

God Emperor 101

Chapter 101: Flying Leaves and Flowers

The fourth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm had been successfully cultivated. The entire palm technique set had reached the low-class of Spiritual Stage martial techniques, which was as powerful as a mid-class Spiritual Stage martial technique.

The palm technique had progressed fairly well. Now it was time for Zhang Ruochen to focus on the sword technique.

The Sacred Sword Skill was a low-class Spiritual Stage sword technique with 12 moves in total. Zhang Ruochen had only cultivated three moves, but he needed to cultivate the entire sword technique in order to fully demonstrate the technique's full power.

He sat cross-legged on the ground, thinking about the 12 graphs. There was a shadow of a human figure on each graph. Each of them looked lively, wielding swords with various striking movements.

When Zhang Ruochen was practicing the sword technique, he could not help grabbing the Flash Shining Sword. As he began waving it, rays of sword light flowed around his arm and displayed a sharp Sword Breath.

After 10 days of practice, Zhang Ruochen had cultivated "Sacred Plenilune Sword", the fourth move of the Sacred Sword Skill.

After 15 days of practice, he had cultivated the "Sacred Wave Sword", the fifth move of the Sacred Sword Skill.

After another 15 days of practice, he had cultivated the "Sacred Wind and Rain Sword", the sixth move of the Sacred Sword Skill.

Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel for 43 days in seclusion, which was equal to around half a month in the external world.

During those 43 days, not only did Zhang Ruochen practice the Sacred Sword Skill, but also he took the Triple-purity Genuine Qi Pill every day to greatly elevate his cultivation.

The Genuine Qi had filled up half of his Qi Lake.

With his current cultivation, he would be able to defeat warriors in the Final State of the Black Realm even without using the Time and Space Domain and the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

"Tomorrow is the day to fight against Feng Zhilin on the life and death platform. It's time to go out for a walk."

"Swish, Swish!" As he stood up, Zhang Ruochen heard some sounds of Sword Breath in the space several meters around him, as if there were swords flying through the air.

"This is..."

Zhang Ruochen was so excited. He had reached the Peak of the Sword Following the Mind and greatly elevated the Sword Comprehension Realm.

The Sword Following the Mind could be divided into four Realms—the Initial Stage, the Intermediate Stage, the Advanced Stage, and the Peak.

Not many Black Realm warriors could cultivate to the Intermediate Stage of the Sword Following the Mind. Once they had reached the Intermediate Stage, they would be seen as strong warriors of the Black Realm. Both Huang Yanchen and Duanmu Xingling were warriors at the Intermediate Stage Realm.

Zhang Ruochen possessed the Martial Arts memories from his previous life as well as a powerful Martial Soul. It was marvelous that he had reached the Peak of the Sword Following the Mind at the Advanced Stage of the Black Realm. He was only one step away from entering the Realm of Heart Integrated into Sword.

Having reached the Peak of the Sword Following the Mind, even a blade of grass or a branch on the ground could be used as a sword.

Thus, one could easily kill people with tree branches and blades of grass...

There was a significant change in Zhang Ruochen's temperament, as if he had transformed into a young sword master.

Suddenly, he heard a strange sound while arriving at Yellow No.1. He frowned and said in a cold voice, "Who is this?"

He thrust one leg against the ground, which shot a leaf into the air. When the leaf fell in between his fingers, he merged Genuine Qi and Sword Comprehension into it. He snapped his fingers and unleashed the leaf as if it was a sharp sword.

"Boom!"

The distant wall had been penetrated by the leaf, leaving a crack.

A black cat flew out from behind the wall and said with surprise, "Flying Leaves and Flowers! It's really something, young man! You've reached the Peak of Following the Mind at such a young age. Soon after, you will break through to the Realm of Heart Integrated into Sword."

Looking at Blackie, Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Genuine Qi and asked, "Did you steal books again?"

Blackie stood up on his hind feet like a human being. Carrying a thick book in both of his front claws, he said, "I've been confined in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph for 100,000 years. Needless to say, I was completely isolated from the outside world. No doubt I'll have to read more to understand the changes in Kunlun's Field over these 100,000 years."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and agreed with what Blackie had just said. He should also spare some time to read more and keep up with what had happened over these 800 years.

It was always a good thing to read and know more about your surroundings.

“Hey Blackie, come with me. I want to see if my fourth brother has fully recovered,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie thrust his legs and jumped onto Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder.

He sat on Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder and continued to read. He did not pay too much attention to where Zhang Ruochen was heading.

Zhang Ruochen had only seen Zhang Shaochu once and there was not any family bond between them. Yet, Zhang Shaochu spoke out for Zhang Ruochen and was badly injured. Zhang Ruochen was touched by what he did and had a good impression of his fourth brother. Therefore, he wanted to go visit him after his seclusion.

While Liu Chengfeng and three freshmen of Yunwu Commandery were on their way to the Dragon Martial Temple, they bumped into Zhang Ruochen. They were so excited and hurried up to greet him.

Liu Chengfeng said, “Your Highness, you’re finally done with your seclusion! Something bad is going to happen!”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What happened?”

Before Liu Chengfeng could explain what happened, the freshman next to him said with madness, “Your Highness, Square Commandery has been suppressing the students of Yunwu Commandery while you were in seclusion this month. Quite a number of our students are seriously injured. Others have also been bullied more or less! Our lives are miserable...”

“Moreover, rumor has it that two students of Yunwu Commandery disappeared when they were conducting a task outside the school. The students of Square Commandery probably used unknown methods to get them both killed.”

The other freshman added, “The students of Square Commandery didn’t dare to break into Dragon Martial Temple and attack you. Therefore, they bully us. Even I have been beaten three times. I have to hide whenever I see them because I’m too scared!”

Zhang Ruochen never expected things would turn out like this. He asked, “Why didn’t the presbyter of the school get involved?”

Liu Chengfeng explained. “In order to harden and enhance the competitiveness among the students, the presbyter wouldn’t intervene in fights between students. Moreover, they have Elder Situ to back them up. Thus, they can do almost whatever they want on Western Campus.”

Liu Chengfeng lowered his voice and said, “The status of Elder Situ on Western Campus is just beneath the Chief and two other Vice Chiefs. Now, it is Elder Situ who manages almost all relevant issues on Western Campus.”

Zhang Ruochen finally understood how it worked—As long as students of Square Commandery did not publicly kill other students, then they did not violate the regulations of the school and would not be punished.

As for the two missing students, no one could prove that they were dead and there was no proof showing that the students of Square Commandery were the killers.

Zhang Ruochen said, "They are taking revenge."

Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian had killed around 100 young warriors of Square Commandery during the first-round examination. Therefore, students of Square Commandery had been bullying and killing the students of Yunwu Commandery in order to seek revenge. They even wanted to kick all the students of Yunwu Commandery out of Western Campus.

One of the students looked woebegone and said, "I've had enough this month! Your Highness, failure is not an option! You have to defeat Feng Zhilin tomorrow! Otherwise, we, students of Yunwu Commandery will be completely conquered. The students of Square Commandery will no doubt suppress us even more!"

Another freshman nodded and gasped. "If our Ninth Prince is defeated, I have no choice but to return to Yunwu Commandery. I do not dare to stay on Western Campus anymore..."

Two other freshmen also nodded.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't worry, guys. Since students of Square Commandery have started a provocation, I'll fight with them! By the way, Liu Chengfeng, what did you come for?"

Liu Chengfeng tapped on his forehead and said, "Oh yes! Almost forget about it. I've heard that Nie Xuan, Wang Lang, and Xie Zhaowu of Square Commandery had led a bunch of students to make trouble for Zhang Shaochu, the Fourth Prince."

Zhang Ruochen looked cold-blooded and said, "Nie Xuan again? Did he not suffer enough last time?"

Liu Chengfeng responded. "The reason why they attack the Fourth Prince tonight is to affect your Heart State. Once your Heart State has been disturbed, you will lose the fight tomorrow on the life and death platform!"

If Zhang Ruochen did lose the fight on the life and death platform, death would be the only way out for him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Lead me to my fourth brother! I'm eager to see who dares to attack him today!"

Liu Chengfeng had confidence in Zhang Ruochen. He brought Zhang Ruochen as well as the other three freshmen and they rushed toward Zhang Shaochu's dormitory as fast as they could.

Being the number one freshman, Zhang Ruochen enjoyed a prestigious status and lived in Dragon Martial Temple.

The top 10 freshmen and the top 100 students of Western Campus also had individual dormitories. Although it was not as luxurious as Dragon Martial Temple, it was comfortable and suitable for practicing.

As for other students, they could only live in a normal dormitory with four people in one house.

Zhang Shaochu was a normal student and, therefore, he shared a dormitory with three other students. His roommates had been beaten badly by Nie Xuan. He threw them all out of the dormitory and they were bleeding heavily on the ground.

Nie Xuan grabbed Zhang Shaochu's clothes with one hand and lifted him up from the ground. He sneered. "Piglet Zhang, have your arms healed? Unfortunately, my arm has been destroyed and can never be healed. What do you think I should do?"

Since Zhang Ruochen had cut off Nie Xuan's hand, he installed a short sword, one of the Genuine Martial Arms, on his wrist. He then embedded the sword into his wrist and linked the sword to the Meridians in his arm.

"I'm not piglet Zhang, I'm Zhang Shaochu!" Zhang Shaochu clinched his teeth and mumbled.

He was scared of Nie Xuan. Therefore, he did not dare to speak too loud.

Nie Xuan lifted his arm and put a sharp sword next to Zhang Shaochu's right ear. He could cut off his ear down with one downward slice.

Nie Xuan sneered. "Haha! If you say Zhang Ruochen is a coward, I'll let you go. How does that sound?"

Wang Lang, Xie Zhaowu, and the other warriors of Square Commandery that stood at the side laughed wickedly.

Although Zhang Shaochu was irritated as well as scared, he responded with courage. "Stop day-dreaming. My ninth brother will cut off your other hand!"

Nie Xuan's countenance fell and he said, "Such an ungrateful piglet! I'm offering you something good and you dare to disgrace me!"

Nie Xuan waved his arm downward and was about to cut off Zhang Shaochu's right ear. Zhang Shaochu was so frightened that his entire body was full of cold sweat. He shut his eyes and screamed out loud.

Yet, no matter how hard Nie Xuan pushed down, the sword embedded in his arm was stuck and would not fall.

The edge of the sword had been caught firmly by two fingers and stopped in the air.

Naturally, the master of the two fingers was Zhang Ruochen.

"Slap!"

Zhang Ruochen's finger had turned jade-white. Two strands of Genuine Qi had dashed to his fingertips and generated a powerful force. The force had shaken Nie Xuan's sword and broken it into two pieces.

Such a powerful force was transferred from the sword to Nie Xuan's arm and had shaken him, bringing him great pain. Nie Xuan fell back and almost bumped into the wall.

He lifted up his arm and looked at the broken sword. He was shocked and said, "How can you destroy a third-level Genuine Martial Arm with just two fingers?"

"Clash!"

Zhang Ruochen threw the half of the blade tip on the ground, coldly stared at Nie Xuan, and said, "Nie Xuan, you are a coward bullying my fourth brother! If you don't mind, I will be practicing with you now!"

Chapter 102: Bully to the Extreme

Once again, Zhang Ruochen's ability shocked Nie Xuan. He stayed stiff and didn't dare to say a word.

A third-level Genuine Martial Arm was made of a rare metal with a high degree of toughness. Yet, Zhang Ruochen could easily break it with two fingers.

With such ability, there is no doubt that he could pinch off Nie Xuan's neck.

Zhang Ruochen shifted his sight from Nie Xuan to the students of Square Commandery. He said, "Since everyone is here, let's go together! I can't wait to see how far all of you can go!"

Wang Lang, Xie Zhaowu and other students of Square Commandery were shocked by Zhang Ruochen's overbearingness and stepped back slightly.

After a second...

"Zhang Ruochen, do you really think that we are not capable of catching you down?" After the shock, Nie Xuan remembered that Zhang Ruochen had only cultivated to the Mid Stage of the Black Realm, so he had no reason to fear him.

No words could explain his hatred towards Zhang Ruochen. He stepped forward and wanted to fight against Zhang Ruochen so as to seek revenge and show everyone how powerful he was.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Nie Xuan and said, "You're way too weak to be my opponent. You will definitely lose if you fight with me!"

Nie Xuan sneered. "I was too careless last time and hence I lost. If I fight with you with my full power, I'll be powerful enough to defeat you!"

Zhang Ruochen knew that the real powers that Nie Xuan mentioned were the "Animal Spirits Fixing Beasts" and the "Animal Spirits Fixing Arms".

When reaching the Dawn State, the "Animal Spirits Fixing Beasts" could be utilized.

When reaching the Medium State, the "Animal Spirits Fixing Arms" could be used.

Zhang Ruochen responded lightly. "I can give you a chance to take revenge. What if you still lose?"

Nie Xuan exclaimed, "I swear to the Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality, if I lose in your hand again, I will stop troubling you and Zhang Shaochu. I'll back off wherever you guys go."

This oath still has a lot of weight.

He swore to the Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality and if he violated the swear, he would be seen as disrespectful to the Holy Queen. His family would be exterminated and his property would be confiscated.

Who was the Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality?

She was Empress Chi Yao, the head of the Kunlun's Field.

Hearing Nie Xuan's swear, Zhang Ruochen responded. "Keep your words. Come on, let's fight!"

Nie Xuan wasn't a fool. He wouldn't do things without a purpose. The reason why he insisted to fight with Zhang Ruochen was that he wanted to test Zhang Ruochen's ability to help Feng Zhilin so that when Feng Zhilin fought with him, he knew what he would expect.

If Zhang Ruochen appeared to be powerful, Feng Zhilin would have to stop underestimating him and use all his efforts in his fight tomorrow.

Zhang Ruochen didn't think too much. Neither Nie Xuan nor Feng Zhilin were important to him. They weren't worth spending too much time on.

"Animal Spirits Fixing Beasts!"

The Spiritual Blood surged out from the expanded pores of Nie Xuan's body, an illusory image of a seven-meter-long python appearing behind his back. Although the illusory image was thin, the shape of the python was clearly visible.

A wisp of Spiritual Blood poured towards Zhang Ruochen like a savage beast.

Nie Xuan's fingers turned golden. He gathered the power of his entire body and pointed at Zhang Ruochen's glabella.

The students standing aside noticed that when Nie Xuan pointed out his finger, the illusory image of the python on his back had also dashed out at the same time. The two strands of power composited together.

Zhang Ruochen also stretched out a finger. He manifested the Pure Jade Genuine Qi to his fingertip and his finger became jade-white.

He pointed out the finger, where a strand of Sword Breath streaked out from it. It was as if a white sword-shadow had smacked on Nie Xuan's fingertip.

The two forces from the fingertips smashed together like a pin against an awl.

"Boom!"

The illusory image of the python was shattered and turned into strands of Spiritual Blood.

Nie Xuan quickly stepped back. His finger was wounded by the Sword Breath and was bleeding.

The skill Zhang Ruochen just displayed was not a martial technique, but a random point. After reaching the peak of the Sword Following the Mind, he was able to release a powerful sword wave with a random point.

"This is powerful!" Nie Xuan was shocked and whispered to himself.

Nie Xuan couldn't believe that the cultivation of Zhang Ruochen had greatly increased compared to one month ago.

"Animal Spirits Fixing Arms!"

Nie Xuan decided to demonstrate his most powerful move. If he still couldn't defeat Zhang Ruochen, he would give in.

The Spiritual Blood of his body kept converging on his head. It transformed into a three-meter-long Blood Sword. The sword tip was pointing downward and started spinning.

“Bang!”

When he pointed out his finger, the illusory image of the Blood Sword broke out a crashing sound and unleashed towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen would not free him as he had humiliated Zhang Shaochu over and over again.

He took the initiative to attack Nie Xuan this time. He moved half a meter to his right and escaped the Blood Sword.

A burr of a human shadow flashed. Zhang Ruochen struck out a palm on Nie Xuan’s chest before he could respond.

“Bang!” Nie Xuan felt that Zhang Ruochen’s palm weighed a 10,000 pounds. His rib cage was almost broken, and his five internal organs seemed like they had exploded. He lost control of his own body and flew out.

“Pufft!”

Nie Xuan was sent flying in the air. He coughed and spat out a mouthful of blood.

His body bumped into the dormitory door where the hole was as big as a person. He fell from the second floor to the stone mound on the first floor.

“Boom!”

He was seriously injured and fainted inside the stone mound.

Zhang Ruochen retreated his palms. He flipped his sleeves slightly and stared at the warriors of Square Commandery. “Who still wants to fight with me?”

Being a warrior who had cultivated till the Medium State of the Black Realm, Nie Xuan still lost the fight to Zhang Ruochen. How would the other students dare to fight against him?

Zhang Shaochu could not believe how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. He was not scared of the students of Square Commandery anymore. He walked towards Zhang Ruochen with his big tummy and said, “My ninth brother, you have to seek revenge for me! Wang Lang and Qing Haitian always bullied me before you came to Western Campus. Not only did they snatch all my cultivation resources, they also took off all my clothes to humiliate me in front of everyone in Western Campus!”

While Zhang Shaochu was complaining, he pointed at the two students and exclaimed angrily.

Before the appearance of Zhang Ruochen, he wouldn’t dare to speak out on how frustrated he felt. He didn’t even dare to tell the presbyter of the School.

However, it’s a completely different story now. Since his ninth brother was so powerful, no one would dare to bully or humiliate Zhang Shaochu anymore. He would be safe in Western Campus.

With the protection of Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Shaochu had the guts to speak out.

Zhang Ruochen gasped in his heart. It seems like his fourth brother had suffered a lot in Western Campus. Otherwise, how would such a superior prince become so timid?

Yes. He was timid. Zhang Ruochen could completely feel the fear and timidity in Zhang Shaochu's heart.

He found a need to build up his fourth brother's confidence.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Wang Lang and Qing Haitian and said, "Wang Lang, Qing Haitian, you two have forgotten we are the Royal Family of Yunwu Commandery, haven't you? Do you think you can get away from my revenge after humiliating my fourth brother?"

Both Wang Lang and Qing Haitian were classified as Martial Arts masters who had reached the Medium State of the Black Realm.

Although Zhang Ruochen had just defeated Nie Xuan, they weren't afraid at all.

Wang Lang's had thick eyebrows and his eyes looked as sharp as a sword. He said coldly, "Zhang Ruochen, why are you so pleased with yourself? Do you think you can stay alive until tomorrow?"

No matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen was, no one believed that he could take down Feng Zhilin.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Doesn't matter what the result is tomorrow, at least I get to teach you both how to show respect to people!"

Wang Lang glanced at Qing Haitian and they both nodded at the same time.

"Animal Spirits Fixing Arms!"

Wang Lang and Qing Haitian both displayed their strongest techniques. They activated the power of their Spiritual Blood and condensed the illusory image of a Martial Art arm above their heads.

Fighting against Zhang Ruochen, they didn't dare to underestimate him.

The illusory images that appeared above Wang Lang's and Qing Haitian's head were a machete and a short halberd respectively.

They attacked Zhang Ruochen from both sides at the same time.

Wang Lang activated his Genuine Qi and swayed the illusory image of the machete towards Zhang Ruochen's head. Wisps of Spiritual Blood shuttled around the machete shadow, and let out the roaring sound of a wind.

Qing Haitian clapped his hand. The illusory image of the short halberd above his head turned into a bloody light beam and dashed towards Zhang Ruochen's chest.

Then, Zhang Ruochen separated his body into two parts which dashed towards Wang Lang and Qing Haitian at the same time. Everyone was shocked.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Both the Blood Sword Phantom and the Blood Halberd Illusion were shattered at the same time.

Wang Lang and Qing Haitian were sent flying. They fell heavily from the second floor to the ground, with broken and bleeding heads.

There were a large number of students gathered outside the dormitory. They were just onlookers and most of them were female students.

The crowd wasn't surprised when they saw Nie Xuan fall from the second floor. They knew that Nie Xuan had one arm broken and ability must have decreased. The fact that he was beaten by Zhang Ruochen was nothing to be surprised about.

Yet, when Zhang Ruochen sent Wang Lang and Qing Haitian flying, the crowd was absolutely shocked.

"Zhang Ruochen is just a freshman, how is he so powerful?" A 20-year-old woman who was wearing a white robe looked at the second floor, wondering how Zhang Ruochen looked like.

It was very rare for a freshman to obtain such powers to defeat two Martial Arts masters at the same time.

"Nie Xuan, Wang Lang, and Qing Haitian are all warriors at the Medium State of the Black Realm. Zhang Ruochen has indeed caught me by surprise by defeating them all. This is terrific!"

"If it is true that Zhang Ruochen is so powerful, it will definitely be a good matchup on the life and death platform tomorrow."

"Come look! Zhang Ruochen is coming out from the dormitory!"

The female students screamed in order to welcome Zhang Ruochen. Their beautiful eyes had all focused on Zhang Ruochen who was standing on the second floor.

"Wow! He's such a young warrior. I guess he's not even 20!"

"The No.1 freshman surely has a different charisma. If he can defeat Feng Zhilin tomorrow, I'll woo him. I mean it! It'll be nice being the wife of a prince, haha!" A pretty female student, who had reached the Completion of the Black Realm, expressed her feeling towards Zhang Ruochen. She blinked her eyes and examined him from head to toe.

Zhang Ruochen jumped from the second floor to the ground as light as a leaf. He stared at Wang Lang and Qing Haitian who were lying on the ground with wounds and said furiously, "You guys took off all my fourth brother's clothes and humiliated him on Western Campus. Now, take off all your clothes and run three laps around Western Campus. I'll then consider to free you both!"

Wang Lang and Qing Haitian stared at Zhang Ruochen in fear. The level of Zhang Ruochen's power and ability was completely out of their expectation. With his cultivation, he could probably be able to confront Feng Zhilin.

"Zhang Ruochen, you've already beaten us up, don't go too far!" Wang Lang bit his teeth said brutally.

At the same time, Liu Chengfeng squeezed out from the crowd and kicked on Wang Lang's chest, making him spit a mouthful of blood. He groaned. "Who went too far? How dare you criticize our Ninth Prince

for bullying you? When you guys decided to bully the students of Yunwu Commandery, did you yourselves the same question?"

"Slap!"

Liu Chengfeng had fully demonstrated the character of an evil juvenile. He slapped Qing Haitian's face and half of his face was swollen. He continued, "Yes, I'm going to bully you today, only you! So what? Come over here, The Fourth Prince, Huo, and Situ. Beat these two jerks as hard as you can. They don't know how to respect people without having some punches!"

Liu Chengfeng acted arrogantly and waved his hands towards some of the students of Yunwu Commandery among the crowd. He signaled them to come over and beat up Wang Lang and Qing Haitian.

Anyhow, he wasn't afraid that they would fight back as long as Zhang Ruochen was backing him up.

Chapter 103: An Advance Battle

The confrontation earlier had allowed the students of Yunwu Commandery to recognize how powerful Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was and thus, their confidence soared. They all rushed toward Wang Lang and Qing Haitian to beat them up.

Even Zhang Shaochu rushed over. He lifted his foot up and gave Wang Lang a kick in the crotch.

The Family-ending kick caused Wang Lang severe pain. His body shook violently and his legs grew weak.

"You...You guys are rebelling..."

Wang Lang cried out loud. Suppressing the sharp pain in his groin, he activated the Genuine Qi in his body and was ready to fight back.

Before he could retaliate, Liu Chengfeng struck a palm toward his head to knock him down, causing him to unceremoniously fell to the ground again. Liu Chengfeng said, "You've got the nerve to fight back, don't you? Let's break their legs, strip them naked and threw them to the drill ground of Western Campus. I'm eager to see who'll dare to bully the students of Yunwu Commandery in the future!"

Somewhere in the distance, Qing You who was lying on the ground had already woke up. As he watched Wang Lang and Qing Haitian getting beaten by the crowd, he decided to shut his eyes and continued to fake unconsciousness so that people would leave him alone.

Liu Chengfeng walked toward Zhang Ruochen, clasped his hands in greeting and asked with a smile, "Your Highness, do you think I've gone a bit too far?"

Zhang Ruochen did not know what to say. If he was asked to beat Wang Lang and Qing Haitian, he might be too embarrassed to do so. However, he knew that they should give a lesson to the Square Commandery's students.

Once they were beaten, only then they would think twice when they wanted to mess with the Yunwu Commandery's students next time.

Since Zhang Ruochen did not say a word, Liu Chengfeng knew that Zhang Ruochen had acquiesced to his actions.

There was a huge uproar among the crowd.

Together with dozens of young students, Feng Zhilin walked out from the crowd and stood in front of Zhang Ruochen. It turned out that someone had informed Feng Zhilin about the incident and thus, he rushed to the dormitory right away.

Feng Zhilin bellowed. "That's enough!"

His voice, mixed with Genuine Qi, rang out in the air as if a thunder had exploded.

Liu Chengfeng, Zhang Shaochu as well as other students of the Yunwu Commandery were obviously more afraid of Feng Zhilin, who had a powerful cultivation. Therefore, all of them stopped their beating as soon as they saw Feng Zhilin. They quickly retreated and hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

"Master Feng, you... you have to... take revenge for us..." Qing Haitian laid on the ground naked. His face was red and swollen and his head was bleeding. Even his legs had been cut off by Zhang Shaochu with the huge stone. The sight was too horrible to watch.

Looking at the wounded under the massive stone, Feng Zhilin frowned slightly as he felt somewhat displeased. He asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm... Qing... Qing Haitian..." The voice of Qing Haitian was unintelligible. He could not even speak a word clearly.

"You're Qing Haitian?" Feng Zhilin walked over and took a closer look at him. He could finally identify that he was indeed Qing Haitian.

It was no surprise that Feng Zhilin could not identify Qing Haitian. Wang Lang and Qing Haitian were brutally beaten up to the point that both had become barely recognizable.

"Boom!"

Feng Zhilin unleashed a palm strike that sent the massive stone pressed on Qing Haitian's legs flying off to the side. Looking at Qing Haitian who was lying on the ground in sore straits, Feng Zhilin's expression turned cold and said, "Zhang Ruochen, they are also students of Western Campus. Aren't you too harsh on them?"

Zhang Shaochu said angrily, "Harsh? When you broke my arms one month ago, why don't you think you're harsh?"

Feng Zhilin narrowed his eyes, a hint of coldness shone in his pupil. "Piglet Zhang, do you really think that Zhang Ruochen can be your shield? Stop being naive! When he died on the life and death platform, I'll take care of you by myself!"

Zhang Shaochu felt a strand of coldness arose instantly in his heart when he thought of how cunning and ruthless Feng Zhilin was. He could not help but retreated two steps.

On the contrary, Zhang Ruochen moved two steps forward and said, "Feng Zhilin, how arrogant you are! Do you really think you are strong enough to defeat me?"

Zhang Ruochen and Feng Zhilin were separated by a five-steps distance. They stared at each other with a rising momentum.

Feng Zhilin looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes and put on a smile all of a sudden, "Looks like the Ninth Prince is full of confidence. Well, let's not wait until tomorrow. We'll fight on the life and death platform tonight!"

He continued, "Yet, I'm not sure if the Ninth Prince dares to do so."

"Great! See you on the Platform tonight!" Zhang Ruochen gave a faint smile and replied.

Liu Chengfeng was a relatively smart man. He said, "Your Highness, beware of falling into Feng Zhilin's trap! You've just fought with three masters in the Medium State of the Black Realm. You'll be put into an unfavorable position fighting with him on the life and death platform!"

Liu Chengfeng was right. This was exactly what Feng Zhilin had in mind.

When Feng Zhilin saw Nie Xuan, Wang Lang, and Qing Haitian lying on the ground, he immediately knew that Zhang Ruochen's cultivation must have been greatly improved. He was going to be a tough opponent.

He firmly believed that after fighting three Martial Arts masters, Zhang Ruochen's physical strength and Genuine Qi must have been greatly consumed. Therefore, he proposed to fight on the life and death platform tonight so as to maximize his advantage.

Feng Zhilin was definitely a smart person.

Yet, it did not bother Zhang Ruochen too much as he knew that he hardly spent any energy defeating Nie Xuan, Wang Lang, and Qing Haitian.

Since Feng Zhilin brought up the idea of fighting on the life and death platform tonight, Zhang Ruochen agreed right away as he would like to settle the trouble as soon as possible.

The news of Zhang Ruochen and Feng Zhilin pushing the fight forward spread like wildfire through Western Campus.

Students who were in the middle of their secluded refinement had all came out of seclusion. Released themselves from refining, they rushed to the life and death platform and were ready to enjoy a high-level match.

Although disputes and battles happened frequently among Western Campus, there was rarely anyone who have the guts to fight on the life and death platform. Anyhow, no matter how serious the dispute was, none of the students would actually dare to take each other's lives. They believed that if they worked hard, they would still get the chance to revenge.

The life and death platform was a completely different story.

There must be a deep hatred between two warriors for them to come to a duel on the life and death platform. Once both students entered the life and death platform, one of them would have to lose his life.

Every year, there would only be one or two times where students bring the fight to the life and death platform on Western Campus. It usually happened due to the conflict arose between two male students who wanted to impress a particular female student. Or, vice versa, two female students fought for a male student.

It was said that the female students should not be underestimated, especially those on Western Campus. Once they fought, they would probably be scarier than the male students.

The fight tonight on the life and death platform had undoubtedly become the hottest topic of the School as one of the opponents was the freshman of the year who had a magnificent talent.

Everyone was curious. If such a genius student was defeated on the life and death platform, would the presbyter of the School intervene? The School might have lost a warrior with incredible talent.

The presbyters of Western Campus had indeed heard of the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Feng Zhilin.

When Elder Xie, who had a good impression of Zhang Ruochen heard the news, he frowned tightly and murmured to himself, "Why didn't this young man inform me beforehand and insist to fight Feng Zhilin on the life and death platform? Would he be able to stand up to Feng Zhilin with his cultivation?"

In fact, Elder Xie was aware of the grudge between Zhang Ruochen and Feng Zhilin. At first, he thought that if Zhang Ruochen had told him about the fight and asked him for help, he would no doubt help Zhang Ruochen to resolve the dispute.

However, Zhang Ruochen still did not approach him after one month. He thought that Zhang Ruochen had already informed other presbyters, so he did not ask anymore.

Right at this moment when he heard that Zhang Ruochen and Feng Zhilin had even brought forward the fight, Elder Xie suddenly realized that the situation had taken a turn for the worse.

"We finally have a talented student in the School of the Martial Market in Yunwu Commandery. He can't just throw his life away on the life and death platform. I should try to persuade him," said Elder Xie nervously.

Since Xie Nantian was one of the warriors of Yunwu Commandery, he naturally tended to favor Zhang Ruochen. He hoped that Zhang Ruochen could fully develop his techniques and become a high-level official of the School of the Martial Market as well as the Martial Market Bank.

At the same time, the news about the fight had reached Dragon Martial Temple.

"This is a fight to the death for either one of the warriors, interesting! I'm going to see how much improvement he has made in his cultivation during these two weeks of practice!" Duanmu Xingling showed a witty smile when she heard the news. She swiftly turned into a green, slim shadow and flew toward the life and death platform.

Duanmu Xingling was very confident that Zhang Ruochen would not lose against Feng Zhilin. She only went to watch the fight out of curiosity. She wanted to see the results he had obtained over the two weeks of practice.

As soon as she arrived, she noticed that there was a startling beauty standing afar on the spectator stand. With the bright moon shining down upon her, she looked as if she had been covered with a layer of holy light. Every inch of her skin was flawless and clear, shining with a luster that made people awestruck.

She was carrying an ancient sword on her back with a long royal blue hair draped over her shoulders. Her beautiful curves and her cold, unapproachable demeanor made her look like a Moon Fairy descended from the skies. Other students did not dare to get close to her.

The woman who looked like she popped out of a fairytale was Huang Yanchen. She was known as one of the three female devils on Western Campus, which was why no one dared to approach her.

"Sister Chen, how come you got here before me?" Duanmu Xingling squinted her eyes before skimming to the side of Huang Yanchen. Only fuzzy shadows of her were left behind as she flew over.

Huang Yanchen looked at Zhang Ruochen in the distance with icing air in her eyes and said, "I'm here to witness how he is going to die at Feng Zhilin's hands."

Duanmu Xingling smiled mysteriously and said, "Well, he's the Yellow No.1 of our Dragon Martial Temple. He's extremely talented. You should have some confidence in him. Who knows, he may defeat Feng Zhilin by surprise."

"A Mid Stage warrior of the Black Realm defeated a warrior at the Final State of the Black Realm. Are you sure there was such a genius in the history of the School of the Martial Market?" Huang Yanchen shook her head slightly. She was not very optimistic about Zhang Ruochen's ability.

"But I've heard that his cultivation seems to have improved a lot and achieved the Advanced Stage of the Black Realm." Duanmu Xingling said with a smile.

Huang Yanchen replied, "It means nothing even if he does reach the Advanced Stage of the Black Realm. There is still a three-realms difference between them."

Huang Yanchen herself was a top-level genius, so she was very clear about the ability of a genius.

Some geniuses were invincible in the same realm. Some could jump across one or two realms and defeat their opponents.

However, it was too difficult to defeat a warrior who was three realms higher. Such genius was extremely rare.

Not to mention Feng Zhilin was a student of Western Campus.

All the students enrolled in Western Campus had been meticulously selected. Every single one of them was a genius. Among the warriors at the Final State of the Black Realm, Feng Zhilin was the best of the best. He was powerful enough to fight against three to five warriors in the same realm.

Therefore, it was basically impossible for Zhang Ruochen to defeat Feng Zhilin.

Huang Yanchen was not the only one who thought that Zhang Ruochen had no chance to win. Many students who came and watched the fight shared the same opinion. Almost none of them were optimistic about Zhang Ruochen. They felt that this was another easily predictable battle.

It did not matter even if Zhang Ruochen had defeated three warriors in the Medium State of the Black Realm. Warriors in the Medium State could not be compared to those in the Final State as they were on a totally different level.

Chapter 104: The Life And Death Platform

The life and death platform was a 30-meter-high, 30-meter squared white stone platform. It was made of huge polished smooth stones which weighed about 5,000 kilograms each.

There were lots of sharp iron thorns under the life and death platform. Each thorn was two meters long, some of them blood-stained on the point.

If a warrior fell from the life and death platform, he would either die from falling or being stabbed by the iron thorns.

Once a warrior went up to the life and death platform, he would end up with either a victory or a death. There was no escape.

Feng Zhilin was so confident in his power that he had already walked up to the life and death platform.

He stood straight in the center of the life and death platform, seeming quite handsome. He looked around, flashing his brilliant smile at the beautiful female students.

He was assured to win this battle.

“Ninth brother, you must be careful!” Zhang Shaochu held Zhang Ruochen’s hands tightly with worry in his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “No big deal. It’s just Feng Zhilin.”

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Zi Qian walked out of the crowd of students, wearing a white robe. The belt around her slender waist emphasized her graceful posture.

The surrounding students intently stared at her. They were surprised there was such a beautiful girl among the Yunwu Commandery students. She was as beautiful as the three She-devils.

They couldn’t help giving way to Zi Qian. She was surrounded by the crowd as if the moon was surrounded by the stars.

Zi Qian walked to Zhang Ruochen and stared at him, showing no emotion, and said, “I also took part in killing Feng Zhiyi. Let me fight Feng Zhilin for you!”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Zi Qian and had a strange feeling.

“Have you reached the Black Realm’s Medium State?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes brightened up.

Zi Qian nodded, "Yes, I have!"

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. After all, Zi Qian had Saint's blood. With her 2000 points merit, she could totally afford to get a lot of the superior level practice resources at the Martial Market's School.

With her talent and the vast amount of the practice resources, it seemed plausible she would break through to the Black Realm's Medium State in just one month.

Be mindful that Zhang Ruochen merely ate the Spiritual Brawn and devoted all his time to practice his martial technique instead of his skills, but he also broke through the Realm in less than two months.

Both Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian's biggest advantages were endless practice resources.

"Congratulations!"

Zhang Ruochen continued, "But I've already made a deal with Feng Zhilin to fight on the life and death platform. You're too late. You can fight him next time."

A strange light flashed in Zi Qian's eyes. She said, "Zhang Ruochen, can you beat Feng Zhilin?"

"It's simple." Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, the Square Commandery warriors near him all scolded in silence, "Such an arrogant jerk!"

"Let's wait and see! Zhang Ruochen thought that he was the best warrior after defeating Nie Xuan, Wang Lang, and Qing Haitian, But he didn't know that none of them could withstand Feng Zhilin's one movement."

"Zhang Ruochen will regret it after he is on the life and death platform."

...

In the distance, Elder Xie was a little worried when he saw Zhang Ruochen walking to the life and death platform step by step. He was about to chase Zhang Ruochen and stop him.

It would be too late to do anything if Zhang Ruochen got to the life and death platform.

At this moment, a silver shadow flashed passed Elder Xie and put its palm on his shoulder.

"Elder Situ, what are you doing?" Elder Xie asked angrily. There was coldness in his eyes.

Elder Situ still put his palm on Elder Xie's shoulder trying to stop him from chasing Zhang Ruochen. He smiled, "Don't worry, Elder Xie. Leave the fight to the young. There's no need for you to interfere."

Seeing Zhang Ruochen reach the life and death platform from afar, Elder Xie became even more worried. He said, "Don't you know that Zhang Ruochen is the fourth genius in the Western Campus' history who passed the second barrier on the third level of the Wu Tower? What a great loss for Western Campus if Feng Zhilin kills him on the life and death platform!"

The smile on Elder Situ's face faded. He sneered, "He has a high talent, so what? He killed almost 100 candidates in the first-round examination. That should be classified as a great loss for the Martial

Market's School, not Zhang Ruochen! He is so bloodthirsty at such a young age. How many more will he slay when he becomes stronger? The Martial Market's School doesn't need such genius."

Elder Xie asked, "Elder Situ, did you witness Zhang Ruochen killing?"

"Someone else did."

Elder Situ seemed cold and said, "What's more, Zhang Ruochen killed Feng Zhilin's brother. Shouldn't Feng Zhilin avenge his brother's death?"

Another presbyter came to stop Elder Situ and Elder Xie from getting into a quarrel. He said, "Elder Xie, we're merely the presbyters of the school. Teaching is our only responsibility. We'd better stay away from disputes between students. If the students depend on our presbyters to solve all their problems, it's harmful to them."

Elder Situ laughed, "Elder Huo is right. Since Zhang Ruochen is a genius, he needs more trials. If he fails to defeat Feng Zhilin, he isn't meant to be the strong one."

If it were another situation, maybe Elder Xie would have believed Elder Situ.

But it was a certain death instead of a trial for Zhang Ruochen, as he was to fight Feng Zhilin on the life and death platform now.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was already on the platform, facing Feng Zhilin.

Elder Xie ground his teeth and glared at Elder Situ. Finally, he restrained himself. After all, Elder Situ's cultivation was higher than him and thus he had no chance to beat Elder Situ.

Now he could only hope that Zhang Ruochen would make a narrow escape, although the chance was quite slim.

Elder Situ watched Elder Xie walking to the grandstand swinging his sleeves, and cast him a sarcastic smile. He then turned his eyes to the life and death platform and smiled happier.

He didn't care much about whether Zhang Ruochen was the top genius as Zhang Ruochen was neither introduced to Western Campus by him nor his own disciple. If Zhang Ruochen died on the life and death platform, he only had himself to blame.

"Thank you, Elder Situ!"

Prince Huo Xing walked out from the darkness and bowed humbly to Elder Situ to show his respect.

He then handed Elder Situ a purple and gold box, smiled, and said, "This is a Heaven Cloud Pill, a present from my father, in hopes that it will help you upgrade your cultivation."

Elder Situ took the purple and gold box and cracked it open a bit; A strong medicine scent emitted from it immediately.

Elder Situ smiled a little and put away the box, then he said, "Commandery Prince is too generous. It's no big deal."

Prince Huo Xing laughed, "Killing Zhang Ruochen is not a big deal for you, but for Square Commandery, it's a massive favor. Yunwu Commandery has already got a Zhang Tiangui. If we let Zhang Ruochen live, in ten years the Yunwu Commandery will be unstoppable in the Western Nine Prefectures.

Elder Situ said, "I'm one of the members of the Square Commandery. It's my duty to help my Commandery Prince eliminate potential threats. Since Zhang Ruochen has come to Western Campus, surely I won't let him grow up."

Prince Huo Xing nodded and gazed at the two on the life and death platform, he smiled, "Zhang Ruochen will no longer exist in Western Campus after tonight!"

...

"Bang! Bang!"

There were a series of explosions on top of the 16 copper pillars around the life and death platform. 16 fireballs started to burn in the braziers on top of the pillars to light the night.

"I can't believe you have the nerve to walk up to the life and death platform." Feng Zhilin stared at Zhang Ruochen and showed a cunning smile.

It was definitely not a compliment. He was mocking Zhang Ruochen's stupidity.

Zhang Ruochen stood straight with his hands behind his back. His robe was as white as snow. He laughed, "Say no more. Let's fight!"

Feng Zhilin became cold and said, "Okay! Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!"

They simultaneously turned their eyes to the weapons rack at the edge of the life and death platform.

There were 31 kinds of weapons on it such as swords, knives, drums, spears, whips, lances, sticks, and so on.

Warriors on the life and death platform were not allowed to use their own weapons. Only the weapons on the platform were allowed.

It meant that the one who got the weapon first would have an advantage.

"Clash!"

Feng Zhilin moved first. He rushed to the weapon rack like a white shadow. He desired the iron sword on the third level of the rack and was about to take it.

But he failed to grab it.

Zhang Ruochen was standing next to him, holding the iron sword in his hand. He gently flicked the sword and said, "It's only a normal iron sword with no inscription in it, but its material seems good. Maybe there's true iron, so it won't be broken easily."

"You..."

Feng Zhilin stared at Zhang Ruochen who was close at hand with surprise.

He made the move before Zhang Ruochen just then, but Zhang Ruochen got the sword faster.

What did it mean?

It meant that Zhang Ruochen was faster than him!

Boom!

The students on the grandstand were all shocked by this.

“Is Zhang Ruochen even faster than Feng Zhilin?”

“No wonder he dares to go to the life and death platform. He’s got real stuff!”

“With such speed, Zhang Ruochen is almost unbeatable.”

“Don’t bet on it. Off the life and death platform, maybe Feng Zhilin can’t defeat him. But the platform is only three meters’ long, there isn’t much space for Zhang Ruochen to evade even if he has a speed advantage. It won’t be difficult for Feng Zhilin to kill him.”

“You all ignored the most important part. Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation is much lower than Feng Zhilin. His Genuine Qi is much less than Feng Zhilin. No matter how fast he is, Feng Zhilin can prolong the battle and get the final victory.” Prince Huo Xing said coldly.

The other students thought that his words made sense and nodded.

“Ignorant people!” Duanmu Xingling shook her head slightly and turned her eyes to Huang Yanchen. She smiled and said, “Sister Chen, you said yourself that if Zhang Ruochen could beat Feng Zhilin, you would spare his life.”

Huang Yanchen gazed at the life and death platform’s direction and said, “We’ll talk about it when he wins.”

Chapter 105: Half-Saint

On the Platform of Life and Death, Feng Zhilin only lost concentration for a moment, before immediately reacting.

Since he lost his sword, then he chose his spear.

He picked up a three-meter-long spear from the fourth level of the Weapon Rack, sweeping with his spear, and sent it whistling towards Zhang Ruochen at an angle.

Zhang Ruochen took a step back and avoided the metal spear. His body was as light as a leaf, floating back almost 30 meters.

“Wind Chasing Pace!”

Feng Zhilin sent his Genuine Qi into both of his legs and demonstrated Human Stage pacing of a superior class. It was as if both of his legs were wrapped in a hurricane, helping him catch up to Zhang Ruochen.

Chasing Zhang Ruochen with only five meters between them, he stabbed out with his spear again.

His Genuine Qi flowed out from his palms, through the shaft and towards the point of the spear.

The tip of the metal spear emitted a bundle of fire, causing the spear to start burning, appearing like a fire snake in the air.

“Indeed his Genuine Qi is of fiery nature!” Zhang Ruochen watched the approaching long spear and nodded his head gently.

Given Feng Zhilin’s current performance, he could match at least four normal warriors of the Final State of the Black Realm at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen took a step to the side, his body like a shadow, and dodged another powerful strike from Feng Zhilin again.

Feng Zhilin was angry, and said, “If you are capable, then don’t hide. Meet me properly in battle.”

“If you can’t even touch the corner of my clothing, what right do you have to battle me?”

Zhang Ruochen held his sword in the hand and said lightly, “Show me all you have, let me see if you have the right to face my sword.”

“Bastard!”

Feng Zhilin let out a long whistle, and wisps of red Spiritual Blood flowed from his body. The Spiritual Blood flowed towards the ground and created a Blood Wave with a diameter of five meters.

The Spiritual Blood was like threads of silk, coming together to form lines, emitting a light blood light and enveloped Feng Zhilin in its center.

Spiritual Blood becoming a matrix.

Only warriors who have reached the Final State of the Black Realm could achieve it.

Further, the blood matrix that Feng Zhilin conjured was not a low class one, rather, it was a medium level.

The higher level of the blood matrix, the larger the increase in the power of the warrior.

“Red Flame Spear!”

Feng Zhilin held his long spear horizontally and moved his arm back and forth, the fire on the surface of the long spear burned even hotter.

This was a low-class spiritual spear martial technique. There were a total of eight moves, and Feng Zhilin had practiced them all successfully.

“Whoosh!”

The long spear struck out, creating a patch of fiery clouds. In a flash, it was in front of Zhang Ruochen.

With the aid of the Blood Wave, Feng Zhilin’s the speed of the eruption was roughly the same of Zhang Ruochen’s.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became serious. He held his long spear tightly in the hands and swiped across, hitting the tip of the long spear and knocking it aside. This also prevented Feng Zhilin's following attacks.

After that, he took quick steps towards Feng Zhilin and stabbed towards his right armpit.

Feng Zhilin's face changed, immediately turned the rifle, with the tail of the long spear to the back of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had only just rushed to the front of Feng Zhilin when he felt as if he had jumped into a quagmire, his speed reduced significantly. Looking down, he found that he had stepped into the Blood Wave and his speed was being repressed by the power of the Wave.

At that moment, the wind blew past Zhang Ruochen's ears. The butt of the long spear was hovering above his head and it could come down in a flash. Even if he didn't die, he would sustain heavy injuries when he was hit by the long spear.

"Sacred Bell Sword!"

Zhang Ruochen burst out all the Genuine Qi in his body, forming a large illusion of a bell, and protected his body in its center.

The butt of the long spear landed on the surface of the illusory image of the bell sword, creating a strong collision.

Boom!

They retreated at the same time, once again putting 10 meters between them.

Feng Zhilin straightened with the long spear, laughed coldly and said, "I can conjure up a medium-class Blood Wave. The power of the matrix can improve my strength while repressing yours. Zhang Ruochen, you're dead for sure!"

The Blood Matrix was similar to Space Domain, but it could not compare to the Space Domain.

The reason why a warrior of the Final State was so much stronger than one in the Medium State was that a warrior of the Final State could conjure a Blood Wave.

Under the repressive power of the Blood Matrix, very few Medium State warriors could defeat one of the Final State.

"Feng Zhilin can already condense a medium-sized Bloody Wave; that is incredible. If he could be given large amounts of practice resources, he might allow the Western Campus to have another member in the Warrior of Division Profound." Elder Situ stroked his beard gently, revealing a knowing smile.

Elder Xie scoffed coldly and did not speak further.

"It's over! Who thought Feng Zhilin could conjure a medium-class Bloody Wave? With the power of the Blood Wave, he can match six or seven warriors of the same realm! The Ninth Prince is in trouble!" Liu Chengfeng sighed.

"Is a medium-class Bloody Wave very strong?" A freshman asked.

Liu Chengfeng replied, "For every ten warriors of the Final State of the Black Realm, only one will be able to conjure a medium-sized Bloody Wave, do you think it's strong or not? If Feng Zhilin has opened enough Meridians in his body, and his martial techniques and the exercises he practices are sufficiently high level, once he has reached the completion, he has a 10 percent chance of becoming one of the Warriors of Division Profound."

No one could say for sure that they could become a Warrior of the Division Profound, they could only rely on their odds.

A 10 percent chance was very low, but it wasn't bad. At least, he had an opportunity to try while other warriors would not have even that.

Everyone became worried for Zhang Ruochen, hoping he would not be defeated. Once he was defeated, Feng Zhilin would certainly not allow him to live.

"Medium-sized Bloody Wave, not bad!" Zhang Ruochen nodded his head gently.

If Zhang Ruochen were to use his Space Domain, naturally he could also repress Feng Zhilin and easily defeat him.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not want to use the power of Space Domain.

Feng Zhilin saw that there was no fear on Zhang Ruochen's face. He scoffed coldly and attacked again. This time, he would be sure to pierce Zhang Ruochen's heart.

"Tch!"

As Feng Zhilin's strike with his spear, the air burst into flames, letting out loud crackling sounds.

Zhang Ruochen did not dodge. When the long spear was three meters from him, the fire on the spear bathed his face in a red light.

"Sacred Guiding Sword!"

The fourth move in the Sacred Sword Skill!

Zhang Ruochen's arm moved, and his spear drew a circle in the void space. It left 36 white streaks of sword shadow. The 36 streaks formed a circle, like a white moon being held in his hands.

"Swish!"

36 streaks of sword Shadow flew out at the same time.

Feng Zhilin defended quickly and continuously waved his long spear to shatter the swordkee.

But, seven streaks of Sword Breath made it through. Four of them pierced his body, while the other three flew across the surface of his skin, leaving behind three shallow lines of blood.

"Bang! Bang!"

The four streaks of Sword Breath left four holes in Feng Zhilin's clothes. Beneath the holes there peaked pieces of metal armor. It seemed that Feng Zhilin wore armor under his clothes, and it had blocked the four strikes just now.

However, the four streaks of Sword Breath were very powerful. Although they were blocked by the armor, they still rattled Feng Zhilin and caused him some light injuries.

“Such a powerful strike. If Feng Zhilin had not been wearing armor, even if he didn’t die just before, he would have been heavily wounded.”

“Zhang Ruochen is so young, why is his sword technique so advanced?”

...

Elder Xie narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, his face showed a great joy, and said, “The Advanced realm of the Sword Following the Mind.”

A few other Elders heard Elder Xie’s words and they suddenly realized that he was right, the sword technique Zhang Ruochen just demonstrated had indeed reached the Advanced realm of the Sword Following the Mind.

Unbelievable!

It must be noted, this group of Elders were all in the Advanced realm of the Sword Following the Mind, but no one had reached the Peak.

Duanmu Xingling was also surprised by this and found it unbelievable. She said, “His achievements in sword techniques is terrifying. Once he has broken through to the completion of the Black realm, he must become a Warrior of Division Profound. Also, his ranking on the Profound Board will not be low.”

Previously, she had only known that Zhang Ruochen had great achievements in palm techniques, she did not expect him to have higher achievements in sword techniques.

“With such attainments in sword techniques, it seems like Zhang Ruochen will win for sure!” Duanmu Xingling smiled. She sent a gentle look towards Huang Yanchen and said, “Sister Chen, you wouldn’t want to kill and waste a prodigy like Zhang Ruochen, right?”

Huang Yanchen was also slightly moved. Given Zhang Ruochen’s age, to be able to practice to the Advanced realm of the Sword Following the Mind, his talent was startling indeed.

“So what if he is talented? His character is too bad,” Huang Yanchen stared at Duanmu Xingling and said, “You’re not wanting me to accept him, are you?”

Duanmu Xingling laughed and said, “After all, you already have had those things happen, if you don’t accept him, what else is there to do?”

“Humph! Even if I let him alive, I would still not accept him,” Huang Yanchen said.

“Sister Chen, you remember what you said. If, in the future, I accidentally fall for him and steal him away, don’t resent me!” Duanmu Xingling’s a pair of large eyes curved, like two half-moons.

Huang Yanchen stared carefully at Duanmu Xingling, turning over the meaning of what she just said and asked, “You can’t seriously have fallen for him?”

Duanmu Xingling straightened her back and stared at Zhang Ruochen on the Platform of Life and Death. She smiled and said, "He is young, handsome, talented, and a prince. I cannot find a single flaw in him. It is entirely possible I could accidentally fall for him!"

Huang Yanchen was a little unhappy and said, "You're two years older than him, right?"

"It's impossible to continue being sisters!" Duanmu Xingling looked at Huang Yanchen with annoyance and said, "it seems you don't want to give him up."

Huang Yanchen stared at Zhang Ruochen, there was no expression on her beautiful face. She asked thoughtfully, "Xingling, do you think it's possible for him to become a Saint?"

"Saint?"

Duanmu Xingling's gaze also became serious. She nodded her head and said, "Saints are beyond the realm of warriors, they have crossed into another form of living. In all the 36 commanderies in Omen Ridge, there is not even one Saint. Although he is very talented, it would be almost impossible for him to become a Saint."

After a pause, Duanmu Xingling continued, "Although, I feel that if he can maintain his current state in practicing, and maintain it until he reaches the Heaven Realm, he has a chance to become a Half-Saint."

"Half-Saint! Do you think he can?" Huang Yanchen's beautiful eyes carried a complicated gaze. She always felt she could not see through Zhang Ruochen.

This young man, although his cultivation was not at her level, has demonstrated terrifying potential.

Chapter 106: Headmaster of Western Campus

Zhang Ruochen hid his true strength and did not demonstrate the Peak Comprehension for Sword Following the Heart.

He knew that everyone would be even more shocked if he fully unleashed it, but anyhow, the sheer force of the Advanced Stage of the Sword Following the Heart was sufficient to defeat Feng Zhilin.

"The Advanced Stage of the Sword Following the Heart?"

Feng Zhilin's expression turned ugly. He never imagined that Zhang Ruochen had already reached such realms in his sword technique.

"No, I won't lose, I haven't lost! I am three Martial Arts realms above him, I can certainly defeat him!"

Feng Zhilin gritted his teeth and refused to admit defeat. Swinging his long spear, he charged forward again.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and started to concentrate on preparing a counterattack. A swirl of Qi billow began to pool at the tip of his sword.

The movement of Qi billow was similar to that of water. Rumbling sounds rose and fell as countless threads of Sword Breath shuttled through the air like the ocean tides.

“Sacred Wave Sword!”

The instant the sword was swung, the Sword Breath condensed to form a five-meter-tall wave, which crashed onto Feng Zhilin and swept him over.

“Ahh...”

Feng Zhilin cried out in pain. The long spear fell from his hand and clattered to the ground.

“Boom!”

Feng Zhilin’s white martial arts robe was completely shredded by the Sword Breaths that it turned into rags, leaving only the Silver Scale Armor Vest covering his body.

Other than the areas covered by the armored vest, every other part of his body had been badly cut open by the Sword Breaths. His whole body was now a complete mess of flesh and blood.

This was Zhang Ruochen being merciful, otherwise, with that powerful stroke, he could have easily chopped off Feng Zhilin’s head and all four limbs.

“Feng Zhilin, you’ve lost!”

Zhang Ruochen held his sword and walked over. He brought his sword to Feng Zhilin’s neck and said, “I said I wouldn’t kill you. I only want revenge for my fourth brother. I’m going to break the bones in both your hands!”

“Wa-wait!”

Feng Zhilin’s entire body was trembling as he crawled up from the ground. He then dropped to his knees in front of Zhang Ruochen, kowtowed to him and said, “Zhang Ruochen, thank... thank you for sparing my life.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Feng Zhilin who was kneeling in front of him with his face full of doubt. Suddenly, a sense of imminent danger swept over him.

Oh no!

Right at that moment, Feng Zhilin raised his head abruptly and spat out three needles consecutively.

“Phew! Phew! Phew!”

It was the Archery Tongue, the Feng’s unique talent.

Feng Zhiyi could only shoot out one needle with his tongue, but Feng Zhilin could spit out three at a time.

None of the audience in the observatory platform expected Feng Zhilin to suddenly launch an attack.

It was simply impossible to dodge the attack at such a close distance. Even warriors at the Completion of the Black Realm would be tricked, let alone Zhang Ruochen, who was at the Mid Stage of the Black Realm.

“Ding! Ding!”

With a single swipe of his sword, Zhang Ruochen precisely hit the tips of the three silver needles and sent them flying back to his owner.

One of the needles pierced into Feng Zhilin's throat.

Two other needles went through his eyes.

"Ah... Prin-Prince... Huo Xing... save me..."

Ignoring the stabbing pain, Feng Zhilin pulled out the needle stuck at his throat. Both of his hands were clutching at his own neck while he rushed to leave the life and death platform. However, he had gone blind and could not see the way. Without knowing where he was heading to, he took a step into empty air, lost his balance and fell off the 30-meter-tall platform.

In a series of screams, Feng Zhilin landed in the forest of spikes. The spikes stabbed into him, leaving dozens of blood holes all over his body. After a brief struggle, his hand fell limp. There were no more sounds coming from him.

Silence.

The entire platform became deathly silent. Only the breathing and heartbeats of the crowd were audible.

Zhang Ruochen sighed softly. He just wanted to teach Feng Zhilin a lesson. He did not want to kill him. Even if he broke both of Feng Zhilin's arms, as long as he applied some Muscles and Bones Regenerating Ointment, he could recover within two weeks.

Shaking his head, Zhang Ruochen walked down from the life and death platform.

Soon after, the students in Yunwu Commandery all cheered and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

"Ninth Prince is so powerful, even Feng Zhilin died at your hands. I bet no one else will dare to bully our students of Yunwu Commandery from now on."

Eyes full of admiration, a pretty female student stared at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Ninth Prince, the sword stroke you used to defeat Feng Zhilin was amazing! May I learn swordsmanship from you?"

Liu Chengfeng noticed that Zhang Ruochen seemed to be in a bad mood. He could somewhat guess the reason behind his change of mood, and thus, he smiled and said, "Your Majesty, Feng Zhilin brought this upon himself, and his death was of his own making; so don't blame yourself! Besides, he fell off the life and death platform by himself. It has nothing to do with you."

Zhang Ruochen gently nodded his head and said blandly, "Since Feng Zhilin is already dead, this matter has also come to an end. Everybody, please go back!"

The students from Yunwu Commandery were all beyond excited, but Prince Huo Xing's expression was unusually cold. Staring at Zhang Ruochen's receding figure, he said, "Useless, Feng Zhilin was useless. He couldn't even kill someone like Zhang Ruochen!"

A student from Square Commandery, who was standing aside, asked, "What now? Are we just going to let Zhang Ruochen go like that?"

“Let him go? How is that possible?”

Prince Huo Xing clenched his fists tightly and said in a cold tone, “I will write to my father right now, and ask him to pay a huge price and have killers from the Hades Department get rid of Zhang Ruochen. If he doesn’t die, he will certainly be an enemy of Square Commandery in the future.”

...

After the battle on the life and death platform, Zhang Ruochen returned to Dragon Martial Temple and continued to practice his sword technique.

On the third day, he finally received an audience with Headmaster of Western Campus.

Headmaster of Western Campus, dressed in his golden robe, was sitting on a white stone next to the pond. With a fishing rod in his hands, anyone could tell that he was fishing.

“Greetings, Headmaster!”

Zhang Ruochen approached Headmaster of Western Campus from behind and gently bowed in greeting.

“Zhang Ruochen, do you know why I waited for a month after the entrance exams to summon you to an audience?” Headmaster of Western Campus was still holding his fishing rod, his eyes fixed on the surface of the pond. He did not turn to face Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “This student does not know.”

Zhang Ruochen saw Headmaster once during the school exam. But it was too far away, and he only took a casual look.

It was at this moment that Zhang Ruochen took a serious look at Headmaster for the first time, who was the only superior in Western Campus who could wear a golden robe.

With a head full of white hair, he should be around 70 or 80 years old. However, there was not a single wrinkle visible on his hands and the side of his face. It was strange as he did not show any traces of old age.

“I wonder which Realm Headmaster is at?” Zhang Ruochen could not see through Headmaster’s cultivation.

The lord of the Western Campus put down the fishing rod and stood up. He turned to look at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Do you know, for every year, the top freshman will be accepted by the Deputy Headmaster as his own disciple. Of course, if the new student is talented enough, I will personally take him in.”

“Your performance in the Wu Tower was quite outstanding. At that moment, I’ve already thought of taking you as my disciple. When I say outstanding, I’m not referring to you crossing the second obstacle on the third level, rather, it is referring to you passing the third obstacle on the third level, and you defeating Luo Xu in the same Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised. He said, “The headmaster know what happened in the Wu Tower?”

“Haha!”

The lord of the Western Campus laughed heartily and said, “You really think that such an important place was only guarded by the girls Huang and Duanmu? There are some secrets, even the two of them don’t know about.”

Shortly afterward, Headmaster’s expression became more solemn and serious. He said, “However, I don’t oppose the decisions they made. Even if they did not stop you at that time, I would have personally intercepted you from entering the fourth floor of the Wu Tower.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is the headmaster worried that if I have shown too much talent, I will be targeted by others?”

The lord of the Western Campus nodded his head and said, “The Martial School is not completely safe. The Black Market and the Moon Worship Demon Sect have continuously tried to infiltrate the school over the recent years. Not only are they among the students, they are also in the higher levels of the school.”

“If you had made it to the fourth floor, the Black Market would surely use all necessary means to make sure you were killed in the cradle. It would be difficult even for me to protect you.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is Headmaster referring to the ‘Black House Killing Action’?”

The lord of the Western Campus exclaimed in surprise and said, “You know about ‘Black House Killing Action’?”

It must be noted that the Black Market and the Martial Market Bank were in opposition to each other since time immemorial. They had been fighting and killing each other in order to expand their territory and to compete for market resources.

The School of the Martial Market was Martial Market Bank’s training ground for talents. In order to eradicate Martial Market Bank down to its roots, Black Market had launched the “Black House Killing Action”, which was aimed to assassinate young prodigies from the Martial School.

The Black Market started the action since 800 years ago. It was no surprise Zhang Ruochen knew about it.

Zhang Ruochen could not explain to Headmaster, and so could only contribute it to the Yunwu Commandery Prince. He replied, “Before I came to take the exam, it was brought up once in conversation by my father. Honestly, I don’t know much about the action other than that.”

“Ah, so the Yunwu Commandery Prince has already warned you, then I don’t need to say more about it!”

From the Headmaster’s perspective, it was not difficult for the Yunwu Commandery Prince to have heard of the “Black House Killing Action”. After all, the action had been around for over a thousand years. It was not that much of a secret.

It must be noted that the Black Market and the Martial Market Bank were in opposition to each other since time immemorial. They had been fighting and killing each other in order to expand their territory and to compete for market resources.

“That’s right!” The lord of the Western Campus laughed. “You won’t hold it against me, right?”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “Since the headmaster has already told me in person, why would I hold it against you? I really want to know, did the headmaster manage to find out any agents on the Western Campus?”

“I have found some clues, but I am still waiting for the big fish to be caught. I believe we can close the net soon.” Headmaster said.

Soon after, Headmaster said again, “Zhang Ruochen, would you like to accept me as your teacher and become my disciple?”

There was a big difference between being one’s student and one’s own disciple.

A teacher could teach many students, but, he would have very few disciples.

Once he became a disciple to the lord of the Western Campus, he would have another strong supporter. His status in the Western Campus would immediately rise to new heights. In the future, no one would dare to find him trouble. Even as an internal student, his status would still be above other internal students.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not want to accept the lord of the Western Campus as a teacher. He had too many secrets with him. He could not let anyone know. If he accepted to be Headmaster’s disciple, then some of his secrets would surely be exposed.

Zhang Ruochen respectfully saluted the lord of the Western Campus and said, “Thank you for the offer, but I would like to practice a Martial Arts to call my own. I have no intention of having a teacher at the moment.”

Surprisingly, the lord of the Western Campus did not get angry, instead, he showed a faint smile and said, “Hehe! I have been a lord of the Western Campus for 34 years. I have offered to take 11 students as disciples, and you are the second to reject me.”

Chapter 107: Sacred Liquid

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised and asked, “Who was the first?”

“The one who lives in Heaven No.1 in Dragon Martial Temple!” Headmaster replied.

Black No.1 was Duanmu Xingling, Earth No.1 was Huang Yanchen, then naturally the occupant of Heaven No.1 was Luo Xu’s descendent, Luo Shuihan.

Lord of Western Yard still seemed somewhat unwilling to give up. He continued saying, “Zhang Ruochen, you have to think it over. I have taken a total of nine disciples. Six of them have reached the Heaven Realm and become the martial arts legends of the Heaven Realm. Another person is a prodigy who ranks in the top 10 of the internal school. The other two are the girls Huang and Duanmu. And you should know how powerful they are, right?”

“If you become my disciple, although you will not receive more resources for practicing, you will be able to use my name which has a lot of power in this school. Furthermore, no one will dare to be hostile to you without any forethought.”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “I have made up my mind. Even if I run into difficulties in the School of the Martial Market in the future, I won’t regret.”

“Well! Since you have such a firm belief on this, then I will not try to persuade you further.”

Lord of the Western Campus took out a small, delicate jade bottle, handed it to Zhang Ruochen and said, “There is one drop of Sacred Liquid in it, and I’m giving it to you. Take it as compensation!”

“Sacred Liquid!” Zhang Ruochen exclaimed with a look of delighted surprise on his face.

The students of the School of Martial Market were much more powerful than other warriors in the same realm. For example, Feng Zhilin. Although he was a warrior of the Final State of the Black Realm, he was still able to contend against seven or eight other warriors of the Final State. This was because these students had the opportunity to take Half-Saint’s Essence.

A normal Outer Palace student could receive one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence each year to refine their physical quality.

The first 100 Outer Palace students in Western Campus would get one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence every season.

The first 10 students of Western Campus, on the other hand, would receive two drops of Half-Saint Liquid every season.

Comparatively, the first ranked student in Western Campus would, of course, receive more benefits. The person could get up to 10 drops of Half-Saint’s Essence each season.

Using one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence was sufficient to see the results. The warrior’s physical quality would be significantly stronger, and he undoubtedly would be more powerful than other warriors of the same realm.

One drop of Half-Saint’s Essence could sell for an extraordinary price of a hundred thousand silver coins on the market. There was a price, but no market for such a thing.

For students, the Half-Saint’s Essence was regarded as a rare treasure that could not be easily obtained. Therefore, no one would take it out for sale.

The Sacred Liquid given to Zhang Ruochen by the lord of the Western Campus was much more precious than Half-Saint’s Essence. Each drop was worth more than 5 million silver coins. It could only be purchased in the superior commanderies. It was impossible to be found anywhere in the inferior and medium level commanderies.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen happily accepted the Sacred Liquid.

He then took his leave and returned to Dragon Martial Temple.

“One drop of Sacred Liquid, that’s amazing! With the help of this Sacred Liquid, my Body of Martial Arts will become even stronger. Perhaps I can even break into the Ultimate Realm of the Black Realm.” Zhang Ruochen squeezed the little jade bottle in his hand, feeling extremely happy.

One drop of Holy Water was far insufficient for reaching the Ultimate Realm. The difference lay in the fact that Zhang Ruochen practiced the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emphyrean . He opened 36 Meridians in his body and had reached the peak realm of the Sword Following the Mind. This was an advantage that other prodigies did not have.

The Sacred Liquid played a supporting role in this.

Moreover, even with all these attainments, Zhang Ruochen’s chance of reaching the Ultimate Realm was still quite slim.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had no plans to drink the Sacred Liquid at the moment. He would keep it until he reached the Completion of the Black Realm, so he could maximize the effectiveness and value of the Sacred Liquid.

“Every three months, Western Campus has a quarterly assessment. The first 100 in the assessment will be able to receive one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence. The effect of Half-Saint’s Essence could not compare to Sacred Liquid, but it is still very precious. It is difficult to purchase even with money.”

“The quarterly assessment is two months away. I will try to get at least one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence.”

The first 100 in the assessment were almost all older students who had trained in the school for several years. Their cultivation was usually at the Completion of the Black Realm.

Even with Feng Zhilin’s cultivation, he could only rank 173 in Western Campus.

“I’ll first master the 12 strokes of the Sacred Sword Skill.”

Zhang Ruochen had successfully practiced six strokes of the Sacred Sword Skill. He was halfway to completing this low-class Spiritual sword technique.

One drop of Sacred Liquid was far insufficient for reaching the Ultimate Realm. The difference lay in the fact that Zhang Ruochen practiced the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emphyrean . He opened 36 Meridians in his body and had reached the Peak realm of the Sword Following the Heart. This was an advantage that other prodigies did not have.

...

Deep in the night, much of the areas in Western Campus were still brightly lit. Some of the warriors were still practicing their martial technique on the training field and sweating heavily. They hoped to make a name of themselves in the quarterly assessment through their own efforts.

Other warriors gathered around, drinking wine and chatting leisurely. Occasional laughing sounds could be heard when they talked about the pretty female students on Western Campus.

Roars of savage beasts rang out from the Omen Ridge every now and then. But the students of Western Campus did not budge an inch as they had long grown accustomed to such sounds.

A black, slender silhouette skimmed over the top of the building. Melting into a Shadow, it flew into a dense forest.

Although she was wearing a black jumpsuit, one could still tell it was a female.

From the other four directions around Western Campus, four other shadows appeared and joined her.

The five men in black did not speak. They only exchanged hand gestures before hurrying together in the same direction to another place. Then, they stopped near the edge of a cliff.

At the edge of the cliff, there stood a person clad in a set of the black cloak. Black clothes covered his whole body, leaving only his left hand exposed. The back of his hand had visible wrinkles, which clearly belonged to an elder.

The five men in black approached the elder and neatly knelt on one knee before him. Then, they said in unison, "Greetings, presbyter."

The Cloaked Elder turned to look at them. His gaze landed on one of the black men, who was rather slim and said, "You are a new student this year?"

The woman in black replied, "Yes."

The Cloaked Elder gently nodded and drew a golden token from his sleeve. On the token was carved "Hades Department".

Upon seeing the token, the five men in black immediately bowed their heads. They became even more respectful toward the elder.

The Cloaked Elder said, "In the past three months, there have been seven groups offering a bounty for the head of the Ninth Prince of the Yunwu Commandery, Zhang Ruochen. The bounty reward has reached a total of 3.3 million silver coins. The biggest reward is actually posted last night, reaching two million silver coins."

"This matter has caught the attention of the Master. The Master has personally issued an order to kill Zhang Ruochen within a month at all costs. I'll give you all 20 days to do it. If you don't succeed within 20 days, then I'll personally take him down!"

"The old rules stand. Your identities remain a secret, and all actions await my orders. You may all go back!"

"Yes!"

The five men in black all agreed unanimously. They parted and returned to Western Campus separately.

Watching them leave, the Cloaked Elder removed the hood of his cloak, revealing an old face.

If Zhang Ruochen were there, he would have recognized him. He was the head of presbyters of Western Campus, Elder Situ.

"3.3 million silver coins is not a small sum. That kid's head is really worth a lot of money."

Elder Situ's eyes flashed with cold light. He pulled the hood of his cloak back up and slowly walked out of the forest.

...

The next day.

"Zhang Ruochen, there is a lovely lady goes by the name of Zi waiting outside Dragon Martial Temple. She wants to see you."

Blackie's voice floated into the Time and Space Spinel and rang out next to Zhang Ruochen's ears.

While Zhang Ruochen was practicing in the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel, he usually had Blackie guarding the door. If someone came looking for him, Blackie would notify him immediately.

Zhang Ruochen put down the sword in his hands and walked out of the Time and Space Spinel. He glanced at Blackie who was reading attentively and gently shook his head before heading to the front door of Dragon Martial Temple.

Zi Qian wore a snowy white robe and held a sword in her arms. Standing with her back facing the doors of Dragon Martial Temple, she stared into the distance. She looked like a pure and flawless lotus at the center of a lake from far away.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Junior sister apprentice Zi, I haven't seen you for a few days. It seems that your cultivation has developed further."

Zi Qian turned at the sound of Zhang Ruochen's voice. She stared at him and asked, "Who tells you that I'm your junior sister apprentice?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "We are students in the same year. I'm the first among the new students, while you're the second, and thus, I'm naturally the elder brother. Does it make sense to call you junior sister apprentice?"

Zi Qian did not seem to have the mood to debate with Zhang Ruochen. Her eyes were icy cold as she asked, "Don't you want to invite me into Yellow No.1?"

Something clicked in Zhang Ruochen's mind. According to his understanding of Zi Qian, she would not come looking for him without reason. Did something happen?

"Please, come in!"

With this thought, Zhang Ruochen's face became serious. Then, he led Zi Qian into Dragon Martial Temple and headed toward his room.

Opposite Yellow No.1 was Earth No.1.

As of this moment, Duanmu Xingling and Huang Yanchen were both sitting upstairs in Earth No.1. They naturally saw Zhang Ruochen leading Zi Qian into Yellow No.1.

"This Ninth Prince is quite the playboy. He even managed to win the heart of the number one beauty of freshmen. If the news spread out, all the male students in Western Campus would cry their eyes out," Duanmu Xingling laughed as she stole glances at Huang Yanchen.

Huang Yanchen snorted coldly and said, "Pervert!"

Duanmu Xingling's eyes narrowed as she smiled and said, "Sister Chen, are you just going to watch and sit by as Zhang Ruochen gets stolen by another girl? Even I'm unwilling to accept this. Don't you feel anything?"

Huang Yanchen lifted her jade teacup and said in a bland voice, "Who he socializes with is his business. It has nothing to do with me. I thought you quite liked him. If that's the case, why don't you do something to get rid of that beauty?"

Duanmu Xingling pursed her lips and did not look like she was about to take any action. She smiled and said, "I only said that I might like him in the future. As for now... I have no rhyme or reason to do anything. Sister Chen, you're the one who had spent one night with Zhang Ruochen. You have a reason to do so."

"What do you mean that we had one night together? If you weren't my junior sister apprentice, I would certainly cut out your tongue." Huang Yanchen's expression turned unusually cold. Her hands were pressed hard against the surface of the table, causing a layer of icing cold to form on top of it.

Duanmu Xingling showed no trace of fear. She continued to speak with a faint smile on her face. "So are you going to do something or not? If you don't take any action now, it might be too late."

"Fine, I'll go. I can't let that pervert ruin the morale of Dragon Martial Temple." Huang Yanchen picked up her sword, rose to the tip of her toes, and melted into an aromatic breeze. She drifted down from upstairs and walked toward Yellow No.1.

"Yes! Yes! He shouldn't do such bad things during the day. He should be taught a lesson." Duanmu Xingling chuckled, a gloating expression appeared on her face.

...

Zi Qian walked into Yellow No.1. She spoke up as soon as she took a seat in the room, "Zhang Ruochen, do you know how much your head is worth?"

Hearing this, even Blackie who had been focusing on reading raised his head and stared at Zi Qian.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How much?"

"3.3 million silver coins," Zi Qian replied.

Blackie's eyes shone, and his gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen's neck. He looked as if he was considering to decapitate him, in exchange for the huge amount of silver coins.

3.3 million silver coins were possibly more than the total fortunes of a seventh-class family leader.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "You're not going to tell me you're here to kill me, right?"

"If I wanted to kill you, I still could." The corners of Zi Qian's eyes lifted slightly, showing a hint of disdain. She said, "But, I am not interested in your head."

Zhang Ruochen understood her meaning and said, "3.3 million silver coins is not a small amount. Even the martial arts legends of the Heaven Realm would be moved by such a huge sum. Seems like Hades

Department is prepared to spare no expense in getting me assassinated. By revealing the news to me, aren't you afraid of the other assassins in Hades Department would hunt you down?"

Zi Qian stood up and said, "I haven't told you anything. I only let you know how much your head is worth."

Finishing her sentence, she rose to leave.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a brief moment and said, "Since you have told me a message, I'll return the favor and tell you something. You'd better be careful these days. The School of the Martial Market is ready to clean out people like you, who've sneaked into the school from the Black Market."

"Thanks!"

Zi Qian paused briefly, and then quickly rushed to the door.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded outside the door.

"There's someone outside."

Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian's expressions shifted. Had they been discovered?

"Boom!"

The front door was smashed into pieces by a Sword Breath. Even the two bowl-wide pillars besides the door were broken in two, causing the entire wooden building to teeter unstably.

Huang Yanchen, who was wearing a robe and wielding a sword, barged into the room in an overbearing manner. Her eyes shone with cold light as her gaze swept over Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian who were standing in the entrance way.

Huang Yanchen deeply regretted her decision the moment she walked in.

Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian's clothing were tidy, with no indications of any untoward behaviors. They looked like two friends meeting up normally.

On the contrary, it was her who had her sword drawn and broken down the door. She was ready to catch them red handed, but now she did not know how to react.

But, as the female devil of Western Campus, she naturally could not show the slightest embarrassment. She put on a strong face instead, revealing a gaze as sharp as two icy swords.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian's feelings were completely different from her.

"Oh no! She must have overheard our conversation earlier!" Zhang Ruochen noticed that Huang Yanchen's expression was not exactly friendly. He knew the situation did not look good.

He stole a glance at Zi Qian, feeling a little bit worried.

Since Huang Yanchen knew Zi Qian was a killer from Hades Department, she definitely would not let her go. If Zi Qian was caught, she would die without a doubt.

Zi Qian exposed her identity when she came to deliver a message to him, and thus, Zhang Ruochen did not want to see her die because of him.

Zi Qian's mind was rattled as soon as she saw Huang Yanchen made her entrance, but she managed to calm down quickly. Her fingers inched toward the hilt of her sword. Since her identity was exposed, she could only fight to the death!

Zhang Ruochen also quietly released his Time and Space Domain and shrouded Huang Yanchen within it. He must block Huang Yanchen and give Zi Qian a chance to escape when necessary.

Chapter 108: Living with Senior Sister Apprentice Duanmu

Zi Qian grasped the handle of her sword and stabbed immediately.

She transferred Genuine Qi into the sword and activated the 11 inscriptions at the same time, setting off a two-meter high purple ray of light.

"Waaa!"

Instantly, the cold tip of her sword was pointing at Huang Yanchen.

Zi Qian was a genius among the killers. Her vision, hearing, and speed were all far better than that of the other warriors in the same realm.

She clearly understood that she was facing a Profound Division warrior, so she would need to kill her with a single attack, or else she would be the one who died in this fight.

Yet, Huang Yanchen did not expect Zi Qian's reaction to be so violent. She was still shocked that Zi Qian's sword was just three inches away from her heart.

She thought, "I just broke down a door, why did she try to kill me?"

After all, Huang Yanchen was a Profound Division warrior, and she was much stronger than Zi Qian. She stretched out two of her fingers quickly and formed strings of shadow. She then deftly nipped Zi Qian's sword and destroyed all her power.

"What's wrong with you? Are you trying to kill me?" Huang Yanchen gazed at Zi Qian coldly and flicked her slightly.

She unleashed the Genuine Qi from her fingertip and attacked Zi Qian's sword.

"Clap!"

Zi Qian felt bitter pain in her arms as a blood rip appeared on her hand. Her sword flew out from her hand and stuck into the wall.

"Even Zi Qian wasn't able to withstand Huang Yanchen's single attack."

Zhang Ruochen realized that he must save Zi Qian. He chose the best opportunity, which was when she had just thrust out her sword, to strike Huang Yanchen's back with his palm.

Boom!

When he unleashed a full-force palm strike, a powerful Genuine Qi wave spread out in all directions.

However, Huang Yanchen stood still and did not move an inch.

A wind power appeared on her back, nullifying Zhang Ruochen's power.

"Incredible! Once a Profound Division warrior has obtained the defensive power, I couldn't hurt her even she stood still and let me attack freely." Zhang Ruochen winked at Zi Qian, hinting that she should escape.

Zi Qian worried about Zhang Ruochen and looked towards him. Huang Yanchen wanted her but not Zhang Ruochen, so he would be safe for now. She then turned into a purple shadow and flew out of the window.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised that Huang Yanchen did not chase after Zi Qian.

She glowered at Zhang Ruochen with a cold look and said, "Rogue! You used this strike again! Did you really think that it would work again?"

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his palms and stepped back to the window where Zi Qian escaped to stop Huang Yanchen from chasing after her.

Zhang Ruochen hated being called a rogue. He said, "Senior sister apprentice Huang, you should understand that I attacked you out of necessity. Since junior sister apprentice Zi has already left, and I'm not strong enough to fight you, tell the Lord of the Campus that I'm willing to admit my mistake and bear the consequences any time."

After listening to him, Huang Yanchen felt a little better. She said, "I'm not narrow-minded, so there is no need to tell the Lord of Campus. Remember, don't bring women into Dragon Martial Temple at will. Don't ruin its reputation. Hem!"

After that, she left with her sword in her hand, leaving Zhang Ruochen standing there shocked.

"And she just let Zi Qian go like this?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't believe it. Zi Qian was a Hades Department killer, while Huang Yanchen was a Lord of Western Campus disciple. How could she let her go?

"Senior sister apprentice Huang, have you decided to let junior sister apprentice Zi off?" Zhang Ruochen asked as he caught up to her.

Huang Yanchen turned around and chuckled. "As you didn't do anything wrong, I let you go. If you do it again, you'll surely have to take the consequences."

Watching her leave, Zhang Ruochen realized what she actually meant. She thought that Zhang Ruochen and Zi Qian were having a stealthy love affair.

It was just a misunderstanding!

"Fortunately, it was only a false alarm."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and ran in the direction Zi Qian had left. Suddenly, something flashed into his mind.

Zi Qian had nearly escaped from Western Campus when Zhang Ruochen caught up with her.

Zhang Ruochen told her what Huang Yanchen had said to him.

Having realized it was a misunderstanding, Zi Qian was relieved. If Huang Yanchen discovered her real identity, she would have no choice but to disappear from Western Campus.

Since she had not revealed her identity, she did not need to leave Western Campus anymore.

If she did leave the Campus, Huang Yanchen might find it suspicious.

“Her imagination is really rich. By the way, even if you and I had an affair, it would be none of her business.” Zi Qian felt confused and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen kept calm and said, “There was a misunderstanding between us. Maybe, it’s my fault.”

Zi Qian sneered at what Ruochen said. She replied, “Well, it wasn’t a small misunderstanding to me. After all, senior sister apprentice Huang is a Profound Division warrior. Someone with her powerful cultivation would never bother with something trivial.”

Zi Qian had no expression on her face, but her eyes were slightly angry. She said, “If she didn’t care about what happened between us, she wouldn’t have broken into Yellow No.1 rashly and cut up the door.”

Zhang Ruochen knew what Zi Qian meant. He said, “She has a lot of bias against me, so it was natural for her to be so explosive.”

“It’s none of my business.” Zi Qian turned and walked away without looking back. “Take care of yourself in this month. Your head belongs to me. Don’t die under someone else’s sword.”

Zhang Ruochen’s countenance became serious as he watched her walk away.

The bounty on his head was worth 3,300,000 silver coins. Even the martial arts legends of the Heaven Realm were interested in a bounty so high. Numerous Hades Department killers were certain to try for Zhang Ruochen’s head.

With his current cultivation, he had the ability to cope with warriors of the Profound Stage’s Final State. Yet, what if he encountered the assassins of the Completion of the Black Realm or the Earth Realm?

Zhang Ruochen smiled as an idea suddenly occurred to him.

When he went back to Dragon Martial Temple, he saw that the loft where he lived had collapsed and that the broken door and two columns cut down by Huang Yanchen had become ruins.

Seeing the wreckage, he said, “Blackie, let’s go to the No.1 of Titled Black.”

Zhang Ruochen crossed his arms behind his back and walked towards Black No.1.

Blackie followed him on his back paws while he lugged a heavy book in his front paws.

When Duanmu Xingling realized why Zhang Ruochen had come, she was aghast. “Are you going to live here for a month?”

Zhang Ruochen could not tell her that killers would hunt him in this month and that he came to her for shelter.

He just smiled bitterly and said, “Senior sister apprentice Huang has just destroyed Yellow No.1, and I have no place to stay. I’m afraid I have to ask for your help. Would let me stay here?”

Duanmu Xingling felt very excited and thought, “Sister Chen fought off the beautiful freshman, but I reap the reward. Now I’m in a favorable position. Of course, I will accept this handsome man happily.”

She answered quickly, “Of course you can stay! You won’t bother me at all.”

Duanmu Xingling then led Zhang Ruochen into Black No.1.

Black No.1 was spacious. Duanmu Xingling quickly tidied up the room next to hers. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, you can live here. I’m just right next to you. We will have to exchange and communicate more with each other about Martial Arts in the future.”

“Although my Martial Arts Realm is higher than yours, your Realm of Swords technique is better than mine. If I have spare time, I’ll surely ask for advice about the secret of practicing the sword technique. By the way, have you brought your things?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed. “All my luggage is on me.”

Duanmu Xingling was shocked when Zhang Ruochen took out pieces of luggage from the Time and Space Spinel and put them in the room.

“A Space Treasure?” she asked.

She stared at his Time and Space Spinel with astonishment and envy.

Every space treasure was priceless.

“That’s right.” Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly and said generously. “If you want, I can give you one.”

“You have other space treasures?” Duanmu Xingling was stunned, her eyes widened. She suspected that Zhang Ruochen was lying.

A warrior with a space treasure was already quite amazing, not to mention having a second one.

How could anyone give away a treasure so precious?

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. He asked, “Do you want a Spatial Ring or Spatial Bangle?”

When Duanmu Xingling understood what he meant, she thought, “Is there more than one treasure?”

Duanmu Xingling stared into his eyes as if she were judging whether his words were true. After looking at his serious look, she grinned. “If possible, I want a Spatial Bangle. Can you really create another space treasure?”

“Come to me tonight and I’ll give you a Spatial Bangle,” Zhang Ruochen said.

He thought, "All in all, I'm here for shelter. One day, I may need her help to cope with killers. I should give her some gifts to express my gratitude."

It only took him a little while to refine a Spatial Bangle that was priceless to Duanmu Xingling.

After Duanmu Xingling left, Zhang Ruochen began to refine it.

Firstly, he put an excellent Jade bracelet on the table. Then, he carved eight basic Space Inscriptions on it.

Within only 15 minutes, he had finished carving all eight basic inscriptions.

The internal space of the Spatial Ring Zhang Ruochen refined last time was only 12 cubic meters. Now, it had expanded to 24 cubic meters because he had upgraded his cultivation two Realms.

Zhang Ruochen thought, "Since I'm refining one space treasure, why don't I refine more?"

After two hours, he had carved another two Spatial Bangles and two Spatial Rings, all of which were 24 cubic meters.

Zhang Ruochen then entered Time and Space Spinel's internal space and put them into the weapon refining stove.

He had finished refining five space treasures by the time Duanmu Xingling visited him again that night.

Chapter 109: The First Gathering of the Freshmen

Duanmu Xingling wore a long green dress that dragged on the ground with a beautiful white feather on the shoulder and back. A silk ribbon, white as snow, wrapped around her slender waist, which made her look elegant and graceful.

She had long black hair and crystal-clear skin. Moreover, she had long eyelashes, red lips, a slender neck, and she was plump in all the right places. She looked like a teenager, and yet she was curvier and sexier than a 20-year-old. She was an absolutely stunning beauty.

Fresh from the shower, she visited Zhang Ruochen.

When Zhang Ruochen opened up the door, he smelled a faint fragrance. He looked at Duanmu Xingling and was amazed. He asked, "Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, why are you wearing such a gorgeous dress?"

"Women always like wearing beautiful dresses! We have to wear the martial suit during the day, but can't we dress up at night?"

Playfully, Duanmu Xingling put her hand on Zhang Ruochen's shoulder and flirted with him on purpose. She giggled and asked him, "Do you think I'm beautiful?"

Zhang Ruochen responded, "You're very beautiful!"

"Is junior sister apprentice Zi prettier than me?" Duanmu Xingling pursed her lips gently and appeared vulnerable.

“You’re all beautiful!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Senior sister apprentice Duanmu was a siren with a charm that could tempt men to commit crimes.

Having no desire to continue discussing this topic, Zhang Ruochen took her hand off his shoulder. He handed her a transparent jade Spatial Bangle. “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, this is for you. You can open the internal space when you channel Genuine Qi into it.”

Although she was prepared for it, Duanmu still could not believe that she was holding the Spatial Bangle.

“Is this a real Space Treasure?” she wondered.

When she channeled Genuine Qi into it, she could feel the wide space inside.

It was not wide enough to accommodate the world but was large enough to store handy treasures. So, it was still valuable.

Duanmu Xingling kept touching it and blinking her eyes. She obviously liked it very much. “Ruochen, although the class of this space treasure is low, many people still desire it. It could fetch a price of at least 500,000 silver coins. If two warriors of the Heaven Realm both wanted it and kept outbidding each other, it might sell for five million silver coins. Are you sure you want to give it to me?”

Zhang Ruochen stood upright with as much elegance and gentleness as a prince. He smiled and said, “It’s just a bangle. It’s worth nothing to me.”

He displayed the royal temperament of his current life, and also the temperament of his previous life as Emperor Ming’s son. He was elegant like a spring wind, noble but indifferent, confident but modest. The princes of other commanderies could not even mimic it.

Duanmu Xingling stared at him and could only shake her head. “Alright. I accept it and I’ll give you one drop of Half-Saint’s Essence in return.”

Duanmu Xingling handed him a delicate jade bottle with a light fragrance.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes brightened up when he saw the bottle. He accepted it without any hesitation.

For him, the Half-Saint’s Essence was a very important treasure.

“A drop of Half-Saint’s Essence is much cheaper than a Spatial Bangle.” Duanmu Xingling frowned and said, “I also owe you one favor. From now on, if you encounter any trouble in Western Campus, please let me know. If someone dares to hurt you, I’ll punish him.”

Now, Zhang Ruochen was sure that Duanmu Xingling really saw him as a friend.

Before that, they were hardly more than classmates.

Duanmu Xingling looked pensive. She said, “One more thing, the Divine Power Palace will be opened for a short time the day after tomorrow. Don’t miss the window.”

“Thank you so much, senior sister apprentice Duanmu!” Zhang Ruochen said with appreciation.

Duanmu Xingling smiled and thought, “The more I look at him, the more pleasing he becomes. How could the other princes be so different?”

“The Divine Power Palace is only open once a month for two hours at a time. Only the Number 1 freshman of the year is eligible to enter and practice there,” she said, reminding him again before she left.

After Duanmu Xingling left, Zhang Ruochen murmured to himself, “The Divine Power Palace is where the Martial Market School trains the top prodigy.”

The most talented students had access to more resources than the ordinary students.

No matter how precious the resource was, the Martial Market Bank was willing to provide as long as they could cultivate top talents.

For example, while the Half-Saint’s Essence was rare and valuable, it was relatively common in the School of the Martial Market. Even the lowest external students of the school could get one drop a year.

Of course, the wealthy had even more.

Gazing at the Half-Saint’s Essence, Zhang Ruochen felt delighted. When he opened the bottle, it gave off a fragrance that pervaded the whole room.

In order to preserve the potency of the drug, he quickly unleashed Space Domain and encapsulated the vapor within three meters.

Since he had reached Black Realm’s Advanced Stage, his Space Domain had become more powerful. It could now cover everything within a 50-meter radius.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and inhaled all the Half-Saint’s Essence dispersed in the air.

“SNAP! SNAP!”

His bones and muscles rattled and cracked.

The Genuine Qi in his 36 Meridians flowed quickly, carrying power into every part of his body.

As the drug circulated through his body, Zhang Ruochen felt that all his Meridians had become stronger and more pliable.

“I get such a boost with just a wisp of the vapor. How powerful would my body be if I used the whole bottle of Half-Saint’s Essence?”

Zhang Ruochen could not wait, so he entered the Time and Space Spinel’s internal space and dosed himself with the drop of Half-Saint’s Essence.

When he swallowed it, the frozen gas dropped into his belly and made him shiver. Then, a layer of frost condensed on his skin.

The frost got thicker and thicker. An hour later, he had completely frozen into a two-meter tall ice crystal.

He sat in the center of the Ice Crystal with his eyes closed and his hands on his knees. The 36 Meridians inside his body were running and absorbing the power of the Half-Saint’s Essence.

After one day, Zhang Ruochen had completely absorbed the Half-Saint's Essence into his Pure Jade Genuine Qi, and thus into his whole body.

The chill inside his body was replaced by heat. He felt as if a flame burned in his belly and spread to his whole body.

The ice crystals on Zhang Ruochen began to melt, first into the dripping water and eventually steaming off of him.

Another two days passed.

His body returned to normal, but a white light glittered on his skin. He was covered in Genuine Qi, which was crawling through his pores like tiny snakes.

By the fourth day, he had finally refined the whole drop of Half-Saint's Essence. His Meridians widened, and the capacity of his Qi Pool increased by 10%.

Warriors in the same realm usually had similar Qi Pool capacity.

But after Ruochen had taken the Half-Saint's Essence, the size of his Qi Pool had enlarged.

Zhang Ruochen's Qi Pool had become bigger than other warriors in the same realm.

Duanmu Xingling and Huang Yanchen could get 10 drops of Half-Saint's Essence every year in order to enhance their physical quality. Therefore, the capacity of their Qi Pools was far greater than average warriors at the Completion stage of the Black Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had just refined one drop of Half-Saint's Essence and reaped a huge reward.

His bones, muscles, and five internal organs had all been refined. He could feel his power had become stronger.

His cultivation had also improved. He was not far away from breaking through to the Completion of the Black Realm's Advanced Stage.

"The Half-Saint's Essence is a real treasure. It would be amazing if I could get more of it!" Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and relaxed.

Since he had 36 meridians, he could refine things much faster than others. This allowed him to finish refining one drop of Half-Saint's Essence in four days.

The other Black Realm Advanced Stage warriors would probably need 20 days to refine one drop of Half-Saint's Essence.

Zhang Ruochen calculated the time and quickly walked out of the Time and Space Spinel's internal space. He headed to the Divine Power Palace just as it was about to open.

The dawn broke.

Eight students had gathered outside the Divine Power Palace; six female and two male students.

They were the top freshman of the Western Campus from the previous years.

Zhang Ruochen was the ninth-ranked freshman, and he was also the last one to arrive at the Divine Power Palace.

Except for Zhang Ruochen, the weakest student among the eight was Xue Ling, the No. 1 freshman from last year. She had reached the Final State of the Black Realm.

The remaining seven had all reached the Completion State of the Black Realm.

The No. 1 freshman this year was Zhang Ruochen, last year was Xueling, two years ago was Yuchi Tiancong, three years ago was Duanmu Xingling, four years ago was Luo Shui Han, and five years ago was Huang Yanchen.

Yuchi Tiancong was a great prodigy. He had been enrolled in the Martial Market's School for two years, and to the shock of many elders, he had already completed the Black Realm Cultivation.

There was another male student called Tuo Muzi. He had been the No. 1 freshman nine years ago, but he had stayed at the Completion of the Black Realm stage for six years.

He was 29 this year, and if he could not reach the Earth Realm before 30, he would never become an internal student of the Martial Market School.

Advancing from the Black Realm Completion to the Earth Realm was a turning point. Many would-be masters had become trapped in the same realm for 10 years, 20 years or even their whole lives.

So even though Tuo Muzi had plenty of talent, not everyone was able to break through to the Earth Realm.

Chapter 110: Envy

When Zhang Ruochen arrived outside Divine Power Palace, he saw a line of six women and two men and thought to himself that the Western Campus was really flourishing in Yin while declining in Yang.

Many wore admiring and envious looks when they saw him approach.

They didn't have any objections to the three female devils living in Dragon Martial Temple. After all, their cultivations spoke for themselves. Who would dare to be unhappy?

Yet everyone was all new students. Why was Zhang Ruochen the only one who was allowed to live in Yellow No.1 in Dragon Martial Temple, while the three female devils would chase away those of them who dared to enter?

The one who couldn't accept this the most was Yuchi Tiancong because his circumstances were the most tragic.

Two years ago, he was the first ranked new student. He entered Dragon Martial Temple feeling brave and energetic, but Huang Yanchen broke both his legs and threw him out that night. He even had to surrender his newly awarded 3,000 merits to her.

In the beginning, he thought Zhang Ruochen's fate would be worse than his. But a month had now passed and he was still living there as if the three female devils never gave him any trouble.

How was this possible?

Yuchi Tiancong couldn't understand.

Duanmu Xingling discovered there was yet another change in Zhang Ruochen's aura the minute she saw him. She took the initiative and asked, "Have you already refined that drop of Half-Saint's Essence?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and smiled. "I have."

She was incredibly surprised and looked at him with disbelief. "You refined it completely in just one day?"

Even at her current realm, she would need two days to completely absorb one drop of Half-Saint's Essence. How could Zhang Ruochen who in the Advanced Stage of the Black Realm, no matter how talented, refine it faster than her?

She didn't know that he possessed a Time and Space Spinel. Only a little over a day had passed, but he had already practiced for four days inside the Time and Space Spinel.

Zhang Ruochen laughed lightly, saying, "Just a drop of Half-saint's Essence. If it's a drop of Sacred Liquid, it won't be refined so easily."

She stared at him as if he was a monster. This person had brought her too many surprises and shocks. How many other secrets did he harbor?

The nine people lined up in the order of the time they entered the Western Campus, putting Yuchi Tiancong next to Duanmu Xingling. He could clearly overhear her conversation with Zhang Ruochen.

Yuchi Tiancong laughed. "Brother Zhang, from what I know, you've only been here a month. It's too early for you to be awarded a drop of Half-Saint's Essence. How did you come across it?"

Xue Ling was also envious of Zhang Ruochen. After all, she had been chased out of Dragon Martial Temple by Huang Yanchen and Duanmu Xingling, yet he could stay there to practice. How could she not be envious?

A little smile appeared on her face as she said, "From what I know, there are only two ways for a student to get some Half-Saint's Essence. First, you can naturally get a drop as is awarded each year to every student. Second, you can enter the Black Market, find someone you know, and purchase it at a high price. Do you know anyone from the Black Market?"

Standing between Yuchi Tiancong and Zhang Ruochen, Xue Ling looked about 16 and her lovely face continued to wear a smile. She was considered pretty but lacking compared to Duanmu Xingling and Huang Yanchen.

Her question hit on the heart of the matter. After all, everyone knew the Martial Market Bank and the black market were opponents.

If Zhang Ruochen had really purchased his Semi-Holy Water off the black market, it would make the school officials suspicious of him. Though they wouldn't throw him out of the school without any proof, the assumption was enough to end any of his dreams to practice in Dragon Martial Temple in the future.

Zhang Ruochen didn't reply. On the other hand, Duanmu Xingling appeared very unhappy as she stared at Yuchi Tiancong and Xue Ling. The smile on her face disappeared instantly and she said coldly, "What do you two mean? Are you implying that Brother Zhang is a spy for the black market?"

Xue Ling held a grudge against Duanmu Xingling ever since she chased her out of Dragon Martial Temple a year ago, saying her talent was too low and had no right to practice there.

Xue Ling smiled. "Sister Duanmu, you misunderstand me. I never said Zhang Ruochen is a spy from the black market. I'm just curious about the source of his Half-Saint's Essence. After all, it's such a precious item. If he can procure some from another source, I'd like to pay a high price and buy some from him."

Clearly, she still suspected Zhang Ruochen.

Yuchi Tiancong said, "I'm also curious about your source. Can you sell me a few drops?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at the two people beside him and smiled. "Since you're curious, I'll tell you! Mine was a meeting gift from Sister Duanmu. If you want to buy some, you can ask her!"

They were both stunned and their gaze shifted to Duanmu Xingling, clearly not believing his words.

The Half-Saint's Essencer was such a precious item that even Duanmu Xingling received only eight drops a year. How could she possibly gift it to a new junior fellow apprentice of the Western Campus?

The other students were also in disbelief and they all looked at Duanmu Xingling.

Duanmu Xingling smiled. "That's true. His drop of Half-Saint's Essence was from me."

Yuchi Tiancong seemed to have finally understood something. No wonder Zhang Ruochen was able to stay in Dragon Martial Temple! He actually had Duanmu Xingling as his backer. If she could gift him a drop of the Half-Saint's Essence, that meant their relationship couldn't be ordinary.

Duanmu Xingling was incredibly talented and wickedly beautiful. How could she like Zhang Ruochen? Yuchi Tiancong became even more envious of him, wishing he could replace him.

Huang Yanchen pulled Duanmu Xingling to the side, eyes cold and sharp. She said in a low voice, "Xingling, don't tell me you've really fallen for that pervert."

Duanmu Xingling laughed aloud. "Not yet!"

Huang Yanchen was a little unhappy and said, "You even gave him Half-Saint's Essence and you still dare deny it? That pervert has a bad character and plays around. You'll cry your heart out if you give your heart to him."

Duanmu Xingling's smile was as radiant as a blooming flower. She raised her slim and pale wrist, showing Huang Yanchen the Space Jade bracelet. "This is the treasure he gave me."

Huang Yanchen saw that Duanmu Xingling was beyond rescue. She pressed tapped her between her friend's eyes. "You're so happy with this cheap jade bracelet that you gifted him a drop of Half-Saint's Essence in return? If he gives you something even more precious, aren't you going to be tricked into his bed? Wake up! Don't be tricked by that pervert!"

"What cheap jade bracelet?"

Duanmu Xingling shot her a look and handed her the Space Jade bracelet. "Immerse your Genuine Qi into the bracelet and tell me if you still think it's a cheap jade bracelet."

Huang Yanchen's eyes carried disdain, not believing Zhang Ruochen would give her friend anything precious. It was probably just some low-class defense Genuine Martial Arms.

Despite what she thought, she still immersed her Genuine Qi into the jade bracelet.

"Swish!"

A gentle light glowed on the surface of the jade bracelet.

Her expression gradually became solemn. She extended her pale hand towards the bracelet and her fingers went through the pale light, entered a large internal space.

"Space treasure!"

Huang Yanchen was absolutely shocked. If the bracelet wasn't in her hands, she would definitely think that she was dreaming.

She didn't think she would be able to see a true Space treasure with her own eyes in her lifetime.

"Did he really give you this Space jade bracelet?" Huang Yanchen asked enviously.

Duanmu Xingling smiled with crinkled eyes. "Sister Chen, first return the Space bracelet to me."

Huang Yanchen held the bracelet tightly and couldn't stop touching it. She liked it immensely and was reluctant to return it.

She actually felt a sourness in her heart. Looking at her good sister in front of her, she actually felt a shred of envy. "Don't tell anyone you have this bracelet. If others begin coveting it, it'll definitely bring you a lot of trouble."

Being incredibly intelligent, Duanmu Xingling naturally knew what her friend was feeling. She smiled and said, "From what I know, Zhang Ruochen has more than one Space treasure."

Huang Yanchen's eyes brightened. "Really?"

"Did you think he'd so casually give me a Space bracelet otherwise?"

Huang Yanchen's shred of envy dissolved and she said coldly, "I understand now. You showed me the Space bracelet on purpose. Aren't you worried I'll snatch it from you?"

"Why snatch mine? Go and snatch his! It shouldn't be a problem to get a Space treasure considering your relationship with him." Duanmu Xingling batted her eyelashes at Huang Yanchen before returning to the front of Divine Power Palace to wait for the opening.

Huang Yanchen's eyes carried disdain, not believing Zhang Ruochen would give her friend anything precious. It was probably just some low-class defense Genuine Martial Arms.

Zhang Ruochen felt that the way that Huang Yanchen stared at him was very odd as if she wanted to eat him. He thought this was completely inexplicable. He didn't provoke her at all.

Just then, another three students arrived at Divine Power Palace. They were Zi Qian, Prince Huo Xing, and Yao Qingtong.

“How can there be three more new students?” Xue Ling stared at these three new students, feeling incredibly unhappy.

Yuchi Tiancong furrowed his brow. “I thought only the first ranked new student each year can enter Divine Power Palace to practice? Why are they here?”

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have understood something and nodded gently.

Though Yuchi Tiancong and Xue Ling were the first ranked new students, they had only passed the third obstacle on the second level of the Wu Tower.

Zi Qian, Prince Huo Xing, and Yao Qingtong all passed the first obstacle on the third floor of the Wu Tower when they entered the school. Though the three of them were not ranked first, they were more talented than half of the first ranked students present. Naturally, they could break the rules and practice in Divine Power Palace.