

God Emperor 31

Chapter 31: The King of Slaughter

“I have reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm, but indeed, I only managed to develop 19 Meridians!”

After three days’ practice, Zhang Ruochen developed eight Meridians one by one. He finally reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm.

The powerful Genuine Qi quickly ran through the 19 Meridians, filling his whole body, and then an unprecedented strong power came from his Meridians.

The Fifth Prince, who reached the Final State, had only developed 12 Meridians.

However, Zhang Ruochen, who just reached the Medium State, had developed 19 Meridians. It meant that his Body of Martial Arts had become exceedingly powerful.

In his last lifetime, he developed 20 Meridians when he was in the Medium State of the Yellow Realm, just one more than this time.

“I have practiced once in the Savage God’s Pool and absorbed a great deal of Power of Blood, making my body more powerful. But it still can’t compare with the one in the last lifetime. Of course, I have some advantages that I never had in the last lifetime: powerful Spiritual Power and a rich practice experience.”

“If I want to catch up with Chi Yao’s martial cultivation, I must do better than that of my last lifetime and open up more Meridians. Therefore, I need to make my body become more powerful than it was last lifetime. I have to open up all the 36 Meridians from the Graph of Meridians in the ‘Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean’.”

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel, cleaned up the dirt he made when he developed his Meridians, and then practiced in the yard.

“Bang! Bang!”

Once he slapped, a “Bang!” echoed in the air.

Now, even if he did not utilize the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he could also exert the Strength of Sixteen Bulls.

If he utilized the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he could break out the Strength of Twenty-five Bulls with the power of his palm.

With his current power, he could defeat Situ Linjiang with three palms. He also could compare well with the warriors who had reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm.

Zhang Ruochen’s combat effectiveness had advanced to a high level only in a few days.

There were more maidservants and eunuchs to serve Concubine Lin and Zhang Ruochen after they moved back to the Jade Palace.

Since his gift of Martial Arts was exposed at the Year-end Assessment, Zhang Ruochen had begun to openly practice in the courtyard.

A beautiful girl with a flush of shyness on her snow-white face, of about 15 or 16, obsessively gazed at Zhang Ruochen practicing in the courtyard. She thought. "The Ninth Prince is so excellent, and I have heard that he could even defeat the Fifth Prince and the Sixth Prince. He is regarded as a Genius of Martial Arts by the whole palace."

Naturally, people always respected a superior.

Girls always admired the geniuses as well.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen practicing, an older maidservant with something strange flashing in her eyes slipped away from the Jade Palace to a rockery in the palace.

The maidservant knelt down and respectfully said, "Miss Han, the Ninth Prince had released himself from refining! His cultivation has reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm!"

The girl in front of the maidservant wore a light-green dress. She was slender and appeared to be 18 or 19.

She was Han Qingluo, one of the four close female guards of the queen.

The four close female guards were also the apprentices trained by the queen. With powerful cultivations and special skills in killing, they eliminated dissidents for the queen.

The queen had ordered Han Qingluo to assassinate the Ninth Prince.

With her hands behind her back and contemptuous mirth on her face, Han Qingluo said, "At the Martial Arts competition, the cultivation of Zhang Ruochen had reached the Peak of the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm. What's more, he had absorbed the Power of Blood in the Savage God's Pool. It would be strange if he hadn't reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm with his talent."

With a murderous look, Han Qingluo continued, "Continue to observe him, and report it to me once he leaves the palace."

The maidservant assented. "Yes!"

After saying that, the maidservant returned to the Jade Palace.

After finishing his practice, Zhang Ruochen went back to his room and entered the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel.

Sitting with his legs crossed in the center of the internal space, Zhang Ruochen took out an Energy Pill, ate it, and started to refine.

With his current cultivation, he was able to absorb all the Pill Spirit of the Energy Pill without any waste.

It only took him two hours to absorb all of the Pill Spirit of the Energy Pill and convert it into Genuine Qi.

After Zhang Ruochen reached the Medium State, the capacity of his Qi Pool had become 10 times bigger. But only one Energy Pill's Spirit could not increase his Genuine Qi much for his Qi Pool.

He spent another two hours absorbing the remaining two Energy Pills.

The Genuine Qi only increased by 20 percent with three Energy Pills. Zhang Ruochen would have to eat hundreds of Energy Pills to fill his Qi Pool with Genuine Qi.

"I must buy some Pills of a higher class because the Energy Pills are having a decreasing effect on me. They will be useless once I reach the Final State of the Yellow Realm."

Both Energy Pills and Refining Powder were First-Class Pills. They had great effects on warriors in the lower realms.

But as the warriors' cultivation increased, the effects of the First-Class Pills started decreasing, requiring warriors to eat Second-Class Pills in order to maintain their rate of practice.

Zhang Ruochen was about to leave the internal space of Time and Space Spinel to buy some Pills of a higher class when he suddenly noticed the stone platform.

On the stone platform was a scroll and a silver iron book, "The Mystery of Time and Space".

"My cultivation has reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm. Maybe I can open up the scroll."

The scroll was so heavy that Zhang Ruochen could not even pick it up when he was at the Initial Stage of the Yellow Realm.

According to "The Mystery of Time and Space", only after Zhang Ruochen reached the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm would he be able to open up the scroll.

Zhang Ruochen operated his Genuine Qi, converged it in his right arm, grasped the scroll, and slowly picked it up.

The scroll was so heavy. It had to be at least 1,000 pounds.

Zhang Ruochen controlled his power to slowly spread the scroll on the ground.

The scroll was a magnificent Catalogue of Reckless Waste with lofty mountains, torrential ancient rivers, steep cliffs, and a giant old tree in the middle of the scroll.

The old tree was atop the clouds. Its roots were as big as a mountain and as long as a dragon. Every leaf could cover a lake.

With a little smile, Zhang Ruochen shook his head and thought. "How can there be such a giant tree in the world?"

Suddenly, he heard a voice. "Who says there can't be? You are so ignorant that even don't recognize the divine tree called the 'Sacred Prime Tree' that supports the entire Kunlun's Field. I'm really disappointed."

Being slightly astonished, Zhang Ruochen looked around in the internal space only and found no one.

"Where did that voice come from?"

In an alert state, Zhang Ruochen asked in a sinking voice, "Who is speaking?"

The voice came again. "Can't you see me in the painting?"

"In the painting?"

Zhang Ruochen felt astonished and asked, "Are you the Sacred Prime Tree? According to history, it was cut down in the Medieval Ancient Times."

The sound came again. "In Medieval Ancient Times?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "The Medieval Ancient Times was around 100,000 years ago. By the way, are you really the Sacred Prime Tree? Is the legendary tree something that really exists?"

The voice said with a sigh, "How could it be? As you are saying the Sacred Prime Tree has been cut down, then how could I be a tree?"

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the scroll and asked again, "Who are you?"

The voice answered, "I'm not a human being."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Eh..."

The voice said, "I'm a cat!"

Then it continued, "You can't look down on me. I have a famous name: the King of Slaughter. A superior like me is unable to be worn down by time. Even if 100,000 years have passed by, I will still play an important role in history. Young man, you must have heard of my name, haven't you?"

Thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen shook his head and replied. "No!"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen found that there was a black cat that was as small as a grain of rice under the Sacred Prime Tree. No one could find it unless they looked carefully.

"Are you a cat or a painting?" Zhang Ruochen felt strange and asked.

It sighed. "Eh! I've told you, I'm the King of Slaughter. I was sealed in the scroll because I did something wrong in the past. Now, only you can release me."

"Why am I the only one who can set you free?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Because you have opened up the Sacred Mark of Time and Space. You can drive the power of space to open the seal of the painting. It is known that, from ancient times to now, only a few humans have developed the Sacred Mark of Time and Space. Young man, you are so lucky!"

After knowing what it was, he laughed and asked, "Why should I set you free?"

Chapter 32: Yin-Yang Wooden Graph

"Saint Monk Xumi sealed me in this painting, hoping that I could confess and overcome all of my weaknesses. He wanted me to help the next warrior with a Time and Space Sacred Mark to study The Mystery of Time and Space so that warrior could become the strongest warrior on earth."

That voice said again, “If you don’t free me, how can I show you The Mystery of Time and Space ? And if I don’t show you the Mystery of Time and Space , how can you become the strongest warrior?”

“You were sealed by Saint Monk Xumi in the painting?” Zhang Ruochen could not believe that cat’s words because they sounded ridiculous.

It had to be important for Saint Monk Xumi to seal it in the painting. It could not be that simple that it only had done something bad.

Saint Monk Xumi, who had obtained a Time and Space Sacred Mark, wrote The Mystery of Time and Space . He was a famous Saint back in Medieval Ancient Times and records about him could be found in history.

That voice said with a sigh, “Who else can unleash the power of sealing the space except for Saint Monk Xumi? He is the only person who can open up a world in the painting. However, without a doubt, you can do that easily as well after you have become stronger.”

“You said that you could show me how to practice The Mystery of Time and Space, right? In other words, you can use the Power of Time and Space as well, right?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

That voice said, “Of course, my cultivation is unparalleled. I can do everything. However, without a Time and Space Sacred Mark, I can’t use the Power of Time and Space. “But, I used to be with Saint Monk Xumi, so I have unconsciously developed a deep understanding of Time and Space. Obviously, I have no problem with teaching you at all.

“Now you can finally turn to the second page of The Mystery of Time and Space! ”

Zhang Ruochen picked up The Mystery of Time and Space and turned to the second page. He saw some silver words on this page.

“Inscription of Space!”

On the second page, eight fundamental Inscriptions of Space, which represented the eight grids of space, were recorded.

They were: Inscription of pointy, Inscription of line-type, Inscription of lengthways, Inscription of transverse-type, Inscription of height, Inscription of flat-type, Inscription of strain-type, and Inscription of condensing.

In short: pointy, line-type, lengthways, transverse-type, height, flat-type, strain-type, and condensing.

A voice came out from the painting. “Only eight fundamental Inscriptions of Space are recorded on the second page. If you can practice these eight inscriptions well, basically you open up a small space by yourself. However, even so, you won’t be able to attack enemies with the power of the space. You have to learn advanced-level Inscriptions of Space, such as Inscription of Seal, Inscription of Collapse, Inscription of Crack, Inscription of Transmission, etc.

“It is more important for you to practice these eight basic inscriptions well.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why does this page record eight basic Inscriptions of Space only? What about Inscriptions of Time?”

“Haha! Time is flowing continuously. Nobody can create time. Therefore, we don’t have ‘Inscriptions of Time’. However, for a warrior with a Time and Space Sacred Mark, he can practice his mark of time and utilize the power of time in order to use Time Spiritual Techniques.

“If your Spiritual Power is strong enough, and if you can practice your mark of time well, you can easily cut 10 years off your enemy’s life expectancy with one finger. You can even stop time, speed up time, slow down time, etc. in an independent space. Time has an amazing power.

“Even if your cultivation is high, you can’t compete against time, neither can you defend yourself against time.

“Well, with your current level of Spiritual Power, you can’t practice the mark of time, you can only do the eight basic Inscriptions of Space.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “So practicing Inscriptions of Space and the mark of time require amazingly strong Spiritual Power, is that correct?”

That voice laughed. “Free me from the painting first, and then I will let you know!”

Zhang Ruochen hesitated a bit. He was uncertain whether or not it would be a good thing to do that.

“Don’t hesitate. I have great unrivaled cultivation. However, I’m not interested in you at all, young man. Free me and I promise you that I will tell you more secrets about time and space. I will help you utilize the power of the Time and Space Sacred Mark.”

“Is this a good thing or bad thing, that’s the problem. However, if it’s a bad thing, it can’t be avoided easily. It will happen anyway.”

“If Saint Monk Xumi considered it a threat, he should have killed it, rather than just sealing it inside a painting.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and asked, “How can I free you from the painting?”

“Just a drop of blood will be enough. Once you drop it onto the painting, you’ll become the painting’s owner. Inject your Genuine Qi into it, then you will be able to break the seal and free me,” said that voice with great excitement.

Zhang Ruochen used his nail to break the skin of his right index finger, leaving a bloody line on his fingertip.

A crimson drop of blood from his fingertip dribbled onto the painting, with a “Tahh!” sound.

The droplet was absorbed by the painting.

“Boom!”

A light layer of blood covered the painting. The painting suddenly flew into Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

It should be noted that the painting was 1,000 pounds, however, Zhang Ruochen made it fly to his hand with his Spiritual Power.

It was incredible!

“It’s an amazing treasure. Other Genuine Martial Arms can’t be compared to it at all.”

After having become the owner of this painting, Zhang Ruochen could clearly sense that every line on the painting was an inscription. There were Inscriptions of Space, Inscriptions of Ice Series, Inscriptions of Power Series, Inscription of Earth Series, Inscription of Fire Series, etc. All kinds of inscriptions were on the painting, and they were uncountable.

“That’s why Saint Monk Xumi was the greatest saint in Medieval Ancient Times. Even his painting is beyond others’ cognition.”

Zhang Ruochen unleashed his Spiritual Power and the painting was turned into a white light and flew into the Sacred Mark on his glabella. Then it reached his Qi Pool.

The painting was hung in the middle of the Qi Pool. It was rotating slowly with shallow white light.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen unleashed his Spiritual Power again. Now the painting flew out of the Qi Pool and was back in his hand.

The voice said again, “The painting is called the ‘Yin-Yang Wooden Graph’. Its paper is made of a tree leaf from the Sacred Prime Tree. It took Saint Monk Xumi 10 years to finish the drawing, and it cost him great Spiritual Power.

“Young man, now you can free me, right?”

“Of course!”

Although Zhang Ruochen agreed to free the cat, inside his mind he was still uncertain. He could not fully trust the cat.

Zhang Ruochen injected his Genuine Qi into the scroll.

The scroll was shining and shaking slightly.

“Boom...!”

A black light flew out of the painting and fell to the ground. It became a one-meter-tall, giant black cat.

That cat was as large as a hog and fat with soft black fur. Its golden eyes were even bigger than Zhang Ruochen’s fists.

Zhang Ruochen had seen cats before, however, it was his first time to see such a large, fat cat.

“Haha! Finally, I am out! It’s been 100,000 years! 100,000 years!” That fat, black, cat spoke like a human being, which was weird.

Suddenly, that fat, black cat bared its sharp teeth, with a ferocious gaze in its round eyes. It rushed toward Zhang Ruochen and roared, “Kiddo, I’m the King of Slaughter. I can kill you with a claw! Haha!”

It rushed at Zhang Ruochen, reaching out a sharp paw toward his neck.

Its body seemed fat and bloated, but it was super fast. It moved like a black shadow.

Zhang Ruochen had been vigilant against the cat before the paw was coming toward him.

Zhang Ruochen hit the cat with his palm on the its giant face. The cat whined, and his tongue was almost outside his mouth.

The cat was thrown backward. “Bang!” It hit on the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel and fell to the ground like a dead pig.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his palm and then glanced at the cat on the ground. He frowned slightly and asked, “Are you really the King of Slaughter?”

That giant, black cat stamped the ground with its paws and gnashed. “Young man, how dare you doubt my ability? If it wasn’t for my cultivation being sealed in the painting, it would be a piece of cake to kill you... oh no... what are you doing... help... I was just kidding... I am such a nice guy, why would I kill others? What are you... oh no... no...”

Zhang Ruochen carried the cat’s tail and dragged it to the center of the space. He stepped on its abdomen with the Flash Shining Sword in his hand.

He injected his Genuine Qi into the Flash Shining Sword and all of a sudden, three Inscriptions of Power Series in the sword were activated. The weight of the sword reached 500 pounds suddenly.

“Fatty, do you really think that I will believe you again?”

Zhang Ruochen held the sword with both his hands and stabbed abruptly downward.

Suddenly, a scary power was unleashed from the cat’s body. The cat turned its body and escaped out of Zhang Ruochen’s control and hid in a corner.

With its tail upturned, the cat shined shallow black lights and said, “Young man, you must calm down. When you do things, remember not to act on rash impulse. “I was just testing your cultivation. How would I try to kill you? Besides that, with my unrivaled cultivation, if I plan to kill you, do you really think that you can get the chance to fight back?”

“Are you serious?”

With the Flash Shining Sword in his hand, Zhang Ruochen walked toward the cat one step at a time and swayed the sword.

“Shit, you really think that I am afraid of you? If we really fight against each other, it doesn’t mean that I will be weaker than you.”

The cat reached out his sharp paw and grabbed the Flash Shining Sword. It roared loudly, “Meow!”

Chapter 33: The Federation of Inscription

Zhang Ruochen retracted the Flash Shining Sword and quickly stabbed it out again. The sword pierced through the breach between the paws of that giant black cat and hit on its glabella. This made a metal crashing sound and some sparks struck out.

“Bang!”

The Flash Shining Sword was a Fourth Class Genuine Martial Arm. However, it could not break the cat’s defense.

“The cultivation of the cat isn’t that strong. It isn’t more powerful than a warrior in the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm. Why does it have such formidable defensive power?”

“Haha! Although I am one realm lower than you, my indestructibility, great martial technique, and spiteful means can help me defeat those who are three realms higher than me. With my current power, even a warrior in the Completion of the Yellow Realm can’t defeat me. Young man, go to hell! Meow!”

That giant black cat rushed at Zhang Ruochen again and jumped two meters high. It opened its big mouth and tried to bite Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder.

“Sacred Breaking Plum Sword!”

Genuine Qi was running through Zhang Ruochen’s entire body. He waved his sword at the cat. Meanwhile, the sword had broken out seven Sword Breaths.

When the Flash Shining Sword was right in front of the cat, the seven Sword Breaths gathered together and hit the cat’s chin.

The cat screamed again and fell to the ground, “Aww! That hurts! Young man, why do you have such strong power? You’re just in the Medium State of the Yellow Realm. How can you unleash the power of a warrior in the Completion?”

“Do you think you’re the only one who has a great physical quality? If we were in the same realm, I would probably be weaker than you. However, I have a higher realm than you now. You’re not capable enough to fight against me,” said Zhang Ruochen with his sword in his hand.

The cat was strong indeed. If they were in the same realm, Zhang Ruochen could barely defeat it because of its strong indestructibility. Being an immortal, there was no blade or spear that could cut through it.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen coming closer, it said, “Young man, as we both can’t defeat each other, why do we still have to fight? We will be wasting our time if we continue fighting each other. Why don’t we sit down and talk peacefully?”

The cat’s defensive power was so strong that even the Flash Shining Sword could not break the defense of its body. If they continued fighting, Zhang Ruochen could only defeat it rather than kill it.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and said, “If you can answer some of my questions, we can probably talk peacefully for now.”

The cat sat on the ground with its belly stuck out. It said comfortably, “Go ahead! I know everything from 100,000 years ago and can predict what will happen in the next 100,000 years. Whether you want to know something up in the sky or underground, or anywhere else on earth, there is nothing that I don’t know!”

“Why did Saint Monk Xumi seal you in the Yin-Yang Wooden Graph?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Well, that’s a long story! Back then, I had committed horrible crimes. Saint Monk Xumi thought I was sinful, so he sealed me up,” said the cat, with its big ears shaking slightly and eyes spinning.

“What kind of horrible crimes?” said Zhang Ruochen.

“I had killed millions of people, triggered human disasters, killed dragons and took out their gallbladders, set fires in the sky and oceans... Well, I think that’s it!” said the cat.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cat’s fat body and said, “Well, you don’t seem like a killer!”

“Yes! You read my mind. That monk was unreasonable. He sentenced me incorrectly and sealed me in that graph. I don’t even know to whom to complain to!” The cat lay on the ground, shook its head, and sighed with its belly stuck out.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Those who don’t look like bad guys can sometimes turn out to be very bad. Likewise, those who don’t look like good people can do great stuff sometimes.”

“I’m just a cat, please don’t judge me or misunderstand me... Hey, young man, what are you doing?” asked the cat.

“Phew!” The cat had been sealed in the Yin-Yang Wooden Graph again.

“As expected, the power of the Yin-Yang Wooden Graph can keep you down. Now I am the owner of this graph, so as long as I want, I can seal you in the graph.” Zhang Ruochen smiled with the graph in his hand.

“Young man! You should stay calm and set me free me! I promise you that you’ll have my loyalty forever. If you ask me to catch fish, I won’t dare to catch a rat,” said the cat worriedly.

The cat had been sealed in the graph for 100,000 years and had finally regained its freedom. Undoubtedly, it hated to be sealed again.

Zhang Ruochen ignored the cat and put the Yin-Yang Wooden Graph aside. He started studying the eight basic Inscriptions of Space.

“Young man! If you want to carve the basic Inscriptions of Space, you must at least cultivate your Spiritual Power up to the 12th level. How old are you now? How can you possess such strong Spiritual Power?! Release me and I’ll teach you how to practice your Spiritual Power.” The cat’s voice came out of the graph.

“The 12th level? Well... my Spiritual Power has reached the 32nd level already. The basic inscriptions are not difficult to me at all.”

Zhang Ruochen sat on the ground with his legs crossed. He opened *The Mystery of Time and Space*, put it in front of him, and started studying.

“How can it be possible? The Spiritual Power of an ordinary adult is normally at the 10th level. It would be an outstanding achievement to reach a maximum of the eighth level for a young man like you. “Even those with great innate Spiritual Powers can only reach the 15th level at most. How can you reach the 32nd level?” The cat was doubtful.

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in talking to it any longer. He started practicing the first basic Inscription of Space, the Inscription of pointy.

The voice came out of the graph again. "Did you start practicing your Spiritual Power when you were a child? No! Even if you started practicing from an early age, you could only have reached the 20th level. How can you have reached the 32nd level? Young man, you are better at boasting than me!"

Warriors with their Spiritual Power higher than the 15th level would be able to carve basic inscriptions.

However, the basic Inscriptions of Space were special. They were more complicated and unstable than the basic inscriptions. Only warriors with Spiritual Power at the 20th level could possibly carve them.

"Boom!"

Zhang Ruochen pushed his Genuine Qi into his fingertip and reached out his finger. A light spot was formed. He wanted to carve the Inscription of pointy in the air.

He had tried more than 30 times and yet, none of them were successful.

"Haha! I knew it. You were totally boasting! Practicing Spiritual Power to the 20th level is as difficult as climbing into the sky for average warriors. And if they want to carve the basic Inscriptions of Space, that's even more difficult." The cat teased him.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and whispered to himself, "It's my first time to carve it and it's surely difficult. Let me practice with the Spiritual Paper and the inscription pen!"

When alchemists and weapon refiners first started practicing the inscriptions, they all practiced with the inscription pens and Spiritual Papers. It took them at least one year to practice before they carved their first inscription on the Spiritual Paper.

It was Zhang Ruochen's first time to practice an inscription. Yet, he wanted to carve it in the air with his finger. It was not surprising that he failed.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and planned to purchase some inscription pens and Spiritual Papers.

"Young man, take me there as well! I promise that I won't make any trouble. I will listen to you..."

Before the cat finished its words, Zhang Ruochen had put the Yin-Yang Wooden Graph back into his glabella and walked out the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel.

Then, Zhang Ruochen left the Royal Palace and walked toward the Martial Market.

Right after Zhang Ruochen had left the palace, a maidservant rushed to the palace where the queen lived and reported Zhang Ruochen's activity to Han Qingluo.

"He's finally leaving the palace? That's wonderful! Get me a troop of soldiers, I'll take them out of the palace. Tonight is going to be the last night for that genius," said Han Qingluo with a cold gaze in her eyes. A hint of an evil smile played on her lips.

...

Zhang Ruochen had arrived at the Martial Market and walked toward the Federation of Inscription.

The Federation of Inscription was one of the strongest organizations in Kunlun's Field, with a long history. Before the First Central Empire was formed, the Federation of Inscription had already been established.

There were four Alliances under the Federation of Inscription: Alchemist Alliance, Weapon Refiner Alliance, Tamer Alliance, and Union of Unusual Talent.

Inscription pens and Spiritual Paper could only be purchased at the Federation of Inscription.

The Federation of Inscription had a monopoly over these two goods. They could not be found in any other place.

In Kunlun's Field, each city had a branch of the Federation of Inscription. The Yunwu Commandery was built magnificently, like a castle.

The traffic was always busy outside of the Federation of Inscription. There were warriors as well as alchemists in long blue gowns on the streets.

For the alchemists, a tripod was embroidered on the back of their gowns.

Other than the alchemists, there was a hammer embroidered on the back of the weapon refiners' gowns.

Apart from the alchemists and weapon refiners, there were some tamers riding on savage beasts walking into the Federation of Inscription.

There was a middle-aged man wearing a weapon refiner's gown. He looked like he was in his 30s, with his chest stuck out. He loftily walked toward the Federation of Inscription.

"My Lord Zuo En!"

The royal guards who stood outside the Federation of Inscription saluted with a gaze of respect in their eyes.

"Hmm!" Zuo En nodded. He walked into the Federation of Inscription without taking a glance at the royal guards.

"It's Lord Zuo En, the weapon refiner! It is said that he is an amazing second-class weapon refiner with his Spiritual Power at the 26th level."

"Lord Zuo En has altogether 17 disciples, eight of which have become first-class weapon refiners. There are countless warriors who want to be mentored by Lord Zuo En in all of Yunwu City."

"I've heard that Lord Zuo En has a relatively high requirement for his disciples. Warriors will be rejected if either his Spiritual Power has not reached the 12th level, or is aged over 20."

"It is almost impossible for warriors to cultivate their Spiritual Power up to the 12th level before turning 20 years old. Only the true geniuses can make it."

...

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen saw two familiar figures—the Eighth Prince Zhang Ji, and the daughter of Master of the Red Cloud Sect, Shan Xiangling.

They had arrived at the Federation of Inscription as well.

After the Year-end Assessment, the status of Zhang Ji had greatly plummeted in the palace.

His biological mother, Concubine Xiao, had been banished to the cold palace. Meanwhile, out of the nine princes, he had become the prince with the lowest cultivation. He was so depressed due to these two blows.

He had accompanied Shan Xiangling to the Federation of Inscription, hoping that they could apprentice with Lord Zuo En, the second-class weapon refiner.

In terms of his Martial Arts talents, he could barely compare to Zhang Ruochen.

Therefore, he had to discover some way to surpass Zhang Ruochen so he could retrieve his status back.

Chapter 34: Spiritual Power

When Zhang Ruochen noticed the Eighth Prince and Shan Xiangling, they saw him as well, standing outside the Federation of Inscription.

On seeing Zhang Ruochen, the Eighth Prince got angry and said, “Ninth brother, what have you come to the Federation of Inscription?”

Not being willing to argue with the Eighth Prince, Zhang Ruochen just shook his head and said to Yun, “Wait for me at the roan antelope ancient carriage. I’ll buy something in the Federation of Inscription.”

Stepping off the roan antelope ancient carriage, Zhang Ruochen headed for the Federation of Inscription.

A mellow sound came from a distance. A woman said, “Please wait, Ninth Prince.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped to turn back, gave a glance at Shan Xiangling who was walking toward him, and asked, “Who are you?”

Having just met her once at Qingxuan Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen did not know anything about her. He just knew that she was the Eighth Prince’ junior sister apprentice and came from the same suzerain as him.

“I’m Shan Xiangling from the Red Cloud Sect. You greatly opened my eyes at the Year-end Assessment, defeating a warrior in the Final State of the Yellow Realm with your cultivation in the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm. If it’s possible, I would like to discuss Martial Arts with you.”

Shan Xiangling slowly walked toward Zhang Ruochen with expectation in her eyes, giving off a wisp of soft fragrance.

As one of the four beauties in the Yunwu Commandery, Shan Xiangling was really pretty. With slender arched eyebrows, long eyelashes, and exquisite facial features, she was almost as delicate as a work of art.

When she first saw Zhang Ruochen in Qingxuan Pavilion, Shan Xiangling considered him a good-for-nothing without any ability to practice Martial Arts. Suspecting he was a catamite of Qin Ya, she deeply looked down upon him.

However, Zhang Ruochen showed a marvelous gift for Martial Arts at the Year-end Assessment, by easily holding a heavy stone tray of about 500 kg, killing savage beasts of superior-class level-one, and defeating opponents who were in a higher realm.

It was known that it was not easy for a young warrior to do even one of those three things.

As a genius martialist, Zhang Ruochen could not be a catamite and a plaything of a licentious woman.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Shan Xiangling and felt a little surprise. She thought, "The girl not only looks pretty but has a high gift for Martial Arts, as she has reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm, which is higher than that of the Ninth Commandery Princess and Lin Ningshan."

Actually, the reason why they were all regarded as the four beauties of the younger generation was that they looked pretty and were extremely gifted in Martial Arts.

If they did not have a gift for Martial Arts, they could not become goddesses adored by numerous warriors, no matter how beautiful they were.

Shan Xiangling was 17, a little older than both the Ninth Commandery Princess and Lin Ningshan, so she had a higher cultivation.

Seeing Shan Xiangling expressing kindness to Zhang Ruochen and feeling a sense of crisis, the Eighth Prince quickly walked up to them and said, "Junior sister apprentice, you have forgotten the affairs between the ninth brother and the hostess of Qingxuan Pavilion, haven't you? You are supposed to stay far away from him..."

Shan Xiangling raised her hand to interrupt the Eighth Prince, donning a bright smile, and said, "The Ninth Prince is a young talent. He is not the kind of person you are talking about."

The Eighth Prince felt a greater sense of crisis!

"Junior sister apprentice, let's go! We will apprentice to a master next time," the Eighth Prince said as he grasped her arm to leave.

"Boom!"

As Shan Xiangling quickly operated her Genuine Qi, she lightly waved her wrist, where a strong power broke out, blowing back the Eighth Prince.

"Eighth Prince, between a man and woman there should be a prudent distance. You should conduct yourself with dignity," Shan Xiangling said coldly.

"Junior sister apprentice..." With pain turning to numbness in his fingers, the Eighth Prince could not raise his arm.

Shan Xiangling only caught a fleeting glimpse of him and shook her head slightly.

Then she turned to Zhang Ruochen with a mellow smile and asked in a dulcet voice, "I'm going to apprentice to a master in the Federation of Inscription, what about you, Ninth Prince?"

Seeing what had happened just now, Zhang Ruochen just calmly answered, "I will just buy some inscription pens and Spiritual Paper to learn inscriptions."

"Really? That's great! I have been learning inscriptions from a very young age. I have already carved some basic inscriptions. With my experience of studying with inscription pens and Spiritual Paper, maybe I can do you a favor if you want to buy them," said Shan Xiangling.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while, finding that he was not familiar with inscription pens and Spiritual Paper, so he agreed.

Looking at the receding figures of Zhang Ruochen and Shan Xiangling, the Eighth Prince became very frustrated.

A moment later, his will to fight came back. He thought, "As long as I become Zuo En' apprentice, a weapon refiner, junior sister apprentice will come back to me again."

...

"Both inscription pens and Spiritual Paper have five levels as follows: Beginner Stage, Medium Stage, Superior Stage, Heaven Stage, and God's Stage. The five levels correspond with the five levels of inscriptions respectively.

"To carve basic inscriptions, basic inscription pens and Spiritual Paper are enough.

"And people with Spiritual Power below the 30th level can only carve the basic inscriptions. The higher the Spiritual Power is, the more basic inscriptions can be drawn. The more stable the inscriptions are, the higher possibility it has."

Introducing inscriptions to Zhang Ruochen, Shan Xiangling said, "I started practicing Spiritual Power and learning inscriptions at a very young age. Now my Spiritual Power has reached the 16th level, but I carve several basic inscriptions with little success, carving 20 times before I succeed once.

"A weapon refiner, like Zuo En, with a high success rate can make seven or eight successfully out of 10 times."

There were weapon refiners that practiced Spiritual Power in the Red Cloud Sect. But their weapon refiner with the highest Spiritual Power had only reached the 18th level. After all, the Red Cloud Sect was just a suzerain of Martial Arts. The weapon refiner in the Red Cloud Sect was unable to guide Shan Xiangling with his cultivation.

Therefore, Shan Xiangling visited the Federation of Inscription to take Zuo En as her master as a way to continue to further her study of inscription and weapon refining. That was because she wanted to become a first-class weapon refiner as soon as possible.

"Your Spiritual Power has reached the 16th level!" Zhang Ruochen said unexpectedly.

It was known that the people who could practice Spiritual Power to the 15th level before 20 years old would be regarded as geniuses. It was great that Shan Xiangling's Spiritual Power was much stronger than that of her peers.

As he mentioned Spiritual Power, Shan Xiangling felt proud with a sense of superiority arising in her mind and said, "Generally, the people whose Spiritual Power has reached the 15th level have an opportunity to become first-class weapon refiners."

Halting a while, she despondently said, "Unfortunately, I don't do well in weapon refining and inscription. I failed twice in the first-class weapon refiner's test. If I can take a second-class weapon refiner as my master, I would become a first-class weapon refiner quickly with his help."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What happens when you become a first-class weapon refiner? Are there any benefits?"

"There are so many benefits! First, as a first-class weapon refiner, you can become a member of the Federation of Inscription. Second, you can study books written about the more esoteric Spiritual Power. What's more, you can attend a class given by master.

"Meanwhile, as a first-class weapon refiner, you can gain a robe refined by the Federation of Inscription. The robe will symbolize that you are a member of the Federation of Inscription. When someone tries to hurt you, as long as it's not because of a personal grudge or your fault, the Federation of Inscription will help you.

"Of course, as a first-class weapon refiner, you can get respect from warriors. Generally, no warriors dare to offend a weapon refiner or an alchemist."

After hearing what Shan Xiangling said, Zhang Ruochen also wanted to give it a try. After all, the Federation of Inscription had a long history established in Medieval Ancient Times 100,000 years ago. Even the First Central Empire created by Empress Chi Yao only had a history of 500 years.

It could be said that even the cultural details of the First Central Empire ruling Kunlun's Field could not compare with that of the Federation of Inscription.

Nobody knew how strong the Federation of Inscription was and nobody dared to provoke it.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and thought that it was not bad to become a member of the Federation of Inscription.

Both inscription pens and Spiritual Paper were expensive.

An inscription pen of the Beginner Stage would cost 1,000 silver coins.

A piece of Spiritual Paper of the Beginner Stage would cost one silver coin.

Ordinary warriors would leave immediately once they saw the price.

It was simply a waste of money to learn inscription. Only a big family and a strong suzerain could foster a few alchemists and weapon refiners. They carefully picked out the geniuses with strong Spiritual Power to foster.

If the person who was picked out could not develop into a first-class alchemist or weapon refiner, they would lose out.

Zhang Ruochen spent 20,000 silver coins buying 10 inscription pens and 10,000 sheets of Spiritual Paper. Enough money as he had, he also spent it very distressed.

After buying what he wanted, Zhang Ruochen visited Zuo En with Shan Xiangling. And now he knew nothing about inscription, but would just learn by himself through trial and error.

He thought that once he got guidance from a master, he would get twice the result with half the effort.

Meanwhile, a voice came from the distance.

“Congratulations, Your Highness, your Spiritual Power has reached the 12th level. You have never practiced Spiritual Power?” Zuo En asked in awe.

Zuo En thought that the Eighth Prince deserved to be recognized as gifted because his Spiritual Power had reached the 12th level without any practice at his age.

“Right, I haven’t practiced Spiritual Power.”

The Eighth Prince looked at Zhang Ruochen and Shan Xiangling with a smile on his face and said in a louder voice, “In your point of view, I was born to be a superior of Spiritual Power?”

After hearing the commendation from Zuo En, the Eighth Prince was so delighted that he could not wait to show off his talent to Shan Xiangling.

Chapter 35: The 20th Level

“Your Highness, if you keep up the hard work with your marvelous gift, you are expected to be a first-class weapon refiner within five years,” Zuo En said with high praise.

The Eighth Prince became even more arrogant.

Zhang Ruochen and Shan Xiangling walked over to the Eighth Prince and Zuo En.

“My Lord Zuo En, I’m Shan Xiangling from the Red Cloud Sect. Here is a letter from my father.” Shan Xiangling handed him the letter.

Zuo En opened and read the letter. He glanced at Shan Xiangling from head to toe and said, “Your father mentioned that your Spiritual Power has reached the 16th level. Is that true?”

Shan Xiangling nodded with consent. “Yes, that’s correct!”

Zuo En folded the letter and said, “Your father, Master of the Red Cloud Sect, and I are good old friends. Since you have such talent, I’ll take you as my disciple. From now on, you are my 19th disciple.”

Shan Xiangling was delighted. She hurriedly bowed and said, “Mr. Zuo, please accept my respect!”

“That’s wonderful! Junior sister apprentice, I’m also one of the disciples of Lord Zuo En. We can practice Spiritual Power, learn how to carve inscriptions, and refine weapons together!” the Eighth Prince said with excitement.

Shan Xiangling ignored the Eighth Prince and introduced Zhang Ruochen to Zuo En. She said, “My Lord, this is the Ninth Prince of the Yunwu Commandery. He wants to ask you questions about the inscriptions.”

Zuo En glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, “If you want to be my disciple, you have to meet the following requirements. First, you must be aged under 20. Second, your Spiritual Power must reach at least the 20th level. It doesn’t matter if you’re a prince, if you can’t meet these two requirements, you are not qualified to be my disciple.”

The Eighth Prince sneered. In his opinion, no doubt Zhang Ruochen had a great talent for practicing Martial Arts. Yet, his talent for Spiritual Power was not as strong as his.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Zuo En and said, “Wait! You misunderstand me! I just want to ask you a few questions about the inscriptions rather than apprentice to you.”

When other warriors saw Zuo En, they all had always behaved respectfully, which made him get used to being a superior. He felt annoyed as Zhang Ruochen stood himself upright to talk to him.

Zhang Ruochen was not being arrogant. He just wanted to communicate with Zuo En in an equal manner. In fact, his Spiritual Power was much stronger than Zuo En’s, and he did not need to look up to Zuo En.

Zuo En groaned. “Hmph! You’re aiming too high, young man! Listen, if you want to carve the inscriptions, you have to practice your Spiritual Power. The higher level of your Spiritual Power, the higher possibility to carve the inscriptions. Yet, you will not succeed if your Spiritual Power is under the 15th level.

“Young man, have you reached the 15th level?”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Do you mean that once I cultivate to the 15th level, you’ll help me out with carving inscriptions?”

“Haha! Only warriors who cultivate to the 15th level can be my disciples. Unless you’ve reached the 20th level, don’t even think about communicating equally with me about inscriptions!” Zuo En said arrogantly.

In fact, the person whose Spiritual Power had reached the 20th level usually became a second-class weapon refiner.

Every upgrade was extremely difficult after reaching the 15th level. It was as difficult as climbing into the sky as it was to reach the 20th level. That explained why the second-class weapon refiners were rare. Even the Red Cloud Sect could not hire one.

“The 20th Level? Let me try.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen stared at the Sacred Testing Stone. He headed over to it and put his hands on it.

“The 20th level? He has never practiced Spiritual Power, how could he have reached the 20th level?” the Eighth Prince sneered and thought.

Zuo En said, “You’re crazy! Even a talented genius of Spiritual Power can’t reach the 20th level before 20 years old.”

Shan Xiangling was curious but she believed that Zhang Ruochen would only do things that he was sure of.

“Is his Spiritual Power really that incredible?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and injected his Spiritual Power into the Sacred Testing Stone.

“Boom...!”

There were circles of light streaks that appeared on the surface of the Sacred Testing Stone.

One circle, two circles, three circles...

Every circle represented a level of Spiritual Power.

When Zuo En saw 20 circles on the rock surface, he was so shocked and stared at Zhang Ruochen with surprise, as if he was a monster.

“It can’t happen, it’s impossible...” the Eighth Prince murmured as his face turned pale. He could not believe what he just saw.

Shan Xiangling was also shocked. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with adoration in her eyes.

When the circles had added up to 20, Zhang Ruochen stopped releasing his Spiritual Power and withdrew his palms.

Zuo En knew that Zhang Ruochen did not do his best because his Spiritual Power was definitely higher than the 20th level.

He had changed his attitude immediately. He welcomed Zhang Ruochen and said, “Your Highness, you are definitely a master of Spiritual Power, please forgive my offense.”

“At the age of 16, his Spiritual Power could advance past the 20th level! His future achievements are going to be beyond imagination. Who knows if I’ll need his help in the future.” Thinking about this, Zuo En immediately showed his kindness to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I just want to consult you about the inscriptions and skills of carving.”

“No problem! Your Highness, please follow me. Let’s go to a quiet place to share the knowledge of Spiritual Power and inscriptions,” Zuo En said happily.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and headed for the audience hall of the Federation of Inscription with Zuo En, followed by Shan Xiangling.

...

The Eighth Prince walked out of the Federation of Inscription. His face was gloomy and his heart was filled with anger.

“How irritating this is! In the past, Zhang Ruochen was a waste who didn’t dare to hit me back when I slapped him. But now, he is stronger than me unexpectedly. How could his talent be so high? How could it be?”

The Eighth Prince was gnashing his teeth in anger when he saw an ancient roan antelope ancient carriage outside the Federation of Inscription.

That was the carriage of Zhang Ruochen.

At the moment, Yun was silently sitting in the carriage waiting for Zhang Ruochen and looking at the Federation of Inscription now and then.

Seeing the Eighth Prince walking toward her, she was so scared that she saluted immediately and said, “Greetings, Your Highness!”

He looked cold-blooded and said, “Take me back to the palace.”

Yun felt reluctant and embarrassed and said in fear, “But... but this is the Ninth Prince’s carriage.”

“Bang!”

The Eighth Prince slapped Yun so hard that it made Yun fly three meters away.

Yun’s face was swollen and bloodshot with a five-fingered handprint appearing on her face immediately. She was spitting blood constantly with a dizzy head and a dislocated jaw. And she felt like she was going to die.

The Eighth Prince stomped on her and said with a fierce look, “The Ninth Prince is a prince, am I not a prince? You are just a maidservant, how dare you refuse to follow my order? Believe it or not, I can make your parents become the food of savage beasts and make you turn into a worthless prostitute with just a word.”

After that, the Eighth Prince got on the carriage and said, “Drive, or I will make your life a living hell.”

Yun felt so frightened. As she was just a maidservant, her whole family would be destroyed by one word from the Eighth Prince.

She stood up hard, sat on the carriage enduring the pain on her face, and drove back to the palace.

Sitting on the carriage and wringing his hands with grim eyes, the Eighth Prince thought, “Zhang Ruochen, you have surely gained some kind of precious treasure. Otherwise, you wouldn’t be able to become so excellent in three months.”

“As long as I have control over Concubine Lin and make use of her life to force him to hand over the treasure, I have a chance to make huge progress in my cultivation and become a master of Martial Arts.”

“After I become a Martial Arts master, Zhang Ruochen will definitely be the first person who I kill. By that time, Shan Xiangling, that dishonorable woman, will become my plaything. Haha!”

The street was desolate at night, passersby became fewer and fewer.

Two men in black stood on the roof beside the street and stared at the roan antelope ancient carriage passing below.

“Is that the carriage of the Ninth Prince?” the taller and thinner man whispered.

He was carrying a wire bow and 10 Thunder Arrows on his back and exuded a murderous coldness.

The chunky one sneered and said, “It must be him. Look at the maidservant who is driving, she looks exactly the same as the portrait given by Miss Han. She is the maidservant of the Ninth Prince. The Ninth Prince must be in the carriage right now.”

“Haha! It is so exciting to assassinate a prince. Once we have finished the mission, Miss Han will surely give us a generous reward.”

The taller and thinner man in black drew a Thunder Arrow and fitted it to his bow. Then, he aimed at the carriage, ready to let it fly!

Chapter 36: City Lockdown

“Pfft!”

A Thunder Arrow was released. It thrust into the ancient roan antelope carriage and passed through the vest of the Eighth Prince.

The arrowhead exploded. It turned into a fist-sized ball of electricity and released shafts of lightning that left a bloody bowl-sized wound on the Eighth Prince’s back.

“Crash!”

A short and chunky dark shadow dashed into the carriage. The sword flashed, and the head of the Eighth Prince had been cut off and put inside a beast-skin bag.

The assassin chuckled darkly. He carried the bag with the Eighth Prince’s head and sprinted out of the ancient roan antelope carriage.

In an instant, he had disappeared into the dark.

Yun noticed that there were strange noises. She stopped the carriage and asked, “My Eighth Prince, what happened? Is everything okay?”

Hearing no reply from the Eighth Prince, she lifted the curtain slowly and carefully. Inside, she saw a headless body! The carriage was all covered with blood and looked extremely horrifying.

“Help!” Yun screamed and passed out from fear.

...

Two dark shadows, one tall and one short, flitted across Yunwu City and soon reached the side of the moat.

Han Qingluo crossed her hands behind her back. Her tall figure under the moonlight cast a long shadow on the ground.

She stood under the willow next to the riverside. Her eyes stared at the moon reflecting on the river's surface and she quietly asked, "Did you complete your mission?"

"Miss Han, the mission was a lot easier than we expected. We cut off his head with one single stroke. He didn't even have a chance to fight back," the tall man in black said.

The other man in black laughed and said, "What kind of prodigy is he that he can't even put up a fight? He is a complete joke!"

Han Qingluo nodded slightly and said, "Both of your cultivations are at the Completion of the Yellow Realm as well as professional assassins, killing him is surely not a difficult task. Anyway, have you brought his head?"

"Yes, we've brought it here."

The lanky man in black took out the beast-skin bag, placed it on the ground and opened it. A human head covered with blood was exposed.

Han Qingluo looked into the bag. Her countenance shifted slightly and coldly asked, "Are you sure the one you killed is the Ninth Prince?"

Both men in black were frightened when they looked inside the bag. Their hearts skipped when that they realized that they had killed the wrong person.

They shivered, knelt down instantly, and said, "Miss Han... please give us one more chance! We will make sure to bring back the Ninth Prince's head!"

"You two have no more chances!"

Han Qingluo shook her head slightly and said, "This is such a huge mistake, killing the Eighth Prince rather than the Ninth Prince. I will be punished for your mistake. Do you really think you two will still have a chance to live?"

"Please... Miss Han, spare us!"

"Spare us, Miss Han!"

All of sudden, both assassins jumped up high at the same time like lightning and struck out as fast as they could toward Han Qingluo.

They had no choice as they had failed the mission and had killed the Eighth Prince instead. Having made such a massive mistake, they would both certainly be killed by Han Qingluo.

If they were going to die anyway, why not make a last bid for their lives?

Once they killed Han Qingluo, they would escape immediately and hide forever away from Yunwu City. The world was big enough that even the queen with her great power would never be able to find them.

Moreover, Han Qingluo's cultivation was at the Completion of the Yellow Realm, the same as the two assassins. Indeed, if the assassins cooperated together and took Han Qingluo by surprise, there was a chance that they could kill her.

Han Qingluo sneered. She turned five of her fingers into a claw shape with her nails becoming razor sharp.

"Pfff!"

Her claw punched through the lanky man in black's chest, taking his bloody heart along with it.

The lanky man in black looked at Han Qingluo, who was crushing his heart helplessly. He felt a sharp pain in his chest and fell flat on the ground.

Next, Han Qingluo struck out with her other hand, wrapping it with a layer of icy cold Genuine Qi.

"Boom!"

Her palm, which was sharper than a knife, passed through the air and sent the stocky man in black's head flying away.

Although Han Qingluo and the two assassins were at the same level of cultivation, the Completion of the Yellow Realm, Han Qingluo was much more powerful. Even if seven or eight more warriors of the same level attacked her at the same time, they would not be strong enough to defeat her.

She specialized in the "killing technique". It was well-known that once she fought, certainly there would be blood.

"The Eighth Prince has been killed. This will definitely shock Yunwu City and now there will be no chance to assassinate the Ninth Prince. I need to return to the palace and report what has happened to the queen so that we can prepare counter strategies."

Han Qingluo threw the two dead bodies into the moat. After she wiped the blood from her hands, she turned into a green shadow and flew to the palace.

...

Through the communication with Zuo En, Zhang Ruochen understood and learned a lot about inscriptions.

At the same time, Zuo En mentioned a lot of information about refining weapons, which also piqued Zhang Ruochen's interests a little.

Zhang Ruochen left the Federation of Inscription while Shan Xiangling stayed behind to get better acquainted with the art of refining weapons.

When Zhang Ruochen left the Federation of Inscription, he looked around but could not see Yun. He frowned and said, "Where is sister Yun? Has she left early to return to the palace? But she shouldn't have done so!"

Zhang Ruochen did not think too much of it as the Martial Market was a safe place to visit. He thought that Yun must have had something urgent to deal with and left him without notice.

Following that, he went to the Pill Market, planning to buy some higher grade Pills to enhance his ability while practicing.

This was the second time he had visited Qingxuan Pavilion.

When he walked in the front door, Mo Hanlin welcomed him with pleasure and asked, "Ninth Prince, are you looking for Pills again? My mistress has already informed me that my Ninth Prince will receive a half-price discount when buying any Pills."

"Your mistress is so generous!" Zhang Ruochen responded with surprise.

Mo Hanlin narrowed his eyes, smiling and said, "My mistress is hardly lavish with her hospitality toward customers. Only the Ninth Prince will be able to enjoy such treatment!"

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How much is a Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill?"

A triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill was classified as a Second-Class Pill. Its effect was the same as the Energy Pill but 10 times stronger in power. Moreover, the Genuine Qi produced by taking a Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill was purer than that of an Energy Pill.

"5,000 silver coins for one Pill." Mo Hanlin extended five fingers and waved them at Zhang Ruochen.

It was so expensive!

Such a supreme class of this Pill, even the prodigies from the large-scale family could not take it every day. It was said that they were given a Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill every sixth months.

Weapon refiners and alchemists sure made a lot of money!

"I want to buy 10 of them," Zhang Ruochen said without hesitation.

"10 Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pills." Mo Hanlin recorded it down in his notebook and asked, "My Ninth Prince, do you need any other Pills?"

"Please give me 100 Second-Class Blood Pills," Zhang Ruochen replied.

The Blood Pills that Zhang Ruochen had bought last time were already used up. He needed to buy some more this time.

With his current Martial Arts cultivation, he was able to digest the Spiritual Blood of the Second-Class Blood Pills.

An ordinary warrior in the Completion of the Yellow Realm usually took First-Class Blood Pills. Yet, Zhang Ruochen did not care how much he had to spend in order to buy the Pills. He was more than willing to pay for any Pills that could enhance his cultivation within a short period of time.

Although the price of a Second-Class Blood Pill was more expensive than a First-Class Blood Pill, it was also more beneficial toward the human body.

The Spiritual Blood of a First Class Blood Pill could only provide the energy that warriors needed for a day. However, a Second-Class Blood Pill could supply warriors with enough energy to last them three days.

“30 silver coins for a Second Class Blood Pill. Altogether 100 pills.” Mo Hanlin also marked it down in his notebook.

Zhang Ruochen continued searching on the counter. Suddenly, he saw the Elephant Fire Pill, a Third Class Pill that could facilitate a warrior to refine their body.

At the moment, Zhang Ruochen needed to reinforce his physique urgently. The stronger the body, the better for practicing Martial Arts in the future.

It was said that if practicing Martial Arts was like constructing a building, the most important part was the foundation. The more solid the foundation was, the higher the building could be constructed.

Practicing the Yellow Realm meant refining one’s body. Through opening the Meridians, it enabled the warriors to build a solid foundation for practicing Martial Arts.

“How much is an Elephant Fire Pill?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Mo Hanlin’s eyes flashed and he explained, “The Elephant Fire Pill is a Third-Class pill. It is made of the marrow and blood of elephants. Moreover, fire lotus, a very expensive ingredient, has been added into the pill. Hence why it costs 80,000 silver coins for one Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen was going to buy it no matter how costly the Pill was.

He asked, “How many Triple-purity Elephant Fire Pills do you have in stock?”

“Seven. This is all we have in Qingxuan Pavilion!” said Mo Hanlin.

“Good! I’m buying them all!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Besides that, Zhang Ruochen bought 20 bottles of Marrow-washing Liquid and a bottle of healing pills.

“Click, Clack!” Mo Hanlin was holding an abacus and he calculated for a while. He said, “10 Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pills, 50,000 silver coins.

“100 Second-Class Blood Pills, 3,000 silver coins.

“Seven Elephant Fire Pills, 560,000 silver coins.

“20 bottles of Marrow-washing Liquid, 4,000 silver coins.

“10 Saint Stone Pill, 20,000 silver coins.

“The total cost is 637,000 silver coins. With the half-priced discount, that will be 318,500 silver coins.”

Although Zhang Ruochen had anticipated that it would be costly, the cost after the discount surprised him. He could not believe he had just spent 300,000 silver coins for the Pills. Seven Elephant Fire Pills were very expensive, which brought up the total price. Luckily, mistress Qi Ya offered him a half-price discount, so the final amount was still fairly acceptable for him.

“If I take all seven Elephant Fire Pill and digest them completely, I’m sure that my physical quality will reach the level of my last lifetime!” Zhang Ruochen thought.

After paying 318,500 silver coins to Qingxuan Pavilion, there were only 800,000 silver coins left in Zhang Ruochen's total assets. They were also all stored at the Martial Market Bank.

When Zhang Ruochen just left the Qing Xuan Pavilion, he saw a group of soldiers clad in armor on horseback. They were rushing through the main street and had kicked up a huge cloud of dust.

There was a warrior on the side looking at the rushing soldiers and whispered, "I can't believe there's someone who is brave enough to kill the Eighth Prince. The city is under lockdown now, even the exit and entrance of the Martial Market are closed."

"The Eighth Prince has been killed?"

Zhang Ruochen remembered that he saw the Eighth Prince at the Federation of Inscription. How was it possible that he had been killed not long after?

"Boom!"

A group of soldiers rushed toward Zhang Ruochen and kneeled down neatly in front of him. Among the soldiers, there was an elder eunuch who stood at the front and greeted Zhang Ruochen with courtesy and said, "My Ninth Prince, His Majesty summons you to return the palace promptly."

Chapter 37: Seclusion for Refining

It was dreadful that the Eighth Prince had been decapitated in Yunwu City. If the generals and soldiers could not find the assassin and punished him severely, all the members of the Royal Family would be in danger!

The Yunwu Commandery Prince was inflamed with anger. He summoned 10 generals who had guarded Yunwu City that very night. He demanded that they close the city gate and lock down the Martial Market. He told them that catching 100 innocent suspects was better than letting a single guilty person escape.

"It has been many years since someone dared to assassinate a member of the Royal Family in Yunwu City!" the Yunwu Commandery Prince said.

Inside the palace, the 10 Generals felt like they heard a loud boom of thunder. Their eardrums seemed broken as they all shivered and sank down to their knees.

Each of the 10 generals commanded thousands of soldiers and horses. Their martial cultivation was tremendously powerful. Yet, the Yunwu Commandery Prince only needed to groan slightly to frighten all of them into kneeling down on the ground.

That was because the Yunwu Commandery Prince was a warrior in the Heaven Realm, and he was known as a Martial Arts legend. All the Martial Arts warriors regarded him as a god.

Minister Xue Jingtian stood respectfully before him and said, "Your Majesty, do you think this incident is related to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect? Only the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and the Black Market dare to oppose the Royal Family in the Yunwu Commandery."

“Although numerous evil and unsavory people gather around the Black Market, they only work for their own benefit. Killing the Eighth Prince does not serve their interests. I doubt if they are involved in the assassination.”

“Yet, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect worship devils, and they like meddling in high-profile affairs. It is highly possible that they’ve killed the Eighth Prince in order to provoke the dignity of the Royal Family,” the minister added.

“The Moon Worship Demonic Sect?” The Yunwu Commandery Prince’s eyes sank as he digested what the minister had just said.

The Royal Family was no doubt the most powerful group in the Yunwu Commandery. They had conquered the land and they held power over the military.

Other suzerains and superior families were subservient to the Royal Family.

However, some well-known groups often challenged the Royal Family, such as the Federation of Inscription, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, the Black Market, and the Martial Market Bank.

The Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank had control over all of the alchemists, weapons refiners, tamers, and other unusually talented people in the Yunwu Commandery, as well as more than one-third of the assets of the commandery.

The Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank were located all over Kunlun’s Field. They were influential enough to alter the Yunwu Commandery Prince’s decisions with just one word.

Of course, the Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank worked in partnership with the Royal Family to achieve mutual benefits. Under normal circumstances, they would not confront the official power.

In such a peaceful era, the Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank symbolized subservience to the official power. They accepted the governance of the Royal Family.

Yet, the Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank were left to manage their core interests themselves. The official power did not get involved.

The Black Market, like the Federation of Inscription and the Martial Market Bank, had been completely free from the supervision of the official power since ancient times.

It was a place specifically for all kinds of illegal businesses. It was the seedy underbelly of the world.

They controlled half of the assassins, prostitutes, thieves, wanted murderers, as well as a large number of slave traders and thugs-for-hire in the commandery.

To a certain extent, the Black Market was powerful enough to compete with the Martial Market Bank.

The official power was somewhat able to suppress the Black Market, but they could not completely eliminate it. In another commandery, the Black Market had dominated the entire government and military, turning it into a dark paradise.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect was even more terrifying. Large numbers of warriors worshiped devils in every commandery. They had established a branch gang for every region to confront the official power there.

They even wanted to overrule the First Central Empire, and they took control over Kunlun's Field.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect had built an assembly hall in every commandery and had appointed a branch chief to run it.

The power of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect was no doubt present in the Yunwu Commandery.

The chief of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect in the Yunwu Commandery was also a warrior with a cultivation in the Heaven Realm, as well as a Martial Arts legend.

"If the assassin who killed the Eighth Prince is a member of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, it is definitely a threat. They must be testing the Yunwu Commandery. Perhaps heresy masters are planning to attack the Yunwu Commandery," Minister Xue Jingtian said.

The minister was the brother of the queen. He must have known that her assassins had mistakenly killed the Eighth Prince instead of the Ninth Prince, their intended victim.

He had to direct the Yunwu Commandery Prince's suspicions away from his sister. Xue Jingtian needed to guide the Yunwu Commandery Prince's attention to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Assassinating a prince was a serious matter, but the Moon Worship Demonic Sect was even more important.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect had eliminated more than one commandery during the last 800 years. This was a nightmare for many rulers.

Even if the Moon Worship Demonic Sect decided to attack the Yunwu Commandery, the Yunwu Commandery Prince would definitely make it a priority.

The Yunwu Commandery Prince's face grew serious as he listened to the minister. The Moon Worship Demonic Sect was threatening his position as a Commandery Prince.

The minister glanced at the Yunwu Commandery Prince and felt a little relieved.

He was relieved because he had finally switched the Yunwu Commandery Prince's attention to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. If the Yunwu Commandery Prince ordered an investigation of the Eighth Prince's murder, it might expose the queen.

"It is impossible that the Eighth Prince was assassinated by the Moon Worship Demonic Sect!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed while walking into the place.

The minister looked at Zhang Ruochen with surprise and asked, "My Ninth Prince, what's your opinion?"

Zhang Ruochen responded and said, "The Eighth Prince was riding on my carriage. He was assassinated on his way back to the palace. Obviously, assassins were targeting me, not the Eighth Prince! His death was a mistake!"

The Yunwu Commandery Prince nodded and said, "Ruochen's deduction is indeed reasonable. The Moon Worship Demonic Sect has always been high profile. If they wanted to challenge the Royal Family intentionally, assassinating the Eighth Prince would be too simple. This incident must be investigated comprehensively. Also, Ge Qian, you have to leave the palace and discreetly monitor what the Moon Worship Demonic Sect is about to do, just in case."

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Ge Qian, the royal bodyguard of the Yunwu Commandery Prince, left the palace immediately to investigate the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Zhang Ruochen and the 10 generals also left the palace.

They immediately went and looked into the Eighth Prince's death, hoping to arrest the assassin.

Zhang Ruochen went back to the Jade Palace and checked up on Yun's injury. She had been badly hurt in the incident. Afterward, he went into the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel and started practicing.

"I was definitely the target of the assassination. Tonight was extremely dangerous! If the Eighth Prince hadn't forced Yun to send him back to the palace, I guess I would be the headless one."

During the Year-end Assessment, Zhang Ruochen's performance was too outstanding. It had made a lot of warriors jealous.

The people in the palace were the most suspicious.

Indeed, the Black Market and the Moon Worship Demonic Sect were not completely free from suspicion. A talented Martial Arts warrior who had born in the Royal Family was a threat to their existence. The best way to deal with it would be to kill the prodigy.

"Stop overthinking! If my cultivation is strong enough, no one will be able to kill me. Moreover, the assassination of the Eighth Prince has caused such a big reaction that the assassin may not try again."

Zhang Ruochen stopped overthinking and placed an Elephant Fire Pill in his palm.

The Elephant Fire Pill was as big as a longan. It looked like a flame and produced an extremely hot aura.

A Third-Class Pill was indeed different. The Pill Spirit inside was surprisingly potent.

An Elephant Fire Pill cost as much as a Fifth-Class Genuine Martial Arms. Only Zhang Ruochen would buy seven of these luxuries at one time.

On the other hand, only warriors with such a powerful body like Zhang Ruochen had the courage to take an Elephant Fire Pill. If a warrior in the Medium State of the Yellow Realm tried to take one, he would not only fail to digest it, but he might also burn himself badly.

Taking an Elephant Fire Pill was like swallowing a mini sun. The pain was even more intense than practicing in the Savage God's Pool.

"Phew!"

Zhang Ruochen swallowed the Elephant Fire Pill. A current of pill fire and Pill Spirit poured down from the sky. It drilled into his Meridians, flesh, bones, and five internal organs. It purified his body and blood.

Zhang Ruochen spent three whole days digesting the Elephant Fire Pill. His body strength had increased drastically. Also, his Genuine Qi in the Qi Pool had doubled.

Although Zhang Ruochen had fully digested the pill fire, he had only absorbed 30% of the Pill Spirit.

After five more days, Zhang Ruochen had completely absorbed the Pill Spirit of the Elephant Fire Pill. His pool of Genuine Qi had enhanced greatly.

At this speed, if I take two more Elephant Fire Pills, I will be able to practice the Genuine Qi of my Qi Pool and reach the Peak of the Mid Stage of the Yellow Realm.

The role of the Elephant Fire Pill was to refine one's body, not to elevate one's Genuine Qi.

However, the Elephant Fire Pill was miraculous because while Zhang Ruochen was refining his body, his Genuine Qi also increased.

Zhang Ruochen was in no hurry to take the second Elephant Fire Pill. The Pills were so strong that, even with his physique, if he took them without any interval, they would be unbearable.

Rather than taking the second Elephant Fire Pill, he thought. "Let's start learning how to carve the basic Inscription of Space!"

He took out the inscription pen and the Spiritual Paper. He infused the pen with his Genuine Qi and started drawing on the Spiritual Paper.

After wasting 130 pieces of paper and an entire day, he had failed to draw an inscription.

Rather than giving up, he kept drawing and practicing until he succeeded.

Zhang Ruochen spent almost every day in the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel within the next month. He only went out once every three days.

The rest of the time, he practiced the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, the Heaven and Heart Sword, and drawing eight types of the Inscription of Space.

A month outside the Time and Space Spinel equaled three months in the internal space of the spinel.

Zhang Ruochen had taken three Elephant Fire Pills in three months time. Finally, he had fully developed his Genuine Qi Pool and reached the Peak of the Medium State of the Yellow Realm. He could start practicing the Final State of the Yellow Realm.

"My physical quality is just about the same as it was in my last lifetime. Indeed, when I broke through the Final State of the Yellow Realm in my previous life, I was only six years old," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was ready to break through to the Final State of the Yellow Realm in this current life.

"I wonder how many Meridians I will manage to open up. In my last lifetime, when I reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm, I had opened 27 Meridians. Will I be able to open more than last time?"

Zhang Ruochen's determination showed in his eyes. No matter what happened, he had to make it.

Chapter 38: Chakras

There were currently 19 Meridians inside Zhang Ruochen's body, who was classified as outstanding among all the warriors.

With a cultivation in the Medium State of the Yellow Realm, Zhang Ruochen was able to fight against warriors in the Completion of the Yellow Realm.

If he could open up 27 Meridians when he was breaking through to the Final State of the Yellow Realm, he could not imagine how powerful his fighting ability would be.

When Zhang Ruochen took the first bottle of Marrow-washing Liquid, it took him an hour to open the 20th Meridian.

The second bottle of liquid took him four hours to open the 21st Meridian.

When he took the third bottle of liquid, it took him four days to open the 22nd Meridian.

He continued by taking the fourth bottle of liquid. The 23rd Meridian opened after quite a long time.

The more Meridians in his body, the more difficult it was for him to open them.

Having opened up four Meridians consecutively, Zhang Ruochen had used up half of his Genuine Qi. He felt exhausted and pain went all over his body.

As he was an experienced warrior in his last lifetime, he did not force himself to open the 24th Meridian. Rather, he stopped and decided to take some rest.

He then took a Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill, and with the help of the Pill Spirit, his Genuine Qi would recover after all the energy that he had expended.

Shortly afterward, the Genuine Qi in his Qi Pool had been fully recovered. His entire body was full of power and energy.

Later, Zhang Ruochen placed the Graph of Meridians of the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Emphyrean in front of him and started studying.

Zhang Ruochen had memorized all 36 Meridian paths on the scripture solidly. Even when he closed his eyes, the scripture appeared clearly in his mind.

In Zhang Ruochen's last lifetime, altogether he had opened up 33 Meridians. No matter how hard he tried, he could not open the remaining three.

The remaining three Meridians were the Chakras, the Vessel of Spiritual Blood, and the Vessel of Spirit.

These three Meridians were all mysterious. They overrode either the knowledge of normal warriors or their Martial Arts. Otherwise, with the talent that Zhang Ruochen had in his last lifetime, it was impossible that he was unable to open all the Meridians.

The Chakras referred to the growth ring of a warrior.

It was known that trees would grow a spiral-shape growth ring. Yet, after practicing the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Emyrean, Zhang Ruochen realized that even human warriors would be able to develop a growth ring.

The only condition for warriors to cultivate a growth ring was that the warriors had to open up the Chakras under their skin.

For each layer of growth ring, there was a layer of leather armor.

A layer of growth ring would increase after each year of practice. The defensive power of the skin would also be greatly enhanced.

The growth ring of a warrior was incredibly thin, so people would not be able to see it.

Even warriors who had practiced a hundred years and cultivated a hundred layers of growth rings, the thickness of their skin had no difference compared to ordinary citizens. The defensive power of their skin had reached a terrifying level, so they were impervious to bullets and swords.

The Vessel of Spiritual Blood referred to the Meridians which linked to the blood.

Blood was in a liquid state. If warriors wanted to cultivate a gaseous state Meridian inside the liquid state of blood, this was completely beyond their knowledge. Even Zhang Ruochen was suspicious about whether or not the Vessel of Spiritual Blood actually existed.

The Vessel of Spirit was even more unexplainable. It was recorded in the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Emyrean that the Vessel of Spirit existed in the Meridians of a warrior's soul. It linked a warrior's body and soul together.

Once warriors cultivated the Vessel of Spirit, they would be able to see their soul. They could also control their soul apart from their body. What they had to do to make it work was just a thought. When they thought about a certain idea, their soul could fly and see what happened a mile away.

The Chakras, the Vessel of Spiritual Blood and the Vessel of Spirit were all incredibly mysterious and exceeded the knowledge of ordinary warriors. Even with the talent and capability in Zhang Ruochen's last lifetime, he could not open up these three Meridians.

In this life, Zhang Ruochen was determined to seize every opportunity to elevate his capability. If he was able to open these three mysterious Meridians, his physical quality would definitely be stronger and much more powerful than it was in his last lifetime.

"Among all three Meridians, the Chakras seem to be the highest possible in existence. Maybe I will be able to open them up!"

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Graph of Meridians and pondered on the "Chakras". He wanted to open this Meridian up under his skin.

After nine days of studying, Zhang Ruochen came up with some ideas. He transferred the Genuine Qi into his skin. However, he failed with every trial and was badly hurt.

“Does it even exist?” Zhang Ruochen questioned himself. No matter how hard and how many times he had tried, he could not open the Meridians. He was sweaty. His shirt was all wet because of the numerous trials.

Suddenly, he heard a voice coming from the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. “Hey, young man! Let me tell you. The Chakras do exist! Just the way you that you are trying to obtain them is wrong!”

“My method is wrong? So what’s the correct way to open them? Tell me now!” Zhang Ruochen said.

That voice responded by saying, “Haha! If you let me get out of this wooden graph, I’ll tell you. Well, don’t worry, I’m not going to hurt you. The Yin Yang Wooden Graph will suppress me if I hurt you. As long as you think about it, you can put me back into the graph!”

When Zhang Ruochen thought about it, the Yin Yang Wooden Graph dashed out immediately from his glabella.

He held the Yin Yang Wooden Graph firmly. He started transferring the Genuine Qi to the graph in order to unleash the sealing stamp and he released the giant black cat.

“You can tell me now! How can I open the Chakras?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The giant black cat said, “The answer is already in your hands.”

“In my hands?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Sacred Prime Tree on the graph. It seemed that he figured something out and yelled, “The Sacred Prime Tree?”

The giant black cat nodded and said, “If you see yourself as a human being, surely you won’t be able to open the Chakras. Now imagine, if you see yourself as a tree, maybe it’ll be easier for you to obtain it!”

Zhang Ruochen then walked out from the blind area in the past as if there was a flashlight to guide him out. He sat on the ground and stared at the Sacred Prime Tree in the graph, trying to imagine that he was the tree.

It had been two days since he moved an inch, as if he had turned into a thousand-year-old Divine Tree. Even his pulse seemed to have stopped.

At this moment, he had already entered a realm which was a mystery of mysteries. He took a bottle of Marrow-washing Liquid unconsciously and started opening up the Chakras.

After two hours of practicing, there was a layer of a faint halo shining on Zhang Ruochen’s skin.

A white, thin line circulated on his skin as if he had been wrapped by a massive net.

The giant black cat widened his eyes with surprise and thought, “Oh my god... he made it! Nyima... do the Chakras really exist?”

In fact, the giant black cat knew nothing about the Chakras. He randomly told Zhang Ruochen that he knew the key to open the Chakras to help himself get out of the graph.

“I made it!”

He was extremely excited about the fact that he had finally opened up the Chakras.

The Meridians looked like a gleam of light, flowing around on his skin.

Once he revolved the Genuine Qi, there would be a transparent armor on the surface of his skin. Even if he were to stand still and let people attack him freely, random swords would never be able to pierce through his skin.

This was his 24th Meridian!

By opening the tough Chakras, it greatly boosted Zhang Ruochen's confidence. He did not waste his time resting but continued opening other Meridians so that he could break through to the Final State of the Yellow Realm.

Another four days had gone by. Altogether, he opened up 27 Meridians and reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm.

The capacity of his Qi Pool had enlarged 10 times more after breaking through the realm.

"27 Meridians... that's awesome! If I keep working hard, my capability will go beyond my last lifetime. With my power now, I guess I would be able to knock away the warriors in the Completion of the Yellow Realm!"

Warriors who reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm could break out the Strength of 25 Bulls.

When Zhang Ruochen first broke through to the Medium State of the Yellow Realm and displayed the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he successfully erupted with the Strength of 25 Bulls. Furthermore, when he was at the Peak at this stage, he broke out the Strength of 36 Bulls!

And now, he had already made it to the Final State of the Yellow Realm.

Zhang Ruochen would easily break out the Strength of 36 Bulls with a random palm. If he demonstrated the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, it was sure that his power level would equal 49 Bulls.

The best explosiveness of Zhang Ruochen at the moment was 49 bulls, which fairly doubled up the power of warriors who had reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm.

There was a myth saying that if the warriors in the Yellow Realm could reach the power of 100 bulls, it would be called the "Power of Realm". However, no one had exceeded such a limit.

Not even those with magnificent martial techniques and physical quality.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had never encountered anybody who could break out the Strength of 100 Bulls. There were warriors whose power was close but no one had ever reached 100, the perfect number.

When he reached the Peak of the Yellow Realm in his previous life, he could only break out the Strength of 94 Bulls.

"Young man! I have to say, you have almost caught up with me when I was young!" said the giant black cat, flattering him.

Zhang Ruochen eventually calmed himself down from the practice. He glanced at the giant black cat and said, “There are eight basic types of Inscriptions of Space. I can possibly carve six of them—the Inscription of pointy, the Inscription of transverse-type, the Inscription of lengthways, the Inscription of Height, the Inscription of line-type, and the Inscription flat-type. However, I can’t carve the remaining two inscriptions no matter how hard I try. Do you know what’s happening to me?”

“What?! You’re able to carve six types of inscriptions now? How is that even possible?” The giant black cat could not believe what Zhang Ruochen had just said and kept shaking his head.

Indeed, before Zhang Ruochen broke through to the Final State of the Yellow Realm, he was able to carve six basic types of Inscriptions of Space. Such a talented warrior with no doubt about what he had achieved with three months of practice.

In order to convince the giant black cat, Zhang Ruochen took out six pieces of Spiritual Paper and carved the inscriptions on the paper using the inscription pen at his fastest speed. Shortly after, six inscriptions were displayed on the Spiritual Paper.

The giant black cat crawled toward and stared at the inscriptions on the six pieces of Spiritual Paper. He nodded and praised it. “This is wonderful! You can surely carve all the six basic types of Inscriptions of Space! You’ve mentioned that you still can’t carve the remaining two inscriptions—the Inscription of strain-type and the Inscription of condensing, right? Well, it’s normal as these two inscriptions are a lot more difficult and complex compared to the other six. Do you have any carved jade with you, young man?”

“Carved jade?”

Zhang Ruochen did not understand what it was saying but he still took down the jade thumb ring from his thumb and placed it on his palm. He asked, “Why do you ask for carved jade?”

The giant black cat quickly glanced at the jade thumb ring. He nodded and said, “The quality of the jade is pretty good. You can use it for refining weapons.”

“Refining weapons?” Zhang Ruochen asked with hesitation.

The giant black cat responded, “Yes! Refining weapons! You have already learned how to carve the six basic types of Inscriptions of Space. You will be able to refine the simplest Genuine Martial Arm of space—the Spatial Ring. In the entire Yunwu Commandery, you are the only one who has the ability to refine the ring!”

“What is the Spatial Ring?” Zhang Ruochen’s mind was full of questions.

The cat continued, “A Spatial Ring is an independent space being constructed inside the ring. If your Spiritual Power and cultivation are powerful enough, the ring you define will be able to store a mountain or even the world! By all means, if you can create a space one cubic meter in size with your cultivation at the moment, that will be a very decent achievement!”

Chapter 39: The Spatial Ring

In Zhang Ruochen's last lifetime, he had seen a treasure called the "Xumi Primordial Bag". It seemed to be only a palm-sized bag, yet it was able to store an entire mountain.

The Xumi Primordial Bag was classified as a highly precious treasure. There were less than 10 pieces in all of Kunlun's Field. It was said that it had been passed on since the Medieval Ancient Times and was refined and worshipped by a saint.

Many of the weapon refiners always wanted to counterfeit the Xumi Primordial Bag. Not a single person had succeeded.

In Zhang Ruochen's previous life, he was Emperor Ming's son. He was well-educated and had a broad knowledge of the world. Hence, he knew that treasures like the Xumi Primordial Bag existed.

"Opening an independent space inside the ring... Isn't that the same characteristic as the Xumi Primordial Bag?" Zhang Ruochen was shocked by its function.

The giant black cat said, "The Xumi Primordial Bag is a space treasure refined by Saint Monk Xumi. I'm sure there will only be a few pieces left through the progress of passing on the space treasure until this era. Each of them is extremely valuable."

"I can't believe that the Xumi Primordial Bag was refined by Saint Monk Xumi! Well, I also want to try refining a space treasure with my capability!"

Zhang Ruochen was excited. He thought that if he could refine and produce space treasures, by then he could sell them at a very costly price and the profit would be used to buy more spiritual pills for his cultivation.

He gripped the inscription pen hard and transferred and implanted the Genuine Qi from his body into the inscription pen.

The inscription pen instantly displayed a white splendor. A gleam of white light extended from the top of the pen and entered the jade thumb ring.

Zhang Ruochen paid full attention to control the inscription pen and carved the base of the Inscription of Space inside the jade thumb ring.

Drawing the inscription was a task that required extreme meticulousness and consumed a lot of Spiritual Power.

"Boom!"

The first inscription had been successfully carved!

Zhang Ruochen did not stop but kept up the good work. Shortly after, he had finished the second inscription!

The third inscription, the fourth one, the fifth one, the sixth one...

When Zhang Ruochen finished carving all six inscriptions, there was a layer of a light halo displaying on the surface of the jade thumb ring. A strand of the white inscription was flowing around the thumb ring.

Soon, the halo disappeared and the white inscription penetrated into the thumb ring.

“Have I made it?” Zhang Ruochen wondered.

In order to clarify it, he immediately transferred a streak of Genuine Qi into the jade thumb ring.

On the jade thumb ring’s surface, there was a layer of halo and gleams of the white inscription. Zhang Ruochen touched the ring and felt like his entire arm had entered the ring.

“I made it! The area inside the jade thumb ring is one cubic meter large. Within the Spatial Ring, it contains six streaks of the inscription, which classifies as a third-class Genuine Martial Arm,” said an ecstatic Zhang Ruochen.

Bear in mind that this was his first-time refining a Spatial Ring and he had successfully made it!

The giant black cat said, “Don’t be overjoyed with your little achievement! You’ve only learned how to carve six basic types of Inscriptions of Space, yet you’re still unable to control the size of the space when you refine it. Wait until you learn how to carve the remaining two inscriptions—the Inscription of strain-type and the Inscription of condensing—then the space that you refine in the Spatial Ring will definitely larger than one cubic meter!

“Moreover, what you have done is to carve the inscription on the jade thumb ring. The inscription is not solid enough. It will probably dispel with a slight bump.

“What you have to do is to utilize the method of refining weapons. By worshipping the Spatial Ring with fire, it empowers the inscription on the Spatial Ring. However, if you fail properly to manage the heat, you will probably destroy the Spatial Ring.” The giant cat expressed a certain level of seriousness.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “I get it. I’ll head to the Federation of Inscription and borrow the weapon refining stove from Zuo En and, hopefully, I can fully refine the Spatial Ring!”

“Wait! I’m going with you!”

“Phhhf!” The giant black cat thrust its feet and flew out from the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel.

Looking at the giant black cat who stood in Zhang Ruochen’s room, Zhang Ruochen furrowed his eyebrows and decided to put it back into the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

Such a tricky cat could see through what Zhang Ruochen had in mind. He lay on the ground and cried, “Young man, I have been imprisoned in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph for more than 100,000 years! Though I have made massive mistakes, all these years I have atoned for my sins. I’m only a cat. I’m longing for freedom, longing for a brand new life! Mew! Besides, I am the one who guided you to open up the Chakras. Without my help, do you think you will be able to refine the Spatial Ring?”

Considering that it had helped Zhang Ruochen to break through the Chakras, he said, “Okay! I’ll let you stay outside of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph for the time being. But, you have to stay next to me the entire time!”

“Of course!” The giant black cat rolled on the ground with excitement.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen heard footsteps outside his room.

“My ninth brother, are you still secluding yourself for refining?”

It was the Ninth Commandery Princess Zhang Yuxi’s voice.

Zhang Ruochen opened the door and left the room. He looked at the Ninth Commandery Princess who waited outside his room and asked, “My ninth sister, what can I help you with?”

The Ninth Commandery Princess was beautiful today. She was carrying a sword in forest green, wearing a silver silk pleated dress with her shiny black hair rolled up on the top of her head as well as a green belt tied around her tiny waist.

She was so excited when she saw Zhang Ruochen. “I heard that your cultivation has reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm. Therefore, I want to fight with you as a form of practice.”

It had been less than two months since the Year-end Assessment.

She could never foresee that Zhang Ruochen had not only broken through to the Medium State, but had also reached the Final State.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “I guess my ninth sister has also made some improvements and reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm?”

She slightly shook her head and said, “Me? It’s not easy to reach the Final State of the Yellow Realm. I’m only at the Peak of the Medium State. But, I’ve practiced my sword comprehension to the realm of ‘Sword Following the Heart’. I think that even though I haven’t yet reached the Final State, I’ll be able to defeat warriors in the Final State.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head in consent. It was indeed hard for warriors who reached the realm of “Sword Following the Heart” at such a young age.

In fact, both the Ninth Commandery Princess and Lin Ningshan had just reached the Initial Stage of the Sword Following the Heart. Yet, Zhang Ruochen had made it to the Advanced Stage of the Sword Following the Heart and was thus beyond comparison.

With any random sword technique, Zhang Ruochen would easily defeat them.

He responded to Zhang Yuxi’s request, “But I don’t have time to practice with you now. I need to head over to the Federation of Inscription.”

“Never mind! I can go with you. Let’s take my cloud rabbit lunar rover.” Her eyes glittered. It seemed that the Ninth Commandery Princess just wanted to spend time with Zhang Ruochen rather than practice Martial Arts with him.

Then, she walked toward Zhang Ruochen and held his arms as if she was not evasive to demonstrate a sense of intimacy.

Zhang Ruochen looked a bit shy. Although they were brother and sister of different mothers, they were still attached by the blood of the same father. Soon after, he got more comfortable with it.

“Mew!”

The fat black cat walked out of Zhang Ruochen’s room casually as if it had gone for a walk.

At the moment, the cat's size had been greatly minimized compared to its original size. It was just a bit bigger than a normal cat.

"My ninth brother, you have a cat! It's so adorable! What's its name?" The Ninth Commandery Princess lifted the cat up and touched its skin softly.

"Mew!"

The fat black cat pretended to behave itself. It rolled its eyeballs, stuck its tongue out, and licked the fingers of the Ninth Commandery Princess slightly.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the cat, shook his head and said, "Just call it Blackie!"

"Blackie!"

She stretched out her finger and moderately patted Blackie's head.

She could not imagine how angry it was to be called "Blackie" as it once was King of Slaughter in its previous life.

"That is such an offense to me!"

"It's definitely an insult!"

"Fine! I'll just tolerate him! If I don't behave myself, he will send me back into the wooden graph..." Blackie thought.

Riding on the Ninth Commandery Princess' carriage, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the Federation of Inscription again. He borrowed the weapon refining stove from Zuo En in order to refine and worship the Spatial Ring.

The process of worshipping the Spatial Ring went unexpectedly well. Soon after, the first Spatial Ring had been produced and turned out as an actual product.

A third-class Genuine Martial Arm—the Spatial Ring.

Zuo En stood aside observing the process of refining. He whispered while observing Zhang Ruochen, "The Ninth Prince is definitely an inborn master of refining weapons! It's his very first time to refine a weapon and he is able to control the heat with such an amazing technique. This is no doubt admirable!"

Zhang Ruochen did not act arrogantly, but asked Zuo En with courtesy, "With my control over the heat, which class do you think my technique in terms of a weapon refiner is?"

"The peak of a first-class weapon refiner!"

Zuo En continued, "Be mindful, this is your first time worshipping a Genuine Martial Arm and you've already fully shown your talent. I believe that you will reach the second-class of a weapon refiner very soon!"

Being a second-class weapon refiner could enjoy a superior status in Yunwu Commandery.

Moreover, if weapon refiners were willing to rely on a particular sect or a large-scale family, they could immediately enjoy the same treatment as a presbyter, or a status even more superior than a normal presbyter.

“Sigh... my Spiritual Power has reached the third-class of a weapon refiner. Yet, my control over the heat is still not on point. Therefore, I can only classify myself as a second-class weapon refiner,” Zuo En groaned.

The Spiritual Power of a first-class weapon refiner was usually between level 15 to 20.

For a second-class weapon refiner, it was between the levels 20 to 25.

For a third-class weapon refiner, it was between level 25 to 30.

Last but not least, the Spiritual Power of a fourth-class weapon refiner was between levels 30 to 35.

The most senior master weapon refiner in Yunwu Commandery was Kong Tong, who was a fourth-class weapon refiner. Her Spiritual Power had reached level 34 and thus was called a master of Spiritual Power in Yunwu Commandery.

Her status in Yunwu Commandery was more or less the same as Yunwu Commandery Prince.

If Yunwu Commandery Prince wanted her to refine his weapons, he had to visit her in person. He had to negotiate with her in a fair and equal manner, because she was not only a fourth-class weapon refiner, but also Chief of the Federation of Inscription in Yunwu Commandery. Her status was extremely magnificent.

Zuo En asked with curiosity, “My Ninth Prince, what exactly is the thumb ring that you’re refining? Is it a kind of defensive Genuine Martial Arm?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Well... let’s keep that a secret for the time being!”

Shortly after, he left the weapon refining room. There was something bothering him in his mind, which was that he also wanted to buy a weapon refining stove.

However, Qingxuan Pavilion sold the best weapon refining stoves in Yunwu City. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to pay a visit to it, he had no choice but to encounter the attractive hostess who had the ability to steal men’s souls.

Qin Ya was a very coquettish, charming, and attractive woman, who took the initiative to seduce Zhang Ruochen. She would make him commit a crime. It gave Zhang Ruochen a headache when he thought of this.

By encountering such a lovely woman, he wondered if there was any man who could control himself to not be dominated by her.

“If Yuxi goes with me, maybe the hostess will slightly behave herself.” Zhang Ruochen finally thought of an idea to prevent himself from falling into the hostess’ seduction.

Chapter 40: Chief of Moon Worship Demonic Sect

While walking out of the refining room, Zhang Ruochen saw the Ninth Commandery Princess Zhang Yuxi and Shan Xiangling. Both of them were the startling beauties of Yunwu Commandery and looked slim and pure, displaying a sense of pleasure.

At that moment, they were scrambling to play with Blackie.

“Blackie, I know that you want to play with me, right?” the Ninth Commandery Princess said with a threat.

Shan Xiangling, however, talked to Blackie in a soft voice with her red lips shining and eyes blinking, “Blackie, let’s go to enjoy the best cuisine in the commandery!”

The Ninth Commandery Princess grabbed Blackie’s ears, while Shan Xiangling grasped its tail. They both kept dragging Blackie toward themselves, as if they were going to tear it apart.

The pain of being a toy between two pretties was unspeakable. Yet, Blackie was frightened that Zhang Ruochen would send it back into the wooden graph. Otherwise, it would have killed them for what they had done to it.

“This is absolutely absurd!

“I once was King of Slaughter! From when have I become two women’s toy?”

“Creak!”

The iron door of the refining room opened.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen and Zuo En walk out of the room, the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling let Blackie free almost at the same time. In a second, they returned to elegant ladies.

The Ninth Commandery Princess slightly fixed her sleeves and dress, looking classic and elegant, while Shan Xiangling softly touched her long hair, presenting a feminine and pure image.

“Boom!”

Blackie lost its bearings, falling on the ground heavily with its eyes were full of stars.

No one could imagine that two of the four beauties in Yunwu Commandery would scramble for a cat if one did not see it in person.

Were they scrambling just for a cat?

It was the fact that both of the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling were beautiful and known as unrivaled beauties of the world. Any warrior would be honored to meet one of them. They wished they could dedicate all their assets just to see them smile.

Whether or not they were one of the four beauties, it did not bother Zhang Ruochen. “My ninth sister, please accompany me to Qingxuan Pavilion. I need to buy a weapon refining stove.”

“Sure! Let’s go!”

With delight, the Ninth Commandery Princess instantly lifted Blackie up, who was lying on the floor. She blinked at Shan Xiangling as if she was demonstrating her victory of having either Blackie or Zhang Ruochen.

“Your Highness, I also need to go to the Qingxuan Pavilion. Can I join you both?” Shan Xiangling’s voice was always soft and displayed a sense of spirituality.

“Sure, why not?” Zhang Ruochen did not think too much about it and let her join them.

The distance between the Federation of Inscription and Qingxuan Pavilion in the weapon market were quite close. Therefore, they did not ride in the carriage, but walked toward Qingxuan Pavilion.

Then, something that Zhang Ruochen did not anticipate happened.

Everyone knew that both the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling were exceptionally beautiful and were goddesses for lots of warriors. The people who followed after them were countless, as the line for waiting to meet them had extended from the Federation of Inscription to the gate of Yunwu City.

It was as difficult as climbing into the sky for one who wanted to meet any one of the four beauties. Yet, two of them were following behind a young man today. It surely caused quite a sensation in the Martial Market.

“Isn’t she the daughter of Master of the Red Cloud Sect, Shan Xiangling, one of the four young beauties in Yunwu Commandery? She is exceptionally beautiful as if she were a fairy coming out from the graph!”

“How about the lady beside her? Her splendor is more or less the same as Miss Shan!”

“How can you not know the Ninth Commandery Princess, Zhang Yuxi? She is called a beauty of Yunwu Commandery, just like Miss Shan. There are numerous followers wanting to approach her in Yunwu City. Most of them are superior with a strong martial cultivation.”

Not far away, there were two young men sitting opposite each other on a pavilion. They also glanced at Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Yuxi, and Shan Xiangling as the three of them just walked by.

Liu Chengfeng looked cold-blooded and stared at Zhang Ruochen. “I can’t believe both Shan Xiangling and the Ninth Commandery Princess are accompanying him to the market! When did such a young man get so popular in Yunwu City?”

The man sitting opposite Liu Chengfeng was called Situ Ge, Situ Linjiang’s elder brother.

Situ Ge chuckled. “Oh my brother! Don’t you recognize him? He is Yunwu Commandery Prince’s ninth son. Not long ago, he obtained first place in the Year-end Assessment. He is now the hottest genius in Yunwu City! Well... what beauty doesn’t love a genius? Not to mention his superior status. He has surely become the idol of young women!”

Liu Chengfeng giggled. “I know who he is. Being first in the Year-end Assessment... so what? He’s just the first among the Royal Family and their relatives in the younger generation. Compared to the entire young generation in Yunwu City, I guess he can fairly make into the top 10. Yet, I bet ranking in the top 20 in Yunwu Commandery will be too much hard work for him. It makes sense though! His cultivation has just reached the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm. Haha!”

Liu Chengfeng smirked slightly and looked contemptuous.

Situ Ge had watched the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Situ Linjiang. He clearly knew that Zhang Ruochen was indeed magnificent. "Although his cultivation is in the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm, he is able to defeat the young geniuses in the Final State. He is not someone to mess with! When he breaks through to the Medium State of the Yellow Realm, I guess he can still barely confront the warriors in the Completion."

Liu Chengfeng said, "How is that possible? The Meridians inside a Completion warrior's body are all fixed. It's called succeeding the body of Martial Arts. It's incomparable to the warriors in the Final State of the Yellow Realm. Even if he breaks through to the Medium State, he will be defeated by the Completion warriors within three moves."

Situ Ge giggled. "With your martial cultivation, it's more than sufficient to make it to the top three among the young warriors in Yunwu City. Moreover, you're in the Peak of the Completion of the Yellow Realm. No matter how talented the Ninth Prince is, he won't be strong enough to compete with you until he makes it to the Completion Stage."

The so-called young generation referred to the warriors who were under age 20.

Liu Chengfeng had reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm at 17 years old. Excluding the Seventh Prince, who had incredible talent and had always been ranked ahead of him, none of the other geniuses were capable of withstanding any of his moves during a fight.

There was a delighted smile on Liu Chengfeng's face. "It's just a pity that the Ninth Prince is still so weak. Otherwise, he'd be classified as one of my strongest opponents. To be honest, I'm totally not concerned with his cultivation."

Situ Ge chuckled. "You're only interested in Miss Shan, aren't you? Unfortunately, she feels like she is more into the Ninth Prince. If you do like her, I suggest you take the initiative and talk to her. Otherwise, she will soon become the Ninth Prince's woman!"

"Hmph! My status in the Martial Market Bank is almost the same as the Ninth Prince's. Is that still a matter if I want a woman?" Liu Chengfeng said with arrogance.

Liu Chuanshen, Liu Chengfeng's father, was the chief of the Martial Market Bank in Yunwu Commandery. The Martial Market Bank was financially powerful and had lured numerous strong warriors to support them.

Liu Chuanshen was seen as having a massive control over Yunwu Commandery's economy.

Being Liu Chuanshen's son, Liu Chengfeng was certainly a famous person in Yunwu Commandery.

If he really loved Shan Xiangling, what he had to do was to express his feeling toward Master of the Red Cloud Sect, who would certainly be more than ecstatic to marry his daughter off to Liu Chengfeng. It would only be beneficial if the Red Cloud Sect could socialize with the Martial Market Bank.

However, Liu Chengfeng did not want to marry Shan Xiangling. He just wanted to have fun with her and treated her like a prostitute.

With his status and talent in Martial Arts, he had already found someone better for marriage. To Liu Chengfeng, Shan Xiangling was just a Master's daughter and was only worth spending a night with. Afterward, he was going to dump her away.

...

Qingxuan Pavilion was located in the weapon market.

Qin Ya was naked and her snow-white body was comfortably lying in a pool carved out of a jade stone.

There was a creamy white liquid in the pool, emanating a vague icy air that completely wrapped her exquisite embossed figure. Her plumpy breasts and buttocks, tiny waist and slim, long legs... all were partly visible within the air. It was exceptionally attractive.

If any men were to see such a beautiful scene, blood from their nose would surely spurt non-stop.

At this moment, Mo Hanlin was sitting outside the pool with his whole body clenched tightly. He did not dare to look toward the pool as he asked with a faltering voice, "My hostess, we've eroded half of the financial affairs of the Martial Market Bank. They are no longer our competitor. Shall we start working on Liu Chuanshen and dispelling the entire Martial Market Bank in Yunwu Commandery?"

Qin Ya squinted her shining eyes, glistened her long eyelashes where drops of water fell from, one by one.

Her crystal clear red lips slightly moved. "There's no rush! The power of the Martial Market Bank is still strong. It's not as easy as it seems. Moreover, if we take down the Martial Market Bank, the official power of Yunwu Commandery will also get involved. It'll only make things complicated.

"Yunwu Commandery Prince will never allow us to take control over the economy of Yunwu Commandery. On top of that, the Black Market is longing to dismiss the Martial Market Bank. Let them fight first! We'll wait for the perfect moment and take them down!"

Mo Hanlin nodded in agreement.

"Tip, tap!"

The sound of footsteps resounded.

A maidservant came inside and bowed toward the pool and said, "My hostess, the Ninth Prince has arrived at Qingxuan Pavilion. He wants to buy a weapon refining stove, which is a seventh-class Genuine Martial Arm."

Mo Hanlin sat there freezing with his sweat. He had to seize this opportunity to leave the pool, so he stood up and said, "My hostess, let me welcome him!"

"Wait! Since it's the Ninth Prince, how can I not greet him in person?"

Qin Ya opened her attractive eyes. She walked out of the pool, took a red, thin yarn and wrapped her seductive body. Water dropped on her white back and glided on the jade stone.

Zhang Ruo Chen was the first ever man who was able to deal with her seduction. His Spiritual Power and determination were far greater than anyone else's, hence Qin Ya was very interested in him.

Furthermore, she suspected that there was a superior warrior helping Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to reach the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm within three months.