

Chapter 7: Sacred Sword Skill

Without any obvious emotion, Zhang said coolly, "Congratulations, we're doubly related from now on."

After saying these words, Zhang Ruochen turned his back and walked away.

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in his beautiful cousin during their first meeting. He felt it was boring to talk with an uncongenial person, so he left after a moment.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had shown no reaction, the young warriors in the Lin family were all greatly disappointed.

"How could it be?"

Lin Ningshan felt a bit frustrated with the indifferent look that had been on Zhang Ruochen's face. She stared at his back and full of resentment she said, "Don't you want to know the reason?"

Zhang Ruochen had no interest in knowing who would get engaged to Lin Ningshan. Since she insisted on telling the details though, Zhang Ruochen stopped and gently nodded his head. "I will be present during your engagement ceremony to offer my congratulations." "Now I'm going to see my mom, if there's nothing else."

He had hardly finished his words when Zhang Ruochen saw that Concubine Lin had come out of the courtyard of the Lin's Mansion.

It was obvious that Concubine Lin had just been crying. Although she had dried her tears, Zhang Ruochen was quick to notice this upon seeing her red eyes.

Zhang Ruochen rushed to comfort her and asked with concern, "Mom, what happened?" "Is there someone bullying you?"

Shaking her head, Concubine Lin said, "I'm fine, let's just go back."

"There must be something wrong, judging by that look on Concubine Lin's face."

After meeting Lin Ningshan, Zhang Ruochen had lost his last good impression of the Lin family.

And after seeing Concubine Lin's expression, Zhang Ruochen was even more disappointed in the Lin's.

"Wait!"

Lin Fengxian folded his hands behind his back and walked into the courtyard. Flashing a look at Zhang Ruochen, he pulled a scroll of fell ancient classics from within his sleeve and said, "This is a set of practice skills called the Taie Formulas of the Inferior Class of the Human Stage, which could open up seven Meridians, through which vital energy can circulate. Take it and practice it. Even though it is not an advanced practice skill, at least it might help you to complete Washing Marrow and Breaking out of the Channels. It should be sufficient for you."

Earlier, Lin Fengxian had ordered two bottles of Marrow-washing Liquid, and said coldly, "After all, we share the same Blood Meridians of the Lin family. Take two bottles of Marrow-washing Liquid with you."

Concubine Lin gazed unwaveringly at Lin Fengxian with grateful eyes. Immediately, she held Zhang Ruochen's hand and said, "Chen-er, thank your uncle quickly."

Seeing Lin Fengxian's almsgiving manner, Zhang Ruochen felt disgusted. It was no wonder that his mother's eyes were red from crying. She must have been humiliated when she begged him for a roll of practice skills.

"We don't need handouts from the Lin family. Mom, let's go."

Zhang Ruochen did not even look at the practice scroll or take the Marrow-washing Liquid from Lin Fengxian as he took Concubine Lin's hand and left the Lin's Mansion.

"He should be ashamed of himself. He did regard himself as the prince." The younger warriors in the Lin family all sniffed and sneered at him.

Lin Ningshan looked at the teenager who resolutely left the Lin's Mansion and felt very surprised. She had the feeling that her once coward cousin was a bit different now.

"Now that he's obtained the Sacred Mark, he's naturally become a little unyielding." "But he doesn't know that opening the Sacred Mark at 16 years old means that he has passed the golden age for practicing Martial Arts." "Why am I thinking so much, we're destined to belong to two different worlds anyway."

Lin Ningshan sighed and returned back to the Drill Coliseum and continued her practicing.

After leaving the Lin's Mansion, Concubine Lin said, "Chen-er, you're too impulsive. If you can be a warrior and build strength through Martial Arts, it's OK for me to suffer all of these wrongs."

Standing up straight, Zhang Ruochen turned around and stared at the golden horizontal inscribed board that was inscribed with "Lin's Mansion", then he said decisively, "Mom, don't worry. I can still become a warrior even without the help of the Lins, and I'll be the superior one among the warriors."

Concubine Lin sighed slightly and refrained from saying anything. Suddenly, she realized something and said, "Chen-er, have you heard that Ningshan will get engaged to the Seventh Prince? Don't be sad!"

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Mom, don't worry! There are so many good girls in this world, and some of them are even better than Lin Ningshan."

"I am glad to hear you say that." Concubine Lin smiled with relief.

Back at the Yunwu Palace, Zhang Ruochen took a Blood Pill and entered the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel, then he started practicing his Dragon and Elephant Prajna again.

He sat down and had a short break once he had exhausted himself practicing.

"All the humiliation that mom has suffered from the Lin family, I'll pay them back double that amount." "What on earth had happened three years ago?" "It seems that I shall find an opportunity to ask Yun. Of course, my primary goal now is to reach the Mid Stage of the Yellow Realm as soon as possible."

To break through to the Mid Stage of the Yellow Realm, one had to drink the Marrow-washing Liquid.

It would cost him at least 200 silver coins for one bottle of Marrow-washing Liquid.

That was not a small amount for Zhang Ruochen.

And his practice was the “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean”. It was obvious that one bottle of Marrow-washing Liquid was not going to be sufficient if he wanted to break through to the Mid Stage of the Yellow Realm.

“I got it!”

While tapping his forehead, Zhang Ruochen was filled with self-pity as he realized that he had wasted too much energy on earning silver coins, forgetting that he actually owned a huge treasury.

After all, his last lifetime was spent as the son of Emperor Ming. He once performed many high-level exercises and martial art techniques and kept it all in his mind. He could choose one practice skill and martial technique at will to sell at a high price.

“Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean” and the Dragon and Elephant Prajna were at a holy level in the entire Kunlun’s Field, and certainly, could not be sold.

Tucked into his memories were some other Low-Class exercises and martial techniques. Any of which would surely cause quite a stir in the Yunwu Commandery.

Zhang Ruochen immediately got some paper, a pen, and an ink-well. He then wrote down a set of Spiritual Stage martial techniques for the Sacred Sword Skill.

The Sacred Sword Skill was the lowest level martial technique in Zhang Ruochen’s memory.

Low-Class of Spiritual.

“The martial technique for the Low Class of Spiritual techniques would rank as the top technique in the Yunwu Commandery. Even for a large family like the Lins, their strongest technique would be of the Low Class of Spiritual, and would take one or two sets, at most, as the unique techniques of the family.”

It was common knowledge that many warriors did not have opportunities for practicing martial techniques in the Yunwu Commandery. For them, it was an amazing treasure even if it was an Inferior-Class technique of the Human Stage.

The cheapest Inferior-Class technique of the Human Stage would cost at least 300 silver coins, while some of the best Inferior-Class techniques of the Human Stage would cost more than 1,000 silver coins. This price was too high for ordinary Martial Arts cultivators to afford. Some warriors even risked their lives and fought with others in order to get the Inferior-Class techniques of the Human Stage.

As for the martial techniques of the Low-Class of Spiritual, once they were sold, even the leader of those large families would be interested and would want to buy them at all costs.

Their family’s strength would advance a lot with one more martial technique from the Spiritual Stage.

Finishing writing the practice method of the Sacred Sword Skill, Zhang Ruochen also drew some small pictures for one move of the sword technique on the paper.

Zhang Ruochen made some Genuine Qi by condensing the pen tip. Combining Genuine Qi with the Martial Arts Comprehensive State allowed him to draw the sword movement picture.

Inside, his Genuine Qi had been depleted, and that was only one finished picture.

Zhang Ruochen sat with his legs crossed and immediately started practicing. He made his Qi Pool and filled it with Genuine Qi and then he began to draw the second picture.

It took him half a day to finish drawing the 12 pictures of the Sacred Sword Skill.

Even though his cultivation was gone, his comprehension of Martial Arts and his eyesight were still good. Each sword technique he drew was very exquisite. There were no differences when compared with the initial sword movement picture of the Sacred Sword Skill.

“According to my knowledge of Martial Arts, drawing the martial technique of the Low-Class of Spiritual is the limit.” “If I were to draw a picture of the Mid-Class technique of the Spiritual Stage, perhaps I just could draw one-third of its Comprehensive State.”

This rare book of a martial technique could not be easily copied or made monotype.

It was unsound for ordinary people to write down the formulas and copy the pictures of the Sacred Sword Skill. Even if they succeeded in practicing the sword technique, it was impossible for them to reach the power of the Low-Class of Spiritual sword technique.

Zhang Ruochen was the strongest at performing the Completion of the Heaven Realm in his last lifetime. But he only could draw the essence for the Low-Class of Spiritual sword technique. As for a martial technique of a superior level, he could not draw all of its essences.

The sword technique of the Low-Class of Spiritual should sell at a good price.

Instead of taking the sword technique of the Sacred Sword Skill to the Martial Market right away, Zhang Ruochen walked toward the palace gate while it was dark.

“Ninth Prince, why are you here so late?” Two royal security guards inquired.

The two royal security guards also knew that the Ninth Prince and Concubine Lin had been evicted and lived in a side hall, which meant that they had lost power and influence within the palace. So their expressions did not look deferential, and they did not even salute Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was not the same coward Zhang Ruochen from the past. He stared at the two royal security guards with sharp eyes, stuck out his chest and said, “I have to go into the Lin’s Mansion and find my cousin, Ningshan. Can you open the gate right away?”

After all, Zhang Ruochen was nobility. The two royal security guards could not really deny him. They opened up the gate and watched Zhang Ruochen go out.

“Is there anything to be proud of?” “If he wasn’t the son of the Yunwu Commandery Prince, he’d have died many times over.” One of the royal security guards scornfully commented.

“It’s said that the genius girl, Lin Ningshan, will get engaged to the Seventh Prince. But he hasn’t given up, and that’s so stupid,” the other royal security guard said disdainfully.

Zhang Ruochen did not actually intend to see Lin Ningshan, he just used it as an excuse to get out of the palace and avoid suspicion.

While walking out of the palace, Zhang Ruochen took a loose black cloak out of the Time and Space Spinel and wrapped it around his body. He then went into the street of Yunwu City among the integrating lights.

In the dark cape, nobody could see his face clearly.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen walked through the thriving streets and entered into the Martial Market.

Other places in Yunwu City were only referred to as the “tawdry places”. The Martial Market only occupied one-tenth of Yunwu City, but it was the most prosperous one there.

The Martial Market itself was divided into five areas: the Pill Market, Weapon Market, Beast Market, Slave Market, and Central Auction.

The Martial Market determined the ups and downs of the Yunwu Commandery to some extent. So the commandery was strict with its management.

Each point of entry into the Martial Market was guarded by sergeants. Only warriors or nobility had the qualifications to enter into the Martial Market.

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