

I Can Track Everything

I Can Track Everything #Chapter 41 - Miss Murong - Read I Can Track Everything Chapter 41 - Miss Murong Chapter 41: Miss Murong

“Little fox, I allow you to say one more word. I’m asking you... Who in this hall has the best future?”

Chen Chen asked with a disappointed expression.

“You.”

The demon fox lowered its voice and replied. When it spit out the word, the hand on its neck loosened slightly.

“You have good taste. You may be a demon, but not a dishonest one.”

Chen Chen loosened his hand completely, his smile bright.

After a moment, Zhang Ji walked up with an exquisite kettle, and the service staff of Spring Breeze Pavilion also began to serve dishes.

A banquet costing two thousand taels was really extraordinary. Zhang Ji was stunned to see how elaborate all of the dishes were.

Even Chen Chen marveled in his heart.

He had never seen a banquet of this level, even in his previous life.

The purchasing power of two thousand taels in this world was likely the same as several million in his previous life.

He would shake if he saw a banquet costing a couple of million in his previous life.

...

As time went by, those who were kissing up were almost done, and they began to eat on their own. Miss Murong also showed a relaxed expression.

At this moment, the downstairs of Spring Breeze Pavilion became noisy. Chen Chen looked and saw that a huge stage was being built downstairs. Some animals like tigers and bears were put into cages and carried onto the stage.

“Is this a circus?”

Chen Chen’s eyes lit up and he looked interested.

To be honest, there were too few entertainment activities in this Xianxia world. In Stone Village, he just played with mud. High-end entertainment like a circus was unheard of to kids in Stone Village.

Seeing people in Blue Wind City coming toward here, the gentlemen and gentlewomen in the hall gathered by the railings and talked about them.

“My lady, see that puppy that man’s holding? So adorable.”

“Yes, it’s cute, but I don’t think it’s a dog, it looks like a fox to me.”

On the other side, Miss Murong and her maid, who were being kissed up to, looked toward Chen Chen. At the same time, they noticed the demon fox in Chen Chen’s arms.

“Huh, this Miss Murong is pretty knowledgeable.”

Hearing her words, Chen Chen praised her in his mind. Out of so many people, finally one of them could see that he was holding a fox instead of a dog.

However, what he didn’t expect was that the service staff who had spoken to him before quickly corrected them.

“Miss Murong, that’s not quite accurate. This guest is holding an Accra Isro Holy Dog, it’s very precious!”

“What a talent!”

Chen Chen muttered. He almost forgot the name he had made up earlier, but the waiter actually remembered it verbatim!

Before he stopped mumbling, those suitors went toward him like sharks who had scented blood.

“Sir, I’m willing to buy your dog for 1000 taels! To offer to Miss Murong!”

“I can pay 2000 taels!”

“Five thousand taels!”

“Ten thousand taels!”

As all the gentlemen were bidding, Miss Murong's maid couldn't help but sneer at this, showing a sly smile.

Her young lady was the pride of heaven. All the young men in the hall were circling her young lady, except for this group, who seemed indifferent. It really frustrated her.

Now, this group should realize her young lady's charm, right?!

...

Peng!

At this moment, Chen Chen slapped the table fiercely and stood up. He glared at everyone, "What do you mean by bidding in front of me? Do I look like someone who needs money?"

Everyone was silent.

It took a long time for someone to say, "Sir, since you are not short of money, why don't you give this dog to Miss Murong?"

"Why should I give away my pet?" Chen Chen's face was filled with confusion.

Everyone was speechless after they heard the words.

They had tried their best to please Miss Murong, and got nowhere. The kid clearly had a way, but he couldn't bear to part with a dog.

Comparisons were so exasperating.

But after all, it wasn't on their own territory. Seeing that Chen Chen was unwilling, these gentlemen did not want to force it, otherwise they would leave a bad impression in front of Miss Murong, and it wouldn't be worth it.

Just as everyone was about to say something to ease the embarrassment, a constable in uniform suddenly rushed upstairs.

"Dear gentlemen, there is news from the city guard. The seven princes who went to Ji State two days ago, a group of 200 people, disappeared for no reason when passing through Black Ox Hill.

If any of you want to go to Ji State, best find a different route, and the more travelers the better."

As soon as this was said, everyone looked at each other. No one wanted to watch the circus anymore, they all became as anxious as ants on a hot pan.

A group of 200 people disappeared... What did this mean?

Those people were all masters, and if all of them disappeared and none of them escaped, you would need power that was at least several times stronger.

And it had to be organized and disciplined.

“It must be spies from the State of Zhou who had snuck into our Ji State, otherwise, who would have such strength?”

“If the moles from the evil clan are here, why doesn’t the Tianyun Clan send people to help?”

Everyone talked, and the more they thought about it, the more they felt it was possible.

After a while, everyone put the blame on the Tianyun Clan.

“The Tianyun Clan doesn’t care about us at all.”

“Who cares about a clan like this? There’s no point in going. I’m going to go back home. Goodbye everyone!”

...

Seeing their friends leave, other people panicked, but most people still turned their eyes to Miss Murong.

Compared to them, Miss Murong was a genius disciple whom Tianyun Clan looked after, and there were immortal cultivators on the road protecting her, if they stayed close to her, then...

Before they had decided, Miss Murong spoke up.

“If you are afraid, just follow me when the time comes. The Tianyun Clan will not ignore everyone’s safety.”

When everyone heard Miss Murong’s promise, they were almost moved to tears. One by one they thanked her, almost kneeling down and kowtowing.

Even Chen Chen had to renew his opinion of her.

Looks aside, her heart was good.

“Why don’t you thank my lady? Are you not going to the Tianyun Clan?” The maid who followed Miss Murong noticed Chen Chen was still watching the circus downstairs. Her expression became even more annoyed.

“Huh? Me and my older brother are going to the Tianyun Clan, but we are taking a different route.”

Zhang Ji explained. Chen Chen had already planned the route to Ji State, that is, they chose where there were fewer people, so it was easier to find treasure.

If they went with this many people, they'd find nothing on the way!

“Hrmf, don't you follow us later!” The maid propped her hands on her waist, her face full of disgust.

“Little Huan, stop talking. They may be our fellow clan members in the future.”

Miss Murong stopped her maid from continuing.

But the people around them showed a different expression, because Miss Murong was talking about “our clan.” Did this mean that the maid could also get into the Tianyun Clan? Or, has she already obtained the token of the Tianyun Clan?

Thinking of this, their gazes on the maid had changed completely.

Among the clans, their family background was not worth mentioning. If they all entered the Tianyun Clan, the maid would have the same status as them.

Plus, there was her relationship with Miss Murong. The maid might have a brighter future than all of them...

Chapter 42: Pursuing the Alternative Route

“Madam, I just despise those who intend to take advantage but don't even bother a ‘thank you’”.

The young maid, seeing changes in the ways people look at her, immediately gains confidence.

“You!”

Zhang Ji is immediately infuriated. That maid can trash himself all she wants, but not his brother.

But even before he can make a rebuttal, he's stopped by Chen Chen.

“Zhang Ji, why argue with a maid? You are degrading yourself.”

The little maid's confidence, just pumped up, was immediately flattened by Chen Chen, but she can't even give a sound rebuttal.

After all, she's not officially a practitioner of the Tianyun Clan, and indeed a maid.

"You... you'd better pray that you aren't going to the Tianyun Clan, otherwise, expect misery from me!"

The little maid speaks angrily.

Meanwhile, in her brain, she pictures various means of torture, including but not limited to washing toilets, washing bowls, etc.

Chen Chen makes no rebuttals to her words; he only makes a smile, one without clear references.

...

Some time later, the crowd disperses for rest in their rooms, while Chen Chen and Zhang Ji continue to slowly eat.

At this time, a handsome gentleman walks close by, quietly persuading: "Brother, please be sure to refrain from acting without thorough thought. When departing tomorrow, it's best to follow far behind Ms. Murong."

Chen Chen's eyebrows raise upon seeing this gentleman; this is the very gentleman verified by the System as the "most handsome".

"Brother, you may not know that the diabolism of the State of Zhou do have active spies within the region of Ji; cutting of sources of practitioners of the Tianyun Clan is their favorite activity."

"Sometimes, should they encounter those with good qualifications, they would go on so much as to take them back themselves."

"Were it not for true fear, how would we be so appeasive to Ms. Murong?"

"Alas, in such a world, saving fame is a true risk."

The handsome gentleman's face is filled with melancholy, as if having suffered from wrongdoing.

"Brother, you are a good man, thanks for the reminder!" Chen Chen patted the gentleman's shoulder, giving him a standard praise.

This folk is quite like Murong Yunlan, a good-looking, good-hearted man.

Chen Chen decides that this lad should be admitted as his follower after arriving at the Tianyun Clan.

Someone even more handsome than him deserves this treatment.

“Brother, you are kidding. I may not be a good man, I just don’t want you to lose your lives in vain.”

“How should I call my brother? I am Chen Chen, and I will have a drink with you later after arriving at the Tianyun Clan.”

“I am Li Wuwei, from Feihu State.”

...

After Li Wuwei leaves, Zhang Ji looks into Chen Chen, somewhat worried.

“Brother, are we traveling with Ms. Murong on the main route? They are the diabolics, we aren’t sure if we can fight against them.”

Chen Chen shakes his head as he hears this.

“Will any diabolics ever mobilize skilled fighters against minor targets like us? It’s not worth it.”

“Given the publicity of Murong Yunlan, he is most likely their prime target, so following him is in fact more risky.”

“Should major fighting really break out, their practitioners will of course prioritize their defense for Murong Yunlan; why would they care for others?”

“Brother, your statements are so... thorough.” The more Zhang Ji ponders on the statement, the more agreeable he finds the statement to be.

That’s about what the saying “the most dangerous place is also the safest place” means.

But then, Chen Chen speaks again.

“Should we really be up to such bad luck that we encounter those from the diabolics and can’t fight against them, we will immediately beg for mercy. Given our qualifications, they likely won’t kill us.”

“Didn’t that young gentleman just say that? The diabolics take people back—the worst case is we follow them back.”

“Huh?” Zhang Ji’s brain has yet to make the turn.

Remember, diabolism is strictly prohibited in the entirety of the State of Jing.

“All the practices that work are good practices. Tianyun Clan never gives us any significant perks, why do we have to be devoted to it? Zhang Ji, I can assure you that, as long as you follow me, you won’t lose out.”

Chen Chen is confident. With the System, any practices work, since he staunchly practices the “dose-taking path”.

...

Meanwhile, in a village near an official road to the State of Ji, a group of men in ordinary wears discuss affairs in a house made of adobe.

“Have we gotten good information? Who’s the one next to Murong Yunlan?”

“We have good information, it’s the father of the Military Supervisor of the State of Cangming, qi level 9.”

“Qi level 9, well, we aren’t out of chances with good arrangements.”

“Murong Yunlan’s a Body of the Born Yin. Should we bring her back to the Defender of the Law as a Ding Furnace, we may even be awarded Foundation-building Elixir.”

“What’s the Body of the Born Yin?” Someone asked curiously.

“A form of post-born character, extremely suited for practicing Yin crafts and theories. Were it not for the fact that the main craft of the Tianyun Clan is Yang, I think Murong Yunlan would be accompanied by an elder sent from them.”

“Those with special characters are so enviable. Look at us, any attempts to make breakthroughs on the status of cultivation risk lives.”

“Alas, some things are just born with. It’s rumored that the establisher of our Black Devil’s Clan, Lao Zu, was born as a Body of Dark Ghost, making practicing as easy and eating and drinking.”

“What can others do beyond envy?”

After some chit-chatting, they start to arrange traps.

Since they have spent much time in advance projecting for the capture of Murong Yunlan, they have made ample preparations.

They have even sent some people into Murong Yunlan’s team, supplying intelligence to them at all times.

...

Before long, a new day begins. The parking lot at the Chunfeng Hall starts to fill with activities, as all the distinguished ladies and gentlemen either board wagons or ride up the horses.

At this point, all their attention is on Murong Yunlan, riding a white hall.

They have made their decisions that, regardless of how shameless they would look like, they would closely follow behind.

Chen Chen, sitting in a bedroom in 4th floor, yawns as he looks at the scene

“Alas, they just think they are so important. Should the diabolics have any plot, they won’t even target these skirmishes.”

“They are just devoid of businesses and just can’t stay away from the source of trouble.”

“You’re the only good one, you’re the only one that’s not a skirmish!”

The vixen, being tied, yelled in anger.

For the sake of a good night’s sleep, he tied her for an entire night; to this point, she still feels weak all around.

“Were I to be a normal man, would you be tied like this by me?”

The vixen wasn’t able to make a rebuttal, and could do nothing but to shut her eyes in hate.

Below, Murong Yunlan seems to have noticed Chen Chen’s sight, raising her head to ask: “Gentleman, are you sure you’d not like to go with us?”

“No, practice good caution, and we’ll see you at the State of Ji.” Chen Chen says, waving his hands.

Murong Yunlan says no more upon hearing this; for an unknown passer-by, one good-hearted reminder is the maximum she would do.

Meanwhile, the little maid was much stunned by the fact that Chen Chen really doesn’t intend to follow them.

In her view, that’s nearly suicidal.

“Let’s go.”

Murong Yunlan makes a call and starts riding her horse towards the outside of the city.

Upon her move, all the wagons in the parking lot start moving.

Chen Chen can only praise the spectacular scene above the Chunfeng Hall.

But, that's not the end. As soon as the wagons of Chunfeng Hall start moving, all the wagons from other restaurants in the city start moving.

Soon, a stream of traffic made of hundreds of wagons form in Lanfeng City—quite like an expedition by an army.

More magnificent than even fan-chasing in the last life Chen Chen experienced.

Chapter 43: Arriving in Ji Zhou

As Chen Chen watched the convoy leave the city, he slowly ate breakfast, then led everyone to the parking lot.

It was empty at this time, with only three carriages in the corner. Attentive guards were feeding the horses, looking extremely diligent.

“Not bad, we should tip them!” Chen Chen offered praise from a distance.

Zhang Ji reminded him with some embarrassment, “Brother, we have already spent ten thousand taels in Spring Breeze Pavilion. We are now out of money.”

“Is that so?” Chen Chen's expression stiffened, but he waved his hand after a moment. “If we spent it, it's alright. Money is a cumbersome thing for us cultivators.”

After saying this, Chen Chen got into the carriage, fumbled around for a while, and took out something like ginger, tossing it to the guard.

“Looking at your complexion, it seems that you have a kidney deficiency. This Western Region Fire Dragon Ginger is my gift to you.

“I spent a lot of energy trying to get it, but it is useless for a great man like me, who is full of masculinity.”

Chen Chen made up a name on the spot, but the guard was very grateful regardless.

He did have some kidney deficiency and he was not strong in that aspect. Now, he was suddenly rewarded by a nobleman, so he was even happier than he would have been if he had received money as a tip.

...

Half an hour later, the three horse-drawn carriages drove out of Blue Wind City. Instead of taking the wider, official road, they took a smaller path.

This path passed through many deep mountains and forests and was usually full of bandits.

Most people would never take this path, but Chen Chen and his group didn't mind it at all.

Along the way, Chen Chen dismounted from time to time and picked up some items.

"Millennium fleece flower root +1."

"Demon spirit fruit +10."

"Rock ore with spirit iron +1."

...

Zhang Ji and the others had become used to seeing this, but the demon fox was shocked.

Was this kid really a demon dog? Or was he the legendary treasure hunter turned into a human form?

Seeing Chen Chen holding a demon spirit fruit that it was coveting, the demon fox couldn't help but say, "Kid, if your talent was known to a master cultivator, I'm afraid you would be caught as a treasure hunter."

Chen Chen squeezed the fruit with one hand, pouring the juice on a small trumpet flower as he replied, "Well, I have you."

Hearing this, the demon fox was at a loss. It couldn't care less.

"At that time, I will say that you have a good nose. Then I will give you up and it will be fine. No matter what, you are more like a demon dog than me, right?"

"If they don't believe me, I'll say it takes you a while to adapt to an owner and you need plenty of training. See? It makes total sense."

The demon fox was utterly baffled.

Did this kid really want to exploit all of its value?! How dare he even say this?

"System, is there anything valuable within a radius of 20 meters?"

“There is a piece of gold ore 19 meters underground.”

“I am too lazy to dig for things like gold.”

...

As they traveled in the mountains and forests, Chen Chen gathered a lot of great finds. When night came, the three carriages were fully loaded.

Chen Chen had no choice but to use some of the lower-valued finds to make random dishes.

Although these dishes were not very delicious, their effects were so powerful that the people in the convoy became over-supplemented after eating them, not needing sleep at all.

The people kept traveling all night.

...

After a few days, a huge city entered everyone’s field of vision.

The city wall was 50 meters high and nearly 1000 meters long, its end hard to see. It was difficult to build such a huge city without immortals.

“This is Ji Zhou. There must be a lot of master cultivators here. I’d better hide you.”

While talking, Chen Chen wrapped up the demon fox tightly and threw it into the carriage.

The demon fox was completely used to this kind of life. Not only was it silent, it also became very cooperative.

After a moment, the three carriages slowly entered Ji Zhou’s city gates.

As the capital of a prefecture, Ji Zhou was far more prosperous than Blue Wind City. In addition, today was July 31st, and tomorrow was the day when the Tianyun Clan recruited disciples, so there were people everywhere in the city.

When he listened carefully, everyone, without exception, was discussing the matter of the Tianyun Clan accepting disciples.

The Tianyun Clan was the ruling clan of Ji Zhou and its influence in the city was apparent.

This time, Chen Chen did not pick the most expensive restaurant in Ji Zhou, but randomly found an inn. After settling matters, Chen Chen and Zhang Ji sat down in a place with a great deal of people.

Although Zhang Ji had gotten the token of the Tianyun Clan, he still didn't know how the Tianyun Clan chose their disciples.

So the two of them had to find information at a busy place.

"There seems to be more out-of-towners in Ji Zhou this year than before!"

The people at the nearby tables happened to be discussing the matter.

"No, it's mainly because two small Ji Zhou clans were destroyed last year. Everyone has fewer choices, so it stands to reason that there would be more people. However, it seems that many people died on the road this year."

"That's true. Murong Yunlan was ambushed on the road just a few days ago. If it weren't for the immortal cultivators who were accompanying her, she wouldn't have been able to reach Ji Zhou at all. They protected her life."

Chen Chen was moved slightly after hearing this.

It seemed that Miss Murong had been attacked, as expected, but had ultimately arrived in Ji Zhou safely.

But if the cultivators who accompanied them had fought to the death, what about the huge caravan that followed?

"I heard that when they came to Ji Zhou, a large group of noblemen and ladies followed Miss Murong. After the attack, this group of people either died or were injured, and the ones with better qualifications were abducted by the Demon Clan."

"So that's why we say beauty brings trouble. If they didn't follow Miss Murong, maybe they wouldn't have found trouble."

Chen Chen showed no expression after hearing this.

Those who were kissing up to her still ended up with nothing? How pathetic!

"Brothers, do you know how the Tianyun Clan will recruit disciples tomorrow?"

Zhang Ji didn't want to hear news about Miss Murong. He was more concerned about how the Tianyun Clan recruited their disciples.

While he had a token of the Tianyun Clan and could directly enter the clan, Chen Chen did not. He believed that Chen Chen's qualifications were good enough to enter the clan, but he still felt a little worried about it.

"Oh, when the time comes, the elders of the Tianyun Clan will personally check your cultivating aptitudes. If you meet the requirements, they will directly accept you as disciples.

"If you don't meet the requirements but still have some qualifications, you will be recommended to an affiliated smaller clan.

"If you don't have anything, then it's goodbye."

Zhang Ji released a sigh of relief when he heard those words. These kinds of rules were simple and clear. As long as the elders of the Tianyun Clan were not blind, they should be able to see that his elder brother had amazing talent.

As for what exactly was amazing, Zhang Ji didn't quite understand. Regardless, he was indeed amazing.

"Brother, tomorrow you may be famous in Ji Zhou."

Thinking of this, Zhang Ji looked at Chen Chen expectantly. His expression was happier than if he was about to become famous himself.

Chapter 44: Who Are You?!

"It's not a good thing to gain fame. Just look at Murong Yunlan. She's famous, isn't she? So, people keep finding fault with her," Chen Chen said plaintively, seeming repulsed by the idea of getting famous.

Zhang Ji brooded over what he heard, reflecting that what Chen Chen said was very true. Moments later, he shook his head with a bitter smile.

"Big brother... You're right about that, but with your talents, it's almost impossible to avoid fame!"

Chen Chen was stunned for a second, then he couldn't help but burst into laughter.

He adored Zhang Ji's serious attitude. Although it seemed like he was fawning over him, Chen Chen knew that all his words came from the bottom of his heart.

This absolutely delighted him.

...

After a peaceful night of rest at the tavern, Chen Chen and Zhang Ji made their way to Ji Zhou City's drill ground early in the morning.

This was where the military troops usually trained, but it was reserved for Tianyun Clan's recruitment of pupils for the day.

When Chen Chen and Zhang Ji arrived at the drill ground, thousands of people had already gathered there.

Among those thousands, two of them were particularly eye-catching.

One of them was Murong Yunlan. At that moment, she was standing quietly in the crowd, no one in the surroundings daring to go near her.

In comparison to the serenity she had displayed a few days ago, she was wearing a cold, stern look at the moment, which drove people away from her.

Aside from her, one other man was receiving the same treatment. He was simply standing there, with a wide vacant area around him, as though he ate humans.

"Who's that guy? Why is he so cool?" Chen Chen asked randomly, and some people around him replied right away.

"He's the son of the Ji Zhou General. He's gotten used to killing from a young age, so there's a murderous aura about him. No one dares to go near him."

'Ji Zhou General... So his background is even cooler than Murong Yunlan's!' Chen Chen mused inside.

The Ji Zhou General was in charge of the military affairs of Ji Zhou, with authority that was only one grade lower than the Ji Zhou Governor.

As the second most powerful figure of a big state, he had greater power than the most powerful figure of a city.

After some chattering with the people around them, they started to get on well.

Moreover, with Chen Chen's expertise in swindling people, the men he was talking to looked as if they regretted not knowing him earlier.

Right at that moment, an elderly man with white hair and beard stepped onto the massive platform above the drill ground.

"Silence!"

With that one order, the voices of the thousands of people on the drill ground were drowned out. Everyone knew the old man's identity the moment they saw him, so they shut their mouths and didn't dare to speak a word.

"Those of you who possess the keepsakes of Tianyun Clan, come up to the stage right now," the old man went on after everyone fell silent.

When he finished speaking, less than a hundred people among the thousands on the drill ground moved, marching towards the platform.

All of them looked proud and confident.

Murong Yunlan and her servant were among them, along with the son of the Ji Zhou General.

"Big brother, I'll go first!" Zhang Ji told Chen Chen, taking out the keepsake.

Chen Chen gave him a look of encouragement and patted him on the shoulder, gesturing for him to go onto the stage with ease.

Watching Zhang Ji's back as he left, Chen Chen let out a silent sigh.

If he hadn't appeared, this dude would have been much wealthier than he was now.

And the dude happened to be extremely grateful towards him too, even treating him like his own older brother.

'Fine, when I become the chairman in the future, I'll make him the vice chairman or something,' Chen Chen comforted himself.

...

The old man on the platform collected the keepsakes, then looked down at the drill ground once again.

"Those of you who have parents or elders with cultivation, come onto the stage."

Right after he announced that, about another hundred or so people moved towards the stage.

Cultivation talent depended on inheritance. Usually, if the parents were cultivated, they would most likely give birth to children with cultivation talent.

In order to enhance efficiency, it was reasonable for the Tianyun Clan's elder to call them onto the stage in that sequence.

The elder inspected them intently after they got onto the stage. Eventually, only less than fifty of them left in a dejected state.

More than half of the people had cultivation talents. If that ratio was applied to the people standing below the platform, it would be unimaginable.

By the time he was done inspecting that group, the old man on the stage was already losing interest.

Based on his past experiences, it was almost done at this point. If there were a few dozen people among the remaining thousands who qualified for cultivation, they would be fortunate enough.

Having thought of that, he was ready to command the remaining people to line up and get onto the stage in the prescribed order. Before he could speak, however, an idea struck him out of nowhere and he changed his mind.

“If you consider yourselves extraordinarily talented, please come onto the stage.”

When they heard him, the thousands of people at the scene fell dead silent, not a single soul daring to budge.

If they went onto the stage and got disapproved by the elder, it would be immensely embarrassing. They would probably become famous in all of Ji Zhou, and how were they ever supposed to face people again?

Not only would they be ashamed of themselves, their actions would even embarrass their parents...

However, Chen Chen wasn't bothered by it in the least bit. He wanted to get through the crowd and went on stage, but a few of the dudes who hit it off with him earlier held him back.

“Brother, if you're the only one that goes on stage and you've got no cultivation talents, I'm afraid you'll end up the laughingstock of Ji Zhou!”

“That's right, brother. Confidence is a good thing, but there has to be at least a group of people who go on stage together, so that you can blend in without being noticed too much!”

Looking at the concerned looks on their faces, Chen Chen said solemnly, “Rest assured, guys. If I've got no cultivation talent for real, and become the laughingstock of Ji Zhou, just let them laugh. The path of cultivation is an adverse path in itself. It's normal to die along the way.”

After he finished speaking, Chen Chen shrugged off their hands resolutely and made his way towards the stage.

As they stared at Chen Chen's lone, somewhat forlorn back, the looks on the guys' faces were complicated.

"He marches on despite the thousands of eyes on him... This guy is truly the role model of our generation."

"Haih, even if he really ends up as the laughingstock of Ji Zhou, I will not ditch this friend. Brother, what do you think?"

"What do you mean? Do I look like a coward who huddles with benefits and shuns danger?"

...

With the few of them seeing him off, Chen Chen slowly approached the platform.

Everyone on the drill ground had noticed him by now.

Feeling the countless eyes pinned on him, Chen Chen flashed a placid smile and stepped on the stage.

"It's him? That damn brat! I can't believe he arrived safely at Ji Zhou."

Behind the old man, Murong Yunlan's servant was surprised when she saw Chen Chen.

Murong Yunlan herself looked at Chen Chen on the stage, her expression turning extremely somber, as if she had thought of something.

"Little Huan, he was right not to have followed us. Think of all those who were slaughtered by the demon clans..."

Murong Yunlan couldn't go on anymore, starting to sob.

However, Little Huan flashed a disdainful smile and replied, "My lady, don't blame yourself for what happened. You did not force them to follow you. It was their lack of capacity and affinity with cultivation that killed them."

"As for this dude, he didn't follow you because he loves being special. It's got nothing to do with right or wrong. Everyone followed you, except for him, and now no one came on stage, except for him. I've seen a lot of people like him, who think that it's cool and eye-catching to do such things, when in fact, they are simply ridiculous."

...

“Big brother will always be the big brother. That confidence... That aura... When will I ever become someone like him?”

In contrast to Murong Yunlan’s reaction, Zhang Ji was exhilarated, fighting the urge to cheer.

Apart from the discussions among the people on the stage, the people below were also making tons of comments about him.

“Who’s that? How arrogant!”

“Not even a prodigy like me dares to go on stage. What does he have?”

“Brother, since you’re a prodigy, how about you go up there?”

“I was kidding, I was kidding. Don’t take it too seriously.”

...

The elder on the stage was amused when he saw that someone had actually come up on stage, but his amusement vanished in an instant, replaced by extreme solemnness.

“Brat, who are you?!” he asked in a loud, bright voice, causing the entire drill ground to fall silent.

Everyone yearned to know the identity of this savage guy.

Faced with his inquiry, Chen Chen gave a small bow and introduced himself in a calm, placid voice.

“Chen Chen, from Stone Village, Shichuan County, Feiyun City, Ji Zhou.”

Chapter 45: I’m Panicking

“Stone Village, where is that?”

“He’s a rural villager? No wonder he doesn’t know his worth.”

“Now we have a show to watch.”

Thousands of people in the audience were quiet for a while, then they began to talk all at once, some of them even laughing a little.

The elder of the Tianyun Clan couldn’t laugh, however. He could clearly see the direction of heaven and earth’s ethereality at his level of cultivation.

If someone had the aptitude for cultivating immortality, ethereality would not reject this person.

After practicing certain exercises in the future, he would be able to introduce heaven and earth ethereality into his body.

When he wanted to see whether a group of people had the aptitude for cultivating immortality, the action he took was very simple: release some ethereality. If they had the ethereality over their head, they would be fit to cultivate immortality.

Some people with good qualifications, such as Murong Yunlan, could absorb a small amount of ethereality into their body, even if they hadn't officially started practicing.

But the young man in front of him...

He had absorbed all of the ethereality he had released!

No!

To be precise, it was as if the ethereality had spontaneously poured into this young man's body, as natural as the return of various rivers to the sea!

'He has an innate spirit body! And not the typical kind either!'

There were tumultuous feelings present in the heart of the elder of the Tianyun Clan.

There were several types of innate spirit bodies. Due to the different ethereal properties between heaven and earth, some innate spirit bodies naturally attracted wood ethereality. This kind of innate spirit body was called innate wood spirit body.

But this kid in front of him seemed to be accepting everything, regardless of their properties.

'Does he have the legendary innate spirit body called the body of origin?'

The elder's eyes twitched, his hands trembling slightly.

The body of origin was a rare physique in the world. Forget the State of Jin, even if one considered the dozen or so surrounding countries, it had never appeared before.

Legend had it that a certain true immortal possessed this physique tens of thousands of years ago, but it had never been confirmed.

If this kid really had the body of origin, then it was a very shocking event!

If rival clans found out about it, the Tianyun Clan would be destroyed within minutes.

Even clans friendly with Tianyun would not sit back and watch, especially the nation-guarding clan above them in the State of Jin. They would most likely snatch this disciple away.

And then they would destroy the Tianyun Clan.

'D*mn, I was just talking randomly! Who knew someone like this would really show up? What to do?'

Panic!

The elder of the Tianyun Clan stood there with a dazed expression, as if he was not looking at a young man, but a bloody storm. Cold sweat broke out across his forehead.

"What is it? Elder, are you feeling alright? Or do you think my aptitude is unfit? To tell you the truth, I am already..."

Chen Chen was about to mention his cultivation level, but the elder suddenly interrupted him, pretending to be calm.

"Not bad. Your qualification isn't bad."

The elder of the Tianyun Clan knew that his facial expression was a bit exaggerated at the moment. If this was seen by a mole in the clan, they would probably think something was up.

If he said that this young man did not have the qualifications to cultivate immortality, and then snuck him away afterwards, it would be too much of a cover-up and the young man could potentially become a target.

As soon as he said this, the audience became silent.

How many people here could make the Tianyun Clan elder say they have good qualifications?

Probably just Miss Murong and the son of the Ji Zhou general.

Who knew this kid would receive this kind of affirmation too?!

He was naturally outstanding!

Thinking of this, the group began to feel jealous, their faces appearing as if they had eaten lemons.

Little Huan, Miss Murong's maid, was feeling even more sour than the rest. The jealousy in her eyes was practically gushing out at the moment.

'For what?! It's unfair!'

Chen Chen ignored the thousands of resentful eyes behind him and patted his chest, saying, "I feel relieved now that the elder has said that. I thought I was too weak."

The elder glanced at Chen Chen with faint resentment, secretly cursing him in his heart.

'God, the body of origin has a natural cultivation base. You are at the third level of qi without relying on any exercises. Don't you know what kind of qualification you have? Look at the group of people here. Is anyone else like you?!

"Elder, can I stand over there?"

Chen Chen ignored the elder's gaze and pointed to Zhang Ji's team, speaking with a smile.

"Go," the elder of the Tianyun Clan said calmly, reluctantly suppressing the excitement in his heart.

When Chen Chen heard this, he walked over to Zhang Ji.

"Big brother, you're amazing!"

Zhang Ji couldn't help but praise Chen Chen when he came over.

His elder brother was indeed the elder brother. Even the elder of the Tianyun Clan said he was amazing! This made him, his little brother, feel honored as well.

"It's just so-so. I'm not that impressive," Chen Chen waved his hand around, his face very calm.

...

As the elder heard the conversation of the two individuals behind him, his suppressed emotions began to fluctuate once again, the corners of his eyes continuously twitching.

After considering his words for a long time, he suddenly said to the thousands of people on the school field, "The road of immortality is hard and far less than the glamour of the world. Are you really certain about going on this road?"

The people on the school field looked at each other when they heard those words, some of them not understanding what he meant by them.

If they weren't certain, why would they have suffered all those hardships to come to Ji Zhou?

Why was the elder talking nonsense?

But despite the doubts in their mind, no one dared to question him out loud.

The elder of the Tianyun Clan spoke up again, "I will give you another five minutes to seriously consider it. Once you get on this stage, there is no way out!"

After that announcement, the elder of the Tianyun Clan slowly walked towards the back of the stage. When he reached a place where there was no one else present, his emotions exploded, and his old face began to twist.

'D*mn! What do I do?!

'Could anyone notice how out of sorts I was?

'If others find out that I plan to take a body of origin back with me, I will be beaten into meat sauce halfway through!

'This is about the fate of the Tianyun Clan, so I have to ask the clan leader. If the Tianyun Clan is destroyed later, it will then be his fault!'

At this thought, the elder took out a special token, flicking it with his finger.

This was the messenger token of their Tianyun Clan, which only a few key people in their clan had.

"Leader, something major happened. A terrifying young man appeared among the disciples recruited this time. He is likely to be the original body. What should I do? It's very urgent! Please answer as soon as you possibly can!"

After writing this paragraph, the Tianyun Clan elder paced back and forth, anxiously waiting for a response. After a while, the messenger token finally lit up.

"Is this true? You're not mistaken?"

"There is no trace of any exercises in the kid, but he has already reached the third level of qi training. As soon as my ethereality was released, it spontaneously went into his body. Leader..."

As the elder wrote this out, the messenger token suddenly cracked.

Seeing this, the elder became speechless. This must be because the leader was too excited and broke the token over on the other side.

Seeing that the messenger token was about to be damaged, the elder did not dare talk nonsense. He quickly relayed the most critical information, explaining, "Leader, this

matter is very important, and I am afraid! Could you send a few elders to meet me? If something happens, I can't handle it alone!"

Boom!

As soon as his message was transmitted, the messenger token exploded, turning into powder.

At the same time, several streams of ethereality formed words right in front of him.

"Don't panic. Our Tianyun Clan will all come out and meet you!"