

COL Volume 9: Chapter 27

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

Volume 9: Chapter 27 – Firewood House's Uncle Firewood

Very quickly, I discovered that the black clothed person had actually flown towards the palace while bringing me along. What was his intention? Could he be a subordinate of the Demon Emperor?

The black clothed person gradually decreased his pace, gently landing near the Firewood House. From the amount of perspiration appearing on his body, I knew that he was near his limit, and was secretly elated.

The black clothed person unceremoniously tossed me into the Firewood house, whilst closing the door after he surveyed the surrounding. He panted, "You brat, you're really heavy. We almost couldn't return. Don't overthink this; I won't cripple your cultivation, for now. There are some things I want to ask you in the meantime." Upon saying that, he took off the mask on his head.

I was momentarily stunned. The black clothed person was shockingly the Uncle Firewood, who drank wine and split logs all day long. I gasped and asked stunned, "Uncle Firewood, it was you all along?"

Uncle Firewood chuckled and recovered his original voice, "Is there a reason you think it couldn't be me? From the moment I met you, I realised you weren't simple. How did you possess a first grade divine instrument?" I realised that as he spoke, his battle spirit was rapidly recovering. I understood that simply by relying on force, I wouldn't have stood a chance if this person teamed up with the Demon Emperor. I sighed and replied, "Since you want to know, I'll tell you. I'm actually a magician from the human race's Aixia Kingdom. I've been training light magic since childhood....." I roughly told him all of my experiences, including the acknowledgement of the God King and obtaining the Holy Sword. When I talked about the Monster King, Uncle Firewood's eye brows deeply furrowed.

".....Just like that, we head toward the demon race to try to stop the Demon Emperor from continuing to attack the humans, and instead join forces in resisting the soon to be resurrected Monster King. However, the Demon Emperor didn't listen to our explanation and just continued on his own course, resulting in me having severe injuries, and the capturing of my teammates."

Uncle Firewood nodded. "You're quite the man to disfigure yourself to infiltrate the Royal Palace as a spy to rescue your teammates."

I smiled wryly, "Do you think I did it willingly? It was down to the corrosion of the Demon Emperor's dark element. If it wasn't for the protection of the Holy Sword, I would've been finished long ago, but the scars remained on my body."

"So that was the case. I've been secretly following your midnight excursions these past few days. Your relationship with Mu Zi appears quite unusual." This fellow had understood the situation quite clearly. I hadn't told him a thing about Mu Zi. I also didn't expect that he had been tailing me all this time. It seemed that there was no point in withholding information anymore. I felt that Uncle Firewood did not harbour animosity toward me. I smiled embarrassed, "Since you've a deep understanding of the Demon race, you should be aware that Mu Zi previously went to the human kingdom as a spy. I was her classmate and can also be classified as her lover. I sincerely love Mu Zi. She was the main reason why I journeyed all the way to the Demon Kingdom. But as you've already seen it, I've turned out like this. I am now incompatible with Mu Zi and can only secretly long for her in silence." Upon saying that, my feelings were stirred, and I couldn't help but be dejected.

Uncle Firewood replied, "Just change your clothes. With the commotion earlier, everyone in the entire city will be on high alert. They may even check in here."

I asked in astonishment, "You don't plan on selling me out? I'm here as a spy."

Uncle Firewood slightly nodded. "I won't sell you out, but that doesn't mean that I will let you go. Don't you even think that you had moved me with your words; I've decided to temporarily believe you due to the first grade divine instrument you possess."

I asked, "The Demon Emperor and you mentioned the first grade divine instrument. What does that mean? It can't be that the divine instrument have grades, right?"

Uncle Firewood looked at me, as though he was looking at an idiot. "Of course, it's graded. It can't be that the God King didn't tell you about that when he gave you the Holy Sword? The divine instrument has five grades. The first grade possess the most offensive power. It's only the God King who grades and holds them in his possession. It was due to that reason I trust you; the God King shouldn't have had an error in his judgments and mistakenly given his own companion sword to a sinister

person. The Dragon God's Sukrad's staff should be a fourth grade divine instrument and the Dark Demon Dragon's gun that the Demon Emperor used should be an ancient Demon God's pass down. It should be of the second grade divine instrument."

I said in awe, "So that was the case. But then why wasn't I able to withstand the Demon Emperor's second grade divine instrument when I had a first and fourth grade divine instruments?"

Uncle Firewood explained as he changed his attire, "It was due to your insufficient power that you were unable to use its full potential. Do you think divine instruments are easy to use? Don't even mention the first grade divine instrument, when with your current power, you can't even fully use the power of the fourth grade divine instrument. While the current Demon Emperor is the number one genius in the history of the demon race, at the age of 50, he was already able to bring out the full power of the Dark Demon Dragon's gun. Even though his mount, the Dark Demon Dragon definitely expedited the process; his intelligence and hard work is unquestionable. Your current level is at minimum two grades lower than his. Even if the Demon Emperor hasn't already reached the War God's rank, he isn't far from it. Unless you reach the valley that the God King told you to receive the Radiant God's inheritance, don't even talk about the defeating the Monster King when the current you is definitely not a match for the Demon Emperor."

What he had analysed was correct. I couldn't defeat the Demon Emperor even when I was in my peak state and had two divine instruments. There was definitely a gap in our abilities. I had originally thought that I could be counted as a peak expert in the continent, but the disparity of power between Uncle Firewood and the Demon Emperor was large.

Uncle Firewood had already changed his clothes. He suddenly coughed violently and his face paled. I had already recovered some of my power so I hastily went forward to support him. "What's wrong, Uncle Firewood?"

Uncle Firewood glared at me before taking some of the logs to split. As he split the logs, he said, "It isn't caused by you. I've aged and become useless. My old illness has acted up due to using lots of energy today."

I went forth and replied, "I can help you to split the wood while you take a break." Currently, my little life is in his hand. How could I dare to offend him?

Uncle Firewood replied, "Don't need. I can do it by myself. When I trained my battle spirit to the War God's rank, I had forcefully broken through my meridians. Even though it was successful, I injured my lungs. Lungs belong to the wood element. This is why I've been splitting wood to distribute the energy to my lungs. I'm already 97 years old this year. I doubt that I've long to live."

I had changed into my original clothings and told Uncle Firewood, "With a look, you don't appear ordinary. Why do you continue to stay here? It shouldn't be just to split logs, right?"

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)