

## Unfathomable 181

### Chapter 181

A white-haired man was sitting down, he was surrounded by various blades and weapons from all sides. His chest was exposed and it was glistening with sweat. His body was glowing in a golden hue radiating more and more power. This bright golden light soon filled the entire room, everything became bathed in its radiance.

“Ugh...”

His muscular frame expanded slightly and you could hear cracking sounds. The top layer of his skin was cracking and peeling away, what was underneath wanted to see the light of day. With a resounding explosion, all the items around him that weren't secured flew to the sides. The room was filled with even deeper golden light, his body crackling with awesome power.

True Golden Body [Nascent Soul Early Stage]

“True Golden Body huh? Thought I'd move into Platinum, or maybe Diamond?”

Matt slowly stood up, the whole place was ruined and he would need to spend some time on rearranging everything. After almost two days of absorbing he had finally pushed his body refining technique over the limit. He was now a true nascent soul body refiner, together with his Qi cultivation he was truly one of the best masters in the land.

“Wonder if I can tank early-stage hits now...”

He took out the other heaven grade weapon that he had earned from the sacking, this one belonged to the elder named Zhu. This was a green dao saber. He moved it over to his forearm and applied some pressure the moment he did he could feel the sharp edge scraping against his skin.

His skin was quite hard yet elastic at the same time, it was really good at resisting this heaven graded weapon. If he didn't add much of his cultivation, it didn't even leave a scratch behind, but he felt that if he tried whacking himself really good he would draw some blood.

“I should be able to resist some attacks, but I probably shouldn't get too cocky...”

He felt like he could brush off early nascent soul practitioners with this. But if they had some better weapons then it got tricky, he should be fine if they didn't get any good hits in.

“Done with this, on to the next one...”

He remained in his crafting abode and headed into the place where he kept the manuals he copied over. He had received some formation manuals from the secret ground. The grand defensive formation that was running through the city was also heaven graded, he would use that one as a base and level it up.

“The problem is the power source...luckily there were some treasures in those spatial rings, I think I should be able to make something akin to a Qi battery.”

He focused on the grand defensive formation, he needed more time before his allies increased their power and had no idea when the Dark Palm sect would arrive. The process was similar to the previous

one, though this time around the compatibility of his cultivation technique with the grand defensive formation was quite low.

“Figures... one is a formation manual, the other is a cultivation manual for people...”

The only thing he could do was to put some other heaven grade formation manuals and spend some points to achieve a formation at the high heaven grade.

“This will have to do... the more important thing is the power source... It requires many tower-like nodes to be spread throughout the city and they all need to be powered...”

He rubbed his chin, he could place the cultivators that weren’t fighting as batteries around these spots. As long as the formation held up they wouldn’t need to fight. He could then battle the enemies outside the barrier if it came to it.

“Uh... luckily the Qi gathering formations are spread through the city...but they can be improved upon...”

He had all of the formations in the city mapped out. They were all placed during the two years of peace and were of high quality all things considered. He didn’t think they would stack up against the nascent soul monsters all too well though.

“Damn, if we have enough time to prepare... I could have made this into a giant fortress...”

He gave out a sigh and continued spending points while improving the formations with the help of his system. The millions of points were steadily decreasing.

“I need to get all the resources available in the clan, not sure I can make it cover the whole city...”

He left his crafting abode and raided the main Zhang Clan vault. The people guarding it after peeking inside couldn’t find a single spirit stone or beast core left to be found. Zhang Dong also gave an order for his people to gather all of the spirit stones, spirit cores, and spirit herbs that were good at storing Qi.

What followed was a slight backlash from the order, no one wanted to give up their riches. They relented soon though, some due to fear of their Patriarch, some realizing that riches like these meant nothing if they were all dead, others just loyal and not caring about the monetary gains.

While the people were gathering the items Matt was busy, he returned to his crafting abode and decided to start crafting. There was one thing in particular that he could make. It was a spirit cube, it was strangely similar to the one that he saw back at the secret ground. He remembered that it had given him a major injection of spirit points and he had a crafting method for it.

“This might be the crafting method that the cube was based on, not sure if it’s the same this one is mostly used for storing spiritual energy and information. I wonder if you could record movies on this...”

He recalled that that cube was made from some sturdy metal as at that time he couldn’t leave a dent on it. He began the smelting process almost immediately, he chose the best spirit metal that he could use and even began melting down the weapons that were made from it. This cube had to be tempered multiple times, each time he hammered a part into place some of the impurities would be dispersed into the surroundings.

It took him half a day to make a simple cube that was ten centimeters in diameter. It was glowing with a bright blue light as he had infused it with spiritual energy from part of his leftover spirit stone stash. He had to melt them down into spirit essence and then direct it into the cube.

“Hmm....”

Spirit Repository Cube [Low Heaven Grade] [Fully Charged]

He had spent hammering and working on this thing for close to twelve hours. He was slightly proud as this was the first heaven grade item that he had produced. Even though it was just a plain cube, it was still a monument to his progress.

“Now to make five more...”

The defensive formation was in the shape of a hexagram. He needed to place these cubes at those locations to support his cultivators. These cubes had a function of absorbing spiritual energy from the surroundings and from people. They would be placed in six locations along with people that would supply them with more Qi to run on.

“I gave Kuo the plans for the improved formation arrays, hope they can make the changes in time. This formation has a size limit placing it around the whole city would require multiple hexagram formations. I hope we have enough time to cover everything.”

Luckily he had all those books from the sacred ground. For the past two years, he had shared them with his whole clan. In those books were secrets of formation arrays and he had some of the able people learn the production process. He couldn't take care of everything himself, if he had the time he would come check up on them but for now, he needed to make even more of these.

“Time is of the essence, maybe I can reforge this black sword into something better if I have the time. Now time to make more squares.”

He hammered away in his crafting abode while his clan members were running outside and frantically getting the defenses up in place. Most of the citizens that wanted to leave were already going through the long maze under the City. The path ahead of them was long but they would come to emerge at a safer location in a faraway forest. This forest had many places to hide, animals to feed on, and water to drink. They would be safe for months, they also had some food spatial pouches that they borrowed from the Zhang Clan.

This was also the time where other Zhang Clan members were arriving. Some more honorable ones had decided to lend their family a hand, while others took a more wait and see approach.

They weren't the only reinforcements that were arriving though, The Feng Clan was a close second. Their Matriarch was all in on this battle so they brought over all of their forces. Besides Feng Nuana and Feng Maling, there were various other core formation ladies. They were mostly in the early or middle stages but would come in handy in powering the new defensive formation that was being reinforced.

As always they were a head-turner, their quirky hairstyles and the overuse of bright cosmetics was something that these old fashioned cultivators weren't used too. Feng Maling gave everyone the orders, they were to support the Zhang and Huo clans. The women gave out a battle shout after hearing that

they were preparing for a defensive war and that their Matriarch might be reaching a new level of power soon.

The last Clan to arrive was the Huo Clan, this clan also had the biggest force from the triform alliance. The Zhang Clan was only in a higher position thanks to their Patriarch. The Huo Clan's fire lord had come as well, they all had to flee from their domain after hearing what was going on. The only hope was this Zhang Dong that was supposed to be a nascent soul master now.

"The Zhang Clan greets the Huo Clan's Patriarch."

A large man with a full beard and white hair walked down from one of the docked battleships. He was wearing a tight sleeveless red robe, this allowed everyone to see his thick tree trunk-like arms. His skin was quite dark making him look like he was a part of the gyaru clan.

"You're not Zhang Dong, I demand to see your Patriarch! This Huo Gang wants an explanation!"

Behind the Huo Patriarch stood a group of ten core formation elders. The one receiving them here was Zhang Ya, one of Zhang Dong's retainers. The lady just smiled while keeping a poker face, she knew that their leader moved to places that they could find him so she had no idea how to arrange a meeting. Zhang Dong at the time was busy hammering away on the battery cubes that were paramount to their survival.

"Let me guide you to the inner sanctum, your clan members like elder Qiao are there."

She tried moving the conversation in a different direction, maybe she could shove the responsibility on the elder from the Huo Clan instead.

"Qiao? What is that idiot advising my son? How did this all come to be?"

Huo Gang exploded in fury, his beard turned red and it looked like it was flaming. Zhang Ya had to back away, she was still someone only in the foundation establishment realm.

"Please my lord calm down, we are all allies."

She moved her head down not knowing what to do, infighting was something that she and the newly created sect wanted to avoid.

"Now now, please calm down... we are all in this together now."

Zhang Ya was finally able to relax as a strong counterforce pushed Huo Gang's killing intent away. Who appeared was another white-haired elder his name Zhang Jin. He was all smiles and was wearing a more robust looking battle robe. He did a complementary fist bow at the large angry looking man and then started talking.

"I'm sure we can talk everything through like civilized cultivators, isn't that right Lord Gang?"

Zhang Jin smiled but he was panicking inside. He knew that the man in front of him was more powerful than he could hope for, he also didn't have his black armor anymore as it was turned to scrap metal by Wu Ming. The two remained in place just staring at each other, no one saying a word.

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Zhang Jin moved in front of the woman and shielded her from the angry looking Huo Gang. The two exchanged glances for some time, Jin was smiling while Gang was frowning. The thing that broke the stare down was the appearance of Huo Qiao.

“Patriarch you have arrived!”

The man with the mutton chop beard moved forward and placed himself between the two elders. He was afraid that his leader might do something drastic. He was a loyal follower but he was more scared of Zhang Dong than Huo Gang at the moment. The white-haired cultivator could flatten their entire clan if he wished for.

“Qiao, where is that stupid son of mine? Bring him out, we are leaving!”

Huo Qiao started sweating bullets, not sure what to say to his boss. The young master was brought away by the order of the Zhang Patriarch and was in some secluded location. He was apparently training to reach the nascent soul level, but Qiao was still skeptical about the whole thing. The only thing keeping him here was the knowledge that the Zhang Clan possessed an immortal level cultivation technique.

“What are you waiting for? Where is he? We need to flee, we will head towards the west and seek shelter outside the Dark Palm Sect territory!”

“Your son is busy cultivating now, Senior Gang if you come with me I’ll explain everything.”

Zhang Jin moved in, trying to diffuse the situation.

“Cultivating? Why would he be cultivating at a time like this? Are you people sane?”

The man started furrowing his eyebrows and clenching his fist. His core formation aura at the great circle filled up the docking area where they were holding this conversation. The core formation masters behind him started moving forward while pulling out weapons. Huo Qiao was taken aback, his clan was turning hostile against a nascent soul cultivators sect.

“Please Patriarch calm down, we can’t offend the Zhan... no, the United Elements Sect!”

The dark-skinned man stopped for a bit, not sure what his clan member was talking about.

“What nonsense is this, a Sect? Have you gone mad, if you don’t tell me where Qiang is, I will consider this treason!”

Not a second later after finishing that sentence Huo Gang felt himself getting pushed into the ground. Some kind of pattern appeared at the spot he was standing on and it was sapping most of the energies from them. From the side, Zhang Kuo appeared, in his kind some kind of pilot looking treasure.

“You leave us no choice, the United Elements Sect will not negotiate with people like you!”

This was a defensive array and the item Kuo was holding was a remote control of sorts. This was a large defensive array that started affected all the core formation experts that were hostile. It siphoned the Qi out of their body rendering them defenseless but keeping enough for them not to die.

“You! ... Do you think something like this can hold me!”

The man's face went red and you could see the veins on his neck bulging all over. He started gathering all of the Qi that he could muster, his body covered with a red glow. But the moment he felt the pressure breaking Zhang Kuo turned the dial on the remote which made Huo Gang get pressed into the ground like a pancake.

"You won't get away with this! Are you working together with the Dark Palm Sect, what did you do to my son! Did you brainwash him like Qiao too!?"

The man started thrashing on the ground while bringing out some false accusations. He had quite the bright imagination as he tried pinning any type of scheme on the Zhang clan members. The array was keeping him in place, Qiao on the side wanted to go after Zhang Kuo that was controlling the whole thing. He stopped himself from doing that as he knew that this was a misunderstanding.

"Patriarch you are mistaken, Young Master is training to reach the nascent soul realm with the Zhang Patriarch that is already at that realm."

Huo Gang quieted down the moment he heard the nascent soul get mentioned. He heard about someone rescuing his son from Jade Grass City, but this information was hard to swallow. Why would a master of that level oppose the Dark Palm Sect and be from the Zhang Clan that has no power?

Huo Qiao knew that this old man was quite stubborn and would probably not believe any outlandish claims without enough evidence. The only thing they had to go off was from the call he had with his son. Huo Qiang after making a half-assed report decided to ignore all of his father's communication attempts.

It came to Qiao to try calming him down, but even when he described everything with detail. From the beginning till the end of the Dao festival, his Patriarch was skeptical. The only part he was convinced about was, that they had offended the main sect in the area and now had to flee.

While most of the Huo Clan elders were squirming on the ground, Zhang Jin stepped forward.

"Senior Gang we really mean you no harm, your sone is alive and well, if he was in danger your life indicating treasures would tell you this. Please appease your anger and we can talk this out like fellow Daoists."

The Fire clan leader looked up and was feeling humiliated. He realized that he wasn't the one with the upper hand here, the defensive measures this clan had in place were above the ones back home. He didn't like this, but for now, it looked like he had to abide by the other party's rules.

After a few moments, the large man nodded, in response, Zhang Jin gave Kuo the signal to lower the output on the defensive array. This was one of the measures put in place thanks to the secret ground rewards, this new suppressing formation warked similarly to how cultivators suppressed weaker opponents. It outputted enough spiritual pressure to incapacitate anyone below the nascent soul level. Its only downside was that it was only applicable to people in the main Zhang Clan compound.

"I hope we can start off again, Senior Gang."

Zhang Jin smiled while everyone from the fire clan breathed a sigh of relief. They all looked at Zhang Kuo that was holding the remote control to the defensive array. He just needed to use the dial while thinking about who to suppress and it would work. The fire clan relented and didn't try anything funny.

Most of their cultivators stayed in their ships while a small elite unit was escorted into the main sanctum. In there they were greeted by the fire clan juniors that were rescued from the Dao Festival, Huo Kong was one of them. He instantly spotted his grumpy looking grandpa in the distance and greeted him.

“Grandson greets his grandfather!”

He bowed respectfully, Huo Gang almost smiling as he saw that his grandson was fine.

“Little Kong, where is your father, is what Qiao speaking the truth?”

Huo Kong nodded and recounted what had happened from his perspective, most of it was the same but the youth’s eyes began shining whenever he started talking about Zhang Dong’s fight and appearance.

“And then Lord Dong took off with that Dark Palm elder called Ming, he returned not long ago, I’ve even seen him wondering these halls he truly reached the nascent soul level.”

The grandson was set on convincing his grumpy grandpa on trusting this clan for one reason or another. His blossoming fondness towards Zhang Xue might have played a slight role in his decision-making process.

“Is that so...”

Gang was willing to believe his grandson, but there was also a probability of brainwashing. He still wanted to grab his family members and just bolt it for the hills. He still needed to find his strongest son, he was the future of the clan and already almost as strong as he himself.

Then suddenly people heard the sound of thunder, out of nowhere a cultivator in a pure white robe appeared. The man looked to be in a hurry as he run-up to the man that was holding on the defensive array remote control. Huo Gang was watching this happen, he noticed that the Zhang members were instantly bowing at the man that just came in.

He handed what looked to be a cube to the man along with a large scroll of paper. He wasn’t hiding anything as even he could see that that scroll had some sort of array formation on it. He focused his ears to listen to the conversation, quite interested in what this Zhang Patriarch was all about.

“Yes Kuo, here is the improved array formation and here you have the first battery cube, you see these parts, you need to place them all there.”

The man took out more large paper scrolls, there were various things drawn onto them showing some strange pointy tower-like structures.

“Here, give this to the formation masters, have them work on it.”

He also handed the man a spatial ring, telling him that he would find most of the building materials in there.

“Supply the masters with more building materials if there happens to be something missing, now go we don’t have any time to waste I still need to make five more of those!”

Zhang Dong had taken a small break, he needed to give the plans to his workers while he was crafting the items required to power the new array formation. When he was about to head back to his crafting abode a large burly man in a red robe stood in front of him, he looked like he wanted to say something.

“Grandfather t-this is the Zhang Patriarch...”

Huo Kong was to the side, bowing his head down and looked slightly scared. His grandfather wasn't showing enough face to someone that was at the nascent soul level as he didn't even bow. Zhang Dong looked to the red-haired youth and then to the muscular grandpa, the sight of those massive tree trunk-like arms was awe-inspiring.

“Ah, you must be from the Huo Clan, I'm glad that you have arrived to aid us in these troubled times, we will take all the help we can get!”

Before Gang could even say anything he felt the white-haired man's palm be placed on his shoulder.

“I welcome you to the United Sect of Elemental Dao, I don't have the time to take your oath right now, but after the preparations are done I'll be sure to arrange a pledge ceremony for everyone! Really glad to have you here!”

Huo Gang listened to the man talking and grasped Zhang Dong's hand by the wrist. He tried pulling it off his shoulder but it felt like he was trying to move a mountain. It just wouldn't budge, the man just continued talking like there was nothing wrong. His muscles bulged and he even pushed his Qi into it but still, not even a millimeter of that hand moved.

“Ah, I see that you have brought many ships with you, that's great! If you have any spirit stones and beast cores with you, it would be great if you handed them over, we can use them to power the new improved grand formation!”

Huo Gang just sweated, his attempt at resisting wasn't being taken seriously at all. The man just walked away after a moment after monologuing for a while. The large old man knew just from that short encounter that this Zhang Patriarch was a true monster and he wasn't taking him the Huo Clan leader seriously at all.

“Hah...”

“Grandfather are you okay?”

“I'm fine Kong'er...”

The man had his fighting spirit sapped. First, there was this formation that could force them down to their knees and then there was this monster of a Zhang Patriarch running around. They had no way of forcing the Zhang Clan to do anything, the only thing they could do now is either stay or leave without Huo Qiang.

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Sometime later at Jade Grass City.

This city had gone through a lot lately, the streets were mostly deserted. The people with enough money to move out were long gone, the regular commoners on the other hand were waiting in their



houses. The tensions were high and they knew that someone earned the wrath of the overlord sect. The people were just bunkering up, if the overbearing sect cultivators didn't see them, they might be left alone was their thought process.

The old sect base was in shambles but people were working. There were a bunch of cultivators wearing the Dark Palm sect robes gathered around a large portal gate. It looked similar to the one the junior cultivators used during the Dao festival final test but it was much larger. It was at least the size of a football field in diameter. There was a large ramp going up to it and some symbols on the sides were already glowing.

"The gate is stable... primary tests are all positive, we are ready to activate it."

A man shouted out from the side while standing next to some other cultivators. The people around the large teleportation gate nodded and started infusing the large contraption with their Qi. The large ring part of the gate started spinning while water like spirit energy appeared from the side and started flowing out into the center. The portal gate soon formed, the spiritual energy stabilized but was still bubbling slightly.

"That's enough spiritual energy, secure the gate, activate the balance locks!"

The ring that was spinning came to a halt, the rune-like symbols flickered around and shone brightly. Not long after that, you could see a person's foot coming through the water like the surface of the teleportation gate. The foot was followed by another one from the side as multiple cultivators emerged from the inside.

"Greeting's elders and grand elders, everything has been prepared for the invasion, we await your orders."

The ones that were stepping through this gate was Elder Wan and Elder Guo. These two were previously chasing Zhang Dong all the way up to the border, this time around they would be part of the scouting force. Elder Wan nodded at the fellow sect member before moving his head forward and speaking out.

"We will proceed with the plan, the strike force will head towards the Zhang Clan."

Everyone cupped their fists and was ready for some action. In the distance the people in the city heard some rumbling, some of them peeked through the cracks of their windows as the sound was coming from above. Their eyes bulged as they saw at least ten large flying ships going past them.

The vibrations that were coming of those huge vessels were causing the windows and glass to shake, the loud sound was hurting the people's ears. They knew that this was the sect making a move, their destination unknown but everyone knew that they would only leave death and destruction in their wake.

The two nascent soul grand elders took to the sky and flew by themselves. The ships were carrying a large force of the sect disciples, the people taking part in this organized raid were in the foundation establishment realm at the minimum. They were here to do the cleanup duty, the grand elders were far too high up the ladder. You couldn't expect them to do all the work, they were only there to clear out the nascent soul cultivator. If they were done with their assignment they would just remain there to keep watch only taking part if something out of the ordinary occurred.

This attack wouldn't get unnoticed by the other large sects, but it was up to debate if they would do anything. While everyone was going toward Spirit Spring City Elder Wan and Guo started talking.

"You think that person will appear, Senior Wan?"

"Don't think so, would you?"

Elder Wan replied while rubbing his chin, the answer seeming obvious to this man.

"I wouldn't, I would flee to a secluded location if I didn't have any backers."

"Yes, that is if he doesn't have anyone backing him, this could be some kind of elaborate scheme to split the clan up so be vigilant Junior Brother."

Elder Guo nodded, the two knew that they had to watch out. They had brought treasures to aid their escape, they were worried that they could be going into a trap. They got the short end of the stick, being ordered by their Sect leader to act as scouts.

"Can't these ships move any faster? It will take us half a day like this!"

The large scouting troop flew, hours passed as they were steadily moving towards their destination. While the Dark Palm sect was making its move word of it arrived at the Zhang Clan. They had planted various detection devices around their land that would alert them to such movement.

"A large fleet of ships is moving towards our location Elder...ten of them plus... this reading... there are two large energy signatures in that group they are..."

The person that was looking at a sonar-like device started sweating.

"What is it!"

The commanding elder asked.

"We lost the signal, the large energy signatures were probably nascent soul cultivators, Sir!"

"Inform the others, we are going into code orange, everyone remember your training, for the Zhang Clan!"

The elder man shouted the orders as the scouting party got discovered, their tracing apparatus was found out but that wasn't important anymore. It did what it was supposed to do and now they could prepare for the assault.

Sirens sounded out in the vicinity of Spirit Spring City. The streets were empty and all of the common people had left anyone that remained was either from the three clans, or someone patriotic enough to lend a hand. This was it, the battle would be beginning soon and everyone knew that.

Spirit Spring City was surrounded from all sides by a sturdy wall, upon this large wall there were many guard towers, spaced out about 200 meters from each other. The guard towers looked like your regular circular-shaped castle towers, but on top of them was something uncommon.

Each tower was equipped with a large canon. These cannons looked more similar to anti-aircraft weapons that you saw in the modern era. A single cultivator sat on a seat to the side, the length of the

cannons was close to ten meters. These cannons didn't fire any projectiles, no they fired of condensed spiritual bullets and were powered by the city itself.

Out in the distance, the Dark Palm ships were flying forward, Spirit Spring City was still too far away for their own cannons to reach. The two nascent soul elders where a bit to the side, they were there mostly here to watch over the junior members and to defend against a nascent soul threat if it arrived. One of the elders was examining a strange metallic contraption that he found buried deep underground while they were flying here.

"This is a strange treasure, I'm sure it was giving off some kind of spiritual signal..."

"Why would someone bury something like this in the middle of nowhere?"

The nascent soul elder had found the miliary device that alerted the Zhang Clan of their arrival. They weren't sure what it was used for but reacted to the strange signals the treasure was giving out. They had spotted it with the help of their enhanced spiritual sense.

"Elder Guo, put it away, we will be reaching our destination soon, we must stay vigilant."

"Hm, what are you worried about Elder Wan, not like that person will risk being here to defend them. Even if he does, we just need to alert the Sect leader and he and the other grand elders will arrive within the hour."

The man nodded but still wanted to be careful, you never knew what would happen and he didn't get to this level by not being careful.

"Wait, something is coming!"

While they were talking they felt a disturbance in the spiritual energy around them. The two put up a large shield blocking the spirit rounds that were flying towards them from the distance. The whole sky lit up in a blue color as the bombardment started, the people at the guard towers continuously firing their cannons.

The two elders spread out their energies to encompass the ships, the cannon fire getting suppressed by the powerful masters.

"Hoh, those are some nice cannons they have there, they put ours to shame... they are at the earth grade level."

"Yes, surprising that a lower clan could build something like this and they have many, where were they hiding those?"

The two elders were surprised, core formation-level power was paramount for these lower clans. These people at Spirit Spring City had many of those cannons, which meant that no one from the other clans would be able to attack their main base.

"We should get the plans for those, maybe we can improve the design and place it in our sect."

The two Grand Elders chatted while the cannon fire continued, their ships remained untouched while the two swept the sky from the spirit bullets that couldn't puncture the barriers that they set up in place.

“Still, we will have to take care of those cannons before the ships can move forward.”

“No need, we’ll just squash them while slowly approaching!”

Replied Elder Guo, not really wanting to retreat with the ships while the two of them could protect them while moving forward.

“Hah, you sure don’t like wasting any time Guo, fine let us just be done with... what?”

Elder Wan felt something, he was stronger than Elder Guo that wasn’t paying attention and moved away to the side. He saw two golden beams of concentrated energy shooting out from the ground. One went for him while the other towards his ally. He was barely able to evade it while shielding himself with all his might and suffered minor Qi burns, his ally wasn’t as lucky.

“H-how could this be? Elder Guo!”

The man watched on with shock, his ally was pierced by the finger wide beam, struck directly in the chest. He looked below, to the source of this attack and saw him. There was someone there and he was already flying forward. He didn’t know who this man was, he was wearing a white robe and his hair was pure as snow. He had retreated to the side but Guo had suffered a direct hit, so he was a sitting duck for this cultivator that was certainly also at the nascent soul level.

“It must be him, quickly alert the Sect Leader, we need reinforcements!”

Zhang Dong didn’t let this chance be wasted. The moment he got the report that several flying ships were going their way he decided to ambush the nascent soul elders leading them. He used the underground tunnels and some digging to place himself somewhere between himself and the city, waiting and biding his time.

He had improved some of his own techniques with the remaining spirit points, being able to hide his aura from even these two grand elders. While they were busy shielding their flying ships he took his chance and fired off two beams of concentrated energy from his fingers. He was quite far away from the two flying enemies, still, he managed to evade the notice of one of them, and now he was charging to finish the job.

Elder Guo vomited blood and activated various life-saving treasures. A barrier formed around him while he healed himself and started to flee. He was already injured, his speed dropping severely, Zhang Dong wouldn’t let this opportunity slide. He pulled out a sword, it was black and belonged to Wu Ming, he didn’t have enough time to reforge it within this short span of time.

“You’re not getting away! Sever the Heavens, Nascent Soul version!”

Before he knew it radiant sword energy was moving towards him. He could only turn around and muster up all his power to attempt to block it. His defensive treasures trembled and split in half along with the man named Elder Guo, the sword strike traveled far and wide and slashed one of the galleon sized flying vessels in two. The ground trembled, the sky split apart as the cleanly cut body of the nascent soul cultivator exploded and signaled the beginning of the battle.

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Screams and shouts were heard everywhere, the flying ships were getting bombarded by the long-range anti-aircraft cannons of the Zhang Clan. Without the nascent soul elders protecting them, they were like sitting ducks. Before they could get into range to return fire they would be annihilated. Their defensive arrays were ineffective against the cannon barrage.

Their protective shields weren't strong enough to last. The leaders did the correct thing and signaled for a retreat. One of their ships was going up in flames while falling. Before it could crash it was bisected by an enemy cultivator. This was Zhang Dong and he was just delivering the ending blow to the Dark Palm Elder. His nascent divinity was badly injured and the chase wasn't long, he was first grand elder causality.

"That other guy sure ran away fast, he didn't even bother to help his own comrade..."

Elder Wan looked like a grain of rice in the distance, even with Zhang Dong's enhanced vision he was hard to spot. He looked to the sides and saw the retreating ships and some Dark Palm Cultivators fleeing the scene. Even while escaping they were getting bombarded by Qi bullets, the scene was quite gruesome to watch.

"So this is war..."

"This is long past the point of no return..."

Matt frowned while clenching his fist. His hand started glowing as golden lightning crackled, he remembered the time he mercilessly finished off a band of bandits two years ago. This would be something similar just on a larger scale. He threw the improved lightning spear into the air and watched it whizz past the clouds. A loud boom of thunder resounded throughout the area and a shower of golden lightning bolts rained down on everyone in the vicinity.

The Dark Palm sect cultivators found themselves getting attacked from the back as they tried to flee and from the sky. Matt looked at the gruesome scene of people getting blown up and exploding while screaming for mercy. Deep inside he knew that these people came to his city to do the exact thing that he was doing to them. Still, it didn't sit well with him.

"At least I'll give you a quick death..."

He wasn't in the mood to chase any straggler, all of the ships were going down after his lightning barrage. He propelled himself backward and headed back into the city, he expected more of those Dark Palm members to arrive as he didn't think that killing one Grand Elder would be enough.

"It would be nice if this was the end... but knowing these murder hobos they won't take something like this lying down."

While Zhang Dong was returning back to Spirit Spring City, Elder Wan was pushing his spiritual energy to the max just to get away from there. He was sweating bullets and using his spiritual sense to feel if he was being chased. He was vigilant as he barely noticed his opponent being there, only when the attack was fired off did he manage to react and dodge.

"Alert the Sect Leader, the enemy nascent soul master is in the city! Send the remaining Grand Elders to help!"

He shouted into his communication jade while flying without looking back. He thought that the man would give chase but Matt was worried that he would be lured into a trap, or that they might attack the city while he was busy fighting the grand elders. Back in the Dark Palm Sect main base, Yang Guanyu was getting his report.

“What... that fool Guo is already dead, just like that?”

He was sitting together with the rest of the grand elders that were waiting for further orders. After pulling back the grand elder that remained at the border they were down to four active ones and their sect leader. All of them would have to head out, they needed to protect the honor of their sect but they had already lost far too much in this battle.

“This... am I surrounded by fools? Can’t you kill one whelp?”

The man’s dastardly aura filled the whole room, the three grand elders that were with him went down to their knees under the pressure.

“Please grand elder, appease your anger.”

The woman cultivator called out while Yang Guanyu was having a fit of rage. The old man looked at his sect elders and finally stood up from his throne-like chair. He placed his long hands behind his back and floated forward.

“I’ll take care of him, you fools follow me, I will not stand for this!”

“This problem has to be kept a secret, the other sects can not find out about this, we might suffer further losses to our lands.”

The group of elders floated towards one of the Harmonious mountain peaks. This peak in particular was responsible for the teleportation arrays and gates that went through the whole Dark Palm territory. The personnel was already waiting for them and the gate was activated.

“Mobilise the main troops, while I and the Grand Elders are taking care of the nascent soul threat, they will eradicate their crummy city, we will take no prisoners, no one will survive!”

He proclaimed in a calm voice, even though he wasn’t shouting everyone at the sect could clearly hear this order. The proud sect members raised their weapons into the air and cheered out. With their Sect Leader leading them they had nothing more to fear. Everyone vanished through the large gate, even their large ships were able to fit through this thing that quite the wide diameter.

On the other side, they were greeted by part of the force that remained in the city. Everyone had their head lowered not daring to look at their sect leader. They knew that he had a no-nonsense policy and would strike them down in a heartbeat if they showed him any amount of disrespect.

“Where is Elder Wan?”

The sect leader asked while the rest of the army was going through the teleportation portal.

“Elder Wan has retreated, he is flying towards the city.”

One of the people reported while not looking up, far too scared to meet the sect leaders’ eyes.

“So he left his men? Hm...”

The sect elder just nodded, thinking to himself that it was probably the right thing to do when fighting an unknown enemy at their territory.

“We will depart and meet Elder Wan halfway.”

“All the grand elders come with me, the rest of the sect will fly in the front.”

The sect leader didn't put his trust into his sect warriors all too much but he still could use them as meat shields or a distraction. If the flying ships gathered around they could match the firepower of a nascent soul master. The only downside was that they were slow and their defenses were lacking. In a true battle, they would lose out but could act as a decoy or provide supportive fire from the back.

Finally, everyone moved and the citizens of Jade Grass City trembled once more. This time around the armada was much larger, the ships blocked out the sky as their shadows were cast on the ground below. There was at least a hundred of those ships coming in, the teleportation formation was working overtime.

“We must hurry and get done with this today, before the other sects find out.”

In Yang Guanyu's mind, there was a low chance of the other sects getting here. Even they in their own territory needed a whole week to get their teleportation array going. Their opposition would need to do the same while being unnoticed by their Dark Palm sect faction. There was no movement at the borders and their nascent soul masters weren't reporting anything out of place either.

“I greet the Sect Leader!”

Elder Wan bowed while floating in the air. He had a solemn expression and was slightly sweating while looking at the thin man floating in front of him.

“So, Guo is dead?”

“Yes Sect Leader, the enemy cultivator had hidden his presence and managed to land a surprise attack...”

Elder Wan did a quick recap of the situation, he was the only person that returned alive from that encounter.

“He was young and with white hair?”

Elder Wan nodded, the enemy was known for changing his appearance.

“Yes, but I didn't feel that disguising technique on this man... it might have been his real appearance. From the way he looked, our intelligence faction has determined him to be someone named Zhang Dong.”

The sect had their own intelligence-gathering force and procuring information about the clan heads was an easy thing to do. Going in deeper would require more time though.

“Do we have any information on this Zhang Dong you speak off?”

The sect leader and the grand elders were mid-flight while talking. None of them made any inquiries into the lives of the people from the Zhang Clan. They weren't treated as more than bugs in their eyes, there was no reason to do a throughout investigation.

"We don't know much, Patriarch... no one expected a small force like that to be protected by a strong cultivator like that."

The rest of the elders tried contacting their own retainers, but it would take time for any useful information to get back to them.

"It matters not, the only important thing now is that he and his clan gets eradicated. We must bring these people to justice for offending us."

Everyone agreed with the sect leader as they finally arrived close to the spot that Elder Guo was slain. Parts of the Dark Palm Sects ships were scattered throughout the area. There were multiple craters and holes, the nascent soul elders felt the place out worrying that there could be another ambush.

"Everyone is dead, I don't sense any survivors."

The Sect leader focused as well, his weaker sect elders weren't able to see through the enemy's hiding technique. He was the sect leader though, its most powerful official member. His spiritual sense reached far and wide, his eyes looking around as he searched for the enemy.

His eyes suddenly narrowed and he pointed a finger at a certain location. The gem on his forehead started glowing with a purple light. The energy traveled from this gem into his hand and collected in front of that digit in a matter of seconds.

"Do you think you can hide from this Yang Guanyu? Die!"

A massive surge of Qi flowed out from that finger. It looked like a purple mass of energy with wailing souls trapped inside, the scratches were horrifying and even the grand elders started backing off. The attack landed at a certain location among the ship debris a giant explosion echoing soon after.

The people from the Dark Palm Sect looked to that location, they felt proud at their sect leader who was able to sniff out the enemy master with just a glance. They started at that spot with eyebrows furrowed and their weapons drawn not sure if this was enough to slay this foe that had caused them so much trouble. After the dust had settled they saw someone emerge from the ground.

"Heh, didn't think the same tactic would work again, but I just had to try."

It was a cultivator in white robe-like armor. This robe seemed to be reinforced mostly by having pauldrons and armguards out of some kind of metal. The man that emerged was holding one of his hands, it was trembling and his palm was giving out smoke.

"That hurt... slightly..."

"So, you are the one that is going against my Dark Palm Sect, is this some kind of rouse from the other Sects?"

Guanyu moved forward while looking down at the young man, his beady eyes scanning him over with his spiritual sense.



“Ah yeah, just lured you here so that the other sects can attack your base!”

The man said while smirking.

“You must be joking. Even if they did that it would at least take them a month to get past our defensive formation, you think such a blatant lie would work here?”

The man floated slightly backward while shrugging.

“Not really, but it was worth a try. You cultivation nuts like to overthinking simple things, so it wasn’t that far fetched.”

Yang Guanyu frowned at his opponent, the man was only in the early stage of the nascent soul, how was he able to slay so many of his men?

“Enough of this, you are clearly desperate to defend that little city behind you, there must be a reason for it.”

“Hear my orders, surround the city along with the Grand Elders while I take care of this whelp, Dark Palm Sect, attack!”

## **Chapter 185**

A week had passed and the enemy army had finally arrived. The defenses were patched up into place but the new formation array was only able to cover the Zhang Clan compound and not the whole city. The first encounter with the Dark Palm Sect was victorious and one of the nascent soul enemies was defeated. This boosted everyone’s morale making them think that they could win this.

The exact same strategy was attempted a second time even due to the complaints of the other cultivators, and just as expected it had failed. At this exact time, Matt was looking at his hand, it was trembling after he had defended himself against the strange ghastly attack of this new opponent.

‘This guy might be tricky...’

He clenched his fist while looking up at the enemies before him. He thought that his improved disguising technique would let him take out one more grand elder before the big battle. He underestimated their leader’s detection skills, he was now looking at the man while frowning.

Yang Guanyu [ Nascent Soul Late Stage ]

‘One in the late stage, one at the middle stage and three at the early stage...’

Handling the four of the people that chased him down previously was hard enough. Now he had to go against this slender man looking old fart, which lowered his chances of victory even more.

‘Those two haven’t come out of their seclusion and I have no idea how close they are...’

The dimensional regalia masked any inside auras so he wouldn’t know if they were breaking through even if it was happening right now.

“You want to go to the city while I’m here? Do you think you can handle me alone? Are you sure about that?”

Matt clenched his fists and flew up into the air, he could see that army of over a hundred flying ships heading towards Spirit Spring City. Even without the protection of their nascent soul elders, it would be hard to shoot down all of these flying vessels.

Yang Guanyu snorted while moving his palm forward in a grasping motion. From his perspective this man was only in the early stage of the nascent soul, there wouldn't be a problem in just snuffing him out.

"Arrogant welp, die!"

A large purple hand of spiritual energy appeared out of nowhere. It was massive in size, each finger the size of a massive tree. The hand moved forward in a grasping motion as Guanyu attempted to crush his opponent with pure spiritual energy.

"Two can play this game, you anorexic Palpatine looking, bastard."

Zhang Dong mirrored the motion of the Dark Palm sect leader, he created his own massive hand that went against the purple one. It was crackling with lightning energies and was radiating golden-colored energy. The two huge energy hands of the two masters collided which caused even the grand elders in the area to stop in their tracks.

"W-what is this, he can match the leader's strength?"

"Nonsense, the Sect Leader is a late-stage Grandmaster!"

The two hands struggled against each other, Yang Guanyu raised an eyebrow and pushed more Qi into that hand which made it expand in size. The purple hand started wining out momentarily before the golden one expanded to match the other. After some back and forth both of the hands exploded into fine energy particles, the explosion causing hurricane-like winds that pushed some of the flying ships to the side.

Zhang Dong flew back, his opponent did the same while the explosion pushed everything away. Guanyu narrowed his eyes, this wasn't what he was expecting. His level of strength was enough to safeguard a large sect, there really weren't that many people above him at this level.

"Who are you... it's impossible that someone like you has remained hidden."

Zhang Dong just looked up and moved his hands over his chest, he struck a valiant pose before shouting out.

"You got me, in reality, I am the son of the Azure Emperor, if you harm me you'll all get eradicated."

The grand elders stopped and gasped, could this be true, if this youth was the actual son of the Empires ruler they would be all dead.

"Stop spewing nonsense, that is an obvious lie!"

Zhang Dong coughed into his hand while shifting his eyes to the side.

"You dare call the son of the Azure Emperor a liar! Hey, is that the Azure Emperor behind you?"

You could see a giant vein on the old Dark Palm Sect leader's forehead expanding. His pale face started getting red as he gritted his teeth.

"Kill them all!"

With this, the army of ships started to advance and it soon started getting bombarded by the city defense force that was set up on the walls. The four grand elders ignored the cultivator in white, leaving him to their sect leader. The man was confident and they wouldn't argue with him. Plus there had to be a reason that this man was trying to defend that structure, it would probably be best to find out why.

"Shit..."

Zhang Dong started glowing with a golden light that filled out the sky with a glaring glow. The light expanded to the sides, thunderous sounds echoed through the area. It looked like a miniature sun made from golden electricity and light was formed. It didn't take long for this effect to subside and be replaced by a large golden dragon that roared out into the sky.

The dragon burst upwards and towards one of the grand elders that were approaching Spirit Spring City. Matt's plan was to buy as much time as he could before his allies made some progress. The Dragon would help with protecting the city while he himself faced their strongest cultivator.

Yang Guanyu didn't just stat and look at Zhang Dong without doing anything. He unleashed his dastardly aura into the surroundings. Wails of spirits were heard and purple fog escaped from the gem stuck to the man's forehead. The mist expanded and expanded into the sky before forming into a shape.

The first thing Matt noticed about the mist was that it was taking a humanoid shape. The face looked like a skeleton, this skeleton was hovering in the sky while holding a large scythe. This was Yang Guanyu Soul-Beast, there were humanoid ones. This one looked like the grim reaper, it was dressed in a shadowy black robe and glowing purple energy was coming out of that hollowed skull.

Compared to the golden dragon the grim reaper looking soul-beast was a lot smaller, maybe just twice the size of its user. It just hovered behind the Dark Palm Sect elder, it's eye sockets burning with a spooky green glow. Yang Guanyu stood motionless in the air with his digits resting against each other in a triangle shape.

The skeletal figure behind him gazed at the man in the white robe, it rose its bony finger out while pointing at him.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Matt felt that something was off the moment that man uttered those words. He raised his golden lightning barrier instantly before some strange dastardly fog surrounded him. It came out of nowhere and was highly corrosive, he could see it trying to eat away at his forcefield by the holy energies that were imbued into his defenses kept the demonic energy at bay.

"You... what is that awful Dao of the living..."

The man's beady eyes stared at Zhang Dong while he managed to protect himself from the strange energies. The grim reaper behind the man was still pointing out with his finger and probably resupplying this strange fog with more energy.

“Weak to the holy element?”

Zhang Dong smirked slightly and propelled himself forward while still keeping his shield up. He headed on a collision course with the Dark Palm Leader and his soul beast. The man in the late stage of the nascent soul level didn't move a muscle. He kept his long thin digits together while just staring.

The grim reaper behind him grew in size, its scythe moving out as it swung it against the incoming cultivator. The two energies collided with each other, the wails of many souls were heard as the reaper beast delivered a strong blow on the man surrounded by the circular barrier. The two energies fought with each other for a few moments before canceling each other out. Zhang Dong retreated a couple of steps and Yang Guanyu did the same, the man's complexion getting even paler after this exchange.

“Impossible! He was able to resist the Elder's Soul beast and secret arts!”

The grand elders were slightly busy with the golden dragon that appeared out of nowhere but they were able to see how their sect leader was faring. None of them would be able to survive one of Guanyu's demonic attacks, they knew that he was a demonic cultivator. No one cared about this fact as what mattered was the power and prestige that he brought to the sect.

He was mighty and not many could stand up to him due to the corrosive and poisonous nature of his attacks. He could even suck your soul from your body, leaving you nothing more than a skeleton. Somehow this man with white hair could protect himself from those attacks, they could feel that golden energy counteracting the venom that Yang Guanyu was producing.

One of the grand elders bit his lower lip and wanted to fly over to aid their leader. The golden dragon beast had other plans, it roared out while producing storm-filled clouds. The area began getting bombarded with golden lightning bolts that set any flying ship in the nearby area up in flames.

The whole place was a battlefield, the giant armada from the Dark Palm Sect continued on while getting barraged by the Zhang Clan defenses. Every able body was on those city walls, inserting all of their Qi into the long-range cannons. This was the only thing they could do to aid their leader in this battle, so they gave their all and some people were already passing out due to Qi deprivation.

Everyone saw the moment the Patriarch's golden dragon appeared, this was overshadowed by the skeletal soul beast of the Dark Palm Sect leader. The strange aura from the creature was giving everyone the shivers it was as if it was sucking their Qi and Lifeforce away but just being there.

Things were different now, the clan might have had the upper hand against the small group of ships the first time around. They could submerge them in the cannon fire, they also had their Patriarch helping them. Now, on the other hand, they were against a hundred ship strong armada even with the golden dragon keeping the other nascent soul elders somewhat busy the enemies were advancing forward.

“Reporting Sir, the Patriarch has engaged in combat. He is facing off against what we presume to be the Dark Palm Sect Leader, he matches the descriptions.”

The man getting the report was Zhang Jin. He was sitting in a room with some screens and looking at them. This place was the command center for the city defenses and the clan had managed to somehow copy it from the secret ground. This was far worse than the hologram console and looked more like a game of sink the battleship. The enemies were indicated as red dots, while the allies by green dots.

“Is there any word of the Feng Matriarch or the young Huo Clan lord?”

Zhang Jin asked.

“No sir, the secret treasure is inaccessible to us so we have no information.”

Zhang Jin slammed his fist on the table and looked outside, he wanted to just fly out there on his sword and aid his grandson. He knew that it wouldn't change a thing and only might cause Zhang Dong's morale to plummet as he wouldn't last a second against any of those grand elders. He looked at the large gold dot that represented Zhang Dong and could only pray, pray for a miracle to happen.

## **Chapter 186**

Zhang Dong and the Dark Palm Sect leader clashed a couple of times. A golden fist collided with a tip of a scythe that was being held up by a giant skeletal specter in a black robe. Each time the two masters connected with their blows a shockwave of mixed Qi energies were sent out into the surroundings.

It was a peculiar sight to behold. The energies that the younger cultivator was exuding, energized the soil, and made the grass and plants grow. On the other hand, the energy that the old man was giving out caused everything in the vicinity to die and rot away.

Somewhat further away there was another large battle taking place. There were four beasts attacking a larger one, the bigger one was a golden dragon that was shooting out lightning bolts from its maw. The four soul-beasts belonged to the four grand elders while the golden dragon was the one Zhang Dong was controlling.

The dragon beast was somehow holding its ground, but it was mostly on the defensive. The other beasts didn't give it much of an opportunity to counter-attack. The opponents varied by size and stature, one looked like a giant crane with a crimson red beak. Another one that was the closest to the golden dragon's size looked like a snapping turtle with an outer shell coated with huge green spikes. The third one was a giant cobra that spit copious amounts of venom, the last one was a giant ox with a fiery mane.

All of those colorful creatures were charging at Zhang Dong's soul beast. The dragon repelled the Ox with its tail only to be attacked by the giant spikes of the turtle that fired them off. One of the spikes connected with the beast's scaly hide and shattered into many tiny pieces unable to pierce it. Before the Dragon could counter-attack with its long-range breathing attacks the cobra spit venom and the crane kicked up blade-like winds. The golden beast could do nothing more than protect itself by curling up with its wings together and focusing its Qi on a protective barrier that deflected the attacks.

“That Soul beast is strong, how can it contend with the four of ours!”

Elder Wan shouted out while the other three elders tried pushing the golden monster back. In response, it roared and produced a storm cloud that started shooting out lightning bolts indiscriminately. The surrounding area was filled by golden thunderbolts that gave Zhang Dong's Soul beast some space but didn't deliver that much damage to its enemies that quickly retreated.

‘My Dragon is having problems... I need to beat Skeletor here and go help him out.’

Matt thought while continuing his battle with Yang Guanyu. This old man looked like a walking corpse but was quite strong, he couldn't just blitz him like the other elders with his superior speed and power.

He threw a punch forward, it generated a surge of golden lightning energy that flew at his opponent. The reaper soul beast didn't move from behind the old man and just preformed a half-circle motion with the tip of its scythe. This motion produced some kind of illusion of a red moon that looked like it was soaked in blood. The moment the energy fist connected with the bloody moon, the moon rippled as if it was made from water. It was as if he hit a reflection of a moon from a pond, this ripple motion subsided after a moment as if it was never there in the first place.

"You have a lot of gall to try and fight me without your soul beast."

The old man showed an eerie smirk. He pointed out forward with his thin index finger, the reaper behind him swung forward and his scythe looked like it cut open the sky itself. Matt felt a shiver run down his spine the moment he saw that attack, he immediately propelled himself downward. The moment he performed his evasive maneuver, a large scythe appeared behind him aiming for his neck. He was quick enough to evade it but he lost an inch of his hair while at it.

'This guy is strong...'

Matt gulped, sweat running down his forehead as he almost got decapitated. He needed to step it up a notch if he was going to land a decisive blow but he was hesitating to go all out. One reason being the other four cultivators fighting his dragon, if he went all there was a big chance that he would lose against the elder quartet due to the draining nature of his techniques.

'Should I go for it... or should I buy more time for the others...'

He stared focused his spiritual sense behind him, the large armada of ships was heading for his city and the cannons weren't as effective as before. The flying ships had some sort of protective formation, the barrage of Qi bullets couldn't penetrate it effectively enough and they were advancing further and further. If this continued they would get into range and start returning fire.

Before he could make a decision he felt another of those dimensional scythe attacks coming his way. It wasn't one though as the grim reaper looking soul beast started swinging his scythe around at all sorts of angles. Matt finds himself dodging pointy black ghost blades left and right, his armor and clothes even ripping in various spots as he backed away.

"Getting distracted? You really have a death wish!"

Yang Guanyu shouted out while he started waving both of his hands around. The soul beast behind him increased in size slightly while the attacks continued, more ferocious and deadly than before.

"Don't get too cocky, you old fart!"

Zhang Dong's body started exuding a massive amount of Qi, he gave out a loud shout before charging forward. While flying forward he was continuously evading those dimensional blades. His body started transforming, golden lightning wrapped around his whole form and his muscles bulged out.

The scythe blades came from all directions, tiny rifts appeared around Zhang Dong's location. They shot out, going towards his body as they tried to impale him from multiple directions. The only thing they hit

was his afterimage that exploded into thousands of tiny electrical sparks that caused some damage to the reaper soul beast.

Zhang Dong appeared right next to Guanyu while in his improved Embodiment of the Thunder God form. He was holding his right hand back and then threw it forward in a palm strike. Everything happened in a fraction of a second, the Dark Palm leader mustered up all of his power to block this attack.

An illusory figure appeared behind Zhang Dong as he was throwing his palm forward. It looked like a giant golden statue, similar to a buddha in appearance. This statue was sitting down in a lotus position and had multiple sets of arms. One of these arms was mirroring the attacking pattern of the Zhang Patriarch as he was pushing his palm forward.

Matt was lacking high-level techniques after ranking up into the nascent soul level. Luck was on his side though, he was able to get a nascent soul technique when he leveled up his body refining into the true golden body. This was an attacking technique that summoned a giant golden statue behind him. This statue looked like a cross between an Ashura and a Buddhist monk.

The shining palm went forward crashing into the defenses of the Dark Palm leader. The man formed a shadowy barrier in front of him, the reaper soul beast also used its scythe to defend against this attack. Guanyu found himself getting pushed back, slight cracking noises echoing as the attack connected fiercely.

The enemy cultivator flew backward and crashed into the ground, the golden statue faded away into nothingness after the attack finished. Zhang Dong remained floating in the air while panting slightly.

‘Damn, this body refining attack uses up a lot of my stamina instead of Qi... can’t use it that often.’

The Dark Palm cultivators on the side reacted in shock, their eyes going wide after witnessing the giant explosion that almost made their ears explode. The four grand elders even stopped attacking the golden dragon that was even getting injured by them at this point.

“T-the Sect Leader got pushed back?”

“l...is he able to fight?”

The four of them looked at the man hovering in the air, he was exuding massive amounts of radiant Qi. He was giving off an aura of someone that they shouldn’t be messing with. They then turned to the spot that their leader was smacked away towards, hoping to see him uninjured.

Matt on the other hand was already pointing out with his finger, aiming at a spot behind all the smoke and dirt.

“You think I’ll let you recover?”

A beam of light shot out of Zhang Dong’s index finger, it impacted into the ground and caused another explosion to occur. Even though he wasn’t able to see his enemy with his eyes he had other senses that allowed him to see through the smokescreen. He could clearly tell where the man was standing and didn’t want to let him recover.

‘I have to strike the iron while it is hot!’

He took off going for his target that was the tall and lanky Dark Palm sect Patriarch. The man had suffered a setback after receiving these two strikes and was retreating. He burst out of the ground while frowning, some blood coming out of his mouth. Before he could shout out some curses at his opponent he saw a fist coming his way. The only thing he could do was to turtle up and set up a ghastly barrier made from purple soul energy.

Lightning-fast attacks rained down on Yang Guanyu who couldn't get a hit in between the barrage. He found himself on the defensive while the opponent that was clad in a mantle of golden lightning continued to attack. Soon his barrier burst like a soap bubble and the familiar golden palm sped for his face once more. The palm descended once again with even more power behind it.

"I won't let you!"

Before the strike could be delivered Zhang Dong had to move his forearm upwards to cover his face. He felt a massive blow that caused his bones to strain and his muscles to twitch. He was sent flying to the side before his golden palm attack could land decisively on Yang Guanyu's face. He looked to the person that interrupted his assault and discovered that it was one of the grand elders. He was a slightly larger man with a large two-handed battle hammer, it was a miracle that he didn't have a broken bone.

'Damn... my whole forearm is numb...'

He glared at the Dark Palm grand elder that came to the rescue of their leader. Before he could say anything he had to propel himself backward as another Qi attack was thrown his way, this time by the old lady cultivator that was also a nascent soul grand elder.

"Sect Leader, let us help you take out this man, he is far too dangerous!"

Zhang Dong panted, he had used quite a bit of his spiritual energy to rush this old slender-man looking elder. He hoped to end the battle fast or at least injure him before the other elders came to help him, his strategy had failed. He could see Guanyu rising up and his wounds healing rapidly as he circulated that demonic energy around him. The plants around the area started withering and anyone below the nascent soul level would also be sucked dry as this demonic cultivator healed himself.

"Yes, he needs to die!"

The old man replied in a strange voice, his body had gotten paler and even lost some mass after this exchange. He had finally realized that this man he was facing was far more dangerous than expected.

"Hear my order, all grand elders are to focus on this enemy cultivator, the rest of the sect will attack the city on their own!"

Guanyu was positive that he wouldn't beat Zhang Dong on his own. He was far too powerful to be left alive and was also someone that used the holy Dao that demonic cultivators like him were weak against. The city in the back had no value, this man had to go down and he needed to die fast before they continued.

## **Chapter 187**

Matt looked at his new opponents, he had to back away while the enemies recovered. The four other elders were now hovering around their sect leader that was right in the middle. The soul beasts were



recalled by the four grand elders that stood against him, his own golden dragon also retreated and was roaring at the enemies.

‘Outnumbered five to one... ‘

This reminded him about the time when he protected his clan from the initial invasion of some other clans. He was also outnumbered at that time, but there were differences. For one, these people were all the top brass and from one sect while the old enemies that he faced were far lower on the totem pole and their teamwork wasn’t that great.

“I see that the noble Dark Palm sect knows how to gang up on people, very honorable of you...”

Zhang Dong chuckled while rubbing his forearm that was still a bit jittery. The five cultivators stared daggers at him as they knew that he was making fun of them.

“Being noble has no worth in battle, the victorious ones are always just.”

Yang Guanyu replied while moving forward. The five nascent soul elders moved in some kind of square formation with their leader in the middle. Their spiritual power had a serious spike in energy as they advanced. Zhang Dong moved his hand forward as he signaled his Dragon to attack.

The beast released a massive blast of golden energy from its maw at the approaching cultivators. Sparks flew as the massive beam of golden plasma hit some kind of barrier that it couldn’t get through. The four soul beasts charged forward and Zhang Dong’s dragon charged in to intercept as they returned to their own battle. This left Zhang Dong against the four grand elders and their sect leader with his reaper like beast in the back.

More explosions resounded throughout the Zhang Clan region, the large galleon ships flew through the air while suffering some casualties. They finally managed to get into range and returned fire at those anti-aircraft weapons in the city. The cannon fire was exchanged and the protective formation that was keeping the walls in place crackled and was close to shattering.

The people that were on the city walls knew that the outer protective formation wouldn’t hold out for long. They continued to stay and return fire though, none of them was willing to give the enemy even an inch.

“Keep firing, don’t let them get near the city!”

“The Patriarch is holding the sect masters at bay, we must aid him!”

“We need more spiritual energy!”

Various battle shouts filled the area but they were quickly drowned out by multiple cannon fire coming from both sides. From the hundred ships, about eighty remained and they were continuously falling from the sky while slowly approaching. The enemy’s barriers were slowly giving out but they were right at Spirit Spring Cities doorstep. The outer barrier finally fell and the anti flying ship weaponry started receiving damage. Various explosions filled the city walls and towers as the advancing armada pushed further in.

“It is time brothers, let us destroy this clan we had suffered enough loss to our face!”

A Dark Palm Sect elder in the core formation realm charged out while shouting. His bravado didn't last for long as he received a stray hit from a Qi blast from one of the intact Zhang Clan cannons. He was the first of the core formation warriors to die, he wasn't the last one charging forward though.

The City defense force found themselves getting pushed back, soon enough the enemy cultivators reached the walls and started destroying the weaponry. Shouts and cries of the defenders were quickly drowned out as the Dark Palm sects blades fell onto their necks and turned everything crimson.

The enemy cultivators charged into the city premise only to find the place abandoned. All of the city population was evacuated and there was not a soul to be found here. Some of the defenders from the walls had escaped before the sect warriors could get to them. The pursuit continued as the sect cultivators wanted vengeance for their members that died under the cannon fire.

"Senior brother, we found some of the enemy cultivators in that building!"

One of the sect members shouted out while a group of others charged at the spot he was pointing at. They kicked down the door to discover two people inside. The person was an old man that was wearing a blue robe, one that showed that he was a regular member of the Zhang Clan. The other one was an older lady with a more brownish tint to her skin and wearing a Feng Clan robe. The two were huddled together and the old man was holding something in his hand.

"Heh, what do we have here, two old love birds?"

The Dark Palm cultivators walked forward while brandishing large sabers that were already red from blood. Before they could deliver a deceive blow the two cultivators from Spirit Spring City nodded to each other and shouted out.

"For the alliance, For the new Sect! May it live long and prosper!"

A clicking sound was heard afterward, followed by a bright light that came from the ground. Before the Dark Palm cultivators could react the whole place exploded. The city defenders had placed massive amounts of explosives and attacking formations around the premises. With the people that lived here gone, there would be no civilian casualties.

The shouts and cries of the invading forces were drowned out by the booming sounds of detonation. The ones that were on the ground looking for survivors suffered a quick death, some of the people that were hovering in the air and close to the blast radius suffered crippling injuries.

"Get back into the sky, those bastards are blowing up the city with themselves in it!"

The invading forces fled back into their ships or onto their flying swords, the less powerful ones suffered from the various traps that were placed around the city. This was long from over though as there was still a large force hovering in the air going towards the main Zhang Compound where most of the city cultivators were in.

"The city is on fire..."

The people inside looked in shock at the happenings outside. The city that housed millions of people was getting destroyed, the springs of water were erupting from all the heat and the buildings were

crumbling the further the enemy army went in. The only thing keeping them out now was the new grand defensive formation.

“Everyone stay inside, the new grand defensive formation can defend against nascent soul threats, we will be safe inside.”

Zhang Liu shouted out while trying to calm some people down, he and his sisters were helping out the soldiers that managed to return from the defensive walls. The two were also performing their duties but were forced by their elders to retreat faster than the other united elements sect members.

Zhang Xue was quite adept at the water Dao recovery arts. These were boosted by their Patriarch to a new level and could even regenerate severed limbs. The process was quite slow though and required an ample amount of spiritual energy. She wasn't the only one helping out though, her friends from the once established 9th Platoon were all here with her.

Her senior sister Zhang Ai that got relocated to Moonlight City with her snake faced senior brother were both here. She was actually tending to his wounds he was badly injured from one of the explosions that occurred, his fingers were blown off and she was frantically trying to help him regenerate.

Zhang Bao and Zhang Peng that looked even more muscular than two years ago were helping carry the injured people in. Both of them were in the mids of the evacuation and also helped during the bombardment. The only reason they were alive now, was that the older members from the triform alliance decided to stay behind while the youngsters could evacuate. They were carrying them over to the twins Zhang Yuu and Mii for healing as the two were quite adept at it.

Zhang Tai was also there, he had Zhang Hong's large arm around his neck as this large junior brother had suffered the most. His body was riddled with holes and scratches as he had used his larger body as a shield to protect some of the junior members during the retreat. The war was now upon them at there were casualties on both sides.

The attackers were now slowly encircling their main base while bombarding it with various attacks. The barrier rippled and shone in bright light as it managed to repel all of the attacks. After the smoke cleared the Dark Palm sect cultivators were surprised that the barrier didn't suffer any damage.

Everyone inside gave out a sigh of relief. The enemies couldn't get to them but they were still trapped here and could only wait for the battle outside to go their way.

The enemy sect didn't just wait there while twiddling their thumbs. The flying ships that survived the offensive encircled the Zhang Clan compound. Their cannons were continuously blasting at the defensive formation as they tried testing its defensive features. Even a powerful battier like this would run out of spiritual energy eventually.

“The formation is holding out, someone give me a report!”

Back at the command base, the Zhang Jin shouted, a cultivator with a mustache that was sitting to the side quickly replied.

“The Patriarch has engaged the enemy nascent soul cultivators in battle, an hour has passed since then and there is no clear winner yet.”

The man gave a recount of the situation, mostly mentioning that even after an hour Zhang Dong wasn't able to deliver a killing blow to any of the five enemy nascent soul cultivators.

"That Yang Guanyu is really powerful and also looks to be a demonic cultivator... how can the other sects allow him to roam free?"

Zhang Zhi asked while looking at the little dots on the screen. The large golden one was bouncing about on it, it indicated Zhang Dong. Five other red dots were circling around it, this indicated the battle that was taking place between their Patriarch and the Dark Palm sect masters.

"Alas, no one will make a move on someone of that caliber. They are afraid, afraid of the repercussions. They can't risk losing valuable masters in a drawn-out fight. They might be able to bring the demonic cultivator to justice but then they will find themselves at the mercy of the other big sects."

Zhang Zhi sat down after Zhang Jin did the explanation. He more or less knew why this was happening but it was a hard pill to swallow. There was no trust between the large factions and they cannibalized themselves constantly. Battles for resources and terrain occurred and if one side showed any sign of weakness they would get probed and then attacked. This was the type of world they were living in, if there was uncertainty the other large factions wouldn't act.

The people glued their eyes to the screen. The large golden dot was slowly decreasing in size, each time the smaller red ones moved closer to it, it would slightly waver.

"Can the Patriarch win alone... are we supposed to wait here for our deaths after he draws his last breath?"

The others in the room deliberated. Zhang Dong had ordered them to stay behind the fortified barrier and just wait for the battle to be over. This didn't sit well with the warriors here, they would rather fight to their deaths than just wait for their demise. Still, they knew that they wouldn't be much of help against that many core formation and nascent soul cultivators. They knew that they could at most be meat shields for their leader.

While they were contemplating a loud sound could be heard outside. The large defensive formation churned with power and shone brightly. The trapped people looked with astonishment as they saw all the large ships in formation around an even larger one. This larger one had a massive cannon at the bow. This cannon was blasting a condensed stream of spiritual Qi at the forcefield, slowly eating away at its defenses. Would the formation hold up, or would the beam of Qi cut through in time no one knew, the people inside were aghast as they could only watch as the barrier was slowly thinning.

## **Chapter 188**

"Aw... fuck!"

Zhang Dong thrust his sword forward, following his motion some golden energy shot forward. The sword energy collided with a purple beam of light and the two forces canceled each other out. He then propelled himself backward with haste as another attack came for his head, a few strands of his hair got severed as he propelled himself to safety.

At least that was what he thought, the moment he reached his destination another enemy cultivator was waiting for him. This time around he wasn't lucky enough to just dodge it. He felt something hitting

his side, his mouth opened up wide and some blood escaped as he groaned. He held his midsection for a moment before looking at the person that hit him, the man was the same one that had previously struck him with that large sledgehammer.

‘Five on one ... I can’t land a decisive hit on any of them...’

He felt like a ball getting kicked around by some rowdy kids. His enemies continuously attacked him from all sides, he wasn’t able to evade everything and found himself getting hit constantly. He was worried about the thin elder in the late stage the most, so he was making sure to keep watch over him. Though due to this he was getting pummeled by his four cronies whenever he dodged his attacks.

His white robe was ripped up and some of the armor parts were also falling off. This robe wasn’t made to resist nascent soul attacks. The only reason that he wasn’t dead yet, was thanks to his body refining technique. It proved to be essential in protecting him from the strikes but it also had a limit and he was slowly getting riddled with injuries. His soul beast wasn’t doing much better as it was also battling against the odds.

“Heh, is that all you’ve got? I can keep this up for months!”

He spat some blood to the side and wiped his mouth. His opponents glared at Zhang Dong, he was proving to be a tough opponent even for them. Yang Guanyu flew forward and pointed at Zhang Dong with his bony finger, the other four elders shifted their positions to move around him.

“Don’t listen to him, he is bluffing!”

The other four nodded at each other while getting into a battle formation. Guanyu gave some kind of signal with his eyes while flying back, his hands started moving as he formed some strange symbols with them. The other four didn’t wait for their leader and continued with their attacks.

The Dark Palm sect leader smirked to himself while looking at his sect members battling the white-haired cultivator. He started murmuring something under his breath and continued making some strange hand seals.

‘Hehe, just you wait...’

His eyes glowed as he saw the enemy cultivator glowing brightly and dispersing some attacks while dodging.

“Don’t think that you are the only crafty person around, you just activated my trap formation!”

The man grinned while pushing both of his hands forward the moment he saw Zhang Dong move to a certain location. A greenish glow shot up from the ground and surrounded the white-haired cultivator. He was busy blocking two attacks and wasn’t expecting a trap, even less on his home turf.

“Argh... what is this?”

A thick green pillar of light shot up from the ground and went straight to the heavens. Matt was right in the middle and felt like vomiting. This beam of light appeared out of nowhere and it was draining him of his Qi. He tried pushing his cultivation to the maximum in an attempt to get out but before he could the four nascent soul cultivators reacted.

They placed themselves around the green pillar of light with their hands stretched out. The moment this happened the light flashed brighter and Matt felt his cultivation getting drained. He found himself unable to move from the spot, he could barely move his hands and legs as he inched forward sluggishly.

“Truly monstrous, even when faced with the devouring soul formation he is still able to stay conscious!”

Said the only female grand elder from the bunch. She was pushing all of her remaining Qi into this trap that they had set up. While Zhang Dong was getting distracted by the group of nascent soul cultivators they were placing special array forming treasures. They had hidden them away during the scuffle and then successfully lured the young cultivator into their trap.

“He is resisting, we can’t hold him for long Sect leader!”

Proclaimed the third nascent soul elder that was in the early stage. The man was quite lanky and his eyes were really small.

“No need to worry, I only need a second to eradicate him!”

Matt didn’t like the sound of that, not for one bit. He pushed his cultivation to the apex, his eyes started glowing and he could feel power returning to his limbs as he flew forward.

“Ugh...”

The four people that were keeping him in place gritted their teeth and activated various spiritual treasures. They felt a new burst of power entering their bodies and the trapping formation burst with even more power. The green energy pillar expanded in thickness and it looked like Zhang Dong was getting swallowed up by a swamp.

His advance stopped and he found himself getting bombarded by excruciating pain. It was as if a million tiny hooks were getting pressed into his body and then pulled on his skin and flesh from all sides. He could barely hold on thanks to his pure holy energies that were surrounding his body, but even he couldn’t go against four nascent soul masters working together while getting backed by various high-quality heaven treasures.

The golden dragon in the back couldn’t come to his aid either, the moment he got his by this strange trap formation he felt his connection to his soul beast getting muddled. The beast’s power dropped and it was now getting pummeled by the four enemy soul-beasts, unable to aid its master.

“This is the end, you will die for offending my sect, your city and everyone in it will fall next!”

Yang Guanyu had taken out a weapon of his own. It was, of course, a large war scythe, its blade crimson, and laid out with strange black runes. A war scythe was different from a regular scythe that was associated with the grim reaper. It was similar to a spear with a curving single-edged blade with the cutting edge on the concave side of the blade.

The blade released a strange black fog that covered the crimson edge that shone bright red. The power coming of this high-grade heaven weapon was astronomical and would surely deliver a massive blow to Zhang Dong if he didn’t manage to dodge it. His whole body trembled as he tried to move, the four elders around the pillar pushed even more Qi into the formation to keep him at bay.

‘Shit... I can’t move...’

He couldn't budge a muscle, he could feel that the enemy cultivators wouldn't be able to hold this soul-devouring formation up for long. They didn't have to though, their sect leader was already close to being done with charging up his attack. Matt tried activating his system window, his only hope was reaching the disciple window and teleporting away from here.

'Damn move!'

There was a problem though. He needed to manually move his finger over to the system window and perform a couple of clicks. He wasn't able to even move his fingers, even less his whole arm to go through all the popup windows.

'Goddammit, who designed this shitty system this way!'

Yang Guanyu raised the war scythe up into the air while looking in the direction of Zhang Dong. The whole blade was giving off a sinister aura and it seemed that he was ready to deliver the finishing blow.

"You have caused enough trouble you whelp, now die and become nourishment for my cultivation!"

The old man brought down the blade of his weapon downwards in a swipe. The moment the war scythe blade descended it produced a surge of dastardly weapon energy that looked like black blood. It descended on Zhang Dong that was trying to escape. He pushed himself to the brink, his whole body expanded and his muscles bulged.

He tried activating both his bodily cultivation along with his nascent soul that was kicked into overdrive. The four enemy cultivators that were holding him in place started bleeding from their noses as they did the same, not willing to let this enemy go.

'Can I take this hit? Will I die? Can the others flee in time?'

A myriad of thoughts filled his mind while he thrashed about, unwilling to die at this moment as many lived depended on him. Still, he was only one nascent soul cultivator going against many. He was still an inexperienced fighter that had entered this trap without knowing any better.

The bloody scythe energy descended and was about to deliver a massive blow to the Zhang Clan Patriarch but then something strange occurred. One of the grand elders vomited copious amounts of blood, it was the one with the lanky one with the small eyes. The trap array wavered and Zhang Dong managed to release more of his aura.

The killing move from Yang Guanyu finally hit the spot that Zhang Dong was in but due to one of the elders faltering he was able to push himself to the side. Everything exploded and the other three grand elders defended themselves while moving back.

"What!? Who dares!"

After the smoke had cleared they spotted the cultivator in white a hundred meters away from them. He was still alive and kicking, he wasn't uninjured, his left thigh was bleeding profusely as his leg was almost severed from that attack. The attack went right through his metal-like muscle and almost went through his thigh bone, he was lucky enough for it being such a hard bone to cut through. If the attack went for the neck as his enemy intended, he would have been dead.

The other three grand elders and their sect leader glared at the man that had wavered and allowed the trap formation to break. He was holding his mouth and still vomiting the others only noticed now why he was doing that. They turned around and saw a large red soul beast choking out the large cobra soul-beast with its hands.

The red monster beast looked like a devil. The upper part was humanoid and the beast had large black horns, its hair was on fire as well as the rest of its body that radiated red plasma energy. The legs of this creature looked to be goat-like, it had coal-black hooves that connected to muscular bright red legs. The soul beast that this creature was mangling belonged to the grand elder that was suffering a backlash and explained how this happened.

This wasn't the only problem, the old woman grand elder started feeling quite weak as well as her own soul-beast was suffering a life-threatening attack of its own. It was getting attacked by a bird soul-beast. This beast looked similar to a legendary phoenix but instead of having fiery red feathers it had green ones. It was spitting out wind Qi out of its beak together with lightning bolts that were causing her crane soul-beast to loudly wail from the pain.

"Who dares attack the Dark Palm Sect!"

Yang Guanyu shouted while turning around. He wasn't expecting this young nascent soul master to get any backup, from the way he operated it made it look like he didn't have any type of backing. He could see two figures approaching, they were coming from the city. One looked to be a large muscular man, his hair and fists were on fire, his body was radiating dense fire energy. To his side was a woman, she was surrounded by green energy and her eyes were glowing with the same color. Whenever the woman flew storm clouds gathered and produced lightning strikes that devastated the area.

"Why wouldn't we dare to protect our Sect Leader?"

Proclaimed Feng Liena as she flew forward.

"That's right! You think we from the United Element sect are easy to bully?"

The five Dark Palm Elders looked at each other with question marks above their heads. They had no idea what this sect that they were speaking off was but apparently, they were the enemy as they came to help the man that they were attacking.

## **Chapter 189**

Zhang Dong gritted his teeth while looking at his injured leg. His body refining technique was primed towards defense more than regeneration so it wasn't healing that fast. He was lucky enough in the sense that this attack didn't go through fully and he managed to keep it.

'Damn... those demonic energies are eating away at my leg'

He could feel and see some black Qi entering his body, thankfully his spiritual energy that had a second holy attribute was managing to fight against this invading force. The combination of powerful defense and healing capabilities from his upgraded cultivation method was proving to have been the right choice.



He used the time gained from the confusion to push his holy Qi into this thigh to stop the bleeding. He worked fast while activating his spatial ring. A transparent thread flew out and quickly pierced the flesh of his thigh muscle that got severed. He used this suture that was made from special spider silk to sew up his wound. The cut was quite deep and the demonic energies made it hard for him to just heal up without any help from external items.

“Blasted, he is recovering, don’t let him!”

Yang Guanyu shouted while pointing his thin finger at Zhang Dong’s direction but before he could fire off his demonic spell he felt a large amount of spiritual energy coming his way. He protected himself with a similar bloody moon defensive spell against the beam of golden light. This beam was the breath attack of Zhang Dong’s soul-beast that was now able to aid its master, the other soul-beasts were now clashing with the two belonging to Feng Liena and Huo Qiang.

The dragon roared while placing itself between Zhang Dong and Yang Guanyu. It looked banged up, one of its eyes was missing, its webbed wings were pierced in a couple of places and one of the horns was broken. It had done its best and lasted to this point but it was also quite tired. Zhang Dong wasn’t fairing much better as he had burned through a lot of Qi while he was trying to free himself, he also had already taken a lot of hits.

“You think this changes anything, Grand Elders attack!”

The Dark Palm sect leader proclaimed while shouting out, the problem here was that two of his elders were suffering backlashes from their soul-beasts getting mangled up by the other two that appeared. He forgot that they have been tangling with this white-haired cultivator for so long and were tired from holding him in place with the trap formation. For some reason the enemy was still standing, normal cultivators would have run out of Qi by this point. This was all thanks to the grade his cultivation method was, thanks to which he had multiple times more juice to run on than other people did.

The Plasma Ifrit and Ascended Storm Phoenix were proving to be more than a match for the Dark Palm sect grand elders. Two of them were vomiting copious amounts of blood while their respective beasts were getting mauled. The ones remaining were the large spiky turtle that belonged to the strongest grand elder present, grand elder Wan. The other was the Ox with the fiery mane that was used by the cultivator that was using the large hammer.

“I’ll leave those four to you, keep them occupied while I take care of this bastard over there!”

Zhang Dong called out to Feng Liena and Huo Qiang that already in speaking distance. The two had managed to push into the nascent soul level not too long ago but needed some time to get used to it. The two did it at almost the same time and rushed out of the medallion treasure just in time to destroy a large armada of ships that were trying to cut a hole into the large protective formation of the newly created sect.

“Yes Senior brother, leave these old farts to me, I was itching to test out my new abilities!”

Huo Qiang was glowing red and his already muscular body looked as if it reached a new high. He charged forward the closest opponent that in this situation was elder Wan throwing a fist forward. His opponent felt a massive spike of energy in the surrounding area along with scorching heat that almost caused his beard to catch on fire.

After finishing up with the crane looking soul beast Feng Liena appeared next to Zhang Dong while causing a massive cyclone to appear around them. The battlefield got even more hectic with the appearance of these two young nascent soul masters. They were still green behind the ears but thanks to their cultivation manuals being at the immortal grade they were a notch above these four old farts.

“Let me aid you Senior Brother Dong, here use this to recover some strength.”

Feng Liena threw over some recovery pills that Zhang Dong chomped on. The pills were meant for core formation cultivators, but Matt was happy for the gesture. He nodded at the beauty that looked even more enchanting now than before and then charged at his enemy. His cut leg was still hurting after the quick patch job but it would have to do, the enemies wouldn't let him recover any more than this.

Feng Liena nodded while looking at Zhang Dong. He looked beat up, his pure white robe was soaked in blood, his hair was messed up and he looked a lot paler than usual. She pressed her lips together tightly and then turned around, she looked at two of the grand elders. One was the female cultivator while the other one was the larger elder with the great hammer.

She showed the two an icy stare the two battle fans that were gifted to her by Zhang Dong already clenched tightly. She moved one forward while producing a mini cyclone that flew forward at the old lady. She then moved her other fan that produced a similar cyclone that attacked the larger man. The two wind twisters charged forward expanding in size, besides sharp blades of wind you could spot small lightning bolts inside of them.

“You dare harm my Senior Brother! This offense must be paid in blood!”

She strode forward, her soul-beast was already fighting its own battle in the back. The two grand elders got swept away by the powerful winds, unable to evade them.

“Is this all you got? Are Dark Palm grand elders this weak?”

Elder Wan retreated, he looked down at his palm that was sizzling and smoking after he received the attack of this red-haired cultivator. The man was old and had lived through many battles but had never faced anyone with such pure fire energies. This was true as this wasn't any simple fire Qi that Huo Qiang was using, he was using plasma that could burn hot as a star.

Elder Wan wasn't alone, the fourth grand elder that suffered a backlash a moment ago was aiding him in battle. The two were somehow able to contend with the burning cultivator as he seemed inexperienced. This was the only reason that they were alive as he outperformed them in any other aspect, be it speed or power of his attacks.

“You had your fun fighting five against one, I hope you can at least give me somewhat of a challenge, I'd like to test these new techniques of mine!”

Huo Qiang laughed while charging forward. His eyes were glowing red and his breath was pushing out condensed fire Qi that scorched anything that got in its path. The tables were slowly turning, with the added help of his two friends Matt was now able to face their leader on his own and he wouldn't let this chance be squandered.

Zhang Dong gritted his teeth while slamming back into Yang Guanyu to engage him into a close-range battle. The man looked paler than before, the previous attack had drained him of some spiritual energy

but he was still able to defend himself. Matt was the one that was looking far worse now, each time the two clashed he could feel his leg throbbing. The quick suture patchwork that he had performed was somehow holding but due to the clashing energies, his leg wasn't healing fast enough.

Even though he was in pain, he didn't shy away from using that injured leg. Far too many people had already died in this battle and he was frantic to end it as fast as possible. The exchange was similar to the previous one, the two clashed but this time around Zhang Dong had his golden dragon to back him up. Yang Guanyu found himself on the defensive, his own soul-beast was still behind his back just blocking the combined attacks of the Zhang Patriarch and his large dragon beast.

In the distance among the destroyed city, the other cultivators looked on. The Dark Palm sect members that were in the remaining flying ships were now in disarray. No one could have predicted this outcome. They were already fighting against this puny clan and its weak allies for hours and their elders weren't able to even kill off anyone. Even worse, two other powerful cultivators that were able to contend with their grand elders appeared, the whole situation looked grim.

"Commander, what should we do? Should we aid the elders and retreat for now?"

One of the core formation cultivators from the Dark Palm sect asked. The man he was talking to was the impromptu leader after the general died. The general was in the largest flagship that was now a pile of debris on the ground after those two nascent soul monsters appeared.

"We... we need to alert the council of the ancestors! This is a dire situation, if this continues all of the grand elders might die today!"

The person that was asking the commander about the next line of action nodded. He directed the orders to the communication expert that started calling for help from the main sect. They wanted to ask for help from the old monsters that were living under the main sect, if all of them acted these three young nascent soul cultivators wouldn't stand a chance.

"Some of the ancestor elders are on the same level as the sect leader, if they act our victory is assured!"

Everyone nodded and awaited a positive reply from the sect, the stakes were just too high. The communications officer came looked at the communication device with a solemn expression though, something was off.

"What's wrong, report!"

"C-commander... I can't reach the main sect... something must have gone wrong... no one is responding..."

"What! Impossible! We must reach the main sect, the communication devices are probably damaged or these blasted Zhang bastards are doing something! Quickly examine it and get rid of the problem!"

The man shouted with large veins popping up on his forehead and his eyes bulging. The Dark Palm communications officer nodded and quickly got to work, he needed to get to the bottom of this, otherwise, he could kiss his life goodbye.

While the battle was raging, in the distance a couple of robed figures were standing. They nodded at each other while concealing their presence. They were clearly looking at the battle that was taking place

in the distance while waiting for something. After a couple of moments, one of the cultivators approached the person that was standing in the front along with some others.

The person was handed a communication jade and started going through the report that was handed down. The person nodded and handed the communication device back to the person that gave it to him. He slipped his hood down while revealing his face, this face was full of scars.

"Fan Ping, how is it?"

"You don't need to worry Senior Brother, everything is going according to plan. I propose we wait some more, maybe that man can take out Yang Guanyu for us."

"Yes, I agree."

The people nodded at each other while slowly getting ready. Everyone here knew that this battle was slowly approaching its apex and that they would be reaping the rewards in the end.

## **Chapter 190**

Unbeknownst to what was happening in the background, the battle continued. This time it was in the favor of the Triforce alliance and the newly established United Element's sect. There was even the first casualty from the nascent soul monsters, the man that had lost his snake-like beast was looking down at his chest, or to be exactly what was left off it.

The hole exposed the leftover from his lungs and part of his heart. Even though this wound was massive it wasn't bleeding all that much as the flesh around it had melted. This was due to the attack that caused this having quite a high temperature. The Dark Palm elder could feel his vision getting hazy, the last thing he was seeing was a large muscular man with red hair smirking at him.

"Heh, was that all?"

Huo Qiang laughed while cracking the bones on his fist that went through his opponent's chest. The other grand elder that he was fighting with was somewhat to the side and looking distraught. His eyes were bulging and his forehead was sweating due to the sight he was seeing.

"Im...impossible!"

The man with the massive wound in his body started spasming and twitching. Huo Qiang quickly injected his plasma Qi into his opponent's body and was now ready to see the fireworks.

"Haha, explode!"

Almost on cue the man's body gave out one last quiver and exploded into many smaller chunks. His nascent divinity was already damaged due to his soul-beast early departure. The cultivators watched as it crumbled soon afterward and evaporated into tiny soul molecules. The man was dead and now it was four against three.

"Nothing is impossible for this Lord Qiang! Now it's your turn!"

Qiang shouted out, he was aching for a good fight and now after having slain the injured opponent he could finally let loose in a proper one on one. His Ifrit roared out along with its master and started

forcing his opponent back, which was a spiky snapping turtle. The fire beast's claws dug into the hard shell and started to slowly melt the hard exterior thanks to the massive heat.

A bit away from this battle there were two other nascent soul cultivators. They were back to back and they were holding their hands in a strange fashion while glowing. They were inside the eye of a tornado, every second or so a green lightning bolt would randomly shoot out from within the thick winds. The two would frantically protect themselves from both sides, never knowing where the next attack would come from.

"Who is this, I've never heard about anyone being able to produce such a lightning storm... and what is that soul-beast!"

The female grand elder shouted out while protecting herself from a stray lightning strike that went for her head. The more they stayed inside the eye of the storm the more lightning strikes came.

"I don't know junior sister, but we must escape from here, this is a death trap!"

The other person was the man that had bothered Zhang Dong with the large hammer. He was now holding performing some hand seals along with his sect sister as they combined their strength to defend against this onslaught.

"You wish to leave? There is no escape!"

The moment the two tried to move the thickness of the winds increased. The sharp green wind blades were keeping them from diving into the twister and the lightning bolts were slowly whittling away their defenses.

Feng Liena was hovering above in the clouds in a lotus position. Tiny wind spirits were dancing around her as she was concentrating. The wind cyclone was slowly closing itself around the people trapped inside, the longer she kept them inside the easier it would be to finish them off with her final attack. Though in reality, she was prolonging the whole situation quite mad at the opposing cultivators that brought death and destruction here. Though she was mostly angry at the fact that they dared to attack her senior brother.

'You think you can have an easy death? Think again!'

She narrowed her eyes and pushed more of her Qi into her attack, she was intending to shred the two opposing cultivators with her blender like attack. She was still best at ranged attacks and with her increased cultivation things like this weren't a problem now.

Yang Guanyu wasn't looking all that well either. Since the battle started a couple of hours had already passed, he was burning through his reserves and there were no fresh bodies to absorb his dastardly Qi from. He was getting continuously pushed back by this bright glowing opponent that even managed to somehow heal and recover from one of his strongest attacking techniques. He was slowly realizing that this might not have been the brightest plan.

The skinny man looked to the sides as he tried to look to his sect members for aid. When he turned he noticed that one of them was already dead and the other was getting pummeled by one of the new arrivals. He could sense the remaining pair trapped in some kind green Qi cyclone and unable to escape. He was truly alone and would have to get himself out of this situation by himself.

'Damn useless cretins! This battle is lost, I must flee... the council of ancestors will protect me!'

His eyes started moving left and right as he looked for a way to escape. He still didn't use his trump card, unwilling to put himself in danger after the backlash. He was more or less certain that his remaining sect members wouldn't last for long so he needed to act fast.

"Don't think that this is over!"

Guanyu ripped out one of his pinkies and threw it at Zhang Dong. He in response encased himself in a golden barrier while realizing what kind of attack was coming his way. The small digit exploded into a strange cloud of dark green corrosive gas that encased Zhang Dong's body that was now protected by his barrier bubble. The Dark Palm sect leader then flew back while taking out a talisman from his spatial ring.

He quickly threw it forward and activated it. The talisman glowed in a blue light and transformed into a small teleportation portal that was big enough for one person to pass through.

"The next time we meet, I will crush you and everyone that you know! Remember this you whelp!"

Yang Guanyu snorted and dived towards the opened portal, escape the only thing on his mind.

"God damn, is he going to just run like that?"

Matt was surprised by the sudden turn of events. His opponent just turned around and started escaping, he thought that he would remain here till one of them was dead but the old fart had other plans apparently. He was an old monster that knew when to give up, he was just that type of person and this was what kept him alive for this long.

Matt looked on while grimacing, he was covered by the corrosive fog and couldn't fire off an attack against his opponent without dropping the barrier, it looked like the old cultivator would escape. The Dark Palm grand elders realized that their leader was abandoning them but they couldn't follow suit as they were being held back by the two nascent soul cultivators.

Yang Guanyu was moments away from escaping, his hand was already close to touching the portal. Before he could pass through though, a flash of energy blocked his way. The old man pulled his hand that was ready to access the portal back but not before his fingertips got incinerated by the invading energy. The reddish bolts of Qi were aiming at the portal and the moment they connected with it, the portal sizzled out of existence.

"Who dares!"

Guanyu backed away with fear, he could already tell that the attack didn't come from any of the three cultivators that his group was fighting against. No, the attack came from much further away and the people that were responsible were already rushing over here.

"Why shouldn't we dare?"

A group of people appeared out of nowhere. Some of them were hiding high up in the sky, some were hidden behind the trees or rocks in the distance. More and more of those cultivators started flying over and they were all at the nascent soul realm.

Matt managed to get out of the poisonous fog and looked around. He had also noticed the sudden arrival of the new cultivators, their allegiance was something that he was worried about. They were just popping out of everywhere and slowly surrounding the area that he and the Dark Palm sect elders were fighting.

“Qiang, Liena!”

Zhang Dong called out while retreating towards his allies, those two had also noticed that there were unwanted nascent soul cultivators coming towards them from all directions.

“Let us retreat towards the city.”

He called out while the two nodded, their fights were interrupted. Elder Wan had a bloodied nose and a burned palm print on his back. His other two allies that were previously fighting finally managed to get out of the lightning twister after Feng Liena retreated with their two sect brothers.

The two enemy parties didn’t get far as before they could regroup they heard a booming voice and at least twenty nascent soul cultivators surrounded them. Their energies encompassed the area and made it difficult for the already tired and injured fighters to escape.

“Halt, you shan’t go any further!”

One of the people called out while flying forward, he was wearing a golden robe with a gate pattern that showed it opening, two serpentine dragons were above the gate. After this man appeared another joined him, this one was wearing a different kind of robe that was red and had various flower patterns sewn into it. Finally, a third man appeared that was holding onto an exquisite looking sword. His robe was pure white and reminiscent of what Zhang Dong liked to wear, on the back it had two Chinese symbols for ‘limitless’ and ‘sword’ put in.

“Dragon Gate Sect?... the Demon Subduing Sect? and the Limitless Sword Society!?”

Yang Guanyu shouted out distraught, his eyes going red and his whole body shaking while his allies slowly moved over to his side. Even though this sect leader had abandoned them just a moment ago, the other elders knew that they stood a better chance if they fought with him.

“Yes, you have seen better days... Dark Palm Sect Patriarch...”

One of the men called out, it was the man in the golden robe. He was a handsome looking older gentleman with a sharp gaze and quite the chiseled chin.

“Why have you come here Xu Qing... and you brought those two over...”

Matt and the others were floating closer to Spirit Spring City now but they couldn’t go any further as the twenty so nascent soul cultivators had surrounded them from all sides and they were looking at five of them now.

“Yes, you do remember brother Cheng Yang from the esteemed Demon Subduing Sect and let us not forget about Lord Zhan Jie from the Limitless Sword Society.”

The two men just nodded while staring at the beaten up Dark Palm sect leader. The three people that had moved forward were all in the late stage of the nascent soul realm, equal in power to him.

“How is this possible, you never crossed the border how did you get here so fast!”

Yang Guanyu shouted while spitting out, both his arms closed into a fist and the one without the finger was bleeding black blood profusely.

The three sect elders looked at each other and smirked, one of them motioned with his chin to the side to one of the people there. This person flew forward and when he was seen by the Dark Palm members they clearly recognized him.

“We had a bit of help from one of your elders, you didn’t think that you are the only ones with spies?”

Zhang Dong and his allies looked at the happenings from the side, apparently one of the border guards from the Dark Palm sect had changed sides and this was how they managed to slip in unnoticed.

‘This doesn’t look good... I’m not sure if those guys will let us be after they clear up those four...’

Matt gulped while moving his spiritual sense into his spatial ring. He had prepared one last surprise, his last-ditch effort he would probably need to use it soon as he didn’t think that these cultivators would just let three new nascent soul elders just establish a new sect without a fight.