

Immortality 1099

Chapter 1099 “The Black Hand

In the small grove on the bank of Mistwater River.

The battered Crossing River Dragon knelt on the ground.

Cheng Mo and the other three stood in a standoff with the group opposite them, their expressions heavy.

The young man in golden embroidered robes wore an arrogant smirk as he stood there, his entourage of six or seven young cultivators glaring with disdainful expressions.

This golden-robed young man and the cultivators by his side were all Foundation Building Middle Phase cultivators without exception.

Mo Hua crouched invisibly on a tree branch, pondering for a moment before deciding not to rashly reveal himself.

Cheng Mo, who had been ambushed by the golden-robed young man, managed to block the sword light, but the turbulence in his Blood Qi left him furious as he spat out:

"Who are you people?"

The golden-robed young man sneered, “You’re not worthy of knowing.”

Situ Jian’s gaze sharpened as he said gravely, “Sever Gold Sect. That sword Qi just now was the Sever Gold Sword Control Jue of their sect.”

Situ Jian, being a practitioner of swordsmanship, was familiar with the prominent Sword Dao sects in the Qian Learning State Boundary. He had a general understanding of many characteristic sword techniques, even if he hadn’t learned them himself.

Mo Hua, still hidden on the tree, was momentarily stunned.

Sever Gold Sect?

No wonder...

He had felt that the sword Qi was somehow familiar. It turned out this was the Sect Sword Technique—Sever Gold Sword Control Jue—that he had obtained from Boss Jiang.

He had even practiced it himself...

However, as he wasn't a sword cultivator, his improvised attempts to train in the Sever Gold Sword Qi resulted in a feeble, counterfeit version that was nothing compared to the sharp and fierce sword Qi wielded by the golden-robed cultivator earlier. It had simply slipped his mind.

"Sever Gold Sect

Mo Hua's gaze swept over the golden-robed young man and his entourage, his expression thoughtful.

The golden-robed young man, upon having his identity exposed, became even more haughty.

"Oh? Recognizing the Sever Gold Sword Qi of my sect... at least you show some discernment."

Yang Qianjun snorted coldly, his gaze icy:

"Sever Gold Sect, so what? We are carrying out a Taoist Court reward mission and following sect orders. Are you truly planning to snatch it by force?"

The golden-robed young man scoffed, "You're on a reward mission, and you think we're not?"

With a wave of his sleeve, he pointed at Duan Jianglong, "This beast—we've been tracking it for days, cornering it completely. Just when we were about to close the net, you little brats jumped in, captured it ahead of us, and stole our merit. Tell me—was that not a lack of proper manners on your part?"

Seeing them distort the truth, Cheng Mo burst out angrily:

"Bullshit! You tracked a pile of shit! You're just trying to snatch the credit, slapping a layer of gold onto your... no, onto what looks like a 'face' but is clearly your ass!"

The golden-robed young man blushed slightly, his expression full of anger and humiliation.

Born into privilege and status, he was revered even within his sect. He had never been subjected to such ridicule before, and his gaze took on a menacing sharpness.

"You little bastard, you're courting death!"

Cheng Mo stood firm without fear. Yang Qianjun gripped his spear tightly, and Situ Jian declared resolutely:

"You're a noble family's son, but so are we. You have a sect, and so do we! What—do you mean to kill us here in the wilderness?"

The golden-robed young man faltered slightly, his face twitching.

He didn't dare...

If it were ordinary loose cultivators, he could kill them without hesitation and push the blame onto a scapegoat when the Taoist Court came knocking.

There were always ways to escape culpability.

But killing a family cultivator or sect disciple was a different matter altogether—it wouldn't be resolved so easily.

At his side, a younger cultivator immediately chimed in ingratiatingly:

"Mr. Jin, killing them would sully your hands. Let us act on your behalf. We'll break a few ribs and humiliate them thoroughly."

"Even if they run back to complain, they'll only disgrace themselves."

Another person chimed in with a sarcastic tone, "Exactly. Teach these fledglings a lesson. Let them know the world requires them to have discernment—they can't afford to provoke the wrong people."

The golden-robed young man, addressed as Mr. Jin, nodded, looking down at them loftily as he said:

"Alright, I'm not one to be petty

Glancing coldly at the kneeling Crossing River Dragon, he snorted, "Leave behind our 'prey,' then apologize to me, and I'll let bygones be bygones and allow you to leave. Otherwise

Mr. Jin's smile grew grotesque, faint golden sword Qi flitting across his form, "Don't blame me for being rude, and teaching your sect how to discipline its disciples through you

Cheng Mo couldn't stand his domineering attitude and was about to curse him again when the Taixu Token suddenly trembled. Taking it out to look, he found a single word displayed:

"Leave."

This was sent by Mo Hua.

Situ Jian and the others received the same message.

Exchanging glances and silently agreeing, they all nodded faintly.

Mr. Jin noticed their tokens, his brow furrowing, "You are disciples of Taixu Sect?"

Typically, Cheng Mo and the group wore civilian clothes while carrying out missions, avoiding the Taixu Sect's Taoist Robes.

Although Mr. Jin had suspected they were sect disciples, he hadn't initially known which sect they belonged to.

Cheng Mo raised his chin, "That's right—scared now, aren't you?"

Mr. Jin let out a mocking laugh, "Taixu Sect? It's not even one of the Four Great Sects. Do you think we Sever Gold Sect are afraid of you?"

"Furthermore

Mr. Jin's smile grew meaningful, "Your Taixu Sect is lax with regulations; its disciples have no ambition. Your sword debates grow weaker by the year, and you've already lost your place among the Eight Great Gates."

"At this rate, it's only a matter of time before our Sever Gold Sect replaces you."

Cheng Mo shouted furiously, "You golden clown! Delusional! Go ahead, dream your mother's grand fantasy!"

Cold hostility slowly flickered in the depths of Mr. Jin's eyes.

Situ Jian quickly restrained Cheng Mo, whispering:

"No need to escalate things further—we should leave now."