

Menu 1321

Chapter 1321: Why is this so familiar?

While Cui Long was comparing who looked better between Dou Bao and Hong Xiu, more than a dozen riders appeared ahead. Each was dressed in black, with capes draped over their shoulders, and swords and bows hung on either side of their saddles.

Black cloth covered their faces, revealing only their eyes.

A fierce, vicious aura emanated from their entire bodies.

Battle-hardened!

As soon as Cui Long saw these riders, such descriptors popped into her mind.

Then, relying on her sharp perception as an alchemist.

She discovered that each of these riders in front was skilled in 'Bone Tempering' to the fullest extent.

Moreover, they obeyed orders precisely, stopping in unison when told to 'stop', clearly familiar with battle formations and coordination.

Instinctively, Cui Long clenched her fist.

Run!

Cui Long had no other thoughts.

According to her judgment, they had no chance of winning.

Although Uncle Xu told her that Mu Bai was comparable to a 'Skin Training' expert, it was just comparable, not in the true sense of 'Skin Training'. Moreover, even a true 'Skin Training' expert would

not be a match for more than a dozen riders who were adept at battle formations and equipped with bows and crossbows.

As long as they could put some distance between them using their horses, the relentless shooting would be enough to keep the 'Skin Training' expert on the run.

Once they ran out of strength, death was inevitable.

Fortunately, they were not far from Mountain City.

As long as they ran back to Mountain City, they could survive.

Then, relying on their strong personal martial power, they could take on and defeat the riders one by one.

In almost an instant, Cui Long had formulated a complete plan in her mind.

"Master Mu, we should first..."

Bang!

Just as Cui Long spoke, she was interrupted by a muffled sound.

What followed was a bloody storm. .

Jason punched through the chest of the leading rider at the front, blood mixed with fragments of organs splattered out, obscuring the vision of the surrounding knights. The knights shouted to pull away, but it was useless.

After his first punch succeeded, Jason raised his hand and threw a handful of gray powder.

The base was lime, which had been ground multiple times to become finer.

It was specially made by Dou Bao.

The knights raised their hands to block.

Almost all of them blocked it.

But their warhorses didn't have hands, they couldn't block it.

Whinny!

In the midst of intense braying, the supposedly steady warhorses began to jump violently, their hooves constantly scrapping the ground.

Unprepared, several knights were thrown off their horses.

The remaining ones held tightly to the reins.

And Jason's fists continued to strike relentlessly.

Bang bang bang!

The first to be dealt with were the mounted knights, followed by those fallen on the ground.

Resistance? Text acquired from .

Of course, there was some, but it was easily crushed.

'Bone Tempering' at its peak is always 'Bone Tempering'; under certain conditions defeating and killing 'Skin Training' is not difficult, but in one-on-one situations, such things rarely happen.

Not to mention, Jason on the 'Skin Training' side was by no means just 'Skin Training'.

Plus, he struck first.

Thus, the outcome of the battle was already determined at the start.

After confirming all enemies were dead, Jason began to clean up the battlefield, and Dou Bao jumped off the carriage to comfort the warhorses.

"Good boy, be good."

"Wash with sesame oil, and it won't hurt."

Dou Bao tended to each horse.

Cui Long followed by her side.

She looked on in astonishment at everything in front of her.

The opponents clearly had a winning situation, so how did they lose?

Just because of a handful of lime?

How can a martial artist use lime?

Isn't that something only street thugs use?

Cui Long really wanted to ask Jason, who was cleaning up the battlefield, but after thinking it over, she decided not to speak. Instead, she turned her head to Dou Bao and softly asked, "Was that lime just now?"

"Yes, I ground it."

"I also prepared croton powder, monkshood powder, and lily of the valley powder. Too bad Master hadn't used them yet, and they just... huh, Cui sister, why does your face look so bad?" .

Dou Bao boasted proudly.

The more Cui Long listened, the worse her expression became.

She suddenly realized that Dou Bao, who looked better than Hong Xiu, seemed not so beautiful anymore.

What kind of girl prepares such deadly things?

Hong Xiu sister is still better!

Dou Bao?

Not cute at all.

After considering repeatedly in her heart, Cui Long forced a smile.

"I guess it's because I haven't been resting well recently."

Cui Long explained.

"Is that so?"

"Then you should rest more, Cui sister."

"By the way, I have a bamboo tube here, take it inside is the juice of the 'Poison Arrow Tree'!"

"In your poor state, you definitely can't perform at your best. If you encounter enemies, just spray this at them, it'll surely be deadly upon blood contact!"

Dou Bao smiled mischievously as she took out a bamboo tube, about to hand it to Cui Long.

Cui Long's body trembled.

As an alchemist, she knew exactly what the juice of the 'Poison Arrow Tree' meant.

Ordinary people who come into contact with a bit of it can't take more than seven steps before dying.

Martial Artists are no exception, dying even faster.

She would be naturally the same.

Therefore, looking at the bamboo tube full of barbs, Cui Long dared not take it.

"I'll just get in the carriage first."

She waved her hand repeatedly, saying these words, and slightly embarrassed, fled back to the carriage.

And behind Cui Long, Dou Bao had a sly smile.

She could feel that Cui Long's gaze on her was somewhat off.

Although during the exodus, most of such looks came from men, there were occasionally one or two from women.

Chapter 1322: Why is it so familiar? (2)

Every time she encountered someone like this, she would calmly bury them.

Unfortunately, this time it was different.

Cui Long was someone the master needed to escort.

Moreover, as an alchemist, they were surely useful to the master.

Cannot be buried.

They can only be frightened a little.

Dou Bao thought as he started to continue calming the fine battle horses.

'A horse like this could sell for at least 100 silver coins; along with the saddle and such, selling for 110 silver coins wouldn't be excessive. There are 10 of them, totaling 1100 silver coins, which is enough to buy a small-aged ginseng for the master to make soup.'

Dou Bao thought as he looked at Jason.

At this time, Jason had already returned with ten 'Fireball Spell Staffs.'

Why did Jason take action directly?

It was natural because he smelled the scent of the 'Fireball Spell Staff.'

With that scent, no questions are needed; they must be from the 'Transmigration Cult.'

Plus, he had just taken down a similar presence to a 'Divine Envoy' from the Transmigration Cult; the identity of the person before him can basically be determined as their reinforcement.

To this, Jason naturally didn't mind.

He hoped there would be as many such reinforcements as possible.

Speaking of which, he had already taken down three out of the four known Divine Envoys of the 'Transmigration Cult.'

There's still one that breathes fire left.

'Will you come too?'

'Make sure you're straightforward.'

Jason hoped.

After all, the recent rumored female envoy didn't carry any valuable 'foods' for disguise, which was a big loss for Jason. Even the reinforcements later carrying 'Fireball Spell Staffs' made no difference.

Although 10 'Fireball Spell Staffs' have 350 points of satiety, they lack the 'Excitement of Feast.'

However, Jason would never dislike 'food.'

Smelling the scent of these 'Fireball Spell Staffs,' he suppressed the hunger in his stomach and helped Dou Bao tie the horses behind the second cart one by one.

"Master, what about the bodies?"

Dou Bao asked.

"Just dispose of them."

Jason said.

"I have kerosene."

Cui Long spoke up from inside the cart.

During the recent battle, Cui Long felt she didn't help out, but during the cleanup, she felt she needed to show her presence.

Although she was only someone being escorted, it didn't mean she could avoid everything and rest easy.

Be able to control an organization like 'Red Fragrance Alley' outside.

Even with many people helping, Cui Long wasn't ignorant either.

At least, she understood human nature.

"No need, kerosene is too troublesome; it burns slowly too."

"I have a better way I learned this during a famine."

Dou Bao specially explained to Jason.

Then, Corpse-Dissolving Powder was poured onto the bodies.

Sizzle sizzle sizzle!

A pungent smell emerged, watching the corpses dissolve into yellow water one by one, and Dou Bao proficiently collected the liquid, Cui Long's eyes widened.

Damn it, she's believed your trick!

This is Corpse-Dissolving Powder!

How could you learn this during a famine!

How many people have you killed to become this proficient?!

Cui Long glared at Dou Bao; Dou Bao felt it, immediately raised his head, and showed Cui Long a sweet smile.

Cui Long shivered, shrinking back into the carriage.

Indeed, women outside are tigers!

She missed Sister Red Silk.

Jason saw this scene; he could tell Dou Bao was doing it on purpose but didn't stop it.

As for why?

Dou Bao is one of us.

Cui Long is an outsider.

No matter how capable, she is still an outsider.

In such times, there's no reason to help outsiders. .

However, does Cui Long seem not very courageous?

A bit different from the rumored bravery denying men dominance.

Jason thought, almost instinctively recalling the 'Red Silk Girl' who took her place.

Compared to Cui Long's timid demeanor, the 'Red Silk Girl' seemed more like a man.

'Is it the help of the 'Red Silk Girl?'

Jason speculated, and after Dou Bao collected all the liquid outside, the group once again whipped forward on their journey.

This time there were no obstacles left.

In fact, it could be said that the journey was quite smooth.

Not only were there no enemy pursuits, but the weather was also excellent.

Traveling by day and resting by night, Jason and his party reached Bianzhou Prefecture in three days.

The carriage moved along the dirt-packed official road, fields and rivers appeared by the roadside, and the population became denser as they neared Bianzhou Prefecture; by noon, a large city came into Jason's view.

A thirty-meter-high, thousands-of-meters-long city wall made Bianzhou Prefecture look like a stone monster crouched at the end of the road.

Squadrons of soldiers stood guard and patrolled along the city wall.

At the gate, sentries were set up, checking the identities of those entering the city one by one.

'Sure enough, just like in 'hometown', during that era, we couldn't build such city walls.'

'And this is just a prefecture.'

'I wonder what the Northern Capital and Shu Capital from the rumors are like?'

Jason speculated.

Then, Jason frowned.

There was still some distance to the city gate, but Jason could already see that the security at the gate was extremely tight.

It was far beyond the usual strength.

"What's wrong, Master?"

Dou Bao, who had been watching Jason closely, noticed Jason's unease immediately.

"Something must have happened inside Bianzhou Prefecture. Be careful,"

Jason cautioned.

Dou Bao quickly nodded.

Cui Longnu, inside the carriage, also sat up straight despite her exhaustion.

Three days of eating in the wind and sleeping under the dew should have been nothing for a martial artist like Cui Longnu, who had perfected 'Bone Tempering', but whenever she noticed some of Dou Bao's behaviors, she became terrified.

For example: catching snakes, centipedes, spiders, toads, and scorpions.

Moreover, they were all the poisonous kinds.

From ordinary poisons to highly toxic ones.

But no matter what they were, they seemed petrified in front of Dou Bao, shrinking in place and letting Dou Bao extract their venom.

Even though Dou Bao always released these poisonous creatures afterward, at night, she could see Dou Bao mixing poisons.

Combinations of various poisons.

As an Alchemist, she could understand these, but there were other things she couldn't comprehend.

Like carving some items. .

Though she didn't understand it, Cui Longnu believed it was a deadly weapon.

Because, in addition to filling them with poisons, Dou Bao also loaded gunpowder inside.

Once, near the campfire,

She saw Dou Bao pour over a pound of gunpowder into a wooden barrel the size of a sweet potato, along with poisoned needles.

These already made Cui Longnu extremely anxious.

But what terrified her more was Dou Bao casually placing a bag beside the campfire.

She saw it clearly.

It was full of gunpowder.

If a single spark had flown out, Cui Longnu was certain she would have been blown to pieces.

So she didn't dare to sleep the entire night.

Thinking of this, Cui Longnu couldn't help casting a reproachful glance at Jason.

She swore that this Master Mu must know what Dou Bao was doing.

Yet he not only didn't stop it, he was quite laissez-faire.

Though throughout the journey, his cautious nature and skills were as outstanding as Uncle Xu described, perhaps even more so, because of Dou Bao, Cui Longnu always felt Master Mu was hiding some secret.

After all, any normal person would be startled by Dou Bao's actions.

But Jason was indifferent.

Exactly!

Indifferent!

That indifference seemed to say that neither gunpowder nor poison could affect me.

'Who are these two people?'

In these three days, Cui Longnu couldn't help asking herself.

The answer eluded her.

As the carriage moved with the horses, Jason's group of three caught the attention of the patrolling soldiers as they approached the city gate, not just because of Jason's large and sturdy build, and Dou Bao's attractiveness, but because of the ten fine horses trailing their second carriage.

The gate soldiers were no fools; seeing those fine horses, they surmised something.

Loot!

Loot from bandits!

Immediately, the soldiers treated Jason even more courteously.

Once Jason paid the corresponding entrance fee, they let him pass straight through.

"What happened? Why is it so strict?"

Before entering the city, Jason asked.

"Recently, there's been a flying thief causing trouble in the city, not only killing several blue-clothed arrest officers but also threatening to steal the seal of the great official,"

The gate soldier replied.

Jason was taken aback.

Why did this sound so familiar?

Chapter 1323: Imitation

The events told by the city guards were all too familiar to Jason and Dou Bao.

It was a complete replica of Jason's encounter with Li Deshang in 'Mountain City'.

Jason and Dou Bao exchanged a glance but didn't speak, quietly driving through the city gate.

Encountering such a thing right after entering Zhoufu, both felt a sense of bizarreness.

After leaving the city gate, Dou Bao looked at Jason, still expressionless, and quickly directed the carriage towards an inn by the roadside.

This isn't the time for inquiries; it's best to find a resting place and discuss strategies thoroughly.

This inn was right near the city gate.

"Sir, this courtyard is absolutely quiet."

"You can put horses in the courtyard too. We have excellent feed. Would you like me to arrange some for you?"

"If you want to eat, just come into the inn."

A clever attendant led Jason and two others into the backyard of the inn.

The yard was separated from the inn by a wall.

But it was missing the hustle and bustle of the street.

It had the unique tranquility of an alley, and the beds and rooms were very clean. There was no clutter in the yard, and there was plenty of space for horses and carriages.

Jason nodded in satisfaction.

Dou Bao immediately took out a corner money note and handed it to the attendant.

"Thank you, sir, thank you, lady."

"Feel free to call me if you need anything."

The attendant's smile grew wider after receiving the tip.

Save when you should.

Spend when you should.

Dou Bao knew this well.

Sometimes saving a little can lead to spending a lot.

Yet, at other times, spending a little can save a lot.

Like in this instance.

"Attendant, where's the mule market?"

"And when we just entered the city, why was the inspection so strict?"

Dou Bao asked.

"You mean the mule market?"

"It's not far from us on the main street. You can see it if you turn a corner. There is also a market nearby, much cheaper than the usual shops, but it's best to go with a local because people there are not honest."

"Why is passing through the city gate so strict?"

"Isn't it because of the thief? And it's a reckless flying thief. All four blue-clad arrest officers in the city were killed, leaving a group of yellow-clad constables and non-graded constables clueless on what to do. The honorable official has already posted a notice, saying he's looking to hire a few skilled martial arts experts for his children. But everyone knows the real details."

Dou Bao's subsequent questions were answered thoroughly and honestly.

Soon, after the attendant left, Jason already knew the ins and outs of the situation.

At this moment, he confirmed that what was happening in the Fucheng was essentially a replica of his encounter with Gousheng bro, although the characters changed, the whole event remained the same.

'Is someone targeting me?'

Jason almost unconsciously thought.

Everything before him was too coincidental.

So much so that Jason couldn't help but think more.

'Who could it be?'

'Transmigration Cult?'

'Or 'Si Hai Bang'?' '

Jason thought about the two forces in this replica world which had adversarial ties with him.

Meanwhile, Cui Long quietly queried Dou Bao. Upon hearing the details of the previous events, the heir of the 'Si Hai Bang' promptly remarked, "There are no people in 'Si Hai Bang' who act like this."

"At least none that I'm aware of."

After these words, Cui Long felt unsure and added another sentence.

"Mm."

"Just follow the plan we arranged before."

"Dou Bao, go sell those ten war horses and then replenish the supplies." .

Jason nodded as he spoke.

Although it was just three days, the supplies for the three of them had been completely consumed.

Especially the condiments were practically depleted.

It was naturally time for a restock.

"Miss Cui, please go with Dou Bao."

After a pause, Jason said.

"Understood!"

Cui Long nodded decisively.

In the current uncertain situation, it was best to clear things up. Whether the 'Transmigration Cult' or 'Si Hai Bang', they were here for one of the three.

Especially someone like her, an Alchemist.

She naturally attracted people's attention.

If she showed up, she would undoubtedly draw the opponent's attention.

By then, everything would become clear.

As for danger?

Danger certainly exists, but it's better than passive waiting.

Moreover, Jason's reliability throughout the journey gave Cui Long confidence.

"Then we'll act now."

Dou Bao said as she took Cui Long's hand, leading the way outside.

Cui Long wanted to resist but in the end, didn't dare.

Letting Dou Bao lead her by the hand towards the mule market.

Jason camouflaged himself on the side.

Just as Cui Long had speculated, rather than being passive, it was better to lure out the enemy.

However, after Dou Bao sold the horses and restocked the supplies, no one came to tail them.

Except a few greedy-looking fellows, not a single person bore malicious intent.

Furthermore, upon returning to the courtyard, they received a rather unexpected piece of news.

"The flying thief got caught?"

Dou Bao and Cui Long were taken aback.

"Yes!"

"In fact, it was caught the night before last. The newly hired Zhao instructor single-handedly captured this flying thief, only worried the thief had accomplices, therefore, kept it under wraps."

"But now, the thief's accomplices have fallen into the net, and there is no need for martial law anymore."

"Rumor has it Zhao instructs in 'Tiger-shape Fist', throwing a punch like a real tiger."

Chapter 1324: Imitation (2)

The servant who came to deliver the message took a breath of relief as he spoke.

Those officials are afraid of the flying thief.

They are afraid too.

After all, it's rumored that these flying thieves are ruthless killers.

If they were elegant thieves, they wouldn't mind using them as a topic of casual conversation. .

"Thanks."

Dou Bao handed him a small silver coin again.

After the servant thanked him and left, Cui Long couldn't hold back and spoke up.

"Someone is impersonating Master Mu."

The heir of the Si Hai Bang said firmly.

"Yes."

Dou Bao nodded as well.

That was her immediate feeling too.

And Jason?

He not only felt strange but also sensed something was off.

It's like playing rock-paper-scissors in front of a mirror.

Both showing paper, yet the reflection suddenly shows scissors.

"Interesting."

Jason muttered to himself softly, then instructed Dou Bao with a couple of words before heading out.

He wanted to see what exactly this Zhao instructor was up to.

Of course, Jason didn't leave immediately.

After exiting the courtyard, he circled around and came back.

When it comes to strangers' words, one shouldn't fully trust them.

What if it's a trap to lure the tiger away from the mountain?

Therefore, Jason hid outside the courtyard for a full two hours, confirming it wasn't a trap, before heading to Zhoufu's Yamen.

Zhoufu's Yamen was easy to find.

The two stone lions, soldiers, and constables were very conspicuous.

The layout was similar to the Mountain City's Yamen, only much larger.

Jason moved through the corridors, hiding in a corner.

In the hall, a banquet was being held

"Thank you, Instructor Zhao."

A wealthy yet dignified middle-aged man raised his glass to the man opposite.

The other man was tall and robust, his demeanor cold, yet his gaze was penetrating, with a certain charm between his brows.

Jason frowned.

Although the man's appearance only bore a thirty percent resemblance to him, his demeanor was seventy percent alike, and his tall and robust build was identical.

In fact, one could say it was exactly the same.

However, his dining manner was a complete mismatch.

Holding a wine cup, he drank.

Using chopsticks to pick dishes, slowly.

Leisurely, as if savoring.

One couldn't discern any passion for food.

Instead, it seemed a bit pretentious.

Jason stood in the shadows, observing it all, and the conversation between the two was clearly audible to his ears.

"You're welcome."

Instructor Zhao replied.

"What plans do you have next, Instructor Zhao?"

"If you're willing to enlighten my son, I can offer one hundred pieces of silver coin per month, and you can live in my mansion."

The state official eagerly said.

He truly wanted to retain Zhao Hu.

Not only because Zhao Hu had helped him solve a pressing problem, but more importantly, Zhao Hu's displayed strength during this operation had greatly astonished this official.

Absolutely a master of 'Skin Training'.

Perhaps, he might have even begun consolidating 'Qi-Blood'.

'Qi-Blood' masters are rare in the Zhoufu.

Keeping one by his side would be of great advantage.

"Additionally, the Empire can offer cultivation techniques or secret medicine in exchange for merit."

"If you need anything, Instructor Zhao, I can help you exchange it directly."

The state official added more conditions.

But the Zhao instructor sitting opposite remained unmoved, his face calm without any extra expression even when shaking his head.

"Thank you."

"But my heart is not set on that."

Instructor Zhao apologized with clasped hands.

"Oh, then, what does Instructor Zhao wish to do?"

The state official was neither annoyed at the refusal; instead, he asked calmly.

A master of consolidating 'Qi-Blood' deserved such respect.

"I should probably start a martial arts school."

Instructor Zhao replied.

Such a response immediately delighted the old master from Zhoufu.

Opening a martial arts school proved that this Coach Zhao would remain in Fucheng.

As long as he stays in Fucheng, it's a good thing.

He was confident they could quickly build a close relationship.

Moreover, the old master had already planned to have his two sons join Coach Zhao's martial arts school.

"Coach Zhao, rest assured."

"You've helped me so much, those rewards are far from sufficient. Leave the matters of the martial arts school to me."

As the old master spoke, he already decided not only to find the best location for Coach Zhao's school, but to buy it outright and hand over the land deed directly to Coach Zhao.

Since he wanted to rely on the other party, such an investment was necessary.

As the old master of Zhoufu, he knew this very well.

The banquet continued, during which the Butler came in once.

By the end of the banquet, the Butler came in again.

This time, he wasn't empty-handed, holding a box in his arms.

"Coach Zhao, here are five hundred silver coins and a two-entry courtyard facing the street on Guang Street. It's perfect for a martial arts school, please make use of it. I've already sent people to clean it up; you can move in tomorrow morning."

The old master of Zhoufu said this as he pushed the box towards Coach Zhao.

Guang Street, not only connecting the east and west markets, but also being the largest and most prosperous street in Zhoufu.

Similar to the 'Martial Arts Street' in 'Mountain City.'

Although he guessed that the old master of Zhoufu wanted to win him over, he didn't expect the other party to invest so heavily.

A two-entry courtyard facing the street on Guang Street, in itself, was of considerable value.

And to purchase it in such a short time, even if the other party was the old master of Zhoufu, they must have paid a high price, possibly even resorting to certain means.

Thinking of this, Coach Zhao cooperatively paused for a moment, then nodded slightly.

Seeing Coach Zhao agree, the old master from Zhoufu smiled even more.

The banquet was cleared away.

The tea service was set up.

After some idle chat, by the time Coach Zhao left, it was already moonlight over the branches.

"Please wait, my lord."

At the doorway, Coach Zhao said.

"Coach Zhao truly won't stay at the government office? "

The old master from Zhoufu was still trying to persuade him.

"The inn is fine. I've already paid for it."

Coach Zhao responded.

"Then I won't try to keep Coach Zhao any longer. Tomorrow morning, we'll go to the courtyard on Guang Street together."

Remarked the old master from Zhoufu.

"Alright."

Coach Zhao agreed.

Then, under the watchful eyes of the old master from Zhoufu, Coach Zhao quickly vanished into the darkness of the night.

He hadn't lied, heading straight to an inn in the city.

His resting place was there, having prepaid for ten days.

When leaving tomorrow, he naturally needed to retrieve the extra money he'd paid.

This wasn't his normal character.

He wasn't concerned about such trivial money at all.

He cared about deeper things.

With the box tucked under his arm, Coach Zhao's steps were unhurried, moving in a particular rhythm. From afar, he saw the inn's lantern and sign, but he halted his steps.

He looked toward a shadow by the street.

"Come out."

He uttered coldly.

Immediately, a figure emerged.

Dressed in night attire, the person was thin.

"Truly worthy of Coach Zhao."

"Your skills are indeed formidable."

"However, Coach Zhao, shouldn't you fulfill what you promised us?" .

With these words, two more figures stepped out from the side.

The three didn't stand in a line, but vaguely surrounded Coach Zhao.

"Fulfill?"

"Alright!"

Coach Zhao readily agreed, then placed the box in his hand. Immediately, the three's gazes fixed on the box, eyes filled with greed.

Not just for the five hundred silver coins inside, but also for the promised Secret Medicine.

The latter was crucial!

Whether they could cross the 'Bone Tempering' depended on this Secret Medicine.

Almost instinctively, the person who spoke first reached out to grab the box.

Yet, Coach Zhao intercepted with a raised hand, letting the other party grab air.

"Coach Zhao, what do you mean by this?"

The leader asked with an unfriendly tone while the two beside him placed their hands on their knife handles.

In response, Coach Zhao smiled gently.

He glanced over the trio, softly inquired

"Nothing really, I just wanted to ask you a question. Do you think... I resemble Mu Bai?"

Chapter 1325: Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang!

The sudden question left the three people stunned.

Then, the leader among them became furious.

He thought that the Zhao in front of him was insulting his intelligence.

"You look like a hammer!

The leader cursed, then went straight for his saber, slashing towards the head of that Zhao instructor.

This slash was not only fast but also methodical, seemingly an initial slash, but in reality, it was a step first, not only seizing the middle position of the Zhao instructor but also using the force from his foot pushing the ground, transmitting from his waist to the saber in hand.

Whizz!

Instantly, the slash became mighty and increasingly swift.

The leader's eyes glinted with ferocity.

As bandits who could roam rampant in towns near Zhoufu, the three brothers did not rely solely on brute courage; they possessed solid skills, not only completing Bone Tempering' themselves but also having received instruction for their sabers.

Six Harmonies Saber'!

This is the saber technique they learned.

Though the name is plain, the technique is genuinely effective.

Ordinary people can hardly withstand the sudden slash and often have their heads severed.

Even if they manage it, they can't avoid the sabers of his two brothers.

Once, a master who was accomplished in Bone Tempering', approaching Skin Training', came to hunt down the three brothers but ended up decapitated by them.

If all three slashes are evaded?

They still have three more slashes.

Three slashes after three slashes.

Never-ending.

Repeatedly so.

Even a genuine Skin Training' master would struggle to escape death.

And as for the Zhao instructor before him?

He felt even more confident.

A con artist partnering with them in schemes, how strong could he be?

If truly that strong, he would have operated alone long ago.

With this in mind, the leader shouted sternly.

"Die!

Meanwhile, the two brothers also acted, like the leader, slashing swiftly, blocking the retreat of Zhao, preventing him from dodging.

Upon planning, the Zhao instructor promptly fell into a situation of certain death.

Yet, the Zhao instructor kept his smiling demeanor.

His facial expression didn't change in the slightest.

He just gently shook his head.

And softly sighed.

"You're really asking for your own deaths.

His voice remained as calm as Jason's, making the three even angrier, roaring violently, intending to chop Zhao into pieces.

But, the Zhao instructor who was close by seemed suddenly far.

Not just far.

Felt powerless too.

That feeling rising from within, like leaving from some Hong Jie's bedroom in the morning, not only needing to support the waist but leaned against the wall. RANbÊž

Weak.

Powerless.

Even vision started blurring.

The leader wanted to widen his eyes forcefully, but the vision was too blurred, to the point his two brothers seemed dried-up, twisted.

Dried-up?

Twisted?

The leader paused, instinctively lowering his head.

Only then did he abruptly find himself also appearing emaciated.

"!|

The leader yelled in horror.

Yet that was the last sound he made.

Thud! Thud!

The three attackers of Zhao fell to the ground one after another.

"I didn't intend to kill.

Zhao looked at the three bodies, raised a hand, and waved.

Whizz!

The sweeping hand wind passed by, and the corpses crumbled into dust, swept away by the wind.

Yet the weapons, miscellaneous items, and other trophies left behind were picked up by Zhao one by one.

Facing these trophies, he was as focused as Jason.

Cleaning up the battlefield, just as meticulous as Jason.

After completing all this, Zhao prepared to continue toward his inn, but just as he stepped forward, he stopped.

Less than five steps away, Jason silently stood there, his tall, broad physique shrouded in the glow from the near inn's lantern, casting a shadow over Zhao.

Zhao looked at Jason.

Jason grinned, showing a set of white teeth, asking word by word: I mean no harm, just want to ask you a question. Do you think... I look like Mu Bai?

Jason spoke clearly.

Zhao heard every word.

But precisely because of this, Zhao's face, previously calm, changed drastically.

As if struck by thunder, Zhao staggered back five steps, with blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"How did you find out?"

Zhao asked.

"I smelled the wonton scent on you."

Jason responded thus.

Undoubtedly, this was a lie.

Before the three bandits died, Jason could not confirm the identity of Zhao in front of him. It was only after their death and seeing the decayed, withered appearance that confirmed Zhao's true identity.

The assassin disguised as Zhao Laosi.

The specific name, Jason didn't know.

Yet his wonton cooking was memorable, Jason remembered well.

Why suddenly appearing and asking?

Naturally, because the opponent impersonated him, and such a question reminded him of some past events from home.'

Yellow weasel seeking favors.

Blocking the way and asking if one looks like a person or a deity.

Look like a person, cultivation wasted, pestering for payment.

Look like a deity, achieving fruition, continuing to pester.

Very enigmatic and eerie.

No matter the final result, the outcome was bad.

Then, if the three people had said he looked like him, would the opponent really have started to look like him?

Chapter 1326: Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang! (2)

Perhaps, it won't happen overnight.

More recognition from others is needed.

Then, in the end, the other side truly resembles him.

What about him?

As Mu Bai living in this world, what will happen to him?

Will he be replaced?

Or is it like looking in a mirror, gaining a twin' brother.

But regardless of the outcome, Jason would rather not see it, so he needs to ask this imposter face-to-face whether he, the real' one, looks alike.

The result was unexpectedly good.

With just one question, the opponent suffered a backlash.

Clearly, the opponent also knows they are fake, and he is the genuine one.

If the opponent indeed comes to ask for sealing orders a few more times, maybe it could become indistinguishable from the real, but not at this moment.

Because, at this time, it can't pass the Xin' threshold.

Mystical Side' is inherently mind-centric'.

Xin', can't pass.

Then it truly can't pass.

According to Jason's understanding, it means spirituality' would be covered in dust, soul' would face turbulence.

However, these are not Jason's concerns anymore.

Watching Zhao's coach spitting blood, Jason leaped forward, appearing in front of the opponent, and struck a punch.

The punch had no wind, appearing as a mundane punch.

But facing this punch, Zhao's coach retreated again.

Or more precisely, flew backward.

Feet off the ground, slanting upwards, akin to flying towards the moon.

Even, there was indeed some fluttery transparent clothing slowly wrapping, falling, making the opponent seem ethereal.

But Jason saw through it clearly.

The so-called clothing' was just a layer of skin.

Human skin!

At this moment, the opponent was like a painted-skin baboon, shedding that layer of human skin, revealing the true face.

The face was old, with ravines, looking like a sufferer.

Zhao Laosi's face!

Jason frowned.

He initially thought the opponent would reveal the true face, but he didn't expect underneath Zhao's coach's face was Zhao Laosi's face, making it... nesting dolls. $\alpha N\theta\beta\dot{E}\dot{S}$

Jason was confident that even if he stripped off this layer of skin, it might reveal someone else's face.

As for the opponent's true face?

It's absolutely impossible to show.

"Master Mu seems a bit disappointed?"

"Is it because you haven't seen my true face?"

Zhao Laosi' hung mid-air, looking down at Jason, with a smile identical to Jason's memory.

"No.

"Just disappointed not to see your wonton stand.

"That's why I'm disappointed.

Jason answered like this.

Immediately, Zhao Laosi' squinted but soon smiled again.

"If Master Mu wants to eat wontons, I'll bring some for you next time. .

"But for now, shall we call it off?"

Zhao Laosi' proposed while pointing at himself.

The implication was clear, I'm in the air, you can't hit me.

Even if a martial artist can leap, it's merely a leap's power, impossible to stay in the air, making it indeed hard to hit the opponent, but Jason was an exception.

He was not without a way to deal with airborne threats.

However, he didn't intend to expose it at this time.

Now is not the time.

So Jason nodded.

"Okay.

"What are you doing here?

Jason asked.

"I came here to search for the legendary Dual Absolute'.

Zhao Laosi' replied.

"Dual Absolute?

Jason expressed confusion.

"In the martial arts world, many talented individuals rise, Dual Absolute' are among the famously acclaimed masters, acknowledged as two of the Nine Great Masters!

Zhao Laosi' answered.

"Nine Great Masters?"

Jason continued to inquire.

"It's the rumored The Emperor, Dual Absolute, Three Immortals, Four Buddhas, Five Demons, Six Monsters, Seven Kings, Eight Lords', these nine individuals. Except the Dual Absolute' are spouses, each remaining one is a top-notch master on their own, especially The Emperor', who is our Empire's His Majesty the Emperor, while Seven Kings is the Emperor's brother Carefree King'.

Zhao Laosi' explained further without reservation.

This seemed right to Zhao Laosi'.

He was the one proposing to call it off, naturally, some cost had to be paid.

These answers, he treated as that cost.

Moreover, compared to other costs, these answers in Zhao Laosi's view were indeed the simplest.

After all, at Mu Bai's level, as long as he left the Mountain City', that little place, he could soon find these things out.

That punch just now, although not perfect, contained enough power to make him uneasy.

Almost on par with the older generation's strong ones.

Naturally still unable to compare with the Nine Great Masters, but compared to those famous masters, the gap was not large.

"Oh, what are you looking for Dual Absolute' for?"

Jason nodded, asking again.

"The elders instructed, to find Dual Absolute' and have a bout with their heirs or children.

Zhao Laosi' sighed.

"Elders?"

"Which one among The Emperor, Dual Absolute, Three Immortals, Four Buddhas, Five Demons, Six Monsters, Seven Kings, Eight Lords' is your elder?"

Jason looked up at Zhao Laosi'.

Zhao Laosi' then didn't respond, just looked at Jason with a smile.

Jason also said no more, lifting his head to gaze at the opponent.

Both stared at each other.

About two seconds later, Jason suddenly frowned.

"I don't like looking up to talk, why don't you come down and we have a chat?"

Jason said.

"I don't like it either, but Master Mu your aura is too intense, if it weren't lacking that nauseating blood smell, I'd think you are a Blood Demon' descendent..."

Chapter 1327: Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang! (3)

'Zhao Laosi's' words were abruptly cut off by Jason's fist as he jumped up.

This punch was not as ordinary as the previous one.

It was accompanied by a howling fist wind.

Wham!

Like a swung sledgehammer, 'Zhao Laosi' swayed in the fist wind, as if dancing.

If this were a young maiden, it would indeed be a dance under the moon, with an unspeakable beauty.

But 'Zhao Laosi' was just an old man, and the beauty turned into something stomach-churning.

What's worse, 'Zhao Laosi' was still speaking nonstop.

"Master Mu, this is truly unwise of you. The sky is my domain!"

'Zhao Laosi's' voice became ethereal, seemingly near yet far, continuously drilling into Jason's ears.

Sonic Technique!

Relying on his powerful physique, Jason felt not an ounce of harm, but he was certain the opponent used a secret technique akin to 'Sonic Wave Technique.' Without hesitation, a sharp cry emanated from Jason's fist.

Screech!

Amidst the howling wind, a crane's cry, like a white crane dancing in the storm.

'Zhao Laosi' almost subconsciously had such an image flash in his mind.

"Crane Cry?!"

"Master Mu, you actually also mastered 'Crane Cry Fist'?" .

"You are originally skilled in 'Tiger-shape Fist.' Are you planning to use 'Tiger and Crane Dual Form'?"

'Zhao Laosi's' voice did not stop.

That voice kept drilling into Jason's mind.

'Zhao Laosi's' lips involuntarily curled up; he could see Jason seemed immune to his Sonic Wave Technique, but what did it matter?

At this moment, Jason was in mid-air.

This punch, Jason had already exhausted his strength.

But him?

He still had energy left.

He, had long stood in the invincible position.

And Jason?

Just ignorant.

Yet, seeking his own doom.

If it hadn't been for the opponent's strength exceeding his expectations, and for making the practice of "Immortal Wandering Scripture" smoother, he would have eliminated the opponent long ago. ~~But~~

However, now, since the opponent has leapt into the air, surrendering initiative to him.

Blame him not.

Mu Bai, he has decided!

With a hint of a smile, 'Zhao Laosi's' figure soared higher, not only dodging Jason's punch but also having spare room to lower his head and look at Jason, the smile on his face grew wider.

Yet, that smile immediately froze on 'Zhao Laosi's' face.

A layer of visible freezing aura suddenly burst from Jason's fists.

In an instant, within a radius of 3.5 meters, the freezing aura spread.

And his figure, only slightly higher than Jason, naturally fell within the range of the freezing aura.

Instantly, 'Zhao Laosi' was frozen.

Although only frozen for a split second, it was enough for Jason.

He raised his hand and grabbed 'Zhao Laosi's' ankle.

Then, using both hands and feet to climb up.

By the time 'Zhao Laosi' thawed, Jason's sturdy thighs were like two concrete pillars wrapped around 'Zhao Laosi's' waist, his fists lifted high, smashing down hard.

"Get off..."

Boom, boom!

'Zhao Laosi' screamed, but the sound immediately came to an abrupt end.

Jason's iron fists, imbued with 'Swift,' 'Sharpness,' 'Searing,' 'Shockwave,' 'Cold Breath,' 'Armor Break,' smashed into 'Zhao Laosi's' face.

Immediately, 'Zhao Laosi' rolled and fell on the ground.

In mid-air, Jason adjusted his position.

He was above, 'Zhao Laosi' was below.

By the moment of landing, 'Zhao Laosi,' already heavily injured, was suddenly subjected to another heavy blow.

However, the greater damage was just arriving.

'Zhao Laosi' opened his bruised eyes and saw Jason straddling him, once again raising his fists.

The next moment, fists turned into shadows, wildly pounding his face, upper body.

A few punches later, he lost consciousness.

All that remained was the relentless echoing sound of the punches in his ears

Bam bam bam bam bam bam bam!

Chapter 1328: Night Talk!

After exchanging several blows, Zhao Laosi' was already unrecognizable under Jason who was mounted on him.

Not only was his skull shattered, but more than half of his chest had been turned into mush.

Yet,

Zhao Laosi' was still alive.

That's right!

Even without a skull, missing half of his chest, Zhao Laosi' was still alive.

He could even make sounds.

"I will return!

After leaving these words, Zhao Laosi's aura completely dissipated, beginning to rot just like the scene Jason had seen earlier in front of the wonton stall in Mountain City'.

Jason shook off the blood and stood up. .

He stared at the rapidly decaying corpse without any expression on his face.

Yet, inside, he was laughing.

The opponent definitely possessed some kind of undying' secret technique.

Moreover, this kind of secret technique' could be prepared in advance.

Just like right now, abandoning one body, entering another.

If that's the case...'

Evil-Slaying Slash' should be quite effective.'

However, executing a slash in one blow is far less advantageous than using it cyclically. I had controlled my force earlier, showing I barely managed to win, even letting the opponent think it was due to carelessness, so next time he appears, the opponent would surely be fully prepared, likely armed with one or two powerful pieces of equipment. With the opponent's status, this food' should be quite tasty, or gathering some manpower, those people might also carry Secret Medicine', powerful equipment, which would be equally delectable.'

Thinking of this, Jason's mouth started to salivate rapidly.

He couldn't wait for the opponent to return soon.

He even speculated in his mind what kind of food the opponent would bring back.

Only after two or three seconds did Jason snap out of it,

Trying to maintain a calm demeanor, but a hint of doubt flashed across his eyes.

Although there was no one around.

But as a qualified actor', even without an audience, Jason still had to perfectly get into character.

His current role was a rural martial arts school owner with decent talent and strength, but devoid of much experience.

Naturally, such a martial arts school owner would definitely not have money.

So, the next moment, Jason bent down and picked up the box containing Silver Coins, also searching the bodies of the previous three people.

After doing all this, Jason looked with lingering fear at the rotting corpse on the ground, turned around, and left.

I look forward to your return.'

Jason said silently in his heart.

Soon, Jason disappeared from the street.

The night wind blew gently by.

The foul smell quickly attracted the watchman.

"Ahh! Ahh!

"There's been a murder!

In the panicked voice, the watchman sounded the gong.

In no time, the constables appeared.

"Quick, go find Instructor Zhao!

The leading constable shouted loudly.

One constable hurried off, but the supposedly reliable Instructor Zhao, was nowhere to be found this time.

Suddenly, the constables around became suspicious and uncertain.

The news quickly reached the ears of the Fucheng' lord.

Immediately, the once calmed Zhoufu was put under lockdown again.

However, this had nothing to do with Jason anymore.

Having left the Black Market' of Zhoufu and exchanged 10,250 Silver Coins, equaling 205 taels of Gold, for 100 Nourishing Essence Pills', Jason, wearing a mask, strolled back to his inn.

Compared to Mountain City', Zhoufu truly lived up to its name.

100 Nourishing Essence Pills' were just what was available on the market; there must be other good things under the table.

This is not a guess.

It's what Jason literally smelled.

Moreover, in the recent Black Market', someone had cautiously asked Jason whether he needed more advanced Secret Medicine'.

But Jason declined them all.

To Jason, unless it's a great medicine, the Nourishing Essence Pill' offers the best value for money.

Jason tried to slow down, making two extra rounds.

But no one followed him.

In fact, someone was there at the start, but with Zhoufu under lockdown, they quickly withdrew.

Reluctantly making two more rounds, Jason had no choice but to return to the inn.

Even though the Empire has declined, does its might still linger?'

Thinking about the Tiger-shape Fist' Gousheng exchanged for him before, and the series of exchange systems, Jason couldn't help shaking his head.

Even a dying tiger is still formidable.

He thought of this saying.

Of course, the current Empire hasn't died yet.

It just shows a semblance of decline.

As long as the leaders wield absolute force, even in decline, there will surely be a revival.

Subconsciously, Jason thought of the one Emperor, two Sovereigns, three Immortals, four Buddhas, five Demons, six Monsters, seven Kings, eight Dukes' top nine experts in this world heard from Zhao Laosi'.

Ranked first, the one Emperor' is the Emperor of the Empire.

Ranked seventh, the seven Kings' are imperial princes of the Empire.

Two of the top nine experts are claimed by the Empire, as long as these two are around, the Empire most likely has nothing to fear; even if there is, it would be just some trivial matters.

Or, to be precise, if one wants the Empire to fall, the first step is taking down the so-called one Emperor' and seven Kings'.

Only by taking these two down, can there be a chance for the world to descend into chaos.

Otherwise, it would be nothing but child's play.

But to take these two down?

If it were really that easy, the Empire would have fallen long ago.

Thinking about this, Jason didn't linger on the street anymore, immediately retreating stealthily back to the inn.

Chapter 1329: Night Talk! (2)

When he returned to the inn and took off his mask, he once again became Master Mu.

Inside the small courtyard, he lived in the east wing.

Dou Bao and Cui Long lived in the west wing.

Jason, back in his room, could already hear the casual chatter between Dou Bao and Cui Long.

"Sister Cui, do you understand alchemy very well?"

"Ah? No, I don't want to learn, just purely curious."

"The bottle in my hand? It's just some venom I collected from the trenches, I carefully captured a few specimens, unfortunately didn't manage to raise them, but I understand their general habits. Once it secretes venom, it can kill ten people, this porcelain bottle contains the amount for ten doses!"

"Wow, Sister Cui, you're so clever, used properly, it can certainly poison a hundred people."

"Want to take a look?"

"Don't want to see?"

"Do you want to teach me alchemy?"

"That's wonderful!"

...

Dou Bao's joyful and seemingly innocent voice reached his ears.

Yet inexplicably, Jason sensed a subtle threat.

Does Dou Bao want to learn alchemy?

Jason thought, then simply smiled.

Jason didn't oppose the idea.

An outsider alchemist versus an insider, naturally the latter is better.

As for the alchemist's talent?

Dou Bao can refine poison, so he should be able to refine pills too, right?

Perhaps.

Jason wasn't completely sure.

However, there's no harm in trying it out.

Then, Jason ignored these thoughts and took out the 100 Nourishing Essence Pills' he just bought at the Black Market', like eating peanuts, he uncorked the bottle and poured them into his mouth.

The sweet and sour taste of the Nourishing Essence Pill' made Jason squint in comfort.

The satiation value was increasing wildly.

Eventually, stopping at 6871'.

This figure was almost the highest point Jason had ever reached.

Looking at this satiation value, Jason couldn't help but glance at one of his core skills [Dragon. Battle Tattoo. Prus. Griffin. Shadow Incarnation Body Forging Technique].

If it weren't for lacking the Twilight' part, he truly wanted to enhance this core skill's level.

Twilight'?

Jason pondered, gently tapping the edge of the table several times.

Regarding Twilight', he had some self-understood speculative guesses deep down.

However, such guesses were merely self-understanding.

Whether right or wrong, he was completely unaware.

Furthermore, it couldn't be tested.

After all, based on his understanding of the Mystical Side', when a ritual begins, it truly cannot be interrupted.

Whether good or bad, this is how it is.

But typically, such blind beginnings mostly trend towards the bad' side.

Moreover, it results in outcomes unbearable to the ritual arranger.

Thus, if possible, Jason hoped not to proceed in this way.

He hoped to implement a more secure method.

For instance: secret technique.

And conveniently, the current copy world is one filled with various secret techniques.

Maybe there's a suitable secret technique.'

Jason thought as he walked towards the yard.

Regarding the secret techniques of this copy world before him, he didn't know much.

However, there was someone who should know.

Cui Long!

As the daughter of Big Chief' Cui Long Wang, Cui Long must possess understanding far exceeding normal people.

However, Jason didn't disturb Cui Long's teaching to Dou Bao.

He sat quietly on the stone stool in the courtyard, waiting patiently.

After about an hour

"Sister Cui, let's call it a day, I need to prepare a late-night snack for the master.

With Dou Bao's cheerful voice, the door of the west wing was pushed open.

"Oh, Master, you're back?

"Hungry?

"I was simmering old ginseng chicken soup in the kitchen.

Seeing Jason sitting in the courtyard, Dou Bao smiled, eyes curved, then quickly headed to the kitchen, nearly entering when Dou Bao remembered something, pausing her steps.

"How did the master's matter go?"

"Solved.

Jason said coldly.

"That's good.

Dou Bao didn't ask for details.

To Dou Bao, if Jason says it's solved, then it's solved.

As for anything else?"

Not important.

Cui Long stood behind the threshold, watching Jason and Dou Bao's exchange, though it wasn't the first time she saw it, every time she witnessed it, she felt it's incredible.

How could there be people like Jason and Dou Bao.

As if there were no emotions at all.

The other,

Emmm...

It's hard to say.

Cui Long wanted to make a comment, but just then, Dou Bao came out with a pot of chicken soup.

Not the small clay pot that most people would understand.

But a large iron pot.

A large iron pot big enough to hold an entire sheep.

When passing by her, Dou Bao cast a glance at her inadvertently.

Cui Long suddenly thought of the poison from the poison dart frog.

At that moment, she retracted her comment.

And silently withdrew the step she was about to take.

"Master, please have a taste, it's a pity there's no large clay pot, the flavor might be a bit off.

"However, we have plenty of ingredients!

"The chickens are all old hens, the ginseng is old mountain ginseng.

"Even if it's of shallow years, it still has a taste.

Dou Bao said this, then turned to look at Cui Long with a smile: Sister Cui, would you like a bowl?

Though Dou Bao said this, her other hand unconsciously touched the porcelain bottle containing the poison dart frog venom.

Suddenly, Cui Long shook her head repeatedly.

"No, thank you.

"Eating supper at night will make me fat.

"I'm on a diet.

Saying this, Cui Long stepped back two steps and turned into the bedroom of the west wing.

Jason gave an appreciative look toward Dou Bao for this.

Then, he picked up the pot and started drinking.

The bitterness of the ginseng was neutralized by the goji berries, and the fat of the old hen completely melted into the soup, perfectly matching the astragalus.

Jason drank the soup in one gulp as if he was a whale sucking in water.

Then he started eating the meat.

Dou Bao sat to the side and watched Jason devour the food.

Her mother used to watch her father like this.

In the beginning, she didn't understand why.

But when she met Jason, she suddenly understood.

She also understood why her parents left her.

It was to let her encounter the Master.

In the refugee group, Dou Bao saw all the evil' in human nature; to survive, those people would stop at nothing, no, they couldn't be called people'.

They were a pack of beasts.

Especially when you show a hint of weakness, that pack of beasts becomes more frenzied.

So, she usually buried this pack of beasts.

Only to change another pack.

It was the same.

And changing another pack was the same again.

Just when Dou Bao was about to believe there were no good people in the world, she met the Master.

A seemingly rustic, not-so-articulate Master, just stood there in front of her, driving away those ill-intentioned guys.

At that moment, Dou Bao's world lit up.

Because, light had come in.

Even if this light seemed a bit dull.

It was still dazzling enough.

Moreover, as time passed, Dou Bao found that although her Master was not good at words, he had a sense of measure in his heart, belonging to the type of wisdom hidden in a simple appearance, and he adhered strictly to his principles.

The former made her delighted.

The latter made her joyful.

Simply put, even just sitting beside him, watching her Master, made her happy and content.

Cui Long listened to the chewing sounds outside disappear and couldn't help but walk out.

Then she saw Dou Bao with her face in her hands, gazing at Jason, infatuatedly.

A bit foolish.

Hmm.

She seemed like a fool.

Cui Long thought to herself as she stepped out.

It wasn't voluntary.

It was because Jason looked at her and made a gesture inviting her.

"Master Mu, is there something?"

A few days of interaction had long made Cui Long understand what kind of person Jason was; if not for something, he wouldn't pay attention to her.

"Miss Cui, do you know if there's a secret technique related to twilight'?" .

Jason asked.

Twilight'?

Cui Long was taken aback.

"Something with great power, like a twilight apocalypse.

Jason rephrased it.

Cui Long focused for a moment, then said

"Yes!"

Chapter 1330: Night Talk, Part 2

"Master Mu, do you know the nine great masters of the world?"

Cui Longnu did not answer directly, but instead countered with a question.

"Is it 'The Emperor, the Dual Absolutes, the Three Immortals, the Four Buddhas, the Five Demons, the Six Monsters, the Seven Kings, the Eight Monarchs'?"

Jason answered.

"Yes."

Cui Longnu looked at Jason in surprise.

Originally, she thought that a rural dojo master, who had only ever been as far as a small place like 'Mountain City', couldn't possibly know about the truly significant martial arts masters, even if he was quite capable.

In fact, this had nothing to do with the strength Jason displayed.

It only had to do with vision!

Or rather, the environment.

'Could Mu Bai have other sources of information?'

Cui Longnu thought instinctively.

Then, she suddenly found it reasonable.

She recalled how Xu Dashan described Mu Bai: This Master Mu not only had fortuitous encounters but also possessed influence, though the specifics were unknown, it appeared to be elite mainly composed of martial artists.

'Is he another ambitious person like my father?'

Cui Longnu pondered, sighing softly in her heart.

But she merely sighed, saying no more.

Everyone has their own choices.

Everyone also has their own freedom.

No one can interfere with others.

Moreover, she couldn't even persuade her own father, let alone intervene in the relationship that was merely 'a meeting by chance' with this Master Mu.

Speaking deeply with shallow acquaintance, what could be the consequence?

Cui Longnu was very clear about it.

Moreover, she 'needed help from others.'

"Master Mu, since you know of these nine masters, have you ever heard of the 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist', 'Heaven-Shifting Earth-Hitting Technique', 'Withered Lotus Sword Technique'?"

Cui Longnu continued to ask.

"I have not."

Jason shook his head honestly.

"The 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist' is the martial technique of the Emperor of the Empire; one punch changes the colors of heaven and earth, dragon shadows rise, as if it were doomsday."

"The 'Heaven-Shifting Earth-Hitting Technique' is the unparalleled skill of those two Dual Absolutes, who together can change the heavens and earth, with oceans turning into mulberry fields in an instant."

"The 'Withered Lotus Sword Technique' is the ultimate skill of the 'Sword Immortal', one sword strike like late autumn arriving, enveloping winter shadows, dimming the world."

"These three ultimate skills can all achieve the apocalyptic scene Master Mu spoke of, and in fact, the latter two can create a twilight-like phenomenon."

Spoke Cui Longnu.

"The 'Heaven-Shifting Earth-Hitting Technique' and the 'Withered Lotus Sword Technique', huh?"

Jason mused.

According to Cui Longnu, these two ultimate skills could both achieve a 'twilight' effect.

They met his requirements.

But to acquire such ultimate skills, the difficulty is likely to be extremely high.

It could only be pursued gradually.

After a moment of thought, Jason silently noted these two ultimate skills, then he asked: "What about the ultimate skills of the remaining masters?"

"The Four Buddhas refer to the 'Joyous Buddha', who cultivates the miraculous 'Joyous Zen' skill."

"The Five Demons are the 'Blood Demon', whose cultivation technique's origin is unknown, but he claims it to be the 'Blood Sea Demon Technique'."

"The Six Monsters call themselves 'Heavenly Monster', most peculiarly, their cultivation is known as the 'Immortal Wandering Scripture'."

"The Seven Kings, 'Carefree King', whose martial arts lineage is shared with the Emperor, is also the 'Son of Heaven's Dragon Fist', but its power is far inferior to his brother's."

"The Eight Monarchs are the 'Knife Monarch', who created the blade technique 'Tyrant Blade', under which ordinary people would leave no bones, very terrifying."

Cui Longnu recited each, a range of emotions like admiration and fear surfacing with each mention.

After Jason recited these masters' ultimate skills in his mind, he continued to ask.

"Do they have any animosity among them?"

"Of course they do!"

"The martial world itself is a place where animosity gathers. Among the nine masters, this is made evident to the fullest extent!"

"Though 'The Emperor' now stands above and apart from mundane affairs, focusing on cultivation, he had once killed the mentor of the 'Joyous Buddha'. And the 'Blood Demon' and 'Heavenly Monster' continuously contend against each other, while the 'Knife Monarch' has an agreement with the 'Carefree King' to duel once every three years. The 'Sword Immortal' seems carefree, but being from the 'Northern Li Family', naturally he can't remain uninvolved. Whenever the 'Northern Li Family' encounters issues, this 'Sword Immortal' will step forward."

"As for the 'Dual Absolutes'?"

"Their actions are unpredictable, entirely based on personal whims. It is rumored that they are a couple who once roamed the martial world fearlessly, then disappeared mysteriously for sixteen years, supposedly because 'The Emperor' injured them severely, forcing them to recuperate for all that time. Recently, they've become active in the martial world again, evidently ready to seek revenge."

Cui Longnu lives up to being the daughter of 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Longwang, her knowledge of certain secrets of the martial world is crystal clear.

Jason listened with deep contemplation.

Dou Bao was listening with great interest.

Seeing Jason was deep in thought and without intention to speak, Dou Bao couldn't resist asking.

"Who decided on these nine great masters?"

"It's the people of the world!"

"No one ranked them, nor could anyone define them. These nine masters have fought their way to being recognized as the nine great masters through repeated battles."

"No Bai Xiaosheng?"

"How could there be?!"

"When a martial artist is angered, blood spills within five steps. No martial artist would allow others to rank them, unless that person is stronger, and in the Empire, the only one qualified to be Bai Xiaosheng would be 'The Emperor'!"

"As for others?"

"Attempting such a thing is seeking death."

"But 'The Emperor' removed himself from worldly affairs long ago, why would he partake in such a dull endeavor?"

"I see."

Dou Bao was visibly disappointed.

Previously, she'd often heard storytellers mention 'Bai Xiaosheng' in inns and taverns.

She thought the real martial world would have a 'Bai Xiaosheng' too.