

# I Am Loaded with Passive Skills

## Chapter 11: Fleeting White Cloud

Legend had it that there was a sword technique that could move through the heavens—the Seven Swords of the Moving Heavens! When this sword technique suddenly appeared in this world, the most powerful Sword Deity, Old Man You Tu, killed the reigning master of the Holy Divine Palace with seven swords and then went into hiding and became a legend.

7

Those who came after observed the Seven Swords of the Moving Heavens and created the White Cloud Sword Technique.

Of course, the level of this technique was dozens of levels lower than the original.

It was merely an ordinary Acquired-stage spiritual technique!

The White Cloud Sword Technique was kept in the Tiansang Spirit Palace's Spiritual Library Division and had a total of thirteen strokes.

In the past, Xu Xiaoshou, who'd had average talent then, had put all of his efforts into learning the technique. It'd taken three years for him to finally grasp the first stroke—Fleeting White Clouds!

That was the first stroke of a spiritual technique that he'd ever learned. It was also the only stroke he'd ever learned...

Yes, more accurately, it was one of thirteen strokes!

When the darkness swallowed his mind in blackness, and the world started shaking, Xu Xiaoshou saw Hiding Pain coursing through the clouds, carrying him along.

He sliced down with the sword and parted the fleeting white clouds. The clouds then slowly gathered once again.

1

There was no beginning, nor an end. It was undying.

4

In that instant, he had countless epiphanies, and an endless number of sword strokes came to mind as he recalled every instance where he had bitterly practiced, holding his sword in the yard at night.

1

Stab, slice, prod, cleave...

Those were the fundamentals. Those strokes and movements had become his instincts through his blood and sweat. He felt those movements naturally come to him at this moment.

Xu Xiaoshou looked at the white clouds in front of him and kept his sword.

In that instant, the slow-moving glow of a sword suddenly appeared on the horizon. It swept horizontally across the surroundings. It looked slow and carefree, but it arrived in an instant.

The clouds were shredded. The sky crumbled to dust.

“Ah!”

Xu Xiaoshou was jolted awake. He was panting heavily. When he moved, his shirt disintegrated into shreds, just like the clouds in his dream, and fell into his lap.

He lowered his head. Hiding Pain was in his hands. It released a crisp hum, seemingly overjoyed.

4

So...

“Darn it, what’s happening?”

Xu Xiaoshou was utterly confused. All he did was insert the Passive Key into the wheel. The key had disappeared and he’d entered the illusion with the carefree sword will and the clouds, which had even drawn out the most bitter memories that he’d hidden deep within his heart.

The White Cloud Sword Technique that he’d only mastered one stroke of out of the thirteen despite practicing it for three years...

That was an Acquired-stage sword technique!

How unimpressive must one’s talent be to only achieve that after practicing for three years? How could he not be bitter?

Xu Xiaoshou calmed himself down. He buried the memories deep down and rushed to look at the notification panel. The Passive Key must’ve had something to do with this incident.

A new line had appeared in the notification panel.

“Obtained an Expertise Passive Skill: Sword Technique Expertise!”

7

Expertise Passive Skill?

Sword Technique Expertise?

Xu Xiaoshou was dumbfounded. This was the item that the extra key had given him?

“Did I really obtain this passive skill that could possibly be the best passive skill out there? And it’s even a passive skill that appeared with its own special effect?”

2

“F\*\*\*!”

Xu Xiaoshou could no longer stop himself from cursing. Had RNGesus really blessed him?

7

“Sword Technique Expertise...”

The skill’s name made it sound powerful. Its name was a lot better than “Strengthen” or “Sharpness.”

1

Given that the Passive System always used simplistic names, the appearance of a passive skill that had an unordinary name was indicative of how powerful Sword Technique Expertise was.

Furthermore...

Xu Xiaoshou trembled with excitement when he recalled that scene in the clouds.

Could it be that I’ve already mastered the strokes and knowledge of the technique in that illusion?

Since what he had were passive skills, the effects often appeared in quiet and unassuming ways. If he hadn’t made the effort to observe the changes, he never would’ve noticed the transformation in his body.

The Hiding Pain in his hand was buzzing slightly.

It was excited!

Xu Xiaoshou could clearly and strongly sense that the non-living Hiding Pain was currently extremely excited. One could even describe it as exhilarated!

A thought flashed through Xu Xiaoshou’s mind. “Should I test it out?”

Thus, he closed his eyes and recalled the sword technique that could shred the clouds to pieces with a mere stroke.

His breathing gradually became quiet. He felt himself become light as a feather and float into the air.

Ethereal, transparent, serene...

What a marvelous feeling.

The next moment, Xu Xiaoshou felt like he'd turned into a cloud. He was a fleeting white cloud in a vast painting.

While the summer wind blew and the clouds were shredded!

Xu Xiaoshou felt that he had to strike now.

Thus, he pulled out his sword and subconsciously sliced it through the air. He felt some resistance, but his sword followed the arc he wanted it to and struck down in an instant.

It was a carefree strike. The bleak evening wind blew all of the fallen leaves away.

1

Creak, creak, creak!

The scene from the illusion appeared once again. Countless bolts of light from the sword carefully approached yet instantly covered the space in the room.

Xu Xiaoshou had moved the sword extremely slowly, yet it seemed to vanish into the horizon in an instant.

Xu Xiaoshou opened his eyes.

Boom!

The house, which was made out of redwood, shattered into pieces and fell onto the ground.

8

Thud, thud, thud!

Xu Xiaoshou looked up to see a sky full of redwood fragments. They turned into sawdust and buried him underneath.

“F\*\*\*!

“What’s going on?”

2

...

In a narrow, cramped room. There was a round wooden table and three men inside.

Xiao Qixiu was sitting up straight. The sword that he carried around on his back was on his knees at this time. He shook his head and said seriously, “I don’t drink alcohol!

“You guys know that a true swordsman would never get drunk on alcohol. They only get drunk on the way of the sword. Drinking alcohol would only mess up my mind and heart. And eventually my sword would no longer be accurate.”

4

Qiu Qianzhi erupted into laughter, the liquor in his mouth spewing all over the face of the elder sitting in the seat opposite him. He instantly felt embarrassed. “Hmph, that was unintentional.”

He turned to look at Xiao Qixiu as he clutched his belly, trying to hold in his laughter. “You talk as if your sword techniques have improved dramatically because you’ve never drunk alcohol.”

Xiao Qixiu smiled slightly. “My techniques have definitely improved...”

He turned to look at the old man who was wiping his face. “Do you plan on staying for long now that you’ve come back, Elder Sang?”

There were still a few blades of grass on the old man’s head. He glared at Qiao Qianzhi, then picked up his glass and downed the liquid within.

“I’ll stay for a little longer for the time being!”

He looked at the empty glass and suddenly said, “You can both be drunk on alcohol and on the way of the sword!”

1

Xiao Qixiu wanted to say something in rebuttal, but the old man continued, “Unfortunately, you can’t achieve that. Otherwise, the title of the Eighth Sword Deity would already belong to you...”

Qiao Qianzhi couldn’t hold in his laughter anymore. He roared with laughter. “HAHAHAHA...”

Xiao Qixiu was speechless.

At this moment, the sword on his knees started to buzz and shake violently.

The three people looked at each other and all saw the look of shock in each other’s eyes.

Xiao Qixiu grabbed his buzzing sword and put his ear to it to have a listen. He saw what was happening nearby in his mind.

At the outer yard of the Tiansang Spirit Palace.

The evening wind was blowing slowly. A disciple was taking a stroll with his sword in hand as he reflected on life.

Suddenly, the sword in his hand started to grow restless and attempted to free itself from his grip.

He was startled. He grabbed onto his sword in a hurry but realized that everyone around him who also trained in the way of the sword had met with the same predicament.

“Clang...”

The crisp hums of multiple swords sounded, harmoniously connecting as they rang throughout the outer yard.

“What’s happening?”

All of the disciples were dumbfounded.

“A sword hum ringing throughout a one-mile area. An Acquired-stage Sword Will?” the old man said calmly.

6

“Yes!”

Xiao Qixiu nodded and immediately stood up. He exclaimed in shock:

“I didn’t expect a disciple from the outer yard to master the Acquired-stage Sword Will. Coupled with the two disciples who reached the Innate Stage in their spiritual cultivation and the one who has an Innate-stage physical body, this batch of disciples is extraordinarily good.”

“Innate-stage physical body?”

The old man was shocked. He even put down his cup of wine, as if thinking about something.

Suddenly, he changed the topic and said, “I remember the last time such a Sword Will appeared. It was that lass Su Qianqian, right!”

“Yes, the Innate-stage Sword Will,” he added.

Xiao Qixiu looked a little impatient, but he still replied:



“You can’t compare this to Su Qianqian. She’s a bonafide genius, a person who wields one of the 21 famous swords of this continent. Even I’m envious of her.”

4

“Stop putting on an act. Let’s go have a look!” Off to the side, Elder Qiao had also stood up, “You clearly can no longer suppress your excitement, yet you still force yourself to stay here.”

Xiao Qixiu awkwardly rubbed the back of his head.

The old man smiled and said, “Go!”

The two of them bolted out the door.

“Tsk tsk...”

The old man still looked calm and collected. It was as if an Acquired-state Sword Will wasn’t enough to interest him.

He polished off the remaining wine in the flask, then stood up and put the straw hat behind him on his head. He then grabbed the crutch behind the door and slowly left the room.

4

Sometime later, he returned to the room. He then closed the door before leaving once again.