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“Since you’re here, do us a little favor.” One of them cracked his knuckles, the sharp popping sound filling the air as he approached Kian. “Call out Nyx for us to meet. If you cooperate, we won’t make things too hard for you.”

“There’s no one else around here. No matter how loud you scream, no one will come to save you,” the other sneered, deliberately releasing a wave of spiritual power that pressed down on Kian.

“Although sect rules forbid infighting, you’re not a disciple of the Celestial, so you’re not protected by the rules.”

Even if they beat Kian badly, at worst they would face some minor punishment. If Nyx wanted revenge for her fiancé, she would have to weigh the consequences of violating the sect’s rules and dare not retaliate.

Kian glanced at the two men on both sides, his gaze cold and devoid of emotion. “Good,” he murmured.

The two men froze, startled, and instinctively checked their cars, wondering if they had misheard. “What did you say?”

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In the next second, a jet–black sword lashed out like a venomous snake, accompanied by a fierce whooshing sound, tearing straight into their faces.

Since Kian wasn’t a disciple of the Celestial, he wasn’t bound by its rules. And without those rules, private grudges could be settled privately.

The tables turned instantly. The two men’s screams and pleas for mercy echoed through the sky, but the area was so remote that no help would come, no matter how loud they cried.

Considering their crime had been attempted but not completed, Kian spared their lives. Their Foundation Building stage cultivation was far too weak. He only used the sword’s scabbard to reduce them to tears.

The spirit of the Demon–Breaking Sword seemed to have its own ideas. Even after Kian stopped, it continued to deliver several more strikes, slapping their mouths as a lesson for their obscene remarks.

The two beaten men couldn’t even stand, gasping for breath. Their bodies were limp, and their eyes filled with despair and terror as they watched Kian fly away on his sword. It felt as though they were trapped in an absurdly horrific nightmare.

They lay there from daybreak to nightfall before someone stumbled upon them. The discoverer was a lowly servant. When he was sweeping leaves in the dark, his broom hit something large.

Adding insult to injury, the two men groaned in pain and felt as though they had been reduced to garbage. Even a servant dared to insult them. They spat in a rage, “You blind fool!”

“Ah!” The servant, terrified by the sudden curse, quivered all over and dropped the broom, which landed squarely on the two men. He didn’t even dare look down. His spiritual power surged as he fled with every ounce of strength he possessed, disappearing in an instant.

As he ran, he shouted at the top of his lungs, “There’s blood smell. They cursed at me! Have demonic cultivators invaded the Celestial?”

At the shout, all the members of the Celestial sprang into action. Several elders led a group of disciples to the scene, bracing themselves with full vigilance.

The protective array hadn’t been activated, which theoretically meant no demonic cultivator could invade, but the elders couldn’t afford to be careless in case these demonic cultivators had devised a new method.

An elder raised his hands, casting a spell that conjured what seemed like a radiant moon. Its blinding light poured down from above, illuminating the two crumpled figures lying on the ground.

All eyes locked onto the source of the chaos. Two swollen, bruised men lay sprawled in disgrace, their eyes wide with panic.

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The two men were gawked at. Hundreds of elders and elite disciples from the Celestial warrowded from weakling the terrible looks.

For a moment, the place was deathly silent. Though it was a fake alarm, no demonic immasson had oh, may yourse thought it would have been preferable. At least then they could have had a good fight instead of wenesing

Seeing that these two men were disciples, the elders feel utterly humiliated. A thonja came to their minds. You unih te Celestial have such a waste of space?’

The elders asked the two men, “Which peak are you from? Who is your matter?

“The sect forbids internal conflict. Don’t you know the rules?”

Waves of disdainful gazes fell on the two men like knives. Trembling with shame, they stammered in voices hardly wille, “Main Peak… Elder Gonzalez…

Thinking of the brutal beating they had endured, tears streamed down their faces, mixing with snox and din as they witei “It wasn’t internal conflict. Someone attacked us. Elder Cyan, please seek justice for us

Elder Gonzalez happened to be present, and all eyes immediately turned to him. His face turned livid

If he could turn back time, he would never have accepted these two troublemakers as disciples. But now, he had no choice but to step forward. “What’s going on? Who attacked you?”

Nyx, who had been watching the spectacle with great amusement, suddenly saw the two men accusing fingers at her.

She was puzzled. Not just her, but the entire crowd looked confused.

Even Elder Gonzalez was taken aback, snapping sharply, “How dare you slander a fellow disciple

He thought, ‘A sweet, cute little rabbit beat them up like this? Nonsense.

“It wasn’t Nyx.” The two men’s fingers shifted slightly, pointing instead at Kian, who was standing beside Nyx. They raised their voices in accusation. “It was her fiancé. He attacked us with a black sword, and he specifically targeted our faces?”

Upon hearing this, the surrounding crowd snorted. Their expressions grew even more disdainful. Murmurs erupted from all directions. “Ridiculous.”

“If you’re going to slander someone, at least make it believable. As the Foundation Building stage cultivators, how could you lose to a mere mortal?”

“Such a stupid attempt to shift blame. They must have been pummeled stupid.”

“Shameless.”

“It’s not true!” The two men’s faces twisted with indignation as they desperately tried to defend themselves. “He’s not a mortal!”

One of them thought, “That bastard pretended to be a mortal. Damn it!

As his disciples accused Kian, Elder Gonzalez looked at him. After pondering for a moment, he suddenly sent a burst of spiritual power hurtling toward Kian.

A surge of danger washed over Kian, and reflexively, he countered with his sword.

‘Not bad!’ Elder Gonzalez’s eyes gleamed in surprise. Setting aside the level of Kian’s cultivation, his sharp combat instincts and smooth movements marked him as a once–in–a–generation talent.

A spark of admiration ignited in Elder Gonzalez’s heart, but the matter at hand needed resolution. Sternly, he asked, “You’re

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the one who injured my two disciples?’

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Kian’s body tensed, his expression unreadable. It was common for the master to step in after their disciples caused trouble. He had been mentally prepared and wasn’t concerned about being held accountable. But he hadn’t expected this to be exposed right in front of Nyx.

The two battered men writhed pitifully, a testament to how brutally Kian had acted.

Kian thought with a frown, ‘Will Nykie think me cruel and violent?’

At this thought, Kian stiffened and dared not turn to look at Nyx, fearing he might see disgust in her eyes.

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