

Chapter 8: Martial Market

Upon entering the Martial Market, Zhang Ruochen went directly to the Central Auction.

Average shops could not afford Low-Class of Spiritual martial techniques. Only when they were sold at the Central Auction could Zhang Ruochen maximize their martial technique value.

Just after Zhang Ruochen walked into the Auction House, a beautiful maid, who was dressed neatly, sauntered over to him. Without showing any amazement from seeing him in mysterious clothes she asked politely, "Sir, can I help you?"

"I'm looking forward to meeting the Superior Deacon of the Central Auction!" Zhang Ruochen had changed his tone into a low and thick pitch, sounding like he was a 30 or 40-year-old middle-aged man.

"Who on earth is this guy? Wanting to meet the Superior Deacon when he had just arrived. He should be taken seriously."

"I'll tell the Superior Deacon, however, he is usually busy receiving VIP customers. I am afraid that he will have no time to receive you. Could you please wait for a moment?"

After informing him, the maid walked through a big gate and went to inform the Superior Deacon.

Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry and just waited in the lobby quietly.

Before too long, the maid returned through the gate with a plump elder who was wearing a gorgeous robe. She pointed in the direction of Zhang Ruochen and said, "That's him, Mr. Superior Deacon."

The Superior Deacon glanced at Zhang Ruochen, who was still shrouded in his black cloak, and from far away, the deacon fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen's feet. His wrinkled eyes squinted slightly, lightening with a shrewdness.

The pair of boots Zhang Ruochen wore were called "kylin gold-gilded boots", and only the people in the royal palace had the right to put them on.

Zhang Ruochen showed off his boots deliberately because, after all, he was intending to auction a sword technique of the Low-Class of Spiritual, which was inevitably coveted by other people. He had no ability to protect the sword technique with his present martial cultivation.

If people recognized him as worthy of royalty, few would dare to question him.

It was necessary for him to pretend that he was powerful and to frighten others, especially since he was actually not powerful.

"He has an uncommon background!"

the Superior Deacon thought to himself when he looked at Zhang Ruochen's boots.

Suddenly, the Superior Deacon's attitude changed, and he respected Zhang Ruochen as if he were royalty. He walked in front of Zhang Ruochen and said in a humble voice, "Your Excellency, this way please!"

“Okay.”

In order to impress him, Zhang Ruochen nodded and put his hands behind his back, pulling back his shoulders and reaching his full height.

The warriors in the lobby saw the attitude of the Superior Deacon and they speculated about what great figure had come to the Central Auction.

Arriving at the third floor of the Central Auction, Zhang Ruochen sat in the highest position comfortably and took a teacup that was offered by a maid. With a condescending tone, he said, “I have a treasure that I intend to auction here. Please call in your most trusted appraiser to appraise it.”

Having seen Zhang Ruochen’s great attitude, the Superior Deacon further convinced himself that this guy was a key person in a royal palace, so he called in the appraiser promptly.

After a short while, a gray-haired old man walked in.

He looked like he was at least 70 or 80 years old, with a pair of bright piercing eyes. To his surprise, he found himself unable to figure out Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation.

Immediately, the elder bowed to Zhang Ruochen respectfully and said, “I’m the appraiser for the Central Auction. Where is the treasure, Your Honor?”

There were three kinds of situations where someone could not figure out someone else’s martial cultivation. Firstly, if the other person’s cultivation was higher than your own.

Secondly, the practices of other person’s exercises were more brilliant than normal ones.

For example, warriors who practiced the Human Stage Exercises generally were unable to see the cultivation of warriors who practiced the Spirit Level Exercises. They could only guess at the other person’s cultivation by details and aura.

Definitely, if sharing similar exercise levels, people who had a higher cultivation could still outguess the martial cultivation of those lower.

And thirdly, was when the other person possessed a treasure that hid his or her cultivation.

The second and third cases were uncommon, therefore, instinctively, the elder treated Zhang Ruochen as the first case, thinking that Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was higher than his own, so he saluted him respectfully.

It just so happened that Zhang Ruochen practiced “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean”, which was equipped with profound exercises. Nobody in the entire Yunwu Commandery could see through his martial cultivation unless he showed his inner Meridians intentionally.

Moreover, in his previous life, Zhang Ruochen was superior and reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm. Despite being reborn in a commoners flesh in this life, Zhang Ruochen’s understanding of Martial Arts and soul carried over with his vital essence into this life.

Only when one’s Martial Arts realm was higher than the Completion of the Heaven Realm could one figure out Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation.

Inside his sleeve, one of Zhang Ruochen's hands touched the Time and Space Spinel. He reached into the internal space of it, grabbed the pithy formula of the "Sacred Sword Skill" and handed it over to the elder.

"I would like to auction this sword technique of the Low Class of Spiritual!" said Zhang lightly.

Hearing what Zhang Ruochen had said, the chief appraiser was greatly surprised when he just handed over the pithy formula of the Sacred Sword Skill.

He immediately unfolded the paper scroll and carefully examined it.

The Superior Deacon, who had been standing to the side, quickly walked over to consult with the appraiser.

Both the chief appraiser and the Superior Deacon were Martial Arts masters, so they soon came to a decision and nodded together.

"This is an authentic pithy formula of a Low-Class of the Spiritual sword technique, and I'm wondering, how many sword movements have you acquired?" asked the Superior Deacon.

Only through combined formulas with the sword movement, could the sword technique of the Low Class of Spiritual wield its real power.

Even if the Superior Deacon and the chief appraiser were to bear the pithy formulas of the Sacred Sword Skill in mind, without the combination of sword techniques, it was useless.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The entire Sacred Sword Skill covers 12 of the sword techniques, the first edition has been lost for a long time. This Sacred Sword Skill that I have was drawn by a superior in the Heaven Realm, and the sword techniques in it are no different than the first edition."

The chief appraiser meditated for a moment and said, "In that case, the starting bid for the Sacred Sword Skill would be 200,000 silver coins. But, as a prerequisite, the buyer can verify these are the real Low-Class of Spiritual sword movements, otherwise, the auction will fail."

While nodding, Zhang Ruochen said, "All done according to the rules of the Auction House!"

As the most high-profile and outstanding item, this Sacred Sword Skill could be auctioned tonight.

Before starting the auction, the Central Auction would inform all of the major families in Yunwu City as soon as possible.

Carrying great fortunes, they would all come to the Martial Market at the planned auction and bid on this of Low-Class of Spiritual sword technique.

Zhang Ruochen cared more about the results rather than the process.

The auction took about four hours and the final results were known.

Eventually, the Sacred Sword Skill was bid on by the Lin family leader and was won at the high price of 1,240,000 silver coins.

"The Lin family!" Zhang Ruochen was amazed when he heard the result.

Before long, led by the Superior Deacon, Lin Fengxian, the head of the Lins, Lin De, an elder uncle of Lin, and Lin Ningshan, one of the four most beautiful girls in the Yunwu Commandery, walked in from outside.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is the seller of the Sacred Sword Skill.” The Superior Deacon announced with a big smile, pointing at Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting in the highest position.

Observing his “kylin gold-gilded boots”, Lin Fengxian nodded and bowed slightly and then said, “I’m Lin Fengxian, the Head of the Lins. May I know your name, Sir?”

Before entering, Lin Fengxian had received a description of this mystery man from the Superior Deacon, knowing that he could be an important person in the royal palace with a remarkable background.

Thus, as the Head of the Lin, he was in the lower position.

He was concerned that he would be identified by Lin Fengxian and Lin Ningshan, thus Zhang Ruochen decided to behave more cautiously.

He cleared his throat and spoke low, “There is no need to know my name. Here are the pithy formulas of the Sacred Sword Skill and the sword movement pictures, please verify them.”

He took them out of his sleeve and placed them on the table.

Lin Fengxian did not inspect the formula since he trusted the Central Auction had already done their job carefully before auctioning off the item.

He spread the Sacred Sword Skill scroll out on the table, and they saw 12 sword movement pictures in total, each portraying an image of a human practicing with a sword.

Ordinary people would not be able to identify the special markings in them, however, to Lin Fengxian, the 12 features appeared to be alive as they were practicing with their swords.

Every sword technique was exceptional and they showed a profound Martial Arts Comprehensive State, even one move could have unlimited benefits.

“This series of sword techniques are top class. What a worthwhile purchase!” Lin Fengxian exclaimed with excitement.