

The Great Ruler

Chapter 4 – The Great Pagoda Art

Mu Chen's black eyes shone as he stared at the inside of the Stone Chamber. As the Lord of the Mu Territory, Mu Feng could be considered as one of the strongest individuals within the Northern Spiritual Realm. The collection that he kept over the years would naturally not be weak.

Towards his father, Mu Chen did not act polite at all. He hurried into the Stone chamber and randomly picked up a script. He took a glance at it. Words of light emerged from the script.

Common Tier Middle Rank Spiritual Art, Cloud Flare.

Mu Chen blinked. A Spiritual Art will normally be divided into Gong Fa Spiritual Arts, Attack Spiritual Arts and Defense Spiritual Arts, etc. And these various Spiritual Arts will be divided into three tiers. Deity Tier, Spiritual Tier, Common Tier. Moreover, each of these Tiers will be divided into High, Middle, Low Rank. The Cloud Flare in front of his eyes is a Common Tier Middle Rank Gong Fa Spiritual Art.

Mu Chen fiddled with the script for a while before lowering it down. It was obvious that he was interested in it. He slowly wandered into the depths of the chamber, occasionally picking up a scroll, but immediately putting it down again.

Mu Feng followed behind Mu Chen slowly, allowing him to select any of the Spiritual Arts here.

Hundred Sword Spiritual Art, Common Tier High Rank.

Book of Broken Mountains, Common Tier High Rank.

The numerous Spiritual Arts filled Mu Chen's eyes. Although the majority of them were Common Tier, Mu Chen knew that these Spiritual Arts would attract many individuals if they were brought out. Mu Feng's collection isn't something ordinary within the Northern Spiritual Realm.

After walking around for quite a bit of time, Mu Chen finally reached the very depths of the stone chamber. However, he has not found the right Spiritual Art for him. He raised his head and stared at the final stone shelf. Three open Jade Boxes were displayed there.

“You’re quite ambitious, your dad risked his life in order to obtain these three Spiritual Arts.” Mu Feng saw the three jade boxes that Mu Chen set his gaze upon and could not help but smile.

Hearing this, Mu Chen walked over curiously. He then removed a scroll from one of the jade boxes. The script was glistening and there was a bit of heat coming from it when he touched it. It was clearly not a Common Tier.

“Dragonblaze Art...” Mu Chen scanned through the script. His eyes let out a tint of surprise: “It’s actually a Spiritual Tier Low Rank Spiritual Art?”

He understood the value of a Spiritual Tier Spiritual Art. If it was brought to an auction, it cannot be obtained unless they are willing to spend at least a million Spirit Coins.

“Yes, I train in this Dragonblaze Art too. It was something I obtained the Dragonfire Bird’s Spirit.” Mu Feng nodded as he spoke.

Mu Chen fiddled around with this script for a moment, then he took out the two other scrolls. One of the scrolls was called “Trembling Heaven Tactic” and the other scroll was called “Animate Appraisal”. Both of them belong to the Spiritual Tier Low Rank.

Mu Chen did not want to let go of those three scrolls. He hesitated for a moment as he decided which one he should pick.

“Have you chosen yet? These three Spiritual Arts are equal to each other. You can train in one of them first and switch if you find a more suitable Spiritual Art. Mu Feng said with a faint smile.

Mu Chen hesitated for a while. His hand floated on top of the three scrolls. In the end, it landed on the “Animate Appraisal”. Although this Spiritual Art wasn’t specialized in attacking, it had quite an effect on building the foundations.

Mu Chen’s hand was suspended on top of the “Animate Appraisal”, but just when he was about to make his selection, his heart suddenly trembled for a

bit. Then, his gaze drifted unconsciously towards the shadow of the three jade boxes. He noticed that there was a black script covered with dust.

“What is this?”

Mu Chen was startled for a moment. His hand extended out and grabbed onto the black script. He scrolled through it and only noticed that a few blurred words floated up from the rough surface of the script.

“The Great Pagoda Art?”

Mu Chen stared at the four blurry words. His eyes were filled with doubt. Why did it not mention the Rank of the Spiritual Art?

Mu Chen gave a puzzled look towards Mu Feng, but he was surprised. At this moment, Mu Feng had a complex expression as he stared at the black script within his hand. It was an expression filled with yearning.

“Dad?” Mu Chen asked, he then waved the script in his hand: “What is this Spiritual Art? Why does it not state the Rank?”

“It’s just an ordinary Spiritual Art, you should pick another.” Mu Feng retracted his gaze and said slowly.

Mu Chen frowned for a bit. His hand played around with the black script. After a short silence, he smiled and said: “I want this!”

Mu Feng’s body trembled. He stared at Mu Chen. He noticed that there was a stubborn expression within that boy’s innocent face.

“Do you really want to select this?” Mu Feng asked after a pause.

Mu Chen nodded his head and said: “I don’t know why but I feel that I would regret it if I do not pick this. Dad, just how did you get this Spiritual Art?”

Mu Feng had a complicated gaze as he stared at the script. After a moment, he let out a long sigh and let out a bitter laugh. Then with a voice that was only audible to him, he muttered: “Jing, he really is your son.”

“That script was left behind by your mother. To be accurate, she left it for you. However, she also mentioned that I should let it gather dust if you do not select it.” Mu Feng gently spoke.

“Mom?”

Mu Chen could not help but tremble a little bit. He muttered the unfamiliar, yet heart-shaking word. He has never seen his mother before. There was only a vague, but gentle figure within the depths of his heart.

Ever since he began to understand things, he did not inquire about his mother from Mu Feng. Mu Feng, too, did not mention her. It was as if the father and son tried to avoid the topic regarding a person important to them.

“Mom should still be alive, right? W...Where is she?”

Mu Chen held the script tightly. He hesitated for a moment before finally asking the thing he wanted to know the most. When he was young, he had carved many wooden sculptures. The wooden sculptures were exactly the same, but there wasn't a clear face on them. This is because the origin of the wood sculpture came from the gentle figure within his heart.

Every single one of the wooden sculpture had traces of hope and longing.

“The matter regarding your mother is extremely complicated. It does not help if I tell you now. However, if you want to know about it, then you should train in this. Once you reached a certain level in it, you will naturally know.” Mu Feng was silent for a long time and he finally clenched his hands as he stared at Mu Chen.

“Did Mom leave because of me?” Mu Chen suddenly asked.

“You were the person that she was most worried about. Because of you, she was willing to throw away everything.”

Mu Feng did not give a direct answer. He only rubbed Mu Chen's head and said with a self-deprecating voice: “It's all because your father did not have the ability. I was not able to let your mother stay together with you.”

“I had tried before, but...I still failed. I'm sorry.”

Mu Chen nodded. A brilliant smile appeared on his innocent face: “Dad, do you want to see mom again?”

“I want to, I really want to, I really want our family to finally reunite.” Mu Feng lifted his head and murmured. A sense of longing also existed within it.

Mu Chen gripped his hands tightly. The rough, black script emitted a warm temperature. Shortly after, he lifted his head and gave a slight smile towards Mu Feng. "I'll select this. Don't worry dad, I will help you complete what you have failed at. If you believe in me, then I will let our family reunite with each other one day, nobody will be able to stop it!"

Mu Feng stared at the boy with an innocent face, but firm eyes. A rippling surge of bitterness appeared within his chest, causing his eyes to become red. He, then, nodded his head.

Jing, our son will not be someone ordinary.