

## Amongst Cultivators, I Stand Above All #Chapter 15 -

### Who Would Reject a Pink Heart

Dong Xi returned to the house and swiped her exclusive identity token. She walked in and looked around. Everything in the house was exactly the same as when she left, including the opened bag and the little snake wrapped in a pink cloak beside the bag.

Everything was the same as before. The little snake still did not move, as if it would maintain any shape it was placed in. The corner of Dong Xi's mouth carried a trace of an evil smile as she arranged the little snake into the shape of a heart. Who would reject a pink heart?

After that, she picked up the little snake again. Just like in the morning, she pried open the snake's mouth and crushed the fruit she had brought back. This time, Dong Xi even took a special look at the sharp teeth in the little snake's mouth, not knowing which one was poisonous.

Dong Xi did not know about all this either. Unknowingly, her fear of snakes had been decreasing. Now, this little black snake was like a toy in Dong Xi's hands. She could play with it however he wanted and it would not resist at all.

After feeding it, she once again placed the little snake in the shape of a heart on the table. She clapped her hands, sat down cross-legged, and began to absorb the spiritual energy. She thought that she had already absorbed it once last night, so she would have some experience this time.

However, when Dong Xi felt that there were only a few spots of light in the air, she was a little confused. She opened his eyes, and they were filled with disbelief. There were so many last night, but why was there only this one today? What was going on?

Her face was filled with confusion. Where did the spiritual Qi that filled the room go? Or could it be that last night's situation was just because of the right time, place, and people, and it was rare? Today's situation was the norm?

Dong Xi thought about how the original body had only reached the third level of Qi Refinement after cultivating for so many years in the original book. Dong Xi's heart instantly turned cold. Could it be that she was really such a that she could only reach the third level of Qi Refinement after cultivating for so many years?

Dong Xi once again closed his eyes and circulated the spiritual Qi in her body. Her divine sense looked at the three types of spiritual Qi that were clearly divided in her Dantian. She was suddenly a little dumbfounded. Yesterday, it was still purple spiritual Qi. How could it be normal today?

At this moment, Dong Xi's heart was in a mess. She had just entered the sect and did not know anything. She did not have a master to give him any pointers. In the Ningtian Sect, only after entering the inner sect could he become the disciple of the elders of each peak.

The outer sect disciples were only used to make up the numbers and do odd jobs. There would be no one to help them explain at any time and place, so they could only figure everything out on their own. However, it was reasonable to say that they could ask all their questions when they went to the Cultivation Technique Hall.

The Senior Brothers or Senior Sisters in the Cultivation Technique Hall could give him an answer, but today, Dong Xi had clearly gone to the wrong place. There was no one in the Cultivation Technique Hall. Dong Xi could not figure out what was going on and where she was.

Dong Xi's expression was serious. She looked at the remaining purple spiritual Qi in her Dantian and realized that the purple spiritual Qi, which had been staying in one place, was not content at all. It was devouring the red spiritual Qi that was closest to it.

Dong Xi did not know what to do and could only watch as the purple spiritual Qi devoured the other spiritual Qi in her body and slowly expanded itself, finally condensing into a purple spiritual Qi the size of a peanut. Dong Xi fell silent.

Her heart was filled with a sense of crisis. If he continued with his current efficiency, when would she be able to cultivate to the Foundation Establishment stage? Originally, Dong Xi had wanted to go out and take a look at what the sect's Immortal mountain was like, but now, she was in no mood to go out.

If you have time to go out, you might as well stay in the house and cultivate. As the ancient saying goes: 'Haste makes waste'. The more anxious you are, the less you will be able to do it. There is another saying: 'The stupid bird flies first'.

Dong Xi looked at her current aptitude. Let alone flying, she could only be more diligent in order to guarantee that she would be able to fly. Just like that, Dong Xi sat cross-legged in meditation, circulating her spiritual Qi. A large Qi circulation would take about 30 minutes.

However, he could only get spiritual Qi the size of a peanut after circulating a large Qi circulation. There were 45 minutes in two hours, and 24 hours in a day. Dong Xi could only get spiritual Qi the size of 40 peanuts if she cultivated all day without eating or drinking.

Dong Xi's mind was on the verge of collapse, why was it so tragic? Other people who transmigrated books were either people with special abilities, rich ladies, or the number one villain. Why was he such a useless supporting role? In the end, Dong Xi could only

