

Disciples 431

Chapter 431: Wipe that Smirk Off Your Faces

Feng Liu's expression changed drastically. He was shaken and flustered. He wanted to leave as quickly as he could, but Pan Litian was on him. He nearly forgot that his opponent was once the greatest elite of the Clarity Sect. It was unthinkable for such a Daoist elite to not be skilled with the sword. Such an elite would never allow himself to be powerless or defenseless.

Pan Litian flew at Feng Liu with his avatar and energy swords.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The cultivators within the range of the energy swords were dismembered by the energy swords easily as though the swords were slicing fruits. Their severed limbs rained down on the forest below.

The cultivators who were further away fled as quickly as they could.

Pan Litian only had eyes for Feng Liu. He followed Feng Liu.

An Eight-leaf avatar pursuing a Six-leaf avatar was like an adult chasing after a child!

Feng Liu felt more desperate as time went by. His eyes were brimming with fear.

The energy swords left the earth flattened in its wake. Trees fell as though they were made of dominoes.

"Impossible!" Feng Liu's voice cracked. The Eight-leaf Golden Lotus avatar was looking down on him just like how he was looking down at Pan Litian just moments ago.

Pan Litian said, "It's been a long time since I've unsealed my golden gourd bottle... I'll unseal it for you today!"

Whizz!

The golden gourd bottle shone brightly and shot toward Feng Liu.

Boom!

Feng Liu did not even have the chance to cry out when the golden gourd bottle landed around him.

A round pit appeared before Pan Litian. The red glow on Pan Litian's face gradually disappeared at this moment. His Eight-leaf Avatar paused slightly in midair before fading away.

Thud!

Pan Litian fell into the round crater.

Everything was plunged into silence and darkness.

The Zhencang disciples who had gone through much trouble to escape looked at the vanishing avatar incredulously. Nobody dared to get closer. They were already heavily wounded. Most of their number had been killed by Pan Litian's sudden attack with his energy swords. Those who survived were just a handful of their initial force.

“Head back and report this to the branch master. Eldest Senior Brother died in battle against Pan Litian. Pan Litian... burned his dantian’s sea of Qi.”

“Let’s go!” The remaining members were not bold enough to move forward. They turned around and vanished into the darkness.

Meanwhile, Pan Litian lay in the crater for quite some time. He spent most of his life living a nomadic lifestyle, moving from one place to another. The skies were his blanket, and the earth was his bed. He was already used to resting in such uncomfortable environments. Although he had burned his dantian’s sea of Qi, he did not regret it.

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Inside the meeting hall of Zhencang Branch.

Feng Qinghe listened to his disciples’ reports and frowned. “Feng Liu is dead?” He had difficulty believing this.

“Eldest Senior Brother and Pan Litian had a bloody battle... Who knew the old fart would burn his own sea of Qi!”

Feng Qinghe’s eyelids twitched uncontrollably. He was so frustrated that his fists trembled when he clenched them in frustration.

An elder at the side bowed and said, “Branch Master, we should prioritize the bigger picture. Pan Litian has burned his sea of Qi. This means he has lost the ability to fight. Hua Wudao is a cowardly tortoise. The men of the Seven Stars Villa can easily deal with him. It’s said that Leng Luo was heavily wounded in Tangzi Town. The Celestial Masters Sect can deal with him. With their talisman seals working against his Dao Invisibility, he won’t be able to get away. The Hengqu Branch, Duanlin Branch, Good Fortune Temple, and Core Heart Sect will work with us to deal with Old Villain Ji.”

Upon hearing this, Feng Qinghe’s rage subsided somewhat. He said, “We can’t underestimate the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples... That Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin are being restricted by Old Villain Ji, but they’re not to be taken lightly. Moreover, now that Si Wuya is with them, we have to be careful.”

“Si Wuya is a traitor of the Evil Sky Pavilion. Knowing Old Villain Ji’s temper, Si Wuya won’t be treated kindly. Yu Shangrong’s fate is unknown, but I doubt he’ll appear. The other disciples aren’t powerful enough to turn things around.”

“What about Yu Zhenghai?” Feng Qinghe was worried about Yu Zhenghai the most. After all, Yu Zhenghai was the Evil Sky Pavilion’s first disciple. On the surface, he was the greatest traitor of the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, anyone with keen eyes could tell that even though the Nether Sect was powerful, it remained respectful to the Evil Sky Pavilion. It was no longer considered news in the cultivation world that the Four Great Protectors would turn tail and run whenever they saw the Evil Sky Pavilion’s Master.

“Don’t worry, Branch Master... Yu Zhenghai is fighting with the Imperial family right now. To make things more difficult for him, the people of the Core Heart Sect have gone to Rouli.”

“Rouli?”

“The Nether Sect won the battle in Liang Province, killed the Fourth Prince and 2,000 elites from Rouli and Lou Lan... The royals of Rouli want nothing more than to tear Yu Zhenghai apart,” the elder said.

Upon hearing this, Feng Qinghe frowned again. He said, “The Core Heart Sect is colluding with Rouli? The Other Tribesmen are Other Tribesmen, after all. I’m sure their goal is to plunge Great Yan into chaos, right?” Then, he stopped to sigh before he said, “The seven great sects can’t stop now. The Hengqu Branch went as far as summoning their patriarch out of his seclusion. Although Feng Liu is dead, it’s not in vain.”

If they did not contribute more, what reason would they have to claim a bigger share of the loot when the Evil Sky Pavilion was destroyed?

Feng Qinghe sighed again. “Send someone to the site of the battle. Find Feng Liu’s body and give him a proper burial.”

“Understood.”

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Inside the Evil Sky Pavilion’s eastern pavilion.

Lu Zhou studied the old parchment drawing for some time before he finally stopped. He crossed his legs and sat down to study the Heavenly Writing power.

Currently, he had mastered four Heavenly Writing powers. The first being the power of speech, a sound technique; the second was the power of muting, an areal attack; the third was the power of past lives, a sort of mimicry technique; and the fourth was the power of immaterial existence, a sort of healing technique.

He had used the first three powers many times and had basically understood them. However, he was not familiar with the fourth power. It seemed like a healing skill, but it was able to restore vitality as well. If that was the case, could he use it on the members of the Old Age Pavilion to help them recover their cultivation bases more quickly?

Lu Zhou was still mulling over this matter when Zhao Yue’s voice rang from outside. “Master, a letter from Fourth Senior Brother.”

“Read it.”

Zhao Yue read aloud, “Master, I’ve spread the information about the severing the Golden Lotus everywhere I went. Apart from that, I found out the Fiend Extermination Alliance is moving now, and we should be wary of rats on the mountain... Also, the Duanlin Branch’s Patriarch has emerged from the mountain... We’ll have to guard against the patriarchs of the other sects as well. Lastly, I’ve located a Darknet branch. I’ll consult Ye Zhixing about this and will report back once I know more. Regards, Mingshi Yin.”

After reading, Zhao Yue asked, “Master, what should we do now?”

Lu Zhou spoke calmly, “It’s about time we bring the enmity between the Evil Sky Pavilion and the ten great sects to an end.”

At this moment, a female disciple walked into the eastern pavilion, looking shaken. "Pavilion Master, Miss Fifth... This is bad, Elder Pan... H-he's grievously injured!"

Zhao Yue was shocked. She asked, "Grievously injured? How come?"

"I-I... I don't know."

At this moment, Lu Zhou walked out of the eastern pavilion with his hands on his back. Although his expression was calm, he was inwardly confused and suspicious. The timing of this incident is too suspicious. When he recalled the content of Mingshi Yin's letter, he could not help but think this had something to do with the seven great sects.

Zhao Yue and the female disciple bowed at once when they saw Lu Zhou.

"Where's he?"

"Mister Third and Mister Eighth have gone down the mountain."

Lu Zhou waved his sleeve. His wizened face seemed calm, but a slight hint of fury could be seen between his brows.

Chapter 432: The Fiend Extermination Alliance

Lu Zhou only recalled being under pressure when he faced the ten great sects when he had just transmigrated over here. At that time, he had lost his cultivation base and the rascals all had agendas of their own. It had been a trying time for him. After he fended off the ten great sects, Lu Zhou had gained item cards and never thought much about the Noble Path ever since. Unfortunately, the Evil Sky Pavilion was too eye-catching a target. It was inevitable that there would always be people who covet what they perceived contained troves of treasures. As it turned out, those people had come together and formed an alliance. Under the pretext of upholding justice, they fooled the world and gained a good reputation.

At this moment, Lu Zhou stood outside the Evil Sky Pavilion and waited with his hands on his back. Shortly after, he saw Duanmu Sheng and Zhu Honggong carrying a stretcher up the mountain.

They stopped when they saw their master outside the Evil Sky Pavilion. Then, they carefully lowered Pan Litian onto the ground.

"Master."

Leng Luo and Pan Zhong, who had hurried over when they heard the news, frowned when they saw the state Pan Litian was in.

Although Leng Luo frequently bickered with Pan Litian and was often at odds with Pan Litian, they had forged a camaraderie. How could he not feel shocked when he saw Pan Litian now?

Pan Zhong was even more shocked. Since the two of them met, Pan Litian had been guiding him in his cultivation. Pan Litian did not hold back anything and patiently taught him. Even his father did not treat him so kindly. It was impossible for him to be unaffected by this sight.

On the other hand, Duanmu Sheng and Zhu Honggong were not as emotional.

“Old Pan!” Pan Zhong cried out before he checked Pan Litian’s breathing.

Leng Luo said, “Let me.”

Pan Zhong stepped to the side.

Leng Luo placed a palm on Pan Litian’s body. After examining Pan Litian’s body, he said, “These are signs of him burning his sea of Qi... He’s injured to begin with, and now, he has burned his sea of Qi. Old Pan, are you out of your mind?”

Duanmu Sheng said, “When I found him, he was lying at the foot of the mountain. I think he was fighting someone.”

Zhu Honggong said furiously, “Who dares to sneak into the Evil Sky Pavilion? How despicable and shameless! If I ever run into them, I’ll tear them to a million pieces!”

Leng Luo pushed his palm forward and injected some Primal Qi into Pan Litian’s sea of Qi. He seemed to have forgotten he was injured as well as he tried to heal Duan Ling Tian without a care for himself.

Upon seeing this, the others had a hard time believing this was the same man who was at the top of the blacklist 300 years ago. Leng Luo had a reputation for killing not healing.

A short while later, Leng Luo lifted his palm. He took a deep breath and said, “Nearly half of his sea of Qi has been burned. His outlook isn’t optimistic...” He suddenly remembered how Lu Zhou pulled Yong Ning back from the brink of death, and he hastily added, “I think the pavilion master is the only one who can heal him.”

Everyone instinctively turned to look at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou gauged Pan Litian’s injuries. At the same time, he was also inwardly wondering if the fourth Heavenly Writing power would be able to treat someone who had burned his or her sea of Qi. Although he was not sure, there was nothing left to do but to try using the Heavenly Writing’s healing technique. Even the Critical Heal Card would only relieve Pan Litian’s pain, it would be able to restore his sea of Qi.

Once a person’s sea of Qi was destroyed, that person would cease to be a cultivator. Moreover, this was not Pan Litian’s first time destroying his sea of Qi. This was his second time. His old wounds had yet to heal, and he was injured again. One could only imagine how difficult it would be to heal him.

“Stand back,” Lu Zhou said.

Leng Luo, Pan Zhong, Duanmu Sheng, and Zhu Honggong hastily stepped back and made way for Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou walked up to Pan Litian and raised his right hand. The moment his sleeve fell, a faint blue lotus appeared in his palm.

The others held their breaths. They were witnessing a familiar scene. They felt the powerful vitality from the blue lotus in Lu Zhou’s palm and the terrifying force in the blue lotus.

Under his silver mask, Leng Luo's eyes gleamed. He looked at the blue lotus in shock. They had not seen what happened inside the room when Lu Zhou treated Yong Ning since the doors and windows were closed. In a way, this was their first time witnessing this.

The blue lotus swirled and rippled like the tide. When the blue lotus was about the right size, Lu Zhou pushed it down.

The blue lotus fell on Pan Litian's chest and spun before it laid down its roots. A blue-ish energy rippled into the surroundings.

The strong vitality and healing power of the blue lotus healed Pan Litian's sea of Qi and the wounds that were already present. After fifteen minutes, the blue lotus disappeared into thin air.

At this moment, Pan Litian began to cough.

The others were overjoyed.

"He's awake!" Pan Zhong hastily helped him Pan Litian up.

When Pan Litian opened his eyes, he felt as though he had emerged from a world of darkness into a world of light. He blinked a few times before confirming he was, indeed, alive. He looked around himself, he saw the happy and relieved expressions on everyone's faces.

"Old Pan... You gave us quite a scare. Are you alright? Who did this to you? You're lucky the pavilion master was here, otherwise, you'd be dead. At that time, all I can do is watch over your grave!" Pan Zhong nudged Pan Litian's shoulder, causing Pan Litian to cough again.

Pan Litian's mind was clearer now. When he heard Pan Zhong's words, he said contemptuously, "Oh, shut up... I won't die yet."

"Acting tough, huh..." Pan Zhong was rendered speechless by Pan Litian's behavior.

Pan Litian cupped his fists at Lu Zhou and said, "Thank you, Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded before he said, "Who did this to you? You can tell us without fear."

Pan Litian sighed softly and recounted the sequence of events to Lu Zhou. When he finished recounting what happened, he added, "I wanted to meet Feng Qinghe and get to the bottom of the matter. However, Feng Liu tried to kill halfway through our journey. Feng Qinghe's first disciple, Feng Liu, is a shady character. When I was attacked, I had no choice but to burn my sea of Qi... It's just as well... From this day onward, my debt toward Feng Qinghe can be considered paid."

As Lu Zhou expected, Pan Litian had been assaulted after he left the Evil Sky Pavilion.

"Your debt is paid?" Duanmu Sheng frowned slightly.

To the others, Pan Litian seemed to have received the short end of the stick.

"Feng Qinghe had secretly helped me when I wanted to leave the Clarity Sect back then... No matter, my life isn't something valuable. I'm glad to have lived until today," Pan Litian said before he chuckled wryly, "They think I'm a dead... I'd crawl back up from hell to the Evil Sky Pavilion if I had to..."

The others felt shocked as they looked at Pan Litian.

At this moment, Pan Litian felt someone looking at him. He turned and saw Lu Zhou looking at him. Lu Zhou's expression was the same as usual making it difficult for him to discern Lu Zhou's thoughts.

"You think that it can be repaid?"

"What do you mean, Pavilion Master?"

"Elder Pan... It seems like you've lived in vain all these years. Why don't you understand this simple concept?" Lu Zhou shook his head and sighed. "Do you know how many out there are waiting for me to kick the bucket? Do you know how many are waiting to trample on the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

Pan Litian was speechless. Lu Zhou's words were right. Even if he considered the debt paid, Would Zhenchang Branch share the same sentiment?

Lu Zhou turned around with his hands on his back. He looked at the foot of Golden Court Mountain and said, "I'll remember this transgression from Zhencang Branch."

'I can't be blamed for holding a grudge or being heartless.' If there was to be any order in the world, the Evil Sky Pavilion could not endure the numerous provocations by these people.

Zhu Honggong said at once, "You're right, master!"

"..."

The others looked at Zhu Honggong. He tried to imitate his master's manner but only looked like a fool instead. Unlike Little Yuan'er, it sounded unnatural when these words were said by him.

Pan Litian nodded and said nothing else.

Lu Zhou said, "Your sea of Qi isn't completely healed yet. You should recuperate."

"Thank you." Pan Litian stood up and bowed deeply at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou felt it was worthwhile to use his Heavenly Writing power this time around even though he had depleted one-third of the power. With this, he confirmed the Heavenly Writing power could heal these injuries. However, if he wanted to heal his target completely, he would at least need two or three times the amount of his extraordinary power. That was too much. It was true that it was easier to break than to mend. A person's body had thousands upon thousands of vessels. The sea of Qi was the most precious part of the cultivator. It was never an easy task to heal it. If he did not have the Heaven Writing power, Pan Litian would have been as good as dead with the injuries he had suffered.

"Escort him back," Lu Zhou ordered.

"Understood." Pan Zhong brought Pan Litian back to his quarters.

At this moment, Little Yuan'er came running from the eastern pavilion. When she saw Pan Zhong supporting Pan Litian, she curiously asked, "Master, what happened to Elder Pan?"

"He sustained internal injuries due to his own stupidity. There's no need to bother about him," Lu Zhou replied.

Upon hearing this, Pan Litian staggered and nearly fell over. He could not retort since it was the pavilion master who called him stupid. All he could do was lean on Pan Zhong's shoulder and said, "Walk faster."

"Can you walk faster in this state?"

"Just do as I say..." Pan Litian said through a fit of coughs.

The two of them hastened and vanished from sight.

Duanmu Sheng and Zhu Honggong were slightly stunned by how Pan Litian did not seem injured at all.

Zhu Honggong asked, "Master, is Old Pan putting up an act?"

"Blabbermouth." Lu Zhou glanced at him pointedly.

"I'll slap myself right away!"

Smack!

Zhu Honggong slapped himself.

"..."

Lu Zhou ignored Zhu Honggong. He noticed Little Yuan'er holding a letter in her hand. He asked, "There's a letter?"

"It's from the shameless Jiang Aijian... I'll read it." Little Yuan'er opened the letter and read aloud, "Old senior, there are two things I want to report. Firstly, there's a report from Liang Province that the people of Rouli have suddenly crossed the heavenly moat and attacked them. With Si Wuya out of the picture, the Nether Sect has weakened considerably. The Nether Sect is currently engaged in a battle with Rouli's forces. In my opinion, they'll be at it for some time. Secondly, be careful of the Fiend Extermination Alliance. You must survive. I can only hide and watch from a distance okay... kay... kay..."

"Eww! What a vile and disgusting way to end his letter!" Little Yuan'er tore the letter to shreds and threw it onto the ground before she gritted her teeth and stepped on the shredded paper.

Zhu Honggong was speechless and depressed when he looked at Little Yuan'er. It seemed like he would be bullied his entire life.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and nodded. "I see." Then, he made his way back to the eastern pavilion.

"Rest well, master." The three disciples bowed in unison.

Zhu Honggong said, "Those sects from the Noble Path are too despicable... No, we must find a way to deal with them."

"You?" Duanmu Sheng looked at Zhu Honggong disdainfully before he turned around and left.

"You're right." Zhu Honggong scratched his head. "I'll speak to Seventh Senior Brother about this. He'll think of something. I can wear my boxing gloves and kill all of them!"

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Zhu Honggong did not waste any time. It was not long before he arrived at the Cave of Reflection. He was in no hurry to enter. Instead, he poked his head into the cave and inspected the situation inside.

“Get out.” Si Wuya’s tone sounded hostile.

“Huh? Seventh Senior Brother, why... why are you still studying that?”

“Didn’t you hear me? I said, get out!”

Zhu Honggong chuckled sheepishly. “I’m not inside the cave, how am I supposed to get out? No, wait! I’m here because of an urgent matter. Seventh Senior Brother, the Noble Path has formed a Fiend Extermination Alliance. They’re planning to lay siege on Golden Court Mountain again. Quickly think of a countermeasure!” Zhu Honggong said.

“Fiend Extermination Alliance?”

Si Wuya placed the papers in his hand on the table. He looked up with dark circles around his eyes as he asked, “Who told you this?”

“Some guy called Jiang Xiaojian.”

“Jiang Aijian...” Si Wuya frowned slightly. Jiang Aijian was a dependable source.

Chapter 433: The Sword Devil’s Return

“That’s right! That Jiang Xiaojian!” Zhu Honggong exclaimed.

Si Wuya frowned and said, “Only seven of the ten great sects remain. After failing twice, I’m sure they’ve made all the necessary preparations this time. How’s master faring recently?”

“He seems normal... I can’t help but have a feeling that master’s idling away in his room. Nobody knows what he’s doing there,” Zhu Honggong replied.

“Hm?” Si Wuya looked at Zhu Honggong. “Is that what you think of master?”

“Uh...” Zhu Honggong immediately covered his mouth.

“How are the three old men’s cultivation bases?” Si Wuya asked.

“Don’t get me started. That fellow Pan Litian was duped by a bunch of people and was ganged up on. If master didn’t do something, he would’ve died by now! Elder Hua is skilled in tortoise defense skills, but he’s not much use in offense. Elder Leng has great mobility and is as slick as a loach. However, in a direct fight, none of them is a match for Pan Litian.” It was the truth. After all, Pan Litian possessed the heaven-grade weapon, the Wine Gourd Bottle. He was a true Daoist elite!

“In that case, the Evil Sky Pavilion might be in danger.”

“That Hua Yuexing isn’t too bad... She’s almost a Three-leaf Godly Archer,” Zhu Honggong said.

“If this were in the past, a cultivator with five leaves or less might have been a great help. However, it’s different now. It’s not enough to serve as a deterrent. With the rumors of severing one’s Golden Lotus and master’s approaching great limit running rampant, it’s likely that the seven great sects might decide to take a gamble,” Si Wuya said.

“Huh? What should we do then?” Zhu Honggong asked, slightly worried.

“Inform Eldest Senior Brother about this.” Yu Zhenghai appeared in Si Wuya’s mind immediately. They could only turn this situation around if Yu Zhenghai and the Four Great Protectors showed up.

“What a terrible coincidence! The people of Rouli have attacked Liang Province and are engaged in a battle with Eldest Senior Brother!” Zhu Honggong said.

Si Wuya frowned again. Was this truly a coincidence?

“Any word from Second Senior Brother?” Si Wuya asked.

“Well, no.”

“...” Si Wuya’s calm expression turned slightly grim. “I think Eldest Senior Brother is being plotted against. With Second Senior Brother missing, it seems like the Evil Sky Pavilion can only count on me.”

Zhu Honggong was speechless. ‘Aren’t you worried that you’d be clobbered by master for talking like that?’

“Old Eighth, in two days, by hook or by crook, you must convince master to unseal my cultivation base. Remember that, no matter what...”

“Oh, yeah! You’re a Six-leaf cultivator as well, Seventh Senior Brother!” Zhu Honggong smacked his own thigh. “Ow!” A pig-like squeal resounded in the Cave of Reflection. He forgot that he was wearing his boxing gloves again.

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Meanwhile, on Wuxian Mountain.

The Nobleman Country was a nation that never knew spring. It was perpetually stuck in winter, and the landscape was always white with snow.

Today, however, Wuxian Mountain welcomed the rare sunshine.

The golden globe shone its rays through the canopy of leaves onto the clean and white snow. It seemed like something out of a painting.

Outside the Melilot Grave, a small group of cultivators was furtively digging and picking at the stone door.

“It’s f*cking freezing here! Put your backs to it. The mark on the map should be correct. This is the Melilot Graveyard that vanished from the world more than 300 years ago.”

“Boss, this is our first time digging a grave of the Other Tribes. I’m so excited!”

“Technically, the Nobleman Country isn’t part of the Other Tribes. The victor becomes the king while the loser is outlawed. It has been branded into the annals of history. It’ll be almost impossible to rewrite it.”

“Who cares about the tribe. It’d better not be empty or I’d be worked up for nothing.”

Click! Clack!

With the collective effort of the five men, the stone door buzzed and slid open.

The five of them hurried into the Melilot Graveyard.

“Boss, what’s that?” One of them pulled their leader. He pointed at the pack of wolves that appeared on a mound before the Melilot Graveyard.

“Wild wolves?”

“This is a bad sign. We should get out of here. I heard that a graveyard guarded by wolves isn’t an auspicious place.”

“You’re scared? You can leave if you are. Don’t count on us to give you a share of the loot though.”

The others had no qualms about venturing forth. They walked deeper into the Melilot Graveyard. They were finally here and would not call it quits before achieving their goals. They passed through a walkway and entered a dim tunnel. Then, they arrived at a huge and wide area. The piles of bones made them click their tongues in wonder. They searched for valuable items while guarding against any possible traps.

After searching for some time, they merely found some valuables on two skeletons and nothing else.

“Boss, look...” One of them pointed at another door. Light was shining down from above.

“Shh!!!” The leader’s eyes brightened as he caught a glimpse of a sword on the floor beyond the door. He had an eye for treasure. The moment he set eyes on it, he was instantly attracted by the scarlet glow of the sword. His heart skipped a beat as he exclaimed excitedly, “Heaven-grade!”

“Heaven-grade?” the others looked elated. ‘Jackpot! We’re rich!’

With a heaven-grade weapon, they could feast like kings for the rest of their lives.

The five of them were now attracted by the sword on the floor. They moved closer and closer. They saw the scattered projectiles on the floor when they reached the stone door.

The leader frowned. “Be careful of hidden weapons. Perhaps, some of our colleagues were here before us.”

“Colleagues? Is that sword theirs?”

The leader of this gang of five was a cultivator with an acceptable cultivation base. He could easily move an item remotely. He was worried there might be hidden contraptions beyond the stone door. Hence, he smiled as he raised a hand and said, “Who cares who it belongs to? Come to papa!”

Whizz!

The sword shook. It merely vibrated on the ground.

“Hm? I can’t seem to move it with my Brahman Sea realm cultivation base.”

The five of them began to discover something was amiss.

“Well, let’s see about that...” He raised his palm, condensed a huge amount of Primal Qi into energy, and sent it toward the sword. He gritted his teeth from the effort and of unleashing all his Primal Qi.

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

The Longevity Sword shook violently.

“Go, boss!”

“Just a little more!”

“Almost there! Almost...”

The cultivation bases of the other four were weak. They could only cheer him on. They looked at the shaking sword that would not even move even though their leader was in the Brahman Sea realm. They were even more convinced that the sword was an extraordinary heaven-grade weapon! When they thought about this, they almost drooled.

Whizz!

“It moved!”

The blade of the sword suddenly shone with a scarlet light as it hovered in the air and shot toward them.

Swoosh!

The sword glinted briefly as it slashed across four men’s throats.

With a bang, the Brahman Sea realm cultivator flipped backward and fell to his knees. He regarded the sword in extreme shock. He turned around to look and saw his four comrades were looking at him with wide eyes. Their hands were holding their necks while their other hands pointed at him. “Boss... you... you...”

“It wasn’t me!”

Before he could explain himself...

Thud!

The four men fell to the ground, no longer breathing.

The sword hovered beyond the stone door. It was hovering horizontally before it flipped and plunged its tip to the ground.

Bam!

The cover of the well instantly cracked in half. The instant the cover of the well broke, the sword’s blade shone even more brightly with a scarlet glow.

The leader of grave diggers felt a chill run up his spine. His face was drenched in sweat as he rubbed his eyes. down his spine. There seemed to be a phantom before his eyes. When his eyes adjusted, the phantom had taken on substance.

A green-robed swordsman with long hair that fell to his shoulders, a chiseled face, and a gaze that was both gentle and cold at the same time appeared before him.

“You... you... you...” The grave digger leader felt a warm trickle down his legs. He could not stop it. It felt scalding in this cold place. His legs trembled violently.

The green-robed swordsman said emotionlessly, “Trespassers of the Melilot Graveyard shall die.”

Chapter 434: The Weakest Sword Devil in History

The gravedigger was in the Brahman Sea realm cultivator, after all. Before Yu Shangrong, he could not find it in himself to resist. He had only heard about the Sword Devil whose name shocked the heavens. However, he had no idea the person before him now was the Sword Devil himself. He was paralyzed with fear. He had thought a monster had appeared to take their lives. Humans would lose the ability to move their limbs under extreme fear. This was what the gravedigger was currently experiencing.

He wanted to open his mouth to beg for mercy, but under the pressure of Yu Shangrong’s cold expression and aura, he could not speak at all. When he looked up, he noticed Yu Shangrong was not looking at him at all. Instead, Yu Shangrong was looking outside. He wondered what was going through Yu Shangrong’s mind. At this moment, he realized the person before him was no ghost. It was a person hiding in the Melilot Graveyard.

At this moment, the howl of wolves traveled through the forest and across the pure white landscape.

The sound of the wild wolves pulled the gravedigger’s thoughts back to the present.

Yu Shangrong finally turned to look at the gravedigger. He remained silent as he walked toward the gravedigger.

The gravedigger finally managed to stammer out, “You... you... who are you?”

Yu Shangrong glanced at the four corpses on the ground as he made his way to the exit. His attention was focused on the sunlight outside. It was a scenic view. The sun was as warm as spring.

“Three loud kowtows,” Yu Shangrong said. His voice was as sharp as a knife. It was starkly different from his cultured and refined character in the past.

The gravedigger dared not dally. He kowtowed loudly thrice at the piles of bones inside the Melilot Graveyard. He felt his forehead turned numb after kowtowing. When he finally straightened his back, the Longevity Sword that was hovering inside the graveyard flashed.

Swish!

The Longevity Sword slashed the gravedigger’s throat before it returned to Yu Shangrong’s scabbard.

The gravedigger’s body was riveted to the spot. His eyes widened as a scarlet line bloomed across his neck. Blood oozed down and joined the pool of blood from his comrades. The pool of blood resembled a blooming melilot. When he fell to the ground, the stone door of the Melilot Graveyard slid shut.

Everything was plunged into darkness.

...

Yu Shangrong looked up at the pack of wolves that sat atop the mound.

The pack of wolves howled. Their voices shook the branches nearby, and snow was dislodged.

Facing the sunlight, Yu Shangrong smiled and said, "It's you guys again."

Aurr!

"I'm fine."

Aurr!

"I'll leave the rest to you guys."

Aurr!

"I'll take that as an okay." Yu Shangrong turned around slowly and walked in the southeastern direction.

Perhaps, Yu Shangrong had not enjoyed the feeling of walking in the snow for a long time, he did not fly. He continued walking across the snowy field through the forest before he arrived in front of a mountain.

Yu Shangrong raised his right hand and held it up. His avatar appeared.

A Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar hovered above his palm. There was no Golden Lotus, merely three plump leaves spinning around it. A Sword Devil with a Three-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivation base. For the longest time, he would not even deign to look at cultivators at this level. They were weak, very weak, so weak that he did not think them worthy of his attention. Was he the weakest Sword Devil in history now?

He recalled his avatar. Then, he flew into the skies and looked down at the area around Wuxian Mountain. The sea of snow extended in all directions. It seemed to stretch on forever.

Yu Shangrong looked toward the southeast. He flew at top speed from the Green Jade Altar, and it took him five days to reach here. If he wanted to return, with his Three-leaf cultivation base, he would need ten days, at least.

This was the same path Yu Shangrong took in his youth. He was without a cultivation base back. However, he managed to pull through with just his willpower and physical strength alone. It took him several months to reach his destination.

A faint smile flashed on his face as he looked down at the lands. Then, he flew in the southeastern direction.

...

The sun set, and night came.

Inside the Cave of Reflection, Si Wuya tossed the question paper to the side. Then, he rubbed his eyes without an air of pretense. He sighed and shook his head. "There are all kinds of strange things in the world. Where did master find these peculiar questions?"

Up until today, the first two questions were the only ones he managed to solve. He could not seem to work out the answers for the other questions. This made him dejected and irritable.

The moonlight shone into the Cave of Reflection. A rustling noise rang in the air, alerting Si Wuya.

“Who’s there?” Si Wuya walked toward the cave’s entrance and searched with his gaze.

The sound was greatly muffled, but it did not escape Si Wuya’s detection.

“Inner breath technique?”

Many cultivators would cultivate methods similar to the inner breath technique to facilitate their espionage missions. As the name suggested, the cultivator would breathe into his internal organs and pull back his energy. In all appearances, he would appear dead. However, this state could not be maintained for too long for it was possible to suffer internal injuries. The main objective was to avoid detection from elites.

Hence, the major sects formulated their own Formations and barriers to guard against spies.

A cultivator who cast an inner breath technique activated would be like a mortal. Firstly, they would not be able to pass through barriers. If they encountered any Formation, they would also be captured.

Golden Court Mountain’s barrier was long gone. However, due to its reputation, the average cultivator would not dare come close to the Evil Sky Pavilion. Who was this bold?

Fuh!

A figure leaped out from the forest to the right of the Cave of Reflection. The moment the figure revealed itself, it fell to one knee in front of the cave and cried out, “Sect master!”

Si Wuya exclaimed in shock when he saw the person before him, “Ye Zhixing... What are you doing here?”

“Shh!” Ye Zhixing looked around himself. He hurried toward the Cave of Reflection and took out a dagger. “I’m bailing you out.”

“Wait.” Si Wuya raised a hand. “Who sent you?”

“Sect master... Time is of the essence. The seven great sects have formed an alliance. When the time comes, there will be a bloodbath on Golden Court Mountain. It’s dangerous for you to remain here.”

Ye Zhixing surveyed his surroundings. When he discovered that Si Wuya’s cultivation base had been sealed, he grew even more determined to rescue Si Wuya.

Si Wuya shook his head and said, “You’ve arrived just in time. Tell me about the seven great sects.”

“Sect master!” Ye Zhixing raised his dagger anxiously.

“Hm?” Si Wuya frowned slightly. His voice was low and imposing as he said, “Ye Zhixing.”

Ye Zhixing was stunned.

Si Wuya continued to say, “Heed my command!”

“Understood.” Ye Zhixing shuddered. He did not dare to oppose Si Wuya’s command.

“When you leave, contact our sources in the seven great sects. Find out about their trump cards,” Si Wuya said.

“Understood... However, how should I keep you updated, sect master?” Ye Zhixing turned to look at the cliff against the night sky. He shuddered at the thought of having to overcome this hurdle every single time.

“Just send a letter to the Evil Sky Pavilion,” Si Wuya replied.

“Sect master?” Ye Zhixing was baffled.

“I’ve made up my mind,” Si Wuya said, “Go and do as you’re told.”

When he saw how serious Si Wuya was, Ye Zhixing dared not spend a moment longer here. He turned around and ventured into the darkness.

Meanwhile, Duanmu Sheng stood atop a huge tree outside the northern pavilion. He swept his gaze across the Cave of Reflection and mumbled to himself, “I’ll spare you this once out of consideration for Old Fourth and Old Eighth. I hope that you can be of help.” After that, he dove toward a boulder halfway up the mountain. He stabbed his Overlord Spear into a crack and stood there like a mountain deity.

Chapter 435: The Battle Begins

Daybreak.

As usual, Lu Zhou stretched his limbs and did some simple exercises. Then, he checked his remaining life out of habit. It was reduced by one day, no surprises there. Then, he opened the door and walked out.

Lu Zhou had barely walked out of the room when he saw Zhu Honggong sprawled on the floor outside.

“Peace to you, master, may you live forever and ever... Top of the morning, master...”

“What is it?” Lu Zhou asked.

“Master... The Fiend Extermination Alliance has gone too far. I’ve been thinking the entire night and thought of a good plan,” Zhu Honggong said.

“Let’s hear it.”

“Seventh Senior Brother has a Six-leaf cultivation base. If he has his Peacock Plume, even a Seven-leaf cultivator would deem him formidable. Hence... I propose that we unseal his cultivation base,” Zhu Honggong replied.

“Are you begging on his behalf?” Lu Zhou had expected this. After all, Zhu Honggong had a good relationship with Si Wuya. They had always been on good terms.

“I dare not, but I just feel it’s necessary for Seventh Senior Brother to step up when the Evil Sky Pavilion’s in trouble,” Zhu Honggong said.

“Do you think I can’t deal with these sects on the Noble Path?”

“Huh?” Zhu Honggong started. He shuddered as he hastily said, “That’s not what I meant. I would never!”

Lu Zhou glanced at him and said, “You have the protection of your zen tunic and the boxing gloves as your weapon. Although you have the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, you’ve not managed to sprout a single leaf. If you have the time to plead for that rascal, you should use it to cultivate.”

Zhu Honggong kowtowed and said, “Yes, master.”

Zhu Honggong felt like crying. Why was this not going the way he had imagined? His master’s reply dismissed his ideas and destroyed his backbone in just an instant. He was not fit to plead on anyone’s behalf.

“Tell that rascal that he has to stay in the Cave of Reflection until the memory crystal is found.”

“Yes, master.”

...

Si Wuya was soon informed of this decision. He sat on the stone bench, perplexed. “How is master going to defend the Evil Sky Pavilion if he’s being this stubborn?”

Zhu Honggong shook his head with a sigh and said, “I have no choice as well. If I said any more, I’d be sent into this cave as well.”

“You’re not to blame for this. By the way, have you heard from Fourth Senior Brother?” Si Wuya asked.

“No.” Zhu Honggong shrugged. He suddenly felt that none of them were dependable enough in this time of need.

Si Wuya paced around the cave with his hands on his back. Even he felt that this was a difficult situation to solve. In the end, he waved his hand and said, “You should head back for now. I’ll try to think of something.”

Zhu Honggong nodded and left.

...

Night came as the breeze blew gently.

Lu Zhou gauged the Heavenly Writing’s extraordinary power. He had used one-third of it to heal Pan Litian. He would need at least five days to restore it. Without thinking too much, he closed his eyes and continued to meditate on the Heavenly Writing scrolls.

When he was in his meditative state, he would feel an extremely comfortable sensation and lose himself in the feeling.

The unique scripts of the Heaven Writing scroll moved.

This reminded Lu Zhou of the sutra of the Heavenly Writing powers. Before this, he could not read these scripts at all. However, the Open Heavenly Writing scroll would group the scripts together to form the

basic sutras. The Open Heavenly Writing scroll seemed to have picked scripts from a sea of scripts to form sentences.

Before he knew it, he fell into the immersive meditation state again.

...

Like the previous day, Duanmu Sheng was shooting around the waist of the mountain with his Overlord Spear in his hands. He had thought today would be just as peaceful as any other day when he saw a flash of fire at the foot of Golden Court Mountain.

"Hm?" Duanmu Sheng frowned. He activated his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar. The resonance of the avatar was enough to attract the attention of the Evil Sky Pavilion. It was the equivalent of him alerting the others about this.

Figures shot out of the southern pavilion and hovered in midair.

Leng Luo's cultivation base was the most profound. He was also the first to arrive. He hovered at a high altitude and looked down at the foot of the mountain. The moonlight shone on his silver mask as he looked at Duanmu Sheng's Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar and asked, "The seven great sects are here?"

"I'm not sure, but there's something fishy about that fire." Duanmu Sheng recalled his avatar and turned to look at it again. He manifested his avatar at the foot of the mountain to warn the people there away.

At this moment, Hua Wudao appeared beside them in the air. He said, "Don't fall for their ploy to lure us away."

"Mhm." Duanmu Sheng nodded.

With Pan Litian's experience serving as their reference, they were more cautious now.

Meanwhile, Hua Yuexing appeared outside the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall. With a tap of her feet, she landed on the highest point of the pavilion with movements as graceful as a swallow. She wielded her Falling Moon Bow tightly. It resembled a slender and tough sculpture.

Hua Wudao glanced at her and projected his voice. "Yuexing."

"Elder Hua."

"You'll keep watch tonight."

"Understood." Hua Yuexing was a Three-leaf Godly Archer now. With her abilities, so long as she had a high vantage point, she could hit anything in view. She was the best choice to keep watch throughout the night.

At this moment, fire flashed in the distance again. Unlike before, the fire was forming a horizontal line as it traveled at a terrifying speed toward Golden Court Mountain like a red carpet. With the help of the wind, it shot toward Golden Court Mountain like the tide.

"A fire attack?" Duanmu Sheng raised his Overlord Spear and shouted, "How dare you!"

“Duanmu Sheng... don’t do anything rash!” Hua Wudao called out after Duanmu Sheng who was about to leap into action to stop him.

“Are we supposed to let the fire rage on?”

Withered trees and weed dominated the foot of the mountain to begin with. The fire would soon spread to Golden Court Mountain in no time.

Hua Wudao shook his head. “Yuexing.”

“I see them!” At the top of the Evil Sky Pavilion, Hua Yuexing wielded her Falling Moon Bow that was now wrapped in golden energy.

Whizz! Whizz! Whizz!

The energy that wrapped around the Falling Moon Bow was soon as tall as herself. She pulled on the bowstring with her right hand. A thick energy arrow appeared.

The instant the energy arrow appeared...

Bam!

The energy arrow was fired.

At a distance away from Golden Court Mountain... it was nearly impossible to see the top of the Evil Sky Pavilion. The moon shone behind it.

Some of the cultivators who were setting fire to the forest heard a strange buzzing sound.

“Did someone activate their avatar on the mountain to try and scare us off again?”

Whoosh!

They looked up and saw an energy arrow sailing toward them.

Puh!

It penetrated the chest of one of the cultivators. The man widened his eyes. He looked incredulously in the direction of the Evil Sky Pavilion... Then, he fell backward with a loud thud.

“God... Godly Archer!”

When the others saw this, they were shocked.

“Quick! Quickly now... The fire is already going strong... let’s retreat!”

“Fall back!”

Just when they turned around, several energy arrows flew toward them from the Evil Sky Pavilion with the moon behind their backs.

Puh!

Puh!

Puh!

Three early-stage Brahman Sea realm cultivators were struck. They fell to the ground, powerless to put up any resistance.

The other cultivators scattered and fled.

Yet, the fire was still spreading toward Golden Court Mountain. The wind was feeding the fire with much-needed oxygen.

At the top of the Evil Sky Pavilion, Hua Yuexing said, "I've taken down four of them... I can't see the rest. They're well hidden, and I can't get a clean shot. Most of them have fled."

"I see." Hua Wudao nodded.

"Scoundrels will be scoundrels. Is this all they can do to the Evil Sky Pavilion?" Leng Luo shook his head.

Duanmu Sheng looked at the incoming flames and said, "Don't forget about the fire."

Hua Wudao said in a booming voice, "Allow me..." He stepped forward in the air. Radiant circles spread out with every step he took as he descended.

Chapter 436: Contest

The shining golden scripts appeared in the air and circled Hua Wudao. Then, they dropped down in a radiant circle.

Leng Luo, Hua Yuexing, and Duanmu Sheng looked down from above.

When Hua Wudao landed, the fire had already spread out in a line. It was picking up speed as it progressed toward Golden Court Mountain. However, he was in no hurry. He merely observed the direction and position of the fire with a slight frown.

Clearly, the fire was a pre-planned opening to their assault. The fire was getting closer.

After Hua Wudao was done with his observations, he calmly walked into the fire. When he took a step forward, the Eight Trigrams seal appeared under his feet and moved with him. The scripts surfaced from his body again. Heaven, earth, life, death, water, fire, being, non-being, and separation. The nine golden, shining scripts circled around Hua Wudao. As he walked into the flames, the scripts released a protective layer of energy that kept the fire at bay.

The sea of flames finally engulfed Hua Wudao. He placed both hands on his dantian and felt his Primal Qi surge. With the Eight Trigrams at the center, his Nine-script Six Compatible Seal expanded.

Whizz!

It resembled a shining golden bubble as it expanded.

As he witnessed this grand display, Leng Luo nodded and offered his praise. "He's replicating the pavilion master's Ten-scripts Six Compatible Seal. It would most definitely cover almost all of Golden Court Mountain. A Nine-script Seal... might just do the trick to put out the flames."

Admittedly, the scene was slightly laughable. Indeed, it was somewhat a waste to task a grand Seven-leaf elite to extinguish a fire.

The glow and movements of the flames alerted the others in the Evil Sky Pavilion as well. They rose into the air and looked at the fire from afar.

Zhu Honggong appeared within sight and said, "That's a big fire. I'll have to report this to master."

Before he could even turn around, he was stopped by Zhao Yue who had hurried over. She said, "There's no need for that... I've gone to the eastern pavilion. Master is resting, and we shouldn't disturb him."

"Oh." Zhu Honggong nodded.

The others saw the flames at the base of the mountain being pushed away by the huge radiant circle.

Nearly half of the fire was covered by the radiant circle and was extinguished immediately.

Hua Wudao did not stop there. He unleashed his grand technique and moved to a different spot. He extinguished the fire there with the same method. After using his Six Compatible Seal a couple of times, the fire around Golden Court Mountain was completely put out. Everything was dark once more.

Hua Wudao vanished from sight as well.

Darkness enveloped them. The dim moonlight was insufficient to illuminate much.

Leng Luo looked at Hua Yuexing. He noticed that her eyes were glinting with a faint golden hue. He nodded and praised her. "You display remarkable talent at your young age. I'm looking forward to seeing what you can achieve in the future."

Duanmu Sheng noticed the peculiar display by Hua Yuexing as well. He asked, "What cultivation method is this?"

"Godly Archers usually engage in long-range attacks. They need great visual strength and the ability to fire rapidly. Most Godly Archers would focus on raising their cultivation bases, thereby improving their rapid-fire ability. However, focal strength is a secret art of the Luo Sect. With this, the user's vision at night will be greatly enhanced," Leng Luo explained.

"I see."

Leng Luo sighed and said, "The younger generation is catching up, it seems."

Hua Yuexing stopped using her secret art. Her eyes returned to normal as she said, "Elder Hua is still at the foot of the mountain. The fire was blazing earlier, and it can easily rekindle. He's planning to wait."

The others nodded.

Zhu Honggong quickly grew bored. "Here I was hoping for a show... If I'd known this was going to happen, I would've continued sleeping."

Hua Wudao was indeed keeping an eye on the situation. He intended to prevent the people from rekindling the fire. He flew low above the ground. After completely extinguishing the flames, he landed.

Satisfied that there were no more issues, Hua Wudao shook his head and felt sorry to see the scenery before himself. For a few hundred meters, everything had turned to ash. Just when he was about to turn around and leave, more than ten people flew toward him.

They did not make much noise, but Hua Wudao could just pick up the sounds of their movements. He frowned slightly. It was better for him to return to the mountain as fast as he could.

The dozen or so men were flying toward him at top speed.

“Hua Wudao.”

Hua Wudao was slightly shocked. He looked ahead. When the newcomers were finally in sight, he saw their faces that were illuminated by the moonlight.

“Yun Sect’s Grand Elder Fang Wenxian?” Hua Wudao was confused. He did not think the Yun Sect was part of the Fiend Extermination Alliance. Moreover, the Evil Sky Pavilion had visited the Luo Sect’s first holy land. The Evil Sky Pavilion had also decided to not hold onto past grudges with the Yun Sect. What were they doing here? They were showing themselves after the great fire. This was too much of a coincidence. This was definitely suspicious.

Fang Wenxian brought with him more than ten men. They stopped and hovered in the air near Hua Wudao.

“Hua Wudao, on the orders of the patriarch, we are to take you back with us. If you’d kindly cooperate.” Fang Wenxian raised a hand and made an inviting gesture.

Hua Wudao frowned and said, “The patriarch has stopped caring about the affairs of the world a long time ago. Why would he give such an order?”

“You’ll have to take my word for it,” Fang Wenxian said. Then, he drew a golden arc across the moonlit night sky.

Whoosh!

Fang Wenxian’s expression darkened. He saw the energy arrow sailing toward him. He retreated and launched hand seals into the air to repel the attack.

“Hua Yuexing?!”

This energy arrow was shot by the Three-leaf Godly Archer atop the Evil Sky Pavilion, Hua Yuexing.

When Hua Yuexing saw what was happening, she had mercilessly fired the shot.

The fierce energy arrow shocked Fang Wenxian.

Hua Wudao chuckled and said, “Considering the fact that we’re once from the same sect, you should get lost... If the rest of them are here, you won’t be able to leave even if you want to.”

Fang Wenxian’s expression remained unchanged as he chuckled and said, “We’re already here, aren’t we? We won’t be leaving so easily.”

He waved his hand. The men he brought with him removed their hats, exposing their faces.

Hua Wudao's eyes widened as he said in shock, "The ten elders of the Yun Sect? You..." He pointed a finger at Fang Wenxian, furious. However, when he recalled that he was no longer one of the ten elders of the Yun Sect and that his own position had been taken up by another, he realized there was no need for him to care. He suppressed his anger, waved his hand, and said, "Get lost now. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless."

Fang Wenxian smiled and said, "That won't do... unless the Evil Sky Pavilion's Patriarch is willing to surrender the patriarch's chessboard."

"Hm?"

"The item stored by the patriarch within the chessboard is a treasure of the Three Sects. How can we hand it over to the Evil Sky Pavilion for nothing?" Fang Wenxian smiled and gestured with his hand.

At this moment, behind the ten elders who were hovering in the air, a younger cultivator appeared.

The young cultivator bowed in midair and said, "Master..."

Hua Wudao scowled and said, "Zhang Feifan?" It was Zhang Feifan who accompanied him during his first visit to the Evil Sky Pavilion. At that time, he had no idea that he would be staying in the Evil Sky Pavilion. He had kicked Zhang Feifan away because he had no choice and because he wanted to save his life. A long time had passed since then. Things seemed to have taken quite an unexpected turn.

Zhang Feifan said, "This will be my last time addressing you as my master. Please repent before it's too late!"

"Is that how you talk to your master?!" Hua Wudao seethed with anger.

"If you repent, I'll continue to be your disciple..." Zhang Feifan bowed.

"Get lost!" His soundwave rolled toward them.

Just when the soundwave was about to reach Zhang Feifan, the ten elders gathered and blocked it.

The soundwave dissipated into nothingness.

"Hua Wudao, you're a senior, aren't you? I feel ashamed on your behalf to see you pushing a junior around," one of the elders said mockingly.

The Eight Trigrams appeared under Hua Wudao's feet. A radiant circle appeared. "Seems like you're here to look for trouble?"

Fang Wenxian spread his arms. With the same tone, he said, "Looks like you have no intention of repenting."

The ten elders flew up.

The scripts emerged from Hua Wudao's body again.

Ten energy arrows shot down from the direction of the Evil Sky Pavilion at the ten elders.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The ten elders launched hand seals at the arrows.

Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal burst forth with radiance. He did not move forward. Instead, he was retreating at top speed.

At this moment, in the skies behind Hua Wudao, a black silhouette appeared. The moonlight glinted off his silver mask. His voice was deep and hoarse as he said, "Yun Sect's ten elders? How bold of you."

"Leng Luo?"

Chapter 437: The Pride of the Old Age Pavilion

Leng Luo's appearance stopped the Yun Sect's ten elders in their tracks.

Back at the Luo Sect's holy land, they had witnessed firsthand Leng Luo's methods. This was the man whose name once shocked the heavens. Not only was his name on the top of the blacklist 300 years ago, but he was also a rare Eight-leaf elite.

Fang Wenxian cupped his fists and said, "This is a matter of the Yun Sect. I humbly ask that you stay out of this, senior."

"Nonsense!" Leng Luo said harshly, "Hua Wudao is an elder of the Evil Sky Pavilion, what does he have to do with the Yun Sect? I do not like to waste my breath. You're to get out of my sight in ten breaths." After he said this, he moved rapidly to the front of Hua Wudao.

With the display of this Dao Invisibility technique, the ten elders did not dare to take Leng Luo lightly. They exchanged a look among themselves.

Fang Wenxian said lightly, "I heard that you detonated your sea of Qi when you fought the grand shaman, Mo Li, and your cultivation base isn't restored yet. Once the head of the Black Knights, Fan Xiuwen, look at you know, nothing but a lackey of the Evil Sky Pavilion. The irony."

'Hm?' Not many knew about these things. How did Fang Wenxian find out about this?

"Die!" Leng Luo would not let anyone slight him.

With lightning speed, he was upon the ten elders. He did not waste time and summoned his Eight-leaf avatar!

Boom!

It shrunk before it expanded.

The ten elders were sent flying in the air. Their blood essences surged.

Leng Luo hovered in the air with his hands on his back. He swept his cold gaze across the ten elders.

Fang Wenxian and Zhang Feifan were standing nearby. They were watching this scene with shocked expressions on their faces.

...

Meanwhile, among the charred forest in the distance, something rustled in the ashes.

There were many cultivators lying in wait among the trees. When they saw this, they were shocked as well.

“We’ve underestimated the Evil Sky Pavilion. That’s an Eight-leaf avatar. With Pan Litian out, that person must be Leng Luo.” They were some ways away and could not get a clear look.

“Let’s continue watching.”

Rustle!

The crowd remained hidden in the dark forest as they watched the battle at the foot of Golden Court Mountain from a distance.

...

Leng Luo’s attack connected with his targets. He stood with his hands on his back and said, “Wine sacks and food bags.”

The ten elders stabilized themselves and regarded Leng Luo in fear.

Fang Wenxian said after he clicked his tongue, “Leng Luo... Are you the only one keeping the Evil Sky Pavilion afloat? 300 years ago, you’ve committed every atrocity imaginable. Why are you trying to be a guardian deity all of a sudden? Why don’t you defect? When the Evil Sky Pavilion is destroyed, you’ll be hailed as one of the greatest contributors. How about that?”

This time, Leng Luo did not reply. He vanished from where he stood.

Fang Wenxian felt his heart sink.

The ten elders were caught off guard as well.

Was Leng Luo not hurt?

Boom!

Leng Luo’s avatar appeared again. This time it appeared beside Fang Wenxian.

At the same time, Leng Luo struck with his palm.

Fang Wenxian frowned. He blocked with his arms.

Bam!

The others were sent flying again.

“Shadow Strata!” Leng Luo folded his palms and moved them back and forth. His Primal Qi surged as he once again vanished from sight.

In the next second, the skies were covered in dark shadows.

They charged toward the reeling Fang Wenxian.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Densely packed hand seals shone with golden radiance. The butterflies flying in the air landed on Fang Wenxian's body.

"Grand Elder!"

The others were frightened.

Leng Luo was too powerful! An eight-leaf elite was too terrifying.

Hua Wudao was overwhelmed with emotions when he saw this.

The Evil Sky pavilion disciples were excited as well.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

From the moment Fang Wenxian reeled back to the moment he fell, only a few breaths had passed.

They lost count of the number of hand seals Leng Luo launched in this short span of time.

Boom!

Fang Wenxian crashed onto the ground.

Leng Luo hovered in midair. He placed his hands on his back and looked down at them. "Is that all?"

The scene was as silent as a graveyard.

The ten elders did not expect Leng Luo to be this powerful.

Hua Wudao was also stunned by Leng Luo's combat strength.

The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples thought Leng Luo was skilled in fleeing and that his combat strength was not as powerful as Pan Litian's. They did not expect him to be this terrifying when he was in a frenzy.

Fang Wenxian launched into a coughing fit. He sat up with difficulty and spat out a mouthful of blood. He looked up at the skies and laughed before he said, "Well, there's no doubt you're injured." If Leng Luo was uninjured, he would have died with this strike.

"Grand Elder." The ten elders approached Fang Weixian and stood before him. Their eyes were firmly trained on Leng Luo in the air. They said in unison, "Combine strength!"

The ten of them arranged themselves in a triangular formation. The elder in front extended his hands while the others placed their hands on the back of the person before them. Their Primal Qi flowed along their arms and quickly entered the elder standing in the lead.

A huge hand seal sailed toward Leng Luo.

Leng Luo struck at the air and moved backward.

"Combine strength again!"

Another huge hand seal sailed toward Leng Luo. This time, its speed was clearly much faster.

Boom!

Suddenly, Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal burst forth with a golden radiance and shrouded Leng Luo. The huge hand seal collided with the Six Compatible Seal. A huge radiant circle expanded as energy scattered into the surroundings.

"Master, listen to me. Leave the Evil Sky Pavilion at once," Zhang Feifan called out from the back.

Hua Wudao would not have been irritated if this had been said by someone else. However, Zhang Feifan was once his disciple whom he had invested much of his time and energy in teaching. And yet, his disciple was here mocking him. How could he not feel angry? With the Eight Trigrams under his feet, he stepped forward. He pushed forward with his Six Compatible Seal!

The ten elders combined their strength and pushed forward as well.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The huge hand seal pushed against the Six Compatible Seal, but it could not break it.

"Seven-leaf? You're at the Seven-leaf stage now?" Fang Wenxian got up with difficulty. An incredulous expression could be seen on his face.

Hua Wudao's trauma was common knowledge among the members of the Yun Sect. He did not show any signs of a breakthrough for 20 years. Fang Wenxian did not expect him to reach the Seven-leaf stage after joining the Evil Sky Pavilion.

A Seven-leaf cultivator and an injured Eight-leaf cultivator. The ten Elders had varying cultivation bases, but the greatest of them all was only at the Five-leaf stage. How were they supposed to fight these two?

"The formation!" Fang Wenxian ordered.

"Roger!" The ten elders stopped launching hand seals and adjusted their positions.

At this very moment, Leng Luo's body vanished from sight again.

"Too late!"

Afterimages shot toward them.

Leng Luo appeared among them and unleashed his Eight-leaf avatar again!

When there was a difference in realms, the crushing force of an avatar was even more apparent. Before one's opponent, one's avatar's height, toughness, width, and the force of expansion could crush a weaker avatar. There was no other way to deal with such an attack aside from dodging it.

However, Leng Luo was known for his speed. He would never give them the opportunity to evade him.

Boom!

They reeled back.

Hua Wudao stepped into the air at this moment. He struck with his palm.

Bam!

One of them reeled and collided with the inner wall of the Six Compatible Seal. He spat out a mouthful of blood.

...

“Hua Wudao has learned how to attack?!” Duanmu Sheng dove with his Overlord Spear in hand.

When Zhu Honggong saw this, he laughed and said, “All hail the Evil Sky Pavilion! All hail the old ones!”

“...” Zhao Yue looked at Zhu Honggong in disgust.

...

Meanwhile, Leng Luo erupted with his power again and lunged at Fang Wenxian.

Hua Wudao trapped the ten elders with his Six Compatible Seal. They had nowhere to run. Who said the Six Compatible Seal could only be used as a defensive move? This was an effective and wonderful mobile prison! It was like a giant net.

At this moment, they suddenly realized that the powerful one here was not Leng Luo but Hua Wudao.

Hua Wudao shrunk his Six Compatible Seal so the ten elders were drawn closer together.

“Avatars!” The ten elders shouted simultaneously!

Ten avatars pushed against each other in that cramped space. The golden radiances overlapped, and the avatars overlapped. The glare was almost blinding.

Boom!

“Die, Hua Wudao!” The ten elders came to a tacit agreement. They were well-versed in coordinated attacks. Was this explosion within the confines of the Six Compatible Seal not placing himself at the mouth of the tiger?

The tides of the battle were effervescent. Nobody could know who would emerge victorious until the very end.

The numerous cultivators in the forest who were watching the battle felt nervous.

...

“This is bad! Elder Hua’s in trouble!”

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Energy arrows sailed from the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Hua Yuexing pulled on her bow with a furious expression. She applied all that she had learned. The pace at which she formed energy arrows was reaching the extremes as well.

...

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy arrows hit the nearest elder.

“Very good!” Hua Wudao retreated through the air. He retracted his Six Compatible Seal briefly before unleashing it again.

It was enough to hit one of them. The elders’ concerted efforts had been thrown off.

Boom!

The others were pushed away by Hua Wudao’s Six Compatible Seal.

...

“Nice one!”

“You’re doing great, old man!”

This was the strength of the Old Age Pavilion!

...

The ten elders fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, Leng Luo’s tidal wave of hand seals landed on Fang Wenxian.

Isolated and without help, Fang Wenxian took the brunt of the attacks. His face was bruised and swollen now.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

Fang Wenxian was being hung up and beaten by Leng Luo.

Leng Luo’s body flitted about his target. Eventually, he hovered in midair and brought his foot down.

Although Fang Wenxian had activated his protective energy and was doing his best to desperately defend himself and resist Leng Luo’s advances, in front of a person with high agility, his defenses were full of holes that were completely exploited.

Boom!

Fang Wenxian crashed to the ground again.

Chapter 438: The Used Sword Remains Sharp, the Old Man Remains Firm

Zhang Feifan, Hua Wudao’s former disciple, was stunned as he watched the battle nearby. He thought this move would force Hua Wudao and Leng Luo into desperate straits even if they could not kill those two. At that time, the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples would be drawn out. He did not expect Fang Wenxian to suffer a crushing defeat by Leng Luo’s hand before he could even do anything.

Zhang Feifan’s lips trembled. He looked at Fang Wenxian, who was lying in the pit, and ran over. “Grand Elder!” It was as though he had forgotten about Leng Luo, who was standing above Fang Wenxian.

Leng Luo looked down coldly from his perch in midair with his hands on his back. Technically speaking, nobody in the Evil Sky Pavilion could be as merciless as Leng Luo.

The Yun Sect's Grand Elder, Fang Wenxian, could not even retaliate under the barrage of attacks before he was defeated. It was unclear if he would be able to survive this.

Zhang Feifan propped him up as best he could.

Fang Weixian spat out a mouthful of blood. Under the moonlight, his blood stained the ground a dazzling red. His lips trembled as he grabbed Zhang Feifan's right arm. His hand that was stained with blood left a bloody imprint on Zhang Feifan's arms. Zhang Feifan's sleeve was forcibly torn away. At this moment, his head lolled to the side after he breathed his last breath.

'He's dead?!' Zhang Feifan widened his eyes.

"The Grand Elder is dead! Grand Elder!"

The other ten elders did not expect Leng Luo to be this powerful. They struggled to sit up straight, fearfully looking at Leng Luo.

Leng Luo was pressing on his chest to subdue the pain. He seemed strained from the effort.

The ten elders were not in much better shapes themselves. At the moment they were sent flying by Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal, they all sustained varying degrees of injuries. When Fang Wenxian died, the ten of them were flustered. They gathered toward the center with their backs against each other as they formed an outward-facing circle. They looked up at Leng Luo and Hua Wudao.

Whoosh!

At the point where the moon shone the brightest, a thick and powerful arrow whistled loudly as it sailed in the air.

The energy arrow penetrated one of the elders who merely possessed a Three-leaf cultivation base. It pierced his body and his heart. He glared and instinctively made to catch the energy arrow. As he clenched his fist, the energy arrow dispersed.

"Fifth Elder!" The other nine elders exclaimed in shock.

A bloody hole the size of a duck's egg could be seen on the fifth elder's chest. With a wound like that on his vital organ, he was beyond help.

The fifth elder's eyes widened in shock as he looked in the direction of the Evil Sky Pavilion and fell on his back.

The nine Elders wanted to catch him, but Hua Wudao was walking toward them.

Hua Wudao sighed and shook his head. "I've warned you before... With your abilities, you can't even take me down. How can you even think about destroying the Evil Sky Pavilion?"

"You... y-you..."

"Zhang Feifan!" Hua Wudao barked.

Zhang Feifan shuddered. He sprinted toward the forest.

“Rascal. Running away?!” Hua Wudao leaped. He jumped over the heads of the nine injured elders and flew toward his former disciple, Zhang Feifan.

The nine elders wanted to stop him, but Leng Luo turned around and faced them. The nine of them instinctively took a step forward as though they were facing a fierce monster.

Hua Wudao flew at top speed.

Zhang Feifan used everything in his arsenal to escape. It was as though his life depended on this.

When he saw his rascal of a disciple running this quickly, Hua Wudao was enraged. He shouted, “I’ll clear the sect of you today!”

Swoosh!

When Hua Wudao was almost on Zhang Feifan, shining golden talismans with dense and rich energy flew toward him.

Bam!

The instant Hua Wudao activated his Six Compatible Seal, the scripts were kept at bay.

A huge flying chariot emerged slowly from the forest before him.

A black mass of cultivators was escorting the huge flying chariot. Under the moonlight, the aura of this group seemed peculiar.

“The Celestial Masters Sect?” Hua Wudao stopped chasing after Zhang Feifan. He looked at the huge flying chariot as he hovered in midair.

A quiet voice rang from the flying chariot. “According to the agreement of the Fiend Extermination Alliance, the Celestial Masters Sect should jump in when Leng Luo appears. Hua Wudao, your opponents are the Yun Sect’s ten elders.”

Hua Wudao understood what this meant. The Fiend Extermination Alliance had allotted their targets to the different factions. It was no wonder only the ten elders of the Yun Sect showed up when he appeared. He said, “Daoist Master Jue Yuan? Since the Celestial Masters Sect is here, where are the remaining six great sects?” As he spoke, he cast his gaze into the distance in an attempt to locate the other sects.

Within the huge flying chariot, Jue Yuan did not answer Hua Wudao. Instead, he looked at Leng Luo who was hovering nearby. With a deep voice, he said, “Leng Luo, I’ve always treasured my friendship with the Yun Sect. Now that you killed Fang Wenxian, I can no longer sit back and not do anything.”

A piece of paper flew out of the flying chariot. Strange symbols were written on the paper. Against the moonlight, they ignited without warning. With a blinding golden light, they formed an energy seal.

Hua Wudao would never allow this energy seal to get past him. He turned at once, folded his palms, and allowed his Primal Qi to surge.

Boom!

The script energy seal struck Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal. The intense collision of energies made Hua Wudao take several steps backward. Shortly after, scripts of energy seals flew at him in rapid succession.

When Leng Luo saw this, he said, "Stand back."

There was a flurry of movement.

In truth, Leng Luo's method of crushing Fang Wenxian with all his strength was not sustainable. From the beginning until the end, Fang Wenxian was eliminated before he could unleash his skills. He could not maintain this level of power forever. The appearance of the Celestial Masters Sect left them no choice but to retreat.

"You won't be going anywhere!" Someone emerged from the top of the flying chariot with his hands on his back. His gaze was sharp and cold. It complemented the sneer on his face. He shot into the air. Behind his back, he flipped his hands several times, and talismans appeared between his fingers. The talismans shot toward Hua Wudao's Six Compatible Seal like bullets.

Hua Wudao could sense how formidable this opponent was. This was Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect, Jue Yuan. His cultivation base was unfathomable. He immediately activated his Primal Qi and raised the Six Compatible Seal to its highest level. The nine scripts spun and merged as one.

Daoist Master Jue Yuan scoffed and struck with both his palms. Several talismans burst forth with power and formed a cone-shaped attack.

Bam!

With the point of collision as the center, a vertical ripple spread out.

Boom!

A ravine appeared on the ground.

Hua Wudao was sent reeling from the impact. His Six Compatible Seal had been shattered!

Both opponents faced each other from afar.

Daoist Master Jue Yuan placed his hands on his back and said in a deep voice as he hovered in the air, "The Six Compatible Seal originated from the Daoist sect to begin with... Indeed, it took me some time to break this seal, but it's not unbreakable."

"You came prepared?" There seemed to be flames in Hua Wudao's eyes. Since he could come up with such a powerful defense, the others could naturally think of a way to counter his skills.

The Six Compatible Seal had Daoist roots to begin with and so did the Celestial Masters Sect. Talisman seals were their specialty. It could attach to shield-type Daoist seals and corrode them.

"Yes, I've come prepared." At this juncture, there was no need to beat around the bush.

Hua Wudao shook his head. "Jue Yuan, you've grown much more shameless now."

“I’m merely meting out justice on behalf of the heavens... The Celestial Masters Sect’s Grand Elder, Zhang Daoran, lost his life to Yu Shangrong. Zhang Yunshan died under Bai Yuqing’s hands, he’s one of Yu Zhenghai’s protectors... It’s the law of nature to repay a life with a life. Moreover, the Fiend Path is getting out of hand, and everyone has a responsibility to persecute it,” Jue Yuan said self-righteously.

“Shouldn’t a man who’s supposed to die be killed?”

“Hua Wudao, you’ve fallen into the Fiend Path. You’re beyond help!” Jue Yuan said as he shot out.

Whoosh!

At this moment, energy arrows were fired from the top of the Evil Sky Pavilion again.

Alongside the energy arrows, there were also the disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion; Zhu Honggong, Zhao Yue, Duanmu Sheng, and Little Yuan’er.

Leng Luo glanced at the forest in the distance and said in a deep voice, “Jue Yuan, you rejoiced too soon!”

Leng Luo’s body began to fade out of focus.

A 100-foot avatar advanced.

A glaring light flashed in the forest in the distance.

Figures were hovering under a huge tree. When he saw this, Leng Luo recalled his avatar and shouted, “Begone!”

Leng Luo was everywhere. He was an Eight-leaf cultivator, after all. He was not someone whom Seven-leaf cultivators could hope to compare to. With a terrifying speed, he brought Hua Wudao away.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy arrows collided with the rapidly launched script energy seals. It was as if fireworks were being launched into the air.

“What a skilled Godly Archer!” Jue Yuan was slightly annoyed.

Hua Yuexing’s energy arrows seemed to be shot in a frenzy. It rained down on Jue Yuan ceaselessly, cutting off his attacks.

Jue Yuan turned and said, “What are you waiting for?!”

From among the trees, a brighter and more powerful energy arrow shot toward the Evil Sky Pavilion.

“Hua Yuexing, look out!”

There was a more powerful Godly Archer in the forest!

Hua Yuexing stood atop the Evil Sky Pavilion. When she saw the incoming energy arrow, she was momentarily stunned. She had been focusing on Hua Wudao and did all she could to ensure his safety. She did not expect there to be such a powerful Godly Archer here. Who was it? Her heart sank. “This is bad!”

The energy arrow was too powerful and fast!

Hua Yuexing closed her eyes.

Bam!

Just when Hua Yuexing thought she would die, she suddenly felt herself being picked up by someone else. She opened her eyes at once. What she saw was a faint bluish shield before herself. The Evil Sky Pavilion's Master, Lu Zhou, wielded the shield in his right hand. His left hand was holding her shoulder as they descended slowly. "Pa-pavilion Master?"

Lu Zhou flipped his hand. The shield disappeared.

The two of them were standing before the great hall in darkness. Their enemies could no longer see them.

Lu Zhou placed Hua Yuexing down. He said, "There's no need to be afraid."

Chapter 439: An Arrow through the Clouds

Hua Yuexing was certain she would lose her life to that shockingly powerful and fast arrow. Many thoughts flashed in her mind during the brief moment between her breaths. She had many unresolved regrets and many things that she had yet to accomplish... She did not expect the pavilion master to show up at that moment. Lu Zhou's appearance gave her a great sense of security. It was as though she had found her mainstay and a dependable backer. She fell to her knees immediately. "Hua Yuexing thanks the pavilion master for his life-saving act."

Lu Zhou waved his hand. A surge of energy brought her back up to her feet as he said, "This isn't the time for that."

"Understood." Hua Yuexing immediately adjusted her posture. She wielded her Falling Moon Bow and said, "There should be a Godly Archer who's at least at the Five-leaf stage at the southwestern corner."

"He's not merely at the Five-leaf stage," Lu Zhou said as he stroked his beard.

"Huh?"

Lu Zhou stepped forward. Outside the great hall, he looked down at the battlefield.

...

Hua Wudao had seen the shocking arrow shot as well. Hua Yuexing could no longer be seen at the point where the moonlight was the brightest. His widened eyes turned red. He felt his old and tired heart break. He moved his arms and broke free of Leng Luo's grasp. "Hua Yuexing..."

"Elder Hua, what're you doing?" Leng Luo frowned. Compared to him, Leng Luo was much calmer and more rational.

Hua Wudao broke free and advanced instead of retreating.

The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples hovered before the mountain with a shocked expression on their faces. "Elder Hua, are you out of your mind?!"

Yet, Hua Wudao did not seem to hear them. His eyes were aflame as he unleashed his Nine-script Six Compatible Seal. Primal Qi surged wildly from his body. He cried out, "You'll pay with your life!"

The most powerful Six-Compatible Sea in history appeared.

The Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect, Daoist Master Jue Yuan, who was charging forward was taken aback by this development.

Perhaps, Hua Wudao's fighting style had been one that was passively defending all of his life. Over the past 20 years, he struggled against his trauma with the sole purpose of proving that a cultivator could pursue a simple aspect of cultivation to its extremes. That was how determined and tenacious he was. He was willing to spend 20 years just to overcome a trauma. He would spend 100 years to make up for a regret. He would avenge his kin with his life.

The nine scripts of the Six Compatible Seal were spinning at an unprecedented speed.

Hua Wudao stood among his Daoist seals and joined his palms. There was only one person left in his sight; Jue Yuan, the Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect.

The vast Six Compatible Seal shot past the heads of the Yun Sect's nine elders. Energy scattered, and the nine of them reeled back. Blood rained down onto the surroundings. The gap between their strengths was clearly displayed.

On the other hand, Jue Yuan looked excited. He rose into the air as well. Dozens of talismans flew out and ignited. They merged and formed a round energy seal shield that resembled an Eight Trigram. The shield appeared in front of him.

This was a slightly comical sight to behold. Hua Wudao, the skilled defender, was attacking while Jue Yuan, the skilled attacker, was defending. One of them was throwing his life away while the other was trying to preserve his own life.

Just when the Six Compatible Seal was before Jue Yuan, Hua Wudao's reddened eyes gleamed coldly. He shouted, "Die!" He joined his palms perpendicularly and pushed forward. The nine scripts of his Six Compatible Seal converged between his palms and formed an energy sword! He thrust it forward.

The energy sword pierced Jue Yuan's chest!

"Sect Master!" The disciples and elders of the Celestial Masters Sect were shocked by this sight.

It was as though time and space had frozen.

Hua Wudao was indeed skilled in defense. However, this did not mean that he did not know how to attack, he was merely not skilled in attacks. Since he came from a Daoist Sect and had lived to such an old age, it was impossible for him to be completely unfamiliar with the sword path. However, the public was under the assumption that he did not know how to attack as well.

At this moment, the Six Compatible Seal was converted into an attack. This was probably Hua Wudao's final trump card and final struggle.

The used sword remained sharp, and the old man remained firm.

It did not feel good to have a sword pierce through one's chest. Only when his mind registered the pain did Jue Yian realize he had been stabbed. His blood gushed out and dripped to the ground. He looked murderous. He scattered all his talismans with his dissipating Primal Qi. The talismans utilized the Primal Qi within 100 meters and formed energy swords. The talismans continued to burn as Primal Qi gathered around them.

Hua Wudao chuckled. 'If Hua Yuexing's dead, there's no reason for me to continue living.'

The talisman sword formation Jue Yuan unleashed at the moment before his death was almost complete.

"What a madman." Leng Luo shook his head.

Both of them were fighting with their lives!

...

At the Evil Sky Pavilion, Lu Zhou saw this scene as well. He shook his head. "Hua Wudao thinks you're dead."

When Hua Yuexing heard this, she was worried. She knew Hua Wudao treated her differently. For a time, she had difficulty voicing her thoughts and emotions. Finally, she cried out, "Pavilion Master, please do something!"

Lu Zhou looked around their surroundings.

The seven great sects were still in hiding. If he could not take them out in one fell swoop, it would be a shame. However, if he did not save Hua Wudao, Hua Wudao would most definitely die.

At this moment, two figures seemed to be pulled by Leng Luo over to Hua Wudao.

Lu Zhou focused his gaze. Was that not Duanmu Sheng and Little Yuan'er?

...

Leng Luo said with a deep voice, "Little girl, your Nirvana Sash!"

"Oh!" Little Yuan'er had been honing her control over her weapon for a long time now. She finally had the chance to put it into practice. Her Nirvana Sash danced in the air and flew toward Hua Wudao at a terrifying speed.

Duanmu Sheng pushed Leng Luo from the back. He was supporting Leng Luo with his vigorous Primal Qi.

Leng Luo kept sending out hand seals as he worked with Little Yuan'er who sent the Nirvana Sash toward Hua Wudao to protect him.

The remaining Evil Sky Pavilion disciples stared with their mouths agape.

Zhu Honggong said excitedly, "You can do that? Awesome! Little Junior Sister, you're amazing!"

The sword formation in the air advanced on Hua Wudao.

...

The seven great sects communicated among themselves within the forest.

“Get ready!”

“The Evil Sky Pavilion disciples are making a move. Get ready!”

“Tell the two of them to sneak up on Old Villain Ji from the back of the mountain!”

This time, up to 1,000 cultivators from the seven great sects swarmed out.

There were huge chariots on land, huge chariots in the air, and mounts of varying grades.

Leng Luo glanced at them and said, “Little girl, retract your Nirvana Sash! Focus!”

“Oh!” Little Yuan’er held her breath and sharpened her focus. Her Nirvana Sash responded to her. It wrapped around Hua Wudao and pulled him back swiftly. She exclaimed in joy and excitement, “This is handy!” In her excitement, the Nirvana Sash slowed for a second.

Leng Luo struck with his palm. His vigorous Primal Qi flowed along the Nirvana Sash and boosted its speed.

Like a web, it caught Hua Wudao and kept him out of the range of the energy swords.

The talismans’ energy swords were truly terrifying. However, their weakness was obvious as well. When they erupted, they could not travel too far away from Jue Yuan.

Jue Yuan was already heavily wounded and would not last long. He could not possibly travel with the sword formation in tow.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energy swords struck the Nirvana Sash.

Hua Wudao thought that he was a dead man. However, when he saw the Evil Sky Pavilion disciples and Leng Luo trying to save him so desperately, he cried out in fury and unleashed every bit of Primal Qi from his dantian’s sea of Qi. He brought the Nirvana Sash with him as he flew out of the range of the sword formation.

At this moment, the 1,000-strong cultivators from the seven great sects finally appeared under the moonlight.

Jue Yuan placed a hand on the gaping wound on his chest. His eyes gleamed coldly. “Curses...”

As soon as Jue Yan spoke, from the Evil Sky Pavilion’s great hall, an energy arrow that seemed slimmer than the ones before but shone with a blue light shot toward him.

“Hua Yuexing is still alive?”

The others looked up at the energy arrow from the Evil Sky Pavilion under the moonlight. Its target was Jue Yuan, the Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect.

“Block it!”

Five cultivators raised their weapons to form a shield.

Strangely, the energy arrow flew through the shield as though the shield was made of tofu.

It flew and pierced the five cultivators' hearts before it finally pierced Jue Yuan.

The arrow that shot through the clouds stunned everyone present on the scene, especially the people from the seven great sects.

Since when did Hua Yuexing become this powerful?

Chapter 440: Unexpected Old Villain Ji

The casual arrow shot did not look special save for the faint blue radiance. Compared to the arrow fired by the Godly Archer hidden among the trees, it was much slimmer.

Daoist Master Jue Yuan, the Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect, was heavily injured by Hua Wudao. He was already on the brink of death. Before he died, the only thing he could do was ignite and send out all the talismans he had on him.

The arrow shot caused the cultivators from the seven great sects who had swarmed out from their hiding spot to fall silent for a short while. They could tell by the unique sound of the arrow sailing through the air that the arrow was powerful. It was beyond the capacity of ordinary people to comprehend this.

Usually, after cultivators condensed their Primal Qi into energy, whether it was in the shape of a saber, a sword, or an energy seal, the further it traveled, the more it would be eroded by the air. Hence, when an archer wanted to hit a target over a long distance, they would usually form bigger energy arrows. However, this faint blue energy arrow was different. It was slim and exquisite. The whistling sound was also higher pitch compared to ordinary arrows. When it pierced the energy layers and their bodies, it packed a greater punch. How did Hua Yuexing accomplish this from her hiding spot? She was only at the Three-leaf stage. It should have been impossible for her to fire an energy arrow such as this one.

After a brief moment of stillness, the cultivators from the seven great sects snapped back to their senses.

The lifeless bodies of Jue Yuan and the five cultivators could no longer maintain flight and fell to the ground.

...

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 1,500 merit points."

"Ding! Killed a target. Reward: 50 merit points."

When Lu Zhou received the notifications, he shook his head. The values of the five cultivators who acted as human shields were very low. He turned and returned the Falling Moon Bow to Hua Yuexing. He saw Hua Yuexing staring at him with her mouth agape so he reminded her, "Take this."

"I... Of course." Hua Yuexing snapped back to her senses and hastily took the bow.

"You should use the most suitable energy arrows when you're firing rapidly instead of focusing on power alone," Lu Zhou said.

“Thank you for your teaching, Pavilion Master.” She had gained a lot from witnessing this arrow shot. When she fired her arrows previously, she merely sought speed and power. There were often moments where her target was already too far away, but she was still condensing a huge energy arrow. It was counterproductive.

“Pavilion Master, aren’t you continuing?” After learning so much from a single arrow shot from an elite displaying his skills, Hua Yuexing, naturally, wanted to see more.

Lu Zhou flipped his right hand. Unnamed materialized in his grasp.

Before Hua Yuexing could have a good look, Unnamed had already transformed into a mini bow. “This is...”

“Unnamed Bow.” Lu Zhou looked down at the battlefield.

Hua Yuexing felt excited. She looked at Unnamed Bow that was smaller than her Falling Moon Bow. She could tell Lu Zhou’s bow was much more superior to hers. After all, there were differences among heaven-grade weapons as well.

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and waited for his chance.

The Heavenly Writing’s extraordinary power combined with a heaven-grade weapon could effectively suppress the elites of the seven great sects if they were put to good use.

As he looked at the incoming elites from the seven great sects, he muttered to himself, “They’re only the vanguard. Since they like to hide, I’ll play along.”

Shooting arrows from the dark?

Hua Yuexing frowned, at first. However, she soon understood that it was only natural for an archer to remain hidden in the distance and fire arrows at unsuspecting enemies. Her aiming spot had been too open earlier. She was nearly taken out by the enemy’s Godly Archer because of that. A senior’s experience and thoughts about combat were something that left the juniors in the dust.

...

Meanwhile.

After Jue Yuan, the Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect, died, Hua Wudao safely returned to Zhu Honggong and Zhao Yue’s sides. However, due to the intense expenditure of energy before this, he seemed pale. When he landed, he staggered slightly before stabilizing his footing.

Zhu Honggong supported Hua Wudao. “That was amazing... The tortoiseshell technique has truly widened my horizons.”

Hua Wudao had no time to entertain Zhu Honggong’s flattery. He turned to glance at the Evil Sky Pavilion’s great hall, annoyed.

The troops from the seven great sects advanced slowly.

The Yun Sect’s nine Elders felt relieved as they blended in with the others.

Leng Luo looked up ahead and said, "Duanmu Sheng, little girl, go back."

"I won't." Little Yuan'er glared at her opponents.

"Elder Leng, you've spent too much of your energy. You should head back. Little Junior Sister and I can handle this," Duanmu Sheng said before he shot up into the air and raised his Overlord Spear.

Little Yuan'er flew up to his side.

The flying chariots stopped.

"Where is Old Villain Ji?"

Duanmu Sheng raised his Overlord Spear and asked, "Who's asking?"

"I am Feng Qinghe of the Zhencang Branch."

Nearby, another voice rang from another flying chariot. "I'm the Hengqu Branch's Master, Ning Liang."

"I'm Good Fortune Temple's current abbess, Miao Yin."

"I am Seven Stars Villa's master, Jia Yuan."

"I am Core Heart Sect's master, Liu Rushi."

"I am the Duanlin Branch's first disciple, Shao Jinhan."

The mainstay of the seven great sects. They were all here, apart from Jue Yan, the Sect Master of the Celestial Masters Sect, Master, who died from an arrow piercing his vital organs a moment ago. Only six flying chariots were left hovering above the disciples of the sects. Even the previous force of the ten great sects to storm Golden Court Mountain could not compare to this.

Duanmu Sheng snorted and said, "How bold of you to provoke the Evil Sky Pavilion time and time again. Do you think the Evil Sky Pavilion won't retaliate?"

Feng Qinghe chuckled and said, "All of us here have core disciples who lost their lives to the Evil Sky Pavilion. Not only did you go on a killing spree, targeting the ten great sects, but you didn't even spare the Yun Sect. Do I need to elaborate further?"

"You can dump your crap somewhere else!" Duanmu Sheng could not help but curse. He brandished his Overlord Spear, and several energy seals spun and emerged from the tip of his spear.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Feng Qinghe stood inside his flying chariot while striking with his palms. His Expansive Heavenly Energy flowed like a river and parried the Overlord Spear's energy blade.

At this juncture, there was nothing more to be said. The Noble and Fiend Paths had fallen out completely, and this did not happen overnight. At the end of the day, it had to be settled on the battlefield.

"You should tell the Old Villain Ji to show himself."

The disciples below struck the ground with their weapons.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The noise resonated throughout Golden Court Mountain.

...

Leng Luo looked up at the moon. This was destined to be a night of disturbances. How would the Evil Sky Pavilion survive this ordeal? When he looked at the scale of the enemy forces, he was losing his confidence. If he was alone, with his strength and cultivation base, he would have long fled. Alas, he was not alone.

...

At this moment, several cultivators flew toward Duanmu Sheng.

They engaged in battle, and their energies collided!

The core individuals of the seven sects inside the flying chariots would not show themselves so easily. They occasionally shot an energy seal at Duanmu Sheng.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Duanmu Sheng brandished his weapon and parried the energy seals. The enemies' attention seemed to be completely focused on him at this moment.

"Hua Wudao can't continue fighting, and Leng Luo is merely putting up a show. Only the disciples of the Evil Sky Pavilion are worth our concern."

"There's nothing to fear if they aren't at the Five-leaf stage and above."

"I'd like to see how long Old Villain Ji can stay hidden..." Liu Rushi, the Sect Master of the Core Heart Sect, walked out of his flying chariot. He had only shown just shown his face when a mini energy arrow with a faint blue glow shot out from the Evil Sky Pavilion's great hall.

Whoosh!

The sound was crisp and deafening.

When Liu Rushi saw this, he said in a deep voice, "I'm not as stupid as Jue Yuan!"

Jue Yuan had been heavily wounded while Liu Rushi was in top condition. There was no way he would be unable to block this little energy arrow. He adjusted his position slightly but instantly discovered the energy arrow had shifted its trajectory as well. It was as though the energy arrow was homing in on him.

The disciples from the seven great sects looked up at Liu Rushi.

Liu Rushi raised his arms and erected an energy shield before himself. He seemed to shine with a golden light.

Whoosh!

The energy arrow easily pierced through the energy shield, Liu Rushi's body, the flying chariot behind him, and the cultivator who manned the helm at the back of the flying chariot.

Liu Rushi's eyes widened as he stared at the Evil Sky Pavilion. "This..."

The air seemed to freeze over again.

"Sect Master Liu!"

"Sect Master Liu, what's wrong?"

It had happened too quickly. Liu Rushi did not even get a good glimpse of the energy arrow when it pierced his chest.

"The Evil Sky Pavilion's Godly Archer, Hua Yuexing?"

"Impossible! She can't be this powerful!"

"Damnit! The Evil Sky Pavilion is firing arrows from the dark!"

'What's wrong with firing arrows from the dark?'

'Isn't normal for the Fiend Path to employ such methods?'

The people from the Evil Sky Pavilion thought to themselves.

Although the dim moonlight did not illuminate much, everyone still saw Liu Rushi, the Sect Master of the Core Heart Sect, falling off his chariot.

"That's amazing, Lady Hua!" Pan Zhong praised as he flew above their heads.

"Get lost! Can't you keep your mouth shut if you have nothing better to say?"

Boom!

Liu Rushi fell to the ground.

The members of the seven great sects, or technically, the eight great sects, and several other minor sects stood riveted on the ground as they stared at the fallen Liu Rushi.