

My Master 361

Chapter 361: 7000 Lifespan Suppressing the Blood River_2

Twelve wooden swords, each moving as fast as lightning, left trails of their flight throughout the small town.

Zombie soldiers kept falling one after another.

Cao Zhen watched the wooden swords flying in all directions from afar, feeling a deep sense of awe. This, he realized, was the true power of an Earth Immortal Realm.

He had seen Earth Immortal Realm strength before, but at that time, when Lv Chaoqiong and Ai Yunqi used their strength, it was to help him withstand Heavenly Tribulation.

And each one of them had struggled quite a bit, far from the shocking scene before him where Jue Ying deployed wooden swords to slay the zombie soldiers effortlessly.

The wooden swords flew so fast that there was no need for him and Lan Pili to take action; the zombie soldiers in the town were almost completely annihilated.

"Swoosh..."

A wooden sword shot through the air, aiming at a pitch-black figure.

"Bang!"

The wooden sword fell, pushing the figure back a step, and was repelled itself.

"The wooden sword didn't kill that dark figure?"

Before, each wooden sword would slay a soldier, yet this dark figure remained unharmed.

"This is a Corpse General!"

Cao Zhen immediately looked towards the dark figure.

The black figure was also clad in ancient armor, but unlike the armor on the other zombie soldiers, this set was obviously more exquisite and enclosed the Corpse General's body completely.

His body was much darker and noticeably more robust than that of ordinary soldiers, and powerful death auras continuously surged around him.

From a distance, Jue Ying saw the repelled wooden sword and rapidly flicked his hands.

Suddenly, four wooden swords zoomed towards the surrounds.

The Corpse General didn't even have a chance to react before the four wooden swords, like thrusts from a master swordsman, cut through the air towards him.

"Pfft, Pfft..."

Four soft sounds were heard as the Corpse General's seemingly solid armor was instantly pierced by the wooden swords, leaving four noticeable round holes.

This was the power of the Longevity Period!

Even just four wooden swords could easily penetrate the body of the enemy.

The Corpse General's body was completely punctured, yet he did not fall. Realizing that his opponent's strength was far beyond his own, he abruptly turned to flee into the distance.

"Think you can run?"

In the center of the town, Jue Ying reached out towards the distant void.

In an instant, a giant white hand emerged in the sky, blocking out the sun as if it were the hand of the Giant Spirit Immortal from ancient legends. It snatched the fleeing Corpse General with one swift grasp.

Then, the giant hand pulled back forcefully.

Meanwhile, the twelve wooden swords continued to slay the remaining zombie soldiers in the town.

In just a moment, all the remaining zombie soldiers in the town had been killed.

And the giant hand dragged back the severely injured Corpse General, smashing him into the ground.

"Thud!"

A dull sound echoed as the Corpse General smashed the ground into a deep pit, and even the sound of cracking could be heard.

The giant hand, following this heavy impact, disappeared, while the Corpse General lay motionless on the ground. Clearly, the fall had broken many of his bones; the cracking sounds were those of his bones shattering.

Cao Zhen and Lan Pili walked out of the house and directly to the center of the town.

Finally, Jue Ying stood over the fallen Corpse General, speaking coldly, "You four have escaped. Tell me, where are the other three?"

The Corpse General finally got a clear look at his assailant and surprise shone in his eyes, "It's you, you... have become an Earth Immortal.

You came to save these people... I see now, I see. So two people from your dynasty have come to aid you in becoming an Earth Immortal, so you betrayed us and decided to do these so-called acts of justice?"

The Corpse General said with a mocking tone, "As expected, you so-called Immortals have not a shred of backbone. Even if you betray us, you won't live long. When all of us are free, you'll die just the same, even as an Earth Immortal."

"Firstly, this Elder has always been a disciple of the Ten Great Immortal Sects. Don't use the word 'betrayal' so lightly! If anything, I was the foolish one who betrayed the Immortal Sects before.

Yes, you are right, I strayed from the path before, say what you want, whatever you like. I have come to understand everything now, and what I intend to do is to kill all four of you escapees and then go to the Capital City to confess my errors to the Grand Preceptor."

"Confess your errors? You, an Earth Immortal, are going to confess?" On hearing this, the Corpse General showed a hint of surprise but said no more in mockery, instead trying to persuade, "You have become an Earth Immortal, why bother with confession? I can sense it, the gap between these two and you are vast. Why not kill them? If you kill them, who would know it was you?"

Jue Ying's expression turned icy as he shouted sharply, "Silence! How could a disciple of the Ten Great Immortal Sects slaughter their own kind? Now, it's not your place to question me, it's mine to question you. Tell me where the other three Corpse Generals are!"

The Corpse General didn't answer directly but instead asked back, "You seek to rejoin their ranks, do you not see that if I am here, you must imagine where the others are?"

"They..." Jue Ying was about to ask again when Cao Zhen's expression suddenly changed.

"Not good, he's stalling for time. He's trying to self-destruct!"

Chapter 362: 7000-Year Lifespan Suppresses the Blood River_3

A sentence fell, and Jue Ying and Lan Pili suddenly realized that the Corpse General had been spouting all sorts of nonsensical words, which indeed was a tactic to buy time.

Had he directly self-destructed, he would undoubtedly have been detected. With Jue Ying's cultivation base at the Earth Immortal Realm, he was fully capable of suppressing him and preventing the self-destruction.

However, now that he had bought himself enough time, he might have prepared everything. If he was ready to self-destruct, no one could suppress him in that final moment!

"Not good, retreat quickly!"

Jue Ying extended his hand, grabbed Cao Zhen and Lan Pili, and immediately flew towards the distance. Although the Corpse General was no match for him, that was only because he had become an Earth Immortal.

When the Corpse General had first emerged from his coffin, he had sensed its strength, which was at least at the level of Golden Core.

And not just any Golden Core, but at least the fourth or fifth level of Golden Core. With such power at the Corpse General's disposal, even he had to be cautious, let alone considering that Cao Zhen and Lan Pili were also nearby.

Jue Ying was known as such because his greatest skill was speed.

In the blink of an eye, he had already pulled Cao Zhen and Lan Pili, exiting the small town.

Almost at the next moment, a thunderous boom erupted violently from within the town.

In the center of the town, the Corpse General's body exploded violently, and in an instant, endless Death Aura spread out like an unbounded galaxy, dramatically diffusing in all directions.

Suddenly, the ground shook, and the heavens and earth trembled.

Amid the booming sound, houses within the town collapsed one after another, rolling dust and debris rising like a sandstorm under the impact of the Corpse General's self-destruction, with countless blood mists rising with the dust, shooting straight up to the sky.

The townspeople!

"They... They're all dead!" Jue Ying painfully closed his eyes. He was an Immortal, true, and he had not cared much about the lives of mortals before.

But now, with one incident after another occurring, his mentality had imperceptibly shifted.

Besides, these Corpse Generals had emerged right under his watch, and he had turned a blind eye to let them out. Yet, when he had already found them, when he had the power to kill the Corpse General outright, he let it self-destruct due to his negligence!

It was all because of him!

Because of him, the entire town's population had died!

He had promised, he had guaranteed the safety of the town's people!

Cao Zhen looked at the town, almost leveled to the ground by the Corpse General's self-destruction, and let out a long sigh, his face full of self-blame. His reaction had been too slow. If he had responded quicker, if he had warned Jue Ying earlier, this tragedy would not have happened.

These were the people of a town, they had done nothing wrong.

They were merely living in their homeland, and they didn't even know why they had died.

They...

"Resentment..."

Cao Zhen, sensing the resentment emanating from the town, his expression suddenly changed: "Not good, such intense resentment. Although due to our arrival, they didn't use their methods to kill all the people in the town, didn't take them away for sacrifice, or anything like that.

But the residents of this town have all died, and significant resentment has been generated. If the inhabitants of the nearby towns are killed in the same way, they don't need to take these villagers away for sacrifice, they can still set up that vicious Formation! Quick, check the nearby towns!"

In the distance, waves of chilling Evil Qi surged up to the heavens.

At a glance, this Evil Qi was exploding from three different directions.

"Corpse Generals, it's those three Corpse Generals, they've made their move together! They seem to have guessed that we would intervene, or just as a precaution, they plan to slay all the villagers in the nearby towns. In doing so, they can set up that vicious Formation without needing to sacrifice the villagers!"

As Cao Zhen finished speaking, Jue Ying suddenly opened his eyes wide. Following that, from behind him, multiple flying swords shot out rapidly.

Not the Wooden Swords he had fought with before, but real flying swords!

One after another, the flying swords shot out at high speed.

An Earth Immortal could execute a kill from a thousand miles away!

Slaying enemies with flying swords was faster than rushing over themselves.

He was going to cut down all these Corpse Generals and Zombie Soldiers!

Suddenly, just as the flying swords had been launched, loud booms came from the places where Evil Qi had surged.

From afar, Cao Zhen could even see black Death Aura shooting up into the sky in the distant lands.

Three consecutive booms merged into a continuous cacophony, causing the skies around to tremble insanely.

"Self-destructed, those three Corpse Generals, they've all self-destructed!"

Lan Pili looked towards the distance in shock. "Those three Corpse Generals must have known that an Earth Immortal was acting against them and, realizing they were no match, chose to self-destruct. They actually made such a decisive move!"

Four Corpse Generals self-destructed in succession in different places.

Instantly, the whole region trembled in madness, and the ground in the distance kept bursting apart.

Tremendous Demonic Qi rose to the sky!

"Demonic Qi?"

"Why is there such Demonic Qi, filled with the scent of blood?"

Cao Zhen and Lan Pili, feeling the aura from afar, exchanged looks. Suddenly, they remembered the Blood River they had encountered in Yu Min Town. This aura, wasn't it similar to that of the Blood River?

"Not good!"

Jue Ying suddenly put the pieces together, his face becoming extremely grim: "In that place, there is a Blood River being suppressed.

Chapter 363: 7000 Years of Lifespan Suppressing the Blood River_4

"Now, their self-detonation must have shattered the Formation that suppresses the Blood River. They intend to release the Demonic Beasts from the Blood River! We must prevent the Demonic Beasts from causing chaos again. Wait for me to go forth and slay the beasts!"

As Elder Shadowless spoke, he soared towards the distance, not even having time to take Cao Zhen and Lan Pili with him.

Behind him, Cao Zhen and Lan Pili hurriedly followed.

The three of them flew swiftly towards the area where blood-red light reached the skies.

From afar, they could see within a blood river, the blood waters surged violently. Within it, a monstrous creature four zhang tall, with the head of an ox and the body of a tiger, and an extremely strange form, emerged from the blood river.

The next moment, before the beast could fully leave the Blood River, the surrounding area, between heaven and earth, was already filled with endless malicious energy. In the small towns that were blasted to ruins by the self-explosion of the four Corpse Generals, the resentment and Evil Qi blended together, turning into a black light of Demonic Qi, like a scythe, suddenly slashing down.

The very next moment, within the Blood River, the body of the Demonic Beast exploded violently.

It hadn't even fully escaped from the Boundless Bloody Hell before it was dead.

It was killed by the ferocious Formation that had formed here!

With the death of the Demonic Beast, endless blood and soaring resentment burst forth from the Blood River, seemingly drawn by an irresistible force, flying towards the malicious Formation formed by the geomantic pattern in the distance.

No sooner had it reached the malicious Formation's location than the endless blood and resentful energy shot up again, all of it flying towards the distant mountains, where a hundred coffins were suppressed.

From a distance, the three of them could see the sky where a hundred coffins suddenly rose, each coffin growing immensely large.

A hundred coffins, including those four without Corpse Generals, all began to shake. The listeners could even faintly hear the sound of clashing lock chains.

The blood splashed, but it simply bypassed the outer coffins, all falling onto the largest one in the center.

The coffin of Helian Baitian, the Martial Immortal!

In an instant, the distant mountains also began to shake, and the onlookers felt as if the mountains seemed to be moving positions.

"Break the Formation! Their goal is to break the Great Formation that seals the hundred coffins!" Elder Shadowless instantly realized, "They knew about the Blood River. Even if I had not taken action, they had planned to self-detonate, blast open the Formation of the Blood River, allow the Blood River to reappear, then use the malicious Formation of the geomantic pattern to kill the Demonic Beasts from the Blood River, thereby breaking the Formation laid down by the Grand Preceptor! Such deep scheming! I can already feel the weakening of the distant Formation!"

As his voice fell, the blood in the Blood River surged again, and the silhouette of a second Demonic Beast emerged.

"Another Demonic Beast!" Lan Pili suddenly turned his head to ask Cao Zhen, "Is it possible to break the Formation, the malicious Formation of the geomantic patterning? If we continue to let these Demonic Beasts appear and be continuously slain by the malicious Formation, then be absorbed into the coffins, does it not mean that soon, the Great Formation suppressing the hundred coffins will be broken, and then Helian Baitian and his Corpse Generals will all leave from within the coffins?"

"It can't be broken. Once the malicious Formation of the geomantic patterning is formed, it cannot be reversed; it won't stop anytime soon. At least, with my current Cultivation Base, it is impossible to reverse it, even Earth Immortals cannot reverse it."

"An Earth Immortal cannot reverse the geomantic Formation's malicious Formation, but they can reverse others." Elder Shadowless suddenly looked at Cao Zhen and said, "I originally wanted to go with you to the Capital to confess to the Grand Preceptor face to face, but it now seems impossible."

With a light sigh, he took out his Qiankun Bag and handed it to Cao Zhen, saying, "This is the accumulation of my life. I was raised by the Bright Heart Sect from a young age. The Sect nurtured me, yet I never reciprocated anything for the Sect.

Even when I was an Elder of Shadowless Pavilion, I did not fulfill my duty, and in the end, I even did such things, bringing shame to my Sect.

I have nothing left to do for Bright Heart Sect. These things, I hope you, Dao Companion, will have the time to bring them to the Bright Heart Sect and hand them over to the Pavilion Master of Shadowless Pavilion, to leave them to the disciples of Shadowless Pavilion."

"Elder, what are you doing?" Cao Zhen instinctively took the Qiankun Bag, looking at Elder Shadowless with shock. Elder Shadowless was clearly making arrangements for his aftermath, he...

"All of this is caused by me. Because of me, countless civilians have died. Because of me, three Dao Companions from Dharma Apex Sect have died. Everything is my fault. I know that those who have died cannot be revived, and whatever I do, cannot undo my mistakes.

But still, I will do my utmost, to make amends. I don't want to see anyone else die because of me!

I cannot let my Sect be implicated because of me. I cannot let the Formation I was guarding fail! Since I cannot stop the malicious Formation of the geomantic pattern, then I will stop the Blood River!"

As Elder Shadowless spoke, an endless surge of aura erupted from his body, the powerful life force within him suddenly igniting.

Burning his life, he was igniting his life.

He was burning his Longevity Period, of ten thousand years!

The Longevity Period grants ten thousand years of life.

Even though Elder Shadowless had already lived for around three thousand years, he still had seven thousand years of life left.

Chapter 364: 7000 Lifespan Suppressing Blood River_5

Yet now, he had to burn his own lifespan.

Burn life, borrow power from heaven and earth!

The more vigorous the life force, the longer the lifespan, the greater the power one could borrow!

Between heaven and earth, streams of pure cosmic energy, as Elder Shadowless began to burn his lifespan, madly infused into him.

In an instant, Elder Shadowless's aura surged, vast and boundless mana gathered around his body, causing the surrounding air to tremble wildly.

The overflowing power created visible waves of energy, pushing outwards in all directions.

Cao Zhen stood beside Elder Shadowless, affected by the residual waves of power, he couldn't even stand firm, involuntarily retreating backward.

For a time, Elder Shadowless's entire being seemed connected as one with heaven and earth, his aura climbing higher and higher, making one feel that he had already surpassed the limits of the Longevity Period.

But as his own aura climbed, the life force emanating from his body grew weaker and weaker.

His hair and beard, glossy and black from his breakthrough to the Earth Immortal Realm, were visibly whitening at an alarming rate, his skin rapidly withered. He looked as though he was on the brink of death.

But his spine remained rigidly straight.

Looking towards the Blood River, from which demonic beasts surged forth again, he didn't wait for the powerful Formation to make its move, his body already soaring into the air, plunging headfirst into the Blood River.

"Heaven and Earth Ten Thousand Laws, Wu Ji... Suppress!"

Elder Shadowless pushed out both hands, slamming fiercely upon the demonic beasts in the Blood River—his strength, fueled by the sacrifice of his life and power of heaven and earth, was terrifying.

With his full-force strike, the demonic beasts in the Blood River, not fully transmitted from the Boundless Bloody Hell, were pushed back into the Blood River by his power, retreating back into the Boundless Bloody Hell.

Yet Elder Shadowless's body did not withdraw, continuing to charge into the Blood River.

In just a breath's time, he had fully submerged into the Blood River.

The next moment, a thunderous, earth-shattering explosion rang out.

Suddenly, stars dimmed, the sky darkened.

The entire world, connecting to distant mountains, even further to Yong Feng City, trembled violently at that moment.

In the Blood River, all the waters, at that moment, surged upwards, thrusting towards the end of the sky, as if determined to knock all the stars and the moon from the heavens.

Elder Shadowless... had self-destructed!

An Earth Immortal, after burning his own life, self-destructed!

Such might caused the surrounding earth to shatter and explode wildly.

And that Blood River, as the water was thrown into the air, evaporated by the horrific power of Elder Shadowless's self-destruction, revealed a strange Formation below the Blood River.

And this Formation was utterly obliterated!

If one cannot break through the geomancy of this place, then block the Blood River!

The Blood River is very special; all Blood Rivers stem from the Boundless Bloody Hell, some naturally formed, some seemingly deliberately channeled.

But beneath all Blood Rivers, there is a Formation.

The Formation links the Boundless Bloody Hell with this world of Immortal Cultivation.

Once the Formation is destroyed, the connection between the Boundless Bloody Hell and this world of Immortal Cultivation is severed.

Shadowless, he blocked this connecting channel at the cost of his life!

With the channel blocked, all the water in the Blood River evaporated. For a time, the Blood River was like a dried-up riverbed, only remaining traces of a blood scent, spreading throughout the surroundings.

In the distance among the mountains, endless angry roaring sounds emerged.

"To death!"

"Dare to sabotage our plans!"

"Shadowless, damn Shadowless!"

"Do you think that by dying, all will be settled?"

"Even if you die, your Sect is still there; the day we break free will be the doom of your Bright Heart Sect."

"And those two youngsters from the Hundred Peaks Sect, you wait as well; without you, Shadowless wouldn't have done this. Wait and see; you and your Hundred Peaks Sect are doomed!"

Amidst these furious shouting, another voice came through.

This voice bore no anger and even carried traces of regret; not very loud, yet as it travelled, all other noises ceased, leaving only this voice echoing in the world.

"Shadowless, we are enemies. But for what you did, I, Helian Baitian, deeply admire you."

Helian Baitian!

Cao Zhen and Lan Pili both looked up towards the distant mountains, from where the voice emanated. Helian Baitian, silent all this time, finally spoke, addressing the already self-destructed Elder Shadowless.

"I inform you, I will not use any tricks to reopen this Blood River. This is out of respect for you. You were a real man, just on the wrong path. For the True Immortal Dynasty, for the Grand Preceptor, it's not worth it.

As for the Blood River, even if I don't use it, I, Helian Baitian, can still break through this seal. In this world, no one can contain me.

Because I am Helian Baitian—and if Heaven can be defeated, what about mankind!"

With his words ending, Helian Baitian spoke no more, and from the surrounding coffins, no other sound was heard.

Cao Zhen's gaze once again fell upon the Blood River, looking towards the now bloodless, completely dry river, he sighed deeply, "The ten Immortal Sects, this is what a true disciple of the Righteous Path is. Even if Elder Shadowless has done wrong before, he acknowledged his mistakes. Moreover, he has always sought to make amends, even willing to offer his very life without hesitation!"

Chapter 365: The 7,000 Lifespans Suppressing the Blood River_6

"What a pity, such a real pity. Elder Jue Ying had already achieved the status of an Earth Immortal..." Lan Pili shook his head vigorously, sighing deeply, "Minor Era of Inversion of Heaven and Earth... If it weren't for the impending Minor Era of Inversion of Heaven and Earth, there wouldn't be so many troubles.

Now, the Minor Era of Inversion of Heaven and Earth has not yet arrived, and we have only left the Hundred Points Sect, wandering outside for less than a month, yet we've experienced so much.

The world is already in such chaos, what will it become when the Minor Era of Inversion of Heaven and Earth truly arrives, I wonder how many will die as a result!

At that time, not just mortals, but also the various sects, and even the ten great Immortal Sects, will be greatly affected."

"Those are not what we can consider now, what we need to do now, is to go to the Capital City as quickly as possible." Cao Zhen felt even more that his current cultivation base was too weak. After this trip to the Capital City, he must return to the Hundred Peaks Sect at the first opportunity to refine the pills and then make a breakthrough into the Golden Core stage!

He looked around, the Formation of the Blood River had already been blown open by Elder Shadowless, who even split some of his power to destroy the Blood River itself.

Originally in Yu Min Town, he and Lan Pili and others were not strong enough to completely eradicate the Blood River, but Elder Shadowless was an Earth Immortal, and after burning his life and self-detonating, his power was enough to destroy the Blood River's blood water.

For the time being, the Blood River is safe, and doesn't need to be suppressed or guarded.

Moreover, Elder Shadowless still has a fellow sect member coming to this place.

Since this is the case, he doesn't need to stay here for long.

Cao Zhen thought for a moment, took out paper and brush, wrote down what had happened here, and then placed it under a stone, setting up a simple formation around the area to prevent outsiders from entering and seeing the letter, or beasts taking it away. Only then did he stand up and return to Yong Feng City with Lan Pili.

All four Corpse Generals that had left the coffin were dead; they no longer had any reason to stay.

Soon, the people of the Hundred Peaks Sect regrouped. During this time, the disciples of the Hundred Peaks Sect also exchanged enough Spirit Stones.

The group quickly maneuvered the Flying Boat, flying towards the direction of the Capital City.

As they flew, Chang Tiance asked Cao Zhen, "Peak Master, do we need to change directions? We have stayed here for a while now, and it's very likely that the Red Refinery Demonic Sect has found out about our whereabouts. If they have set up an ambush here..."

"Of course we must change directions, we'll go through the desert to the north," Cao Zhen, who was still steering the Flying Boat, had already begun to turn; he had previously studied the direction with Lan Pili when they looked at the map.

To the north of Yong Feng City lies a deserted desert, uninhabited by anyone. Crossing that desert, although it takes an extra two days, is also much safer.

They had flown over several deserts along the way. While those deserts are nearly insurmountable for mortals, to a cultivator, controlling a flying sword, it does not take a day's time to cross such deserts.

But now, the desert ahead is much larger than any they had encountered before.

Now they were piloting the Flying Boat, which was infinitely faster than controlling a flying sword. Yet after flying for a day and a night, they still hadn't left the desert.

"This desert separates two provinces of the Guardian Immortal Imperial Dynasty, on one side lies Yong Feng City, incredibly prosperous, but beyond the desert, it's much more desolate and the local customs differ."

Lan Pili was helping Cao Zhen pilot the Flying Boat while recounting the local customs he knew of: "Beyond the desert..."

Suddenly, his words cut off, as he looked outside the Flying Boat, his face filled with shock.

Above the scorching desert, the void suddenly obscured the sun's rays, which made it nearly impossible for common folks to open their eyes; the sky darkened abruptly, and from the edge of the horizon, a black longsword shot through the air, heading straight for the Flying Boat.

"Not good!"

"Quick, gather your mana, activate your Protective Divine Power!"

In shock, Cao Zhen and Lan Pili hurriedly alerted everyone on the Flying Boat; even from a great distance, they could feel the boundless Demonic Qi in the sword light, even more terrifying than the full burst of the white-haired witch they had encountered before!

This was the work of an Earth Immortal, and not just any, but a powerful one among them!

Cao Zhen's body lit up with the Record of Deities and Demons, Gold Light Spell, and Dragon and Tiger Golden Body synergized, his inner mana wildly circulating, trying to steer the Flying Boat away from the incoming sword light.

But one moment, he saw the sword light still far away, and the next, the pitch-black, as if flying from the nether, golden light had already descended upon the Flying Boat.

In an instant, he instinctively felt a tremendous shake throughout the Flying Boat, a loud blast as if it exploded right in his ears, causing a sharp pain. The Protective Golden Light on his body also wavered.

Amidst the loud noise, the entire Flying Boat burst apart!

Everyone was sent crashing down from the sky onto the ground, and many disciples with weaker cultivation were so shaken that they spat out fresh blood.

Almost at the instant, everyone landed, a giant black hand's shadow loomed out of the sky, reaching out and grabbing the bound white-haired witch.

The Red Refinery Demonic Sect!

Cao Zhen immediately reacted, waving his arms, a surge of purple thunderbolts gathering, and he blasted them directly at the black giant hand's shadow.

The Five-thunder Righteous Method!

The purple thunderbolts fell, but the black hand had already swept the white-haired witch away. The unmatched Power of Thunderbolt crashed down onto the ground, shattering the surrounding sand, turning it into a fine dust, raising a tall plume that soared into the sky amidst the impact.

The opponent was too fast; he couldn't prevent them!

Everything happened so quickly, from the appearance of the black sword light, to everyone falling to the ground, the black giant hand sweeping away the white-haired witch, all of it happened in an instant.

Some disciples hadn't even reacted to hitting the ground and the white-haired witch had already been taken away.

"This...so terrifying." Chang Tiance looked at the now vanished Demonic Qi, exhaled deeply, and with a frightened look told everyone, "That was close... It must have been an Earth Immortal who acted. But luckily, it seems they didn't intend to kill us, otherwise, I'm afraid they could have killed us all in just another breath's time."

"No, it's not that they didn't want to kill us, but that they ran out of time. If they had taken the time to kill us, they probably wouldn't have gotten away," Lan Pili said, looking off in another direction.

Chapter 366: I'm Really Not Here to Argue_1

It seemed like an endless desert where the flying boat exploded and crashed, kicking up clouds of yellow sand that billowed into the sky.

Cao Zhen suddenly looked up into the distance, a terrifying aura pulsating from afar.

In a breath's time, within everyone's sight, a red light appeared; they only felt a flash of red, and that crimson glow had already landed before them all.

The light was not the glow of divine skills, but the luminance of armor.

The newcomer was clad entirely in a suit of red armor, with a ferocious, massive tiger's head engraved upon the chest.

The tiger's open mouth imparted a sense of devouring the mountains and rivers, almost as if it could swallow the entire world.

His countenance was resolute, with a natural authority that didn't require anger, standing before them all, he seemed like the legendary Immortal Realm War God descending upon the mortal realm.

On his body, without any trace of blood, Cao Zhen couldn't understand why, but upon seeing this person, he felt waves of a blood aura rushing toward him.

It was not the blood aura filled with the energy of evil demons like that from Blood River, but a pure, thick blood aura, one that seemed to emanate from someone who had emerged from mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

He even had the illusion that the red color of the other's armor was dyed with streaks of fresh blood.

The person had merely flown down in front of everyone without a word and had shown no hostility, but the air around them seemed to have become heavier. An invisible pressure, as if emerging from his body, pressed down on them in layers, so oppressive that they did not even dare to take a deep breath.

His gaze swept over the crowd and finally rested on Cao Zhen and Lan Pili, who wore the attire of a Peak Master, and with an authoritative voice he declared, "I am the Garrisoned Immortal of this place, Chi Zhenjiang!"

Zhenjiang?

Hearing this name and observing the armor, as well as an aura more befitting a soldier than a cultivator, Cao Zhen immediately realized that this was a disciple of the Grand Preceptor!

The Grand Preceptor's disciples all had names like Tuoyu and Tuoqing; now there was another Zhenjiang—Cao Zhen wondered if the Grand Preceptor might have yet another disciple named Zhenyu.

Furthermore, what are all these disciples of the Grand Preceptor doing? They appeared to have nothing better to do since this was the third disciple of the Grand Preceptor he had encountered on his journey.

Upon hearing the introduction from Chi Zhenjiang, Lan Pili suddenly noticed the shattered flying boat and quickly spoke up, "The disciples of the Red Refinery Demonic Sect have already been taken away; it's not our fault.

We did our best, but the person who made a move was clearly from the Earth Immortal Realm, and we could not stop them."

This manner of dress, this kind of aura, in the Guardian Immortal Imperial Dynasty, could only belong to a disciple of the Grand Preceptor.

And before, another disciple of the Grand Preceptor had ordered them to bring the white-haired witch to the Capital City for interrogation.

And now, she had been lost on their watch.

According to the dynasty's decree, they too would be punished for this matter.

"It is not your fault; the imperial court will not blame you for this, and you will not be punished," Chi Zhenjiang shook his head, looking at them, "On the contrary, you did very well indeed, exceptionally well."

"Very well?" Lan Pili was somewhat stunned. They had lost people from the Red Refinery Demonic Sect, yet he was saying they did very well?

Was this some kind of sarcasm?

But it didn't look like sarcasm.

What did he mean by that?

Cao Zhen looked at Chi Zhenjiang with not a trace of anger on his face and suddenly realized something, asking loudly, "From the beginning, you had no intention of letting us bring the person to the Capital City."

I found it strange at the time why we had to escort a high-level Earth Immortal from the Red Refinery Demonic Sect. Why not keep her in the city and have her picked up by a powerful cultivator later? So that's how it is; it was all a deceitful plan you laid out.

But I wonder, what if we really had succeeded? What then would you have done?"

"Succeeded?" Chi Zhenjiang seemed not to have expected Cao Zhen to ask this question. He paused briefly before slowly saying, "If you had managed to escort the white-haired witch to the Capital City, then let her be escorted, and we would have recorded it in the annals and you would have been rewarded in the future."

However, the Red Refinery Demonic Sect is deeply hidden within our Guardian Immortal Imperial Dynasty, and if there's an opportunity, we need to try to find them and completely eradicate them."

Thinking of the rescued white-haired witch, Cao Zhen muttered, "So on the witch's body lies a special mark, which could allow someone to track where she has gone."

If there wasn't such a tracking mark, Chi Zhenjiang would have already been in pursuit of the white-haired witch by now, instead of speaking with them here.

"Those are matters you should not concern yourselves with," the voice of Chi Zhenjiang suddenly became severe. In the next moment, his body flashed with light, a red glow slashed across the sky, and in the time of a breath, he had disappeared from their sight.

"He's gone?"

Chang Tiance and the other disciples waited until Chi Zhenjiang's figure had disappeared, each letting out a sigh of relief.

"Is he going after the white-haired witch?"

"It's likely not that he's pursuing the white-haired witch, but heading straight for the enemy's lair."

"He purposefully paused, probably waiting for them to return to their lair before striking."

"Who knows how far he'll have to chase."

"Now the question is, what do we do?"

"Our flying boat has been destroyed."

The group looked at the completely obliterated flying boat, all deeply frustrated.

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While the crowd was conversing, at a distance, a brilliant light suddenly shot up into the sky, piercing the horizon as if it intended to annihilate the blazing sun itself.

"What is this situation?"

"Has Chi Zhenjiang already found their lair?"

People turned their heads one after another, looking towards the far off place.

"This... such a great distance, it must be tens of thousands of miles away."

"That aura, it's definitely Chi Zhenjiang's from just now."

"In just a brief moment, he has chased so far away?"

The crowd stared in astonishment at the extremely distant direction.

In the distance, almost at the end of the sky, that part of the horizon suddenly turned pitch black, as if day had turned instantly to night.

Even though it was extremely far away, everyone could feel the boundless Demonic Qi, as if it intended to explode the entire world.

Suddenly, within the darkness, a slash of red light passed by, like a galaxy traversing the night, with a vast aura surging.

The next moment, within the sight of the crowd, the far-off part of the world shook wildly within plain view.

People could even see, in the distance, the sky kept exploding and exploding again.

Blinding lights continuously flashed, colliding within the sky, causing the distant horizon to change color, as if the end of the world had come.

Even from a great distance, everyone could hear a series of loud booms.

"This... is this a battle of Earth Immortals?"

"Tens of thousands of miles away, and we can even hear the sound of their battle!"

Suddenly, another huge boom arrived, and with it, the distant sky turned into a grey haze.

"Dust, this is dust obscuring the sky, how intense must their battle be?"

"With so much dust, the ground must be completely shattered!"

"Perhaps, even mountains have exploded!"

In a moment, everyone had forgotten the shattered Flying Boat; all of them looked towards the place where the great battle erupted in the distance.

Cao Zhen flew directly up into the high sky to look from afar.

As he flew higher and higher, he could faintly discern the distant mountains.

But the next moment, those mountains burst asunder, vanishing from his view.

Destroying mountains and shattering peaks!

Cao Zhen's heart shook with indescribable awe. He had no idea how far away the battle was, tens of thousands of miles? Surely it was far more distant than that.

The mountains he could see even from such a distance – one could imagine how tall they had been, yet still they were destroyed in the battle!

How formidable this level of battle must be, what could Chi Zhenjiang's Cultivation Base be?

Furthermore, was that the lair of the Red Refinery Demonic Sect? If it were indeed so, then Chi Zhenjiang was too terrifying, probably even stronger than Fang Tuojie whom he had met before. A single man marching directly into the lair of the Red Refinery Demonic Sect.

If it weren't the lair of the Demon Sect but just a branch, then the Red Refinery Demonic Sect was simply too formidable. A mere branch possessing such experts, unleashing such fierce battles!

In the faraway sky, red light clashed with black Demonic Qi, surging and colliding against each other, both sides evidently engulfed in a massive battle with no clear advantaged party.

Amidst the fierce fight, suddenly, within the void, a golden Sword Qi emerged.

Even at an extreme distance, the crowd, being cultivators, were nearly blinded by the light of the Sword Qi and could hardly open their eyes.

The sword radiance was too dazzling; at that moment, it seemed as if all the light of the world had converged upon that single slash.

The Sword Qi flashed, piercing straight into the center of the fierce battle.

In an instant, the area of the sky ripped open visibly to the naked eye.

Following that, every fighting figure, every vast aura, everything abruptly vanished.

The distance regained its tranquility.

This sword had ended the battle!

The immensely fierce battle, which seemed to have the power to destroy an entire part of the world, was terminated by that single sword!

The golden light flashed and then disappeared.

Cao Zhen gazed into the distance, his mind incessantly conjuring images of the scene when that sword had appeared.

He had seen many people draw their swords, some with dominating and boundless Swordsmanship, others with eccentric and enigmatic Sword Dao. Everyone's sword had their own style.

Yet that recent sword gave him an incredibly strange feeling.

That sword carried no overpowering force, no myriad of transformations, no trace of cunning. To him, it felt like just a sword!

However, this sword conveyed a feeling, telling everyone, "With this sword, I shall end everything."

And with it, the sword ended everything.

Despite being a completely ordinary sword without any distinguishing features, this sword was different from any he had seen before.

A feeling ineffable and indescribable.

"This... This is the Grand Preceptor's doing."

Suddenly, Lan Pili's voice came through.

Cao Zhen descended from the sky, asking Lan Pili, "How do you know it was the Grand Preceptor who acted?"

That sword was indeed terrifying, undoubtedly the work of one of the world's top experts, but he did not understand how Lan Pili could be so certain that it was the Grand Preceptor.

"Because, I have seen the Grand Preceptor in action. Once you have seen his sword, you will never forget it!" Lan Pili's reply was directed to Cao Zhen, but his gaze still fixed in the distance, towards the sky where that sword had emerged.

On hearing this, Cao Zhen nodded in agreement, "Indeed, such a sword, once witnessed, cannot be forgotten.

But, Peak Master Lan, when did you see the Grand Preceptor in action?"

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Lan Pili, like him, was only at the Core Formation Stage—how could he have seen the Grand Preceptor in action?

"That was during the succession ceremony of our Sect Leader True Person," said Lan Pili, turning to Cao Zhen. "Since our Hundred Peaks Sect accepted the Grand Preceptor's recognition, every time a new Sect Leader True Person takes position, the Grand Preceptor comes to grant his endorsement.

Actually, it's not just our Hundred Peaks Sect. Every time there is a Sect Leader succession among the ten Immortal Sects, the Grand Preceptor grants his recognition. Of course, it's not the actual presence of the True God Grand Preceptor but a sword light, just like the one we have just seen.

Back when our Sect Leader True Person ascended, Peak Master Cao, you had not yet... not yet joined our Hundred Peaks Sect, so you didn't see it."

Cao Zhen nodded in understanding, guessing that he probably hadn't even been born yet, so he hadn't witnessed the Grand Preceptor in action.

As for the endorsement, it was easy to understand—it was basically just a formality.

With the Grand Preceptor's endorsement, it meant the imperial court recognized your identity, and in the eyes of the imperial court, you were the legitimate leader of one of the major ten Immortal Sects.

And if the imperial court didn't recognize you?

Well, the Red Refinery Demonic Sect probably met the consequences.

In this period, he had seen many experts take action, but regardless of who it was, none could compare to that one sword strike.

That sword strike was too stunning for the heart.

Just as Lan Pili said, after seeing that sword strike once, one would never forget it.

No wonder the Grand Preceptor has the power to single-handedly intimidate the entire cultivator world of the Guardian Immortal Imperial Dynasty!

It took a long while for Cao Zhen to snap out of the impression that sword strike had left on him, and he said to Lan Pili, "Should we leave now and head for the Capital City?"

"Yes, it's time to go back, but with the Flying Boat broken, we have to fly on our own," said Lan Pili, somewhat annoyed. "If we had known this would happen, we wouldn't have taken the detour. We took a detour previously.

When we had the Flying Boat, detours were fine, but without it, it's just on our own, who knows how long we'll have to fly? And Peak Master Cao, you were the one who spent the money to craft the Flying Boat; now..."

"Let's not talk about money for now; let's just leave this desert first," Cao Zhen calculated in his mind, determined that he would definitely seek reimbursement, since he had spent four hundred thousand Spiritual Stones.

No, five hundred... I spent a total of eight hundred thousand Spiritual Stones crafting that Flying Boat, yes, eight hundred thousand Spiritual Stones. When we get to Capital City, I'll ask the Grand Preceptor to reimburse me in full!

I was used by you all to find the Red Refinery Demonic Sect's main lair or branch—you definitely owe me for my losses.

After all, the Grand Preceptor is the most by-the-book; when the time comes, we'll stick to the rules. No matter how we discuss it, I'm definitely getting compensated.

While calculating the money he ought to get back, Cao Zhen and the others flew out of the desert.

It didn't bother him so much when he was piloting the Flying Boat, but now flying in the desert, he regretted his earlier decision to take a detour through such a place.

Cultivators, although not as vulnerable as mortals in the desert, still find it intolerable—who wants to be constantly baked by the sun?

And the main problem was, there were no villages or inns ahead or behind in this desolate desert.

As they flew, the disciples began to struggle, making suggestions to Lan Pili one after another.

"If we keep flying like this, how long will it take to cross this desert?"

"Peak Master, why don't we change direction, fly out of the desert area, and then find a new route?"

Cao Zhen was fully aware of the saying: it's easy to adapt from frugality to extravagance, but difficult to return to frugality from extravagance.

In the past, flying like this didn't feel like much, but having experienced the feeling of piloting the Flying Boat, flying in this manner now seemed hard to accept.

Not just for the disciples, but for himself as well.

At this flying speed, how many years would it take to reach Capital City?

Moreover, who knew if members of the Red Refinery Demonic Sect were still around, or if there would be other dangers on the way? It would be best to have a Flying Boat so they could reach Capital City as quickly as possible.

As he flew, Cao Zhen spoke to Lan Pili, "Lan Peak Master, I remember seeing on the map that there's a city near here. How about this—we make a detour, go to that city, buy enough materials, and then I'll craft another Flying Boat. That way, our journey to the Capital City will be safer."

"Peak Master Cao, you're talking about Wild Flow City. That city is too small. Not just that one, but there are no large cities nearby that would have the materials we cultivators need, or if there are, they're just ordinary materials. I fear we won't be able to gather enough for crafting a Flying Boat," explained Lan Pili, shaking his head before pausing, seemingly recalling something. "Unless we go to Thousand Caves Door. They are one of the top ten Immortal Sects and naturally have enough materials. We could buy materials from them."

After a short pause, he continued with a bit of embarrassment, "It's just that, Peak Master Cao, about the cost of the materials..."

He didn't want to impose further expenses on Cao Zhen; however, he truly didn't have much money himself, not enough to buy materials.

Cao Zhen, quite surprised, responded, "I'll cover the cost of the materials myself, but... Thousand Caves Door, is it really so far from our Hundred Peaks Sect? I thought that after we received the news, Wu Jianzi stayed at Thousand Caves Door for three days, and then soon after he arrived at our Hundred Peaks Sect. I had assumed Thousand Caves Door wasn't far from us."

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"Peak Master Cao, the transmission of information takes time. Moreover, people like Wu Jianzi, when they venture out to discuss the Dao, their sects would naturally not allow them to travel merely by Sword Flight. They must have provided them with superior treasures akin to Flying Boats for them to command. Therefore, their speed is naturally fast enough,"

"I see. In that case, why don't we head to Thousand Caves Door first?" Cao Zhen nodded slightly and proposed his suggestion.

This time he had left home, he indeed hadn't brought much money.

He thought it was just about attending a mission and then returning to the sect with the reward without expecting it to take so long.

Therefore, he hadn't brought many Spiritual Stone Tickets.

Who knew that the journey would be so long and encounter so many incidents.

He now had only one hundred thousand taels worth of Spiritual Stone Tickets on him.

However, although he was short on Spiritual Stone Tickets, Elder Shadowless had left him with a Qiankun Bag that contained some.

After all, he still had Spiritual Stone Tickets at Four Treasures Peak, and since they were all the same, he would use these Spiritual Stone Tickets first, then retrieve more upon his return to Hundred Peaks Sect and finally take them to Bright Heart Sect.

Under Lan Pili's leadership, even after changing direction, it took a day and a half of flying to leave the desert, and then another day to finally arrive at the gates of Thousand Caves Door.

Outside Thousand Caves Door, aside from the usual guardians at the gate, there was also a group of young disciples standing guard.

Suddenly, the group saw figures approaching in the distance. Their expressions grew solemn, and many even showed signs of nervousness.

"Someone is coming."

"I wonder which sect they are from, coming to discuss the Dao!"

"Everyone, be on alert. Also, junior brother, go back and inform the sect that Dao Companions have come to discuss the Dao."

Shortly after, one of the disciples quickly flew back to deliver the message.

As Cao Zhen and his group approached the gates of Thousand Caves Door, they were somewhat surprised at the number of disciples guarding the gate. "Thousand Caves Door, there are so many disciples guarding the gate."

"That's normal. Thousand Caves Door is known as a sect with a thousand caves, and indeed they have a thousand caves. If we talk about the number of disciples, they have even more than our Hundred Peaks Sect," Lan Pili said as he walked up to the gate of Thousand Caves Door.

As the chief envoy, he stepped forward and greeted everyone with a cupped fist, "Hundred Peaks Sect, Lightning Peak, Peak Master Lan Pili, and Four Treasures Peak, Peak Master Cao Zhen, along with their disciples, are passing by and have come to meet the Dao Companions here."

Although they had come to purchase materials, since everyone present was from the ten major Immortal Sects and were people of status, certain pleasantries still had to be exchanged. They couldn't just arrive at another sect and blurt out that they were there to buy their materials.

If word got out, they could be criticized for not understanding etiquette and lacking manners.

Especially since it was the Thousand Caves Door, a sect that had always been vying for the position of number one amongst the miscellaneous clans with the Hundred Peaks Sect, it was all the more important to observe proper etiquette.

In front of the gates of Thousand Caves Door, amidst a group of disciples, a rather composed disciple heard the greeting and immediately straightened up, responding with a hand clasped in salute, "Thousand Caves Door, a disciple of Profound Sea Grotto, Lin Xuesong, greets the two Peak Masters. Please come inside."

While speaking, he stepped aside, opening the gate and growing vigilant inside. Peak Masters? Hundred Peaks Sect had actually sent two Peak Masters.

In the past, when sects engaged in discussions, they would only send disciples, but this time Hundred Peaks Sect had sent two Peak Masters. What did this imply?

If they intended to have a Peak Master lead the group, they would normally send only one, not two.

Moreover, these two Peak Masters...

Wasn't Four Treasures Peak always ranked last in the Hundred Peaks Sect?

And Lightning Peak was also ranked in the nineties. Neither were particularly high-ranking peaks. If they truly wanted a Peak Master to protect disciples, even if they didn't send one from the Upper Fifty Peaks, they should at least send a Peak Master from a peak ranked in the sixties or seventies.

What was the meaning of sending a Peak Master from the nineties and the Hundredth Peak?

To have the Peak Masters participate in the discussions?

Lan Pili, while walking, quietly transmitted a message to Cao Zhen, "Profound Sea Grotto is among the stronger grottos in Thousand Caves Door, ranked one hundred and sixteen."

Cao Zhen was instantly speechless. The opponent randomly mentioned a grotto, and you knew their rank? Are you saying that you know the rank of every single grotto in Thousand Caves Door? Every single grotto? You seem awfully concerned about Thousand Caves Door!

While Cao Zhen was internally complaining, he followed the other inside the gate, nodding respectfully as he walked. Truly, the disciples of the ten major Immortal Sects showed such respect for each other even though Hundred Peaks Sect and Thousand Caves Door were always in competition, each aspiring to outdo the other.

Yet, when they actually met, even though his group only came to make a purchase, the hosts were so respectful.

Having flown outside for quite some time, he had noticed that the region seemed desolate, but upon entering the gates of Thousand Caves Door, it was as if entering another world altogether.

In contrast to the barrenness outside, here there was a mist of immortality, shaded green trees, mountains, and water...

Although Cao Zhen was not deeply acquainted with the Immortal Realm, as a disciple of Hundred Peaks Sect, he knew something about Thousand Caves Door.

Hundred Peaks Sect had over a hundred peaks and a hundred Peak Masters.

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Thousand Caves Door, then, had a thousand grottos and a thousand Cave Masters.

However, many of these grottos were significantly weaker than the peaks of Hundred Peaks Sect; otherwise, with such numbers alone, they would have already overpowered Hundred Peaks Sect tenfold.

Indeed, many within the Hundred Peaks Sect believed that the fundamental approach of Thousand Caves Door was deeply flawed.

True, both Hundred Peaks Sect and Thousand Caves Door were Mixed Clans, with sect members practicing various Zen, Taoist, Scholar, Sword cultivations...

Initiating a number of new peaks and grottos wasn't wrong.

The problem was, Thousand Caves Door established too many.

A thousand grottos—how could a single Sect possibly manage them all well?

And with so many grottos, the focus was simply too scattered.

The resources of a sect were finite; spread across so many grottos, how much could each one receive?

For a Mixed Clan Immortal Sect, distributing across a hundred peaks was truly the optimal scenario.

Yet, the people of Thousand Caves Door believed that since they were a Mixed Clan, the more, the merrier. "We have a thousand grottos, you only have a hundred peaks, our number is ten times yours."

You have a hundred sects vying for success, but we have a thousand.

In my Thousand Caves Door, with a greater variety of legacies, and diverse Taoist philosophies and thoughts colliding, progress can be continually spurred.

Cao Zhen entered Thousand Caves Door and quickly joined Lin Xuesong and several other disciples to board the Immortal Cloud Carriage, which took them to a mountain peak.

Thousand Caves Door earned its name due to the over a thousand grottos it possessed, which were not located underground; otherwise, they would be called earth grottos.

The grottos of Thousand Caves Door were constructed on the mountains.

Moreover, Thousand Caves Door did not exclusively consist of grottos; there were other structures as well.

Cao Zhen and the others did not enter a grotto; instead, they were led into a grand hall built along the mountainside, with three large characters inscribed above—Guest Hall!

Cao Zhen glanced at these three characters, finding the penmanship rather good, certainly better than that of several Peak Masters from Wonderful Pen Peak and Ultimate Pen Peak.

Inside the hall, however, there were already a multitude of disciples from Thousand Caves Door seated, and at the main seat sat a middle-aged man with a handsome appearance and a kind expression.

Upon entering the hall, Lin Xuefeng took the initiative to introduce Cao Zhen and the other to the Senior, "This is Elder Huan Kong of our Thousand Caves Door."

Cao Zhen and Lan Pili promptly bowed with hands folded and said, "Greetings, Elder Huan Kong."

Since he was not introduced as an Elder of a particular grotto, it was clear that this man was an Elder of the entire Thousand Caves Door.

Cao Zhen internally marveled once more at the polite diplomacy of Thousand Caves Door; they'd sent an Elder to meet them.

Lin Xuefeng continued, introducing them to Elder Huan Kong, "These two are from Hundred Peaks Sect, Peak Master Lan from Lightning Peak and Cao Zhen from Four Treasures Peak, Peak Master Cao."

"Greetings to you both, Dao Companions. Please take your seats," said Elder Huan Kong, gesturing with a bow before turning to the side and ordering, "Serve tea for our guests from Hundred Peaks Sect."

Around them, disciples from Thousand Caves Door promptly served fragrant tea.

Lin Xuefeng had already positioned himself next to Elder Huan Kong and transmitted his voice in secret, "Elder, what is Hundred Peaks Sect's intention in sending these two Peak Masters? One from a Ninety-Something Peak, the other from the Hundredth Peak?"

Elder Huan Kong touched his beard lightly, glanced at Cao Zhen and his companion, then transmitted back, "To put it more precisely, a Peak Master from Ninety-Three Peak.

Hundred Peaks Sect has sent them... it's nothing but a trivial trick."

Lin Xuefeng was momentarily confused and asked, "Elder, what do you mean?" Despite being an Elder of Thousand Caves Door, he originated from their Profound Sea Grotto, which is why he was able to stay beside Elder Huan Kong, who was tasked with welcoming the Debate Teams from various sects this time.

"I ask you," Elder Huan Kong transmitted, "what was your first impression upon seeing these two Peak Masters? Speak freely and boldly."

"My first reaction was puzzlement, wondering why Hundred Peaks Sect would send such Peak Masters. If they were to send someone, they should've sent stronger Peak Masters," replied the disciple.

"That's exactly it," responded Elder Huan Kong. "Did you also feel some disdain when you saw them?"

Lin Xuefeng hesitated slightly, "The disciple... I indeed felt some..."

"Speak frankly," Elder Huan Kong transmitted. "It's perfectly normal to feel disdain. You're a disciple ranked One Hundred Sixteen in the grottos, which, in Hundred Peaks Sect, would place you among the top ten Peak disciples.

How could these two Peak Masters, ranked Ninety-Three and One Hundred, compare to you?

Now think about it, you're known for your steady character among all the disciples. Even with the knowledge of their status, you felt contempt. What about other disciples? Would they also look down upon them?

By underestimating them, we fall right into Hundred Peaks Sect's trap.

They want us to underestimate them to blind us. The true debaters they have come to send aren't these two Peak Masters, but rather the disciples behind them.

If I am not mistaken, many of these disciples are likely not from their peaks, but other peaks, and some even from lower ranked peaks.

However, these disciples from lower ranked peaks are undoubtedly the most outstanding disciples from their own peaks.

Hundred Peaks Sect intends to catch us off guard by making us complacent, but unfortunately, they've encountered me, and all their calculations will be in vain."