

Death 81

Death... and me

Chapter 81: West battle

Why did Roan appear behind him so fast? The reason was simple, Roan had been behind the enemies' warriors to start with! The insides of the Varen Tribe were covered in darkness with almost no light to start with. He simply laid against the North Walls and used his Darkness Element to change his Spiritual Energy color. It was basically the same trick that he used against the Azure Hyenas.

At that time, Rean was together to bend the little light away from the darkness. But this time, Roan didn't need to since they had prepared the environment to be much darker than back then. With Rean and Roan as Foundation Establishment Realm cultivations and no leader, the enemies were quickly wiped out. The twins kept operating around the enemy's group, preventing a single one of them from escaping. Roan's objective was to not let them inform the outside about his and Rean's presence.

From their 50 or so warriors, only 3 died, and 7 got injured. As soon as this battle was over, Rean immediately used his Light Element to help the injured warriors to recover.

The Warriors were really shocked by Rean and Roan's strength. They were nervous at first when Juri told them to follow their orders. Fortunately, everyone trusts Juri's judgment. It was him that brought up the Tribe to what it was today, so they still obeyed his orders. Sure enough, seeing that they only lost 3 warriors while killing over 150 proved that Juri wasn't wrong.

As for Roan, he immediately dashed away when he was sure the battle was won. He went to the west side, where Alanda was defending.

The west and east sides did not have that enormous gap between the houses and the walls, there were just a few meters. That being said, there was enough space for the battle to happen.

Roan had only taken 50 of the 200 or so warriors of the Varen Tribe, leaving 75 for Alanda and Juri. Since he and Rean are Foundation Establishment Cultivators, they could do with a smaller number.

Alanda's west side battle started at the same time as the north and east. Back then, after the warriors learned to avoid the metal stakes on the ground, they did not find any resistance in front. Because of that, they waited for more of their companions to lend inside before moving forward as a group. This time, they were obviously using their Spiritual Sense to check the ground for more concealed traps.

What they didn't notice in the dark environment is that they were being led. Several wooden walls had been raised between the houses to make it look like they had always been there. If it was day, they would have noticed that they are quite new. But during the night, it was too hard to see.

Finally, they arrived in front of a street where the Varen Tribe warriors were making a line, waiting for them. The commander of this group, a Middle Stage Foundation Establishment Warrior, came forward and looked at Alanda, who was in front of his Warriors group.

Using his Spiritual Sense, he noticed that Alanda is only an Initial Stage, so he wasn't the least bit afraid. He quickly looked around and understood what Alanda wanted. With little space to move, it would be hard to use their numbers' advantage.

"Hehe, cheap tricks."

But suddenly, something unexpected happened. Alanda pointed his sword forward and shouted.

"Attack!"

The commander was taken aback. He thought that Alanda's group was going to keep a defensive attitude, it didn't pass through his mind that they would attack.

Still, he was just surprised, not afraid. He also pointed his sword forward, just like Alanda.

"Attack!"

At the same time, he sent a Spiritual Sense message to the warriors on the back of his group.

"The moment we clash against their group, jump over the houses, and circle around them. If they think we will follow their plans and fight in this closed space, they are severely underestimating us."

The commander took the front to stop Alanda, while the other warriors would hold the rest on the sides.

Seeing that, Alanda smiled and pointed his sword forward. Spiritual Energy and Wind Element started to gather around his sword while he retracted it. Just a second before both sides were about to collide against each other, Alanda thrust his sword forward.

'Death Style, First Form, Stellar Piercer!'

Alanda's control of this technique wasn't as good as Roan, but it was a lot stronger than Roan's attack back in the Jiran Forest. After all, Roan was only an Energy Gathering Realm at that time. Alanda decided to learn this technique first because it was the best one for his Wind Element. Thanks to that, it could travel much further, and his Foundation Establishment Realm made it a lot more powerful.

Swish!

The commander of that group was alarmed! That green like needle energy arrived in front of his heart almost instantly! He only had enough time to turn around his body, barely avoiding a fatal injury. Alanda didn't mind, though. His target wasn't the commander, but the packed group of warriors behind him!

Puft, puft, puft, puft, puft, puft, puft, puft, puft, puft...

In an instant, more than 20 warriors behind the commander were impaled. 10 or so died instantly, while most of the others received grievous wounds.

The commander was frightened by this attack's piercing power, he had never seen anything like that before. However, when he looked at Alanda once more, he noticed that he was already preparing to send another attack of the same type.

"Do you think there is no one here to stop you?!"

He pounced forward against Alanda and prevented him from using another Stellar Piecer. Alanda and the commander's weapons clashed while all the other warriors attacked their enemies on the sides.

The moment both sides reached each other, part o the enemy's group on the back immediately jumped over the houses. They were expecting to go around Alanda's group and eat them from both sides. This way, this closed space battle would turn into their advantage, and Alanda's group would have nowhere to flee.

However, seeing that scene, Alanda just smiled.

"Just as Roan said."

Death... and me

Chapter 82: Fourth Form

Roan didn't think he did anything impressive. Use the dark environment to guide the enemy. Once they saw that they were in a closed space and can't use their numbers' advantage, a part of it would definitely use the houses to circle around the smaller group. It was that simple and obvious. So what is there to be proud of?

Alanda's Stellar Piercer target was the warriors behind the commander, that much was true. But the real objective wasn't to kill them but to force the Foundation Establishment Realm commander to focus solely on Alanda. He was the only one with a Spiritual Sense strong enough to see the traps left on those houses.

What the enemy commander failed to see is that Alanda's group only had around 40 warriors defending that street. In that case, where were the other 35 that Roan left with him? The answer was the ceilings of those houses on the side. The moment the enemies jumped over the roofs, Alanda's warriors broke through the wooden walls, taking those warriors by surprise. In an instant, another 30 or so enemy warriors were killed by the Steel Weapons.

Considering the deaths at the Tribe's wall jump, through the Stelar Piercer, and the houses' roofs, the enemy forces on the west side already lost 80 or so warriors. They now had around 100, and they hadn't killed a single warrior of the Varen Tribe yet. Without a doubt, their losses were grievous!

The fight then immediately turned into Alanda's group advantage. Although the enemy still had more warriors, they are severely lacking on the weapons' side. One weapon after another was being

destroyed by Rean's Steel ones. Without a weapon to protect themselves, their only choice was to retreat or be killed.

It only took a minute for Alanda's side to gain the advantage in numbers, and the massacre continued. The enemy's commander was enraged with that sight, but there was nothing he could do about it. Alanda's cultivation is one stage behind the enemy's Foundation Establishment Realm Warrior. However, both Alanda and Juri got the Spiritual Swords made by Rean, which are several times better than the normal low-level ones.

The only reason the enemy's commander weapon hasn't broken yet is that his Spiritual Energy is stronger than Alanda's. By covering his weapon with more Spiritual Energy, he could prevent it from shattering. Of course, his weapon was also a Spiritual Equipment, but the quality was just that much worse.

However, this situation wouldn't last for long. As much as the commander protected his weapon against Alanda's, it was still cracking little by little. It wouldn't be long before his weapon shattered utterly. Seeing that there was no way to salvage the situation, he could only retreat and ask for reinforcements from the warriors outside.

"Retreat!"

It was a tremendous humiliation for him. He had more warriors and higher cultivation, but he was still forced to say those words.

Alanda didn't stop him. Instead, he turned around and dashed in the middle of the remaining enemy warriors. Without a Foundation Establishment Realm to hold Alanda back, the place turned into a slaughterhouse. Roan was very direct about his plan. Kill as much as possible. Reduce the other side's numbers to the best of your abilities.

Seeing that Alanda didn't pursue him, the enemy commander felt even angrier. He can't fight Alanda because of his weapon, but he could definitely outrun him. He hoped to have Alanda follow him while his remaining warriors escaped. But contrary to his plan, Alanda instantly ignored him.

However, Alanda was definitely paying attention to him. If he went back, Alanda would be prepared. As the number of his allies decreased, he would find himself surrounded by Alanda's warriors. Even though

he is a Middle Stage Foundation Establishment Realm, he isn't god. If that many attacked at the same time, he would be done for.

Gritting his teeth, he turned around and dashed away. That battle was lost, and those warriors most likely doomed.

He quickly arrived at the west wall of the Tribe. But the moment he jumped, he noticed something inside his Spiritual Sense under the place he was flying over. There was very little light, so it was hard to see with the eyes. Still, he could see that it looked like a small mass black spiritual energy.

If the battle had gone according to the plan, the enemy's Foundation Establishment Realm would definitely retreat through this path. That was what Roan thought. Sure enough, here he was!

However, Roan couldn't help but think just how dumb this guy is. Instead of getting close to the wall to jump as little as possible, he jumped from several meters back.

'Most likely, this idiot is used to show off in his Tribe, so everything he does catches a lot of attention.'

If this enemy commander had waited to get closer to the wall before jumping, he would notice Roan's presence sooner. Of course, Roan was still confident that he could win a clash between them.

Roan's initial plan was to have this enemy underestimate his kid's appearance to give a fatal blow. But who could have thought that he was idiot enough to deliver himself in a silver plate?

Rean, on the north side of the Tribe, immediately noticed Roan absorbing a lot of Light Element through their Soul Connection. Rean just smiled after sensing it.

'Seems like he found his target.'

Roan smiled too as he looked that guy passing over him.

'Death Style, Fourth Form, Soaring Dragon!'

Roan used the Light Element on his legs, which increased their life force and power a lot for a brief moment to jump! Dark and Light Elements gathered around his sword as he soared against the enemy's commander of the west side. Roan's White and Dark Spiritual Energy propelled him even faster. It was really like a dragon taking to the skies!

But what really shocked the commander was that what was coming flying at him was a kid! Not only that, but his Spiritual Sense told him that Roan was also in the Foundation Establishment Realm!

"How was that possible?!"

This surprise also delayed his actions for a split of a second. He tried to defend himself. But he was in midair and had no footing to force faster movements.

Swish!

His Spiritual Energy barrier crumbled as his body was cleaved in half! As for Roan, he only stopped another 30 meters higher in the skies.

Looking at the enemy while he descended, he couldn't help but rub his legs.

"This attack really puts a lot of burden on the legs. I better not use it often until my body gets stronger."

The second enemy Foundation Establishment enemy was now dead too.

Roan then looked at the east before thinking.

'It should be over on Juri's side as well.'

Death... and me

Chapter 83: Juri and Alanda Appeared

Roan was right. Both East and West were similar in structures, so Juri used the same strategy as Alanda to get rid of his enemies. In his case, he learned the Death Style's Second Form, Crescent Moon. This is Roan's area attack that aims a large group of enemies at once. Not surprisingly, Juri's attack killed even more than Alanda's Stellar Piercer, immediately grabbing the attention of the Foundation Establishment commander of that side.

Once again, the enemy tried to use the side houses, and once again, the warriors came from below it to attack them. However, Juri was not able to kill the enemy's Foundation Establishment Cultivator. Or to be more precise, Juri did not try to kill him to start with. Having him escaping was also part of Roan's plan.

Outside, that Eastside Foundation Establishment commander came back, which much puzzled Yasvil, Kalan, and Xinkin. It doesn't matter how they see it; he came back way too fast. No more than 10 minutes had passed since all the battles started, it should have taken longer. This Foundation Establishment cultivator was part of the Hersil Tribe, so Xinken started to laugh when he saw him.

"Hahaha! Look, with Tanka there, the Eastside is gone already. He even came back to report. As for your two commanders, they are still inside."

Kalan and Yasvil snorted.

"It just means that he won the lottery and got the side where Alanda and Juri were not present. What is there to be proud of? Sending a Foundation Establishment while commanding a bigger group against a pack of Energy Gathering Realm warriors is very easy. Anyone here would have the same results."

However, as that Foundation Establishment got closer, the three leaders' expressions began to change. He had cuts all over his body. The weapon on his hand was almost destroyed. Not to mention that he seemed extremely tired as if he had gone through a life and death battle.

The truth is precisely like that. This commander is an Initial Stage Foundation Establishment Warrior, just like Juri. If not because his weapon is a big Spiritual Mace, which is much more resistant than a Sword, Juri's Spiritual Sword would have destroyed it easily. In fact, Juri would have the advantage even without that Rean's Spiritual Sword. After all, he is a practitioner of the Death Style and had been in the Foundation Establishment Realm's Initial Stage for much longer.

The guy then fell on the ground before squeezing the next words of his mouth.

"Dead! They are all dead! Our entire east side group was completely wiped out. We simply had no chance."

"What?!"

The three leaders' expressions turned dark.

"Explain what happened now!"

As they heard that commander explaining what happened, they started to have a bad feeling. So far, the other two sides hadn't sent anyone to report either. It was then that they remembered to see some bright light on the Northside before. However, they didn't care much about that since they didn't feel any destructive power coming from that light. At that point, they simply thought it was some trick used by Juri and his warriors.

"Not good, we need to go take a look!"

But before they even moved, they heard a voice coming from the North Wall guarding point.

"Is Yasvil and his friends there?"

Yasvil felt a chill on his back while he looked in the direction of the voice. Sure enough, it was Juri who talked. Not only that, but Alanda was also by his side! What did that mean? If they are there, it meant that there was no more battle happening inside their Tribe. Their 500 warriors that were sent earlier were completely wiped out!

Yasvil, Kalan, and Xenkin then came forward.

The first one to speak was Kalan Bokou.

"Juri Varen, is it? What happened with my Foundation Establishment warrior on the west side?"

Juri smiled and looked at Alanda.

Alanda, obviously, understood his intentions and stepped forward.

"Oh! Are you talking about this guy?"

Alanda then threw a head on the ground, right in front of Kalan. Seeing his Middle Stage Foundation Establishment warrior's head, Kalan felt pain in his heart. Every warrior of this level was precious for a Middle Sized Tribe. Not to mention that he lost over 150 Energy Gathering Realm warriors as well.

"I'm sorry about that. He was just too weak."

Rean and Roan, obviously, were also present. However, they stayed behind the walls, only listening to the conversation.

"Roan, what do you think they will do?"

Roan pondered a bit before saying.

"Hum... I would say there is a 50% chance of those two Tribes retreating, ending their alliance with the Kianme Tribe. That's why I asked to let that East Side Foundation Establishment escape. I wanted him to tell them that we wiped out their forces while losing almost no warriors on our side."

"Wouldn't they do the opposite and attack to get revenge for them?"

"That's the part I can't predict in this fight. Just how much do they value their own pride over the well being of their Tribe? The humans' feelings are a peculiar thing, hard to predict. Logic says that they should retreat and cut their losses, and that's what I hope as well. All will depend on how Juri plays the cards I gave him. Of course, if they decide to come, we are more than ready for them."

Kalan bokou looked at the head of his commander and was fuming in rage. However, what Roan said was also weighing in his mind. He heard the Hersil commander's report and understood that the Varen Tribe haven't lost much until now. So can they really beat this Varen Tribe? Even if they can, what will be the cost for his Bokou Tribe?

However, the one who was feeling the worst at the moment was Yasvil Kianme. He understood that this alliance was at risk of breaking up. The Hersil and Bokou tribe will be fine since they came from another territory. Still, his Hersil is in the same region as the Varen Tribe, and they were the ones responsible for this war. He has to convince those two to bring this to an end.

Death... and me

Chapter 84: Negotiations

"Kalan, Xenkin, are you really going to let this go? So what if two Foundation Establishment Realm cultivators died? They were all at the Initial and Middle stages, but the three of us are in the Late Stage. If we do this together, we can still plunder them of everything they have. However, if we retreat now, we are going to be the laughingstock of the South Region. The Middle-Sized Tribes couldn't wipe out a Small-Sized one. Is that really okay with the two of you?"

Juri, on the other side, started to laugh.

"Small-Sized? If you want to believe that, then so be it. However, I ask you this. If Alanda and I are only two, and we were fighting on the East and West Sides, who killed the Foundation Establishment Cultivator who entered through the north?"

Kalan and Xenkin's eyes opened wide! That's right; Alanda and Juri can't be in two places at the same time. And they don't believe that a Foundation Establishment would fail to run away even if he was surrounded by Energy Gathering Realm cultivators. Not to mention that the Northside was supposed to have more warriors, so getting surrounded wasn't an option in theory.

"He is trying to deceive you. They definitely played some trick that killed the Northside commander. Otherwise, why is only Alanda and Juri appearing here at the moment? Where is that 'helper' that killed the Northside commander?"

Juri laughed once more after hearing that.

"Isn't that obvious? As long as you don't know who he or she is, you will need to divide your attention at all times. The moment you let your guard down..."

Juri stopped talking at that point, but his meaning was clear for all to see.

"Alright. Let's do this then. Hersil Tribe and Bokou Tribe are from outside our territory, so you don't need to be that afraid of retaliation from our side. In fact, my Varen Tribe will not pursue this issue against you either. Why don't you cut your losses here and we pretend it never happened. Whatever happens with our Varen and the Kianme Tribes in the future will have nothing to do with you."

Kalan snorted before asking.

"And why should we do that? So far, it is only your words that we got and no proof that you can really deal with all of us together. We have lost too much, both in resources and face. We can't just step back anymore."

Yasvil Kianme let out a sigh of relief. It seems like they still want to take the Varen Tribe's over.

However, Juri just kept laughing.

"Hahaha! Very well. As a proof of good intention, our Varen Tribe will provide the Hersil and Bokou tribes a total of 50 Steel Swords each. If you didn't live in a cave in the past year, you definitely know about our Steel Swords. In fact, that Foundation Establishment over there can testify for their strength. Also..."

Juri then raised his Sword, which made the commander who battled him sweat cold. He took this chance and quickly sent a Spiritual Sense message to the three leaders.

"That is the Sword, which almost destroyed my Spiritual Mace and suffered no damage whatsoever!"

Xenkin, Kalan, and Yasvil's eyes glued in that Sword.

Juri noticed that their attention was caught and continued.

"I will have one of these swords sent together with the Steel Swords to your Hersil and Bokou Tribes. This will be an extra gift of our Varen Tribe. Also, we would more than welcome creating a trade route between our tribes as well as a way of proving our good intentions. How is that?"

Kalan and Xinkin's eyes brightened. They know the Steel Swords, but they are now too hard to get. The Varen Tribe only puts so many every month, and there is even a queue for those who want one. Getting 50 Steel Swords and even that freakish Spiritual Kaz Sword would definitely boost their powers by a lot.

Yasvil immediately noticed the convictions of the Kalan and Hersil Tribe Leaders waver.

"You can't be serious that you trust him, right? You attacked his Tribe and killed several of their warriors. Can such a blood feud really be wiped out this easily, I don't believe so! Besides, once we clear their Tribe, all their Steel Weapons will be yours to start with, isn't that even better?"

Kalan and Hersil began to ponder what would be better. Both sides had very attractive ideas. Retreat and trust that the Varen Tribe would keep their words. Or attack and then take everything for themselves. But in that case, there is no guarantee of victory.

But it was at this moment that two Strong Spiritual Energy pressures appeared from behind the Varen Tribe's Walls. That immediately caught Kalan and Xinkin's attention. Their Spiritual Sense couldn't go far enough to see what cultivation the ones releasing that Spiritual Pressure had or their appearances. However, they could tell that they are no weaker than themselves. That meant that whoever those two are, they are probably at the same level as themselves.

Yasvil face also turned pale. The only thing that kept this alliance up was the fact that perhaps, the Varen Tribe really doesn't have any other Foundation Establishment cultivator. However, this conjecture was immediately destroyed. They do have other Foundation Establishment warriors, and two at that!

After pondering a bit, Xinkin and Kalan nodded at each other. It was evident that forcing this issue would be very detrimental for their Tribes. Even if they win now, they can't guarantee that they can kill the other part Foundation Establishment Warriors. If those four decide to join some other Tribe in exchange for help with their revenge, they can think of a few ones that would gladly accept them. At

that moment, their Tribes would be doomed if they have to fight so many Foundation Establishments at once and alone.

"Juri Varen, our Hersil and Bokou Tribes accept your offer. We will send an envoy to discuss the trade route and take the Swords in a few days. We hope you will keep your words."

Juri laughed while the Spiritual Pressures coming from behind him disappeared.

"Very well."

Juri then turned around and returned inside the Tribe. Obviously, he wouldn't distribute the Steel Swords now since they might decide to attack since they are already here. So he will send them a few days later too. As for the Kianme Tribe, Juri wasn't the least bit afraid of them attacking his Tribe anymore. They would be sending themselves to their deaths if they did so. Last but not least, taking revenge on the Kianme Tribe is not something he can decide right now.

Death... and me

Chapter 85: Time to Leave

Sure enough, the Kianme tribe retreated with the Hersil and Bokou ones. Yasvil Kianme tried everything to convince them to fight to the end, but Kalan and Xenkin utterly refused to keep going. It was one thing with only Two Foundation Establishments, but four was another story. Once the news that the Varen Tribe has four Foundation Establishment cultivators under their banner spreads, they will be considered a Medium-Sized Tribe.

Thanks to that, it wouldn't be too humiliating once their defeat is found out. Besides, they are not leaving without anything. Even though their losses were great, they still have a lot of warriors back in their Tribes. The Steel Swords will provide a huge boost to the remaining warriors. Not to mention that them, the leaders, will get one of those Spiritual Kaz Sword of the Varen Tribe.

"I recommend that Tribe Leader Yasvil find a way to apologize. The Varen Tribe's wave will be unstoppable from now on. 500 Warriors were wiped out while they barely had any losses. It is obvious that what they have is not only those Foundation Establishment warriors or the Steel Weapons."

Xenkin then looked at Tanka, the only Foundation Establishment that survived the attacks.

"Tanka, tell him what you told me."

Tanka nodded and then explained.

"Every single warrior of the Varen Tribe was much stronger than ours. I'm not talking about cultivation, but combat skills. Especially the ones with swords, their swordsmanship was really cruel. Their defense was also watertight. I'm not kidding when I say that every single Energy Gathering Realm in their middle could fight at least two of ours alone and probably still end as the winner. I don't know who is teaching them how to fight, but those were not movements that you can find anywhere in the Tribes of the south region. Probably not even in the Tribes of the whole Astreg City Region."

Yasvil sweated cold after hearing that. Every single one of them could fight at least two of their warriors and still win. Indeed, it is not something that equipment alone could do.

However, Yasvil didn't want to give up. He lost a Foundation Establishment today, lost around 170 warriors too. Worst of all, he is not getting any compensation like the Hersil, and Bokou Tribes are. It was just too hard to swallow such losses and still have to apologize.

Kalan Bokou and Xenkin Hersil didn't care, though. They said what they had to say. Whatever Yasvil decided to do in the future was his problem, not theirs.

Back in the Varen Tribe, Juri called all the warriors over. After he went up on the stage, Alanda, Rean, and Roan followed. The warriors looked at Rean and Roan with shining eyes. Those two were still just nine years old kids, but they were already this strong. If they continued like that, the Tribe would prosper even more. There was no jealousy in their eyes. Those two fought by their sides and saved many of their companions; there was nothing more than admiration at the moment.

Juri then looked at everyone before saying.

"As you all found out already, Rean and Roan are also at the Foundation Establishment Realm. I hid it from you all so that our Tribe could keep a trump card under our sleeve. Sure enough, this trump card worked very well, and we showed those guys what our Varen Tribe is made of!"

Wooww!!

Everyone bellowed at Juri's words. Although they lost a few of their companions, they died while protecting the Tribe. In the Tribes' world, dying while fighting for the Tribe is considered an honor. Crying over their bodies would only be regarded as disrespectful. The Tribe should commemorate its victory and give those warriors all the glory they deserve.

"Alright! Call everyone back from the Mines. Tomorrow, we will give the warriors who died today a proper burial. After that, we will celebrate our victory with a feast to honor their memories!"

Juri kept speaking for a while longer until finally, the Tribe members who hid in the Mines came back and started to help clean the battlefield. Roan also had some of the warriors who worked with him earlier to move with them to take out the hidden traps he had prepared. Those were supposed to be used in the second phase of his plan in case the war continued, but in the end, they had no use.

Juri then called Rean and Roan to his house. Arriving there, they noticed that Alanda was also present. Not only that, but Hamarlia and Turen were there too.

The twins didn't seem surprised, though.

"I guess it is time for us to leave, yea?"

Juri looked at Roan, surprised, but he soon remembered who he was talking too.

Hamarlia, however, immediately embraced the two of them. She knew that they were in the Foundation Establishment, and the Tribe needed their help in this war. However, she couldn't help but feel worried. Only after seeing that they were well did she finally relax.

As for Turen, he was feeling extremely proud. Juri told him what Rean and Roan did for the Tribe during this war, so how could he not be?

But they also heard what Roan just said.

"What you meant with time to leave?"

Roan looked at Juri, waiting for him to explain. It would be hard for him or Rean to do that without Juri's help.

Juri, of course, understood his intentions.

"After today's war, Rean and Roan's existence will definitely be found out. It is shameful to say this, but our Tribe has no way to protect them. That being said, I have no other choice other than sending them away. It is also for their own good that I'm doing it."

Hamarlia and Turen were taken aback.

"Then, I go too!"

Rean smiled and held his mother's hand.

"Sorry, mother, but you can't."

Hamarlia immediately rebuked him.

"You brat, what are you saying to your mother? If I say I'm going, then I'm going! End of discussion!"

However, Roan also refused her.

"Rean is right. If we are by ourselves, we will be fine, but if we have to divert our attention to protect you, the chances of something happening to you or us are much higher. Mother, you coming with us will only make things more dangerous."

Hamarlia then looked at Turen, as if asking him to do something. However, Turen looked at Juri instead.

"Can Tribe Leader give us an explanation?"

Juri smiled and nodded. He then explained everything about the powers that control their region and Rean and Roan's terrifying strength. In the end, Turen and Hamarlia could only accept that outcome. It was indeed far beyond the scope of their Varen Tribe.

"Don't worry. Instead of waiting for one of those powers to come, I will have the twins join them. If we do that, they will be able to come here to visit you and even bring more protection to our Tribe. This is definitely the best outcome."

Turen couldn't help but ask.

"Tribe Leader talked about the Royal Family's Army, the Sects, and the Big Tribes. Which one will you be sending them to?"

Juri laughed after hearing that.

"To the sects, of course. To be more specific, the Sect controlling the region where we live, the Dalamu Sect."

Death... and me

Chapter 86: Departing

Juri then began to explain a little more about the Damalu Sect.

"As I mentioned before, our Astreg City is situated in the Northeast of the Jialin Country. Not only that, but very close to the border at that. Although the Dalamu Sect is also on the Northeast side, they are a lot closer to the center. So your trip to that place will take quite a few days."

"Still, you don't need to worry. I have closed our Tribe, so no one will be able to enter or leave in these next few days. Thanks to that, the information that Rean and Roan are two kids at the Foundation Establishment Realm will not leak out for the time being. This should ensure a safe trip."

"Fortunately, the next sect entrance exam will be happening in two weeks. This is a lot more time than you need to reach there. Of course, I can't send Rean and Roan alone since they are still kids (only in body, though). So Alanda will be accompanying them on this trip while I stay behind overseeing the Tribe."

Juri then looked at the twins before explain.

"You two must understand one thing, you are definitely heaven-defying geniuses in this place where we live. But the closer you get to the sects, the more you will notice that the average power increases. The Dalamu Sect gathers all the young geniuses of the entire North-East side of the Jialin country. That being said, you shouldn't feel shocked if you see other young boys at the Foundation Establishment like you."

Rean and Roan nodded. They had long since understood that they really live in a small corner that almost no one cared.

Juri then continued.

"Of course, you did that with your own effort. Completely different from those big clans and families who used their wealth to propel their descendants into the same cultivation realm as you two. Besides, even if they had those advantages, most of those in the Foundation Establishment Realm are already over 10 years old."

"However, this is a good opportunity. You two had been practicing since little and truth be told, you are quite big for your ages. Part of that is thanks to Hamarlia and Turen, who are tall people to start with. These were some good blood you got there."

Hamarlia and Turen couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed after hearing that.

Juri, on the other hand, just laughed.

"Anyway. You two are turning 10 years old in the next month, but no one will doubt if we say that you are already 12. In the Dalamu Sect, a 12 years old Foundation Establishment will catch some attention,

but that is all. There will be quite a few kids between 10 and 13 years old in the same cultivation realm as you two."

"Once again, I repeat what I said. The majority only got that far thanks to their backgrounds. So don't think that all your effort was for nothing or that you are not talented. If you were born in one of those prominent families, your cultivation would probably be in the Middle or maybe even Advanced stage already."

Rean couldn't help but ask.

"But isn't it bad for those kids to cultivate too fast? Wouldn't their foundations be damaged because of that?"

Juri nodded.

"They would. However, they don't lack alchemists' pills. Between those pills, some can speed up the stabilization of the foundation. Others can strengthen them. Anyway, I guess you understand why they don't have to be afraid of cultivating too fast. To be honest, I really don't know how you got such a sturdy foundation after arriving at the Foundation Establishment so quickly. Our Tribe didn't have anything that could help you with that."

[Hmph! Clearly, it was because of me!]

Obviously, Juri didn't hear Sister Orb's comment.

"Cough, cough. We have our tricks."

Juri didn't mind that and continued.

"Just because you see many similar age kids in the same realm as you don't mean that you are at the same level. I truly believe that you are not weaker than any of them."

"Anyway, let's go back to your age. Just say that you are 12 years old to avoid unnecessary suspicion. As for the rest, you can do the way you see fit. There is no way you won't catch attention since you have the Light and Dark Elements and aptitudes, after all. You might as well show a little of your real power to get a good position in the sect. Still, don't exaggerate. You two have no backgrounds, so it is not good to make all those young noble kids jealous of you."

The twins nodded. That was how they were intending to do anyway.

"Very well. You should stay with your parents this night. I will have you two leaving tomorrow morning."

Alanda then looked at Juri and asked.

"What about that other topic?"

"Ah! That's right."

Juri smiled at the twins before saying.

"I will be sending Inna Malaka with the two of you as well."

"What?!"

Obviously, the two got shocked after hearing that.

"Why would you do something like this? We can't guarantee our own safety, let alone hers."

Juri nodded.

"I know. But after the last war, there will definitely be a lot of investigation. That being said, soon the others will notice the difference in Malaka's cultivation speed as well. Since that is the case, I might as

well have her join the Dalamu Sect. Don't worry, she is old enough, and with the two of you there, she will not be brainwashed to forget our Tribe."

Rean and Roan couldn't help but grimace. They couldn't refuse it since what Juri said was true. Leaving Malaka here might be even more dangerous for her. Besides, joining a sect with her talent would indeed be the best option since the Varen Tribe could only do so much for her future.

Rean sighed and nodded in the end.

"Sigh... fine. Malaka is already a little sister for me anyway."

Roan didn't say anything, but he didn't refuse it either. Of course, Rean knows that Roan also felt the same way as him.

Juri then talked with everyone for a while before sending them back. He still had to speak with Inna Malaka's family, after all.

The next morning, Alanda was already waiting in front of the Tribe. Soon Rean and Roan arrived, with Malaka being the last one. Obviously, their parents were there as well to send them off.

After a lot of tears of their mothers, Rean, Roan, and Malaka departed with Alanda. Destination: Dalamu Sect!

Death... and me

Chapter 87: Majorias City

Alanda, Rean, and Roan are all in the Foundation Establishment, so they can keep their travel rhythm. However, Malaka is still in the Middle Stage of the Energy Gathering Realm, so they had to stop a few times for her to rest. Malaka had followed Roan's orders and really stopped cultivating for a year, so she started again only recently. There was the option to carry her, but all three men immediately refused the idea. More physical movement is good for her and themselves as well.

The group stopped by in a City to sleep for the night. Rean and Roan got one room while Alanda took another one with Malaka. That night, the twins once more entered the Soul Gem dimensional Realm. It

has been some time since they got enough Destiny Points to buy the Panther Bones, but just now, they decided to go ahead with it.

"Sister Orb, how many Destiny Points we got after winning that Tribe War? Sure the reputation of our Tribe will change completely once the news spread, right?"

[Let me check here... Hum... That was not so bad, you got another 20 Destiny Points from that.]

[Oh! That's right!]

[Cough, cough. Congratulations, Hosts. After your vict-]

"Alright, Roan, we have more Destiny Points now, so let's take those Panther Bones."

Rean cut Sister Orb's speech mercilessly. In fact, if he didn't do that, Roan would definitely have done so.

"Good. Sister Orb, exchange the points for us."

[...]

[You are no fun.]

[Anyway, you have 105 Destiny Points in total. After acquiring the Panther Bones, there will be 55 Left. Do you confirm your purchase?]

The twins answered at the same time.

"Yes."

Immediately, Rean and Roan feel on the ground again. The process of changing one's bones' quality is excruciating. However, they know that it is more than worth it! As the twin contorted in pain on the ground, the change gradually took place. Thirty minutes later, they were finally over with it.

Both Rean and Roan had tears in their eyes when they finished, what Sister Orb found quite funny.

[Two adults, one of them being countless years old. Still, you can't take a little bit of pain. How shameful.]

"Said the orb that doesn't know what pain is."

[I do know what it is.]

"Oh?! Go ahead, tell me more about it."

[Seeing one adult playing Heavy Metal while the other showed a few Porn scenes during an affinity exam. Those are very painful things to watch.]

The twins immediately feel on the ground. Let alone Rean, and Roan's face went red at that moment.

"Cough, cough. Those were... trials! Yes, we were just testing the level of concentration of each other."

[Sure... whatever you say.]

Rean and Roan immediately left the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm after that. They simply had no face to look at Sister Orb anymore.

After that, they looked at each other, and it seemed like they reached the same conclusion. It is never a good thing to underestimate Sister Orb.

"Anyway, tomorrow, when we resume our travel, we can then test how these new Panther Bones are."

After cleaning themselves, they went to sleep as well.

Rean and Roan could have chosen the 'Spiritual Sense Absorption Upgrade Level 1' from the reward list. In the long term, it would have a better return. But they opted for the Panther Bones so that they could have a better boost in power in the short term. They don't know what to expect from this Sect Entrance Exam, so they felt that it was a safer option.

The next day, the group was on the road again. Rean and Roan took that opportunity to test the changes in their bodies. They run, used techniques, sparred between themselves and Alanda, etc. In the end, they reached a conclusion that the Panther Bones increased their body strength in another 10%.

"It's half of what the Ape Bones gave to us. Sister Orb, is this correct? Shouldn't the Panther Bones be better?"

[There is nothing wrong with it. The further you go into a path, the harder it becomes. Just so that you know, there are only two more levels of Bones Upgrade. After that, you will have achieved the max that the system can offer. However, you can still strengthen your bodies after that with the resources of the Cultivation World. It's just that you will need to find it yourselves.]

Rean and Roan nodded. That indeed made sense. For example, cultivation gets harder the further you go, so the bones bonus reduction was well within this logic.

The Dalamu Sect was located in the south of the City of Masjoria, 300km away, to be more exact. It was built on the Dalamu Spiritual Mountain, which gave the Sect's name. It was a point where a lot of Spiritual Energy of Heaven and Earth gathered. Even in the city of Masjoria, it was possible to feel the difference. Of course, the city can't possibly compare to the Mountain since it located so far.

The reason the city was established at that distance from the Sect is that everything in a 300km radius is considered the Dalamu Sect's territory. Anyone who enters without permission could be killed without warning. Thus, all the kids who would be taking part in the exam this time were gathered in the city, waiting for when the Sect opened its doors.

Alanda's group arrived there 4 days before the Sect Entrance exam, so they still had some time to look around. Rean decided to visit the blacksmith workshops while Roan passed on the cultivation shops to

see what they were selling. Roan was more interested in their weapons skill manuals, to be more specific. In the last Tribe War, he understood that no one there used skills. They were all relying on the brute force of their Spiritual Energies. That was one more reason why Roan's plans worked so well.

Malaka also wanted to go somewhere by herself, but Alanda quickly held her back.

"Why can't I go? You let Rean and Roan have fun, but always keep me behind."

"Hmph! That is because they know what they are doing, different from you. When you get older, you will be able to do the same thing."

"That's not fair!"

"Hahaha! This the first lesson I'll give you now that you are out of the Tribe. The world is not fair."

Alanda then looked at Malaka with a serious expression and asked.

"By the way, you did not forget what we talked about, right?"

Malaka nodded with an annoyed face.

"Rean and Roan are 12 years old. I must not tell that they are of the same age as me."

"Good! Since you are being cooperative, I will go with you to look around. Where you wanna go?"

Malaka's eyes immediately brightened, and she quickly dragged Alanda around the city to satisfy her curiosity.

Death... and me

Chapter 88: Roan Goes Shopping

Roan didn't need to look for long to find a shop that sold what he wanted. The name on the front was very suggestive as well, Majorias Cultivation Treasure Pavillion. It was a 7 stores giant building close to the center of the city. From what was written outside, the place had almost everything—treasures, cultivation techniques, cultivation resources, skill manuals, you name it.

But just as Roan was about to enter the shop, he saw a leg coming his way. Out of nowhere, someone was trying to kick him! For a moment, Roan thought about chopping that leg, but he soon remembered that he should avoid causing too big a commotion. Of course, he wouldn't let it simply go either. That being said, he simply punched.

Crack!

"Arrrgggghh!"

Immediately, everyone looked in his direction.

It turns out that the guards in front of the shop saw how Roan was dressed. Roan lived in the Varen Tribe until now, so his clothes were very ordinary. Personally, Roan didn't care. Even if he was to walk naked, he wouldn't give a damn. Thanks to that, he never paid attention to his appearance.

That guard that tried to kick him away saw those clothes and thought that he was some beggar. This is a prestigious shop in Majorias City, so how could they allow Roan to step inside to bother its customers? Too bad, though. The guard really chose the wrong person to mess with.

"You brat!"

The other guard saw his friend's broken leg and was enraged. Without asking for any explanation, he immediately released his power and attacked Roan without mercy. He was really planning to kill him! He took out his sword and quickly slashed at him intending to cut Roan's head.

However... this guy was nothing more than a Middle Stage Energy Gathering Realm cultivator.

Seeing that sword, Roan snorted before extending his hand.

Pin!

The opponent's sword was immediately caught between Roan's fingers! It didn't matter how much strength that guy put in, he couldn't move it at all! Only now, he understood that Roan is far from being the beggar that he thought about.

Boom! Crack!

With a kick, Roan Broke three ribs of that guard while sending him flying.

Crash!

The guard hit the wall before falling on the ground. After that, Roan grabbed the first guard with the broken leg and asked.

"What's the meaning of this? Why did you attack me?"

The guard was frightened to the point that even the pain in his leg disappeared. But just as he was about to ask for help...

"This little young master over there, please forgive our shop's guards. They had eyes but could not recognize Mount Tai. I hope you can give this old man face and let them go."

Roan glanced at the entrance and saw a white-haired man stepping out. The moment he Roan's eyes stopped on him, he knew that the guy wasn't simple. At the very least, he wasn't someone Roan could possibly dream of fighting against.

Roan then showed a smile and let the guard go.

"Since this friend came to apologize, I will obviously drop the matter. Still, I didn't know that the city's shop would kick its customers. I came from a small Tribe in a remote place, so I apologize if this was the city's customs."

The old man laughed out loud after hearing that. Although Roan seemed to be just a kid, his way of using words didn't look like one at all.

"I can assure you that the city's shops don't have such customs. Still, you can't really blame them. This is a famous shop in the city, so they can't let just anyone enter. They got mistaken and thought this little young master to be a beggar who would bother the shop's customers. Of course, with this young master's cultivation and power, you are far from being someone like that. Please come in, our Majorias Cultivation Treasure Pavillion will do its best to satisfy you."

Roan nodded and then stepped inside. As for the guards, the other employees quickly brought them away, and soon, another two new guards took their places.

Roan didn't care about that, though.

Once inside, the man took the role of the host.

"Sorry for the late introduction, my name is Leu Hictis. So, what would this young master be looking for?"

In fact, he doesn't believe that Roan has much money. Although he is strong, he had seen kids with similar cultivations as Roan hundreds of times during every Sect Entrance Exam. Still, he would probably become someone important in the Damalu Sect since any Foundation Establishment of his age was sure to have a bright future. There was nothing wrong with building up some good ties while they were young.

Roan looked around before saying.

"I saw written outside that you also sell skill manuals. I want to know if you have a skill better than the one I'm using."

Leu quickly nodded.

"We do have a lot of them for selling. But if you want to compare, I will need to see this young master using yours once."

Roan pondered a bit and nodded. The building had a lot of space, so he could simply use one of his skills in mid-air for Leu to see.

Roan didn't take his Spiritual Kaz Sword. Instead, he used a wooden sword that he often carried with him. It was basically used to teach the kids back in the Varen Tribe. During this trip, he used it against Inna Malaka several times.

Roan walked into an empty space before demonstrating one of the skills he developed. He didn't use Rean's light element this time since it was just a demonstration, so his hair color didn't change when he struck.

'Death Style, Third Form, Three Claws of the Dragon!'

Swish, swish, swish!

Three identical black swords attacked three different points in the air. When Leu saw that, his smile immediately disappeared. All that remained was a shocked expression. He is in the Middle Stage of the Core Formation Realm, but he couldn't tell which one was real even with his superior Spiritual Sense.

'No, all three swords were real. It's just that two of them were made of Spiritual and Elemental Energy. Probably, the two Energy ones were somewhat weaker than the wooden one. Still, they had plenty of attack power since I couldn't see the difference between them before the attack was over.

Seeing the Manager's eyes, Roan more or less got the answer he wanted. Still, he asked just in case.

"Do you have anything better than it?"

Leu looked at Roan before sighing.

"Some of our Sword Skills might be on par with your own, but I doubt they would be stronger."

Roan was surprised to hear that. He thought that not a single one would compare to his.

'It seems like I underestimated this place.'

"Great! Show me them. Oh, right! How much do they cost?"

Leu pointed at a room on the other side of the building.

"Please come with me, I will bring them for this young master to take a look. We can talk about the price later."

Death... and me

Chapter 89: Skill Manuals

Sometime later, Leu brought a few skill manuals for swordsmen. But as Roan looked through them, he noticed something different.

"This... Why are all of them made for Core Formation Realm and above?"

Leu smiled bitterly before asking.

"My question is different. How can you use such skills without even being in the Core Formation Realm?"

Roan's eyes narrowed.

"What you have here is just a general explanation of how they work. Would you mind if I take a look at the real one? Of course, I'm not saying the entire manual, just the first part is enough."

Leu pondered a bit before asking.

"Would you let me take a look at your skills too?"

Roan immediately accepted. He wanted to confirm his theory about those manuals. He had a few copies of the manuals he made for the Varen Tribe members in the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm, so it was easy for him to bring one out.

As the two of them looked at the other's manual, they seemed to arrive at the same conclusion.

"The meridians path!"

The way Roan projected the use of his Sword Skills was completely different from the norm. In fact, Leu was surprised that Roan's meridians didn't explode while using this skill.

"Are you sure you are using that technique with the instructions of this manual? I find it quite hard to believe."

Roan then put Leu's manual down before nodding his head.

"I was the one who created it, after all."

Leu looked at Roan as if he was looking at a ghost!

"You... created it?"

Roan nodded and then made a question of his own

"My question isn't much different from yours. How come you guys can't see the waste of energy when using this sword skill with such a messed up path? Sure, it is a lot easier if you ask me, but at the same time, you lose way too much energy on the process. To be very honest, I can't think about any other word than 'ugly' when I look at this skill. Especially since you can only use it at the Core Formation Realm or above. That is one more defect of those points to connect the Spiritual Energy."

Leu narrowed his eyes after hearing that. Although Roan really looked like a kid, he can't help but somehow believe his words. Of course, he still had many doubts.

Roan noticed that and then suggested.

"Why don't you give a quick try with mine? This is the same skill you saw back there, the Third Form of the Death Style, Three Claws of the Dragon. Of course, you won't be able to use it in the end since I only gave you a small part of the manual. Still, you should be able to confirm if the path of the meridians that I found out is wrong or not. It wouldn't cause you any harm either since you will only try it for a few seconds."

Leu pondered a bit and had to admit that Roan was right.

"Very well. Give me a few minutes to get used to it."

Roan smiled after hearing that. Sure enough, someone with higher cultivation can learn much faster. Not to mention that as manager of this place, he had seen all the techniques for sale, so his knowledge and experience were much higher. Roan thought that this man would take at least an hour before being able to do it. But it seems like he won't need to wait for much.

Around 12 minutes later, Leu opened his eyes again. Spiritual Energy then started to gather around him. Since he wouldn't be able to use it, there was no need for a sword. He only tried out that crazy meridians' path that Roan suggested. At first, he began very slowly, afraid that he might hurt himself. But as time passed, his expression changed. In the end, there was nothing but disbelief in his eyes. Let alone hurting himself, he even felt comfortable using his meridians. As if this was the way it was supposed to be since the very start.

Leu couldn't hold his excitement before asking.

"How much do you want for the full copy of this technique?"

Roan pondered a bit before smiling.

"I don't need any payment, but I do want to see all your techniques with similar attack power."

"Deal!"

Leu understood from the very start the value of this technique. Not only would you be able to use it in the Foundation Establishment, but even Energy Gathering Realm cultivators could also do so. Of course, the Energy Gathering ones would take a very long time to get proficient enough to use it. However, it was totally worth it. As far as he knows, only the Sects and big cultivator families have secret techniques that allow their descendants to use some skill before the Core Formation Realm. Even so, he doubts that there are many available for Energy Gathering ones.

Not too long after, the employee entered the room carrying several manuals for several types of weapons. At the same time, Roan wrote down the complete manual explaining how to use the Death Style Third Form.

Leu quickly left after that, leaving Roan on his own in the room. Immediately after, he went upstairs to practice this technique himself. At his cultivation level, he wouldn't need more than a few hours to be able to use it at a basic level. If nothing goes wrong, then he made a really great deal today.

Roan didn't mind it since he would also take a few hours to browse through all those skill manuals. What he wanted was not to learn them, but to use as a reference for future skills that he will develop. The Death Style only had five forms, and so far, he had only used four of them. Roan kept the fifth one hidden as a trump card. Only he and Rean knew about it.

Roan wasn't afraid of others using his Death Style Third form against him. The reason for that was quite simple. That is not the full version of the third form. The full version used two elements at the same time, which are Rean and Roan's Dark and Light Elements. Also, it needed the support of the 104th meridian, something that others simply didn't have.

If someone really used it against him or Rean in the future, they would be courting Roan- cough, cough. Courting Death.

Death... and me

Chapter 90: Rean Wants to Compare

As Roan spent his time looking through the Skill Manuals, Rean wasn't idle either. He went straight to the biggest workshop in Majorias City, the Janariz Weapon Store. Arriving there, he was more or less treated the same way as Roan. The only difference was that he didn't break the guards' bones, but made a fool of them. They tried to stop him, but he dodged as if it was nothing and entered the building.

The guards quickly followed and tried to catch him quite a few more times. Rean, on the other hand, just laughed. It wasn't until the chief blacksmith came out to see what was all that commotion that they finally stopped. Of course, he immediately noticed that Rean's cultivation was far higher than the guards, and immediately sent them back to their posts.

By now, all the customers had already gathered to see what was happening. It wasn't every day you see a kid acting as he pleases in a place like this.

However, the Chief Blacksmith wasn't as polite as Leu in the Treasure Pavillion.

"Brat, I don't know where you are from, but don't cause any more trouble. If you came to buy a weapon, there are several on display, so just chose one. Of course, it will depend on whether you have the money for it or not. If you came just to cause trouble, then I'll deal with you myself, so you better behave."

Just as the Chief Blacksmith was about to turn around and go back to work, Rean threw his Sword at him.

"What is the meaning of this?"

Rean smiled before asking.

"I want you to give it a look and tell me what you think."

The Chief Blacksmith of the workshop narrowed his eyes. Usually, he wouldn't pay attention to a kid. But considering Rean's cultivation, he thought that perhaps this was a good sword given by his elders. It was at least worth taking a look at it.

As he removed the sheet, a smooth light-blue Spiritual Sword appeared in front of his eyes. The first impression he had was that this Sword was really beautiful. He understood that it was made of Spiritual Kaz Ore, but it was his first time seeing one with this color. Spiritual Kaz Swords would usually be dark-blue, after all.

"I admit, this is a gorgeous Sword, but being nice is not what matters when we talk about weapons."

Rean immediately nodded.

"That's correct, so go ahead and test it in whatever way you see fit. I want to see if my Sword can cut through the weapons of this workshop. I don't mind even if you use a High-Level material sword in the process."

Everyone in the shop went into an uproar. They all thought that Rean came here to cause trouble.

The chief blacksmith couldn't help but laugh, though.

"Hahaha! Brat, you are funny. There is no need to use a High-Level Sword, any Low-Level sword of our workshop is definitely much better than commons swords you get in other places. It would be more than enough to destroy this pretense of a Sword of yours. However, clashing both Swords against each other would still leave a mark on our product. Can you pay for it?"

Rean nodded.

"I saw the prices, the most expensive Low-Level one is Two Thousand Rank One Spirit Stones, right? I can pay that without a problem, so you don't need to feel concerned."

The conversation around increased even more after that.

The Chief Blacksmith narrowed his eyes once more. Rean totally didn't look like someone from a wealthy family. But after seeing all the eyes around, he couldn't simply step back. It was the honor of his workshop at stake now.

"Very well. But you better be prepared for the consequences if it turns out that you can't pay for our Sword. By the way, my name is Folca Janariz, the Chief Blacksmith of the Janariz Weapon Store."

Rean laughed and introduced himself, as well.

"Rean Larks, I came this time around to participate in the Dalamu Sect Exam Entrance."

Folca turned around and called two of his workshop blacksmiths. Both of them were already over 40 years old and in the Foundation Establishment Realm middle stage. As for Folca himself, he was already in the Core Formation Realm.

"You two have the same cultivation. Saran, you will take this brat's Sword. Lazeo, you will use our workshop Garnilia Ore Sword. Don't hold back, I want to see this thing destroyed in one clash."

Saran and Lazeo nodded and took the swords. After that, everyone in the workshop opened a space in the center to let those two test the Swords.

But before the clash, Rean took a look at the Garnilia Ore Sword that Folca would use against his Spiritual Kaz Sword.

'As expected, a blacksmith workshop from a more developed place is totally different. At the very least, he knows how to work with alloys. This Garnalia Ore Sword has other materials used in it too. Compared to Astreg City ones, this is a much better piece of equipment. Still...'

It was then that a smile appeared on Rean's face again.

'It is far from enough.'

Rean then threw the Sword back at Lazeo.

With everything ready, both sides prepared to attack. But as soon as Saran began to use his Spiritual Energy with Rean's Spiritual Kaz Sword, it began to gather the surrounding Light Element! Particles of white light could be seen entering the Sword without stop. That was Rean's Sword effect. As long as there is Spiritual Energy, his Sword will keep gathering Light Element.

Let alone Saran and Lazeo, even Folca opened his eyes wide when he saw that. He had never seen a Sword that can gather Light Element before. In fact, he had never seen Light Element being used to start with. However, it was already too late if he wanted to stop them. Saran and Lazeo were surprised for a second, but they didn't forget what they were here for. Both sides didn't waste any more time and immediately attacked each other's swords.

Swish!

The Spiritual Kaz Sword passed through the Garnalia Sword, instantly cutting it in half. Of course, both Saran and Lazeo didn't try to protect their swords with Spiritual Energy. All the Spiritual Energy used was to increase the Swords' attacks, leaving nothing for defense. Otherwise, the Garnalia Sword wouldn't break straight away.

A good example of it was Juri and Alanda's battles during the last Tribe War. Although their Spiritual Kaz Swords were much better than the enemies' weapons, they couldn't cut through them straight away. It took quite a few clashes before the Enemies' Foundation Establishments had to retreat. Even so, their weapons hadn't been completely destroyed.

Folca, Saran, and Lazeo looked absent-minded at the Spiritual Kaz Sword. They know very well the difference between Spiritual Kaz and Spiritual Garnalia ores. Although both are considered Low-Level Materials, Spiritual Garnalia is much better than Spiritual Kaz. Still, it was their Spiritual Garnalia Sword that was completely destroyed.

Rean then took his Spiritual Kaz Sword back and, at the same time, gave a big back from his waist to Folca.

"Thanks for complying with my request. As promised, here are two thousand Rank One Spirit Stones. It should be more than enough to pay for your Garnalia Spiritual Sword."

Folca was taken aback. Their workshop had just lost miserably in Blacksmithing skills, but this Kid was still paying for the broken Sword.

"Hmph! Are you looking down on me? Since our workshop lost this exchange, I will never accept your payment."

Rean smiled and turned around, preparing to leave.

"Wait there. I refuse to believe that you came here just for this exchange. Am I right? Come with me, I will listen to what you have to say."

Rean laughed before saying.

"I do have a few things to talk indeed. But it will be after the Dalamu Sect Entrance Exam is over. Don't worry, whether I pass or not, I will be back."

Rean then left the workshop without even waiting for an answer.