

## Daily life 181

### Chapter 181 Farewell To The Clear River Sword Sect (2)

He got thoroughly exploited down to every cell in his body for decades. His parents had died during that time period due to the strains the art had on their bodies, leaving their son to continue on the family's job.

That dark alchemy organization got attacked and destroyed at some point by another competitor and as luck would have it, that founder survived and became one of the spoils of war.

For the next twenty or so years, that founder bounced from organization to organization as those organizations either got attacked or a natural calamity befell them, leaving that founder as the only survivor.

Yang Qing, when he read that story, wondered to himself if that founder had good luck or was a harbinger of bad luck. From what he could deduce, the only reason that founder survived was the high regeneration afforded by his special physique, zero combat sense which made him overlooked most of the time, and the greed of cultivators who saw him as a walking source of wealth.

That vicious cycle went on for quite some time till by some luck when he had enough of the cauldron life and he decided to make his escape. During his escape, he stumbled into a mysterious grotto belonging to some ancient sect.

In there he found the bright pearl, an object whose origins and ranks are unknown. But what is known from the records Yang Qing read, the founder went into that grotto a late-stage Foundation establishment cultivator and came out as someone half-step into the domain realm.

Yang Qing, in his curiosity after reading the story of the Bright pearl founder, had consulted some of the seniors of the Order on how something like that could happen. The founder had leaped two major cultivation realms within a short period. The gap between the foundation realm and the peak of the palace realm wasn't just two realms, the implication of the gap was far above that which made Yang Qing curious about what kind of artifact that pearl was.

The seniors had a few guesses. One of them was it was a coincidence of factors where if one was missing, things would have turned out differently.

They hypothesized that his years as a human alchemy cauldron coupled with his special physique helped him gain insight into a Dao suited his physique. The longer he was in that situation, the deeper his understanding became. The repetitive experiments were nothing more than fuel for his understanding of his dao. They guessed the dao he cultivated may have had some ties to vitality which was a common occurrence to those who had wood element physiques. He also had enormous volumes of energy stored in his body from all the precious herbs used on him to cultivate the potions.

His physique and the repetitive torture as a human alchemy cauldron were one part of the equation and the other was the mysterious grotto he stumbled into.

When he stumbled into the mysterious grotto, the bright pearl he got may have been a natural treasure that helped him refine all the energy stored in his body as it improved it thus adding to his understanding of the Dao. The transformation catapulted him into a half-step into the domain realm.

That assumption seemed plausible to Yang Qing since Chief Song of the craftsmanship division was a prime example.

He was at the late stage of core formation but his understanding of his Dao was more profound than even Yang Qing's by miles.

The day that he decides he has enough free time to break through, most at the Order have strong confidence he would bypass the palace realm and directly reach the domain realm. As for which stage he would reach, they couldn't tell, but the general consensus was, he could reach the middle stage. His understanding of his Dao was just that deep.

They thus made the assumption the founder of the Bright pearl sect may have had the same similarities as Chief Song and the only areas there was a disparity was, Chief Song could break through any time he wished to but the founder needed a few opportunities for the equation to be complete. One of them being, a decent cultivation art to help him maximize the use of the energy in his body with the other being a safe place to safely break through.

The Mysterious grotto provided both, in the form of the bright pearl and whatever else the founder harvested in there.

With his newfound strength, the founder of the Bright pearl sect did what any man of principle would do, he repaid all the debts he was owed, nothing more nothing less.

Yang Qing remembered how hot-blooded he had felt when he read that part, he could picture himself in that position, slapping people and the landscapes they were in, into oblivion.

After all the debts were settled, he formed the Bright pearl sect and in less than a thousand years he had broken through to the soul formation realm elevating the sect into a rank 1 sect making it one of the youngest rank 1 sect to date since it has been in existence for only 12,000 years.

However, despite its shallow foundations as a rank 1 sect, it is still widely respected because of its founder. Who knows how much progress he has made in the past 10,000 years since he broke through to the Soul formation realm?

Both the sect and the founder barely have any visible footprint around the continent, adding more mystery to the sect and its founder, especially when it comes to their power.

....

In regard to the Clear river sword sect, Yang Qing thought even if someone lucky like the founder of the Bright pearl sect showed up, would they remain in a dying sect such as the Clear river sword sect where they may not have as much belonging to it as Wang Yi or will they move on to greener pastures or decide to do as the founder of the Bright pearl did and start their own legacy.

The chances of the former happening were slimmer compared to the rest.

But rather than assume he decided to confirm a few things. Luck can't be deduced but loyalty could.

"Sect master Wang Yi, do you have anyone to entrust the sect to?" Yang Qing hesitantly asked.

Sect Master Wang Yi got stunned by the question that it took him a few seconds to process it before he could respond.

"For a time there I did try to find suitable successors but I failed each time. It's difficult to find someone talented enough and has the heart to carry the burden of reviving the sect. Finding someone who fulfilled the latter criteria proved difficult since they didn't know the Clear sword river sect in its prime. Getting them motivated to pursue something they have never known was hard. All they know is the Clear sword river sect of now, a rundown sect in some mountain that has only two red-grade cultivation arts to its name and a talentless sect master."

One could hear the bitterness and self-mockery in his tone.

"The few survivors I arrived at this place with, either died or gave up with time till I was the only one left.

Knowing my talent, I thought finding talents was the best route but with nothing suitable to offer, those I could get were mostly at my level, and even they didn't see much prospect in the sect and just deserted.

About 20 years ago I gave up and decided to take up the mantle myself using some forbidden cultivation arts.

The state you found me was because of that. I can't believe I'm so untalented to even fail in forbidden arts," Wang Yi said as he chuckled in embarrassment.

Weren't forbidden arts shortcuts for talentless hacks to gain quick results with minimal effort at a certain price? He couldn't understand how he failed at something that had zero requirements on talents. Even if he always knew his talents were bad, he didn't think it was to that extent.

"The few people around are just strugglers with nowhere to go who I let into the sect. To them, this is just a free lodge."

It was at this moment that something clicked in Yang Qing's mind, he had overlooked it in his somber mood created by the prospect of sending the Clear sword river sect into oblivion.

He hurriedly took out his communication talisman and called a friend of his in the admissions division.

"Yuanli can you check something for me?"

"Qing, you're always asking for something, you still owe me from last time.

I still haven't seen that ancient scroll with 1000 face-changing techniques you promised me,"

" I'll give it to you when I come back, I'll even let you use my chambers for a week,"

" The chambers that were downgraded to the point I'll have to use my own spirit stones to charge them up? No thanks,"

"I'll charge them myself, besides I'll be moving to a new one once I move to the palace courts. How about I let you use that one for a week," said Yang Qing through his teeth.

"Deal, you better not welch Qing?"

"I won't,"

"So, what did you want?"

" Can you check the last quota records of the Clear sword river sect for the past 12 years?

What cultivation bases did the students who came, leave with, along with their age and also the last entrant when did he or she finish their training? Thanks,"

"Give me a second... Right here it is...12 years that should be 4, there was

Chu Qingwu, cultivation base at the eighth stage of qi refinement 47 years old.

Zhi Lang, also in the eighth stage of qi refinement, 58 years old.

Xian Lu, the fourth stage of qi refinement, 49 years old. That one got kicked out in his first year.

The last one is Li Feng, eleventh stage of qi refinement realm, 31 years old. He finished four months ago."

"Thanks, Luanli," Yang Qing said as he cut off the communication.

"Sect master Wang Yi, what happened to those four people?" Yang Qing asked as his brows scrunched up.

Discounting the last person and the one that got expelled, either of the first two would have had a chance of stepping into the foundation realm by now.

The grim state of the sect had made him overlook those people.

For the past 200 years even though things were bad, they were still a ranked sect, thanks to Wang Yi's presence. What happened to those who came in via the sect's quotas in the past 200 years?

Chapter 182 Farewell To The Clear River Sword Sect (3)

"Even though those who had grudges against us let us be when all that was left of the Clear sword river sect was some outer disciples and servants, it didn't mean they let us go completely."

Wang Yi sighed as a look of hatred, frustration, and resignation flashed in his eyes.

"When we came here, we clashed with some of the local forces here before we could settle down. Even though everything valuable had been taken by that domain expert, we still had a few personal trinkets with us, which even though weren't worth much, were still able to help us to create a footing in this place,"

Wang Yi paused as he took another sip of his tea, as he habitually poured Yang Qing another cup too. He may be a sect master now, but he had been a servant far longer. Some of the habits he had from back then would show themselves every now and then.

"Despite settling down, the friction between us and the neighboring organizations didn't stop. At first, we thought it was just weariness to outsiders and them showing dominance and resistance because of it.

However, later we discovered things were not as simple as they seemed to be. Opponents who we had no difficulty fighting to a draw, grew in quality and quantity. Even bandits with half-step core formation experts started showing up at our doors.

It was only later that we discovered all our attackers had been instigated by our old enemies. They may have let us go but they didn't forget about us. They continuously harassed us using the organizations around Deer mountain kingdom.

It was why our decline was so rapid despite settling down and our old enemies not chasing us anymore. We were constantly attacked while those same organizations put us in an embargo halting our growth completely.

The few promising disciples we had, were either poached by them or severely injured. With our dwindling resources, those injuries were no different than fatalities.

I have to give it to those organizations, they were pretty thorough,"

Wang Yi said with deep sorrow in his tone as he smiled wryly.

"Of the names, your colleague has mentioned;

Chu Qingwu got injured a year after she came back and passed away three years later,

Zhi Lang didn't have much ambition, he left the sect and decided to start a family someplace else.

Xian Lu got killed by the disciple of another sect when they got into an argument over a mortal rank herb. That child has always been unruly. He acted like the world was beneath his gaze but unlucky for him, he never had the talent to back up that act.

As for Li Feng....."

Wang Yi paused as a look of confusion, sadness, and worry appeared in his eyes.

From Wang Yi's reaction, Yang Qing guessed he had a very close relationship with Li Feng.

Maybe they were even kin, if outsiders couldn't carry the torch for the sect maybe someone of the same bloodline could.

"In the past hundred years, he was the one I had the highest hopes on of succeeding me.

We found him abandoned at the foot of the mountain of our sect when he was just a baby. One of our members took pity on him and brought him into the sect.

I couldn't care less back then and left his care to them. I had a lot on my mind back then, with my dwindling lifespan and the possible demotion of the sect if nothing changed.

I didn't have the headspace for anything else. I even stopped training the few disciples who had remained since it wouldn't change anything, not with the talent they had. Though there might be a possibility their poor results was because I was a horrible teacher.."

Wang Yi chuckled in embarrassment as he said the last part.

"It was during that period that I started trying my hands at forbidden arts. It was a couple of years later when I had hit another wall, like usual, during my cultivation, that Li Feng caught my eye.

That kid had talent. My judgment may be off when comparing him to others but I know he had more talent than me atleast or most of the disciples we have had over the years," said Wang Yi as he smiled in pride.



"Even with our pathetic levels of resources and only two high-rank red grade techniques to our name, the kid managed to cultivate his body to the silver body realm and then broke through to the qi refinement realm.

I can't help but wonder if we had better resources, higher-grade cultivation arts, and a better teacher for him, what heights he would reach.

I sent him to the Order in the hopes of making it up to him for what we could not give him. As for where he is after he left, I honestly don't know.

Some part of me is hoping he is coming back and is just delayed somewhere while another part of me hopes he doesn't come back and got recruited by a better sect out there. I feel like it's selfish of me to tie him down to my own obsessions of reviving the Clear sword river sect. "

Wang Yi seemed like he had made his peace with the sect disappearing.

"Another part of me dreads that something happened to him on his way back," Wang Yi said as deep worry showed on his face.

Most of his thoughts would swarm toward the last option. With the talent Li Feng showed, getting targeted for murder was a highly likely option.

Yang Qing's frown became deeper.

"That's not right," Yang Qing thought to himself.

Once the training period was up, those from the weaker sects would have their disciples dropped off at their doorsteps by employees from the Order, especially those who exhibited some form of talent. It was considered a waste by the Order if those seedlings died before they even exhibited their potential. It was why transport back was included in their quota package.

Li Feng had most been likely dropped off at his sect's gate. After that, he either left after the Order employee dropped him off, or someone targeted him the moment the person from the Order left.

Yang Qing shook his head dismissing the last thought as improbable. If there was someone lurking by, waiting for Li Feng to arrive, the person from the Order would have detected the person and acted.

This could only mean one thing, Li Feng left the moment he was dropped.

"Luckily the revised quota rules will be made into effect at the next assembly," Yang Qing silently muttered as he sighed.

#### Chapter 183 Farewell To The Clear River Sword Sect (4)

A lot of the lower-ranked sects kept losing their trained disciples to other competitors leaving them in a stagnated state. While others turned their own quotas into a marketing scheme.

They'd hawk their quotas to the highest bidders. Organizations would buy those spots from each other so they could get more slots.

Since these organizations were given autonomy on who to send and the Order didn't have a name list of their members, it was easy to sneak a non-member under the Order's nose.

However, in the next three months, the new rules for the quotas will be put into effect. All members in the quota system would have to serve their organizations for 10 years before they could leave or pay the Order an equivalent amount to the resources that were spent on them during those three years.

As for those who sold their quota spots, anyone caught would be banned for 10 years. In pursuant to this effect, the Order even offered a sizeable reward to those who come forward with any information regarding those scalping their quota spots.

The reward was made sizeable enough that anyone turning traitor would have zero qualms about telling on their own organization.

From the brief overview Yang Qing had read, someone from a rank 5 organization would get a free high-rank orange grade cultivation art specifically suited to their skills, 10 high-grade spirit stones, a tailored sky rank artifact, and a four-year training period at the Institute of the Order.

Just a single reward, was potentially more than the total of all the accumulated resources some of those rank 5 organizations had. With such a reward, father would turn against the son and the son against the father.

Yang Qing thought that the spirit of righteousness would surely bloom within these scalping organizations because of those rewards.

...

Seeing Wang Yi's worried look, Yang Qing decided against telling him that Li Feng had most likely abandoned him and the sect.

Even if Wang Yi had said he would be happy if he went someplace else, the sting of betrayal would still be there. Someone with a few months to live didn't need to carry that. Yang Qing sympathized with the old man before him who had already been through so much.

"Where do you want me to pour the blood essence?" Wang Yi asked as he pulled his thoughts back.

Yang Qing didn't miss that brief flash of a glimmer of hope in Wang Yi's eyes as he asked the question.

Yang Qing didn't say anything as he removed the heart steele stone from his storage ring. He then guided Wang Yi on what to do. Wang Yi made a small cut on one of his index fingers and then poured a drop of blood on the stone.

The stone lit up just like it did at the Murong family during their evaluation, as a few words appeared on the stone.

Cultivation realm, middle of the fourth stage of the foundation establishment realm

Status, stable

Lifespan, 63 days

Bloodline affinity, null

...

"It's even less than I expected," Yang Qing thought as he looked at the result. He had guessed that Wang Yi had three months left based on his bone age but from the Heart steele it was roughly just two months.

The damage Wang Yi did to his already aging body seemed to have taken its toll.

"63 days isn't bad," Wang Yi said as he calmly smiled. He even looked at the results with admiration like it was some good thing.

Yang Qing silently took out a jar of snow peak ginseng tea. It was made by Jiang Fu though it paled in comparison to his signature oolong tea. However, the snow peak ginseng was still an exquisite tea that would easily go for 15 middle-grade spirit stones.

Its main ingredient, the snow peak ginseng was a sky rank herb even though it was on the lower end of the spectrum. It had the effect of rejuvenating an injured soul with an added refreshing and cooling effect on the mind.

Yang Qing also took out two green bamboo cups and placed them next to the jar as his gaze turned solemn.

"I, Yang Qing, a superior core court judge of the Order, hereby demote the Clear sword river sect into a rankless sect having judged it impossible to maintain its current rank.

A 67-day grace period has been issued in pursuant to the rules and regulations in the article of rankings and evaluations."

Yang Qing added a few words to the scroll draft he had in his hands. The words added were '67 days' on the space that had been left blank before the words 'grace period.'

He then proceeded to ignite the scroll into a white flame as a voice echoed in the room with the words 'received'

He had already drafted the demotion notice on the way over as he felt he would be too uncomfortable to write it when he was at the sect.

"Would you like to share a drink with me?"

Though it seemed like Yang Qing was asking, he had already poured Wang Yi a cup and then himself.

The tea's surface produced a faint white mist while underneath it, was clear like liquid with a whitish hue like the surface of a lake during winter.

Wang Yi's eyes lit up when he saw the tea. His hands even trembled a tiny bit as he picked up the cup.

As a tea enthusiast, he went through the motions of edifying the tea before he finally took a sip.

Just like that young and old spent half an hour in silence enjoying tea. It was only when Yang Qing stood up to live did Wang Yi speak.

"Please take this. It may not be much, but it's the remaining thing I treasure," Wang Yi said as he handed over the painting he had on his wall. It was a painting of the drawing of the back of a cultivator staring at a river.

"Thank you," Yang Qing said as he bowed in thanks.

"It's nothing much. It's just something I drew when I was young and had just started working in the sect master's pavilion," Wang Yi said in nostalgia.

Yang Qing didn't say much as he carefully stored it away.

"Please have this too. It's better in your hands than mine," Yang Qing said as he handed another jar of snow peak ginseng tea to Wang Yi.

"Thanks, master Yang Qing," Wang Yi said as he smiled as he handled the jar like some priced treasure.

Yang Qing didn't add on much after that as he turned into a dark grey cloud of smoke and disappeared from the room.

Wang Yi bowed deeply before he sat down and carefully poured himself a cup of the snow peak ginseng tea with a satisfied smile on his face.

"Farewell, Clear sword river sect," Yang Qing muttered as he floated above the sect. He took one last glance before he made his way to Ellie.

Chapter 184 Intriguing Farm In Summerfield Kingdom (1)

"We will be making our way to the Summerfield Kingdom," Yang Qing said as he projected the location route into Ellie's mind.

"I can't believe I've already used up three hours already."

Yang Qing's brows were lightly furrowed as he examined the map he had laid out on Ellie's back.

"Luckily I should be able to clear a few of them in Summerfield kingdom," Yang Qing muttered as he drew a few more circles around his quadrant.

"Hopefully I'll be able to finish the evaluations in good time."

Yang Qing looked at the map for a few more seconds before he closed it with a satisfied smile appearing on his face as he did so.

In the midst of his journey, he took out his communication talisman and made a few calls to different people.

From the calls, he seemed to be arranging timelines and schedules in coordination with the other parties at the end of his calls.

By the time he was done with all of his calls, they had already left the territory of Deer mountain kingdom and its air space.

A look of relief appeared on both him and Ellie as the latter even made a few joyful upturns in her flying before she resumed the journey on the flight path leading to Summerfield kingdom.

Yang Qing used the brief time left over to reach the Summerfield kingdom, to cultivate. Even though he was generally lazy, that only applied when it came to his work but when it came to cultivation, he was extremely studious. His experience on the job had only firmed his belief that other than a powerful background, your individual capabilities also dictated how comfortable and freer a life you lead.

The father of the Zou siblings was an example of this fact. He was born into a prestigious rank 2 family and received the respect and awe of many. However, when he failed his assessment all that went away, along with his life, while someone from the branch rose to the skies in one fell swoop from a nobody to the head of a rank 2 family in a single leap due to his abilities.

While such a scenario would not happen at the Order, Yang Qing still had lofty ambitions and goals to consider especially his newfound dream of being Lei Weiyuan's boss. For that he needed strength first then promotions would follow.

Yang Qing snickered a bit at the thought of bossing around Lei Weiyuan.

...

Thirty minutes later Yang Qing opened his eyes and exhaled misty green air from his mouth. He stopped his cultivation as he turned his gaze to his surroundings.

Below him, he could see flourishing lands filled with the air of different plants and the aromas of their flowers mixing together to achieve a unique scent which despite the astronomical number mixed in it, was still gentle and subtle to the nose.

"Summerfield kingdom would be a good place to rest during my leave," Yang Qing thought as he admired the picturesque scene before him.

By the time they had arrived in Summerfield kingdom, it was already midday. The sun was already high up but there was a gentle breeze that seemed to be working in tandem with the heat.

Almost every place they flew over was a large plain filled with a small lake and herbaceous plants growing around it as they gently swayed to the gentle breeze and glistened to the warm sun rays.

Such a scene would make one inadvertently enter a state of calmness and relaxation.

Yang Qing genially took the sights in. Some of the plants growing in the places they flew over were wild undergrowth but in other areas, they looked to be specially cultivated manmade fields.

There were farmers in there meticulously caring for those plants. However, unlike ordinary farmers that you'd find in a mundane place, most farmers that fell under Yang Qing's palace sense were cultivators.

Most were in the foundation establishment stage, while a minority few were even in the core formation stage. Even one farm had about 20 early-stage core formation experts taking care of it.

Such an arrangement was to be expected since the plants those farmers were caring for, were spiritual plants.

The plants on the plains closer to the border were mostly earth-rank herbs whose quality improved the deeper they moved in.

The area that had 20 core formation experts had high-grade sky-rank herbs growing in them. During his scan, Yang Qing recognized a few of them like; Melody dawn dogbane, Ice flow vinegar, and silver lace flower to name a few.

"The kingdom has improved its herb cultivation arts by miles if it can grow that tree to minimum maturity."



Yang Qing whistled in praise when his gaze landed on a white tree that was growing alone within a 20-acre perimeter in one of the areas he had been scanning. There was nothing else in its vicinity except for a shallow blue-colored river meandering around it.

However, the scene Yang Qing was seeing and what others would see when they passed over the area would be completely different. The reason for this was the dozens of arrays planted within the 20-acre field, with one of those arrays being an illusion and befuddlement array.

The illusion part of the array made it seem like the area was a barren mountain while the befuddlement part of the array had a few hidden soul-attacking arts embedded into it. Some of them would cause minor headaches and vertigo. However, it seemed they would only be triggered if one used their spiritual sense to investigate the mountain.

In addition to the illusion and befuddlement array, there were killing arrays, defensive arrays, and alarm trigger arrays. These were all meant for the protection of the white tree.

A peak core formation stage expert would die leaving no corpse behind if they were to stumble in there.

Those protective arrays were meticulously arranged to complement each other when someone stumbled in there. There were even redundancies put in place in case one of those arrays failed.

While individually, those arrays could not be considered much in Yang Qing's eyes since they were high-rank Orange-grade formations, their compounded might was something else. The collective attack of all the arrays working in tandem rivaled that of a low-rank blue-grade cultivation art.

Yang Qing couldn't help but admire the ingenuity of the formation master who created that blueprint. There was even a top-grade sky-rank artifact that had a budding spirituality that was used as the anchor for the arrays.

There seemed to be a symbiotic arrangement between the two sides. The artifact powered the array while the array nurtured the budding spirit inside the artifact.

The more Yang Qing scanned the arrangement, the more shocked he became. The skills of the formation master had to be at least in the blue grade and based on his usage of the artifact, that formation master also had matching skills in weapons refinement.

"Is it an outsider or someone from within the Summerfield kingdom?" Yang Qing wondered as he had Ellie slow down a bit as they passed through the area.

He was an avid dabbler in formation arrays, which was mainly because he still had the grand ambition of cracking the time array in his carriage so he could sleep more or fiddle with the observation arrays in his courtroom so his every move wouldn't be monitored.

It was from that experience that he could appreciate what a work of art the array lineup below him was.

Chapter 185 Intriguing Farm In Summerfield Kingdom (2)

"Rhythm of dao?" Yang Qing muttered in shock as his eyes lit up.

"Is he really someone from the kingdom?" Yang Qing increasingly wondered in confusion as he cupped his chin on his hand.

The Summerfield kingdom was a rank 4 kingdom whose forte lay in spiritual plant propagation. Due to the favorable climate of the kingdom coupled with a long heritage of herb cultivation arts, they made their bones in producing a wide variety of spiritual plants.

They produced the most common varieties of spiritual plants but their quantity and quality were a cut above most rank 4 producers. Yang Qing had read they had some skills in formation arrays but not to the degree of what he was seeing before him, on the field with the white tree.

Their skills in formation arrays mostly lay in utility arrays. Most of their farms had these types of arrays whose major function was to mimic and enhance the biome in the area where they were laid at.

Spiritual plants required specific conditions to optimally grow and if you wanted to grow a variety of them together, special measures were needed and just having abundant qi wouldn't be enough.

These conditions were what propelled the Summerfield kingdom to research arrays meant to assist them in the successful growth of their spiritual herbs. However, the arrays before him were something different.

Though there were some utility arrays mixed in there, the resonance between all the arrays in the area and the seamless symbiotic relationship between the arrays and the artifact was not something that just any formation master could pull especially when you consider said formation master may be a weapon's refinement specialist with matching skills.

In addition, the interconnection between the arrays, the artifact, and the tree had even created a subtle dao rhythm. Even though it was just in its infantile stage, this was the defining feature of a genuine blue-grade formation.

A formation could only be considered a blue-grade formation if it could draw upon the world principles of its surrounding to the extent that it blended with it. For example, an illusory array that had blended so perfectly with the illusion it's creating that it invokes the world's element to support that illusion to the point it borders on reality.

In simpler terms, a blue-grade formation was a formation that gained the world's recognition and acceptance to the point of evoking its support.

The array before him was slowly approaching that stage. Yang Qing wasn't sure what the final product would look like since it involved different elements i.e. the maple moon wood tree which was the white tree, the arrays planted in the place, and the artifact with a budding spirit.

"Maybe they want to create a blessed cultivation ground with Yin Yang balance," Yang Qing thought.

The maple moon tree had a gentle yin nature, while he detected the artifact had a major yang component to its attribute and the array might be a link between the two, whose job was to create and maintain a subtle balance.

However, Yang Qing soon decided to give up on investigating further. He had made Ellie fly a couple of times around the place so he could get a clear view and the more he saw the more engrossed he became.

If he indulged any further, maybe weeks would pass by without him noticing. He could feel himself slipping into a trance the more he examined the formation. His cultivation had even started circulating as new ideas circled in his mind. He had Yin Yang jade bones which made him extremely sensitive to areas that exhibited a duality of yin and yang like the arrangement before him.

"Ellie let's go," Yang Qing reluctantly said as he tore his eyes away from the field.

The field had too many things that drew his attention, even without considering the trigger it had on his physique.

Who put that formation there? Was it one person like he had assumed or was it a collaborative effort of different parties like a formation master, weapon refiner, and herbologist?

If it was a collaborative effort between three parties or a one-man show, what was their end goal with the whole setup?

Was it just to create a blessed cultivation area as he had guessed or was there something deeper to it?

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that maybe there may be a larger goal than just creating a cultivation ground. Maybe the real goal was hidden just like how the rhythm of dao had evaded his perception on his first cursory glance, and it was only when he closely studied the layout did he discover it.

As Yang Qing was entertaining these thoughts, another idea popped up on the purpose of the field, this was double spirit nurturing.

The maple moon tree at the field had already reached the peak of sky rank. Maple moon trees at their peak would reach the top of monarch grade which was the equivalent of a palace realm cultivator.

Plants rarely developed spirituality but if they did they would be no different from cultivators except for the fact that most would usually remain immobile and anchored to the area they took root in. But other than that, there was no difference between them and spirit beasts and human cultivators.

They could communicate and cultivate proactively other than it just being a triggered response.

In terms of degree of importance, there was a huge difference between a tree with its spirituality awakened and one that did not. A tree with spirituality could decide which aspects of its abilities to magnify and which to lessen, instead of its actions being an automated response to external stimuli.

This was why he thought so highly of the Green fog swamp to the extent he went out of his way to help them. If nothing unexpected happened, with the Tupelo tree's help they could develop into a rank 3 sect since the tree was already sentient and knew which of its abilities would benefit the sect.

"Maybe they're trying to use the artifact's budding spirit as a catalyst to trigger an evolution in the maple moon tree. But all this is just conjecture and my knowledge of the subject is small.

I should consult Chief Song when I get back. Maybe i could make improvements at my place with the results"

Yang Qing reluctantly looked back sighing before he finally firmly fixed his gaze ahead.

The farms decreased in size and number the deeper they moved into the Summerfield kingdom. It didn't take long before the capital was within their sights.

He had chosen their capital as one of his collective evaluation point. About 200 organizations would be evaluated there together to help cut back on the time he needed to complete all his evaluations.

Chapter 186 The Ascetic Sect

When Yang Qing was planning his layout for the evaluations, to ensure that he completed the evaluations in time, he decided to conduct some of the evaluations from a single spot rather than visit those organizations individually.

Those spots were chosen based on the numbers and proximity of the unranked organizations to one another. The Summerfield kingdom became one of those cluster points.

The Summerfield kingdom had a decent reputation and could be considered to be a subordinate of the Spiritual temperance sect. These were the factors that made Yang Qing choose the kingdom as one of his cluster points.

The area the kingdom was situated under was within the territory of the Spiritual temperance sect.

The spiritual temperance sect was a rank 3 sect and one of the top tier ones at that too. Though the Order suspects they may already be a rank 2 sect, it's just that they haven't bothered to apply for an evaluation. The basis for that judgment was that they have had a few exceptional talents over the years, who by the Order's estimates had more than likely reached the domain realm.

The sect could be considered an ascetic sect. Its members rarely left their sect grounds. They were always cultivating or in long secluded meditation. Just like its name, this was a sect that focused on cultivating the soul so they didn't need constant battles to temper themselves. They have a special cultivation art and an accompanying treasure to aid them in their soul cultivation.

Pure soul cultivation could be considered an esoteric form of cultivation each unique from organization to organization and from person to person. The Spiritual sect temperance's way involved them being in long-timed meditation. Because of that, they rarely engage with the outside world and are always indoors.

The only time they open their doors is when they are recruiting more disciples. Their numbers are also pitifully few for a rank 3 sect, based on the records the Order had from its last evaluation, the sect had about 3,000 sect members.

Their entry requirements are not that high when compared to the major sects and organizations, but they pick from a very selective talent pool. This is mostly for those who have a talent or special physique that resonates with their cultivation art.

Theirs is one of the few sects with a weird entrance requirement, where it's the cultivation art that decides whether you get in or not rather than pure cultivation talent.

Other than when they're recruiting new members, their sect doors usually remain closed to outsiders, and they don't concern themselves with anything else. They barely even interfere with the rest of their territory that's not covered by their sect walls.

In terms of territory, the land technically under them is enough to match some up-and-coming rank 2 organizations. However, due to their nonchalant and ascetic attitudes, they barely spare any thought towards it.

It's because of this attitude that their territory has one of the greatest numbers of cultivation organizations. The requirements for settling in their territory are virtually nonexistent since they could care less as long as you don't infringe upon their sect grounds.

They don't demand payment or any form of tribute like other organizations do. For example within the borders of the Red Maple Empire, all organizations with no ties to the royal family are required to pay some form of tribute or tax for setting up their operations in their country.

Those charges are put into effect the moment those organizations become ranked organizations and are nullified the moment they become unranked. For example, the Murong family and the Clear sword river sect. The former will start making annual payments to the royal family of the Red Maple Empire since they got promoted while the latter will be exempted from payment since it has lost its standing.

Such practice is observed all around the world. The Order tacitly agrees to it since it ensures those up-and-coming organizations are not suppressed by the overlords of the area they are under. If they intervened and forbade those organizations from collecting payments, they would more than likely prevent or suppress any organization that has no ties to them, from setting up a base within their territory.

The Order thus rarely intervenes in the matter even when the ruling organizations charge exorbitant fees to the lower-ranked organizations, for setting up within their territory. This is their right and freedom as rulers of the place. The Order would only step in if the matter got drastic, like blatant murder, kidnappings, robbery, and the like.

This was why the territory of the Spiritual temperance sect experiences such explosive growth in new organizations. They don't demand a single cent or notification.

If you find a place to settle, feel free to use it, they are not using it anyways. This attitude even went to the extent that they never even showed any interest when a few monarch-grade herbs had been found within their territory. When the sect that found that herb went to pass it to them, they were chased away along with the herb and asked to stay away.

That sect master went away baffled, a little excited and afraid since when he was being chased away, it was not in a gentle manner.

Of course, that sect master got attacked and robbed when some interested parties realized he came back with the monarch herb. At that moment but when he was being robbed and those robbing him, they all had the same look. It was one of wild ambition and excitement. Based on the attitude of the Spiritual temperance sect, whatever they found no matter the grade, was theirs to keep.

That reality became a game changer within the Spiritual temperance sect's territory. Those with the ambitions of rising from dung swarmed their territory in the hopes of having a lucky breakthrough that would help them catapult into somebody. And because the territory was technically under a rank 3 organization, it essentially deterred other rank 3 organizations from throwing their hat in the chaotic mix rife with ambition.

This was why about an eighth of Yang Qing's list of organizations suited for evaluation were within that territory.

The Summerfield kingdom had a good relationship with the surrounding organization and for reasons unknown to others, they were one of the few organizations that the Spiritual temperance sect actually had contact with, though it was only on a few occasions and it was mostly them running errands on their behalf.

No matter the reason for the contact, just the knowledge that they had contact with the Spiritual temperance sect meant in terms of status they were above the rest and were rarely embroiled in the fierce competition that had taken over in the region.

This made the Summerfield kingdom the safest neutral ground to conduct a joint evaluation. All of the organizations undergoing evaluation would feel safer doing it within Summerfield kingdom in comparison to other areas.

Chapter 187 Collective Evaluation At The Dreaming Sunset Court (1)

A certain field within the Summerfield kingdom.

"Looks like he left."



A young man in light yellow robes sighed in relief as he addressed the middle-aged man next to him.

The middle-aged man also had light yellow robes . He didn't seem like he had heard the young man's statement as he stared at the sky with a deep frown appearing on his face.

"We need to tell master about this," the middle-aged man said as he went to a round stone table that had numerous glyphs and runes inscribed on it.

At the center of the table was a cylindrical purple crystal that had been fitted perfectly to a round spacing below it that had other glyphs and runes connecting with those on the rest of the table.

"Was he someone from the Spiritual temperance sect?" the middle aged man muttered in worry as he made a few seals that lit up the ancient glyphs and runes on the table which then proceeded to light up the purple crystal at the center.

....

"Master Yang Qing we welcome you to our humble kingdom," said a middle-aged man who was cupping his fists at Yang Qing in greeting in the middle of an empty street.

The middle-aged man was in black robes that were gilded at the sleeves and the hem of the robe. He had a genial warm smile on his face as he welcomed Yang Qing.

He had a mildly rotund build with an average height. He had neatly trimmed light brown hair and a goatee along with round amber eyes that made him seem like a lively person which added a bit of enthusiasm to the welcome he was giving Yang Qing.

This middle-aged man was the current king of the Summerfield kingdom and also the point person Yang Qing had been in communication with to arrange the joint evaluation.

Yang Qing had already made his way to the center of the capital where he caught sight of the King and a procession of people waiting for him. From their auras and demeanor, they all looked to be people of status and power within the Summerfield kingdom.

"Greetings king Jia Yanyu, sorry for imposing on you suddenly like this. I hope you don't mind."

Yang Qing cupped his fists in apology as he offered a polite smile for springing up the whole thing on them without a few days' notice. It couldn't be helped since Lei Weiyuan had sprung up the evaluations on him earlier today before he had time to plan the whole thing well.

"No need for that master Yang Qing. It's my kingdom's honor to be able to be of help to the Order. Most of us were able to develop to where we are because the Order is around to shield us from the dangerous storms," said King Jia Yanyu.

"I'm deeply thankful for your magnanimity, your majesty. Also, Instructor Shaoqing sends his greetings and said if you have time you should go visit him. He has found a few variant seeds that would interest you."

King Jia Yanyu's eyes immediately lit up at Yang Qing's statement.

"As expected of a close friend of Instructor Shaoqing," thought Yang Qing as he took in the Summerfield king's reaction.

Instructor Shaoqing was a herbology and alchemy instructor at the Institute. Yang Qing was able to communicate with King Jia Yanyu thanks to him.

The two had struck a friendship when the king came as a quota student while the instructor had also been a student himself at the time.

The king despite coming from a rank 4 kingdom had shown enough talent in herbology to be noticed, it was to the point that some of his classes were altered so he could take them together with the students of the Order. It was a form of acknowledgment from the instructors of his talents.

From the brief comments instructor Shaoqing made to Yang Qing as they were talking, he said the king had a natural gift for the care and handling of spiritual plants.

However, King Jia Yanyu didn't put as much effort into it. He had a herbologist's body but a merchant's heart and mind. His time at the institute was spent forming friendly connections with the students from the Order and other students who came in via the quota system.

Such qualities made him a good king but it also meant he would never completely excavate his potential when it came to his natural talents in herbology.

...

"He is already an instructor now, huh," King Jia Yanyu said as a nostalgic look appeared on his face.

His gaze turned distant as if turning back in time and then turned it towards the procession at his back, more specifically a line-up of four young men and three daughters.

Yang Qing followed the trail of his gaze as it fell on the seven young people with matching beauties. Their facial features had a faint resemblance to each other and to the king too especially the light brown hair.

"Must be his kids," thought Yang Qing as he made a silent offhanded note that their beauty was the one thing they definitely didn't get from the king.

"The kingdom is already proceeding well, it might not be bad to let go of the reigns and let them lead it to the next stage while I disappear into the background. The fields might be a fitting retirement," King Jia Yanyu silently muttered to himself as he ruefully smiled.

"Master Yang Qing, you can tell him I'll make sure to visit him soon. My schedule may become freer in the near future," King Jia Yanyu said as he pulled his thoughts back.

A few of the siblings at his back had their eyes flash in excitement at his statement.

"I will do that, your majesty...now about the venue?" Yang Qing gently asked trying to steer the conversation toward his goal.

Time wasn't on his side as it is. He had a mountain of evaluations to finish and a ceremony to prepare for. His body faintly shivered at the thought of how packed his upcoming days would be especially after his ceremony. He would have an induction to go through which came with a mountain of procedures, the entrance examination he had to prepare for, and a domain expert to watch out for, both within the Order and out.

He absentmindedly exhaled a sigh of defeat as he blindly followed the king. Those brief few seconds of lamentation had made him miss the King's words.

He only vaguely heard the word courtyard and the king started moving while his body reflexively followed.

A few minutes later, they arrived outside of the entrance of a courtyard with the name 'Dreaming sunset court'. Just the entrance alone spoke volumes of the court's stature. The entrance walls had been inlaid with sunglow jade which refreshed and soothed the spirits of all those who passed through.

Yang Qing could also detect that the qi in there was just as gentle and was abundant enough to match the blessed grounds of any top-tier rank 4 organization.

The buildings within the court had a simple elegance to them which highlighted a oneness with nature rather than standing out from it. They were all made of some spiritual wood with their design and positioning made categorically to fit the arrangement of plants around them.

Yang Qing was guided into one of the building halls that had ample space and was fitted with sound cancellation and spiritual qi drawing arrays.

"Master Yang Qing you can conduct the evaluations here. I will leave one of my children here to offer any assistance should you need it and the servants will also be here to bring you refreshments should you need it.

I hope the arrangement is to your liking," King Jia Yanyu said as he politely welcomed Yang Qing to the hall.

Yang Qing's eyes flashed with an imperceptible glow when the words refreshment was mentioned.

Saves me the awkwardness of asking for food. I wonder which self-serving cultivator spread the notion that cultivators don't need food just spiritual qi is enough. That venom caused more damage than any war ever did.

"Many thanks your majesty, the arrangement is just perfect," Yang Qing warmly said as he even went to the lengths of personally shaking the king's hands with enthusiasm, which came as a surprise to him.

But as an old fox, the surprise lasted only for a brief second before he reacted so smoothly that it made it seem like the two were long-lost brothers who had just met.

The King and his procession left a few minutes later after arranging a few things. His eldest son was the child he had decided would be assisting him.

Yang Qing didn't say much about the arrangement as he figured the child left behind was the one he was grooming to take after him and hoped he could form a connection with Yang Qing. One can never have too many friends. Yang Qing didn't mind as he agreed with that notion too, especially in the commission of their duties. Having friends all over the continent made their work light.

#### Chapter 188 Collective Evaluations (1)

Yang Qing exchanged a few pleasantries with the eldest prince who was seated next to him in the hall room. His name was Jia Wenyan. From their brief interaction, Yang Qing could finally understand why the king chose him from among the siblings to remain behind.

He was both tactful and natural when holding a conversation. In terms of cultivation, one couldn't say he was shoddy either since he was at the fifth stage of the core formation realm but if he was compared to his other siblings, one might say he was lacking a bit.

Of the seven siblings, one of the daughters had the highest cultivation base. Her cultivation base was at the ninth stage of the core formation realm. Among those present in the king's procession, she was amongst the top in terms of cultivation base.

However, she was hiding her cultivation base just like the old couple from Purple city. Yang Qing only managed to notice it because he habitually deploys his palace sense in unfamiliar territory and unfamiliar people. The artifact she had on her was useless against the spiritual sense of a palace realm cultivator.

Her real cultivation realm was at the ninth stage of the core formation realm but outwardly she revealed a cultivation base that was at the second stage of the core formation realm which was the weakest realm amongst the seven siblings.

Yang Qing didn't mention anything and chose to act incognizant of the matter.

The arrangement might be hers or her father's or some other sibling's ploy. The web of royal politics was not something he wanted to pour his thoughts into. It didn't interest him like the array field he passed on his way over.

As for the rest of the siblings, the least of them had a peak stage foundation establishment realm and from what Yang Qing could tell, he seemed to be the same age as him while the rest had core formation cultivation bases. The highest of them, excluding the princess who had hidden her real cultivation base, was at the seventh base of the core formation realm.

"The foundations of the Summerfield kingdom are not bad," Yang Qing mused to himself as he thought of everything he had seen to this point ever since he stepped into its territory.

....

As Yang Qing was lost in his thoughts, one royal guard entered the hall room they were staying.

He had an eighth-stage core formation realm. With the pressure he released, he seemed very close to breaking through to the ninth stage.

A person of his strength in Summerfield kingdom should be someone with a great rank since by and large the kingdom was a rank 4 kingdom. But he was currently being used as a messenger.

If Yang Qing were to guess the king's thoughts on such an arrangement, it was first to show Yang Qing respect and another, it was a display of strength to the organizations coming for the review.

The territory of the Spiritual temperance sect was a chaotic mess. New sects or clans were always popping out of the woodworks. Some were independent however the majority were just pawns of other rank 4 organizations of similar strength to the Summerfield kingdom while others were pawns inserted by outside forces.

The whole region was a cesspool of subterfuge, probes, hidden and open battles. The Summerfield kingdom could therefore not afford to be negligent with these organizations even with their assumed relationship with the Spiritual temperance sect.

The guard bowed to both of them first and then proceeded to speak of the reason that had brought him to the room.

"Master Yang Qing, about half of the list of the organizations you sent to the king have already arrived. Would you like them to be sent here right away or would you like for all of the organizations to have arrived first before you started the evaluation?" asked the guard.

"Mmmh, send them over, half is already a good enough number to start...As for the remaining half, just send them over as they arrive. There's no need to wait for all of them to gather," said Yang Qing.

"Use that same format for lining them up as they come in here...those who came earliest will be at the front and so forth and so forth," Yang Qing added after some thought.

"We will do just that," the guard firmly said.

"Many thanks uuum..."

" My name is Bu Zhe," the guard answered with a smile when he saw Yang Qing's awkward expression at struggling with how to address him.

"Thanks again Bu Zhe, for your hard work," Yang Qing said in a polite smile.

Bu Zhe bowed to both him and the prince and then rushed to make the arrangements.

The king had repetitively emphasized that they were not to be negligent even in the tiniest of matters. It was why, he the captain of the royal guards above many and below a few, almost holding the same level of power as some of the princes, was acting as a messenger and a guide today.

...

"I'm sorry Yang Qing for my negligence," the eldest prince hurriedly apologized in embarrassment.

He felt he was a bit negligent in his duties as an aid when he saw Yang Qing awkwardly try to address Bu Zhe. As a competent aid he felt he should have filled in Yang Qing on all matters no matter how small just like how the ministers do when preparing them for a major diplomacy meeting. They'd be fed all kinds of information concerning the coming parties and the event itself regardless of whether it was pertinent to the event or not.

"Hahaha you shouldn't worry too much about that prince Wenyan. I don't have the thick face to accept your apology since I'm the one imposing on you all here.

I owe you and your kingdom deep gratitude for your help and how quick you were to make the arrangements."

Yang Qing took out a jar containing peach blossom wine and two wine urns. He poured himself one and the eldest prince one.

"Think of this as my token of thanks," Yang Qing gently said as he raised his wine urn in a toast.

"Then I will have to shamelessly accept brother Yang Qing," said the eldest prince with a smile as he returned Yang Qing's toast.



They each took a single gulp from their urns each exhaling satisfied expressions more so the prince.

His pupils shrunk in shock at how exquisite the wine tasted. The wine had a mellow sweetness accompanied by a chilling sensation.

Seconds later his expression became even more exaggerated when the energy from the wine he had just drunk exploded within his body like a volcano. He hurriedly executed his cultivation art to circulate the energy before it went to waste or create a great strain in his meridians due to energy overload.

"Yi Jie has improved in leaps and bounds seeing how even a small sip is enough to shake a middle-stage core formation expert.

Too bad I won't be getting any new brew till he exits his seclusion," Yang Qing thought as he sighed.

He poured himself another cup to lighten his mood.

"Many thanks, brother Yang Qing but I don't think I can handle anymore. I will only embarrass myself if I do."

The eldest prince fearfully declined in embarrassment when he saw Yang Qing about to pour himself another cup.

His eyes were exhibiting a mixed mash of emotions. There was a hint of regret, fear, caution, and desire mixed in there as he eyed the jar containing the wine.

Yang Qing only smiled in response as he downed another cup with the prince enviously watching at the side.

A few minutes passed when the court got suddenly filled with a cacophony of small murmurs.

Chapter 189 Collective Evaluations (2)

The murmurs were originating from a large crowd waiting outside the court. Yang Qing surmised the massive crowd standing outside the court were the organizations Bu Zhe was talking about, who had

already arrived. He detected Bu Zhe's aura in their midst along with other core formation experts, who Yang Qing guessed were part of his team.

...

Seconds later Bu Zhe's aura separated from the crowd as it headed Yang Qing's way.

"Master Yang Qing, the organizations are already here. I can send them in any time you wish to. The palace guards will ensure the order is maintained as they come in," said Bu Zhe when he entered the hallway.

"If it's not too much trouble, please invite them all in within the court grounds.

They can lineup when they're inside the court's compound," Yang Qing answered.

"As you wish," Bu Zhe answered as he swiftly.

"Captain, let me join you to help expedite things," prince Jia Wenyan suddenly said as he joined Bu Zhe on the way out after cupping his fists to Yang Qing to excuse himself.

Yang Qing took out two hundred scrolls, the foundation white haze crystal, and the heart stone steele as he simultaneously scanned the crowd outside.

"Mmmh is that?" Yang Qing's brows furrowed as a murderous look flashed in his eyes.

"Since you came in here, you can forget about leaving," Yang Qing coldly muttered as his gaze turned normal.

It only took three minutes for the crowd of over two hundred people to be neatly arranged within the courtyard grounds.

From the crowd, only a hundred people were to be evaluated, while the rest were their entourage like how Murong Yan from the Murong family was accompanied by her elders during her evaluation.

...

Once everything had settled, the eldest prince and Bu Zhe both came back to the hall. The prince took his seat next to Yang Qing's side while Bu Zhe manned the door.

He was awaiting Yang Qing's order for those outside to start being ushered in.

"My name is Yang Qing and I am a judge of the Superior core court of the Order. I will be in charge of conducting your evaluations for today. Please follow the arrangements of the Summerfield guards when it comes to the order of lining up.

As I'm sure you have been told before when you applied for the rank-up promotions, the moment you agreed to the evaluations you submitted yourselves to article 34 of ranking protocols and guidelines. If found in breach you're subject to its punishment.

For those who have second thoughts, you still have the option of leaving. If you are all still here after ten breaths it means you all surrender yourselves to the stipulations of the article."

Yang Qing controlled his voice perfectly to reverberate within the court's compound. His voice seemed like it was coming from all directions and the people within the compound were caught in the middle of that voice storm.

Yang Qing paused and gave the crowd exactly ten breaths to mull over his words. In those ten breaths, no one left, though those present all exuded an air of tension completely opposite to the excitement they had when they came in.

"Okay then, since no one has left it means you all are now under the subject of the article.

The evaluation will be a two-step process. The first will be, the person to be evaluated will pour his/ her qi into a foundation white haze crystal. If it triggers a response from the crystal that will be proof of having a foundation establishment cultivation.

After that they will then proceed to the last step of the verification process which would be to pour a drop of your blood essence into the heart stone steele.

Once everything checks out, I will issue you a copy of the certificate acknowledging your promotion into a rank 5 organization. All the privileges afforded to that rank will be in effect the moment I make that declaration.

WE CAN NOW BEGIN," Yang Qing's voice sounded like a thunderclap within the compound as he made the last part of the announcement.

"Captain Bu Zhe would you please," Yang Qing softly said with a polite smile which made Bu Zhe, the eldest prince, and a few of the servants in the hall, have dumbfounded looks at how fast Yang Qing switched his demeanors.

One second he was exuding such a domineering aura with an accompanying pressure that made all who were enveloped by it struggle to breathe and the next second he was a genial youth that someone would choose to approach due to how easygoing he seemed to be.

Could one person have such contrasting personalities? Or was one of them a mask? If so which of the two was the real him?

The eldest prince was the one most affected by this since he had been calling Yang Qing, brother Yang Qing to bring their relationship closer. However after feeling Yang Qing's overbearing pressure, some part of him felt inferior like a subordinate.

The short interlude of complex emotions didn't last long as Bu Zhe led the first organization to be evaluated into the hallway.

The first organization had a party of three people. It was two old men and a young boy. The two elderly men had on white robes with an embroidery symbol on their robes of a mountain that had been severed at the peak.

Yang Qing's eyes flashed with interest as he saw the two elderly men. They had identical facial features, the way they dressed and how they tied their hair in a half topknot was similar down to even how they walked. The only thing that differentiated them was the color of their eyes. One had silver-colored eyes while the other had dark golden colored eyes.

From their close resemblance, they were twins. The young boy accompanying them looked to be about 8 years old. Despite the aging look disparity between the twin elders and the young boy, one could see a familial resemblance among the three members.

...

The young boy was eyeing everything around him with childish curiosity completely oblivious of the tense atmosphere in the room.

"The Broken peak sect submits itself to the evaluation of the Order."

Both brothers simultaneously said as they cupped offered daoist salutes.

"My name is Feng Jiao, the sect master of the Broken peak sect and this is my brother Feng Lei the vice sect master of the sect, and behind us is our grandson Feng Yu.

Yu'er say hello," Feng Jiao said as he pushed the 8-year-old forward.

"Greetings master.."

"Yang Qing," Feng Jiao whispered in embarrassment when he saw his grandson struggling to remember Yang Qing's name.

"Greetings master Yang Qing," Feng Yu said as he clumsily offered a daoist salute while smiling foolishly.

Yang Qing lightly chuckled at the display as he offered his greetings.

Feng Jiao was the silver-eyed brother while Feng Lei was the one with the dark golden eyes.

Chapter 190 Descendants Of The Ancient Races (1)

"So who would be getting evaluated between the two of you?" Yang Qing asked once the pleasantries were out of the way. His eyes shined with interest as he eyed the two elderly twins.

Both Feng Jiao and Feng Lei seemed a bit hesitant at first, a few seconds passed by before they firmed themselves and answered back.

"Judge Yang Qing, we hope you can evaluate both of us, but if it's not allowed then only I will be getting the evaluation," Feng Jiao the silver-eyed brother, who was also the sect master, replied back.

Although he tried to portray a look of calmness, inwardly he was extremely tense which revealed itself through his tightly clenched hand and the small beads of sweat that had formed on his forehead.

"Well, it's not against the rules to have you both evaluated," Yang Qing calmly answered back, which came as a relief to the two brothers.

The reason why Yang Qing found the two brothers interesting in the first place was that they both had similar cultivation bases. They were both at the peak of the first stage of the foundation establishment realm.

The fluctuations they released had an uncanny similarity to each other, that one would confuse them to be a clone art of the other, with the only difference being the color of their eyes.

"I wonder what cultivation art they are practicing to both experience a breakthrough at the same time or does it have something to do with their bloodline," Yang Qing inwardly wondered.

As for Feng Yu, his cultivation was only at the bronze stage of the body refining realm. Outwardly Yang Qing couldn't spot anything about him that stood out.

...

With Yang Qing agreeing to their double evaluation, Feng Jiao the sect master of the Broken peak sect was the first to step out.

He did just as Yang Qing had advised them earlier and poured his qi into the foundation white haze crystal.

The moment his qi made contact with the crystal, the milky white color of the crystal started swirling. The triggered swirling was already proof he was a foundation establishment cultivator. All that was left was to know the grade of their pillar.

Just like it did at the Murong family, the color of the foundation white haze crystal started changing with every swirl. It transformed from white, then to different shades of red, then it moved on to orange. The swirling got slower once it had transformed into an orange color.

The shades got darker just like it did with the red color, it moved from light orange as the shade got richer. By the time it stopped, it resembled the orange of the sun at dusk. However, it wasn't purely orange as it had a few minuscule spots of blue in it.

Yang Qing couldn't help but raise his eyebrows at this. The prince who was seated next to him also had the same reaction as he leaned forward to closely examine the crystal to confirm what he saw was real. If it wasn't for fear of angering Yang Qing he would have grabbed the crystal for a closer observation. A shocked complicated look appeared in his eyes as his gaze alternated between the sect master of the Broken peak sect and the crystal.

Bu Zhe who had been aptly manning the door had a small frown appearing on his face when he saw the result.

Although the foundation white haze crystal was a top-tier sky-rank artifact, their kingdom had a few of them on hand which they used to scout talents within the kingdom. It was why he knew what having such a color represented.

Feng Jiao had a high-tier orange-grade pillar that was showing signs of becoming a quasi-blue-grade pillar. Within their kingdom, pillars of such a tier were worthy of note from the royal family. The kingdom would spare no expense to recruit someone of such a caliber.

He too had a top tier orange grade pillar when he was in the foundation realm, though his grade fell a little bit short when compared to Feng Jiao's since his pillars did not have blue spots in them.

Given enough cultivation resources and time, Feng Jiao would at the very least reach the same height as him and the odds of exceeding him were not low either.

"I wonder if they have a backer," Captain Bu Zhe inwardly wondered.

..

Yang Qing noticed the reaction of the prince and captain Bu Zhe. Their reactions were why he had to be careful in choosing of the location for the evaluation.

The Summerfield kingdom had a decent reputation for playing well with others and wasn't marred with the reputation of being despotic towards other organizations.

The risks of these organizations being targeted for their talent would be lower in the Summerfield kingdom than in any other place within the territory of the Spiritual temperance sect. And if anything did happen to them, the list of suspects would be few.

Based on the personality of the king, it was less than likely he would do anything untoward in spite of the results as it would mean getting on the negative side of the Order. Someone like him who valued connections above all, would less likely indulge in a move that would jeopardize them.



The kingdom gaining firsthand knowledge about these talents could be considered as Yang Qing returning them a favor for agreeing to help him with the planning for the evaluations.

....

"Whatever you see next has to remain here, not one word should leave this place."

Yang Qing's voice echoed in both the prince's and Captain Bu Zhe's minds. They both looked up in shock when they heard his voice appear in their minds.

The visible alarm in their eyes was a clear indicator that they knew what it meant for someone to directly transmit his/her thoughts into someone else's mind with ease. This was a means restricted to those who were in the palace realm and above.

Those below the palace realm had means of achieving something close, and this was through the use of arts collectively known as soundless or voiceless transmission arts. It was a way of secretly sending messages to each other in a crowded area and operated in the same vein as communication talismans.

However no matter how close it was to what Yang Qing was doing, fundamentally it was different. Yang Qing directly transmitted his thoughts into their mental seas whereas soundless transmission was essentially a private conversation that involved mouth and ears.

The way they looked at Yang Qing changed as they both nodded solemnly. Yang Qing being a palace realm expert came as a surprise to them since those from the Order who did rank 5 evaluations and promotions were all in the core formation realm. Not once had they heard a palace realm expert conducting them.

"Does father know," prince Jia Wenyan inwardly wondered as he felt even more tense when sitting next to Yang Qing.