

THE MOST GENEROUS MASTER EVER Chapter 145

Zhao Wan'er held Little Linglong's hand and said thoughtfully, "So far, the only person in our sect who can compare to Senior Sister is Eldest Senior Brother. Other than that, the cultivation of the others has long been left far behind by Senior Sister. I believe it won't be long before Senior Sister can enter the Five Realms. I wonder how many experts on Mount Yun Ding will reach level nine of Infinite Distance?"

Zhao Wan'er was a little worried. Her worry did not come out of thin air.

There were many outstanding youths in this generation of the Eastern Wasteland, excluding those geniuses from immortal holy lands.

On the surface, there were experts like Heavenly Lake's He Wushuang, Jake-Lake's Fuyao, Zhulu Academy's Gu Haitang, and the Supreme Hall's Lu Yan who was defeated by Lin Qingzhu last time.

These people were definitely not weak, and their luck would not be bad. If Lin Qingzhu could reach this realm, they definitely could as well. Perhaps someone even more terrifying had already broken through to Five Realms.

Therefore, other than Daoist Xuantian's Dao discussion on Mount Yun Ding back then, this year... could be said to be the most competitive year.

Unlike Daoist Xuantian's suppression of the crowd back then, Lin Qingzhu was under a lot of pressure this time. It was easier said than done to climb to the top of the ranks in the discussion.

Her analysis made sense. Ye Qiu nodded in relief and said, "Qingzhu, are you feeling pressured?"

Lin Qingzhu's gaze was firm as she said, "Master, I'm confident that I definitely won't lose."

"Okay."

Ye Qiu smiled faintly. Then, he looked at Little Linglong and said, "Linglong, when we get there later, you can play freely. Don't have any scruples. If anything happens, Master will take responsibility for it. If you see anyone you don't like, just kill them. How about clearing the obstacles for your senior sister and helping her reach the top?"

When Little Linglong heard this, she immediately became excited. She waved her little fists and said innocently, "Alright, I want to beat them to death and protect Senior Sister."

Little Linglong, who originally had no interest, was instantly revived by Ye Qiu's words.

Lin Qingzhu and Zhao Wan'er did not doubt this little fellow's valiant combat strength at all. They couldn't help but worry for those people. Would they be beaten up by her with a hammer and never be able to rise again? After all, being beaten down by a five or six-year-old child was actually quite hurtful to a person's pride.

They would be too ashamed to face anyone.

At this moment, the largest mountain in the Eastern Wasteland stood in the center of the Hundred Thousand Mountains like a pillar.

At the foot of the mountain, there was a sea of people and it was exceptionally lively.

This was Mount Yun Ding, a mountain that had existed since the beginning of the world. Just like the cornerstone of the Eastern Wasteland, it had been passed down for thousands of years.

At the top of the mountain lies a huge square, and there were many stone statues. They were the stone statues of the previous Mount Yun Ding's champion.

As more and more people arrived, the scene became especially lively. Many people began to discuss.

Before Mount Yun Ding opened, everyone could only stand at the foot of the mountain and sigh as they looked at this majestic mountain.

“Which peerless expert do you think will stand out from the thousands of competitors this year?”

“I don’t know. I think... that Heavenly Saint, He Wushuang, has a higher chance.”

“No, no, no. Don’t forget that a month ago, that fairy from Jake-Lake seemed to have inherited the Jake-Lake Fairy’s inheritance. Her strength has advanced by leaps and bounds. I think her chances are higher.”

“Haha... Jake-Lake’s Fairy is indeed powerful, but... I think that the head disciple of the Sword Immortal is stronger.”

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone immediately discussed.

Back then, in the Land of Silence, many people had seen Lin Qingzhu’s shocking sword move. It was quite similar to Ye Qiu’s swordsmanship.

In terms of swordsmanship, the Heaven Mending Sect’s Violet Cloud Peak’s head disciple seemed to be one in a million sword geniuses. Back then, Daoist Xuantian won the championship with a single strike and stunned an era.

In Ye Qiu’s era, he didn’t participate in the Mount Yun Ding. However, everyone did not forget that his title as the White-Robed Sword Immortal was created by him. And not just for show. He might be a vegetarian, but his sword wasn’t.

Everyone discussed among themselves, and the discussion was extremely intense.

“Ever since the previous Heaven Mending Sect’s Daoist Xuantian won the championship, there was an era of desolation, there weren’t a lot of experts produced at that time.”

“I hope that this year, a peerless genius will appear.”

Just as they were discussing, a faint light passed by and a breeze slowly blew over.

Everyone turned around and saw a few figures flashing past on the cloud. A sage-like old man appeared with a group of people behind him.

Everyone was shocked to see the old man.

“This... is actually the top-notch Paragon expert of the Heavenly Lake Holy Land, Perfected Zi Yang?”

The moment Perfected Zi Yang appeared, the scene instantly stirred. This old man was the opponent of Daoist Xuantian hundreds of years ago. Rumor had it that he had already passed away, but he was still alive?

In front of him, Daoist Tiantong seemed a little reserved and careful.

When they saw Perfected Zi Yang, everyone present immediately understood why Daoist Tiantong dared to provoke Tianji Zi back then and were not afraid of his revenge. With this peerless expert around, how could the Immortal Mountain dare to provoke them?

“Haha, what a golden age.” Looking at the heroic young talents around him, Perfected Zi Yang squeezed out an amiable smile.

Daoist Tiantong hurriedly walked to a stone table at the side and patted away the dust on it. He said, "Master, Mount Yun Ding hasn't opened yet. You should rest first."

"Okay..."

Perfected Zi Yang did not stand on ceremony and sat at the side. Daoist Tiantong slowly poured him a cup of tea.

He Wushuang said nothing, standing silently behind him.

On the other side, Perfected Zi Yang slowly took a sip of tea. He heard a gust of wind and frowned. When he regained his senses, an old man with an immortal bearing was already sitting steadily opposite him.

Seeing the person opposite him, Perfected Zi Yang smiled without saying a word. With a slight movement of his finger, the teapot automatically lifted.

When the person opposite him saw his actions, he gently raised his finger and the teapot was instantly shattered. However, to everyone's surprise, the teapot shattered, but the tea inside remained in the shape of a teapot and was not affected at all.

Everyone was shocked when they saw this.

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"This is the realm of calm as water?"

Water was the most difficult thing to control. All techniques and Great Dao could be analyzed with water.

The highest excellence is like water.

Some went with the flow, while others went against the flow.

No matter how powerful one's cultivation was, if one's mental state was not high enough, they would not be able to control the flow of water so steadily.

Everyone was shocked when they saw how casually Perfected Zi Yang controlled the tea and slowly poured it into the other party's teacup.

They were amazed by his mental state and how terrifying this supreme being was.

"Haha, Fellow Daoist Zi Yang! I haven't seen you for hundreds of years. I didn't expect you to have already touched such a state of mind. I admire you..."

The old man opposite him praised. He picked up his teacup and drank it in one gulp.

A few figures gradually appeared behind him. They were Jiang Jiezhong from the Jade-Lake Holy Land, Fuyao, and the others. He continued, "I didn't expect you to still be alive. I thought that my old friends had left one after another, leaving me alone. Every time I see these young people, I think of us back then. I just feel lonely."

Perfected Zi Yang looked appreciatively at Fuyao behind him, then looked back at He Wushuang and smiled. "Fellow Daoist Yunxu, you and I were defeated by Fellow Daoist Xuantian here back then. I have regrets for my entire life. Looking back at the past, a hundred years have passed in a flash, and the competition of the new generation is about to begin. How can I miss such a golden age?"

“Oh?” Seeing that Perfected Zi Yang was so emotional, Yunxu could not help but look at He Wushuang behind him. “Not bad, not bad. Looks like you came prepared this time?”

Perfected Yunxu said meaningfully. Perfected Zi Yang smiled and said, “I wonder if there have been any outstanding talents in the Heaven Mending Sect in the past few years?”

As soon as these words were spoken, the topic instantly became tense. Everyone discussed softly.

“It’s said that Perfected Zi Yang was defeated by Perfected Xuantian back then. Now that Perfected Xuantian has passed away, is he taking this opportunity to make up for his regret back then?”

“It’s hard to say. According to the current situation, it’s really possible. He Wushuang, the Heavenly Saint, was extremely talented and terrifying.”

“Over the years, the Heaven Mending Sect has never produced any genius.”

“Other than the unknown Eldest Senior Brother of the Heaven Mending Sect, it seems like only that legendary Sword Immortal’s head disciple can be considered a genius, right?”

“However, I feel that compared to the Heavenly Saint, they are more or less overshadowed and don’t have much reputation.”

“No, no, no. You’re wrong. The head disciple of Violet Cloud Peak’s Sword Immortal defeated Lu Yan from the Supreme Hall back then. Her strength is already on par with He Wushuang and the others. I think highly of her.”

Perfected Zi Yang and Perfected Yunxu were also stunned as they listened to the continuous discussions. They all heard a special name, Violet Cloud Peak.

“Hmm? Fellow Daoist Zi Yang, could it be that Violet Cloud Peak has produced another capable person?” Perfected Yunxu asked curiously. No one was more sensitive to this name than them.

That was because it was the training hall of Daoist Xuantian, who had once crushed them.

Perfected Zi Yang was also puzzled. He heard that they were talking about the White-Robed Sword Immortal and the head disciple of the Sword Immortal. When did such an expert appear in the Eastern Wasteland? Moreover, it sounded like he was Daoist Xuantian’s disciple.

This had interested them.

Turning around, Perfected Zi Yang asked, “Disciple, who is this Sword Immortal?”

Daoist Tiantong hurriedly walked up and explained in a low voice, “Master, this Sword Immortal is Perfected Xuantian’s disciple. He’s called Ye Qiu. He’s young, but his cultivation has already reached the peak of the Paragon realm. His swordsmanship is even better than Daoist Xuantian back then.

“Some time ago, the Immortal Mountain’s Tianji Zi recklessly provoked him and even wanted to kill his disciple. He killed it with a single strike. Furthermore, the Immortal Mountain’s Holy Land of inheritance was also uprooted by the Heaven Mending Sect and completely destroyed.”

As soon as these words were spoken, the expressions of the two old men instantly changed.

“What!”

They actually didn’t know about such a huge matter in the Eastern Wasteland.

The Immortal Mountain had an old friend, Gongsun Li. Although this person's strength was far inferior to theirs, he was still a mid-stage Paragon realm expert. He didn't even manage to protect the Immortal Mountain's inheritance?

At this moment, the two of them were completely shocked. No one had expected that after Daoist Xuantian left, another shocking disciple would appear under his tutelage.

From the description of Daoist Tiantong, they could feel that this person called Ye Qiu was very strong. His strength was probably not inferior to theirs at all.

They really couldn't believe that after cultivating for so many years and barely reaching the peak of the Paragon realm, they were actually caught up by a junior? Moreover, this person was their old acquaintance, Daoist Xuantian's disciple.

Compared to him, He Wushuang, Fuyao, and the others seemed dull. He was the true genius, the chosen one.

"Haha, Fellow Daoist Zi Yang, looks like we're all old. It's time for us to leave this stage." Hearing this, Perfected Yunxu seemed to have gotten over it. He sighed and laughed. He couldn't help but feel curious about what was so special about this person known as the White-Robed Sword Immortal.

This time, they came here to see what was so amazing about the new generation of geniuses.

Now that they heard a name that they were more interested in, the geniuses in front of them immediately became dull.

"Disciple, is what you said true?" Perfected Zi Yang still did not believe it and continued to ask.

Daoist Tiantong nodded with a solemn expression. He was not lying at all. He continued, "Master, I have some friendship with Ye Qiu. This person is extremely strong, above me.

“With an immortal sword in hand and a heaven-defying sword technique, he can open the Heavenly Gate with a single strike. No one below the King-Ranked realm is his match.”

Upon hearing this, Perfected Zi Yang’s face darkened. He had thought that this time, he would be able to make up for his regret back then. Now, it seemed that this regret was destined to accompany him for the rest of his life.

Since Ye Qiu was so powerful, his disciple must be extraordinary.

Looking back at He Wushuang, Perfected Zi Yang said, “Child, do you know that sword immortal’s disciple? Are you confident in defeating her?”

When He Wushuang heard this, he immediately smiled bitterly and shook his head. “Grandmaster, I’m not confident either, but I’ll do my best.”

Even He Wushuang, who had always been confident, lacked confidence at this moment. Among his peers, there were very few opponents who could make him feel so much pressure. Lin Qingzhu was one, and Fuyao was another.

Back then, Lin Qingzhu had defeated Lu Yan with the Asura Slash. Although Lu Yan was not his match, he was not far from it. If they were to fight, it would indeed be difficult for He Wushuang to win.

When he heard this, Perfected Zi Yang’s heart trembled. He thought that he was confident this time.

Unexpectedly... it was another familiar formula, a familiar smell.

Violet Cloud Peak...

A genius of the sword.

This seemed to be Daoist Xuantian's script, right?

Perfected Zi Yang trembled in his heart. The more he thought about it, the more shocked he became. He still felt a little lucky. He might not necessarily lose. He would only know after the competition.

Just as they were discussing, a few more figures descended from the sky and slowly landed beside the round stone table.

The gray-robed old man in the lead was calm and composed. He looked at Perfected Zi Yang and Perfected Yunxu and smiled.

"Fellow Daoists, long time no see."

The two of them turned around and looked at him. Perfected Yunxu smiled and said, "So it's Fellow Daoist Gu from the Supreme Hall. So you're not dead yet?"

The person who came was the Patriarch of the Supreme Hall, Gu Jianxuan. He was from the same generation as Perfected Zi Yang and Perfected Yunxu.

Perfected Yunxu spoke bluntly, and Gu Jianxuan's face sank. He and Perfected Yunxu had been opponents for hundreds of years. The two of them had never gotten along. It would be strange if he could say anything good.

His face darkened and he tried his best to squeeze out a smile. "Hehe, Fellow Daoist Yunxu, you must be joking. You're not dead yet. How can I die before you?"

With that, he sat down.

At this moment, the three ancestors of the three Holy Lands had already appeared.

The atmosphere immediately froze. Many of the younger generation had never seen such a big shot before. At most, they had heard of them in legends but had never seen them in person. Now that they had seen it, and at such a close distance, they were extremely nervous. Their breathing became hurried.

On this side, the three of them remained silent and waited quietly.

More and more people were coming.

At this point, the Supreme Hall, Zhulu Academy, Heavenly Lake, Jade-Lake Holy Land, and so on had all appeared. Even the cave abodes of famous mountains in the remote regions of the Great Desolate World had people appearing one after another.

Some reclusive sects and holy lands also came to Mount Yun Ding one after another.

After an unknown period of time, the Heaven Mending Sect's team also appeared.

The first to arrive was Meng Tianzheng. Unfortunately, Perfected Xuanyi did not come.

This last martial uncle of the Xuan generation had long lost interest in this so-called grand meeting. Moreover, he also felt that the Heaven Mending Sect was getting stronger and stronger, and the Paragon experts were also appearing one after another. There were many things that he no longer needed to personally handle.

Therefore, he did not come and continued to stay in his cave abode to cultivate in seclusion.

Seeing that Meng Tianzheng had brought the Heaven Mending Sect members personally, Daoist Tiantong and Jiang Jiezhi hurriedly walked up. When old friends met, it was inevitable that they would ask about each other's well-being.

"Fellow Daoist Meng, you've finally come." Jiang Jiezhi smiled.

He didn't make it the last time Meng Tianzheng went down the mountain in a hundred years. This was the only time they had met in the past hundred years. He could not help but sigh. Time passed so quickly. The young man from back then had already turned old. He had long lost his initial ruthlessness and became amiable.

"Fellow Daoist Jiang, long time no see..."

Meng Tianzheng also greeted him politely. Daoist Tiantong had gone up the mountain during the Seven Peaks Martial Meeting, so it hadn't been long since they last met.

After sending the two of them away, Meng Tianzheng walked forward and bowed to Perfected Zi Yang and Perfected Yunxu.

"Seniors, long time no see."

As for Gu Jianxuan, he ignored him.

Perfected Zi Yang turned around and smiled. He looked at Meng Tianzheng and suddenly remembered what he had done back then. He felt amused.

Perfected Yunxu politely greeted him and suddenly asked, "Tianzheng, why don't I see your Martial Uncle Xuanyi?"