

Disciples 51

Chapter 51: Bullsh*t

The sudden merit points stupefied Lu Zhou.

“Devout worship? Are all those villainous disciples going out to do kind deeds now?”

He was thinking about it when Little Yuan’er ran in from outside.

“Master, Fourth Senior Brother killed someone!”

Lu Zhou straightened up and said lightly, “What happened?”

Little Yuan’er told him what she heard and saw at the foot of the mountain. After listening to her, Lu Zhou frowned slightly. The female cultivators of Derived Moon Palace were Ye Tianxin’s subordinates. They were leaderless now with her locked up in the back of the mountain, and yet they still dared to come to Golden Court Mountain. It seemed that they were bolder than some men out there.

However, they were just a group of female cultivators, with the strongest ones being Divine Court cultivators. Lu Zhou thought that it would be very tiring for someone as old as him if he had to handle everything himself.

“It is only a minor thing you can handle yourself,” he said softly.

“Oh! Have a good rest, Master! I’ll keep an eye on Senior Brother,” Little Yuan’er said.

Lu Zhou leaned back in the chair and rested his forehead on a hand as he continued resting. “My head is already reeling from all the lucky draws these days, and I need to take a break. If I have the time to handle such a minor thing, I might as well use it to figure out the pattern of the lucky draws.”

At the foot of Golden Court Mountain...

Mingshi Yin grinned wickedly and said, “Why? Are you not happy with me?”

That took the black-clad cultivator aback. He was about to say something when a clear bell rang out of the ink-colored dragon chariot behind him. He choked back his displeasure and flew back toward the chariot while the other black-clad cultivators formed up in orderly ranks and waited quietly for orders.

Then, a voice echoed out of the chariot, “Mister Fourth, may I see your master?” The voice was not loud, but the energy that came with it could make an eight-meridians Brahma Sea expert suffer.

Mingshi Yin replied disapprovingly, “My Master will not entertain a nobody like you.”

“...”

The chariot fell silent. Although the other black-clad cultivators did not move, he could feel that they were all fuming.

“Since I’m in a good mood today, you’re all allowed to go back to where you come from now.” Mingshi Yin was truly in a good mood today, and he was telling the truth. Yet, the remark sounded like an insult in their ears.

Just when he was about to turn around and pass through the shield, he heard a resonating sound of energy.

Buzz!

The female cultivators of Derived Moon Palace slumped to the ground as they stared at the black avatar over the dragon chariot in horror.

"Hmm?" Mingshi Yin looked up and saw an ink-colored Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, which stood about fifty feet tall with a four-leaf lotus beneath it. Under the avatar's power, a magical resonance occurred with the black-clad cultivators around the chariot, causing their auras to grow a few times stronger.

"Mister Fourth, am I qualified to meet your master now?"

Mingshi Yin frowned slightly. The man was very strong, and he knew that apart from his master, only his eldest and second senior brothers were strong enough to deal with him. However, Golden Court Mountain had long since lost its glory.

"Ah, a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert! If you are here to show off your prowess, I'm afraid you have come to the wrong place," he said coldly.

"I'll never dare to do that," the voice grew louder. "I'm Zuo Xinchuan of Fiend Temple, and I'm here to beg an audience with Old Senior Ji. I hope Mister Fourth can bring me to your master."

When the voice faded, the surrounding black-clad cultivators began to descend, and then the ink-colored dragon chariot followed to land on the ground. Soon, Zuo Xinchuan walked slowly out of the chariot. He had a black and haggard face, as well as a pair of deep eyes, which made him look like a malnourished little old man.

"I hope this will show you my sincerity," he said as he waved a hand. At the gesture, dozens of black-clad cultivators around him stepped back, leaving only four of them standing to his left and right. After that, he stared fixedly at Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin shook his head and thought, 'Is he trying to threaten and scare me?' Just when he was about to reject, however, he heard Little Yuan'er's voice. "Fourth Senior Brother..." Little Yuan'er appeared outside the shield and said, "Master asks you to bring them up the mountain."

Zuo Xinchuan looked up slowly. When he saw Little Yuan'er floating in midair, he nodded and said admiringly, "Ah, Mister Ninth! I've heard a lot about you!"

"Oh? Am I so famous?" Little Yuan'er laughed.

"Mister Ninth is more than famous," Zuo Xinchuan said unhurriedly. "After joining Golden Court Mountain at the age of ten, Mister Ninth had used only ten days to step into the Mystic Enlightening realm, three months to step into the Sense Condensing realm, two years to open all eight meridians of the Brahma Sea realm, and three years to enter the Divine Court realm. I'm certain that there is no one else in this world who can be a greater genius than Mister Ninth."

Mingshi Yin was speechless as he thought, 'Is he really an expert who has an avatar with a four-leaf golden lotus? Why is he so good at flattering others?'

Little Yuan'er was very happy when she heard that, so she said while smiling, "You have a glib tongue! Master says he will meet you in the great hall."

Zuo Xinchuan nodded slightly and glanced back over his shoulder. With that, the dozen cultivators moved back one more step.

After that, led by Mingshi Yin, he brought four of his men and walked into the shield. When he was stepping through it, he stopped for a brief moment, causing the female cultivators of Derived Moon Palace to tremble with fear. He snorted at them before ascending the mountain.

...

In the great hall of Evil Sky Pavilion, Lu Zhou sat on the throne that overlooked the audience. It had been a long time since he last sat on the seat, and he found it rather cold and uncomfortable. Duanmu Sheng, Zhou Jifeng, and Pan Zhong stood to his left and right.

Before long, Mingshi Yin led Zuo Xinchuan into the great hall.

"Zuo Xinchuan of the Fiend Temple offers greetings, Old Senior Ji!" he cupped his fist as he said that.

Lu Zhou glanced at him and did not say a word. The great hall was silent. Since the villainous patriarch did not speak, no one dared to make a sound or even move.

After a while, he finally said, "Have a seat."

"Thank you!"

Zuo Xinchuan sat down in a chair, and he finally had a chance to look up at the villainous patriarch who shook the world. He dared not to actively sense the mighty expert's cultivation level, so he just briefly judged it with his intuition. It seemed to him that the villainous patriarch's aura was somewhat ordinary. However, it was a common practice to hide one's cultivation base in the cultivation world, so he was not surprised.

Then, he glanced at his surroundings. The great hall was not luxurious or majestic. In fact, it looked just like an ordinary sect without anything unusual.

This was the Evil Sky Pavilion, the lair of villains that frightened countless people.

"What do you want from me?" Lu Zhou stroked his beard and asked.

Zuo Xinchuan cupped his fist and said, "I've long heard of Golden Court Mountain's great reputation. There are three things I wish to discuss with Old Senior today. In the past, Derived Moon Palace had attacked Fiend Temple many times. I'm glad to learn that Old Senior has captured their palace master. She deserves all the punishment from her master. However, I hope Old Senior can let me have the other female cultivators."

He paused, but before he could continue with the second thing, Duanmu Sheng shook the chain that bound him and said, "Derived Moon Palace is founded by a traitor of the Golden Court Mountain. You have no right to punish them."

"Mister Third has a point..." Zuo Xinchuan did not refute that. Instead, he went on, "The second thing is a task entrusted to me by Clarity Sect. Pan Zhong is a traitor of Clarity Sect, and they have given Fiend Temple the right to deal with him. Perhaps you don't know, but Pan Zhong was showing interest in joining the Fiend Temple not long ago. A man who changes his mind constantly is not qualified to stand inside the Evil Sky Pavilion..."

Duanmu Sheng wanted to refute Zuo Xinchuan again, but Lu Zhou slowly raised a hand and stopped him. "Continue."

Zuo Xinchuan bowed slightly and said, "If we can both agree on the third thing, we can forget about the first two things." As he said, he rose to his feet and his voice grew louder. "We, the Fiend Temple and the Golden Court Mountain are on the same boat, hated by those so-called righteous sects. Their top ten experts have fought many battles with Old Senior, and their powers are increasing instead of decreasing. If Evil Sky Pavilion is willing to join hands with Fiend Temple...no one in this world will be a match for us."

"Bullsh*t!" Duanmu Sheng suddenly cursed.

Chapter 52: Am I Qualified Now?

The swearing came way too suddenly. Duanmu Sheng was a prudent man, and yet even he could stand it no more. After all, no one had ever challenged Golden Court Mountain like this before.

Zuo Xinchuan had mentioned three things, from which everyone could tell that he had little to no respect for Golden Court Mountain.

"A lowly sect like your Fiend Temple is not qualified to talk to Evil Sky Pavilion!" Duanmu Sheng glared at him with angry eyes.

All the people present looked at Duanmu Sheng, stunned, while Lu Zhou remained calm and hid his thoughts well.

Instead of getting angry, Zuo Xinchuan said, "Mister Third, please pardon me if my words have offended you."

Duanmu Sheng was not good at talking, and he was always annoyed by cheeky people who talked vaguely. He was about to explode when Mingshi Yin rose and said, "Let me tell you something, Zuo Xinchuan."

"Please enlighten me, Mister Fourth!"

"First, Derived Moon Palace belongs to Ye Tianxin. Do you agree that when one beats a dog, one must answer to its master?" asked Mingshi Yin.

"It makes sense."

"Second, since Pan Zhong has joined Golden Court Mountain, he is one of us, and Evil Sky Pavilion will not question his past. If you give him trouble, you are giving Evil Sky Pavilion trouble."

"It makes sense."

“Last but not the least...you are not qualified to join hands with Evil Sky Pavilion. I’m sorry!”

The great hall fell silent again while Lu Zhou remained calm. He did not nod or shake his head. He just listened quietly.

All of a sudden, Zuo Xinchuan laughed as he shook his head and said, “I don’t agree with your last point.”

“Why?”

“Fiend Temple was not qualified to join hands with Evil Sky Pavilion, but that was when you were at your peak. Times have changed. Evil Sky Pavilion is growing weaker, and Old Senior Ji cannot reverse its fall even with his profound cultivation base. On the other hand, Fiend Temple is getting stronger every day, which has been witnessed by the cultivation world. Besides, making a friend is better than making an enemy.”

Once he had finished, Zuo Xinchuan looked up and rested his eyes on Lu Zhou, as if he were waiting for his answer. He made it plain that he would ignore the opinions of others and would not be bothered by them, as he only cared about Lu Zhou’s attitude.

Lu Zhou still wore the same calm expression, revealing not even a hint of emotion. Then, he raised a hand and lightly stroked his beard. A few moments later, he finally said, “You are right.”

That gave Little Yuan’er a pause. She wondered if her master had become confused because of his old age. Shouldn’t he be angry when a lowly sect like this made such a bold remark in Evil Sky Pavilion?

Zuo Xinchuan nodded and said in a cheerful voice, “Thank you for being so understanding, Old Senior!”

Lu Zhou suddenly said again, “Do you know why I asked you to come up here?”

Zuo Xinchuan said doubtfully, “Is it because Old Senior has guessed my purpose of visiting Golden Court Mountain?”

Shaking his head, Lu Zhou asked, “You are cultivating the Fiend Zen, are you not?”

“Yes, I am.”

“There is no wisdom tree, nor a stand of a mirror bright. A fiend Zen is rarely cultivated in this world. I heard you are the only one who has cultivated a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar. Is that correct?” Lu Zhou continued asking.

“Old Senior is flattering me. That is correct.” Zuo Xinchuan could not help but feel proud when someone mentioned his best achievement. “I’ve cultivated the Fiend Zen for over a hundred years, and it is because of this Fiend Zen Hand Seal that I can rank third on the Black Roll.”

“Good, very good!” Lu Zhou nodded and praised, which confused his disciples. Zuo Xinchuan’s words were prickly, insinuating that Evil Sky Pavilion was waning. How could their master not understand? Why was he praising this guy? What kind of a new routine was this?

Right then, Duanmu Sheng jumped forward and threw his palms out a few times in a row. “Show me what you can do!”

The sudden change surprised everyone, and they all watched the scene in shock. Meanwhile, Zuo Xinchuan's eyes lit up as he said, "That's what I intend to do."

This was his opportunity to show the strength of Fiend Temple.

Waves of energy clashed as both men began to fight in the great hall.

"Master, they..." Little Yuan'er was worried that they would destroy the building.

"It doesn't matter, let them fight." Lu Zhou watched calmly.

Both men had precise control over their energies. Whenever a wave of energy was about to hit the building, it would disappear automatically. This was how experts fought each other.

"Despite the injury, Mister Third is still so strong. I really admire your strength," praised Zuo Xinchuan as he moved backward.

However, Duanmu Sheng had not stepped into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. Over the years, he had failed to make the breakthrough because Ji Tiandao had been suppressing him. As a result, when he truly fought Zuo Xinchuan, his weakness began to show.

Zuo Xinchuan, on the other hand, looked very relaxed.

"Hand seals!" Little Yuan'er pointed at the hand seals thrown out by Zuo Xinchuan and exclaimed worriedly.

With the appearance of the hand seals, the strength of Duanmu Sheng's energy reduced significantly, as if it had been weakened. At the sight of that, Zhou Jifeng shook his head and said, "After all, he is one realm weaker..."

In fact, it was more than just that. Duanmu Sheng was already wounded before they began fighting, and he was chained as well.

"Third Senior Brother, beat him! Beat him hard!" Little Yuan'er shouted.

"..."

Bam!

A hand seal hit the chain made of cold iron, sending sparks all over the place and pushing Duanmu Sheng back. Then, more hand seals flew toward him, each glowing faintly and looking like a real palm.

Lu Zhou shook his head. Duanmu Sheng could be considered as invincible below the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm. He was not only tough, but also fierce. It was a pity that he was one realm weaker than his opponent.

It did not matter, however, because Lu Zhou had no reason to continue suppressing his disciples' cultivation bases like Ji Tiandao. The road of cultivation was long. All his disciples were amazingly gifted, and he knew that it was only a matter of time before they became mighty experts.

"Let me try!" Mingshi Yin leaped, moving as fast as lightning while the endless energy emanated from his body devoured the hand seals in the blink of an eye.

“Oh, I didn’t expect that Mister Fourth has stepped into the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm...” Zuo Xinchuan seemed to grow stronger as the battle progressed.

The four men he brought with him stood straight like spears. They had absolute confidence in the strength of their sect’s deputy chief.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The joining of Mingshi Yin slightly stabilized the situation. After all, he was also a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert.

As the battle grew intense, it became impossible for the energy waves to not touch the building’s structure, no matter how precisely they could control them. Eventually, some pillars were hit and cracked.

“This...” Pan Zhong and the others looked at Lu Zhou, but he just watched quietly as if what was happening had nothing to do with him.

Mingshi Yin’s Bluewood Technique showed its wonderful power at this moment. With it, he managed to reverse the situation and gain the upper hand. For a moment, energy waves and hand seals filled the whole great hall and dazzled all eyes.

Suddenly, Zuo Xinchuan said in a deep voice, “Watch out! I am not going to hold back my power anymore!”

Buzz!

Right then, an avatar appeared!

The source of a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert’s prowess was in his avatar.

Measuring fifty feet high, the ink-colored avatar was tall enough to destroy Evil Sky Pavilion, but strangely, it stood inside the building like a shadow without damaging anything.

At the sight of it, Pan Zhong was speechless with fear, and he suddenly realized where Zuo Xinchuan’s confidence came from. “This man is unusually strong!”

As soon as the avatar appeared, the situation reversed, and the terrible strength of a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert was perfectly demonstrated. In the blink of an eye, hand seals a few times larger than before shot toward Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin hurriedly produced his twenty-foot-tall avatar and blocked the hand seals, but the impact knocked him back a few steps. When he finally managed to stabilize himself, he felt his Qi and blood rock and his arms turn numb.

After gaining the upper hand, Zuo Xinchuan said indifferently, “Is Fiend Temple qualified to talk to the Evil Sky Pavilion now?”

Chapter 53: Indescribable Power

“Qualified my ass!”

It surprised everyone when they saw Duanmu Sheng flare up. Even Lu Zhou did not expect that his third disciple, who was calm, steady, and behaved as a kind senior brother in front of him, would turn into a boorish man!

After shouting once, Duanmu Sheng simply injected his energy into the chain that bound him and swung it fast and hard. Fortunately, the great hall was spacious enough, or else it would have been destroyed by him.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

He jumped forward and dragged Zuo Xinchuan into another fierce battle, filling the air with waves of energy again. Despite the fierce attack, however, everyone could tell that there was a gap between their cultivation bases, and that Zuo Xinchuan was purposely using Duanmu Sheng to show his prowess.

Meanwhile, Lu Zhou watched them fight in silence. He did not say anything, nor did he intend to stop them. By watching them fight, he could learn more about his disciples' strength and cultivation base while taking a good look at the strength of Zuo Xinchuan, who was the deputy chief of Fiend Temple.

Although Ji Tiandao had defeated the experts of the righteous sects many times and shown the world his mighty prowess, every righteous cultivator knew that he would grow old and weak one day. So far, no one in the cultivation world could break through this limitation.

Fiend Temple, on the other hand, was the most ambitious sect in today's cultivation world. It had been building up its strength by gobbling up other sects. In the past, it had even clashed with the Nether Sect, but there was never a large-scale conflict as they both feared each other's strength.

Its attack of the female cultivators of Derived Moon Palace was just an excuse, and its true purpose was to visit Golden Court Mountain, form an alliance, and show off its strength.

However, did Lu Zhou really need an ally? And what made Fiend Temple think that they were qualified to be his ally?

There were many powers in this huge world. Fiend Temple was not the only one who wanted to join hands with Golden Court Mountain, and it was nowhere near as good as others in terms of status, qualification, and strength. It was a little ridiculous when it proposed an alliance with just a deputy chief who ranked third on the Black Roll.

Therefore, Lu Zhou did not stop his disciples from getting angry.

As the battle progressed, the difference between their cultivation bases became more and more apparent. Then, Zuo Xinchuan knocked Duanmu Sheng back with a powerful blow and threw him into Pan Zhong's arms.

Bam!

The force of the impact sent Pan Zhong several steps backward, numbing his arms. "Mister Third, you shouldn't fight him again!" he urged.

At this point, Duanmu Sheng finally realized that the gap between their cultivation bases could not be made up by his incredible resistance.

Mingshi Yin jumped into the middle of the great hall again. The battle between two Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts proved to be livelier because they needed to find ways to defeat their opponent while controlling their attacks, so that they did not cause major damage to the building.

Just like Duanmu Sheng, years of suffering from Ji Tiandao had made Mingshi Yin stronger than any opponent of the same cultivation level as him. However, his opponent this time was a Nascent Divine Tribulation expert with a four-leaf avatar.

The battle had made Zuo Xinchuan grow so conceited that he simply forgot himself. Under the enhancement of his four-leaf avatar, he cried out in a deep voice, "Understand the mind and see the disposition!" Then, he placed one palm on top of the other over his dantian and kept his mind blank. The move was called Dhyana Mudra, which was one of the strongest moves of the Zen teaching.

As soon as the seal appeared, it suppressed all the energy waves in the surroundings and knocked Mingshi Yin flying backward.

"Senior Brother!" Little Yuan'er looked worried.

The result horrified Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong as well. They could not believe that the deputy chief of Fiend Temple, Zuo Xinchuan, was so strong. At the same time, they finally understood why Fiend Temple could become a terrifying power among the evil sects in just three short years.

The battle was over, but Zuo Xinchuan did not retract his ink-colored avatar, nor did he put away the Dhyana Mudra. He was very satisfied with the result as he looked up and said, "Are the three Mistresses satisfied with the outcome of the battle?"

"..."

The great hall was silent, and no one answered his question.

"How could you have the cheek to show off? You are a Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivator, and you have a four-leaf avatar!" Little Yuan'er said, unconvinced.

"Mistress Third and Mistress Fourth are no ordinary cultivators. I was forced to use the Dhyana Mudra. Yes, I admit that I was bullying them by using this skill, and I beg your pardon."

Little Yuan'er had never seen such a shameless person before. "If Eldest Senior Brother and Second Senior Brother were here, they would definitely beat the sh*t out of you even if you have a six-leaf avatar!" Little Yuan'er said angrily.

Zuo Xinchuan knew that it was just a face-saving remark, so he did not take it to heart.

It was then that Lu Zhou spoke again, in an old but powerful voice, "Zuo Xinchuan!" That immediately attracted everyone's attention. "You have used your Dhyana Mudra cleverly."

"I thank Old Senior Ji for the compliment. If possible, I wish to have a practice fight with Old Senior Ji."

That startled Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Little Yuan'er, Zhou Jifeng, and Pan Zhong.

The four men behind Zuo Xinchuan also appeared to be slightly taken aback. It was not part of the plan! Even peak Nascent Divinity Tribulation experts who owned seven or eight-leaf avatars would not dare to

make such a request! They wondered what their deputy chief's purpose was in doing this. He had already achieved the goal after defeating Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin, so why did he have to make an unnecessary move?

Lu Zhou's eyes were indifferent and his expression was calm. He was not surprised by the request.

In the center of the great hall, the Dhyana Mudra glowed like ink while the avatar kept its illusory form, showing everyone its mighty power. They seemed to be waiting for Lu Zhou to fight them.

Zuo Xinchuan raised his voice and said, "Old Senior Ji doesn't have to worry. My Dhyana Mudra can block ultimate skills! If Old Senior can defeat me in less than ten moves, I'll be at your disposal!" His tone was proud and somewhat arrogant.

Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet and rested his eyes on Zuo Xinchuan. "Evil Sky Pavilion is no longer as powerful as it used to be..." his strong voice grew louder as he said, "...but it is still not a place where mean creatures like you can act wantonly!"

When he had finished, he stretched out a hand and spread his fingers, facing the palm outward. Meanwhile, a deadly strike card formed a tiny vortex in his palm. Spinning counterclockwise, the vortex suddenly expanded and burst into a blinding light. When the light reached its brightest level, Lu Zhou gently gave a flick of his sleeve.

A super-sized hand seal flew toward Zuo Xinchuan, looking like the Buddha's palm!

"The Great Seal of the Fearless?" Zuo Xinchuan cried out. His Dhyana Mudra was tiny when compared to it.

"Deputy Chief!" the four men shouted at the same time.

The 'indescribable power' had frightened everyone present!

How did the Buddha's palm hold down the monkey? It was exactly like the Great Seal of the Fearless![1]
1

Buzz!

In the blink of an eye, the Great Seal of the Fearless devoured the Dhyana Mudra. Zuo Xinchuan widened his eyes as he raised both his arms and produced thousands of Dhyana Mudras while the power of his four-leaf avatar exploded out!

Despite all his effort, the Great Seal of Fearless pressed on, unhindered, and swallowed all the tiny Mudras. Then, with a loud boom, the super-sized seal crashed onto Zuo Xinchuan's chest and knocked him flying backward, throwing him into the courtyard outside Evil Sky Pavilion.

Bam!

The crowd was surprised to see how strong he was, for he managed to survive the attack from the villainous patriarch!

When Zuo Xinchuan was thrown into the courtyard, he did a backflip and brought himself down on both feet, cracking the stone slab that paved the ground as he landed!

He managed to stand firm and straight, but his eyes were full of fear.

Footnotes:

<h5>Ch 53 Footnote 1</h5>

A reference to 'the Journey to the West', a Chinese novel published in the 16th century during the Ming dynasty and attributed to Wu Cheng'en. It is one of the Four Great Classical Novels of Chinese literature.

Chapter 54: Sword Devil's Destiny

The great hall was so quiet that one could even hear a needle drop on the floor.

Lu Zhou's expression was as calm as ever. 'So, this is the indescribable power?' he thought to himself.

He never expected that the deadly strike card would come in the form of a Great Seal of Fearless, because he had never cultivated the Zen teaching before. In his memory, he only knew some of its basic seals and ultimate moves, and he had not tried to cultivate them. He did not understand why the card would produce that. He had barely thought of them when he used it.

"Deputy Chief!"

"Deputy Chief!"

Zuo Xinchuan's men rushed out into the courtyard with a frightened look on their faces. Their intuition told them that their leader could not withstand this attack. Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, Little Yuan'er, Zhou Jifeng, and Pan Zhong walked out of Evil Sky Pavilion behind them as well.

Lu Zhou was the only person left in the great hall, and he slowly sat down. He did not need to follow them. The moment he attacked, he already felt the strength of the power. He was the only one who had experienced the power of Ji Tiandao's peak form experience card, so he knew how strong the card was.

How strong was it exactly?

Judging from what he felt just now, it seemed to be stronger than the peak-form experience card, since it could knock Zuo Xinchuan away. However, the latter managed to resist it, which seemed to prove that it was only slightly stronger than him.

'Is it a card that will adjust its power according to the opponent's strength?' Lu Zhou wondered. It was a pity that he only used it once, so he did not have enough data to refer to.

Nevertheless, it was indeed an indescribable power.

The four black-clad cultivators approached Zuo Xinchuan first, stopping about ten meters from him and not going any further. From the broken stones scattered around him and the damaged ground, they could tell how great was the force he had used to stabilize himself when he landed.

"Deputy Chief!"

They found that Zuo Xinchuan stood to the spot unmoving, as if he had turned into stone, staring at the Evil Sky Pavilion in horror.

Without going through what he had gone through, they could never understand his present mood and feelings. However, they were sure about one thing. He was defeated by just one move.

The four men looked at Zuo Xinchuan in horror. They had never seen him look like this. One of them went gingerly before him and raised a hand to wave it in front of his face. Yet, he still stared straight ahead at the Evil Sky Pavilion, unblinking.

Right then, a gust of wind blew across the courtyard. Zuo Xinchuan's ink-colored energy drifted out of him, and in the next instant, his whole body broke down into a cloud of dust, which was then carried away by the wind. In the span of a few breaths, he had disappeared from the world, leaving only the ground he had damaged and the two holes created by his feet.

The expert who was ranked third on the Black roll had fallen.

Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, and the others swallowed as they watched the scene incredulously. They were shocked, but at the same time, they felt that their anger had been vented.

The unbridled fellow had brought this upon himself by acting wantonly in the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, they felt that it was a little bit too...savage to wipe him out with a palm strike. They could not help but wonder how profound was their master's cultivation base, and how many tricks he hid up his sleeves.

As the disciples who had followed him for so many years, they had never seen him use a hand seal of the Zen teaching before. So, how could they not be shocked when he suddenly used one to kill Zuo Xinchuan?

After a long silence, Mingshi Yin said, "Master's temper..."

"He deserved to die," Duanmu Sheng poked Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin nodded and said, "Yes, they all deserve to die."

The four black-clad cultivators were in an awkward situation now. With Zuo Xinchuan dead, they had lost their leader, so they shivered with fear and no longer wore the same proud expression. They were peak Divine Court experts, but so what? Every person in Evil Sky Pavilion was at least a Divine Court expert.

Mingshi Yin flexed his muscles as he grinned wickedly and said, "Do you want to see my Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar?"

"Four, Mister Fourth...you, you..." The four men were so scared that they could hardly talk, and they kept stepping backward when they saw Duanmu Sheng and Mingshi Yin about to leap toward them like they were some prey.

Right then, Lu Zhou's voice rang out of the Evil Sky Pavilion. "Go back and tell your sect leader to restrain his men."

Now that their master had spoken, Mingshi Yin naturally dared not to attack the men again. "Get out of my sight!" He glared at the black-clad cultivators.

Inside Evil Sky Pavilion...

Lu Zhou heard a system prompt that he was rewarded with one thousand merit points. He had spent five hundred merit points to purchase the card, and he had received one thousand points after killing a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert with it. In other words, his earnings were double the cost.

Although the card was amazing, he had to use it with care in the future. With its power so 'indescribable', he could not use it on someone he did not wish to kill.

Previously, Lu Zhou asked Zuo Xinchuan if he knew why he asked him to come up the mountain. He had two purposes: The first one was to learn about Fiend Temple's motive, and the second one was to try the card. If truth be told, he did not intend to kill Zuo Xinchuan. Nevertheless, the man was already dead, and he might as well use it as a warning for the Fiend Temple.

Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, and the others returned to the great hall.

"Master is indeed the mightiest man in the world! The hand seal reduced that guy to ashes!" Mingshi Yin flattered.

"Master, I want to learn that skill!" Little Yuan'er ran beside Lu Zhou and massaged his shoulders like a filial granddaughter.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "Don't be silly! You are cultivating the Supreme Purity Jade Slip, which focuses mainly on movement techniques and fists styles, and they contradict the Zen teaching. Are you not afraid that you will go on an evil path?"

"People out there already call us evil..." Little Yuan'er murmured.

"Pipe down!" Lu Zhou raised his voice.

Little Yuan'er pursed her lips and stopped talking.

Duanmu Sheng felt a little puzzled, and he asked, "Master, why did you let them leave?"

Before Lu Zhou could answer, Mingshi Yin already said, "Master just wants to make an example of Zuo Xinchuan to scare the rest and not really wants Fiend Temple to fall. Fiend Temple is ambitious and wants to expand its power, but Eldest Senior Brother...the Nether Sect is its hindrance. If the Fiend Temple is gone, who will contain the Nether Sect?"

Duanmu Sheng did not seem to quite understand. "Zuo Xinchuan is Fiend Temple's deputy chief after all. Now that he is dead, Fiend Temple will surely avenge him, right?"

"You think too much. What can they do even if they are angry? Are they going to bring all their disciples and attack Golden Court Mountain?" He left some words unsaid, but what he tried to say was obvious: Would Fiend Temple dare to attack Golden Court Mountain when even Yu Zhenghai dared not?

Besides, Golden Court Mountain had repelled the top ten experts not too long ago, and even the sect leader of Heavenly Sword Sect Luo Changfeng, who owned a seven-leaf avatar, was defeated by their master. Who would dare to attack them now?

When he had finished, Mingshi Yin looked proud of himself.

"Mister Fourth has a point. It enlightens me," Pan Zhong said while bowing. He was puzzled as well, but the explanation cleared his doubts.

"Mister Fourth is indeed a genius. That answered my doubts too..." Zhou Jifeng said seriously.

Mingshi Yin was confused. 'Aren't these two fools flattering the wrong person?' he thought and carefully glanced at Lu Zhou from the corner of his eye.

Lu Zhou was not angry, as he was just thinking, 'This guy is really good at analysis, and his points are clear and logical. There seems to be some truth in what he said.'

Meanwhile, the four black-clad cultivators returned to the ink-colored dragon chariot. All the other cultivators found it hard to believe when they learned that their deputy chief was dead, and they dared not to stay at the foot of the mountain any longer. However, it became extremely tough for them to control the chariot without Zuo Xinchuan. In the end, they managed to take it to the air, but it flew very slowly.

The dragon chariot flew back the same way it came. It was flying very slowly and had not even flown more than a hundred miles after one hour. Cultivators in black robes surrounded it and kept pouring their energy into the vehicle. Suddenly, they saw a figure hovering in midair ahead of them. He wore a blue robe and had a head of disheveled black hair. His arms were crossed over his chest, with a sword carried on his back.

Chapter 55: Please Calm Down

The swordsman floated in midair with a relaxed look on his face, seeming to have been waiting for a long time. Faint wisps of energy swirled around him, and he was wreathed in an unspeakable, bizarre aura. Meanwhile, the sword behind his back glowed with a faint red light.

Even if this group of black-clad cultivators had not seen much of the world, they could still recognize the aura of an expert. As a result, the ink-colored dragon chariot was forced to stop.

One of the cultivators flew out of the ranks and asked politely, "May I know my lord's name and the reason for blocking our way?"

The swordsman slowly turned around. His sharp-featured face was smiling, but there was a strange feeling in that smile, vague and hard to explain. With his arms crossed, he spoke like a gentleman, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, so it is a misunderstanding. Alright, then," the cultivator cupped his fist and said, "Farewell."

Unfortunately, the swordsman did not get out of the way. He still wore the same smile while looking at the chariot and the group of cultivators.

"I'm sorry." He said the second time, and the atmosphere grew bizarre.

Then, the black-clad cultivators saw the sword on his back float up as streams of energy flowed out of his body to surround the blade. At the sight of it, the cultivator who flew out to speak widened his eyes and cried out, "Sword Devil? Abandon the chariot and run for your life!"

The black-clad cultivators moved as fast as lightning in all directions. However, the sword glowing with a faint red light split into two, four, and then eight, each shooting toward one cultivator.

A rain of swords pierced the group of cultivators as easily as crushing dry weeds and smashing rotten wood. The swordsman still wore the same smile and crossed his arms over his chest. After his sword left him, he had stopped looking at those cultivators.

"I'm sorry."

He said the third time. After that, his figure swayed and disappeared.

Meanwhile, in the great hall of Evil Sky Pavilion...

When he saw that his master seemed to be thinking about something, Mingshi Yin bowed and said, "Master, the cultivators of Fiend Temple have retreated. What should we do with the group of female cultivators from Derived Moon Palace?"

He was unsure of his master's thinking now.

If it were in the past, the punishment would be death, because their leader, Ye Tianxin, had deserted the sect and betrayed the master.

Anyhow, Lu Zhou did not answer his question immediately but turned to look at Little Yuan'er.

The little girl was innocent and simple, but she would come out with dangerous thoughts at times. So, he wanted to test her. "What do you think we should do to them, Yuan'er?"

"Ah?" For a moment, Little Yuan'er was at a loss, and then she said in a low voice, "Why don't we just kill them all?"

"Cough! Cough!" Mingshi Yin coughed and glanced guiltily at his little junior sister.

Lu Zhou shook his head and tapped her on the head with his hand.

"I know, Master...I'll set them free now," said Little Yuan'er while smiling.

"When did I say I would let them go?"

"Ugh..."

At this point, Mingshi Yin cupped his fist and said, "Master, recently I have found that many parts in Evil Sky Pavilion have broken down, and many places need to be cleaned up and fixed as well. Why don't we make them slaves and work for us?"

Lu Zhou glanced at him and considered the idea. 'What's on this guy's mind? He makes it sound as if I am the black-hearted supervisor in an illegal factory instead of his master. However...it is actually a good idea.'

"Fine! Make them repair the Evil Sky Pavilion. When they are done, put them in the Cave of Reflection, so they will suffer together with Ye Tianxin," Lu Zhou said.

"This disciple will obey Master's order."

As if he had thought of something, Mingshi Yin summoned his courage and asked, “Master, now that we have decided the punishment for the whole Derived Moon Palace, do you think that we should...Well, Ye Tianxin’s cultivation base is destroyed, and the Cave of Reflection is cold. I’m worried that she might die after being locked up in there for too long...”

Lu Zhou raised a hand and interrupted him. “Do you sympathize with her?”

“No, I dare not!” Mingshi Yin got scared. “Ye Tianxin must be sternly punished for deserting the sect and betraying Master! She deserves it!”

“I have my plans.”

“I understand, Master.”

Mingshi Yin dared not to mention anything about Ye Tianxin again as he turned and left the great hall. After walking out of Evil Sky Pavilion, he took a deep breath and thought, ‘Luckily, it was Little Junior Sister who answered the question...Master’s thinking is getting harder to predict now.’ When he thought of Zuo Xinchan’s miserable ending, he shook his head and decided that he would not be so aggressive in the future.

...

“Master, I’ll take my leave now to heal my injury,” said Duanmu Sheng, after he saw Mingshi Yin walk out the great hall.

“Hold on!”

Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet and came in front of Duanmu Sheng as he rested his eyes on the chain.

Made of a thousand years old cold iron, the chain was impossible to be destroyed by ordinary weapons. It could only be broken with heaven-grade weapons. However, Lu Zhou did not have a heaven-grade weapon he could use now, and he only had two deadly strike cards.

The question was, could the cards be used on the chain? Would it pulverize Duanmu Sheng together?

Duanmu Sheng was overjoyed when he saw his master focus on the chain. He bowed and said, “Master, under your mighty power, this chain is like a pile of scrap metal or a sheet of paper!”

“...”

Little Yuan’er hopped over and touched the cold chain with her hand. She saw a row of tiny characters, and she read, “Heavenly Sword Sect...”

Upon hearing that, Zhou Jifeng hurriedly fell on one knee and said, “This...This... This has nothing to do with me!”

Duanmu Sheng glanced at him and said, “Don’t worry, Master can effortlessly destroy ten or even a hundred chains like this, let alone just one.”

“...”

When he was done looking at the chain, Lu Zhou wore the same calm expression that hid all his thoughts. Then, he clasped his hands behind his back as he turned around and said, "Yuan'er, help me back to my chamber."

"Oh!"

Duanmu Sheng, "???"

Even after Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er were long gone, Duanmu Sheng still could not figure out what he had said wrong.

Zhou Jifeng got up to his feet and said somewhat embarrassingly, "Mister Third...This...this chain, I really can't break it!"

"Me neither," Pan Zhong said.

"Get out of my sight."

"Aye."

Both men scurried out of Evil Sky Pavilion.

Duanmu Sheng scratched his head. He wondered if his master was trying to give him some hints after watching him block many of Zuo Xinchuan's blows with the chain just now? Or was he trying to tell him that wearing the chain was beneficial for his cultivation base?

Master is a man of great wisdom, I'd better stop guessing his thoughts,' he thought. 'Yes, that must be it. Well, I'll just wear the chain for the time being.'

In the great hall of the Fiend Temple...

"My lord, Deputy Chief was killed during his visit to Golden Court Mountain. Our men found his ink-colored dragon chariot some eighty miles north from the mountain, together with one hundred and fifty bodies, who were his men." The man thought the chief would fly into a rage after hearing the report, but the latter did not. "Deputy Chief had struck a deal with Clarity Sect for this operation of suppressing Golden Court Mountain, and he was even backed by His Majesty. And yet, that old villain..."

"Shut up!" The chief's deep voice exploded in the man's ear like thunder, making him slump to the ground with fear and turning his face pale.

"Please calm down, my lord!"

"Inform those old men in the Clarity Sect that I will not get angry because of this and will not take it to heart. The cooperation between Fiend Temple and Clarity Sect will remain the same. However, I hope they can show us some sincerity."

"Ye-yes...my lord. Th-there's one more report..."

"Tell me."

"Two experts of the Clarity Sect were badly wounded in a practice fight with Sword Freak yesterday. I'm afraid that...they can't meet my lord today!"

“Get out of here!”

His thunderous voice sent the man running out of the great hall in panic and fear while cracking the chairs placed to his left and right.

“When I have completed my cultivation of the divine technique, I’ll kill that old villain myself!”

Chapter 56: Everything Is Under His Control

Lu Zhou did not care what the Fiend Temple thought, nor did he need to care.

According to the situation at that time, no one in Evil Sky Pavilion could resist Zuo Xinchuan. It would be fine if he had only wanted to show off his prowess with the female cultivators of Derived Moon Palace as an excuse, but he had gone too far by challenging the villainous patriarch.

If he did not seek death, he would not have died.

It was only a matter of time before Lu Zhou struck, and he did not have the time or need to think if Zuo Xinchuan were backed by some powers or if there were any schemes.

Lu Zhou glanced at the two thousand six hundred and ninety merit points on the system panel.

He knew that he was down on luck, so after using the reversal card he got from the last lucky draw and adding three hundred days to his remaining life, he threw the thought of drawing another prize out of his mind.

He needed to focus on his cultivation base, because it was the foundation.

After that, he purchased another deadly strike card and saved the rest of the points so that he could buy a higher-level avatar later.

“Completing tasks is still the best way to get merit points, and the disciples are the main force to do that for me...”

Lu Zhou thought of his sixth disciple, Ye Tianxin, the disciple who hated him. If he were still Ji Tiandao, he would have killed the treacherous disciple. However, he was not the other, and he did not choose to do that.

“What is her problem?” he was lost in thought.

The answer lay within the missing memory. Lu Zhou frowned slightly. He had thought that it was just a temporary symptom caused by the dimension travel, and that he would recall all the memories soon. However, in recent days, he had basically gained full control over the body, and yet those missing memories did not come back to him.

After recalling for a very long time and getting himself nothing but dizziness, he simply gave up searching the memory.

“Well, if I can’t recall anything, that means this is her fate...” Lu Zhou put a stop to all distracting thoughts and began to study the Heaven Writing again.

...

Mingshi Yin paced back and forth in the Cave of Reflection, shaking his head and sighing from time to time when he saw Ye Tianxin's face, which was growing paler and paler.

"I've told you that Derived Moon Palace would be struck by this calamity. Had it not been because of Master, your subordinates would have died by now," Mingshi Yin said.

Leaning her back against the cold stone wall, Ye Tianxin said unconvincingly, "They are merely mean creatures who take advantage of others in a helpless situation. If I were with them, Zuo Xinchuan would not have the chance to hurt them."

"Be that as it may, what about the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects? You may be stronger than Zuo Xinchuan, but can you resist their wrath?" Mingshi Yin asked.

Ye Tianxin was speechless.

There were many experts in the three sects in the southern region of Great Yan, which made them much stronger than many sects, including hers.

"Tianxin...I can't help you much," Mingshi Yin sighed. "I thought Master would fear Fiend Temple and give them the whole Derived Moon Palace, but..." He paused and chuckled before continuing, "...Master turned Zuo Xinchuan into ashes with just one move."

"One...move?"

"Yes, you heard me right! Moreover, the move was the Zen teaching's Great Seal of Fearless."

"Is he not afraid of offending the Fiend Temple? Those hiding behind it are not just a few evil cultivators..."

"I've thought about that too. Junior Sister Tianxin...you are still too young," Mingshi Yin said nonchalantly.

"What do you mean?"

"Everything is under Master's control..." Mingshi Yin said while nodding.

For a moment, Ye Tianxin was silent, and then she said, "No matter what, I'll remember Senior Brother's kindness."

No sooner had she finished that than she began to cough violently. Mingshi Yin frowned and bent over her, gathering some energy in his finger and pointing it at her acupoints. That alleviated her coughing, but her face grew paler.

"Your hair..." Mingshi Yin noticed the silver in her black hair.

"Leave me alone. With my cultivation base destroyed, I can no longer replenish the energy in my dantian. It is only a matter of time before I start decaying..." Ye Tianxin said indifferently.

"Listen to me, you should ask Master for forgiveness. Maybe he will save your life after considering the connection that ties you as master and disciple," Mingshi Yin exhorted.

Ye Tianxin shook her head. Fighting back the pain in her body, she looked up at Mingshi Yin and said, "Senior Brother, have you ever wondered why Eldest and Second Senior Brothers left?"

"I don't know, and I don't want to know," Mingshi Yin said while shaking his head. When he saw that Ye Tianxin was about to say some more, he waved his hand and said, "I'll leave you here to reflect on yourself. Tell me when you have thought it over, and I will intercede with Master to let you out."

When he had finished, he blinked and disappeared from the cave, not giving Ye Tianxin the chance to talk to him again.

Outside the Cave of Reflection, he took a deep breath and murmured in a low voice, "I'm not like you all...I still respect Master very much." With his hands clasped behind his back, he started toward the back of the mountain.

To return to Evil Sky Pavilion from the Cave of Reflection, one must pass through the back of the mountain. The place was clean, quiet, and empty, very suitable for training.

Mingshi Yin saw Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng training there as he passed. He had thought of giving them some advice, but when he recalled what happened between them in the past, he gave up the idea.

"Please wait a moment, Mister Fourth!" Pan Zhong suddenly called out.

"What do you want?" Mingshi Yin asked suspiciously.

While bowing, Pan Zhong said, "I wonder if Mister Fourth can help me with one thing?"

"No," Mingshi Yin turned to leave.

Pan Zhong, "..."

At any other time, Pan Zhong would not dare to stop Mingshi Yin from leaving, but he had a very important thing that needed help with, so he summoned his courage and said, "Please listen to me, Mister Fourth! The chill in my body is at its peak recently, and it is killing me. If this were to continue, I'm afraid I can't last for three months. Lord Pavilion promised me that he will give me the Six Yang Technique...I hope Mister Fourth can...help me..." his confidence grew weaker as he said.

"That's all?" Mingshi Yin glared at him.

"Yes."

"Since Master had promised you, he will not go back on his word. Three months...is a long way to go. There are many people out there who fall asleep without knowing if they can see the next day's sun." After leaving the rather emotional remark, Mingshi Yin blinked and disappeared.

"..."

Pan Zhong looked puzzled. Meanwhile, Zhou Jifeng put away his sword as he shook his head and said, "I've told you that although Mister Fourth looks kind, there are always hidden barbs in his words. I suggest you talk to Mister Ninth. She is innocent, simple, and kind, and Lord Pavilion dotes on her. I'm sure she will help you if you talk nicely to her."

"That makes sense." Pan Zhong nodded.

...

After reading the Heaven Writing three more times, Lu Zhou found that it had not changed except for the two additional lines of characters. Comprehending them was a very boring and tedious job, so he closed the interface after a while.

"Master!" Little Yuan'er's voice came from outside.

"Come in."

The little girl hopped in from outside and said happily, "Master, I got information about Senior Sister Zhaoyue!"

"Tell me about it."

Chapter 57: Zhao Yue's Whereabouts

Zhao Yue had not come back since she finished the task Lu Zhou gave her last time, and he had not been able to figure out why. The reason for her desertion should be different from that of Ye Tianxin, Yu Zhenghai, and Yu Shangrong, and it should not be too complicated either.

"Senior Sister could be in Yu Province," said Little Yuan'er as she sat down on a chair. She poured herself a cup of water and took a sip, breathing a sigh of relief before continuing, "I guessed it when someone in the station mentioned the Brilliant Jade Technique."

Lu Zhou did not understand it. Orthodox sects and evil sects had always been at daggers drawn. Why would they mix now? Were they going to have a war against each other?

He had used all his peak-form experience cards. If he fell into another trap, he would be finished for sure.

Reflexively, he opened the system panel and glanced at the task field. Sure enough, there was a new task: Bring Zhao Yue back.

"What else have you heard?"

"Some said Senior Sister is about to get married, and she will be a Holy Daughter..."

That gave Lu Zhou a pause.

Zhao Yue's cultivation base largely came from the Brilliant Jade Technique. The jade in its name referred to the essence of heaven and earth, the product of mother nature. If she were to cultivate it to the peak, she could not have disturbing thoughts or indulge in a love affair.

"What's the reason?" Lu Zhou asked.

Little Yuan'er shook her head and said with a puzzled look, "I only heard that a grand ceremony will be held at the holy altar in Yu Province."

"A grand ceremony?"

"By the way, it seems that Fiend Temple will also send someone to the ceremony," Little Yuan'er added. When she mentioned the name, she carefully looked at Lu Zhou's expression. "Master, why don't I go by

myself? I will bring Senior Sister back, and when I see anyone from Fiend Temple, I'll kill them all for you!"

Lu Zhou knocked her head with a hand and said, "Don't cause trouble! Although I couldn't care less about Fiend Temple, its chief is a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert with a seven-leaf avatar after all. You are just a Divine Court cultivator. How are you going to fight when you see them?"

"Oh!" Little Yuan'er nodded.

Lu Zhou searched his memory and pondered for a brief moment before asking, "Besides Fiend Temple, what other powers will attend?"

"The Righteous Sect and the Clarity Sect seem to be going too."

"Bring Pan Zhong to me. I have something to ask him."

"Master, you can just ask me," Little Yuan'er said confidently.

"Go now," Lu Zhou raised his voice a little.

"Oh!"

With her lips pursed, the little girl ran away. Before very long, she came back with Pan Zhong, who looked listless and with bruises on his face.

"Greetings, my lord," Pan Zhong cupped his fist and bowed.

Lu Zhou glanced at him and asked, "What happened to your face?"

"There are too many steep places on Golden Court Mountain and I accidentally fell off one..." Pan Zhong hurriedly explained.

Lu Zhou did not care about how he got himself hurt. "You are from Clarity Sect. Do you know anything about the grand ceremony at the holy altar?"

Pan Zhong nodded and said, "Yes, it's a long story to tell."

"Then make it a short one and tell it quickly," Little Yuan'er urged.

"..."

Pan Zhong shivered at the thought of the violent beating he had just received, and he quickly said, "Since the human race drove the alien races to Rongbei and Rongxi, the righteous sects and the evil sects in the cultivation world are at daggers drawn. Every year, there are numerous disputes between sects, resulting in countless casualties. To ease the conflicts, some small sects have come up with the idea of holding grand ceremonies. On the one hand, it is to ease the conflicts between sects, and on the other, it is also to give them a chance to show kindness to each other, so as to not aggravate the dispute."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Do you know that Clarity Sect is going to the grand ceremony in Yu Province?"

That surprised Pan Zhong. "This...I don't know anything about it, as I left the sect three years ago. The Clarity Sect is considered a major righteous sect, and I don't think its conflict with the evil sects can be resolved with such a lesser ceremony."

Lu Zhou got a rough idea of everything now. "It is said that a Holy Daughter will serve as a bridge to reconcile the conflict between both sides. Is there such a thing?"

"Yes, that is true, and the Holy Daughter will strengthen the bridge with marriage..."

No matter how slow-witted Little Yuan'er was, she understood now. Her eyes went wide, and she said angrily, "Traitor! How could she do this!"

There was no need to ask any further questions. Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "You may leave us now."

"Old Senior..." Pan Zhong wanted to say something, but he hesitated.

"What do you want?"

"Please teach me the Six Yang Technique..." Pan Zhong dropped to his knees and kowtowed.

Before Lu Zhou could answer him, Little Yuan'er already said impatiently, "How dare you trouble my master with such a trifle matter!"

"Ah?"

"Find that lousy technique by yourself in the library within the West Pavilion," Little Yuan'er said.

Pan Zhong looked embarrassed. He wondered if they truly treated such an important cultivation technique so casually.

Lu Zhou did not deny it and just waved his hand.

Ji Tiandao had seized too many cultivation techniques from the orthodox sects in this world. There was no way he could keep them all with him.

After Pan Zhong left, he pondered over how to bring Zhao Yue back. From what he had learned so far, he guessed that she was most likely forced to become a Holy Daughter, and that she would become a victim of the grand ceremony.

So, what should he do next?

Right then, Mingshi Yin walked into Evil Sky Pavilion and saw Lu Zhou wearing an indifferent face, as if he were deep in thoughts.

"Master, I have something to report."

"What is it?"

"The traitor Si Wuya sends Master a letter," Mingshi Yin respectfully held out a letter with both hands.

'Old Seventh? Since he deserted Golden Court Mountain, he never interacted with Evil Sky Pavilion. Why is he so bold now? He's a traitor after all.' Lu Zhou thought to himself as he took the letter and briefly glanced at it.

'What a coincidence!'

It happened that the letter was about Zhao Yue as well.

"Master, what does the letter say?" Little Yuan'er asked impatiently.

After reading it, Lu Zhou raised his hand and let the letter fall onto the table. Then, he furrowed his brow. Mingshi Yin carefully picked up the letter and looked at it. As he read, he looked surprised, and then he frowned as well.

"Old Seventh has no motive to send us false news..." he analyzed. "Master, if the news is true, I fear that Junior Sister Zhao Yue will not be able to escape her fate."

Lu Zhou glanced at Mingshi Yin indifferently and said, "What do you think we should do?"

Although Mingshi Yin's thought process was outlandish, he would occasionally come out with some good ideas. He thought for a moment and said, "When shepherds quarrel, the wolf has a winning game. Since they want to reconcile, we will sow discord among them. This is an easy job because they are always at dagger drawn."

When he had finished, Mingshi Yin bowed and said, "Master, you don't have to do this yourself. It is only a trifle matter. I'm willing to do the hard work, and I promise I'll bring Junior Sister Zhao Yue back."

'I'm sure Master will let me go out this time!' he thought as he bowed his head, waiting for his master's approval.

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "You will be reflecting on yourself for three days in the Cave of Reflection."

"..."

'Ding! You have disciplined Mingshi Yin and are rewarded with 100 merit points.'

Chapter 58: Bi An

Mingshi Yin was a little confused. He did not understand why he was punished. He had done everything he was told to do in recent days, and he did it dedicatedly. He had defended the mountain, fought the enemies, and even flattered his master. He thought he had performed excellently.

However, he did not dare to disobey his master's order, so he bowed and said, "I deserve to be punished." After that, he turned and started toward the Cave of Reflection like an obedient child.

Why did Lu Zhou punish him? It was because he saw Mingshi Yin's loyalty fluctuate. The fluctuation was not great, and his loyalty still maintained at around seventy. However, as long as it was not above eighty, there was a chance that he would betray him.

Little Yuan'er looked puzzled, so she picked up the letter and read it. After reading it, she scratched her head as if she did not understand the contents and said, "This is not a trap? Fifth Senior Sister was forced because some people want to vent their anger?"

Lu Zhou did not answer her but said coolly, "Come with me to the holy altar."

When she heard that they were going out, Little Yuan'er blinked her big eyes excitedly and said, "Master, Master...Are we really going out?"

"What's there to be excited about?" Lu Zhou walked outside and looked at the sky. It was already midday, and the weather was good. They should be able to reach Yu Province before sunset.

He needed to arrive in the city of Runan in advance to make some preparations. Without a peak-form experience card, he would have to use his brains if he wished to bring back Zhao Yue.

He glanced at Little Yuan'er's clothes, which was an attire she wore to gather information at the station. Thankfully, it was not too attractive.

"Master, do we need to tell Senior Brothers?" Little Yuan'er asked.

"No need."

It was pointless to tell them. Golden Court Mountain would be safe under the protection of the shield, and the few disciples he left behind were clever enough to protect themselves.

Suddenly, he thought of his new mount Bi An and decided that it was time to see it. He had gotten to know Whitard pretty well, but he had not tried Bi An yet. So, he waved his hand.

Soon, a strange power appeared in the bright blue sky.

"Whitard?" Little Yuan'er looked suspiciously at the sky. As soon as she sensed the power, she knew it was a legendary mount.

In this wide world, there were many unknown places that humans could not explore. These places were infested with terrible creatures, but very few of them could be captured and used as mounts.

Before very long, a mighty-looking figure flew over. It appeared like a tiger and was emanating a menacing aura.

ROAR!

Little Yuan'er took a step back in fear. Standing beside Lu Zhou, she muttered, "Why...why does Whitard look different now?"

Whitard was somewhat similar to an antelope while Bi An looked more like a tiger: one was gentle and the other fierce. She was not wrong.

The mount landed and crouched, putting away its fierce look. It was showing its loyalty to its master.

Lu Zhou was a little surprised as well. This Bi An was clearly an aggressive creature. He wondered how strong it was and what level of cultivators it could rival.

"Let's go!" he gestured.

Little Yuan'er approached with tiny and slow steps as she said, "Master, can I not ride it? It looks scary!"

"Not as scary as you."

"..."

"Don't be afraid!"

Lu Zhou walked over. Sure enough, the mount lowered its body so much that its stomach touched the ground. At the sight of that, Little Yuan'er summoned her courage and approached it while giving it a good look.

ROAR!

Suddenly, Bi An let out a deep, powerful roar. However, instead of stepping back with fear, Little Yuan'er jumped on its back.

"Master...it scares me..."

Lu Zhou casually waved his hand. At the gesture, Bi An leaped into the sky and disappeared into the distant horizon in the blink of an eye.

To Lu Zhou's surprise, Bi An was as fast as Whizard. However, the difference between them was stark. Bi An was fierce and aggressive but not as clever as humans. As for how strong it was, it remained to be tested. Whizard, on the other hand, was calm and peaceful, and it was comfortable to fly with it. It was unknown at the moment what other abilities the antelope-like mount had.

Half a day later, Bi An slowly descended somewhere near the city of Runan. When she saw no one around them, Little Yuan'er chuckled and said, "I know what Master wants...We need to avoid drawing attention."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Runan is not far away from Divine Capital, where cultivators in the world gather, including almighty experts. We need to stay low."

"I understand, Master." Little Yuan'er blinked her big eyes and said, "Master, are we going to Divine Capital after this?"

Lu Zhou knocked her head and stroked his beard, "No."

"Oh!"

After entering the city, Little Yuan'er could hardly contain her excited mood. Fortunately, Lu Zhou had repeatedly told her to not resort to force, so nothing bad happened along the way.

"Grandpa, there's an inn up ahead. Shall we find a room to stay?"

"Alright."

Just as they came to the inn's door, a group of cultivators flew past in the sky. Common people in the streets all looked up and let out shocked cries. Lu Zhou looked up as well and saw cultivators clad all in black surrounding a huge flying chariot.

"That's the flying chariot of an evil sect! Look, the banner belongs to Fiend Temple..."

“Don’t worry, disputes of the cultivation world will not affect common people.”

“When can I become a mighty cultivator and own a flying chariot like this?”

Little Yuan’er listened to the chatter around them disapprovingly and muttered, “What’s the big deal? My Grandpa has a goat as his mount.”

A middle-aged man next to them heard that and said amusingly, “Little girl, is your goat strong enough to carry you?”

“Hmph! It can not only carry me, but also fly out of Great Yan in just half a day!” Little Yuan’er said.

“You go on with your boasting!”

“You don’t believe me?” Little Yuan’er frowned.

The man said casually, “Do you think I will believe you, little girl?”

“I think you will...” As she said that, she flexed her wrists and cracked her fingers.

The streets calmed down after the chariot flew past in the sky. Right now, Lu Zhou was a little puzzled. He did not expect that a mighty figure like this would come to Runan as well. Could Fiend Temple be holding a grudge against him because of what happened to Zuo Xinchuan?

Judging from the number of cultivators and the size of the chariot, the person inside should be at least a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert. Who would that be, if not the chief of Fiend Temple?

‘Well, it’s pointless to think about that now,’ Lu Zhou thought to himself. Then, he turned around and called out, “Yuan’er!”

“Coming, Grandpa!” Little Yuan’er ran over while flexing her fists. “Hehe! Grandpa, let me help you...”

She ran directly into the inn and said to the innkeeper, “Hey, give me the best room you have!”

The innkeeper said politely, “I’m sorry, my respected guest, the inn is full. As the grand ceremony of the holy altar is about to be held, we have had too many guests recently. I hope you can forgive me...”

“You have no more room?” Little Yuan’er scratched her head doubtfully.

“I’m sorry! You may want to find accommodation elsewhere.”

“Fine!”

Little Yuan’er was about to turn and leave when a faint gust of energy blew into the inn, spreading out into all directions before retreating. It all happened in a flash.

The innkeeper, Little Yuan’er, and Lu Zhou, who just came into the inn, looked toward the source. A man with two exquisite swords in his arms walked inside with a solemn look on his face.

At the sight of him, the innkeeper said excitedly, “A Divine Court cultivator...My...My lord?”

The man’s eyes were slightly closed, and there was a noble pride on his calm face. In a soft voice, he said, “Innkeeper, I will stay here.”

"Welcome, my lord! It's my honor to serve you! I have only two heaven-grade rooms now, I hope my lord doesn't mind!" The innkeeper's voice was so loud that it could be heard even outside the inn.

The man said faintly, "I want two of your best rooms."

"No problem!" the innkeeper said excitedly.

Right then, two servants ran over with a fawning look on their faces.

Little Yuan'er's nostrils flared when she heard that. "Old thing, didn't you just say your inn is full? Why are there still rooms for him?"

"Don't be rude! This is a cultivator who has opened eight meridians and stepped into the Divine Court realm. Naturally, other guests have to give way to him."

If it were another time, Little Yuan'er would have had a fit. However, they were at Runan now, and her master had repeatedly told her to not cause trouble.

"Why do you need two rooms? You're alone!" she pointed at the man.

"Little girl, you..."

The man raised a hand and stopped the innkeeper. Then, he said in a voice that was not fast or slow, calm and soft, "Let me answer your question..."

"I have the ashes of my deceased companion in my baggage. Although he died in battle, I'm deeply inspired by his unyielding spirit. He still lives in my heart...so he should be treated as a living person."

Chapter 59: The Sharpest Sword

"My sword has fought with me for many years and killed countless foes. It should have its own room. However, as I never part with my sword, two rooms are enough for now."

Lu Zhou looked calm, but he did not know in his heart whether to cry or laugh. He could not believe there was such a neurotic person in this world. However, to his surprise, he saw Little Yuan'er touch her chin thoughtfully. Then, she nodded approvingly and said, "I agree that you do need two rooms."

"Please forgive me, my respected guest!" When the innkeeper saw that the Divine Court expert was not angry, his manner became much friendlier and more polite.

"Hold on!" Lu Zhou said suddenly.

That gave the man and the innkeeper a pause, and they both turned to look at him, who appeared to be just a weak old man they could easily push to the ground.

"What is it, Old Mister?" the innkeeper asked.

"I want a heaven-grade room."

"But..."

Lu Zhou waved a hand and said, "Yuan'er."

As soon as his voice rang out, Little Yuan'er understood his gesture. A wave of energy exploded out of her in the next instant and wheeled about them. Then, the energy, which was supposed to return to her, suddenly spread out in all directions like a ripple.

Everything in the inn—the tables, chairs, and even those at the upper floors—shook at the same time. If the energy wave were slightly stronger, the inn might have been brought down to the ground.

"Divine...Divine Court?" The innkeeper trembled, and his heart raced.

There seemed to be a little too many mighty figures visiting his inn today, the innkeeper thought. For a moment, he did not know what to say, and he only felt like crying for offending an expert.

The man's eyes flashed with a hint of surprise. "My brother respected experts when he was alive, and he aspired to become a Nascent Divinity Tribulation cultivator," he said in a calm voice. "I respect what he respects. I will share one room with my brother. Innkeeper, give the other room to this Old Mister."

The innkeeper was overjoyed when he heard that. "Very good! Very good!" Then, he hurriedly ordered the servants to tidy up the rooms on the upper floor.

However, Lu Zhou shook his head and said, "It is not enough."

"What?"

"I want two rooms."

"This...This...is not a problem at all..." The innkeeper almost burst out in tears.

The reason Lu Zhou wanted two rooms was very simple. Although Little Yuan'er was a simple and innocent girl, she was almost sixteen and no longer a child. It was not convenient for them to stay in the same room.

Lu Zhou slowly went up the stairs while Little Yuan'er followed with a triumphant look. When he walked past the man, he glanced at the two swords in his arms.

"The Couple Swords?"

The man was a little surprised and puzzled. "You have a pair of keen eyes, Old Mister!"

"One of them is long and carved with dragons, and the other is short and carved with phoenixes. They both are peak earth-grade weapons, barely touching the heaven-grade..." Lu Zhou said while stroking his beard.

"Since you know them, you should be careful about the way you talk to me. If it were at other times, I would certainly use them to teach those who insult them a lesson." While keeping a straight face and a watchful eye on Little Yuan'er, he shook his head and said, "The swords have killed countless foes and been tempered for dozens of years, which made them heaven-grade weapons a long time ago. They are not earth-grade weapons like you just said."

Lu Zhou stroked his beard and did not refute, and the man continued, "In my opinion, there is no weapon in this world sharper than the Couple Swords."

Just then, Little Yuan'er said curiously from the side, "Are you using both swords yourself?"

The man shook his head. "I use the long sword and my brother uses the short sword."

'Oh, so you and your brother are a pair of...Well, how did a neurotic man like you reach the Divine Court realm?' Lu Zhou thought as he stroked his beard. Of course, he kept a calm face, so that no one could tell his emotions.

"The swords are sharp?" Lu Zhou asked doubtfully.

The man did not say anything. Instead, he drew the short sword, the edge of which reflected a cold gleam as soon as it left the sheath. Then, while holding it horizontally with his right hand, he plucked a hair from his head with his left hand and lightly blew at it. The hair fell weightlessly onto the edge and was sliced in half.

The sword proved to be extremely sharp.

The man looked proud as he said, "As I said, there is no weapon in this world sharper than the Couple Swords. Do you have any other questions, Old Mister?"

Lu Zhou suddenly recalled his 'Unnamed' weapon and thought he might as well give it a try. It was rare to have a heaven-grade weapon ready for him to try his weapon. If it were destroyed, it meant that the Unnamed was just a piece of rubbish, and he would not feel pity throwing it away.

At the thought of that, Lu Zhou slowly raised his hand. In the blink of an eye, he was already holding an exquisite and tiny sword. He did not say a word, and just as he was bringing it down toward the short sword, the man hurriedly said, "Don't do it, Old Mister!"

"Why?"

"I can tell that you have a good sword, and I'll feel bad if it is destroyed," the man said.

"It doesn't matter." As he said that, Lu Zhou hacked the man's short sword with Unnamed.

A crisp metal on metal sound rang and sparks flew out in all directions. Lu Zhou looked at Unnamed: It was not damaged, nor was there a scratch. Then, he looked at the short sword of the Couple Swords and found that it was intact as well.

That confused him. The result meant that the Unnamed was at least the same grade as the Couple Swords. The problem was why it could not damage the piece of scrap metal in the secret chamber. Could it be that it was more suitable to take the shape of a shield, since it could transform into all kinds of weapons?

Meanwhile, the man gave Unnamed a surprised look and said, "I can't believe there is a weapon in this world that can resist the Couple Swords' sharpness!"

Little Yuan'er muttered, "That's because you are ignorant. Do you believe that my Grandpa can break your crude weapons in half with just bare hands?"

For some reason, a scene that Lu Zhou had seen in his previous life came to his mind. It was a video clip of two girls showing off their older brothers to each other, comparing whose brother was better at eating shit. He found that Little Yuan'er was showing signs of going down on the same route, so he quickly reproached her, "Be quiet!"

After saying that, he turned and walked toward the heaven-grade rooms on the other side. Looking at his back, the man said lightly, "My name is Zhuo Ping...I hope I can see you again, Old Mister."

That sounded quite strange, but Lu Zhou ignored it and went into his room.

With the Couple Swords in his arms, Zhuo Ping went into his own room. Once inside, he placed down the swords, and it was then that he heard a clear cracking sound. Puzzled, he pulled the short sword from its sheath.

To his horror, he saw a clean cut in the middle of the blade, which split the sword in half like a piece of tofu!

"How is this...possible?" He was shocked, and his heart ached. He had regarded the sword as his life, and yet it was destroyed now! "Is this the work of that old man?"

A swordsman valued his sword above all. When his beloved sword was destroyed, he would do anything to avenge it!

Zhuo Ping stood up furiously as he took the longer sword and pulled open the door, walking out in a towering rage.

He had just reached the first corner when a man in blue robes blocked his way. The man was smiling with his arms crossed over his chest, and his aura was ordinary. There was nothing unusual about him at all.

"Please let me through!" Zhuo Ping said while frowning.

The man in blue robes kept his smile as he said, "I'm sorry."

"Make way!"

No sooner had Zhuo Ping said that than the man raised his right hand, drew a sword from his back, swung it as quickly as lightning, and put it back into its sheath. His movements were natural, smooth, and completed in the blink of an eye. It was as if he had practiced it over tens of thousands of times.

After that, he walked toward the heaven-grade room without even looking back.

Zhuo Ping was holding his long sword with a shocked look on his face. He stood there, unmoving, as if he had turned into stone.

A few moments later, the long sword cracked and broke, falling onto the ground.

Plop!

Then, Zhuo Ping fell to the ground as well, with blood gushing out of his neck.

Inside the room, the swordsman in blue robes sat expressionlessly beside the table. With a smile on his face, he said to himself, "Where are you...Master?"

Chapter 60: A Sword Lover

The swordsman in blue robes stopped smiling just as a figure suddenly appeared outside the window of his room.

“What’s the matter?” he said faintly without looking at the window.

“Sect Master has ordered me to tell Senior that the Sword Freak, Chen Wenjie, has arrived in Runan two days ago, and he asks you to be careful of the experts from the Clarity Sect and the Righteous Sect.”

The swordsman glanced at the figure and said politely, “Thank you.”

“There’s one more thing. Old Senior Ji of the Evil Sky Pavilion is likely to have arrived in Runan as well. Sect Master wants to know what your plans are.” The figure spoke in a hesitant tone, as if he were a little afraid.

“It has nothing to do with him,” the swordsman’s voice grew lower as he said.

The figure instinctively took a step back.

The swordsman smiled again as he took the kettle from the table and poured a glass of water, “You don’t have to be afraid, my friend. The wind is strong out there. If you have nothing else to do, please come in and have a glass of water.”

“This...This Junior needs to report back to Sect Master! Farewell!”

The figure blinked and disappeared into the night.

The swordsman shook his head helplessly, but he did not stay in the room for long. After a short rest, he turned and jumped into the darkness, disappearing as well.

The next morning...

As soon as Lu Zhou opened his eyes, he heard noise coming from outside his room. Then, he heard a knock on his door, which made him get up.

“Old...Old Mister...” It was the innkeeper.

Lu Zhou got out of bed and opened the door suspiciously, only to be greeted by the innkeeper and several officers.

The innkeeper’s face was covered in sweat, but before he could speak, the leading officer already cupped his fist and said, “Did you see who killed Zhuo Ping, Old Mister?”

Lu Zhou had a puzzled look on his face. Zhuo Ping was dead? He turned to look at the door of the room where the man stayed. Two soldiers were dealing with a puddle of blood on the ground there, beside which was a broken sword. Meanwhile, two other officers searched the room. The room was empty, however, so they could not find anything.

Zhuo Ping was a Divine Court expert, but he was killed quietly without putting out a fight. This proved that the murderer was most likely a Nascent Divinity Tribulation expert.

Lu Zhou shook his head to show that he did not see anything.

The officer sighed and said, “Zhuo Ping was an expert of swords. Whoever could kill him must also be an expert. It is normal for you not to see it.”

“Zhuo Ping had enmity with someone?” Lu Zhou asked.

The officer frowned and studied Lu Zhou for a moment before speaking in an unfriendly tone, "Don't ask what you shouldn't."

Although Zhuo Ping's death had nothing to do with Lu Zhou, the fact that the murderer was an expert brought him a bad feeling. If Runan were a huge trap and he knew it too late, then it would be very difficult for him to get away.

"When I ask you a question, you just have to answer it." Lu Zhou showed him the imperial token.

The officer glared at him and was about to lose his temper when he saw the token, and he wilted instantly. 'He's someone from the imperial clan!' He trembled and dropped to his knees as he cried out, "My, my lord..."

The innkeeper was struck dumb.

Meanwhile, the other soldiers knelt without saying anything. When they saw the token, their faces froze and their heart raced as they immediately went down on their knees with the official in charge.

It was then that Little Yuan'er came out of her room while yawning and rubbing her eyes. When she saw the people kneeling in front of Lu Zhou's room, she said, "Grandpa, do you want me to beat them?"

As soon as the innkeeper heard her say that, he collapsed and sat down.

Lu Zhou waved his hand, signaling her not to interrupt. Then, he continued asking, "Who is Zhuo Ping exactly?"

"He is an expert of swords, and he had taken the Couple Swords by killing his own brother. Due to his profound cultivation base, the local authorities could hardly touch him."

"Then, why was he in Runan?"

"This...I don't know."

These people were just some low-level officers and soldiers, and they had little access to cases involving Divine Court experts. It was normal for them not to know such information.

Little Yuan'er ran to the crime scene and glanced around before running back. As if she had made a major discovery, she said excitedly, "He was killed with just one sword strike, which cut him from here to here," she pointed at her own body. "Oh, the murderer killed him from the front."

Lu Zhou nodded. The murderer should be an expert of swords who owned a heaven-grade weapon. In his memory, a number of people met these criteria.

The person who killed Zhuo Ping could be the Sword Freak Chen Wenjie, the Sword Genius Jiang Aijian, Luo Changqing from the Luo Sect, or his treacherous disciple, Yu Shangrong.

Just as Lu Zhou was pondering, a loud noise was heard from outside. He and the kneeling officers and soldiers all showed a puzzled expression and looked outside the inn at the same time.

"Yuan'er, go and have a look."

"Yes."

Little Yuan'er jumped directly from the upper floor to the ground floor before running out of the inn and coming back a short moment later.

"There's a flying chariot outside, which belongs to the Temple of Great Emptiness," the little girl said.

"The Temple of Great Emptiness?"

Puzzled, Lu Zhou turned and walked downstairs. Little Yuan'er followed, leaving the group of people kneeling and looking at each other, wondering whether they should get up or not.

When he came outside, Lu Zhou looked up at the sky. The huge flying chariot had flown to the edge of the city, but the bald monks flying around it were still faintly visible. Judging from the symbols on the chariot, it indeed belonged to the Temple of Great Emptiness.

"Let's go!" Lu Zhou retracted his glance.

"Oh!"

Soon, they headed north of Runan. As soon as they were out of the city, Little Yuan'er whispered, "Master, we are being followed."

Lu Zhou said nothing but nodded. This was why he had been taking Little Yuan'er with him. She cultivated the Supreme Purity Jade Slip, which made her perception far exceed that of cultivators at the same realm. Moreover, she was witty, and she could protect herself even if they met a strong enemy, saving Lu Zhou's energy.

Lu Zhou had planned to ride his mount to the holy altar, but now that they were being followed, he had to deal with it first.

"Please wait a moment, Old Mister!" The stalker finally lost his patience.

Lu Zhou and Little Yuan'er turned slowly and saw a young man who looked less than thirty years old.

"What do you want?"

"I want to buy something from you, Old Mister."

Little Yuan'er said angrily, "We're not selling anything! Go away!"

The young man paid no attention to Little Yuan'er and just stared at Lu Zhou.

"The fact that your short sword could destroy the Couple Swords proves that it is an excellent sword. I am willing to buy it at a high price," he said.

Lu Zhou asked calmly, "You were there yesterday?"

The young man nodded. "That's right. I had intended to discuss this with Old Mister yesterday, but an expert was present, and I had to avoid him."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "You like swords?"

"I regard swords as my life, and I love them to the bone," the man said slowly. "I was going to kill Zhuo Ping and take the Couple Swords, but I didn't expect that someone killed him before I could do anything."

It's a pity that the expert destroyed the sword too...What a pity..." His words were filled with regret for the sword.

"Who is that expert?"

"I didn't see him. However, his true identity is not difficult to guess. In this world, there are only three people who can use swords to such an extreme level." For a moment, the young man seemed to have forgotten his objective as he went on, "One of them is the villainous patriarch of Evil Sky Pavilion, Ji Tiandao, who is also the one I fear the most..."

Little Yuan'er covered her smile with a hand and said, "Then you should be running right now!"