

## Unfathomable 661

### [Chapter 661](#)

‘It doesn’t seem like this will turn into a cold war of attrition. I could have probably waited this out until the last moment...’

Zhang Dong was looking at the map of the Empire. All the red blobs that were previously there were now non-existent. His previous advantage over the other Empires could not be used against the Long Clan. The map he copied from their city was not created to follow their movements. Without knowing where his new enemies were it was a lot harder to prepare counterstrategies.

For a moment before the Long Clan started advancing, he hoped for a stalemate. His older brother wasn’t the youngest. Even though he looked like a young man, he was several hundred years of age. Considering the gap in age of around one thousand years, it would have been possible to just wait until he became a decrepit old man. It would probably be a lot easier to face the Emperor when he wasn’t in his prime. Then his replacement, who was one of his sons, would probably be somewhat weaker in comparison.

He didn’t really care about owning the whole empire as he needed to look at the bigger picture. The Long Clan wasn’t his true opponent, that was the Overseer lady that was the Emperor’s wife. If they could stall this out his forces would slowly overwhelm the Long Clan’s as there was something that he had that they didn’t.

This was of course his system and the constant supply of spirit points. With the help of those points, he would be able to bolster his forces. Numerous amounts of nascent soul masters had already ascended thanks to these spirit points and his faction system. If he was allowed to wait for a hundred years, overwhelming the Long Clan with sheer numbers of nascent soul masters would have been an easy task. There would be no way of stopping their advance and that would be it.

‘Could they know something about that? They probably don’t know about the system but perhaps think that I have some type of treasure that does the task for me. It wouldn’t be wrong for them to conclude that they need to strike now or perish in the future... I guess that makes sense.’

Zhang Dong gave out a sigh of indignation. His daughter was about to turn eleven and the new war had just started. He hoped for at least ten more years of peace until his children went through puberty and became somewhat competent fighters. While he wouldn’t integrate them into the army they would at least have enough power to run away.

‘We might have spread out too much into the western region, this won’t be as easy as the other Empires.’

When looking at the map he could see some points where the battle had started. Some of the elders like Huo Qiang were already at the main front. The biggest problem was the vastness of the border region. Now that his sect was the de facto owner of the lands they should be the ones to defend them. However, this became problematic as they needed to thin out their forces without being able to gain much ground.

Small skirmishes between groups of cultivators soon erupted. The Long Clan won some while his others. It was surprising that both sides were this equal. Considering this reveal, if this group had decided to help out during the other battles, the Azure Empire would have easily been able to defend their lands and people.

‘They are claiming that we started the wars ourselves, nice excuse.’

The premise was simple, the Long Clan claimed that he was trying to take away the mantle of the emperor from his brother. The fights that were created were part of the ploy of destroying the Soaring Dragon Sect that was the previous ruler. They even claimed that Wang Long was working together with them from the start. Then after the deed was done they went north to silence him along with the demonic cultivators. Afterward, it was as easy as just disguising their sect members as demi-humans to cause chaos throughout the lands.

‘This doesn’t explain the state of things in the east but not like the Heavenly Crane Sect will decide on anything with that council of theirs. As long as they continue to remain neutral it's fine.’

His new friends weren’t willing to help either side which was understandable. The Long Clan wouldn’t pursue their borders as long as they didn’t aid their new enemies. This didn’t mean that he wasn’t getting a little bit of help from this sect. Their borders were right on the other side. Even though they presented themselves as natural forces, the Long Clan couldn’t just ignore them.

They needed to post some of their masters on that side as a safety measure. The borders needed to at least last out for a few weeks if for some reason they decided to attack. There was no real trust between cultivators, might was all that mattered and they knew this. The moment the Heavenly Crane Sect saw an opening it wouldn’t be strange for them to push to gain more lands and resources. Just like any other sect or clan, they wanted to rule over all to gain access to all of the cultivation resources this world had.

To counter the claim that his sect were demonic cultivators hell-bent on world domination they spread their own agenda. It was more or less the truth, they presented the Emperor as weak and too scared to battle for the western regions that had been partially destroyed. His sect painted them as opportunists that wanted to gain all the glory after everything was already resolved. The only reason they wanted to attack was the growth of the United Element Sect which was threatening their dynasty.

‘I think most people realize what it’s all about but their fear of the Azure Emperor is very real. Only if we can show that we are truly able to stand up to them, will the people follow without fear.’

The Long Clan was an old monster that had lasted through ages long past. To a lot of people, this clan was the Azure Empire. It had existed for so long that no one could imagine them not existing forever. Forces like the Soaring Dragon Sect and the Heavenly Crane Sect weren’t ones that lasted. Sooner or later they always deteriorated and were taken over by another faction. To many people, the United Element Sect was just like them, with time their spark would die down and only the Long Clan would remain.

‘I guess we’ll have to prove that we are here to stay.’

For the time being he needed to remain home as his forces took care of everything else. As the leader, it was better for him to only appear when the Azure Emperor decided to strike. Otherwise, there was a

possibility of him getting lured into another trap. Long Qing was a more fearsome opponent than the grand elder, the fight might not be as easy.

‘It’s possible that he never showed me his true capabilities back at the city, even though in theory I should be stronger now, I can’t discount that Overseer...’

Zhang Dong would have loved to just ask his older brother for a duel to clear things out. His clan would probably ignore the challenge while giving some type of excuse of them trying to set up some sort of trap. A battle between leaders would have been the best and least bloody solution to the problem. Yet, after what the Long Clan had attempted he couldn’t really trust them anymore.

‘They would probably only accept if the competition was held within their borders, then they will just try to entrap me in some type of formation or just outright attack me with multiple people at once.’

After having a good chuckle he decided to sit himself down in the cultivation room he was using. Contemplating the Dao of time was still coming along slowly and combining the elements wasn’t getting anywhere. Only thanks to Bob was he actually able to grasp some of it and this was somewhat of a problem. Relying on the hacked system might prove to be his downfall.

‘I need to get a grasp of the logic behind it, if that being created the original system then perhaps it could disable mine...’

There were a few possibilities for the confrontation in the future and he needed to account for all of them. He saw two possibilities, either try to make the system that he was given something that couldn’t be removed or go above it and become a true immortal being of unfathomable power. The problem was that he didn’t really have an idea how he should do either of those.

‘The only thing I can think of... would be binding Bob to my soul but he already should be.’

The Ai was freed when he first escaped from this world. At that time he was nothing more than a soul without a proper fleshy body. It was possible that Bob had already integrated itself into his soul and was a part of it. It was possible that his system had become part of everything but it was also something created by a mysterious being.

This brought several questions up to the forefront that he didn’t have an answer for. Perhaps only after discovering more about the truths of this world would he be finally able to grasp it all. Firstly he needed to take care of the Long Clan problem. Even if he defeated the Azure Emperor and become the new leader, the Overseer might not get triggered.

‘Well then, time to oversee a brand new war... or at least that's what everyone else will think.’

Everyone from his sect was in agreement that the Patriarch should not involve himself in the fighting unless the Azure Emperor appeared. They all wanted to show that they could handle things without his supervision. While he understood the sentiment he did not want more of his people to die.

‘Hiring mercenaries and solo cultivators is also getting prepared... I guess it’s time to join my own army as an outsider, this might be interesting.’

His face started changing into an old man with a nice gray beard and hair to fit. His robe started shifting into something black and gruff. His handsome face was replaced by one covered in many scars to fill the role of masterful warrior.

"It's time for the demon hunter to appear again!"

## [Chapter 662](#)

"Master Lei Yinglo, the elders will see you now."

"Mhm."

A rough-looking man dressed in a dark robe nodded at the lady that greeted him. The woman's eyes focused on his face which had a lot of scarred tissue. It was as if he was mauled by some beast and barely came out on top. There were ways of removing such wounds but perhaps the injuries were done by a ferocious demonic being which would hinder healing.

"Good day, Demon hunter Lei Yinglo, your reputation precedes you..."

"Is there a problem?"

The man was led into a smaller chamber where five elders were waiting. Four of them were at the early stage of the nascent soul level but the one in the middle was a lot stronger. His demeanor was cold and for some reason, he didn't seem to favor the man that just entered through the door.

"You might not recall it but I was there when you faced off against our Patriarch... you seem to have gotten stronger since then."

"Is that so? I feel we resolved that dispute a long time ago."

The scared man tried not to react to the question too much but on the inside, he was in a state of slight panic. Lei Yinglo was Zhang Dong's alter ego, a famous demon hunter that once traveled through the lower regions to help him gain resources without involving his clan. His notoriety among the smaller clans was something real but after ascending to the nascent soul level, he didn't really use this name much.

'Why is Zhang Zhi here, wasn't someone else doing the interview? Should I inform him about this... but those four elders might find it odd...'

Zhang Dong found himself in a job interview for his own sect. The war for the Empire had started and a decision was made to recruit people from the outside. Integrating people from clans or sects from the outside was normal. The Long Clan was doing the same thing and offering the cultivators resources for their help. It was a big chance for them to be accepted as an outer elder or disciple of a large superpower.

To not make it too obvious Zhang Dong decided to hide his true identity. Some people were aware of this persona's real identity but it didn't really matter. This was just to let him participate out on the field without his identity being known to the enemy. His aids weren't totally against it as long as everyone thought that he was back at the sect and ready, it was fine.

The danger of him hanging around the battlegrounds came from giving away his true position. His enemies would certainly send out a powerful force to take him down if his position was exposed. While he was confident in defeating everyone besides the Overseer, he was not invincible. There was also a possibility of some immortal-level weapons being in the hands of the Long Clan. If a trump card like that was ever used, then even his slightly above nascent soul level power wouldn't help him.

To remedy this problem he initiated a new scheme. The council of elders brought up the issue of the Long Clan recruitment drive and he sanctioned it all. Now his people were allowing masters from the whole empire to come to them and fight with them. While there was usually a chance of a spy making their way in, thanks to his faction system it could be seen through. Already they had a handful of pretenders rotting in the dungeon for attempting this feat.

'Well, not like I'll fail the check.'

"Senior Zhi, is there a problem with Master Lei Yinglo? Our records show that he is a reputable senior who had lived to fight demons."

"Reputable? A man that sells his sword for money."

"S-senior Zhi?"

One of the side elders started panicking as he was looking between Zhang Dong in his disguise and Zhang Zhi. In the past, his demon-hunter persona partook in a little squabble against himself. The recollection of the scene was something that could make him blush. Back then he pretended to have a battle with Lei Yinglo that ended in a stalemate. Zhi was his biggest fanboy and was there during the confrontation. He probably felt a certain way when confronting the man that raised his weapon against his leader.

"Please Master, Yinglo place your hand on the measuring device."

"This orb? What does it do?"

"It will measure your aptitude for battle, it's a simple Qi measuring device."

This was of course a big fat lie. The orb had a connection to the system and could measure a person's natural alignment. It would present the elders with a page with his stats as well as his alliance. If he was a member of a demonic sect or the Long Clan would also show up. The people that were untrustworthy or too weak had two fates. They would either get kicked out or be led to a room with a trapping formation. After getting suppressed they would end up at the correctional facility. There they would be interrogated to reveal their secrets.

"If it's just for that..."

His hand landed on the device that was connected to his own system. Before anything appeared for this group of elders he was able to alter everything. What would normally show his true name of Zhang Dong and position of Patriarch was changed.

Name: Lei Yinglo

Cultivation Level: Nascent Soul (Great Circle)

Faction: None

Alignment: True Neutral

Power Rating: S

Main Weapon: Sword

Animosity Rating: Neutral

Risk of betrayal: Very Low

It was a bit more basic compared to what he could see himself but it gave the people an idea of where his alliance lay. This was what he was aiming for, to seem like someone that was more neutral in his approach. From the statistics, they could see that he was not part of the Long Clan and not part of any faction either. That was his persona, a sellsword with some values. The risk of betraying them implied that he wouldn't go against the people that hired him and stayed true to the contract. This coupled with his power rating of S, his employment was guaranteed.

'Do you see this brothers... I haven't seen such high numbers on any of the other participants

'This man... he will be a great asset to our army and the whole sect, we should recruit him before he wanders over to the Long Clan... this is a chance!'

'What you say is true but what does senior brother Zhi think?'

'I don't trust him fully but the device was made by the Patriarch and was never wrong before...'

'You speak the truth senior Zhi, this is a big chance!'

If they knew that their Patriarch was listening to their hidden conversation they would probably lay an egg. It was clear that he would be a strong ally but also a ferocious enemy. He made his neutrality obvious which would push them to make a decision faster. Someone with these kinds of stats could potentially go to their enemy if they denied his involvement.

"We have made a decision."

"You have? This fast?"

"Indeed, for such an expert like yourself, the decision is obvious, we welcome you within the ranks of the United Element's sect."

While Zhang Zhi remained seated the other elders began to stand up and talk. All of them had access to the faction rating system to an extent so they knew that a Power Rating of S was not a simple feat. That he was a nascent soul master at the great circle stage also added to his prestige. To these early-stage masters, this was something that was commendable. All of them hoped to reach this stage one day and become pillars for their sect.

"I see..."

"Please come this way, one of the juniors will escort you to your new accommodations and explain everything in detail. They will present you with the proper paperwork as well."

“Then I shall excuse myself.”

Finally, after getting stared down by Zhang Zhi he was able to leave this testing chamber. While other participants didn't know, this chamber connected to a separate location through a hidden teleportation gate. Once a person stepped through they were far outside the sect's premises. It was a safety measure that would guarantee the safety of the juniors and regular city residents. Even if a fight broke out and the chamber was destroyed it would not injure anyone that wasn't involved.

‘I'm lucky to be a nascent soul master, the others will be judged in a harsher manner.’

When outside he found himself in a corridor that led to his temporary quarters. A good-looking woman guided him towards them while he peeked through the walls where some of the tests continued. He could feel some of the core formation experts and foundation establishment juniors giving their best. Only if they proved themselves to have the minimum required strength for their position would they be accepted just like he was.

Stats and systems were a fine way to get a general idea of a person's capabilities but they weren't everything. Only when going through hard tasks that pushed a person to their limits would their true character emerge. They needed to pit people against ferocious beasts to see if they wouldn't crumble under pressure. Some of the candidates had the assumption of this being an easy gig. They just wanted to reach a new level with the help of an established sect without putting in the proper work.

He couldn't really fault them for their reasons but he couldn't accept people like that either. Where people could die from a mistake or due to a cowardly decision, he needed to minimize the window of mistakes. While he was asking people to potentially die for his sect, they were given a chance to walk away. Only after they finally chose to join up this choice would be taken away as they were now part of their army.

‘Hm... this isn't bad... They really gave me the VVIP suite.’

Finally, he had joined up and now needed to wait for his first assignment. Soon someone would walk through that large door to take him to his first mission. Even though he was the Patriarch he had no idea what that mission would be nor did he have a reason to affect the outcome. It was now up to his people to show him how they progressed through the years and show that they could survive without him making all the decisions for them.

### [Chapter 663](#)

“Get your asses into gear, the new elder will be arriving soon, if you don't want to be doing laps for the rest of the day, you better be on your best behavior.”

“But Senior sister Fei, we are always on our best behavior!”

“That we are.”

“I don't want to hear that from you Yang Rong, if I catch you sneaking into the junior sister's side again, I'll lob off those jewels of yours.”

“No, anything but that Senior sister Fei, I'll be sure to behave.”

“You better, I might have been lenient with you but this elder isn’t part of the sect, he might not be as pleasant.”

“Uh... I can take thousands of beatings from you Senior sister but it loses meaning if the beatings are coming from some old man...”

“What did you say?”

“Oh... nothing Senior Sister!”

The group of young cultivators laughed while watching Yang Rong getting bonked on the head by an angry-looking Senior sister Fei. Their group was composed of people that didn’t originally belong to the United Element sect but had all integrated through the first recruitment drive. They had finished all of the basic training and were now part of the army that would set out to one of the border regions.

Their group was composed of many foundation establishment practitioners that numbered in the hundreds. They were divided into smaller squads of around twenty people with one senior core formation expert leading them. This group was the same and Lan Fei here was the leader of these dysfunctional individuals.

“Haha, Lan Fei you need to learn to control your juniors, what if we get punished by the elder for your sloppy squadron?”

“It won’t happen, Senior Teng...”

“I hope it won’t!”

‘Why did I get stuck with this idiot again? Am I cursed or something, did that weird guy put something on me that one time?’

The woman recalled a moment from the past when she was kidnaped by a strange demonic cultivator. That time her life was at risk as the weirdo was performing some strange ritual. Her life was spared by a certain individual that she kept buried in her heart. After this event, she joined up with this powerful sect and managed to even reach the core formation stage.

At this stage in her life, it was possible to create her own clan or help out her father. However, there was no reason to leave this sect. Her power continued to increase and the more merits she gained, so did her position. At the moment she was considered to be an outer disciple with senior privileges.

To change her fate and prove once and for all that she was worthy, the decision to join the war had been made. The recruitment drive was very appealing and the risks weren’t that high. Some people might have not known but she knew how overprotective the Patriarch of this sect was. The places where her group would be sent would probably be easily tamable.

‘I will become an inner sect disciple and then elder, then I need to join one of the great clans to solidify my position...’

This was her thought process. Her beauty was well known and she had many suitors through which she could progress even faster. Yet she wanted to prove that she had enough talent to make it on her own. Thanks to the merits system a person could join the inner sect and integrate into one of the three great



clans. The best fit for her was the Feng clan but considering that it was led by the Matriarch, she wasn't sure if she shouldn't go with another choice.

'I shouldn't get ahead of myself, this could take a few years but afterward, it's smooth sailing for me! I'll get a few cute disciples and live a happy life.'

She tried smiling at the person that scolded her for not keeping her people in check. The person was called Zhang Teng and was part of one of the great clans. It was the strongest faction with their Patriarch being the leader of their entire sect. This man with a face of a snake was not someone that she liked. First of all, it seemed that he had a stick up his ass with how properly he conducted himself.

Then there were the swarms of Feng Clan women around him that always gave her death glares. Even now his entire group was composed of young and beautiful women. She didn't know what she did to get into this position but as long as she lasted through this war then her time would come. Without having any family backing she needed to depend on her own capabilities.

"All of you gather up, the new elder is coming!"

"The new elder, do you know who he is?"

"Yes, listen to this, apparently he was a famous demon hunter in the past."

"A demon hunter? Was he a mercenary?"

"It seems so."

The reaction was mild, the people here started frowning as they realized that their leader was from outside the clan. An elder that didn't have any family or sect was always suspicious. That he was forced to work as a sellsword said a few things about his character. In short, he didn't work well with others, either through being a lone wolf or through character flaws that made him into a bad leader. Now they were stuck with a person like that, their future didn't look good.

"Damn... why couldn't we have gotten someone like Elder Zhi..."

"Why would he take in outer disciples like us, it was a given that we would get the dregs of the sect."

"Hey be quiet, what if that elder hears you and decides to discipline us all..."

"Stop talking and get into formation!"

Zhang Teng shouted out which made everyone quiet down. Even though he was also only a squadron leader there was a proper pecking order for everyone. Lan Fei along with all the other leaders needed to listen to this man. Everyone took up their positions and waited for the elder to arrive. Finally, after around ten minutes the man of the hour arrived along with another nascent soul master that some of the people here were accustomed to.

"Greetings juniors, I won't take up much of your time. Let me introduce you all to Elder Lei Yinglo, he will be the leader of this company of troops. I expect everyone to show him the proper respect."

"Yes, Elder!"

Everyone clasped their hands while bowing, everyone except one person that was Lan Fei. Her eyes started bulging out the moment she saw that scared-up face. Was this some type of joke that the man there was trying to pull on her? It didn't seem that anyone really knew who he was but she remembered him from the past.

'Is it really him? Why would he hide his presence in the sect? Or... could this be the real demon hunter?'

Lan Fei recalled the white-haired man that saved her all those years before. He had revealed that Lei Yinglo was a persona that he was using. The man was able to alter his appearance so she didn't really know what he looked like. It was possible that the man called Zhang Dong was a lot older than anyone expected. Yet the shines that he presented during that one steamy night, was not something an experienced man would be capable off.

"Senior Sister, you are staring."

"Uh, I..."

She was poked from the side by one of her squad members that noticed that she wasn't doing her bow properly. Even the other leaders were starting to side-eye her. All sorts of questions were going through her head now. She wanted to do nothing more than shout out his real name to see if he was really the man she knew before. Even after spending many years in this sect, there was never a time when he looked her way. Could this be some type of coincidence or was there more to it?

.....

'She is looking at me...'

Zhang Dong had gone through with his secret mission. His demon-hunter persona had been assigned to mostly a company composed of outer sect disciples. There were only a few members from the inner sect like Zhang Teng here. The plan was to join such a group where his presence was not that known, the plan was perfect but an unforeseen variable appeared.

Lan Fei, a woman that he had a fling with and the person that took his first time. He had almost forgotten of her existence in the sect that she joined almost the moment it was created. This wouldn't really be much of a problem at all if he had decided to create a whole new image for himself.

His choice of going with Lei Yinglo was due to his notoriety. People from the Zhang Clan knew his exploits and this heightened the chances of him getting included in the war effort. There was one problem, the one person that knew his identity was here and this was Lan Fei. Even now he could see her trying to glance his way, she had clearly remembered this scar-covered face that was just a disguise.

'Well, this certainly complicates things... I didn't even know she was taking part in this mission.'

A patriarch didn't really look down that much. There was no way for him to keep track of all the people from his sect. While he had the faction system this didn't give him insights into every person in the sect. It was more of a generalized tool that allowed him to farm some spirit points and call it up for help here and there.

'I can't let Liena know of this... she might get a stupid idea...'

Going on a secret mission with an old girlfriend was quite suspicious. He was disguising himself while pretending to be in secluded training. If his wife noticed that he was gone on a mission it would already be bad enough, but his life would be at risk if she thought that he was cheating on her.

‘I need to calm down... I’m the Patriarch, I’ll just ignore her...’

There wasn’t much that he could do now. After arriving here with one of the other nascent soul elders he was given the reins to the company. They would all be soon sent out through the teleportation gate for their first assignment. The details of the mission were already known to him, a search and rescue.

‘I can’t worry about things like this when lives are at stake...’

He nodded while trying to evade the piercing gaze the woman was giving him. It was clear that she wanted to ask him a lot of questions but he wasn’t sure if he had the right answers for them. Thus soon their group departed for their first mission and he would again be placed into a tight bind.

#### [Chapter 664](#)

“Elder please let me help you with that...”

“No it’s fine...”

“I insist! We can’t have such a man as yourself tend to such things, leave it up to our squad.”

“Ah... sure...”

‘This girl, she knows... Making my face this ferocious has no meaning if she acts like this.’

Zhang Dong frowned while looking at Lan Fei. She had clearly discovered his true identity and was now pestering him. The other cultivators were far too afraid to say anything to him but she, on the other hand, had no qualms about it. It all started out slowly with her offering to open up the door or hand him something but now, she was making the people from her squad massage his shoulders and even play some music during the trip.

‘Why do we have to be stuck on this ship for so long, when will we reach the next destination?’

‘It will take exactly six hours, twenty-one minutes, and thirty-four seconds to reach the destination.’

‘Thanks, Bob, I forgot that you were there.’

After the introduction to this group of people, he was taken to a large ship. This company consisted of close to two hundred people, twelve of them were core formation experts and the rest were foundation establishment practitioners. Lan Fei was one of the experts that led a small squadron of sixteen people.

He had hoped to ignore the girl after reaching the ship yet his accommodations were different. His presence in the central control room was a requirement. He was to sit on the side and give out orders to the captain who was one of the core formation experts from the other groups. This forced him to stay together with everyone and allowed Lan Fei to bother him with her hijinks.

At first, it was only her but soon the others started crawling up behind. It seemed that they got the wrong idea and interpreted Lan Fei’s actions as a blueprint. Any junior loved to get themselves under the wing of a nascent soul master. Gaining a master like him would have been a way of sending them

into the inner sect. Due to him not giving Lan Fei a stern scolding they believed that he actually liked this sort of behavior.

'The only ones not trying to crawl up my ass are people from the main clans, some of them made it on this mission with me. At least they took my orders to heart, a lot of them were against this, luckily I've gained enough trust now.'

Zhang Teng was one of the people from the inner sect. He was even related to one of the new nascent soul elders directly. Normally in any other sect such a person would never be caught around outer sect disciples and elders like here. He was a young master with a bright future and the proper backing to make something of himself. This fact usually gave people in his position an inflated ego, it was what made young masters into what they were, a menace.

To avoid this from repeating in his own sect he gave out an order. People from the inner sect had to interact with the outer sects. He wanted the divide to slowly be closed between these two camps and finally after enough time had passed, it would be time to abolish this system. He hoped to not have any inner, outer, or core disciples and it turned into one unified sect where people of different backgrounds were equal.

"ENOUGH! I do not need my shoulders to be rubbed! I will take a stroll through the ship... you there!"

"Me Elder?"

"Yes you, give me a tour of this vessel. I'm still unfamiliar with the ways of your sect."

"Of course elder!"

"Is it because of her looks..."

"So lucky, the powerful elder took an interest in Lan Fei."

He could hear the others whispering around after he singled Lan Fei out from the group. After having to listen to terrible music and puns for a few hours he needed a change of scenery. If this continued he even considered teleporting away and then back when they reached their destination. After getting up from the throne-like chair that he occupied he followed after the woman that was all smiles. The other cultivators looked with longing eyes while thinking that she would be given special treatment.

"Great Elder if you'll allow me..."

"Just come with me and stop with that way of speaking, its starting to get on my nerves."

"Ah, if that's the Elders' wish."

Lan Fei gave him the nicest smile as if she didn't know what this was about and followed after. He did not need a tour of this flying ship as he was one of the people that went through the schematics of this model. He knew what all was used for and this was just an excuse to get the woman into a secluded cabin which he soon guided her to.

"We can talk here..."

"Oh my, why did the Elder bring me to this empty cabin... Is it for that reason?"

She gave him a wink while looking at the large bed inside the room. This place was reserved for any potential guests that arrived and kept empty for such an occasion. Before he could start talking the woman gave him a seductive look while trying to get on top of the bed.

“Hey, could you knock it off, I’m not my grandfather and I already know that you know who I am.”

“Was it that obvious?”

“Yes, quite obvious.”

“I have to apologize for my actions, this junior has been rude to the sect’s Patriarch.”

Soon Lan Fei’s tone had changed, her expression became a bit less playful as she removed herself from the bed. It was the usual behavior of a junior around a senior member or at least it looked to be on the surface. Considering how much of a fox this woman was those years in the past, it wouldn’t be strange if she was plotting something.

Maybe she wouldn’t even drop the act if he actually pushed her down on the bed and would have accepted any advances knowing well that he was Zhang Dong, the sect’s Patriarch. She took away his first experience before his wife came into the picture so it wasn’t such an odd trade-off. Becoming a mistress of the sect’s leader wouldn’t have even raised any eyebrows. His grandfather who had multiple wives was proof of it.

He was even asked to take in a few to spread his seed as babies from nascent soul masters were already rare. Considering that it got more and more dangerous for the wife the more children they received, to some this was an obvious resolution. Just get more wives close to his level and sire more children that would probably become the pillars of the future sect.

“It’s fine, I’ll let it slide but try not to do this again, I’ve put on this face for a reason.”

“Oh my, is this mission actually dangerous?”

“Not that I’m aware of...”

Zhang Dong looked at the woman before him. She already knew too much for her own good but salvaging the situation was possible. His main reason to be here was to aid his sect without giving up his true identity. He did not want people tip-toeing around his presence as their big leader. This was the reason for playing a renegade master that didn’t belong here. It was much more probable that they would let something slip if he wasn’t seen as a true member yet.

He still wanted to be in a leadership position though, if something went wrong he needed to be able to take care of the situation. If he pretended to be a foundation establishment junior, there could arise a moment of confusion when he revealed his true power. It was better to not have another nascent soul master undermine his status during a critical situation.

“I assume by your confused face that you wish to know what I’m doing here in this old disguise.”

Lan Fei nodded while trying to produce the largest puppy dog eyes she could. Regretfully what might have worked for the old Zhang Dong who once identified as a person called Matt, was ineffective. After coming to this world he had somewhat decided to ditch his old persona and assimilate with the

cultivator called Zhang Dong. While he would never forget about his roots or morals, he needed to change his mindset at least slightly to survive in a world like this.

"Maybe that would have worked on me ten years ago, but I'm not the old me anymore."

"Haaa... you're making me doubt my womanly charms."

"If you are interested, I can introduce you to a certain grandfather of mine, I'm sure he'll take you under his wing."

"Elder Zhang Jin? I think I'll have to refuse, that old man has a very bad reputation with the women in the sect... then there are also his many wives, those women are ferocious... You're not actually going to send me to him for punishment, are you?"

Lan Fei chuckled while shrugging, her impression of his grandfather wasn't good and he was aware of that. No good-looking woman in the sect was safe and his wealth had its limits. After he passed on the battle for the assets he left behind would probably be tremendous. Zhang Dong was already scared as he would probably need to take care of his extended family then and not let them kill themselves over cultivation resources.

"Haha, no I was just joking. I wouldn't give my worst enemy away to that perverted old man... But let's get back to the problem at hand..."

"My lips are sealed."

"Good, I guess this could work my... new potential disciple."

"Potential disciple?"

"Yes... this will be the role that you will play... Don't worry, it's just temporary but now that you have figured me out, I'll have you do some work for your Patriarch."

Lan Fei wasn't sure what he meant but she at least seemed happy to work with him. The others already thought that she made a good impression so it worked out for him. She would be his middleman in all of this while he did his thing. Having someone on the inside that acted this casually around him wasn't that bad...

## [Chapter 665](#)

"How could senior sister do this, does she have a thing for old ugly men?"

"How about you shut up before Elder Lei Yinglo hears you, do you want to get crippled or something?"

"But... Senior sister Lei Fan... what is she doing with that man, this isn't normal! He must have cast some kind of demonic technique on our fairy, we must set her free!"

"What do you mean with, our? Stop involving me with your delusions!"

"Ow, how could you hit me!"

Yang Rong held the lump on his head that appeared after his friend, Cheng Yun gave him a smack. Both of them came from the same little village and once were at odds with each other. After being recruited

by the United Element sect they fostered somewhat of a bond with each other. Cheng Yun got the short end of the stick with this relationship as his friend usually got himself into trouble. This led him into multiple fights and demerits throughout the ten or so years that they had been in this sect.

“Listen to me Rong, if you go out there, you’re on your own, I’m not getting tossed down from this ship with you!”

“Don’t worry my friend, I won’t cause any trouble!”

Cheng Yun rolled his eyes while looking at his friend sprinting off somewhere. He wasn’t sure how that elder would react but at least Rong’s life should be secure. They were still part of the United Element Sect. The elders of this group were much more lenient than usual, if this Lei Yinglo was allowed to take part in this mission, then he had to be a man of at least some character. Most sect members knew how the recruitment methods worked and it was impossible for a demonic cultivator to become part of their group.

“Oh, Senior sister? I was about to... AGH”

“About to what? Get back in line and finish setting up our camp! You were supposed to be done by now, what were you all doing?”

Lan Fei appeared from behind a tree to deliver a kick to Yang Rong’s shin. The young man winced in pain and instantly dropped down to the ground. Even though tears were rolling down his eyes he seemed rather content after receiving the hit. Cheng Yun recoiled in disgust as his old friend had gained some weird tastes throughout the years. It seemed that he liked to be punished by their senior sister. He did seem quite happy whenever she decided to pull out her whip to discipline him.

‘Luckily after a while, she switched to punishing just him and not the entire squad... otherwise Yang would have probably never survived but not like he is the only one ... ‘

The young foundation establishment practitioner that wanted nothing more than to just train had a hard time focusing within this group. It was populated only by men with senior sister Lan Fei being the only woman around. Some of the other brothers, just like Yang Rong, gained a similar taste to his. Though some preferred to be praised than punished, others loved getting assigned chores, it was quite a strange group of individuals.

‘At least we aren’t alone here, the elder is keeping watch over us so the others haven’t been causing any problems.’

Some time had passed since they left their sect. After arriving at their destination they set out to a nearby settlement. To not get the common citizens involved too much their sect decided to create their own outposts. If any Long Clan attacks arrived at this location, then they wouldn’t involve the city nor would any damage spread. They just required the city to provide some necessities but were mostly self-sufficient.

“Get a move on, spread out the pylons as you have learned.”

The group nodded as this was their main reason for being here. They didn’t possess much fighting power on their own but had learned a lot of new things. The pylons were strange rods that they just

needed to assemble in the correct way. When connected together they would form the basis for their main structure.

It was quite the sight, after everything was connected the thick rods started shining. The light pushed to the side and produced floor tiles as well as walls. What they assembled was something akin to a framework. In the middle were the base materials that consisted of things like spirit iron and building blocks. When surrounded by these pylons it created a chain reaction.

“How did they create this technology...”

“No one really knows, it is rumored that it was thanks to our Patriarch...”

All of them stopped and looked as if the base materials disappeared before them. They filled out the empty spaces between the framework and connected to the thick rods. Soon a structure that looked like a large castle fort was created. The walls were made out of special stones and reinforced by metal. On the outside, it looked like a medieval castle surrounded by twelve large towers. Each one was occupied and assembled by another squad with their being the last one to finish their project.

“This actually worked...?”

“What do you mean, did you think they would send us out here for nothing?”

“Well... I thought it wouldn’t look as magnificent, it even has our sect’s symbol on the main gate!”

It was understandable for Yang Rong to doubt the procedure as during their training they only assembled smaller structures. No one wanted to waste many materials so they usually just practiced by assembling smaller walls. The person that was responsible for this technology was hovering above them and had the actual keys himself.

All of the people that were gathered here spotted them looking over from a distance. His form was shrouded in some type of dark veil that had expanded over the whole construction. It created a strange dark dome that didn’t allow any light to get inside.

Everyone was stunned at first but soon they realised that it was some type of hiding technique. Even if people were flying over them no one would be able to find them. This was confirmed after they spotted a few strange cultivators patrolling the skies.

“I know that symbol, it’s a branch clan associated with the Long Clan, they actually appeared!”

“Yes... but they really can’t see us here. This new elder must specialize in illusory techniques!”

“This is great, we won’t have to fight them!”

The soldiers cheered as they saw the group of people move along. Normally they would have probably attacked them and called for reinforcements.

“They must have been a scout unit, does this mean that they are trying to create their own base nearby?”

“It could be possible but they won’t be able to beat us!”

.....



“It does look like a quick assembly in a strategy game... and that scout unit, I should use a tracking technique on them.”

While the castle was being assembled he performed a tiny technique that attached a symbol to one of the robes of the people that were scouting. With this, he would be able to follow after them to their own hidden base and remove any potential threats almost instantly.

After finishing up his technique he glanced back to what was being created. Everything was done through his faction system. The first requirement was the location, it needed to be close to a settlement and within the limits of his faction. The next one was the resources that needed to be placed within the range of the construction. Lastly, someone needed to create a hollow scaffolding for the large structure.

‘Thanks to Bob I don’t need to be there for the creation but it won’t be assembled without involving some spirit points.’

Thanks to his lands becoming really massive he was given a lot of passive spirit point income. This was a quick-build faction feature. It was actually possible to create a structure by only involving spirit points but the cost would skyrocket. By having his people perform the outline for creation everything was minimized.

‘Good, now the cities won’t get involved and the Long Clan will have no excuse to pillage them for resources.’

He nodded while flying down into the castle. Usually in wars like this people would use an excuse to rob others of their valuables. It was far less costly to fortify a position in an existing city which usually also had its own defensive formations. While he cloaked the whole castle with his darkness technique, he wouldn’t always be here.

The task of creating a proper defensive formation along with the power source belonged to the core formation experts and him. It would take at least a day until everything was done properly and he would see to it that it did. Thus the minutes turned into hours and he continued to work.

‘This is actually a bit more relaxing than I anticipated...’

After spending years cultivating without much else going on he had grown a bit weary. This was a nice change of pace, performing techniques and tasks that weren’t all that hard was a breath of fresh air. It actually felt like his mind was clearing out and perhaps if he managed to focus on the things here then his next cultivation session would offer him a breakthrough.

‘That about does it...’

“Everyone, please stand still and don’t move until the formation takes effect...”

“Yes, Elder!”

Everyone had gathered in the courtyard while the formation was activated. On the first run, it would scan everyone from this fort and input them into something like a database. Only the people from this company with the proper clearance would be able to leisurely traverse the barrier now. Everyone else would be forced to remain outside until someone from inside opened a path. This allowed them to protect themselves from potential spies or infiltrators that tried impersonating their own people. Even if

they managed to imitate a clearance from another stronghold, they wouldn't be able to just get into this one.

"Well then, I think that completes the main mission but a new special one will soon commence."

"A special mission, Elder?"

"Yes, that scouting unit that was here the other day hasn't moved much."

"Does that mean?"

"Yes, you are fast to catch on Lan Fei, they must have a base there and we will attack it..."

He proclaimed while everyone nodded. Their eyes had a certain passion, all of them wanted to move and confront the boogiemans of the empire. The Long Clan was a force that everyone knew and everyone wanted to beat. The chance for the young cultivators here to gain some glory had come and they would take it.

#### [Chapter 666](#)

"Was our information faulty?"

"That's a possibility or..."

"Or they lied to us? They wouldn't have the balls to withhold information from the Long Clan, it must be something else..."

"Maybe those United Element bastards were smart enough not to trust them? This could explain why they were doing something idiotic like creating a fort."

"That's probably it, they might still be hiding here or chose a different area to occupy. We will have to search for clues but don't forget your other duties."

"Yes, Elder."

A group of old men were standing around a map of this area. When talking they looked to the nearby settlement which was a city in which millions of people lived. They had interrogated some of the clans living there and managed to get some information. Apparently, a small unit of cultivators from their enemy had chosen to appear but no signs of them could be found. There wasn't really a place to hide, the forests around here weren't that dense.

They were quick to send out a scouting party to scour the area and wait. Thanks to the map they knew where the best spots for setting up a temporary stronghold would be. Apparently, their enemies were trying to create a stronghold in this area. To the people from the Long Clan and their affiliates, this was a strange tactic. It would have been much easier to just occupy the nearby city instead. Their presence here was a fact and defeating them with their larger numbers would be easy.

Yet they would soon have a rude awakening. As the group of cultivators was getting ready to go for another search their enemies weren't that far away. To be exact they were right next to them, shrouded by the veil of the night. After their scouting party was marked by their leader, it was child's play to arrive at this base.

“The Elder was right, they can’t see us at all...”

“This opportunity is not something we can squander, get ready, and don’t embarrass our sect in front of the new elder.”

Zhang Teng called out to the other core formation experts that were behind him. Their group would form one attacking and one defensive formation in this battle each consisting of six core formation cultivators. The foundation establishment soldiers would be in the rear and help with the small fries that attempted to escape. It looked like they were outnumbered about two to one but with the element of surprise on their side, their morales were high.

“Elder Yinglo, everyone is ready, please give us the order to attack.”

Zhang Dong nodded while scanning through the enemy encampment. They had borrowed an abandoned mine and placed an illusory formation to hide the entrance. This world was vast, and finding such a location would have been quite a time investment. Even if they discovered it later he expected their opponents to be on the move. Their leaders weren’t stupid, everyone knew that creating a base wasn’t such an easy task.

He could feel two nascent soul masters on the inside along with around thirty core formation experts. The rest weren’t worth mentioning but one thing was apparent. These people did not belong to the Long Clan, only one person fit the bill and he was just a core formation expert. Both the nascent soul master on the inside was from other sects or clans that he wasn’t that familiar with.

‘They won’t even send out a master to guide their moves and leave it to other sects with promises of power. I guess we are doing something similar but not quite the same.’

Hiring mercenaries wasn’t anything new but he was sure that the Long Clan wasn’t paying these people much in return. They were probably strong-armed into complying with the superpower that was the Azure dynasty. Most of the oldies would not side with the new upstarts and probably hoped to gain an easy victory. Even if they wouldn’t be getting anything in return from the Azure Emperor, they could pillage whatever their enemies left behind.

‘A never-ending battle for cultivation resources to expand one’s life and power... but is it really worth it in the end if immortality is impossible to grasp?’

He wasn’t sure if he had the right to ask that question. He had already reached the maximum level of power that this world allowed. Even without doing anything, he would be able to at least live a thousand years. Perhaps death seemed scarier to people that lived for longer than to ones whose lives ended rather fast. Without having a way of prolonging it, they needed to just accept the inevitable. Yet for a cultivator that was able to get to a thousand years there might have been a way.

“Elder, Yinglo...”

“Ah yes, we shall begin with the assault, leave the two nascent soul masters to me, I’ll be sure to remove them from this encampment.”

Lan Fei interrupted him while he was thinking things through. Even now he was not that keen on killing people. Yet after going through many battles there was one thing that he understood. These people might have not wanted to make this choice but they were hurting others by this choice they made.

There was no reason for this war other than the Long Clan's scheme and they were probably hoping for a reward after all the blood had dried up.

A darkened blade appeared in his hand and was pointed toward the enemy encampment. The element of surprise was on their side so he could take care of many of the enemy combatants on his own. The faster this was over, the less people needed to die. Thus he aimed for one of the nascent soul masters that was there.

"Huh?"

The old man was just walking through one of the mine shafts when he felt something coming. There was not enough time to evade, he could only look up and put his guard up. A massive black and purple energy strike pierced through the rocks above and collided with his chest. Even with all of his magical trinkets and powerful treasures, it went right through like a knife through butter.

"W-we are getting attacked!"

Zhang Dong moved his hand back after thrusting his sword forward. A torrent of sword energies that contained some of his Dao pierced through the ground and connected with the weaker of the two nascent soul masters. The strike went right through his chest and was an instant KO. With the infusion of his own Qi, the man was incapacitated and his life was now dangling on a thread.

'One down, one to go...'

He flew forward as the vanguard at the remaining master that was quick to abandon the mine to intercept him. Even though he was much stronger than his opponents he was worrying about other things. This fight was different from the ones that he had in the previous few years. He wasn't fighting demi-humans or creatures from the treacherous seas. His opponents were now just regular humans that inhabited this empire. While he had gotten somewhat used to delivering killing blows by now, if he could save some people by not having them die through collateral damage, then he would.

"Follow after Elder Yinglo, for the United Element Sect, and for the Patriarch!"

Zhang Teng, who was the second in command, raised his own sword at the enemy. All of the core formation experts assembled to create a massive water dragon and turtle. These elemental entities made from their Qi pushed into the mine in hopes of collapsing it and bringing death to the people in it. While their leader was against pointless killing, they weren't as lenient.

"Ack, the walls are coming down, quickly evacuate outside! Activate the defensive formations! ARGH!"

Zhang Dong identified the nascent soul elder who fled outside instantly after his initial sword strike. The man was a great circle master and the one he defeated was in the later stage. These two probably never expected to get this much resistance with the amount of power they should be capable of producing.

"Who are you? How can you wield so much power?"

"Surrender and I might tell you."

"You want me to surrender? You might have gotten a lucky strike on my junior but I'm not as weak!"

It didn't seem that the man was capable of judging the true power of his enemy. A large number of spears along with a soul beast that looked like a giant with eight arms appeared. There was some circle of fire spinning behind this beast and his feet along with his hands were clad in fire energy as well. This being was also holding multiple weapons of various types like axes, swords, and even a hammer.

"You shall be defeated by this Xiuo H... huh?"

The man was trying to pronounce his name but before he could finish a shadowy figure appeared right before him. The vast quantity of spears that were part of a formation of flying weapons was somehow miraculously seen through and dodged through.

"Ugh...H-how..."

A metallic taste entered the man's mouth as a palm connected with his chest. It sent an ungodly amount of spiritual energy into his solar plexus along with his other organs. All of them started rapturing in a moment and even before he could call his massive soul beast for help.

"My apologies but I want to end this fight fast, you won't be able to cultivate anymore and your life will be short... but this is the price that you'll pay for taking part in all of this..."

Zhang Dong looked at the old man's body crumbling as his Qi started going berserk. Ending a fight between nascent soul masters fast wasn't that easy. This was even harder when one of the combatants didn't truly want to destroy their enemy. It was possible for him to go for the kill shot instantly but instead, he decided to crumble the man's dantian to destroy his cultivation.

"N-no... I will not... it... it can not end here... ugh..."

The man retreated while throwing all of the flying spears his way. Zhang Dong moved his body in strange, incomprehensible ways to evade everything. He could not let up, the man was in possession of a teleportation talisman. Before it could be activated he slashed forward with his black sword. Instantly the man's arm had been severed but to his surprise, the talisman that was in that hand was still activated.

'Am I still too soft?'

Zhang Dong remained in the skies while looking at the falling hand. The man was able to escape and even if he was heavily injured he still posed a future threat to his people. If anyone died by his hand in the future then it would be on his conscience.

'I should return to the mine and stop the fight...'

Yet now was not the time to deliberate this, the fighting below was still ongoing and now that the other nascent soul masters were gone he could just end it.

## [Chapter 667](#)

"I want this place to be empty within the hour, take everything, grab the spatial rings, and don't leave any stone untouched!"

"Yes, Senior Brother!"

The battle was over and Zhang Dong was looking at a particular scene playing out. The foundation establishment juniors were ransacking the entire mine and even taking some of the wooden beams that supported some of it. It seemed that there had been an order to not leave anything with spirit energy inside left.

'I did say to bring any and all resources... I guess they are keeping true to my order.'

With the recent recruitment drive, his army was steadily growing. This meant that they needed to provide everyone with weapons, good robes, food, and even pills. The conflict had just started and they were going against a behemoth in the form of the Long Clan. Their opponent was well connected, no one stood in their way, and would offer up all their resources without a second thought.

His sect on the other hand had existed only around for ten years. While they were now famous it would take a lot more time for everyone to accept them as the new giant. Each time they went into new cities they had to jump through certain hoops to get the people's support. Some even tried to resist as they did not believe in their might.

Thanks to Zhang Dong's system it was possible to recycle almost everything that was considered a crafting material. Thus his people were tasked with even stripping the floors of tiles which could be then reassembled into something workable. Even now they were scraping everything from this temporary enemy encampment to send back to later send back to the main sect.

"Take the prisoners away, they shall work at the mines."

"Unhand me, I am a member of the Long Clan! Do you know who my uncle is? When he finds out, all of your descendants will be killed!"

"Shut it you old fart, they have special places at the mines for people like you!"

The man that belonged to the main Long Clan and was a core formation expert was apprehended. Even though their side had lost he was still complaining as if expecting to get returned to his family. It seemed that these people weren't taking this war as seriously as his side was.

'Hm... It's always better to go against a foe that underestimates their opponent, I hope there are more fools like this one out there.'

He could see victory on the horizon if they were up against self-absorbed idiots like this person. Considering that the Long Clan had been at the top for more than a hundred thousand years, they had no reason to doubt their victory. Perhaps they expected their outer clan elders and disciples to take care of everything.

'How did that saying go? Hard times create strong men, strong men create good times, good times create weak men, and weak men create hard times. They had been on top for so long that they had probably weakened to a degree. They rely on other sects and branch clans to do the dirty work for them while they hide out in the middle region in that flying castle.'

Zhang Dong nodded at his assessment, when considering this truth things didn't look that bad. However, the longer this exchange took the more his enemy would grow. Just like with the other empires he needed to continue pushing and the end would appear.

"Is everything fine?"

"Hm... Can you give me a report?"

He nodded while turning his head over to Lan Fei who had become sort of a secretary. The battle was over and he was done with suppressing the lesser cultivators with his aura. Without another nascent soul master to block it out, there was no way for them to fight back.

"We suffered no casualties thanks to Elder's magnificent battle. Only a few injuries here and there but nothing a few pills can't fix."

"Mmm, and what of their side?"

"Around a fifth of their people had been slain in the attack the rest have already surrendered."

"Is that so, you don't seem happy Elder, is there something wrong?"

"No it's nothing, help the others handle the prisoners and transport them to our stronghold. Then prepare them for transport after the gate is finished."

"Of course."

Lan Fei nodded her head and slowly retreated towards her sect brothers and sisters. She recalled the old days where this man had helped her out. Even though his face was rugged and unmoving it was obvious that he was feeling compassion for the deceased warriors from the other side. That someone like him existed in such a world felt strange but it also brought a smile onto her face.

'I'm not sure what to do to minimize the deaths... These people aren't participating entirely of their own free will. They can't go against the Long Clan, even a random core formation elder is getting the royal treatment.'

The battle was won and the prisoners were getting taken away. The bodies of the defeated foes lay down on the ground while covered by thin cloth. The only thing he could do for these people was to take their remains into his medallion and then send them back to their clans. The least he could do was give their family members some closure.

'They might hate me for it but... there are too many things at stake here for me to stop now.'

Killing regular human beings was a lot different than demi-humans. Even though this wasn't the first time something like this happened, he could never get used to it. Soon the mine area was cleaned out and they returned to the stronghold where they were greeted by a few remaining sect members.

"Everyone, you did well. You are allowed to rest for the rest of the night, we will continue tomorrow at dawn."

His people were tired, even if they were cultivators he knew that sooner or later their bodies would break. It was up to the commanding officer to keep his troops well prepared and resting was one way of sustaining morale. He could already see some of the soldiers smiling and commenting on the first real battle. All of them would start forming bonds with each other which would just solidify their integration into this company.

'I wonder how the others are doing. Bob show me the report.'

'Affirmative.'

While the others rested he wasn't done with his duties. As the only nascent soul master here it was his job to keep everyone safe. His spiritual sense could spread out far into the distance. If someone got too close to their stronghold he would know.

He took a seat in his own private chamber that was devoid of any furniture. The castle had been assembled but it only created foundations of cold rock and steel. People would actually have to assemble other necessities that could be more easily transported through spatial rings.

For the time being he pulled out a chair along with a table onto which he superimposed a holographic image of the entire western border. The Long Clan was right in the middle and didn't really control that much land compared to his sect or the one to the east. Even without any land, they were still considered to be the strongest superpower in the world.

'Due to their concentration in the middle, it might be hard to drive them back, their protective formations could be as powerful as the ones from the Emerald Phoenix empire which shouldn't be that much of a problem. What I really need to watch out for is that flying city and that Goliath thing Long Qing spoke about.'

The name reminded him of something like a giant golem or colossus from various legends. It was possible that this Long Clan he was going up against had a huge trump card. While this thing was supposed to help him against the other empires, now that he was going against his previous allies, it could be the reverse. It was possible for the scenario to change as he had a suspicion that the Overseer had something to do with it.

'Perhaps if things get too one-sided, the Overseer has to level the playing field?'

He asked himself while staring at the map on the table. His forces were slowly assembling close to the border cities and assembling large castles. They weren't just large structures of stone that could take a beating, there was a further purpose to their creation. After assembling a formation would be created, this one was quite special and could connect to other similar ones.

'This is quite the undertaking, we need to assemble over a hundred of these to even have a chance to connect them.'

The plan wasn't that simple. All these formations were supposed to connect to each other to form a giant wall between the center and the west. This is why they were trying to hide these buildings and create them before their enemy knew of their true purpose.

'We have about one-fifth of them assembled, it's going nicely but the Long Clan won't remain passive.'

He recalled the elder that escaped from the battle. The man would probably make a full report to the Long Clan that might return with reinforcements. When the time came he needed to be ready to defend this place but he was not alone. Thanks to their teleportation gates, reinforcements would be able to arrive.



Even now some of his sect members were working tirelessly to assemble the first of these gates. Once they were finished more scientific staff could make their way over to help outfit this stronghold with weapons. Within a few days, he expected it to have many spirit canons, and protective shields to stem the tide.

'I guess it's up to them now, I'll just need to protect them if those reinforcements arrive... I just hope they won't be too hasty.'

This was an opportunity to test his enemies. Would they release the danger that was before them or would they ignore it? There were a lot of politics involved in the cultivation world. It wasn't that easy to assemble new armies and get other elders to move. Without a proper leader or some structure, their response would be sluggish.

'Well, I can only hope that they aren't prepared for what's to come, if this goes well, we will be able to push in for an offensive sooner than I anticipated.'

### [Chapter 668](#)

'They are really making me work... I wonder if someone suspects something by now...'

Zhang Dong looked at the passed-out man in his grasp. Just a moment ago the two had been exchanging blows in the air but now the previously strong man looked like someone's grandpa. This was already his tenth battle at the border region and the enemies weren't really letting up.

Just as he previously expected, the man that escaped had called for some reinforcements. Even though their counterattack was quite sloppy it wasn't the end of it. A full-on war for the control of the border was now raging in the empire. The other forts and strongholds didn't go unnoticed and within a week's time, the Long Clan had sent out their troops to stop the creation of these castles.

Their enemy seemed to have less manpower than their side on the surface but this was nothing more than a pretense. The Long Clan's roots ran deep, a lot deeper than he anticipated. It wasn't just the fear of the royal family that drove them, a lot actually believed that they were part of it all. For others, this was the chance they were waiting for, with enough merits they could be promoted to proper clan members.

However, his side was still managing to hold out. One of the reasons was that he was taking it a lot more seriously than his competition. Even now, not many of the nascent soul masters from the main sect showed themselves. This was the key to their victory, an unorganized opponent that lacked a proper structure in their army.

The battles he was going through were actually easier than the ones against the Phoenix emerald empire or the demi-humans. Those people actually had one central figure leading them, even the demi-humans that were divided into tribes had more control over people. They at least didn't mix their tribes up together too much which lessened their need for cooperation.

Here on the other hand it was a mix-up of various clans and sects together. This was a recipe for disaster as cultivators were very headstrong and didn't really like to cooperate with outsiders. Without a proper divide between officers and soldiers there was bound to be problems. No one wanted to be the vanguard and suffer casualties and even now during his battle, there were similar problems.

‘They tossed this elder at me just so they could get away...’

It was actually a tactic that worked. The time it took him to take out this nascent soul master, his friends had managed to escape. They weren’t faster than him nor were they stronger but still they got away. All of this was due to one thing, strange teleportation talismans that somehow every master above the core formation level was equipped with.

‘I guess this is what the Long Clan thought up to conserve their forces... but not sure what they will do with all those demoralized nascent soul masters...’

The whole thing was somewhat annoying. Whenever there were more than one nascent soul master on the battlefield, they would run the moment they realized there was no way of winning. Sometimes they would even do it before he could initiate combat. His fame of being a powerful master at the great circle level was spreading through the front like wildfire. The legend of the dark master Lei Yinglo was already reaching the middle regions.

“Elder Yinglo, thanks for your work!”

“Ah? Make nothing of it, just doing what I was hired for.”

He waved his hand while dangling a passed out late stage nascent soul master in his other arm. The people that were bowing in his direction were people from his own sect. He had taken the recently created teleportation gate in his fortress and traveled to this location as a backup elder. After the Long Clan figured out that these structures were being assembled they sent out many soldiers to sabotage the endeavor. Now he was swapped with more work as he showed everyone how competent of a fighter his alter ego was.

“Elder, we need you at the gate.”

“Again? What is this, the eleventh time?”

“My apologies but our base in the north is getting attacked by a unified force, they brought siege weapons and our sect members are having a tough time holding out.”

“Ah... fine, show me the way, you can take care of this guy without my help, right?”

“Thank you, great elder!”

He grumbled while flying towards the other castle that was identical to the one his group assembled. While they were taking a break without any problems he was here working overtime. Luckily with his help things were progressing rather smoothly and he hoped to have this wall assembled within the designated time window. With it up there would be no way of the Long Clan getting through without heavy weaponry or many nascent soul masters.

The passed-out nascent soul maser was thrown to the side and would be later questioned by his people. However, there was probably not much that he knew, all of these people were outsiders that didn’t really know what the Long Clan was up to. Their mission was to run interference while his sect tried to assemble a defensive wall in the west.

‘We should have started this sooner while the relations were a lot better between us...’

Zhang Dong regretted that in the past he didn't push for setting up stronger boundaries but there wasn't really that much time to take care of everything. His sect was brand new and there were many middle-sized sects in the area that didn't take them quite seriously. Some time was spent on convincing them that they were really the replacement for the Soaring Dragon Sect.

If they attempted to send out their armies to the borders it would have probably not gone well with their previous peaceful approach. His motto was to use more of the carrot than the stick in these situations. Yet this required a lot more time than showing the others a large fist and ordering them to submit.

'Being a dictator has its pros during times like these...'

After giving out a small sigh he departed towards the teleportation gate and his next destination. Peace gained through warfare and oppression never lasted long and that was his main reason for doing things like he did. It would only last as long as his sect remained in power. He could actually see something similar happening now. With each new loss, the Long Clan was hemorrhaging followers.

They were believed to be an unmoving titan that had existed since time immemorial. Everything thought that they couldn't be moved or defeated by anyone. Even though the soldiers they sent were from branch families and people interested in gaining fame, a loss was a loss. This started to make people think, there was a possibility that the old behemoth had lived too long.

'Perhaps that's why they are using outsiders for the current push, if they fail they can blame them for everything... Maybe they are underestimating us more than I previously anticipated... good.'

When he arrived on the other side of the portal a battle was taking place. In the sky, he saw many flying barges made of wood. They were firing their guns at the defensive formation of this fortress. His sect was returning fire and even managing to give the others a run for their money. It was mostly a stalemate without much progress from the other side but now that he was here, it would change.

"We greet the Elder, we have been..."

"No need for pleasantries, I'll take care of their leader so just keep firing back, this won't take too long."

Just like that he was gone and floating above the castle. Thanks to the structures being all the same it made maneuvering around the corridors a lot easier. While this was risky as their enemies would eventually get their hands on the plans, it made things easier for the people working there. It would be easy to train anyone and then send in a replacement.

"S-stop him!"

"W-who is he... oh no, it's that man!"

It seemed that these branch members knew about him. The moment he appeared between the flying vessels they started pelting him with spirit cannons. It seemed that he was a more important target than the whole stronghold. However, this meant that they would be getting bombarded back by the members of his sect.

The explosions covered the sky and turned it black. Yet even if one of the spirit cannon shots collided with his body, there would be no damage to his enhanced body. Body Refining made anything below the

great circle level of power ineffective. He wouldn't even get scratched if he remained in one spot and became a target dummy.

Soon his target came into view, the largest ship from the group with its master on board. He could feel three people of the nascent soul variety on board. They were all sitting together and powering up their defensive formation while using their cannons to shoot. Hitting such a small target in the air wasn't an easy task so they found themselves with an old man ramming their flying ship.

Splinters flew everywhere as he burst through the side and collided with their main engine. It took one hit and then promptly exploded. A cascading effect was soon created as the whole giant boat blew up with the people in it. To his surprise, the three nascent soul masters that were inside didn't really do much to protect the crew of the ship. Instead, they used the smoke and blast to hide their presence in an attempt to attack him.

Yet this didn't matter, he had grown too powerful already. Even when three of them worked in unison they were just not fast enough to land any blow. Instead, they suffered a counterattack that sent them flying in three different directions and into smaller flying vessels that were on their side.

"We must escape, he is too powerful for us!"

"Yes brothers, we must retreat... huh?"

"What is it?"

"The talisman... it's gone?"

"Gone? Wait... mine isn't here either."

"Are you looking for these?"

After so many run-ins with these nascent soul masters, he knew that they would try to escape the moment they had the chance. To keep them from it, he decided to strip them of their teleportation talismans that he managed to pinpoint with the help of Bob and the system.

"You three aren't going anywhere but into the spirit stone mines, now surrender and I might show mercy..."

Zhang Dong smiled while giving Bob another mission. With these three talismans in his possession now he had something to work with. Now what he needed to do was find where these people were escaping to and give them a visit...

## [Chapter 669](#)

'Just as I expected, good job with the analysis Bob. Now, how do I handle this...'

Zhang Dong had returned to his own fortress after things had cleared up. After helping his sect push the enemy soldiers away he had some time to wind down. The respite would probably be short and he expected the next charge soon. Now that the cat was out of the bag and his enemies knew about the strongholds, they could send in a more organized force.

Thus he focused on a way of sabotaging his enemies. This he could achieve thanks to these talismans that he had grabbed of the other nascent soul masters. After so many of them got away he developed a way of getting to these items. Then it only took Bob a little bit of time to pinpoint the location where users of these talismans were taken.

It was just one location within the Long Clan's region. It wasn't that far off from his own lands and was probably the area where they had their base. The city near it was populated by many people and a lot of powerful branching families of the Long Clan lived there. It was a good spot for a well-defended base.

'All of the talismans trace back to the same location, so I can assume that all of the nascent soul masters that escaped me are probably there... now what to do with this information.'

This was a war, his enemies wouldn't give him any mercy while he was still somewhat restrained. The easiest tactic here would just be to teleport himself to that location by using one of the talismans. Once there he could toss out a bomb to blow up their escape route and render the escape system useless. Now here came the problem and once again, Zhang Dong's moral compass got in the way.

'What if it's close to a residential district and kills some bystanders?'

There were multiple ways for him to get people killed if he sent out a bomb through the talisman. If he was less merciful he wouldn't bat an eye, it would be easy to just blow up the entire city with all the enemy cultivators stationed there. It was a decision that a leader trying to lessen the casualties on his side should take. Yet he couldn't, the thought of blowing up unsuspecting residents that had nothing to do with this struggle, was not something that he could stomach.

'I at least have to stay true to my way of life... otherwise, I'll not be any better than the murder hobos I made fun of in the past. There is luckily another way of going over this, the location isn't that far off... I should be able to get there within a few hours...'

Luck was on his side with this one, instead of using the teleportation talisman to go there himself he could just use his system. During his trip to the central region in the past he did create a save point for teleporting. It was made outside the main Long Clan city in another location and he could still go there.

'I just need to sneak in, get in there and disable the formation...'

He wanted to go there and examine their base of operations before going with the nuclear option. Perhaps he was worrying too much and the area was away clear of any non-combatants but he didn't want to risk it. It was impossible to pinpoint the locations due to how the talismans worked. He was given an area of about a hundred kilometers with the city in the middle for the potential drop.

'Should I use some type of remote camera first and then use another medallion right afterward? But they would just turn off the formation if something strange appeared...'

For a moment he considered sending in an automaton that could forward him some information. Yet it would probably cause his enemies to become more cautious. If he wanted to keep the casualties of innocent civilians to a minimum, there wasn't really any other way. The main reason he forced everyone to create these strongholds was to not involve regular people in the fight with the Long Clan.

'We aren't that far this time, so the spirit point usage won't be that bad...'

“Lan Fei.”

“Yes Elder, can I help you with something?”

After making up his mind he called out to his current secretary. The woman entered the room slowly while swinging her hips from side to side. Her body had matured with the use of the sect's body refining technique which made it hard to focus. It became clear that she was trying to entice him with that voluptuous form, just like in the past. When interacting with other people her walking cycle wasn't this overblown. She even made sure to wear a more revealing robe and the constant bending over didn't help either.

“I might be gone for a while, I need you to keep it a secret.”

“A secret? But what should we do if the enemy appears? We aren't ready to activate the ultra wall formation.”

“Don't worry, just use this.”

“This is?”

After walking over he handed Lan Fei a small item. It was just a plate with a red button on it. Under the button, there was a short sentence ‘Press to get help.’ It wasn't really much, it was just something that would inform him about them having trouble. There were several ways of tackling this depending on the magnitude of the enemies that could arrive.

“It's a panic button, use it when you think the enemies will get through the shields but if it's possible to last out, refrain from using it.”

“I see.”

The chesty woman nodded but could see that her bouncing mounds of flesh weren't as effective as in the past. She could tell that the man that had been so shy all those years ago had changed. Yet this was her only chance to get herself into a higher position, thus her little ploy continued to Zhang Dong's dismay.

“That will be all, I shouldn't take that long to come back.”

“I'll take my leave then~”

So she did while continuously swaying her hips in an over-the-top manner. Even someone like him was having trouble looking away which she somewhat noticed. After she was finally gone, Zhang Dong pulled up his map and pointed at the teleport location.

‘If Liena was here she would have my head... better never mention this...’

His wife was somewhat of a jealous type. Even though he didn't show that much interest in other women, his family had a history of fooling around. While this was somewhat annoying, it was understandable with someone like Zhang Jin around. It was the same for all the other men in the world, he was the oddball out that practiced monogamy.

“Let's go then... but first.”

The face that belonged to the demon hunter started shifting around into something older. His body size and musculature decreased as he changed into a lanky-looking old man in a flowy robe. This person was one of the cultivators that he managed to defeat in the last confrontation that took place not that long ago. The battle was still fresh so there were ways for him to explain his late teleportation escape.

After putting on the robe of the man he defeated and feeling somewhat dejected by the old man's smell, he was gone. His body turned into blue particles and within a fraction of a second, he was at the old save point he created. In the distance, he could see a large city that had brought him to his older brother.

It brought back a few old memories. Long Qing didn't seem like a bad person, he had a somewhat laid-back personality. It seemed like he wasn't taking this world that seriously but sooner or later the two would have to confront each other. The problem was his wife whom he adored and who was his true target. There would probably be no way of explaining to him that she wasn't truly a cultivator of this world.

'I don't really know what she is... That Demon Lord didn't feel like a real person either, more like a defensive program that activates when something breaches the protocols.'

It wouldn't be strange for the woman to behave normally when they met again. It was possible that she might have not even known of the Overseer's existence. It could be some sort of parasitic existence that took over whenever it wanted. Yet, it could be the other way around and the Empress had never existed in the first place.

'Hmm... They don't seem that bothered for people that should be at war...'

Thanks to his shadowy form he was able to quickly sink behind some shade in the clouds. From there he had a nice view over these lands. His mind was sharp and he remembered how this place looked in the past. Not much had changed and people were just going around as if nothing was wrong. It was as if they didn't believe that the war could reach this far here.

'We are really getting underestimated, it can't be the same inside the Long Clan. They would have never pulled that stunt otherwise...'

It seemed that the Long Clan's branching families weren't taking this seriously. They were potentially fed the wrong information while working for the Long Clan. Perhaps they even thought that they were winning. If that was true then this strange behavior could be explained.

'Are they actually sending these people out to get slaughtered, could they be planning something?'

Zhang Dong didn't expect a sight like this so he didn't even bother investigating this spot beforehand. It was possible that the Long Clan was just trying to gather more information about their new enemies. Sending in waves of moderately strong branch clans would give them the information that they wanted and none of their core members would lose their lives. Then after it was all done, they could move in to claim victory.

'Hm... what if I show these people the true potential of their enemy... Would they start deserting?'

A thought crept into his mind. Cultivators were people that weighed their decisions. If something was very disadvantageous they would even abandon their own sects. Their loyalty to the Long Clan was

merit-based and if they figured out that there was no way of gaining those. Then perhaps they would start fleeing.

‘I wonder...Well, first let me check out that base of theirs, maybe if I cause some havoc there...’

Soon he departed with a thought in his mind. Perhaps if he scared the allies of his new enemies enough, the war could be shortened exponentially.

#### [Chapter 670](#)

‘I made the right choice of not using that talisman. There are a lot of people here, old and young...’

Zhang Dong was in his shadowy form looking from afar. When searching for the place the teleportation talismans led to, a large settlement popped into view. There were at least a hundred thousand people here and all of them seemed to belong to various other clans and sects.

‘There are a lot of various banners. Bob, can you analyze them and give me their point of origin.’

‘Scanning, please wait...’

In under a minute he had the result posted up on his system window. There he could see the names and locations of each group that was in this city. To his surprise, they were quite spread out throughout the empire. Some of them came from his territories, others from the east side where the Heavenly Crane Sect resided, and others from the edge of the central region.

‘Now what should I do about this, there are multiple masters here, we didn’t even manage to get half of them and they will continue to teleport here to run.’

The Long Clan was using guerilla tactics. Even though he managed to protect multiple strongholds, some of them had fallen. There were people from his side that had given their life for this war and it would continue to happen as long as the conflict lasted. Ending it as fast as possible with limited casualties was his main goal but how to tackle this problem was the big question.

‘Is there no other way besides massacring them all to send a message?’

In reality, he knew of a somewhat surefire way of getting some branch clans off his back. Cleansing sects and cities was the normal way people did things in this world. When one large group attacked another they usually made sure to eradicate their opponents. In a world where one person could reach the apex of power and seek vengeance, it was imperative to root out any potential disasters. Only if the opponent was astronomically more powerful than another faction would people not seek vengeance.

‘There are downsides to this method, it requires a lot of resources and continuous search for any potential survivors.’

It was quite hard to eradicate sects and clans that had thousands of members. They would join up with rival sects and bolster their power. With more battles, the list of enemies continued to increase. Sooner or later a sect that lived by the sword also died by it. The Long Clan was smart, they let others do their dirty work and could shove the blame elsewhere. There was probably a reason why they survived for so long.

‘So how do I turn these people against the Long Clan without killing everyone in this city...’



A thought crept into his mind for a moment. He knew how a lot of the Long Clan elders looked. It would have been easy to impersonate one of them to destroy this place. He could even make it look like some demonic ritual that the Long Clan was part of. Human sacrifices were a common occurrence, making it look like his enemies lured people here to perform occult magic could work.

‘No, there must be another way... I could do it like this... but it will take some preparation. I should be able to fit them all into the medallion for the time being...’

Zhang Dong asked Bob about the logistics of his current plan. Before attempting it he needed to make sure that he had enough time. After the analysis was done and he got a good result it was time to sneak towards the city to perform a nice theatrical play. For this to happen he would need to first prepare the stage.

.....

“This is all wrong, how will we explain this to the main clan elders?”

“We must push and destroy those strongholds before they create more.”

“Do we know what they are even making?”

“The scouts weren’t sure but a formation is being formed and a large one by the scope...”

A group of nascent soul elders was sitting around in a circle while discussing their recent battles with the United Element Sect. They weren’t too happy about their progress as they had assumed this to be a chance to stand out. If they could grasp this opportunity for themselves then their clans would gain the full backing of the Long Clan. With something like this, there would be no one who would dare to stand in their way.

“It all started with that man... who would have thought that they were hiding such a master? Who is this Lei Linglo?”

“He was apparently a demon hunter a few years ago but he suddenly resurfaced...”

“Could he be their Patriarch’s secret backer? This would explain some things... but perhaps it’s Wang Long, how can we believe that he killed him in the demonic region! I bet the two were working together from the start and this man knows some strange shadowy arts.”

“That seems plausible, that young man was powerful and demonic arts would explain his rise to power!”

The United Element Sect was a new powerhouse. More than ten years had passed since they started baring their teeth to the empire and now people had become informed about their past. On the surface, it seemed that they originated from an unsuspecting clan in the lower western regions. No one believed this to be true as it was impossible for a group with not even one nascent soul master to have become this successful.

Many better theories started floating around. Some believed that Long Dong had been someone at the level of the Emperor for many years and used the Zhang Clan as some type of cover. They painted Zhang Dong as a mastermind that plotted to overthrow the Azure Dynasty. It was him that destroyed the Soaring Dragon Sect along with Wang Long and now were dead set on taking over the entire Empire.

"I bet all of those demi-humans were just demonic cultivators from the island, it's all lightning up... we must stop them before this empire gets overrun!"

"That is the truth but why isn't the main Clan sending us reinforcements, if this continues we will lose the border."

"We should not say such things, what if someone from the main clan is listening in?"

"... Haha, you're right, I've spoken out of line, forgive me. I bet the Azure Emperor has a plan, we should trust in him."

"Yes, we should."

The group started laughing weakly while looking around. Speaking out against the Long Clan was something that was frowned upon. All of them here were in the same boat and wanted to prove themselves to the Azure dynasty. If they could have some of their children marry into the clan after this was over, their future was as good as secured.

"Now then, we must prepare a tactic for that Lei Yinglo and expose him as the demonic cultivator that he is."

"Yes, if we get some proof then even more people will join our cause!"

"Proof?"

The group started chuckling at one of their younger members claiming this idea. Even without having any proof in their minds, there was no problem in pronouncing this fact. The Long Clan would probably agree with them and was already using the demonic cultivator angle themselves. It didn't really matter to these people though, as long as they were able to gain merits for their own factions it was enough.

"Hm... hasn't it gotten darker?"

"Now that you mention it... the moon, why is it there?"

"Careful, this isn't something natural!"

"Are we getting attacked? But the defensive formation hasn't been activated?"

"Why would something that I created activate?"

"Huh? Is that... Is that the Azure Emperor?"

The group of around twenty nascent soul masters glanced up toward the sky. There they could see a man slowly floating in their direction. All of them knew who this was, his face, voice, and demeanor were of Long Qing, the man known to the world as the Azure Emperor.

"We greet the mighty Azure Dragon!"

All of these old masters started bowing almost instantly. Yet there was something fishy about all of this. Why would the mightiest of them all come to this remote region without even accounting for his arrival? Normally, if the need arose for him to travel a whole group of masters would make way. Days before his coming they would make sure that everything was in tip-top shape.

“W-what do we owe this honor? Lord of the Azure?”

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, one of the oldest members of this group spoke out. The whole city had become quiet as the voice of this Azure Emperor was quite chilling. There was a sense of danger that everyone was feeling as if the man that they regarded as their leader would actually bring harm to them.

“...”

“...S-senior?”

“BE QUIET!”

A massive surge of energy blasted forth from the sky and pushed down on everyone in this city. Instantly they could feel some of the junior members from their clans and others succumbing to this massive pressure. It wasn't just a simple aura attack, a strange vile energy was mixed into it all.

“D-demonic Qi? It must be an imposter!”

“An imposter? Do you really think so?”

“What ... are those the Supreme and Grand Elders from the Main Clan?”

“Why are they all here...”

Before the cultivators could ask more questions they realized that they were surrounded. Many nascent soul masters that only resided at the sky city were here. They could even see all three children of the Azure Emperor there. They were all powerful masters close to the apex and each and every one was radiating demonic Qi.

“I would like to thank you for your cooperation in coming to this place but your role ends here.”

The whole city started glowing in a dark purple hue. It became clear that this whole city was encased in some sort of demonic formation. The powerful masters that were from the branch families noticed that their qi was being suppressed and also drained by something demonic.

“You shall become nourishment for the dynasty and my idiot brother will take the blame for it!”

“Was the Azure Emperor the real demonic cultivator? How could this be?”

“It's too late for you to figure it out now, all of you shall perish here and add to my power!”

With that proclamation, all hell broke loose, all the powerful elders from the Long Clan turned into strange beings similar to demi-humans and charged. A fight for their survival started, their only hope was escape but would they be able to run from the greatest force in the empire?