

## Chapter 41: The Martial Market Bank

“My Ninth Prince, there are only two weapon refining stoves which are classified as Seventh-Class Genuine Martial Arms in the entire Yunwu Commandery. One of them is owned by the chief of the Federation of Inscription while the other one is right in front of you.”

Qin Ya led Zhang Ruochen to the armory where the three-meter tall bronze weapon refining stove was kept.

This time, rather than just the two of them going in alone, the Ninth Commandery Princess, Shan Xiangling, and Mo Hanlin were together as well.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were fixed on the massive stove in front of him. Nodding in satisfaction, he said, “This weapon refining stove should be very expensive.”

If it was not expensive, it would have been bought by any weapon refiners long ago.

Pursing her lips, Qin Ya chuckled softly and said, “Of course, it’s expensive. I usually set the base price at two million silver coins when other weapon refiners ask about it. Since it’s the Ninth Prince, I’m willing to offer you a half-price. One million silver coins and that’s it. No more bargaining!”

“One million silver coins? That’s way too expensive! It seems like you’re robbing us blind!” The Ninth Commandery Princess said in a slightly displeased manner. She was obviously annoyed with Qin Ya.

Even Shan Xiangling was secretly surprised. The Red Cloud Sect only made half a million silver coins for the entire year. Yet, a single piece of weapon refining stove could easily cost one million silver coins, which would be the double of her sect’s annual income.

“This stove was excessively expensive!”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “No. Not at all. It’s actually very cheap. A Seventh-Class Genuine Martial Arms weapon is sold for at least one million silver coins. A weapon refining stove of the same class will certainly cost more, with its price exceeding two million silver coins. Madame, if you keep offering low prices, I’m afraid you will go out of business very soon!”

“No amount of money can fill the void I feel within. If the Ninth Prince can spend a night with me, I’m more than happy to give you the weapon refining stove for free.” Qin Ya said flirtatiously as she stared at Zhang Ruochen with eyes full of affection. How seductive!

Zhang Ruochen coughed dryly, feeling a little awkward. He replied, “Hmm... I’ll collect one million silver coins as soon as possible. I hope you can keep the weapon refining stove on hold for the time being. I... I’m in a rush. I’ll excuse myself first.”

Having said that, Zhang Ruochen quickly walked out of the armory as if he was running away from danger.

The Ninth Commandery Princess ran after Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Ninth brother, are you sure you want to buy that weapon refining stove? A million silver coins is not a small sum! Even though the Royal Family sends silver coins to all our brothers and sisters every month, it's still impossible to raise a million silver coins from what we get!"

"I'm getting three thousand silver coins a month for basic expenses, which is already the most among all princesses. I guess you can only receive up to five thousand at most for a month?"

Zhang Ruochen replied calmly, "Don't worry, ninth sister! I'm not going to rely on the funds allocated by the Royal Family. Very soon I'll be able to collect one million silver coins!"

A Seventh-Class Genuine Martial Arms weapon refining stove was not easily available anywhere. Thus, Zhang Ruochen could not miss the chance of getting it.

Once he had the weapon refining stove, he could use it to refine Spatial Rings anytime. By then, he would have an endless supply of the rings and money would no longer be an issue.

Now, he only had eight hundred thousand silver coins, which were all deposited in the Martial Market Bank.

How was he going to collect the remaining two hundred thousand silver coins?

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Spatial Ring on his thumb out of the corner of his eyes. Suddenly, an idea popped into his mind. He smiled and said, "The Martial Market Bank!"

Qin Ya's face darkened and her smile disappeared as soon as she walked out of the armory. Looking at the direction where Zhang Ruochen, the Ninth Commandery Princess, and Shan Xiangling left, she said in a low tone, "He's able to demonstrate the technique of Multitasking during the Year-end Assessment. He must have practiced his spiritual power till level 20 or above."

Mo Hanlin stood behind Qin Ya and his expression flickered. He said, "He's only 16 years old, I think it's not quite possible for him to practice his spiritual power up to level 20!"

"Neither do I. After all, the spiritual power of a human body is limited. It's theoretically impossible to obtain such incredible martial arts talent as well as the spiritual power. However, since he's so determined to buy the weapon refining stove, he probably wants to become a weapon refiner. Perhaps his spiritual power is indeed brilliant!"

Qin Ya narrowed her eyes as her curiosity grew. Driven by the desire to test out her theory, she said, "Mo Hanlin, check with the Federation of Inscription. I'm sure the Ninth Prince has been there for a few times recently. I want to know the exact level of his spiritual power!"

"Yes, I'll head off now!" Mo Hanlin bowed to Qin Ya and hurried away.

"Huh! Boy, you make me even more curious now!" Qin Ya stuck out her soft tongue and licked her red lips while laughing in a coquettish manner.

Zhang Ruochen, the Ninth Commandery Princess, and Shan Xiangling rode on the carriage and headed to the Martial Market Bank.

The Ninth Commandery Princess asked, "Ninth brother, why are we heading to the Martial Market Bank? Do you have a million silver coins kept over there?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled and responded, "Well... I did have a million silver coins, but I've spent some. Now, there are around eight hundred thousand silver coins left."

Shan Xiangling's eyes lit up with surprise when she heard this. She was shocked by how much assets Zhang Ruochen had at such a young age.

"Eight hundred thousand? Impossible! Ninth brother, where did you get that massive amount of money from?" The Ninth Commandery Princess was extremely surprised. She could not believe her ears.

Not to mention Ninth Commandery Princess, even if it was a leader from any other large-scale family in the Yunwu City, it was still difficult to come up with eight hundred thousand silver coins right away.

Even though the Lin's could come up with 1.2 million silver coins to purchase the low-class of Spiritual sword skill, it was thanks to the financial capability of the entire family rather than Lin Fengxian himself.

It would be good enough if Lin Fengxian could come up with half a million silver coins at once.

Zhang Ruochen had nothing to hide. When he purchased the weapon refining stove later, his wealth would still be exposed anyway.

Moreover, no one would dare to steal from him in the Yunwu City, knowing that he was one of the superiors in the Royal Family, the Ninth Prince.

"Even if the Ninth Prince has eight hundred thousand silver coins with him, he'll still need two hundred thousand more in order to buy the weapon refining stove." Shan Xiangling said softly.

Zhang Ruochen replied, "That's why we are heading to the Martial Market Bank. I'm going to do a business with them. As for what kind of business, I can't tell you now."

Zhang Ruochen had a feeling that the Martial Market Bank would surely be interested in the Spatial Ring.

Being able to store treasures inside the Spatial Ring would be very useful for the Martial Market Bank!

By doing business with the Martial Market Bank, it would fully maximize the profit he could get from the Spatial Ring.

The magnificently constructed Martial Market Bank was tightly guarded. A large number of armored royal guards could be seen watching over all sides of the bank at any time.

In terms of the defensive power, Martial Market Bank was second only to the palace of the Yunwu Commandery.

The moment Zhang Ruochen, the Ninth Commandery Princess, and Shan Xiangling got off the carriage, a figure quickly approached them.

"Greetings, the Ninth Prince and the Ninth Commandery Princess. I'm the Ninth Steward of the Martial Market Bank." An old man with goatee beard hurriedly walked over and greeted Zhang Ruochen and the Ninth Commandery Princess with great respect and courtesy.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Do you know me?"

The Ninth Steward smiled and said, "If I can't even recognize the Ninth Prince, then I'm not qualified to be the Martial Market Bank's steward."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Well, that's great! I want to discuss a huge business opportunity with the Manager of the Martial Market Bank. I was hoping Mr steward could be my referral."

"Ha ha! Who do you think you are? You're just one of the nine princes, how dare you ask the Manager to do a business with you? If so, you should have made Commandery Prince Yunwu come here in person!" Liu Chengfeng walked out from the main door of the Martial Market Bank with his head held high. He had an arrogant expression on his face and his gaze was just as unfriendly.

It seemed that he wanted to compare himself to Zhang Ruochen, thus, he brought two young and beautiful maids with him. They appeared to be around 14 or 15 years old.

However, their appearance and manner still paled in comparison to the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling.

Liu Chengfeng said with a sense of superiority, "If you really have a business to discuss, I can do it with you. Given my status, it's more than enough."

Zhang Ruochen was not sure if he should believe his words. He gave Liu Chengfeng a thorough once-over and replied blandly, "The business I would like to discuss... With your status, I'm afraid you're not qualified enough to do so."

"Excuse me? Do you even know who I am?" Liu Chengfeng's expression quickly turned cold.

"Actually, I'm not too sure who you are!" Zhang Ruochen said nonchalantly.

Liu Chengfeng said with a hint of pride, "Well, listen up! I'm Liu Chengfeng, the son of the Manager of the Martial Market Bank. Even though you've never met me in person, you should have at least heard of my name before!"

"I'm sorry, but I've never heard of your name!" Ignoring Liu Chengfeng, Zhang Ruochen turned to the Ninth Steward and said, "Mr steward, please pass my message to the Manager. If he doesn't want to see me, I'll leave right away."

"My Ninth Prince, please wait here for a moment. "

The Ninth Steward immediately went to notify the Manager about this matter.

In fact, if he was the feeble Zhang Ruochen before obtaining the Sacred Mark, he would not have a chance to enjoy such treatment. However, it was different now. His outstanding performance in the Year-end Assessment had successfully aroused the attention and interest of many major powers in the Yunwu City.

No one would look down on such an extraordinary genius. Who knew if he would become the king of Yunwu Commandery in the future?

Zhang Ruochen's action had completely enraged Liu Chengfeng. Zhang Ruochen casually dismissed him in front of everyone as if he was someone of no importance. It made him feel like he had lost all his face in front of Shan Xiangling.

"Huh! Let's see! I'm sure my father won't receive you. With your martial cultivation, you're just a tiny little ant in my father's eyes," Liu Chengfeng said coldly with disdain in his voice.

Zhang Ruochen did not bother to respond to him. He stood with his arms crossed, patiently waiting for the steward.

The Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling did not hide the contempt they had for Liu Chengfeng, showing a disdainful expression on their faces. They felt that Liu Chengfeng was too rude and lack of manner. He was not even worth comparing to Zhang Ruochen.

...

"The Ninth Prince? Does he want to do business with me?"

Liu Chuanshen stood next to the lake, his hands clasped behind his back. The aura emanating from him resembled a lofty mountain, giving people a sense of superiority.

"Yes, he does. If my Manager doesn't want to see him, I'll ask him to leave. But..."

"But what?"

The Ninth Steward kneeled down on the ground and continued to say, "That's another matter. I've already found out the identity of the mystery man who auctioned the low-class of Spiritual sword skill in the Central Auction. The mystery man is the same person, the Ninth Prince. He currently has eight hundred thousand silver coins deposited in the Martial Market Bank."

"Wow! It's unbelievable for a young man like him to have such fortune! What kind of adventure has he encountered in these few months?"

A faint smile broke out on Liu Chuanshen's face. He said, "Well, there's no harm meeting him. Perhaps it'll bring me some pleasant surprises!"

## **Chapter 42: The Big Four Ranking**

"My Ninth Prince, please follow me. The Manager is waiting for you in the bank."

The Ninth Steward led the way in the front and accompanied Zhang Ruochen to the Martial Market Bank.

The Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling stayed outside the bank. Neither of them was entitled to meet the Manager of the Martial Market Bank.

After Zhang Ruochen and the Ninth Steward left, Liu Chengfeng frowned and thought, "What a bastard! I can't believe my father wants to see him! What virtues does he exactly have?"

Then, he cut out the cold-blooded face and looked over to Shan Xiangling and the Ninth Commandery Princess. He displayed a heroic smile and waved at Shan Xiangling. "Miss Shan, I've heard about you a long time ago. I wonder if I have a chance to sightsee the Yunwu City with you?"

In his point of view, the daughter of Master of the Red Cloud Sect would not turn down the son of the Martial Market Bank's Manager.

Once he got to spend time with her alone, he had a great chance to take her down!

...

Liu Chuanshen was considered as a legendary person in Yunwu Commandery. He had control over all the armed force and financial resources of the Martial Market Bank in Yunwu Commandery and he was classified as one of the top ten in Yunwu Commandery.

Except for people like the Commandery Prince Yunwu, it would be as difficult as to climb up to the sky for other ordinary warriors to meet him.

When Zhang Ruochen first saw Liu Chuanshen, he was able to feel that his martial cultivation was unfathomable. He had displayed a powerful strength from head to toes.

If an ordinary warrior stood in front of Liu Chuanshen, he would have been trembled and fear to look into his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen however, was not an ordinary warrior. He said pleasantly, "I've heard of your name years ago, my Manager. You're certainly a legend!"

"The Ninth Prince is such a rarity, I've also heard of how talented you are!" Liu Chuanshen stood at the inner part of the living room, intentionally exposed his powerful thrust so as to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

He had watched every single move of Zhang Ruochen after he walked into the living room. He praised Zhang Ruochen to himself as Zhang Ruochen had demonstrated a calm and humble attitude. He wondered how nice it would be if Liu Chengfeng, his son, could behave like Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen sat opposite to Liu Chuanshen and said, "Mr. Liu, I'll simply go straight to the point. The reason why I'm here at the Martial Market Bank is, to do a business with you, the Manager of the bank. I believe my Manager won't disappoint after taking a look at my product!"

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen took off the Spatial Ring, placed it on the table and passed it to Liu Chuanshen.

"Just a jade thumb ring?" Liu Chuanshen looked at the jade thumb ring and frowned his eyebrows in confusion.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Please, my Manager, try to transfer your Genuine Qi into the ring."

Liu Chuanshen immediately transferred his Genuine Qi into the jade thumb ring as Zhang Ruochen said. He activated six Inscription of Space on the jade thumb ring. A layer of white halo eventually floated out on the ring.

Liu Chuanshen put his hand out to the jade thumb ring. His hand disappeared all of a sudden as if it had been swallowed by the jade thumb ring.

“This...”

There was a light of splendid in Liu Chuanshen’s eyes. He looked at the ring and said with excitement, “There is a space inside the thumb ring! I wonder where does my majesty get such a space treasure!”

Zhang Ruochen answered, “Well... I’m not available to disclose its details.”

Liu Chuanshen recovered his Genuine Qi and calmed his excitement. He said, “There are less than ten pieces of space treasures among the entire Kunlun’s Field, each of them is incredibly precious. Yet, the class of your space treasure seems to be quite low, my ninth prince. Its space is narrow. I guess it can barely classify as a Third-Class Genuine Martial Arm.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “If I sell the space treasure to my Manager, what will the price be?”

Liu Chuanshen was indeed very interested in such a space treasure. Yet, he acted exceptionally calm in order to keep up his power over Zhang Ruochen. He said, “A normal Third-Class Genuine Martial Arm usually costs between 3,000 to 10,000 silver coins. Since it’s a space treasure, the price will surely be higher. It is worth 10 thousand silver coins.”

“Two hundred thousand silver coins.” Without hesitation, Zhang Ruochen set the price at 20 times more than the original price straight away.

Liu Chuanshen smiled while he shook his head, “My Ninth Prince, you’re not doing a business but robbing me! Let me tell you, this is not how you do business. If the space of the ring is 10 times larger, I’ll be happy to pay two hundred thousand silver coins for it!” “To be honest, the internal space of this treasure is indeed too small! How about this, I’ll buy your Spatial Ring under my name with twenty thousand silver coins. What do you think?”

“One hundred and fifty thousand!” Zhang Ruochen made another offer.

“Thirty thousand!” Liu Chuanshen kept bargaining.

“A hundred and twenty thousand silver coins!”

“Forty thousand!”

After all the bargaining, Zhang Ruochen made the final deal. “One hundred thousand! This is my bottom line!”

“Deal! One hundred thousand silver coins!” Liu Chuanshen laughed out loud and put on the Spatial Ring placed on the table. He took a detailed look at the ring and grinned, “My ninth prince, do you prefer transferring the one hundred thousand coins to your Three-star VIP Card under the Martial Market Bank or convert it to the Spiritual Crystal?”

Zhang Ruochen was scolding such a cunning fox in his heart and said grumpily, “Just put it into my Three-star VIP Card!”

After selling the Spatial Ring, Zhang Ruochen was still in need of one hundred thousand silver coins in order to buy the weapon refining stove.

He would have to think another way to collect the rest of the coins.

Liu Chuanshen handed over Zhang Ruochen's Three-star VIP Card after transferring the coins to his account. Zhang Ruochen wondered, "Since I'm here at the Martial Market Bank, I should also pay a visit to the Coliseum of the Martial Market. I guess I should be able to make the rest of the one hundred thousand silver coins in the Coliseum of the Martial Market."

The "Coliseum of the Martial Market" was a drill ground operated by the Martial Market Bank with a long history. It represented the martial arts spirits of warriors and was a good place for getting famous.

Once warriors who were confident in their cultivation, most of them would fight in Coliseum of the Martial Market so as to prove their abilities.

Any warriors who obtained a ten winning streak in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, a massive amount of silver coins would be rewarded. Moreover, they could also earn a place on the ranking operated by the Martial Market Bank.

Once warriors who got onto the ranking, they would get fame in the entire commandery.

Nonetheless, if the fighting force of the warriors were powerful enough as well as high enough in their ranking in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, they would also be well-known in other commanderies.

Martial Market Bank had set up four boards—the Yellow Board, the Profound Board, the Earth Board, and the Heaven Board.

Martial Market Bank was located all over the commandery with a flourished intelligence system. Not only they would analyze the performance of the warriors in the fighting ground, but also collected all information of the warriors from the system. It, therefore, would conclude the final ranking of the warriors after organizing the information.

As a result, the accuracy of the four boards under the Martial Market Bank was particularly high.

In order to become one of the fighters on the ranking, warriors had to participate in the fights in the Coliseum of the Martial Market. Otherwise, the Martial Market Bank would not be able to calculate all the details of countless warriors in such a big commandery.

On the Yellow Stage Coliseum, warriors would be eligible to rank in the Yellow Board. The more winning streak warriors obtained, the higher ranking they achieved in the Yellow Board.

Same rules applied to the rest of the boards. Warriors would be entitled on the Profound Board if they obtained a ten winning streak in the Profound Stage Coliseum.

Entering the Earth Board by getting a ten winning streak in Earth Stage Coliseum.

Nevertheless, warriors could go into the Heaven Board by obtaining a ten winning streak in the Heaven Stage Coliseum.



Due to the fact that there were only a few warriors of the Earth Realm and the Heaven Realm, therefore, neither the Earth Stage nor the Heaven Stage Coliseum had been constructed in the Yunwu Commandery.

With Zhang Ruochen's cultivation at the moment, he could only be eligible to join the fight in the Yellow Stage Coliseum.

Once he obtained a ten winning streak in this Coliseum, he would be awarded the one hundred thousand silver coins that he needed. On top of it, he would also become one of the members on the Yellow Board.

There were only 27 warriors of the Yellow Board in the entire Yunwu Commandery. Hence, every one of them was incredible and dominated the Yellow Realm.

Indeed, the mobility of warriors of the Yellow Board was high. It was because the warriors of the Yellow Board themselves had reached the peak of the Completion. They would breakthrough to the Black Realm anytime. Once they had broken through it, they would no longer classify as warriors of the Yellow Board.

It was seen as a circulation. The older warriors would be replaced by a younger group of warriors of the Yellow Board when they left. In conclusion, the number of the warriors of the Yellow Board in the Yunwu Commandery retained between 20-30.

In the Yunwu Commandery, they held their separated ranking of the warriors of the Yellow Board which warriors from other commanderies would not be counted. In other words, the ranking of the warriors of the Yellow Board would be from 1-27 in the entire Yunwu Commandery.

Liu Chengfeng was one of the warriors of the Yellow Board. The best result he had achieved was a 13 winning streak in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, ranking 11 on the Yellow Board.

Among the younger generation, he was classified as one of the most powerful warriors in the Yunwu City. The ten warriors ranked in front of him were all the elder warriors who had been practicing martial arts for more than ten years.

Those elder warriors who were unable to break through the Black Realm, they would rather practice martial techniques so as to enrich their fighting experience. With such astonished techniques, the younger warriors were not strong enough to be their opponents.

Zhang Ruochen told Liu Chuanshen his idea about fighting in the Coliseum.

"The Ninth Prince is going to join the fights in the Yellow Stage Coliseum?"

"With my Ninth Prince's cultivation at the moment... I'm afraid it may not be a wise idea! When you reach the completion of the Yellow Realm after three to five years of cultivation, you'll become a strong warrior of the Yellow Board undoubtedly." Liu Chuanshen said.

Liu Chuanshen didn't even know what Zhang Ruochen's level was. He only noticed that Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had reached the Dawn State of the Yellow Realm not long ago in the Year-end Assessment.

In his eyes, perhaps he had broken through his current cultivation and reached the Medium State of the Yellow Realm, he still was not capable of being a warrior of the Yellow Board. It would be fabulous for him to obtain a three winning streak in the Coliseum of the Martial Market.

“Whether or not I become a warrior of the Yellow Board, we’ll see after the fights!” Zhang Ruochen exclaimed with confidence.

“Since the Ninth Prince is full of confidence, your servant wish you good luck! Well, I need to tour the Coliseum of the Martial Market today. Let’s go together!”

Liu Chuanshen stood up and left the bank with Zhang Ruochen.

Just before the second when they walked out the front door of the Martial Market Bank, there was a great noise crackling.

“I wholeheartedly want to invite you to go sightseeing in Yunwu City. How dare you to refuse my invitation? You’re such a dishonor! Everybody, haul this offensive woman, clean her and send her to my room!” Liu Chengfeng demanded with anger.

Liu Chengfeng was extremely pissed off by Shan Xiangling who turned him down. He felt like she had totally embarrassed him in public, and therefore, he decided to use a tough method that Shan Xiangling couldn’t even have a chance to refuse.

The two royal guards ran towards Shan Xiangling instantly. People surrounded by the bank got used to the fact that Liu Chengeng would use all kinds of method to get the woman he wanted. Didn’t matter if she was the daughter of a Master.

The Red Cloud Sect, however, did not dare to offend the Martial Market Bank.

After having fun with Shan Xiangling, the royal guards might have a chance to spend some time with her too.

Shan Xiangling changed her countenance and said, “Liu Chengfeng, you’re also one of the warriors of the Yellow Board and the son of the Martial Market Bank Manager. I can’t believe you have such a shameful morality!”

Liu Chengfeng chuckled and said, “Whether my morality is good or bad, you’ll have to discover it tonight! I suggest you not to confront. You clearly know what the consequences are if you offend the Martial Market Bank. Otherwise, you or even the entire Red Cloud Sect will disappear in a night!”

Shan Xiangling was extremely irritated and bit her lips. Yet, she did not dare to outrage the Martial Market Bank as its capability was too powerful that it could vanish the Red Cloud Sect with just a word.

While Liu Chengfeng was laughing joyfully about capturing Shan Xiangling, Zhang Ruochen and Liu Chuanshen walked out from the front door of the Martial Market Bank.

### **Chapter 43: The Yellow Fighting Palace**

“Hum!”

Liu Chuanshen snorted, walking out with his hands behind his back and said with a low voice, "Unfilial son, you have disgraced the Martial Market Bank badly. Now, apologize to Ms. Shan!"

Liu Chengfeng heard Liu Chuanshen's words and turned around immediately. His face changed, completely lacking the haughtiness and arrogance of before.

"Fa... Father... I was just j-joking with Xiangling. I will apologize to her at once..." Liu Chengfeng was so afraid of his father that he stuttered.

Seeing him act like this, Liu Chuanshen sighed within his mind. With his disappointment growing, he shook his head, and said, "Ninth Prince, I'm sorry that my unfilial son has made a fool of himself. Let's go to the Martial Market Coliseum now!"

With Liu Chuanshen leading the way, Zhang Ruochen, the Ninth Commandery Princess, and Shan Xiangling arrived at the Martial Market Coliseum shortly.

The Martial Market Coliseum was a sea of people. There were powerful warriors everywhere.

There were also many warriors with little martial cultivation. They stood in the outer ring of the Coliseum to watch and learn from the more powerful ones.

Liu Chuanshen departed for the deepest palace in the Coliseum to handle some important business as soon as he entered to the Martial Market Coliseum.

Zhang Ruochen, the Ninth Commandery Princess, and Shan Xiangling entered the Yellow Fighting Palace.

The Yellow Fighting Palace was an ancient, six-story amphitheater. Each story had 360 bleachers, and every bleacher provided a clear view of the battle in the center of the Coliseum.

Whoever threw ten silver coins could enter the Yellow Fighting Palace.

"Ninth brother, do you really want to fight? Your current cultivation is not strong enough. There is a huge gap between you and a Warrior of Yellow Board." The Ninth Commandery Princess said.

The Ninth Commandery Princess did not disparage Zhang Ruochen. She was just well aware of the ruthlessness of the Martial Market Coliseum. No weak dared to battle in the Coliseum.

Shan Xiangling added, "I heard that warriors must sign a Life and Death Agreement before they enter the Coliseum. Because all Coliseum warriors are crazy. They all want to become famous with one single battle, so they all fight so desperately. One tiny mistake, you may get hurt seriously or even die!"

"That's right! Ninth brother, you'd better decide to fight when you've practiced to the Completion of the Yellow Realm! You could ask Father for money if you don't have enough to buy a weapon refining stove. For your talent, our Father is willing to giving you one million silver coins." The Ninth Commandery Princess suggested.

Zhang Ruochen answered, "We shall wait and see!"

At this moment, a warrior in his thirties entered the Coliseum. He carried a red, powerful-looking long spear in his hand and said, "I'm the first disciple of Tianhe Suzerain, Nie Heng. It is my first time at the Yellow Fighting Palace. Who shall be my first opponent?"

Shan Xiangling said, "I have heard of this Nie Heng before. He reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm when he was 22. He has been in the Completion of the Yellow Realm for 15 years, so he must be quite powerful. I think he may win seven or eight rounds in a row."

There were countless Suzerains and Houses in the Kunlun's Field. Some small suzerains only had dozens of disciples.

Some of the huge suzerains had thousands of millions of disciples and ruled the martial arts world of dozens of commanderies. They were extremely powerful.

Thus, the suzerains and the families were divided into three hierarchies and nine levels.

For example, the Red Cloud Sect which Shan Xiangling belonged to and the Tianhe Suzerain which Nie Heng belonged to were both the seventh level Suzerains.

Yunwu Commandery had one Sixth-class Suzerain, five Seventh-class Suzerains, seventeen Eighth-class Suzerains, and countless Ninth-class Suzerains.

Every single Suzerain was governed by official powers

If a Suzerain did not submit, it would be treated like a cult and hunted down.

Ninth Commandery Princess said, "Nie Heng's cultivation is indeed strong, but there are more powerful warriors in the Warfare Palace. I predict he will win six rounds repeatedly at best."

Shan Xiangling said, "In that case, let's make a bet!"

"Let's go!"

The Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling rushed to the highest bleacher of the Yellow Fighting Palace together to place bets.

"I bet 1,000 silver coins on Nie Heng winning six rounds in a row." The Ninth Commandery Princess took out a Spiritual Crystal and placed it in a cell marked "Six" on the betting table.

"I'll bet 500 silver coins on Nie Heng winning eight rounds in a row." Shan Xiangling dropped a coin purse in a cell marked "Eight" on the betting table.

"Then I will bet on the middle number!"

Zhang Ruochen also became interested and placed a Spiritual Crystal in the cell marked "Seven".

Because so many people had bet, a grand fortune could be acquired by winning every bet.

Nie Heng was powerful enough that someone even had bet on him winning ten rounds in a row and becoming a Warrior of Yellow Board. Although it was a rare event, the one bold bet would win a massive sum if he succeeded.

The first warrior who challenged Nie Heng looked like he had a cultivation in the Final State of the Yellow Realm in his forties.

"Boom!"

Nie Heng stood in the center of the Coliseum, sending the warrior falling down the Coliseum with only a single movement.

“Round one, won!”

“Round two, won!”

...

“Round five, won!”

“Round six, won!”

The entire Yellow Fighting Palace cheered for Nie Heng during his sixth consecutive win. The warriors watching from the bleacher shouted and yelled in a frenzied manner.

It was an extraordinary event in the Yellow Fighting Palace when a warrior acquired a six-win streak in one day.

Nie Heng’s possible opponents in the ongoing battle became more powerful.

Only warriors who held a record of a seven-round winning streak in the Yellow Fighting Palace had the qualifications to challenge him upon reaching round seven.

How could a weak warrior gain such a record in the Yellow Fighting Palace?

Nie Heng had finally met a strong opponent in round seven.

Huang Zhenlong, a warrior in the Completion of the Yellow Realm, had a record of three different seven-round winning streaks. Unfortunately, he was defeated in round eight each time. He was quite strong.

Nie Heng had fought Huang Zhenlong for an hour before employing “Snowflake Spear”, a martial technique in the mid-class of Human Stage. This technique had punctured Huang Zhenlong’s chest, seriously injuring him as he fell from the Coliseum.

But Nie Heng had also suffered some damage from Huang Zhenlong, gaining an internal.

There was a trace of blood falling from his mouth.

At that moment, a man in his twenties approached to the Coliseum while holding a white folding fan in his hand, saying mildly, “You’ve got a severe injury. There’s no chance that you can win eight rounds in a row. Just throw in the towel!”

The battle was so cruel that it would not allow competitors any time to rest or heal their wounds, it simply continued.

It was as difficult as to climb up to the sky if you wanted to get a ten-rounds winning streak.

Although Nie Heng was quite powerful, his Genuine Qi was half empty after seven rounds, not to mention his severe injury.

It was almost impossible for him to win round eight in such a condition.

Nie Heng gritted his teeth, staring back at the man with the folding fan, and said, "Who says I can't fight round eight? Who are you?"

"Hehe! I am Xue Bingsheng, from the Minister's Mansion! I have a record of two eight-round winning streaks in the Yellow Fighting Palace." Xue Bingsheng smiled lightly, waving the folding fan in his hand.

"Let's fight!"

Nie Heng galvanized the rest of his Genuine Qi and poured it into the long spear.

The spear coalesced an ardent light instantly, then he thrust it at Xue Bingsheng.

"Boom!"

In just the blink of an eye, Xue Bingsheng disappeared.

Xue Bingsheng practiced a footwork technique in the Superior class of the Human Stage. In a flash, he reappeared in front of Nie Heng. With a wave of his folding fan, Nie Heng's head flew away with a spray of blood.

Xue Bingsheng glared at the corpse and said, "I had told you to surrender, but you didn't listen, Fool!"

A strong warrior in the Completion of the Yellow Realm just died inside the Coliseum like that!

Nie Heng's junior brother and sister apprentices rushed to the Coliseum, crying all along the entire time they carried his body down.

There was nothing that could have been done. Nie Heng had signed the Life and Death Agreement when he first challenged the Coliseum.

There were several people who died in the Yellow Fighting Palace every day. No one would be shocked.

In fact, the main reason was Xue Bingsheng was too stronger than Nie Heng that Nie Heng did not have a chance to concede before Xue Bingsheng killed him.

"Alas! Knowing the huge gap between them, he was still too stubborn to concede. Life is far more important than becoming famous." The Ninth Commandary Princess said, sighing.

Shan Xiangling shook her head slightly, and said, "According to Nie Heng's talent, he could have been a Warrior of the Black Realm after ten years' of cultivation. A lot of warriors with great talents fall just like that."

"Wow! Ninth brother, you've won the bet. Go and check your bounty." The Ninth Commandary Princess exclaimed.

"It was just a lucky guess!" Zhang Ruochen had just bet casually. He did not think he would win.

Although Nie Heng had died in the Coliseum, he gained a seven-round winning streak.

Zhang Ruochen had put one Spiritual Crystal on the bet and won eight in return.

"It's about time! I will try my luck in the Coliseum!"

Zhang Ruochen signed the Life and Death Agreement and paid a Spiritual Crystal. Then he walked to the Coliseum.

“Ninth brother, I know I can’t stop you. But you must promise me that you will concede at once if you face someone you can’t defeat.” The Ninth Commandery Princess said with concern.

The Ninth Commandery Princess believed that Zhang Ruochen had simply wanted to get into the spirit of the Coliseum, rather than being involved in an actual fight.

With a cultivation at the Medium state of the Yellow Realm, his was even less than Nie Heng’s. He could win three consecutive rounds at the most.

“Relax! I know my limits!”

Zhang Ruochen smiled lightly. He walked step by step to the Coliseum, looking quite at ease.

The moment he reached the Coliseum, the Yellow Fighting Palace clamored.

“Who’s that boy? How dare he to fight in the Yellow Fighting Palace at such a young age?”

“Maybe he wants to become famous! Dozens of reckless boys die here every month! Big deal!”

...

At this moment, Liu Chengfeng stood at a higher bleacher of the Yellow Fighting Palace, staring down at Zhang Ruochen. He showed a ferocious smile and said, “Haha! You choose a path to hell instead of the path of heaven. If you die in the Coliseum, even the Yunwu Commandery Prince could say nothing about it!”

#### **Chapter 44: Invincibility**

Zhang Ruochen’s first opponent was a young warrior in yellow. He seemed nearly 20 years old and was at the Medium State of the Yellow Realm.

He could be considered as a genius of martial arts since he had practiced to the Medium State at such an early age.

The young warrior in yellow held a broadsword, and said in a loud voice, “Hao Shiqi from the Hao’s, I am the first to challenge you. Please draw your sword!”

Zhang Ruochen gripped the hilt of the Flash Shinning Sword with his right hand, shook his head, and said, “I don’t need my sword to defeat you. If I draw it out, you may get hurt.”

“Arrogant!”

The young warrior in yellow poured his Genuine Qi into the broadsword to activate two Inscriptions of Power within it. The weight of the broadsword increased to 143.5 kg.

He held the broadsword with both hands, brandishing it, and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

With his momentum, even a warrior at the Final State of the Yellow Realm would not dare to confront him directly.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen was completely still. With a wave of his arm, the scabbard cleaved at the young warrior’s neck.

“Ding!”

The broadsword clattered to the ground.

The young warrior in yellow screamed, and fell from the Coliseum, out of his bearings.

He covered his neck, returning to the Coliseum to pick his broadsword up. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen respectfully, and said, “Thank you for not killing me.”

He was quite lucky that Zhang Ruochen had hit him with the scabbard, or his head would not be on his neck anymore.

Round two, won!

Round three, won!

Round four, won!

Zhang Ruochen won three consecutive matches.

He stood in the center of the Coliseum as steady as rock, never moving his feet at all.

Whoever challenged him was struck down from the Coliseum with the same movement, no matter what cultivation they had reached.

“How could the boy be so powerful? Even Luo Tian, whose cultivation is at the Final State of the Yellow Realm, was defenseless against that scabbard strike.” A 16-year-old noble girl stared at Zhang Ruochen curiously.

Zhang Ruochen was too young and had such great strength. Warriors at the Final State of the Yellow Realm were unable to force him backward a step, let alone make him draw his sword.

“He must have practiced the Sword Comprehension to the realm of ‘Sword Following the Mind’. Unless the challenger can deal with his Sword Comprehension, will be struck down from the Coliseum by him with only one move.”

Xue Bingsheng brandished the fan in his hand, smiled and said, “Haha! Don’t you know who he is?”

“Do you know?” Many people asked.

Xue Bingsheng said, “He is the Ninth Prince of Yunwu Commandery. He could beat the geniuses at the Final State with the cultivation of the Beginning State in the Year-end Assessment. According to his practice speed, he must have reached the Medium State by now. Unless warriors at the Completion of the Yellow Realm challenge him, nobody can beat him.”



“Haha! So it’s the Ninth Prince, the famous genius of martial arts. Let me challenge him.”

A bald man kicked off of the grandstand while holding two hammers and covered a distance of 10 meters before falling on the Coliseum.

“The Ninth Prince, I Guo Sihai, will fight you for round five. You should be careful. My hammers weigh 400 kg. Even a man made of iron will be crushed if he gets hit,” said Guo Sihai.

Warriors who could gain five repeated victories in the Yellow Fighting Palace were almost all at the Completion of the Yellow Realm. Only a few geniuses were at the Final State of the Yellow Realm.

Guo Sihai was a warrior at the Completion of the Yellow Realm. He was 1.85m whose arms were wider than Zhang Ruochen’s thighs and his body was full of palm-sized muscles.

“Guo Sihai was born with amazing power. He can burst out with the power of 30 bulls in the Completion of the Yellow Realm. Maybe the Ninth Prince will lose!”

Hearing the discussion of the crowd, the Ninth Commandery Princess started to worry. After all, it was a warrior at the Completion.

A warrior in the Completion and a warrior at the Final State were not at the same level at all.

“Ow!”

Guo Sihai roared, and his bones popped. He swung the two hammers with his arms like a windmill, emitting gusts.

“Wild Hammer!”

Guo Sihai struck out with all his power, using a martial technique of the inferior class in the Human Stage. He swung the two hammers at Zhang Ruochen concurrently.

A hammer aimed at Zhang Ruochen’s head, and the other at his legs.

Under such wild attack, Zhang Ruochen would have needed to step back even if his cultivation was stronger.

Once Zhang Ruochen stepped back, he would continue to pressure Zhang Ruochen with his following movements and beat Zhang Ruochen with a thunderbolt-like momentum.

“Bang!”

Zhang Ruochen just cleaved with his scabbard just as before, slamming into one hammer.

The hammer changed direction immediately, crashing into Guo Sihai’s chest.

“Boom!”

Guo Sihai fell down from the Coliseum with his two hammers.

“How... how can that be?”

Guo Sihai covered his bloody chest and climbed up from the ground with great difficulty. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing straight in the center of the Coliseum. He did not see how Zhang Ruochen waved his scabbard at all.

All he knew was that he was struck down from the Coliseum by his own hammer.

“Even Guo Sihai couldn’t force him to draw his sword! How could he be that powerful?”

Xue Bingsheng seemed a bit more serious, and said, “The Ninth Prince’s Sword Comprehension is at least at the Intermediate Stage of the realm of ‘Sword Following the Mind’, maybe it is already in the Advanced Stage.”

“Impossible! Even for warriors of the Black Realm, only a few can train to the Advanced Stage of ‘Sword Following the Mind’ Realm.”

Xue Bingsheng smiled a little and said, “Let’s see! It’s only round five now. The following warriors will be more powerful as it continues. Eventually, someone will find his weakness. If he lasts to round eight, I will go to the Coliseum to beat him myself.”

At this moment, the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling were very shocked as well. They didn’t expect that Zhang Ruochen was that strong.

“He beat a warrior at the Completion of the Yellow Realm with just one move! Could my ninth brother’s cultivation have broken through to the Final State of the Yellow Realm?” The Ninth Commandery Princess said.

“It must be the Final State of the Yellow Realm!”

“How long ago was the Year-end Assessment? The Ninth Prince’s cultivation has progressed two levels since then. That is incredible.” Shan Xiangling said.

She would not be able to believe that there was such an incredible man in the world if she had not witnessed it.

Another warrior at the Completion of the Yellow Realm went up to the Coliseum. It was a woman in her twenties in an indigo robe. She also used a sword.

The woman in the indigo robe stood across from Zhang Ruochen, watching his every movement carefully, searching for a flaw.

“There are no flaws at all! I have to force him to reveal one.”

“Crash!”

The woman in indigo robe moved fast as a lightning with special footwork. She attacked Zhang Ruochen’s legs with a fish intestine rapier.

Even if she was unable to defeat Zhang Ruochen, it would count as an achievement if she could force him to move.

Once he moved, he would show flaws; beating him became much easier.

Zhang Ruochen finally seemed serious. The indigo robed woman's sword technique was quite sharp. It had reached the realm of "Sword Following the Mind". Although she was just at the Initial Stage, she was much more powerful than the other warriors at the Completion of the Yellow Realm.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes, only using his ears to catch the sound of the sword breaking air.

"Ding!"

He waved the scabbard, aiming at the space between them. He parried woman's attack down to his legs.

The woman was a little stunned, but she changed her movements quickly. She used three sword techniques in a row, yet each one was accurately blocked by Zhang Ruochen.

There was a "Dong" when she was about to start the fourth movement. She felt a sharp pain in her chest and a rib of her seemed broken.

Zhang Ruochen pointed the scabbard at the female's chest and said mildly, "You lose!"

The scabbard had once again saved a life. If it were the point, her heart would have been punctured.

The woman sheathed her fish intestines rapier, made an obeisance to Zhang Ruochen by cupping one hand in the other before her chest, and said, "No wonder the Ninth Prince is the Genius of Martial Arts. I admit your superiority!"

Another warrior at the Completion of the Yellow Realm had lost without forcing the Ninth Prince to retreat.

"Hum! Damn it! He is only 16, but his martial cultivation was that high. I can't let him live, absolutely not."

Liu Chengfeng was very angry. He said to a royal guard standing behind him, "Go get Han Fu. Tell him it's the time."

"Copy that!" The royal guard rushed off at once.

Liu Chengfeng stared at Shan Xiangling, who was standing at the bleacher below. A filthy smile appeared as he said, "Shan Xiangling, I'll see who can save you when Zhang Ruochen dies in the Coliseum. Haha!"

Due to Zhang Ruochen's incredible performance, the entire Yellow Fighting Palace cheered upwards loudly.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen met his seventh challenger.

Hong Tao, whose cultivation was at the Completion of the Yellow Realm, had developed an Ice of Profound Sacred Mark. He gained a record of seven consecutive victories four times in the Yellow Fighting Palace.

In addition, he also had reached the Initial Stage of the Following the Mind Realm.

But he used a whip instead of a sword. Whip Followed the Mind.

"I, Hong Tao, greets the Ninth Prince. I hope the Ninth Prince will forgive me if I offend Your Excellency later." Hong Tao seemed refined and courteous. There was always a smile on his face, but his eyes were sharp.

Hong Tao touched his wrist gently and uncoiled a long golden whip.

The golden whip was 13 meters long, only the width of a little finger wide. It seemed like a Genuine Martial Arm made of some savage beast.

Normal people couldn't even swing the long whip properly.

"Bang!"

Hong Tao shook his arm, making the golden long whip flail immediately. It coiled around his body like a flexible spiritual snake, radiating golden lights.

#### **Chapter 45: An Eight-game Winning Streak, A Ceaseless Battle**

Among all of the weapons, whips were the nemesis of swords.

They used softness to overcome hardness, longness to overcome shortness.

Just like Hong Tao now, he could easily attack Zhang Ruochen even though he was standing over ten meters away.

His whip movements changed unpredictably, like a golden snake serpentine and hissing sharply in the air.

There was a three-inch spine on the tip of the golden long whip, which was even sharper than the sword tip.

"Very interesting!"

Zhang Ruochen finally made a move!

He transferred his Genuine Qi to the legs and revolved all his 27 Meridians at the same time. Stepping out, he turned into an afterimage shuttling back and forth among the golden long whip.

Zhang Ruochen dashed through the distance in only a second and appeared in front of Hong Tao.

Hong Tao's face changed color. He immediately tried to pull his long whip back and attack Zhang Ruochen again.

"Bang!"

Zhang Ruochen smashed Hong Tao on the neck with the scabbard in his hand.

Hong Tao stumbled and fell off the Coliseum.

Hong Tao somersaulted at the moment he fell off. So unlike the six warriors before him who fell off with a great discomfiture, he landed on the ground stably with both feet.

Standing under the stage, Hong Tao stared at Zhang Ruochen deeply and said, "I lost."

Zhang Ruochen's movement just now was too fast. He was doomed to lose even if they fight again.

Another movement!

"With Hong Tao's cultivation, he couldn't even block Zhang Ruochen's one movement! How terrifying!"

Xue Bingsheng waved his folding fan slightly and smiled evilly. "Quite interesting!"

"Let me stop your winning streak in Round Eight." Xue Bingsheng turned into a white shadow and leaped onto the Coliseum lightly as a leaf.

"Xue Bingsheng!" shouted Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had seen the battle between Xue Bingsheng and Nie Heng previously. At that time, Xue Bingsheng killed Nie Heng with only one movement.

He was very fast, and indeed a strong opponent.

Xue Bingsheng gave a wee smile and said, "Among the geniuses I've seen in my life, you are the most talented other than the Seventh Prince. "Only two months have passed since the Year-end Assessment, but you have broken two stages and reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm. I admire you. I do."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Are you from the Minister's Mansion?"

"Exactly." said Xue Bingsheng.

"Are you confident in defeating me?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Bingsheng laughed and said, "Your biggest advantage is the Advanced Stage of Sword Following the Mind and your biggest disadvantage is the lack of Genuine Qi. I assume that you have just broken through the Final State, right?"

Zhang Ruochen did not respond.

Xue Bingsheng continued. "You are fast, but I'm not slow. You can defeat others with your speed, but it won't work on me. And in terms of power, I'm afraid I still outweigh you with my cultivation at the Completion of the Yellow Realm."

"Really?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Bingsheng nodded and said, "It's time to take your sword out!"

"I will take my sword out if I think you are powerful enough," said Zhang Ruochen.

"You should be careful then! My Iron Bone Fan is a Third-class Genuine Martial Arm. There were altogether nine warriors at the Completion of the Yellow Realm died because of it."

Xue Bingsheng closed his eyes, and the folding fan suddenly spread. There was a three-inch sharp blade came out of each leaf.

"Swish!"

Xue Bingsheng was extremely fast. He dashed in front of Zhang Ruochen in just a second, like a white ghost.

He had been practicing a movement at the Superior Class of the Human Stage, namely "Eight Steps in the Air". Each step he made was ten feet long.

He made eight steps, and eight afterimages appeared on the stage.

It looked like eight Xue Bingsheng were attacking Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen stayed still, like a divine tree which rooted there, and kept wielding the sword scabbard in his hand.

Every time their weapons collided, there was a sharp noise, and sparks flew off in all directions.

"Bang Bang!"

Just in a second, Zhang Ruochen and Xue Bingsheng had fought over 20 movements. It looked like a shadow fighting on the Coliseum. Warriors of the lower cultivation could not even figure out how they made their moves, only shadows of shadows were seen.

Standing on the highest bleacher, Liu Chengfeng stared at the Coliseum and sneered. He said, "Even Xue Bingsheng went to a duel with him. It's really hard to predict the result!"

"Good day, Master Liu!" Han Fu knelt to Liu Chengfeng with the utmost respect.

Han Fu was very tall, about 260 or 270 cm. His one fist was much bigger than an ordinary person's head. There were leopard spots all over him.

He was not a purebred human, rather, he came from Leopard-Human clan and had the blood of the savage beast, Fire Lion-leopard.

In Kunlun's Field, there were many half-humans developing into an independent clan. For example, the strong Dragon-Human clan, Elephant-Human clan, and Ape-Human clan; the beautiful Fox-Human clan and Fish-Human clan.

The status of these half-human clans, however, was very low. Many of them were enslaved.

Han Fu was a half-human slave and since he had a record of a nine-game winning streak in the Yellow level Colosseum, Liu Chengfeng bought him with a high price.

Liu Chengfeng said, "Stand up. Did you see the boy on the Coliseum?"

Han Fu stood up and stared at Zhang Ruochen. Then he said, "He is powerful!"

Liu Chengfeng said, "Of course he is. So, if Xue Bingsheng loses to him, you should go and kill him in the next round."

"I will never let you down. I will kill him even if it means perishing together." said Han Fu with determination.

Liu Chengfeng nodded and said, "Xue Bingsheng has tested his real power. Take a look at them. It will help you to the next round."

Han Fu nodded.

“Xue Bingsheng is so powerful! I’m really worried about my brother!” The Ninth Commandery Princess was very concerned.

Surely, Xue Bingsheng didn’t dare to kill Zhang Ruochen, but who could make sure no accident would happen?

Xue Bingsheng was nothing like other warriors in the Completion. He was a really powerful warrior who suppressed Zhang Ruochen in every field. It was almost impossible for Zhang Ruochen to win.

All of the warriors in the Yellow Fighting Palace was very nervous now. They all wanted to know whether Zhang Ruochen could defeat Xue Bingsheng or not.

Could he achieve an eight-game winning streak?

“This is it!”

Zhang Ruochen’s look turned sharp. He stabbed with his sword scabbard and cried, “Sacred Breaking Plum Sword!”

The speed was three times faster than before, making an unusual scene. The Sword Breath turned into the white flash, piercing through the void space and coming directly for Xue Bingsheng’s glabella.

Xue Bingsheng changed color and stepped back immediately.

But it was too late!

“Boom!”

The tip of the sword scabbard dashed onto Xue Bingsheng’s glabella directly.

Xue Bingsheng felt dizzy and fell on the ground. He fainted.

It was lucky for him that it was just the scabbard. If it were the sword point, his glabella would have been transpierced.

An old servant from the Minister’s Mansion quickly rushed towards the Coliseum and bowed to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “Thank you for mercy!”

After saying that, he carried the fainted Xue Bingsheng off the Coliseum and quickly left the Yellow Fighting Palace.

An eight-game winning streak!

The whole Yellow Fighting Palace was seething! It was very extraordinary for a young man at the age of 16 to achieve an eight-game winning streak.

Even Liu Chengfeng, the Warrior of Yellow Board, was not so powerful when he was 16.

“My ninth brother is so powerful! If our father-king knows that, he will again fete the officials to share his happiness.” The Ninth Commandery Princess let out a long sigh of relief. Her hanging heart finally went back to where it should be.

She found that, however, Zhang Ruochen didn't walk off the stage. Did he want a Round Nine?

In this moment, the stalwart Han Fu came onto the Coliseum step by step.

Completely covered in metal armor, he held a 600 kg battleaxe in his hand. His metal armor was not simply overlapped onto the body but inlaid in his flesh and bones. It became one with his body.

"No! It's Han Fu! No!" The Ninth Commandery Princess turned pale and shouted to Zhang Ruochen. "My ninth brother, please give in! Han Fu is a martial-addict! No one can survive him!"

Shan Xiangling's color also changed. She said, "Han Fu is Liu Chengfeng's slave. He will definitely kill you on the Coliseum. The ninth prince, please give in. There is absolutely no need to put up a desperate fight with a bloodthirsty lunatic."

Han Fu gave a loud laugh. "Did you hear them, boy? The two women over there ask you to give in. If you don't, my battleaxe will cut you into two pieces."

Zhang Ruochen looked up to the highest bleacher and happened to see Liu Chengfeng up there.

Liu Chengfeng was also staring at Zhang Ruochen. He sneered and said in a clear voice, "If you fear death, you should better give up. Once you die on the Coliseum, I might find it hard to explain to the Commandery Prince."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Really? But we need to fight to find out who will die and who will live!"

"You just don't stop, do you? Very well. Han Fu, show him your real power. Don't let him look down on you!" said Liu Chengfeng in a somber tone.

#### **Chapter 46: Han Fu**

"Ao!"

Han Fu let out a beast-like groan. His Genuine Qi revolved in the 15 Meridians, and a gush of strong power burst out from his body.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

...

Holding his battleaxe, he strode towards Zhang Ruochen. The Coliseum shook slightly with every step he made.

"Boom!"

He slanted out the axe towards Zhang Ruochen.

The slanting seemed like coming from sheer animal strength. In fact, it was rather tricky which blocked all of Zhang Ruochen's leeway, leaving him nowhere to hide.

It was the realm of Following the Mind!



The axe followed the mind.

Zhang Ruochen stayed calm, taking it steadily and unoppressively. He lifted his arm and blocked transversely with his sword scabbard, colliding with the battleaxe.

“Bang!”

A massive deafening sound burst out!

The sword and the axe fixed up in mid-air at the same time.

Holding the sword in one hand, Zhang Ruochen blocked the axe easily.

Seeing this, all of the warriors' astonishment reached its height. No one ever imagined that Zhang Ruochen's power was so terrifying.

“Han Fu was born with amazing power. He can burst out the strength of 32 bulls without using martial techniques. Is the Ninth Prince even more powerful than him?”

Standing on the grandstand, Hong Tao shook his head slightly and said, “It turns out that the Ninth Prince hasn't gone all-out. His cultivation is indeed fathomless. I don't know whether Han Fu can feel the real strength of his cultivation?”

It was indeed heart-shaking. At first, people believed that the reason why the Ninth Prince could defeat those warriors at the Completion of the Yellow Realm was that, he was in a high Sword Comprehension realm.

No one could have expected that his power was so terrible.

He could act as a counterweight with his power alone.

“Boy, your power is strong enough. Now, take this!”

“Mix-world Slay!”

Han Fu bounced over 60 meters high and gave free play to a martial technique in the mid-class of the Human Stage. He held the axe with both hands and struck it down again.

The martial technique in the mid-class of Human Stage and the 600-kilogram weight of the battleaxe could burst out the terrifying power of 45 bulls.

“Sacred Bell Sword!”

“Crash!”

The Flash Shinning Sword was finally freed from the scabbard.

Zhang Ruochen shifted all of his Genuine Qi into the Flash Shinning Sword and activated all the four Inscriptions of Power Series in the sword.

The Flash Shinning Sword weighted 227 kilograms.

The dancing Sword Breath turned into an illusory Bell Sword and covered Zhang Ruochen's body in the center.

“Bang!”

Chopping on the Bell Sword, Han Fu failed to cut it open. On the contrary, he was tossed out by a great counterforce.

Han Fu felt a great quake at the five internal organs, and the Spiritual Blood tossed over his body. He had an internal injury.

Zhang Ruochen could burst into the strength of 36 bulls without using any martial technique. With the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, he could burst into the strength of 49 bulls.

The Sacred Sword Skill was not a martial technique to increase the power, but a technique that focused on the delicacy of the sword technique and the sharpness of the Sword Breath.

The Sacred Sword Skill, however, was a sword technique of the low-class of Spiritual. Zhang Ruochen still burst out the strength of 49 bulls by putting the defensive technique of the Sacred Bell Sword. In addition, the counterforce of the Sacred Bell Sword was also very powerful. Thus it was impossible for Han Fu to stay safe and sound.

“Again!”

Han Fu’s eyes turned blood red. He activated his Fire Lion-leopard blood and traces of fire came out of his pores.

“Han Fu is going wild!”

“With the power of the Fire Lion-leopard blood, he is able to burst into the terrifying strength of 49 bulls.”

Last time when Han Fu went wild, he tore a warrior apart at the Completion of the Yellow Realm to shreds with his battleax.

The fact was, an ordinary warrior at the Completion of the Yellow Realm could only burst out the strength of 25 bulls. Anyone who could burst out the strength of 36 bulls would be regarded as outstanding.

Even some warriors of the Yellow Board could not burst into such terrifying strength as 49 bulls.

Han Fu could have been a warrior of the Yellow Board as well. He, however, met a warrior of the Yellow Board with a higher ranking in Round 10. Thus he failed to achieve ten-game winning streaks.

If he met a weaker warrior of the Yellow Board in Round 10, he could have been a warrior of the Yellow Board now.

In other words, Han Fu was no weaker than any other warriors of the Yellow Board.

“Well, well! Zhang Ruochen, you can even drive Han Fu wild! It seems that your power is quite strong!” With ridicule, Liu Chengfeng looked at Zhang Ruochen who kept falling back on the Coliseum.

He would have been defeated by the wild Han Fu, not to mention Zhang Ruochen.

When a man lost to Han Fu, it was not failure that awaited him, but death.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel a wave of warmth blowing on his face before the axe was chopped down. He decided not to confront the tough with toughness. Instead, he chose to step back.

Even if they faced each other directly, Zhang Ruochen was also as powerful as Han Fu.

However, Han Fu was not the only person Zhang Ruochen needed to defeat. He had to prepare for Round ten with the warrior of the Yellow Board. So it would be unwise to waste too much Genuine Qi and physical strength.

Han Fu kept chopping down the axe while Zhang Ruochen kept stepping back. Every chop-and-hide was so close that people could not imagine the consequence if Zhang Ruochen was one step slower.

The Ninth Commandery Princess was very worried. It was too dangerous! She really hoped that her dear ninth brother just gave in, for there was no chance of winning when the opponent was Han Fu.

At the very beginning, Han Fu indeed suppressed Zhang Ruochen with his great momentum.

Han Fu’s power, however, gradually grew weaker. The speed of his axe-waving started to slow down, and the fire on his body had also gotten thinner.

“Han Fu has wasted too much of his Genuine Qi. He might lose! The Ninth Prince is indeed a genius with an outstanding talent!” said Liu Chuanshen.

After hearing the news that Zhang Ruochen made an eight-game winning streak, Liu Chuanshen came to the Coliseum immediately, wondering how powerful this Ninth Prince would be.

Standing beside Liu Chuanshen, a stern look scribe said in a hoarse voice, “If the Ninth Prince can fully develop his martial arts techniques, maybe he’ll be able to compete with the Seventh Prince.”

“En?”

Liu Chuanshen looked at the stern look scribe and asked, “What does your means, sir?”

The stern look scribe said, “If the Seventh Prince is the only unconquerable warrior in the Yunwu Commandery, ten years later, I’m afraid the Martial Market Bank, the black market, and the Federation of Inscription will all be monopolized by the official power as there’s nobody who is capable to confront the Seventh Prince after ten years.”

“But, if there is someone who can pin down the Seventh Prince in the Royal Family, the situation will be very different.”

Hearing this, Liu Chuanshen nodded slightly as if absorbed in thought. He said, “Well, it seems that we can help him when necessary. It’s the best situation if they can both be defeated and wounded.”

“The Ninth Prince is still too weak compared to the strikingly talented Seventh Prince. We can just place a hand on him for support. But it still depends on his own potential whether he can come to maturity or not.”

The stern look scribe smiled slightly and said, “Han Fu must fall within three movements.”

Before the stern look scribe's voice had died away, Han Fu was struck down the Coliseum by Zhang Ruochen's one palm.

Round nine, won!

Zhang Ruochen won again. Now it came to the last round.

If he could win the last round, he could leave his name on the Yellow Board and become the 28th warrior of the Yellow Board in the Yunwu Commandery.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's opponent in the last round was also a warrior of the Yellow Board.

"The Ninth Prince is so strong! He is only 16 years old and now he is going to be a warrior of the Yellow Board?"

"I heard that when the Seventh Prince became the warrior of the Yellow Board, the Commandery Prince Yunwu proclaimed a general amnesty."

"Let's guess, which warrior of the Yellow Board will break his winning streak record?"

...

The whole Yellow level Colosseum was seething again. Even the audience in the Profound Stage came here specially to witness the birth of a new warrior of the Yellow Board.

The very moment of charging the Yellow Board was so rare that happened less than half a month.

"My ninth brother, you must succeed!" The Ninth Commandery Princess did not realize that Zhang Ruochen was so powerful that he could even defeat Han Fu. Now, she had a lot more confident in Zhang Ruochen.

Shan Xiangling's beautiful eyes blinked. She stared at Zhang Ruochen closely and thought, "Both being the cultivation of the Final State of the Yellow Realm, he is much stronger than me. He'll probably be a warrior of the Yellow Board."

"Crap! Looks like I have to handle him on my own."

Liu Chengfeng walked down from the grandstand and stepped up the Coliseum. He stared at Zhang Ruochen sharply and said, "The Ninth Prince, you have fought nine rounds. How much Genuine Qi have you left?"

"More than enough to defeat you," said Zhang Ruochen.

Liu Chengfeng grinned and said, "The Ninth Prince, you are indeed a genius. If you can practice to the Completion of the Yellow Realm, I'll probably lose. But with your present cultivation, you are doomed to fail!"

Liu Chengfeng, ranking 11th on the Yellow Board, was classified as one of the strong warriors among the warriors of the Yellow Board.

## **Chapter 47: Warrior of the Yellow Board**

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in talking to Liu Chengfeng any longer. He held the Flash Shinning Sword and said, "After the battle, you will know weather I am good or not."

After watching the first nine battles, Chengfeng actually did not look down upon Ruochen. Instead, he considered Ruochen as an enemy at the same level as him.

Chengfeng owned a Level Five Icing Cold Sacred Mark and inside his body, there was Icing Cold Genuine Qi. No doubt that his innate gifts were superior to many other warriors.

So Chengfeng was a Completion warrior at the Yellow Realm. There was almost nobody who could compete against him among his peers. Had he practiced harder, he would have reached the Black Realm.

"Meteor Sword Technique!"

The Genuine Qi in Chengfeng was very strong. He injected his Genuine Qi into the sword. All of sudden, the sword in his hand glowed.

Five Inscriptions of Light Series inside the sword were activated by him, so some sharp Light Sword Aura were released.

The whole colosseum was surrounded by the running Sword Aura.

"Your sword is a Level Five Genuine Martial Arm?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"Your eyesight is not that bad."

A hint of a cold smile played on Liu Chengfeng's face as he said, "Spark Fire Flies!"

Both he and the sword flew towards Zhang Ruochen's heart. The speed was so fast that they looked like a meteor flying over the Colosseum.

It was a sword technique at the Superior Class of Human Stage, the Meteor Sword Technique.

Ruochen dared not underestimate Chengfeng. He aggregated his Genuine Qi and transferred them to his eyes through Eye Vessel.

Within a second, his eyesight doubled in power.

Ruochen looked at Chengfeng. He could see that Chengfeng was rather slow when using the sword. However, it was not because Chengfeng was becoming slower. Rather, it was Ruochen's observation that had improved.

Eye Vessel was one of his 27 meridians.

It was quite difficult for other warriors to open up their Eye Vessels.

"Ding!"

Ruochen swayed the sword towards Chengfeng. His sword slid along Chengfeng's blade and left a light bloody cut on Chengfeng's neck.

A drop of blood fell from the edge of Ruochen's sword.

“How can he be faster than me?”

Liu Chengfeng touched the cut on his neck, his gaze cold gaze. He shouted, “Again! Meteor Sword Three Flickers!”

Three beams of Sword Aura were released by Chengfeng at the same time.

His Sword Aura was with Icing Cold Air, made frosts in the air.

“Sacred Guiding Sword!”

Ruochen thrust his sword forward as well, broken Chengfeng’s Three Sword Aura once.

The Sword Aura did not vanish, but flew back to Chengfeng instead.

Chengfeng dared not to fight against the Sacred Sword Skill directly. He turned himself into a shadow and moved to his right. He then jumped 10 meters high and used his Meteor Sword Three Flickers technique again. Three sharp Sword Aura was smashed onto Ruochen’s head.

Liu Chengfeng was placed 11th on the Yellow Board. Obviously, he was a strong warrior. He was even considered as the strongest at the Yellow Realm. Even if he battled with those who had just reached the Black Realm, he would not lose the fight immediately.

In other words, with Chengfeng’s combat powers, even if he met Initial Stage warriors who had reached the Black Realm, he could survive. However, if other Completion warriors at the Yellow Realm met Black Realm warriors, they would lose the fight or even their lives.

When it came to the Realm of Sword Knowledge, Zhang Ruochen was more proficient than Liu Chengfeng. However, Zhang Ruochen’s Genuine Qi was weaker than Chengfeng’s. Besides that, his Martial Arts Realm was lower as well.

“His Genuine Qi capacity is 10 times larger than mine. If I have a long battle with him, I will definitely be at a disadvantage. I need to win against him as soon as possible,” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Although Ruochen’s Genuine Qi capacity was smaller than Chengfeng’s, he had opened up 27 meridians while Chengfeng had open up 19 only.

His explosive force was stronger!

“Let’s fight!”

Ruochen roared with the moves from the Sacred Sword Skill. He thrust his sword with the Sacred Sword Skill technique—Sacred Breaking Plum Sword.

“Hey! Are you using a Low-Class of Spiritual sword technique again? I see. You want to quickly finish the match, don’t you? But too bad, I won’t let it happen!”

Chengfeng noticed Ruochen’s intention. However, he had no plans to fight recklessly. Instead, he moved back to keep a distance away from Ruochen.

Chengfeng knew his advantages as well as Zhang Ruochen’s disadvantages. He planned to exhaust Ruochen’s Genuine Qi.

Liu Chuanshen nodded and said, "Chengfeng finally knows how to use battle tactics. If he can keep using this strategy, he will win."

The stern-looking scribe said, "Chengfeng has a talent for martial arts. If he can practice it more, he may achieve more than you, my lord."

15 minutes later, Zhang Ruochen started to sweat. Beads of cold sweat could be seen on his forehead and the back of his hands. He was exhausted.

"Genuine Qi running out?" Liu Chengfeng smirked.

All of a sudden, Ruochen made a lethal move with his sword techniques. It seemed that he could not continue any longer.

The time has come.

"Go to hell!"

Liu Chengfeng took the opportunity and initiated an attack ahead of Zhang Ruochen. He thrust the sword towards Zhang Ruochen's heart.

He wanted to not only beat Zhang Ruochen, but to kill him.

When Chengfeng was about to make his move, a hint of a smile played in Ruochen's eyes. It seemed that Ruochen was laughing. "Got you!"

"Boom!"

Zhang Ruochen squatted partially and slid forward. His sword was thrust towards Chengfeng's abdomen.

How could Chengfeng expect that Ruochen could still change techniques with his low Genuine Qi?

Chengfeng twisted his arm hastily to crosscut his sword downward.

"Boom!"

Two swords met. A huge vibrative power transferred back to their arms simultaneously.

The words flew out of their hands at the same time and fell outside the Colosseum.

The next second, Zhang Ruochen utilized his residual Genuine Qi to run inside his 27 meridians. He unleashed all the power through his palm.

"Gallop! Elephant!"

It was released with the strength of a herd of bulls!

"Phew!"

Liu Chengfeng threw up blood because of his wounded abdomen. He flew backward more than 10 meters before falling. He was severely injured and fainted the moment he touched the ground.

Liu Chuanshen shook his head and told the servant next to him. He said, "Gosh! He is too impulsive! Take him back and nurse him!"

After this, Liu Chuanshen turned back and walked out of the Yellow-Level Colosseum.

“Boom!”

The palace was filled with loud applause.

Another Warrior at the Yellow Board was born!

After that, a deacon of the Warfare Palace handed a black iron plate as well as one hundred Spiritual Crystals to Zhang Ruochen as an award.

“Congratulations, Your Highness! You’re the 28th Warrior of the Yellow Board in our Yunwu Commandery. Now you’re the 11th on this Yellow Board,” said the deacon.

The Yellow-Level Colosseum made a comprehensive assessment on Zhang Ruochen based on his behavior today and finally awarded him this rank.

That deacon put a black iron plate into Zhang Ruochen’s hand and said, “This is a Yellow Board Iron Token. It represents the recognition by the Martial Market Bank, which also symbolizes your identity as a Warrior of the Yellow Board.”

Zhang Ruochen took the token with words etched on it: Yunwu Commandery, the 11th of the Yellow Board, Zhang Ruochen.

That deacon also gave those one hundred Spiritual Crystals to Zhang Ruochen and said, “Because of your 10 winning streaks in the Yellow-Level Colosseum, you’re awarded one hundred Spiritual Crystals. They’re worth ten thousand silver coins in total.”

“Your Highness, if your cultivation is further improved, you can come here to battle again. If you can have another 10 winning streaks, you will be awarded a million silver coins.”

That deacon continued. “However, if you come here again, the warriors you battle will be warriors of the Yellow Board alone. In other words, only by winning 10 warriors can you win a million silver coins.”

“In Yunwu Commandery’s history, there has been anyone who can defeat ten Warriors of the Yellow Board. Even the genius Seventh Prince only won nine at that time. That’s the best record in our commandery.”

Zhang Ruochen put them away and said, “I’ll come again!”

After saying this, Ruochen stepped out of the Colosseum and walked towards the Ninth Commandery Princess and Shan Xiangling.

The Ninth Commandery Princess, Yuxi, was quite excited. She was like a fragrant breeze and threw herself into Ruochen’s arms. She stretched out her soft, white arms and hugged Ruochen’s neck. She kissed his cheek with her two gorgeous eyes shining. She said excitedly, “Brother, you’re amazing! You’re now a Warrior of the Yellow Board. You just defeated Han Fu and Liu Chengfeng. I have asked my people to bring this news back to the palace. Our father and Concubine Lin will be thrilled as well.”

Yuxi was 16, after all. She had a nice figure. Right now her big, soft breasts were pressed onto Ruochen’s chest, moving constantly. This embarrassed Ruochen a lot, so he had to turn his eyes away.



Yuxi freed Ruochen and said, "Brother, as a Warrior of the Yellow Board, you can go to the Savage God's Pool again to cultivate. I'm so envious!"

Zhang Ruochen asked, "I can go there for the second time?"

"Of course! Only a Warrior of the Yellow Board can do that!" replied Yuxi.

"Great! I'll buy a Weapon Refining Stove first, then I'll head for the Savage God's Pool immediately."

Ruochen was pretty happy now. He thought, "If I can practice there again, I will be able to absorb more Power of Blood for sure."

By then, my physique will improve a lot, which can give me a chance to open up 36 meridians when trying to reach the Completion level. If so, I will be stronger than I was in my previous life.

#### **Chapter 48: Royal Martial Arts Assessment**

After 10 winning streaks at the Yellow-Level Colosseum, Zhang Ruochen finally gathered one million silver coins. He sent these coins to Qingxuan Pavilion.

Qingxuan Pavilion then sent someone to take the Weapon Refining Stove, a Level Seven Genuine Martial Arm, to the Imperial Palace.

An old eunuch welcomed Zhang Ruochen and Yuxi the moment they arrived at the Imperial Palace, he groveled and said in his sharp voice, "It's my honor to meet you, Your Highnesses. His Majesty and Concubine Lin are waiting for you at Sunglow Palace. You may want to go now!"

Without a doubt, their father and Concubine Lin were waiting for him after hearing about him becoming a Warrior of the Yellow Board.

Zhang Ruochen ordered the royal guards to send his Weapon Refining Stove back to his place. Afterwards, he immediately rushed to Sunglow Palace with Yuxi.

When they entered Sunglow Palace, they heard Yunwu Commandery Prince laughing. "My son, it has only been a month since the year-end assessment, but you've broken through two levels since then. Now you're a Final State warrior and a Warrior of the Yellow Board. I'm glad to see that."

Yuxi said, "Father, Ruochen's power is unfathomable. We can't define his real cultivation with normal martial arts terms."

"Oh! Really? I am actually quite interested in his true cultivation. Hai Shu, go and compete with the Ninth Prince. I hope you can tell me the extent of his power," said the Yunwu Commandery Prince.

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

On the left side of the palace, a person in an iron armor knelt down in front of Yunwu Commandery Prince. Then he walked towards Zhang Ruochen and said, "Your Highness, please!"

Zhang Ruochen knew that his father would like to know his real cultivation.

After all, it had been a month only since the year-end assessment. Even the Yunwu Commandery Prince could not believe that Ruochen could reach the level of Warrior of the Yellow Board in such short time.

Concubine Lin sat next to the Yunwu Commandery Prince and said, "Ruochen, Lord Hai Shu is also a Warrior of the Yellow Board. He is ranked 23rd on the Yellow Board. You two can spar and learn from each other. At the same time, His Majesty will be able to learn about your ability."

Concubine Lin was rather proud. Truthfully, when she heard the news of Ruochen becoming a Warrior of the Yellow Board, she could not believe it.

With no doubt, she also hoped that Zhang Ruochen could become more outstanding and be recognized by his father. It was a common mindset of every parent who wanted their children to excel.

"Then, Lord Hai Shu, let's start!"

Ruochen did not underestimate Hai Shu at all because all Warriors of the Yellow Board were top warriors.

"Boom!"

Driven by Ruochen's Genuine Qi, his Flash Shinning Sword was drawn out of its sheath with one Inscription of Power Series, two Inscriptions of Ice Series, and one Inscription of Light Series activated simultaneously.

Zhang Ruochen's running Genuine Qi surprised the Yunwu Commandery Prince.

That was because he saw more than 20 meridians inside Ruochen's body. Among these meridians, some of them looked different from others. Even with his great cultivation, he had no idea about these weird meridians.

There were at least 23 Meridians, maybe even more.

"What exercises has he done? How can he open up so many meridians?" Yunwu Commandery Prince wondered doubtful.

"Boom!"

The battle finally began.

Zhang Ruochen used his sword, and Hai Shu took his blade.

Hai Shu was also a Completion warrior at his Yellow Realm. His power was weaker than that of Liu Chengfeng. He was even weaker than Han Fu.

When it came to the 15th attack, Zhang Ruochen used his Sacred Breaking Plum Sword which forced Hai Shu to drop his blade. He won the game.

The space between Hai Shu's thumb and first finger bled and his whole arm grew numb. He said, "Your Highness, you defeated me. As the 11th warrior on the Yellow Board, you have my admiration."

After saying this, Hai Shu picked up his sword from the ground and returned to his original spot.

“The Ninth Prince defeated a Warrior of the Yellow Board with only 15 attacks. It’s truly eye-opening. Congratulations, Your Majesty! Congratulations, Concubine Lin!” The old eunuch next to the Yunwu Commandery Prince flattered.

The Yunwu Commandery Prince laughed loudly. “Hai Shu, it’s a fair match. Your Blade Comprehensive State is just at the Initial Following the Mind Level, but my son’s sword technique has reached the Advanced Following the Mind Level. With such stark difference, how could you win?”

The Comprehensive State was also called the Heart State. It was about how a warrior interpreted martial arts.

The Comprehensive State could be divided into three levels: Following the Mind, Integrating, and Combination.

For instance, a sword warrior at the Following the Mind level could be called Sword Following the Mind.

If he had reached the Integrating level, he could be called “Heart Integrated into Sword”.

If he had reached the Combination level, he would be called “Human Sword”.

The rule of these three realms was also applied to Broadsword Technique, Spear Technique, Palm Technique, and Stick Technique.

Generally speaking, Yellow Realm warriors who could reach the Initial Following the Mind Level were considered geniuses.

Typically, only Black Realm warriors could reach the Intermediate Stage.

Earth Realm warriors could make it.

Zhang Ruochen was just 16. Yet he was already at the Yellow Realm and had reached the Advanced Stage. This was incredible. He could easily defeat other warriors in his realm.

“When I was at that age, I just reached the Initial Stage. But he is already an Advanced Stage warrior now. What a psycho.” Yuxi whispered under her breath.

The Yunwu Commandery Prince said, “Everyone, please leave. I would like to talk to the Ninth Prince alone.”

Within a moment, all people including Yuxi and Concubine Lin had left.

Right now, there were only Zhang Ruochen and his father in Sunglow Palace.

The Yunwu Commandery Prince left his throne and walked to the middle of the hall. He stood in front of Zhang Ruochen and asked seriously, “Tell me, how many meridians have you opened up?”

Zhang Ruochen had no plans to hide the truth. He replied, “27!”

In fact, there was nothing to hide. Once he ran his Genuine Qi, his meridians could be seen from his skin. That could not be hidden from his father’s eyes.

“That’s a lot!”

The Commandery Prince took a deep breath. 27 Meridians were beyond his imagination.

The Commandery Prince had a serious gaze and said, "During the last year-end assessment, I believed that you had a wonderful experience and gained some powerful techniques. If you don't want to explain, I won't force you. But you should learn to hide your ability."

"After the year-end assessment, I awarded you an Ice-Fire Kylin Armour. Why didn't you wear it? Don't you know that this armor can help cover some of your meridians so others wouldn't know?"

"Eh?"

Zhang Ruochen was a bit shocked. He did not know the intention behind the Commandery Prince's award.

"In the future, I will wear this Ice-Fire Kylin Armour when I battle with others," replied Zhang Ruochen.

The Commandery Prince nodded and said, "The only person in the Yellow-Level Colosseum who can see your meridian number is Liu Chuanshen. I will talk to him and ask him to keep it a secret."

Ruochen opened up too many meridians. In order to open them, he must have practiced some incredible techniques.

These incredible techniques were desired by every single warrior!

If Ruochen was noticed by strong warriors, he would be in danger.

The Commandery Prince took out a purple gold box out of his sleeve. He gave it to Ruochen and said, "This is a Level Four Refining Pill, Kylin Pill. It was made of Kylin's blood and flesh. It should help you a lot."

Each Level Four Pill was worth more than hundreds of thousands of silver coins. Even a Heaven Realm warrior would find it difficult to get one.

Obviously, the Commandery Prince saw Zhang Ruochen's potential, so he awarded this pill to Ruochen to help him lay a more solid foundation of martial arts.

The Commandery Prince said, "With your current cultivation if you take it directly, you won't be able to refine and absorb it. Your body will just explode instead. You should take it after entering the Savage God's Pool. With the help of the Power of Blood in the pool, you will be able to refine this pill."

"You have just reached the Final State, right?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

The Commandery Prince said, "Firstly, practice your Genuine Qi in the Qi Pool fully to become a top Final State warrior, then go to the Savage God's Pool to practice further! You will benefit from this more."

"I will!" Ruochen nodded.

"Off you go!" The Commandery Prince stared at Ruochen, then he waved his hand slightly.

Ruochen bowed to the Commandery Prince before walking towards the palace door.

He then heard the voice of the Commandery Prince, "Ruochen, you were born in a royal family. It's like a jungle here. Even if I'm the king of this jungle, I won't be able to protect you forever. If you're not good enough, you'll be eliminated. However, if you're great, you'll excel at this cruel game. This is the survival of the fittest. Different people have different fates."

Ruochen slowed his steps. He did not turn around but said, "I understand!"

After that, he walked out of the palace.

Why wouldn't he understand it?

A king normally had too many children. It was impossible for him to care about all his heirs.

Only the outstanding ones would be given attention, while the average ones would never appear in the king's eyes.

If Ruochen was like he had been before without demonstrating any talent in martial arts, he would just disappear in the Commandery Prince's eyes. However, it was a different story now. As long as Ruochen was excellent, he would get more and more resources in the future. His status would be higher as well.

...

Another palace in the manor of the Yunwu City.

"Bang!"

The Queen threw a cup on the ground. The cup was smashed into pieces. She said in a cold voice, "Ruochen. He's a Warrior of the Yellow Board now! He did it in such short time. If we give him time to develop further, what will happen?"

"My Queen, what do you think?" A beautiful servant next to the queen asked. She had a red mark on her glabella and a sharp gaze.

The Queen exhaled deeply and asked, "Qingluo has reached the Black Realm, hasn't she?"

"Yes, two days ago," the servant replied.

The Queen ordered, "Let her know that she needs to kill Zhang Ruochen at any expense. I need to see his head in a month."

"What if the Ninth Prince doesn't leave the Imperial Palace in a month?" the servant asked.

The Queen answered with an even more ruthless gaze. "I told you. His head at any expense."

"This servant understands!"

That servant left immediately. She needed to pass the Queen's order to Han Qingluo.

#### **Chapter 49: Strength of Fifty-Eight Bulls**

Zhang Ruochen went back to the Jade Palace and had a short chat with Concubine Lin. Then he returned to his place with Blackie.

“You have just reached the Final State of the Yellow Realm but developed 27 meridians. What’s the secret of you to practice exercises?” Blackie asked curiously.

“I have no idea!” Zhang Ruochen answered.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen knew nothing about the exercise class of “The Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean”, because only he and Emperor Ming had practiced it.

Blackie said, “I know that only when warriors cultivate the Inferior Class exercises of the King’s Stage can they develop 27 meridians. However, as you are at the Final State of the Yellow Realm, you still have the space for improvement which means that you can develop more than 27 meridians. Can you tell me, are you practicing exercises of the God’s Stage?”

“Maybe!”

Zhang Ruochen also became serious about it. “It seemed to be necessary to be dressed in Ice-Fire Kylin Armor at any time to conceal my cultivation.”

“Otherwise, even the Yunwu Commandery Prince could not protect him from being killed if other people knew that his practice was more advanced than the King’s Stage exercises.”

“Fortunately, only the Yunwu Commandery Prince and the Manager of the Martial Market Bank, Liu Chuanshen, knew his condition at present.”

“The Yunwu Commandery Prince must keep it a secret.”

“The Yunwu Commandery Prince must have a conversation with Liu Chuanshen and give him warnings.”

Zhang Ruochen recalled Blackie into the Yin Yang Wooden Graph before his practice.

“I have to watch out for the cat.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen started to practice after putting on the Ice-Fire Kylin Armor, which ranked sixth in Genuine Martial Arms.

“I must reach the Peak of the Final State as soon as possible!”

Zhang Ruochen took out one Second-Class Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill and swallowed it.

“Boom!”

The Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill spilled inside Zhang Ruochen’s body, transforming into three Genuine Qi, like three Genuine Qi rivers flowing rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen started operating all the Genuine Qi contained in 27 meridians and transforming the Pill Spirit of the Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill into the body’s Genuine Qi stored in the Qi pool.

Zhang Ruochen took six hours to absorb all the Pill Spirit from the Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill.

“The Genuine Qi in the Qi Pool increased by seven times after the cultivation of the Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill. The remaining eight Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pills and four Elephant Fire Pills could fulfill my Genuine Qi in the Qi Pool and help me reach the peak of the Final State.”

The practice went on.

During the following eight days, Zhang Ruochen took six hours to take in one Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill, eight hours to rest, and the rest of the time to practice drawing Inscription of Space.

Eight days passed.

After taking in the remaining eight Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pills, the Genuine Qi inside Zhang Ruochen's body has been increased by six times eight days ago.

With his present strength, he could defeat Liu Chengfeng in 10 moves in their competition.

However, the Qi Pool was not full of Genuine Qi and it didn't yet reach the peak the Final State required.

Zhang Ruochen took out four Elephant Fire Pills and put them in front of him.

The Elephant Fire Pill was the Third-class pill which functioned to refine the body, to improve the warrior's physique, and to increase the warrior's power.

Certainly, a third-class pill, which can increase the storage of Genuine Qi to some extent, was much better than a Second-class pill.

Zhang Ruochen took another eight days to take in four Elephant Fire Pills, making a great improvement in the physical quality of his body.

At his first time making a breakthrough to reach the Final State of the Yellow Realm, Zhang Ruochen could unleash the power of 36 bulls without using martial techniques.

But now, he could unleash the power of 45 bulls without using martial techniques. By using Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, the power of 58 bulls even could arise.

Besides, the peak of the Final State was finally reached the moment the Qi Pool was filled with Genuine Qi.

In this case, only one move by Zhang Ruochen could defeat Liu Chengfeng, or could even kill him.

"In my case, few can defeat me among the top ten in the Yellow Board, let alone warriors in the Initial Stage of the Black Realm."

Practicing 17 days in the Time and Space Spinel was equal to six days in reality.

Considering the fact that he has reached the peak of the Final State, Zhang Ruochen could practice in the savage God's Pool.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't wait to walk to the Imperial Ancestral Temple with the Fourth-class Kylin Pills.

Obviously, guardians in the Imperial Ancestral Temple have received the order from the Yunwu Commandery Prince to let Zhang Ruochen pass. Thus, they didn't stop him.

Zhang Ruochen walked straight to the underground the Savage God's Pool in the Imperial Ancestral Temple.

The bloody pool water has always been boiling like magma.

It was the second time for Zhang Ruochen to practice in the Savage God's Pool, where the water covered half of him the moment he walked in the Central Area of the pool.

All the skin from his waist was painful, as it was almost splitting, with a burning and sharp pain caused by the boiling hot water.

Fortunately, Chakras have been successfully developed that formed protective streaks of light with Genuine Qi flowing through his skin.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen's pores started to take in the Power of Blood, which has been carried to the Chakras through his pores, and then the Chakras carried it through his whole body.

Every 15 minutes, the physical quality of Zhang Ruochen was significantly improved.

Two days later, after fully adapting to the Central Area, Zhang Ruochen went to the Deeper Area one step at a time.

When he walked into the Deeper Area, the level of the pool water reached his neck and covered his chest.

The Power of Blood became stronger in the Deeper Area, with the temperature increasing to a terribly high level.

"Phew!"

Even though Zhang Ruochen had developed Chakras, it was hard for him to resist the power here. All the skin below his neck almost melted instantly.

His body became bloody and badly mangled. If someone stood here looking at Zhang Ruochen, he might find that Zhang Ruochen seemed to be a bloody man.

The sharp pain almost made Zhang Ruochen cry.

But he bit the bullet and took in the fourth-class pill, the Kylin Pills.

"Ao!"

A snarling of Kylin resounded inside Zhang Ruochen's body.

A ball of bloody light dashed out from his head, forming a cloud shaped like a Kylin.

At Zhang Ruochen's present cultivation, he could not cultivate the fourth-class pill. Thus, to cultivate it by force would only kill him.

Furthermore, his current cultivation could not resist the Power of Blood in the Deeper Area of the Savage God's Pool. Similarly, to enter it by force would melt his body into the blood.

At present, although Zhang Ruochen was suffering pain, his body could still bear the Power of Blood and was not melted.

There were two powers—one from the inside, the other one from the outside.

The two powers should achieve a subtle balance.



As time passed by, the physical quality of Zhang Ruochen was improved by the Pill Spirit and Power of Blood that was taken in.

...

Meanwhile, something happened in the Lins.

Lin Jingye, the last house leader, returned to Lin's mansion in Yunwu City from the Omen Ridge.

He immediately called in his three sons the moment he arrived.

They were Lin Fengxian, the present leader of Lin House, Lin Enbo, the second son, and Lin Xizhao, the third son.

Lin Fengxian bowed down to Lin Jingye sitting higher than him and said with respect, "My distinguished father! May I know your final outcome, whether you have reached the Heaven Realm during your practice in the Omen Ridge?"

Lin Jingye responded, "It is easier said than done. But I indeed found some opportunities and improved my cultivation during my practice in the Omen Ridge. Although the breakthrough has not been realized, the method to make a breakthrough has been found. Maybe in three years, I could reach the Heaven Realm!"

"Good news!"

All three sons felt delighted about it.

As was known, the house with the warrior who reached the Heaven Realm was quite distinguished from the one without this kind of warrior.

The position of Lin House in the Yunwu Commandery could reach another level, being the third seventh-class family in the Commandery if Lin Jingye reached the Heaven Realm.

Even the Yunwu Commandery Prince could attach great importance to a seventh-class family.

At present, there were only two seventh-class families and 12 eighth-class families in the Yunwu Commandery.

The Lins was one of the 12 eighth-class families now.

The other two seventh-class families were the Xues, in the minister's mansion, and the Situs.

Lin Jingye laughed and said, "The moment I entered the city, I heard that my grandson, the Ninth Prince Zhang Ruochen, became the genius of Martial Arts and the one who was the warrior of the Yellow Board at just 16. Aha! Ruochen's late-blooming makes me delighted.

"Fengxian, the event three years ago was not blamed on Lan-er after all. You were furious with her and blamed it on her. But you are indeed brother and sister, so you need to seek an opportunity to apologize to her to break the ice.

“What’s more, I am proud of her son, and also my grandson who is the genius of martial arts. You can invite him here to make Ningshan and him stay close. Aha! They are childhood sweethearts and I remember the promise the Commandery Prince made that they would get engaged. This could be true!”

All of the three men standing below seemed to be strange and silent, and no one dared to respond to him.

The smile disappeared from Lin Jingye’s face. He immediately realized that something bad happened and said in a low voice, “What’s wrong with you? What happened?”

Lin Enbo sneered and stepped ahead, saying “Father, let me tell you the truth! Several months ago, the fourth sister took the Ninth Prince back here and tried to resume relations with us. However, my brother humiliated her and drove them out of here. Humph! They must hold great resentment of us! Rather than relations, we are enemies now! Look what you have done, my brother! Humph!”

The third son Lin Xizhao also added, “I agree! I thought it was a strong overreaction. They are our sister and nephew. How could you do this?”

Lin Jingye became more enraged. He glared at Lin Fengxian and said, “My eldest son, you are the leader who should never be so impulsive! Chen-er is only 16 but is the warrior of the Yellow Board, which means a promising future. If he were to become the leader of the Yunwu Commandery, he would take revenge on us. That would be a disaster. Go to the palace with me to apologize to your sister now! You are an asshole! Damn it!”

## **Chapter 50: The Completion of the Yellow Realm**

“Why should we go groveling in order to apologize to them?”

Suddenly, a spooky voice with a sneer came from outside, saying, “Father, grandfather, we can rely on the Seventh Prince. No matter how brilliant the Ninth Prince is, he will serve as a foil to the Seventh Prince. Don’t worry.”

Afterwards, a young man in twenties entered.

The skinny man’s complexion was fairer than a woman who had glabrous and fine skin and seemed to be more feminine than masculine.

His voice was strange, with a perverse yet sharp tone, similar to that of the eunuch’s in the palace.

He was the first genius of the Lins, Lin Chenyu.

Three years ago, he had reached the Completion of the Yellow Realm. However, he was condemned to castration after offending the Seventh Prince.

Later, he became a servant of the Seventh Prince.

“Chenyu, haven’t you been to Yuntai Suzerain following the Seventh Prince? Has he returned as well?” asked Lin Jingye.

Lin Chenyu smiled and said in a sharp voice. "My Majesty found an ancient relic and got a great opportunity. He can't return temporarily, so he sent me here to solve some problems in Yunwu City. Such as that of my cousin!"

Lin Jingye's expression became cold and he said, "The Seventh Prince sent you to kill the Ninth Prince?"

Lin Chenyu shook his head and said, "My majesty is a hero who doesn't need to take my cousin seriously. The Ninth Prince would never catch up with him, even if he spent his whole life to practice. However, the Queen was worried that the Ninth Prince may fully develop and so my majesty sent me here to kill him."

"He is your cousin!" Lin Jingye said in irritation.

"So what?"

Lin Chenyu sneered, "He must die as my majesty wants. Papa, I have to mention you to be careful about your choice. After my majesty completed his cultivation in the ancient relics, his cultivation must reach a higher level. It's a piece of cake if he destroys the Lins! Haha!"

Lin Jingye felt a little frightened about the Seventh Prince with his incredible talent.

It was well known that the Seventh Prince ranked first in the Yellow Board at the age of 12.

Nobody knew how high his cultivation was after so many years of practice given his immense practicing speed.

"Well, my majesty has promised to marry Ningshan as his concubine under my entreaty. I will report it to the Queen in detail to ensure that the engagement is made as soon as possible."

Lin Chenyu said assertively and relentlessly without any respect for the four seniors. After these words, he left immediately!

"The Seventh Prince... will be engaged with Ningshan. What's going on?" Lin Jingye asked.

Lin Fengxian answered, "Father, it's the decision made by Chenyu and Ningshan. Isn't it a good news for us if we can depend on the Seventh Prince's position and power?"

"But why does it give me the feeling that the whole Lins will become the servants of the Seventh Prince?" Lin Jingye clenched his fist bitterly and indignantly.

He felt helpless because the Seventh Prince was indeed powerful enough to destroy the Lins if they irritated him.

...

The savage God's pool.

The red shine around Zhang Ruochen disappeared after seven days and the skin of his face returned to the normal complexion.

He had completely taken in the Pill Spirit of Kylin Pills.

Zhang Ruochen had never felt so powerful before. At present, his body, even in the deeper area of the savage God's pool, was melted by the Power of Blood.

Zhang Ruochen still remained in the deeper area of savage God's pool, with the Graph of 36 Meridians in his mind.

The Power of Sacrifice integrated with the Savage God's pool helped him comprehend the heart vessel and Vessel of Spirit.

When developing the 36 Meridians, the most difficult thing was to develop "heart vessel" and "Vessel of Spirit". It was as difficultly as climbing up to the sky to develop two Meridians.

Three days passed. Zhang Ruochen laughed loud in the Savage God's pool and said, "I understand! The method to develop the gaseous heart vessel is the same as the Power of Blood in the savage God's pool."

"If I compare the Savage God's pool to the blood inside the warrior's body, the Power of Blood will be the heart vessel and my body is like the Qi Pool! I got it! I got it!"

Eight days passed. Zhang Ruochen comprehended the truth of the 'Vessel of Spirit' in the savage God's pool.

Actually, the principle was the same between the Vessel of Spirit and sacrifice.

Sacrifice meant the communication between human beings and gods.

Vessel of Spirit meant the connection between the body and soul.

Vessel of Spirit did not appear at any time and any place. It would only appear when you connected your soul!

That meant, the Vessel of Spirit did not belong to Meridians but to the power of sacrifice.

What he sacrificed was not gods, but his own power.

The power of sacrifice was contained in the Power of Blood. As long as he separated the Power of Sacrifice and kept it in the Qi Pool when he made a breakthrough to reach the completion of the Yellow Realm, he would develop the Vessel of Spirit automatically.

Having grasped this fundamental point, the rest would naturally follow it!

Finally, Zhang Ruochen completely comprehended "the Graph of 36 Meridians".

"It's time to make a breakthrough to the Completion of the Yellow Realm!"

Zhang Ruochen intended to reach the Completion of the Yellow Realm in the Savage God's pool. Therefore, he took out one Marrow-washing Liquid from the internal space of his Time and Space Spinel and started to develop the 28th meridian.

He continued on as though he was unstoppable.

The 29th Meridian!

The 30th Meridian!

...

The 35th Meridian!

The 36th Meridian!

When the 36th Meridian was developed, a blast of sound came out of Zhang Ruochen's body. The 36 Meridians were like 36 giant dragons flowing inside the body and formed 36 large circles of vital energy.

A sacred shadow of god appeared behind Zhang Ruochen, 33 meters tall and bore a golden blaze.

At that moment, all the warriors in Yunwu Commandery felt as though they were under incredible pressure, as though an invisible huge mountain weighed down on their heads.

The pressure continued for a short while and then dissipated.

The average person took it for granted as a sense of suppression within their chest for a while.

While people with strong martial arts had a feeling as though the sky was collapsing, feeling as though there must be something horrendous happening in the Yunwu Commandery.

But Zhang Ruochen felt it normal except for the feeling of a tenfold increase of the Qi Pool and his success of reaching the completion of the Yellow Realm.

"Aha! I can't imagine developing 36 Graphs of Meridians! Great! But how much power of bulls can I reach now?"

Out of the Savage God's pool, Zhang Ruochen decided to test his present power.