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## 200. Shizun, Phoenix mountain

The Jade Lake Villa's disciples would never have thought that their Villa master's life would be taken before the battle of Phoenix Mountain had even begun.

Although Li Wuxin was already old and gradually showed signs of old age with every movement, if he wasn't caught in this demonic enchantment's nightmare and his meridians overturned, he shouldn't have died so suddenly.

After a few moments of silence, the people from the Jade Lake Villa all kneeled down.

The mournful wails shook the skies, causing everyone to be shocked. The disciple that was supposed to settle his debt with Nangong Si no longer cared and crawled over to the Old Manor Lord's side, crying as he wiped his tears away with his sleeve.

Suddenly, the gigantic enchantment barrier in front of Phoenix Mountain let out an ear-piercing buzzing sound. Jiang Xi's expression changed as he said in a stern voice, "Someone fill in Li Wu Xin's spot. Otherwise, we will all die here today!"

Xue Zhengyong turned his head and shouted: "Yu Heng!"Come on, give me a hand!"

Naturally, Chu Wanning did not need to be said twice. His specialty was in world enchantment techniques, and his cry was a curse left behind by the phoenix evil spirit that was able to touch this layer of curse.

This meant that the elders were not far from tearing apart the barrier. If they could do it, then they would succeed, but if they couldn't, then the backlash from the curse would be able to move mountains and fill the sea.

He immediately flew over. With a sharp gaze like a bayonet, he waved his sleeve and raised it, striking the empty space left behind by Li Wuxin.

Upon touching it, Chu Wanning was startled and immediately looked at Huang Xiaoyue, who was standing beside him.

"..."

He saw that Huang Xiaoyue was sweating profusely; his entire body was trembling and his face was flushed red. He seemed to be using all of his strength to operate his technique — the other Sect Leaders also seemed to think the same way.

However, Huang Xiaoyue could deceive others, but he could not deceive the world spiritist Chu Wanning.

When Chu Wanning took Li Wuxin's burden, he immediately felt that the counterattack power of this position was extremely ferocious. In other words, Li Wuxin had just taken on the evil aura from the two Sect Leaders' bodies. This kind of situation rarely happened with a formation that everyone worked together. There was only one possibility for this to happen, and that was that the person beside him had not used any of his strength at all.

Huang Xiaoyue was actually just putting on an act!

Chu Wanning was furious, his black eyebrows were creased as he said sternly, "You... How dare you play with me!

"Wha, what..." Huang Xiaoyue was breathing heavily, and his voice was like the sound of a mosquito. His entire body seemed to be on the verge of collapse. The few nearby Sect Leaders also heard the commotion and looked over to see what was going on.

"What is Grandmaster saying... what child's play..."

"You should know what kind of joke it is yourself! Hurry up and fuck off!"

Xue Zheng could not contain his anger and shouted, "Yuheng, what are you doing to the Yellow Dao? You see, he's almost unable to speak. If anything is amiss, let's open the barrier first!"

Huang Xiaoyue's gaze drifted over, only to be shocked by the frosty gaze that was like an unsheathed blade, causing his heart to grow cold by more than half.

He simply didn't have the strength to open the phoenix enchantment. The reason he rushed up to help was to gain face. Afterwards, he could let the cultivation world know that Jiang Dong Tang's strength was still there and he, Huang Xiaoyue, had some skills.

However, Li Wuxin was such a pussy, yet he could not handle the evil qi of two people, and was instead hit by the phoenix enchantment and died beside him. It was one thing if he died, but the person who took over his position was Chu Wanning.

This Chu-zongshi, deserved to be chopped into pieces!

Huang Xiaoyue's greasy face was covered in sweat. These beads of sweat were no longer forcefully forced out, but instead, he was breaking out in a cold sweat. He was unceasingly breaking out in a cold sweat.

He was thinking, what should he do?

At this critical moment, Huang Xiaoyue was on the verge of going berserk. He bit his tongue, causing hot blood to flow out. He allowed the saliva and blood to seep onto the corner of his lips.

"Grandmaster... He has truly misunderstood this old man... After Villa Head Li withdrew, this old man was really... Never again... Never again..."

He began to cough violently, splattering his blood everywhere.

"This old man can't take it anymore..."

How would Chu Wanning fall for it?

Li Wuxin and Huang Shaoyue; who was the weaker of these two? There was no need to mention how strong they were. If both of them had used their full strength, how could Li Wuxin have been the first to fall?

He waved his sleeves in anger and swung Tianwen with a single hand. He actually flipped Huang Xiaoyue over ten feet away.

"Screw off!"

"Ouch!"

The disciples of the Jiang Dong Hall were all shocked, rushing up and surrounding their respected elders.

There were also many people who glared at Chu Wanning. "Chu-zongshi, why are you so unreasonable?"

"Taoist Huang has already done his best, why would he just shake the whip and throw the tantrum!"

"Bullying others just because you have the ability?!"

Chu Wanning turned a deaf ear to these angry shouts and words. His heart was filled with rage, his eyes were sharp and cold, perhaps because the red light of the enchantment was reflected in his eyes, causing his pupils to be a little red.

"Scram for me."

His voice was not loud, but it was extremely gloomy.

Anyone who knew anything about Chu Wanning knew that there was room for discussion even if he scolded him. However, if he became like this, it would be cold and oppressive. Then no one could stop him.

Who would stop him? If Tianwen was enraged, it was likely that he would be able to take that person's life.

Xue Zhengyong muttered, "Yuheng... what's going on..."

"Huang Xiaoyue, are you really going to use half an inch of strength to open the phoenix barrier?" Chu Wanning's hand that was covering the barrier was so angry that his veins were popping out, "When Li Wuxin was unable to bear it, did you really share the burden for him?"

"What are you talking about!"

The female disciples of the Jiangdong Hall screamed out.

"Our Taoist Huang has already vomited blood, and you still say he hasn't tried his best? Do you only feel satisfied when we see him die like Villa Shizun Li?"

Chu Wanning's black brows were raised. He was about to speak again when suddenly, the barrier around him began to tremble violently. The palms of all the Sect Leaders were wrapped in a blood-red glow.

Jiang Xi immediately said, "Concentrate! The last level! It's about to be torn apart!"

"..."

Chu Wanning was in no mood to argue with those madmen. He looked back at Zhuan Ning, placed his hands on top of the barrier, and inserted his spiritual power into the crack, full of raging flames.

There was a loud bang.

The earth trembled.

A huge crack appeared on the Phoenix Mountain barrier, it was at least eight feet tall, enough for five people to walk side by side.

Xue Zhengyong said happily, "It's opened! The enchantment has been opened!"

He was very close to the opening, and when he looked out, he could feel a black and red miasma blowing against his face. He could not help but cry out, "Why is it so smelly?!"

The other cultivators no longer cared about the Jadepool Manor and the Jiangdong Hall, and rushed over to take a look.

The Reverend Miserable Temple's Xuan Mirror was extremely sensitive to this dao. With a turn of its pearl in its hand, it said in a deep voice: "It is a place where corpses are collected. The corpses and grievances on this Phoenix Mountain are perhaps even more numerous than what we imagined."

Jiang Xi said with a gloomy face, "Looks like that street rat, Xu Shuanglin, is indeed hiding in this crappy mountain." As he spoke, he turned his head

back and said, "Everyone listen. The ones who were injured before, terrified, useless, and acted all pretentious."

When he spoke of putting on an act, his cold and deep eyes glanced at Huang Xiaoyue who was lying on the ground, and he gave an almost imperceptible sneer.

"All these people, stay at the foot of the mountain. "The rest, follow me up the mountain."

When Xue Meng saw that Chu Wanning had entered the crevice, he was anxious to follow him, but Mo Ran was not by his side. He looked around and saw that there was a commotion where Yama was standing. It turned out that after the sorrow of the Jadepool Manor's disciples, the hatred between them grew even stronger. Even Nangong Si had to settle the score with them. Even though Chu Wanning had set up a barrier over there, but even so, he was still surrounded by a group of twisted and hideous faces. Every one of his bright red tongues was cursing and cursing at the same time.

Xue Meng said anxiously, "Mo Ran, what are you doing there? Everyone is going up the mountain.

"Go first and take care of Shizun and Shi Mei. If you can't handle it, report it to me immediately."

Xue Meng had no choice but to leave.

At this time, the only people left at the foot of the mountain were the Jadepool Manor and the people of Jiangdong Hall. Mo Ran retracted his gaze from Xue Meng's back and said, "I know how everyone is feeling, but the matter regarding the sword manual was not done by Young Master

Nangong. If everyone wishes to settle the score, at least wait until you catch Xu Shuanglin."

"These are two different things. Whether it's Xu Shuanglin or Nangong Si, none of them will escape!"

"That's right! Both of them will have to pay the price!"

His eyes were red as he glared at Mo Ran. "Mo-zongshi, now that you're a Grandmaster, your Shizun is a Grandmaster too. Is this how you two Grandmasters cover for your crimes and malpractice for personal gain?"

Mo Ran said, "I just want you all to be fair. If you really want to clarify this matter, then after this matter is settled, we should follow the rules of the cultivation world and send Xu Shuanglin and the rest to the Tianyin Pavilion for questioning."

Zhen Mengming: "..."

Someone shouted, "What ten great sects? Nine! How can the Rufeng Sect be considered a sect?"

Zhen Mengming suddenly said, "It's eight." There were bloodstains on his face. He wiped them off for master and then shed a few more tears. Those bloodstains made him look very sad and vacant, "They are eight sects... The Jadepool Villa is ownerless now."

"Senior apprentice-brother..."

He ignored the wails of his junior brothers and slowly turned his head to look at Mo Ran. "After the battle of the Heaven Rend, master once said that the Sisheng Peak can be considered a fair sect. Now it seems like he might have misjudged you two.

Mo Ran: "..."

Zhen Yingming asked, "Mo-zongshi, do you really have to protect these two animals from the Rufeng Sect today?"

Before Mo Ran could reply, Nangong Si said hoarsely, "Mo Ran, go away."

Ye Wangxi half knelt beside him and helped him up. She did not cry, nor was she at a loss. However, her voice was hoarse as he said, "Young Master Mo, let's head up the mountain. This has nothing to do with you."

Mo Ran said as he looked at Nangong Si, "You acknowledged my Shizun, you didn't do it for nothing? Since he is a member of my sect, how can you possibly have nothing to do with me?"

Nangong Si was at a loss for words. "You..."

Mo Ran turned his head and looked at Zhen Ku Ming's face again. At this time, the people from Jade Lake Villa were no longer in front of him, and the Jiang Dong disciples also surrounded him like tigers eyeing their prey.

Under the support of the two female disciples, Huang Xiaoyue pretended to stagger closer. Panting, he rolled his eyes and stared at Mo Ran. Then, he waved away the two disciples on his left and right. His withered, wood-like fingers ferociously tapped and said, "This old man has suffered a lot of justice from the upper cultivation world since he was young. How can you just sit by idly and watch?"

Mo Ran said coldly, "Taoist Huang is indeed a role model for the Upper Cultivator world. Just a moment ago, he was still struggling with his last breath, but before the time it took for an incense stick to burn had arrived, he was already able to jump up and start acting on behalf of the heavens. I really admire you."

"You — cough cough cough!" Huang Xiaoyue seemed to be extremely angry as he clutched his chest, coughing until the sky went dark. The act was done extremely well, but Mo Ran did not even bother to look at him directly.

Qing Yi from the Jade Lake Villa and Jiang Dong's purple robe were surrounding the three of them. They were closing in on Qing Yi, but no one dared to make a move first.

Everyone knew that once this move landed, it would be difficult to retrieve.

Zhen Mengming said in a low voice, "Mo-zongshi, let me ask you one last time. Are you sure you don't want to go away?"

"AHHHH!"

Before Mo Ran could reply, a shrill voice suddenly rang out from the front. It was unknown which female cultivator had emitted it, but immediately after, a pile of blurry black-grey mudstones surged out from the crack in Phoenix Mountain's barrier.

Huang Xiaoyue said in shock, "What is it? Collapse Mountain?"

Mo Ran narrowed his eyes.

Not a landslide.

Everyone quickly saw it clearly and sucked in a breath of cold air.

What came out of the crack were wave after wave of charred zombies! These zombies had their arms stuck to each other, their skin and flesh stuck to each other, and there was still thick water seeping out of their skin, barely allowing them to see their faces.

"Wahhhhhh!" Immediately, someone couldn't take it anymore and began to vomit on the ground.

"This is too fucking disgusting..."

"Could it be that all the mountains are made out of this kind of stuff?"

"How many corpses..."

At this time, a heavy, muffled sound came from the sky. The barrier that the few elders had torn apart earlier actually began to move again. It slowly closed up as if it was about to close down.

This barrier could actually heal itself! Not long after the tear, it would close again to prevent more people from entering!

Mo Ran said anxiously, "Let's go up the mountain first. We'll talk about the grudge later. Xu Shuanglin is right there on the mountain. Could it be that the culprit will be left to die just like that?"

The men from the Jade Lake Villa hesitated, but Huang Xiaoyue sneered and said, "Almost all the experts in the world are at that mountain, there is no need to worry about not catching Xu Shuanglin. "However, these two kids from the Rufeng Sect ran as fast as mud loaches without holding back. If we put them in the wrong places, we won't have another chance in the future."

"... Huang Xiaoyue." Mo Ran was enraged to the extreme as a red light flashed in his hand. "Are you done yet?!"

The over hundred of people in front saw him summoning his holy weapon, all of them unsheathed their blades, holding their weapons, they stared at him warily.

Mo Ran knew that he wouldn't be able to escape a fierce battle this time. He would have nothing to do, but according to these people, they would probably consider his battle today to be the pinnacle of life and death...

However, at this moment, he suddenly heard a cold voice coming from behind him.

"Everyone, please head up the mountain. Nangong Si will wait here. He will definitely not escape."

Huang Xiaoyue said, "Kid, you speak so easily. Why should I believe you?" Can it be that he really can turn the situation around and leave just like that?"

Nangong Si looked at him coldly and stood up from the ground. Then, he suddenly lifted his hand and pushed Ye Wangxi out of the boundary set up by Chu Wanning.

"Nangong Si!"

Only the people inside could go out of this barrier, but the people outside could not.

Standing alone inside, Nangong Si slowly drew his sword. The snow-white sword light, inch by inch, illuminated his face.

The chin, the lips, the tip of the nose

Eyes.

Ye Wangxi had already understood what he was going to do. She slammed the hammer on the barrier and shouted, "Don't mess around!"

"When our ancestors founded the sect, they once said: Greed and rape and murder are things that I, a gentleman, should never do." Nangong Si said, "My father is not a kind person, which is against this rule. But I have been a proud man for twenty-six years, and I have never done anything rash. I have nothing to be ashamed of."

With a "weng" sound, the sword in his hands came out of its case like flowing water.

"No!"

Mo Ran knew what he was going to do. He tried to break the barrier but it was so firm that it couldn't be removed in a short period of time.

He muttered, "Nangong Si..."

However, Nangong Si did not even glance at Ye Wangxi, nor did he bother with Mo Ran. He said, "Since the other lords are not willing to believe me today, I have no other choice. Fortunately, I have learned the art of imprisonment. Now that I am here, I hope that everyone will stop implicating the innocent. I, Nangong Si, will draw the Earth as a prison and await your return."

"Nangong Si!"

Before he could finish his sentence, his blood was gushing wildly.

Nangong Si's sword was instantly stabbed into the ground, leaving not even half a fragment.

At the same time, Nangong Si's left hand was also nailed to the ground.

He actually nailed his hand fiercely to the ground, like a snake nailing seven inches. Lightning and thunder rose up from the sword, and the Forbidden Spell flew in all directions.

Ye Wangxi knelt down in front of the barrier.

The sword's hilt dripped blood, staining the ground red.

No one could see Ye Wangxi's expression. She hung her head low, with only her hands tightly gripping the barrier as her knuckles turned pale and convulsed.

This was the Binding Incantation to nail evil beasts, evil spirits, and livestock. Almost everyone knew how to use it in the upper world of cultivation.

Nangong Si had used this incantation to nail himself.

His lips were trembling from the pain, but he did not cry. After a long while, he raised his head, and his eyes were bloodshot.

He said, "Let's go."

"..." It was rare for Mo Ran to be rendered so shocked that he couldn't speak.

In his previous life, Ye Wangxi was the only one who had managed to do so.

And in this life, he had met the person Ye Wangxi loved doing it.

He was confused as to why exactly Ye Wangxi like Nangong Si. A Young Master who only liked looks and pretty girls and had no brains, how could he possibly be worthy of Ye Wangxi's friendship?

But at this moment, he saw another Ye Wangxi.

Kneeling, messy, and bleeding profusely, but ruthlessly to the bone.

"Go!" Nangong Si roared, "What else is there to worry about?! Do you want me to nail my legs to the ground too? Go!"

Zhen Mengming was the first one to turn around.

He returned to Li Wuxin's corpse, tidied up the Sect Leader's corpse, picked it up, and walked back.

"Senior brother!"

"Senior Brother, won't you stay?"

"Senior?" Are we just going to leave? Don't tell me we have to let them go just like this..."

Zhen Mengming said, "Why are you staying? Who knows how long the fight on the mountain will last, for the Sect Leader to be lying on the ground like this without a proper coffin?!"

The disciples of the Jadepool Manor looked at each other, lowered their heads, and didn't say anything else.

Zhen Mengming walked to Mo Ran's side and said, "Master Mo, remember what you said. "After this battle, we shall see you at the Tianyin Pavilion."

"Not bad. In this world, there is still the Tianyin Pavilion that can uphold justice." Said a man with bloodshot eyes, he was the disciple who had spat on the ground and insulted Chu Wanning earlier. He followed behind his senior brother, resentful, "The pavilion master will definitely act impartially, so that our master can rest in peace."

"Mo Ran, Nangong Si... you evil people, just so you wait! You will all have retribution. Just wait for your death!"

## 201. Shizun, how can I humiliate you?

With the departure of the Jade Lake Villa, even if Huang Xiaoyue wanted to leave he had no reason to.

He could only go up the mountain.

Mo Ran hoped to end the battle quickly, so he immediately rushed into the Phoenix Mountain barrier, and the people of Jiang Dong Tang followed. Once they entered the enchantment, Mo Ran was fine, but the people from the Jiang Dong Hall all screamed out.

Dead.

There was dead everywhere.

The ground was littered with dead bodies, lying on the ground and hanging from the treetops. They moved, crawled, twisted and approached every living person at an extremely slow speed.

Phoenix Mountain had become a mountain of corpses!

Seeing this, Huang Xiaoyue took out a horsetail whisk and struck forward. In the blink of an eye, four to five corpses were beheaded. Before Mo Ran could react, he realized why this old man had suddenly become so brave...

He let out an "Ah!" scream and fell to the ground in an extremely exaggerated posture. His eyes rolled back as he coughed out blood and foam.

Mo Ran: "..."

The disciples of Jiangdong Hall rushed up: "Senior Huang!"

"Elder..."

"It doesn't matter. Although this old man is heavily injured, I can at least contribute with some strength." Huang Xiaoyue struggled to get up, but after crawling twice, his knees gave out and he fell back to the ground, gasping heavily.

Those disciples then anxiously said, "Master, you should go outside to rest. There are too many evil spirits here, I'm afraid they will damage your heart."

"Yeah, yeah."

The blood was still mixed with thick saliva, giving off an indescribably disgusting feeling. After repeating this three times, Huang Xiaoyue led the disciples of Jiang Dong Palace and showed an appearance of extreme regret. Everyone was like a crucian carp that had crossed the river as they rushed out of Phoenix Mountain's enchantment.

The enchantment blocked their way, but it did not stop them from escaping. Soon, there were only a few people left in the Jiangdong Hall. At this time, a young man suddenly descended from the mountainside ahead. The young man had light golden hair, dark blue eyes, and a cold expression.

When he and Mo Ran saw each other, they were slightly startled.

Mo Ran was the first to react. "Young Master Mei?"

Mei Hanxue nodded. He was cold and didn't like to talk.

Mo Ran anxiously asked, "Did you see my Shizun and the others?"

"Up ahead." As he said this, a dead body staggered up from behind Mei Hanxue. Mo Ran was just about to remind him when he saw the sword light turn cold, and Mei Hanxue had already summoned his sword. Without even turning his head around, he stabbed a heart-piercing hole into the dead body's chest.

Mei Hanxue's expression was cold as he wiped the blood off his sword. He said, "You go up and keep going forward. The first mountain road is to the left, and there are too many corpses. The road is being cleared and everyone is there."

Mo Ran thanked him and was about to catch up. However, Mei Hanxue stopped him.

"Wait."

"Yes?"

"Mistress and Madam Rong were old friends, so she couldn't stop worrying. She told me to return and take a look at those two from the Rufeng Sect. How are they, are they still outside?"

Hearing that, Mo Ran's heart was relieved, and he said, "They are still waiting outside. Nangong Si had placed a Binding Curse on himself. However, Huang Xiaoyue has gone out. I'm afraid that he might do something that would cause trouble for them."

Mei Hanxue pursed his lips and said no more. With a tap of his foot, he disappeared at the edge of the boundary.

Mo Ran didn't waste any more time and immediately headed towards the main force.

At first, he thought that with so many corpses, he should have seen the remains of some of his own people on the way, but there were none. There were chopped corpses everywhere, rotting flesh, disgusting and disgusting, but not mixed with any of the remains of other cultivators.

Is it because the Sect Leaders have brought elites?

He did not have the leisure to think about it further. He immediately threw himself into the battle of cleaning up the foot of the mountain. Just now, he had been walking along the path that everyone had taken to kill those zombies, but now that he was on the move, he felt that something was even weirder.

It was too simple.

He felt that he wasn't fighting against the vengeful spirit at all. He felt as if he was slaughtering an ordinary person with no strength left in his hands.

This situation caused him to feel uneasy, and he vaguely had a terrifying guess...

"Heeheeheeheehee " "

Suddenly, a zombie hung from the tree in front of him. Its hair was disheveled and it stretched out its hand to pinch Mo Ran's neck. Mo Ran jerked back, and the zombie immediately turned its head. Its nostrils flared as a hand grabbed his shoulder, trying to bring the vicious and rotten face closer.

Mo Ran was disgusted, but he took this opportunity to observe it first. He raised his foot and kicked it into the crowd of corpses, knocking over several rotten corpses.

"Mo Ran!"

At this time, Xue Meng also called over. He had his back to Xue Meng as he gasped for breath, his cheeks were splashed with black blood, and his eyes were like lightning. He said in a deep voice, "What's going on, are these corpses just playing around? Playing at sea? Why is it so weak!"

The look in Mo Ran's eyes was cold and filled with chilliness. In his previous life, the Immortal Taxian-Jun was proficient in demonic techniques, so he already had a faint guess. However, at the moment, he didn't have enough clues, so he wasn't sure.

Mo Ran gritted his teeth and said, "This is not the corpse of a cultivator. He's an ordinary person."

"What?!" Xue Meng was shocked, he turned his head and asked, "People are already rotten to the point of black ash, how can you tell if they are cultivators or not? I don't even know if they're men or women!"

Mo Ran did not answer directly, instead he said, "If I fought with you, and I did not dodge in time, you would grab me by the shoulder, what would happen to you?"

"... How could you expose your shoulder to me? This is a taboo in fighting techniques, even an eleven or twelve year old disciple would not make such a mistake."

"Why is it taboo?"

"The spiritual core is close! Grabbing onto your shoulder is equivalent to grabbing onto half of your spiritual core. If your other hand were to pierce into your chest, it will immediately decide your life and death!"

Mo Ran said, "Alright, just now, a corpse caught me like that —"

Xue Meng said in surprise, "Why are you so careless? You want to die?!"

Mo Ran interrupted him. "It didn't move."

"Huh?"

"At such a close distance, it didn't even think about using its other hand to attack my spiritual core. For cultivators, protecting their spiritual cores and attacking other people's spiritual cores at close range was already a habit that went deep into the bone marrow. Like you said, even young cultivators

around the age of 11 or 12 would do such a thing. Even after death, when one turns into a zombie, the habits of fighting would not change. However, this corpse did not do so."

Mo Ran paused for a moment and said in a deep voice.

"Why not? Two possibilities. I can't do it, but I didn't expect it."

Xue Meng, "..."

Mo Ran said, "Your hands and feet are healthy. This is a rare opportunity, so it's impossible for you to not be able to do so. As such, he could only choose not to think about it. When these corpses were alive, most of them were probably just ordinary people. Even if they died, they wouldn't be a match for these elites, so up until now, there hasn't been a single injured person."

Xue Meng said in surprise, "How can this be?" What was Xu Shuanglin doing on Phoenix Mountain while there were so many ordinary people? He has this mental strength, why wouldn't he be in control of the cultivators?"

Mo Ran replied, "It's the same as before. There are two possibilities. He can't do it, he knows it."

"How could he not have thought of this!"

"Therefore, there is only one way left. He can't do it." Mo Ran's gaze was heavy. The damned starfire splashed into his eyes, like boiling molten iron falling into the vast ocean of darkness. "Xu Shuanglin's spiritual energy is not enough to control so many cultivators with his precious chess pieces."

"Then even if he controls these soft-footed prawns, it's still useless?" Xue Meng kicked back another pile of zombies. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "What can you block?"

Mo Ran did not say anything more. The guess in his mind became clearer and clearer.

He looked at the zombies that were fighting with the crowd, and soon, he discovered something very strange. The corpses that had their limbs cut off and their heads cut off, upon falling to the ground, would immediately have tiny vines extending out and pierce into their chests. With a "pu" sound, their chests, along with their hearts, would suddenly sink into the ground, disappearing without a trace.

This was something that was easy to find, but with the chaos surrounding them, everyone was unable to react. The vine was small and thin, and if they did not quietly stand at the side and observe, they would not be able to see it.

"Mo Ran?"

Xue Meng was still calling out to him, but Mo Ran was completely unable to hear his voice.

Suddenly, he leaped up, grabbed a zombie by its neck, pulled out his hidden weapon and dagger, and stabbed towards the heart of the zombie.

Black blood splattered all over his face in an instant!

Xue Meng suddenly opened his mouth and took two steps back. He was actually speechless.

He felt that Mo Ran must have gone crazy...

Mo Ran tilted his face to the side and quickly used all his strength to pull out the black-gray heart of the zombie, revealing a black chess piece.

The corpses of Phoenix Mountain were clearly under the control of Precious Chess, which was why they acted as accomplices. Mo Ran was not looking for this chess piece — he was rummaging through the blood, enduring the strong stench.

Xue Meng could no longer bear it and bent his body as he vomited.

"You! Are you sick?. This was too disgusting... Ugh..."

Mo Ran ignored him, his fingers fiddling with the clot of blood. Soon, he found the item he was looking for.

On the back of the chess piece, there was a little bug lying down on the ground. It was completely red, a Soul Devouring Bug.

At the same time, dozens of thin and soft vines sprouted up from the ground and headed straight for Mo Ran's bloodied hands! He quickly dodged, but the vines got faster and faster, vowing to wrap the chess piece along with the small insects into the core of the earth.

At this moment, Mo Ran completely understood Xu Shuanglin's intentions and actions.

All the hair on his body stood on end as his blood became thoroughly cold.

In this world, other than Immortal Taxian-Jun from his previous life, no one else could think of such an evil technique!

It was as if the Ten-Thousand Waves Wave Reversal was created by Chu Wanning. Everything in front of him, this chess piece, this Soul Devouring Worm, these corpses, all these arrangements, they all pointed to a spell formation.

The Heartlord Formation.

This was a formation that he had personally created in his previous life!

If it had been a guess in the past, then the reappearance of this formation would have given him a huge blow to his head. Its reappearance would have undoubtedly righted two things:

Firstly, there must be someone else in this world besides himself who has been reborn.

Secondly, the person who had reincarnated must have been familiar with the ways of the Taxian-Jun Monarch in his previous life.

Mo Ran's hand trembled slightly, and black blood constantly dripped from the gaps between his fingers. The black chess piece and the scarlet red bug were tightly clenched in his palm.

While he dodged the flying vines, his mind was already in chaos.

In the midst of the chaos and horror, he suddenly recalled the shattered memories of his previous life...

At that time, he was only nineteen.

At that time, the Ghost World Heaven Split had just been filled and Shi Mei had just recently passed away. As for Shi Mei, he had secretly cultivated his precious chess skills for nearly half a year without any results, repeatedly failing.

Until that day.

The nineteen year old Mo Weiyu sat cross-legged and slowly opened his eyes.

He spread out his hands and saw two pitch-black pieces lying on his pale-white palm — this was the first time in his life that he had tempered a precious chess piece.

Before this, he had tried thousands of different methods, but all of them ended in failure. He could not understand the unfathomable words written on the Forbidden Spell, but he could not ask Chu Wanning. In fact, he was no longer willing to talk to Chu Wanning during that period of time. His death was a gap that could never be bridged.

This Shizun and disciple pair had long existed in name.

In his final months of revealing his demonic face, he would occasionally run into a man in white clothes walking over from the other side of the road.

However, every time they met, he would pretend that he didn't see them, and silently walked away.

In fact, he had brushed past him several times on the Bridge of Helplessness. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed that Chu Wanning seemed to want to say something to him. It was a pity that Chu Wanning's dignity did not allow him to take the initiative to call his disciple. And Mo Ran would not give him any more time to hesitate. He just left like that, never to turn back.

Finally, it was the wrong shoulder.

With no one helping him, Mo Ran spent a long time in order to barely understand the meaning behind the incomplete Forbidden Technique scroll. He also knew the most important point of the Chess game:

All the chess pieces, whether it was Hei Zi or the even more powerful Bai Zi, who could empathize with the caster, were formed from the caster's spiritual energy.

The amount of spiritual energy consumed to form a chess piece was astonishing. Refining one black piece would allow one to execute over a hundred major moves. Refining one white piece would be enough to drain the spiritual energy of a grandmaster like Chu Wanning in an instant.

This was to say, if a person was extremely clever and had a thorough understanding of the chess game, then it would be of no use. If one's spirit energy was insufficient, they could only talk about military matters on paper. Although Mo Ran was talented and had abundant spiritual energy, he was still a youth who had not yet reached the age of twenty. Therefore, he had

expended all of his mental and physical efforts and after a few failures, he was only able to condense two black dots.

It was lying on his palm.

Mo Ran stared at the two black men, his eyes flashing with a peculiar luster. In the darkroom, there was only a candlestick that was about to burn out shining on his face.

He did it.

At that time, he didn't care about the number of pawns at all. He was only overjoyed because he had successfully formed Precious Black Chess. He did it!

He was clearly such a handsome person, but he suddenly had the ferocious appearance of a wild beast.

As he walked out of the cultivation room, he felt dizzy. Half of it was because he was having fun, and the other half was because the two chess pieces had used up all of his spiritual energy. He was completely exhausted.

His face turned red, then white, and a blurry scene appeared in front of his eyes. In the distance, he saw two disciples at Sisheng Peak approaching. The only thing he could do was to quickly hide the two black objects in his Cosmos Sack. His legs went soft, and he fell onto the ground, fainting.

In this half asleep half awake state, he knew that he had already been brought back to his disciple's room and laid down on a bed that was not very

spacious. He slightly opened his eyes. There was a person sitting beside the bed.

He had a fever, and his head ached. He could not see the man's face clearly, but he could vaguely feel the concern, concentration, gentleness, and even self-reproach in those eyes as they looked at him.

"Shi..."

His lips moved and his voice was so hoarse that he could not complete his sentence. Tears began to flow from his eyes.

The white figure paused for a moment, and then Mo Ran felt a warm hand on his face, wiping away the tears on his cheeks. The person sighed softly and said, "Why are you crying?"

"..."

Shi Mei, did you come back?

Could you not leave... don't die... don't leave me alone.

Ever since my mother left, there was no other person in this world who would treat me gently like you did. Treat me well, no one else who would not despise me and who would be willing to accompany me...

Shi Mei, don't go...

He couldn't stop the scalding hot tears. He also felt that he was very unpromising, but he kept on crying. In his dreams, he kept on crying.

That person sat beside his bed, accompanying him. Afterwards, that person held his hand without saying a word. That person was so clumsy, not leaving the ground even for a moment as he accompanied him.

Mo Ran recalled the two precious chess pieces in his Qiankun bag. He also knew that they were the source of evil, the seeds of demons.

However, it was also a bargaining chip between him and the heavens and the earth that he couldn't ask for.

In fact, what he needed to refine a chess piece for wasn't spiritual energy, but rather, his originally fairly clean soul.

Mo Ran muttered. Under his moist eyelashes, his eyes were hazy as he looked at the mirages of Shi Mei. He said, "I'm sorry. If you're still here, I'll..."

I don't want to go down this road either.

However, he no longer had the strength to continue the latter half of the sentence as he fell into a deep sleep once more. When he woke up again, the man in white had already left. Mo Ran felt that it was a dream he had had while he was unconscious. However, he remembered that a pot of incense was burning inside the house. It was given to him by Xue Zhengyong to calm his mind. The incense was very fragrant, but he did not like the smell of it.

The smell was gone.

A very long incense stick wasn't burnt out, and it had been extinguished by someone.

Who had come?

He sat up and stared blankly at the censer. He had thought about it for a long time, but he had not been able to think it through. In the end, he simply did not want to continue. He saw his clothes and accessories, as well as his Divine Martial and Mystical Knife, all neatly placed on the table, along with his Cosmic Bag.

When he came back to his senses, he quickly went to his own Cosmos Sack with his bare feet.

When he opened it, it was still the same three knots he had purposely used before he fainted. No one moved.

Mo Ran breathed a sigh of relief and rummaged through the bag. He saw the two pieces of Treasure Chess that were as black as night, lying dormant in the corner like two malicious ghost eyes. To swallow him up.

He stared blankly at the two pieces for a while.

This was probably fate – if Chu Wanning had flipped through the Cosmic Bag next to Mo Ran, everything would have changed.

However, Chu Wanning would not randomly flip through other people's belongings. Even if it was in his open pockets, he would not take a second look.

Mo Ran took out the chess piece. His Adam's apple bobbed and his heart thumped like a drum.

What should he do now? How should he use these two chess pieces...

This was the first time he had been able to condense such a sharp weapon. He couldn't wait to try it out — but who was he looking for? The thought that suddenly popped up in his mind like a spark, was instead an extremely crazy one.

Chu Wanning.

He wanted to strike the chess piece into Chu Wanning's body.

After entering, would that callous, hypocritical man obey his orders from then on? Would he never stand if he was told to kneel?

Would he be able to make Chu Wanning kneel down in front of him and apologize? Would he be able to make him scream that his Shizun was a Shizun that would sting and bite him?

The extreme excitement caused the light in Mo Ran pupils to twist and distort.

Yes, torture him....

How could this exalted celestial sovereign feel the most pain? The most shameful?

Humiliate him...

Mo Ran tightly held the two chess pieces, his mouth was dry, and his mouth was getting hotter and hotter.

He was overcome by a sense of excitement and anxiety, and he licked his chapped lips. He couldn't wait to see Chu Wanning lower his pale neck and reach his hand out to feel the trembling, and then...

Break his neck? Crush his bones?

Mo Ran felt unhappy.

He felt empty and unsatisfied for no reason.

To let Chu Wanning die was too boring. Even in his imagination, he didn't like it. He wanted to see him cry, wanted to see him prostrate, wanted to see him suffer a fate worse than death, filled with shame and anger.

He always felt that there was a better way to vent his anger.

He put a chess piece to his lips, felt the coldness of the chess piece against his lips, and muttered in a low voice, "You can't stop me, Chu Wanning. There will be a day like this soon. I will make you..."

...make you what?

At that time, he had not thought it through. He did not know that a large part of his surging desire was to conquer his lust for Chu Wanning.

But he had that terrible male instinct.

He wanted to bury the first condensed demon seed into Chu Wanning's body.

He wanted to dirty him.

He got up, pushed the door open and walked out —

## 202. Shizun's first encounter with a demon

However, after wandering around the Red Lotus Pavilion a few times, Mo Ran was still calm and did not do such a crazy thing.

It was too dangerous.

This was his first time refining a precious chess piece, and he had never tried its effects before. He had recklessly attacked the First grandmaster. He probably thought that his life was too long.

Thus, after hesitating for a long time, Mo Ran finally controlled his impulsiveness and left the Red Lotus Pavilion. After some deliberation, he finally chose to beat the two precious black eggs onto the bodies of the two juniors at Sisheng Peak — he needed to experiment a little longer.

Choosing a disciple with an unstable foundation was the safest choice.

It was a slightly cold night, and darkness shrouded the peak of the mountain. Mo Ran's hand moved extremely quickly, and when he saw the two young men who were still wasting away at the riverside competition, he was so nervous that even his hands were trembling, and his pupils had shrunk to a tiny size. The moonlight shone on his pale face, and he pursed his lips. His fingertips moved slightly as he strolled out.

That was the first time he used such an unforgivable forbidden technique. He was excited and nervous.

"Sha —"

The two of them suddenly knelt on the ground. Mo Ran was like a frightened bird, as if he was a murderer who had just killed someone, and even the slightest movement could take his life. He immediately hid himself in a nearby bush, and his heart seemed to jump out of his throat.

Bang bang bang.

After a long period of rest, he finally managed to calm his beating heart when he saw the two of them kneeling on the ground, stiff and motionless.

His undershirt was soaked through with cold sweat and his scalp was numb.

He went out.

He stood under the moonlight again, next to the riverbank's gravel.

He was calmer now than he had been before, though he still didn't dare breathe, careful as a slithering snake in the night.

Mo Ran lowered his head and looked at the two juniors.

The two people who were playing earlier had completely lost all color on their faces. They were as calm as still water as they knelt on the ground without moving. Mo Ran stared at them. They did not even raise their heads and just kneeled like that.

"..."

Mo Ran tried to move his fingertips and activate the spell.

The two junior brothers kowtowed and got up. They rolled their eyes and saw their own reflection in those two pairs of dark eyes.

The reflection was not very clear, but for some reason, Mo Ran felt that he had seen it clearly.

He saw a ghost with a pale face and red eyes facing the full moon.

When Mo Ran heard his own voice, he trembled and asked with a hoarse voice, "Speak your name."

What answered him were two calm and serene voices. "My name doesn't belong to me."

Mo Ran's heart was beating rapidly. His blood was flowing freely in his body. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he continued asking in a low voice, "Where are you?"

"It isn't me."

"How about tonight?"

"Not me."

There will be three low-level black men who will succeed in controlling the game for Jane: why not me, where not me, and what not me this year or the next.

— — It is all up to the Shizun.

This was exactly the same as what was recorded in the ancient book.

It was strange to say that when he faced the two pieces he had made himself, the most he felt was not ecstasy, but fear.

What was he afraid of? He did not know, but his heart was in turmoil.

He knew that he was standing on the edge of a cliff — no, he had fallen off it, and there was darkness below him, and the endless abyss. He could not see the bottom, could not see where death was, where the end was, where there was fire, where the end was.

He felt as if there was a spirit within his body that was screaming and screaming in pain. However, it was quickly shattered, turning into powder and turning into fragments.

Trembling, he reached out and touched the cheek of one of the pieces.

He swallowed, but there was no saliva in his mouth. His lips were chapped, and his handsome face was twisted. He stared at his junior brother and asked the last question. "What do you want?"

"All that you ask for is to be a pawn of the ruler, to be smashed to pieces without a care in the world."

"..."

Mo Ran stopped.

Everything around him suddenly became very quiet, cold and still, like ice.

He made two chess pieces, and with two chess pieces, the two juniors whom he didn't even know their names, became his puppets. If he wanted them to go east, they wouldn't go west. If he wanted them to kill each other, they wouldn't let each other go.

He was their master.

Precious Chess is the worst controllable dead object, the strongest controllable living person.

Mo Ran's Spiritual Energy was a natural domineering and fierce energy, moreover, it was a natural talent. When he made his first move, the chess piece he made was actually able to control two living cultivators, even though they were young and had just entered the sect.

After his initial fear, Mo Ran suddenly felt extremely excited. In front of his eyes, there seemed to be a large picture scroll slowly unfolding. It was filled with all sorts of colors and colors, and everything in it was in his palm. Everything was his.

He could hold anything he loved tightly.

Anything he hated could be crushed into fine powder.

Mo Ran was extremely excited. His heart was still beating very quickly, perhaps even faster. However, it was not because of his fear, but because of his excitement. It was a precious chess game! Three forbidden arts!

Stealthily, he had failed tens of thousands of times, but he had finally..... He finally succeeded... He did an excellent job.

The world would be his!

With these black marks, he could do many things that he could never have done in the past. He could make people from Mo Bei to Jiang Nan his henchmen!

The scene before him was colorful and dazzling to the extreme.

As if he could do anything, anything, he...

"Mo Ran."

Suddenly, a familiar deep voice interrupted him.

Like a basin of cold water, the platform of the Zhu Building instantly collapsed. It was as if he fell from the clouds onto the cold and hard ground, falling back into the repressed reality.

Mo Ran slowly turned his head. His eyes were scarlet and ferocious. Facing the moonlight, he saw a man in cold white clothes standing on the gravel.

"..."

He had never wanted to see Chu Wanning before, not even more than at this moment.

"What are you doing here?"

Mo Ran's hand clenched into a fist. He pursed his lips but didn't immediately reply.

Behind him were two other pieces that were not perfect. If Chu Wanning were to look closely, he would have felt that something was amiss and everything would have been exposed.

With Chu Wanning's personality, he would have pulled his tendons, broken his legs, destroyed his spiritual core, and burned down the ancient scrolls that he had copied from the forbidden area of the Compendium Pavilion.

Seeing that he did not make a sound, Chu Wanning slightly frowned, stepped on the sand with his white silk shoes and took a step forward.

But it was also true that he had only taken that step. Then he stopped and looked at the two disciples standing strangely behind Mo Ran.

He could no longer care about anything else. Mo Ran gently crooked his pinky, but he used almost all of his willpower to shout out orders in his heart. Finally, the two disciples moved as he wished.

A disciple laughed and said: "This throw is too close. That throw just now, I will definitely throw it far more than you."

"Keep bragging, anyway you... Ah, Elder Yuheng!"

They moved as usual, playing around like before. When they saw Chu Wanning, they were stunned for a moment. The two of them bowed to him,

and he glanced at them a few times. He felt that something was wrong, but he wasn't sure.

"Greetings Elder."

"Elder Yuheng, hello."

The two disciples restrained their smile and greeted Chu Wanning obediently. They were planning to leave the place tactfully.

Chu Wanning frowned, not relaxing his brows. His gaze was still watching the two chess pieces walking from the riverbank, approaching him, passing by each other, heading towards the bamboo forest.... He stared at the two men for a long time before turning his head back to look at Mo Ran. Mo Ran let out a sigh of relief, but before he could catch his breath, Chu Wanning suddenly said,

"Halt."

"..." Mo Ran's expression changed slightly. His nails had left a red mark on his palm, but he did not say a word. He quietly observed Chu Wanning's expression, observing his every move.

Chu Wanning said to the two frozen men, "Come back."

Mo Ran had no choice but to orders the two chess pieces. He slowly walked back from the end of the bamboo forest and stood in front of Chu Wanning.

The light cloud moved and the full moon appeared.

Under the bright moonlight, Chu Wanning watched the two disciples' faces attentively. Suddenly, he raised his hand and placed his fingertips on the side of one of the disciples' neck.

Mo Ran stared at Chu Wanning's expression, his heart was beating wildly.

He knew that Chu Wanning must have sensed something was wrong, which was why he suddenly extended his hand to check the pulse. One had to know that those who had just learned precious chess could only control corpses, not living people. Although the two were made directly from living people, Mo Ran wasn't sure if he had truly done it perfectly. He wasn't sure if he had instantly killed them when he stabbed Blackie's heart.

"..."

After an unknown period of time, Chu Wanning finally dropped his hand. He waved his sleeve and said, "Let's go."

Mo Ran felt that the knife hanging around his neck had been removed — Chu Wanning did not notice. The heavens had their eyes on him, allowing him to secretly live under Chu Wanning's nose.

After the two disciples left, Chu Wanning looked at him and said, "It's already so late, why are you here?"

Mo Ran said, "Passing by." His tone was firm, and he did not suddenly become nice to Chu Wanning just because he had something on his mind. Perhaps it was due to his cold and disobedient attitude that Chu Wanning, who should have suspected something, pursed his lips and was speechless for a moment.

He did not want to stay with Chu Wanning any longer, so he looked away and walked forward. But just as he was about to make a mistake, Chu Wanning suddenly said something that made him tense up.

"Someone has recently snuck into the forbidden area of the Compendium Pavilion."

"..." Mo Ran did not look back, but his pupils were slightly distorted.

"You should know that the ten great sects are in charge of a few incomplete forbidden arts manuals."

Mo Ran stopped and said, "I know."

"The most important remnant of one of the scrolls had traces of it being flipped through by someone."

Mo Ran sneered, "What does that have to do with me?"

He was holding on. He knew that as long as Tianwen was revealed and interrogated him, then all his sinful actions and budding inner demons would be exposed under Chu Wanning's nose.

His big dreams and ambitions had all come to an end.

Chu Wanning was silent for a moment, "Mo Ran, how long are you going to be stubborn?"

His voice was filled with resentment.

"..." Mo Ran did not answer, but he could almost predict what would happen next.

He anticipated the flash of the Tianwen golden light.

He had expected that Chu Wanning would act like a righteous man and ask him why he was doing such a thing. In Chu Wanning's eyes, he would always be like that.

"Do you know how dangerous it is?"

There was no saving him.

He still dryly thought through those four words.

He then turned his head, seemingly at a loss. He looked at Chu Wanning's face under the moonlight.

His face was pale, and there was a faint sense of unease under his sword-like brows. A pair of clear eyes looked at him, but they didn't see through anything. They didn't see through anything.

"If someone really practices this forbidden art, it will kill them." You didn't sleep at night, yet you came to this kind of desolate place.

"..."

Chu Wanning's voice was low, as if he was biting on the edge of his words, "With so many people dying in the Heavenly Fissure Battle, don't tell me that

I haven't taught you how to save your life? Since you already know about the matter of the incomplete scrolls being stolen, how can you still be so carefree!"

Mo Ran remained silent, staring at the other party with his dark brown eyes.

His forehead was covered in a thin layer of sweat. At this time, he slowly calmed down.

His body relaxed bit by bit, as an unknown strange feeling permeated his heart. In the end, Mo Ran revealed a smile. "Shizun..."

Chu Wanning's phoenix eyes glittered slightly.

Ever since his Shi Mei died, Mo Ran had never smiled at him, and rarely called him Shizun.

Mo Ran smiled and asked, "Are you concerned about me?"

"..."

The smile widened.

It was bright like a bayonet. The white knife went in and the red knife came out and went into his chest with a plop. There were beads of blood on the blade. Like a demon, he slowly opened his mouth, revealing a mouthful of white teeth that looked like the poisonous claws of a scorpion.

"The battle between the Heaven and the Earth..." He chuckled, "Shizun being able to bring up the battle of the heavens is the best we can do. In that

battle, it wasn't important what I learned; the key is, Shizun learned how to be merciful."

Looking at the flickering light in Chu Wanning's eyes, he was tense and did his best to avoid it. However, there was nowhere for him to retreat to.

The smile on Mo Ran's face became increasingly exaggerated, reckless and cruel.

He invaded him and bit him. He chewed on Chu Wanning's throat and suddenly felt very satisfied. He started laughing out loud, "Hahaha, very good, very good, it was really a good deal! A disciple of unknown origin, in exchange for Chu-zongshi's conscience, Chu-zongshi will finally remember the life and death of the people around him. Shizun, today I finally feel that Shi Mei's death was good."

Even someone as calm and solemn as Chu Wanning started to tremble under his mad, eagle-like laughter.

"Mo Ran..."

"It's good that Shi Mei died, it's worth it to die, but it's also worth it to die in the name of righteousness!"

"Mo Ran, you..."

Don't laugh.

Don't say it again.

But he couldn't say it, Chu Wanning couldn't say it. He couldn't beg, beg, or arrogantly reprimand his disciple who was close to insanity, saying, "You're wrong, it's not that I don't want to save him, it's that I really don't have the heart to do it."

I have also suffered the same injury as him, so if I were to spend another inch of spirit energy, I would also become a corpse in the grave, a person in the afterlife.

He couldn't say it out loud.

Perhaps he felt that this confession was too weak.

Or perhaps he thought that in Mo Ran's heart, even if his Shizun died, it wouldn't be worth mentioning. It wouldn't be comparable to Shi Mingjing, who treated him the gentlest.

Thus, in the end, Chu Wanning could only suppress the trembling in his voice and say slowly, word by word, "Mo Weiyu, how long are you going to stay crazy?"

"..."

"Go back."

Angry flames boiled sorrow, the throat was full of salt and bitterness.

"Shi Mingjing didn't die in exchange for a lunatic like you."

"Shizun, you're wrong." Mo Ran smiled and said, "How could I be the one to be replaced for Shi Mei's death?"

He was like a snake and a scorpion, like a bee or an ant.

"He's dead, and the person who returned was obviously you, Shizun."

Bees pierced into flesh.

Looking at Chu Wanning's pale face, he felt a pang of joy. He did not want to risk his life to provoke and mock him. He did it himself to make Chu Wanning suffer a fate worse than death.

Great.

They go to hell together.

"I want to go back too." Mo Ran smiled leisurely, his dimples were deep, and he brewed some poison wine, "I also don't want to wander around in the middle of the night. But across the room from mine is his house."

Mo Rans did not say who it was and instead used the word "he".

The intimacy between the two made it even more difficult for Chu Wanning.

"The lights in his house will never come on again."

Chu Wanning closed his eyes.

After a long time, his expression gradually calmed down. "I want to beg for a bowl of food, but I can't."

For a moment, Chu Wanning's eyelashes trembled, his lips moved as if he wanted to say something.

However, Mo Ran did not give him the chance to say it. He did not give him the courage to say it. "They're the ones you hate the most. When you wanted to cook another bowl for me, I accepted it. However, you don't need to taste everything that you make, I already know that there is only one word that can describe it."

Chu Wanning did not open his eyes, his eyebrows were slightly creased.

It seemed this way, he would be able to avoid the sharp sword.

"I haven't studied much. Fortunately, I heard from Xue Meng about it a few days ago. I feel that it's a good idea to use it on Shizun's handwork."

What is it?

A waste of effort?

A waste of effort?

Chu Wanning searched in his mind in confusion, as if he was busy finding a suitable armor, and tidying up the most unpleasant words to avoid being humiliated too much.

Worth nothing?

Mo Ran still did not speak. The word stuck playfully between his lips.

No, not worth a penny.

Chu Wanning was convinced that there was nothing more chilling than this.

He calmed down.

Until he heard Mo Ran say calmly, "I'll do my best."

He opened his eyes, almost at a loss.

He never expected the other party to be so venomous, his hands were trembling under his sleeves.

He mixed the noodles, seasoned the ingredients, and then kneaded the filling...

As he looked at "The Story of Bashu", he looked at it seriously, one word at a time. His face was covered in flour, and the hands he used to wrap it were all twisted from crooked to perfectly round and adorable.

He had been learning and trying to understand.

Only those two words were changed.

He was giving him a wishful thinking.

The beach at night was suffused with a silver glow. Mo Ran looked at him. Chu Wanning stood there for a while, then without a word, he turned and left.

For some reason, Mo Ran always felt that day, his leaving pace was a little fast. It was no longer as calm and steady as before — it was like he had been defeated, like he was escaping.

He did not know why, but he felt a little uncertain. He frowned as he looked at Chu Wanning's back. Just as it was about to disappear, he called out, "Wait!"

## 203. Shizun's Misplaced Ghosts

However, Chu Wanning did not stop nor did he turn around.

He couldn't turn back.

He gritted his teeth to endure, but his tears still flowed.

It was too unfair.

But even if he felt wronged, so what?

Explanation?

Rage?

Since he had already reached this point, how could he still have the face to tell Mo Ran the truth? Did he want him to explain himself when the flames of anger and hatred were mocking him? Or do you want to make a "Jiu Ji Ji Nest" after the "East is effective"?

He left.

That night by the Bridge of Helplessness, by the Yellow Springs, the conversation between Shizun and disciple flowed down the surging river, into the river, into the underworld.

As for that gentle youth, if he had known in the underworld that he would hear such a conversation, would he have felt sad because of the discord between their sect and his sect?

He stood alone on the riverbank for a while, thinking that this might be fate.

Chu Wanning suspected someone else, but not him.

Speaking of which, it was indeed quite a coincidence. Chu Wanning's Tianwen had been used when he was patrolling the back of the mountain, and it had been used by a little kid.

The golden Tianwen was shining brightly in Chu Wanning's white robes. The rattan whip that could get him to tell the truth and kill the later emperor Taxian-Jun was shining brightly all the time.

However, Chu Wanning did not take it off, nor did he interrogate him.

Mo Ran escaped from Tianwen and slowly walked away by himself into the depths of the rustling bamboo forest. He walked to the darkest part of the night and was finally completely engulfed by darkness.

From then on, he began to concoct chess pieces in secret, two, four, ten of them in advance.

More and more.

He had planted them one by one into the bodies of the disciples at the peak of death, making them his eyes, ears, fangs, and arrows.

After the initial joy, Mo Ran began to become irritated and gloomy. He became more and more irritable, more and more irritable, and he became more and more unsatisfied.

Too slow.

He felt that it was not enough.

He was afraid that Chu Wanning would detect some movement, so he did not dare to waste all his energy to make a precious chess match like the first time. He only did one attack at a time, and left half of his energy behind. He was no longer tense and hostile, but had finally put away his claws and returned to Chu Wanning's seat, following him in his cultivation.

He calculated that Chu Wanning could help him raise his cultivation as fast as possible, and he would lay the bricks for his first step of clearing out the bones in the world. Why not?

On this day, he had trained too hard and was completely exhausted. He accidentally lost control of himself on the slender treetops and fell straight down.

In just a split-second, Chu Wanning's white clothes flashed past. He held onto Mo Ran, but for a moment, he could not summon out his hand to summon the enchantment. The two of them fell under a tree. Chu Wanning was crushed by Mo Ran. He groaned in pain. When Mo Ran opened his eyes, he saw that Chu Wanning's hand had been scraped. There was a bloody cut on his flesh.

At that time, his temperament had already started to distort, and he actually did not feel too much gratitude or guilt. He only felt that the blood was really good, and that it would be better to let it flow a little more.

However, he knew that it was not the right time yet, he could not reveal his sinister face under the hood, so he helped to clean up Chu Wanning's wounds and bandaged his wounds.

Neither of them spoke as they each had their own thoughts. Pale white gauze covered their faces as they spoke.

Finally, Mo Ran said meaningfully, "Thank you, Shizun."

This sudden and unexpected 'thank you' surprised Chu Wanning. He raised his eyes and looked at his face. The sunlight shone down, illuminating Mo Ran's face. The brown color was very faint under the light.

At that time, Mo Ran was curious, what kind of opinion did Chu Wanning have towards him after he thanked him?

Finally a prodigal son turning back?

It finally began to slow down?

However, Chu Wanning didn't say anything. He simply lowered his eyelashes and rolled down his sleeves.

The wind was blowing, and the sun was shining.

In his previous life, he had never been able to see through his Shizun, just like how his Shizun had also misjudged him.

After that, Mo Ran became more and more powerful. He had an astonishing talent. The number of chess pieces he could make with half his spiritual energy consumed increased from one to two, then to four.

But not enough.

What he wanted was a million strong army, a force that could take down the peak of life and death in one fell swoop and trample Chu Wanning beneath his feet.

Mo Ran's calculations were not good. The man who was about to become the Emperor of the Immortal-Stepping Star held his abacus as he began to calculate furiously.

When Xue Meng came to see him, he coincidentally saw this scene, so he curiously went over and asked, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Settle them."

"What are you counting?"

Mo Ran paused for a moment, his eyes dark. Then he smiled and said, "Guess."

"I can't guess." Xue Meng walked over and picked up the book in front of him to read carefully. As he read, he mumbled, "One... 365 days.... 365... 4... 365 days.... What's all this nonsense?"

"I want to buy some sugar," Mo Ran said calmly.

"Sugar?"

"One month's worth of Cheng Zhai's best candy costs one coin. If you save up one copper coin a day, you could buy three hundred and sixty-five candies in three hundred and sixty-five days. If you can save up to four copper coins a day, that would be..." He lowered his head, bent his fingers, and couldn't figure it out. He shook his head again, and started to make calculations with a crackling sound, "Just a thousand..."

Xue Meng's mental calculations were faster than his, so he quickly replied, "One thousand four hundred and sixty candies."

Mo Ran raised his head, and after a moment of silence, he said, "You're really fast."

Xue Meng was rarely praised by him. He stared blankly for a moment, then laughed and said, "That's not right. After all, I've been helping Mother with medicine since I was young."

Mo Ran muttered to himself and laughed, "I don't know which way to go. Why don't you do the math for me?"

It had been a long time since Mo Ran was this calm after Shi Mei passed away. Xue Meng faced the sunlight and looked at him, feeling pity in his heart.

So he nodded, pulled back his chair, and sat down beside Mo Ran.

"Come on, tell me."

Mo Ran said warmly, "Ten candies a day, how much can you save in a year?"

"Three thousand six hundred and fifty. That's not worth counting. It's too simple."

Mo Ran sighed and said, "Add some more, 15 in a day..." After thinking about it, he felt that it was beyond his limit to make such a chess piece, so he asked, "Twelve pieces a day. How much?"

"Four thousand... four thousand three hundred and eighty."

"I want five thousand candies. How many more days do I need to wait?"

"I have to..." Xue Meng scratched his head, thinking too hard, so he asked, "Why do you need so much polysaccharides? You can't eat them all."

Mo Ran lowered his eyes, covering the sinister glint in his eyes. "Next year, the peak of the dead will be set up for thirty years. I want to give everyone a piece of candy."

Xue Meng was stunned. "You actually have this kind of thought..."

"Yes." Mo Ran smiled, "Are you surprised? You too."

"I don't need it." Xue Meng waved his hand. "I don't need this candy. Come, I'll continue to help you calculate. See how long you have to save before you can buy over five thousand candies."

As he spoke, he took the abacus and began to seriously burn it down under the reflection of the flower trees by the window. Mo Ran rested his chin on his cheek as he watched, a luster flowing in his eyes. After a long while, he chuckled and said, "Many thanks."

Xue Meng snorted. He was very focused and did not pay any attention to him.

In his eyes, there were only those crackling black beads. One and two were like black pawns, and they piled up one after the other, increasing bit by bit.

At that time, Xue Meng would probably never have imagined that what he was calculating was not candy, but rather the lives of many people, overturning the lives at Sisheng Peak.

He did not know that it was because of his appearance by the window that caused Mo Ran to feel a trace of kindness.

As such, he had to consider his old relationship with the five thousand blackstones. In the end, he hadn't gotten a single share out of the five thousand blackstones.

"That long?" Finally, he looked at the number Xue Meng had written down. Mo Ran shook his head, "It's too long."

Xue Meng said, "Why don't I lend you some money?"

Mo Ran smiled. "There's no need."

After Xue Meng left, he thought about it again and again. After flipping through a few scrolls, he gradually came up with a plan — and this plan became the prototype for the "Heart of Harmony Formation" created by Immortal Taxian-Jun.

That night, Mo Ran had refined ten chess pieces. Those chess pieces were incomplete and could not be controlled with full strength. They could not even control the stronger corpses.

He carried these ten chess pieces down the mountain to the Wuchang town and hummed a small tune as he arrived at a place in the outskirts of the town:

Returning Crane to Slope.

A man dies riding on a crane, returning to the nine heavens. This was a beautiful and simple illusion of a mortal. In other words, this hillside was a graveyard. The families of the people that died in the Wuchang Town were all dragged to this mountain to be buried. This was the town's burial ground.

He walked between the rows of tombs without much delay, his eyes swept across the words written on the tombstones, and very quickly, he stopped in front of a fresh grave with bright writing, and in front of the tombstone, there were still fresh fruits and buns. He raised his hand, and clenched his fingers tightly in the air.

Because of some childhood experience, Mo Ran had no fear of corpses and had no respect for them. He jumped down from the hump, summoned Mo Dao, forced open the coffin, and kicked away the thin lid.

The moonlight fell on the corpse's face. Mo Ran leaned his head over to measure the color of the pork and looked at the skeleton inside.

It was a newly buried old thing with a shroud wrapped around its shriveled face and sunken cheeks. Because the burial environment wasn't good and it didn't have much money to use for embalming, the coffin was filled with a strong stench. Some parts of its flesh had already begun to rot and give birth to maggots.

Mo Ran frowned and endured the stench. He put on the metal gloves neatly and grabbed the old man by the neck, pulling him out of the coffin. The old man's head drooped down stiffly. Mo Ran's eyes were ice-cold. With a flash from his hand, he had already sent the precious black seed flying into his chest.

"Be good, be good." Mo Ran affectionately caressed the dead man's face, and suddenly slapped the corpse back, smiling. "What are you so listless for? Stand up straight, my dear little grandson."

Although the incomplete Hei Zi was unable to control the strong corpse, he was still more than enough to control a lethargic old man with legs.

The corpse's body began to move. A pair of tightly shut eyes suddenly opened, revealing a pair of grayish eyes.

Mo Ran said, "Speak your name."

"My name doesn't belong to me."

"Where?"

"It isn't me."

"How about when?"

"Not me."

Mo Ran narrowed his eyes, weighing the remaining nine fragments in his hand. Indeed... If he had only controlled the corpse to such a degree, he wouldn't have to spend so much spiritual power to create such a pure black hole.

He grinned, a smile that was extremely handsome. Slowly, he asked the last question:

"What do you want?"

The old man said in a hoarse voice: "I only care about what you ask for, as the king's chess piece."

Mo Ran laughed out loud. He was very satisfied with this result. He then used the remaining pieces of the chess piece to make the other nine corpses, picking out fresh ones.

These corpses were old, weak, and handicapped. They fell when the wind blew, and they did not have any power. However, Mo Ran looked at them, his eyes flashing with a crazy and joyful light.

He took out ten small boxes from his Cosmic Bag and opened one of them. He saw two small, blood-red insects curled up inside.

"Alright, I've already enjoyed myself enough. I'll be troubling you two to stop now. It's time for you two to be of use to me." As Mo Ran lazily spoke, he flicked his finger to brush away the two worms that were interacting with each other. He then took out one of the male worms and said to the old man who was playing the first chess piece, "Friend, please open your foul mouth."

The old man obediently opened his mouth to reveal a rotten tongue. Mo Ran threw the worm into his mouth and said, "Eat it."

There was no resistance, no hesitation.

The corpse obediently ate the Soul Devouring Worm into its stomach.

Mo Ran followed the same pattern and fed all of the worms in the box into the mouths of the corpses. Then it said, "Alright, go back and lie down. All of you should rest."

On the second day, Mo Ran had refined another ten blackstones. They were also damaged and didn't consume too much spirit energy. After he finished refining, he attached all the remaining female Soul Devouring Insects to the chess board and then quietly entered the bodies of some low-level disciples.

At first, those disciples only felt an itch on their backs, but there was no special feeling. Mo Ran was not impatient, he was waiting...

Wait until the female Soul Devourer lays eggs, then leave the larvae in the hearts of these disciples that resonate with the males.

In this way, two unrelated pieces passed through the adult and larva and became a corresponding mother puppet.

This was just like flying a kite. Those weak corpses became kite strings as one end led the black ink to burn while the other end led the even more valiant Jinlong black seed. Mo Ran only needed to give the order to the dead body of the adult, which was hidden inside the dead body of the corresponding child, and would do the exact same action.

It was called the common heart.

This ultimate move had been created by Mo Ran himself. Before him, those who had come into contact with Precious Chess were all grandmasters, who did not lack spirit energy, nor were they crazy enough to want to make tens of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of Precious Chess, so they did not need to think of such opportunistic methods.

At that time, Mo Ran, who was obsessed with demonic techniques, didn't realize that he had already done something that no one in the cultivation world had ever done in the past tens of thousands of years.

Turning an evil technique that could destroy the heavens and the earth, everyone could learn it.

Everyone can do it.

"Brother!"

Suddenly, an explosive shout was heard.

Mo Ran suddenly became clear-headed as a blood-red light flashed before his eyes.

The Phoenix Evil Spirit that was buried in the heart of the Phoenix Mountain Range had already turned into even more vines than before, fiercely chopping down. The Phoenix was originally a flying beast, its speed was extremely fast, it was unable to avoid in time, and its shoulder was suddenly cut open, causing blood to immediately spurt out.

Xue Meng exclaimed, "How are you?!"

"Don't come near me!" Mo Ran panted. His gaze was cold as he stared at the tentacle-like vine on the ground that was ready to pounce at any moment and launch a second wave of assault. He stopped Xue Meng sternly, "Quick, go to Shizun's side! Tell him to stop! Make everyone stop!"

Blood dripped, and he gripped the heart and the chess piece tightly.

His mind spun rapidly as all kinds of thoughts surged in his mind.

This formation of the heart was not wrong, and it was even better than the one he had used in his previous life. However, no matter how much improvement there was, the principle was here. Only by maintaining the mother body on one side could the child on the other side display its strength.

Mo Ran held the Chess in his hand, his entire body still trembling. It wasn't because of the pain in his shoulder, but because of the cold and fear that spread out from the bottom of his feet.

There was no doubt that someone had been reborn.

Then, does the person who was reborn know that he is also a living ghost? If he knew, then...

A cold chill went down his spine as Mo Ran suddenly fell into despair.

In his eyes, he saw the pale face of Taxian-Jun, with his crown on the head and a sinister smile on his face.

He sat high on the dragon throne, eating his food. He was cold and mocking.

"Mo-zongshi, please escape! Where can you escape to?"

Ghost shadows rose up like a tide. They were all people he had killed in his previous life, and they were all debts he had owed in his previous life.

He saw the bloodied Shi Zongming, the bloodless Chu Wanning, the hanging woman dragging a three feet long piece of white silk, and the man with his stomach all over the ground.

They were all here to take his life.

"You won't be able to dodge it sooner or later."

"Someone already knows what kind of dirty spirits you have in your shell. You'll never be able to reincarnate."

Mo Ran closed his eyes.

If the person behind the scenes really knew that he had also been reborn, and if that person revealed all of his past, then... What should he do?

He didn't dare think about it anymore.

## 204. Shizun protects me

On the other side, Xue Meng had already run to the region of intense chaotic battle. He waved his arm and shouted, "Stop! Stop! Stop fighting! It's useless!"

In fact, these people had already felt that something was amiss before he had arrived.

Thousands of elites were fighting against the unorganized corpse tide. The scene looked very grand and heroic, but the more they fought, the more confused everyone became because it didn't look like a fierce battle was about to begin.

Everyone kept killing their way here. Aside from two people who were slightly injured, the rest of the cultivators were unharmed. Thus, when Xue Meng shouted, everyone stopped and turned to look at him.

"I..."

It was the first time that so many people were simultaneously looking at him. Moreover, many of them were well-known figures and elders. Xue Meng unexpectedly choked for a moment.

Chu Wanning asked, "What's wrong?"

Only after hearing his Shizun's voice did Xue Meng calm down. He pointed at where Mo Ran was fighting against the Mantle Vine and said, "Mo Ran

seems to already know what is going on here. It shouldn't be very useful against these zombies."

The crowd looked at each other in dismay. The Sect Leaders were not ordinary people, how could they be willing to listen to the advice of a junior? Their faces became extremely ugly. Jiang Xi's expression was the gloomiest as he said, "Mo Ran is just a young man in his early twenties. What does he know?"

If it was any other person who spoke, Xue Meng might have been a bit more polite, but since this person was Jiang Xi, Xue Meng became angry when he saw him. He immediately said angrily, "If you still drink milk when you are twenty, it doesn't mean that I have to be like you! If you are so narrow-minded and want to die, you can forget about it!"

This was truly amazing. To publicly embarrass Jiang Xi in front of the crowd, all of Gu Yue Ye's disciples were unable to stand anymore, and angrily rebuked his one after the other.

"What are you talking about!"

"Xue Meng, keep your mouth shut!"

Xue Meng felt uncomfortable being silently stared at by everyone. In this situation, he was actually not afraid. After quarreling with Mo Ran for so many years, he was used to being provoked. Immediately, his handsome brows slanted as he said, "What, am I wrong? It's because you, Sect Leader Jiang, are in front of this big event that you don't care about the severity of the matter. How can you use your age to talk about your qualifications!"

Jiang Xi had a bad temper as well. He was like an immortal fairy, unexpectedly squinting his eyes. In front of all these people, he had started a war of words with a junior.

"Age and seniority are linked. When you reach your father's age, you should understand one thing — when talking to an elder, etiquette is the first thing you do."

Xue Meng angrily said, "Even with Sect Leader Jiang's confidence, you can still be an elder?"

"Alright, Meng'er." Xue Zhengyong frowned, "Stop talking. Where is Ran'er? Quick, lead us there."

Although Xue Zhengyong stopped Xue Meng in time and Jiang Xi had no way to argue with him, he still left behind a sentence with a flick of his sleeve, "Xue Zhengyong, you are truly a good teacher."

Xue Zhengyong's face was ashen, as if he wanted to say something. However, he seemed to be hindering the number one High Lord from his words. In the end, he didn't say anything and followed everyone towards the mountainside.

Halfway up the mountain, he saw Mo Ran dressed in black, floating over.

Half of his sleeves were covered in blood, and the chess piece was tightly gripped in his hands. The vines behind him had already been burnt, and there were no new vines to be seen.

Seeing him get injured, both Chu Wanning and Xue Zhengyong's face changed. Xue Zhengyong quickly asked, "Zhe'er, how are you feeling? Heal... Heal, someone come quickly! Shi Mei! Come and help!"

Shi Mei seemed to be shocked as well. He looked at Mo Ran's bloodied arm and his face turned pale. For a moment, he just stood there in a daze, unable to move.

Gu Yue Ye's Cold Scale Sacred Hand took a step forward, and with a flick of his sleeve, Mo Ran felt the burning pain in his wound slowly disappear. He nodded to Hua Binan, "Many thanks, Sacred Hand."

"Thank you." Hua Binan's voice was cold and indifferent. "I wonder what Mo-zongshi has discovered. Can you share it with everyone?"

At this moment, Mo Ran's mood had already dropped to the extreme. He was very clear that if he were to reveal the "Heart of Unity Array" at this moment, he would definitely be met with suspicion and speculation from some people.

However, he could not care that much. He was very clear on what kind of bloody scene would follow if Zhen Long's chess game were to appear in large numbers in the martial arts world. It was something that he himself, Chu Wanning, would not wish to see.

"Look at this."

He opened his palm and showed the black piece in his hand to everyone.

Jiang Xi sneered, "Chess? Didn't he already know about it? Could this be the discovery of Mo-zongshi? If not for Precious Chess, how could these corpses be at the mercy of others?"

Mo Ran pursed his lips and said, "It's not a precious chess piece. It's the Soul Devouring Worm on the chess piece."

He showed it to the others. "Here it is."

Jiang Xi stood with his hands behind his back. He didn't say anything, but just looked at him coldly. "..."

Xue Zhengyong moved closer to the insect and looked at it. After a long time, he could not think of anything, so he asked, "What's wrong with this insect? Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Every single chess piece has it. This precious chess game is not as simple as you see it."

Many pairs of eyes were staring at him, and he swept them with his gaze as well.

Of course he knew what he was doing.

He told everything he knew to prevent a catastrophe from happening.

However, he was very clear about the price...

This was actually the place where the mastermind was brilliant. If that person wasn't sure if Mo Ran was a reincarnated body, the Heart Concordance Formation would undoubtedly be the best bait.

Unless Mo Ran was ruthless enough to not open his mouth and allow disaster to descend. As long as he gave guidance, he would undoubtedly reveal a piece of information to the person behind the scenes.

He must have been reborn.

But Mo Ran had no choice but to ponder, "I don't know if any of you have ever seen a puppet show."

Someone answered, "... Of course I have. But why do you say that?"

"I've seen it too, but when I was young, I was short and couldn't squeeze into the front row, so I could only stand behind the counter and listen from behind the scenes." Mo Ran said. "So the puppet show I'm watching might be different from what you guys are watching. What you guys are watching is a story show, where a few puppets appear on stage, fight, kill, and talk and sing."

Jiang Xi impatiently asked, "What are you trying to say? Can you be more concise?"

"No." Mo Ran said, "Not everyone understands that it is faster than Sect Leader Jiang. I want everyone to understand that."

"..."

Seeing Jiang Xi's gloomy face and the way he did not utter another word, Mo Ran continued, "Will the cloth puppets on the stage move by themselves?"

Xue Zhengyong said, "Of course not."

"Then how did they move? Do I need to have a few people squatting under the curtain, holding up sticks and ropes and manipulating them?"

"That's right."

"Alright." Mo Ran said, "I have an idea. I don't know if Xu Shuanglin thought like this, but I think it should be pretty close. The 'Phoenix Mountain' we are currently on, is just like the 'Phoenix Mountain' below the stage. These soft zombies are like people who are controlling the puppets at the foot of the stage – naturally, these people don't need too much skill. As long as they move the puppets, it will be enough."

Jiang Xi said, "... Go on."

"If it's really like this, then Phoenix Mountain is actually just a backstage. The real show will not be performed here, but on the stage. Xu Shuanglin is like the leader of this troupe. If he were to give an order, to whom would he give it?"

Xue Zhengyu said, "Of course it's the people squatting behind the curtain and carrying the ropes."

Mo Ran said, "That's right. This is the logic. The people on Phoenix Mountain are the people carrying the threads. Xu Shuanglin gave them the

instructions, and they led the cloth puppet in their hands to stand up and act."

After Jiang Xi heard this, he narrowed his eyes and said, "You mean, other than Phoenix Mountain, there is another place with corpses piled up like a mountain. That place is the so-called 'platform', and those corpses are the so-called 'cloth figures'?"

"Sect Leader Jiang is so perceptive."

"You don't have to flatter me." Jiang Xi said, "I just want to know, what you said seems like a bunch of flowers, the head is clear, but the truth is that you are indulging in wild fantasies. Mo-zongshi, words are empty, what makes you think that you have the right to speak?"

"... I don't have much of a basis. The reason why I was able to think of all these is because I accidentally discovered a chess piece with a Soul Devouring Bug inside the corpse."

The pitch-black chess piece in his hand was still stained with blood and was very dirty. Not long after the Soul Devouring Worm left his body, it was still alive.

Mo Ran was silent for a moment. He raised his head and looked at the Cold Scaled Holy Hand behind Jiang Xi. "Sacred Hand, you should know best what kind of compatibility Soul Devouring Insects have."

"There are many of these insects. Which one is Mo-zongshi referring to?"

Mo Ran said, "Imitate."

Hua Binan said, "Of course. Soul Devourer Worms, larvae can easily imitate their male counterparts. They will imitate their male counterparts' every move until they become adults."

Mo Ran said, "Alright, then what happens if I throw the larva that corresponds to this chess piece into another person's body?"

"..." Hua Binan's expression changed slightly as he said, "What are the corpses doing here? That side of the body will do the same."

"How?"

"There's no way to cure it, except when the bugs die."

Mo Ran nodded and said, "Everyone, spread out a little. Be careful and watch."

When his voice fell, a cold light suddenly appeared in the bottom of his eyes as he fiercely hacked at the Soul Devouring Worm on the chess piece. At this moment, the ground suddenly trembled. The thin curtains that had been raised up abruptly once more charged towards Mo Ran. Everyone was shocked, but Mo Ran quickly retracted his killing intent and dodged a round of vine attacks.

He let out a breath, stood with one hand behind his back, and said, "Did you see that? Phoenix Mountain was deliberately protecting these Soul Devouring Insects, preventing them from being easily killed. If there was anyone who insisted that it was just a coincidence that this bug would

appear on the treasured chess set... Or maybe it's just an act, then I have nothing else to say."

Almost everyone was deep in their thoughts, digesting Mo Ran's conjecture.

A bold, almost outrageous guess.

However, for some reason, he was unable to find any loopholes.

The idea of Mo Ran was too crazy, but his words were firm and his gaze was hard.

It was as if he had full confidence in Xu Shuanglin's every move and thought, and he was doing his best to convince them.

However, this kind of belief was very scary. In the crowd, even Chu Wanning was a little uneasy. He frowned as he looked at the pale face of Mo Ran from afar. Suddenly, he felt his heart palpitating. He felt as if something had exposed a little bit of its clue, a little bit of its fangs.

Tear it open.

Perhaps only someone like Xue Zhengyong could think so simply. He didn't care too much about why Mo Ran could think of such a peculiar "puppet control" in such a short period of time. He only thought about it seriously for a moment before patting his head.

"So, Xu Shuanglin is not here at all?!"

Mo Ran: "I don't think so."

Elder Xuanji's concern was different from everyone else's. He frowned and said, "Along the way, if we didn't kill tens of thousands of zombies, there would have been at least 9,000. Where did he get so many corpses? If there was a place where so many people suddenly died, then there would be no reason for us not to alarm the ten great sects."

Mo Ran sighed and said, "He just died. Have you forgotten?"

"Where did he die?"

Seeing everyone not understanding, Mo Ran simply said two words.

"Lin Yi."

"Impossible!"

Immediately, someone refuted him.

"Lin Yi was in a sea of fire. The Heaven Calamity Flame was in a vast ocean, and was even burnt to ashes. How could there be a corpse left behind?"

"Because there are spatial rifts. Aside from Xu Shuanglin, he has another companion who knows spatial tears."

No one objected this time.

Not because they believed, but because it was too ridiculous, too ridiculous.

After a while, Jiang Xi said, "That is the long-lost number one forbidden art..."

"The first forbidden technique is the spatial rift. Not space."

"There are several thousand people here, not just Xu Shuanglin." Jiang Xi's expression was extremely cold, "How much ability do you have to send thousands of people to Phoenix Mountain before they are engulfed by the sea of fire?"

"Sect Leader Jiang, why don't you think about it another way? I feel that these people were not sent here while alive, but before they were burned to death and turned to ashes. With this teleportation technique, it's much easier to teleport dead than alive."

Jiang Xi didn't like the way his juniors guided his thoughts. He narrowed his eyes, but before he could say anything, a pale, slender hand pressed down on him. Hua Binan smiled and looked at Mo Ran, "Mo-zongshi, you speak with such confidence, as though you've seen it with your own eyes. What proof do you have?"

Mo Ran didn't expect the Medicine Sect to stand up and say something. He was startled for a moment before saying, "No one knows better than grandmaster Hua whether the flesh of these zombies is burnt or rotten."

She glanced at the zombies that were lying on the ground with their legs cut off, unable to get back up. Then he looked back at them and blandly said, "Even if they were burned, are you sure they are ShiYan's corpse?"

Mo Ran's black eyes stared at him unflinchingly, saying, "Just guessing. If Master Hua thinks it's too absurd, then you can come up with another way and have Xu Shuanglin bring over thousands of corpses to Phoenix Mountain without anyone noticing."

Hua Binan smiled. "I'm not good at evil arts, so I can't guess."

"..."

No one said anything else for a while.

These words from the Cold Scale Holy Hand had stabbed the hearts of everyone.

When Mo Ran speculated on the use of the Soul Devouring Beetles, many people began to feel a faint sense of dread and trepidation in their hearts, and goosebumps rose on their backs.

There's a good saying, you can see what kind of person you are.

Many of the people present weren't naive characters, so they were able to immediately think of the crux of the problem. That was, how could Mo Ran have made such a terrifying yet meticulous guess in such a short period of time?

Naturally, he was not Xu Shuanglin's henchman. If he was, then he would absolutely not reveal this conjecture.

In that case, did this mean that Mo-zongshi, who had always shown a 'righteous' attitude, had actually long since been involved in this kind of demonic technique, or had at least thoroughly studied it?

The veil on Hua Binan's face fluttered gently as he smiled and said, "In the end, when it comes to guessing what Xu Shuanglin is thinking, I feel that I can't compare with Mo-zongshi."

Mo Ran wanted to refute for a moment, but he suddenly felt that he could not stand up for himself. He could not say it out loud.

At this time, he suddenly heard a cold voice, "Grandmaster Hua, why do you need to use insinuations?"

"Ah!" Hua Binan smiled. "Chu-zongshi."

Chu Wanning was wearing a snow-white robe and standing under the moonlight, his expression was very dull, "Individuals in different positions will think differently. The ones in the seats can only see the puppets on the stage, but some can only watch from the back of the stage, watching the ordinary people squatting behind the tables. Grandmaster Hua, do you understand what I mean?"

Hua Binan smiled and said: "Forgive my stupidity."

"Mo Ran has his own ideas." Chu Wanning said coldly, "He is a disciple of my sect. I will leave it to you not to make any further guesses."

Such trust made Mo Ran's throat throb as he muttered, "Shizun..."

Hua Binan looked at Chu Wanning for a moment, wanting to say something. But in the end, he didn't say anything. Smiling, he went back to Gu Yue Ye's team.

Jiang Xi retrieved his face, but his expression was still ugly.

He said coldly, "No matter what, we'll discuss it after we reach the top."

When everyone reached the peak, it was completely empty. There was only a gigantic spell formation, and red lumps of light constantly emerged from the core of the formation.

When Mo Ran saw this array, his heart sank and his fingertips turned cold.

It was indeed a Heart Concordance Formation... It was an array formation that required refining a common heart chess piece and combining the Soul Devouring Worms into a precious chess piece.

The palace master of the Treadmill Snow Palace frowned, sizing up the strange array totem, and said: "What array is this? Never seen it. Sect Leader Xue, you have seen a lot, have you ever seen one?"

Xue Zhengyong moved closer to take a look and shook his head. "No."

Jiang Xi's brown-black eyes shone with a ghostly light. He looked at the eye of the formation for a while, and then slowly probed it with his hand. He was the most proficient at this type of alchemy array. He closed his eyes for about an incense stick of time before suddenly withdrawing his hand and turning to Mo Ran, "Do you have any other ideas?"

His reaction told everyone that Mo Ran's conjecture was correct!

Mo Ran said, "... Yes."

Jiang Xi said, "Speak."

"Since it's a mother bug, then it's just as I said. One is on the stage, the other is off the stage. As a result, as many precious pieces of chess as Xu Shuanglin has done here, countless corpses will rise up and similarly obey his orders. However, in that place, there will definitely not be piles of ordinary zombies that are as weak as a chicken. I'm afraid they are all the remains of people with extremely powerful cultivations when they were alive."

Xue Meng said in surprise, "Is this the reason why Xu Shuanglin killed so many ordinary people? In order to make the corpses of the cultivators under you easier to control?"

"I'm afraid so."

"..."

Xue Meng turned around and looked at the mountain of corpses and the sea of blood below. Instantly, the color of his face completely drained. It was unknown if it was because he felt too disgusted or too shocked, or if it was because he thought of another place and the equivalent number of dead cultivators they were going to face.

Perhaps it was both. Xue Meng seemed to be swaying a little.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Look here! There is a corpse here!"

There was no longer any tall shelter at the top of the mountain. There was only a bush. Those with sharp eyes noticed that there seemed to be a white robe sticking out from the top.

## 205. Shizun, great disaster is about to befall

Several men went to investigate and dragged it out of the bushes. It was a corpse that was charred black all over. It was burning so strongly that one could easily see that it had struggled in the sea of fire before it was born. Its face had become completely viscous, and its facial features could not be seen.

She could only be judged to be a woman when he was alive by his physique, as well as by the way she was dressed in snow-white clothing that would never melt in the face of fire.

Chu Wanning put his hand in the air, closed his eyes and said, "There are no traces of precious chess pieces."

Someone mumbled, "Strange, could it be that Xu Shuanglin missed out on an entire mountain of precious chess?"

Immediately, someone retorted, "Have you ever seen a corpse that was left alone at the top of a mountain?"

Mo Ran also walked over, going back and forth as he carefully examined the female corpse. As the person who was the most proficient at playing chess in his previous life, he naturally knew about some of the restrictions of this technique. Therefore, he was concerned about the identity of this female corpse.

He had a more convincing guess, but he needed a little corroboration.

The evidence was quickly found.

Mo Ran took off a burnt black chain from his hand and wiped off the dark gray color on it, revealing some faint red Spirit Stones.

He handed the chain to Jiang Xi and said, "Song Quitong."

"... Why are you..." Jiang Xi asked halfway, then reacted with the chain in his hand. "Do you recognize this chain?"

"The wedding gift I gave her. Song Quitong is the descendant of Song Xingtong. The clan of Butterfly Skeleton beauties who subdued the Phoenix Evil Spirit is the key to opening the Phoenix Mountain Forbidden Area."

Someone asked, "Xu Shuanglin killed Song Quitong and used his as a key to open the gates to Phoenix Mountain?"

Mo Ran shook his head and stared at Song Quitong's face for a long time. He did not feel pity, but his emotions were complicated. "No, I'm afraid she was still alive when he took her up the mountain."

"What do you mean?"

Before Mo Ran could speak, Jiang Xi spoke first. Perhaps it was to save his pride, but when he met with this kind of question that he could easily answer, Jiang Xi did not plan on bringing this junior into the limelight again. Instead, he lightly said, "In order to give the order to Phoenix Mountain."

Mo Ran glanced at him, thinking that this was for the best. If he were to say everything, it would be harder to justify himself if suspicions were raised about him in the future. Thus, he walked to the side and handed over all the seats to Jiang Xi, allowing him to speak.

Someone asked, "Order? A weak girl like Song Quitong, what orders can she give?"

"Although she is weak, her ancestors may not all be pustules. The Phoenix Evil Spirit of Phoenix Mountain will only obey the orders of the bloodline that tamed it." Jiang Xi was no fool, he said, "Song Quitong is the last descendant of this bloodline."

The man gasped, "Ah, the one who tamed the Phoenix Evil Spirit was the Sphenoid Beauty Venerable One?"

"That's right."

"This is indeed unheard-of..."

Jiang Xi said, "I've never heard of it, but it's normal. Besides guarding, the four great evil mountains don't have any other uses, so no one will care if they can be activated by anyone else. Song Quitong had been displaced earlier and used as an auction item, so she probably did not know that he could hide on Phoenix Mountain... she should not have even heard of her own ancestors defeating the Phoenix Evil Spirit."

"So... So Xu Shuanglin brought her here?"

"That's how it should be." Jiang Xi continued, "At that time, a calamity broke out in the Rufeng Sect, and everyone was forced to flee for their lives. No one will be able to return to the main hall to bother about that weak woman. The only person who can take care of his is Xu Shuanglin, or that comrade behind Xu Shuanglin."

Xue Zhengyong thought on the side and nodded, "Since the person behind the scenes can tear open the space crack and take Xu Shuanglin somewhere else, it would be a simple task for him to take Song Quitong. We might as well make an assumption — he took her to Phoenix Mountain. Song Quitong was naturally a person who took advantage of the situation. If she grabbed onto this life-saving straw, she would only do as she was told. At this time, that person only needs to bring her to Phoenix Mountain and have her give an order. She won't reject."

Someone asked, "But why didn't he use the piece to control Song Quitong?"

"Because the person who gave the order was under control due to the Phoenix Evil Spirit Identification. Only those who are alive and those who are willing will be willing to follow the command of this mountain."

Everyone slowly started to ponder about the smell. Someone exclaimed, "Then what are we doing here? They had all been tricked by him and ran into his' background ', and it was also because of this damned mantle of Phoenix Mountain that they had no way of getting rid of these Soul Devouring Worms... What do we do now?"

Jiang Xi furrowed his brows, as if he despised the 'behind-the-scenes' analogy that Mo Ran was using, but he still said, "Find 'the' front of the stage 'and go directly destroy Xu Shuanglin's puppets."

"Mo-zongshi."

After Jiang Xi finished speaking, he suddenly called out to Mo Ran. Mo Ran was originally listening attentively with his arms crossed. He couldn't help but be startled when he mentioned him.

"Hmm? What's wrong?"

Jiang Xi said faintly, "Mo-zongshi's analysis just now was very thorough. Then, I would like to ask Mo-zongshi one more time, where is the stage now and how should I look for it?"

Mo Ran: "... Try and see?"

"Try... what?"

Mo Ran coughed lightly. The flame in his palm lit up, and the willow vine suddenly appeared. He said, "That's it, it's called 'Ghost'."

Jiang Xi: "..."

Just like Tianwen, it has the ability to interrogate. It can interrogate living people, evil Spirits, and even corpses with separated souls. The only difference was that the interrogator and the Inquisition had the two of them speak, whereas the inquiry had the spirit soul directly to communicate with the interrogator.

Song Quitong had been dead for more than a month, her soul had long disappeared, but fortunately the mountain was still full of Yin Qi and her corpse had not rotted. Mo Ran whispered, "Jianguai, let's go investigate."

The only thing he saw was that Song Quitong's body had been wrapped in red three times by the extended branch and leaf vines immediately following his command, emitting a blinding red light.

As the red light flickered in the depths of Mo Ran's eyes, he opened his mouth and asked in a low voice, "Was the person who brought you here Xu Shuanglin?"

It was hard to tell the facial features of Song Quitong charred face, so they did not move for a while.

"... Is it not working?" Someone muttered softly.

Mo Ran narrowed his eyes and asked again, "Is the person who brought you here Xu Shuanglin?"

Still no movement.

Jiang Xi said, "Seems like Mo-zongshi is still too young. Why don't you switch to your Shizun instead?"

However, just at this moment, Song Quitong's neck suddenly moved! Her movements were stiff and extremely slow, but she undoubtedly shook her head in the most obvious manner.

"It's not Xu Shuanglin?" Xue Zhengyong asked in shock.

Mo Ran tightly gripped the damned thing as his meridians slightly protruded from the back of his hand. He then asked, "Then, have you seen the person who brought you here?"

After a few more moments of silence, Song Quitong suddenly opened her mouth but she did not reply. What came out of her mouth was a sticky, slippery snake that slithered to the ground and slithered away.

Some of Gu Yue Ye's disciples immediately recognized her, "She has a Swallowing Snake in her stomach!"

The Swallowing Snake, an evil beast, was not poisonous. Its entire body was covered with spirit armor, and it could live for more than twenty years in a person's stomach.

From then on, besides being able to answer the truth with the Swallowing Snake's owner, the rest of the Dark Guard could only answer lies or be mixed in with the truth. Otherwise, this kind of snake would wake up from its slumber, and instantly tear apart the host's internal organs, throat, and tongue.

The devilish red light was extinguished abruptly, and Song Quitong's entire body was trembling. She could not help but shake her head as a large amount of blood spurted out of her mouth. It looked like her internal organs had been shattered, as well as her tongue and throat...

She could no longer speak the truth.

Suddenly, someone suggested, "Since she can't say it, why don't you let her write it down and read it?"

The moment Mo Ran saw the Swallowing Snake, he had already understood that the person behind the scenes was very meticulous and was not something an ordinary person could handle. However, he still went forward and raised Song Quitong's hands to examine them.

"How is it?" Xue Zhengyong asked.

Mo Ran shook his head and said, "All her bones and tendons have been cut off and she can't write anything at all."

All of a sudden, a cold wind blew past, and the leaves in the mountain forest began to cackle, the howls of zombies could be heard from far and near. The atmosphere on the mountain peak became extremely tense and strange, and Ma Yun, the owner of the Peach Blossom Villa broke the silence, saying, "T-that lead to the end?"

No one said anything.

The Hell had been retracted, and Song Quitong's corpse fell limply to the ground.

Soon, the vines of Phoenix Mountain crept over, carefully coiled up the corpse, and dragged her into the bushes, as if to preserve her with this little bush.

Earlier, he had actually not understood why Xu Shuanglin and the rest did not directly kill Song Quitong, burn her, and then spend so much effort to cut

off the meridians in their hands and feed it to the Swallowing Snake. However, seeing this scene, he suddenly understood —

Phoenix Mountain obeyed the butterfly boned beauties, from life to death. As long as her corpse was in Phoenix Mountain, the Phoenix Evil Spirit would not allow others to burn her to ashes.

Mo Ran didn't know what kind of feeling he was feeling, but suddenly he thought of his previous life. He was dead, and no one had ever taken his body from him. Before he died, he had to lie down in a coffin he had dug out beforehand. Actually, there was no point in doing that. Later on, the rebel soldiers who attacked him from the mountain, it would be weird if they didn't cut him into pieces.

In his previous life, the way he died was probably even more miserable than Song Quitong's death. When he died, he didn't even have a vine willing to protect him.

Many people in the surrounding area were whispering, talking to each other, frowning, and discussing how to deal with the situation. Some of them had their eyes closed and were deep in thought, such as Jiang Xi and Chu Wanning.

Mo Ran closed his eyes and combed through what was happening before him. Such a bloody tactic was extremely similar to what he had experienced in his previous life. Perhaps because of this, Mo Ran felt that it was not that difficult to guess Xu Shuanglin's thoughts and actions.

He seemed to see Xu Shuanglin pacing back and forth barefooted in his Three Lives Courtyard. Xu Shuanglin was thinking and asking himself: If I

don't have enough spiritual energy, I can't control the cultivators' corpses, what should I do?

Then, he came up with an idea —

When using the Heartforce Formation, he could kill the same number of ordinary people. Each cultivator would have an ordinary corpse, just like a marionette, which he could use to drive.

Where is the safest place to do this?

Four Great Evil Mountains.

What if he couldn't open the Phoenix Mountain barrier?

He brought along Song Quitong's corpse.

All the clues were rapidly connected together. Mo Ran's eyes were dark, and he was deep in thought.

Where did the corpses of commoners come from?

Lin Yi had burned the tribulation fire.

Even though it was all a guess, every single one of them matched each other. The luster in his eyes scattered and disintegrated, disintegrating and disintegrating, and he could even feel that he was Xu Shuanglin, and Xu Shuanglin was him. Standing at the summit of Phoenix Mountain, his gaze frantically roamed about, watching the surging corpse tide below.

More and more clearly, more and more clearly, until suddenly, it was at a point.

If he was Xu Shuanglin, then after doing all this, shouldn't he build the "front of the stage" and perform the puppet show that he had painstakingly arranged?

Where should "Before the Stage" be chosen?

Where would they be able to find such a strong and considerable amount of cultivators' remains?

If he wasn't discovered, he could be protected....

The gradually flourishing sunlight suddenly dimmed down.

"Mount Flood Dragon..." he murmured.

Jiang Xi cast a sidelong glance at him. "What?"

Mo Ran's expression changed as he looked to the east. He suddenly became somewhat furious. Hero Tomb! — The stage he found was in front of the Hero Tomb in Mount Jiao! Lin Yi's calamity, the majority of the casualties were commoners. Xu Shuanglin was able to obtain so many corpses of commoners, but not cultivators with even greater magic power! — Tomb of the Hero!"

Jiang Xi also reacted. "Are you saying that Xu Shuanglin's corresponding summoning is the skeleton of the Rufeng Sect that was buried in the Hero Tomb during these hundreds of years?"

Mo Ran was too lazy to waste words with him. He cursed under his breath and dashed down the mountain.

Xu Shuanglin was truly a madman! The Hero Tomb was filled with generations of Sect Leaders from the Rufeng Sect, even the original Sect Leaders whose corpses had been dissolved into immortals. It was fine to control the common cultivators with the Heart Formation, but to control these people?

Once Xu Shuanglin's magic power ran out of steam, these strong bones would go berserk and break free. At that time, Xu Shuanglin would be counterattacked and die, while the most powerful corpses of the Rufeng Sect in hundreds of years would go berserk.

That would be a great calamity no less than the Unbroken Hell's Heavenly Rend!

## 206. Shizun, just who am I?

Mo Ran swept past the rolling corpse tide, heading straight to the foot of the mountain. After exiting the barrier, his gaze immediately fell on Nangong Si.

At this moment, Nangong Si's imprisonment had already been released. Ye Wangxi knelt down on one knee to the side, bandaging his wounds. Mei Hanxue, on the other hand, had a cold expression on his face as he quietly sat on the floor between the Jiangdong Hall and Nangong Longjian.

It had to be known that Mei Hanxue was the head senior brother of the Treading In Snow Palace in Mount Kunlun. It was also said that he had appeared and disappeared mysteriously, and his movements were extremely strange and unpredictable.

With his blessings, although the group of people from Jiang Dong Hall wished that they could cut Nangong Qing to pieces, they had no other choice but to obediently sit on the rocks at the side and glare at them.

Seeing that Mo Ran had burned down, Mei Hanxue's zither music abruptly stopped. He retrieved his zither, stood up and nodded slightly.

The style of a sect was extremely dignified and righteous.

"What happened on the mountain?"

Mo Ran said, "It's all fake."

"Fake?" Mei Hanxue frowned slightly. When the people of Jiangdong Hall heard this, they all gathered around. Huang Xiaoyue was still lying in the pavilion beside them.

A few disciples were massaging his legs and shoulders as they feigned a weak and dying appearance. However, when they heard his words, they could not help but narrow their eyes and prick up their ears to listen.

Mo Ran said, "Xu Shuanglin is not on this mountain, but I'm afraid at Mount Jiao. I —"

He had not finished speaking when Nangong Si's face turned pale. He stared at Mo Ran and asked, "Xu Shuanglin is on top of the Flood Dragon Mountain?"

"Perhaps, but not with absolute certainty."

Nangong Beidou was stunned for a moment before muttering, "...That's impossible. Yaoshan will only listen to the orders of the Nangong Family. Xu Shuanglin, he..."

He thought of something and was suddenly at a loss for words. The last bit of blood on his face faded, and his pair of bright eyes stared at Mo Ran face.

He had actually forgotten that Xu Shuanglin was also surnamed Nangong.

The Nangong family, one Liu Yi Xu, was a young hero that was praised by everyone. Everyone felt that the Rufeng Sect would once again rise to glory in the hands of this pair of brothers, like the sun at high noon. Who would

have thought that these two brothers and the Rufeng Sect would end up like this?

Nangong Si silently lowered his eyelids and did not say another word.

At this time, the others had also successively descended from Phoenix Mountain. Several thousand people were like a migratory school of fish that crowded as they returned to the front of the mountain.

Chu Wanning walked over with Xue Meng and Shi Mei following behind him. He looked at Nangong Si, "How did your hand get injured?"

"It's fine, I drew it myself. Thank you, grandmaster."

Xue Meng sighed and said, "Call me master, call me grandmaster... Seriously, Shizun is giving you face, yet you don't want it... you..."

"I've never taken a Shizun before." Nangong Yin's parched lips slightly opened and closed, "What I have learnt, I have never learned from a grandmaster. When my mother asked for it when I was young, grandmaster did not need to take it to heart."

Chu Wanning: "..."

"Sorry. But I can't even remember the three kowtows back then."

Before Chu Wanning could say anything, he saw Jiang Xi and the other heads of the other sects walking towards them, with most of them hugging each other. He was not used to speaking in private in front of so many people, so

he only pursed his lips and did not speak any further. He only handed a small pot of medicine from his Cosmos Sack to him.

"It will be used externally every day for three days."

After he said this simple sentence, the others had already arrived.

Huang Shaoyue was also being supported from the pavilion as he walked over while trembling. This cup of soup was something that the Jiangdong Hall would definitely not miss.

Now that Gu Yue Ye was the head of the various sects, Jiang Xi should be the first one to speak in the face of such a big matter. However, Jiang Xi looked at him and wasn't sure what attitude he should take to be the most suitable for him...

The Rufeng Sect had been domineering and tyrannical for so many years, and they had accumulated a lot of enmity with other sects and clans. They had nowhere to vent their hatred and hatred on, and in the end, it all fell to Nangong Feng alone.

But what was wrong with him? He didn't take away the Jade Lake Villa's sword manual, nor did he sell it for a sky-high price. He didn't even have time to find out where the sword manual was... His father, Nangong Liu, had committed countless crimes and died quite happily. Now, everyone said that his father would repay the debts, but if his son were to repay the debts, how many of those present would be able to remain clean and innocent?

Moreover, this young man was currently the only descendant of the Nangong family, and he was the key to open the gates to Mount Flood Dragon.

"You..."

Jiang Xi hesitated for a moment before speaking.

Just as he was speaking about you, he suddenly heard someone by his side say shakily, "Benefactor Nangong, you have to come with us. As for the so-called unlocking the bell, we need you.

When Jiang Xi saw that, he sneered in his heart as he knew it was master Mirror master Fang Mao from the Soulless Temple. he thought to herself, "This old bald donkey is dirty; I really want to pick a fight with him."

But this was just right, since he was not good at socializing, he lazily closed his mouth and stood to the side, watching Master Mirror leaning on his magic staff.

After Nangong Si heard this, he said, "Sure, I will go with you to Mount Jiao."

Grandmaster Mirror did not expect him to so readily agree to help unblock the Divine Barrier. He was stunned for a moment before closing his eyes and said, "Amitabha, Almsgiver is wise. Buddha knows and his sin has been reduced."

For a moment, Nangong seemed to want to say something, but he did not. The agate in his quiver was whimpering and trying to climb out, but he quietly pushed it back.

"I went to Mount Flood Dragon because I did not want the elites of the Rufeng Sect, who had existed for hundreds of years, to become the accomplices of a tiger. However, I thank grandmaster for your kind intentions in guiding me on the way."

Thus, the key to Mount Flood Dragon could be found.

It was different from Phoenix Mountain. If they wanted to go to Dragon Mountain, whether it was the people from the Nangong Family or any outsiders brought in by the Nangong Family, they had to do two things — —

First, fast for ten days.

Second, when reaching the mountain range belonging to Mount Flood Dragon, one must walk on foot. One cannot ride a sword or ride a horse, and with just his feet, he must cross the first three mountains to express his sincerity.

Xue Zhengyong calculated the time and said, "From here to the mountain range of the Pan Dragon, if I were to ride a horse, it would take me about ten days to complete the fast. I think that if all the Monarchs do not have any urgent matters to attend to, there is no need for you to return to your own sects.

The palace master of the Treading Snow Palace said: "That's fine, if we go together, we can discuss our next plans."

Xue Zhengyong said, "We have at least three thousand men here, so it's a little difficult to find horses..."

At this moment, a weak voice suddenly came from the crowd. With one hand raised, it was the head of a deer, a scoundrel, wearing a large red brocade robe. The edge of the brocade robe was embroidered with the totem of a black cat: "My Manor has it, it should be enough."

"Villa Owner Ma?" Jiang Xi raised his eyebrows.

This person was the Sect Leader of the nine great sects of the upper cultivation world, "Peach Blossom Villa", Ma Yun. He was the third richest person on the « Cloud Ranking » that Xue Meng bought, but now that Nangong Liu had died, he should be ranked second in terms of wealth.

Compared to Jiang Xi, Ma Yun was much more grounded and looked like a businessman. However, the ways in which the two of them amassed wealth were different. Jiang Xi was ferocious. he had a wide range of treasures. What he did was on the black market.

Manor Lord Ma, on the other hand, had set up many large and small relay stations in the cultivation world to receive all kinds of parcels and deliveries, as well as leases of immortal horses, immortal boats, and spiritual energy carriages. His manor specialized in making all sorts of spirit carriages, and kept a large number of powerful oxen and horses.

Facing the cold-faced Jiang Xi, the horse that received the guest seemed to be a little scared. It shrank its neck and said, "How about... to Rinling Island? Sect Leader Jiang's mansion definitely has more horses than mine, hehehe."

Everyone: "..."

Jiang Xi looked at his smile which was full of wrinkles and was speechless for a moment. he then said, "I am just moved by Villa Owner Ma's generosity and have no other intentions. This place is very close to the Peach Blossom Villa. Since Villa master Ma is willing to lend us all our mounts, it naturally cannot be any better."

When this Manor Lord Ma heard this, he heaved a sigh of relief and smiled, "Then I invite everyone to move to this lowly manor. It's already late in the night, why not stay in the manor for the night and depart together the next day?"

Taobao Villa is located at the edge of the West Lake, built on the summit of the lone mountain. However, even though this lone mountain was called a mountain, it was actually just a small hill. Climbing to the peak of the mountain would only take half an hour.

"We're here!" Villa Owner Ma excitedly stood in front of the massive crimson mountain gate and lifted his hand to remove the protective barrier. "Everyone, please come in, please come in."

On the journey to Phoenix Mountain, the various sect masters were either anxious or worried. Only Manor Lord Ma was able to quickly act as if nothing had happened, and he was even able to bring out a steaming smile. Everyone looked at each other and bitterly smiled, but they didn't say anything. The Sect Leader was first, the Elders were second, and the direct disciples of the various sects followed. One by one, they entered the Spirit Formation gate of the Peach Blossom Villa.

Xue Meng whispered to Mo Ran, "What the hell is this receiving horse doing? Laughing until my hair stood on end, could it be that he is also with Xu Shuanglin? Is he inviting someone to join him?"

"... No."

"Are you sure again?"

Mo Ran said, "The High Lords and elites of the nine great sects are all here. Now, everyone is well armed. If he is Xu Shuanglin's partner, he won't be able to do anything, and will instead expose himself."

"Then why is he so happy?"

Mo Ran sighed and said, "He's happy to be rich."

"What money? What he did was clearly a loss-making business." Xue Meng was stupefied. It was said that when he was young, Madam Wang had given him a silver leaf and told him to go to the hawker to exchange it. In the end, he got a small kite and three oily copper coins, which made him fall into the pit to the point where he felt that the kite was very pretty.

How could someone like him know the thoughts of a guest horse.

So after thinking about it for a long time, he still said in a daze, "Did you hear wrongly? He said he was going to borrow our horses, not rent one. He doesn't take a dime, he —"

At this time, the lower level disciples of the Manor that were in charge of receiving guests came to receive them. Mo Ran waved his hand, indicating for them to stop talking.

This row of courtyards were all located at the edge of a mountain. A single courtyard could accommodate six people. At dusk, Mo Ran stood at the window of his own room, gazing out at the cold mountains and the smoke of the West Lake.

Ever since he came down from Phoenix Mountain, Mo Ran had been very anxious and restless. Now that he had closed his door, he finally revealed his complete restlessness. He ran one hand along the windowsill, the other unconsciously playing with something warm in the palm of his hand.

The scenery in Jiangnan was always beautiful, but at this moment, he was not in the mood to appreciate it. The setting sun was setting. If someone were to see the expression on his face at this moment, they would definitely not believe that he was the honest Mo-zongshi.

This was a face that belonged to the Taxian-Jun Emperor from his previous life.

Perverted.

The setting sun pierced his hazel eyes.

In the twilight, Mo Weiyu's face changed.

The reincarnated person behind Xu Shuanglin caused him to shudder. He felt as if there was a blade on his neck, the blade of the blade sticking to his skin and piercing through his flesh. Blood was already seeping out.

But the man did not strike down, and he could not turn his head. He couldn't even see clearly who was standing behind him, as if they were going to take his life at any moment.

His mind was in a mess. He had a feeling that he wouldn't be able to hide the matter of his rebirth for long.

If the day of the final battle was the day the truth was revealed, what should he do?

What would his aunt and uncle think of him? How would Shi Mei see him? How would Xue Meng view him?

And there was also Chu Wanning.

Chu Wanning...

If his past life was exposed, how much hatred would Chu Wanning have towards him? Would he be unwilling to even glance at him from then on?

The more he thought about it, the colder he felt...

...Pata.

Suddenly, the object in his hand fell to the floor.

He picked it up in a daze and glanced at it indifferently.

There was a bit of dust on the little toy. It seemed like no one had lived in this courtyard for a long time. It was not tidied diligently and the floor was covered in dust...

He stopped.

Mo Ran's face suddenly turned pale.

He suddenly realized what he was playing with.

Lying on his palm was a warm, pitch-black chess piece.

Precious Chess!

The expression on Mo Ran's face changed.

In his previous life, he'd formed a habit during the last two years before his death. Every time his emotions became extremely complicated and irritable, he would uncontrollably gather his spirit energy in his palm and condense it into a tiny black dot, turning it over and over in his hands.

Mo Ran had overheard the people of the palace discussing this matter. They all felt that he must be angry, angry, and wanted to be a pawn. He wanted to kill people, and he wanted to turn living people into puppets.

"I was so afraid that His Majesty would throw out that chess piece in his hands at any moment."

"To be honest, I'd rather see him play with a dead man's skull."

"What's there to be afraid of? I am a servant of His Majesty. Heaven knows how many times my legs have gone soft. How much spiritual power would it cost for His Majesty to be a pawn? He can't be playing around, can he? He must have a purpose, or maybe he wanted to vent... What if I vent on you, then what should I do..."

Mo Ran was speechless, but at the same time, he found it funny.

He did not understand what these jabbering court maids were thinking, and why they were so confident to guess at his inner thoughts.

Actually, there was no meaning in making these chess pieces. They were merely a personal hobby of Emperor Taxian-Jun's. They were as simple as that. However, ever since he had heard the discussion of the palace maids, he would occasionally play with them and pretend that he wanted to throw the precious chess piece in his hand at one of the servants, scaring those people to the point that their legs were like sieve chaff. His expression was as cold as ever, but he secretly felt amused in his heart.

Those were the only pleasures he had in the last two years of his life.

It had been a long time since he had used Prickly Chess.

It was as if he wanted to break away from his past self. Ever since he was reborn, Mo Ran had never cast this spell again.

In the blink of an eye, seven or eight years had passed. He thought that he would soon forget about the mantra and the mantra.

However, he could not escape at all.

Sin was planted in his soul.

As Mo Ran stared at the black dot, his hands began to tremble...

He was suddenly filled with despair.

He suddenly did not know who he was. Was it Immortal Taxian-Jun? Or was it Mo-zongshi?

He suddenly didn't know where he was... Was it by the lakeside? Or was it in front of Wu Shan Palace?

Suddenly, he was unable to distinguish between dream and reality. He was trembling uncontrollably, and that small black dot appeared in his eyes like a heavy nightmare, like a dark stain of blood.

"Mo Ran! Mo Weiyu! You can't escape! You can't escape! You can only be an evil person forever, you can only be a malicious ghost! You Bane! Bane!"

The ground was shaking.

"Duk Duk Duk." Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

Mo Ran jolted awake, cold sweat pouring down his back. Gripping the chess piece tightly in his hand, he turned around and sternly asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me." The person outside replied, "Xue Meng."



## 207. Shizun, I want to tell you something

Mo Ran opened the door.

It was not completely open, only a narrow gap. He saw Xue Meng bathed in sunlight, and beside him followed Shi Mei in green clothes.

"We brought you some medicine," said Xue Meng. "What are you doing? Open the door and let us in."

Mo Ran was silent for a moment before he let go of the door frame. The two entered the house. Xue Meng walked over to the window and peeked out to look at the western red light. He withdrew his head and said, "Your house has nice scenery. There are several large camphor trees outside of mine. It's all blocked, and I can't see anything."

Mo Ran said absent-mindedly, "If you like it, I'll trade with you."

"There's no need, I've already put down the things, I'm just saying them casually." Xue Meng waved his hand and walked over to the table. "Let Shi Mei apply the medicine on you. The wound on your shoulder that was cut by the vine, if you don't deal with the suppuration then you should."

His dark brown eyes stared at Xue Meng — — If Xue Meng knew about his previous life and what kind of spirit soul was hidden under his cousin's shell, would he smile at him like this and give him medicine...

Xue Meng was somewhat afraid from his stare and asked, "What's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

Mo Ran shook his head, sat down at the table, and lowered his eyes.

The teacher stood aside and said, "Take off your shirt. I'll show you the wound."

Mo Ran felt depressed, but he did not think too much about it. He lifted his hand to take off his shirt and said, "I'll have to trouble you."

Shi Mei shook his head and sighed: "You, ah, don't know how to pay attention. If you follow your Shizun, you don't have to learn from him. If there's any danger, you can always run to the front. In the end, you can always cause yourself injuries."

As he spoke, he took out the contents of the medicine box and carefully wiped off the wounds, applied medicine, and wrapped the medicine in gauze.

After doing all this, Shi Mei said: "Don't go into the water anymore and don't make too much of a move. There's poison on the vine and the wound won't heal easily. Also, extend your hand and let me take a pulse."

Mo Ran stretched out his arm.

Shi Mei's ten fingers were as white as soft jade. After patting his pulse for a while, a trace of worry flashed across his eyes.

The expression disappeared in a flash, only to be seen by Mo Ran, "What happened?"

Shi Mei came back to his senses and said: "Nothing."

"Is the poison serious?"

Shi Mei shook his head. After hesitating for a while, he smiled at him: "Just a little bit. Remember to rest up a bit, otherwise it will cause trouble."

As he spoke, he lowered his head and packed the medicine box, saying, "I still have some medicine to clean up. I'll be leaving first, you guys can continue chatting."

The door closed behind him.

Xue Meng looked at the place where he had disappeared and slightly frowned. "Why do I feel like his mood hasn't been good recently? It's strange, as if there's something on his mind."

Mo Ran was not in a good mood. He said, "I think after my pulse examination, you discovered that my time was up. Do you feel sad for me?"

"Pei pei pei, crow's beak." Xue Meng stared at him. "How can you curse yourself like this? Besides, I'm telling you seriously, Shi Mei has been feeling really low these past few days."

Mo Ran started to care. He stopped what he was doing and asked, "Something's wrong?"

"Yes. Let me tell you, he was in a daze quite a few times. I called out to him two or three times before he reacted. Do you think he could be..."

"What is it?"

"He fell in love with someone?"

Mo Ran: "..."

Shi Mei fell in love with someone? If it was eight years ago, when Xue Meng had told him this, he would probably be able to stand up and curse. However, at this moment, he felt a bit surprised. He wanted to find some clues, but he realized that he had paid too little attention to Shi Mei. It was actually impossible to find any traces of Shi Mei.

"Don't ask me. I'm not the one he likes anyway." As he spoke, he pulled up his open robes and put them on. "Besides, it's not like you care about the feelings of others, why do you care now?"

Xue Meng was a bit embarrassed. With a red face, he coughed and said, "Am I supposed to care!? I was just casually saying it!"

He stared furiously at Mo Ran, at the guy with the perfect figure dressing himself, staring at him, and suddenly felt that something was not right.

After looking carefully once more, his gaze landed on the tightly muscled chest and stopped —

Mo Ran did not care and said casually, "Why are you staring at me? Like me?"

"..." Xue Meng did not utter a single word.

Mo Ran said with the tone of someone about to die, "Stop looking, it's impossible for the two of us."

Only then did Xue Meng turn around with a pale face. He pretended to be calm and said, "Pfft, what a beautiful idea."

However, his heart was pounding — he saw a crimson red crystal pendant hanging near Mo Ran's neck. It looked extremely familiar, as if he had seen an identical pendant somewhere. He could not recall what had happened, but for some reason, goosebumps appeared all over his body and his mind buzzed.

Where have I seen it before?

After Mo Ran had put on his clothes, he suddenly noticed that there were a few stains of medicinal liquid on the table. He asked Xue Meng, "Do you have a handkerchief?"

"Hmm?... Oh, yes." Xue Meng came back to his senses, took out a piece and gave it to him. "You still don't remember to take one with you."

"I'm not used to it."

Xue Meng said with a straight face, "Last time, I said that Shizun would give you a piece, but this is not how you brag."

Mo Ran then remembered that he had begged him to give him a crabapple handkerchief. He didn't know if he had forgotten or not, but he had never given it to him. He couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. He cleared his throat and said, "I have been busy recently. Shizun isn't free..."

"Even if you have free time, I won't make it for you alone." Xue Meng sneered, "I definitely have a share. Maybe that person... He has a share of that Nangong Si."

When it came to Nangong Si, the already bad mood of Mo Ran turned even more cloudy.

"Did you see him?"

"No, I'll go and see what he does." Xue Meng said. "He and Ye Wangxi are staying next to that old fogey. I wish I could be thousands of miles away from them."

Mo Ran nodded. "It's good over there. Although Jiang Xi has a bad temper and has a lot of problems, he can still be considered a reasonable person. He shouldn't make things difficult for them."

Xue Meng angrily snorted, "Him? If that b \* stard can be reasonable, then I'll be able to have his surname. I won't be called Xue Meng, I'll just call him Jiang Meng."

Mo Ran: "..."

Xue Meng always had this ability. He was always making a ruckus and was always making a fuss about nothing. But perhaps it was also because of his clamor that Mo Ran felt the warmth in the room.

Only then did the terrifying nightmares of his past life slowly fade away.

Xue Meng said, "Speaking of which, it can't be that Shizun really wants to accept Nangong Si as his disciple, right?"

"Shizun definitely wouldn't have wanted to do it in the past. But now, neither you nor I can stop him."

Xue Meng was stunned. "Why?"

Mo Ran sighed, "Let me ask you, previously, Li Wuxin was adoring and revered Nangong Si. He was obviously an elder, but he had never dared to contradict or contradict Nangong Liu. Why?"

"Because his dad is powerful, the number one Sect Leader in the cultivation world. Is there even a need to say that?"

"Very well, let me ask you this again. Why would someone like Huang Xiaoyue, as well as those people who do not even know their names, dare to bully him?"

"... Because of enmity?"

Mo Ran was speechless. He thought to himself, only Xue Meng could say such words.

He suddenly felt very envious. Even though Xue Meng was already over twenty years old, he sometimes still thought like a child — "being like a child" was a very subtle description, because the most obvious characteristic of a child was innocence, simplicity, bluntness, but at the same time it also meant that a person had not grown up, was immature, and was reckless.

However, for Mo Ran, he felt that even after living for twenty years, his eyes were still extremely clean. It was a miracle.

He looked at the miracle in front of him and said with a wry smile:

"Where did all this enmity come from?"

"The Rufeng Sect has revealed so many matters regarding the cultivation world..."

"It was Xu Shuanglin who shook it. What does it have to do with Nangong Si? Besides, aren't all those secrets that were revealed, done by The Sect Leader. Nangong Si is one of the most injured people here? He learned that his mother had been killed by his father, and that he was not the perpetrator at all but a victim. He is a victim."

Xue Meng opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but Mo Ran did not say anything and waited for him to say something. In the end, Xue Meng just opened his mouth wide for a long time before bitterly closing it again.

He didn't know how to respond.

After a long while, he reluctantly asked, "Then what do you think it is?"

"First, to watch the show. With regards to the matter of the Rufeng Sect, it's too late for everyone to get excited just by looking at it. It's much more satisfying to bully a Young Master in distress than to bully a little beggar."

This was the same as in his previous life, Xue Meng. When the young phoenix was in a difficult situation, what kind of exclusion did he suffer?

Xue Meng did not know, but Mo Ran saw it clearly.

In order to not offend Emperor Taxian-Jun, no sect was willing to take him in, and no sect was willing to cooperate with him. He had gone through all sorts of hardships, begging all the leaders of all sizes to join hands and overthrow Mo Ran before he did anything even more crazy.

It was the first year of Mo Ran's accession to the throne.

Xue Meng ran for nine years and lobbied for nine years, but no one listened to him. In the end, the only person who was willing to give him a place to stay was Kunlun Treading Snow Palace, and the only person who was willing to help him was Mei Hanxue.

Mo Ran rejoiced that the Xue Meng of his life would no longer need to suffer such humiliation.

Xue Meng was completely oblivious, so he asked, "Then what about the second item?"

"The second thing is to think that he is acting on behalf of the heavens."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know what our descendant, the Tianyin Pavilion, will do when it comes to dealing with felons in the cultivation world?"

"Let's make it public for now, let's hang ourselves for three days and three nights." Xue Meng muttered, "Why are you asking me this? It's not like you

haven't seen it before. When you just arrived at the peak of death, there was already a felon who was sentenced to death. You saw it during the execution, but you were really timid then. After reading it, you were so scared that you had a fever. It lasted for four to five days before it subsided..."

Mo Ran smiled, and after a while he said, "There's nothing I can do about it. That was the first time I saw someone digging for spiritual cores."

"What are you afraid of? It's not like someone will dig up your Spiritual Core."

Mo Ran said, "The world is unpredictable."

Xue Meng was a little taken aback. He lifted his hand to probe Mo Ran's forehead. "There's no fever. Why are you saying such silly things?"

"I dreamt that someone's sword would pierce my chest, and a few more inches and my heart and spiritual core would be destroyed."

"..." Xue Meng was speechless. He waved his hand and said, "Forget it. Although you are quite annoying, you are still my cousin. I will be the first one to unceremoniously dig out your spiritual core."

Mo Ran then laughed. His pitch-black pupils could not see the bottom. There was light, there was shadow, light and shadow, his thoughts were endless.

Why did he mention Xue Meng's Tianyin Pavilion?

Perhaps Xue Meng hadn't noticed it at all, but those faces had left a rich and colorful reflection in the heart of Mo Ran back then.

He remembered it was a woman, in her twenties, very young.

Men, women, elders, children, cultivators, commoners, everything was gathered in front of the plaza of the Tianyin Pavilion. All of them raised their heads and looked at the woman on the platform who was bound by the three magical artifacts, Immortal-Binding Ropes, Soul Locking Lock, and Demon Subduing Chain.

"Isn't this Madam Lin?"

"She's only just married into a famous family, what crime did she commit? She actually alarmed the Tianyin Pavilion..."

"Don't you know? She was the one who set the fire in the Zhao Family! She killed her husband!"

"Ahh..." When the surrounding people heard this, they all sucked in a breath of cold air. Someone asked, "Why is she so frustrated? I hear her husband is very nice to her."

Whispering amongst themselves, the Tianyin Pavilion's master leisurely walked onto the platform. He first greeted the audience with the sect scroll and then unhurriedly opened the sect scroll to read out the crime of this woman surnamed Lin.

The offense was very long, and he read it for less than an hour.

In other words, this woman surnamed Lin was not the young miss of the Zhao family that was going to marry her. She was just a substitute, a puppet wearing a human mask. Her real purpose in approaching Young Master Zhao was to commit murder for personal grievances. The lady who was originally going to marry into the Zhao Family had long become Miss Lin's target.

"What a great show, a leopard exchanging for a crown prince." In the end, the Tianyin Pavilion master commented righteously, "However, the Heaven's Net is always the same. Miss Lin, it is time for you to tear off your mask and let everyone have a good look at your original appearance."

The human skin mask was torn off in public and thrown to the ground like a snake's skin.

Under the messy hair of the woman on the stage, another pale and flirtatious face could be seen. The disciples of the Tianyin Pavilion stroked their chin, showing him off to them.

The audience immediately burst into an uproar. Someone shouted, "What a vicious woman!"

"Killing an innocent young miss and causing the destruction of the Rong family just because of his personal grudge?"

"Beat her to death!"

"Cut out her eyes!"

"Ling Chishe! Cut off her skin inch by inch!"

The crowd was made up of separate people, but in the end they grew the same heads, like a slow, lackluster beast whose tail doesn't grow, slobbering, growling, and growling.

This ugly thing probably thought of itself as a auspicious beast. It could represent the Azure Sun and the Moon, and it could represent the Emperor's afterlife. Standing in this world, it was fair and upright.

The screams became louder and louder as they scratched Mo Ran ears of the youths. He was shocked by their anger, like a woman who had died in vain, or a Young Master Zhao who had never lived in this world before, but now they were all their own relatives, friends, sons, mistresses. They wished that they could personally avenge their friends, family, and their sons, and their mistresses, and that they could tear up that sinner with the surname Lin alive.

Mo Ran blankly opened his eyes wide and said in a daze, "A conviction... isn't that supposed to be decided by the Tianyin Pavilion?"

Xue Zhengyong then consoled him, "Don't be afraid, Ran'Er. It was decided by the Tianyin Pavilion. Everyone just can't stand watching it happen. They were all speaking on the surface. In the end, the Tianyin Pavilion would of course judge them according to the instructions of the Divine Martial Realm. It will be fair, don't worry."

However, things did not go as Xue Zhengyong said. The crowd's cheers were getting more and more crazy and exaggerated.

"This bitch! Killing the innocent! How could he let his die so easily? Pavilion master Mu! You are the Justice Division of the cultivation world, so you must

properly judge her, giving him ten times or even a hundred times the pain! Let him have good results! and get what you deserve!"

"First, tear his mouth to pieces, pull out his teeth one by one, and cut his tongue into countless pieces!"

"Spread mud on her! After it was dried, it was torn off, and a layer of skin was attached to it! Now, if he were to pour chili concoction all over his body, the pain would kill her!" "Kill her!"

The brothel's bawd came to watch the commotion. He knocked on the melon seeds and then giggled sweetly, "Aiya, tear off his clothes. Shouldn't this kind of person be naked? Put snakes in his groin, stuffed loaches in his groin, and find a hundred men to take turns with her. That would be the right thing to do."

Were these people really angry because of their own righteousness?

When he was about to take Xue Zhengyong away from the grandstands, there was a loud bang from the stage. No one knew where in the crowd, but someone had thrown a detonator at the woman's feet, which was against the rules, but it was unknown if the people from the Tianyin Pavilion were able to stop it in time or if they did not want to stop it at all. The detonator exploded very quickly, causing the woman's leg to explode into a mess of blood and gore.

"Uncle!"

He was shaking too much, he was shaking too much...

"Alright!"

The crowd erupted into cheers and applause. The heroes were all clapping their hands in glee.

"Well fought! Punishment for evil and good! Again!"

"Who threw it? Don't throw things." The Tianyin Pavilion disciples shouted twice on the stage before they left with the crowd. All sorts of things were thrown down on the stage, including vegetables, stones, eggs, knives, and so on. Those people cast a barrier around themselves and stood to the side to watch; as long as it didn't immediately kill her, they wouldn't stop her.

The Tianyin Pavilion had always been valiant, and would not go against the masses.

As Mo Ran thought of this, he felt his heart stifled and didn't want to think about it anymore. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them again.

"Just watch, Xue Meng." If he insisted on not admitting that he was his Shizun's disciple, then he would completely lose his barrier in the cultivation world. "When the trip to Mount Flood Dragon is over, if they really did bring Nangong Si to the Tianyin Pavilion for questioning, you will see exactly the same scene as back then."

Xue Meng said, "But that year when the Tianyin Pavilion interrogated them, everyone was so angry because that woman had killed someone, so..."

"So with the knife in your hand, you can do whatever you want, right?" Mo Ran's mood turned increasingly heavier. There was still the latter half of the sentence that he did not say out loud.

How many people in this world, by the banner of "justice", are doing malicious things, venting the resentment in their lives, the madness, the shocking murderous intent in their chests, into such a place?

After finishing his tea, they chatted for a while. Seeing that the sun was setting, Xue Meng left.

Mo Ran walked to the window and took out Precious Chess that he had stored in his sleeves. He stared at it for a moment, then exerted some strength into his fingers and twisted them into ashes.

The wind had picked up, all the leaves were trembling, and so was the man at the window. He slowly raised his hand to cover his face. He was almost exhausted. After standing on the windowsill for a long time, he turned around and left. He walked into the depths of the room and was engulfed by darkness.

He sat in the dark room for a long time, thinking and thinking and thinking and thinking until his whole body was broken and broken and he really didn't know what to do, and he felt that there were some things he should have said, but they would have been even more disorderly and unmanageable.

What should he do?

He didn't know...

The more he thought about it, the more unwilling he became. The more he thought about it, the more confused he became.

He thought about the mastermind behind him.

He thought of the reverence and superstition the Tianyin Pavilion possessed in the cultivation world.

He thought of the woman they interrogated, her legs mangled.

Mo Ran paced around the room like a trapped beast, like a lunatic. The shadows of Taxian-Jun and Mo-zongshi appeared on his handsome face, one after the other.

In the end, he could not hold it in any longer and stood up.

He pushed the door open and walked out.

It was late at night.

Just as Chu Wanning was about to fall asleep, he heard someone knocking on the door. He opened the door and was stunned to see Mo Ran standing outside.

"Why are you here?"

Mo Ran felt like he was going crazy. He was going to be driven mad by the calamity that would descend at any moment. He summoned up his courage and was about to open his mouth to explain all this nonsense. But when he

looked at Chu Wanning's face, his courage was shattered into pieces, he became a pile of mud, he became selfish and weak.

"... Shizun... I can't sleep. Can I come in and take a seat?"

Chu Wanning stepped aside and Mo Ran entered the room, closing the door behind him. Perhaps it was because his restless aura was too thick, so thick that even if he didn't say anything, Chu Wanning could feel the anxiety in his heart. He asked, "Did something happen?"

Mo Ran didn't say anything. He silently looked at him for a while, then suddenly walked to the window and closed it with his hands.

"I..." The moment Mo Ran opened his mouth, his voice became hoarse and fierce. Suddenly, his state of mind surged up, encouraging him to go crazy. "I have something to tell you."

"About Xu Shuanglin?"

Mo Ran shook his head, hesitated, nodded again, then shook his head again.

The light from the lantern was reflected in his eyes, like snakes spitting out their tongues, scarlet red tongues twisting and twisting. His expression was too messy, and the light from his eyes was very sparse. Chu Wanning was startled for a moment, then he raised his hand, wanting to touch his face.

But as soon as his fingertips touched his face, Mo Ran suddenly closed his eyes. His eyelashes were trembling and his adam's apple was rolling as if he had been stung by a scorpion. He turned around and mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"..."

"Can you put out the lights?" Mo Ran said, "I can't say it when I see you."

Although Chu Wanning did not know what had happened, he had never seen Mo Ran like this before. It made his hair stand on end, as if something was about to fall and crush everyone below.

Chu Wanning did not say anything else and just stood there for a while before nodding. Mo Ran walked over to the candlestick and stared at it for a moment. Then, he raised his hand and extinguished the last bit of light.

The room was plunged into darkness.

However, Mo Ran had been staring at it for a long time. The shadow of a candle flame was still flickering in front of his eyes. It changed from orange yellow to colorful, from concrete to blurry.

He stood in place with his back facing Chu Wanning, but Chu Wanning did not rush him and waited for him to speak.

208. Shizun, are you sure you want me to hide under the bed?

Mo Ran tried to speak a few times, but all he could do was move his lips. His temples were throbbing, his blood was flowing wildly, and he felt that his blood was no longer hot, but cold, and icy.

As he struggled, even the tips of his fingers became a little cold.

"Shizun."

"..."

"Actually... I..." He finally opened his mouth, and as soon as he opened it, only three words came out before everything was thrown into chaos again.

Why did he say that?

That was all from his previous life. He had already killed himself at the Wu Mountain Hall. He had long since died. He was only carrying his memories from his previous life... why do you have to say it?

If he said it out loud, his conscience would be satisfied, but was this really the right choice?

How great it was to be like this now, Xue Meng would smile at him, Chu Wanning was his, his uncles and aunts were all alive, and so was Shi Mei... Nothing is more important than to be a fugitive for the rest of your life, even if you feel guilty for the rest of your life.

He did not want to destroy everything in front of him either.

But he felt that was what he should say.

Now, he was sure that the person behind the scenes must have experienced a rebirth.

He was the only one who could give some pointers to everyone else, so that they would all be prepared. This was his chance to atone for his sins. Perhaps the heavens let him die once, but he still retained his memories for this very moment. The reason was because at this very moment, there was someone who could stand out and stop this storm.

Even at the cost of his life.

Mo Ran closed his eyes. He was trembling, and moisture could be seen between his eyelashes.

He was not afraid of death. He had already died once, but there was actually something more terrifying than death in this world. He had had enough in his previous life, and that was why he chose to commit suicide in order to escape from it. All these years, especially since his death in this life, he had been running with all his might, trying to get rid of the invisible beast behind him, but now he was forced to a dead end.

Its talons dangled from his throat.

People had left their families and were scolding them for generations.

He wouldn't be able to escape... he wouldn't be able to escape...

Mo Ran cried silently, but his tears flowed down onto the ground.

He suppressed the trembling in his voice and said, "I'm sorry. I... I don't know how to begin. Actually... I..."

Suddenly, a pair of strong yet well-proportioned arms surrounded him.

Mo Ran suddenly opened his eyes and realized that it was Chu Wanning who had come over and hugged him from behind.

"If you don't want to say it, then don't say it." Chu Wanning's voice came from his back, "Everyone has their own secrets... and they do things wrong."

Mo Ran was stunned.

Chu Wanning understood.

He already understood... that's right, how could Chu Wanning not see through it? He had seen Mo Ran admit his mistake many times in fear, sincerely, fakely, unwillingly, and sincerely.

Although he did not know what kind of mistake Mo Ran had committed, he knew that Mo Ran must have wanted to confess something from the past, something that he did not want to say.

"Shizun..."

"If it bothers you, if you want to tell me, then say it. I'm here. But if you feel that it is very painful to say it out loud, then if you don't open your mouth, I won't pursue the matter. I know you'll never do the same thing again."

Mo Ran's Heart felt like it was being stabbed by a knife.

He shook his head slightly. No.

It's not as simple as you think. It's not that simple...

I didn't break a flower that I shouldn't have broken. I killed people, bled to death, and have ten thousand li of dried up bones. I destroyed half of the cultivation world, I destroyed you.

He collapsed again.

I have destroyed you, Chu Wanning!

Why did you comfort an executioner? Why did you comfort the man who stabbed himself in the heart, why did you ask me before you died to let myself go?

Why didn't you kill me back then?

He was trembling uncontrollably. Chu Wanning suddenly felt warm water dripping onto the back of his hand. He murmured, "Mo Ran..."

"I want to say it."

"Then tell me."

Mo Ran was a mess. He shook his head and said, "I... I don't know what to say."

His voice had been well controlled until now, when he finally choked up.

"Really... I really don't know how to begin..."

"Then don't say it." Chu Wanning let go of him and turned him around. In the dark night, he caressed his face, dodging Mo Ran. However, Chu Wanning still resolutely touched him, grabbing his face. What was moist was the tears that had flowed for a long time.

Chu Wanning said, "Don't say anymore."

"I..."

Suddenly, the fragrance of the begonias came so close to him, Chu Wanning kissed him. This seemed to be his first time taking the initiative to kiss Mo Ran, raw and clumsy. He stuck close to his lips and bit by bit opened his bitter mouth.

Chaos, uneasiness, madness.

Mo Ran didn't know why, but perhaps love was like an escape from all pain. After all, humans were similar to beasts. In intercourse, anything could be thrown to the back of their minds. In this desire, only joy was real.

For the helpless.

For those in desperate straits, let them rest for a moment.

No one said anything more. They kissed until they came to a spot where they could kiss. Chu Wanning could feel the desire of Mo Ran through his clothes. He hesitated for a moment before reaching out to touch him, but Mo Ran held his fingers tightly, turning them into ten interlaced fingers, "This is enough."

He held him in his arms. Only the person in front of him could suppress his pain.

It could cleanse his soul.

"There's no need to do anything else. This is sufficient..."

Chu Wanning raised his hand and caressed his face, feeling heartbroken for no reason, "Why are you so silly."

Mo Ran then grabbed his other hand, so both his hands were connected. He pressed his forehead, "It would have been better if I had been that silly earlier."

Seeing that he was unable to persuade him, and didn't know how to say anything softer, he could only clumsily rub his cheeks, the tip of his nose and finally lightly press against his lips.

When he was doing all this, even though his ears had turned red, he still tried his best to appear very calm and at ease. He took the initiative to kiss Mo Ran, to embrace him, to do things he was not used to doing in the past.

"Shizun..." Mo Ran dodged, but his breathing got heavier and heavier from his kiss, "I don't want it anymore... don't do that."

"You've always been the one to do this." Chu Wanning pulled his hand away and put it around his neck, "Today you will listen to me."

"Shizun..."

Chu Wanning looked at his watery eyes and patted the back of his head, feeling relieved and gentle, "Be good."

There were no lights, so they kissed and caressed each other against the wall. From tenderness to intensity, from intensity to thirst, from thirst to death, full of lust and urgency.

"Shizun... Wanning..."

Mo Ran kept calling out his name, pitying, loving, demented, and guilty.

As long as Chu Wanning gave him even the slightest bit of love, it would be the strongest love medicine in the world.

He finally stopped thinking about it. He pressed Chu Wanning against the wall, fiercely kissing and rubbing him. In the end, both of them were gasping for breath, their hearts pounding. He was in a frenzy, his eyes were red. Chu Wanning frowned and said, "Lantern..."

"Isn't it already gone?"

He continued to kiss him, kissing his ears and neck. He heard Chu Wanning whisper in his ear, "No, light it up..."

Mo Ran was stunned.

"I want to see you," Chu Wanning said.

The lights lit up.

The darkness was gone.

Chu Wanning's phoenix eyes were bright, clear, stubborn, and firm. His face was covered with a layer of lust, as if there was a layer of frost on it. However, his ears were red, filled with color.

He said, "I want to look at you."

Mo Ran suddenly felt his heart ache so much that he was on the verge of death. How could his dirty, battered and cold heart survive under such a gaze?

He hugged him, kissed him, and pressed Chu Wanning's hand against his chest, where his heart was beating.

He said, "Remember this position."

"..."

"If one day I am guilty of an unforgivable crime. Kill me, from here," Mo Ran muttered as he rubbed the tip of his nose against Chu Wanning's nose.

Chu Wanning was shocked, he stared at him in disbelief, "Do you know what you're saying?"

Mo Ran smiled, which contained Mo-zongshi's beauty and sincerity, as well as the evil spirit and madness of Taxian-Jun.

"My spiritual core was formed because of you and my heart is yours. If one day I have to die, both these things will belong to you, so that I can..."

He did not continue.

The never before shock and fear that had appeared in Chu Wanning's eyes made him unable to continue speaking.

Mo Ran finally lowered his eyes and said with a wry smile, "I was just teasing you. I just wanted to tell you."

He hugged him tightly.

He didn't know how many more opportunities he would get like this.

"Wanning..."

I love you, I want you, I can't leave you.

There were many things that he wanted to tell him, but just like what had happened in his previous life, he had no way to tell him.

Chu Wanning was still in a daze. He had no idea how many mistakes a person had to make to be able to say such words.

But when Mo Ran kissed him, his consciousness fell apart in the chaos. He wasn't someone who had such poor mental fortitude, and perhaps this wasn't the fault of Mo Ran's kiss. It was because he didn't want to think too deeply about it.

There was despair in passion, like a drop of boiling oil in a flame.

The entanglement later became primitive and crazy. Before he even reached the bed, he had already taken off more than half of his clothes. Chu Wanning was pressed down by Mo Ran on the bed.

His undergarments were quickly removed, Mo Ran buried himself in kissing him, sucking on him, occasionally raising his eyes to look at Chu Wanning who was lying under the light, slightly gasping for air with his head raised.

How many times had they been stuck together like this?

Twice? Once?

He was about to go to Mount Flood Dragon. Perhaps he could immediately meet the person behind the scenes. If that person really used his precious chess piece, then the only person who could quickly crack the formation would be him.

Then everything would come to an end.

However, while pestering him, he coaxed his Shizun and himself who was on the verge of despair. He said that there would be many, many more opportunities in the future.

They will always be together.

It was just like how, from night to day, he would bully him many times in the course of a night, sleeping and entangling with each other in a posture that was intertwined. At dawn, when the first rays of the morning sun shined, he would wake up in his gentleness, make love in the daytime between the beds, be filthy to the extreme, love to the extreme and reach the extreme.

Mo Ran held them together and stroked them and released them together.

Chu Wanning's phoenix eyes were filled with desire and mist. As Mo Ran, his mouth opened slightly to catch his breath, and his eyes gradually became blurry.

While he was still engrossed in his thoughts, he suddenly heard a knock on the door.

Chu Wanning snapped out of his daze, the color of his blood drained. Mo Ran immediately covered his mouth, not allowing him to make a sound. The room was quiet, but his other hand was still rolling around anxiously, stimulating him and the person in his embrace.

Chu Wanning wanted to shake his head, but the power of Mo Ran was too great. He could not move, and could only reveal a pair of phoenix eyes, feeling comfortable, painful, and resentful.

"Shizun, are you there?"

Hearing that sound, Chu Wanning became angrier and angrier as he glared at Mo Ran. He then lightly knocked on the bed.

Mo Ran swallowed his saliva, his adam's apple moved sexy, and his voice was low and hoarse. "I know, Xue Meng."

"Shizun?" After waiting for a while and seeing that no one agreed, Xue Meng muttered, "Strange, the lights are obviously on... Shizun?"

From the looks of it, Mo Ran was not going to pay any attention to him. He was still leaning on Chu Wanning, immersed in his love for him. It was too dark in the room, he even mistook the angry look in Chu Wanning's eyes for a moist wave of emotion.

"Shizun?"

The disciple outside did not plan to leave, nor did the disciple on the bed plan to stop. Chu Wanning was grinded by the two of them, so he bit on Mo Ran's finger, causing it to hurt. Only then did he move his hand away, with a trace of grievance in his eyes.

His voice was low, "You bit me so much..."

"Forget it." Chu Wanning took a deep breath, glared at him, and said to the door, "I'm already in bed, what's the matter?"

"Ah, nothing, nothing." Xue Meng said, "It's me... I can't sleep, but I have something on my mind that I want to tell Shizun..."

His voice gradually grew softer, and one could almost imagine Phoenix's head drooping outside the door.

Chu Wanning: "..."

What was going on? How come one or two of them had something on their minds tonight?

Chu Wanning was worried, he patted Mo Ran on his body and whispered, "Get up, quickly get dressed."

Mo Ran's eyes opened wide, looking like a dog as he asked, "You want him to come in?"

"His voice doesn't sound right..."

"What about me?"

"..." Although Chu Wanning was embarrassed, he still said, "Put on your clothes and hide under the bed."

## 209. Shizun, isn't it exciting?!

Mo Ran also choked. Xue Meng was really powerful. After such a ruckus, how could he not talk about the haze from his previous life? His mind was filled with rage and resentment.

He could not understand why Xue Meng would come to talk to Chu Wanning at this time – was he that free?

However, he could not force Chu Wanning, so he pushed himself up and looked under the bed, then stood up and kissed him, saying, "No."

"You..."

"Don't be angry, it's not like I'm not going to listen to you. But the bed is too low for me to go in."

Chu Wanning: "..."

"There is no wardrobe in this room, and there is only one window facing the door. I have nowhere else to go, so just let him go."

Chu Wanning thought about it and agreed, "Whatever it is, we can talk about it tomorrow. I'm about to go to sleep."

"Just sit down for a while, okay?" Xue Meng's voice was aggrieved and moist, and seemed to have a faint voice. "Shizun, my mind is really a little messy. There are some things that I want to ask you directly."

"..."

"Otherwise I won't be able to sleep until tomorrow."

Mo Ran was extremely annoyed by his soft pleading. He also wanted to know what exactly Xue Meng had to say tonight.

He stood up, looked around, and suddenly thought of a way. He whispered to Chu Wanning, and Chu Wanning's face immediately darkened by half, "You... this is ridiculous."

"Then let him go."

Chu Wanning wanted to say something, but he stopped himself when he heard the rustling sound of Xue Meng kicking leaves outside the door. Thinking that it was very rare for Xue Meng to insist on pestering him like this, Chu Wanning cursed under his breath. He pushed Mo Ran away and said, "Next time... in addition, hide all the clothes on the ground and don't leak them out."

Xue Meng waited outside for a while, but Chu Wanning did not agree. Even though it was hard to bear, he still insisted on calling out, "Shizun?"

"... I heard it. Come in."

The moment he entered, he frowned. This room seemed to have a faint, indescribable smell, but it was too faint. He could not tell what exactly this smell was. In short, he smelled somewhat familiar.

The thick curtain on his bed had been drawn down, covering the scene inside. Hearing the sound of Xue Meng entering, he lifted up the curtain and revealed a drowsy sleeping face. His eyes were half closed, as if he had just woken up and were still sleepy.

Xue Meng was slightly embarrassed as he mumbled, "Shizun, I'm sorry to disturb your sleep."

"No problem, sit down."

Xue Meng sat at the table.

Chu Wanning asked, "What do you want to tell me?"

"I..." Xue Meng seemed very conflicted. After he went back home, he thought about it carefully and suddenly remembered why the necklace on Mo Ran's neck looked so familiar. On his way to the Rufeng Gate, Mo Ran had bought one for Chu Wanning.

At that time, Mo Ran had personally told him that it was the last one.

The more he thought about it, the weirder it felt and the more uneasy he became. He was someone who could not hide his thoughts, wandering between words and suffering. In the end, he couldn't hold it in anymore and came to this place.

However, facing Chu Wanning's gaze, Xue Meng hesitated. He really did not know how to express his doubt.

After brewing for a long time, Xue Meng finally said in a muffled voice, "Shizun, do you feel that Mo Ran... is acting a little bit weird?"

Upon hearing these words, both Chu Wanning and Mo Ran's heart skipped a beat.

Chu Wanning's expression did not change as he asked, "...What's wrong?"

"Did Shizun not feel it?" It was difficult for Xue Meng to say anything. After hesitating for a while, he finally threw caution to the wind and bit the bullet, "I feel like he is... uh... he's particularly interested in pleasing Shizun."

Xue Meng naturally did not dare to say "in pursuit of Shizun", but he stole a glance at Chu Wanning, his eyes were full of worry and fear.

Chu Wanning said, "... Why do you say that?"

"Actually, today I..." It was hard to get down from the tiger's back, so Xue Meng braced himself and said, "Today... I saw something on his neck."

Mo Ran, who was hidden behind the bed curtains, was startled. He raised his hand to touch the crystal pendant hanging around his neck, and his expression slightly changed.

Chu Wanning didn't have time to react when Xue Meng saw something. He just frowned and looked at him, waiting for him to continue. He waited for a while and before Xue Meng could say anything, a big, warm hand touched his leg.

The color in Chu Wanning's eyes suddenly changed. he thought that Mo Ran was going to do something ridiculous, so he took advantage of Xue Meng's inattention and looked towards the depths of the bed which was covered by the curtain. he saw Mo Ran pointing at his chain, using his mouth to remind him.

Chu Wanning understood everything in an instant.

He thought for a moment and said, "Did you see the exact same chain as me on Mo Ran?"

"No, no, no, I didn't mean anything else!" Xue Meng was anxious and embarrassed. He quickly waved his hand and said, "I just think it's a little strange, I..."

"It's fine. I was the one who gave him that chain."

"Ah, Shizun returned it to him?"

"If you don't feel comfortable wearing it, you'll return it."

Xue Meng immediately let out a sigh of relief, his pale face finally had some color to it. He smiled, "He already told me what happened. At that time, he clearly told me that it was the last one. I thought he..."

He tossed and turned so many times that in the end, he simply slapped his forehead and said dejectedly, "Shizun, pretend I didn't say anything. My mouth is so stupid I don't know how to explain it. Ai, I am such a fool."

Chu Wanning didn't know how to lie, so he didn't know how to answer him. In fact, there were many things that went against one's conscience. With just a few casual words, he could completely forget about the relationship between Mo Ran and himself. What Xue Meng had was just this one sentence.

As long as Chu Wanning said "no", even if the truth was out in front of Xue Meng, he would still choose to believe in his Shizun. However, it was this complete trust that made Chu Wanning unable to say anything, so he could only silently watch Xue Meng deceived in front of him, scratching his head and sighing.

He didn't want to be too harsh with his words.

Looking at Xue Meng, he couldn't stop apologizing. He couldn't stop saying that he was too stupid and had gone forward recklessly. Chu Wanning suddenly felt pained and guilty. Although his expression did not change much, it was still as calm as before. He said slowly, "Xue Meng..."

Xue Meng suddenly stopped talking, waiting for him to speak.

What should he say?

He couldn't just say, "I'm sorry. I hope that you will not be disappointed with me in the end, and that you will always be willing to acknowledge me as your Shizun?" These words were too soft, too greasy, and too cruel.

What right did he have to ask Xue Meng to be willing to acknowledge him no matter what happened? People would face separation, separation, growth and transformation, just like bamboo shoots being pulled up high. Sooner or

later, the outer layer of bamboo shoot clothes would peel off, turning yellow and turning into mud.

Xue Meng's life still had many decades, and there weren't many people who could accompany another person through these decades. The past, the old people, will become the snake slough, bamboo clothes.

Xue Meng, who was waiting left and right, could not wait for the next part. He uneasily opened his round eyes and muttered, "Shizun?"

"Nothing." Chu Wanning said flatly, "I felt that you were thinking too much and wanted to ask Elder Greed for two bottles of Yan Mo Xiang Lu."

Xue Meng, "..."

"Anything else?"

Xue Meng thought for a moment, then said, "Yes."

"What?"

"Does Shizun really plan on taking him in as a disciple?" Xue Meng had been holding back this matter in his heart for a while. "Then... then won't he become my Eldest Senior Brother?"

"... You care about that?"

"Yes." Xue Meng, somewhat embarrassed, rubbed the corner of his shirt. "I was the first before. If you count him then I..."

Seeing him like this, the haze in Chu Wanning's heart lessened a bit, and he couldn't help but smile.

Xue Meng loved to act coquettishly with Madam Wang when he was young, and after Mo Ran came, he also loved to play with Mo Ran in front of his parents.

"There's no difference, it's all still the same."

"That's not good enough. I don't want him to be the eldest senior brother. Although he was the first to be accepted, he was admitted by Shizun the latest! I don't mind him entering the sect, but can't you make him the last position so that he's a junior disciple or something?" Xue Meng was very serious about this. "In the future, I will call him Junior brother Nangong Si."

"...As you wish."

Xue Meng became even happier. Now that he was happy, he actually didn't want to leave anymore.

The more he waited on the bed, the more agitated he became. He thought to himself, "Why is this guy still talking so much? Why isn't he leaving?"

Xue Meng did not want to leave. Xue Meng said, "I also have something that I want to ask Shizun."

"Yes." Chu Wanning, on the other hand, was indifferent. "Go ahead."

Mo Ran: "..."

"It was Mo Ran who told me today that Shizun had promised to give him a handkerchief..."

Chu Wanning asked, "About that... Yeah it's true, but I haven't made one yet. Do you want one too?"

Xue Meng's eyes immediately lit up. "Can I have one too?"

"I had intended to give each one of you one." Chu Wanning said, "I was just busy all along, so I was delayed."

Hearing this, Xue Meng was pleasantly surprised, while Mo Ran was completely stunned.

No... he wasn't the only one?

Mo Ran felt wronged at that moment. However, Chu Wanning had his face turned to the side as he chatted with Xue Meng. He didn't notice Mo Ran's unsettled expression at all.

The more Mo Ran thought about it, the more upset he felt. Even though he knew there was nothing between the two of them, he still felt a lot of unhappiness in his heart.

"Du Rewen is difficult to sew. If you want Du Ruwen, I'll go ask Madam Wang later."

"Hard to sew?" Xue Meng was stunned for a moment. "Then won't it be troublesome? It's hard enough to hurt Shizun. Is Shizun that good at sewing?"

"... Actually, all kinds of flower and bird ornaments are not very good materials to sew with." Chu Wanning felt a little awkward. he coughed lightly and said, "The best way to sew something is through the Great Perception Scripture."

"...?"

Chu Wanning said, "When I was young... at the Beidu Temple... Huai Zhui taught me."

He hadn't even finished speaking when his brows suddenly knit together. His expression changed slightly as he suddenly pursed his lips.

Xue Meng was stunned. "Shizun, what's wrong?"

"..." Chu Wanning seemed to hesitate for a moment before saying, "Nothing, is there anything else?"

"Yeah, there's one more thing, but I forgot it all of a sudden. Let me think..." Xue Meng lowered his head and thought again. After he lowered his eyes, Chu Wanning gasped for breath, unable to hold it in anymore. He glared at the person in the depths of the bed with fury in his eyes.

Mo Ran's original intention was for Chu Wanning to rush Xue Meng to leave as soon as possible, but as he looked back, the corner of his eyes turned red and he could not resist. Suddenly, a fire started burning in his heart.

He was a possessive person who was very barbaric and primitive in a certain aspect. The only reason he restrained himself was because he loved Chu

Wanning too much, and felt too guilty. The love and guilt were like shackles around his neck, preventing him from doing anything excessive on his bed.

But at this moment, the shackles on his neck were broken off due to frustration and jealousy. His moist black eyes silently and dangerously stared at Chu Wanning for a while, then he suddenly did something rash.

He bent over and crawled into the blanket at a distance away from Xue Meng's sight, he couldn't be seen by the curtain that was covering half of the bed. Then, he climbed up along Chu Wanning's long and sturdy legs.

It was dark all around, and the bedclothes blotted out all the light, making the senses all the more irritating. He could clearly feel that Chu Wanning was trembling slightly. Suddenly, he stopped his shoulders with his hands. His fingers were burning hot as he grabbed his sturdy shoulders and pushed him to the side.

This was the only thing Chu Wanning could do to stop him from getting out of bed.

On the contrary, Mo Ran had the desire to tear him apart.

Xue Meng was still talking, but whatever he said was not important. Mo Ran only listened absentmindedly, and when he heard him say, "It doesn't matter what Shizun is working on, I'll like it". Mo Ran became even more furious. His breath was already at the sensitive point of Chu Wanning, he knew where his pitiful desire was, but he did not touch it.

He leaned over his face and his eyelashes moved. He kissed the skin on the inside of Chu Wanning's thigh, sucking and licking, leaving traces of kiss marks that were destined to fade eventually.

Chu Wanning trembled even more. He must be regretting his decision to leave Mo Ran behind. His fingernails dug deep into Mo Ran's shoulder, but they couldn't stop the madman.

"Shizun, are you listening?"

"Hmm..."

Mo Ran was waiting. His lips were lingering near Chu Wanning's desire, his hot and humid breath stalking the other's dick. He was waiting for a crazy and exciting opportunity.

Xue Meng asked about something that didn't matter to him, and Mo Ran didn't mind so he didn't hear it clearly. However, Chu Wanning had to answer him. The instant he opened his mouth, Mo Ran moved closer to him under the blanket, almost greedily sucking him in.

"... !"

Chu Wanning was tightened in an instant. His adam's apple moved, his fingers had grabbed onto Mo Ran's flesh, but Mo Ran did not care. He was excited by Chu Wanning's reaction, excited by the feelings they shared in the dark. He knew Chu Wanning was patient, and even if he pulled his pants down and went inside, he would not make a sound, so Mo Ran did not care.

Of course, he also knew that although Chu Wanning was reluctant, his pleasure was real, his dick was hard and hot, the full and round tip was right against his throat. It wasn't the most pleasant taste, but when he took it this deep, he sucked sweetly like it was the best thing ever.

Chu Wanning was deeply stimulated. However, he could only answer Xue Meng's questions with patience and repression. His endurance, whether in this life or the last one, were equally amazing.

Chu Wanning restrained himself to answer Xue Meng's questions.

He could actually suppress it very well, only that his voice was a little slower than usual, and his speech a little slower. As for the rest, if it wasn't for the fact that Mo Ran was currently on his bed, it would simply be impossible to believe that this man was enjoying such extreme joy and excitement.

In the end, Xue Meng nodded and said, "I understand."

"If you know, then go back quickly." Chu Wanning said, "Don't let your imagination run wild, it's not too late."

Xue Meng stood up and said, "Then Shizun, I'm leaving. Should I turn off the lights for Shizun?"

"... Alright."

Coincidentally, it was a deep throat, so Chu Wanning opened his mouth slightly but did not let out a sound. But he frowned, his eyelashes trembling, his face slightly flushed.

Xue Meng hesitated. "Shizun, are you having a fever?"

"... No."

"But why is your face a little red?" Worried, Xue Meng didn't think too much about it. He raised his hand to probe Chu Wanning's forehead as he got up.

This was something Chu Wanning had never expected. On one hand, he was forced to do this sort of thing with Mo Ran, and on the other, his forehead was touched by his disciple who had no idea what was going on. Xue Meng's gaze was filled with concern, but underneath the bed, he was sucked by Mo Ran, the warm mouth was wrapped around him, imitating the action of penetration. The pleasure was almost extinguished and the sense of humiliation almost drowned him. He had to use every bone and inch of flesh to restrain himself from letting out a gasp or groan.

"It's not that hot either..." Xue Meng muttered, "Shizun, do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

Mo Ran thought, uncomfortable? How can he not feel good? Your Shizun is probably going to die from pleasure. It's you who is standing here that's making him uncomfortable, I could let him feel even better.

While his heart was heavy with gloom, Chu Wanning finally sent Xue Meng away. Xue Meng was very diligent. He extinguished the lamp for his Shizun and bid him farewell before walking out.

Hearing the sound of the door closing, Chu Wanning went mad with anger. He threw aside the quilt that had been wrapped around his black hair and

forced him to come over. Then, he slapped him lightly in the face and scolded in the dark in a low voice, "You bastard... ugh!"

Mo Ran responded to his urgent gasps, his blurred black eyes. Most men were beasts in front of desire, and when they went to bed with someone they loved, they were like beasts who had taken sexual medicine. Mo Ran felt no pain from being hit by him, and instead grabbed his hand and pressed it to the bed, then tore at his last clothes. Both of them could not help but groan as their skin and skin came into contact.

Mo Ran didn't say much, and his eyes looked somewhat crazed. His lower body was hard to the point it hurt, and his tip was smeared with his own liquid. He rubbed himself against Chu Wanning's belly drunkenly. The foul liquid made it wet and sticky.

Only then did he bully Chu Wanning as much as he wanted to when he was under the blanket, the fire burning in him just as strongly. Chu Wanning stopped holding himself back from moaning and let out a sound. Mo Ran also stopped holding back from letting himself lift Chu Wanning's legs and insert his cock inside his thighs.

His muscles were tense, he kissed him fiercely, he rubbed around without thinking. He just wanted to be inside him, he wanted to burn his heart. His primitive nature drove him to get inside, he wanted to conquer him thoroughly, tear him apart, make him bear him, accept him, huff him, be done by him and become his man.

"Get up... baby, get up..." He murmured, "Quick, I can't stand it any longer, it's so tight..."

While the last light of reason had not disappeared and Mo Ran kept murmuring, he pulled Chu Wanning up and thrust his dick between his thighs like he did last time, striking fiercely and rubbing in.

He hit so hard that his chest was sweating and his eyes were bright with lust.

He held Chu Wanning's waist, feeling more and more discontented and energetic because of the scratching of his boots. He did not say too many dirty words. Every time the hot genitals smashed past Chu Wanning's private parts, they ran over, and the pubic hair hit his strands. Knocking on the buttocks.

Chu Wanning was distracted by his bump, but his other hand was not properly explored, holding the tip in front of him, rubbing and moving.

"Ah..."

Mo Ran bit him on the shoulder and licked the mark left there. Then he whispered, "Don't shout, the walls here are thin, I'm afraid Xue Meng didn't go that far yet."

Chu Wanning didn't say a word after that. His eyes were covered with mist. He was pleased by Mo Ran on the bed, and he was subjected to the vicious impact of the knife edge repeatedly. The huge, tough and terrible thing came in and out between his legs nonstop. He dared not imagine how it would feel when it would be inside. He trembled slightly...

In fact, Chu Wanning was tossed and came three times in the evening. In the end, his consciousness was scattered. He remembered that he held the man tightly, kissed and lingered, and felt heartache for no reason.

Chu Wanning kissed him, the gesture is still clumsy, but Mo Ran could not withstand the stimulation. He let out a chaotic gasp: "Don't touch me..."

Chu Wanning was shocked.

Not touch him?

Who induced him?

It was funny and helpless. Chu Wanning said, "Then I can't do anything but leave it to you?"

Mo Ran came over and kissed his ears. "Just let me do it."

There was still a tinge of bitterness in his tone, and under his nose, the wind and rain were coming. The room was very dark, but Chu Wanning raised his eyes and clearly saw the constraint of Mo Ran's burning eyes.

He didn't know what to make of it. Chu Wanning suddenly had a fever in his brain. Before Mo Ran could react, he turned over and sat on his solid waist, holding Mo Ran's hands and looking down at him.

Mo Ran was slightly startled: "Shizun, you..."

Chu Wanning did not say a word, Phoenix eyes bright, earlobes burning red: "Today I told you to listen to me, this sentence I have no ambition."

Then he slowly rose and lowered down. Mo Ran watched his movements closely. His scalp was numb and his blood was rushing around his body. He said, "Don't mess around. If you... you won't be able to make it tomorrow."

But Chu Wanning pretended to be deaf. When this person is stubborn, he really does his own thing, without taking other people's words in mind.

On the one hand, he longed very much for Chu Wanning to ride on his own initiative and sit on it. On the other hand, he was very unwilling for him to do such a thing at this time. He knew that once he went in and endured it for so long, it would never be possible to quit just once.

In fact, looking back on his last life, either day and night lingering, has he ever been able to withstand doing it only once? On the craziest night, the night he gave Chu Wanning aphrodisiacs, he tortured the man who kept moaning all night almost nonstop.

He didn't come until the end, but he wasn't satisfied and refused to quit, so he stuffed himself into Chu Wanning's inner walls, which were wet and contracted.

He was grinding with his legs, his lips and tongue lingering, he inserted himself within him, and spoke in his ear a blush of heartbeat.

"Are you happy?"

"Shizun, you're still sucking me down here."

"Have you satisfied yourself with all that ejaculation?" At that time, he even forced Chu Wanning to bow his head to see where they were connected.

Then he extended his hand gently to touch Chu Wanning's tight lower abdomen and said slowly and hoarsely, "You have all my semen in your stomach. What should you do?"

He spoke those absurd words, his eyes full of lust, the breath of beasts.

"Will the shizun be pregnant with this one's child? Hmm?"

He stood up inside again, and the sticky loving liquid he had released many times before seeped out from the entrance where they were connected because of this action.

The drug was still in effect. Mo Ran looked at the man in his arms, on his shivering sour and soft, gently humming, and couldn't help but look darker. In the end, it was unbearable. He began to play tricks on him one by one to please him.

At that time, he could not resist being emperor of the mortal world.

His desire for Chu Wanning has always been so strong that he only wanted to find a room to lock him up. Every day he did nothing, when nobody wanted to see him, he only focused on making love with Chu Wanning. Let Chu Wanning lie on his stomach to be dried by him, against the wall to be dried by him, lie on the bed and break off his long legs to be dried by him, ride on his body and be repeatedly pulled in.

It was good to see that Chu Wanning was fucked into murmuring aphasia, crying and begging for mercy, and his sexual organs were injected uncontrollably with love liquids. It was good not to come out of Chu Wanning's body at all in this life. That's the ultimate joy in the world.

Mo Ran knows his heart's lava-like animal desire. His throat was gathering saliva and his black eyes kept staring at Chu Wanning. It was a warning and a plea: "Shizun, don't do this..."

"Then I'll do something else." Chu Wanning's cheeks were hot, but his eyes were stubborn.

Before Mo Ran had the time to think about what else he said, he bent down and buried himself with him. He moved very fast. He did not give Mo Ran the chance to refuse, nor did he give himself time to hesitate.

He held Mo Ran's burning, ferocious cock.

"Ah..."

Mo Ran's abdomen was tense and his spine was lightning-stricken. He closed his eyes instinctively from pleasure, and then threaded his fingers into Chu Wanning's long hair curtain. His big, well-knit hands held the back of Chu Wanning's head tightly, and his muscular chest fluctuated violently.

"Wanning..."

Tears oozed from the corners of his eyes. Was it pleasure or gratitude?

Was it pain or pleasure?

It was not clear anymore.

His sexual organs was strong and swollen in the love of the population, and the muscles and roots were clear. They are extremely violent, fearful and aggressive.

Chu Wanning could not accommodate such a big thing at all, but he still imitated what Mo Ran did to him, licking on the tip. Shame made him tremble all over, but love made his chest warm again. He tried his best to contain the huge glans and stems, but half of them, he had withstood the throat, the hot touch and light. He was almost nauseated by the slight stinging.

Mo Ran was so distressed that he busily said to Chu Wanning, "Baobei, no need, just..."

Before he had finished, he could not help groaning.

Because Chu Wanning stubbornly refused to accept defeat, even in bed, he began to move, began to suck and suck... Mo Ran was not a short practise man, but when he became Taxian-Jun, he was even more not so.

But Chu Wanning could lie in his crotch, kiss him, suck him. His eyes pale and dark, sometimes colorful and sometimes empty.

And it was the most exciting thing for him.

Mo Ran uncontrollably tilted his head back slightly and gasped in a low voice. His slender and symmetrical arms could not help touching Chu Wanning's long hair, making a sexy and blazing muffled groan.

His Wanning, his shizun...

Beidou Immortal.

The most beautiful man in the world...

Someone as innocent as Chu Wanning was willing to do such a thing for him.

No aphrodisiacs, no coercion.

It's all by his own will...

Mo Ran's eyes were moist and his dark eyelashes trembled slightly.

It was a wish of the Sui Dynasty.

Chu Wanning's skill wasn't good, his technique wasn't good, and sometimes even his teeth didn't pay attention to him, but he almost uncontrollably surrendered to Chu Wanning's stimulation. At last, when came, there were tears in the corners of his eyes.

He held Chu Wanning in his arms and kissed him. He only felt so heartbroken, but it's so warm and painful.

"Wanning..." Over and over he whispered in his ear, "Wanning..."

Chu Wanning looked at him with a moist black phoenix glance because of his desire, then drooped his eyelashes because of shame. After a while, he asked in a husky voice, "Did you like it?"

A word of tenderness, into the flesh and blood.

The pain was especially deep.

Mo Ran hugged him tightly and said slowly, "I liked it."

Chu Wanning's ear became more and more red, he got approval, and no longer spoke.

Mo Ran couldn't help himself and stroked his hair. He whispered, "Just like you... I love you the most... Wanning."

No one in the world is better than you.

Nobody but you can touch my heart any more.

Shizun.

I love you so much.