

## Swordsman 12

### Chapter 12: The Sixth Heaven of Divine Path

“Primordial Spiritual Liquid?”

Jian Wushuang was startled because he had heard about such Spiritual Liquid, which was formed by Heaven and Earth Spiritual Energy. As it contained extremely refined Spiritual Power, it was better at promoting a Warrior’s cultivation compared to Sprit-cultivating pills.

However, its formation required very rare conditions, making it extremely valuable.

Additionally, the demand for Primordial Spiritual Liquid was extraordinarily high, even Warriors in the Spirit Path Realm tried to cultivate with the aid of Primordial Spiritual Liquid. Therefore, there were few Warriors who were able to use Primordial Spiritual Liquid in the entire Tianzong Dynasty, let alone those in Sword Marquis Mansion.

Although there was some Primordial Spiritual Liquid in Sword Marquis Mansion, the effect on their Warriors was insignificant due to the small amount.

“I know a place where there is a pond formed completely out of Primordial Spiritual Liquid. Are you interested?” Bai Chong gave Jian Wushang a smile.

“A pond?” Jian Wushuang was intrigued by this.

A meager amount of Primordial Spiritual Liquid would have little effect on promoting a Warrior’s cultivation, while an abundance of it would play a totally different role.

A pond formed out of Primordial Spiritual Liquid? How much was Primordial Spiritual Liquid there?

“It’s in a cave of a rift in the northern part of Nine-wolves Mountain, which is 15 km away from the commandery city. But for a long time, it’s been occupied by a Bloody Lion at the peak of Rank Six. If you want to enter the cave, it is necessary to get rid of the Bloody Lion,” Bai Chong said with a smile.

“A rift in the north... Nine-wolves Mountain.” Jian Wushuang secretly bore it in mind and replied gratefully, “Thank you, Sir Bai Chong!”

“Please, you are welcome.” Bai Chong waved at him.

Jian Wushuang looked deep in his eyes and then turned away.

After Jian Wushuang had gone, a golden-robed servant behind Bai Chong could not help saying, “Supervisor, that pond is formed completely out of Primordial Spiritual Liquid. With such abundant Primordial Spiritual Liquid, it’s value is... very high.”

“The pond is so precious, not because of the Primordial Spiritual Liquid, but the Spiritual Fruit at the bottom of the pond. The Primordial Spiritual Liquid was formed due to the Spiritual Fruit.” Bai Chong shook his head and laughed. “Tell those people who go to the pond to only take the Spiritual Fruit away. Just ignore the Primordial Spiritual Liquid and Bloody Lion.”

“Got it.” The golden-robed servant nodded. In the Gladiator Arena, the Supervisor was so powerful that no one dared to violate his orders.

“By the way, will the annual Sword Marquis Token Battle be held next month?” Bai Chong again asked.

“Yes,” the golden-robed servant replied respectfully. “Supervisor, you’ve been invited to the Sword Marquis Mansion. Moreover, the new Sword Pavilion Master will officially take office. I heard that the new Sword Pavilion Master is Jian Meng’er, the most gifted youth in Sword Marquis Mansion, who is less than 16 years old but has already reached the Profound Spiritual Sea Realm. She is also the daughter of Jian Lan, the Great Elder of Red Martial Hall.”

“Oh?” Bai Chong unfurrowed his brows. “Haha, it seems that the Sword Marquis Token Battle will be very interesting this year. Now I am looking forward to it!”

“The son of Jian Nantian... Tut-tut, I want to see if he will surprise me as his father did.”

...

On the way back to Sword Marquis Mansion, Jian Wushuang kept thinking,

“The pond is formed completely out of Primordial Spiritual Liquid, so it would be extremely valuable. Why did he tell me this information? It must be because of my father!” Jian Wushuang guessed with some certainty.

His father had told him that, due to his aloofness and pride, he had few friends. But, Bai Chong was one of them.

Obviously, Bai Chong recognized me and, as a friend of my father, he chose to tell me that.

“Whether he told me for the sake of my father or not, I am grateful for his kindness,” Jian Wushuang thought secretly.

In a pond that is formed completely out of Primordial Spiritual Liquid, even average people would greatly benefit if they cultivated there, let alone I, who cultivates the Heavenly Creation Skill. However, there is a Bloody Lion at the peak of Rank Six, which is comparable to the peak of the Sixth Step of the Spirit Path for humans. Presently, I am not capable of fighting against it.

“Take it slow. I need to enhance my abilities first!” Jian Wushuang clenched his hands firmly.

In the Earth-level Cultivating Room of Sword Pavilion—

“First-class Spirit-cultivating Pills have amazing efficacy. Previously, I broke through the Fourth Heaven of the Divine Path from the Third Heaven of the Divine Path after swallowing just one pill. Now, I have 11 First-class Spirit-cultivating Pills. I really wonder to what extent my strength will reach after absorbing all 11 First-class Spirit-Cultivating Pills!” Jian Wushuang sat cross-legged on the futon, with fervent eyes.

“I am ready!”

Without hesitation, Jian Wushuang opened the jade box and took one First-class Spirit-cultivating Pill. After he took this elixir, Heavenly Creation Skill functioned to quickly absorb that amazing energy.

In the following days, Jian Wushuang still carried out his earnest cultivation.

When compared to other skills, it took less time to cultivate Heavenly Creation Skill. Furthermore, the cultivation speed increased due to its ability of rapid recovery and the assisting effects of the Earth-level Cultivating Room.

Meanwhile, Jian Wushuang freely ingested those First-class Spirit-cultivating Pills, which countless cultivators of the Spirit Path coveted.

All of that accelerated his cultivation to an incredible level.

In the blink of an eye, half a month passed by. There was now only one month until the annual Sword Marquis Token Battle.

That night, it showered.

Jian Wushuang, who had continued to stay overnight inside the Earth-level Cultivating Room, completely absorbed the efficacy of those pills inside his body. He then slowly opened his eyes, and there was a dormant, rumbling Spiritual Power within his body. As he abruptly clenched his hands, an explosive force erupted volcanically, as if a punch could cause the air to explode.

Jian Wushuang's eyes were sparkling with a dazzling light.

"The Sixth Heaven of the Divine Path! Almost reaching the peak of the Sixth Heaven!"

Jian Wushuang was ecstatic.

With his desperate cultivation over half a month, he had completely absorbed the energy from the 11 First-class Spirit-Cultivating Pills. After all, the efficacy of a First-class Spirit-cultivating Pill was amazing. For average Warriors, it took at least one month to thoroughly absorb one pill. However, he had absorbed 11 pills in a very short time, by virtue of the Heavenly Creation Skill.

As a result, his strength increased by leaps and bounds.

It was a long way from the Fourth Heaven of the Divine Path to the Sixth Heaven of the Divine Path—almost to the peak of the Sixth Heaven of the Divine Path!

Many people would have been startled had they known that he had cultivated at such an unbelievable speed. Because only one month ago, they knew that he was trash who could not condense Spiritual Power.

"You just wait and see, Jian Meng'er. I will startle you in one month!" Jian Wushuang clenched his hands firmly, with an undiluted self-confidence in his eyes.