

How could Luo Qi kill the butler who had served him for so many years?

Luo Long wondered if Luo Qi had gone completely over the edge.

“Elder Luo Long.” A subordinate called out after Luo Long who had begun to walk away. “Please be careful.”

Something flickered in Luo Long’s eyes. He nodded while his heart skipped a beat. Without saying anything further, he hurried away.

Luo Qi was reading in his study.

He had not enjoyed reading in the past, but recently, he had been cooping himself up in the study all day. No one dared to intrude upon him. He had killed the butler who had served him for decades—he would kill anyone.

“I need to speak to the chief.”

Luo Long was stopped by the guards outside the study.

“Elder Luo Long, the chief is reading now. He ordered us not to allow anyone to disturb him.” The guard looked torn. “Please don’t make things difficult for us.”

Luo Long frowned slightly. “Why don’t you tell him that I have something important that I have to speak to him about? It concerns the other sects.”

“Yes, Elder Luo Long.” The guard nodded. He

needed a reason to speak to the chief, after all. He wouldn't know what else to say if Luo Long hadn't given him one.

The guard hurried into the room while Luo Long waited outside.

He watched as the guard dropped to his knee outside the study and informed Luo Qi of Luo Long's request. Something flickered in Luo Long's eyes. He didn't say anything, but simply pulled out a small bottle from his robes, poured a pill out and popped it into his mouth expressionlessly.

The guard approached him within moments.

"Elder Luo Long, the chief requests you to enter his study."

"Alright." Luo Long nodded and headed for the study.

In the past, he would have knocked on the door, then entered the room. But now, he stood outside the study, cupped his fists and greeted Luo Qi deferentially. "Chief, I need to speak to you about something."

"Enter."

Luo Qi's low and slightly hoarse voice travelled out of the study.

Luo Long entered the study and caught a faint scent of something refreshing in the air. It was nothing that he had smelled before.

There was incense burning on the table and its fragrance filled the room.

“Chief Luo.”

Luo Qi simply sat there with a book in his hand. The book appeared to be of some age and gave off an air of simple antiquity. Luo Qi looked up and glanced at Luo Long as he held the book in his head.

“Any updates?”

They had spoken earlier and had known that the other sects had been unwilling to yield. Luo Qi had issued an order to send the sects a final message.

Had they finally decided to surrender?

“They’ve made known their conditions,” lied Luo Long smoothly. “They hope that Tianlian Sect can show their sincerity in fulfilling our end of the deal by releasing a few prisoners first.”

“They want us to release prisoners? In their dreams!” Something shifted in Luo Qi’s eyes. With a loud thud, he slammed his palm onto the table. His eyes grew cold. “How dare they negotiate terms with me!”

He rose to his feet and walked up to Luo Long. The stare that he leveled at Luo Long was so cold and alien that Luo Long couldn’t help feeling that he was being stared down by a complete stranger.

"I gave you a task. Is this how you do your job?"

Luo Long kept his silence.

"They are in no position to bargain with me," scoffed Luo Qi. "If they insist on not yielding to us, we'll kill a few prisoners and show them that we're not playing around."

"Chief, I'm afraid that'll make things worse. It's not going to do us any good if we drive them into a corner," said Luo Long.

He stared at Luo Qi carefully and was struck by a feeling of how strange and foreign the man standing before him was. He seemed a completely different person from the man he had been yesterday, as if...he had been switched with another person.

"Is that so?" Luo Qi's lips curled into a smile that had a hint of darkness to it. "What trouble do you think is going to befall on Tianlian Sect?"

"Don't you understand the power that we'll possess when we have the great sects under our rule? We'll be able to do anything we want."

"We can establish our rule over the whole mountain and make our way to the world outside."

"We'll have everything that we want. It doesn't matter if it's martial art techniques, resources or precious jewels. As long as we want them, they'll be ours!"

There was lust, madness and a tinge of

something feral in his eyes. He wasn't the Luo Qi that Luo Long used to know.

Luo Long felt himself tremble as he stared at the man before him with utter disbelief.

How did Luo Qi end up this way?



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All Luo Qi had wanted at first was to survive, for Tianlian Sect to survive and prosper and to groom more skilled and strong fighters in the sect. But now...

“Chief, Tianlian Sect...” Luo Long was on the verge of saying something when he felt a sudden breeze.

He turned and saw someone step out from the shadows in the corner of the study. Luo Qi felt his heart pulse heavily as soon as he looked into the man’s eyes, as if he had just taken a plunge into a bottomless abyss.

“Mr Lang is here.” Luo Qi turned towards him. “There are still parts of the book that I don’t understand. Explain them to me.”

“You’ll get them if you take the time.” Mr Lang approached Luo Qi. His gaze swept past Luo Long’s face and paused as he stared into the latter’s eyes.

“Elder Luo Long is here. Are you discussing something?” said the man with a smile. “Should I leave?”

“It’s fine.” Luo Qi shook his head. “Mr Lang is one of us. You don’t have to go.”

“That’s right. Mr Lang is one of our own. He can stay.” Luo Long nodded expressionlessly.

His soul seemed to have been sucked out of him, leaving a shell of a body with no mind of its own.

Mr Lang nodded.

“Are you done talking?”

“We’re done,” said Luo Qi. “Alright, Luo Long, you can leave us. There’s no room for negotiation. If they dare to defy us, we won’t show them any mercy.”

“Yes, Chief.” Luo Long left the room without saying another word.

The door slid shut.

Luo Qi picked the book up again and instantly immersed himself in its pages. “This is simply incredible. What an amazing book this is! Mr Lang, are there more books like this outside the mountain?”

“There are tons of them,” said Mr Lang. “The map on the Extreme Fist Technique Manual points to a treasure trove of ancient books with contents more incredible than what this book has.”

“That’s great!” laughed Luo Qi. “Hahahaha! No one will be able to stop Tianlian Sect then!”

Mr Lang narrowed his eyes as he turned towards the door before finally withdrawing his gaze.

Luo Long stood stock-still outside the room and dared not let any hint of emotion slip through his shields.

He walked away slowly and only released a sigh of relief when he had finally put some distance

between the study and himself.

He opened his mouth and spat out a pill. It was filled with blackened blood.

“How terrifying!”

His eyes were clear and his lips stained with blood. His heart was still racing as he wiped the blood off his mouth with his hand. This was the first time he remembered Mr Lang.

He had seen him before but every time he turned away, he would forget the man’s face.

But he couldn’t remember what the man looked like. Despite eating a pill that allowed him to remain in control of his senses, he couldn’t for the life of him remember Mr Lang’s face.

He had forgotten what the man looked like as soon as he had stepped outside the room.

Those eyes though...they had followed him like a bloodhound.

Luo Long’s heart raced. He turned around and looked, as if he could still see those eyes staring fixedly at him. His heart skipped a beat and he hurried away in haste.

He never thought that he would ever experience something like that, and that a mere exchange of a simple look could spark off something so incredible and horrifying.

It was clear that Mr Lang must have something to



do with Luo Qi's drastic transformation, but who was this man exactly?

It struck Luo Long then that he didn't know whom he was at all. In fact...he couldn't even remember his face.

“What a terrifying man!”

Luo Long returned to his residence with a solemn look on his face. As he sat there, it took a long while before he finally managed to break out of his daze.



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