

MY DISCIPLES ARE ALL VILLAINS

Chapter 18: Mingshi Yin's Probe

Lu Zhou furrowed his brow when he saw Mingshi Yin: His fourth disciple's loyalty had dropped to 58%. Clearly, there was a problem.

Anyhow, he kept a straight face, waiting for the cat to jump.

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin continued, "After killing those mounted brigands, I immediately sent a letter back with a bird. Then, I went to Tiger Ridge and met Eighth Junior Brother...No, I met the traitor Zhu Honggong! And, I taught him a lesson."

He was done reporting, so he waited for Lu Zhou's response. When he saw that the latter's face was indifferent and he seemed to be thinking about something, he added, "Every word I said is true, and I dare not to lie to Master."

"You have done a good job!"

"Thank you, Master."

"But..."

The 'but' made Mingshi Yin nervous. His heart trembled in anticipation as he looked at his master.

Lu Zhou went on, "How's the investigation into the people who kidnapped your little junior sister's family?"

"It's still in progress. Zhu Honggong claimed that it has nothing to do with him. I thought about it carefully and felt that he really had no reason to do it. Besides, those people are Little Junior Sister's family. Although he has betrayed Master, I don't think he would've done something so evil."

Lu Zhou nodded.

"You have a point...Other than that?"

“I’ve asked Zhu Honggong to look into it, and he’s not going to stop until we get to the bottom of it!”

“And?”

“Ah?”

“That wasn’t all you discussed when you went to see Old Eighth, was it?”

Mingshi Yin’s heart skipped a beat. ‘Does Master have spiritual eyes, through which he has seen and learned everything? How is that possible?’

His cultivation base was profound, and if anyone was spying on him, he would have found out.

“Master, we really didn’t talk about anything else!” Mingshi Yin knew very well that he could admit anything, but he must hide his rebellious thoughts at all costs!

When he heard that, Lu Zhou knew Mingshi Yin would not give up easily, so he shook his head and said, “Forget it! Since you don’t want to tell me, I’ll not force you. You’ve done a good job this time. Go help your Third Senior Brother fix the arrays. If I have any needs, I’ll summon you.”

“Yes, Master!” Mingshi Yin looked to the left and then to the right. Yet, he saw no signs of Little Yuan’er. He was about to leave, but he stopped and asked, “Where is Little Junior Sister?”

“It’s none of your business.”

“I understand, Master!”

Lu Zhou picked up a book he found in Evil Sky Pavilion from the tea table and began reading it. He had nothing else to do. But, Mingshi Yin did not leave right away.

Lu Zhou glanced at him, reconfirming that his loyalty had indeed declined.

‘This guy is harboring ill thoughts!’

‘Is he going to sneak attack me like Zhou Jifeng? But, why should I be afraid when I have critical block cards and peak-form experience cards?’

“Mingshi Yin, have you got something else to say?”

The disciple walked back and went down on his knees as he cupped his fist and said, “Master, I’ve cultivated the Bluewood Technique to the last level. But, no matter how hard I cultivate it, I just can’t comprehend the essence of the last level. I hope Master can give me some guidance.”

‘He is testing me.’

Lu Zhou knew that was because Ji Tiandao had deliberately not taught all the scripts of the Bluewood Technique. If he gave it to Mingshi Yin now, it would not take him long to break through with that talent of his.

And in that moment, he would be in danger.

Thinking that, he cleared his throat and said, “Old Fourth, impatience is the biggest taboo for a cultivator. Behind every almighty expert is hundreds of years of boring meditation and hardship. I remember your last breakthrough was just sixty years ago. Why are you in such a hurry to scale to a higher level?”

“This...”

“Moreover, it is your perception you have to rely on when you approach the bottleneck. Your perception is good enough, but you must not go astray and become impatient.”

Mingshi Yin bowed and said, “Master, thank you for enlightening me! I was a fool to not see that.” Then, he lifted his head and continued, “Master, there is a fist style which I can’t seem to use correctly. I hope Master can give me some guidance.”

‘Ugh?’ Lu Zhou’s eyes rested on Mingshi Yin’s face. ‘He must have heard some slanderous words from Old Eighth and grown suspicious, so he has come back to test me...’

Lu Zhou had no tricks up his sleeve now, and he could not use the precious peak-form experience card just to demonstrate a fist style to his disciple.

But, if he refused, it would only aggravate his disciple’s suspicion.

So, how was he going to guide Mingshi Yin? He was only in the Mystic Enlightening realm, and his disciple was a Divine Court expert. It was like asking a child to teach an adult.

“Master?” Mingshi Yin urged.

Lu Zhou asked, “Which part can’t you use correctly?”

“I feel I can’t bring out the strongest power of this fist style. It feels stuck somewhere as I use it.”

While nodding, Lu Zhou said, “Show me how you practice it outside the gazebo.”

“Yes, Master!” Mingshi Yin rose to his feet slowly, his blue robe and long hair giving him an enchanting look.

Just as he stood up straight, he lightly kicked the ground and flew out as swiftly as a swallow, leaving countless afterimages in the air. In the next instant, a gust of wind was kicked up as he threw out his left fist, and then right.

Blasts rolled out in all directions while the whole sky was filled with tremendous energy. After throwing out a few punches, Mingshi Yin floated in midair and said, “Master, this is the one!”

Lu Zhou was unmoving like old stone.

‘Do you dare to attack me?’ he thought as he stared at Mingshi Yin. Meanwhile, thousands of fists converged in the air and smashed toward one target!

BOOM!

A blast of energy hit a cliff wall, causing boulders to tumble down the mountain with a rain of crushed stones.

It was a powerful punch!

Mingshi Yin descended and landed on the ground. Behind him, it took a while for the rumble of the boulders to quiet down.

“Master, can you please tell me the flaw in my punch?”

If truth be told, Lu Zhou saw nothing; he could not catch up with Mingshi Yin’s speed at all with his current cultivation base. It was too fast, as hundreds of punches were being thrown out in just one second.

What guidance could he give?

Lu Zhou began to search in his memory. The fist style was indeed taught to Mingshi Yin by Ji Tiandao, and similar to the cultivation technique, he did not teach the other the script of the last level.

There was no problem with Mingshi Yin’s fist style. It was just that it was not backed by the last set of scripts. Therefore, its power was greatly reduced.

At the end of the day, it was a matter of choice.

As the saying went, ‘When disciples master the knowledge, their master would lose his job.’

Lu Zhou thought for a moment, and then he said, “You have cultivated this fist style to perfection. I can see no problem.”

“Ah?”

“Old Fourth...” Lu Zhou walked over and raised his hand slightly, which made Mingshi Yin panic.

Plop!

Mingshi Yin dropped to his knees and said, “I...I was wrong...I beg your pardon, Master!”

Lu Zhou stroked his beard as he sighed and said, “I have taught you how to cultivate, but I never taught you how to behave. You might be able to fool some kids with your little tricks, but how dare you use them on

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“I was wrong! I dare not deceive Master!” Mingshi Yin kowtowed as cold sweat trickled down his cheeks and a chill ran down his back. ‘Master had seen it all!’ He thought that everything he had done with Zhu Honggong was learned by Lu Zhou.

“Old Third!” Lu Zhou attached some energy in his voice. As he expected, Duanmu Sheng drifted over from nearby.

“Greetings, Master!”

“Since you are here, stand in the open and watch. Do you think I don’t know that you were hiding in a corner?”

“Please forgive me, Master!” Duanmu Sheng dropped to his knees as well with guilt filling his heart.

As he looked at how the two disciples shivered in fear, Lu Zhou realized in that moment that Ji Tiandao had planted seeds of horror in their hearts. After all, if they were common villains, they would have jumped up and fought back.