

Unfathomable 221

Chapter 221

Zhang Dong's travels continued. They went through the old Dark Palm Sect area that was now occupied by the other middle sized sects. The further they traveled the thicker the residual Qi in the air became. It was no wonder why people fought over these lands. As they wanted to move towards the giant spirit vein that was in the middle of the Empire.

The two largest sects along with the Long clan were surrounding that spot from all sides. It was rumored that the three powers built giant walls that reached up into the heavens. These walls were reinforced with some special materials and couldn't be damaged by anyone. Not even the top experts. The sects split the most sought after resource between themselves and the walls were there so that fights wouldn't break out between the factions.

The spiritual energy that was rising did a lot for plant life. The trees were thicker and larger. Even the regular herbs had more Qi in them than the high quality ones in the lower regions. The whole ecosystem looked more lively and lush, Matt could only imagine how the scenery would look like in the middle of the empire.

Zhang Dong wasn't flying next to his ship anymore, he had moved down to his private cabin and was now looking at a large screen. The screen split into many smaller ones and he could see the scenery around the ship from its many cameras. He had successfully brought this technology to this world. He hoped that some talented people would soon pick up on it and make some interesting movies or TV shows that he could enjoy later in his free time.

He tried introducing another marvel of technology which was the internet not too long ago. This didn't go through that well as the cultivators didn't see a purpose for something like that. They already had communication jades to send information, why would they need an archaic system like the internet for a similar task.

They also didn't really understand the whole graphical aspect of the whole thing. Maybe if the new TV system went through well, they would open up to the other one. At least that was what Matt was hoping for but he didn't think he could get a carbon copy of the internet he had back on his homeworld.

There were no computer games for one and he didn't think that the cultivator nuts here would spend their precious time playing Tetris. This was unless there was some cultivation aspect that the games could provide. He didn't know how to do such a thing, it would be nice if he could design a machine that increases your strength while playing games. Doing it might not be impossible but the cost would probably outweigh the gain.

While looking through the live feeds on his screen he could see the other sect watching them. They had many soldiers looking at their ship constantly, he could even zoom in and see the greed in their eyes. He clearly knew that if they weren't afraid they would try ransacking his flying fortress.

'Damn greedy bastards, will they never understand that strength and power isn't all that is to this vast world?'

Matt lamented in his thoughts. He wanted to change the mindset of these people but he really didn't see how. The only way he could think of is world domination and having the biggest fist around. But if he forced everyone to see it his way, would he be any better than the rest? An empire like that would probably crumble the moment he died or someone stronger than him appeared.

The only other possible way was slowly changing the thought process of the people living here. Generation by generation, maybe he could soften their views and get them to see the bigger picture. Even that approach required a massive amount of prestige and strength. This was something he was still somewhat lacking.

He felt that it wasn't out of the realm of possibilities though, with his immortal grade techniques he was convinced that he could take on the world. That is if the other sects weren't hiding similar assets. He wasn't foolish enough to believe that strong cultivation would always come out on the top. He almost was done in by a well placed trap formation even though he was strong.

This was also why his sect was important, he needed help from others. Luckily he wasn't alone, he already had some good friends and a loving family. This also gave him the motivation to move forward.

He smiled a bit after thinking back to his little cinnamon roll of a daughter. While deeply in thoughts he got interrupted by a little red blinking light. This was an indicator that showed that the ship's captain wanted to talk to him. He received the call while lazily sitting down on his overly soft couch.

"Glory to the Patriarch!"

Was the first thing that he heard, he rolled his eyes instantly. He knew that he would never get used to this, something deep inside his very soul was not allowing him to feel superior to others. He was just a random guy that was wished away here and got an overpowered body and a system. He felt closer to common people than young or old masters and this would probably stay with him till he died.

"You may speak."

He had to prompt the captain to have him speak as the last time he didn't reply the man kept quiet for over a minute.

"We will be arriving at our destination soon. The ship will dock outside of the city as the other sects have instructed and we will be waiting for your return. The banquet is scheduled to start after two days of our arrival."

Matt sighed out, he needed to wait for even more before the whole thing started. This get together would last for more than one day and he would need to attend it all. His introverted personality had never gone away and he hated forced parties like this. Back in his own sect, he could leave at any time without explaining himself. Here on the other hand he needed to keep up appearances. He couldn't just leave during a boring conversation, he needed to remain and keep nodding his head.

"Inform the other elders, we will be leaving as soon as we arrive."

He heard a clicking sound as the captain disconnected. Matt rose from his seat while looking at the monitors. The scenery was flying by fast and he couldn't see the city they would be arriving just yet.

He decided to move outside. The deck was under a protective formation so even if a regular person was standing on it they wouldn't feel a breeze. He hovered upwards leaving this protective barrier while putting up his own that made him glow in a golden hue.

He inserted some of his Qi into his own eyes. They flickered with golden electricity before he saw the effect. His vision was enhanced and he could see a massive city in the distance. Even from here, he could tell that it was highly populated.

This city's size was vastly larger than any other one that he had been in. Even his New Spirit Spring City wasn't this big. There were probably tens or even hundreds of millions of people living in it. There were multiple checkpoints along the way that surrounded the land by massive walls.

He could even see some flying ships floating in the air with the Yinglong company's rain dragon flag. They were expected to arrive so they were let through without a problem. Though he noticed that people were quite interested in his large ship that was dwarfing everything that they had seen.

The closer they got the more of the large city he could see. The architecture was similar to every other metropolitan he had seen before. Large pagodas and buildings with traditional slanted roofs were everywhere.

The structures at the front were smaller but everything rose up the further you looked. Right in the middle was a giant pagoda tower which was probably the main palace. It reached up into the sky and you could see some magical beasts flying around it along with some sword cultivators.

'That banquet is going to take place there. I'm supposed to meet Xu Qing the Dragon Gate's Patriarch tomorrow.'

Xu Qing was the name of the man that brought him over here. Most people would see this as an honor or a privilege. He on the other hand felt like it was a hassle. Still, what needed to be done had to be done. He floated back into the warmer climate of his ship and went back inside after checking out the surroundings.

He met up with Feng Maling with the rest of the old man group. When he entered the large meeting room everyone gave him the usual bow.

He didn't really know most of these people Zhang Kuo had gathered. Some of them were even his relatives from his side family. There was a small group of old women that looked like baked potatoes similar to Feng Maling. He didn't think that any of the old masters or the younger ones would be interested in starting a feud over them.

The old men weren't lookers either and he could already tell from the way they were repeatedly bowing that they knew how to kiss ass. He was glad that he picked an oldie squad like this, with them around they shouldn't be offending other people.

They might lose some face due to only bringing over old men and women. With him around, he hoped that they wouldn't try to start fights. There was a certain threshold that he wouldn't cross until he would act. He hoped that this gathering of the middle-sized sects would go smoothly.

There were even sects that were in a weaker position than he was. He at least was considered to be equal or stronger to some of the sect leaders due to his fight against Yang Guanyu all those years ago.

Zhang Dong was considered to be one of the rising stars in the senior generation and some eyes were on him. This was at least what this spy network had dug up. Still, his power was unproven in the eyes of most of these masters.

“We will proceed as discussed, you will conduct yourself accordingly and keep a low profile during this assignment.”

Zhang Dong gave his group of elders the last talk before they left outside. They were to mostly keep to themselves, not offend anyone and call him over if it got out of hand.

“That is all, they will probably assign us some kind of hotel or mansion to stay at, so you will probably spend some time there.”

Apparently moving in the city wasn't such a good idea if you weren't in good faith with the city lord. The man that owned this city was an old master that was in the great circle of the nascent soul. There were also various other monsters hiding in the background ready to pounce at anyone that didn't follow their laws.

The seniors nodded, they were still surprised that their young leader chose them to tag along. This was quite an honor to be allowed to witness this mythical city. This was something that they didn't think they would be able to accomplish in their lifetime.

The Yinglong Pavilion company was the most famous one in the whole empire. Being able to come to their main city was something to die for. They would be even allowed to look at the sights later on or go to the exclusive auction house. It was the biggest one in the whole country and even the Long Clan members went there to bid for treasures.

“United Element Sect, move out!”

Zhang Dong moved outside and the elders were right behind him. They were all core formation experts as being someone below that level would be too shameful for even them. Even though they were old with the help of the improved techniques, these old men and women would give a good fight to anyone in the same realm as they were. They would probably come out on top in most cases.

The time to mingle with the crowds had arrived and the welcoming party was already waiting for them.

Chapter 222

“The first guests are arriving!”

“Who is that, senior? They have a really big ship, are they from one of the top sects?”

“They are from the...United Element Sect?”

Two people were talking with each other. They were looking at seven approaching ships. They could see six regular-sized ones barely keeping up with a really large one made from metal. Even from here, everyone could tell that the large one was something special, it was a heaven grade treasure.

“Haven't heard of them... the other ships bare the flags of the Limitless Sword Society and the Demon Subduing Sect...”

The junior asked while he kept looking, the senior member took out a scroll with the list of people that were invited. The sects that were coming today were supposed to be at the lower end of the strength spectrum. This meant that this United Element sect shouldn't be anything special. For some reason, they were being escorted here by two other more powerful sects and their ship looked very powerful.

"Ah yes it's written here, United Element Sect, it's a newly established sect... the only note here is that their Patriarch could potentially be a threat..."

"Ah... I know, their Patriarch apparently took on the Dark Palm sect single-handedly and survived!"

The Junior member said with passion while the senior next to him gave out a sigh.

"You shouldn't believe the rumors, that sect is new and they only survived thanks to Zhang Dong's master."

Most people didn't want to believe that someone as young as Zhang Dong could go against the old monsters that easily. He apparently fought off five nascent soul cultivators at once, one of them was even a late stage cultivator. Their skepticism was confirmed as the United Element sect was still paying spirit stones to the other sects surrounding it. This implied that they felt inferior and didn't want to cause trouble with them.

"Is that so?"

"Yes now straighten out, even though this sect isn't anything special we must show our hospitality!"

They were still guests of the Yinglong Pavilion. Every sect here was considered to be medium sized and with nascent soul elders at the top. Each of them was a potential source of income for this guild of merchants. They were only profit-driven and didn't care who was feuding with who, if they were able to spend high grade spirit stones they were good to start a business with.

"Yes senior!"

The two men went on their way to prepare the welcome. They needed to guide many of the cultivators to their temporary living quarters and explain the rules. This was neutral ground so fighting was forbidden. Not all of it as sects that had grievances could fight with each other in sanctioned matches. This was also a source of income in this city, betting on the fights between high level experts brought in quite the number of spirit stones.

Back on the Argonaut that was Zhang Dong's ship, the sect members were gathering upon the main deck. There weren't that many of them, only about twenty, most of the people on this ship were the crew members. They would be staying at high alert for the entirety of this trip.

They had orders to not allow anyone on board. Not even if they were powerful cultivators, they were to activate the defensive formations and even return fire. Of course, they would only retaliate if they were attacked and call him over to smooth things out. There was a teleportation gate inside the ship, so Zhang Dong could even teleport there to help them out.

He had certain special treasures that linked him up to the ship's teleportation gate. His system wasn't something that was responsible for this feature. This was something that he managed to produce

through the years of practicing his crafting profession. He was already a person that could craft heaven graded items with ease and the same was true for pills.

It wasn't actually forbidden to take your weapons and spatial rings into the city premises. The Yinglong Pavilion people were confident in their grand formation that encompassed the entire city. It boosted their sides might and the other cultivators had no way of resisting if they got serious.

"Everyone gather up, we will be departing. Captain, I leave the Argonaut in your hands, if someone tries to cause trouble follow the agreed-upon procedures."

Zhang Dong said while waving his hand around. A large golden veil surrounded everyone from the twenty man group. They started to gently float up and left the protective barrier of their large flying ship.

The people from the other two sects would be also waiting outside with them. They were ordered to remain here to watch and report back to their side. Their own sect leaders would be arriving later as they were from the more prominent sects.

The two nascent soul masters that were with them looked at the golden bubble that flickered with electrical energy. While looking at it they flinched out of fright. The lightning Qi surrounding that bubble was of the utmost purity, they didn't know how this person could achieve such a mastery at such a young age. They made sure to report their findings and then retreated into their flying ships.

Zhang Dong and his group floated towards the main gate where some people were waiting for them. There was a familiar-looking nascent soul elder there, already waiting for him. He was wearing a top hat and a tuxedo quite different from what the other people wore. "We meet again good fellow, let me be the first one to greet you here ol' chap."

The man he was looking at was sticking out like a sore thumb again. He had a western looking tuxedo on just like the last time he met him. At first Matt thought that this might have been the whole vibe of this merchant organization. It would make more sense if they all were wearing western clothing but no. Only this man was doing it.

"Ah yes, greetings fellow Daoist, I'm Zhang Dong, I didn't catch your name last time we met, it was a bit hectic back then..."

Zhang Dong had lowered his spiritual veil from his sect members and they all moved behind him. They were now looking at the entrance gate of his large city. Normally people from so far away in the lower areas of the empire would be opening their eyes wide with mouths agape. This group of oldies wasn't doing such a thing though. Their own city walls were at least of equal quality to these.

"My humble name is Sebas Tian, you can just call me Brother Tian!"

The man chuckled while moving closer, instead of a bow he offered Zhang Dong a handshake. This took him slightly back but he returned the gesture while gripping the other man's hand firmly. He was acting similar to an old English gentleman which was quite out of place.

This brought an idea to Matt. The man probably had similar roots to his lovely wife. She also had an ancestor that was probably from a different world. This man's ancestor had to be of British descent. He might be able to get more information about those cubic treasures.

He was still in the dark about the strange site where he started his adventure in this world. The person that shortly spoke to him told him to get more of those cubes. He wasn't able to find any other ones at all. Feng Lena's ancestor also came from another part of the empire or from a totally different country whatsoever.

He scanned his own land with his map and there were no other spots there. If he got this man to speak, maybe he could find one there? This was an unexpected encounter but maybe this trip here wouldn't be a total waste.

"Brother Tian?"

Zhang Dong raised an eyebrow after the full name got revealed. This only confirmed that he must have some kind of transmigrator or reincarnator ancestor that came from either his own earth or a similar one.

"Brother Dong ol' chap, you made a name for yourself since the last time I've seen you.."

"Ah, a couple of things happened and I got lucky."

Zhang Dong replied while slightly smiling.

"Nonsense! There is no such thing as luck, only hard work, ol' chap!"

The man got even closer as the two chatted. The elders behind Zhang Dong didn't say anything and neither did the people that were standing behind Elder Tian. None of them had a say in this and they needed to remain in place and wait.

Their conversation continued for a couple of minutes before they finally decided to move into the city. The group of old cultivators that was behind Zhang Dong could finally move their old bones.

With the help of the top hat-wearing nascent soul master, they were able to enter without a problem. The man here wasn't there for only Zhang Dong but he took some time out of his day to guide them into the city.

The two masters exchanged some pleasantries after which Sebas Tian had to return.

"Brother Dong, I will see you at the banquet I'm sure we can discuss the dao there ol chap"

"That we can brother Tian, you'll have to tell me where you got that hat from...."

Matt was mostly interested in where this man had come from but he seemed like a nice guy. His alignment was also fine at lawful neutral. After they split up a small group of servants came over. They were composed of good looking women and men only. This was probably a tactic to gain favor with the sects. They would keep them happy with small gifts and beauties.

Something like this would have probably worked on Zhang Jin like a charm. Zhang Dong on the other hand was the faithful type. He was even missing his little potato even more now.

The city was filled to the brim with people but the streets were empty. When he and his sect members were walking through the regular residents of the city had their heads down.

Everyone knew that many powerful people would be coming over. This also meant that offending one of them was a high possibility. Even with the city being protected by the Yinglong Pavilion they wouldn't help anyone of low status. This was the same in any city in this world. The group was guided to one of the larger hotels that went by the name of Azure Phoenix Hotel'. They weren't the first group of cultivators to arrive though. Some other people were being guided by similar servants and already going inside.

Matt didn't know just how many other sects were coming. There were far less middle sized sects with nascent soul masters throughout the land.

This also wasn't the only hotel that the cultivators were guided to. Getting a worse place to stay at could also be a cause of fights breaking out. If one sect thought they should be the ones to stay at a more pricey hotel. It could be interpreted as a loss of face when they saw a similar sect as them getting preferential treatment.

He could already see two sects glaring at each other at the entrance to this hotel. They were composed of people of younger ages. The juniors were to the side glaring at each other and the two young masters were already picking fights with each other.

Matt was glad that he decided to bring the old fart group instead. Those just looked at the exchange with spite, those people were not conducting themselves with grace in their eyes.

Now a problem arose. The path towards his accommodations was right between the two sides. From the conversation, he was hearing these sects were rivals. Something about one of their senior members killing the other in some kind of competition or trial recently.

He had a decision to make, would he wait for them to stop fighting or would he just go through? Both decisions had their ups and downs, but the first one certainly would take more time as the shouting match was only getting louder and no one seemed to be interfering.

Chapter 223

"You snakes from the Silver Spear Sect can not be trusted!"

"Who are you calling a snake!? It's not our fault that one of your Golden Saber Sect members tried to backstab our senior brother from our Sect. It was karma!"

The two sides were continuing their quarrel. During an expedition to some kind of secret ground that allowed junior disciples to participate one of the parties suffered a setback. One of their young masters fought another youth of similar status. One of them lost, how it happened was still unclear. He had a certain treasure that marked his killer though so now the two sects were at each other throats.

One side said that he tried to steal the treasure from their junior master and he was just defending himself. These were the people of the Silver Spear sect. While the ones from the Golden Saber Sect claimed that he ambushed their young lord and took his life in an unfair way.

The truth was muddled at this point and it was impossible to figure out who was right and who was wrong. Even if evidence was presented each side could just refuse to believe it. Both sects were of similar strength and status so none of them wanted to back off.

They knew that fighting in this city was forbidden so they were only tossing insults at each other. Also, they weren't quite ready to fight it out in the arena as their elders had forbidden such acts. They were holding the residence and workers hostage though as no one dared to step forward to stop the arguing cultivators. The laws of the powerful sects didn't apply to them and they could be murdered in broad daylight. No one would care.

Zhang Dong and his people stopped because their leader did. The group of old men and women behind him wouldn't act out without him saying anything. The people in front were from the junior generation and at quite the low level.

The United Element sect was probably one of the factions that brought the least number of cultivators. Others would even allow Qi condensation youths to tag along to show them off and maybe forge some relationships. The group in front of them was composed of such youths and the ones fighting were only in the core formation early stage.

From the conversation, you could deduct that these two were young elites. Their ages were probably close to what Zhang Dong was now. Having a core formation level at the age of thirty was nothing to scoff at in this world. Only people with genius-level talent were able to do this, the other way was having a lot of crafting resources.

Matt wondered why there weren't any seniors with them to stop the fight. The group had probably arrived before his sect. They might have bumped into each other while wandering the city or going out of the hotel. The shouting match had been continuing for a few minutes now and nothing seemed to be being done about it.

The servants wouldn't interfere and the people from the elder generation wouldn't either unless a fight broke out. This put Matt in a little bind, he just wanted to wait a few minutes before they dispersed and not stand out. However, if he just stood there like a statue and did nothing other people would think his sect was afraid of these two parties.

He spread his spiritual sense through the area and felt other people watching. Two in particular were close to his level. They were also looking at him, he couldn't just stand there. This made him look as if he was afraid of some junior cultivators.

At that moment an idea popped into his mind. He knew that if he just walked forward bad things could happen. But what if he could use that to his advantage? A quick plan formed in his mind that could go in two directions. Both of those weren't anything bad for him so he stepped forward.

He put on a stone-faced expression and the elders behind him followed while keeping a distance. He walked slowly with his hands behind his back, it made him look relaxed and uncaring of his surroundings. He hoped the junior members from those sects would realize who he really was and react accordingly which would resolve everything with less hassle.

Yet reality was cruel and the bunch of kids reacted just like he expected they would. The moment they saw him walking forward between them they scoffed. Zhang Dong looked very young for his cultivation stage. Most people would at most put him as a core formation expert at the early stage.

With two such experts arguing with each other they thought that this new intruder wasn't anything special. He was clearly ignoring them which inclined a lack of respect from Zhang Dong's side. Tension

was already high so without thinking about the consequences both parties started shouting out towards him.

“Who dares?”

“What is the meaning of this, state your name!”

The two core formation youths looked at Zhang Dong with anger. He looked like someone from their own generation so they weren't afraid. The man didn't react though as he just kept walking, it made it look like he was not taking these youths seriously at all. The problem was that he couldn't really, he was a nascent soul master; it would be seen as dishonorable if he went against people from the junior generation. This matter had to be taken care of by someone from his lackeys, this would be his grandmother in law.

“Do you know who I am, I'm the son of the third grand elder from the Golden Saber Sect!”

“I'm the nephew of the fourth grand elder from the Silver Spear Sect, such insolence how dare you!”

The two continued to shout while Zhang Dong continued to walk forward and just as he was between the two parties a loud voice sounded from the back.

“How dare you two insignificant brats speak in such tone to the Patriarch!”

Granny Maling shouted out from the back while suppressing the two groups with her great circle of core formation aura. The youths that were below the core formation realm dropped like flies instantly while the two that were stronger backed away while grasping their chest.

“P-patriarch?”

They looked at the man that didn't stop and continued to walk. He didn't look much older than they were, he might have even been younger. How could someone like this be a patriarch of a sect. He did have a stronger member of the elder generation behind him, maybe he was just from some weak clan instead?

In their infinite wisdom, they shelved Zhang Dong into the young master category that was at most equal to them. He just was lucky enough to have a guardian that was strong. This meant that they could keep belittling him. If the elders from their side saw this, they would surely help them out.

“You dare attack the fourth son of the third grand elder from the Golden Saber Sect! You are courting death, wait till the elders hear of this.”

Matt almost tripped over his own feet after hearing that the haughty young master was only the fourth son. The other youth shouted out something similar as they were resolute in their belief that he wasn't anyone important. The problem now was that he couldn't stop, the members from a junior generation were disrespecting him. They were even doing it in public and already some other cultivators were looking at them.

He wanted to facepalm as the first option from his plan had gone astray. At least it was good that he didn't take his disciples with him. If Zhang Liu was here, he would probably already be beating those two up or challenging them to a deathmatch.

He'd at least thought they would realize that he was someone more important than that. Even though his appearance was youthful, the items he was wearing weren't anything someone of his age would have. He had various heaven grade treasures on himself, even his robe was a heavenly grade armor that could even transform. If these juniors weren't brought up with their noses up in the clouds they would have probably realized that something was off about him.

It was too late for that and quite the scene was playing out. His trusted granny was looking really mad and pushed the two brats into the ground with the help of her aura. This caused more people to look and finally, people from their elder generation took notice.

Matt was trying to act like a proper senior by walking forward. His first plan went into the gutter as the people didn't see him as a nascent soul elder. Soon people were wrestling with his grandmother with their auras and the two youths and the ones behind them were able to stand up.

"Elders, we didn't do anything and they started bullying us!"

"Yes, that person just pushed his way through us and didn't even apologize!"

The sides that were previously fighting with each other were now allies. There was a new enemy they could sink their teeth into and that was Zhang Dong. With the elders around the two were now reassured of their victory all of them were at least as strong as that overbearing granny.

The senior members from the other two sect were a bit more cautious though. They understood that the youths haven't been through many hardships and their view on life was muddled. They wouldn't just attack someone from an unknown faction. They knew that this was a gathering of all the large sects, they didn't want to start a war with someone stronger than them.

Still, Zhang Dong was hiding his cultivation level and by the looks wasn't anyone strong. The person with the highest cultivation here was Feng Maling. The group of oldies behind here wasn't seen as a big threat either and their side had similar numbers of core formation experts.

"Fellow Daoists, why would you attack our juniors? From where do you fare? I would like to hear an explanation otherwise..."

"Otherwise?"

Matt had to end this farce, it had taken long enough and it was time for plan B to take effect. He wanted to be courteous and nice but this wasn't possible anymore. He knew that there was a certain dynamic between people in this world. Someone with a higher cultivation didn't need to answer the questions of someone beneath him. Even if they had backing, until that person showed up they didn't need to show that much respect.

He was also a person of high prestige. Only other sect patriarchs that were at least at the late stage of nascent soul could speak to him leisurely. None of these people had that attribute. The moment the random elder from one of those sects asked the question Zhang Dong's aura burst forward.

"Otherwise, what will you do?"

The area was filled with a domineering aura that suppressed everyone from the two sects that were previously fighting. They all were forced down to their knees and finally realized that the person in the white robe was a nascent soul master.

“Will you challenge me to a bout in the arena? Heard that’s how you are supposed to clear up your grievances in this city.”

The elders that asked the question were now sweating bullets. They wanted to run up to their junior members and slap their faces a hundred times. How did they offend a nascent soul monster on the first day of their arrival. Even if their Patriarch came over it would be hard for them to keep face now.

“S-show mercy honorable master, the juniors couldn’t see mount Tai, I’ll be sure to educate them in the future.”

The man talked quickly, other people were looking at them, some even laughing. They were from a prominent sect used to walking over people but now they were kneeling down before someone that looked like a young brat.

Matt on the other hand was waiting for someone else to finally react. He didn’t enjoy bullying these kids or these old farts but he had to seem like a domineering master. If that person didn’t arrive then he would probably end it on this note. This would make his plan B fail though.

“You better, otherwise there will be consequences.”

He said a threat before he tried to wrap it up. Luckily for him, one of the people that he hoped had enough and finally showed up.

“Halt, you dare disregard the Silver Spear Sect while I am here!”

‘Ah yes, just according to keikaku (plan)’

He could clearly see the name and cultivation rank of the person floating towards him.

Chang Yongzheng

Nascent Soul Late Stage

Affiliation : Silver Spear Sect – Sect Leader

Chapter 224

“What is happening? Who offended the Leader from the Silver Spear Sect, do they have a death wish?”

“Don’t they know that he is known to have quite the temper?”

“That young man is done for!”

“But isn’t that also a nascent soul master... but he looks so young!”

Random people started whispering while glancing at Zhang Dong who was standing in front of the hotel. A lot of the sects were gathering here now so this had turned into a big scene. Other sect masters and elders were arriving and recognized Chang Yongzheng who was floating above.

The big unknown was the person he was glaring at. The man was wearing a strange form-fitting robe and was really handsome. The ladies from the side were smitten by his good looks the moment they saw him. From the way he was presenting himself he looked to be someone important.

“Answer me, who are you to disregard my Silver Spear Sect and bully my sect disciples!”

Zhang Dong remained quiet while the people from the Silver Spear Sect started cheering. With their Patriarch here they had nothing to fear. They still didn’t dare to speak out though. The person there was still an unknown nascent soul cultivator. It would also be rude to speak while their Patriarch was talking.

Zhang Dong had his hands behind his back and eyed the nascent soul master with a side glance. He gave out a harrumph clearly indicating that he was dissatisfied with the man being there.

“I don’t care who you are or to what sect you belong to. I don’t need to explain myself to someone like you!”

The moment Zhang Dong replied the people in the peanut gallery showed shocked expressions. This was quite the jaw-dropper, they expected the young-looking cultivator to bow down and beg for forgiveness. He did the total opposite of it, he reacted in anger against someone that was in the late stage of a nascent soul.

Chang Yongzheng was flabbergasted. Rage flowed through him like lava and his face went red as he stared daggers at the young-looking cultivator. He, like the others, expected this man to bow his head and apologize. He would then leave the whole thing at that and both sides would go on their way. Now, on the other hand, he wasn’t able to do that anymore. This man was clearly disrespecting him, he couldn’t just take it lying down, no he wouldn’t!

“You dare! Do you have a death wish?”

The air around the two became cold and the tension could be cut with a sharp sword. Both the juniors from the Silver Spear Sect and Golden Saber Sect began to back away. No one expected the unfamiliar man to react in this way.

Zhang Dong’s aura pushed against Yongzheng’s and you could see Qi sparks flying around. Anyone below the nascent soul level that was in the close vicinity started getting weak in the knees. If a fight broke out now there would be a lot of collateral damage as even a simple punch from an expert of this level could flatten a large house.

The Patriarch from the Silver Spear Sect was shorter than Zhang Dong. He was an older looking man with a gray beard. He didn’t look like anything special but he was radiating power. He waved his hand and a beautifully crafted silvery spear appeared in his hand. The weapon radiated the might of a heavenly treasure and was pointed at Zhang Dong.

The United Element Sect Patriarch didn’t remain passive. He did a similar wave of the wrist and an intricate sword appeared in his hand. The blade was very straight and had an ethereal feel to it. It was a type of jian sword with a snow-white hilt. The blade crackled with lightning energy that switched between blue and gold.

But before the two men could launch their attacks a booming voice was heard.

“Halt, fighting in Rain Dragon City is forbidden!”

A group of cultivators appeared wearing Yinglong Pavilion robes, one of them was a master in the middle nascent stage realm. He looked at the two men with scorn in his eyes and pointed some kind of golden medallion at them. The moment he did a bubble of energy appeared around each one of the patriarchs.

Zhang Dong didn't react as he expected something like this to happen. He knew that fighting in the city was frowned upon. There were other ways to go about things like this here. He placed his sword back into his spatial ring and looked at the new person that arrived. It was probably someone from the disciplinary hall of this city.

The Silver Spear Patriarch was less amused than Zhang Dong. He looked at the new arrival with spite and was still brandishing his spear.

“Don't interfere, that young whelp insulted my sect!”

“It doesn't matter what your grievances are, fighting in the city is strictly forbidden. If you wish to continue you will have to move to the Rain Tiger Arena!”

There it was, the arena. Things such as it existed in most of the developed cities here. It was a place where people could fight against each other. Killing and crippling were also allowed but fights between powerful nascent cultivators was something very rare. Most of them would avoid such an outcome unless there was a good reason for it.

Zhang Dong was doing this on purpose. This was still part of his plan. The first option went out of the window the moment this nascent soul master appeared. He would have just let it be and walked into the hotel if he didn't show up. As someone strong he didn't need to give face to other sect's junior members. The Silver Spear Sect could have let it slide but this leader of theirs apparently had a short fuse.

The moment he saw his sect getting disrespected by a nascent soul cultivator he jumped out. Zhang Dong also felt that there was another master of similar power still hiding, he probably belonged to the Golden Saber Sect faction. That person was smart enough to not come out. This spared him from potential combat and loss of face.

Zhang Dong was now using the angry Chang Yongzheng as a pawn. Though he didn't know how far the man would take this. His plan involved moving it towards the arena, to begin with. But if the nascent soul master just apologized he would leave it at that. Something as that would probably not happen though.

“Rain Tiger Arena?”

Yongzheng looked at the man in the white robe. The moment he did Zhang Dong raised his chin to look up to him. The corner of his lip tightened and slightly rose on one side of his face. The moment the powerful cultivator noticed that condescending look he lost it. He could clearly tell that the man was only a middle stage nascent realm cultivator. You could not fake something like this, there was a certain quality to your spiritual energy that gave things like that away.

“Fine, if he dares face me in that arena, I Chang Yongzheng will put my honor on the line and face this young whelp in combat! But does he dare to face me?”

You couldn't force anyone to fight you in the arena. That was one of the rules that was in place in this city. Both parties had to agree and even sign a contract that would be overseen by the city officials.

Zhang Dong looked to the shouting man and then back to the disciplinary elders and gave a nod.

“Why wouldn't I dare face someone weaker than me? But are you sure about this? I don't like to bully old men, you can still save some face and reconsider it...”

He shrugged a bit while replying in a somewhat condescending tone. The people that were there were astonished. Was this young-looking man crazy or something? Why would he scrutinize a powerful sect leader like this? Was he really strong enough to beat him, or was he just putting on appearances to save face?

“You! I will slaughter you!”

The man almost popped a vein in his forehead after hearing what Zhang Dong had to say. He was a powerful nascent soul master from a formidable sect and he was getting disrespected like this.

When he appeared to help his juniors he intended to only reprimand the middle stage cultivator slightly. If he just apologized he would let him be without getting in his way. The man on the other hand didn't budge and showed hostility towards him.

He had to give it to him, he was really strong for his age. He attributed his haughty attitude to gaining his power too fast and being inexperienced. He had no idea who this person was but he was probably just an elder from another middle sized sect. If he killed him in a sanctioned match no one could say anything against it. The middle sized sects were all very close to each other when strength was involved. Thus they didn't fear arguing with each other or even doing battle.

“Silence!”

The bubbles radiated light while holding the two people in them, increasing their defensive capabilities as the Patriarch from the Silver Spear Sect was about to force it open with his rage.

“I can't stop you if you both agree to face each other. This is a serious matter where death is a possibility so think about this hard fellow Daoists. Your belongings will be delivered to your next of kin if this happens.”

The man started explaining the rules of the arena to two angry-looking masters. He was slowly sweating and was nervous. Mostly the people that fought in the arena were core formation and below, the nascent soul masters mostly kept a clear head in such matters. Very rarely they would fight, most of the time it happened when the sects were already at war with each other.

Zhang Dong just nodded and his opponent did the same. He placed his spear back in his spatial ring. He had to show this upstart how the world really worked, depending on the situation he would deliver a crippling blow or kill him outright. He wasn't that stupid and was already sending a transmission to his retainers. He needed to know who this man was, depending on the outcome he might need to leave him

alive. If he was from a weaker sect, it would be fine to maim him and show that he was not to be trifled with.

The disciplinary elder gave out a sigh, he would get everything ready within the next couple hours. He explained where the arena was and that he would prepare everything for the two. They could now get ready by meditating or getting other weapons. Using treasures and weapons was allowed as that was considered part of your personal strength.

The word that two powerhouses were going to fight spread throughout the whole city. The names Zhang Dong and Chang Yongzheng were written on the board in all of the betting dens in the city. After a quick background check their identities were revealed.

The first one was the Patriarch from a new middle sized sect. The number of their nascent soul cultivators wasn't fully known but it was rumored to be between three to six. The other one was a more renowned sect, their strength would be ranked below the previous Dark Palm sect but not by much.

The feats of Zhang Dong couldn't be confirmed as other individuals interfered. Due to this, the stakes were against him 3 to 1. The Silver Spear sect's Patriarch was an old monster that got to the top due to his famous spear arts. He was a renowned spear grandmaster, even seeing him in action would be worth the entrance fee to this event.

Everyone started clamoring to get a ticket, this would be quite the fight. One was an unknown new master while the other one was an old seasoned monster. It was a fight of the old against the young, who would come out on top, no one knew.

Chapter 225

Zhang Dong and his entourage were finally able to enter the hotel that they were supposed to stay in. The people outside had cleared out and went to the arena to get their tickets.

"Patriarch, aren't you being too rash? Wasn't there another way to handle that situation..."

Feng Maling asked with visible concern showed on her face. She had watched the whole thing unfold but it was not her place to speak out in that situation. She was also worried that she might have been too rough when shouting at the youths.

"Too rash? Don't think so, think that played out very well actually."

Zhang Dong looked at the inside of the room he was in. It was very large and exquisite. There was a giant red king-sized bed, its legs were golden and four golden dragon heads were peeking out. There was a large window with a nice view of the city and he had this room all for himself. The other elders would get rooms on a lower level as this one was reserved for him as a sect leader.

"Played out well? I don't understand..."

The granny wrinkled her nose and touched the base of her neck while asking her sect leader for clarification. Most people would evade combat in a situation like that. Was this young leader still too inexperienced and let his emotions guide his path?

"Grandmother, how do you think a young beast goes about earning respect from its pack?"

He answered her with a question, to which the old woman replied without thinking.

“Defeat an older beast to prove itself?”

Zhang Dong nodded at the question and Feng Maling didn’t really know what to say. This young leader wanted to prove himself to the other old monsters in a trial of combat. This would probably be the easiest and most direct way to gain respect. It was also the best way to lose face if he lost.

“Are you confident?”

She asked while moving closer to her nephew in law.

“Very. You should stop worrying, I know what you are thinking. This move might offend that Silver Spear Sect and its leader but it will also deter others. Also, you should know that our sect isn’t that weak anymore, we don’t need to hide as much as we did before.”

Zhang Dong wasn’t planning on doing things this way at first but an opportunity arose. After showing his might the other sects would probably see him in a new light. With this, he could probably evade any further problems that this banquet would bring.

The old nascent soul cultivators would see him as strong but brash. Thus they would fear to offend him. Offending him could mean being challenged just like Chang Yongzheng was. They would only lose face if they got defeated by a young upstart. Even if Zhang Dong lost or tied he would still be seen as someone strong. Getting beaten by an established master wasn’t that bad to someone that lacked renown. On the flipside, the reverse was devastating to your reputation.

“I probably shouldn’t mention this to your wife.”

Granny Maling nodded to herself while Matt flinched. If news of this reached his wife she would probably worry or maybe fly into an unrivaled rage and try to beat up that Spear sect Patriarch.

“That would be best, no use making her worry in the state she is.”

Zhang Dong got a bit sad at the mention of his wife. He didn’t want to be here so far away from them but he needed to get this done. While the city owners were getting the arena fight ready others were getting curious about it.

The word about Zhang Dong’s and Chang Yongzheng fight even reached the city lord’s ear. This was a very powerful cultivator and he also had backing of a lot of other families. After hearing that the two fighters were from the lesser middle sized sects he wasn’t that interested. He just gave out an order to record the fight as it could be used later.

Not everyone reacted in a bored way as the city lord though. All of the sects that had already arrived were sure to make their way towards the arena. They were mostly there to see the Silver Spear Sect leader’s spearmanship. There was also the idiot who was trying to fight that legendary spear master. They needed to know who was so brazen and brave to do this.

Within a couple of hours, everything was ready for the big event. The arena was really large, a lot bigger than the one that the Zhang Clan juniors attended in Jade Grass City. It had three levels going upwards and in one spot there was a large platform with exclusive seats for the nascent soul masters and their sect members.

There was not much to do for the middle sized sects as the banquet would only start in two days. The price of attendance was only a couple of middle grade spirit stones. This was something that most people in the upper section of the empire could afford.

“Zhang Dong? Never heard of someone like that...”

“United Element Sect, aren’t they just a branch sect from somewhere?”

“Didn’t think we would see master Chang Yongzheng’s spearmanship, this trip was worthwhile. Hope that poor country bumpkin he is fighting doesn’t lose too fast.”

Cultivators chatted with each other before the battle started. Some people were still pouring into the large stadium-like arena and the fighters weren’t there. The two were busy with something else for now.

Zhang Dong moved a quill on some parchment that after finishing glowed with a blue light. He hadn’t used something like this before but he knew what it was. It was a binding contract that would be sealed by their Qi signature.

Contracts like this didn’t see much value in this world. Most of the time they were invalidated by someone with more power. They were used by weaker cultivators though and with someone of a higher standing as a witness.

The Yinglong Pavilion was a strong faction that could act as someone like that. They had a storage area where they stored all of the contracts. In this city what they said was law so with proof of it the other sects could not complain.

What Zhang Dong was signing here was just an agreement of both parties. This was not a deathmatch and if an accident occurred they would need to pay a hefty sum to the other sect.

Zhang Dong wanted to laugh. The number of spirit stones he would need to pay wasn’t that high for any of the sides. For some reason, his side would need to pay more than the Silver Spear Sect if they lost their leader. There was little fear of killing if you just had enough spirit stones.

They both signed it and walked out. Zhang Dong wasn’t planning on killing his opponent even though he could afford the exchange. The price of the man’s life was equal to about one or two heaven grade treasures. This quite frankly wasn’t something too hard for him as with his crafting abode and the right materials he could craft weapons in bunches.

The two masters finally appeared on the stage. Chang Yongzheng was first, he floated to the large stage that was the size of several football fields. The people started cheering the moment they saw the old man with the white beard gently float down. He pulled out his famous silver spear which was an artifact that was handed down from generation to generation in his sect. It was also a high grade heavenly treasure that was always given to the acting sect leader.

“It’s master Chang Yongzheng!”

“He is looking ferocious as always!”

“That’s The legendary Saint Spear of legends, his opponent is done for!”

The people shouted out once more and the nascent soul master reacted by swishing his long robe sleeves at them. The moment he did the crowd burst out in cheers even louder than before.

Zhang Dong arrived not long after, there was an announcer as always and he only came out when his name was mentioned. The crowd wasn't as loud as before as they were more curious than excited about this man's roots. Why was he here, how strong was he and why would he offend such a famous spear master?

The man was wearing a tight looking white robe with some strange metallic parts to it. His shoulders were covered and looked like they would be able to take some punishment. He pulled out his own weapon which was the sword that he previously used. It looked a lot less intricate than the glowing spear but the experts in the stands knew that it wasn't behind it in terms of quality.

"If you bow down and show respect I will forget about your transgression, don't throw away your future, boy."

Chang Yongzheng said while brandishing his spear. The whole arena ground started rising into the air and was surrounded by a transparent bubble. This was a strong formation that would protect the weaker cultivators from the energy these two powerful elders would exude.

"I could say the same to you, if you bow down and show your respect, I will let you leave with your honor intact. I don't enjoy bullying people weaker than myself, it would be wise for you to reconsider."

Zhang Dong replied while his opponent's forehead vein increased in size. These old masters were used to being put up on a pedestal. Everyone around them just nodded their heads and agreed with whatever they said. This wasn't respect though, it was just plain fear. No one could go against a person like this, there would be no victory.

Due to this people like Chang Yongzheng were even worse than some of the young masters as they had no one keeping them in check. They mostly grew arrogant with old age as there wasn't anyone to call them out if they made a wrong decision. The man here would soon have a rude awakening from his life of pride.

The man flourished his spear the moment the announcer gave them the signal to begin the battle. Zhang Dong raised his brow slightly as he noticed that the man was using a familiar skill. An electrical current gathered around him and the spear he was holding began crackling with lightning energy.

'Interesting... a lesser dao of the storms?'

He wanted to chuckle as he finally met a person who was using this dao. Most people confused his greater dao of lightning with the lesser version. This would make the fight even easier than he expected. As someone with the knowledge of a higher tier dao he could predict the man's moves even better.

"Take my attack if you dare! Lightning Tempest Spear First Form: Hundred Thousand Thunder Strikes!"

The man shouted out his attack before thrusting forward. It was quite a mouthful and the wording explained this technique. It looked like thousands upon thousands of spear thrusts were coming his way. All of them were engulfed in lightning and wind energies. Aiming wasn't even important as the attack covered almost all of the arena and was going right at him.

“Oh no, the elder is using that Lightning Tempest Spear art, his opponent will surely perish!”

“Serves him right for offending the sect leader!”

The youths from the Silver Spear sect were all there, their eyes sparkling as they had the honor of seeing their sect master’s spearmanship. They were sure to not blink in fear of not catching the master’s intricate moves.

Zhang Dong on the other hand exuded a small amount of aura and surrounded his sword with it. A runic pattern appeared on the blade shaft and he received the strike with his own. The sword movement looked slow and sluggish to the naked eye and it was going against a wave of multiple strikes. From what the people could tell, the white-haired man was done for.

But then something unexpected occurred. A resounding explosion of Qi followed by silence, the defensive formation buckled under the pressure but held out. What the audience saw was unfathomable, the weak looking blade that Zhang Dong thrust forward managed to intercept the spear right at its point.

The older cultivator was baffled by this result, no one had ever defended himself against his attack in this way. He had thrust out thousands of times in a matter of a second but his spear was caught. It was done by a feeble looking sword and the man performing the task didn’t look phased at all.

“Hundred thousand thrusts? Did you even get to five thousand with that?”

Zhang Dong smirked a bit, he wouldn’t just be ending the fight with one move. No, defeating this man too fast would only make people say that it was some kind of fluke. He needed the people to actually witness his might in action.

Chapter 226

The whole stadium went silent. Just a moment ago they saw that overbearing technique of one of the best spear masters in the whole empire. They were ecstatic to witness it in all its glory. This sense of wonder was shattered instantly by the cultivator with white hair. He had just brushed off such an attack with ease, leaving everyone speechless.

“What is this, the Master from the United Element sect has managed to block Chang Yongzheng’s glorious approach! How will the old master react!”

The audience was brought back to attention by the announcer’s voice. They instantly cheered out loud and the whole arena started trembling once more. This was more than they bargained for, they expected Zhang Dong to at most doge while getting hit a couple of times. Not to block the whole strike entirely.

The older cultivator looked at the tip of the sword that Zhang Dong was holding. His spear tip was directly pressing into it. He couldn’t make it budge at all and he was even holding his weapon with two hands while his opponent was using just one. Where was this monstrous strength coming from? Was this man also a body refiner?

He didn’t want to believe it but it was hard to deny the fact that this man had caught his attack. He wasn’t just thrusting multiple times with his spear. He was actually creating many copies of his attack

with his Qi which made it look like thousands of spear strikes were coming Zhang Dong's way. Somehow the man he was going against managed to pinpoint the one true spear attack and block it without effort.

After pushing his spear against the sword the older cultivator decided to retreat. His opponent didn't seem to be bothered by his action and didn't even follow up with an attack of his own. He just stood there with his sword in hand and one hand behind his back as if he was waiting for something.

"You..."

The old man's face contorted and his teeth were seen as he clenched his jaw out. The silvery spear that he was holding started glowing once more. He moved it above his head and he began to spin it around.

Chang Yongzheng knew what the younger cultivator was doing. This was something prideful and haughty individuals would do. The man before him was probably convinced of his superiority and that he wasn't a threat. This was obvious as he didn't follow up after defending. It was a great chance as the older man was caught off guard.

"Zhang Dong was it... You will regret not striking when you had the chance!"

While speaking Yongzheng's body started flickering with bright light and then crackling with blue lightning. The spear that he was spinning around produced a giant cyclone that surrounded the whole arena.

The two men were still in the protective formation that surrounded them. The wind elements produced razor-sharp blades of energy that were everywhere. A normal nascent cultivator would be shredded by those in a matter of seconds, nothing remaining but bloody bones. "Lightning Tempest Spear third form: Execution of the Thunder Tempest!"

The man shouted while Zhang Dong surrounded his body with a thin layer of golden energy. This was apparently enough to defend himself against the thin blades of wind energy.

The people in the audience went wild. The first form of the spear art this master was already breathtaking but this was something else entirely. The amount of spiritual energy that was getting produced was making the whole defensive formation shake and tremble. A little bit more and it might begin to crack.

"That Zhang Dong was just lucky, now when the sect leader is serious he has no chance!"

"Yes, he should surrender and beg the elder for forgiveness!"

The youths and other members from the Silver Spear sect quickly recovered. They started laughing and smiling once more while looking at the unfolding battle.

Due to the tornado inside the ring the visibility of the whole fight suffered. Most people could only see an outline of a man glowing in gold on one side. Then on the other side, there was his opponent glowing in blue light.

Sounds of thunder and lightning frightened some of the weaker cultivators. Some of the nascent soul aura was leaking from the stage which also caused some of them to pass out.

On the inside, there was a giant cyclone. A mix of lightning and wind energies were slowly approaching their apex. Even then, the white-haired opponent didn't seem to be doing anything besides surrounding himself with his aura.

"Fool, I will show you what happens when you disregard your opponent, let this be a lesson for you, receive my divine attack!"

The old man shouted out with resolve. This third form of his spear art took some time to charge but when it did there was no escape. The moment he lowered his spear the wind and lightning energies would fuse into one grand attack.

The people outside the arena that were directly behind Zhang Dong gulped hard. They knew that if that formation couldn't take the blow that they could be injured. Luckily right before the old cultivator swung his spear down the formation started glowing.

Another protective bubble appeared over the one that the two elders were fighting in. Then ethereal shackles of some sort wrapped themselves around the glowing orb. This showed that the whole formation had been strengthened and would even be able to take a hit from a great circle realm cultivator.

Chang Yongzheng finally swung his spear down and the whole place exploded. The people in the stands held their breaths as the lightning and wind energies shone in a blinding light.

The protective formation shook under the strain and the first barrier that there broke. The green and blue elemental energies slammed into the second reinforced one while the spectators worried. What was happening inside that formation was hard to see, the green and blue lights were so bright that Zhang Dong's faint golden aura couldn't be seen anymore. Thus most people began thinking that the attack must have gone through and the man inside had been defeated, he might have even been dead.

The old seniors from the United Element sect were sweating bullets. None of them beside Feng Maling knew how strong their Patriarch actually was. The use of soul beasts was also forbidden during this type of one on one arena battle so he couldn't defend himself with its help. They were expecting the worst but they relaxed somewhat when they glanced over to the old lady. Zhang Dong's grandmother seemed unimpressed by the whole display of might.

She was one of the rare people that had the pleasure to witness Zhang Dong's full might. He sometimes sparred out in the Dimensional Regalia space with other nascent soul cultivators. She knew how strong he was and how he compared to the person he was fighting against.

Just as the attack that Chang Yongzheng threw at Zhang Dong had ended something strange occurred. Following a flash of light, the lightning and wind energies started getting sucked into one spot. It was as if a giant vacuum was just engulfing all of the spiritual energy that was trapped with the two nascent soul elders inside.

"W-what is that?"

"How can that..."

The audience gasped as they saw a quite lively looking Zhang Dong just standing there. His opponent opposite him, the old man's eyes bulging out wide.

The white-haired man was holding his hand up and his index finger was pointing towards the heavens. Above his finger, there was a small sphere about the size of a basketball. It was slowly expanding in size while absorbing all of the energies within the ring.

“You had your fun, now it’s my turn. This might not really be the real thing, but it packs a punch, hope you can survive it...”

The orb of light radiated a strange power and the area around it looked to be distorting space. The mass of strange energy started expanding in a matter of seconds and it exuded a lot of heat magnetic and gravitational energies.

Chang Yongzheng looked at the strange attack that his opponent was preparing and charged forward. He wouldn’t let Zhang Dong finish whatever he was doing, if he did he knew it would be the end for him.

“Rude, I let you have your time... buzz off!”

The old spear user thrust his spear forward towards the man that was giving out a tremendously powerful aura. He expected to at least interrupt this ghastly attack and force Zhang Dong into a more traditional bout. To his shock, he wasn’t able as just the massive spike in spiritual energy forced him back.

It was already too late, the attack was reaching completion and he had no place to run. He looked at the huge sphere of light that was up in the air and about ten meters in diameter. He activated his defensive treasures and gathered his energies. If his opponent managed to defend himself, so would he. This attack was very powerful but he doubted that the young opponent would have much spiritual energy left after performing it. In his eyes, if he managed to defend himself it would be his victory.

The people in the audience looked at Zhang Dong moving his finger forward and the sphere slowly descended.

“I don’t really have a grand name for this attack, but you can call it a pseudo-pulsar, now catch it!”

The whole stage trembled and another set of shackles latched themselves onto the protective bubble. The amount of force that was being displayed here started reaching into the great circle level of power. The other nascent soul cultivators started gulping as they noticed this discovery.

A giant explosion rocked the Rain Dragon Arena. The people in the stands were holding onto each other as the protective formation cracked under the strain. The people responsible continued to activate supportive outer shells that kept cracking. Soon the shackles burst from the strain and evaporated into tiny Qi particles.

The protective array burst open and a couple of nascent soul and core formation elders jumped in. They strained their cultivation to block the pressure that was coming towards them. They somehow succeeded to stop the blast from reaching the people outside. Mostly thanks to it having used up most of its energy within the arena.

Everyone was flabbergasted, they looked to the stage that was supposed to be there. The floating platform had been burned to cinders and blaster to rubble. The worried Silver Spear Sect cultivators searched for their elder with their eyes.

“Oh now... the Sect Leader, how could this be!”

They spotted him down on the ground, naked and with his bare bottom raised into the air. His head was buried in the ground below and his body was slightly twitching. He was alive but out cold and his robes had evaporated.

Zhang Dong was still floating up in the air. He gave out a sigh while looking at the destruction that he had caused. He even had to use some of his energies to block out the blast from causing too much damage outside.

He had made this technique for fun. It wasn't very good for a real fight as it took some time to charge and was very volatile. It did pack quite the punch though but only if the enemy didn't run away. It was perfect for a small cage match like this where the opponent couldn't escape.

‘Did I overdo it a bit?’

He glanced at the shiny ass of the elder that he defeated. His body hair had also been scorched, the man might have not survived if he didn't have enough protective treasures. Zhang Dong also canceled out the attack at a critical juncture as he didn't want to kill anyone. He only wanted to display some of his power. Now he felt like no one would try seeking trouble with him.

“Senior...Chang Yongzheng, looks to have lost consciousness... the winner is, Zhang Dong from the United Element Sect!”

The announcer called out while the audience kept quiet from the shock of seeing their favorite lose so easily.

Chapter 227

Chang Yongzheng naked ass was sticking out from the rubble. The whole floating stage that the two fighters were on was blown up along with the protective shielding. Zhang Dong was victorious and he was hovering in the air with both his hands behind his back. He was sure to look presentable for the peanut gallery, making yourself look unfazed was part of the plan.

The people in the arena were stunned, the attack that this senior had performed was just too overbearing. In normal circumstances without the powerful protective arrays, the whole arena would have probably been destroyed. The blast would probably take everyone in here out, even most of the nascent soul cultivators wouldn't escape unharmed.

‘That's the expressions I've wanted to see. It seems like my plan has worked, hope no one will seek vengeance with me after this.’

Matt thought to himself while he glanced at the opened mouths of the cultivators. Everyone was sure that he would lose. He had also told his people to place a big bet on him, he made quite a small fortune in betting a large sum on himself.

He needed to keep up with his haughty exterior appearance for now. If the cultivators feared his might they would think twice before talking to him. No one should approach him without a good reason and the fight didn't really show much of his true abilities. He wasn't worried that it would be used to counter his attacks that much.

“Let us depart to the hotel, then you are free to visit the city as you please.”

Zhang Dong waved his hand and plucked the old farts from his faction from the arena. They would pick up the spirit stones later after the dust had settled. While leaving the people kept glancing at his form and after he left the whole arena erupted.

“D-did you see that? Where did such a powerful master come from?”

“This is a big scoop! We must report this to our sect and tell everyone to watch out for the United Element’s Sect”

“How could this be, our Sect Leader Lost...”

Various people shouted out. The cultivators from the sect that Zhang Dong offended couldn’t believe what just happened. Their current sect leader was smashed to the ground like some kind of bug. They couldn’t even see how this happened, there were just giant explosions after one another and this was the result. They quickly descended to the stage and put a robe over their leader’s exposed posterior. He would probably have to disappear from this banquet, for now, the shame was far too big.

A lot of influential people were watching Zhang Dong leave. Everyone made sure to report this to their leaders and elders, this man was clearly someone that you couldn’t offend. Normally even if the cultivator was strong the masters could hope to achieve victory if they worked together. In this city on the other hand they would need to face their opponents in a 1 on 1 match.

This United Element Sect’s leader was clearly a seasoned warrior with a lot of power. When the news and recordings reached the people present in the city everyone gave out a decree. Offending Zhang Dong was out of the question, interacting with him was also forbidden. The sect leaders were all experienced in the cultivator life. The only reason the Silver Spear Sect leader went through with the arena match was because he thought his opponent was only in the middle stage. No one in the middle stage could actually be so powerful, the only explanation was that he was somehow hiding his true strength.

This was only a half-truth as Zhang Dong was indeed hiding his real power level. Yet, he really was only in the middle stage, not even that close to the late stage with his Qi cultivation. No one suspected him of having an immortal level cultivation manual though. Having something like that was too far fetched, in the minds of these old masters a cultivation manual like that was just a thing of legends.

‘Hope they overthink everything as always and leave me alone now.’

Zhang Dong thought while returning to the hotel. The people there moved their heads down and opened up a path. Everyone was already informed about what transpired in the arena. There was no televised

Announcement

but the communication jades worked well to spread the information.

No one dared look him in the eyes now. He saw everyone looking at the ground, be it, servant or cultivator. The elders and seniors from other sects didn’t dare to offend him anymore. This reinforced the notion that he made the right decision.

If he ignored the commotion or let the juniors fight outside the hotel he might have evaded one issue. The problem was that such events could very well take place all over the city. He and his sect didn't have much of a reputation.

Factions like that were bullied a lot and had to prove their worth. With a clear show of might, he was now able to protect himself and his people from harm. They would think twice before asking for a duel or shouting out to them. The only people that might think of going against him would be the sect leaders from the more powerful middle sized sects. Those would be arriving tomorrow though and might not take the warnings of others to heart.

Back in the hotel Zhang Dong sat down on a comfy armchair. The elders that he had come with were now allowed to leave into the city if they so desired. Feng Maling and the others decided otherwise. They felt like they were sticking out too much as it was.

This was also why he brought them here. The youths might have gotten foolhardy after seeing their sect leader winning so easily. He didn't know every person from his sect and the alignments that they had only showed a general idea of their core values. If they started fights with others over small things was unknown.

"That will be all, we will all gather when it's time for the banquet then, if you want to remain in your quarters then it's up to you."

Zhang Dong said while the group of old people walked out. They were far less adventurous than the youngsters so they would probably stay out of trouble.

He was now left alone in his room with a clear look at the city. It had a similar cultural layout as the other cities but it was somehow busier. Many well lit up signs were all over the place that were mostly just ads. It really showed that this was a city of merchants as stores littered every corner.

'Should be fine for now, daddy will come home soon...'

He placed a little round plate on the table. It had some strange inscriptions on it. It was slightly larger than a plate used for teacups. He pointed his finger at it and some spiritual energy shot out of it. The plates' inscriptions started to light up and glow in blue color. They changed patterns until finally settling on one while shining even brighter.

He started hearing a ringing sound, the noise was something similar to what people heard when listening to someone pick up the phone. He started tapping his finger on the table that the device was on and caused it to shake due to his increased strength.

Finally, after about thirty seconds of beeping, he heard a familiar sound. The connection went through and a beam of blue light shot out of the plate looking artifact. It expanded outwardly and increased in size the further it went.

Zhang Dong made sure to block out any other spiritual senses with his own aura before activating this device. He didn't want anyone snooping around while he was doing this.

The blue light started showing an image, it was the face of a beautiful woman with caramel-like skin. This was his wife, Feng Liena looking at him.

What he was using was something akin to a hologram phone. It could also send the image from both places so the callers could see each other on the holographic displays. It was a bit funny but holograms were a lot easier to make in this world than regular flat screens.

He had produced something like this so that he could talk with his lovely wife. This artifact was something the United Element Sect produced and was untraceable by the others.

“Oh, there you are hubby. I was getting worried.”

The twenty-year-old looking woman pouted a bit while looking at Zhang Dong’s face on her side. Her husband just shifted his eyes to the side and scratched his neck. This prompted Feng Liena on the other side to raise a brow and stare. She knew her husband very well by this point, so she knew that he was hiding something.

“Oh nothing, I just had to talk with a couple of elders on the way and it took more time than I expected.”

Due to this treasure, he invented his wife demanded that he call her regularly. Even though she believed in him she was worried that something might happen to him. He was supposed to call her after getting to the hotel but he failed to do so as he was busy thinking about the fight. He also feared that she would worry if he told her what he was planning to do before the match.

“Is that so, my dear husband?”

Zhang Dong gulped as he could hear the tone shift in her voice. He didn’t want to worry her but it would probably be better to just come clean. Otherwise, he would probably need to sleep outside his bed chambers when he got back home.

He wasn’t sure when it happened but their power dynamic equaled itself out after a while. In the beginning stages of their marriage, his wife was very submissive and always listened to what he said. After some time passed she got a lot more comfortable around him and would now sometimes second guess him, mostly when he tried pulling a fast one on her.

“Well... you see when I first arrived here I met this one uncle with a monocle and a top hat, after that...”

He slowly started explaining from the start. Feng Liena just nodded as he continued and he didn’t really see her change her expression much even after he mentioned the fight. She did seem made the moment he mentioned the Silver Spear Sect leader disrespecting him though.

“Hm, Silver Spear Sect... I think I’ve heard about them; they are quite far away from our sect grounds...”

She murmured to herself.

“You did well hubby, you were far too lenient, I would have at least cut off his hand or leg!”

Zhang Dong’s face twitched a bit. His dear wife was a true cultivator, things like face and honor still mattered to her. She wouldn’t let her family be disrespected, she felt like her husband was still a bit too soft. This was also one of the reasons that she sometimes was hard on him. Zhang Dong didn’t really have the values that the usual people that lived in this world had.

So a strange relationship came to be. On one side was Feng Liena that wanted him to be a bit more ruthless against his enemies. On the other was Zhang Dong who wanted his wife to be a bit less ruthless and maybe show some mercy once in a while.

"I don't know if that man has any backing, it would be unwise to cripple or kill him in the heat of the moment."

He explained himself and his wife had to agree. While the two chatted another visitor appeared. He could see a child's face being pressed against Feng Liena's and it was his little cinnamon roll. He laughed and waved at his cute child, if this went well he would be returning to his family within a week.

Chapter 228

Another day passed, the more prominent middle sized sect leaders finally started to arrive. The news of the arena fight was already widely spread which mostly caused people to laugh at the Silver Spear Sect Patriarch's blunder.

Now the eyes were on Zhang Dong. There were recording devices in this world that were able to catch this fight. They were only available for the more prominent masters as they required a lot of spiritual energy as fuel. They also had a few drawbacks in the way they recorded things.

Most people that saw the recording were shocked at the display of might. Was this Zhang Dong so powerful or was his opponent just old and weak? No one actually was willing to confirm this with another duel as Zhang Dong's plan seemed to have worked.

The biggest downside to this plan was the exposure. Now the other sects would be wary of him and probably make some plans before engaging him in combat. This didn't matter that much as his personal strength wasn't everything. He still had his sect members to help him out in a bind.

A group of five ships were flying towards the meeting place of all the sects. They were quite big and had an unusual shape. Instead of the regular boat shape, they looked like large white swords with masts on them.

How most ships operated in this world was with magical treasures that made them float. They would then put large masts on them that would propel the ship forward. Other treasures would blow more wind at the sails or they would glide through the air without the help of such add-ons.

This small ship armada that had a peculiar sword look was almost there. On the inside of the flagship that was the largest, a certain man was sitting. This was someone that Zhang Dong would recognize, a person that he didn't get along too well. It was the Patriarch from the Limitless Sword Society.

The man was sitting in his own cabin alone. His robe was pure white and it had the symbol for 'sword' embroiled on the back. The man was grasping a communication jade in his hand and listening to a report.

"He did?... Interesting..."

He just heard the news about Zhang Dong's victory and he was surprised. The man that he went against, Chang Yongzheng was someone that he actually sparred against. He considered the Silver Spear Sect's Leader's spear to be weaker than his sword but this master shouldn't have been such an easy opponent.

“Was he lucky or...”

The man thought back to the time that he witnessed Zhang Dong’s might. He had seen him battle the Patriarch from the Dark Palm Sect. He had left an impression on him back then and with this Zhan Jie was itching for a fight. One reason was that he wanted to test the younger cultivator and the other was that he wanted to put him in his place.

The United Element Sect was treated by this Patriarch as a sort of servant. They were paying tribute to the Limitless Sword Society which lowered their status. With Zhang Dong’s victory over a well-established master his sects prestige might be called into question. Rumors might spread that Zhang Dong is actually stronger than he was.

“Hm... we shall see, I need to see the fight’s recording first.”

The man placed the communication jade back into his spatial ring. He was itching for a fight but wouldn’t start it without any information. He wanted to prove that his sect was strong and that he was the superior swordmaster. Zhang Dong was also a swordsman, this just made this Zhan Jie want to clash blades with him. He wouldn’t force a fight though if the man remained respectful he wouldn’t really seek trouble.

In the other ships from other sects, similar scenes were playing out. Zhang Dong’s name and his sects became the hot topic of this banquet.

Due to this a lot of people that weren’t there to witness the fight were clamoring for the recording device. This device looked like an apple-sized orb with some intricate symbols on it. A person needed to insert some of his spiritual sense into it and the artifact would show them a vision.

The vision would show an illusion of the fight that had taken place. The artifact didn’t show a hologram as the ones that Zhang Dong had made. It injected the image directly into the user’s mind. They could move around this world of illusions and see the fight from all sides.

The problem was the quality, high concentrations of spiritual energy would warp and change the image inside the device. This meant that the person using this would most likely only see a similar image that the people in the arena witnessed. If they tried going into the middle of the fight where the two experts fought they wouldn’t be able to see much.

Also it was impossible for this artifact to accurately measure the power of the techniques that were used. This was something that only experts in the close vicinity of it would be able to tell. This would also leave everyone to speculate about Zhang Dong’s true strength. Which was something that the man in question was banking on. Leaving himself in a shroud of mystery would keep everyone on their toes.

It took some time for the more pristine sects to arrive. The three that went against the Dark Palm sect all those years ago were all here. Besides them, there were seven more on a similar footing as them.

Even though these people were on the very top of power if you compared them to the other large sects. They were nothing compared to the big three that occupied the middle part of the empire. Those were rumored to have multiple nascent soul masters at the great circle of the nascent soul.

No one was really sure, fights between the big three didn't really happen very often. They had been like this for thousands of years now. Some new masters came and some succumbed to their old age but no one was willing to go into an all out war.

The sects below those three top powers were a different thing. At most, they had a great circle nascent soul master hidden away. Just like the Dark Palm sect each of these middle sized ones had hidden masters just cultivating and hoping for a breakthrough. They would never show themselves unless their life was in danger and the sect was about to fall.

From time to time an upstart like the United Element Sect appeared. Sometimes they would last and other times they would fade away into obscurity. Some old established sects would also sometimes lose their old masters due to accidents, old age, or cultivation failure.

There was one sect like this arriving. This faction was called the Divine Fist Sect and hard times had arrived for them. They were considered to be one of the very top of the sects below the big three. Very few people ever sought trouble with them and they were known to be a just sect with not many enemies.

Three large flying ships with their flag of a bright golden fist were slowly arriving at the Rain Dragon City. An old-looking man with silver hair was sitting down in a secluded chamber. He wasn't alone as there was a young-looking woman with golden hair right next to him.

"Grandfather, are you sure we should attend? What if the other sects discover what had happened? What if they already know?"

The girl was there behind the old man, her facial expression showing signs of fright and worry.

"Little Meili, we have no choice. If we don't attend the other sects will start asking questions. You know what will happen then..."

"But... What if they already know? Wouldn't it be better to seek refuge behind our city's grand formation? Even if the other sects unite they won't get through! It might not yet be too late what if the..."

"Child, this isn't up for discussion!"

The man waved his finger and the golden-haired woman's lips stopped moving. The girl looked maddened by the elder's deed but couldn't do anything about it. She was then brought outside by some senior members that were called in. One of these people moved in and bowed before the old man that the girl called grandfather previously.

"Acting Patriarch, we will be arriving shortly."

"Ech, didn't think I'd live long enough for someone like me to become the Patriarch, these are troubling times indeed."

The other person in the room looked up, concerned on his face.

"That blasted beat tide...if it wasn't for that..."

The two men remained silent, their sect was going through tough times but they had to attend this banquet. It would seem odd if they didn't as they were always present as one of the more prestigious sects. Their strength wasn't what it was though as they had suffered a large setback not so long ago. They were frantically trying to keep everything under wraps but it wasn't looking good for them.

"Meili... she will remain in the city, I had made some arrangements. She will be safe here."

The person the elder was talking to nodded as he knew what the old man was planning. In this neutral city, no harm would come to them but when they left and if their secret was out, they would be done for. What had happened to the Dark Palm Sect would befall them. The other sects would probably take this chance before they could recover and strike.

"When we are inside, remember to call me by my name. We can't let them know that an elder like me had become the Patriarch."

"It shall be done!"

The two separated and the old man used his spirit sense to scan out the area. His ship was docking now and they would be descending. After going to their hotel they would attend the banquet the next day.

This event didn't consist of only talking and mingling with the other sects, no. This was also a place to show off. The junior members could participate in various competitions. There would even be a tournament with a spirit stone prize.

This was also a place where old grudges could be cleared out. Deathmatches were allowed and would be sanctioned by the Yinglong Pavilion. Anyone refusing to participate would be looked down on but those that came out on top would be praised and rewarded.

One of those people that was considered a winner was sitting in his room. He was looking at the round baby face of his daughter. She was still young and kept trying to grab her father's holographic head.

"Daddy will come back soon, I'll bring a present for you, I heard they have a lot of toys here!"

Zhang Dong chuckled as he looked at his daughter that was bumbling about. Soon it would be time to go meet and mingle with the other sects. He didn't know anyone there but after what happened in the arena the other day he felt like it should be a breeze.

"Say goodbye to daddy."

"Bwa bwa dwady~"

The child waved her hand at the image of her smiling father before it flickered out of existence. On the other side, Zhang Dong's face changed to a frown. Soon it would be the time to act, he needed to put on his game face and look as unapproachable as possible.

The oldies from his group would do all the heavy lifting as they were better with politics. What was in store for him he didn't know but he would face it just like he always did. This time around, he had a whole sect and his family counting on him. Failure was not an option.

Chapter 229

It was finally time for the large banquet to commence. All of the sects had arrived and were already moving towards the area where part of the festivities would be taking place.

Each of these sects here were owners of large tracts of lands with millions and maybe even billions of people living in them. But they were only pieces of a larger whole which consisted of the whole Empire that they were part of.

Every leader from each of those sects was here. They gathered every ten years to discuss and measure their opponents. Some would remain silent while others would boast and seek trouble with factions that they were on bad terms with.

Most sects here were part of the old elite. They had been in power for hundreds or thousands of years. They were mostly here to uphold the status quo, yet some of the crafty cultivators wanted more. Just like with the Dark Palm Sect that used demonic arts to get ahead and finally perish under three others that went against it. The others were looking for cracks in the armors of their opponents and waiting for the right chance to strike.

Zhang Dong and his sect members were walking out of the hotel just like the other sects were. The moment he showed himself outside people started whispering. His face was well known after his small spar against the older Silver Spear Sect Patriarch. He and his sect disciples were nowhere to be seen as they were waiting for him and his group to leave first.

The men moved their heads to the side in fright of meeting his gaze. The ladies looked intrigued and were giving Zhang Dong all sorts of sensual gazes. He was a man of principle though and just kept his poker face up. His elders rubbed their chins and nodded.

They were glad that their Patriarch wasn't the same man like his grandfather. If that man was here he would have already been choosing his next target from the beautiful fairy-like cultivator women here.

"Senior Dong, we welcome you and your sect members."

A servant greeted Zhang Dong while standing in front of a carriage. This was with what he and his people would be brought to the banquet. Zhang Dong nodded and entered along with granny Maling. The other old farts would travel in a larger carriage behind them and together.

"Young Patriarch you did well, now no one should search for trouble with us."

The granny reassured Zhang Dong as she knew the reason that he went through with that fight. Before it she also feared that the sect would be looked down on because of their lack of fame and prestige. Now thanks to Zhang Dong's show of might she was reassured that nothing out of the ordinary would be happening.

The two of them entered the carriage and Zhang Dong nodded at his grandmother in agreement.

The vehicle they were in wasn't a plain horse-drawn carriage. No, it was a smaller version of a flying ship with a beast that looked like a wyvern pulling it along through the air. The seats inside were quite soft and the intricate patterns on them depicted the Yinglong Pavilion's dragon and a couple of other creatures. The soon took off, the other sects were sure to wait till the ferocious United Element Sect's Patriarch was gone before also walking out.

“That was terrifying...”

“It was hard for me to hold my breath so long, luckily he is gone...”

The people commented while looking into the distance. They would be following right after Zhang Dong and his party of oldies but they would be sure to avoid him like the plague during the festivities. He seemed to have a short fuse and was even willing to battle with other sect leaders in the arena.

They also knew that during the banquet the duels would be handled differently. They would be a lot more bloody and not in a safe place like the Rain Tiger Arena. Every nascent soul master that had witnessed the battle made sure to advise their sect members to not bother Zhang Dong’s faction. The ones that arrived a day later might not have gotten the memo though.

The regular people were greeted by roars of flying wyverns that were pulling carriages behind them. This was something that the adults were used to seeing every ten years when the sects arrived. The children pointed towards the sky and waved with smiles on their faces. They weren’t allowed to the banquet grounds but they could see the fireworks later that would be happening at night.

There were quite a bit of those flying contraptions in the air, some were being pulled by other creatures more akin to bats others to regular birds. Zhang Dong looked out through the small window at the scenery below, the buildings looked small from all the way up here. The people were the size of ants but if he chose so he could insert some spiritual energy into his eyes and take a closer peek.

“The people in this city seem to be relaxed, the city lord must be a fair leader.”

Zhang Dong mentioned while granny Maling nodded. It was easy to determine how people were fairing in the city. None of them would be smiling this much if they didn’t feel a certain amount of freedom. Most people in this world would even fear looking up into the air. They might catch the eye of some powerful cultivator who might feel offended.

Here the citizens didn’t seem to care. He wasn’t sure if it was a regular occurrence or if the people were feeling protected by the fighting ban that was placed on all the visiting sects.

“Indeed but they pale in comparison to our own citizens, you have done a good job in constructing such a grand city. Some of the elders think that you are being too generous to them.”

The granny continued talking while Zhang Dong looked outside. He couldn’t say that he was keeping the happiness level of his citizens up so that he could earn more Spirit Points in his system. He did prefer to keep them happy, the system’s incentives only made him go further beyond what he would normally do.

He had created many clinics and was using taxes to run them. Everyone had free healthcare which wasn’t that hard thanks to the advances in pill making and his healing techniques. He had scanned all the sect members and knew who to train as a doctor. This saved on time and on money as he was sure that the doctor would do a great job.

Even with that, he had to give it to the man leading this city. The streets were clean and everything looked orderly. Even when he started the fight with the Silver Spear leader the nascent soul guards arrived within a minute’s time to stop them.

For him, it was easy to cater to his citizens' needs as he had the system. It told him what they were lacking and even divided the city into districts. It was like a game of SimCity. He could even see the area his clinics or police stations covered. Then he just needed to look at the map and direct his sect members to build the buildings like in a game. He could then even watch the percentages go up when it was being built.

A person that managed to produce a similar city without help like he did was probably someone very smart. He had visited other cities before he was the king of the land and most of the clans ruining them didn't care much for the common people in it.

"Oh? They do? Maybe I should see if I'm not being too generous towards them?"

Zhang Dong laughed while his grandma also gave out a chuckle. She actually was all for spending money on the people as it was showing clear results. Their sect was growing strong at a staggering rate; she could even see it contending with the other sects for power soon.

"So that's where the banquet will be taking place? I guess the city lord didn't scrooge out."

He rubbed his chin while looking at the giant castle-like structure that they were heading towards. The eastern styled castle was quite large, giant stone arches and even some smaller floating islands that were producing magical looking waterfalls were part of this structure.

Behind the castle, there was more scenery that he couldn't see yet. He could feel some powerful beasts roaming there and along with other cultivators. From what he knew these were a sort of hunting ground for the younger generation cultivators to show their might. A giant mountain peak was blocking the view a bit though.

Every ten years there would be a competition and the youngsters would compete for resources and honor. His two disciples were saddened by the fact that they were banned from participating in it. He had made this decision as he was frightened that they could get in some kind of a mess. Their cultivation was also a bit high as the juniors were capped to the foundation establishment level.

This was a classical setup. Young masters competing against each other in a friendly bout. Some of them would get offended during the initial party and then during the competition they would try to kill each other. It was also against the rules for the nascent soul masters to intervene and this was the biggest problem he had with this competition. If he couldn't save them, he would rather have them train up back home. It was not yet time for them to reveal their might and cause trouble for him or the sect.

It was against the rules to help out but there was one way to avoid your junior's demise. That was something that he wanted to avoid as it would just bode more trouble.

It seemed like they would be arriving shortly. The beast that was pulling them along gave out a large roar again and started flying down. He could see a nice patch of grass and some people standing below. He knew one of the people that was standing there as he had met him when he was entering the city.

The man was Sebas-Tian that looked like a British butler out of a soap opera. He had it all down to the monocle. He was standing there with quite a large assortment of beautiful ladies. These ladies in particular were wearing french maid uniforms with skirts a bit shorter than would normally be allowed.

The carriage finally landed and Zhang Dong made his way outside. The maids formed a sort of passage for the arriving guests and the person greeting them would apparently be this man. This was a bit surprising, having a nascent soul cultivator do a task like this meant that the people behind him were just so much stronger.

“Good morning ol’ chap!”

The man greeted Zhang Dong in the usual fashion. And even took down his tophat for the greeting. The two exchanged some pleasantries before entering the banquet grounds. There were more people arriving so the butler looking master wasn’t able to follow along.

Before entering further he looked behind him. He could see many carriages big and small flying in after him. Most of the people here were unknown to him but he had gotten a report on each of the sects from Zhang Kuo.

Most of the sects weren’t a problem. Everyone that arrived on the same day as he did was comparable to the Silver Spear Sect or slightly weaker. He didn’t have to worry about those. The ones that were arriving on the second day were the problem. Zhang Kuo even mentioned a couple that stood out from the crowd.

‘Hm, strange... thought they would at least bring over a Late Stage cultivator...’

This was why he was surprised after scanning the exclusive looking carriage from one of those so-called powerful sects. For some reason they only sent a middle stage elder that would probably be looked down by the late stage cultivators that filled the sect leader ranks.

‘Oh well, not really my problem.’

Zhang Dong finally turned around and entered the banquet grounds, his people slowly following behind him.

Chapter 230

“Zhang Dong from the United Element Sect!”

Zhang Dong walked through a large door while one of the servants announced his name. There were some people already on the inside and they started whispering around. He had really gained a lot of infamy for this party and he could see it in the other’s eyes.

‘Just need to frown and look like the biggest asshole in the room, then they will leave me alone...’

He moved forward while trying to emulate some of the haughty young masters that he had come across in his life. He was clearly giving the ‘Do not approach’ signals and hoped that people would just ignore him.

This so-called banquet would last for a couple of days as they had some events prepared. While the junior members would try to win some prizes they as the nascent soul elders would just watch.

This was also why he didn’t bring his disciples here. With them not in the race they wouldn’t be able to beat up any young masters. Thus he wouldn’t need to interfere when their uncle or grandfather got involved.

The inside of the palace was covered in gold and other precious metals that were high in spiritual energy.

The inside of the banquet hall looked quite nice. It had tables spaced out covered in costly velvet-like materials that also radiated Qi energy from them. They were obviously made from some special silk. This table cloth was probably worth more than someone's life down in the lower regions.

There were several large crystal chandeliers up on the ceiling lighting up this large hall. Everything here looked like a mix of eastern and western noble decor. With your usual flying golden dragons and phoenix patterns everywhere.

There was also a second level to this banquet area, on the upper level were probably the spots for the sects that arrived a day later. He would be designated to a spot on the bottom floor or at least that is what he had thought. While he was looking for the table he would be occupying with his group of elderly people another servant walked up to them.

"Ah if it isn't grandmaster Dong, your seats have been moved, please follow me!"

Zhang Dong looked at the man then performed a side glance over to his group. They were also surprised just as much as him. Feng Maling moved forward and was the one to call out to the servant with a question.

"Why have our seats been moved, could you explain yourself?"

She raised her eyebrow and looked at the serving-man with doubt in her eyes. When last-minute changes were happening it mostly didn't bode well for the recipient.

"You don't have to worry, honorable seniors, the city elders have decided to move you to a VIP spot after your magnificent performance in the arena!"

The man was quick to respond as he knew what the old lady was getting at. Instead of bad news, it turned out to be good, they would even get to sit next to the more prominent sects.

"Is that so? That's marvelous, we should move then don't you think, Patriarch?"

The granny smiled as she knew that this was an honor for a smaller sect like theirs. It showed that the people in this city were keeping an eye out for them and they were showing their respect.

Zhang Dong on the other hand narrowed his eyes while looking at the servant. This caused the man to flinch and sweat in fear. He knew that this senior here had a short fuse and if he got slaughtered by him the city elders would probably not do much about that.

'God damn it...'

Zhang Dong cursed in his mind, he wanted to be avoided and just sit in the corner while the old farts discussed some cultivation philosophies. He couldn't refuse the better seats as it would be rude but this would just place him in the spot where the stronger sects were. A spot where more troubles could arise.

"Yes, we should go..."

Zhang Dong nodded while the person that came to get them turned around. He quickly showed them the way while some of the other sect masters looked on with envy. They didn't say much but everyone could tell that they were quite salty. Going up to the higher level meant that you were being accepted into the more prestigious sects. At least from the standpoint of the people that were hosting this event.

After walking some they were led to a larger booth. It looked like one of those that you would see in a theater and was sticking out slightly. There were various other ones like this all around the top floor and the sect members had ample space to sit in.

The servant was quick to do his bow and walk away. Zhang Dong sat down in the front seat of honor and was now overlooking the rest of the banquet hall. His sect was the first one to get their second level seating so he could examine all of the other cultivators coming in.

There was not much to do so he took his time to count the seating arrangement. On the floor he was on there were nine other booths. This probably meant that there were no more than nine other sects that were on a higher level. He knew that the three that surrounded his land should be in that category.

'I'm probably occupying Dark Palm's old booth or something as they were considered quite strong, wonder what the six others will be...'

He knew a couple of names but he was mostly focused on the three closest problems that were draining him from spirit stones. He still wanted to keep appearances up for the time being but now he was getting edged into the privileged section. If the other sects decided to test him again, he might have to make a move. He hoped that his little show of power would make them think twice.

The level below them was really big while the one he and his people were sitting at was closer to the walls. He could see people walking in and getting seated. He had only twenty people with himself but some of the sects brought over a hundred.

Luckily the people had a similar thought to him at the time when he was getting married. Only people of the senior generation would be attempting the main banquet hall. The youngsters and less privileged would remain outside in a different location.

Some of the sects had more elder members than even he had brought along. Twenty wasn't really a high body count in this world where cities that had ten million people living in it were considered small or medium sized.

From the number of large tables and from how far they were separated from each other Zhang Dong knew how many factions would be here.

'Ten up here and about forty down there, which puts it all up to fifty sects?'

Zhang Dong tried recalling the map of the empire he was in. It was divided by the large sects into something that looked like states. They were governed by each sect separately and had different laws depending on them.

The lands that these powerful cultivators owned varied by size. How big the portion of the land was didn't really matter, what mattered were the resources in them. These resources could be anything ranging from spirit stones to even spirit beasts that you could kill and use as crafting materials.

The sects here were involved in a perpetual rat race. Everyone here was trying to one-up each other and somehow strengthen themselves. Their goal was a spot with the big three. Even if multiple of these smaller sects united and attacked one of the large powers they would probably lose out.

It wasn't a matter of cultivation or manpower. The two large sects and the large clan were just too entrenched in their positions. The number of defensive formations and structures was too staggering. What would await anyone that invades would be certain death from cannon fire or other various high level treasures.

Maybe if all fifty of these sects united under one banner they would stand a chance. Still, the sheer amount of dead bodies that would be produced in a war like that would be staggering. The other problem would be that the other empires would see this as a chance to invade. Making such a solution very improbable even less considering that most of these cultivators didn't like each other.

Slowly the cultivators in various robes were making their way inside. They were of different skin colors and various physiques. There were even female only sects that made some of the men here crane their necks towards them.

After a while he could finally see some of the top booths getting occupied by some people. He even noticed some familiar figures there, namely the people from the three sects that were surrounding his own.

The people from the Demon Subduing Sect were first to arrive, followed by the Dragon Gate Sect and finally the Limitless Sword Society. The third one that was the most antagonistic towards his own faction was considered to be slightly stronger than the rest. Mostly due to their fanatic sword arts and overzealous ways of training.

Most of the people there had that young lord mentality. They would go out of their way to duel other people and thus they earned a lot of battle experience along the way.

Soon after all the other sects showed up one, in particular, was an eyebrow-raiser. It was an elder that he noticed before, the one that was only in the middle stage of the nascent soul. It was kind of strange for someone like that to occupy the main position as almost everyone was a late stage cultivator.

That was the usual power level of an active sect leader. An old leader would only retire and move into the reserve elder side after someone at the late stage showed up to change them out. The only reason Zhang Dong could think of the man being here would be that the real sect leader was busy somewhere. There also could have been some accidents which made this situation suspicious.

'Well, not like it's any of my business...'

He thought to himself while looking at some people that were with him. All of the other people weren't noteworthy, no other nascent cultivators were with him. Most of them seemed even weaker than the baked potato grandma that he brought along. There was also a peculiar-looking young girl with them, she had blue eyes and long blond hair. She looked more like a western girl than an eastern one and her complexion wasn't as pale either.

He didn't have much to do at the moment so he continued glancing in their direction. He even took some time to look at their statuses with his system.

'Divine Fist Sect? Wasn't that supposed to be one of the strongest ones around? Why is this guy their Patriarch?'

After some snooping, the system's window appeared over the old man. His system's identification skill had somehow advanced further, so he could even see faction names or the positions the people had in factions if he wanted to. The system was showing that the old man there was the current Divine Fist Sect's acting Patriarch and not just some side elder.

He could think of a couple of reasons why this fact was true. The main one made him recall the old Zhang Clan. Before he came into this world it had lost its leaders as well in a botched expedition. Could this sect have suffered a similar fate?

While he was contemplating some possibilities the light dimmed in the large hall and some music began to play. A certain dandy looking man that he was familiar with walked out.

"Let me thank all of you gentlemen for arriving this day for the annual banquet."

Apparently it was finally starting, he moved his head down while ignoring the issue with the unknown sect. He had other things to worry about now and they mostly consisted of not standing out.