

## **MY DISCIPLES ARE ALL VILLAINS**

### *Chapter 15: The Mind of Villainous Disciples (1/2)*

Lu Zhou glanced at the cultivation techniques and weapons in the shopping mall. The cheapest among them still cost at least 1,000 merit points. So, he did not spend the remaining merit points.

He planned to let his disciples do more tasks, so that he could prolong his life. Then, he would accumulate merit points and get himself a good enough cultivation technique or weapons.

In his memory, this world was too dangerous. With his current cultivation base, if he left Golden Court Mountain, it would be very difficult for him to protect himself. So, he could only stay on the mountain for the time being. With this group of villainous disciples protecting him, he would not face any trouble.

Of course, he also had to be on guard against the betrayal of these disciples.

Five disciples had left, and hence he had to be extra cautious with the remaining four. In any case, he was not afraid of them causing trouble, because he had peak-form experience cards and critical block cards for now.

“Yuan’er!”

Swoosh.

In the quiet woods, Little Yuan’er appeared gracefully like a fairy as she bowed and said, “Yes, Master?”

“Bring me the four treasures of study from the Evil Sky Pavilion.”

“Oh! Master, you never write, and it was always me who wrote for you. Are you going to write by yourself today?”

“When do I need a little girl like you to tell me what to do?”

“I’ll go right now...” Little Yuan’er lowered her head and stuck out her tongue. Before long, she brought the four treasures of the study and placed them before Lu Zhou.

After that, she stood on the side respectfully like a maidservant, simply watching. She wanted to see what her master was going to do. When she saw Lu Zhou show no signs of chasing her away, she grew bolder and stepped closer.

“Master, let me grind the ink for you.” Prompted by a sudden inspiration, Little Yuan’er knelt beside the small tea table and carefully ground the ink.

In his previous life, Lu Zhou was an art student. When he was free, he liked to practice calligraphy, and his works even won awards at school.

So, writing was not difficult for him.

He picked up a writing brush and dipped it in the ink. Then, he wrote on a sheet of pure white paper: Yu Zhenghai, Yu Shangrong, Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Zhao Yue, Ye Tianxin, Si Wuya, Zhu Honggong, Ci Yuan’er.

He wrote them from top to bottom according to the time he took them in as disciples. These were the nine evil disciples Ji Tiandao had taught, who had done all kinds of evil and awed the world.

Lu Zhou was lost in thought as he stared at the list. He wondered to what extent had the cultivation base of the eldest disciple reached, when even the most junior disciple was a Divine Court expert. Was he stronger than Ji Tiandao? If he were, with the murderous mind of Yu Zhenghai and Yu Shangrong, how could they allow an old villain like Ji Tiandao to continue existing in this world?

Besides, Ji Tiandao should know very well that each of the disciples he had taught was as savage as a tiger and as fierce as a wolf, and they certainly would betray him one day. Did he keep some tricks and trump cards up his sleeve when he began teaching these disciples?

Everything was worth pondering upon.

Unfortunately, the most critical part of the memory was lost, causing Lu Zhou to fail to figure out the answers.

‘Ji Tiandao, what were the life-saving items you had kept?’

As he was thinking, Little Yuan’er waved her hand in front of his face and said with an admiring look, “Master, your writing is really beautiful! Why did you write my name?”

Lu Zhou sighed and said, “I’m introspecting.”

“Introspecting?”

“Self-introspection should be practiced on a daily basis. I’ve taught nine disciples who do evil everywhere, causing widespread indignation and resentment. Maybe, I was wrong.”

While he said that with his mouth, he thought, ‘What wrong have I done? It was Ji Tiandao who was wrong.’ A crooked stick would have a crooked shadow; it could be seen from some subtle behaviors of these disciples. He would have felt deeply ashamed if he had disciples who wanted to kill people at the slightest provocation.

“Then, why did Master want to take the nine of us as disciples? And you have only taken nine disciples...With your ability, you can open up Evil Sky Pavilion and Golden Court Mountain and take tens of thousands of disciples. With so many disciples, no one will dare to disobey you, and those orthodox sects will not dare to provoke us. With just one order from you, the many disciples will wipe out anyone who refuses to submit to us. Those who submit to us will thrive and those who resist us will perish!”

“ ... ”

Lu Zhou lifted his old hand and wanted to knock Little Yuan’er on the forehead. Not daring to avoid it, the little girl hunched her shoulders and closed her eyes as she waited for the beating.

However, the hand paused halfway, and then rested gently on the top of her head and gave it a light stroke.

“Why do you keep thinking about killing people...Have you forgotten what I’ve told you?”

“No, I dare not forget.”

“Well...I’ve told you that killing people is not the only way to solve a problem. It is not that I want to deny you from killing people, but you have to decide whether it is a necessary solution based on the situation. For example, do you have any reason to kill those unarmed ordinary people, who have worked hard all their lives, stayed away from worldly affairs, and just want to live a peaceful life?”

Little Yuan’er shook her head.

“Another example is the people of the Ci Family whom Old Fourth had rescued. Do you think you would have the chance to save them if those mounted brigands killed them directly, just like what you and your senior brothers and sisters always did?”

Little Yuan’er shook her head again.

“Yes, those mounted brigands deserve to die, but they were just looking for money. Killing people was not their aim. So, what are we looking for?”

Little Yuan’er answered carefully, “Cultivation base? To go beyond the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm, step into the highest realm, and be enlightened about immortality?”

“Good, then cultivate hard.”

“I...kind of get it now.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

Little Yuan’er nodded with a look that said she did not fully understand. Then, as if she had suddenly thought of something, she said, “Master, will you continue taking in disciples?”

Lu Zhou’s eyes fell on the paper.

‘Eh?’

He understood now.

“Little Yuan’er, you asked me why I took the nine of you as disciples just now. What do you think is the reason?”

“Because we are amazingly gifted and every one of us is a genius in cultivation,” Little Yuan’er said confidently.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “Look carefully at the paper...Do you see anything from your names?”

After staring at the names for a long time and failing to find anything unusual, she shook her head. Lu Zhou laughed, but he sneered at Ji Tiandao’s shamelessness in his mind.

“The bright moon shines over the sea, from far away we share this moment together...”[1]1

Little Yuan’er still looked puzzled, but when she heard the poem, she could not help clapping. “It is a beautiful poem!”

As soon as she finished clapping, she seemed to realize something, and she turned to look at the nine names on the paper again. Sure enough, every one of the characters in the poem was found in the nine disciples’ names.

“This is the reason Master took us in as disciples? It seems that there is one more character...” Little Yuan’er scratched her head and felt it slightly hard to believe.

Lu Zhou also could not believe that Ji Tiandao would be so fussy.

His ninth disciple was right, as there was one more character ‘Shi’. If Ji Tiandao really searched his disciples based on this poem, that meant that his criteria for taking in disciples was not talent, but name. However, in the memory Lu Zhou obtained, this world was not the same world as his previous life. So, how did Ji Tiandao know about the poem?

Could it be that...Ji Tiandao was also a dimension traveler?

Meanwhile...

Mingshi Yin was flying in the sky, looking down at the ground with an enjoyable look on his face. “I finally managed to get out of Golden Court Mountain. I want to have fun!”

As he zoomed over a little town called Tangzi, the people down below cried out in shock.

“A bunch of ignorant ants...Since I am in a good mood today, I’ll find myself a few beautiful girls and have some fun with them!”

He was about to swoop down when he thought of his master’s words, and he hurriedly halted and murmured, “Never mind! Master likes to play with a new routine now, and I have to follow him...Cough, cough! Well, I might as well be a good man and give you the gold, silver, and jewelry seized from those brigands!”

Mingshi Yin untied his backpack and threw it toward the street in the town. Suddenly, banknotes, gold, silver and jewelry blotted out the sky and fell like rain.

“Let me be generous just once!”

Mingshi Yin thought of using the money to buy some girls, but since he had decided to not do that, there was no point in keeping it. Besides, he was not short of money anyway.

The people in the street ran for cover, but when they saw what had fallen to the ground were gold, silver and jewelry, they began to grab the things frantically.

In the blink of an eye, all the money was gone.

When the people saw the figure flash in the sky, they threw themselves to the ground and began bowing.

“A Bodhisattva! A living Bodhisattva! Thank you!”

“Thank Heaven!”