

Chapter 371: Travelling Together

After some time, aside from Xue Yingrou, there were seven talented students gathered around Zhang Ruochen.

“Thank you, my brother, may I know your name?” One of the students asked graciously.

The students of the School of the Martial Market spread all over the world. Although they did not know Zhang Ruochen, they recognized the seal of their school on his gown.

Since they all were the students of the School of the Martial Market, naturally they were fellow apprentices.

Moreover, the power of Zhang Ruochen was so strong that they should respectfully call him “big brother” regardless of his age.

“Let’s attack the Flaming Red Crow first.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and said, “Well, although you all are the students of the School of the Martial Market, do you have any Combined Attack?”

“Of course we do!”

Standing by the side of Zhang Ruochen, Xue Yingrou immediately took out a fist-sized array of Formation Jade from her sleeves.

Unknowingly, it was Zhang Ruochen’s first time to look at Xue Yingrou right in the face. A feeling of shock overcame him.

A thought immediately surfaced in his mind: “What a striking beauty.”

No matter how strong a person’s spiritual power was and how profound the cultivation was, the appreciation of “beauty” would never change.

Xue Yingrou was the first beauty of the young generation of South Cloud Commandery. Naturally, she was faultless. Whether it be her delicate facial features, or her perfect figure, or even her elegant temperament were all enough to make men infatuated with her.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was only shocked for a moment, after all, he had already met so many beauties. He then immediately pulled away from his gaze and continued to kill the Flaming Red Crow.

After hearing Zhang Ruochen’s plan, the other genius students took out the Formation Jade together with Xue Yingrou and arranged a Combined Attack.

Previously, Flaming Red Crow Prince had broken through the defense strategy of the Silver Moon Ship with an abrupt charge. They couldn’t retaliate, and they were also separated by countless Flaming Red Crows, so they had no opportunities to use the Combined Attack.

Moreover, they were all geniuses who were arrogant and looked down upon each other. They only treated the elder brother Zi Hansha with reverence and had no respect towards other the geniuses.

Therefore, even though they all belonged to the School of the Martial Market in South Cloud Commandery, they they never talked to each other, in other words, since it was rare for them to unite against the enemy, there was no synergy in their teamwork.

They were still fighting individually when they were in danger. The first thing that came to mind was to save their own lives, instead of using the Combined Attack.

It was not until this moment that the Combined Attack actually worked.

It must be said that they were all talented and indeed extraordinary, and all of them were at the cultivation of the Heaven Realm. After the formation of Combined Attack, the power that erupted out was indeed terrifying.

They dispersed the Flaming Red Crows around for a moment and temporarily eliminated the immediate crisis.

In the other direction, centered on Zi Hansha, the eldest brother, there gathered seventeen talented students.

“Yeah! How can we forget to use the Combined Attack?”

“These Flaming Red Crows are no match for us now that we are using the Combined Attack. Although they can also attack us in groups, we can easily just join together to defend ourselves.”

Zi Hansha looked at Zhang Ruochen at a distance, and he felt that he had been robbed of the limelight. In particular, his eyes grew even colder when he saw Xue Yingrou standing beside Zhang Ruochen.

He did not show any emotion, but ordered, *“Arrange the Combined Attack.”*

When those genius students took out the Formation Jades and intended to arrange the Combined Attack, the Flaming Red Crows receded like a tide and turned into a cloud of fire, disappearing into the sky.

They were all amazed at it.

Why had the crows suddenly retreated?

Whatever the reason was, now that the Flaming Red Crows retreated, it meant that they completely survived this attack!

Those genius trainees were naturally excited and breathed out a sigh of relief. The exhilarating feeling of having just survived a disaster was indescribable and they felt like this was worth celebrating.

“CLASH!”

Two silhouettes suddenly dropped down from the sky.

It was Lei Jing and He Yunlou. They nearly landed on the Silver Moon Ship at the same time. The momentum of the body were powerful like two big mountains slamming down onto the ship and shocked the talented students on the Silver Moon Ship.

“My honor, Presbyter He.”

All trainees bowed at He Yunlou.

Although the talented students at present were arrogant, even some were more favored beyond He Yunlou, but does it matter?

He Yunlou was superior in the Fish-dragon Realm which had already surpassed Martial Arts. It was reasonable for him to be admired by other students.

Moreover, even those with high talent may not be able to reach the Fish-dragon Realm. Even with the talent of Zi Hansha, he did not dare to ensure that he would be able to become superior in Fish-dragon Realm.

Since the ancient times, there were countless so-called Five and Six-realm Fighting Geniuses who failed to break through the Fish-dragon Realm and they could only remain as mere mortals and nothing more.

On the contrary, some mediocrities who never performed well, in the beginning, flew into the sky and evolved into dragons from fishes in their Fish-dragon Realm, becoming a saint and great emperor in the end.

Therefore, even with Zi Hansha’s talent, he had to bow down his proud head in front of He Yunlou.

He Yunlou lifted his hands slightly, indicating that they did not have to salute.

Later, He Yunlou moved up to Lei Jing, holding his hands in fists, and said gratefully, “I am He Yunlou, Golden robe Presbyter of the School of the Martial Market in South Cloud Commander, and I’m thankful for your dear friend who defeat the Flaming Red Crow Prince. I’m afraid that our students from South Cloud Commandery would die and get hurt today without your help.”

The talented students from South Cloud Commandery finally came to understand that it was someone who defeated the Flaming Red Crow Prince, so the Flaming Red Crows immediately receded.

They had all seen the gruesome power of the Flaming Red Crow Prince. The one who could defeat it must’ve been someone extraordinary. Nobody knew what county of the School of the Martial Market did they come from.

Or maybe they were from a mansion of the School of the Martial Market?

The Eastern Region divided into 36 Mansions, each of which was divided into 36 counties. Each county had a School of the Martial Market.

It is the county and the mansion rather than the commandery or offices that really subordinated to the establishment of the First Central Empire.

The magistrate of a county was called “Commandery Magistrate”.

The magistrate of a mansion was called “Mansion Master”.

According to the area, the size of a county in the Eastern Region was similar to the area of a superior class commandery.

But because this was a divine and fertile land, and it was surrounded with sacred mountains and had a long history, the population of a county was more than ten times than that of a superior commandery.

However, rights of a Commandery Magistrate were much more limited than the rights of a Commandery Prince. Besides, the Commandery Magistrates were also subjected to the direct jurisdiction of the imperial court center and cannot do whatever they like.

Of course, because of the prosperous Martial Arts in the Eastern Region, there were many Half-Saint families, powerful sectarians, and Saint families with a profound background. Young disciples had more choices to go for to grow their talents. It was not a necessity to join the School of the Martial Market to have a bright future.

Even so, this time the School of the Martial Market in South Cloud Commandery also selected 37 genius who had the opportunity to enter the Saint Academy. They at least were the genius of Three-and-a-half Tricks.

If they went to Omen Ridge, any one of them would've had the talent to rank first in Omen Ridge.

Lei Jing glanced at those genius trainees and sighed in his heart, "This was the Eastern Sacred Region where nurtured so many genius. It could select dozens of top talents in the School of the Martial Market just in a county which was impossible in Omen Ridge."

When Lei Jing looked at Zhang Ruochen, he was getting firm and strong at once. There was nothing to be self-abased. What Omen Ridge used to be could not represent what it is now.

Not to mention that Zhang Ruochen, Si Xingkong, and Duanmu Xingling, after refining of the Dragon's Blood, also could be at the top level compared with the talented students of South Cloud Commandery.

Lei Jing thought that he would show the old guys in the School of the Martial Market in the Eastern Sacred Region that there also existed talents in Omen Ridge.

Lei Jing and He Yunlou chilled out. After knowing that Lei Jing once was a Saint in the Saint Academy, He YunLou was even more respected and sighed, *"It's no wonder that Brother Lei's cultivation was so powerful. You are the superior of the Saint Academy. I was totally inferior to you and I hadn't even stepped into the entrance of the Saint Academy."*

Those talented students in South Cloud Commandery heard it and held Leijing with even more admiration.

What was the Saint Academy?

It was the cradle of saints. There was a rumor that the lecturers inside were all Half-Saints.

None of the monks who came out of the Saint Academy was weak.

Moreover, as the saint of Saint Academy in the past, he must had built up connections in the Academy. He was the leader of this team, so there is a higher chance for the group members to join the Saint Academy.

The beautiful eyes of Xue Yingrou took a look at Zhang Ruochen. She was in a wonderful smile over her face and was admiring, *"It's no wonder that he was so powerful that his lead teacher was actually a saint from the Saint Academy."*

Afterward, Xue Yingrou looked at Zi Hansha again and could not help but shook her head. Although Zi Hansha was also a genius, when compared with Zhang Ruochen, her talent seemed to be dull.

In the eyes of Xue Yingrou, she felt that Zhang Ruochen was really perfect. She was getting more and more attracted to him.

In her mind, she recalled the scene of Zhang Ruochen rushing out of the Flaming Red Crows and saving her. She felt that her cheek got hot and her heartbeat sped up. The more she recalled, the stronger her admiration was, and the more she favoured Zhang Ruochen over Zi Hansha.

With the invitation from He Yunlou, Lei Jing finally agreed to join them and take the Silver Moon Ship to the East Region Saint City.

Afterward, a Dragon-eagle carried Duanmu Xingling, Sikong Kong, Chang Qi and others to the Silver Moon Ship.

He Yunlou was quite surprised and said, *"Brother Lei, how could you only bring such a few students?"*

In fact, He Yunlou just considered Lei Jing as a big figure, thinking that he was a presbyter of the School of the Martial Market of a certain mansion. After all, Lei Jing was so powerful. How could it be impossible to bring such a few trainees? By all rights, he was supposed to bring hundreds of students with him.

Lei Jing only smiled and said, *"Of course there are other trainees, but they have already gone to the East Region Saint City before us."*

In fact, Lei Jing did not say anything wrong. There were indeed a group of trainees who had already gone first to the East Region Saint City, such as Huang Yanchen, Chen Xier, and Luo Shuihan.

He Yunlou suddenly nodded and thought that most of the students had already gone to East Region Saint City and the students with him now didn't join the main group. So He Yunlou stopped asking any more.

Afterward, he gave Si Xingkong, Duanmu Xingling, and Chang Qiqi a slight glance. There was the lingering presence of dragon Qi and they were absolutely extraordinary God's favored son.

Suddenly, He Yunlou was shocked and was more firmly believe in his conjecture.

Chapter 372: Zi Hansha

The School of the Martial Market in the South Cloud Commandery selected a total of 37 talented students. Six of them died after the calamity, leaving only 31.

To He Yunlou, this was already the best outcome despite the heavy loss.

What human wouldn't run into accidents?

And thus, the Silver Moon Ship sailed once again.

Xue Yingrou was an elegant girl with snow-white skin, long golden hair, and a slim figure. She stood right in front of Zhang Ruochen, less than two meters away.

He could clearly smell the light floral fragrance coming from her.

Her voice was soft and gentle, and somewhat shy as she said, "Thank you for saving my life. May I have your name?"

He looked at her and replied, "Zhang Ruochen."

She instantly memorized this name. With a soft, beautiful laugh, she said, "I'm Xue Yingrou. Your sword technique is incredible and you must've already reached the Peak of Sword Following the Heart. Will you show me some guidance?"

"Miss Xue, I think you should first heal your injuries. It's not too late to discuss Martial Arts after." He said.

Xue Yingrou was all smiles. She giggled and said, "I'll consider that as you agreeing! Once I'm completely recovered, you must give me some guidance. You can't go back on your word."

When a beauty like Xue Yingrou smiled, she looked truly beautiful. It was as if she was an immortal who had descended to earth to tug at men's heartstrings.

After she took her leave, Duanmu Xingling jumped off the railing of the mast and landed with a swoosh behind Zhang Ruochen. She smiled at him. "Zhang Ruochen, your charisma is powerful indeed. You've just arrived at the holy soil of the Eastern Region and there's already a girl who admires you so much. You can't be already mesmerized by her, right?"

"How is that possible?" Zhang Ruochen smiled.

"Tch!"

Duanmu Xingling crossed her arms with a look of disbelief. Her eyes shined with mischief and she mimicked Xue Yingrou's voice as she said, "'Once I'm completely recovered, you must give me some guidance. You can't go back on your word.' I really want to slap her when I heard her voice."

Zhang Ruochen smiled helplessly. "Do you think I'm one of those people who can't resist temptation?"

"Who knows for sure? Men! Keeping an eye on the pot while eating what's in your bowl! You're never satisfied. Since Sister Chen isn't here, I naturally have to keep an eye on you in her place. A vixen like her should know her place. Otherwise, I'll have her die in a very nasty way."

Duanmu Xingling pushed out her chest proudly and raised her chin, disdain in her eyes. "Besides, I think she's pretentious and snobbish. If you told her that you're a warrior from an isolated inferior commandery in the Omen Ridge, it'd be a wonder if she still pays you any attention."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her proud expression and saw that she was worried Xue Yingrou would charm him and lead him into a trap.

In reality, it was normal. Warriors from the holy soil of the Eastern Region looked down on warriors from small places like the Omen Ridge. In their eyes, the Omen Ridge was an uncivilized land of savages, a remote and desolate place.

Zhang Ruochen could tell that Xue Yingrou had approached him partially because he had saved her in her most dangerous moment and partially because she had seen that he was God's favored son with a powerful background.

If she knew that Zhang Ruochen was a warrior hailing from a remote and desolate place like the Omen Ridge, she would probably turn her nose up at him and wouldn't even spare him a glance.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen didn't care at all what she thought.

He smiled. "Relax! Senior sister apprentice Duanmu. Do you think I'm someone so easily charmed by beauty? In my eyes, you're much prettier."

"At least you have some oversight."

Secretly, she was happy and bubbling with confidence. How could Xue Yingrou compare with her? If Xue Yingrou saw her true appearance, would that not shock her?

Of course, she didn't show any joy on her face and stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly instead. "You smooth-talking, flattering wastrel! You learned all the bad things from Chang Qiqi!"

She instantly jumped and escaped after speaking, terrified that Zhang Ruochen would see her blushing.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. Had he not just praised her? How was he a flattering wastrel all of a sudden?

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Eight genius students were gathered in a cabin with dim lighting.

"Eldest brother, I saw senior sister apprentice Xue find that guy earlier. They were talking and laughing."

A student stood in front of Zi Hansha, his voice shaking with anger. His fists were tightly curled and his face was dark.

Another student sneered. "How hateful! He dares to think about stealing eldest brother's woman. He doesn't want to live, does he?"

"Senior sister apprentice Xue is the most beautiful woman in our South Cloud Commandery. We can't allow him to steal her. Eldest brother, we all know that you and senior sister apprentice Xue make perfect couple, a match made in heaven."

Most of the students there were secretly in love with Xue Yingrou. Naturally, they couldn't stand seeing her interacting with Zhang Ruochen.

However, they knew that they weren't a match for Zhang Ruochen. Thus, they tried to goad Zi Hansha.

Only Zi Hansha had the power to teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson.

Zi Hansha had always been conceited and contemptuous. In the South Cloud commandery, he had defeated everyone in his generation. None of them was his match. Even if Zhang Ruochen had demonstrated great power before, he still had the confidence that the former would lose.

Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen had stolen his limelight earlier. He was already not too happy about that.

Now, Zhang Ruochen dared to make a move on Xue Yingrou. That completely rubbed him the wrong way. As per the genius students' words, he had long considered Xue Yingrou his future woman.

Whoever dared to try to get a share would have to die.

Zi Hansha exercised the joints of his five fingers and coldness flashed in his eyes. "Don't say such nonsense. Junior sister apprentice Xue and I are just apprentice-siblings. Even if I want to, I can't control who she interacts with."

The students became anxious, thinking that he wouldn't interfere in this matter.

Zi Hansha then continued, changing the topic, "But as her elder brother, I have to test whether Zhang Ruochen is worthy of her."

"So you'll take care of that guy? Hehe!"

"We'll just exchange views about Martial Arts," Zi Hansha said.

A chain of laughter immediately erupted in the ship's cabin.

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Zhang Ruochen immediately took out the Time and Space Spinel after returning to his cabin. He entered the internal space of the spinel and continued to refine the Dragon Pearl.

Right now, there were already 696 drops of Vital Essence in his Qi Sea.

If he ran the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean and used his 36 Meridians to refine the Dragon Pearl with all his power, he could probably add 80 drops of Vital Essence every day.

Even at his cultivation rate, it would still waste a lot of time to get to 10,000 drops of Vital Essence.

He could only break into the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm after producing 10,000 drops of Vital Essence.

After seven days, the number of drops of Vital Essence in his Qi Sea reached 1,207 drops. He had finally completely consolidated the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm.

Aboard the Silver Moon Ship, Zhang Ruochen couldn't always seclude himself for refining. Thus he came out of the space in the spinel after seven days and visited Concubine Lin.

From the Omen Ridge all the way to the ship, it had been Kong Xuan who had been looking after her.

Kong Xuan had done everything she could. As if she had become Concubine Lin's handmaid, she looked after her in every possible way.

Zhang Ruochen only left after meeting Concubine Lin and giving Kong Xuan some tips concerning her practice.

He barely took a few steps before he saw Xue Yingrou.

Their eyes met and a faint smile appeared on both their faces.

Xue Yingrou's mood was much better than a few days ago as her injuries had completely healed. Her eyes were incomparably bright, her skin was clear, and even her temperament seemed more elegant.

Standing on the deck against a backdrop of a cloud sea and blue sky, she looked just like the scroll of an immortal.

"Elder brother Zhang, my injuries have completely recovered. You can now teach me some sword techniques, right?" Xue Yingrou's lashes were long and her red lips were sparkling. Even her voice was like a sound of nature.

Zhang Ruochen smiled.

He was about to reply when the sound of footsteps came from behind him.

A group of genius students showed up, with Zi Hansha at the forefront. Holding a long purple sword, he smiled and said, "What a coincidence! I've also long admired Brother Zhang's sword technique. Can you first show me some guidance?"

Zhang Ruochen turned around and saw 12 silver-robed genius students walking over to them. The one leading the rest was the School of the Martial Market's eldest brother of the South Cloud Commandery, Zi Hansha.

He was indeed a prodigy. He was tall with sword-like eyebrows and eagle-like eyes. He commanded a scary aura as he walked up to Zhang Ruochen.

Given Zhang Ruochen's current Spiritual Power, he could easily tell Zi Hansha's power even if he hadn't opened his Skyeeye.

Zi Hansha's cultivation had reached the Dawn State of the Heaven Realm, two entire realms above his own.

Furthermore, he must be highly gifted to give off that kind of aura. It was stronger than some of the warriors at the Completion of Heaven Realm.

"I'm Zi Hansha, the eldest brother of the School of the Martial Market of the South Cloud Commandery."

Zi Hansha introduced himself to Zhang Ruochen, stopping ten meters away.

So he was the eldest brother. No wonder his cultivation was so strong.

Whether it was the School of the Martial Market or Suzerains, rankings were typically based on power instead of age.

Only the most powerful had the right to be called eldest brother.

Of course, there were exceptions.

If the eldest brother was indeed much older and had an excellent moral character, everyone will still respectfully refer to him as such.

Si Xingkong was an example of this.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Zi Hansha. "I'm Zhang Ruochen. Greetings to elder brother Zi. You must be joking earlier! With your Dawn State of the Heaven Realm cultivation, how can I show you any guidance?"

Zi Hansha shook his hand. "There's no need to be humble. I had already seen you demonstrate many marvelous sword techniques in your duel with Flaming Red Crow and realized I'm far inferior. I've long wanted to ask for some advice from you."

Of course, deep inside, he didn't really think that he was inferior to Zhang Ruochen.

The higher he lifted Zhang Ruochen up, the harder the latter would fall in their battle later. Wasn't that right?

Chapter 373: Why?

A student with a thin face beside Zi Hansha spoke in a sharp voice, "We've also long wanted to see elder brother Zhang's sword technique. Will you please instruct us?"

With Zi Hansha leading them, those students seemed to be asking for advice yet it felt more like coercion of Zhang Ruochen. Even an idiot could tell their true purpose.

Xue Yingrou furrowed her brows. "Junior fellow apprentice Zhang has rescued us before. It's not nice for you to do this now, is it?"

"Junior sister apprentice, we truly just want to be instructed in sword technique. We don't mean anything else. Don't misunderstand!"

Zi Hansha maintained his smile but jealousy was ravaging him on the inside. Xue Yingrou had always worshipped him but now she was favoring that bastard Zhang Ruochen.

Did he have to defeat Zhang Ruochen so she would understand who was the truly superior?

Zhang Ruochen naturally could tell why Zi Hansha wanted him to instruct him in sword technique. It had to be related to Xue Yingrou.

She was the so-called femme fatale, indeed. The ancient stories were all true.

Another student stood out and said unhappily, "Eldest brother sincerely wants to learn sword technique from you. You won't deny him this, right?"

"That's right! Don't tell me you're afraid of losing to eldest brother." A peculiar voice rang out.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't one to be pushed around. Since trouble had come to his door, he naturally wouldn't allow others to think he was afraid of them.

He thought deeply for a moment before replying, "Fine. Since that's the case, we'll try a few moves. I hope we can end there."

"Naturally." Zi Hansha smiled.

The genius students from the South Cloud Commandery all revealed strange smiles. They backed away and began discussing in low voices.

"Let's guess how many moves will eldest brother need before he defeats that bastard."

"How many? Who among our generation in our commandery can block even one of his attacks? Third Wu, you're also a warrior at the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm. Can you do it?"

"I'm not in the same league as the eldest brother. We might be in the same realm but it's not an easy task to block one of his strikes."

"That bastard isn't a weakling either. His sword technique is indeed profound. I estimate he'll be able to put up a fight against eldest brother."

"I think eldest brother will definitely defeat him within 10 moves. Eldest brother is a Five-and-a-Half-realm Fighting Genius. There's no way that bastard would have more."

"Which among those Six-realm Fighting Geniuses aren't famed across the Eastern Region? They would also have a chance of being featured in the *Eastern Region Report*. Zhang Ruochen? Hehe, I've never heard of his name."

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Zhang Ruochen, naturally, had been featured in the *Eastern Region Report*. However, he was only mentioned once in the final edition. Of course no one would remember his name.

With his defeat of Di Yi, he had the chance of headlining the *Eastern Region Report*. But there was still some time before the next issue would be published and the news hadn't yet spread as of now.

Xue Yingrou had also retreated, anticipation growing inside her.

If she just went by their ages, she estimated Zhang Ruochen to be younger than Zi Hansha.

Though Zi Hansha looked to be in his early 20s, he was already 32. Zhang Ruochen didn't seem like he exceeded 25.

When it came to their battle power, it wasn't easy to come up to a conclusion.

After all, she knew Zi Hansha very well. He was a truly powerful warrior and was essentially invincible among his peers. Even among the older generation, few were his rivals.

"Elder brother Zhang is probably weaker than eldest brother, but he's still young. His innate talent far exceeds that of eldest brother."

"Could he already be a Six-realm Fighting Genius?"

Her heart beat rapidly as a daring guess rose in her mind.

Everything depended on the outcome of this battle. If Zhang Ruochen could really stand his ground against Zi Hansha, then he was probably a Six-realm Fighting Genius.

SWOOSH!

In an elegant move, Zi Hansha pulled out his sword and held it up.

The strands of purple Genuine Qi that flowed out from his body enveloped him, forming a thick Celestial Bodyshield.

He hailed from a Half-Saint family, the Zi family. He practiced a mid-class Ghost Level exercise, the Secrets of the Purple Blood Mark. After reaching the Heaven Realm, he naturally practiced a special Genuine Qi, which was the Purple Cloud Genuine Qi.

Being born into a good family was an enormous advantage. From a young age, he was able to study peak martial arts books and establish a strong foundation. Coupled with his innate talent and hard work, he was destined for greatness.

Disciples from poor families could only start with Human Stage and Spiritual Stage exercises. Even if they later exhibited great talent, it would be difficult for them to catch up to prodigies who had practiced superior level exercises.

Even if they forcefully started practicing a different exercise, their Meridians had long been set and the effects wouldn't necessarily be strong. On the contrary, it will waste a lot of their time. The losses wouldn't make up for the gains.

Zhang Ruochen didn't underestimate his opponent either. He released his Blue Genuine Qi and formed a Celestial Bodyshield.

Zi Hansha narrowed his eyes when he saw the blue Genuine Qi enveloping his opponent's body and smiled. "You've also practiced a special Genuine Qi. Seems like the exercise you practiced is also very powerful. Draw your sword!"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "Demonstrating sword technique doesn't necessarily require drawing the sword."

Zi Hansha felt a chill in his heart, feeling like he was being underestimated.

"You're prouder than me. Well, let's see if you have the ability to justify your arrogance."

Without holding back, he immediately executed the most powerful sword technique he had practiced, the Red Sword Form.

It was a Superior class Spiritual Stage sword technique with a total of seven moves. He had long practiced it to the realm of perfection.

SWOOSH!

He made the first attack and executed the first move of the Red Sword Form, Waves of the Red Sea.

The sword radiance spilled forth like a waterfall, giving off the impression of endlessness. Each wave of sword Qi was stronger than the last.

In the first place, the two of them had been standing close to one another. In just a flash, Zi Hansha's sword had neared Zhang Ruochen.

Watching the sword radiance cover the sky and ground, Zhang Ruochen stood where he was and gently nodded. Zi Hansha's sword technique attainment was indeed high, already reaching the peak of Sword Following the Heart.

There were practically no flaws when he had practiced his sword technique to this level.

However, Zhang Ruochen's sword technique attainment was more than one level above him. His sword heart had already integrated. No matter how many illusory tricks Zi Hansha had, how strong his sword Qi, or how many changes it had, he was like a child playing with a sword.

CLASH!

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the hilt of his sword and turned his body to block Zi Hansha's sword, completely sealing his following movements.

"He blocked my Red Sword Form so easily?"

Zi Hansha couldn't believe that his opponent was that powerful. He immediately shifted his sword movement and executed the second move, Red Moon in an Empty Sky.

He instantly followed it up with the third move, Red Hair Dance.

Then it was the fourth move, Red Cloud Blood.

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The seventh move, Red Heart.

Zi Hansha had dealt all the seven moves continuously. However, Zhang Ruochen's feet never moved the entire time. Using only one move, he easily blocked all of Zi Hansha's sword movements.

The students standing to the side were stunned.

In their eyes, Zhang Ruochen was like a boulder. He had merely stood in place and dissolved Zi Hansha's attacks like it was nothing.

There was no more that needed to be said. Everyone could see that Zhang Ruochen was so much more superior to Zi Hansha, to the point that the two weren't even in the same league.

Xue Yingrou pulled with her sleeve with her jade-like fingers. Her beautiful eyes were full of tears and she exclaimed in astonishment. She felt that Zhang Ruochen's every move was confident, flowing, and elegant.

"He's too powerful. In front of him, eldest brother is like a child still learning the sword. Why did I even thought that eldest brother was powerful before?"

She gently shook her head. After watching this battle, the lofty image that Zi Hansha had in her heart had completely shattered.

CLASH!

Zhang Ruochen turned his arm and once again blocked Zi Hansha's sword.

At the same time, the Genuine Qi in his Qi Sea was rushing to his arm and became a Genuine Qi wave with a push.

An enormous strength spilled out from the sword scabbard and pushed Zi Hansha backward by nine steps.

"Since your sword movements are all used up, let's end this here."

He had no interest in continuing the fight and only wanted to leave.

"Who told you that my sword movements are completely used up? You're not allowed to leave! We'll continue our battle."

Zi Hansha felt his humiliation turn into anger. It was difficult to control his emotions. He leaped up, holding his sword in both hands. He immersed Genuine Qi into the blade and activated the inscriptions. He then slashed at Zhang Ruochen with all his strength.

He wasn't Zhang Ruochen's opponent when it came to sword technique, that much he was willing to admit.

Since that was the case, then he would no longer compete with sword movements.

He would compare their true strength.

Zi Hansha's sword was a tenth level Genuine Martial Arms and its power was limitless. After he activated the inscriptions in the blade, it exploded with a red light and spat out fire like a waterfall of fire. It aimed straight for Zhang Ruochen's head.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and gently shook his head.

It was at this moment that Zi Hansha suddenly discovered that Zhang Ruochen had disappeared from sight.

When he realized this, he was already one step too late.

Zhang Ruochen appeared next to Zi Hansha on his left. He swung the hilt of his sword, striking Zi Hansha's abdomen.

CLASH!

Zi Hansha felt a surge of pain from his lower abdomen and an enormous power at work on his body. Like a kite with its strings cut, he fell back.

Zi Hansha landed on his bottom with a ban on the tough silver-colored deck. He was completely knocked out of his bearings.

Zhang Ruochen floated down like a leaf, landing gently on the ground. "We can end this now, right?"

Chapter 374: East Region Saint City

To think Zi Hansha would actually lose this tragically.

The genius students of the School of the Martial Market of South Cloud Commandery looked at each other in dismay. Feeling a chill creeping on them, they involuntarily took a step back.

Zi Hansha looked as if he had suffered a bad fall, but in reality, he wasn't injured.

Zhang Ruochen's strike had been well-controlled and accurate. He didn't want to hurt anyone.

Though Zi Hansha wasn't injured, he had lost all his face. Staring at Zhang Ruochen with an icy gaze, he slammed his palm on the deck. He used the strength from the rebound of his Genuine Qi to make a flip, ready to battle Zhang Ruochen again.

"Hansha, you've already lost. Back down!"

He Yunlou, dressed in his golden robe, wore an expression of anger as he spat out a mouthful of Genuine Qi. He had his hands behind his back. No one knew when he had come to the deck.

SWOOSH!

The Genuine Qi became a gust of hurricane-like wind that stopped Zi Hansha.

Though Zi Hansha was a Genius of his generation whose cultivation had reached the Peak of Martial Arts, he was unable to break He Yunlou's breath and was blocked behind the wind.

In front of a Monk of the Fish-dragon Realm, everyone was merely an ordinary warrior no matter how genius they were or how powerful their cultivation was.

In the end, Zi Hansha backed down reluctantly but his gaze remained vicious.

It was clear that a feud had formed between him and Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, having expected this result when he had decided to 'learn from each other'.

Unless he lost on purpose, it was inevitable for hatred and thirst for revenge to develop between the two of them.

He was also a proud person. If he were to attack, he would never purposely lose to the other party.

He brought his hands together and saluted He Yunlou from a distance before retreating.

After returning to his own quarters, Zhang Ruochen once again entered the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel and began to practice.

He was currently quite powerful but he found that he was still lacking in many aspects after witnessing Zi Hansha.

The first problem was his cultivation realm.

Among peers of the same realm, even the incredible Di Yi with his Saintly Being and Demon's Heart had lost to him. But what if he was fighting an opponent in a higher realm?

Someone like Zi Hansha was already at the martial cultivation of the Dawn State of the Heaven Realm.

Once he made his way to the East Region Saint City, he would surely meet more prodigies like Zi Hansha. He might even come across those with higher cultivation.

He didn't dare to lower his guard. If he could enter the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm before the Saint Academy's examination, that would be for the best.

In the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel, he had three times the usual time to practice. Naturally, he should put this to good use.

In the following two months, Zhang Ruochen began devoting all his energy to refining the Dragon Pearl. He only left his room each night to spend some time with Concubine Lin and have dinner together. He was practicing the rest of the time.

Of course, he would sometimes meet Xue Yingrou.

She wanted to be instructed in sword technique and he didn't reject her. Thus, he pointed out some of her insufficiencies in her sword technique.

Xue Yingrou's cultivation wasn't weak as she had already reached the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm. In terms of talent, she was only slightly beneath Zi Hansha. She had once passed the fifth level of the Jiuju Tower.

She was a Five-realm Fighting Genius.

Given her talent, she would definitely make countless warriors in the Omen Ridge feel inferior. Only Luo Shuihan of the Luo family was slightly stronger than her.

She had reached the peak of Sword Following the Heart of her sword technique attainment. Though she was far behind Zhang Ruochen, she was already much more powerful than many people of her age.

Given her comprehensive strength, she was certainly able to be among the top of the genius students of the School of the Martial Market of the South Cloud Commandery.

However, her sword technique was too soft and lacked a certain sharpness. This prevented her from improving for a long time.

"You lack too much true combat experience. Otherwise, your sword technique would be on a whole different level," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Yingrou sighed, her eyes sparkling as she put on a pitiful face. "I was born into a lowly family. I'm unlike like you all who have such illustrious families with elders looking after you. If I go out to gain experience, I'll either die in some savage beasts' mouth or get captured by those Black Market heretics. That's why I can only stay in the School and practice hard most of the time. Naturally, there are few opportunities for me to experience any battles to the death."

Zhang Ruochen merely wanted to talk to her about Martial Arts and sword technique but her goal wasn't as pure.

One time when Zhang Ruochen was instructing her, she took the initiative to kiss him on the cheek. She then seemed embarrassed and immediately ran off.

She had thought, with her beauty and proactiveness, Zhang Ruochen would grasp her intentions and chase after her.

If it went as scripted, she would then have a set of methods to get him to completely fall for her.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen understood the reason why she had proactively kissed him. She must have thought he was disciple to some great power and wanted to curry favor with him and reach the top in one step.

Her method was incredibly childish.

Furthermore, he could clearly feel the slight tremble of her lips when she kissed his cheek. She seemed nervous. It was probably her first time kissing a man.

She had basically gone all out to curry favor with him!

“If she knows that I’m only a warrior of an inferior commandery in the Omen Ridge, she’d probably cry with regret.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xue Yingrou as she left, appearing very calm. He didn’t chase after her. Instead, he wiped the print of her lips from his face and returned to his Time and Space Spinel to continue his practice.

It wasn’t the first time he had been forcibly kissed. He had long developed an immunity to it.

His behavior greatly disappointed Xue Yingrou.

She waited a quarter of an hour in her room and still didn’t see Zhang Ruochen. Thus, she quietly walked out and found no trace of him on the deck.

“How is this possible? Doesn’t my beauty attract him at all?”

She bit her lip, somewhat irritated. She had even offered her first kiss yet he was still acting indifferent. Did she have to go another step further?

She continued to think about how she could capture Zhang Ruochen.

Unfortunately, she didn’t see him again for a while. Only when they reached the East Region Saint City did he stop practicing and walked out of his room.

Two weeks had passed in the external world, yet Zhang Ruochen had practiced for 45 days inside the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel.

The Vital Essence in his Qi Sea had reached 5,100 drops.

Though he was still far from reaching the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm, he had taken a great step forward. His Vital Essence had become even thicker.

It was also this day that the Silver Moon Ship finally arrived at the Tianjun Wharf, 500 kilometers outside of the East Region Saint City.

Standing at the Tiankun Wharf, a person with a strong cultivation could see the giant shadow of East Region Saint City if he raised his head.

East Region Saint City wasn't an ordinary city. To be more precise, it was a star.

Legends had it that, in the ancient times, a star with a diameter of 5,000 kilometers fell from the sky and landed on this holy soil of the Eastern Region. It rocked the entire region, killing countless people and savage beasts. The ash in the sky only settled after 100 years.

Later, an ancient Saint personally went to investigate the star and found that it was actually a treasure star. It contained a wealth of Spiritual and Saint Crystals, and many precious resources for Refining Weapons. Even the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi was 10 times thicker there. It was then named the Practice Holy Land.

Thus, human warriors all climbed onto the fallen star and established families and Suzerains there.

Over countless years and months, that star attracted thousands upon thousands of warriors. It gradually developed into a giant city and became the center of the Eastern Region.

Later, it was named the East Region Saint City.

Just standing thousands of kilometers away and gazing at that giant spherical shadow covering nearly half the sky was enough to induce a strange fear in people. It emitted a seemingly suffocating aura.

Zhang Ruochen secretly opened his Skyeeye and glanced at the East Region Saint City. He could faintly see hundreds of billions of inscriptions floating on the surface of that giant star city that melded with the clouds.

Just one glance was enough to intimidate and terrify.

Through the clouds and inscriptions, large pieces of land and the blue of the water could be seen. It was like an independent land.

"Only a truly great power is capable of building a Saint City that has lasted through the ages on this fallen star."

Tiankun Wharf was the largest of eight wharves outside of the city. The eight wharves were ordered by the Taiji Sect. They were Qian, Kun, Zhen, Xun, Kan, Li, Gen, and Dui.

Though it was called a wharf, it was more like a city compared to the East Region Saint City.

Warriors from all over the world must take the White Dragon Holy Ship from the eight wharves to successfully enter the city through an opening in the inscriptions in the air.

As students of the School of the Martial Market who had come to participate in the Saint Academy's examination, Zhang Ruochen and the others naturally already had people from the School of the Martial Market waiting at the entrance of the eight wharves.

Visitors would have to register their identities before they could take the White Dragon Holy Ship and head toward the East Region Saint City.

Only the students of the School of the Martial Market received special treatment.

For other warriors who wanted to enter the East Region Saint City, it was quite a troublesome process. Not only did they have to spend a fortune on the entrance fees and temporary residence certificate, they also had to wait in line. Sometimes it was normal to wait for a month or two.

The regulations of the East Region Saint City were firm. Even superiors of the Fish-dragon Realm would be captured by the military and thrown into prison if they defied the regulations.

Chapter 375: A Ruined Relationship

“He Yunlou, from the School of the Martial Market of South Cloud Commandery, leading 31 students to attend the Saint Academy’s examination.”

He Yunlou handed over the token and quickly finished the registration. They each got temporary residence certificate of East Region Saint City, and could ride the White Dragon Holy Ship at any time.

Although East Region Saint City was vast in land, it was now overcrowded. An ordinary man would have no qualifications to live in East Region Saint City at all.

He Yunlou’s temporary residence certificate could only let him live in East Region Saint City for three months.

In three months, he would be expelled.

If he wanted to live and practice in East Region Saint City, he had to pay a high price to get a new temporary residence certificate.

So, those who had the right to live permanently in East Region Saint City were not ordinary people. They were powerful or had the extraordinary background.

Having gotten the temporary residence certificate, He Yunlou did not leave at once. Instead, he stood by the side and smiled at Lei Jing, and gestured “Please”.

After all, they came to Tiankun Wharf together, and they should certainly go to Saint City together as well.

Furthermore, He Yunlou was also curious about the story behind Lei Jing.

Was it really like what he had guessed? Was he was a big figure of some mansion in the School of the Martial Market?

If so, when he arrived at the East Region Saint City, he must try to keep a good relationship with them.

Lei Jing smiled back at He Yunlou. He walked straight over and took out the token, passing it to the registrar of School of the Martial Market. He said, “Lei Jing of School of the Martial Market of Omen Ridge leads four students to attend the Saint Academy’s examination.”

“It turns out to be School of the Martial Market of Omen Ridge....”

He Yunlou nodded his head gently. Suddenly, he became stiff and was a bit shocked.

What?

How come they were from a place with barren hills and turbulent rivers like School of the Martial Market of Omen Ridge?

He Yunlou's eyes almost popped out. A moment later, he stopped smiling. There was even a little bit of disdain in his eyes when he looked at Lei Jing.

A bumpkin from a district shut off from the outside world like Omen Ridge actually dared to call himself a Saint from Saint Academy. Was not he afraid of that he would be exposed?

Other than He Yunlou, even the genius students of School of the Martial Market of South Cloud Commandery were all shocked. They could never think of that those people were actually from a small place like Omen Ridge.

By the way, where was Omen Ridge?

He Yunlou was an old man who had been practicing for almost 100 years. He more or less heard of Omen Ridge. However, the young students had never heard of it.

Thus, how desolate, remote, and uncivilized the land must have been!

Xue Yingrou widened her beautiful eyes. It was like that she was struck by lightning. Her mind was blank. She could not believe what she heard.

A long time later, she came to herself. She spared a glance at Zhang Ruochen who was not far away.

The expression in her eyes seemed to be asking Zhang Rouchen, *"Are ... are you really from Omen Ridge?"*

Duanmu Xingling stood by Zhang Ruochen's side. She had a charming and witty smile. With a positive expression, she nodded her head at Xue Yingrou and said jokingly, "Senior sister apprentice Xue, our Omen Ridge is a place with picturesque scenery. You might not like junior fellow apprentice Zhang very much now. But if you marry him in the future, he will definitely treat you well."

"Damn it. He is actually a poor man from Omen Ridge. I thought he was an inheritor of some powerful saint family."

Xue Yingrou felt sick when she thought about that she actually took the initiative to kiss Zhang Ruochen, feeling that she was blasphemed. It was like a white swan to kissing a dirty toad.

Hearing what Duanmu Xingling said, Xue Yingrou got angrier. Her eyes turned cold. There was disdain in her eyes when she looked at Zhang Ruochen. She said, "Who said that I like him? We just exchanged views about sword technique. You hold your tongue. Don't tarnish my reputation."

That was very direct, and whatever relationship they had was ruined. Just like that.

Anyone could hear the condescendence in Xue Yingrou's tone for Zhang Ruochen. She thought that the gossip between her and Zhang Ruochen tarnished her and left a nasty scar on her perfect body.

At the same time, Xue Yingrou did not think that Zhang Ruochen was an amazing talent anymore. How could there be any talent from Omen Ridge?

It was already quite impressive to have a Genius with Four Unique Skills.

As for defeating Zi Hansha, it was possible only because of his profound martial cultivation.

In her opinion, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had already reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm. Otherwise, how could he defeat a proud son of heaven like Zi Hansha?

Zhang Ruochen's young handsome look could not explain anything.

As long as he spent some Spiritual Crystals, he could buy Pill of Anti-aging. Maybe Zhang Ruochen had swallowed this pill. He must be over 40 years old.

Thinking of this, Xue Yingrou felt more furious and shameful. She regretted that her first kiss was given to a rubbish like him.

She squeezed her hand with fingers crossed and calmed down after a long time. She thought in her mind, "Forget it. After all, he saved me once. The kiss can be a favor I return to him. From now on, I'd better not to have anything to do with him, for else I will just be demeaning myself."

Zhang Ruochen certainly did not care about Xue Yingrou's disdainful words.

However, Duanmu Xingling was very furious after hearing that. She said seriously, "You must apologize to Zhang Ruochen immediately. Otherwise, the consequences will be serious."

At this moment, Duanmu Xingling did not smile at all. Her eyes were full of murderous intent that pierced through Xue Yingrou's heart.

Even Xue Yingrou's cultivation was high, she was outfaced by Duanmu Xingling for a moment.

How could this be possible? Why were her eyes so scary?

Who was she? She was just a warrior from a remote village like Omen Ridge. Why should I be afraid of her?

Xue Yingrou instantly regulated her Genuine Qi and called up all her courage, sticking out her chest again. She raised her snow-white chin and said, "Apologize? Why would I? Did I say something wrong? You are the one who is talking nonsense. How can I like him? You should be the one doing the apologizing, right?"

Duanmu Xingling showed an angry smile and walked forward. She said, "Well! I am! I am going to apologize to you right now!"

Zhang Ruochen instantly grabbed Duanmu Xingling by her arm, and pulled her back. He shook her head and said, "Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, Maiden Xue was right. She and I were just exchanging views about sword technique. Our relationship is not as good as you expected."

Xue Yingrou slightly nodded her head after hearing this. She thought that Zhang Ruochen was at least sensible enough to not mention the kiss.

Duanmu Xingling's lips were pursed, and she was furious. If Zhang Ruochen did not stop her, she would definitely have rushed over tried to teach Xue Yingrou a lesson.

Lei Jing got the temporary residence certificate and did not know at all what just happened. He looked at He Yunlou and smiled, "*Brother He, would you like to board the White Dragon Holy Ship with me?*"

He Yunlou smiled and said, "I just remembered that I have to deal with something in Tiankun Wharf, which will probably take some time. You can go to the East Region Saint City first. We still have a chance to meet in Saint Academy's examination."

"Haha! All right! See you."

Lei Jing certainly knew what they were thinking. They looked down on warriors of Omen Ridge.

Even if you had saved her life before, in his opinion, you were still inferior to others. In Saint Academy, Lei Jing had been accustomed to seeing such a thing long ago. He was not surprised at all.

He did not point out bluntly and smiled. He led Zhang Ruochen, Duanmu Xingling, Chang Qiqi and others to board the White Dragon Holy Ship and headed toward East Region Saint City.

Chapter 376: East Region Saint City, Visiting an Old Friend

"Zhang Ruochen, why did you stop me?"

Duanmu Xingling threw off Zhang Ruochen's hand after they boarded the White Dragon Holy Ship. She widened her apricot-like eyes and gave him a cold glare. She was obviously very angry.

Zhang Ruochen replied, "Xue Yingrou and I just exchanged views about sword technique. We are not as close as you think. We both are students of School of the Martial Market. Why do we have to cause a scene?"

"Maybe you just wanted to help her with sword technique, because both of you are studying in the same school. But she had a different idea. Don't you see that?"

"It doesn't matter what others think. We just have to do the right thing" Zhang Ruochen said.

Duanmu Xingling rolled her eyes. She said, "Is it? She kissed you and I saw it with my own eyes."

Upon hearing this, Si Xingkong, Chang Qiqi and the rabbit Guoguo who were eating the Spiritual Dose all turned around, and stared at Zhang Ruochen with surprise.

Everyone was shocked.

Chang Qiqi envied and admired him. He said, "My god! Junior fellow apprentice Zhang, is it true? Xue Yingrou is someone whose beauty could end kingdoms. She actually kissed you?"

Si Xingkong showed a bit of a smile. He said, "I don't believe that it is just as simple as a kiss."

"I don't buy it either."

Chang Qiqi said instantly, "No wonder Xue Yingrou hates you so much. It turns out that you have taken such an advantage of her. If I were her, I would definitely hate you as well."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head bitterly, looked at Duanmu Xingling, and said, "Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, how did you know about this?"

"I ... I certainly ... saw it accidentally ..."

Duanmu Xingling's face was unnatural. She turned around instantly, fearing that Zhang Ruochen might catch the panic in her eyes.

Luckily, Chang Qiqi helped her out from this predicament. He said unruly, "It is actually true. Junior fellow apprentice Zhang, you are very charming! She threw herself on you just because you guided her with some sword techniques. I have met Xue Yingrou for a few times. But she never looked at me in the eye, and she was as cold as ice. I even thought that she was a fairy from the heavens and doesn't put us mortals in her eyes. It turns out that that's not entirely true."

Guoguo widened its eyes and stared blankly at him. It said, "Master Chen, are you done?"

Zhang Ruochen was unable either to laugh or to cry. He said, "Actually, she doesn't fancy me either. Didn't you all just see that?"

Chang Qiqi smiled and said, "When she finds out that the young master of Black Market Excellence Hall was defeated by you, she will possibly regret it again. I have a feeling that your fight with Di Yi will be on the front page of Eastern Region Report. The message of Dragon Sarira coming into the world will definitely shock the world."

Zhang Ruochen did not seem to feel even the slightest joy. On the contrary, he became very serious.

Although he could be famous after being on Eastern Region Report and became the most popular God's favored son, the evil masters would definitely plan to deal with him.

When the next Eastern Region Report was issued, Zhang Ruochen's life would never be as peaceful as it was ever again.

The giant White Dragon Holy Ship, under the push of energy of a hundred thousands Spiritual Crystals, brought out dynamic inscriptions and flew up into the sky. It flew toward East Region Saint City, leaving explosions behind.

A planet, a city.

Not many have any idea of how long the East Region Saint City was under construction for it to be developed into its present scale. More than 100 million warriors were practicing and living in East Region Saint City.

There was more competition here there than anywhere else.

Of course, there were also more opportunities.

White Dragon Holy Ship flew through the clouds. Standing on the ship, they could see the land and ocean below. There were palaces, pavilions, high towers and martial-arts arenas everywhere. There were grand palace-like buildings on the top of the mountains, island fortresses dotted around the oceans, and majestic Holy Temples that floated in the sky.

An atmosphere of strong Spiritual Qi from heaven and earth flooded over from all directions. As long you exercised the qi in your body, a large amount of Spiritual Qi could be inhaled into meridians through limbs and bones, which could make you feel relaxed and refreshed.

“The Spiritual Qi of the East Region Saint City is ten times thicker than that of the outside. Practicing here will definitely yield twice the result with half the effort. No wonder the warriors would try so hard to get into the Saint City,” Si Xingkong said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “The thick Spiritual Qi is just one part of it. The unique learning environment of Martial Arts in the East Region Saint City is more important. There are many suzerains and Aristocratic Families in the Middle Age for the past 10,000 years, the resources of Martial Arts is in abundance. I can easily get the advice of from famous teachers and can get to learn profound exercises and martial techniques.”

Even Lei Jing nodded his head. The practice of Martial Arts did not mean to shut oneself up in a room. One had to get advice from the famous teachers and perceive martial arts of 100 families, getting their specialties. Then one could reach the Sacred Realm.

Practicing exercises without perceiving other martial arts could never reach the Sacred Realm, even if you had practiced the best exercises.

Only a resourceful man could become a saint.

East Region Saint City encompassed five continents, twelve oceans and thousands of smaller islands.

Saint Academy, located in the Seventh District of Jinhong Mainland, was undeniably the most prosperous place in the world. In the entire Eastern Region, countless warriors had come to the Seventh District. Some people came here for pilgrimage, while others wanted to be an apprentice to a master.

In any case, most of them were geniuses with dreams, hoping that a miracle would happen, and they would suddenly be of interest to some Half-Saint master of the Saint Academy, thus becoming their students. And then, they would themselves become Saints of the Saint Academy, standing tall above others.

In the Seventh District, there was not only Saint Academy, but also College, Fist Club, and Sword Club created by other forces. There were thousands of them, of varying sizes.

It could be said that there were numerous God’s favored sons in the Seventh District. They gathered together to discuss current events, which affected the future pattern of the Eastern Region. It was a place for geniuses in the entire Eastern Region to gather.

Entering the Seventh District, a silver gowned Elder sent by School of the Martial Market led Lei Jing, Zhang Ruochen, Si Xingkong and others to a Courier Station of Martial Market.

Although it was a Courier Station, it was more of a palace courtyard, which was vast in the land. The wall was built with silver, the column was carved with golden jade, and the ground was covered with marble.

The Courier Station was like a fairyland on earth, surrounded by holy palaces.

“Nanting Courier Station has 36 palaces, 360 training rooms and 720 inferior servants in total. Among them, 27 palaces are inhabited. You will temporarily be residing in the Jadetoad Palace, which has ten rooms. You can allocate the rooms as you wish.”

The silver gowned Elder was very easygoing. He continued, "The first round of Saint Academy's examination will take place in seven days. You should remember the time and make sure to not miss the examination."

After going over some other minor things, the silver gowned Elder left.

"The treatment of students in School of the Martial market is so luxurious. A Courier Station is like a Holy Temple the Saint lived in," Chang Qiqi said excitedly.

Si Xingkong said, "However good it is, we can only live here for three months. After that, if we don't pass the Saint Academy's examination, we will have to pack our bags and leave."

Chang Qiqi said with his fists clenched, "I'm sure I can pass the Saint Academy's examination. Then I will become a permanent resident in East Region Saint City through my own effort."

Arriving at East Region Saint City, Chang Qiqi had been deeply attracted by the prosperous scenery and martial arts atmosphere here. Suddenly, he had a new goal.

After going back to their own rooms and settling down, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi rushed out of Courier Station, heading toward the main street of the Seventh District to explore the prosperous East Region Saint City.

It was unknown when Duanmu Xingling left the Courier Station. She disappeared without a trace.

"Swoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen sat in the room with his legs crossed and took out the Abyss Ancient Sword. He gently touched the fracture of the blade, showing contemplating expression.

"Blackie's skill of Refine Weapon is limited. He can only connect basic inscriptions in the Abyss Ancient Sword. No more than one thousandth of the power of the Abyss Ancient Sword has been restored."

"Since I have arrived at East Region Saint City, it's time to visit the predecessor. Maybe only he can help me repair the Abyss Ancient Sword."

There was a figure showing in Zhang Ruochen's mind. He narrowed his eyes and put the Abyss Ancient Sword back to sword scabbard. He carried it on his back and left Courier Station by himself.

There were 81 city districts in Jinhong Mainland, and every one of them was huge. The number of residing warriors in each of the districts was over 100 million.

There were also some special sacred mountains and Holy Lands other than the 81 city districts.

East Region Saint City's land was very expensive. Buying a small house in the center of the city would cost a huge sum of wealth, which equaled to all the superior in the Fish-dragon Realm had got.

It was even more difficult to own a sacred mountain in East Region Saint City. Only a real saint or rich Suzerain and their family could do it.

At this moment, after hurrying on with his journey for half a day, Zhang Ruochen came to the bottom of a sacred mountain. Specifically, there were many sacred mountains. There were 18 of them, one connecting to another.

When Sacred mountains were linked together, they could be called a Holy Land.

Hence, the owner of this room was definitely an extraordinary man.

“Sword Sanctum.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head, looking at a giant stone tablet in front of him. On the stone tablet, there were four vigorous ancient Chinese characters, carrying four overwhelmingly Sword Comprehension.

Four characters turned into four figures, appearing from the stone tablet, who were continuously displaying sword techniques.

Every character represented a sword technique that was highly profound.

800 years ago, Zhang Ruochen had been here and had seen this stone tablet. He also had seen the four characters. Nothing seemed to be changed.

Only the leaves on the ground seemed to have grown thicker.

Sword Sanctum was attached to the Zhangs for generations and it was always loyal to them. 800 years ago, the owner of Sword Sanctum was the sixth disciple of Emperor Ming. He was called Lu Yuanzhi, who had reached the level of Saint Master in refining weapons.

Of course, Sword Sanctum and Lu Yuanzhi’s identity were tightly concealed. Except for Emperor Ming and Zhang Ruochen, the number of the person who knew about this did not exceed five.

At that time, Emperor Ming led Zhang Ruochen to Sword Sanctum, telling him that if he was driven into a corner one day, no one in the world could be trusted except Lu Yuanzhi.

“800 years have passed. Is Elder brother Lu still alive?” Zhang Ruochen clenched his hands. Many thoughts came to his mind.

At that time, eight disciples of Emperor Ming were all over 100 years old. Although Zhang Ruochen was their peers, there was a large age difference between them.

800 years had passed. If Lu Yuanzhi was still alive, he should be 970 years old now.

Chapter 377: Natural Divine Iron

“Who dares intrude upon the Sword Stela?”

On the boundless sacred mountain, a cold voice sounded among the clouds.

After a long cry, two young warriors in flashy black martial robes leaped off from the sacred mountain.

They stood on the cliff like two sacred monkeys. Their body movement was subtle and agile. A moment later, they passed through the cliff, the stone forest, and the gully, and landed on a place about a hundred feet away from Zhang Ruochen.

They were a man and a woman.

The man was handsome and tall, giving off a heroic sense of arrogance.

The younger woman looked like she was in her teens. She had a round face and braided a ponytail. Although she was not a startling beauty, she was quite cute.

The so-called Sword Stela was the blue stone tablet of more than 57 meters tall. It stood by Zhang Ruochen's side, and "Sword Sanctum" was engraved on it.

The rule of Sword Sanctum: Death to all who trespasses.

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew this rule. So, he did not cross the boundary of Sword Stela, but he stood behind the Sword Stela. He said with dignity, "I am a student of the School of the Martial Market, Zhang Ruochen. I'm here to visit Master Lu."

Both Zhang Ruochen and Lu Yuanzhi's identity were secrets.

Before seeing Lu Yuanzhi, Zhang Ruochen would never expose his real identity.

The young girl was called Lu Xuan.

Her eyes kept darting around. She spared a glance at Zhang Ruochen's feet, seeing that Zhang Ruochen did not cross the Sword Stela. She said, "Let alone you are a student of the School of the Martial Market, even if you are a saint of Saint Academy, you are not qualified to meet the ancestor. I suggest you leave here immediately. Otherwise, don't blame me for being unkind to you."

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have been expecting her response. He took his time and said, "Miss, you haven't reported this to Master Lu. How do you know that he won't meet me?"

Lu Xuan smiled, "There is no need to report it. With enormous power and influence, our ancestor won't even meet a Saint, let alone you."

Lu Fantian carefully looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "We aren't expelling you by force because you are a student of the School of the Martial Market. Brother, if you don't leave, don't blame us for not being kind to you."

Zhang Ruochen was still very calm. He thought for a moment and said, "I have one line of a poem, please pass it to Master Lu. If Master Lu still doesn't want to see me after hearing this poem, I will leave immediately."

Lu Fantian advised again, "Brother, to tell you the truth, you will never meet ancestor. It is not easy for us to meet him. Please go back!"

Since Zhang Ruochen had already been in Sword Sanctum, how could he leave so easily?

Zhang Ruochen said again, "I sincerely come to visit Master Lu. I hope that you can at least tell him. Don't hesitate to make any requests if you have any."

Lu Xuan was a bit speechless. She said, "We have made it clear to you. Not only you, it's also very hard for us to see ancestor. How can we help to report it?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and felt that he indeed underestimated the difficulty of arranging this meeting. After all, Master Lu was the owner of Sword Sanctum. How would he meet a student in the Heaven Realm?

There was a very large disparity between their identities.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was still standing there, Lu Fantian's eyes turned cold. After stretching his fingers, he slightly swung his palm and lift up a grass without touching it. He pinched it between his two fingers.

Genuine Qi was infused into the grass. Suddenly, it turned into a sharp sword.

“Swish!”

The frantic Sword Breath spurted out circling around Lu Fantian.

Lu Xuan stared at Zhang Ruochen. She said, “Why are you still standing there? My brother's strength is ranked in the top ten among the younger generation of Eastern Region. He was unbeatable and people call him ‘Earthshaking Bully’. He is now angry. Once he draws his sword, you are a dead man!”

Lu Fantian's mouth twitched. He severely stared at Lu Xuan, wanting to seal her mouth.

Zhang Ruochen certainly could feel the powerful momentum coming from Lu Fantian. But he was fearless and he stood firm. He slightly cupped his hands and said very politely, “I know that you have your own difficulties. However, I have to meet Master Lu today. This is the only choice I have.”

Zhang Ruochen had to find out what happened 800 years ago.

This was an emotional entanglement. He had to meet Lu Yuanzhi.

After finishing his words, Zhang Ruochen took one step forward and crossed the boundary of Sword Stela.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had crossed the Sword Stela, Lu Fantian narrowed his eyes. A stroke of icing air came out of his body. He decisively struck out his sword.

There was just a grass between his two fingers. With the help of Genuine Qi, it became a sharp magic sword which could cut clean through iron as if it was mud.

“Swoosh!”

All Sword Breath gathered at the tip of the grass, turning into a dazzling light shuttle.

Lu Fantian's cultivation was very high, reaching the Medium State of the Heaven Realm. His strength was much higher than Zi Hansha's.

Zhang Ruochen became serious and immediately gathered his Genuine Qi into his left middle finger, striking out a Sword Wave.

“Medium Pulse Breaking Sword Wave.”

“Phew!”

His left middle finger burned with flames, from which a red Sword qi flew out. Its explosive strength spread across like a flaming road.

The flaming road, like a fire snake of Sword Breath, was as wide as a bowl mouth.

“Bam!”

The grass sword suddenly started to burn after being attacked by the Sword Wave and turned into ashes.

The scorching hot Sword Breath spread over Lu Fantian’s arm.

Lu Fantian was surprised and immediately regulated the Genuine Qi into a silver bracelet on his wrist.

Streaks of inscriptions appeared on the surface of the bracelet.

“Swoosh!”

A nail sized armor popped out of the bracelet, stretching out toward his arm and fingertips.

A short moment later, Lu Fantian’s arm was totally wrapped up by the silver armour, becoming an armguard and blocked the Sword Wave.

“Bam!”

Although the silver armguard withheld the attack of Sword Breath, Lu Fantian was still shocked and the powerful impact pushed him backward.

However, his cultivation was powerful. After releasing the Celestial Bodyshield, his body shape was immediately stabilized. He lightly landed on the ground as if nothing had happened.

“Brother, you are weaker than I thought. Didn’t you just call yourself one of the top ten masters of Eastern Region and ‘Earth-shattering Bully’?” Why can a common warrior defeat you?”

Lu Xuan put the hands on her hip. She shook her head and signed with disappointment.

“What do you know?”

Lu Fantian glanced at Lu Xuan. He said unpleasantly, “What he used is Sword Ripple of Ten Channels of Taiji Doctrine, which had reached the Completion. It can be parallel to a martial technique in the Inferior Class of Ghost Level. I just used a grass, so I was slightly weaker.”

“What? Martial technique in the Inferior Class of Ghost Level?”

Lu Xuan stared at Zhang Ruochen, showing a curious expression. Her eyes were lightened up, like she was looking at a rare animal.

Even some masters in the Fish-dragon Realm could not successfully practice a Ghost Level martial technique.

But a warrior in the Heaven Realm actually did it.

How could they not be surprised?

Seeing Zhang Ruochen’s strength, Lu Fantian no longer despised him. He said solemnly, “Are you a student of the School of the Martial Market, or are you a disciple of Taiji Doctrine?”

With Zhang Ruochen’s strength, he was absolutely a top talent among the younger generation of Eastern Region.

Such a God's favored son must have very high status no matter he was in the School of the Martial Market or in Taiji Doctrine. He was by no means not a common person.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I will say this again. I want to meet Master Lu."

Lu Xuan's impression of Zhang Ruochen had changed a bit. She said, "Hey! What do you want? Why do you have to meet ancestor?"

Being able to defeat her brother who was very excellent, he was not an ordinary person. So, Lu Xuan took the initiative to ask Zhang Ruochen, giving him a chance to speak.

Only warriors with strong strength could be respected.

Zhang Ruochen certainly would not expose his true identity. And even if he did, they would possibly not understand the relationship between the Sword Sanctum and the Zhangs.

So, Zhang Ruochen drew out the Abyss Ancient Sword and put it flat on his hands. He said, "I have a broken sword, hoping that Master Lu can help me repair it."

"Ah! I thought it was something important. It turns out to repair a sword."

Lu Xuan clapped her hands and commended, saying, "Our Lu family has been refining weapons for generations. The Sword Sanctum is a sanctum of refining weapon. I'm not boasting ourselves, but every one of us is a master of refining weapon. Repairing sword is a small matter. I can help you."

Lu Xuan stretched out one of her white hand and took over the broken sword from Zhang Ruochen's hand.

With the fame of Sword Sanctum, she certainly would not snatch his sword. So Zhang Ruochen was not worried at all. He handed over the Abyss Ancient Sword to her.

As the old saying went "The expert will prove the truths or reveal lies." Lu Xuan deserved to be the inheritor of Sword Sanctum. As she took over the Abyss Ancient Sword, she stopped smiling and her face changed.

"How ... How can this be possible ... "

She instantly held it with both her hands and observed it carefully. The more she looked, the more shocked she was. There was an unbelievable expression in her eyes.

"Miss, can you repair this sword?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lu Fantian was very confident in his sister's skill of refining weapon. Although she was only 16 years old, she was the top one genius in Spiritual Power of a millennium in Sword Sanctum. Her Spiritual Power had reached level 38, and she became a fifth-grade weapon refiner.

A fifth-grade weapon refiner of 16 years old would definitely make those weapon refiners of Omen Ridge feel ashamed.

Lu Fantian cast a glance at Lu Xuan, seeing that she was still observing the broken sword. He suddenly felt confused and asked, "Can you fix it or not? It is just a broken sword. Why are you just staring at it?"

“What do you know?”

Lu Xuan raised her head and stared at Lu Fantian. Exposing two of her tiger teeth, she said, “This broken sword was made of Natural Divine Iron. Do you know anything about Natural Divine Iron? According to the record in Canon of Ritual Items, in the entire Kunlun’s Field, only Empress Chi Yao got one piece of it 800 years ago. And it was cast into the Blood Drop Sword which was so invincible that could sweep the world.”

Hearing this, not only Lu Fantian was surprised, even Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

Chapter 378: Jade Saint

Previously, when Chi Yao had given the Abyss Ancient Sword to Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen only knew that it was made of special material and had powerful strength. But he never expected it to be forged out of Natural Divine Iron.

Chi Yao must have made two swords when she first acquired the Natural Divine Iron. One of them had been given to Zhang Ruochen, and the other had been left for herself.

Why would Chi Yao give him such a precious sword?

Was it because of love?

If it was love, then why did she kill Zhang Ruochen with her own hands?

It’s too difficult to understand her thought.

Suddenly, countless thoughts filled Zhang Ruochen’s mind. He became even more confused.

Lu Fantian stared at the broken sword in Lu Xuan’s hand. He asked her doubtfully, “Girl, you must have seen wrongly! This the Blood Drop Sword?”

“Of course not.”

Lu Xuan rolled her eyes and said, “Legends say that the blade of the Blood Drop Sword used to be as white as polished jade. It contains divine vital essence and could devour blood of humans and savage beasts to raise its grade. Later, the sword turned into a blood-red one for it was stained with the blood of millions of people. Given its strength, once the sword is drawn, blood clouds will appear in the sky that would spread out for tens of thousands of miles.”

Lu Fantian was more confused and asked, “You just said that only Empress Chi Yao had gotten a piece of Natural Divine Iron in the whole Kunlun’s Field. But how can there be another sword which was made of Natural Divine Iron? Besides, it’s a broken sword. Are you sure you are not mistaken?”

Lu Xuan’s fingers gently touched her chin, and she said, “I have some doubts, too... However, the material of this broken sword is the same as the Natural Divine Iron that the Canon of Ritual Items described.”

“According to the legend, when Empress Chi Yao cast the Blood Drop Sword, she called upon ten of the best weapon refiners in the Kunlun’s Field. It took them 81 days to successfully forge the sword in the

Sun and Moon Pool. And the ancestor of our Sword Sanctum was one of the ten weapon refiners. Since that's the case, I'll take the broken sword to see our great-grandfather. Maybe he'll know some secrets."

Lu Fantian nodded his head and said, "It seems like that would be the best choice for now."

And then, he turned his eyes to Zhang Ruochen again. He was more curious about Zhang Ruochen's identity, "*Was he not a student of the School of the Martial Market or a disciple of the Taiji Doctrine, but an envoy that Empress Chi Yao sent?*"

As Lu Xuan was prepared to return to Sword Sanctum with the Abyss Ancient Sword, she suddenly stopped and turned around, asking, "Hey! What's your name? And tell me the poem you said earlier. I'll help you ask."

"Zhang Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen then read out the poem, "No one knows that I'm in the deep forest, only the moon accompanies and sends me light. Thank you, lady."

"Just call me Lu Xuan! Hehe!"

A silvery laughter rang and then Lu Xuan disappeared in the sacred mountains with a few moves.

Lu Fantian still stood in place, he curiously stared at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Zhang Ruochen. Why have I never heard this name before? With your power, you shouldn't be unknown. Is this your real name?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "I don't need to use a fake identity. It will be easy to find out my true identity with the influence of the Sword Sanctum."

Lu Fantian nodded and continued to say, "Your strength is not weak, but your realm of cultivation is a little bit low. If we really fight each other, you may not be able to withstand ten strikes from me."

It was unnecessary and impossible to conceal his identity in front of a master like Lu Fantian. He had already roughly understood the stage of Zhang Ruochen's realm through the previous fight.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen had also guessed Lu Fantian's strength. He was indeed a powerful opponent.

Previously, Lu Xuan had said that he was able to rank in the top ten warriors of the young generation in the Eastern Region. It was probably not a lie.

...

Sword Sanctum, Jade Saint Divine Mountain

Jade Saint Divine Mountain was the lord of the 18 sacred mountains. The owner of these sacred mountains was Lu Huaiyu, who was called "Jade Saint".

The grey-haired and wrinkled Jade Saint looked like he was already in his eighties or nineties. He was so thin that his bones were protruding out his skin. However, his eyes, as bright as the stars, seemed like they contained infinite wisdom and emit light like some holy deity.

Holding the Abyss Ancient Sword, Jade Saint was so excited that his hands kept trembling. He muttered: "No one knows I'm in the deep forest, only the moon accompanies and sends me light."

"No one knows I'm in the deep forest, only the moon accompanies and sends me light."

...

Jade Saint repeated the poem three times, then he calmed down. He placed the Abyss Ancient Sword on the stone table beside him. Then he expectantly gazed at Lu Xuan and asked, "What's his name? How old is he? What else did he say?"

Lu Xuan politely kneeled in the center of the Holy Temple and she slightly looked up. It was her first time to see her ancestor being so excited.

Ancestor was a Saint who had already lived for more than 400 years.

How could he be so excited over something like this?

Next to her, her grandfather, Lu Jingyuan and great-grandfather, Lu Chongyu were also reverently kneeling in the Holy Temple.

Lu Jingyuan immediately stared at Lu Xuan as he found that Lu Xuan had not answered the ancestor's questions. He lowered his voice and asked, "Xuan Er, the ancestor is asking you a question. What're you daydreaming for?"

After hearing his words, Lu Xuan shivered and immediately kowtowed to the ancestor. She quickly replied, "Ancestor, the man's name is Zhang Ruochen. He's probably about 20 years old."

When Jade Saint heard the name "Zhang Ruochen", he slightly frowned and pondered. After a moment, it seemed that he had thought something and his face changed. "How could it be this name?..."

Light of wisdom shone from his eyes, he asked again, "Where is he?"

"He is in Sword Stela," Lu Xuan answered.

Jade Saint said, "Immediately invite him to Jade Saint Divine Mountain. Treat him politely and don't give him the cold-shoulder."

He seemed to feel a little uneasy and added, "Lu Chongyu, you go to pick him up. You must remember that don't let outsiders see him and directly bring him to me."

After Lu Chongyu left, Lu Xuan and Lu Jingyuan also walked out of the Holy Temple.

Lu Xuan stuck her tongue out. She felt a little puzzled and said in a low voice, "Grandpa, who is that man? Ancestor gives him so much honor that he ordered great-grandfather to pick him up personally!"

Lu Jingyuan looked serious and said, "Xuan Er, the man's background is probably stronger than we thought. Ancestor just sent me a message to tell me to keep the secret."

Lu Xuan showed an unbelievable look with her mouth wide open. The figure of Zhang Ruochen appeared in her mind again. She felt a little uncomfortable and muttered, "He seemed to have nothing extraordinary except for his handsome face."

...

A moment later, led by Lu Chongyu, Zhang Ruochen came to the Holy Temple of Jade Saint Divine Mountain and saw the Jade Saint, Lu Huaiyu.

Lu Chongyu went out and there were only Zhang Ruochen and Jade Saint in the Holy Temple.

Jade Saint carefully looked Zhang Ruochen over. After a while, he asked, "Are you from Ming Hall?"

Ming Hall was a force that established by the old subordinates of Emperor Ming. Like the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, Ming Hall had always been active in Kunlun's Field and kept fighting against the rule of Empress Chi Yao.

However, the power of Ming Hall was mainly distributed in Nine Provinces of Middle Earth. Its power in the east, south, west, north was relatively weak.

Therefore, the influence of Ming Hall in Eastern Region was not so strong.

Although Zhang Ruochen did not come into contact with the people of the Ming Hall, he knew of its existence. So he was not surprised that the Jade Saint asked him this.

Zhang Ruochen answered: "I'm not from the Ming Hall."

Jade Saint said, "If you're not from Ming Hall, how do you know the poem?"

Zhang Ruochen looked up, the old man sitting above was not his sixth elder brother, Lu Yuanzhi. Therefore, he was still defensive and dared not to speak his own identity.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said with obeisance, "I have some private reasons, so I'll only answer some questions in front of elder Lu Yuanzhi."

Jade Saint frowned slightly and said, "Lu Yuanzhi is my grandfather. You may not know but he passed away 300 years ago."

"What? He has... died..."

Although Zhang Ruochen had already expected this result, he was still sad when Jade Saint told him.

Eight hundred years had passed; time had brought a great change to the world, even a Saint would reach the end.

Jade Saint continued to say, "Now, I'm the master of Sword Sanctum. If you have any problem or message, you can directly tell me. Perhaps I could help you."

It was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to tell Jade Saint his identity because he only trusted his sixth elder brother, Lu Yuanzhi.

Can I believe trust other people?

What happened in the past had been too odd. Even Zhang Ruochen's lover had killed him personally, who else he could believe?

And Chi Yao had been reigning for 500 years, the force of the imperial court was uncontended under the heavens, sweeping away all disobedience and ruling the whole wide world. How could Zhang Ruochen easily expose his identity?

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and bowed again, he said, "I just come to repair my sword. There is nothing else."

Disappointment appeared in Jade Saint's eyes, he looked at the broken sword, and then he laughed and said, "I would like to ask, where did you get this broken sword?"

Zhang Ruochen replied calmly, "I found it in the Martial Market of Yunwu Commandery. I bought it for its special material. Then I asked many weapon refiners to repair it, but they all failed. And I just heard of that Sword Sanctum is a Holy Land of refining weapon, so I come here to visit Master Lu, wondering if he can help me. But I didn't think that Master Lu had died 300 years before."

Jade Saint said, "It means that you didn't know the sword was made of Natural Divine Iron before today?"

"Yes." Zhang Ruochen replied.

Jade Saint smiled and said, "Sword Sanctum also participated in the process of casting the sword. I know some secrets about Natural Divine Iron and the sword. Do you want to know?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Jade Saint was deliberately testing him.

Chapter 379: Divine Altar

Zhang Ruochen knew Jade Saint was only testing him, but he did not refuse, because he also wanted to know the origin of the Abyss Ancient Sword.

He did not let any emotion show and said, "I would like to know about it."

Jade Saint was sitting at the head position with an extraordinary bearing. Divine brilliance was flowing through in each of his hair. A wisp of Spiritual Qi streamed around him as if he was in the center of heaven.

That was the bearing of a Saint.

"You should have heard of the legend of the Natural Divine Iron," he spoke, "that legend is not the truth. Was Empress Chi Yao the person who got the Natural Divine Iron 800 years ago? She wasn't."

"It was her father, Emperor Qing, who get the Natural Divine Iron."

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised to hear about this at all.

800 years ago, Chi Yao was still a teenage girl. How could she invite the top ten weapon refiners to cast swords at the same time?

Only Emperor Qing had such power and influence.

Jade Saint continued to say, "Nature is divided into Yin and Yang, life and death, black and white. So what they previously forge isn't only one sword, but two."

"Top 10 weapon refiners racked their brains and used various methods to divide Natural Divine Iron into two parts. One was black, and the other was white. And then, it took them eighty-one days to successfully cast two swords. One was 'Death Sword,' the other was 'Life Sword.'"

Zhang Ruochen squinted his eyes and said, "The white Blood Drop Sword of Empress Chi Yao is the Death Sword?"

"Unfortunately, it has been dyed blood red," Jade Saint nodded and sighed.

Zhang Ruochen pointed at the Abyss Ancient Sword and asked, "Why did the Life Sword break?"

"Only the Death Sword could break the Life Sword. And only the Life Sword could cut off the Death Sword," Jade Saint continued.

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything.

After a while, Jade Saint said again, "Do you know why those swords were called 'life' and 'death'?"

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Jade Saint said, "The so-called Death Sword can absorb the blood of the common people in the world, through which it can constantly gain more power and eventually turn into a Natural Divine Sword. Therefore, if someone wants to develop the Death Sword, massacres is unavoidable. The more blood the Death Sword absorb, the more powerful it will be."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Then how did the Life Sword get its name?"

Jade Saint answered, "The Death Sword can absorb the blood of the man to grow continuously. But the Life Sword can enhance itself by absorbing and integrating all kinds of weapons into its blade."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "I understand! Weapons are killing tools. And Life Sword can save the world by absorbing all weapons."

"Exactly."

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "Unfortunately, the Life Sword is broken."

Jade Saint stroke his beard and smiled, he said, "It's not impossible to repair the Life Sword. At least, the Sword Sanctum has the ability. Because we participated in the forging of the two swords and we understand the process. If you trust us, you can put the Life Sword in Sword Sanctum. Once it is repaired, I would personally send people to give it back to you."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Can I trust you?"

Jade Saint smiled and said, "Do you think you can walk out of the Holy Temple if the Sword Sanctum wants to grab your Life Sword?"

"You're right."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and bowed to Jade Saint with his fist gripping, then he said, "Since it is so, thank you. How about the cost of repairing the Life Sword?"

"No one knows I'm in the deep forest, only the moon accompanies and sends me light."

"The owner of this poem has some relation with the Sword Sanctum. Since you know the poem, you don't need to pay anything."

Jade Saint said again, "I'll ask you again, do you really have nothing else to say?"

Obviously, Jade Saint was still expecting. After all, he had waited for the poem for 300 years.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "I don't understand what you mean. Farewell."

Zhang Ruochen saluted again and then walked out of the Holy Temple.

Jade Saint stared at the departing figure of Zhang Ruochen with a serious look. He thought quickly, and a moment later, he called Lu Chongyu in through sound transmission.

Lu Chongyu knelt down and kowtowed to the Jade Saint, and asked, "Ancestor, what are your orders?"

Jade Saint said, "Arrange someone to find out his identity. There can be no omission."

Lu Chongyu doubtfully asked, "Ancestor, you have paid so much attention to this young man, who is he?"

Jade Saint sighed and said, "There are some things that you shouldn't know of yet. Go now!"

After Lu Chongyu left, Jade Saint turned into a white light and flew out of the Holy Temple.

In the underground area of the Sword Sanctum, a Divine Altar of up to 330 meters tall was cast. It seemed that the cylindrical altar was made of white jade.

The surface of the altar was engraved with complicated lines. If someone looked closely, he would find that blood was flowing in those lines.

Jade Saint came to the bottom of the white altar, he devoutly put his palms together and worshipped the altar. And he said, "Grandpa, the poem appeared!"

"CRASH!"

The lines of blood on the white altar began to flow quickly, sending out an immense sound of rivers surging. The sound was endless and deafening. The Spiritual Qi of heaven and earth became violent.

Wisps of smoke rose from the center of the white altar. They gathered together and turned into a Divine Soul.

If Zhang Ruochen were there, he would recognize the Divine Soul. It was his sixth elder brother, Lu Yuanzhi.

The Divine Soul of Lu Yuanzhi suspended above the white altar. It exuded white brilliance and made an ethereal sound, asking in excitement, "Is it Emperor Ming?"

Jade Saint shook his head and said, "It's not Emperor Ming, but a young man about 20 years old."

The Divine Soul of Lu Yuanzhi was disappointed and sighed, saying, "Before 800 years ago, I received an order from Emperor Ming to build the 'Divine Altar.' It took me 500 years to build it. But unfortunately, the emperor has been missing for 800 years. There is still not even a trace of him. Perhaps he died in the hands of Emperor Qing and Empress Chi Yao."

The altar beneath Lu Yuanzhi's Divine Soul was the "Divine Altar".

800 years ago, Emperor Ming issued a secret order— pour out all resources to let Lu Yuanzhi build the Divine Altar.

The Divine Altar was used to preserve the Divine Souls of Saints so that their Divine Souls would not dissipate. Meanwhile, it could accumulate the power of Saints.

The project was so massive that it took 500 years and all of the resources of Emperor Ming and Sword Sanctum to be completed.

Lu Yuanzhi indeed had died from the depletion of his lifetime 300 years ago. But with the magical power of the altar, his Divine Soul had been preserved.

Jade Saint pondered for a while and said, "Although he is a young man, his name... is a little weird. Moreover, he owns the Life Sword."

Lu Yuanzhi was already disappointed after knowing the man was not Emperor Ming. But after hearing Jade Saint's words, he had energy again and immediately asked, "Is it the Good-luck Sword that Emperor Qing ordered to cast?"

"Yes," Jade Saint said.

Lu Yuanzhi asked, "You said the name of the young man is weird. How so?"

Jade Saint said, "His name is Zhang Ruochen."

"Zhang Ruochen."

Lu Yuanzhi repeated after him. Suddenly, his Divine Soul fiercely shivered and said, "Are you sure about the name?"

"There's no mistake. When I heard the name, I was surprised, too. After all, the Crown Prince was dead for 800 years. Even if he were alive, he would be over 800 years old." Jade Saint said.

The Divine Soul of Lu Yuanzhi closed eyes and murmured, saying, "Zhang Ruochen, the Good-luck Sword, and the poem. How could this be so coincidental? Is he really my little junior fellow apprentice?"

Jade Saint asked, "Grandpa, how should we handle this now?"

Lu Yuanzhi's Divine Soul opened his eyes and said, "It's too odd. I don't know who he is. If he is my little junior fellow apprentice, we should make every effort to help him. But I'm worried that this is a fraud of Empress Chi Yao."

Jade Saint's face changed and said, "Is grandpa worried that this Zhang Ruochen is the person that Empress Chi Yao sent to test us?"

“It’s possible.”

Lu Yuanzhi said, “The relation between the Sword Sanctum and the Zhangs is secretive. However, Emperor Qing used to have a good relationship with Emperor Ming; maybe he’ll know some clues. Although the possibility is small, we still have to take precautions.”

“And for this Zhang Ruochen, we can talk to him and try to help him. But we can’t tell him all of our secrets; something must be reserved.”

“Next, try to find out his identity. Make sure to look through every single detail.”

“And, you need to pass on this message to the people of the Ming Hall. Let the people of the Ming Hall contact Zhang Ruochen. Sword Sanctum dares not to publicly confront Empress Chi Yao, but Ming Hall does.”

“Besides, the divine ancestor of Ming Hall had a close relationship with the little junior fellow apprentice. If she knew that little junior fellow apprentice might still be alive, she would definitely come to the Eastern Region. Only when she confirms the identity of little junior fellow apprentice, will things be completely safe.”

Jade Saint still felt worried and asked, “What if he is really a person that Empress Chi Yao sent to investigate us?”

“Haha! Empress Chi Yao is decisive. If she really suspects us, no matter what we do, it will be impossible for us to survive the great calamity. Just follow my instructions, we just need to make a good relationship with Zhang Ruochen, and leave the rest to Ming Hall.”

Lu Yuanzhi continued to say, “Give the Good-luck Sword to me. I can help him repair it with the help of Divine Altar. It’s time for the Life Sword to reappear in the world and compete against the Death Sword of Empress Chi Yao.”

After Jade Saint presented the Abyss Ancient Sword to Lu Yuanzhi, he took three steps back and left the underground Divine Altar.

After returning to the Holy Temple, which was at the summit of the sacred mountains, Jade Saint immediately recorded messages of Zhang Ruochen on a Signal Flare.

“I hope he really is the Crown Prince.”

Jade Saint deeply exhaled and infused a Spiritual Qi into the Signal Flare.

“SWOOSH!”

The Signal Flare immediately turned into a streamer and flew to Middle Earth.

Chapter 380: The Same Courier Station

After leaving Sword Sanctum, Zhang Ruochen returned to the Courier Station of Martial Market in the Seventh District, not knowing what had happened afterward.

When Zhang Ruochen entered the Courier Station of Martial Market, he suddenly heard a noisy crowd. He looked over and in the distance, saw Zi Hansha, Xue Yingrou and other gifted students of South Cloud Commandery. They were actually living in the Nanting Courier Station.

At this moment, they were standing in the middle of the spacious martial-arts arena and measuring the Courier Station with their eyes.

Among them, a younger gifted student shouted with a surprised, "Wow! It's indeed a Courier Station of the School of the Martial Market. It's so magnificent!"

"East Region Saint City is a real Holy Land for martial arts practice. I must enter the Saint Academy. I will stay here forever and never go back!"

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Even if they are gifted students of South Cloud Commandery, for most of them, it was their first time to come to East Region Saint City.

They were shocked by its prosperity. Even a Courier Station was more splendid than a grand palace. Most of the people were determined to live here and became permanent residents of East Region Saint City.

It seemed that being a permanent resident of East Region Saint City was a kind of supreme pride.

Zi Hansha crossed her arms and stood proudly. Seeing those junior fellow apprentices and junior sister apprentices who had not seen much of life, she showed disdain in her eyes and said, "If you want to stay in East Region Saint City forever, you have to be able to buy a mansion. As far as I know, the cheapest mansion costs at least two million pieces of Spiritual Crystals. As for the mansion in the Seventh District, you could not possibly buy one with ten million pieces of Spiritual Crystals."

Zi Hansha, an outstanding talent of a Half-Saint family, had been visited East Region Saint City. So, he had some understanding of East Region Saint City.

Hearing Zi Hansha's words, the enthusiasm of those talented students almost died out.

A mansion of East Region Saint City was too expensive. Even if their martial cultivation reached the Heaven Realm and they had worked hard for decades, they would probably still be unable to afford it.

Furthermore, even if they could earn several million pieces of Spiritual Crystals, they would rather spend them on training. No one would randomly buy a mansion.

So it was almost impossible for a warrior in the Heaven Realm to buy a mansion in East Region Saint City.

Zi Hansha spared a glance at Xue Yingrou and said proudly, "Our Zi family is a Half-Saint family, so we have many houses in East Region Saint City. Before we arrived here, our master had said that as long as I could become a Saint of the Saint Academy, I could get one of the mansions."

Hearing the words, those gifted students were all surprised, and they walked closer to Zi Hansha, before they tried to start flattering him.

“Eldest brother is indeed powerful and definitely an inheritor of a Half-Saint family. We are far below you level.”

“From now on, eldest brother, please give me support in East Region Saint City.”

...

Especially those talented female students, who were adoringly stared at Zi Hansha, sighed with emotion. A Half-Saint family is profound and deep-seated. It actually had power in East Region Saint City.

On the contrary, Xue Yingrou was very calm.

Ever since seeing that Zhang Ruochen defeated Zi Hansha, she was very disappointed at Zi Hansha. It was just a Half-Saint family. In East Region Saint City, there were many more of it.

He at least had to become an inheritor of a powerful Saint family to be worthy for me.

Zhang Ruochen just cast a glance in the distance and shook his head. He walked inside the gate, heading toward Jadetoad Palace.

Someone from the group saw Zhang Ruochen and shouted, “Eldest brother, senior sister apprentice Xue, look! Zhang Ruochen is also living in this Courier Station.”

Those gifted students all looked at Zhang Ruochen with disdain clear in their eyes.

“I’m actually living in the same Courier Station with those hillbillies, which really degrades my identity,” Zi Hansha thought so in his mind. He stopped smiling and just hummed.

Xue Yingrou frowned, she had a bit indescribable feeling inside her heart. She did not hate Zhang Ruochen. However, she was very disappointed in him.

Zhang Ruochen did not bother talking to them. He passed through the martial-arts arena and returned to his room.

“I must keep practicing and try my best to reach the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm as soon as possible.”

Zhang Ruochen went into the internal space of Time and Space Spinel and sat in the middle with his legs crossed. He cleared his mind, took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He ran exercises to fully absorbed the Divine Dragon Strength of the Dragon Pearl.

In Sword Sanctum, although Zhang Ruochen only fought with Lu Fantian for one move, he could clearly feel the powerful strength of Lu Fantian.

“Lu Fantian’s cultivation must have reached the Medium State of the Heaven Realm, which is three realms higher than mine. If I fight with him without using the Martial Soul and the Spiritual Power, I will lose for sure.”

The powerful Martial Soul and Spiritual Power were Zhang Ruochen's last important card. However, as an inheritor of Sword Sanctum, did Lu Fantian not have his last card?

So, if there was a real fight, Zhang Ruochen would not be sure that he could defeat Lu Fantian.

At present, he had to increase his cultivation as quickly as possible. Only if he reached the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm, his strength could be increased. So that he would be more confident to fight against the top talents of the Eastern Region.

There were more than 5000 drops of blue Vital Essence floating in his Qi sea, which was like a sky full of sparkling stars.

God marks appeared one after another on the Qi sea wall. Some had a human body and a dragon head. Some had a human body and a snake nail. Some had three heads and six arms...

With the running of exercises, the god marks seemed to be alive, turning into illusory images of gods and infusing into Zhang Ruochen's Vital Essence.

Every drop of Vital Essence was infused into an illusory image of God.

From afar, it was like a God suspended in a bubble, emitting sacred light.

"Prebiotic Blue Sky."

Zhang Ruochen ran the fourth level exercise of the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean. A vortex appeared in his Qi sea, making drops of Vital Essence start spinning.

Suddenly, the speed of the Vessel of Spiritual Blood absorbing the Divine Dragon Strength doubled.

20 days later, the number of the Vital Essence in Zhang Ruochen's Qi sea was 9700 drops, close to 10000 drops.

If Zhang Ruochen had three more days, he would be confident that he could reach the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm.

Unfortunately, the first round of the Saint Academy's examination took place today. Zhang Ruochen had to stop practicing and walked out of the internal space of Time and Space Spinel.

Only six or seven days had passed in reality, while 20 days had passed in the Time and Space Spinel.

In the morning, the breeze was cool. Mist was rising. Vermilion overhanging eaves and colored glaze tiles could be seen vaguely in the distance among the fog.

Duanmu Xingling, Si Xingkong, and Chang Qiqi had waited outside long ago. They were wearing neat Silvery Martial Robes, which made them look very vigorous and energetic.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had walked out, everyone's eyes suddenly lightened up.

Even Lei Jing whose cultivation was very profound also stared at Zhang Ruochen deeply. He asked, "Zhang Ruochen, does your cultivation reach to another level?"

Although Zhang Ruochen's cultivation did not reach another level, due that Gods Marks were integrated with his Vital Essence in his body, it became more mysterious and strange.

Every drop of his Vital Essence was like those of a God's.

It was because of this that they also felt strange, thinking of that Zhang Ruochen had reached another realm.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's strength was indeed increased greatly.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I haven't even reached the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm for too long. How can I breakthrough to the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm that fast?"

Hearing this, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi felt relieved.

Chang Qiqi patted his chest and said, "I'm scared to death. Luckily, you haven't reached another level. Otherwise, it's just too crushing and overwhelming! I have hard been refining the Dragon's Blood. Till now, I've just refined 1800 drops of Vital Essence."