

Swordsman 8

Chapter 8: First-class Spirit-Cultivating Pill

“Spirit-cultivating Pill?” Jian Wushuang was momentarily surprised but immediately shook his head. “That doesn’t seem right. The fragrance is too strong. It can’t be an ordinary pill. Could it be a first-class pill?”

Spirit-cultivating pills were taken exclusively by warriors in the Spirit Path Realm. It would greatly aid the cultivation of warriors of that level.

However, there were two kinds of Spirit-cultivating pills. The first-class pills were 10 times rarer and more effective than ordinary pills. Furthermore, it had nearly no impurities, so a warrior could use it without any worries.

A First-class Spirit-cultivating pill was a precious treasure!

Not even hundreds of ordinary pills could match up to a first-class pill in market value.

There were many alchemists in the Pill Refining Room of the Sword Marquis Mansion, but none managed to produce a first-class pill. That was why there were none in the mansion. If there was truly a need for it, the mansion could only purchase it from the Gladiator Arena.

Jian Wushuang didn’t expect Elder Hong to have one First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill, let alone a whopping two.

“I paid a considerable price to buy these two First-class Spirit-Cultivating pills from the Gladiator Arena. I was planning on finding a good disciple and giving him these pills. I didn’t think the Sword Pavilion would be hit by such a big crisis before I could even find one. So I’ll hand these two pills to you, Young Master. I hope they’ll be useful to you,” Elder Hong said, smiling.

“Elder Hong...” Jian Wushuang looked at Elder Hong but didn’t stretch out his hands to accept the pills.

“A First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill is extremely potent. A warrior in the Spirit Path Realm typically needs a month to absorb the pill completely, and now you have two. That’s enough time for you to fully absorb these two pills. I believe it’ll greatly help your cultivation. Just take them,” Elder Hong said.

“Thank you so much!” Jian Wushuang nodded, accepting the jade box without putting up a show of pretense. “Elder Hong, rest assured the Sword Pavilion won’t collapse while I’m still alive!”

“In two months, I’ll properly defeat Jian Meng’er of the Red Martial Hall before everyone in the Sword Marquis Token Battle!”

“I’ll let everyone know that the only one who could be the Sword Pavilion Master is a disciple of the Sword Pavilion!”

When he was done talking, Jian Wushuang turned and stepped into a Cultivating Room once again. Only this time he entered the Earth-Level Cultivating Room, one of the three big Cultivating Rooms in the Sword Pavilion.

Elder Hong remained rooted on the ground, watching as Jian Wushuang walked into the Cultivating Room. A trace of a smile gradually appeared on his face.

“Young Master’s temperament is really similar to the Master’s.”

“Stubborn. Yes! Pavilion Master was just as stubborn!”

“But to defeat Jian Meng’er in just two months... that’s not just difficult but nearly impossible.” Elder Hong shook his head. On the same day Jian Meng’er was appointed as the Sword Pavilion Master, he personally had a fight with her. He realized she had unusual strength despite her young age.

Having reached the Exceptional Spiritual Sea Realm long ago, it would be nearly impossible for a warrior with the usual Profound Spiritual Sea Realm to continue a fight against him for 20 movements. Yet Jian Meng’er succeeded.

“I really hope our Young Master will manage a miracle in two months. It’s a joyful occasion that he has condensed Spiritual Power to be a warrior. I need to let that person in the Golden Dragon Palace know.”

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The enormous pressure of the Earth-Level Cultivating Room was far greater than that of the Human-Level Cultivation Room.

Inside the room, the Spiritual Power within Jian Wushuang’s body was consumed even more quickly. Yet he continued practicing his ethereal and fluid swordsmanship with his shadow mirroring his actions. The swordsmanship he used was the Blue Cloud Sword Art, one of many top mysterious arts from the Sword Pavilion.

Jian Meng’er had once performed all the Eighteen First-class Sword Arts of Sword Pavilion at the Profound level, causing everyone in Sword Marquis Mansion to marvel at her talent in Sword Principles. They were so busy admiring her that they had forgotten that it was he, Jian Wushuang, who imparted each of those sword arts to her. He was the true genius of Sword Principles.

Now, Jian Meng’er was recognized as the number one Sword Principle talent by the whole Sword Marquis Mansion.

But even she understood clearly that he was countless times more gifted in Sword Principles than she was.

Take the Blue Cloud Sword Art for example. He had truly pushed it to great heights, whereas her performance was just like a little kid’s trick...

His swordsmanship practice sped up the consumption of his Spiritual Power, but he was prepared and had already swallowed a First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill earlier.

The elixir was incredibly potent. After taking one, the typical warrior would need a month or more to absorb its effects completely. Jian Wushuang, with the help of Heavenly Creation Skill, already felt the pill flowing quickly throughout his body.

In just a night, he had completely absorbed the benefits of the First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill.

That allowed him to make a direct breakthrough to the Fourth Heaven of the Divine Path.

“The Fourth Heaven of the Divine Path.” Jian Wushuang clenched his fists, feeling the booming power within him.

He had just broken through the Third Heaven of the Divine Path yesterday and made another breakthrough today. It was thanks to the potency of the First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill as well as the wonders of the Heavenly Creation Skill.

The pill that others needed a month or longer to absorb, he had absorbed within the span of one night.

“The Heavenly Creation Skill is really magical!”

“With the Heavenly Creation Skill, I actually needed just a day to absorb the great effects of the First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill. If I have more, then...” His eyes gleamed red as he thought about this.

“I want those First-class Spirit-Cultivating pills!”

“The more, the better!”

Jian Wushuang’s heart was burning with these thoughts.

The First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill, capable of being absorbed in a short time, greatly improved his cultivation. Of course, he thirsted for more.

What a pity that those pills weren’t so easy to obtain.

“Not even the Sword Marquis Mansion is capable of producing these pills. Perhaps only the Gladiator Arena is capable of mass-producing them in Bashui Prefecture,” Jian Wushuang muttered to himself.

The Gladiator Arena was a giant chamber of commerce and enjoyed a high status in Bashui Prefecture. If the Sword Marquis Mansion needed ingredients or even pills in bulk, they would certainly purchase those things from the Gladiator Arena.

Meanwhile, what attracted people the most about the Gladiator Arena were its duels and life-and-death battles!

Jian Wushuang’s father, for example, experienced many battles in the Gladiator Arena over the span of two months and made great progress in that time.

“These pills are so expensive that they’re beyond my means at the moment. If that’s the case, I only have one other way. No matter what happens, I need to give it a go,” Jian Wushuang said firmly, staring at the only First-class Spirit-Cultivating pill left in his palm. Madness and desire colored his expression.

A duel!

The reason why duels at the Gladiator Arena drew so much attention was the existence of duels leading to fighting and slaughtering between warriors!