

Alchemy 901

Chapter 901: Apprenticeship

Alex gained an apprenticeship under the artifact forger who was named Hwan Fulin. The man liked being called a blacksmith more than an artifact forger as his mastery lay more in swords and shields than unique artifacts.

That wasn't to say he couldn't make them. Only that he wasn't very proficient.

The apprenticeship would last a total of 10 days over the next 2 weeks, from morning to evening with no breaks.

In return, Alex would have to pay 50,000 True Spirit stones. That was 5,000 True spirit stones every day, but Alex didn't worry about that. He had way too many things he could sell to earn more. Besides, he had a lot of spirit stones that were just sitting there, doing nothing.

Once Alex accepted, the training began the very next day.

The first day of training was for Alex to melt metals that the blacksmith Hwan would have to work on.

At first, Hwan tried to stay by Alex's side to teach him exactly how it was done, but he was surprised to see that Alex was very proficient at heating stuff and even wondered if he was playing a joke on him by trying to learn it.

However, seeing him not be able to differentiate between the different metals and alloys, and not be able to tell what a crucible was made up of, the man finally believed that he was here for the first time.

Alex pulled out the molten metal and poured it onto a large working surface where it flowed down a pre-established path to form the shape of a sword.

The man brought out a hammer and said, "now watch." Then, he started hitting the slowly cooling metal as hard as he could to bring the shape as close to what was asked of him.

"You can do this part with just your Qi, and it will be fine. Most use only their Qi after all," the man said and struck. "However, I have found that using Qi can never bring the same amount of tempering required as a hammer would."

He kept striking the red-hot metal.

"The more force you exert on a metal, the better it comes out in the end," he said as he struck again. He then took the slightly red metal and put it back into the furnace to heat it up again.

"The metal, no matter how well you extracted it from the ore, will always have impurities. Not just the metal, any wood, or leather, or bone that you use for artifacts will always have impurities."

"Your first course of action should be to try and get rid of the impurities," he said. "For some, it will be impossible. But, for molten metal, it's quite easy. You just continue melting it and hitting it. As it tempers, the impurities slowly remove themselves, or simply get burnt away."

He pulled the sword out of the furnace and started hitting again.

"Then, once you get rid of the impurities, or as much as you can, your next course of action is to do 2 things at once."

"First, you need to even out the metal. It was almost liquid just before, so some parts will have more, and some parts will have less. You need to hit it and redistribute the portion as required."

"At the same time, you need to start pouring your Qi through the artifact. As you do that, the Qi will create natural lines all over the metal from where Qi can later travel when you've finished it."

"If you don't do this, there will be no Qi lines in the artifact, and the artifact will resist your Qi every time you use it," he said and continued hitting it. "Any good artifact forgers will make sure to put Qi lines in their artifact, no matter how trashy the materials are."

Alex nodded as he took in all the information.

"If a sword is made up of the best material, using the best techniques by the best forger, but it doesn't have any Qi lines, is that sword considered bad?" Alex asked.

The man paused for a second. He put the sword back into the furnace as he thought. "Not necessarily," he said. "If it really does have excellent material and techniques, then it will be a great sword nonetheless."

"However, if there are no Qi lines, then it will be hard for a cultivator to use it. In those cases, only ones with great Sword skills could use those, which while not bad is still a shame," he said.

The man pulled the sword back and said, "Watch me. I'll put the Qi lines now."

Alex nodded and sent his spiritual sense onto the molten sword.

Qi poured out from the Saint and entered the base of the sword that would go into the hilt. Then, starting there, it separated into multiple paths as they entered the sword.

At the same time, the man hit the sword again. Once the Qi made its way to the end and solidified to form a Qi path, the man started once again and poured his Qi in again to form different paths.

He continued doing that multiple times over the course of the next few minutes while continuing to temper the metal all the while.

Then, once he believed he was done, the man put the sword into a large barrel full of water and sighed as he was finally done making the blade.

Alex noted down every aspect of what was done here today. "Is that it?" he asked.

"We still have a few things remaining. I need to pick an appropriate handle or make one myself. And then I have to sharpen it as best I can," he said.

"I see," Alex said and waited for him to do it.

The man showed how the next few steps were done, and they were relatively easy.

When the sword was formed, Alex held the silver blade as he looked at it from all sides.

"Pour some Qi and see how it is," the man said.

Alex did as told and found that his Qi entered the sword quite easily. "What rank and grade is this?" he asked.

"Given the materials, it's a True rank sword. As for grades, that's hard to tell. Artifacts don't have anything to test their grades with. As such, we usually go by evaluating a variety of things."

"Such as if the artifact is well built, if the ingredient's impurities still remain, if there are skills that have been imbued during the crafting, and many other minute things," he said. "Given my evaluation, that sword is True Earth grade. Not bad for something that took about an hour to make, and it will also fetch about 2000 to 3000 True Spirit stones."

Alex caught onto something that the man said and honed in on it. "Sorry, you can imbue skills onto an artifact?" he asked.

"Oh, yes of course. Have you not seen any artifacts with skills before?" he asked.

Alex thought for a bit. Actually, he did. He had seen plenty of artifacts with skills, but he had simply ignored them.

His mask had the skill to disrupt spiritual energy. His whip had a

Fire skill that burned with Saint fire. His armor had a protective barrier that would activate once to protect him from a very strong attack.

There were many other such artifacts that had skills imbued in them, and it only was now that Alex was consciously thinking about it.

"How do they do it then?" Alex asked. Now that he was realizing something existed, the curiosity was hard to keep back.

"Through Qi lines, from what I know," he said.

"Though... Qi lines?" Alex looked confused. "How does that work."

"You will learn soon when you build an armor, but when you put your Qi onto the artifact to form Qi lines, you can create a design inside that will activate a skill."

"So easy? Why doesn't everything have a skill inside it?" Alex asked.

"It's not so easy," the man said. "You need to know the designs too. For now, we only know the designs for barriers in armor. Most other skill either come from random coincidences or is a trait of one of the ingredients used to make them."

"Suffice to say, we don't know much about it," the man said. "Alright, now stop talking. It's your turn to make a sword."

Chapter 902: Making a Sword

Alex poured his Qi into the furnace as he sped up the process behind the melting of the metal.

Not doing anything would also work in this situation as there was a formation being used to heat up the metal inside, but since he was being apprenticed, he did as asked.

Once the metal was melted, he pulled out the crucible and poured the metal onto a mold. He waited just long enough for the shape to solidify, and then pulled the still burning hot and red metal out from the mold and onto an anvil before starting to beat it with a hammer that he had received.

He hit the metal for as long as he could before it solidified to the point that hitting simply made no difference anymore. After that, he put it back on the furnace to make it soft again.

His teacher sat on a stool not far away, watching every little move, but not teaching him anything at all unless he made some mistake.

Having remembered everything, Alex made no mistake. At least, for the most part.

Alex struck the metal as hard as he could and tried to have it be as equally distributed throughout the metal as he could, but it was hard for him to tell what metal was tempered and what wasn't.

"Try to compress it," the saint spoke after seeing him struggle at that part. "Compressing usually helps with tempering the metal and also makes it strong."

"Yes," Alex said and started heating the metal once more. He put it back in the furnace for a bit again and pulled it out once more to continue hammering it.

After doing the same thing a few more times, it was time for him to pour some Qi into it and make some Qi lines.

He put the sword into the furnace once again and looked towards the saint. "For the Qi lines, you said that they sometimes randomly make skills right?" he asked.

"Yes," the saint said. "What about it?"

"Well, can I try and make some myself?" Alex asked.

"Oh... you want to make some skills huh? How do you plan on doing that exactly?" the saint asked curiously.

"Uh, just make some random squiggly lines. Will that hurt my sword's grade?" he asked.

"No, as long as there are enough Qi lines, your sword won't suffer from it. But that also means you will have to spend quite a lot of focus and Qi on it. You think you can do it?" the man asked.

"I... I think I can," Alex said. He wasn't fully confident as this was the first time he was making anything artifact, but he was sure he had understood what he needed to do enough so that he knew what he was doing.

Once the sword was out of the furnace, he got to work.

As he hit the metal in locations where they were uneven to even out the overall thickness of the sword, he also poured in Qi from the side as it branched off into multiple sections, which quickly started curving around itself as Alex tried to take as much path as possible.

Having made 9 pills at once in 3 different cauldrons while cultivating at the same time during a period where he also had to make mental tracking of what ingredients went in next and what the temperature had to be for the cauldrons, this task felt very simple for Alex.

He was calm the entire time as he struck the metal continuously, making sparks fly off, while in the meantime he covered the entirety of the sword with Qi lines.

For being his first time, Alex was actually doing not very bad. In fact, he was doing exceptionally well.

After a few minutes of hitting and drawing lines, Alex was finally done and he plopped the sword into the barrel full of water.

The sword sizzled as it cooled and Alex stepped back in wait. He still had to put on the handle and hilt, and then sharpen the sword, but those were rather easy.

"You said this was your first time, right?" the man asked.

"Yes," Alex said.

"Then how are you so good at concentrating?" he asked. "Do you make something else?"

"Uhh... yes," Alex said. "I dabble in Formations and Talismans as well."

There was no way in hell he was ever going to tell the man that he knew alchemy. That would, as far as he knew, be a death sentence in most cases.

Although the rules seemed lax in the State of Dong for alchemy, and it was the teaching of alchemy that was more frowned upon, Alex still wasn't going to tell anyone that he knew how to make pills.

"Oh, what grade?" the man asked curiously.

"I... can reach Heaven grade for both," Alex said.

"What?" the man's eyes widened a bit. "You're a True Heaven formation master and a True Heaven Talisman forger?"

"Yes," Alex said.

"Then why would you try and learn forging? Just focus on those two, get your skills to immortal grade, then artifact forgers will come begging to take your work. You don't need to make it yourself," the man said.

Alex chuckled when he heard that. "It's alright. I'm doing this because I want to learn," he said.

"Well, I guess I can see where the True Heaven rank for the other two professions come from," he said.

Alex didn't say much and focused on his work. Once he was done with making the sword, putting the hilt, and sharpening it, he checked it.

The sword was... average. Not as good as what the Saint had made, but it was still pretty good. The Qi lines made it easy to pour Qi into the sword, but sadly, no skill seemed to be there.

Alex showed the sword to the Saint and was told that he did pretty well, for being his first time.

Then, he took the sword to a formation, which used metal tongs to snap the sword in two.

"Hmm, you need True Emperor 7th realm to break the sword. Not bad," the man said. "However, a True rank sword is considered mediocre if it can be broken by a True realm cultivator. Make one that needs at least Saint realm cultivator to destroy it."

"So, make it again?" Alex asked.

"Yes," the man said as he tossed the broken sword back. "There's your metal. Redo it until you've tempered it to be very strong."

Alex took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay," he said.

After placing the metals back in the furnace, he restarted. He heated the metal pieces until it was down to being fully melted and then poured them back onto the mold.

Then, he started hitting it again. The problem was with tempering, he needed to temper it better.

He struck metal hard with the hammer and repeated it again and again. The sound of his hammer was lost in the many noises of the smithery, but someone heard it, loud and clear.

So, when he came to see what was happening and saw that Alex was forging a sword, he frowned at the striking technique he was using to temper the metal.

"That's not how you do it, kid," he spoke into Alex's ears. No, into his mind.

Alex paused for a second. "Godslayer?"

Chapter 903: Fully Tempered

"Who taught you to temper a metal like that? Are you trying to beat the life out of that metal?"

Godslayer spoke in his mind.

"Uhh... you know how to temper a metal?" Alex asked.

"Of course I do," Godslayer said. "It's not about how hard you hit, it's about how frequent you are. You need to build up a tempo with your strikes. Don't focus on the strength, focus on stability."

Alex didn't know why Godslayer was saying this or why he was even speaking for that matter, however, he decided to take the knowledge of someone from the immortal world by heart and did as he was told.

Instead of trying to temper a metal by striking it as hard as he could, he went slow and steady.

TANG! TANG! TANG!

"You're still doing it wrong," Godslayer spoke. "Same strength, same speed, every time."

Alex nodded and improved his method. Alex tried his best to keep everything stable and soon the strikes fell into a pattern.

"Calm yourself. Let yourself fall into the rhythm of the metal. Hear its sound; understand what it wants," Godslayer spoke.

Alex nodded. He didn't even realize what he was doing as he kept hammering the metal, trying to feel its rhythm. At some point, per Godslayer's teaching, Alex started heating the metal as he hit it.

The cooling metal once again heated up and no longer needed to be put back into the furnace for heating. So, as Alex hit it for a long period of time, he found himself falling into a trance.

The Saint cultivator who was working on his own thing, found himself getting drawn to the music that was hidden behind the noise of the smithy.

"Who?" he turned to look and couldn't help but be surprised that it was Alex who was doing it.

He quickly walked up to ask what exactly he was doing but found himself unable to speak as he was drawn in by the method.

The red-hot sword brightened even further as every last bit of it was being purified by the hits.

Suddenly, a loud harmonic tone, like a ringing bell rang throughout the entire smithy, catching everyone's attention including Alex's.

Alex fell out of his trance and quickly tried hitting the metal again, but Godslayer spoke just in time. "Stop. You've tempered the metal."

"I... I did?" he asked.

"That ringing you heard was the sound of the metal resonating after every last bit of impurities was removed," Godslayer said. "With that, the strength and durability of the metal have reached as high as it possibly can."

"I see," Alex said, thinking back to the zoned-out state he had just been in. He was so focused on hitting the metal that he didn't even keep track of how many times he hit it.

100? 200? 500?

"Kid!" the man spoke, making Alex jump from surprise.

"Yes?" he asked. Alex finally noticed that a group of cultivators was surrounding him, looking at him with surprise.

"What was that just now? What did you do?" he asked.

"I... I don't really know," Alex said. "I was just tempering the sword when I fell into a trance."

"You don't know?" the man frowned. "Alright, finish the sword. You can do it again later."

Alex nodded and went on to finish the sword. He pulled the cold sword out and went to put it back into the furnace when he heard Godslayer stop him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Putting it back into the furnace, so I can have an easier time contorting the shape to the way I want," Alex said.

"And risk getting the metal in contact with other things that have been in the furnace? You want to keep tempering the sword your whole life?" Godslayer asked. "Just heat it on the anvil where you tempered it and fix the shape."

"Ah, right. That does sound better," Alex said and returned the sword to the anvil before trying to fix its shape to not be as uneven as it was.

"Stop hitting it so much, use your Dao to shape it," Godslayer said.

"My... dao?" Alex was confused for a second. He had the Dao of Explosion, Heat, Heat Conduction, Plant growth, and Five Elemental Interactions. But then, which Dao was he to use to fix the shape?

"Yes, your dao," Godslayer said. "The Dao of Metal you learned not long ago."

"Ah, that's not my Dao," Alex said, after finally understanding what the sword spirit was talking about. "It was my cat that learned it."

"Your cat? Why would your cat be so learned that it knows a Dao? That too in this backwater realm," Godslayer said.

"Oh, that's because... he has good metal roots," Alex said, barely catching himself before he made a terrible mistake.

He was about to say that Pearl was a descendant of the White Tiger, and had a lot of its bloodline, but he caught himself before revealing that someone with a god-blessed bloodline was with him.

In front of Godslayer that acted like a maniac at the word 'God', that was a terribly bad idea.

"He learned Dao of Metal just by having good metal roots?" Godslayer sounded suspicious. "Well, I guess he's quite lucky then. Do what you can then, although it is better to learn some Dao for forging while you can. I'm going back."

"While I can? What do you mean while I can?" Alex asked, but Godslayer was no longer there to answer him. "Godslayer?"

Realizing that Godslayer was gone, Alex pushed the confusion back into his mind and continued making the sword. He put the Qi lines through the sword and didn't bother making them curved.

Instead, he put as many as he could in them. Once he thought that the sword was done, He stopped and plunged it into the water.

He then went on to put the finishing touches on the sword and 15 minutes later, his sword was ready.

He took the sword to the Saint to show him if he passed.

The saint took the sword, looked at it, then looked at the machine, then looked back at the sword, and then hesitated.

"I... I don't have the heart to put this sword in the formation," he said. He tried bending the sword a little and stopped.

"I believe it suffices to say that you have succeeded," the man said. "This is very much likely a True Heaven sword. If not for the materials used, I wouldn't have been surprised if this was a Saint Earth-grade sword."

The man admired the sword a little and gave it to Alex. "Take it. You made it, so it is yours," he said.

Alex took the sword and nodded. "Thank you," he said.

"Now, do you think you can show us what you did earlier?" the saint asked.

Alex thought for a bit and said, "I can try."

So, the many forgers gathered around and watched as Alex took another portion of molten metal and started hitting it again.

At first, nothing happened, but as he continuously hit the metal with a rhythm, he once more fell into a trance, and everyone watched it happen.

The group learned that day how one could temper a metal to its purest and strongest form. However, even after learning it, barely anyone was able to replicate it, and that too not every time.

It would take them a long time to get used to it as not everyone had the same talent as Alex to do something just by learning it once.

Alex returned back to the tavern in the evening after finishing his work. As soon as he was back, he entered his mind and looked for Godslayer.

Alex had many questions he wanted to ask him. How did he know how to temper a metal? How did he know how swords were made? How did he know about the many daos one would need to learn for forgery?

Did he perhaps watch his crafter make many other artifacts after him?

However, when he asked those questions, Alex didn't get a single answer in return. Godslayer only told him one thing.

"I don't know."

After that, he did not say anything and stayed away from Alex.

Alex returned back after getting no answer and stopped worrying about it. After all, there were many more things that Godslayer had simply never bothered explaining to him, and this one was just a few questions to add to that pile.

So, Alex went back to cultivating and continued his apprenticeship for the next couple of days.

Chapter 904: Metal Compounding

On his free weekend, Alex went to mine once more and mined about 30 tons of the ore this time around.

He spent 2 days mining there and only stopped around the evening of the 2nd day.

He closed the formation and turned around to leave when a bunch of Saint realm cultivators passed by next to him on their way in.

When they saw the giant hole in the wall, they stopped.

"What the hell?" one of them said.

"Who did that?" another person asked.

"Was it here 5 days ago? I don't remember seeing this," a woman spoke.

They saw Alex right next to them, but his cultivation was... they couldn't really tell what his cultivation was, but he wasn't in the Saint realm and that was all that mattered to them.

"Junior, stop," one of them spoke. Alex turned around, his spiritual sensing falling on them all as he checked them out.

They were all wearing different forms of clothes, but Alex did recognize one of them as belonging to the Blue Spring sect, which meant at least one of these cultivators came from the far east from the State of Shuang.

"How can I help you, senior?" he asked.

The group was a little surprised to see that Alex had spiritual sense, and his mask made him look a little eye catching.

"Did you see who did this to the wall?" one of them asked.

"No," Alex shook his head.

"Really? You were working on this section though," the woman asked.

"I merely thought it was good because it was already broken into," Alex said. "However, it isn't as good as it looks. Even with a hole, the wall is still as hard to get into as ever," Alex said.

"Of course, we know. We don't need a True realm cultivator to tell us that," the woman said.

Alex didn't reply. "If you don't have any other questions, then I will leave," he said and turned around.

The group watched him walk away and a few of them put on an appalled face.

"His gall to turn away while we're speaking. Let me teach him some manners," the woman said and was about to walk out when the man from the Blue Spring sect stopped her.

"Don't waste your time. We need to gather as many ores as we can in this month and return back to Shuang state," he said.

The other saints nodded and one by one, they separated from there to go to different locations in the cave and mine for ores.

Alex returned back to his room and started cultivating once more.

His apprenticeship continued from tomorrow on, until the next 5 days, so he prepared for it by remembering what he had learned in the last 5 days.

Aside from the sword, he learned to make spears, sabers, daggers, axe, hammers, bows, and arrows.

He was also taught how to make armor and shield and was even taught the design behind the Qi lines that came to make armor with barrier capabilities.

Alex learned it and made some armor, but they didn't come out as great as he would have hoped. He had tempered the metal perfectly, but an armor was more than just metal.

It also included leathers and clothes that Alex wasn't used to and ended up making an acceptable but not great armor. He wasn't really worried about that, however, his only interest here was in making a sword after all.

The next day, Alex went to the smithy early morning and arrived just as everyone was starting to get the furnaces working.

"Oh, you came already?" the Saint looked at him. "Uhh, can you make this sword for a while? I need to make a sword myself. A customer came after you left yesterday and paid extra money to get it made as soon as possible, so I will have to work in the back today."

"Work in the back?" Alex was curious. "They brought the tungsten ore?"

"Yes, they want a sword out of it, so I will have to work there the whole time," he said.

"Can I watch?" Alex asked.

"You want to watch?" the Saint made a confused face. "There's nothing to watch though. You already know how to make a sword and you already know how I extract the metal from the ore."

"I have always been curious about one thing," Alex said. "The weapons that use the Tungsten can increase and decrease in size for some reason. I want to learn more about it."

"Ah! You want to learn about metal compounding huh? It's a little advanced, but I guess I can teach you. Come with me," he said and took Alex to the back of the smithy.

They went into one of the rooms with the tungsten furnace and Alex watched the Saint break the ore apart as best as he could and then melt the ore twice as it was too big to do it at once.

Once he obtained the relatively pure metal, it was about 1 ton in weight.

Alex watched the volume of the metal and it was quite a lot. The 1 ton of metal would make at least 2 swords, if not more. He was surprised at how large it actually was.

"We're making a single sword?" he asked.

"Yes," the Saint said. "But first, we need to make an alloy," he said. He brought out some materials, only half of which Alex had interacted with before, and put them in the furnace.

As it melted, he put the metal into the furnace too, and used his Qi to mix them together so they blended together properly.

Once it was all done, the Saint poured out the massive pool of molten metal alloy that could certainly make about 4 different swords now.

He switched it over to a metal bed that lay on the ground in the room and brought out his hammer to start beating on it.

Alex heard the uniform sounds of the beat as he recognized the man try and listen to the metal's rhythm and follow it.

He had only succeeded twice in the last week, but he still tried. Still, even when he didn't fall into a rhythm, just trying to stay in one made a massive difference.

Alex watched the metal shrink a little as the impurities were removed. However, the man kept striking and somehow the metal kept shrinking.

Alex could see heat being constantly passed onto the sword as the man worked on it and saw the metal shrink even further.

What started as a metal that could be turned into 4 or more swords, had now shrunken in size to the point that it could only make 3 swords.

But the saint kept on going. He continued striking the metal with his hammer and the metal kept shrinking.

Alex wanted to ask what was going on, but he could see an incredible focus in the man's eyes and could even see him struggling, so he decided not to speak and only watched for now.

The metal continued to shrink. From 3 swords, it went to being the size of 2 and a half swords, and from that to 2 swords.

The focus and strain on the man's face were even greater now that he continued hammering away at the metal to shrink it more and more and more until there was only enough metal to make a single sword.

Then, he started making Qi lines and hammered away at locations to make the sword even.

Half an hour later, he finally stopped and slumped onto the ground as if he had lost all stamina.

He breathed heavily, while Alex approached him.

"What happened to the rest of the metal? Did you compress it?" he asked.

"Yes," he said. "In the artifact forging field, we call it compounding. Few metals work like this and can be compressed to such a point. When you use Qi on it now, it reveals its original size."

"Oh," Alex finally understood what he had been curious about for a very long time now. 'So that's why they were so freely compressing and expanding their weapons.

"Is there a reason why you make an alloy and not just used the ore?" Alex asked.

"Heavier is better most of the time, and despite being an alloy, it's barely any weaker than if it had been made with pure tungsten," he said. "Also, having more metal to work with is much better when you plan on compounding something."

"I see," Alex said. "A 3-ton weapon with a lot of tungsten would obviously be much better than a 1-ton weapon that is all tungsten. Thank you for teaching me that."

"I'll teach you what to do in theory later on. For now, go back and make the sword I told you to earlier. I'll come to check after I'm done finishing this up."

Alex nodded and returned back to the smithy at the front and worked.

The 5 days that week, Alex spent learning the little crafts. Like making handles, or hilts or cutting leather, and such; Skills that didn't seem fancy from the outside but were rather integral to every artifact out there.

While Alex didn't learn how one could make the more weird and fantastical artifacts, what he did learn, he was very grateful for.

With this, he would be able to make the many swords he wanted, even though he wouldn't make it until he was in the Saint realm and learned a few Dao.

On the final day of his apprenticeship, Alex was given a small test, which he passed with flying colors.

Then as a gift, Hwan Fulin gave Alex an anvil and a hammer so he could continue forging no matter where he went.

Alex thanked his two weeks long Master and left the smithy, never to be seen there again for a long time.

Chapter 905: Weak or Strong

Alex spent the next three weeks in the mine, not going anywhere as he carved chunk after chunk from the wall.

With a sword that didn't lose its edge no matter how many hard surfaces he struck or dug into, Alex was able to do what many others would simply assume to be an impossibility.

Alex had now made such a big hole, that it could be a pathway in its own right.

He sent his spiritual sense into his storage ring and saw the nearly 700 Tons of Ore that he had carved out from the wall in all these days.

"Yeah, I've wasted a lot of time here," he thought. He hadn't improved at all in all these last few weeks as he had just focused on mining as much as he could. He did gain about 200 tons more than he would have if he trained, but that was not what he wanted at the time.

However, now that he did want it, he needed to leave this mine and get stronger. Thus he needed to go to the ancient battlefield as soon as he could, so he could train.

Alex closed the formation behind him and was about to walk out when a group walked past the location at the same time.

A girl noticed him and her eyes widened. "You! Stop!" she shouted.

Alex turned to see who it was and immediately his face fell. They were the same group from about a month ago when he had met them.

Alex ignored them and continued walking, but the girl quickly ran up and grabbed his shoulder.

"You disrespectful little bastard! Do you think you can run—" her voice trailed off when her senses fell on the massive hole to her right and she saw the missing wall.

"What the!" the girl was surprised when she saw it, and so did the rest of her colleagues.

They were shocked to see such a massive chunk of the wall missing, but what surprised them the most was the sharp cuts that were located in multiple places around the hole.

As if someone had cut through the wall rather than used brute force to try and break the ore.

"How can this be?" the men were surprised.

The man in the purple and white robe strode forward. "Junior brother, you were there last time there was a similar hole on this wall, and now you are here too. Do you still plan on telling us that you do not know how it came to be?" he asked.

The other 6 saints moved forward at the same time with a rather threatening stance to them.

Alex looked at all 8 of them, and then his sense fell back on the man that seemed to be their leader.

"What do you want to know?" he asked.

"How did this hole, no tunnel come to be?" the man asked.

"I made it," Alex said. "Is that what you want to hear? A True realm cultivator making tunnels where Saint realms struggle to put a dent?"

The man frowned. That was true. Under all circumstances, it would be hard to believe that it was Alex who made the hole. However, he was sure that there was no hole here and now there was.

And in the last many days, he went in and out of this mine, he was certain he saw a formation barrier here, that only just came down.

So, even though he didn't want to believe it, the clues all lead to Alex being the one who put the hole there.

"Don't lie to us, boy," the girl suddenly spoke. "I'm all but certain that it was you who put the hole in the wall. I will make sure you fess up to how you did it."

The other 6 saints nodded as well, as they were very curious to find out.

Alex snickered a bit. "Come on, senior! Make up your mind. Am I a weakling you can force into doing anything you want? Or Am I someone capable of putting giant holes in rocks that you can't imagine doing in a thousand years?"

"Either way, do you really think the outcome will be in your favor? You will either be bullying a junior for nothing or provoking a very strong monster. Do you really want to find out which one I am?" he asked.

The group fell silent as they contemplated their choices and they could see that either one was bad for them. One was obviously worse than the other.

The man from the Blue Spring sect realized that there was nothing good that would come from this confrontation, so he decided to deescalate it.

"I th—"

"You think I can't call your bluff?" the woman suddenly spoke and reached out for Alex. She moved quickly, her hands reaching for his mask.

Alex was fast too. His left hand at a lightning-fast speed, catching the moving hand mid-air, next to his face. Then, he pulled the woman towards him and with his other hand struck her in her stomach.

Golden light blossomed and then exploded at the location of the strike and the girl was sent flying far away in the tunnel.

A few of the saints immediately ran back to check on the woman, while a few remained where they were, ready to fight.

"Do you still want to fight?" Alex asked. The Saints here weren't even at the Saint Condensation 6th realm yet. With such low cultivation, they had no chance of beating him at all.

The man from the Blue Spirit sect realized what he was up against. Alex was no longer a junior in his eyes, but a senior whose powers he could not fathom.

For all he understood, this was a Saint cultivator that wanted some fun in life, so he was imitating a True realm cultivator.

"My apologies, senior," the man immediately bowed at the waist.

Alex was a little surprised. He hadn't expected the Saint to not fight, let alone call him a senior.

"You aren't going to attack me?" Alex asked.

"No, senior. Please forgive us for disturbing you," the man said.

Alex lowered his guard a little and looked at the other saints. They had also assumed a junior-like stance and were no longer planning to attack.

"Very well then, I'll let you be," Alex said and turned around to leave. Even as he walked away, the man remained bent at the waist, bowing towards Alex.

It was only after a long time had passed that the man finally got back up, his face fully drenched in sweat at the fear of what could have been.

"We're letting him go?" one of the saints asked.

"You wanna catch him? Go catch. I doubt he's gone too far," Another saint said, mocking him.

"Stop it," the purple-robed man said and walked away. He went to check on the girl and saw that she was fine... as fine as a person with a few broken ribs could be.

"You have to get revenge for me, big brother," the girl said.

"Yeah, I'm not courting death for nothing," the man said with a slight chuckle in his voice. "Come on. It's about time we return back."

Chapter 906: Silvermoon City

Alex arrived at the gates of a massive city called Silvermoon city. It was further south from Snowsoot city, and very close to the border of the State of Re down in the south.

This far south, the snow melted in the summer and you could see fresh ground more than snow. A bit further down from here and you would arrive at a place where snow rarely fell, and even south from that would be places that were no different from the Western Continent.

The Silvermoon city was close to two of the Nine wonders of the Northern Continent.

To its north lay the Ancient Battlefield, where everyone came to test themselves, to train against the environment left behind by the ancient war, and see if they had it in them to be as strong as the people of that time were.

To its south, beyond the border lay the 12 volcanic mountains, and within them the other Ninth wonder, the 13th Volcanic mountain where fire resources were more than just abundant.

Alex had gone to the Ancient Battlefield first, but after reaching there, he had come to learn that the battlefield was surrounded by a formation to not let anything or anyone come in and out as they wanted to.

That included the many intent and Qi that still remained in there, as well as corpses from ancient times for people to plunder... if there even was any left by now.

Alex was unaware of this information, so when he learned it, he was quite surprised. Although, it had been so long that he could forget about finding them at all.

Since there was a formation about the battlefield, the Saint cultivators put there from all 5 Ancient sects only opened the formation once every 6 months.

The next opening happened in about a month's time, so Alex was forced to find a place to stay.

As such, he found himself in the closest and biggest city he could find.

The Silvermoon city.

Alex stood at the back of the massive line of people, waiting to get in. As time went on, the line moved forward and Alex arrived at the gate where the guards were disciples of the Frozen Heart sect.

Alex was told that he had to pay to get in, but Alex used the affiliation badge he got from Elder Xuan to get in.

As soon as he walked in, he was surprised by how good the city looked. It was a massive city, far larger than any city he had ever seen.

The terrain was uneven with both flat and hilly areas, but they were all covered in houses and buildings and nearly no empty plot of land was left aside.

Alex walked through the cramped street, looking at the jam-packed architecture that seemed to call people to look at them.

The board signs hung around in front of the stores, seemingly selling anything one could want to buy.

Alex was even surprised to find a pill store here, but there didn't seem to be that many visitors or sales there.

On the other hand, the pastes section of the store seemed to be selling out like it would run out if the people didn't.

Alex didn't think of a destination as he walked around the city, looking at the various location.

As he did, he saw a few disciples wearing golden robes that seemed to belong to a sect. At their chest was the symbol of a snowflake that Alex couldn't seem to remember seeing anywhere.

"There's a sect in this city?" Alex wondered. He didn't think there was enough land for there to be a sect here, and he didn't hear about there being a sect in the surrounding.

Still, the golden-robed disciples must belong to a sect. All Alex could do was assume that they came from a sect that wasn't very big.

As he expected, Alex saw more crystal blue-robed girls patrolling the street than the golden-robed disciples wandering the street.

Alex continued to wander as well, going from location to location, from store to store, looking at everything.

Alex didn't buy anything, he didn't need anything. Still, he went through the stores, just in case.

He did need to buy some defensive metal artifacts, but he decided to wait until he was at the saint realm before he did that.

There was one thing he had realized as he got closer to the Saint realm, and that was the fact that the defensive mental artifacts were likely not as good as he expected them to be.

As a True realm cultivator, who wasn't supposed to have any Spiritual sea, having one allowed him to deal with mental attacks. But that still came from one that wasn't supposed to have it.

So, while strong, his mental attacks had a lot of flaws. However, at the Saint realm, he would certainly have a very strong Spiritual sense that could simply defeat most low-level defensive mental artifacts even as a 1st realm Saint Condensation cultivator.

As such, he likely would also not need any low-tier defense in return. So, he decided to wait just how strong someone's attack would need to be before he took damage.

On top of that, he also wanted to check if the mask would do anything to block that as well.

So, despite wanting to buy the defensive mental artifact, Alex didn't give in to his urges. He left the place and walked through the rest of the town.

The Silvermoon city was big and even as night fell, Alex hadn't been through most of the city.

'I need to find myself a place to stay,' he thought. He had taken too long to decide this and had to thus hurry up to find himself a place.

Alex wandered through the streets, trying to find himself a tavern or a simple lodging area when he came across a gate that lead to somewhere.

Normally, he wouldn't have stopped for such a place, but the snowflake symbol on the gate made him stop for a moment.

The symbol on the robes of those golden-robed disciples was nothing but a simple curiosity for Alex to learn of their origin and now he had found it.

To satiate his curiosity, he read the words that were written on the board as he moved along.

At first, the 3 words didn't mean anything to his eyes, and so he continued along his way to find a hotel for himself.

However, he suddenly paused in his steps to look back at the words behind him. A memory emerged in his mind as he recalled a single piece of information he had learned nearly 16 months ago.

Before the Northern Continent was as it was, nearly 30 thousand years ago until 8 thousand years ago, it was ruled by a great sect that had its hand everywhere.

Major sects around the continents were but its branch members, and it was easily one of the biggest sects in the entire world, raising multiple immortals.

However, during one of the leader's attempts at breaking through to Immortality, he failed miserably. Not only did he die at the time, but he also became the reason why almost every elder in the sect at that time died.

Like vultures at a corpse, the 5 biggest branches at the time came to take part of this massive sect and became the Ancient powerhouses they were today.

Alex looked at the gate of that very sect, that was the origin of everything the northern continent was today.

The Snow Immortal Sect.

"So this is where the sect was," Alex thought. This was where the Snow Immortal sect became a Super Sect and ruled over the entire continent while the Ruler still lived in his realm.

'No wonder this city is so big,' he thought.

He wondered if the Snow Immortal sect was possibly situated here because this location was close to the Ancient Battlefield, and the 13th Volcanic mountain, while also being closest to the Dao mountain, Demonic Forest, the Teleportation formation, and the Nine Wells of Time at the same time.

That would certainly be a reason to have a sect built here.

Alex shook himself out of the thought and stopped thinking about it. The Snow Immortal sect was but a husk of its former self, a mid-tier sect at best, with no hope of ever reaching the heights they had reached before.

So, Alex gave no more thought to them and turned around to leave and find himself a place to stay for the time being.

Chapter 907: Auction

As the days went by and the day of the Ancient Battlefield's opening got closer and closer, Alex came to realize that a lot of True Emperor realm cultivators and Saint realm cultivators were coming to the city to train.

Every 6 months, many young and enthusiastic cultivators would come to learn new and old Dao and improve their understanding of their cultivation journey.

With a week left before the Battlefield's opening, it was hard for Alex to go out to the city and not see a young master or a young elder from a sect come here.

Since this was the time in between the Dao mountain opening, this was the perfect time for most of them to go improve themselves on the battlefield.

However, before they entered, there was still an entire week left. And in this period, the largest auction house in the city had decided to start an auction that would last 3 days and nights.

They had been advertising this since before Alex came, and Alex had taken the chance to get rid of the various things he had that weren't exactly something he wanted.

These included everything but pills. He didn't want to risk selling pills at all.

The auction house was a little reluctant to accept his items at first after seeing his cultivation base, but after he showed what he wanted to sell, they were more than happy.

The auction was virtually split into two sections for when the auction house sold its items. The first one was the normal section, which included items sold off in the first 2 days of the auction.

Not everyone came to buy something during the first 2 days, but the auction house did take only 5% of the sale's cut.

It was only on the final day when the elites came and the prices for the items were high, but the auction house took a 10% cut on that day, so you really needed to be thoughtful about when to sell your items.

Of course, not all items qualified for the third day, but Alex did have a few that did, and after some deliberation, he decided to sell those on the third day.

Once that was done, he only needed to wait until the day of the auction, which was today.

Alex arrived at the foot of the auction house and was led to the lower halls and was made to sit somewhere towards the front. He was also handed a token which he was to use later.

Alex looked around in the velvet-covered auction hall and saw that there were 3 different floors.

The lower floor was for True realm cultivators and could house about 5000 cultivators at once.

The higher floor was for Saint realm cultivators and could only house about a thousand saint realm cultivators at once.

Finally, above them were the VIPs, which were only reserved for people like sect masters or Saint Core realm cultivators.

Alex didn't mind being sat so in the front as he wasn't intending to buy anything. Still, he wasn't against buying anything so long as he found something interesting.

As the hall slowly filled up, the time approached for the start of the auction house.

The lights slowly dimmed until everyone's attention was on the one place where the light still shined.

The stage.

4 Saint Foundation realm cultivators came out and stood at the edge of the stage. As soon as they arrived, a crimson barrier emerged in front of them, blocking everything for the moment.

The crowd didn't understand what was going on, but the barrier quickly disappeared, leaving a massive table on the stage with a woman in a beautiful pink robe standing behind the table.

"Good afternoon, fellow Daoists. Thank you for coming to our auction. I hope you've been having a lovely day," the woman spoke.

"I am Xi Qiyun, your auctioneer for this auction, and before I start it, I would like to explain to you how you can bid in this auction," she said.

"Many of you may already know this, but this explanation is for those who do not," she said. "When every one of you came in, you were all handed a small token."

"Instead of shouting out your bid, you will be silently putting in your bid through the token. Also, unlike most other bids, we have a lot of items to bid away. So, for the first 2 days where we sell normal items, you will all be subjected to a 2-minute bidding time, during which you can bid as much as you want."

"Bidding will have to happen in True Spirit stones, and once the timer ends, the highest bid will win," she said. "More information will appear in front of you as it is needed."

"So, without any more waiting, let me begin the auction," the woman said and called out the first item.

Alex waited to see what the first item would be and saw the woman bring out the books he had brought to sell.

'I'm first huh?' he thought.

"In front of me are a few books, none of which have anything to do with cultivation techniques," the woman said. "What they do have to do with is Dao."

The crowd spoke in a hushed tone, trying to figure out what she was saying.

"As you all know how hard it can be to gain an insight into a Dao. One can cultivate for years and not see a hint of it. Fortunately for you all, you now have an aid."

"All of these books are insights into Dao, and we will start with this first one. This one gives you an insight into the Dao of Earth. Betting starts at 1000 True Spirit stones, with 50 spirit stones increment. Begin."

As soon as she said that, a few words in red suddenly appeared in front of them all in the location where the crimson barrier had first emerged.

'0' hung in the middle with 120 seconds ticking down slowly. People realized that they were losing time and immediately started betting on the book.

Alex felt a little bad selling such a thing to these people who were hoping for insights, but then the Black Tortoise explained to him the situation of this world.

With a hybrid body, these people had no chance of ever entering Immortality. Also, Insights didn't just stop one from acquiring a Dao, it simply made it harder. One needed to learn more on their own without the worldly laws showing them a few insights while they cultivated.

So, he didn't have as large of guilt as he felt he should have.

He saw the number blur through on the screen as it got bigger and bigger by the second.

As the time approached its end, the number had already crossed 8000.

8000 True spirit stones. That... wasn't bad, but that wasn't great either. In fact, given how lucrative the insights must be, he was certainly more people would want to acquire them.

'Wait, why did they put my books at the start anyway?' he wondered. 'Wouldn't it be smarter to put it at the last when the elites actually start to arrive? That would certainly fetch more coins, wouldn't it?' he thought.

After a bit more thinking, Alex realized why. 'These sneaky little... they know about the problem with insights too, don't they?' he thought. 'They want to profit from it as fast as they can before someone with actual knowledge arrive. So I'm not the only bad guy here.'

The lady Xi Qiyun smiled as the number slowly racked up and when the timer ended, the price finalized at 9250 True Spirit stones.

"Congratulations to bidder number 2384. This book of insight on the Dao of Earth is yours," she said and kept the book aside were a few staff members came to take it and took it backstage.

"Next up is the book with an insight into the Dao of Sharpness. It will go for 1000 True spirit stones at the start with 50 increasing for each bid. You may begin."

Alex watched as the people began furiously bidding on the next book as well, and when the time came for the bidding to end, this one earned nearly 10 thousand True Spirit stones.

The rest of the insight books were sold after that, and those brought him about 170 thousand True Spirit stones in total.

Chapter 908: Jin Baiquan

Without a doubt, the 170 thousand True Spirit stones were the highest sales Alex had ever seen in any auction, whether it was his own sale or someone else's.

And to think this was only beginning and he had so many more things to sell this time around.

The next set of items came on stage. They were formation techniques that helped easily set up formation flags without having to worry about getting their location correct. The technique helped a lot with that.

The bidding started and Alex was quite curious about it, so he bid a bit as well.

However, there seemed to be more enthusiastic individuals in the crowd that outbid him every time.

His number, 1342, barely stayed on the barrier screen for a second before flicking through to another random number.

In the end, he wasn't capable of getting that technique.

The next item rolled up, another technique that taught someone a sword attack involving fire.

Given that it was a Heaven-grade technique, Alex didn't feel the need for that.

Items continued being auctioned off and one by one people bought them.

Every once in a while, there would come a technique, formation plate, talisman, or artifacts that Alex was selling and he would be happy seeing the high bid for each of them.

Alex didn't simply sell what he had gotten from his spoils, but also many other techniques that he had learned himself.

Not including the Immortal grade techniques, Alex sold every other technique that the people of the Northern Continent would certainly be happy to see.

The only technique that could be sold, but he didn't was the Winter Moon cultivation method. That was a technique that was provided to him by his master just a day before she had died. He didn't ever want to give it away. Not if he could help it.

Formations, talismans, techniques, cultivation methods, deeds to lands, artifacts, puppets, ores, and even pills. Everything was being sold in this auction and people spend their money on it like it was the last thing that would ever be sold, anywhere.

The first day passed, and the second day was coming to a close too. One by one, the elites started coming in too, and the people below could hear the sounds of people entering the VIP rooms.

They couldn't tell who was in there, but they didn't need to. Rather, then didn't want to find out at all.

Slowly, the first half of the auction came to an end, and the final item that was sold was his Infinite Heavenly Ice Spear technique.

It sold for a surprising 18 thousand True Spirit stones. If his math was correct, he had made something close to 600 thousand True Spirit stones based on just the first part of the auction.

While he hadn't put that many items in the second half, based on these proceedings, he still expected to earn close to 200 thousand True Spirit stones.

The ambush in the Demon realm had actually turned out to be a fortune for him.

Once the first half of the auction ended, the atmosphere shifted and the auctioneer changed.

The new auctioneer that arrived was an elderly man that looked to be on his deathbed but walked with a gait that only young men would have.

He arrived in front of the table and spoke. "I hope you are all here. I won't be waiting for any of you if you haven't," he said and brought out the first item.

He pulled the veil from the cage that hid a small green snake inside it, and coiled around in the cage.

It was a baby snake, which would otherwise be normal for the most part, but Alex was surprised to see a few wings on its back, like ones that would only belong to a dragonfly.

"First off, we have a baby Viridescent Dragonsnake," the old man said in a very unenthusiastic manner. "It hatched only a few days ago and is currently kept inside a cage with a formation that blocks its vision. So, despite having been born, the snake hasn't seen anyone yet."

"Thus, you will be able to imprint yourself on the snake. It came from the Demonic beast's forest and was the offspring of a Saint Foundation realm Viridescent Dragonsnake. The opening bid will be 10 thousand True spirit stones, and every bid must go up by 500 True Spirit stones. You have 5 minutes, start."

The old man turned around and sat on a chair nearby as he gave no care to who was buying the item or who was selling it.

Quite a few of the people around Alex started complaining about the rude behavior the auctioneer was showing them, but they were quickly shut down by the information that was being passed around to everyone which made them scared to their core.

Alex was quite shocked when he heard them too.

The man standing in front of them, Jin Baiquan, was over 8000 years old and was easily the oldest person in this auction hall. He had a really high cultivation base, but even with that, his life was slowly approaching its end.

That information alone would have made Alex quite amazed about the old man, but when he realized that this was one of the last remaining elders of the Snow Immortal sect from that time, he was beyond shocked.

"So someone did survive that disaster," Alex thought to himself. 'Was that why the sect still exists during this time?'

Alex had thought that, but then he learned that the old man had stopped being a member of the sect, so it wasn't really his influence that had kept the sect going.

'How has the sect not disbanded yet?' Alex wondered.

The 10 thousand True spirit stones that were the started bid looked pitiful when the number rose to over 60 thousand in a span of 3 minutes.

In 1 more minute it reached up to 75 thousand and when the bid ended, it climbed as high as 102 thousand True spirit stones.

"Good for you," the old man said. "Next we have a sword technique."

Alex was surprised when the old man revealed that the sword technique being sold next was his 21 Sword Array. He hadn't expected it to be sold this early on, but when he thought about it, that made sense.

While it was an amazing technique that improved its strength quite a bit depending on the swords you were using, but it was still a Heaven-grade technique and thus was most likely not something people would be crazily looking forward to.

This and the Veiled Light technique that made him invisible were the only techniques that were slotted on the 3rd day of the auction, so Alex wondered how much he would be earning.

Alex watched the 21 Sword Array rack up numbers in front of him as everyone and their mother who used a sword started bidding on it.

Even if one didn't use a sword, just having swords alone was enough to use this technique, making it that more alluring.

The 5 minutes were over, and the bid came to an end. Alex looked at the number in red hovering not far away from him.

94,000.

Chapter 909: Auction End

'That's quite a big number,' Alex thought. 'Are the elites that have arrived that desperate to get their hands on this skill?'

Alex wondered if it was a show of wealth, or if they were actually fighting for this technique to be willing to pay so much for it.

The old man at the front started a new round of bidding for a spear artifact, the blade of which was made with 50% Starforged Tungsten, twice compounded, and weighing around 2 Tons.

Alex was quite surprised when the Spear sold for over 130 thousand True Spirit stones, even when the spear clearly was only half forged with 50% Tungsten.

More items continued being sold, a few belonging to him and then even his Invisibility skill was sold.

The next thing being sold was a book as well. Only the old man looked a little confused when he checked the information about the item he was selling.

"Uhh... this... is a book that was found in the Ancient Battlefield at least 2 thousand years ago. It's... What the hell?" the old man frowned.

"Wait a minute," he said and turned around to leave.

"What was that?" people started speaking to each other.

"Did they make a mistake?" some people thought.

The old man returned. "Alright, the next item is a weird one, so we will make it a short 1-minute bidding round. Neither the owner nor the auction house understands anything about the book aside from the fact that it came from a corpse in the Ancient battlefield over 2 millennia ago."

"The reason why we don't know what this book is about is simple. We don't know the language the book is written in. I have heard such books appearing in history a few times, but this is my first time seeing one for real," the old man said.

"Still, this book has intent in it, left behind by its owner, so if nothing, you can train that," the old man said. "The bid will start at 15 thousand, with a minimum 500 bid increase. Start."

Alex's eyes went wide. This couldn't be happening to him, right? Was he so lucky?

This was the exact thing that had happened to him back in the Scarlet city when he went to his first auction. That was how Alex had acquired Heaven's Intent in the first place.

Was he going to get another great technique like Heaven's Intent just like that?

Without even thinking, Alex put in 16 thousand as a bid. While others were contemplating what to do, Alex started bidding.

Seeing a number pop up, a few of the others started getting curious too. So, a few bids as well.

The numbers on the screen flickered continuously as it slowly went up, while the timer by its side went down.

Alex bit a bit more, but slowly the bidding speed came to a halt.

However, there was still some time on the timer. Alex knew that whoever wanted to bid here was bidding his time, just like him.

'I need to put in a large enough bid to outbid everyone,' he thought.

The time counted down to the final 3 seconds. Alex put his bid in and waited to send it through.

The numbers flickered on the screen to 38 thousand and continued flickering higher as the timer went to 2 seconds.

It flickered once more when it reached 46 thousand and then it reached 1 second.

Then, it reached 0.

The bidding ended, and the final price of the book was up on the screen for everyone to see.

Everyone looked at it with a slight shock on their faces for they hadn't expected a book that couldn't even be read to acquire such a massive price.

100 thousand True Spirit stones. That was what the book was bought for, and the one who bought it was numbered 1342.

Alex had won the bid.

'Phew!' he thought. Even with bidding 100 thousand True Spirit stones, he wasn't sure he would have acquired the book.

Would he have won if he bid 75 thousand? Maybe, but Alex bid as high as he thought the book was worth with as little chance of losing the bid as possible.

The old man didn't dwell on the book for long and moved on, but Alex found it hard to.

Even as various other items and books were sold, Alex simply looked forward to seeing what the book was about.

He remembered a similar situation in which his master had spent 10 True spirit stones to buy Heaven's Impact. Now, he was spending 100 thousand True spirit stones to buy an item he wasn't even sure was good.

That was a testament to just how far he had come as a cultivator.

'People in the Crimson empire, or even just the Western continent itself don't know just how cheap their stuff is, do they?' he thought.

While being looted for everything one owned was quite bad, it did also make everything cheap for everyone on the continent.

Alex started paying attention to the auction again and even bid in a few of them. However, for items that were as clear as day on what they did and what one would get, it was impossible for him to outbid the elites on the 2nd floor and the VIP rooms without wasting too much money on something he didn't even need.

As such, no items that came around were ever successfully bid by him and they always went to someone with millions of True Spirit stones to spare.

Alex was surprised by the number of pills that were sold, but he still felt it right that he didn't sell any. Until he had a concrete understanding of what was happening in this continent, he would almost never reveal that he was an alchemist.

The day slowly came to an end as the final item, the best item in the entire auction was auctioned off.

It was 5 times compounded battle axe, the main part of which was made entirely of Starforged Tungsten Ore, weighing around 5 tons in total.

Such a small axehead, weighing 5 tons in weight alone would do serious damage to a True realm cultivator even if it just fell on them.

At the hands of someone strong, they could easily kill anyone they wanted as long as they could hit them.

The axe was sold off for 360 thousand True Spirit stones, the largest single transaction of money Alex had ever heard of.

Once the auction was over, the old man left the stage and the lady from before came to bid everyone farewell.

Alex hurriedly went to get his money and item.

The auction house was swift and came to give him what he earned.

Even after the cut, the various things Alex had sold had earned him a total of 956 thousand True spirit stones. That was nearly a million that he had earned.

The items in the 2nd half had someone managed to earn quite a bit more than Alex had realized. He shouldn't have doubted the Auction house when they said that the 2nd choice always brought more money.

"Whatever," he thought and brought out the single book he had bought in this auction house.

He flipped to the first page and his mind understood what the letter he was reading said.

Divine.

Chapter 910: Hell Emperor's Divine Battle Array

Alex was beyond surprised when he saw that the skill he had just bought was a Divine grade skill.

He only had 2 Divine grade skills as of yet and those were his cultivation method, the Five Yang Divine Path, and his alchemy skill, the Alchemy God's Knowledge.

And those were skills that slowly got better as he got stronger. However, he had yet to find a skill that was Divine grade from the very start.

He found it hard to contain his excitement, so he took his spirit stones and book, thanked the person who gave them to him, and walked back to his hotel room.

Alex didn't even realize when he was back, but he had already locked the door and had pulled out the book.

"Look, Whisker. This is an awesome skill book I just found. Now, all we can hope for is that it isn't a cultivation method as that would be useless for me," Alex said.

Whisker, who had been in his robes the entire time helping him see in the Auction house, made some squeaking noises in anticipation.

If Alex said it was a very good skill, then it very likely was.

Alex sat down and looked at the book again and the word 'Divine' written on it.

He proceeded to read the title after that.

"Battle array?" Alex thought. "Like the sword array?" He continued reading further.

Alex frowned when he read a little further. Not from the content; the content wasn't quite informative yet. Rather, it was the intent of the book that gave him a bit of frustration when he tried reading it.

It was like a million different people's intents, mixed together in a cacophony that constantly badgered Alex's mind.

Fortunately, these intents had either worn down in the many years or had simply never been as strong as the one from the Black Stele back in the Tiger sect.

Thus, Alex could easily force his way through the frustration and read the rest of the book.

However, as he read the rest of the book, it only served to be a source of greater frustration for Alex.

The book that he had been so looking forward to learning, the book that he had spent a hundred thousand True spirit stones on, the third Divine grade skill book he had acquired— it turned out that this was a book of battle array used by armies of hundreds or thousands or even more soldiers to fight together.

"Fuck!" he couldn't help but cuss at the book. "This is useless to me."

It was such an amazing book too. Every 10 people fighting together could boost each of their cultivation bases by a single realm.

Every 100 people fighting together could boost each of their cultivation bases by 2 entire realms.

Every 1000 people fighting together increased their cultivation base by 3 realms and every 10 thousand people fighting together increased their cultivation base by 4 realms.

The best part was that anyone that was in the array did not need to know the technique. They simply needed to follow the orders set by the user of the technique to gain the advantage.

Alex frowned heavily at first but then sighed in the end. In best case scenario, he could use the technique, and worst-case scenario, he would just sell it again to earn some money.

He shook his head and focused on the aspect of the book that was more important for him right now.

The Intent.

The intent, while not as strong as the intent behind the Black Stele was still quite scary for Alex to deal with.

However, there would be many such Intents inside the Ancient Battlefield, so he decided to prepare himself with this.

There were two ways to challenge the intent of the book.

The easier way with weaker intent was to rewrite the book from memory such that the intent of the owner imprinted onto his mind showed through and he fought him away.

The second way was much harsher and Alex decided to not worry about this method until the first one was done. After all, given how harsh the second method would be, he needed to be sure he could even handle it.

Alex returned to his mind to let Godslayer know that there would be some Intent assaulting his mind very soon and that he shouldn't worry as much.

So, once Alex was ready, he brought out an empty notebook and started rewriting the book from scratch.

As soon as he did so, he started feeling the slight hints of Intent hurting his mind.

He struggled through it for a bit until the headache reached the point of discomfort and then he went into his mind to fight it off.

You had to fight intent with intent. So, as soon as Alex arrived, he looked to the sky where the intent was invading his mental area and fought against it.

"Go away!" He shouted at the intent, intending to destroy it. To his surprise, it disappeared at once with no hint of it remaining.

"What?" Alex was surprised. Sure this might not have been the intent of one that called himself a god, but it was still full of intents. Was it really that weak, or had he gotten stronger himself?

Intent stemmed from a person's will. The stronger his will was, the stronger his intent would be.

As such, Alex who had died a hundred times to forge his will to keep himself sane had developed an intent that was strong enough to fight against the one that was attacking him.

Alex returned back outside and continued writing the book. This time around, when the mental pain did hurt him, he willed it away and his intent destroyed the attacking intent.

As such, without much hassle, Alex was able to completely write the book from scratch. This book held no intent anymore and could be read by anyone, so long as they knew the language.

Alex sighed and closed the original book before putting it aside for the moment.

He looked at the new book he had written and showed it to Whisker. "Can you read it?" he asked.

For the purpose of learning Heaven's Intent, Flame Mastery Scripture, and the Spiritual Weapon skill from the Black Stele, Whisker and Pearl had both learned the Human language.

As such, Whisker could easily read the new technique and read back what it said to Alex.

Alex sat there, listening to Whisker read the book. After a little while, he confirmed that he had written everything correctly, so he asked Whisker to stop.

Whisker did stop reading back to Alex, but he continued reading for himself to the side while Alex moved on to the next method.

Since the last method was so easy, the new method was needed to bring out at least the full strength behind the intent.

For that, Alex needed to do something he wouldn't have ever thought of doing if he was still back in the Western Continent or hadn't gone through the 100 deaths to improve his will.

Alex brought out the Human language he had prepared so long ago and started reading it.