

Disciples 211

Chapter 211 Fragments Collected

Zhao Yue replied, "Yunsan has brought back the Sky Fragment. He's waiting for you in the great hall, master."

"Very well." Lu Zhou rose to his feet slowly. He opened the door of the hidden chamber and walked out. He glanced at Zhao Yue when he emerged from the hidden chamber.

Zhao Yue saluted Lu Zhou as a form of greeting. "How are your injuries?" Lu Zhou asked.

Zhao Yue answered, "I've been recuperating peacefully in the Evil Sky Pavilion all this while. I'm already healed. I will cultivate diligently to enter the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm as soon as possible."

Out of Lu Zhou's nine disciples, only Zhao Yue and Zhu Honggong were still stuck in the Divine Court realm.

Zhu Honggong could not improve because he had cultivated the flawed version of the Nine Tribulation Thunderblast.

However, Zhao Yue was cultivating the completed Brilliant Jade Technique. Moreover, she was not lacking in talent. It was only a matter of time before she entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm.

Lu Zhou walked toward the great hall with his hands on his back.

Zhao Yue walked behind him respectfully.

Soon after, both of them arrived at the great hall.

Zhou Jifeng, Duanmu Sheng, and Mingshi Yin were already there.

Yunsan was kneeling in the center of the great hall. His eyes would dart around nervously every once in a while.

When everyone saw Lu Zhou, they saluted him.

Lu Zhou waved his hand dismissively and walked to the throne before sitting down in a regal manner.

Yunsan immediately kowtowed. He did not even dare to lift his head.

Lu Zhou's gaze fell on Yunsan's right arm that was bandaged with rags. It seemed like it had been severed.

At this moment, Yunsan finally said, "I'm glad to announce that I didn't fail the mission. I have successfully retrieved the Sky Fragment."

Duanmu Sheng presented the Sky Fragment to Lu Zhou reverently.

Lu Zhou glanced at it. The final Sky Fragment looked no different from the others. After he put the fragment away, a notification rang.

"Ding! Recovered Sky Fragment x1. Reward: 100 merit points."

Lu Zhou glanced at the mission list. Although it showed that all eight Sky Fragments had been collected, there was no reward for the completion of the mission. At this moment, he recalled the Sky Bow. He would have to disassemble the Sky Bow and refine it to obtain the three Sky Fragments.

“Master, since Yunsan has brought the Sky Fragment back, should we...” Duanmu Sheng drew his thumb across his throat.

The action did not escape Yunsan’s eyes. He hastily kowtowed. His forehead thudded loudly on the ground as he said, “Have mercy, old senior! Please have mercy... I’ve retrieved the Sky Fragment, I beg that you keep your words, old senior!” He kowtowed without any signs of stopping.

Lu Zhou asked indifferently, “What’s the situation in Clarity Sect right now?”

Yunsan stopped kowtowing at this moment. However, his head was still lowered as he said, “When I was there, the Clarity Sect was in chaos. Their elders were all struggling for power. I seized the opportunity to slip into Clarity Sect and stole the fragment.”

“It’s in chaos?”

“I heard their sect master was hurt and has been recuperating in seclusion... They have no leader now!” Yunsan replied swiftly.

“The Clarity Sect’s elite, You Hongyi, isn’t there?”

“Uh...” Yunsan stammered. He seemed reserved and afraid to speak about this matter.

All of Yunsan’s actions did not escape Lu Zhou’s eyes. He said, “You can speak freely in the Evil Sky Pavilion.”

Yunsan seemed delighted to hear this. He became visibly confident after hearing the reassuring words from the world’s greatest villain.

“Three days ago, the First Seat of Nether Sect’s Azure Dragon Hall, Hua Chongyang, and White Tiger Hall’s Bai Yuqing led their men and attacked the Clarity Sect! You Hongyi was grievously wounded by Hua Chongyang and Bai Yuqing.”

The others were shocked upon hearing this.

The Nether Sect Master, Yu Zhenghai, was the Evil Sky Pavilion’s first disciple after all. Who would have expected the Nether Sect to act against the Clarity Sect at this juncture?

When Yunsan finished speaking, he stole a glance at Lu Zhou. He was worried that he might anger Lu Zhou with his words.

Lu Zhou appeared calm on the surface, but inwardly he thought to himself, ‘With the Nether Sect’s strength, it isn’t difficult for them to wipe out Clarity Sect. The problem is there are so many factions under the heavens. The ten greatest sects of the Noble Path have an especially close relationship with one another. Attacking the Clarity Sect is the same as attacking the ten great sects of the Noble Path. Does the Nether Sect possess the strength to repel the other nine sects?’

Duanmu Sheng bowed and said, "Master, now that the Clarity Sect is in chaos... Eldest Senior Brother's action might bring more trouble to us."

"What does Yu Zhenghai hope to achieve by attacking the Clarity Sect?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Well... How could someone of my status be privy to such matters," Yunsan replied.

The Nether Sect had been expanding in recent years. Many smaller factions on the Fiend Path had been assimilated into the Nether Sect. The Fiend Temple had broken off from the Nether Sect, but it had been annihilated by the Evil Sky Pavilion for sticking out too much. Currently, it was barely kept alive by Duan Xing. It was now an insignificant force. With this, the Nether Sect had become even more powerful.

Lu Zhou remembered the disturbance in Anyang. Although someone had impersonated the Nether Sect, the Nether Sect had probably wanted Wei Zhuoyan dead as well.

Yunsan spoke in a pained voice, "I've done my best to complete this task... Please spare my life, old senior."

Lu Zhou regarded Yunsan calmly.

With the loss of his arm, this meant Yunsan was no longer capable of doing what he did best; stealing. It seemed like his days of stealing were behind him. Perhaps, this was his punishment.

Lu Zhou waved his arm and said, "Take care of yourself." He only spoke these four words.

Yunsan acted as though he was granted amnesty for a huge crime. He kowtowed in delight and said, "Thank you, Old Pavilion Master! Thank you, Old Pavilion Master!" After that, Zhou Jifeng brought Yunsan out of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The Evil Sky Pavilion was silent again.

After a while, Lu Zhou asked, "Where's Elder Hua?"

"Elder Hua has gone down the mountain. He should be back at any moment now," Duanmu Sheng replied.

At this moment, Hua Wudao walked into the hall in a timely manner. When he entered the hall, he cupped his fists together and said, "Greetings, Pavilion Master."

"There's no need for such formalities."

"I have a question to ask, Pavilion Master."

"Speak."

"The lady who's kneeling at the foot of the mountain is Hua Yuexing. I've met her several times before... This young lady is skilled with the bow and has exceptional talent. If she's allowed on the mountain, it'll only do the Evil Sky Pavilion good," Hua Wudai said.

Lu Zhou said apathetically, "Elder Hua, you're from the Yun Sect and have joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects have always been close. Aren't you worried that she might get herself in trouble?"

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Compared to Hua Yuexing, the circumstances were different when Hua Wudao joined the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Wudao shook his head and sighed. "She has nowhere to go."

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng said indignantly, "Elder Hua, I disagree with your words! What do you mean she has nowhere else to go? Just because she has nowhere to go, must the Evil Sky Pavilion accept her? Do you think the Evil Sky Pavilion is a charity house or a house for the homeless?"

Hua Wudao's wizened face flushed red. He hastily bowed. "That's not what I meant..."

"What do you mean then?! You're from the Yun Sect, and you're not sincere in joining the Evil Sky Pavilion. Are you trying to establish your own faction here and incite a civil war?" Duanmu Sheng questioned.

"Duanmu Sheng, you don't have to mock me... I'm not that shameless!"

Duanmu Sheng had always had a short fuse. He would lose his temper whenever he heard something he did not like.

It seemed like a quarrel was about to erupt.

"Enough." Lu Zhou's voice resounded in the hall.

Duanmu Sheng and Hua Wudao fell silent immediately.

Lu Zhou's eyes landed on Hua Wudao and said, "Hua Yuexing indeed has great talent. However, if she can't even endure a little hardship, how can she join the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

At this moment, realization dawned on Hua Wudao. He hastily bowed and slowly said, "I, Hua Wudao, swear an oath on my life that if Hua Yuexing shows signs of rebellion or betrayal in the future, I'll personally kill her with my own hands."

Chapter 212 The Old Beggar

The others were slightly startled that Hua Wudao would make an oath on his life. It was true that he came from Yun Sect, but Hua Yuexing was from the Luo Sect. After Yun Tianluo founded his sect, it was gradually split into the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects. They had a certain degree of enmity between themselves. Since they came from the same line, it was natural that he would speak up for her. However, it was strange that he would make an oath on his life for someone whom he had only met a few times.

"Elder Hua, what's your relationship with Hua Yuexing?" Duanmu Sheng asked. Based on his question, it was clear he found it too coincidental that both of them shared the same last name.

Hua Wudao shook his head. "I have no ties with her... Please investigate this thoroughly, Pavilion Master!"

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said indifferently, "Elder Hua, I have no wish to find out about your relationship with her. If Hua Yuexing wants to join the Evil Sky Pavilion... Very well, I'll give her a chance..."

Hua Wudao was delighted to hear this. Before he could even express his gratitude, Lu Zhou said again, "... If she can bring me the head of any cultivators with Three-leaf or above who have laid siege on the Golden Court Mountain. If she's successful, she may join the Evil Sky Pavilion."

"..." Hua Wudao was stunned speechless. "Uh... uh..." His expressions had turned grim as well.

Duanmu Sheng snorted and said, "I knew you're not completely loyal... If she can't even do that, how can she join the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

The disciples were all satisfied with their master's condition.

Even if a person was exceptionally talented and had huge potential in cultivation that could help the Evil Sky Pavilion, it would still be useless if that person could not even kill a single enemy. The Evil Sky Pavilion could not keep useless people nor could it afford to keep useless people. Hua Wudao bowed and said, "Alright! Since she wants to join the Evil Sky Pavilion, she should at least show her resolve!"

Lu Zhou waved his hand dismissively.

Upon seeing this, Hua Wudao left the great hall and proceeded down the mountain.

"Where's Old Eighth?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Eighth Junior Brother is refurbishing the pavilion. I'll go get him." Duanmu Sheng went out.

A short while later, Duanmu Sheng led Zhu Honggong into the great hall. Zhu Honggong obediently knelt on the floor. He raised his hand and said reverently, "Greetings master. May you live to see a thousand autumns, and may your life be limitless!"

"This person's shamelessness is truly extraordinary. How does he even come up with such words?"

Lu Zhou looked at Zhu Honggong and said lightly, "How do you find the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

Zhu Honggong hastily replied, "Master, this is my home. Naturally, I love it! There's no place like the Evil Sky Pavilion. I feel at ease living here!" "Really?"

Zhu Honggong deliberately raised his voice and said, "There are no lies in my words. I dare not lie before you."

Duanmu Sheng was speechless, and Zhao Yue only shook her head.

Lu Zhou's voice was calm as he asked, "How are you getting along with the others?"

Zhu Honggong was greatly surprised by this question. 'What's with master today? Why is he asking about my wellbeing?' He did not feel moved, instead, he felt awkward.

Finally, Zhu Honggong replied, "Third and Fourth Senior Brothers take good care of me... Fifth Senior Sister will also talk to me when she has the time. Little... little junior sister..." He paused for a moment to

look for Little Yuan'er and discovered she was not around. He recalled her fierce expression and gulped before he continued, "Little junior sister is as gentle as a lamb, and she treats me like family."

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Perhaps, in the entire Evil Sky Pavilion, Zhu Honggong was the only one capable of saying such blatantly pretentious words.

"How are you getting along with Old Seventh?" Lu Zhou asked again.

"Fine! We get along fine... Old Seventh has always treated me... Old... Old Seventh?" Zhu Honggong's expression changed as he said, "Master, I... I heard wrongly. I have nothing to do with Seventh Senior Brother!" As he spoke, he began to tremble in fear.

Lu Zhou said, "Tell me, then. How did old Seventh find out about my movements?"

Zhu Honggong's expression was dark as he said, "Old Seventh's sources are spread out in all corners of Great Yan. He... Of course, he knows!"

"Who do you think is his source in the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

Everything was brought to light at this moment.

In truth, Lu Zhou had found it strange ever since he arrived at Anyang.

First, Yu Shangrong had shown up and gave Little Yuan'er the gift. Then, there was Yu Zhenghai. Jiang Aijian's information had practically proven that Si Wuya was behind all this. If nobody had been feeding Si Wuya information, he would not have known about this.

Si Wuya had deliberately goaded Mingshi Yin into bringing Zhu Honggong back to the Evil Sky Pavilion... A scheme within a scheme. Perhaps, Si Wuya was the only person who was bold enough to pull this off.

"Eighth Junior Brother... It was you?!" Duanmu Sheng went over and held him up by the cuff of his shirt.

Zhu Honggong was chubby and quite heavy. However, in Duanmu Sheng's hand, Zhu Honggong was lifted as though he was a chick.

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"Master... please! I can explain myself! Senior brother, please let me go!" Zhu Honggong said with a reddened face.

Duanmu Sheng looked to Lu Zhou for further instructions.

"I'd like to see how you're going to explain this," Lu Zhou said.

Thud!

Duanmu Sheng loosened his grip, and Zhu Honggong fell onto the floor. However, he dared not complain. He hastily got up, knelt, and said, "Senior brother Wuya... Ptoeey! I mean, traitor!" He inhaled deeply twice before he said, "He swore he won't do anything that'll harm the Evil Sky Pavilion. He even said he would help the Evil Sky Pavilion! That's why I accidentally let slip about your whereabouts, master."

“He told you that, and you believed him?” Duanmu Sheng regarded Zhu Honggong disdainfully.

Silence descended on the great hall. The atmosphere was getting tenser by the second.

Zhu Honggong tried to calm down before he said earnestly, “Master, to be honest, when I was in Tiger Ridge, Seventh Senior Brother was the one who looked after me... It’s true that Seventh Senior Brother likes to play tricks, but he has never harmed one of his own. Eldest and Second Senior Brother admire him as well.” When he finished speaking, he lowered his head, he did not even dare to breathe loudly. His heart was beating so hard that it seemed as though it was trying to escape from his chest.

‘I’m dead. Best case scenario, I’ll be exiled from the pavilion. Worst case scenario, I’ll be paralyzed for life.’

Lu Zhou was in no hurry to punish Zhu Honggong since Zhu Honggong had spoken the truth. Among the rascals, apart from Ye Tianxin who colluded with the cultivators from the Noble Path cultivators, none of them had acted against the Evil Sky Pavilion. In the cultivation world, the people still regarded the traitors as members of the Evil Sky Pavilion. It made no difference to them.

Although Zhu Honggong’s offense was not so serious that it warranted a death penalty, Lu Zhou could not let him go unpunished either. ‘I must be harsher when disciplining these rascals.’ Finally, Lu Zhou said, “Send him into the Cave of Reflection... He’ll receive 50 strokes of the cane each day. Seal his cultivation base...”

“Yes, master.” Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists.

Zhu Honggong kowtowed and said, “Thank you for your mercy, master!”

Duanmu Sheng dragged Zhu Honggong out of the great hall. “Ding! Disciplining Zhu Honggong. Reward: 200 merit points.”

There was no problem with disciplining Zhu Honggong, but Lu Zhou had to think of a way to discipline the remaining three rascals.

After a while, Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet. It was time for him to study the Sky Fragments. At this moment, Little Yuan’er came running into the great hall. “Master!”

“What’s the matter?” Lu Zhou asked, puzzled.

Little Yuan’er pointed at the beggar outside of Evil Sky Pavilion. “This old beggar is stubbornly refusing to go away! Even Hua Yuexing has left... He wants a sip of wine no matter what.”

Zhao Yue was puzzled. “Little junior sister, Golden Court Mountain isn’t a place where anyone can enter as they please. Quickly throw him out!”

“I did! But he came back in!”

“He came in?” Zhao Yue asked incredulously.

“I found him strange so I brought him here to meet you, master!” Little Yuan’er said.

Golden Court Mountain's barrier was formed by unique Formations. Even the Formations of the ten great sects of the Noble Path could not compare with Golden Court Mountain's barrier. How did an old beggar breach the barrier?

They could not take this matter lightly.

When Lu Zhou heard this, he walked down the steps with his hands on his back and left the great hall.

Outside the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The old beggar was lying on the limestone floor. He gazed lazily at the sun in the skies and occasionally mumbled, "Wine... I want more wine..."

"That's him!" Little Yuan'er pointed at the beggar who was lying on the floor.

Lu Zhou stopped when he was close enough. His gaze fell on the old beggar.

Name: Pan Litian

Race: Human

Cultivation base: Nulled.

Lu Zhou remained silent as he mulled over this matter.

When Yunsan was at the Clarity Sect, it was under attack by the Nether Sect. Their sect master, Mo Qi, and their elite, You Hongyi, were both grievously wounded. It was likely that the Clarity Sect would disappear from this world in the near future. He had always wondered where Pan Litian had disappeared to...

The mysterious elite of Clarity Sect, an expert from the same generation as Fan Xiuwen, disappeared overnight. Nobody knew where he went. Lu Zhou truly did not expect such a person to show up in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The old beggar who had been waiting for a long time exhorted, "Quick... Quick... I've been waiting for my wine all day...". "You old geezer, see if I don't personally throw you down the mountain," Little Yuan'er said as she raised her Nirvana sash.

"Little girl, it's not good, not good... to be this fierce..."

Little Yuan'er gritted her teeth in annoyance as he repeated those words. She was about to leap into action when Lu Zhou raised his hand to stop her. He said, "Bring some wine."

"Huh?"

Little Yuan'er and Zhao Yue were taken aback by this.

'Master is treating an unknown old beggar with kindness?'

"Yes, master..." Zhao Yue bowed slightly and went to the north pavilion.

A short while later, Zhao Yue led two female cultivators who carried two jars of wine.

“Wine, wine, wine...” Pan Litian’s nose was as sharp as a dog’s. When the wine jars were getting close, he picked up the scent of alcohol.

Zhao Yue placed the wine jars at Pan Litian’s side and retreated respectfully.

Pan Litian seemed invigorated as he straightened up immediately. He squinted his eyes as he looked up and said with a chuckle, “You... You’re the master of the Evil Sky Pavilion?”

Lu Zhou did not reply to him. Instead, he pointed at the wine jars on the ground and said, “The Evil Sky Pavilion’s wine. It’s been kept for a century.”

Pan Litian’s eyes widened and brightened at once. He lifted the wine jar and sniffed the opening. “Good wine! This is good wine!”

“Would you like to have a taste?”

“Yes, yes... I’d love to!”

“That’s great.”

Lu Zhou moved closer toward Pan Litian and said, “You knew this is the Evil Sky Pavilion, and yet, you’re bold enough to trespass?”

Pan Litian uncapped the jar and drank a few mouthfuls. A satisfied expression appeared on his face as he said, “I know... but this old life of mine is worthless. I don’t... don’t care...”

‘Worthless?’ Lu Zhou did not expose him. Instead, he asked curiously, “You have no cultivation base, how did you breach the barrier?”

“I have no idea... I’m only an ordinary beggar! I know nothing about barriers...” Pan Litian played dumb.

Lu Zhou sighed as he shook his head and said, “The greatest elite of the Clarity Sect... I don’t know if I should be happy that you’ve fallen so low.”

Chapter 213 Sky Fragments Combined

Zhao Yue and Little Yuan’er were shocked.

This filthy, dispirited old beggar with no aura who lay down where he stood was the greatest elite of Clarity Sect?

Pan Litian’s expression remained unchanged as he said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about... All I want is to drink some good wine and sleep.”

“Are you really not going to admit?” Lu Zhou’s penetrating stare sent shivers down Pan Litian’s spine.

When their eyes met, Pan Litian was slightly stunned. He appeared as if he could not have cared less, but he was inwardly shocked. He remained silent for some time before he shook his head and said insistently, “I’m only a beggar. I honestly don’t know what you’re talking about...”

When she saw this, Little Yuan’er waved her fist and said, “Master, I can beat him up if he doesn’t want to confess.”

Lu Zhou did not expect Pan Litian to confess so soon. This was within his expectation. After all, nobody knew what Pan Litian had experienced over the years.

With his identity and status, Pan Litian could easily avoid living this way. His clothes barely covered him, he looked battered, and his meals hardly filled his stomach. If he had slipped into the Evil Sky Pavilion under this disguise, how would he explain his cultivation base? Coming to the Evil Sky Pavilion without his cultivation base was the same as walking up to death's door.

Lu Zhou said, "It's not important whether you admit it or not. What I can tell you is the Clarity Sect is currently facing a crisis. It might vanish from this world in the near future." His tone was cold and calm when he spoke. It was suitable for the greatest villain of the Evil Sky Pavilion well. Even if the world were to be destroyed, it would have nothing to do with the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Pan Litian opened his eyes. He furrowed his brows. After a long time, he finally said, "All I want is some wine. The rise and fall of Clarity Sect have nothing to do with me." He raised the jar of wine and brought it to his mouth. He loudly gulped the wine down. Some of the wine spilled onto his chest that made him look even filthier.

"Good wine!" Pan Litian drank cheerfully with no inhibition. It seemed like he really did not care about the Clarity Sect.

Lu Zhou continued to say, "Mo Qi and You Hongyi are both heavily wounded. The Clarity Sect is now in chaos... Aren't you concerned at all?"

"Nope." This time, Pan Litian's answer was firm. He drank again.

How could Pan Litian be so indifferent about his former comrades? This was not like the Pan Litian of old. What puzzled Lu Zhou was that Pan Litian knew his identity might be exposed, and yet, he still came to the Evil Sky Pavilion. What was his motive? He was clearly unafraid of death. He had said it himself, the life of the current Pan Litian was worthless.

"Keep an eye on him," Lu Zhou instructed.

Pan Litian regained his initial composure. He grinned lazily and said, "Thanks... for the wine..."

Lu Zhou returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Little Yuan'er could not understand this. Hence, she followed her master. "Master... Is the old beggar really the Pan Litian?!" Lu Zhou nodded and said, "If he says he's not, then, he's not..."

Lu Zhou returned to the hidden chamber with his hands on his back, leaving a perplexed Little Yuan'er behind.

"Uh... so, is he... or is he not?" Little Yuan'er looked at her master's retreating back and scratched her head as she mumbled, "Am I really as dumb as senior brother said?"

Inside the hidden chamber.

Lu Zhou sat with his legs crossed. He brought the Sky Fragments out and placed them in front of him. To be more precise, there were five fragments and the Sky Bow.

If he wanted to complete the mission, he would have to disassemble and refine the Sky Bow. He had two Refining Talismans left.

Lu Zhou called up the system's tool list. He studied the specifications of the Refining Talismans. He was not very confident about the Refining Talismans.

Refining Talismans could reset weapons to before they acknowledged their current master. Even if the Refining Talismans could supply sufficient unique energy to refine the weapon, it might not be able to disassemble the Sky Bow and return the Sky Fragments. This meant he had to personally extract the fragments.

"Let's give it a try." Lu Zhou raised his hand. A Refining Talisman appeared in his hand.

With his Dao-shaping stage Divine Court realm cultivation base, it was not difficult for him to keep a weapon afloat.

The Sky Bow hovered before him. With just a thought, the Refining Talisman floated toward the Sky Bow.

Whoosh!

The Refining Talisman burst into flames, and scarlet flames swiftly enveloped the Sky Bow.

These unique flames emanated scorching heat.

Lu Zhou found the heat slightly unbearable at close distance. He had to conjure some of his Primal Qi to form an energy wall to keep the heat at bay. Even so, he could only block half of the heat. He could still feel some heat through his energy wall. After all, he was not in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm yet, he could not completely insulate himself from the heat. He had no other choice but to bear with it.

'This temperature is still bearable.'

The flames were still burning the Sky Bow. The scarlet flames gradually turned a deep shade of blue. It sizzled as it burned. With this, the Sky Bow eventually turned red.

Lu Zhou wrapped the Sky Bow in energy. Extracting the fragments was not as simple as he had imagined. From the beginning of the refinement process, he had yet to see any materials that resembled the Sky Fragments.

There was no rushing these matters. He had no choice but to wait.

The Refining Talisman's unique energy was extremely peculiar... It was as if it would continue to exist as long as Lu Zhou did not recall it. It seemed inexhaustible.

This process lasted for about an hour.

The Sky Bow's turned even redder.

"Hm?" Lu Zhou noticed most of the Sky Bow's materials were melted away by the unique flame energy. When he saw this, he quickly retracted his energy.

Plop!

The molten metal dripped as though it was water. The molten metal fell onto the floor and quickly solidified. It released a black smoke and a charred smell.

“No wonder these three Sky Fragments did not produce a heaven-grade weapon!”

There was no way that such a crude forging method and low-grade supplementary materials could produce a good weapon.

In any case, this made it easier for him to extract the Sky Fragments. Low-quality materials were unable to withstand the high heat. They would be melted by the flames’ energy.

Molten substances continued to drop.

Two hours passed by in a blink of an eye.

Fortunately, Lu Zhou had comprehended the Heavenly Writing that put him in a great mental state. After keeping this up for so long, he still felt energetic.

Plop!

The final drop finally fell.

Lu Zhou waved his arm.

Energy surged, and the Refining Talisman’s energy instantly vanished.

Three crooked Sky Fragments appeared before him.

“Ding! Recovered Sky Fragment x3. Reward: 300 merit points.”

“Ding! Completed Sky Fragment recovery mission. Reward: 1,000 merit points.” “Combine Sky Fragments?” When he saw the query on the system dashboard, Lu Zhou nodded.

These eight Sky Fragments had been a single object in the first place. When Ji Tiandao obtained the Sky Fragments, he did not think much of them because of their low grades. However, it seemed like Ji Tiandao had missed out on something extraordinary.

“Combine.”

The right Sky Fragments shone and slowly merged into one.

Lu Zhou stared at it anticipatorily

‘What will it turn into?’

Chapter 214 Open The Heavenly Writing Scroll

The light slowly faded. “Ding! Obtained weapon. Sky Dagger.”

“Ding! Obtained Open Heavenly Writing Scroll.”

Lu Zhou looked at the floor.

He saw a dagger the color of jade... This dagger was slightly larger than the Sky Fragments. It was also larger than ordinary daggers. It looked dainty and exquisite. Unfortunately, the system did not suggest a suitable owner for the dagger.

Lu Zhou looked at the system dashboard again. The weapons he currently had in his possession were Unnamed, Life Cutter, and Tear Stain Box.

Lu Zhou liked Unnamed the most. After numerous tests, he was convinced that Unnamed was of the heaven-grade.

He obtained Life Cutter from the Righteous Sect's elder, Zhang Qiuchi, and the weapon had been refined again. It was a heaven-grade item as well.

There was also the Tear Stain Box that could withstand attacks from his disciples. It was certainly a heaven-grade item.

'Apart from Unnamed, I can give the remaining weapons to my disciples. After all, if they're powerful, I, as their master, would be powerful as well.'

Currently, only his fifth disciple, Zhao Yue, and his eighth disciple, Zhu Honggong, were weaponless.

'How should I distribute them?'

Zhao Yue was a girl, and Life Cutter seemed too big and unsightly for her. The Tearstain Box seemed even more so in its boxing gloves state. It seemed more suited for Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth. However, Zhu Honggong had just recently returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion, and his temperament was lacking. Before he was sure of Zhu Honggong's loyalty, he had no intention of giving him a weapon.

It seemed like the Sky Dagger was most suitable for Zhao Yue. However, her cultivation base had not entered the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm so she could not master a heaven-grade weapon.

Lu Zhou picked the Sky Dagger up from the floor. An icy sensation crept into his palm from the dagger as it gleamed coldly.

"Nice." Lu Zhou could not help but praise it. "However, Unnamed still looks better."

He suddenly had the urge to test the Sky Dagger against Unnamed. However, when he thought about how terrifying Unnamed was, he dismissed the idea.

The Sky Dagger should be a heaven-grade weapon. It would be a shame if it was destroyed.

He put the dagger away and looked at the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll.

"Does this have anything to do with the Three Scrolls of Heavenly Writing?" Lu Zhou wondered. He touched the scroll and the parchment-like material shattered. The fragments dissolved into spots of starlight that entered his body. Lu Zhou opened the Heavenly Writing's menu to have a look...

The Human Scroll was lit up, but the Earth and Heaven Scrolls were still dim.

"It's not?"

He opened the Human Scroll, and the first row of shining golden script that appeared before his eyes was the Power of Speech.

During the disturbance in Anyang City, these were the exact words that appeared in his mind. 'In that case, what's the point of the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll?' Lu Zhou was puzzled, but he did not dwell on it. He had never understood the Heavenly Writing since he began to comprehend it after all.

Lu Zhou sat down with his legs crossed and intended to comprehend the Heavenly Writing again.

When the Heavenly Writing's menu was called up, Lu Zhou entered his comprehension state.

Seemingly at the same moment, the scripts of the Heavenly Writing surfaced in his mind.

"To gain immeasurable power of the body that manifests in one's physical state, bringing those around him to wisdom, leading them toward powers and the path of enlightenment."

"To gain the power of muting so that samadhi will manifest in the body and radiate into the surroundings like light, and yet being unswerving in samadhi."

The moment the Heavenly Writing appeared, Lu Zhou's initially invigorated mental state seemed to have lessened somewhat.

He was soon absorbed in comprehending the Heavenly Writing that he did not even feel the passage of time.

Seven days passed in just a blink of an eye.

These days, Little Yuan'er spent her time cultivating and keeping an eye on the old beggar, Pan Litian.

Pan Litian did nothing other than drinking wine and sleeping... He seemed no different from the beggars she usually saw in the streets.

Pan Litian seemed worthless and beyond help. However, he seemed content with the state he was in. He would lie where he wanted, bask in the sun, and occasionally rub the grime off his skin.

"Little girl... Aren't you sick of looking at me every day?!" Pan Litian said as he drank some wine.

"Master told us to keep an eye on you... By the way, how did you get past the barrier?" Little Yuan'er asked curiously.

"Do you want to know?" Pan Litian checked his surroundings. There were only two Derived Moon Palace female cultivators around.

Little Yuan'er nodded.

Pan Litian chuckled and said, "Do you know what I admire about you?"

"What?"

"You're frank, sincere, and unpretentious."

Little Yuan'er chuckled, indulging in narcissism. "Well, that's what my senior brothers say as well."

“Can you tell me... if there’s anyone with the last name Pan on Golden Court Mountain?” Pan Litian asked.

“Of course.”

“Where is he?”

“Here. Isn’t your last name Pan?”

“...” Pan Litian coughed before continuing, “I mean someone else apart from me.”

Little Yuan’er played with her hair absentmindedly. Then, she leaped down from the branch she was perching on and said, “You mean Pan Zhong? Oh, now that you mentioned it, both of you have the same last name! Are you his father?”

Pan Litian’s wizened face twitched. “I... That’s not my last name. I’m only asking...”

“That’s strange. Old man Pan, you’re only an ordinary old beggar. Aren’t you worried that my master will kill you?” Little Yuan’er asked.

Pan Litian coughed, speechless. “I told you my last name isn’t Pan.”

“Fine... Then, tell me how did you get past the barrier!”

Pan Litian smiled indifferently and said, “Even the most refined fish net has a gap...”

Little Yuan’er was puzzled.

When Pan Litian saw that the position of the sun had changed, he sat up and shuffled to another spot before lying back down. He propped his head on his arm and said, “Little girl, Pan Zhong... is dead, right?”

“Fortunately, he met my master... If my master didn’t teach him the Six Yang Technique, he would’ve died a long time ago,” Little Yuan’er said proudly.

“That’s good to hear... How’s he doing on the mountain?”

“Don’t worry, your son is doing fine.” Little Yuan’er pushed away from the ground and leaped onto a branch.

Puh!

Pan Litian spat out the mouthful of wine he had just drunk. “My last name is really not Pan. How can he be my son?”

Little Yuan’er nodded and said, “Alright, you have a point.”

Pan Litian nodded, pleased. Then, he said ingratiatingly, “Little girl, can you bring me some more wine... Bring me the century-old wine, will you?” “Alright, I’ll bring it for you, on account of your grandson,” Little Yuan’er said with a straight face.

Pan Litian was taken aback. A knot formed in his chest that made him lose the will to speak. He was wondering how he could explain himself when a buzzing noise rang from the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Bzzt! Bzzt! Bzzt!

Shortly after, a massive vortex appeared above the Evil Sky Pavilion. Spots of starlight could be seen in the center of the vortex.

Everyone on Golden Court Mountain stopped what they were doing to look.

At the same time, the energy of Golden Court Mountain's barrier was absorbed by the vortex. It was like a whirlpool in the middle of the ocean.

The Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators had long since behaved like disciples of Golden Court Mountain. When they saw this, someone hastily said, "Notify Elder Hua, Mister Third, Mister Fifth, and Miss Ninth!"

Chapter 215 Time and Tide Wait For No Man

This unique occurrence at the Evil Sky Pavilion caught everyone's attention.

Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, Zhou Jifeng, Zhao Yue, Little Yuan'er, and the Derived Moon Palace's female cultivators rushed toward the pavilion.

Even the recuperating Fan Xiuwen walked out of his room with great difficulty and gazed at the Evil Sky Pavilion. Although he was experienced and knowledgeable, he was still shocked and puzzled when he saw the huge vortex above the Evil Sky Pavilion. He frowned and muttered to himself, "Is it possible that the old villain intends to forcibly absorb the barrier's power to maintain his cultivation base?" From his vantage point, he could see the Primal Qi from the Golden Court Mountain's barrier converging above the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Eye of the Formation?" Fan Xiuwen finally seemed to recognize the vortex above the Golden Court Mountain barrier's Formation.

The eye of the Formation could control the entire barrier. Some cultivators would hide the eye of the Formation in a hidden place so enemies would not be able to find it. Apart from that, the eye of the Formation was also the point where energy was transferred to mend a Formation.

The Golden Court Mountain was a wonderful terrain to defend. The layout of such a massive and powerful barrier had kept the ten great sects of the Noble Path at bay. Fan Xiuwen did not expect the eye of the Formation to be located above the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, why was the energy of the barrier being absorbed at this moment? What was happening?

After a while, a thought appeared in Fan Xiuwen's mind, 'Someone's chipping away at the Golden Court Mountain's barrier and weakening its defenses!'

Formations were especially important for cultivation grounds. For example, the Righteous Sect was clearly weak, and yet, they were able to survive throughout the years due to the presence of the Green Jade Altar.

The eight altars of the Yun Sect also had defensive Formations that protected their cultivation centers.

Fan Xiuwen could not understand what he was seeing. 'What is the Evil Sky Pavilion trying to do?' If this goes on and the barrier vanishes, how would the Evil Sky Pavilion stop the cultivators from the Noble Path if they joined forces and launched another attack?

Bzzt –

The vibrations from the vortex intensified with every passing minute.

Fan Xiuwen decided to head over and take a look. Currently, the Evil Sky Pavilion was his only refuge. If something were to happen to it, he would have nowhere else to go. He endured the pain from his injuries as he struggled to make his way to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

After a short while, Fan Xiuwen was finally approaching the Evil Sky Pavilion. 'Hm? What's this old beggar doing here?'

Being the kind of person he was, when Fan Xiuwen saw this old beggar, he studied the beggar for a moment before he asked, "Who are you?"

The old beggar was lying on the ground with his back facing the Evil Sky Pavilion and Fan Xiuwen. When he heard Fan Xiuwen's voice, he turned around in a lazy manner and glanced at Fan Xiuwen.

Pan Litian was shocked when he saw Fan Xiuwen's appearance. Fan Xiuwen's face was disfigured. Without his mask, his appearance was slightly terrifying.

Finally, Pan Litian raised his wine jar and said, "I'm here for some good wine... good wine... Want a sip?" He did not seem to have any intention of going to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Fan Xiuwen who had a clear look at Pan Litian asked in a deep voice, "You haven't answered my question." He was not as gullible as Little Yuan'er. Anyone who was here could not possibly be an ordinary person.

Pan Litian chuckled and said, "Who I am is not important... It seems like you've suffered from grievous injuries."

"That's none of your business."

"I've traveled from the south to the north and have seen many kinds of people... Young man, it's better if you're less hostile and confrontational," the old beggar said in the manner of a senior.

Fan Xiuwen frowned and said in his deep voice, "Did you just refer to me as a young man?"

"Hm?" Pan Litian narrowed his eyes at Fan Xiuwen.

Fan Xiuwen laughed before he said, "A little junior who's blissfully ignorant. I won't hold this against you."

"Nor will I."

The two of them looked at each other for a moment. They decided to stay out of each other's business and looked at the Evil Sky Pavilion in the end.

Time and tide waited for no man. It had changed their appearances, and none of them could recognize the other. Although the old beggar looked ordinary and useless, Fan Xiuwen did not underestimate him.

Meanwhile, the vortex was still absorbing energy from above the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The disciples who were looking at this were baffled.

“Elder Hua, you’re knowledgeable. What’s happening?” Duanmu Sheng pointed at the vortex.

Hua Wudao’s brows were tightly knitted together as he said, “Something’s happening to the eye of the Formation!”

“Ever since the Righteous Sect and Heavenly Sword Sect came looking for trouble, master had personally restored the eye of the Formation... There shouldn’t be anything wrong with it,” Duanmu Sheng said.

When the Heavenly Sword Sect was mentioned, Zhou Jifeng blushed in embarrassment. He was present when it happened. He even witnessed Lu Zhou restoring the Formation.

Little Yuan’er was not too worried. She said, “It’s alright, even if the Formation is gone... The Noble Path won’t dare to come at us!”

The others were not as carefree as Little Yuan’er, they could not help but feel worried.

Zhao Yue said, “Master is still cultivating in seclusion... However, this can’t go on.”

Duanmu Sheng sighed and said, “It’s a shame that Old Fourth isn’t here. Otherwise, we could’ve asked him to think of something.”

Although Mingshi Yin relied more on little mind tricks, he was good at thinking on his feet.

While they discussed this matter, the vortex in the sky grew larger, and the barrier shook! This was an indication that the vortex had absorbed much of the barrier’s power. “What’s happening?”

Hua Wudao said, “We can’t let this go on! We must inform the Pavilion Master!”

The others nodded.

Hua Wudao was the oldest among them so he led the others to the great hall. The others followed closely behind him. They passed through the dim and long corridor into the pagoda before they arrived at the hidden chamber.

The hidden chamber was sealed and was mostly soundproof. At this place, the buzzing noise from the barrier could not be heard.

All of them bowed in unison.

“Pavilion Master.”

“Master.”

Even after they said their greetings, the hidden chamber remained silent.

Everyone exchanged glances. “Master?” Duanmu Sheng tried again.

Unfortunately, there was no answer.

Hua Wudao walked up to the hidden chamber's door and projected his voice into the room. "Hua Wudao would like to meet you in regard to an important matter." If he projected his voice with Primal Qi, even if there was a rock door between them, anyone in the room would certainly hear him.

However, there was still no reply from Lu Zhou.

"Is master not in there?"

"If he isn't here, then, where is he? There are people cleaning and patrolling the east, south, west, and north pavilions. Moreover, master has no need to sneak around," Duanmu Sheng said.

Hua Wudao said calmly, "Let's stay calm. Allow me to probe."

At a certain realm, cultivators could sense the presence of any living beings in their vicinity with their heightened senses. The only exception was if the target's cultivation base was far greater than that of the cultivator who was doing the probing and could conceal their auras.

Since Hua Wudao was a Seven-leaf expert, he was the most suitable person for this job. Moreover, there was no need for Lu Zhou to conceal his aura.

Hua Wudao placed a hand on the stone door, and Primal Qi surged out of his palm. At such close range, he would be able to accurately determine if there was anyone in the room.

Hua Wudao closed his eyes. His ears twitched slightly.

The Primal Qi entered the hidden chamber.

It was quiet and warm inside. There seemed to be no one in the room.

Hua Wudao continued to probe the room. At this moment, he sensed a powerful energy rapidly shrinking and forming a funnel above the hidden chamber before they converged below.

Hua Wudao opened his eyes and quickly removed his palm!

"Elder Hua, what's the situation?" Duanmu Sheng asked anxiously. "The Pavilion Master... might be descending into depravity!" 'Descending into depravity?!'

The others were shocked.

A cultivator usually cultivated in seclusion to achieve a breakthrough in their cultivation base to reach greater heights on the path of cultivation. There were plenty of those who descended into depravity in the cultivation world.

This did not mean the cultivator would turn into a literal devil. It was more of a condition where there was something amiss with their cultivation methods, and in turn, it affected their cultivation bases. The cultivator's meridians, dantian, and sea of Qi would be damaged. Best case scenario, the cultivator would be paralyzed for life. Worst case scenario, the cultivator would lose his cultivation base and die!

"That's impossible! Elder Hua, you better not be making this up!" Little Yuan'er said indignantly.

Hua Wudao said earnestly, "The fluctuations of aura and Primal Qi are extremely chaotic inside the chamber... I can feel the barrier's energy converging in the hidden chamber through the eye of the Formation! If you don't believe me, you can personally probe the room!"

Duanmu Sheng was the first one to walk up to the door. He probed the chamber and found that it was indeed as Hua Wudao had described. The Primal Qi inside the room was extremely chaotic... This was a sign of a cultivator descending into depravity!

"Third Senior Brother, do something! We can't let this go on!" Zhao Yue was flustered at this moment.

Duanmu Sheng scratched his head. He brought his eye close to the stone door but could not see anything through the slit. He only shook his head.

Hua Wudao sighed as he said, "We have two options."

"What are they?"

"First, we can break into the hidden chamber and work together to stabilize the chaotic Primal Qi. However, the chaotic Primal Qi will cause some backlash so we'll have to endure it. The second option is to wait. There's a possibility that a cultivator who is descending into depravity could achieve a great breakthrough in his cultivation base if he manages to survive the ordeal. However, the chances of that are very low."

Little Yuan'er was the first to speak, "What are we waiting for? Let's break down the door! Third Senior Brother... Hurry!"

Hua Wudao nodded and said, "In that case, let's go with the first option. Those with cultivation bases below the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm should leave!" He was also in favor of the first option.

Duanmu Sheng said, "I agree." The female cultivators with a weaker cultivation base turned around and left. They could not help in this situation and would only be a burden.

However, Zhao Yue did not leave. Instead, she said, "I'm staying." They knew if something were to happen to their master, the Evil Sky Pavilion would truly be doomed.

Whether it was from a personal perspective or from the perspective of the pagoda, they had to make this choice.

Just when the female cultivators left, the buzzing from the vibration finally reached this place. This meant that the barrier was now shaking more fiercely than ever.

Fan Xiuwen and Pan Litian observed this silently. It was as if this had nothing to do with them.

Fan Xiuwen looked at the converging Primal Qi and seemed to have made a new discovery. He said with disapproval, "Looks like you didn't give up on your quest for eternal life after all these years..."

Pan Litian glanced at him and said, "Birth, growth, sickness, and death are the unchanging truths since the beginning of time... There have always been those who wish to defy these truths, but to what end..."

“Old geezer, if you’re so open-minded about all this, why don’t you leap off that cliff and end your life?” Fan Xiuwen pointed toward a nearby cliff.

“Young man, please don’t take me seriously. I don’t have much longer to live. You, on the other hand, are young, and you have a long way ahead of you. When you’re at my age, you’d understand what needs to be understood,” Pan Litian said confidently in a manner that spoke of his age and experience.

Fan Xiuwen spoke contemptuously in his hoarse voice, “When I dominated the lands, I don’t think you were even born yet.”

Chapter 216 Depravity?

Pan Litian, naturally, did not agree with Fan Xiuwen’s words. He said “Not born yet? Young man, you’re the first one who’s bold enough to say such words to me.” “You’re also the first one who’s bold enough to say such words to me.”

When Pan Litian heard this, he sneered and said, “Young man, there’s no need to be so hostile. Come, have some wine. This is a century-old wine.”

Fan Xiuwen shook his head. He looked at the Evil Sky Pavilion and said, “The barrier’s energy is weakening, and the Primal Qi is extremely chaotic. I’m afraid that someone inside the Evil Sky Pavilion is descending into depravity.” Pan Litian took a few sips of wine, stretched his limbs, and said, “I’m sleepy... I hope there’ll still be wine when I wake up.” After yawning twice, he lay back down to sleep. “Let’s hope so.” Fan Xiuwen did not continue observing the scene. He turned around and went back.

Meanwhile, outside the hidden chamber.

Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan’er were getting ready to break in.

Hua Wudao said, “Do it.” Although he was a Seven-leaf elite, he was not as skilled in attacks as Duanmu Sheng was. Duanmu Sheng pushed away from the ground, and Primal Qi surged out of his body. He looked at the stone door of the hidden chamber and lunged at it with little to no hesitation.

Boom!

A loud noise rang in the air. The stone door shook, but it did not break.

Hua Wudao was slightly shocked as he said, “I didn’t expect this stone door to be so strong to be able to withstand an attack from you.”

On the other hand, Duanmu Sheng was not surprised. After all, this was where his master cultivated in seclusion. Moreover, the structure and detailed Formation layout of this place made it almost impregnable for most cultivators. If one hit did not do the trick, he would try two. “Again.”

Duanmu Sheng clenched his fist, wrapped it in energy, lowered his stance before he threw another punch. When he punched out, his entire arm seemed to shine. The heavy punch that contained massive force landed on the stone door again. The shockwave from the collision rippled out into the surroundings.

The loud boom spread from the hidden chamber, through the corridor, the pavilion, the great hall, the four courtyards, and finally throughout Golden Court Mountain.

Crack!

The stone door cracked. Duanmu Sheng firmly kicked the damaged door before he charged in. Hua Wudao, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er followed closely behind him... When the four of them entered the hidden chamber, the sight that greeted their eyes made their jaws drop.

Lu Zhou was levitating in the center of the room, and he was wrapped in a peculiar shining energy that seemed like starlight. His eyes were tightly shut as though he was sleeping. It was clear he was oblivious to what was happening outside. At the top of the hidden chamber, there was a square hole that seemed like a ventilation vent.

The energy from the Golden Court Mountain's barrier was pouring into the room through this vent.

The energy converged and surged like the tide into Lu Zhou's body.

Hua Wudao cried out, "Don't go near him

yet!"

"What's happening to... master?" Little Yuan'er asked, slightly flustered.

"He's descending into depravity. His Primal Qi is in a mess. I guess the pavilion master is trying to suppress the chaotic Primal Qi within himself with the barrier's energy." Hua Wudao observed the energy surging vigorously into the room. "What do we do now?" Duanmu Sheng asked. After he was satisfied with his observation, Hua Wudao said, "I'll break the barrier's energy and block the vent... Three of you catch the pavilion master. Remember, don't release your protective energies!"

"Understood."

All of them understood what their respective roles were.

At this moment, an Eight Trigrams seal appeared under Hua Wudao's feet. Huge scripts began to appear one after another within the seal and revolved around him.

Heaven, Earth, Life, Death, Water, and Fire. These six shining golden scripts revolved around him while the four scripts of Being, Non-being, Separation, and Combination formed an outer layer. He was now covered in two circles. Then, he leaped toward the vent.

Duanmu Sheng, Little Yuan'er, and Zhao Yue conjured up their most powerful protective energies. Three pairs of eyes were staring intently at Hua Wudao as the Six Compatible Seal collided with the barrier's energy!

Boom!

The energy immediately dispersed, stirring up gusts of wind that wreaked havoc in the room! The barrier's energy was abruptly cut off! "Now!"

Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er sprinted toward Lu Zhou at the same time. The three of them had to push through the resistance from the barrier's energy in the shortest time possible.

However, at this very moment, Lu Zhou suddenly opened his eyes. When he saw his three disciples running toward him, he instinctively bellowed, "Impudent!"

To gain the power to silence everything, to maintain and manifest samadhi. Like light and shadow, permeating everywhere, while staying still in samadhi. This was the power to silence everything.

With Lu Zhou in the center, a light blue energy that resembled seawater instantly spread like a blue lotus. It spread into the surroundings. The three disciples' eyes widened. They felt the threat of this terrifying energy and instinctively conjured their Hundred Tribulations Insight avatars!

Duanmu Sheng conjured his Two-leaf Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

Zhao Yue conjured her Ten Energies Universe.

Little Yuan'er conjured her leafless Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

The shout of 'impudent' was not a sound technique... Although it could not be compared to the grand technique, Scram, that they witnessed in Anyang's Ci mansion, Lu Zhou's voice that was laced with Primal Qi still shook everyone's eardrums. However, the most terrifying thing was the blue lotus that Lu Zhou conjured! When the blue lotus bloomed, energy pushed into the surroundings with intense force.

At this moment, Hua Wudao descended. The nine scripts were positioned before Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er, forming a circle.

At the same time, a Seven-leaf Golden Lotus avatar descended from the skies.

Boom!

At this moment, the blue lotus was in full bloom. When the blue lotus touched the nine scripts, the scripts shattered easily into nothing!

Hua Wudao was sent flying. He lay on his back on the ground after he crashed against the stone wall.

"Elder Hua!" Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue cried out in unison.

The Six Compatible Seal did not manage to stop the blue lotus' energy from spreading. Instead, it was heading toward the three disciples at increasing speed. From the moment Lu Zhou had bellowed to the moment Hua Wudao was sent flying, only one breath had passed. None of them had time to react at all.

The blue lotus' leaves hit their chests like a whip, and the three avatars simultaneously disappeared.

Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er reeled back.

Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue spat out a mouthful of blood after that.

Zhao Yue's cultivation base was the weakest, and she suffered the greatest impact... Her Ten Energies Universe could not even withstand a single hit. The blue lotus' energy made her Qi and blood boil. If the Six Compatible Seals did not absorb most of the impact, she would have been severely injured. Fortunately, she was not standing at the forefront.

Meanwhile, Duanmu Sheng had been sent flying out of the hidden chamber.

Little Yuan'er was more fortunate. Her Cloud Feather Raiment burst with colors and light and absorbed most of the impact. With her Cloud Treading Boots and the Nirvana Sash in her hands, she did a backflip in midair and fled in Hua Wudao's direction.

Outside the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The female cultivators were staring in the direction of the hidden chamber with their mouths agape. Although they were standing in the distance, they could see a peculiar blue pillar of light shooting up to the sky from the hidden chamber.

The drowsy and lazy Pan Litian was also attracted by the shout of 'impudent'. He turned to look at this strange sight. Upon seeing it, his eyes widened. "Did he fail or is it a breakthrough?" The wine jar slipped from his hand as he shuddered from the shock. It fell on the floor and rolled a few times, spilling its content. When he regained his composure, he shook his head and sighed. "What does this have to do with me?"

Meanwhile, while four of them were sent flying back, the surging blue energy destroyed the hidden chamber. The stone wall crumbled and turned into rubble.

Hua Wudao focused his spirits and regained his footing in the air. He suppressed his surging Qi and blood and condensed his Primal Qi into energy again. Six shining golden scripts surrounded him and shielded him from the rubble that was flying everywhere.

Little Yuan'er's Nirvana Sash circled around her like a dancing dragon.

Hua Wudao's eyes were filled with incredulity... He had the most difficulty accepting this compared to the other three.

He had studied this defensive Daoist mudra for 20 years and knew that he could withstand a grand technique... He was even confident enough to come to the Evil Sky Pavilion to undo the knot in his heart that was formed many years ago. He did not expect that his Six Compatible Seal would be so easily overcome by a single Thunderblast. Although he had lost that fight, he was still unwilling to concede defeat. After all, he did not unleash his full strength back then. He merely used eight scripts and the Eight Trigrams of his Six Compatible Seal. After the experience with the Grand Predecessor Formation, Hua Wudao gained enlightenment and achieved a breakthrough. From eight scripts, he gained nine, and the Six Compatible Seal was strengthened by several magnitudes. All this while, he had been looking for an opportunity to request for instructions from the Pavilion Master. However, currently, it seemed like he had failed before he even had a chance to speak to the Pavilion Master. There was no doubt he had lost miserably. The nine scripts were more fragile than tofu when faced with the blue energy. Along with the scripts, his confidence was crushed as well.

"Is it the barrier's energy?" Hua Wudao did not believe a cultivator could produce such potent power. In that case, there was only one possibility; it had to be the energy from the Golden Court Mountain's barrier. However, this was not the time to think about this matter.

Hua Wudao and Little Yuan'er fell at the same time.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou finally regained consciousness. He surveyed his surroundings as he slowly descended to the ground.

Lu Zhou clearly remembered that he was comprehending the Heavenly Writing. Ever since he obtained the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll, his comprehension state had changed. He was even more immersed

and focused. For this reason, the hidden chamber was the best place for him to comprehend the Heavenly Writing

However, the instant he opened his eyes, Lu Zhou saw his three disciples barging into the hidden chamber. He instinctively triggered the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power. He did not know how long he had been in his comprehension state. However, in that instant, the Heavenly Writing's power had surged out. "Ma-master?" Zhao Yue was sitting weakly on the floor. She looked shocked as she stared at Lu Zhou who seemed unharmed.

Duanmu Sheng pushed the rubble away and rose to his feet. He was looking at Lu Zhou in shock as well.

Then, Hua Wudao and Little Yuan'er descended on the ground.

"Master."

"Pavilion Master."

Little Yuan'er seemed unaffected.

Hua Wudao, on the other hand, had messy hair and a dirty face. He did not seem to be in a good mood either.

Lu Zhou looked annoyed as he said in a deep voice, "How bold of all of you."

Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, and Little Yuan'er started. They hastily lowered their heads and remained silent.

Hua Wudao quickly explained, "Please stay your anger, Pavilion Master."

Zhao Yue hastily bowed and explained, "Please don't be angry, master! The Golden Court Mountain's barrier's energy was flowing in the opposite direction and the eye of the Formation appeared... We thought that you had descended into depravity. That was why we barged into the hidden chamber! Please forgive us, master!"

Lu Zhou looked up at the barrier above. Indeed. It was much weaker than before.

Lu Zhou was puzzled. He had been comprehending the Heavenly Writing as usual. Why did he suddenly begin to absorb the barrier's power? He had incurred quite a big loss from this comprehension session. Due to the conflicting powers of the Heavenly Writing and the barrier, his hidden chamber was destroyed.

Lu Zhou looked at all of them before he said in a deep voice, "Those who trespassed into the hidden chamber will be punished. Hua Wudao and Duanmu Sheng will be given 30 lashes while Zhao Yue will be given 20."

"I accept... the punishment." The others did not even dare to breathe loudly, let alone ask why Little Yuan'er was not punished.

It was impossible that Little Yuan'er was the one who made this choice. Therefore, Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, and Zhao Yue were the ones who should be punished.

Lu Zhou said calmly, "Rebuild the hidden chamber in six months."

Duanmu Sheng did not dare to protest. He hastily bowed. "Yes, master."

Hua Wudao accepted the punishment willingly. However, when he saw that Lu Zhou did not seem to be affected at all, he was confused. Then, he cupped his fists and said, "Pavilion Master, have you been experiencing obstacles in your cultivation?"

"Are you doubting me?"

"I dare not," Hua Wudao replied with a bow. Then, he continued, "It was truly an emergency earlier. I'm sure you deliberately created the impression of descending into depravity with your peerless talent, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou did not offer much explanation on that. After all, he was not sure himself. His cultivation base was still at the Dao-shaping stage in the Divine Court realm. In terms of cultivation base, he could not even compare to Zhou Jifeng.

Even 100 Divine Court realm cultivators could not defeat three Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivators. However, Lu Zhou found it shocking that the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power contained such formidable might, apart from the sound technique. He repelled four of them in one go, and the Six Compatible Seal was shattered as though it was tofu.

"Descend into depravity?" Lu Zhou was amused. 'I've been in my comprehension state. How did I end up descending into depravity?'

Hua Wudao felt it was too awkward to continue this conversation. He would probably be beaten up if he continued talking about descending into depravity.

"We've misjudged the situation."

Clearly, his disciples were not completely cold-hearted.

"How's the barrier?" Lu Zhou asked.

"We haven't had a chance to inspect it yet."

Lu Zhou walked outside with his hands on his back.

At this moment, the female cultivators who were watching from a distance were flustered. After they witnessed that peculiar sight, they wondered if they should go and have a look.

The barrier's energy was more than half depleted.

Pan Litian stumbled over and fell to the floor. He said lazily, "It's either life or death... There's nothing much to it."

The female disciples turned to look at the old beggar.

"If something were to happen to the Evil Sky Pavilion, you won't have any more wine to drink."

Pan Litian's eyes widened and said, "You've got a point. I hope the Evil Sky Pavilion's alright." He looked at the eye of the Formation. The edges of the eye seemed normal. The azure skies were now like before. The former barrier could not keep him out. Needless to say, the current barrier was nothing to him.

Pan Litian shook his head as he bowed and said. "The Evil Sky Pavilion's glory won't be able to bounce back from this."

The female cultivators turned to glance at the old beggar. They felt that he was only a mere mortal and could not possibly know what he was talking about. Everyone was still worried when Lu Zhou finally emerged from the Evil Sky Pavilion with his hands on his back.

Duanmu Sheng, Zhao Yue, Little Yuan'er, and Hua Wudao followed behind him, looking battered. It was as if they had been in a fight.

"Greetings, Pavilion Master!" The female cultivators bowed and saluted him in unison.

"Clean this up." Lu Zhou waved his arm.

Pan Litian was lying on higher ground. When he saw Lu Zhou walking toward him, his wizened face tensed up. He asked incredulously, "Y-y-you're alright?"

Lu Zhou walked over indifferently with his hands on his back. He stared at the barrier nearby and said, "Do you wish for something to happen to me?"

"I don't..." Pan Litian said as he hugged his jar of wine. "If something happens to you, I won't have any good wine to drink."

Little Yuan'er snorted, "All you know how to do is drink. I hope you choke on your wine one day..."

Naturally, Pan Litian did not bother to argue with a young girl. Instead, he looked at Lu Zhou and said, "What a shame..."

"What's a shame?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to sleep soundly, not with this commotion." After he spoke, he lay down again. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the warmth of the sun.

Lu Zhou looked at Pan Litian as he said, "I can help you sleep better."

Chapter 217 Even A Pig Has Its Value

Pan Litian did not open his eyes as he spoke in a daze, "I'm sleeping quite well now..."

"Is that so?" Lu Zhou waved his arm.

Little Yuan'er understood the signal. She flexed her fists and muscles. Then, she looked up and said, "Master, you told me not to oppress the old, the weak, the sick, and the crippled. Is it appropriate for me to beat him up?"

"Did I say that?" Lu Zhou asked in confusion.

"No, I was mistaken."

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sounds of popping joints rang in the air. Pan Litian shuddered and opened his eyes. He shifted backward and said fearfully, "Little girl, this old man might not be able to withstand your punches! Don't come over..."

This was what Lu Zhou wanted.

Hua Wudao was puzzled by this. When he returned from sending Hua Yuexing away, this old beggar was already on the mountain. The Evil Sky Pavilion was no place for an ordinary beggar to eat and drink for nothing. He had been observing the beggar for half a day now, and he could not see anything extraordinary about the old beggar. The only thing was the old beggar was extremely shameless and bold.

Little Yuan'er smiled and said, "Don't worry, my punches won't hurt." She stepped on the ground lightly, leaving a footprint behind. When the little villain did her thing, the other female cultivators looked away.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Little Yuan'er threw out punches after punches.

Things were not looking good. Pan Litian hastily waved his hands and said, "Stop! Stop... I yield, I yield." How could he not yield? His face was already bruised and swollen.

"That's more like it." Little Yuan'er returned to her master's side with a satisfied expression on her face.

Hua Wudao, on the other hand, was shocked. "You were a cultivator before this?"

No matter how tough an ordinary person's body was, they would not be able to endure Little Yuan'er's punches. However, a cultivator who had undergone Body Tempering would have no trouble enduring it. Although there were no Primal Qi fluctuations about the old beggar and he seemed no different from a mere mortal, he merely gave a few perfunctory cries when Little Yuan'er punched him. This meant the old beggar had been a cultivator in the past.

Even after a cultivator's cultivation base had disappeared, the effects of the Body Tempering would still linger. The endurance and strength of their bodies would be much greater than mere mortals.

This fact was exposed after Little Yuan'er's beating

Pan Litian said, "What cultivator... I have thick skin. I don't have a problem enduring the four seasons. I can take a few punches." To think that he would still continue with the act at this juncture.

Little Yuan'er waved her little fists and said, "Do you want me to help loosen your bones?"

Pan Litian instinctively retreated. He no longer dared to act.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and said, "If you wish to sleep soundly in the Evil Sky Pavilion, you'll have to abide by the Evil Sky Pavilion's rules."

"I always abide by the rules. I've called the four seas my home. No matter where I went, I always abided by the rules," Pan Litian said.

"That's good."

Lu Zhou turned around after taking a look at Golden Court Mountain's barrier.

Pan Litian sat limply on the ground, seemingly hopeless and beyond help. "With your identity and status, you could've lived out your days comfortably. What happened to you that you're reduced to this?" Lu Zhou asked.

Pan Litian shook his head and said with a smile, "It's great being a beggar. You'll have something to fill your stomach as long as you're shameless enough."

"You're indeed shameless..."

"But there is a limit to how shameless I am. I'll leave on my own accord once I've had my fill."

Lu Zhou looked at Pan Litian and said, "Leave? Where to?"

"The four corners of the world are my home."

"You're still thinking of leaving after drinking the Evil Sky Pavilion's wine?" Lu Zhou asked.

"Hm?" Pan Litian's expression darkened, and he cursed inwardly. It would be difficult to refuse a request from someone who had helped him.

The Evil Sky Pavilion's master was less vicious and violent than before. His tone and expressions were much more benign as well. However, it felt like his benign character was more terrifying compared to when he was outright vicious.

"Since I allowed you to stay, it means that I can afford to keep you," Lu Zhou said.

Pan Litian sighed. "I'm only a beggar, and my life is worthless. There's nothing I can do."

Lu Zhou shook his head. He said disapprovingly, "Even a table or a pig have their values."

"You have a point..." Pan Litian nodded. Then, Lu Zhou's words dawned on him. What was with the words? Was a pig's value not in killing it for its meat? "You intend to kill me?"

"That's how the Evil Sky Pavilion has always operated." Lu Zhou regarded Pan Litian with a high and mighty air as he rested his hand on his back. He stared at Pan Litian with a deep and penetrating gaze.

When their eyes met, Pan Litian's heart skipped a beat. He knew what the statement meant. After muttering to himself for a moment, he finally said, "I remembered someone from my past."

Little Yuan'er could barely stifle her laughter. She said, "What do you mean by someone from your past? Your grandson is doing fine. Both of you will be able to meet in a few days."

"..." Pan Litian was speechless. 'She really knows to hit where it hurts.' He had a feeling she was going to be the bane of his existence.

Pan Litian ignored Little Yuan'er and said, "I'll make a decision after I meet him."

"Very well," Lu Zhou replied lightly before returning to the east pavilion.

After Lu Zhou left, Hua Wudao continued observing Pan Litian. He asked, "Your grandson is in the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

Before Pan Litian could reply, Little Yuan'er pointed at Pan Litian and confidently said, "He's Pan Zhong's grandfather."

"..." Pan Litian was rendered speechless. It seemed like he would not be able to explain himself.

Hua Wudao cupped his fists. "Oh, so you're Pan Zhong's grandfather."

Pan Zhong was only a junior to Hua Wudao. Hua Wudao did not know about Pan Zhong's background. Hence, he merely offered a perfunctory greeting to be polite. "My surname's not Pan! It's really not Pan!"

The others left.

The old man felt as if he was going to go crazy,

Lu Zhou returned to the east pavilion while Zhao Yue and Duanmu Sheng respectfully followed him.

"Master, he's only an ordinary beggar, why are we letting him stay?" Duanmu Sheng was baffled.

"There's use to him," Lu Zhou replied.

Duanmu Sheng kept his thoughts to himself about this matter. When he thought back to what happened to the barrier, he said, "Fourth Junior Brother has yet to return, and something like this happened in the Evil Sky Pavilion. I'm worried that our enemies might seize this chance to invade the mountain. I'm willing to mend the barrier even if it means I'll have to damage my cultivation base!"

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "Although the barrier's weakened by half, this is still not a place where low-level scum can just enter."

Judging by their current situation, the barrier was very different from the Green Jade Altar and Yun Sect's Formations.

If the ten great sects of the noble path dared to lay siege on Golden Court Mountain again, Lu Zhou did not mind using a few more item cards.

"The two of you should head back." Lu Zhou went into the pavilion.

"We'll take our leave then, master." Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue left the east pavilion.

In the pavilion.

Lu Zhou called up the system dashboard.

He wondered what had happened while he was comprehending the Heavenly Writing.

Indeed, the Heavenly Writing's extraordinary power was formidable, but why did it trigger the barrier's energy into entering his body?

He looked at the Heavenly Writing's menu. There did not seem to be any increase in scripts. This meant the Heavenly Writing was still showing the Human Scroll.

Currently, the first power Lu Zhou discovered from the Human Scroll of Heavenly Writing was sound-based techniques.

The Open Heavenly Writing Scrolls should be the second power, the power of muting. It should be some sort of Dhyana Mudra but much stronger.

He had already tested the force of the power. Based on his experience, the force of the technique would increase as he made progress in comprehending it. Moreover, there would also be a third, fourth, and even a fifth power.

In other words, the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll was meant to help him activate and gain insight into different powers.

Lu Zhou glanced at the system dashboard again...

Remaining life: 5,236 days “Hm?” It was reduced by more than 1,000 days!

Although Lu Zhou appeared calm, inwardly, he cursed at the system and its entire family.

,000 divine beasts stampeded...

He had lost 1,000 days of life!

When the power from Golden Court Mountain’s barrier forced its way into his body, he needed an extremely powerful body and cultivation base to endure it. Otherwise, the massive power would accelerate his aging. He speculated that part of his life had been whittled away by the barrier’s power. What a great loss! However, he was slightly comforted by the fact that he gained another power.

Lu Zhou looked at the Reversal Cards that he obtained via the lucky draws.

‘Use,’ he thought to himself.

The five Reversal Cards dissolved into specks of starlight at the same time and surrounded him. Life energy around the east pavilion gathered and swiftly surged into Lu Zhou’s body.

Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue were still nearby when this happened. They stopped and turned around to look.

When he sensed the great fluctuation in the energy, Duanmu Sheng frowned. “Did something happen to master again?”

“Did he really descend into depravity?”

The two of them had worried expressions on their faces. After all, the influx of power from the Golden Court Mountain’s barrier was too chaotic.

Duanmu Sheng shook his head and said, “Let’s leave him be...” He had learned from his mistake. He knew his master was capable of handling it so he decided not to do anything

Zhao Yue nodded in agreement.

Both of them swiftly left the east pavilion without looking back.

The gathering of life energy was completed. His life was extended by 1,500 days.

Remaining life: 6,736 days.

Perhaps, he was not astute enough, but Lu Zhou did not feel anything different when his life was shortened and restored.

“Let’s continue to comprehend the Heavenly Writing.” Lu Zhou crossed his legs and composed himself.

After witnessing the force of the extraordinary power, Lu Zhou felt that he should put more effort into comprehending the Heavenly writing.

As for his avatar, he would have to work hard to obtain it. However, currently, it was more difficult to obtain an avatar than to comprehend the Heavenly Writing. Perhaps, he should undertake both tasks at the same time?

Lu Zhou quickly entered his comprehension state. However, it was a completely different experience from comprehending inside the hidden chamber. Before this, when he entered his comprehension state, he would lose all senses, as if he was isolated from the outside world and in a deep slumber.

Currently, Lu Zhou was completely conscious. He speculated that it was one of the improvements from the Open Heavenly Writing Scroll

The next day arrived in just a blink of an eye. Lu Zhou heard the approaching footsteps before he even opened his eyes.

“Master... There’s a letter from Jiang Aijin,” Zhao Yue said.

“What does it say?”

“I’ll read it to you.” Zhao Yue opened the letter and read aloud, “Old senior, the commotion about the Golden Court Mountain’s barrier had reached the ears of the ten great sects. I’m afraid things aren’t looking good for the Evil Sky Pavilion. Old senior, do keep me informed about this so that I can prepare myself.” After she finished reading, Zhao Yue cursed, annoyed, “Master, I feel Jiang Aijian will go wherever the wind blows!” Lu Zhou said, “Send word to Jiang Aijian. Nobody will be able to taint the halls of the Evil Sky Pavilion before my time is up.” “Yes, master.”

Meanwhile, in the great hall of the Nether Sect on Pingdu Mountain.

Yu Zhenghai looked at Si Wuya who was seated on his left.

“Seventh Junior Brother, you’re saying that Golden Court Mountain’s barrier is now weakened by half?”

Si Wuya appeared calm, and his words were laden with confidence. “My men have never spread false information. However, I don’t know what’s happening inside. Old Eighth seems to have been cut off.”

“The reason?”

“The barrier’s energy flowed in reverse. Someone must’ve absorbed the barrier’s power.”

The two of them knew nobody apart from their master would be bold enough to absorb its power.

“Why isn’t he accepting the fact that he’s getting old?” Yu Zhenghai said with a sigh.

“Absorbing the power can somewhat help him maintain his cultivation base. However, that’ll surely affect his lifespan,” Si Wuya said.

Yu Zhenghai nodded and said, “If that’s true, then, master is in trouble.”

“Eldest Senior Brother, you intend to help master?” Si Wuya asked, puzzled.

Yu Zhenghai shook his head. “It’s meaningless whether I help or not...” Si Wuya nodded. Yu Zhenghai was occupied with dealing with the Clarity Sect. He had no time to care about other matters.

“Seventh Junior Brother, in your opinion, now that the Evil Sky Pavilion is at a disadvantage, who will be the first one to strike?”

Chapter 218

It Takes Technique to Con Someone

Si Wuya smiled and spoke frankly and confidently, “Of the ten great sects on the Noble Path, apart from the Seven Stars Villa and the Core Heart Sect that do not hold much hatred against the Fiend Path and are more likely to just wave their flags and shout, there are only the right sects left. The Heavenly Sword Sect, the Righteous Sect, the Clarity Sect, and the Celestial Masters Sect share the same Daoist roots. The Good Fortune Temple, Hengqu branch, Zhencang branch, and Duanlin branch share the same Confucian school roots. The latter is gentler and milder. They usually don’t have many conflicts with the Fiend Path. Instead, it’s the Daoist sects that have constant conflicts with the Fiend Path.” He paused slightly before continuing, “The Righteous Sect’s elders, Zhang Qiuchi and Zhang Chunlai, are dead, the Heaven Sword Sect Master, Luo Changfeng, was killed with a single hit from master during the siege on the Golden Court Mountain, the Clarity Sect has barely enough time to manage itself right now thanks to you, Eldest Senior Brother. The Celestial Masters Sect has yet to make any move so it’s more probable for the Righteous Sect and the Heavenly Sword Sect to attack first. However, the Righteous Sect Master, Zhang Yuanshan, is renowned for his cowardice. Zhang Yuanshan had met the Fiend Temple Master, Ren Buping, at the Green Jade altar before this. Now that Ren Buping is dead, Zhang Yuanshan won’t do anything. As the saying goes, ‘Once bitten, twice shy’.”

Yu Zhenghai caught nothing from Si Wuya’s words. Throughout his years of managing the Nether Sect, if each of his subordinates reported to him in this manner, he would have died of exhaustion. “Your point being?” “The Heavenly Sect,” Si Wuya said.

Yu Zhenghai nodded and said, “Luo Changfeng, the Sect Master of the Heavenly Sect, is dead. Their first disciple, Zhou Jifeng, has betrayed them and joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. The Heavenly Sword Sect hates the Evil Sky Pavilion to the bone.”

“The Heavenly Sword Sect’s former master, Luo Xingkong, has cultivated in seclusion for many years. With the tragic death of his son, he won’t sit back and do nothing,” Si Wuya added.

“He can’t blame anyone for that. He brought it upon himself.”

Who would have expected that Lu Zhou would kill him out of all the people who laid siege on Golden Court Mountain back then? Luo Changfeng attracted too much attention. The shot hit the bird that poked its head out. He could only blame himself for this.

“Are you planning to make a move, Eldest Senior Brother?” Si Wuya asked again.

Yu Zhenghai remained silent

Si Wuya did not press him for answers. He had some understanding of Yu Zhenghai’s temper. He remembered when Ye Tianxin’s Derived Moon Palace was being attacked by the Fiend Temple, Yu Zhenghai did nothing as well. Ye Tianxin had deceived her master and denounced the patriarch, it was understandable that Yu Zhenghai did not help her. However, things were looking bad for Evil Sky Pavilion now, and yet, Yu Zhenghai still remained unmoved. It seemed that it was impractical to hope for his Eldest Senior Brother to do something. In the end, he sighed before he said, “Are you still thinking about that, Eldest Senior Brother?”

“Your Eldest Senior Brother has always been a magnanimous person. Second Junior Brother has killed many of my men, but have I ever complained about it? Moreover, this is our master we’re talking about,” Yu Zhenghai said calmly.

Si Wuya’s expression remained unchanged, but he thought to himself, ‘You’re this close to drawing your saber and having a showdown with Second Senior Brother... and you say that you have no complaints?’ However, outwardly, he said, “You’re right, Eldest Senior Brother.”

“Even if I did something to drive away the Heavenly Sword Sect, what would happen ten years later? The barrier is weakened. Something is bound to happen to the Evil Sky Pavilion in these five years.”

Ever since Yu Zhenghai, Yu Shangrong, and the others left the Evil Sky Pavilion, the elites of the ten great sects had launched attacks against the Evil Sky Pavilion no less than five times.

There were two serious attempts. The first one was when the ten elites set a trap and assaulted Ji Tiandao who was seriously injured in that battle. The second attempt was when the ten great elites charged at Golden Court Mountain again, and Luo Changfeng was killed.

Nobody knew when the next attack would come.

However, it was clear that many experts were waiting for an opportunity. They were waiting for Ji Tiandao’s time to run out and for his cultivation base to deteriorate.

The disturbance of the barrier this time was the best chance they could have.

“Five years...” Si Wuya mumbled. “What would Great Yan become in five years?”

When Yu Zhenghai heard this, he smiled earnestly and said, “Seventh Junior Brother, it’s meaningless to think so far into the future... For me, the most pressing matter right now is to deal with the Clarity Sect.”

As soon as Yu Zhenghai finished speaking, the Nether Sect’s Azure Dragon Hall’s First Seat, Hua Chongyang, walked into the hall. He cupped his fists and said, “Sect Master, the Clarity Sect’s Mo Qi has fled... You Hongyi is the only one left holding the fort. We’ll be able to take down the Clarity Sect in no more than ten days.”

“Very good.” An expression of pride appeared on Yu Zhenghai’s face as he asked, “Do you have any news about Pan Litian?”

"I've captured many Clarity Sect's cultivators and interrogated them under torture... However, none of them knew where he had gone. Pan Litian has left the Clarity Sect several centuries ago and has never returned since," Hua Chongyang replied.

Si Wuya was puzzled by this piece of information. "And why is that?"

"I'm not too sure." Hua Chongyang shook his head.

Yu Zhenghai asked, "You're interested in this man, junior brother?"

"The Clarity Sect is hanging on a fine thread after your attack, Eldest Senior Brother. Pan Litian is the greatest elite of the Clarity Sect. It doesn't make sense that he's still hiding..." Si Wuya mulled over it before he said, "There are two possibilities. One, Pan Litian is dead. However, this is highly unlikely. He has a profound cultivation base, and no one would be able to kill him if he wants to escape. Second, there's an unresolved conflict between Pan Litian and the Clarity Sect."

"You're saying the latter is more likely..." Yu Zhenghai said.

In any case, this was not important to the Nether Sect now. If Pan Litian chose not to show up, the Clarity Sect would soon be annihilated. If he appeared, all the better because Yu Zhenghai was looking forward to a good fight with a worthy opponent.

"This is my command. Those who are with me will prosper, and those who are against me will die," Yu Zhenghai said.

"As you wish, Sect Master!"

Three days passed by in just a blink of an eye.

A messenger bird flew at an astonishing speed from the northwest corner of Yang Province all the way into the Evil Sky Pavilion's barrier.

Inside the east pavilion.

Lu Zhou was just coming out from his comprehension state. After three days, he could sense half of his extraordinary power had been restored. He would need a week to ten days to completely recover. At the very least, this was his current pace. He had a feeling that the more he comprehended, the quicker he would be able to obtain and recover the extraordinary power. The path of cultivation was long. There was no rushing these matters.

"Let's take a look at the prices..."

Lu Zhou was worried the system would silently raise the prices of the items again like before. He glanced through the system's items. Fortunately, there was no price hike.

"Eh? What's this..."

When Lu Zhou glanced at the mission list, he noticed a new mission under the main missions of disciplining his disciples. Searching for the lost key: 0/1.

"Lost key?" He searched his memories. There was nothing about Ji Tiandao and a key.

Lu Zhou's expression darkened. 'Does this have something to do with my lost memories as well?'

When he had free time, Lu Zhou tried to regain his lost memories. He tried to connect the dots to see if he could find anything suspicious. Then, he discovered his scattered memories were like shredded paper. It was too difficult to try and piece them back together. Hence, he decided to give up.

Since the mission was to find a lost key, it must have had something to do with opening a cabinet, box, or some container.

In the Evil Sky Pavilion, it seemed that only the hidden chamber, the north pavilion, and the warehouse were locations where boxes were kept.

This somehow proved Lu Zhou's theory right. When he transmigrated here, he suspected Ji Tiandao might not have lost anything, they were only scattered all over the place. For instance, the weapons of the rascals, the Sky Fragments, the cultivation methods his disciples cultivated, and everything inside the hidden chamber... Everything was still around. In that case, this lost key must have been one of Ji Tiandao's items.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er's voice reached him, interrupting his thoughts. "Master, there's an unnamed letter!"

Lu Zhou walked out of the room and looked at Little Yuan'er.

Little Yuan'er was wearing the Cloud Feather Raiment and the Cloud Treading Boots.

"Where are the Giant Silkworm Gloves?" Lu Zhou asked. He remembered the item she obtained at the Skylark Pagoda. She did not seem to have it on her.

Little Yuan'er pouted and said, "It's too ugly and unsightly... I left it in the south pavilion."

The Giant Silkworm Gloves was a unisex item. Indeed, it would not win a prize in aesthetics. Moreover, it would look awkward if Little Yuan'er wore them since she would be wearing blue clothes, blue boots, and a pair of strangely colored gloves. Besides, the benefits of the Giant Silkworm Gloves for a cultivator such as Little Yuan'er was not obvious. In any case, most people are vain.

'Let her be.' Lu Zhou said, "Read it."

No matter who the sender was, if the messenger bird could pass through the barrier, they were from either his disciples or a source of the people here.

Little Yuan'er nodded and read, "The Clarity Sect has been attacked. The Nether Sect Master, Yu Zhenghai, went in for the kill. The Clarity Sect Master, Mo Qi, fled to the Slender West Lake branch while injured. Pan Zhong is on his way to the Slender West Lake. Danger lurks there. Hahaha."

Little Yuan'er stopped reading and looked at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou waved his arm casually and the letter flew into his hand.

Indeed, the writer did not write his name. However, the last three words clearly gave away the writer's identity.

"It must've been difficult for Jiang Aijian to send a letter..." Lu Zhou mused.

Upon hearing this, realization dawned on Little Yuan'er. She pointed at the letter and said, "It's from Jiang Aijian! Ptooeey! I remember now, he always ends his letters with 'hahaha'."

Jiang Aijian was a cautious person who roamed the lands most of the time. He had unique sources of information, with many of them coming from the palace. It was part of his survival tactic to establish a clear trademark of his own while sending letters all this time. It was like Morse Code, and it was barely detectable.

Little Yuan'er wondered, "Why is Pan Zhong going to Slender West Lake? Does he have nothing better to do?"

Lu Zhou looked around his surroundings. When he did not see Duanmu Sheng and Zhao Yue, he asked, "Where are Old Third and Old Fourth?"

"They're resting in the south pavilion," Little Yuan'er said.

Lu Zhou disapproved of this. He had let them off lightly by punishing them with strokes from the cane for barging into the hidden chamber.

"Tell Old Third to come to the great hall."

"Right away."

It was only a physical punishment. With Duanmu Sheng's cultivation base and skills, he should be almost healed after three days of rest.

When Ji Tiandao abused his disciples back then, Duanmu Sheng was always the first to recover.

Little Yuan'er left the east pavilion.

Lu Zhou looked at the sun. It was still early. He walked out of the pavilion. Soon after, he arrived at the Evil Sky Pavilion. He saw that Pan Litian was still lying on his original spot, basking lazily in the sun as he occasionally drank his wine.

"Pan Litian."

Upon hearing this, Pan Litian started and jumped to his feet. When he saw Lu Zhou, he patted his chest and said, "My surname's not Pan."

Lu Zhou had no intention of bickering about this. Instead, he tossed the letter to Pan Litian and said, "Read this."

Pan Lintian caught the letter, intending to toss it away. However, curiosity got the better of him, and he took a glance. With just a quick glance, he saw Pan Zhong's name. He was immediately invigorated. He straightened up and read the letter carefully.

"Danger?"

"Can you still sleep peacefully?" Lu Zhou stared at Pan Litian.

Pan Litian frowned. His lazy expression had turned fierce and grim. "Pan Zhong has already joined the Evil Sky Pavilion. Aren't you planning to save him, Pavilion Master?"

“Indeed, Pan Zhong has joined the Evil Sky Pavilion... However, that doesn’t mean that I have to save him,” Lu Zhou said lightly.

“Why?”

“When Pan Zhong joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, I granted him the Six Yang Technique to negate the Three Yin Technique’s bitter cold. He could have become a powerful fighter in the Evil Sky Pavilion, but he left the Evil Sky Pavilion on his own... If everyone here behaved like that, how can I maintain order?” Lu Zhou said. “Uh...” Pan Litian did not know what to say to that. At the end of the day, Pan Zhong was the one who brought this upon himself.

The Evil Sky Pavilion’s rule was that its members were required to sever all ties with their pasts. If someone went against the rules, they would have to bear the consequences on their own with no one to blame but themselves.

Lu Zhou looked at Pan Litian and asked, “Who is he to you, really?”

Pan Litian sighed softly. He shook his head and said, “I’m no longer a member of the Pan family since 200 years ago...” This could be considered as an admission. Lu Zhou had no intention of pressing Pan Litian for answers. He merely wanted to verify if Pan Litian was related to Pan Zhong... It was not important to know what kind of relationship they had. He asked, “Did you come just to see him?”

Pan Litian nodded. The sloppy manner and lazy air about him had disappeared at this moment. “I don’t have much time left... It’s my dying wish.”

“If you join the Evil Sky Pavilion, you’ll be able to rescue Pan Zhong,” Lu Zhou said slowly to make his point clear.

Pan Litian was stunned. He had never thought about this before. Although he had left the Clarity Sect a few centuries ago, he had always been the greatest elite of the Clarity Sect in the eyes of the others. There were many who waited for his return. If he joined the Evil Sky Pavilion, would he not become the laughingstock of the cultivation world? Most importantly, he had lost his cultivation base. What did the Evil Sky Pavilion see in him?

Lu Zhou seemed to have read Pan Litian’s mind. He threw out another enticing offer. “It just so happens that I have one sable magnolia in my possession.”

Pan Litian’s heart skipped a beat. He looked at Lu Zhou who was now standing beside him.

Lu Zhou’s wizened face was calm with a hint of a faint smile...

‘I’m just here for some meals, and I’ll be on my way. However, why do I feel like I’ve sold myself to this place? I... I think I’ve been conned.’

Lu Zhou did not expect the sable magnolia he obtained from Ci Yuan would come in handy in a situation like this. Although the sable magnolia would not be able to completely restore Pan Litian’s cultivation base, he would at least be able to recover 20 to 30% of his original cultivation base. Cultivation base was of the utmost importance for a cultivator. He did not think Pan Litian would be able to remain unmoved. He remained silent and waited for Pan Litian’s reply with his hands on his back.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er came running from the Evil Sky Pavilion and said, "Master... Third Senior Brother has arrived."

Lu Zhou did not look at Little Yuan'er. Instead, he said, "There's no hurry... If your senior brother's tired, he can return to rest."

Pan Litian was puzzled.

Chapter 219 Slender West Lake, A Person of the Evil Sky Pavilion

'What's that supposed to mean? I think I won't be able to escape from this...' Pan Litian raised his arms helplessly and gave Lu Zhou a thumbs-up. "The older, the wiser. I'll admit defeat.'

Little Yuan'er was baffled by this.

Pan Litian coughed. It seemed like he had just remembered something as he looked up and said, "Will there be enough wine for me?"

"There's more than enough wine for you."

"Century-old wine?"

"Century-old wine." "Good."

Brewing wine was not a difficult task.

A few centuries ago, Ji Tiandao was someone who loved wine. He would order wine to be brewed every year. The older the wine, the tastier it was. Whether it was brewed from five crops, glutinous rice, or yeast, the best of brewing methods required time.

The Evil Sky Pavilion was in no short supply of century-old wine. Moreover, the stock could be replenished if needed.

Pan Litian's reply made his stance clear. Lu Zhou nodded in satisfaction. He turned to face Little Yuan'er and asked, "Any word from your Fourth Senior Brother?"

Little Yuan'er pouted and said, "Master! Fourth Senior Brother hasn't been back until now. I'm sure he's having a lot of fun outside and has forgotten to come back! He should be harshly punished when he returns!"

"You talk too much." Lu Zhou chided her softly.

It was good for Mingshi Yin to investigate Si Wuya's whereabouts. Moreover, Mingshi Yin's loyalty had always been stable. Lu Zhou was not worried Mingshi Yin would do anything out of character. Mingshi Yin was more cunning compared to the others. He had extremely good survival instincts and skills. He would have no problem fleeing from an elite.

Since Mingshi Yin, Old Fourth, was not around, he could only get Duanmu Sheng and Hua Wudao to accompany him to Slender West Lake.

The Clarity Sect was currently hanging on its last thread and was putting up its last struggle. If they successfully escaped to Slender West Lake, they might have some means of survival.

In truth, Duanmu Sheng and Hua Wudao could have taken care of things. However, Lu Zhou's thoughts did not end there. If the Nether Sect planned to hunt down the Clarity Sect and annihilate the elite, You Hongyi, Yu Zhenghai might make an appearance at Slender West Lake as well. This was a good opportunity for Lu Zhou. He had been saving the strengthened Binding Cage Cards for these rascals.

"Summon Elder Hua. Tell him we're leaving for Slender West Lake," Lu Zhou said apathetically.

"Yes, master." Little Yuan'er had just turned to leave when a figure in black appeared like a phantom.

The person stood with a straight back and was shrouded in black.

"There's no need for Elder Hua to go... I want to go."

"Fan Xiuwen?" Little Yuan'er was stunned. She had always found this man eccentric. In fact, she was slightly fearful of him. If her master was not around to keep him in check, she would have stayed away from him.

Fan Xiuwen wore a simple and hideous mask that made his eyes seem more piercing and fierce. He stood straight with his hands resting on his back. Although he had not fully recovered his cultivation base, he had held a high position for a long time. Moreover, with his years of experience, he exuded an aura that others simply could not compare to.

Lu Zhou's aura was the only one that could suppress Fan Xiuwen's aura.

Fan Xiuwen shook his head and said, "Fan Xiuwen is dead. There's only Leng Luo in this world."

"Sure..." Little Yuan'er stuck her tongue out and stood obediently at the side.

When the name Leng Luo was mentioned, Pan Litian who was standing at the side widened his eyes. He looked at Leng Luo in disbelief as he exclaimed in shock, "You're Leng Luo, the person who was on top of the blacklist 300 years ago?"

Leng Luo remained silent, neither denying nor confirming Pan Litian's question. The mask hid his expression, but his stance seemed to say, 'Old geezer, now you know who's the brat...'

Pan Li Tian slowly rose to his feet. He swayed for a few moments before he finally steadied himself. He said, "Not bad, not bad." His words sounded unnatural. It was hard to tell if his words were a compliment or an insult.

Leng Luo scoffed and said, "A junior who has eyes but does not see. I won't hold it against you."

Little Yuan'er giggled and said, "He's not young as well... He's Pan Zhong's grandfather, the first elite of Clarity Sect."

'The first elite of the Clarity Sect?' Leng Luo raised his eyebrows slightly. He looked at the old beggar who had completely lost his cultivation base. Regardless if Pan Litian was truly Pan Zhong's grandfather or not, the first elite of Clarity Sect was a cultivation genius who was renowned in the cultivation world. They were from the same generation. He clapped twice. "Pan Litian?"

This time, Pan Litian did not deny it. He appeared old and had a slightly hunched back. However, those things were unimportant. Based on the way he carried himself, it showed how glorious his earlier years were.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee. It was like the pot calling the kettle black. None of them were much younger than the other.

Lu Zhou said, "Leng Luo, you're not completely healed yet. Your injuries are only 40% healed. Do you still want to go to Slender West Lake?"

On the contrary, Hua Wudao was in the pink of health. Moreover, an elite who specialized in tortoiseshell technique could protect the cloud-splitting chariot if the occasion arose.

Although Leng Luo was powerful, he was severely injured. He would not be of much help on the trip. In fact, he might even be a burden.

"Please grant me permission to come along, Pavilion Master. Although I'm wounded, I can still defend myself," Leng Luo said confidently.

'Sure, you can defend yourself, but who's going to defend me?' Lu Zhou retorted inwardly with no changes in his expression. He maintained the air of an elite despite his inner thoughts. He asked, "You want to see Mo Qi?"

Leng Luo cupped his fists but did not answer.

Anyone with half a brain could tell what the relationship was between Mo Qi and Mo Li.

Leng Luo's hatred for Mo Li was clear for everyone to see. This was only natural. After all, he was controlled like a puppet for so many years. Most people would find this difficult to accept. Moreover, he was Leng Luo whose name once shocked the lands.

Pan Litian chuckled and said, "I can only sit back and enjoy the show..." He had lost his cultivation base so he could only watch the battle unfold like a useless person.

When the sun was high up in the skies, they departed from the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Duanmu Sheng manned the helm of the cloud-splitting chariot.

The cloud-splitting chariot was slightly unstable and swaying. Occasionally, it would even pull some high-level stunts.

Little Yuan'er muttered under her breath, "Third Senior Brother, take... take it slow."

The flying chariot rose and fell in the air.

Duanmu Sheng scratched his head awkwardly. "This... This is my first time. Please bear with me, junior sister."

Leng Luo had to hold onto the chariot to support himself. He shook his head.

The cloud-splitting chariot gradually stabilized after a while.

"Thank you, Senior Leng."

Lu Zhou turned to look at Leng Luo.

Leng Luo's cultivation base was not completely restored after all, and yet, he was helping to maneuver the flying chariot while Duanmu Sheng manned the helm. It was for this reason that the cloud-splitting chariot gradually stabilized. Pan Litian did not mind this. He found a random corner and lay down. He smiled lazily and said, "I've never ridden in such a fancy flying chariot... This is nice, very nice..."

The cloud-splitting chariot flew past several mountains, rivers, and the boundless sea of clouds. A streak of light could be seen in its wake.

Lu Zhou glanced at Leng Luo again. He noticed that Leng Luo's forehead was breaking out in sweat. He shifted his gaze to Duanmu Sheng and said, "Channel your Primal Qi steadily at a uniform pace... Don't move the helm too much. Look straight ahead and adjust your rhythm."

"Understood." Duanmu Sheng's comprehension ability was much weaker compared to Mingshi Yin. Although the flying chariot had stabilized somewhat after Lu Zhou's instructions, it was still not flying smoothly. Well, there was no forcing this matter. Some people were just not born for this.

Duanmu Sheng felt slightly embarrassed throughout the journey. Under the watchful eyes of the few seniors, he could not help but feel nervous. He muttered under his breath, "Fourth Junior Brother, how I miss you so..."

Two hours later.

At the Slender West Lake in Slender West Park.

Mo Qi, the Sect Master of Clarity Sect, sat cross-legged on the ground. He looked extremely exhausted. The wrinkles on his face made him look old. Faint Primal Qi could be seen around him. After he circulated his Primal Qi for a moment, he finally opened his eyes. "Who's it?"

A disciple appeared at the door. Mo Qi asked coldly, "Has Pan Zhong been captured?"

"That traitor, Pan Zhong, is too cunning. We've been tailing him for a long time, but we couldn't catch him. On top of that, the Nether Sect is hot on our heels... We... We dare not recklessly search the area as well."

A hint of rage flashed past Mo Qi's face. "Yu Zhenghai... You insufferable bully!"

The Nether Sect's appearance during the rebellion in Anyang City had foiled his plans. He had been caught off-guard now that Yu Zhenghai was attacking the Clarity Sect as well. The Seven Peaks of Clarity Sect were destroyed. Apart from him, the only people left of the sect were a dozen or so of his direct disciples.

"Stay your anger, Sect Master! Lady Mo Li has laid a Formation in Slender West Lake. No matter how powerful Yu Zhenghai is, he wouldn't recklessly charge in here... Moreover, the Nether Sect is unaware that we've fled to this place," the disciple said with a bow.

Mo Qi sighed and shook his head as he said, "Are there any letters from the palace?"

"Lady Mo Li has said that there would be a turning point soon. His Highness, the Second Prince, is like a fish in water inside the palace..."

“Good.” Mo Qi stood up slowly, enduring the pain from his injuries.

“Sect master, please be careful.” The disciple rushed up to support Mo Qi. “It’s fine.” Mo Qi shook his head. “If my internal organs weren’t injured by the grand sound technique in Anyang City, I wouldn’t be in this sorry state now.”

“Sect Master, you’re saying that Yu Zhenghai was lucky he had help from a powerful person?”

At that time, Mo Qi had been looking down at the battle in Anyang City. The grand technique, Scram, had pushed everyone away. He had borne the brunt of the attack and was the most heavily injured out of everyone present at that time. It was unfortunate that he had to quickly flee before he could see the elite who was capable of unleashing such a powerful sound technique.

Mo Qi walked to the park and looked at the surface of the lake. He felt much more at ease now.

“Sect Master, since Pan Zhong is now a member of the Evil Sky Pavilion, isn’t it inappropriate for us to capture him?”

Before Mo Qi could say anything, another disciple interjected, “The Evil Sky Pavilion’s first disciple, Yu Zhenghai, has killed countless of our men. We’re only capturing Pan Zhong, that’s far from enough! Moreover, Pan Zhong is a traitor from the Clarity Sect to begin with! He deserves to die!”

At this moment, more than ten Clarity Sect disciples rushed to the park.

“Sect Master, the people from the Nether Sect are here!”

True to their words, in the south of the sky above Slender West Park, the Nether Sect’s flying chariot was slowly approaching. The Nether Sect’s flag on top of the flying chariot fluttered in the wind. The First Seat of White Tiger Hall, Bai Yuqing, was standing on the flying chariot and looking down at the park. Soon after, his voice resounded in the park. “Those who are with me will prosper. Those who are against me will die! Mo Qi, surrender now!”

The soundwave from Bai Yuqing’s voice caused the surface of Slender West Lake to ripple.

Mo Qi said in a deep voice, “Ignore him. The Grand Beclouding Formation will keep the Nether Sect at bay.”

The disciples nodded.

Bai Yuqing said again, “Mo Qi, since the day the Clarity Sect turned into the Imperial court’s lackeys, you should’ve expected this outcome. If you surrender now, perhaps, our sect master will show you mercy and spare your life!”

When Mo Qi heard this, he replied, “Bai Yuqing, you’re nothing but Yu Zhenghai’s dog. The Nether Sect struck us while we’re weak, and yet, you have the gall to declare that you’ll take me down?”

“A loser’s only redeeming quality is in his cheek! Even if the Emperor himself is here, you won’t be able to survive!” Bai Yuqing’s voice was laden with indignance.

Mo Qi did not reply to this. Instead, he looked at the remaining Clarity Sect’s disciples. “Is there any news from the Seven Clarity Sons?”

“In reply to your question, sect master, the seven Master Uncles and Elder You have yet to catch up to us. I’m afraid things don’t bode well...”

Mo Qi felt his chest tighten. He said through clenched teeth, “When will the reinforcements from the palace arrive?”

“We’ve sent word to the palace, but there’s no reply as of now.”

At this moment, one of the disciples mustered up his courage and said, “Sect master, although Yu Zhenghai is powerful, he has a weak point as well. Instead of waiting for our deaths, why don’t we...”

Mo Qi cut him off mid-sentence and coldly said, “You want to join the Evil Sky Pavilion?”

“I dare not!”

Another disciple said, “Do you think the Evil Sky Pavilion is capable of dealing with Yu Zhenghai? That traitor founded the Nether Sect turned it into the greatest cult under the heavens. If the old villain of the Evil Sky Pavilion is truly capable, he wouldn’t have allowed Yu Zhenghai to get to where he is now.”

The others sighed and shook their heads.

“Looks like we can only wait for the reinforcements from the palace... Even if we capture Pan Zhong, I don’t think the Evil Sky Pavilion places much value on him.”

At this moment, the Clarity Sect’s disciples noticed a strange sight.

On the southern side of the skies above the park, the cultivators who hovered above Slender West Lake were turning around and running away!

The others were puzzled by this.

“Sect Master, the Nether Sect is retreating!”

“That’s wonderful! You’re truly wise, sect master! Bai Yuqing is only using his position to bully others!”

“They seem afraid!”

Mo Qi frowned slightly. He looked at the flying chariot.

Bai Yuqing did not seem arrogant right now. Instead, he seemed to have transformed into another person. He scurried into the flying chariot and turned it around and fled southward!

“You old geezer, Mo Qi, pulling a stunt like this. I’ll admit defeat. Farewell!” A wise man knew when to advance and when to retreat. Under such circumstances, the wise thing to do was retreat. Bai Yuqing said as he gave the Slender West Lake a final glance,

“Run!”

“First Seat, what do you mean by run?” Bai Yuqing said, “Oh, I mean, depart!”

In just a blink of an eye, the cultivators of the Nether Sect vanished along with their flying chariot.

No matter how powerful the Grand Beclouding Formation was, it was immobile. Surely there was no need to fear it to this extent?

At this moment, one of the disciples pointed north and cried out, "Wait! What's that?"

To the north of Slender West Lake, in the skies above the boundary between the forest and mountain, a meteor-like flying chariot was fast approaching. "The Evil Sky Pavilion?" Mo Qi's chest tightened, an ominous feeling rose in his heart. He staggered backward. He looked miserable at this moment. No wonder the Nether Sect had turned tail and ran away. The Evil Sky Pavilion's chariot was here!

"Sect master!"

When the cloud-splitting chariot was above Slender West Lake, it suddenly pitched forward before it slowly stabilized. It was moving very slowly at this moment.

"What does the Evil Sky Pavilion mean by this?"

"Is that a warning?"

Mo Qi gritted his teeth. He pressed a palm against his chest and said, "This is too much!"

Meanwhile, on the cloud-splitting chariot.

Duanmu Sheng gave the sorry-looking Pan Litian and Leng Luo a sheepish look and said, "I didn't decelerate well enough. Sorry about that."

Lu Zhou had his cultivation base so he was not affected. It was easy to maintain his balance with his Divine Court realm cultivation base.

"Master, Slender West Park is up ahead."

Chapter 220 Mo Li and Mo Qi

Slender West Park, where Slender West Lake was located, took up hundreds of acres of land. It seemed exceptionally extravagant. The park was colored in shades of red and yellow. Several pavilions had been erected on the east and west banks. The river was winding and long, making it look slender.

Looking down from above, it was a truly magnificent sight. Leng Luo walked up to Lu Zhou as he surveyed Slender West Park and said, "Slender West Park is the place where the palace's nobles would come to spend their free time and enjoy themselves. Why is the Clarity Sect's Mo Qi here?"

Lu Zhou glanced at Leng Luo and said, "You're the leader of the Black Knights, and you report directly to the Emperor. Don't tell me you don't know the reason for this?"

"The Black Knights are only sent to carry out missions. We never interfered with the palace's matters," Leng Luo said. Although he had been freed of Mo Li's control, his memories over the past years were still fresh in his mind.

Lu Zhou recalled there was a powerful witchcraft practitioner onboard the fake Nether Sect's flying chariot during the battle in Anyang. He asked, "Mo Li and Mo Qi... In your opinion, what's their relationship?"

Leng Luo answered monotonously, "Based on what I know, Mo Li is a woman. She's a vixen who's skilled at seducing men with her appearance and powerful witchcraft."

If that were not the case, Leng Luo would not have fallen prey to her. Even heroes had a weakness for beautiful women. He might have dominated the lands for years, alas, despite his expectations, he had also fallen prey to her.

A rare smile appeared on Lu Zhou's face at this moment. He stroked his beard and calmly said, "I remember Mo Qi has a brother. They were separated when they were young. Then, his brother disappeared."

Leng Luo said nothing. After all, the truth had come to light during the battle with the Ten Shamans.

The piece of information only served as confirmation.

Leng Luo said in a hoarse voice, "Whether it's a man or a woman, she or he must die."

Lu Zhou said, "That's great. I'll leave Mo Li to you then."

"Thank you." Leng Luo cupped his fists.

Pan Litian who was observing this scene at the back was in awe. He was impressed that Lu Zhou was able to make someone like Leng Luo submit to him. He had been thinking about this for a while. His cultivation base was gone, and he had been forced to join the Evil Sky Pavilion. The same thing must have happened to Leng Luo. However, what would Leng Luo do when he completely recovered his cultivation base in the future?"

"Master, we're here."

The flying chariot came to a halt and hovered above Slender West Lake.

Little Yuan'er leaped to her feet.

Zhao Yue and the other female cultivators had to keep the flying chariot afloat. Hence, they did not move.

Lu Zhou continued to look down at Slender West Park. Apart from his two disciples, Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er, the rest were just weak old men and weaklings. He was quite certain he would not be able to save his item cards today.

Currently, Lu Zhou only had four Deadly Strike Cards left. He would have to use them sparingly. 'Dear system, are you deliberately increasing the difficulty so that I won't be able to rely on the item cards too much?' "There's a Formation." Leng Luo swept his gaze across the scenery below and made an accurate judgment.

Duanmu Sheng had the best vantage point. The helm was where every single corner below the flying chariot could be seen. "How do you know that?" To him, it looked like any other scenic location. He saw no traces of Formations.

Leng Luo pointed at the surroundings and said, "These pavilions were built according to the positions of the Eight Trigrams, it's only slightly elongated... There are clear Primal Qi fluctuations around the park. There's no one among the Clarity Sect elites who are capable of setting up such a huge Formation. It's highly likely that it's a Grand Witchcraft Formation. The Primal Qi fluctuations are only a cover." "I've learned something new today." Duanmu Sheng cupped his fists.

Although the juniors were talented, their knowledge and experience were still lacking.

Pan Litian leaned on the flying chariot and looked at the Formation. He drank some wine before he said, "This Formation looks complicated. I wonder what kind of Formation it is?"

"You know witchcraft?" Leng Luo turned to look at Pan Litian.

Pan Litian seemed displeased. He said frankly, "If there's one thing the Clarity Sect has plenty of, it's tomes about witchcraft... Speaking of witchcraft, there are mind-controlling spells, curses, area control spells, confounding spells... However, regardless of the type of witchcraft, there's always a way to break them."

No wonder Pan Zhong knew so much about witchcraft.

With the relationship between Mo Qi, the Sect Master of Clarity Sect, and Mo Li, it was not surprising there was a witchcraft Formation here. However, the Clarity Sect was one of the ten great sects on the Noble Path. The others would not think to connect witchcraft with the Clarity Sect.

Leng Luo asked, "Do you know how to break this spell?" "I don't."

Lu Zhou. "..."

Duanmu Sheng. "..."

Leng Luo. "..."

'Then, why did you blabber so much? What a waste of time!'

At this moment, more than ten green-robed cultivators appeared in Slender West Park. They slowly rose into the air.

"Greetings, old senior."

Lu Zhou ignored them. He glanced at them briefly and discovered there was not even a single Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite among them.

Mo Qi was not bold enough to show himself so he sent a group of cannon foddors out. Duanmu Sheng bellowed, "Bring that old thief, Mo Qi, here!"

"Uh..." The cultivators trembled. Color drained from their faces, and their foreheads broke out in sweat.

"What brings you here to Slender West Park?"

Lu Zhou shook his head. Mo Qi knew better than anyone why the Evil Sky Pavilion was here. Although Clarity Sect was in a wretched state, it was bold enough to send small fries here to blabber meaninglessly to stall for time. He waved his hand dismissively, "Clean them up."

"Yes, master!" Little Yuan'er was the only one who could instantly leap into action. Her movements were as light as a swallow as she unleashed the Supreme Purity Jade Slip and the Seven Stars Cloud Treading Steps.

Several blue figures shot through the air.

Meanwhile, Little Yuan'er's Nirvana Sash lashed out as well.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The dozen or so cultivators could not even withstand a single hit as they scattered and reeled back. They spat out mouthfuls of blood into the air that looked like a blood mist. One after another, the cultivators fell into the lake.

Leng Luo. "..."

Pan Litian. "..."

As expected of the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Even Leng Luo was shocked by this swift and decisive action.

Lu Zhou had no sympathy for the Clarity Sect. Mo Qi had repeatedly caused trouble for the Evil Sky Pavilion, He colluded with Mo Li and stabbed them in the back several times. This was only the beginning. It was unfortunate that these cultivators were only in the Brahman Sea realm, at most. They did not offer him any merit points. What a troll! Why can't a high-level player be rewarded for completing a newbie's task?

Lu Zhou shook the distracting thoughts out of his head. 'I'm letting my mind wander again.'

Little Yuan'er returned to the flying chariot. "Master, mission accomplished."

Lu Zhou nodded. He swept his gaze across Slender West Park and said in a deep voice, "Mo Qi..."

The two syllables sounded like two claps of thunder. Lu Zhou's voice was firm and domineering. His voice traveled in the surroundings as well. The soundwave visibly spread out in all directions, covering the entire Slender West Park.

Upon seeing this, Leng Luo could not help but praise, "I'm impressed."

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "It's nothing. Anyone in the Divine Court realm can do this."

Leng Luo said, "However, without several centuries of practice, how can a cultivator exert such precise control over the sound technique and send it to every corner of the place? Even a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm elite couldn't have done this."

Pan Litian said, "I agree with you... Cultivation base is important, but skills are equally as important and cant be solely replaced by cultivation base alone."

Perhaps, it was due to their statuses, Duan Ling Tian was pleased when he heard their words. It sounded much better than the flattering words he was used to hearing.

The others continued to look down at Slender West Park.

The soundwave caused the Clarity Sect disciples to lose their footing.

Mo Qi hid inside the room, too afraid to go out. However, it did not stop him from replying, "Ji Tiandao!" He unleashed a soundwave as well, it left distortion in the void in its wake.

Pan Litian frowned and cursed, "This ignorant old fool."

Leng Luo was in a better condition. He did not seem affected.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou's mind was clear, and he was as calm as usual.

Duanmu Sheng volunteered, "Master... this old geezer is asking for it. I'm willing to be the vanguard. I'll dig that old man out even if I have to dig three feet deep!"

Lu Zhou raised a hand and said, "There's no need for that."

Since Slender West Park was protected by a massive Formation, sending Duanmu Sheng down there would be a reckless move.

At this moment, another voice rang from the park. "The Evil Sky Pavilion is an insufferable bully! I'd be damned if I don't get back at you for this!"

"Running away?"