch the excitement.

"Those over there, stop your yapping. We've all been invited here by the State Preceptors of Zhenyuan Country. Here, the title of State Preceptor isn't worth much."

Some disciples burst into laughter, seemingly finding the situation rather amusing.

"Heh, looks like we have a bunch of country bumpkins who've never seen the world."

"It'll be good to give them a lesson!"

Feng Wuxie was so choked up that he couldn't speak, and his attendant snickered coldly before turning to leave.

"Isn't that who I think it is? I crippled one of your hands last time; have you reattached it yet?"

"Since when do trash like you get to be so loud during Immortal Feather Sect's discussions?"

Yang Chen couldn't stand it any longer and pointed at a disciple who was jumping around with great enthusiasm.

Though the Immortal Feather Sect was small, many of its disciples traveled abroad. Misty Peak, while stirring trouble outside, had not used the name of Immortal Feather Sect, so those hiding among the disciples were not recognized.

As soon as Yang Chen spoke, the surrounding disciples took notice, and many recognized several familiar faces.

"It's you! So you belong to that sect!"

The disciple pointed out was both shocked and infuriated. Two years ago, when he was bullying men and dominating women outside, it was Yang Chen who had broken his arm.

"Look over there, those guys! The treasure we fought over last time, it was they who set up the trap and killed their opponents!"

"That's them, I'd recognize that fatass even if he turned to ash!"

"Damn it, so these people were disciples of a small sect. I thought I had encountered someone from a prestigious one back then!"

"Fate really does make enemies meet. With no powerful backing, I want to see what you'll use to fight me this time!"

The atmosphere at the scene immediately became tense, with many sect disciples standing up, eager to find fault with the people from Misty Peak.

They had forgotten, though, that although everyone had seniors accompanying them, the seniors had all gone to attend the meeting, leaving behind only the younger generation of disciples.

"You want to fight me?"

Su Yunbing raised her eyebrows slightly, with waves of Spiritual Energy surging around her; she looked at everyone with a smile that wasn't quite a smile.

Feeling the terrifying Spiritual Energy emanating from Su Yunbing, the faces of the surrounding disciples turned pale. The highest cultivation level among them was barely at the Golden Core Stage, which was far inferior to the freaks of Misty Peak.

Such presence was comparable to that of elders from some medium-sized forces.

Many disciples from the larger forces took another look at the disciples from the small sect—with such robust foundations and profound cultivation levels, they were truly remarkable.

"Fellow disciples, we've come to help Zhenyuan Country through its difficulties. We should save our strength to fight the Demonic Beasts."

"Grant me, Zhang Rui, this favor, and everyone take a step back to let bygones be bygones, shall we?"

From the crowd, a man in a white robe stood up and spoke, his Spiritual Energy bursting with vigor, forcibly pushing back Su Yunbing's aura.

He was a True Disciple of the Tianwu Sect, with a Half-Step Nascent Soul cultivation level, quite outstanding among the younger generation.

Now that someone from the Tianwu Sect had spoken, the surrounding disciples fell silent; they had to give that face.

"Since we are putting past grievances behind us, has the attendant not yet hurried to add the name of the Immortal Feather Sect?"

"You won't give face even to Zhang Rui, a True Disciple of the Tianwu Sect?"

Another man in a black robe spoke with a hint of sarcasm. He was a True Disciple of the Holy Demon Sect, and he was the only one in the room bold enough to pick up Tianwu Sect's provocations.

The Holy Demon Sect and Tianwu Sect were constantly engaged in clandestine skirmishes, and whenever there was a chance to make Tianwu Sect suffer, the Holy Demon Sect spared no effort.

"Come here."

Yang Chen called out the attendant by name, who had just left, demanding his return with an extremely arrogant demeanor.

"If it were like this earlier, how good that would have been. In this world, strength is everything. Your Zhenyuan Country doesn't even have a Transcendence Tribulation powerhouse, and I don't know what there is to be so arrogant about!" Liu Jinshui also cursed and swore.

In his view, although there were many Golden Core Stage cultivators in Zhenyuan Country, their actual strength was rather mediocre, most of them at the early stages of Golden Core. There were probably only a few high-level cultivators, good enough to bluff others, but against those who knew their business, they were just so-so.

As for the Nascent Soul Stage, well, those were treasures who would not come out lightly.

With these words, the complexion of Zhenyuan Country's attendant changed.

Even Zhang Rui was somewhat surprised; he hadn't expected the Immortal Feather Sect to be so disrespectful, utterly lacking the awareness of a minor sect.

The man in the black robe, on the other hand, laughed heartily, clearly appreciating the attitude of the Misty Peak people.

"Well said. I've long been discontent with Zhenyuan Country's attitude, and only certain hypocrites would associate with them."

Li Xiaobai was terrified; it seemed everyone present came from major sects and mid-level powers, and his fellow disciples had managed to offend them all. And by the sounds of it, they had made some serious enemies. He worried that upon entering the Divine Beast Mountain Range, he might be ambushed.

It seemed he couldn't act with his senior brethren anymore. If he was discovered, it would be easy to become a target.

The attendant returned, reluctantly pouring water and serving tea. Feng Wuxie appeared indifferent; no matter what, it was a victory in terms of face.

However, he had really not expected that Misty Peak would offend so many sect disciples. It seemed that the Immortal Feather Sect would have to clearly distance itself from them to avoid being encircled and attacked.

Meanwhile, the elders and seniors from the various sects had also returned.

Elder Sun seemed a bit anxious, clearly aware of some secret information.

Gathering all the disciples in a corner, he instructed with a serious expression: "Listen well, this incident is of great importance. There may be significant events unfolding within the Divine Beast Mountain Range."

"As an elder of a sect, I have been summoned to offer support on another front and must separate from you. Once you enter the mountain range, stick to the periphery and hunt demonic beasts only. Do not venture deeper, as that is not a place for you to meddle."

"Don't go off alone; try to move in groups. Also, be cautious of Tianwu Sect's people; do not heed their commands. That's all I have to say; do not overreach."

Elder Sun advised, particularly looking at the disciples of Misty Peak as he spoke. The communication between the bigwigs during the meeting had frightened him; he had not expected that the cause of the beast rampage was such a coveted treasure.

This was a struggle among Nascent Soul powerhouses, where their smaller powers were nothing but cannon fodder. To intervene was tantamount to a death sentence.

"May I ask, Elder, what exactly is in the Divine Beast Mountain Range?"

Feng Wuxie inquired; this was the question of utmost concern to everyone.

"Don't ask what you shouldn't. Sometimes, knowing too much isn't good for you. Just hunt the demonic beasts around the periphery honestly and collect some demonic beast materials. That's enough," Elder Sun responded cryptically, no longer addressing the disciples' questions.

Li Xiaobai pondered to himself that whatever treasure lay within the mountain range must be extremely valuable, or else the bigwigs wouldn't be vying for it.

For now, he only possessed the defensive power of Copper Skin, Iron Bone, but perhaps once he advanced to the next stage, he could venture into the interior to see exactly which treasure was causing the beast frenzy.

Besides, there were a few life-saving Divine Artifacts in the store, so safety shouldn't be a problem.

The elders and seniors of each family were talking with their disciples about the situation; evidently, the elders all had their own plans and intended to act alone.

Soon, a crane-haired, youthful-faced elder stepped forward: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall lead this mission. Let us set off for the Divine Beast Mountain Range immediately!"

Chapter 25: Chapter 25: Who is the Sparrow in the End?

The white-haired elder was a master from Tianwu Sect, his energy as sharp as an unsheathed blade, causing ordinary disciples to feel pain in their eyes just by making eye contact with him.

His strength was unfathomably deep.

Indeed, he was the one leading this mission, and except for the grey-robed Elder of Holy Demon Sect who seemed somewhat displeased, no one else had any objections.

"This is the rescue token, each sect gets one, if you encounter danger, call for help immediately, and nearby teams will rush over."

The rescue token of Immortal Feather Sect was entrusted to Feng Wuxie.

Aside from that, Elder Sun also distributed the disciple tokens of Holy Demon Sect to the top ten disciples of the competition.

It was given by the Elder of Holy Demon Sect during the meeting, and with this token, one could go directly to the Holy Demon Sect.

The token was completely black, with the big characters for "Holy Demon Sect" on the front and the words "probationary disciple" on the back, clearly indicating that this token was specially made and not for true members of the Holy Demon Sect.

"It's getting late, let's set off at once. Divine Beast Mountain Range is extremely dangerous, with Golden Core Stage demonic beasts roaming everywhere, and even Nascent Soul Stage ones are not nonexistent. Everyone must be extra careful."

The white-robed elder led his disciples and was the first to leave.

"A bunch of hypocrites, so feigned on the surface, but isn't it all just to let the smaller sects scout and become cannon fodder?"

"I know there are quite a few people here who want to cling to the big tree that is Tianwu Sect, but don't blame me for not warning you, cooperating with Tianwu Sect is like seeking skin from a tiger, beware you end up with no corpse to bury."

The grey-robed elder snorted coldly and led his team away as well.

The remaining sect forces exchanged glances and quickly followed; although the words of the Holy Demon Sect elder were frightening, there were still many who wanted to use this opportunity to get closer to Tianwu Sect.

Although Holy Demon Sect and Tianwu Sect were of equal reputation, the requirements for recruiting disciples were too stringent, resulting in few members; out of a thousand disciples participating in the entry examination, having dozens of them pass was already considered good.

In contrast, Tianwu Sect's requirements for recruiting disciples were much more lenient. Those who didn't make it into the Inner Sect could try for the Outer Sect, and failing that, they could become menial workers.

In short, as long as you could mix into a prestigious sect, even as a menial worker you were considered better than others, and who knew, someone might catch the eye of a high-level master and rise to great heights.

This rare opportunity to get close to the Tianwu Sect masters was naturally something all the major forces wanted to seize.

"Little junior brother, do you want to go with your senior sister to play in the mountain range later?" Su Yunbing said.

"No, no, Elder Sun told me to stay put on the periphery, so I won't join the commotion," Li Xiaobai said, shrinking his neck and waving his hands. He was joking; these people had just pulled their animosity to the max, and following them would probably mean risking his life within a few steps. He would rather focus on accumulating Attribute Points.

"That's a pity. Li Shejin just sent a message that there's a treasure deep in the mountain range. Whoever gets it will benefit immensely," Ye Wushuang said.

"I'd rather not stir up excitement with my slight proficiency," the junior brother replied.

...

Divine Beast Mountain Range,

This was one of the large mountain ranges in the Northern Region, filled with demonic beasts. It was said that there were Nascent Soul Stage great demonic beasts inside, but no one had ever seen one.

Disciples from the various sect forces liked to use this place as a proving ground, to slay demonic beasts, hone themselves, and the materials obtained

from the demonic beasts could be exchanged for Spirit Stones, a gain on multiple fronts.

Following the team, Li Xiaobai entered the mountain range. The number of demonic beasts on the periphery were not many, and their strength was quite average. With more monks than porridge, the disciples naturally split into groups of three or five and began to hunt separately.

Seeing the cultivators teaming up around him, Li Xiaobai was slightly confused. He hadn't seen these people being particularly close before, so how did they form teams so quickly?

When he looked back, Piao Miaofeng and the other senior brothers and sisters had already disappeared without a trace, probably sneaking off into the inner areas to snatch treasures as soon as they entered the mountain range.

Beside him, Feng Wuxie and the other two looked at Li Xiaobai's lone figure with a cold glint in their eyes.

Having waited so long, the opportunity had finally come. In this territory, killing for treasure was common, and even if Li Xiaobai's corpse were found afterward, at most there would be a few moments of remembrance; no one would waste time on a dead person.

"Let's go, follow him!"

In the jungle,

Li Xiaobai searched around for signs of living demonic beasts. After walking for half the day, he found many corpses of demonic beasts, but no living ones.

The disciples from the various sects were too quick to act.

After searching the bodies for a while, all the valuable parts had been taken.

He continued to walk forward for a while.

[Attribute Points +1...]

[Attribute Points +1...]

Here it comes!

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up, as he was finally attacked. However, the increase in attribute points was too meager. Surrounding him, there were still no demonic beasts to be seen, just a layer of hazy poison fog enshrouding him as he sustained continuous damage to his body.

He hadn't walked much farther when the ground started to tremble with a rumbling sound.

Up ahead, dust billowed as a large group of demonic beasts suddenly charged in Li Xiaobai's direction, led by two figures.

"Junior Brother, hurry, save us!"

Li Xiaobai squinted and realized it was Lin Mang and Hao Jian. These two had entered the forest for less than a few minutes and had already encountered so many demonic beasts. What luck.

He quickly stepped forward to meet them.

"Senior Brother, don't panic. Your Junior Brother is here to help you!"

"Heh heh, thanks, Junior Brother!"

Lin Mang's eyes flashed with a cold glint. With a sudden sinking of his body, he executed a sweeping leg kick that threw Li Xiaobai off balance. Meanwhile, Hao Jian swiftly waved his palms, and a surge of robust spiritual power erupted, pushing Li Xiaobai towards the onrushing army of demonic beasts.

"I..."

Li Xiaobai cursed in his heart. He'd been in the mountain range for only a few minutes and had already been betrayed—and by his own people at that.

"Junior Brother, when you're out and about, you need to be more careful. Today, Senior Brother will teach you a lesson. It's just a pity that you won't have a chance to verify it, hahaha!"

Hao Jian felt relieved, watching as the army of demonic beasts halted their assault to swallow Li Xiaobai whole.

These were all demonic beasts at the Foundation Establishment Stage, with two having just reached the Golden Core. Trapped among them, not even gods could save him.

Finally, he felt a weight lifted off his chest.

The demonic beasts had indeed been lured by them. It was their strategy. Feng Wuxie had promised each of them a Breakthrough Pill which could help them quickly advance to the Golden Core Stage, on the condition that the two of them take action and lead a large number of demonic beasts towards Li Xiaobai.

The demonic beasts were packed together, wriggling incessantly, evidently feasting on Li Xiaobai's body.

"Hehe, you've done well. This is for you."

Feng Wuxie emerged from the shadows with a smile on his face.

He handed the two men a small box. He hadn't expected that getting rid of Li Xiaobai would be so easy.

He had prepared a series of follow-up plans, but now it seemed they were unnecessary.

"Heh heh, thanks a lot. Killing Li Xiaobai was made easy thanks to Big Senior Brother's strategy."

"Right now, heaven knows, earth knows, you know, I know, and no one else knows."

Lin Mang took the box with a grin. Just as he opened it, he was shocked to find his hair standing on end as dozens of poison needles burst out, targeting both of them.

His pupils dilated rapidly as Lin Mang managed to dodge the poison needles.

Hao Jian was too slow to react, and dozens of poison needles shot into his body.

"Splitting Sky Palm!"

Feng Wuxie channeled his cultivation technique, striking from mid-air, causing Lin Mang's chest to cave in as he coughed up blood.

Grabbing the wrists of the two men, he exerted force in his hands and threw them directly into the midst of the demonic beast army.

"No!"

"Feng Wuxie..."

"You won't die well..."