

Author's Note:

Thank you for being the best readers on Patreon! Here is the link to the Google Docs for those who prefer it.

Part 49

A disdain-filled smile appeared on the Demon Lord's face. He flicked his long sleeve back. "I've never seen pet food talk back so arrogantly."

"We're not pet food, asshole!"

I nodded to Azure, and she started us off.

There were just some songs that couldn't be played without a keyboard. One of these was Honey Melody's, 'Be Quiet and Die!' The song was originally inspired by my shoddily translated version of [Boom Boom Satellites' 'Shut Up and Explode.'](#)

Honey definitely misinterpreted the meaning of the original, but I would never complain about the explosive result.

Dread Lotus grinned as she started drumming. Just as we'd practiced, she had them hover in front of her as she sat on the same flying fan she used during practice.

Formation 7 was set up similar to the first arrangement I taught them. The difference was our more chaotic movements. They made it incredibly difficult to predict where we would be.

This battle of the bands formation also focused our sound, so it affected a few individuals rather than a huge crowd. It compressed our musical Qi, making all our attacks able to strike opponents a full realm higher.

Lord Bountiful furrowed his brow. "You're an absolute joke. What can a bunch of Foundation Establishment Demonic Musicians possibly do to me?"

::And here I thought you were intelligent when you recognized the utility of my cleaning technique.”

He chuckled. *::Being able to clean well doesn't mean you're strong enough to even injure me.::*

This fucker. “Just shut up and die!”

Lord Bountiful looked at the two men in black that had appeared beside him and gestured toward me. “Go take care of them. I can't be bothered. And be sure to give their bodies to the new Mystic Diamond Bear.”

“Yes, city lord!”

The men were in Golden Core and they closed in on us. They used their divine sense to pressure us, but I blocked it using my own.

That was when I started singing. An incredible silence descended on everything but my band. Our energy swiftly built until powerful blades of sound Qi shot forward and slammed into the two henchmen. They flew backward looking like kites with their strings cut... if those kites were dead bodies that had been sliced in half. When the corpses landed on their backs, a small blast erupted from where we'd hit them.

The city lord tsked. He didn't even look impressed!

Well, we weren't done. This was only the beginning. With a hand gesture, I focused our blades of sound on the Lord Bountiful and the Demon Lord.

They both sneered at us as our attacks hit the shields created by their expensive protective pendants. In fact, our music blades did more against the few guards that had helped Three Drops get down who had started coming after us than it did against them.

Mother fuckers. They didn't even care that we'd just slaughtered their underlings.

We kept sending sound Qi attacks toward them to slowly drain their tool's energy. Frankly, it felt like these attacks were completely ineffective against them.

“See what I mean? You aren't a threat.” Then he looked at the men who'd just died and sighed. “Did you have to kill Mo 1 and Mo 2? Good deadmen are so hard to find.”

Xu rolled his eyes. “Just finish them so you can let me out of this cursed barrier.”

He raised an eyebrow at Demon Lord Xu and gestured behind us. “You realize that Poison Master Noxious Fangstrike is out there, right? As annoying as his sect is, he's a powerful Nascent Soul cultivator. Neither of us can take him.”

The demonic cultivator smiled evilly. “He can't hurt me if he's dead or distracted.”

Goddamn it. Just like classic Xianxia villains, the two didn't even care that we were there because we were an entire realm below them. They still believed we couldn't hurt them if we tried. I'd have to get serious if I wanted to prove them wrong.

Xu chuckled. “As you can see.” He waved his hand toward the barrier where Noxious was.

A powerful, soul-wrenching attack struck the poison master, sending him flying back a full mile. He coughed up a mouthful of blood.

A demonic cultivator at the Nascent Soul realm suddenly appeared in front of him and said something that caused his eyes to turn red with rage.

“Uncle!” Dread Lotus yelled.

An illusion of a pink asura loomed behind this new fucker. Its demonic swords shot toward Noxious Fangstrike. His Little Cauldron flew in front of him, blocking the illusory flying swords, but the attack was more than just

physical and caused the poison master to cough up three mouthfuls of blood and take several steps back.

He bit his lip and glanced at Dread Lotus. His gaze grew determined. With a hand seal, he used a movement technique to zoom toward the sect, leading the enemy Nascent Soul cultivator far away from us.

That annoying fucker better not get himself killed. I still needed him to teach me poisons and fund my experiments.

Plus, I didn't want my friend to have to mourn her uncle.

::Don't lose focus. We have our own fight. If we can't stall for time, we're all dead.::

::Yes, band leader,:: Dread Lotus said.

Gold String made the wrap-up gesture I used to stop our playing during our practice sessions. *::This song isn't working.::*

I agreed. That was why I taught them more than one or two battle songs.

If explosive blades weren't cutting them, then we'd have to change tactics. Music cultivators were often underestimated, but where they excelled was in the various methods they could use to break a person. Especially those who ignored them. For example...

::Alright, Battle of the Bands Formation 8. Let's hit them with some emotional damage.::

I played the first chords of, 'Give Up,' a song that was heavily inspired by Linkin Park's, [Given Up](#). The tempo was fast and furious. It sent out a mental attack which built rage up within each listener. It then turned their fury inward, toward themselves. They would go through all the mistakes they made in their life and be trapped mentally, unable to do anything but regret and loathe themselves.

Fortunately, the fast pace allowed its effect to work quickly. I could already see the two stand in place as if some complex problem was running

through their minds non-stop. Their faces turned red and veins bulged on their necks.

::Little Spring! Wait for them to kneel then attack them.::

::Yes, Sister Lin!::

::Just avoid hitting the mansion. Three Drops is in there trying to turn off the device that's preventing us from leaving.::

Though, from what my divine sense picked up, he wasn't even close. We couldn't rely on him.

A few seconds into our new song and, as I predicted, they both kneeled.

They glared at me, which meant that they were ignoring the real threat.

Little Spring ran closer to them as he beautifully showed off the twelve sword moves before blasting the fuckers with a Blossoms in the Golden Tempest. Beautiful shimmering flowers surrounded the two and made it impossible to see what happened to them.

The kid jumped back, avoiding a black thorny whip that burst from the glittering storm.

While the attack had missed him, the energy from it caused the kid to turn pale and cough up three mouthfuls of blood.

Damn, even for a peak Golden Core cultivator, Demon Lord Xu was incredibly strong if he could counterattack while under our band's Give Up effect.

As the sword Qi petals cleared, it revealed that both had been injured. Xu had a cut on his evil fucking face, and Lord Bountiful had a huge gash on his chest and right leg. But other than that, they were mostly uninjured and absolutely furious.

To them, it must have felt like getting suddenly scratched by a docile house cat.

“Do something about your beasts’ damned food, or I will. And you won’t like it if I have to get involved!”

Lord Bountiful coughed up a mouthful of blood and glared at me. “Oh, you kids are going to regret this.”

He pulled out a jade token, pointed to us, and then crushed it. The beasts in their cages growled, howled, and screeched as the bars opened up, giving them their freedom.

A snake, a tiger, and a wolf all darted toward us, along with several dozen other spirit beasts. This included a massive crab with a disgusting human face on its back and that fucking eagle that brought my ass here.

As they ran or soared toward us, dirt and grass flew through the air. Their stampede gave off the energy of a mini-beast tide.

Well, shit.

::Formation 3. Let’s Crush them. Little Spring, retreat to recover your energy and bring out Xiao Bai. We need his accompaniment.::

The kid used his movement technique to dart behind us and brought out his puppy. He downed a whole teapot filled with spiritual spring water.

We moved into our new battle formation, one that looked a lot like a flying V. This would increase the potency of our more spread-out sound.

I began to play the first few chords of ‘Crush!’ A song that was inspired by Paramore’s, [Crushcrushcrush](#).

Even as the spirit beasts stampeded over to us. Our song’s energy crashed down on top of them, aided by a few healthy borks from our not-dog.

The beasts, who ranged from low stage 2 to middle stage 3, all fell to the ground as if a giant invisible hydraulic press were pushing them into them. They slid to a stop, causing the ground to indent like a hundred giant snowballs rolling to a stop on top of fresh snow. The once flat field had been absolutely demolished.

I did not take pleasure in seeing them helpless and completely knocked out... well, maybe I did a little. Frankly, I would have felt bad if it didn't hurt me so much that all these spirit beasts hated me for no good reason. And at least this way, they were only too injured to keep fighting and not actually dead.

A white and gold blur suddenly crashed down, creating a small crater in front of me. A massive amount of feathers burst out and covered us. Its leg twitched, then stilled eerily.

Well, most of them weren't dead. I was pretty sure that was the asshole eagle that trapped me in this fucked situation in the first place. I felt no sympathy for it.

When the connection between the owner and spiritual beast was a slave-type, it meant that the master wouldn't feel that much if their beast died. That said, losing a spirit beast, and having so many beasts injured all at once, would still have some effect. So it wasn't surprising when City Lord Bountiful threw up a mouthful of blood.

He glared at us with so much hatred that I was sure he'd die from a buildup of blood pressure. Or, hopefully, an aneurysm.

I wouldn't complain if he suddenly died like that. Then we'd only have one peak Golden Core asshole to deal with.

Demon Lord Xu sighed. "I warned you that I'd step in if you couldn't deal with it."

The city lord took out a handkerchief and wiped away the blood from his lips. He stared at us as if we were slugs that had somehow bitten him. "Go ahead and murder them all. I don't care anymore."

The demonic cultivator grinned evilly. "Do not regret those words."

He pulled out a necklace that looked similar to Ghosty's and pressed it to the box's side. "Learn this lesson well, city lord. This is the only thing music cultivators are good for."

Oh, shit...

A spirit projection appeared above the gem of a man who had blond hair just like Gold String's. A seal burned on his forehead and he began singing something that sounded close to what we based our 'Dragons Never Die' on.

The box opened, revealing a scroll made from parchment that had likely been made from the skin of cultivators. Even from this distance, and without it being activated, it gave off the aura of something that was both powerful and evil. Just looking at it felt like ghostly claws were running down my spine to grab my heart.

"Hold on! You can't be serious!" the city lord said. "You had a way to open it this whole time?"

Xu dismissed Gold String's ancestor back into the gem and threw the necklace inside his spatial ring. "Of course, I did. It would be useless to me if I didn't."

He pulled out the scroll from the box and stared at it as if he'd found a holy treasure.

Lord Bountiful's eyes grew wide with horror. "But there are other, easier ways to kill them. They're just a bunch of Foundation Establishment brats."

"Ah, but you see, they're also souls I can use to feed my new weapon." He patted the scroll lovingly.

Bountiful gritted his teeth. For a second, I thought he might try to snatch the evil tool away from the demonic cultivator, but with a single warning glance from the disturbing fucker, he backed off. I lost any hint of respect I still had for him at that point.

I glanced at Gold String, who had gone sheet white. I could tell that he had recognized his ancestor. The one we wrote 'Dragons Never Die' for. And he'd been turned into a bound servant to the demonic cult. His face reddened, and a vein bulged on his forehead.

I grimaced. “Don’t give up! If we can get our hands on that soul gem, we can save him.”

He struggled to calm himself but nodded. Frankly, he didn’t look like he believed me.

Little Spring ran over to the demonic cultivator using Impossible Leap. He attempted to steal the scroll the same way I had earlier, but Xu backhanded him, sending the kid flying toward us. I caught him with my spiritual energy. He coughed up eight mouthfuls of blood. His eyes started closing. The only reason he was still alive and awake at this point was because of his body cultivation and the power up he got from that damned beast blood bath.

This fucking brave idiot!

I shoved a Lin’s healing Dan into his mouth, and he nodded to me in thanks.

Unfortunately, while the kid distracted me, the demon lord had already started opening the Scroll of 10,000 Evil Souls. Soon, the evil spirits would begin exiting the tool.

Shit! What could we do to save ourselves?

There had to be something!

Think! What was it?

With every inch of parchment that was exposed, a massive rolling cloud of evil energy built up around it. Dark fog flowed out of the scroll slowly, like death marching forth to end the world.

Dread Lotus put her two drumsticks together with a clack. She smiled grimly. “Well, are we fucked, or are we fucked?”

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Author's Note:

Thank you so much for your patience! These past two weeks were really rough on me. Incredibly rough.

Everyone in my house was very sick. We weren't even able to go to Thanksgiving dinner. We just stayed at home and suffered. I had terrible brain fog so the entire experience is a bit of a blur and feels like I wasted two weeks of my life.

It's been one terrible fortnight so I hope you all will forgive me if this chapter isn't as filled with humor as I usually try to make chapters.

Well, considering what I just put Lin through, it makes sense that she would curse me with this kind of thing; a cold virus that had a symptom similar to a mild eye infection is just her style of curse.

But, on the plus side, at least I didn't leave you all with this cliffhanger two weeks ago.

Now that I think about it, that would have been truly evil.

BTW, the Boom Boom Satellites song I mentioned in this chapter is actually one that was in the original playlist I made for the first WIAFTTTTA volume. It's a good song to write to since it is fast and repetitive. If you've seen Xam'd: Lost Memories then you'll recognize it as the intro song and it was how I was introduced to the band.

[\[Image Link\]](#)