

## Versatile 2691

### Chapter 2691: The Five Elders Perish in Fire

As the fire whooshed from the sky, the trio of masters were almost crushed by Mo Fan's Twilight Fire Line. Colorful sparks flew everywhere. Master Bai Song and others were consumed by a vortex formed by layers upon layers of flames. Their souls were devoured by the ferocious twilight flame!

It was visible to everyone on Fanxue Mountain, including Fan Xuexin City. The twilight sky collapsed, spreading blazing flames everywhere. Heaven and Earth were set on fire entirely until everything was devoid of the sign of life.

The magical defenses of the three masters slowly turned from illuminating luster to something pale and grayish. They held each other tightly as they reached their limit of withstanding the destructive power. They passed out from the force and collapsed on the ground.

Master Bai Song looked like black charcoal. Among the trio who had collapsed, Master Bai Song was the first to gain consciousness. When he opened his eyes, he was greeted by the sight of blood twilight. He assumed that Mo Fan had not finished using his Twilight Fire Line. Master Bai Song gathered his last bit of energy to cast a protective spell on himself to avoid getting reduced to ashes.

Much later, when he awoke again, he found himself staring up at Mo Fan. He looked mad. Mo Fan directed a radiant smile at Master Bai Song. His face was still ablaze. His eyes were as sharp as a demon's.

"You are a heretic! A heretic!" shouted Master Bai Song. As he cried out, a part of his face flaked off revealing something skinless underneath.

"I am powerful, so by your logic I MUST be a heretic, huh?" Mo Fan let out a laugh.

Master Bai Song had always assumed that those with a supreme level of cultivation had cultivated demonic and evil magic that was harmful to others. He branded everyone powerful than him as a heretic and a troublemaker.

Master Bai Song was truly ignorant. Those with Demon Element magical powers would have been arrested by the Heresy Judgment Court long ago. Mo Fan possessed orthodox magical power. Unfortunately, the stubborn elderly mages refused to acknowledge it and accused him of being a heretic.

"You call yourself the elders of our society and yet you abuse your power for your own personal gain. You refuse to acknowledge right and wrong and instead use your powers to rob the poor." Mo Fan walked towards Master Bai Song. His eyes were full of anger.

"What are you doing? Are you going to kill me? It's just a family dispute. I'm the head of the Ice Element Association, General of the Southern Area, and one of the most respectable guests of the Zhao family!" Master Bai Song blurted out his titles in a single breath.

"Do you know Su Lu?" Mo Fan asked.

"Chairman of Asia?" Master Bai Song looked puzzled. "Could this be Su Lu's relative? But Su Lu was dead!" Master Bai Song reasoned.

“Who the hell do you think you are when I have slaughtered the Chairman of Asia himself?” thundered Mo Fan. He stamped his foot on the ground. Thirty-six volcanoes erupted simultaneously and an enormous Flame Dragon flew into the sky.

The Flame Dragon formed a majestic Flame Palace. Master Bai Song, Master Lan Zhu, and Master Qing Lan appeared as small as volcanic ash as they burned inside the Flame Palace.

The trio lacked the strength to fight back. They screamed in agony. Their voices even reached Fanxue Mountain, reminding everyone of the consequences of fighting against Fanxue Mountain. Mo Fan deliberately slowed down the fire of the Flame Palace so that everyone could witness the majestic and splendid Flame Palace devouring the three masters of the Zhao family.

“You’ll be meeting him soon!”

Mo Fan’s flaming supernatural power was so crushing that it was several levels stronger than Super Level Pinnacle Magic. Everyone panicked when they witnessed the state of the three masters.

The Flame Palace did not disappear. It burned in the middle of the Fruit Mountain. Without the restraint of the Thorn Ice Ring, the Flame Demon King was unstoppable.

Soon, Mo Fan also caught Elder Shou and Elder Pang of the Nanrong family. He crippled them.

“Think of this as your grand funeral!” Mo Fan said coldly to Elder Shou and Elder Pang.

“Don’t kill us! Please don’t kill us! It’s just a family dispute. The winner gets everything. You don’t have to drive us to death. We will compensate you. We will even sign treaties to ensure Fanxue Mountain becomes the first greatest force in Flying Bird Base City. Please spare us!” Elder Pang cried bitterly.

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The broken and wounded Elder Pang was nothing like his previous arrogant self. Mo Fan wondered if this was the same Elder Pang. Only when he saw the flame scar on Elder Pang’s chest did he realize that this was the same person.

“You’re fighting against everyone. If you kill us now, Fanxue Mountain and its people will die!” Elder Shou yelled desperately. He looked so pitiful like a stray dog scorched by boiling water. He was a wreck, but still fierce.

Regardless, Mo Fan decided to kill them all. He could not take their words seriously.

“I will definitely pay a visit to the Nanrong family in the near future. The decision to exterminate the family will entirely depend on the Chief of the family.” Mo Fan did not waste any more time and tossed Elder Shou into the fiery depths of the Flame Palace. He was reduced to ashes.

“Spare me! Spare me, please! I have been greedy. But I can certainly be of use to you. Please, I beg you. I do not want to die. We only came here as guests. We did not even mean to join the fight and turn this into a bloodbath. Please....” Elder pang begged at Mo Fan’s feet.

“Look at your hideous appearance. What’s the point of staying alive?” Mo Fan threw Elder Pang, who looked like a roasted pig, into the Flame Palace.

As Elder pang died, he was full of regret. He lamented the day when he heeded Nanrong Ni's words. Why had he come to Fanxue Mountain at all? Why did he have to face this demon?

Mo Fan was true to his words. He had said that he would spare no one and he remained by his vow. He knew that the elders had launched this attack on Fanxue Mountain with the intention of sparing nobody if they had won.

There were over a thousand members in Fanxue Mountain who stayed on to fight the battle. Mo Fan witnessed many of them die a tragic death in the middle of the chaos. Elder Pang and his group had never shown any mercy to them in the first place.

"All hail Flame Demon King!"

"All hail Flame Demon King!"

Nothing was more remarkable than the fact that the five Super Level masters and elders had been defeated. The crowd cheered. Victory was theirs. Almost.

"I never expected this...." Uncle Carpenter was astonished.

His strength was so great that it was comparable to the five elders who had died. He had reached the third level for two elements. He had thought that he could hold the opponents back by himself until reinforcement for Fanxue Mountain arrived.

He now saw that the true leader of Fanxue Mountain was a demon-like mage capable of defeating five Super Level experts all by himself. With that, his heart soared because he felt confident that Fanxue Mountain will prosper in the future.

Chapter 2692: You Can't Run After All That Posturing

Zhao Jing's face turned pale. With his ability and background, he had been so sure that he could certainly defeat the rising power of Fanxue Mountain after enlisting some help from Lin Kang, the Nanrong family elders, the three masters from the Zhao family, and the Mercenary Alliance.

He now had a situation where his men were being slaughtered one after another.

Zhao Jing was upset with himself for underestimating the enemy. He had dismissed the Fanxue Mountain members as a useless bunch. Zhao Jing was even angrier with Mo Fan. Mo Fan was extremely arrogant and unrestrained. How did Mo Fan become so powerful? Zhao Jing had considered only himself to be unbeatable in this realm.

Zhao Jing took a deep breath and stared at Mo Fan who was still in the form of the Flame Demon King. He suppressed his own jealousy. Most of his manpower had been eliminated, he now had only himself to rely on.

Mo Fan was capable of killing all the five elders all by himself. Zhao Jing did not have the confidence to take on Mo Fan.

'I'll try to drag him out. I suppose Mo Fan won't be able to keep his current form for a long time,' Zhao Jing thought.

Zhao Jing retreated into the forest towards the northwest. The mountain ridge connected to the west ridge, which was considered the White Magic Falcons' and a few other Mountain Demons' territories. Fanxue Mountain's biggest weakness was that it faced northwest, which was at a very close proximity to the Mountain Demon.

Fanxue Mountain had always been wary not only of the Sea Monsters but also of the Mountain Demon in the northwest. Since the winter season had arrived, the supply of food, water, and other basic necessities had been significantly reduced. A large number of demon creatures' lives were affected. They intended to attack human territory.

Zhao Jing decided to take a detour. He did not want to confront the Flame Demon King at his strongest. Zhao Jing was a Plant Element magician. The situation would be favorable for him if he headed to the north side of the West Ridge where it was densely forested.

"Mo Fan, we can't let him go!" said Zhao Manyan as he watched Zhao Jing escaping.

"I don't have the intention of letting him go. I want to slaughter him," Mo Fan said.

"We must! If he escapes today, he will join forces with Zhao Youqian. They'll do all they can to bring down Fanxue Mountain. The Zhao family has an abundance of financial resources, and they can even hire magicians from the realm of Forbidden Curse. Without the protection from Chairman Shao Zheng, we can't fight the unscrupulous magicians from the realm of Forbidden Curse," Zhao Manyan said despairingly.

Furthermore, the Zhao family's power extended to an international level. Zhao Jing and Zhao Youqian were the ones who held the most power in that family.

If Zhao Youqian found out that Mo Fan was still alive and hiding in Fanxue Mountain, Zhao Youqian and his men would try to destroy him and Fanxue Mountain. Not even the Mu family would be able to stop them.

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Zhao Jing must die today!

Mo Fan understood this. It had only taken Zhao Jing a day's time to gather so many mage groups in the south to take on Fanxue Mountain. If Zhao Jing returned to the Zhao family and was given sufficient time to mobilize forces from the local and international countries to besiege Fanxue Mountain, Fanxue Mountain and its people would all perish.

Besides, Mo Fan could not spare anyone who had caused such a huge damage to Fanxue Mountain. Zhao Jing's crematorium was ready for him.

Zhao Jing must have summoned some sort of Transport Magical Equipment. An extremely strong push force formed in the air as Zhao Jing floated at a speed away from the mountain. Each step took him more than a mile away. It would only take a little while for Zhao Jing to disappear behind the mountain.

Without a second thought, Mo Fan summoned his Black Dragon Wings.

Even though Zhao Jing's Air Fly Sneakers was already considered one of the fastest, nothing matched the speed of Mo Fan's Black Dragon Wings.

Zhao Jing crossed mountain after mountain with ease before leaping over a pine mountain. Moments before he had been at Fanxue Mountain, but now he was already at the depths of the northwest mountain where the Mountain Demon roamed.

The Air Fly Sneakers was Zhao Jing's life-saving magical equipment. A villain like him often faced life-threatening situations. Whenever he encountered a powerful enemy, he relied on this Transport Magical Equipment to flee for his life.

'Mo Fan has yet to catch up with me,' thought Zhao Jing as he turned his head to glance back the way he had come. Fanxue Mountain and Xuexin City were already far behind, almost blocked from view by the towering mountains.

Zhao Jing felt disappointed in himself. He had no intention of fleeing. He wanted to lure Mo Fan into the thick woods so that he stood a chance of defeating him.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zhao Jing felt strange gusts of wind blowing above his head. The violent force almost scraped the top of the lush, enormous pine mountain.

Pine leaves flew in the sky. Several vortexes spun in the middle of the mountain. Needle-shaped pine leaves were sucked into these vortexes. The thorny mess then transformed into a dragon and soared up to the sky.

Trees swayed and rocks rolled away. Zhao Jing looked up to see the enormous Black Dragon Wings covering the sky. One could not help but shudder with fear when one saw the sky turn pitch black as the Black Dragon Wings covered it.

For a moment, Zhao Jing feared that an enormous dragon might crush him from above. When the ancient true dragon's imposing aura came in contact with the mountains and the Earth, they almost crumbled. Zhao Jing gathered his courage.

It was not a Black Dragon; it was Mo Fan. Mo Fan's Wing Magical Equipment was rare and unique. Not only could Mo Fan trail him and fly above him, but he also had an extremely powerful Dragon Soul Force!

"Life-sucking Light!

"Mad Growth!"

Zhao Jing suppressed his agitation and lifted his hands.

Thousands of giant pines in the mountain were uprooted from the ground. They grew rapidly to hundreds of meters in height. The ordinary pine forest transformed into an ancient elf forest. The Skypine Trees opened up their crowns, forming a sea of green with their branches, trunks, vines, and leaves. They blocked the sun and the sky from sight.

It was like a miniature version of Feathered Demon Heaven. Zhao Jing was regarded as an outstanding magician for being able to create such a magnificent world using his Plant Element magic power.

The giant trees with their divine veins prevented Mo Fan's Black Dragon Wings from fluttering, thus, bringing down Mo Fan's aura successfully. There was an enormous trap laid out below Mo Fan. If he flew down there, he would be devoured by the terrifying Giant Wood World!

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Mo Fan was surprised to find that Zhao Jing still had many powerful and mysterious spells at his disposal. Mo Fan reminded himself not to take him lightly. After all, Zhao Jing was an expert who had fully mastered the four elements. Even Pang Lai, the Royal magician, could not defeat Zhao Jing easily.

Chapter 2693: Divine Wood Well

"D\*mn it! Such a cunning dog!" Mo Fan cursed at Zhao Jing.

He located Zhao Jing with his Black Substance. He sensed that Zhao Jing had deliberately lured him into the giant wood trap. Mo Fan hovered high in the air and waited for Zhao Jing to appear. Zhao Jing, on the other hand, was well-prepared. As long as Mo Fan hovered in the sky, Zhao Jing could hide under the shade of the Giant Wood World.

Zhao Jing was also a Light Element magician. He was not afraid of Mo Fan's dark magic. Zhao Jing would remove the Black Substance on his body soon enough.

If Mo Fan did not land on the ground, Zhao Jing decided to flee. But if Mo Fan did intend to land and fight him, Zhao Jing was all too willing to strike!

Mo Fan was exasperated as he stared at the Giant Wood World.

'Old Zhao is right. No matter what comes to pass, I must kill Zhao Jing today. If he manages to escape, he'll get us into more trouble in the future, and the entire Fanxue Mountain will never be at peace,' thought Mo Fan.

"D\*mn it! Zhao Manyan is a jerk. He has not only lost his throne, but he also troubles me by seeking my protection!" Mo Fan could not help but curse the entire Zhao family.

Zhao Manyan was the youngest master of the Zhao family. He had been very close to Mo Fan for many years. Mo Fan did not mind that Zhao Manyan did not take him along to show off and poke fun at the other rich kids, or to flirt with socialites and young ladies from prominent families. But Mo Fan had driven himself to exhaustion in helping Zhao Manyan when his throne was being usurped.

"Fine. If I don't go down there, all of us are going to die anyway. What do I even have to fear with the Black Dragon's protection?!"

Mo Fan maintained the form of Flame Demon King and flew down to the Giant Wood World. When he drew closer to it, he sensed that the Giant Wood World was similar to the demonic Giant Purple Linden. It seemed like it was laughing at him as it opened its maw to devour him.

"Hehe! Do you actually think that you are immune to my Divine Wood Well just because you're ablaze with your flame?" Zhao Jing smiled.

The trick had worked!

Zhao Jing had dreaded returning to the Zhao family with his troops defeated. It would have been a disgrace, especially since he was the heir to the family. He had many other competitors in the Zhao family. Therefore, he preferred emerging victorious and solving problems on his own.

Zhao Jing was confident because he knew that the Divine Wood Well was scarier than a bottomless pit. Once, he had accidentally entered a Black Forbidden Realm where not even demon kings dared to go. Each year, the forbidden realm devoured a lot of powerful creatures. If it wasn't for Master Yong, an expert of the Wood Element Forbidden Curse, Zhao Jing would be dead.

Even Master Yong himself had almost died inside the Divine Wood Well.

Zhao Jing dared not explore the Divine Wood Well in depth. But he had something Master Yong had given: the Divine Wood Well seedling.

Zhao Jing had returned from the Black Forbidden Realm with two treasures. One was the demonic seed that could cause the fall of the Blood Galaxy. And the other was the Divine Wood Well seedling.

Zhao Jing was still nurturing the demonic seed so that it would grow into a true evil plant and grant him more terrifying destructive power. He did not use it on every occasion. He was afraid that if he fell into the Divine Wood Well, he would not be able to come out of it.

The Divine Wood Well was just a seedling. It was incomparable to the mature Divine Wood Well in the Black Forbidden Realm. Even so, it was almost impossible to come out alive from this miniature world.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Something drew nearer to Zhao Jing. He realized that it was the sound of the tree being pushed aside. Zhao Jing knew something was very wrong.

"B\*stard! How dare you try to swallow me?!" said Zhao Jing in anger.

The shrubs that had been extending towards him relaxed slightly. However, the strange shrubs surrounding the Divine Wood Well were growing rapidly. The shrubs soon covered all the plants in the northwest mountain ridge.

There were demons at the mountain ridge in the northwest. Most of them were Mountain Beasts and Forest Demons. Both of them were likely hungry like wolves, waiting for their prey from the human territory.

They gathered at the mountain ridge in the northwest and roamed looking for food. As the Divine Wood Well grew, the Mountain Beasts and Forest Demons fled to other places in a frenzy.

While the continuous growth of thicker woods was usually good for living creatures, they sensed the danger of the Divine Wood Well. Divine Wood Well was a graveyard of corpses. It had a demonic aura and the smell of death.

Unfortunately, none of them managed to escape from the Divine Wood Well. The Woods did not strike at them at once but waited and devoured them slowly at nightfall. If one ran fast enough to escape its ground and found other land, one could possibly survive it.

Most of the living creatures trembled in fear and attempted to flee. Mo Fan, on the other hand, dove right in.

Mo Fan was ablaze with divine fire. He had turned flaming red and blazing hot. He took pride in his hot flames. However, the moment he fell into the Divine Wood Well, his flames vanished without a trace.

The Divine Wood Well had mysterious veins which overlapped densely. It was hard to say whether it was God's relics or the demon's grave.

The Divine Wood Well was eerie and deep. Mo Fan felt like he was being watched. It was as though the branches and leaves had grown eyes and they stared at him with malice. He felt uneasy.

His dark veins were more active than usual. It sent a warning to every part of his body. This was truly strange. His dark vein, when it detected a crisis, would send a warning signal to only a specific part of his body alerting him of danger. This was the first time Mo Fan's dark vein sent so many warning impulses that covered every inch of his skin.

Mo Fan's pores expanded throughout his entire skin. He possessed a dragon sense which enabled him to be aware of subtleties in the air which were usually invisible or unfeeling to the normal human body. It usually helped him see through magically concealed things, someone in disguise or to overcome barriers.

As Mo Fan's dark vein popped electrically, he concentrated and used his dragon sense to scan his surroundings closely.

Those malevolent eyes were apparently there. Whenever he focused on a specific branch carefully, it looked normal. Aside from the twisted shape of it, nothing was out of the ordinary. But the moment he turned away; his dragon sense felt the wicked gaze on the branches looking at him.

Mo Fan caught the strange gaze through his peripheral vision. He had his back turned to it but his dragon sense was not fooled.

His dark vein popped visibly on his skin whenever his dragon sense missed out on a wicked gaze in a specific area. It sent a chill down his spine. His veins seemed to be on high alert, as though saying, "Be careful of this side, watch out for that side. It's coming to you! It's just right beside you! Turn around now!"

#### Chapter 2694: Tree Barks That Show Human Faces

Aside from the bizarre plants surrounding him, Mo Fan could not see anything else. Yet, he felt that he had fallen into a demon's lair with thousands of eyes staring at him from every direction.

It was so quiet that he could hear his own heartbeat. It was difficult to put his feelings into words. There was danger everywhere, and his sensory nerves were on high alert. It made his heart beat faster and sent chills down his spine.

However, try as he might, Mo Fan did not detect anything tangible with his ordinary five senses. His ordinary senses did not detect any crisis.

'I must leave this place...,' Mo Fan said to himself. The longer he spent here, his desire to leave strengthened. 'I must flee this place at once!'



Mo Fan was aware that this was a trap from the beginning. He had been careful while flowing down to this place. He had deliberately slowed down when entering Divine Wood Well. He explored the place but kept an eye on the spot where he had entered so he could leave when he needed to.

Mo Fan saw the exit. Sunlight shone through the cracks of the densely-forested Divine Wood Well. The sunbeam was clearly visible, and the light had become Mo Fan's only solace at that moment. He believed he could get out of there by following the light.

Mo Fan patted his Black Dragon Wings and flew swiftly through the branches that were so shriveled, they looked like the back of an old man's hand. He flew higher.

The branches were shriveled and long. There were remnants of human blood and flesh on their tip as if human beings had been torn apart by them. The branches that looked like hands stretched towards Mo Fan, attempting to strangle him, poke his eyes and pull his tongue out...

Mo Fan was stunned. He was once again ablaze with divine fire and formed a fiery vortex to protect himself.

As soon as he transformed into the Flame Demon King, the surrounding branches swayed lightly. There was no sight of any claws or shriveled hands anymore. They just looked like trees.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

An eerie laughter rang through the woods. The twisted textures on the tree barks looked like smiling faces, as if they were mocking Mo Fan's fear.

Mo Fan studied the tree barks more carefully. He had thought that the smiling faces on the tree barks would disappear. To his horror, the faces became even more visible. More faces were formed on other tree barks in varying stages. Mo Fan felt as if many heads were hovering around him!

His heart skipped a beat. If they were only the souls of the undead, Mo Fan was not afraid of them. But each of the faces looked bizarre and wicked, as if they meant him harm.

Apart from the scary faces, the entire place was densely packed with heads. It was frightening.

Mo Fan had once entered the realm of dark Hell and witnessed many terrifying things. If he hadn't had an experience, he would have been paralyzed in fear and frozen on the spot.

Mo Fan bit his tongue to calm himself. 'Forget about everything! I am leaving!' he resolved.

Mo Fan flew towards the sunlight. He ignored the twisted things around him and focused on escaping.

'Damn it! Why is the forest getting denser?!' Mo Fan cursed.

The sunlight was slowly disappearing. The plants grew rapidly and tried to cover the one spot of sunlight that shone in the forest. Mo Fan felt as though he was heading back into the woods, away from the sunlight. He felt lost.

'How is this possible? I was flying towards the sunlight. Could there be any Chaos Formation here? It's impossible!' Mo Fan grew even more frightened.

He thought he was flying toward the sunlight, but he was actually flying away from it! The Chaos Element magic power was capable of reversing the order of things.

Mo Fan was a Chaos Elemental mage. Based on his level of cultivation in Chaos Element, he believed that the Divine Wood Well was not a supreme Chaos Element Mystery Realm. In fact, it was clear that this was not from Chaos Element at all, there was no involvement of any chaotic magic.

Mo Fan was convinced that there was neither Chaos Element magic power in the Divine Wood Well. He didn't believe that he was mistaken about this.

'Can it be...?!' questioned Mo Fan inwardly.

Mo Fan was enlightened. He closed his eyes and focused on using his dragon sense to observe the subtle changes in the Divine Wood Well.

Indeed...

His mind was not playing any tricks on him, and there was no Chaos Element magic in these woods. The reason he found himself flying into the depths of the dense forest despite following the direction of the sunlight was because the Divine Wood Well was expanding indefinitely!

It was growing. And its speed of growth exceeded Mo Fan's speed of flight.

It had nothing to do with its weirdness or Barrier Magic, it was because the Divine Wood Well was expanding madly!

That was hard to believe. How could Zhao Jing be in possession of such scary seedlings? Was this his true power?

Mo Fan took a deep breath. There was a strange odor in the Divine Wood Well. He wondered if the smell could harm his internal organs. But he could not possibly hold his breath forever.

Since he could not fly out of this place, he could only go deeper into it.

If the Divine Wood Well continued to expand forever, he would soon find himself hopelessly lost in it. It would be pointless even if he transformed into the Light Chaser because the sunlight had completely vanished from his sight.

The inside of the Divine Wood Well was not entirely pitch-black. The atmosphere was enveloped by a thin layer of hazy night light, like the cold moon. After spending some time in the dim moonlight, Mo Fan could gradually see things around him.

'Damn it! I've been to the dark plane before, so why should I be afraid of this forest? I'd like to see what's hidden inside,' thought Mo Fan, gathering his courage.

He was aware that he could not escape from the Divine Wood Well. But if he lost his courage and gave in to fear, he would die here.

"F\*ck! D\*mn it! How dare you even want to swallow me? You should disappear into thin air! You should get out of my sight!"

Mo Fan heard a voice shouting somewhere. He recognized it to be Zhao Jing's voice. He gathered that Zhao Jing had lost control of the Divine Wood Well and had fallen into it.

To Mo Fan, this was good news. But not for long, if Zhao Jing managed to escape these woods, Mo Fan would be trapped here forever.

Mo Fan tried to see where Zhao Jing was. Mo Fan felt that Zhao Jing was not as close to him as he sounded. It would be a waste if Mo Fan summoned his magical equipment now.

Mo Fan called back his Black Dragon Wings and Black Dragon Horn Helmet so that he could use them again if needed.

Mo Fan headed to the direction of the sound of Zhao Jing's voice. His goal was to kill Zhao Jing no matter what. It would be even better if he could kill him inside the Divine Wood Well so that the Zhao family would not pester Mo Fan about his death.

#### Chapter 2695: Thunder Flag

Mo Fan went deeper into the forest using his Shadow Elemental magic. He moved swiftly like a Night Demon Raven. The strange plants surrounding him came to a halt. They no longer laughed eerily or formed frightening faces.

But the chill from Mo Fan's dark vein lingered, keeping his nerves tense. He must not let down his guard.

The surrounding creatures were not illusions. If he revealed his weakness, they would immediately devour him. He did not want to die at the hands of these creatures.

As he went into the depths of the Divine Wood Well, he saw a bright light. He pulled the ghostly 'hands' of the branches away and walked on the fallen leaves which resembled rotting flesh and bones. Mo Fan saw the Cold Lake.

The Cold Lake emitted a chilly air. There were no water ripples on its surface. In fact, there was not even the slightest bit of air ventilation in the Divine Wood Well, let alone wind. The Cold Lake remained flat and undisturbed.

'Is this...,' speculated Mo Fan as he saw some animals drinking water from the lake.

There were no ripples even when the animals lapped up the water from the lake. The weird thing was that the animals couldn't seem to stop. They crouched down and kept lapping up the water as if they were under some spell.

Mo Fan walked to the edge of the lake. Although he was aware that there was something inexplicable regarding the lake and the animals behaved eerily, he could not stop himself from approaching it.

The water on the surface was calm. Mo Fan saw his reflection in it. When he looked down, there was nothing else on the surface except his reflection. He looked pale but something was wrong with his face.

In the reflection, he was grinning, revealing that unnerving smile that he had seen on the faces that formed on the tree bark!

Mo Fan took a few steps back in shock. He wondered if his subconscious was playing a trick on him. The reflection in the water wasn't his. It couldn't be!

If the reflection was not his, what else could it be?

Mo Fan took another deep breath to steady himself. He found the Divine Wood Well hard to understand.

"What exactly is that thing?" Mo Fan was annoyed.

Mo Fan was an atheist. He did not believe in the existence of devils.

He went to the edge of the lake again. He fixed his gaze at his own pale face reflecting from the surface of the water. This time, his reflection was not grinning. Instead, he saw himself drown in the Cold Lake. Mo Fan shivered.

Mo Fan saw himself dead. A corpse. Drowned in the Cold Lake.

His reflection opened its eyes. The corpse was in a state of fright as though he had seen something terrifying before his death. He must have faced something that crushed his perseverance and damaged his mind, he had become a child who died a tragic death, he had wailed and begged for others, yet he had never fought back...

Was the Cold Lake trying to warn Mo Fan about his future in the Divine Wood Well? Cold sweat broke out on Mo Fan's neck.

Mo Fan was terrified. He shivered. But he decided that he would fight till the last breath to survive.

Even though he knew he was going to die, he refused to cry. Even if he died here, he would never beg for help. He would not give in so easily. He would fight till the end!

He wondered what he would encounter in the Divine Wood Well that would lead him to end up like this.

Was it too late to figure out a way and escape from all this now?

"Impossible! I can't possibly die here. I can't die in this place. I will get the Earth Fire Pistil. I will become the heir of the Zhao family business. I will become the Forbidden Curse mage. I will trample Gojakasa and make him regret all that he has done to me!" Zhao Jing's scream rang out once again.

Mo Fan saw Zhao Jing by the lake, too. He must have seen his own reflection in the water and gone berserk. Mo Fan brushed away his own disturbing thoughts and approached Zhao Jing.

"You! Do you think you can kill me all by yourself?" shouted Zhao Jing.

"What did you see?" Mo Fan asked.

"Go to hell!" yelled Zhao Jing. He charged at Mo Fan like a beast as if he did not care about anything anymore. That suited Mo Fan just fine.

But Mo Fan was actually worried. Zhao Jing had grown this Divine Wood Well. Mo Fan felt unsettled by his reflection. It had seemed so real and vivid as though this was his actual future.

Seeing Zhao Jing in this state frightened Mo Fan even more. Zhao Jing must have seen his own death, too...

Zhao Jing was charging at him as though it was Mo Fan who he had seen as his death. Was it possible that the Cold Lake showed them the future?

Zhao Jing lunged at Mo Fan like a beast. Zhao Jing no longer hid his power. He charged at Mo Fan with a Thunder Flag.

The Thunder Flag expanded. Zhao Jing raised the Thunder Flag like the God of Thunder. He swung it and the Earth was reduced to a Thunder Pool laced with lightning!

The Thunder Pool was struck by lightning as thick as a pillar of sky. Mo Fan appeared as small as a grain of sand in the middle of such chaos.

“Go to hell!” Zhao Jing shouted madly. He then smashed the earth with the Thunder Flag once again.

The Thunder Pool turned into a catastrophic purgatory which could destroy all living things in the world.

Mo Fan realized that this was Zhao Jing’s strongest magic power: the Lightning Element. It would be almost impossible to withstand such destructive power.

Mo Fan summoned his Black Dragon Armor and covered himself in dragon scales. The patterns on dragon scales shone brightly in the dim moonlight. The Black Dragon Armor was possessed by a Black Dragon Soul and completed with Black Dragon Scales. Mo Fan was covered in a unique layer of glowing Immune Dragon Soul.

“Magic Immunity!”

Zhao Jing’s expression changed when he saw the glow.

Magic Immunity was a dragon’s trait. Only a certain supreme dragon scale was immune to all elements below Forbidden Curse. When one was covered in dragon scales, one was protected from physical injury. It also minimized the power of the shock wave to its lowest level.

Zhao Jing used the Thunder Flag to destroy the world. He transformed the Earth into a Thunder Pool and pierced the sky until it was filled with holes. He was using a Semi-forbidden Curse. Zhao Jing intended to kill Mo Fan with the Thunder Flag.

Chapter 2696: Sink into the Lake

Zhao Jing’s face turned ashen the moment Mo Fan summoned his Dragon Soul Magic Immunity. Everyone in this world cultivated magic for the rest of their lives because magic played a very important role in this world. Only those who could master the highest level of magic were seen as undefeatable.

If that was true, why did Magic Immunity exist in the first place? Could Dragon be the ruler of this world? Could Dragon be the only one with absolute supreme magic? Shouldn’t they be extinct by now? How did Mo Fan obtain a Dragon Soul item?

When was the last time a true Dragon bowed down to a human? Why would a Dragon grant its essence of Dragon Soul to a human?

Magic Immunity... It was Magic Immunity!

The intertwine of lightning in the sky inflicted no harm on Mo Fan. When Zhao Jing saw this, his bloodshot eyes were filled with anger, resentment, and above all, despair.

Zhao Jing had seen his reflection in the Cold Lake. He was engulfed in Mo Fan's divine fire and burnt to ashes. That was how he was going to end up!

Zhao Jing refused to believe that the Divine Wood Well had the ability to foresee everyone's death, unless it possessed the Creator's power.

The sky was ablaze with flames. The enormous flaming celestial object arched across the sky. Countless claw-like branches swayed in the Divine Wood Well. The fire brushed against the dim sky and illuminated them. It illuminated the plants surrounding the Cold Lake, as well.

The Flame Calamity Heaven Fire was the combination of Divine Fire and Tiandi Flame Calamity that set the Burning Valley on fire.

Mo Fan glowed in Magic Immunity power. He transformed into a furious Flame Holy Spirit. When he exhaled, his breath turned into fiery Heaven Clouds. The Heaven Clouds produced flaming Star Objects that arched across the sky. Each of the flaming Star Objects had bright tails. The vast sky turned red and was split into half by these rays of light!

Death was approaching Zhao Jing. His refusal to give up had turned into fear, the fear of death. His dread intensified especially now knowing how he would die.

Humans were fragile. After they see their loved ones die, they try to do everything in their own power to protect themselves in the hopes that they won't turn out to be like their dead ones.

Zhao Jing had witnessed his companions' deaths. He had also witnessed his own. He quivered and grimaced under the blazing sky.

Zhao Jing was engulfed in a hail of flames. When the flaming Star Objects fell on the ground, they spread into fire and built layer upon layer of flames.

The intensified fire burned Zhao Jing's body slowly. He had a lot of life-saving magical power upon his personage. Most mages would be reduced into ashes immediately after they came in contact with Mo Fan and Little Flame Belle's firepower. Zhao Jing, on the other hand, was burning slowly.

He was burned from his hair to his skin, then to his muscles, and finally his marrows. Zhao Jing struggled throughout the process. He charged at the Cold Lake, hoping to extinguish the divine fire on him.

However, the water in the lake was peculiar. It wasn't water at all but something gel-like. The animals who were at the edge drinking the water actually had their tongue stuck in it. They could not pull their tongues out. They eventually became frozen in time in that way.

The Cold Lake water could not extinguish the fire at all. Zhao Jing walked on the water surface. He screamed in agony and ran around the lake. He then abruptly came to a halt.

He slowly knelt on the surface of the Cold Lake. The ghost flames surrounded him and gradually engulfed his remaining tissues. He stumbled forward and collapsed.

The flame dissipated. There was nothing left to burn anymore. His bones turned into charcoal rather than ash. It meant that Zhao Jing must have consumed some spiritual fruits and miracle pills that strengthened his bones more than an ordinary human.

The five elders had been reduced to ashes, and their ashes had been scattered in the Fanxue Mountain orchards. There will be a golden orchard in the future. Meanwhile, Zhao Jing's ashes sank to the cold depths of the Cold Lake.

It was a strange phenomenon to foresee. When Zhao Jing had looked for water, the Cold Lake had provided none. Its surface had turned solid. But now that he was dead, the surface mysteriously melted and sank Zhao Jing's remains to its depth.

After his remains were submerged, the surface became solid once more. The water flowed underneath the surface. Even if Zhao Jing had survived the fire, he would have drowned in this water.

Whenever Mo Fan cast such powerful fire magic, the remnant of his fire power would burn the ground until it turned to charred land. However, the plants in the Divine Wood Well remained dense, and the air was humid. There was no sign of a catastrophic fire from moments ago.

Mo Fan's fire power was capable of burning down the entire Burning Valley and all living things. He believed the magic power that he had cast just moments before was comparable to the Flame Calamity Heaven Fire which had burned down the Burning Valley. However, even that fire did not last long in the Divine Wood Well.

The Divine Wood Well was like a Forest Demon with supernatural power. When someone attempted to light a fire to illuminate the surroundings, it would suddenly appear and blow out the flames.

The woods and the Cold Lake were similar. Mo Fan felt as if the whole wood was one living creature.

Mo Fan walked on the surface of the Cold Lake. He wanted to confirm Zhao Jing was really dead. Some mages had a strange magic capable of transferring one's soul into another body in order to continue living.

The lake surface had turned to glass. Mo Fan felt the surface was solid and smooth when he walked on it. The water beneath was odd. It looked hazy. Everything was obscured.

Mo Fan arrived at the spot where Zhao Jing had sunk into the water. He looked down and saw Zhao Jing. This spot was as transparent as the Ice Lake at Tianshan Mountain. Zhao Jing's body was blackened with burns. He was firmly sealed.

He had not sunk to the very bottom. The Cold Lake was odd. It suspended the dead body between the surface and the bottom like a specimen.

Mo Fan confirmed with satisfaction that Zhao Jing was really dead.

Just as he was about to turn away, the hazy layer on the surface cleared away. Thankfully, the surface remained solid but he could not see water flowing under his feet.

Mo Fan looked down and a chill spread from the soles of his feet to his chest up to his scalp.

Chapter 2697: Ruthless Slaughter

The chill was not because of Zhao Jing's death or the strange way in which he was pulled down, it was because the Cold Lake was full of corpses!

Just below the surface, the lake was densely covered with all kinds of the dead. Some were cut. Some were burned. Some were struck down by lightning. Some beheaded. Some simply drowned and others had their hearts crushed.

These corpses were on display just below the transparent surface of the Cold Lake. There was only a thin solid layer of hard, cold water between the bodies and Mo Fan's feet. From a distance, they looked frozen and floated freely between the surface and the bottom.

To Mo Fan, who had seen mountains of corpses before, this was not very terrifying. In the spaces between the corpses were even more corpses. They were caught between the water surface and the depths of the lake. They floated there, suspended in between, like specimens.

Zhao Jing's corpse was also caught at this level with endless human dead bodies around him. They had all died strangely but none in the same way. They had died in all sorts of ways!

It looked as though some supernatural entities had searched the world for all the different ways to kill a person and decided to put them on display.

The dead themselves were not terrifying. They were just corpses. What was horrifying was the way in which the piles of dead bodies sank into the lake and were suspended for eternity. Mo Fan's knees trembled and he fell to the ground.

How exactly did this happen? How many dead people would it take to fill the entire lake?

It was awfully petrifying!

Mo Fan took deep breaths to calm himself. He finally understood why his dark vein had become so sensitive the moment he had stepped into this place. This Divine Wood Well was a well of corpses.

The Red Demon collected Eight Souls in the world in order to evolve into a Wicked God. He then would become a real emperor and wander around this world.

This lake full of corpses was from the human world. What kind of magical power did it take to be able to accumulate all these people here? Most corpses inside the lake were not just ordinary people. Most had a high level of cultivation.

Mo Fan did not dare to look down again. But the Cold Lake kept calling out to him. Mo Fan could not take his eyes off the lake, nor could he make himself leave. It felt as though something rooted him to the spot. It was as if something held his head in place and forcefully opened his eye to this dreadful reality.

Mo Fan could only stare at it. It was the same as walking into a wax museum. The lunatic who had turned these people into something akin to wax statues was threatening him and showing off his masterpieces. Mo Fan could not show even the slightest impatience, otherwise he knew that he would suffer the same fate. Thus, to live, Mo Fan looked on with fright.

There were more corpses under the layer where Zhao Jing's body was suspended. This layer was deeper and closer to the bottom of the lake. The layer was less dense than the ones above with only a few bodies floating there.



Mo Fan suddenly saw a very familiar figure. He wanted to tear the lake apart and dig out the person he saw.

“Chief Military Instructor!” Mo Fan shouted. He yelled as though the cold corpse could somehow hear him.

Everything was silent.

The Divine Wood Well was silent too. Only his voice reverberated.

It was Zhan Kong! The one in the lake was Zhan Kong!

Beside Zhan Kong, Mo Fan saw a fair hand. It was blocked from sight by the other corpses over it but he knew who it was.

Qin Yu’Er!

It was Zhan Kong and Qin Yu’Er! They were near the bottom of the lake.

Mo Fan remembered the day Zhan Kong and Qin Yu’Er had left the Holy City. They had not left anything back except Zhan Kong’s soul that was taken in by the Little Loach. They disappeared after that.

But they were here!

When they left their world, they were peaceful and resolute. He could see so many emotions on the faces of the other corpses: fear, astonishment, resentment, and confusion. But Zhang Kong and Qin Yu’Er looked peaceful as ever, even in death.

Mo Fan’s heart was in a tumult. He did not know what exactly this place represented.

Could it be that this was the cemetery of Devil God? From a dome that nobody not see, a Devil God might be peeping at the changes of the world and the rise and fall of races. And perhaps he brought some important dead to the Divine Wood Well.

He had seen himself not too long ago. He had seen his reflection cold and dead. Did that mean some day in the future, he would join these specimens and be sunk into this lake?

Mo Fan tried to recall what he had seen. He wanted to remember if he had looked older than the present or the same.

However, the more he tried to remember, the fuzzier it became. It would slowly disappear from his conscience like a picture from a distant dream. No matter how hard he tried to recall, the memory would be erased little by little.

“Creak! Creak! Creak!”

There were noises coming from the surrounding forest. Mo Fan looked to the side vigilantly. He did not want to sink into the lake.

The Ghost Trees began to shrink, and the long twigs began to grow in reverse. The branches as thick as buildings degraded gradually, and the thick roots all over the ground burrowed back into the soil.

The Cold Lake was getting smaller by the minute. When Mo Fan had arrived here, the Divine Wood Well had grown radically, but now it was all shrinking. Everything started returning to its original state.

Mo Fan stood on the Cold Lake. The corpses on display slowly blurred once again. Mo fan stared at Chief Military Instructor, Zhan Kong. He looked so peaceful in the lake that Mo Fan was reluctant to tear the lake and disturb his sleep.

Zhan Kong's eyes were open, and he seemed to be staring at Mo Fan.

In the Holy City, they did not have time to bid farewell. He got to see him for the last time in this weird Divine Wood Well instead. He held a fair hand, as if that was all he had wished for in this life. The good and the evil did not matter anymore, nor did the gods' ruthless slaughters. He looked content to be floating there, he did not have to care for the bottom of the lake nor the waves hitting him on the surface.

...

Divine Wood Well had disappeared. It wasn't clear whether it was because of Zhao Jing's death or because the Divine Wood Well did not want to accept Mo Fan yet.

Everything was back to normal.

Mo Fan returned to Fanxue Mountain, worried but not as scared as before. Everything in Divine Wood Well had been akin to a nightmare. It would solely fade away from his mind. Maybe if he was lucky, he would think of it as a dream and wake up to find it absurd.

Even if it was real, people in it had died in different ways, but not all of them had been in pain.

Mo Fan recalled his reflection. He didn't look like he was in pain.

It was complicated, anyway. He did now know how to put it. If an overindulgent man had died in the midst of making love, he would have looked that way.

Mo Fan felt much better to think of it like that. He did have two wives, after all. He was young and strong and enjoyed making love. Maybe it wouldn't be as true in a few years.

Chapter 2698: It Is Hard to Die

The cold air covered the sea, and a ship was escaping from the port of Fan Xuexin City at a hurtling speed.

The order of Fan Xuexin City was also affected by the battle of Fanxue Mountain. The streets were congested with vehicles, and many people ran to open areas to avoid vibrations from being transferred to the buildings.

Ocean Demons were a huge threat as well. But people usually got used to calamities fast enough. Many sat on the ground chatting with each other, waiting for the tremors to abate.

"The Nanrong Family has escaped. That's their ship," someone shouted with excitement, pointing at the port.

“When they came here, they were so domineering. They even docked at the special berth in Fanxue Mountain as if that was their territory. Now, they flee in fear!”

“The Nanrong Family used to be a small royal family in the south. Every member of the family was approachable, and respected. It’s a pity the Nanrong family has turned to this!” An old man sighed.

“Fanxue Mountain leaders are amazing, though! They even killed the City Lord, Lin Kang!”

“Lin Kang deserved what he got!”

...

The ship was driven by a magic machine. There were countless water arrows shot from under the ship. Dozens of water patterns cut the sea apart and spread into a larger size. The ship was indeed special. It could be compared to galloping warships. The Nanrong family dealt with the ocean. So, all the combat ships in the south were from their factories. They were also considered the most famous shipowners in the south.

Nanrong Ni stood on the deck. Her hair loose, and one of her hands covering her ear. Her right ear, neck and shoulder was covered in blood. Mu Ningxue’s arrows had been fast and brutal. It had hit her though her right ear.

Mu Ningxue had shot it at her forehead aiming for the spot between her eyebrows. Nanrong Ni was not someone who had cultivated for nothing. She managed to get out of the powerful lock to dodge it, but had lost an ear.

Nan Rong Ni was a healing mage. Usually, this kind of injury was easy to heal. Even the pain would not last long. Her ear could be made whole again but no amount of healing spells would help with the ice wounds. Her face was grave. She glared in the direction of the Fanxue Mountain like a ghost.

At the port, countless people cheered. She heard those people mocking her and her family.

If it were not for this ship, all the members of the Nanrong family might have died. She barely escaped herself. Although she survived, she felt worse than ever.

Mu Ningxue should have been left with nothing. No talent, no respect, not even her extraordinary cultivation. She should have died alone with no people by her side. Instead, she had everything in addition to a fertile city to lead.

Her reputation preceded her even in the south. Almost every cultivator knew Mu Ningxue as one of the strongest female mages.

Nanrong Ni felt an overwhelming sense of shame. She wanted to tear herself apart. “Useless! Everyone is worthless! No matter who it is, nobody is reliable in the end. I will have to deal with her myself!” Nanrong Ni, usually calm and gentle, appeared fierce and cold at that moment.

...

In the rubble of Fanxue Mountain, a man lay dying. Half his body was paralyzed and blood was splattered all over his face. He was no longer recognizable.

A pair of long, delicate, noble boots appeared in sight. Its owner stood regally on the rubbles. The gentle wind coiled around her slender waist. She appeared beautiful. But that beauty should never be mistaken for gentleness. Her beauty hid murderous intent which should never be triggered.

The person who couldn't move half his body was Nanrong Xu. He stared at Mu Ningxue with pain and hatred in his eyes.

However, his hatred was not entirely directed at her. He knew the outcome of the battle. He had helped Nanrong Ni escape from Mu Ningxue's killing shot, but Nanrong Ni had turned tail and fled on the ship leaving him behind.

People were so complicated. If Nanrong Xu turned into a ghost, he wanted to kill his sister first and foremost. Even as he lay dying, he could not believe that his sister had betrayed him.

Mu Ningxue did not say a word. She stared at the miserable Nanrong Xu, but there was no sympathy in her eyes. Mu Ningxue sympathized with her former self instead. She used to treat someone well even when she knew they would betray her. She would treat the people she cared about so harshly.

"Just... kill me." Nanrong Xu did not beg for his life. He knew it was worthless to live without the lower part of his body functioning anyway.

Mu Ningxue did not have anything against Nanrong Xu. It was just a matter of which side they stood on. She raised her hand and an ice pick appeared. She pushed it towards Nanrong Xu's heart.

"Wait!" said Xinxia.

Mu Ningxue turned around and saw Xinxia on her Bright Unicorn. Xinxia stopped next to Nanrong Xu and cast a healing spell on him. She then walked towards Mu Ningxue.

Xinxia still had difficulty walking. She was struggling to walk because she was so tired. She sweated like she had undergone some intense exercise. Mu Ningxue supported her.

Xinxia glanced at Nanrong Xu. "Nanrong Ni has been pretending to be sweet and kind in front of others. I know you don't care about your reputation but Nanrong Ni has been spreading malice to damage your reputation," she whispered to Mu Ningxue. "I need to save him so that Nanrong Ni's true character can be revealed."

Mu Ningxue nodded. "I will do as you say."

A few people from the periphery of Fanxue Mountain arrived. They weren't those who fought the battle but were the first to run around to declare their victory.

Mu Ningxue did not care about them. She already knew the real fighters of Fanxue Mountain. They wanted to please her by helping to clean the battlefield, so she just let them be.

Mu Ningxue beckoned to a few of them and instructed them to carry Nanrong Xu. He would not die if the candidates of the Goddess of Parthenon Temple were present.

Chapter 2699: Negotiation

After the battle, the busiest person was Ye Xinxia.

The members of the Fanxue mountain and the elite teams had both fought very bravely. Most of them had been severely wounded in the battle. Many suffered so much that they wished to end their lives to be rid of the pain.

Xinxia had been to many battlefields and knew of the hardships after it was over. She asked the outsiders of Fanxue Mountain to gather all the wounded together and cast the Song of Tranquility on them. It relieved their pain and stimulated their consciousness so that they would not give up easily.

The battle had lasted for over a few hours but the aftereffects would be felt for years. Fortunately, some Folk Mages from Flying Bird Base City arrived and volunteered their services.

1

The high-level executives of Flying Bird Base City only stood by and watched. After Fanxue Mountain had won, they jumped up and sent some Healing mages to show that they were friendly.

The status of Fanxue Mountain in Flying Bird Base City might possibly change after this war. Those organizations that fawned upon the rich and powerful would no longer cause trouble on Fanxue Mountain. Fanxue Mountain had shown today that there was mercy for those who sought to harm them, after all.

Fanxue Mountain was a private territory which existed even before the Flying Bird Base City was established. Even if they came from the law or the Mage Convention, intruders would not be spared. The leaders would execute them.

1

Many had sought to go against Fanxue Mountain. They had joined forces and attacked. In the end, most had died. Even if they managed to escape, they disbanded. Even those people who had not watched the battle knew the strength of Fanxue Mountain once and for all.

This was no longer a small family. They were far stronger than anyone had ever imagined, and they were definitely not the pushovers that people thought they were.

Fanxue Mountain was destined to be different from the past after this battle.

...

After the battle, there were simply too many things to handle. Mu Ningxue especially wanted to appease the members of Fanxue Mountain.

Before Mo Fan had a chance to catch a breath, she gave him a difficult task to handle. It was to have tea with the high-level executives of the Flying Bird Base City.

In the past, Fanxue Mountain had often been invited to tea by the leaders of the Flying Bird Base City. It was mostly when they needed their help.

It was different this time. It was Fanxue Mountain who invited the leaders to have tea with them.

Mo Fan made an appointment at Bo City Street. This was the place where Mu Zhuoyun and Mu Linsheng had settled the residents of Bo City. It was a very prosperous neighborhood. Bo City had an atmosphere of the little Mountain City it used to be back then.

The appointment was for nine in the morning, but Mo Fan arrived sharply at eight. It was not that he needed to prepare for the meeting but he wanted to discuss with Zhao Manyan and Mu Bai about how to initiate the talk of compensation peacefully.

The Deputy Head, Zhou Yi, was also present. Before anyone else showed up, he shivered as though he was already cold.

Zhou Yi used to be Lin Kang's subordinate. Not only was he the head of the South Wing Mage Group, but he was also the Deputy Head of the North City Legion. Lin Kang had died. It didn't matter whether it was because of the anger of Fanxue Mountain or the dissatisfaction of the leaders, everything was vented on him.

1

"Sirs, I must have been greatly confused to have followed Lin Kang in committing such a crime. But I beg you to be merciful to the leaders when they arrive. I have been in the North City for some years and deal with Fanxue Mountain frequently. After Lin Kang came to power, I was forced to do something against my will. Please forgive me," said Zhou Yi, the Deputy Head, apologetically. The status of the Deputy Head was considered high but he was no more than an errand boy for the powerful.

"You don't even sound grateful to the Fanxue Mountain for sparing your life, and here you are, making demands," Mo Fan said, with his eyebrows raised.

Deputy Head Zhou Yi was in charge of many mage organizations in the North City, and he also held a significant position in the Magic Association. He was part of the crusade against the Fanxue Mountain.

Zhou Yi seemed to have gone cold at Mo Fan's words.

Mo Fan was a devil. He had even killed Zhao Jing.

He had returned saying that Zhao Jing had escaped from him. But Zhou Yi knew! Only Mo Fan had returned alive from that fight.

"I must obey the military order no matter what. I will be killed if I disobey. When Lin Kang came to the North City, he was too autocratic. It would have been so easy for him to get rid of me. Fortunately, you, as leaders of Fanxue Mountain, got rid of him. Otherwise, North City would still have been in chaos," said Zhou Yi.

Mo Fan did not bother with his flattery. He turned to Zhao Manyan and Mu Linsheng to discuss how to negotiate with the Flying Bird Base City officials.

Mu Bai stood at one side. After killing Lin Kang, his mental state had turned a little strange. He was still affected by the abyss but would be fine in a few days.

Zhou Yi did not dare take a breath in fear of these hot-blooded leaders. He had never thought Mu Bai was capable of getting rid of Lin Kang. How strong was he actually?

“Chief Mu,” said Zhou Yi. “I... um... for the sake of me evacuating the North City Legion from the battlefield...”

“You and I both know what kind of a person Lin Kang was,” said Mu Bai. “When the leaders arrive in a while, you can tell them about what Lin Kang had done and give justice to Fanxue Mountain. Of course, if you remain truthful, we won’t embarrass you.”

“Of course. That is my duty,” said Zhou Yi and let out a relieved sigh. “Lin Kang has committed many crimes. This time, I will expose him.”

...

The door opened and five majestic people walked in. They seemed to have met just before reaching this place and decided to enter the tearoom together.

These people were of very high importance. Some of them had long been in charge of Fanxue Mountain before, and some had been recruited just recently. But to Mo Fan, they were all unfamiliar. After Shao Zheng resigned, the bureaucratic system and the parliamentary system had undergone drastic change.

“Who are they?” Mo Fan asked Mu Linsheng.

Mu Linsheng was humbled by the presence of the five leaders. “This is the Great General of the Flying Bird Base City, General Li Shou. This is Councilman Tang. This is the president of the Flying Bird Magic Association, President Jiang Shuihan. This one is Old He from Clan Alliance. And this is the Deputy Mayor Nanrong Xishan,” introduced Mu Linsheng.

“As the head of Fanxue Mountain, how do you not know us?” Councilman Tang asked indifferently.

“I only remember some of the leaders from the past.” Mo Fan couldn’t care less of the tone he used. Not after what they had done.

Councilman Tang frowned with dissatisfaction. He did not say anything further. He pulled out a chair and sat across from Mo Fan, facing him.

It was the first time in his life that Councilman Tang had been called for tea by a junior. Unfortunately, this time he had to oblige. But it did not mean they had come to be accused and held accountable by the Fanxue Mountain. Fanxue Mountain wasn’t as qualified to do that yet.

Even bigwigs, who weren’t from the capital, knew about that. They had to come to this tea just to diffuse the situation.

Chapter 2700: Scolding

“Lord Mo, just ask if you’re curious about anything. The Half-Moon Tide is coming soon. We’re busy with official affairs. It’s not convenient for us to spend so much time here.” Great General Li Shou looked a little impatient.

“Why didn’t Mu Ningxue come? Who is this new person?” Nanrong Xishan said rudely.

“You’re from the Nanrong Family?” Mo Fan asked.

“Yes,” Nanrong Xishan said proudly.

“Oh! Please wait a moment. I need to make a quick call.” Mo Fan took out his phone and dialed Xinxia. “Xinxia, you don’t need to treat Nanrong Xu anymore. Just let him die.”

Nanrong Xishan’s face turned ashen at Mo Fan’s words. “How dare you?” he thundered.

“Old man, don’t act so pretentious here after what your family has done. If it was up to me, I would slaughter every member of the Nanrong family!” said Mo Fan.

“Did you hear that?!” exclaimed Nanrong Xishan. “This devil just said something so vile...”

Nanrong Xishan was Deputy Mayor of the Flying Bird Base City and Mo Fan had threatened his whole family! Mo Fan was lawless.

“Xishan, let’s put the grievances aside for now,” Old He interrupted. “Since Lord Mo is in charge today and he invited us all for tea, it means that he is sincere about resolving this dispute. Don’t stir up more trouble. Winter is approaching soon in the Flying Bird Base City. If this battle prolongs, everyone will be prey to the Ocean Demons.”

“The way I see it, the Nanrong family is at fault for inciting a battle on other people’s land. You should make an apology,” Jiang Shuihan said.

“Make an apology?!” Nanrong Xishan and Mo Fan exclaimed at the same time.

Nanrong Xishan stared at Jiang Shuihan in disbelief. He couldn’t be expected to apologize to this kid who had just threatened his whole family! If the other officials hadn’t been present, he would have slapped Mo Fan right there.

Mo Fan felt even more skeptical. This old man had been involved in ordering the Nanrong family to slaughter everyone on the Fanxue Mountain. If an apology was expected to solve everything, Mo Fan would definitely kill everyone in the Nanrong family. If the Nanrong Family was not destroyed, Fanxue Mountain would never have peace in Flying Bird Base City.

“It seems that you are not sincere about this talk. Since you are all busy, you can just get lost.” Mo Fan gestured to Mu Linsheng to show the guests the door.

“You brat! You’re so rude. Do you even know who we are?” Great General Li Shou said angrily.

“Who do you think you are? What right do you have to yell in front of us? The one who should get lost is you!” Councilman Tang could no longer bear it.

Mu Linshen sweated profusely at the whole debacle. He wondered if Mo Fan was really here to negotiate. It seemed as if he just wanted to scold these officials. They were all bigwigs from the Flying Bird Base City. Even if they weren’t the most powerful, they still held the lifeline of the whole of Flying Bird Base City. If he offended them, it would be a disaster.

“When I first came to Flying Bird Base City, it was just a small town that was harassed by a monster called Scarlet Demon. Many children were stolen by the sea monkeys and offered to the Scarlet Demon as food,” said Mo Fan. “I later learned that someone had bribed the officials of Flying Bird Base City to cover up the crime. One of them was the Deputy Mayor at that time.”



“When I arrived at the Flying Bird Base City again, I vowed to make it a bit more peaceful. I got a piece of wasteland in the north of this city. There were no residents there. Many demons rampaged the area. I borrowed the Earth Pistil from the west and drew a safe zone there. I named this place Fanxue Mountain and built Fan Xuexin City. It was only then that Flying Bird Base City along with North City were officially established. The whole North City was almost built around the boundaries of Fan Xuexin City. There was a free line of defense, transportation, and open land that could be used. Without Fanxue Mountain, North City would not exist. It would still be a wasteland,” continued Mo Fan.

“I’m the Honorary Councilor of Ding City. Due to respect for me, the seller sold those elemental stones at original price, and the Ding City Army escorted them here for free. We built the seawall of Fanxue Mountain, as well as a dam on one third of Flying Bird Base City’s coastline.”

“I was there when the Flying Bird Base City was born. You officials dispatched here from other places are not even worthy of talking to me, much less of expecting me to grovel at your feet. I have given you more than enough honor by inviting you and personally joining you today.”

“You united to destroy Fanxue Mountain! You stood by and watched while Fanxue Mountain was being torn apart so that you could feast on the remnants. If that b\*stard Lin Kang didn’t have your consent, he wouldn’t have dared to send troops to Fanxue Mountain.” Mo Fan addressed each of the five officials and chastised them.

The face of these officials was flushed. They were angry and annoyed. They wanted to refute but didn’t know how.

Mu Linsheng, Zhao Manyan, and Mu Bai sat there dumbfounded.

They had been discussing how to entrap the leaders to offer compensation for the damage just a moment ago. But now, all they could do was stand by and watch as Mo Fan scolded the officials like children. Mo Fan couldn’t care less.

“Clap! Clap! Clap!” A few crisp applause sounded from the door.

A middle-aged man with black hair, glossy black beard, and even blacker eyes entered. His angular face looked majestic. It was not the kind of magnificence that came from the arrogance of being in an authoritative position, but the kind that was earned by leading and struggling with his army on the battlefield.

“Commander Hua...” The five officials stared wide-eyed at the figure. It was none other than Commander Hua Zhanhong.

He was a person who was feared even among the Forbidden Saints. His existence was formidable. Thanks to him, their area wasn’t as fragmented as South America by the Ocean Demons.

“Please sit down,” said Commander Hua, pointing to the chairs. “The talk has just started. Why are you in a hurry to leave?”

Councilman Tang, Great General Li Shou, Jiang Shuihan, Nanrong Xishan, and Old He’s faces darkened. If they sat down now, they would have to hear more of Mo Fan’s insolent scolding.

The five of them certainly would have taught Mo Fan and Fanxue Mountain a lesson the moment they stepped out of the door. But they had never expected Commander Hua to arrive here on his own.

The situation at the shoreline was grave. There were more than one emperor-level Ocean Demon to deal with. Commander Hua Zhanhong was in charge of fighting these demons. If he was present here personally, it meant that the situation was serious.

Although the battle of Fanxue Mountain had alerted the whole capital, it was not worth it for him to travel all this way for the talks.

“Commander Hua, you must have heard the arrogant words just now. The head of Fanxue Mountain places himself above all. He doesn’t show any respect for the important personnel of the city at all. I think someone like him should be punished!” said Great General Li Shou.