

Lightning 671

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 671: Customer

Gravis entered the city. He could have teleported if he wanted to, but he preferred walking. He wanted to take a closer look at the streets and feel the bustling atmosphere.

As soon as someone became an Immortal, they automatically understood the level three Law of Space, which allowed them to teleport to any spot inside their Spirit Sense's range. The distance was irrelevant for Energy consumption.

In his fight against Heaven, Gravis had learned all about battle with teleportation. Surprisingly, teleportation couldn't replace the speed of a fighter. The reason for that was that every other Immortal also knew the Law of Space.

Because of that, they could disturb the space if someone tried to teleport. The journey itself was instantaneous, but the entry and exit took a tiny amount of time. This allowed others to react appropriately.

Yet, stopping a teleport was not the worst thing that the enemy could do to someone. Even worse was that the enemy could feel where the fighter would appear. Because of that, the enemy could attack that spot with all their power, knowing that the fighter would appear there.

Teleportations had to be used in just the right circumstances. Otherwise, one would hurt themselves more than the enemy. Because of that, speed was still critical in combat.

So, if Gravis wanted, he could reach the edge of the city in less than a second. If he were to fly, he would take a couple of seconds to get there. This showed the superior speed of teleportation.

Gravis walked around for a couple of minutes, looking at the bustling streets. Now that he was an Immortal, he was able to feel the power of basically everyone he could see. The people walking on the streets were either people below the Immortal Realm with a backer or beggars. Beggars were generally in the earlier ranks of the Immortal Realm, which allowed Gravis to feel their power.

'Back then, it was nearly impossible for me to see through the power of anyone in the city,' Gravis thought. 'But now, I can feel all their power. These distant, seemingly invincible beings are now even weaker than me.'

Gravis stopped as he sighed. 'I would have thought that I would feel better after seeing this comparison. Yet, it just feels natural to me. Additionally, so incredibly many of them have such incredibly weak Will-Auras. About 70% of the beggars have a Will-Aura that is even below their Realm.'

'Yet, I shouldn't forget the truth,' Gravis thought with narrowed eyes. 'I can only see the weakest beings in this city. The truly powerful beings are inside the buildings, and I can't even come into contact with them unless I am in the same building as them. All the buildings, even the shops, have some kind of Formation Array that stops my Spirit Sense.'

Gravis had to chuckle a bit. 'I think with my Avatar of Freedom, I should be able to look through these Formation Arrays, but I don't want to be an intrusive dick.'

After walking around for some seconds, Gravis reached the first address on the map that his mother gave him. Gravis saw quite an ostentatious building at the edge of a vast and busy street. This was probably one of the more upscale traders.

Gravis approached the door and felt the aura of his ring vibrate slightly. When he had been only at the Unity Realm, he had never felt this vibration. This was probably how the ring communicated with the Formation Array that he was a member of the city and not a beggar.

As soon as Gravis entered, he saw that the building was far bigger inside than outside. The building was maybe 20 meters wide from the outside, but inside, it was over a kilometer wide. This was quite a difference.

Additionally, Gravis saw a ton of powerful Immortals and even some Immortal Kings talking to some people. By the looks of it, they were probably trading.

Gravis approached one of the counters and waited.

Some seconds passed, and Gravis looked around. The clerks of the establishment wore some kind of badge on their clothing, making it easy for Gravis to identify them.

Two minutes passed, and Gravis noticed that no one came to him. Gravis' expression transformed into a neutral one. He wouldn't mind if the store were packed with customers, but the clerks were obviously even talking to each other. They certainly weren't overworking themselves.

Gravis waited for another three minutes, with no one showing up.

Then, finally, someone teleported over to the counter.

"What do you want?" he asked with annoyance.

Gravis blinked twice. "Okay," he said with boredom.

Then, he turned around and left.

The clerk was confused for a second. Did that random guy just say okay and leave? What was up with that?

The clerk had worked here for a long time, and he knew a lot of people. He hadn't been as friendly to Gravis because he felt that Gravis had just reached the Immortal Realm. Additionally, he had no idea who Gravis was.

For the first time, the clerk looked closer at the leaving Gravis and noticed the Obsidian Ring on Gravis' finger. He hadn't noticed that ring earlier since he had completely ignored Gravis. His eyes widened when he noticed that. He had really screwed up!

Whoop!

The clerk teleported in front of Gravis and bowed politely. "Excuse me for my blunt-"

Whoop!

Gravis teleported behind the clerk and continued leaving. This time, the clerk didn't stop him. The clerk only cursed himself for this mistake, sighed, and went back to work. He vowed that he needed to be more careful in the future.

This had been a son of the Opposer, and even more importantly, a son to the Trade Empress. This could have been a massive business opportunity! Yet, he just had to screw it up!

Gravis went back to the streets and looked for the next building. Trading with this company was obviously not worthwhile. The fact that the personnel in the store lazed around and didn't even inspect their clients was a good demonstration of their work ethic.

It wasn't that he was mad about them not noticing his status, but that they didn't serve their customers. If he offered a trade, there was a high chance that they would try to screw him over, thinking that they could scam him.

Should he have made a ruckus?

No, why should he?

He would simply leave. Gravis didn't need to prove some kind of superiority by acting all insulted. Power was power, and money was money. If this was a one-time event, they would continue having great business, but they would naturally lose customers if that was the norm. He was just another lost customer.

Gravis entered the next building, which was just as ostentatious as the last one, and as soon as he entered, he saw a ton of people. There were far more people in here than in the last one.

Yet, all these people were at the lower ends of the Immortal Realm.

'Interesting,' Gravis thought as he scratched his chin. 'The last shop probably caters to wealthy and powerful customers, earning a lot of money per customer, while this one caters to as many customers as possible. One way of doing business is not better or worse than the other. They both simply cater to different demographics.'

'I think the last business was not fitting for my current status. Sure, I should have quite some money on me, but my wealth probably can't compare with an Immortal King's. This one should be more fitting for my current circumstances.'

Gravis noticed something peculiar and moved over to a separate counter, which was placed away from everything else.

'Draw a number, huh?' Gravis thought as he looked at some kind of paper dispenser. Gravis took a number slip and moved to the side, where a ton of other Immortals waited.

From time to time, Gravis saw Immortals beside him vanish. They were probably summoned to a separate room to talk about business.

After some minutes, someone contacted Gravis.

Gravis felt his senses being pulled to a separate room in the shop. In the beginning, Gravis' Spirit Sense couldn't look at any room besides the main hall. Yet, this room, which was in the middle of a seemingly blank area inside his Spirit Sense, suddenly appeared.

Whoop!

Gravis blinked into the room and sat down.

"Welcome to the Average Trading Firm. How can I help you?" the person sitting on the other side of the table said with a monotone voice.

The room was rather barren, only having a table and two chairs, nothing more.

"Average Trading Firm? Really?" Gravis asked with a lifted eyebrow. He hadn't taken a look at the shop's name.

"We, here at the Average Trading Firm, are the go-to partner for the Average Immortal. We pride ourselves in our ability to help anyone with their business, even if it is one of the more modest ones. That is why we are the Average Trading Firm," the person said like he had said that line over and over again.

'No wonder there were so many Immortals at the beginning of the Realm. This shop probably even allows the beggar inside it to do business,' Gravis thought.

"I have ores from a middle world to sell," Gravis said.

The clerk furrowed his brows and looked into Gravis' eyes. "Excuse me, but do you mean ore on the level of cultivators in a middle world or actual ore from a middle world?"

"Both are correct," Gravis said.

The clerk looked with more interest at Gravis now. "So, what do you have to offer?"

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Chapter 672: Good Luck or Bad Luck?

"Do you have a Space Ring?" Gravis asked.

Whoop!

A Space Ring appeared in front of him. "Please put the things you want to trade inside and give me an offer," the clerk said.

Gravis took ahold of the Space Ring and dumped all the ore he was supposed to trade inside. Then, he pushed it to the clerk. "50,000 Immortal Stones," he said.

The clerk looked with quite some surprise at Gravis. That was a lot of money, but some people always thought that the things they had were worth far more than they actually were.

The clerk looked into the Space Ring and was surprised by the amount of ore. After that, he frowned.

"The best I can do is 25,000," he said.

Gravis raised an eyebrow when he heard that. The goal his mother had set for him was 60,000, which would be about 80% of the retail value of his ore. Usually, shops bought resources at 70% of their retail value. After all, they had to store them, which cost money and sell them. 30% profit without the added cost was the usual.

Gravis had already made an offer of 66% of the retail value, which was very generous for the shop. Yet, this guy was lowballing him with 33% of the retail value.

"50," Gravis said. "That is 66% of the retail value."

The clerk frowned. "That is incorrect. The prices recently changed, and I'm offering you 65% of the retail value."

Gravis looked at the clerk, and surprisingly, Gravis felt no sense of falsehood from him. The clerk was something like two levels stronger than Gravis, but Gravis' Will-Aura was far more powerful. He should be able to see through any falsehoods. Yet, the clerk appeared completely truthful.

Gravis frowned. The clerk wasn't lying, but his mother had quoted a different price. Something was up.

"50," Gravis repeated.

The clerk sighed. "Okay, I can go up to 27, but that is my limit. We have to store all of this ore, and it will take us a long time to sell all of it. There are only so many heirs to a powerful person in this city that require equipment."

"50," Gravis repeated.

The clerk looked at the ring, sighed, and pushed it back to Gravis. "Sorry, I can't accept this trade. Please retrieve your items."

Gravis looked into the Space Ring, and his eyes shone.

Gravis had put mountains of ore into the Space Ring, and the ore was incredibly heavy.

Yet, several tons of ore were missing.

This would be hard to notice since that wasn't even 1% of the total amount of ore, but Gravis had checked very thoroughly. If he hadn't, he wouldn't have noticed that.

'He stole some ore, huh,' Gravis thought.

And then, Gravis smirked. 'Today is my lucky day!' Gravis thought with exhilaration.

His money problems had just been solved!

The clerk saw Gravis' smirk and panicked. "Wait!" he shouted.

RIIIIIINNGGGG!

Gravis took his Obsidian Ring off his finger and flicked it, making it vibrate in a particular manner.

The clerk felt like his life was ending. He had seen the Obsidian Ring previously, and that was precisely why he was confident of the fact that he would be able to get away with stealing a bit of ore.

Gravis was in the Immortal Realm, and the Obsidian Ring meant that he was the son of the Opposer. Yet, exactly that gave the clerk the confidence of not getting caught.

The Immortal Emperor Realm children of the Opposer were weak in power, but they were exceptionally versed in the way of business. Scamming them was difficult.

Yet, Gravis was only at the Immortal Realm. This meant that he had probably gone through a lower and middle world. This was usually the way the Opposer's cultivating children cultivated. This meant that Gravis had nearly no experience in the highest world. If he had just retrieved his stuff back into his Spirit Space, everything would have been fine.

If he retrieved his stuff, it would mean that he accepted the contents of the Space Ring. Yet, they were still inside!

Normally, the cultivating children of the Opposer only cared about power and never bothered with economy or business. They were even easier to scam than the usual heirs to powerful Cultivators!

Gravis' mother taught Gravis a lot about common scams that some scummy shops practiced. One of these things was the underhanded pocketing of some stuff from a Space Ring. She also told him how to proceed if that happened.

"Hey, mom," Gravis transmitted to his mother, who was walking around with Yersi and Orthar.

"Someone just pocketed something from a Space Ring," he transmitted with mirth.

"Really?" she asked back with shock. "Who would be so stupid? Did you already call for an enforcer?"

"Sure did," Gravis transmitted.

"You're really lucky, Gravis," she transmitted with a chuckle.

'Lucky, eh?' Gravis thought. As soon as he came into contact with humans again, his lack of Karmic Luck became relevant again. Could it be considered luck that a thief stole something from him? One would consider that bad luck more than good luck.

Yet, if one acted accordingly, bad luck could transform into good luck.

The clerk looked with devastation at the table and put his head in his hands. He had really screwed up this time. Why had he done that!? He had pulled that stunt only very rarely. He had always been careful!

Some seconds of silence passed.

Whoom!

Then, someone in white robes appeared in the room.

The person turned to Gravis. "What happened?" he asked in a serious tone.

"He pocketed some stuff while we were negotiating," Gravis said as he gestured to the devastated clerk.

"What is happening!?" a new voice appeared as someone with an indistinguishable Realm appeared inside the room. He looked around with panic and then glared at his employee. "Why is the Trade Investigation Department here!?" he shouted at his employee.

This was the owner of this branch of the Average Trading Firm, a peak Immortal Emperor.

The man in white robes took the ring from Gravis and looked at it. Then, he used his Major Law of Time to create an image of what had happened inside the Space Ring in the last couple of minutes. He quickly noticed that a little bit of ore had vanished.

The man in white robes turned to the clerk. "Do you have a contract?" he asked.

The clerk only looked at the table with devastation as the owner stepped forward. "We do such small trades without a contract due to the contracting fee. The customer has-"

"No contract, no official trade," the man in white robes interrupted the owner.

"But-"

"No contract, no official trade," the man repeated. "If what you say is true, then you shouldn't have done business without a contract. As per the rules, everything inside the Space Ring at the time of the offer will be purchased at retail value."

"This person did that himself to set us up!" the owner shouted as he pointed at Gravis.

"You know exactly that we can check the person that accesses the Space Ring at any given time by their aura," the person said. "As long as the caller isn't an outstanding Immortal Emperor, it is impossible to fake his aura, and if he were an Immortal Emperor, he wouldn't do something like this for this small amount of money."

The owner became angry. "But my employee only stole a little bit! Why do we have to pay so much money!?"

"Your employee just had to not pocket something," the man said. "You can also decline, and we will get a full investigation going. Do you want that to happen?"

The owner gritted his teeth, but the potential repercussions of a full investigation were just too devastating. They often scammed ignorant people to make some money. When this investigator looked through their entire business, they wouldn't just have to pay money. The owner would probably even be banned from doing any kind of business in Opposer City!

After some seconds, the owner sighed. "How much?"

"74,426 Immortal Stones," the man in white said.

The owner took a deep breath in shock. That much!? This was a big trade, even for them!

This was the main reason why the employee was so devastated. If this potential trade had only been 1,000 Immortal Stones, the owner wouldn't care so much. He would probably only give the employee a slap on the wrist for getting caught. Yet, nearly 75,000 Immortal Stones was far too much.

That was over 20 years of the employee's salary!

Gravis only looked at all of this with a neutral expression. He didn't need to do anything. The investigator would take care of everything.

The owner nodded, and the man in white gave him the Space Ring. The owner pocketed everything and put the Immortal Stones into the Space Ring. After that, he gave it back to the investigator.

Then, the investigator turned to Gravis. "As per policy, the Trading Investigation Department will take 10%," he said.

"Sure, and thank you," Gravis said with a smile.

"No problem," the person in white said as he gave Gravis the Space Ring.

Gravis pocketed the remaining 66,983 Immortal Stones with a happy smile. Then, he put the Space Ring back on the counter.

This was not the Sky Community, where everyone could do nearly everything.

This was Opposer City, and Opposer City had trade rules.

"Good day," the man in white said to the owner as he teleported himself and Gravis back to the street. This was protocol for investigators to protect the caller from receiving backlash inside the building of the perpetrator.

After that, the man in white vanished again as Gravis stood in the middle of the street with a smile.

Every inhabitant of Opposer City could call an investigator. The investigator would look into the case and judge accordingly. Yet, if the caller incorrectly called an investigator, they would need to either pay a tremendous amount of money in relation to their Realm or work off their debt.

The punishment of buying everything at retail value was to give the caller a reward for helping the Trade Investigation Department.

The department would earn a lot more money in the background by trading information about such incidents with other companies. Companies paid a lot of money for information that told them who was trustworthy and who was not.

So, even though the Average Trading Firm hadn't directly lost any money, bigger business partners might be more apprehensive about doing business with them. Additionally, if these incidents happened more frequently, the Average Trading Firm might receive heavy and costly guidelines they had to implement.

Additionally, the beggars saw the white man appear with someone in front of the Average Trading Firm, and they knew exactly what that meant.

Word would travel around quickly.

Meanwhile, inside the trading room, the owner turned to his employee with gritted teeth.

"You're fired!"

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Chapter 673: Honesty

Gravis was quite happy about the incident. His mother had given him the target to get 80% of the retail value, but due to the Average Trading Firm trying to steal from him, he got 90%. Advantages and disadvantages, eh?

"What am I supposed to do now, mom?" Gravis asked.

"First, you need to comprehend a very important Law to take full advantage of your business," his mother transmitted to him. "It shouldn't be very difficult for you to comprehend this Law since you have a very high affinity towards it."

"Oh? What kind of Law?" Gravis asked.

"The Lower Law of Honesty," his mother transmitted.

Gravis remembered that the highest world categorized the power of Laws differently from the middle world. A Lower Law was a level two Law.

"Honesty, huh? What's its use?" he asked.

Gravis' senses were pulled to a peculiar shop. "Can you feel the different aura that this building has? Compare it to the shop you just left."

Gravis concentrated on the aura, and sure enough, it felt different. The building gave off an aura of trust and honesty. "It exhibits a kind of aura of trust," he answered.

"That's what you want to have," his mother transmitted. "The fact that this building is giving off this aura means that the owner of this shop has comprehended the Law of Honesty and got a certificate from the Company Trade Evaluation Department, CTED for short."

"The Law of Honesty has two other related Laws, the Law of Deceit and the Law of Lies. All three Laws have the same ability, which is to make other people trust you. The only difference is how they accomplish to gain that trust."

"Someone with the Law of Deceit can give you half-truths that sound like they are the complete truth. Someone with the Law of Lies can give you lies that sound like they are the truth. When you talked to that stealing employee, have you felt that he was telling the truth?"

Gravis remembered how the employee gave a different market price to what his mother had said. Back then, Gravis felt like the employee was telling the truth. "I did," he said.

"That employee knows the Law of Lies, which made you believe that he was telling the truth," his mother answered.

"Huh, that's interesting," Gravis commented. "I presume that people with an affinity for one of these three things will find it hard to understand the other two?" he asked.

"Half-right," his mother answered. "People that know the Law of Lies have a lot of affinity for the Law of Deceit and vice-versa. Yet, people that know the Law of Honesty will find it very hard to understand either of the other two Laws."

Gravis scratched his chin. "I also presume that every Law has its uses, right? If someone wants to scam people, the Law of Deceit or Lies would probably be better than the Law of Honesty."

"Correct," his mother said. "No one would want to get a certificate for the Law of Deceit or Lies since that will only broadcast to everyone that you're a scam artist. Yet, if you have a certificate for the Law of Honesty, people are much faster to trust your claims. This Law is imperative for your business' success."

Gravis furrowed his brows. "I get that it is important but imperative?" he asked.

"For you, it is imperative," she answered again. "You have comprehended the Law of the Dead World as a new Immortal. That is exceptionally rare. If people know that you can create a World Weapon but see that you are only a new Immortal, they will immediately believe that you are a horrible scam artist. That's why you need that certificate."

"World Weapons? What's that?" Gravis asked.

"With the Law of the Dead World, you can not only fuse all kinds of materials but also use particular ore to create mighty weapons. The Middle World Core your father and I have talked about is one of these ores. When you use that as the core for your weapon, you will be able to create a powerful affinity with it. You should try creating a saber while you comprehend the Law of Honesty," his mother answered.

"What's the point of this higher affinity?" Gravis asked.

"Weapon Laws," his mother answered. "Cultivators from Battle Worlds don't cultivate the elements, but Weapon Laws, which they use to create a ton of techniques in conjunction with their other Laws."

Gravis blinked several times in surprise. Weapon Laws? There was something like that? Gravis had thought that weapons didn't have Laws since weapons didn't exist naturally. Only humans created these kinds of weapons.

'Though,' Gravis thought as he furrowed his brows and scratched his chin. 'Aren't humans part of nature too? So, wouldn't it be correct to say that weapons also naturally occur?'

Gravis ruffled his hair in exasperation. 'Great, something else I can't properly place. Saying that weapons occur naturally sounds very debatable, and I hate stuff that isn't clearly defined. Just accept it and move on,' Gravis thought.

"Thanks, mom," Gravis transmitted. "I'm going home and will concentrate on understanding the Law of Honesty."

"Have fun!" his mother transmitted.

Gravis went home and went back into his room.

As soon as he entered his room, emotions assaulted him.

He hadn't been in his room since he had returned from the lower world. For the last month, he had always stayed with his children in a separate room.

Gravis' room had a bed, a table with some chairs, and some shelves. The light of the outside reflected off the blue walls, giving the room a bright and happy atmosphere.

There was not much stuff in his room since he had thrown away most of it when he entered the Research Assistant School. Yet, he could still see some dumbbells. Gravis had always wanted to cultivate, and he had used these dumbbells to become more powerful when he was younger.

Gravis sighed. 'This is like the room of a stranger,' Gravis thought. 'It's hard to believe that I have lived here for years.'

Gravis looked at the room some more but quickly went back to doing what he came here to do. He sat down in the middle of the room and concentrated on understanding honesty.

He wondered how long that would take.

And two years later, he got his answer.

BOOOOM!

Gravis managed to comprehend the Law of Honesty.

'Only took me two years to learn another level two Law. Interesting,' Gravis thought as he scratched his chin.

Gravis felt a peculiar aura coming out from him, and when he concentrated on the city, he also saw a lot of the people in a different light. The feeling he got could be described with a gradient from light to dark. Some people felt warmer and brighter, which symbolized their affinity towards honesty, and some of them felt darker and colder.

Yet, surprisingly, a lot of these people had no aura at all. Gravis also noticed that mainly people more powerful than him didn't have an aura. This meant that he could either not see through them due to their power or that they had comprehended Laws that made it harder to discern their aura.

After looking at the city for some minutes, he looked over towards the room of his father.

"Father, can you tell me how I make one of these World Weapons?" he asked.

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Chapter 674: World Weapon

"Come over here, and I'll show you," his father said.

Whoop!

Gravis blinked over to his father and sat in front of him.

As soon as Gravis sat down, his father summoned a powerful weapon. Gravis couldn't even begin to understand such a powerful weapon.

"This is one of my old weapons, and it is a World Weapon," his father said. Then, the saber started floating in the air and broke apart. Yet, instead of falling to the ground, all the components continued levitating in the air.

Gravis saw a ton of very finely crafted materials with tiny channels. On top of that, he also saw some black liquid floating around. Apparently, this liquid was the thing that went through these tiny channels. Lastly, Gravis saw a red, shining crystal in the center of the destroyed blade.

"Quite different, isn't it?" his father asked.

Gravis nodded.

The red crystal floated out from the floating debris and stopped in front of Gravis. "This is a Higher World Core," his father said. "Feel its aura, Gravis."

Gravis concentrated on the red crystal, and the crystal exhibited a very similar aura to his father, just not nearly as powerful. "It feels similar to you," he said.

His father nodded. "To create a World Weapon, you need three things. First of all, you need a World Core. This is not the actual core of a world, but simply a very rare ore that can house Laws and can resonate with Spirits. Take out your Middle World Core," his father said.

Gravis summoned the green, shining core.

"Use your Law of the Dead World to create a similarly sized sphere to this World Core," his father said as he gestured to the red crystal.

Gravis did so. This was not difficult at all since Gravis already knew the Composition of this ore perfectly. After only a second, a similarly sized, green sphere floated in front of Gravis. There was still over 90% left of the Middle World Core.

"Try to make your Spirit enter this core. You need to use the Law of Minor Elements to create some Wood Element to achieve that," his father said.

Gravis did so and tried to enter the World Core with his Spirit. Gravis felt his Spirit being pulled in, but it just couldn't enter fully.

This process continued for five hours.

After that, Gravis felt the World Core completely reject his Spirit. Yet, the World Core also seemed to resonate with Gravis' being. Gravis could only describe this feeling of resonance as magical. It felt similar to when he created another lightning body, but it didn't feel entirely the same.

"The World Core is now attuned to your being. As soon as a World Core is attuned to someone, it is difficult to break that attunement. To break your attunement to this core, someone would need to use the Major Law of the Dead World," the Opposer said.

'That would probably be a level seven Law,' Gravis thought. 'That really is hard to break.'

The red crystal floated back to the Opposer. Then, the black liquid floated out of the debris. "The second component you need is the blood of a beast at the same level and Realm as you with a very similar affinity."

"Lightning Cultivators would need to use a beast with a lightning affinity. Weapon Cultivators need to use the blood of a beast that uses natural weapons very similar to their own weapons. In short, the beast needs to fit you," the Opposer said.

'Sure enough, humans even found a way to make use of the body of a beast,' Gravis thought.

"The last thing you need is a husk," the Opposer said as the pieces of debris flew forward. "The husk is the weapon itself, but it needs to have channels for the blood to nourish the blade. Only like this can you achieve full synchronicity with your weapon."

Gravis looked closely at the floating pieces of debris and took note of where all the channels were. This was very similar to how blood nourished muscles inside a body.

"As the World Core touches the blood, your aura and Spirit also touch the blood, and when the blood touches the weapon, your aura and Spirit also touch the weapon. With this, a World Weapon feels like it is part of you. Try to create one for yourself," his father said.

Gravis planned his forging and retrieved a ton of ore. He already had all the components he needed.

SHING!

Gravis used one of his sabers to cut open his arm to harvest some blood. He had a beast body, and there probably wasn't another beast out there that had a greater affinity towards himself as, well, himself.

After everything was prepared, Gravis melted down all the materials with practiced ease and copied the channels that his father used. The channels perfectly covered the entire weapon. After he was done with the husk, Gravis created the hilt and an area for the World Core.

Then, Gravis pushed his blood into the husk until it was completely filled. After putting the World Core in its place and assembling the remainder of the weapon around it, Gravis only had to fuse all the components together.

With that, Gravis had created his first World Weapon.

Gravis grabbed the saber, and it felt completely magical to him. Whenever he wanted it to move somewhere, it was like the saber was already moving on its own. It was truly like it was part of him.

"A World Weapon has two decisive advantages," the Opposer said. "The first advantage is that fighting and training with it makes it far easier for you to make progress in Weapon Laws. The second advantage is that, when you use a Weapon Law in combat, you can unleash more power."

After thinking for a while, Gravis frowned. "What about when I become more powerful?" he asked.

"The World Core can be used until you become a Star God. This means that you only need to exchange it with a Higher World Core much later in your journey. The blood, on the other hand, must always be at the same Realm as yourself. In your case, this shouldn't be a problem," the Opposer said.

"Lastly, the husk is simply that, a husk, a weapon, a blade. You can use whatever ore you want to increase or decrease its power. In your case, you can still create weapons two or three levels above yours to create a World Weapon at that level, but the affinity won't change."

Gravis could accept that. This meant that he could always use World Weapons in his journey since he already had a World Core and the fitting blood. In terms of creating new weapons for himself, there was actually no difference. Others might find it quite challenging to find another beast with a similar affinity to theirs, but that wasn't the case for Gravis.

"Why do we need beast blood? Can't people just use their own blood?" Gravis asked.

"The main center of power for humans is their Spirit," the Opposer said. "The main center of power for beasts is their body. The Laws of a beast are very pronounced and clear in their blood while humans only have trace amounts of their Laws in their blood since that's not where their main power lies."

"A human could use their own blood to create a World Weapon, but the resulting synchronicity would barely be any better than using a regular weapon. Using a human's blood would be a huge waste for something as valuable as a World Core," the Opposer said.

Gravis looked at his new World Weapon for a while. "I guess I should get on trying to comprehend some Weapon Laws, huh?" Gravis asked with a bitter smile.

"You're far behind in that regard," the Opposer said, "but that is not an issue for you since your next stop will be a Battle World, right?"

Gravis nodded. "I presume that people mainly rely on Weapon Laws in Battle Worlds?" Gravis asked.

"Correct. Weapon Laws have the ability to condense the power of Laws into physical attacks," the Opposer said. "When an Elemental Cultivator uses their element in an attack, their Energy is the power, while their element is the medium that unleashes this power."

"With Weapon Laws, you still need to use Energy, but your Laws represent the power, while the Weapon Law is the medium that unleashes this power. Your Lightning Crescent is basically one of these attacks without actually using a Weapon Law," the Opposer said as he pointed at Gravis.

Gravis furrowed his brows. "I've never met anyone that could unleash a similarly powerful attack as my Lightning Crescent. I presume the reason for that is that I haven't been in a Battle World yet?" Gravis asked.

"Correct," his father said. "Cultivators in a Battle World can unleash similarly powerful attacks with their weapons."

'That sounds quite powerful,' Gravis thought. Then, he sighed. 'But that is something for the future. I will still be staying in the highest world for many years. That's something for future me to worry about.'

Gravis stood up and stretched. "Thanks, father," he said.

"No problem. That's what I should do as your father," the Opposer said to his son.

"I will contact mom now and ask her what my next stop should be. This entire process of creating a business is already far more bothersome than I had thought," Gravis said. "Is it even worth it to earn money to learn Laws?"

"Definitely," the Opposer said. "There are far more options for understanding Laws here than in middle and higher worlds. If you have enough money, you would be able to understand Laws even faster than if you continued to fight that middle Heaven."

'That sounds quite fast,' Gravis thought. 'Well, as long as it's worth the effort, I should continue.'

"See you later," Gravis said as he teleported out of his father's room.

The Opposer only closed his eyes as he continued doing whatever he was doing all day in his room.

Nobody knew what the Opposer was doing in his spare time.

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Chapter 675: Paperwork

"Hey mom, I know how to make World Weapons and also comprehended the Law of Honesty. How are Orthar and Yersi doing?" he asked.

"That's great!" his mother answered. "Orthar and Yersi have spent most of their time among humans, trying to learn their customs. Acting like a human comes very naturally to Yersi, but Orthar lacks the feelings that we humans have."

"Luckily, Orthar is smart enough that he can logically say the right things. He simply watches how humans act and can emulate very well what a human would say in a certain situation. So, even though Orthar doesn't naturally know how to properly communicate with humans on an instinctual level, he can still calculate what he should say," his mother said.

Gravis nodded. As long as someone could say the correct things to build a connection with others, it didn't matter what path they used to get there. Only the results counted. "Should I now go and get these certificates?" Gravis asked.

"Yes," his mother answered, and Gravis' senses were pulled to a monumental building near the center of the city. This building was also very close to the building for the Research Assistants. This showed that this company was probably on a similar level.

These were the true hegemony of this city. The landlords, trading firm owners, and different kinds of shopkeepers were only the average humans in the city. Gravis still remembered how a random clerk in the Research Assistant Department had been an Immortal Emperor. His brother, Orpheus, was a department head, and he was already a Star God. The true leaders of the company were probably very powerful Gods.

'Speaking of, I should say hi to Orpheus later,' Gravis thought, 'but first, I need to get the certificates for my shop.'

"Mom, what kind of certificates should I get?" Gravis asked

"You want three certificates," his mother answered. "You want the Certificate of Honesty, the Certificate of World Forging, and the Certificate of Middle World Equipment."

"I get the first two, but what about the last one?" Gravis asked.

"The last one only shows that you can create all kinds of equipment out of middle world materials. You can do that, correct?" she asked.

Gravis nodded. "I can," Gravis answered. "Okay, then I will go get these three certificates. Thanks, mom," Gravis transmitted.

"Wish you luck," she said.

Gravis had to snort at that phrase, but he appreciated his mother's intent. He quickly teleported over to the building and stepped through the entrance.

Gravis entered a humongous but empty hall. People in the highest world apparently weren't the biggest fans of decorations. Well, that was understandable. After all, the people working in this company were powerful enough that they didn't need to show off. Everyone already knew their power.

Gravis saw one lonely clerk sitting at a counter with closed eyes. He was probably comprehending some Laws since there were no customers.

Whoop!

Gravis teleported over. "Hello, I'm here for three certificates," Gravis said.

The clerk opened his eyes and sighed. He hated doing work. Yet, what was he supposed to do? He was getting paid to receive and manage customers, not to cultivate.

"Which ones?" he asked as he looked at Gravis with a bored look.

"Honesty, world forging, and middle world equipment," Gravis answered.

The clerk furrowed his brows when he heard world forging. The customer was only a new Immortal. Did someone like that genuinely understand the Law of the Dead World?

"Let's first get the honesty thing done," the clerk said. "As soon as you pay the evaluation fee of 10,000 Immortal Stones, we can start."

'10,000 Immortal Stones?' Gravis thought with quite some surprise. 'So that was why mom said I first need to exchange some parts of my ore. I will probably need nearly all Immortal Stones I got to get my certificates.'

Gravis summoned 10,000 Immortal Stones and let them hover in the air. In just a split second, they all vanished again. "Thank you," the clerk said in boredom as he retrieved a jade slip.

Whoop!

And the jade slip was also gone.

"Please don't resist the incoming teleportation," the clerk said like he had said that sentence his whole life.

Gravis waited for some moments as the clerk returned to cultivation.

Whoop!

And after two minutes, Gravis vanished.

"Fucking Johnson," a voice grumbled as Gravis appeared in a new room. "It's not my turn yet."

Gravis was in a small room with one desk and two chairs. A middle-aged man with blue hair sat at one of the chairs. Gravis walked closer, and the man gestured to the chair with his head. "Sit down," he said with practiced ease.

Gravis didn't care that the person didn't say please or anything. He also just wanted to finish all of this as quickly as possible.

"I'm going to ask you three questions, and you just need to answer all of them truthfully," the man said. "Okay?"

"Sounds easy enough," Gravis answered with a nod.

"Good. First question: Have you comprehended the Law of Honesty?" he asked as he looked at Gravis.

"Yes," Gravis answered.

"Second question: Have you comprehended the Law of Deceit?"

"No."

"Third question: Have you comprehended the Law of Lies?"

"No."

The man looked at Gravis for a couple more seconds. "Alright, looks good," he said as the jade slip from earlier floated over to Gravis. "Give this to Johnson, and you will get your certificate."

Gravis didn't question the very simple evaluation. Gravis couldn't see through the power of the man in front of him. This man was probably very powerful and knew a lot about these three Laws. Finding out if the person across from him was lying or not was probably very easy for him.

"Thanks. Wish you a good day," Gravis said.

"You too," the man said with a nod as he teleported Gravis away again.

Gravis appeared in front of the clerk again, and the clerk opened one of his hands.

"Johnson, I presume?" Gravis asked.

Johnson nodded.

Gravis put the jade slip into Johnson's hand and waited. Johnson looked at the jade slip and nodded again. "Residency Ring, please," Johnson said.

Gravis was confused for a second, but he quickly realized what he meant. The Residency Ring was probably the ring that showed that people were living in the city. Gravis pulled his Obsidian Ring off and gave it to Johnson.

When Johnson saw the ring, he did a double-take.

And then, he groaned.

In the beginning, Johnson only had one form in front of him, but as soon as he saw the Obsidian Ring, he summoned four more.

"Why do you need my ring?" Gravis asked as Johnson looked at several clauses on the pieces of paper with confusion. Johnson hadn't had to evaluate a tempering child of the Opposer yet. Filling out these forms for them was far more complicated than for normal people.

"Usually, your Residency Ring has all the data of your person on it. You don't want me to ask you one boring question after the other, do you?" Johnson said as he frowned at the paperwork in front of him.

"Speaking of," Johnson continued. "Still living in the palace, or do you have your own place already?"

"Right now, I'm still living in the palace, but I want to rent my own place soon. I got enough materials to start my own business," Gravis answered.

Johnson nodded, but after several more seconds, he groaned and leaned back. "Fuck that," he said in frustration.

Whoop!

A new person appeared, an older man. This was Johnson's supervisor, and he looked at Johnson with a raised brow. Johnson showed him the Obsidian Ring and pointed at the forms with annoyance.

The supervisor sighed and quickly filled out all the forms. Then, he put the forms, as well as the jade slip, onto a fancy part of the table.

SHIIING!

Some light appeared, and all the things on it transformed into a badge. The badge floated over to Gravis, and he summoned it into his Spirit Space. "Put this on your shop," the supervisor said before he vanished. The Obsidian Ring also floated back to Gravis.

Gravis looked at the certificate with wonder. It exhibited a very similar aura to some of the other shops. After a while, Gravis looked at Johnson again, who had closed his eyes to cultivate.

"I still need two other Certificates," Gravis said.

Johnson opened his eyes. "Oh, right. Forgot about that," he commented.

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Chapter 676: Outstanding Forging

"Let's first get to the Certificate of Middle World Equipment," Johnson said. "That would be 5,000 Immortal Stones, please."

Gravis nodded and handed over the Immortal Stones. "Alright, please wait for the summons," Johnson said. "This might take a bit longer than the last time."

Gravis nodded again and waited.

Whoop!

"Or not," Johnson said as he saw Gravis vanish nearly instantaneously.

Gravis reappeared in a gigantic hall full of smithing equipment. He saw huge barrels of different kinds of water, a ton of forges, and several other pieces of tools he had never seen before. The forge was over a kilometer wide.

"You came at just the right time," a young teenager said with a smile. "We are currently backed up with orders."

Gravis saw the young man, and just like the previous examiner, Gravis couldn't see through his power. "Hi, backed up with orders? What do you mean by that? Do you accept orders?"

"Sure, we do," the young man said. "There are a lot of cultivators that don't have the money to pay the creation fee for weapons. Because of that, we offer a service where they only have to bring us the materials for a piece of equipment they desire without them needing to pay anything."

"The disadvantages are the long waiting time and the possibility that some forgers might deliver a product which is not up to standard. This is where you come into play. You need to craft ten pieces of specified equipment with an, at least, average quality to get your certificate."

The young man gestured to the forge. "We have all the equipment you could possibly need and more. Feel free to use everything you see here."

Gravis nodded. "Thank you, but I don't need any forging tools," Gravis said.

"You don't need forging equipment?" the young man asked in surprise. "Then how do you intend to forge?"

Gravis scratched the back of his neck. "I just don't need them. I only need my lightning," he said.

"Lightning?" the young man asked with furrowed brows. "Does that mean that you can only forge lightning-specific equipment? You do know that you have registered for the general Middle World Equipment Certificate, right?"

"Oh, no," Gravis said to clear the confusion. "I can forge any kind of equipment with lightning. It doesn't need to be lightning specific."

The young man blinked a couple of times like he hadn't heard correctly. "How?" he asked. "You would need to use your lightning to only heat the material without contaminating it with the essence of lightning. You would need to have an absolutely insane amount of control over lightning to do that. That should be impossible for an Immortal."

"Is that really so special?" Gravis asked. "My father simply showed me how to do that."

"Your father?" the man asked as he took a look at Gravis' Residency Ring. "Oh, your father," he repeated with a different tone. "Sure, he can probably do anything, but can you?"

"How about I just show you?" Gravis said. "What's the first thing I need to forge?"

The young man hesitated but shrugged his shoulders after a bit. Who cared if Gravis would waste an order? Some of the fees that the participants paid would just go to the customer as reparations.

Whoop! BANG!

The young man summoned a considerable piece of brown ore, which hit the ground with a huge bang. "Tower shield. Early Law Comprehension Realm. Earth Cultivator," the young man said simply.

Gravis immediately recognized the ore but grew confused due to multiple reasons. "This is only pure ore. Additionally, if I were to harden the tower shield, it would become tiny. Even more, isn't this too little ore anyway?" Gravis asked.

"The customer ordered a standard tower shield," the young man said. "This is only your first order, and it is to test if you have the basics down. Simply make it about 150 centimeters tall with the materials you received."

Gravis thought that this was a huge waste. Would such a shield even be useful? Calling it a paper shield would be more accurate than calling it a tower shield.

Gravis sighed. "Well, if that is what the customer wants," he said as he trailed off.

BZZZ!

Gravis summoned some lightning and melted the ore with practiced ease. The ore was finished heating up in less than a second, and Gravis quickly molded it into a fitting form. It hurt him that he had to make a shield without a compressed surface. It was like he was throwing ore out of the window.

The whole process took less than a minute.

BANG!

The shield hit the ground loudly as Gravis looked at the young man.

Yet, the young man only had his eyes opened wide in shock. It was like he couldn't believe what he had just seen.

Gravis waited some seconds. "Excuse me? I'm done," Gravis said.

The young man was shaken out of his stupor. "What? How?" he sputtered. "How were you so fast!? Where was the hammering? Where was the tempering? Where was the forging? You basically only warmed it, molded it into shape, and that was it! By reason, there should be a ton of inconsistencies and impurities in the shield. Are you sure you are done?"

Gravis shrugged. "That was how my father taught me. As for cooling, I did cool it. I infused my Law of Cold into the shield to cool it evenly."

"Law of Cold?" the young man repeated in surprise. "You're a lightning cultivator, right? How do you know the Law of Cold already? That thing is about as far away from your element as it gets."

Gravis only furrowed his brows. What was so unusual about that?

After a while, to stop the guy from continually getting surprised, Gravis simply showed him something.

WHOOOOM!

Besides Gravis, a small rock appeared as it floated in the world. This was a tiny world Gravis created out of the basic elements. Obviously, Gravis was demonstrating the Law of the Dead World. "Temperatures are part of the Law of the Dead World. Didn't you know that I have comprehended that Law?" Gravis asked.

The man's mouth fell open in shock. "W-What? You know the Minor Law of the Dead World as a new Immortal? Then, why are you here getting tested for the general certificate!?"

"Because I don't have it yet," Gravis said.

"What?" the young man said. "How come you don't- oooooohhh," he said as he suddenly remembered Gravis' Obsidian Ring. "Of course, you came from a middle world, right? That would explain it."

Gravis nodded.

"But then why didn't you simply use fire!?" he asked as he ruffled his hair in stress. "You clearly have access to fire, so why didn't you use it? Why are you using lightning?"

Gravis shrugged. "My control over lightning is better," he answered.

"Yeah, sure, I believe you, but that's not the point!" the man nearly shouted. "Using your lightning this finely should put a massive drain on your concentration. Yet, you're still using it for something this basic and simple."

"I don't feel any drain," Gravis said. "It just comes naturally."

The man tore at his hair like he couldn't comprehend the current situation. "If you didn't obviously show the signs of the Law of Honesty, I would have thrown you out for lying to me. How the hell do you not feel any drain from..."

But then, the man trailed off as he took a deep breath and released a sigh. "Know what? Just forget it," he said as he rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Let me just test the shield."

The shield floated over to the man, and several sounds of impacts could be heard coming from it. The man was hitting multiple parts of the shield with his Spirit. About 150 impacts hit the shield in just a couple of seconds, and the shield held.

"Huh," the man said. "Well, color me impressed. And you really don't feel any strain or fatigue?" he asked.

Gravis shook his head.

"Man," the man said as he looked at the shield again. "You're sitting on a goldmine. No wonder you are opening a forging shop. You're basically printing money."

Gravis furrowed his brows. "What do you mean?"

"You don't know what I mean?" the man asked. "Have you seen anyone else forge anything before?" he asked but remembered something. "Except your father, of course."

"No, I haven't," Gravis said.

"Makes sense," the man said as he put the shield down. "Generally, when forging equipment, us forgers need to go through a ton of processes. Equally heating everything takes a while since the fire can't penetrate the material. We basically need to heat from the outside to the inside and manage the temperature so that the inside is just as hot as the outside."

"Yet, by using lightning, you can heat the inside and the outside at the same time. That's why the heating is so fast in your case. Then, we need to hammer everything into place, which also requires us to continually reheat the material. Meanwhile, as far as I have seen, you have some kind of special Spirit that just forces stuff into place. It's like you're simply bending the material into a weapon."

The shield floated upwards again as the man knocked twice on it. "In order to make this, a new Immortal would take several hours. Meanwhile, you completed it in seconds. That's why I'm saying that you're basically printing money. On top of that, you don't even need any tools. That's unreal!"

Gravis was surprised about what he had just heard. He had thought that everyone was forging equipment like him. Yet, Gravis decided to not answer since he didn't want to sound like he was tooting his own horn.

Whoop! BANG!

Nine more piles of ores appeared as well as several jade slips with information on them.

"You already know the Minor Law of the Dead World. Testing you is pointless," the man said with a dismissive wave. "Simply complete these nine orders, and everything should be fine."

Gravis looked at the nine piles of ore and jade slips.

"No problem."

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Chapter 677: Supervisor

Gravis finished the remaining forging tasks in a bit more than a minute. The young man inspected the items and nodded with satisfaction. "Looks good," he said as he took out the jade token. "Give this to the clerk at the front."

Gravis grabbed the jade token and nodded. "Thanks," he said.

"No problem, bye," the young man said as Gravis was teleported back to the main hall.

Johnson opened his closed eyes when he saw Gravis. "You failed?" he asked.

"No, I was successful," Gravis said with a smile as he threw the jade token over.

Johnson looked with furrowed brows at Gravis and then looked at the jade token. After inspecting it for a bit, he blinked a couple of times in surprise. "That's a high evaluation you got there," he said.

"How high is it?" Gravis asked with interest.

"Your quality and speed are at the absolute peak. The only thing not at the peak is your consideration for the client," Johnson answered as he took out several pieces of paper again.

"Consideration?" Gravis asked. He was quite surprised that he didn't get full marks in everything.

"Yep, consideration," Johnson asked as he watched the papers in front of him with furrowed brows.

"The common errors that people make in consideration is that they don't ask about the client. They are fine with what they get without trying to get more information to make a perfect weapon suited for the client."

"Have you asked how tall the customer is? Have you asked if they prefer a lighter or heavier weapon? Have you asked for their preferences in terms of fighting style?" Johnson asked.

Gravis furrowed his brows. "I asked something about the materials with the first request, but I haven't asked for any additional information. Was I supposed to do that?" he asked.

Johnson nodded. "Have you received any additional information after asking about the first request?"

Gravis nodded. "Yes, I have been told how big the tower shield had to be. I didn't ask these things with the other nine tasks."

"Your clients won't always give you all the relevant information since they mostly don't know what information is relevant and what isn't," Johnson answered. "To make a perfect product, the product needs to perfectly fit the person and their fighting style. When you open your store, you should think about what you want to ask of the customers."

Gravis nodded. "Will do. Thanks," he said. "Will these credentials be shown to others?"

"Yep," Johnson answered as his furrowed brows transformed into a glare directed at the paper.

"Consideration is not that important. As long as you're not targeting the richest people with money to burn, nobody will care."

Gravis thought about this for a while and realized that this made a lot of sense.

"Fuck this!" Johnson shouted. "I'm not getting paid enough for this shit."

Whoop! Plop!

The supervisor appeared again with a frown, but before he could react, crumpled-up pieces of paper hit his face, courtesy of Johnson. The supervisor flattened the paper again as he glared at Johnson. Yet, when he saw Gravis, he only sighed and went on to fill out the forms.

The same process as last time repeated, and Gravis got his next Certificate. Yet, instead of leaving immediately, the supervisor looked at Gravis. "Need anything else?" he asked.

Gravis had to chuckle a bit at the dynamic between Johnson and his supervisor. "Yes, one more Certificate. Then, I'm done," he said.

The supervisor nodded. "Might as well stay here for that one. What Certificate do you need?" he asked.

"World Forging," Gravis answered.

The supervisor narrowed his eyes at Gravis, and after some seconds, he relaxed. "You know the Law of the Dead World. Quite surprising for a new Immortal. Yet, do you have the fee for the test?"

"How much is it?" Gravis asked. He should have the money.

"That would be 7,000,000 Immortal Stones or seven God Stones," the supervisor said.

Gravis sputtered when he heard that. How much!?! Seven fucking million!?! He didn't have that kind of money!

"Ehm," Gravis said awkwardly. "I'm a bit confused right now."

"Yes?" the supervisor asked.

"My mother told me that I should get these three Certificates now, and she wouldn't have sent me here with only 60,000 Immortal Stones if that weren't enough," Gravis said.

The supervisor scratched his chin but quickly noticed a possibility. "If you can provide a Middle World Core yourself, the evaluation would only cost 40,000 Immortal Stones. With your other two Certificates, the total should come up to 55,000, which would be within your budget."

Now, Gravis got it. "So, the Middle World Core is responsible for over 99% of the price?" he asked.

The supervisor nodded. "Getting the Middle World Core is by far the hardest and most expensive part to get due to its rarity. If you have the money to buy one, you have the money to buy everything needed to create a World Weapon too. I presume you have one?" he asked.

Gravis nodded.

Then, Gravis summoned his World Weapon and retrieved the Middle World Core from it. "Should it be this big?" he asked.

"Not quite that big. You can shave off around 20% of its weight," the supervisor said.

Gravis nodded and created another Middle World Core from his remaining pile. After he had the new core, he still had around 85% remaining from the original.

Yet, the Middle World Core looked completely different to him now. If that core was already worth 7,000,000 Immortal Stones, this entire chunk might be worth nearly 100 million Immortal Stones! That was an insane amount of wealth!

Gravis threw the newly created Middle World Core over to the supervisor together with 40,000 Immortal Stones. "How much would the forging fee be for a World Weapon?"

"Depends on the Cultivation Realm of the customer," the supervisor answered as he created a new jade token. "But that only becomes relevant when you reach the God Realms. It's very difficult to find anyone below the Star God Realm that knows the Minor Law of the Dead World. This means that the price is the same for everyone below the Star God Realm, which would be around 3,000,000 Immortal Stones."

Pack!

The supervisor threw the jade token over, and Gravis caught it. "3,000,000 Immortal Stones," Gravis said slowly. "No wonder mom said that selling them would be a waste. I can basically get around 40% more out of the ore with only a minimal amount of work."

"Hold your horses," the supervisor said. "Have you even made one yet?"

Gravis nodded and summoned his saber again. "I made this today," he said.

The supervisor furrowed his brows as he concentrated on the saber. "Looks good. I've got nothing to complain about. How long did it take you to forge it?"

"With or without the attuning process?" Gravis asked.

The supervisor looked at Gravis weirdly. "Does that make a difference?"

Now, Gravis was the surprised one. "Yeah. It took me like five hours to attune to the World Core while I created the rest in like two minutes."

For the first time, the supervisor showed an expression of shock. "Two minutes!?" he nearly shouted. "The intricate hammering normally needs years!"

Gravis scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. "Well, it only took me two minutes. I basically-"

Whoop!

And Gravis was gone.

Gravis had been summoned for his World Forging Certificate evaluation.

The supervisor shook his head quickly to regain his bearings.

"I gotta see this!" he said as he teleported to the same room.

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Chapter 678: Weapon Cultivator

Gravis appeared in another gigantic forge, this one even larger than the previous one. He didn't even know what half the equipment did. Yet, knowing the equipment was not necessary to him. After all, he didn't need any kind of equipment.

Yet, instead of one person, Gravis saw ten. One of them was the supervisor, while another person was the young man from his earlier evaluation, who just waved at Gravis with a smile. He probably also wanted to watch.

"This better be worth it," one of the people transmitted to the young man. "You disturbed my cultivation because of this."

"Trust me. This will so be worth it," the young man transmitted back.

A middle-aged woman stepped forward and gave Gravis the beast blood and ore. "This is the client," she said as she gestured to a young woman, which seemed to be rather nervous.

Gravis took the ore and beast blood and noticed many things about the young woman just based on the materials. The materials were light and flexible. This kind of material would be perfect for a rapier or a very thin sword.

Usually, Gravis would have expected this person to have the wind element, but he didn't want to jump to conclusions yet. The elements exhibited different properties the more powerful one became. Light, for example, could also make use of this kind of weapon.

"Nice to meet you," the young woman said. "So, you will forge my bow?"

'A bow, huh?' Gravis thought. 'I've never seen anyone fight with a bow before. I've also never created a bow.'

"Yes, I will create your bow, but I want to do some tests first to see what you prefer. Is that okay with you?" he asked politely.

"Sure," the young woman said with a smile. "What do you need?"

Gravis summoned the materials over and already heated them. "I'm going to make a bow and ask you for your feedback. No worries, this will take only a short amount of time. We should be done in, at most, two hours or so."

The young woman was a bit nervous when she saw her materials being used to create a new weapon. She wanted a World Weapon, but this forger was using her materials to ask for feedback.

Gravis saw the young woman's expression and guessed what she thought. After some seconds, the first bow was done. "Don't worry," he said. "None of your materials will go to waste. Here, look," he said as he pointed at the finished bow.

In a matter of seconds, the components melted down again, creating the same pile of materials as before.

When the young woman saw that, she released a sigh of relief. As long as her materials didn't go to waste, she was fine with it.

Gravis quickly created another bow while everyone looked at him with intensity.

"Impressive, isn't it?" the young man asked the people around him.

"Shut up, I want to watch!" someone answered with annoyance. The speed at which Gravis created the bow was insane! It would take an Immortal Emperor with an insane amount of control to create a weapon that fast, and even then, it would be immensely draining for their concentration.

Gravis gave the finished bow to the young woman. "Try it," he said.

The young woman took ahold of the bow in wonder. This was way too fast! After some seconds of surprise, she teleported over to one of the pieces of equipment. Gravis had no idea what the use of that piece of equipment was, but the young woman knew, apparently.

BANG!

The young woman readied her bow and kicked over a big lever. Then, a target popped up at the other side, and she shot at it. Surprisingly, the arrow took nearly half a second to land, and it missed on top of that. Half a second was a ton of time for an Immortal, and Gravis was quite surprised by the slowness.

Yet, he quickly realized something. 'Space,' he thought. 'This lever probably vastly stretches space in the area.'

The young woman shot five more arrows, with only the last four hitting the target. After that, she kicked another lever and returned to Gravis. "The string is not soft enough. I can't use my full power with it. Additionally, can you take out the crosshair on the bow? I don't need that."

Gravis nodded. "Sure thing," he said as he created a new bow in a couple of seconds. "Try this," he said.

The same thing repeated itself about 20 more times until the young woman was finally happy. "It's perfect! I want a World Weapon just like this one!" she said loudly with excitement and a bright smile.

Gravis had to chuckle at that. Without saying anything, he opened the bow and poured the blood in, making everyone's eyes fall out. After filling the bow, Gravis put the World Core in at the front and fixed it to the bow.

The bow quickly floated over to the young woman as she looked at it with shock. "Done," Gravis said. "You only need to attune the World Core to you. It's literally the same bow, so it should also feel the same."

The young woman marveled at Gravis' forging ability as she quickly went on to attune herself to the World Core. She had always heard that it was incredibly difficult and time-consuming to create a World Weapon, but, apparently, her family and friends were making a mountain out of a molehill. This forger had created about 20 World Weapons in less than an hour. This shouldn't be so hard.

Meanwhile, the examiners couldn't think rationally anymore.

What?

Creating a weapon in some seconds was one thing but creating a World Weapon in some seconds was something entirely different. What about the delicate channels? These channels were the main reason why World Weapons took so much longer to craft than normal weapons.

Creating these channels was incredibly difficult. It was like creating an intricate network of blood vessels all throughout a weapon. If there were too much nourishment at one spot, the whole weapon would feel weird. Yet, if there were too little, that spot of the weapon wouldn't be synchronized to the customer at all.

There were thousands of these tiny channels in a World Weapon, and creating all of them without even damaging the previously created ones was insanely complicated and time-consuming. One could say that creating a World Weapon was very frustrating and delicate.

The current situation was simply unreal to them. They just couldn't accept it!

If one likened the creation of a World Weapon to another craft, it would be pretty accurate to say that the creation of a World Weapon was akin to stitching an insanely tiny and intricate pattern into something. One wrong move, one slight spasm of the muscles or Spirit, and everything would be destroyed.

Watching Gravis create a World Weapon like it was a normal weapon was like watching someone taking the thin string for the pattern, laying it down in front of them, and smashing it with a fist. Yet, with just that simple smash, a perfect and supremely tiny pattern appeared.

It was just that insane! It just didn't seem real at all!

The examiner looked at the others evenly. "Yes, this is real," she transmitted to them calmly.

Only now could the others accept that this really just happened.

The young man from earlier only sighed. "I'm impressed that you remained so calm," he said to the examiner.

The examiner didn't answer.

In actuality, she had been the most shocked out of everyone.

Since she was an examiner for World Weapons, she knew the most about them out of everyone present. This situation had the most powerful impact on her. The only reason why she appeared so calm was that she had nearly a whole hour to calm down.

She had noticed that the very first bow had been a World Weapon, and after watching 20 more getting created, she was able to calm down and accept the situation.

But the others didn't need to know about that.

Everyone waited for the attunement process to finish, and after around 15 hours, the young woman was done.

'Interesting,' Gravis thought. 'Her attunement process took far longer than mine. I'm pretty sure that my Laws have nothing to do with the speed of my attunement. After all, it is simply filling up the World Core with your being. So, why did it take her that much longer?'

The young woman tested the bow out, and she shot over 300 arrows at the targets, hitting every single one of them. After around 50 arrows, she switched from material arrows to arrows created out of light. Apparently, she used the light element.

Yet, Gravis noticed that she was using the light element differently. Instead of just using the pure light element, the light element merged with something else, creating mighty, searing arrows. Gravis guessed that she was probably a Weapon Cultivator that used the light element secondarily.

After some minutes, she returned with a bright and happy smile. Then, she bowed to Gravis. "Thank you so much! It's perfect!" she said happily. "Can you tell me your name? I'm sure that all my friends would also want to request your services."

Gravis chuckled a bit. "I'm Gravis," he said. "I don't have a shop yet, but I will create one in the next couple of days or weeks or so."

"Gravis?" she said. "Gravis who?"

Gravis laughed a bit and showed his Obsidian Ring. "Just Gravis," he said.

The young woman was surprised when she saw Gravis' Obsidian Ring.

"Wait a second," the examiner said as she stepped forward. "I need to examine the weapon."

The bow flew over to her, and she looked at it closely. After some seconds, she was done and nodded. "Fine work, Gravis," she said as she threw over a jade token to the supervisor from the main hall.

The supervisor quickly filled out everything on the spot and created the Certificate, which flew over to Gravis.

Gravis looked at it and smirked.

"Evaluation: Perfect!"

[Lightning Is the Only Way](#)

Chapter 679: Housing Market

Gravis left the building and teleported back onto the streets with a smile. Finally, he had all the Certificates he needed! Now, he only needed a good shop.

"Hey, mom," Gravis transmitted to his mother. "I got all the necessary Certificates. Should I get a shop now?" he asked.

"That's great!" his mother answered happily. "Orthar and Yersi need around a year more to get fully ready. They both have to learn a lot about business and how to properly act in front of customers. Additionally, they need to learn how to spot a good and bad customer."

"One year, huh?" Gravis asked, not feeling happy about waiting longer.

"You need to wait two years anyway," his mother said. "Let me ask you, do you plan to stay in the highest world for more than 10,000 years before you resume your journey? This is important."

Gravis furrowed his brows. 10,000 years? He was planning to stay here for a while, but not for that long. "No, I think I'm only aiming to comprehend all the other level three Elemental Laws. These should be Middle Laws according to your classification."

"Do you have any idea how long that will take?" his mother asked again.

Gravis scratched his chin as a ton of people and beasts passed by him on the streets. "I think it would have probably taken me around 8,000 years to comprehend them while battling the middle Heaven. Yet, father said that I have options to comprehend them even faster here. So, around 5,000 years sounds about right, I think."

"Okay," his mother answered. "Then I would suggest renting a store instead of buying one outright. By buying one directly, you would save on money and then be able to resell it later, but it's not that easy to find buyers for the correct price."

"Owning a store also comes with costs. You need to keep the Formation Arrays running, even if you are not there, which costs Immortal Stones. Additionally, the Formation Arrays decay over time, which would require you to commission a Star God to repair them, which is costly," she said.

Gravis scratched the back of his neck. "Can't I just let the building stay inactive while I'm gone?"

"Gravis, do you have any idea how long people in the Immortal and God Realms cultivate at a time?" his mother asked. "If everyone were allowed to do that, this city would feel empty and dead. To keep the city alive and keep the economy going, you need to keep the Formation Arrays active all the time and the shop open for half of the time. If you don't, the building will get repossessed."

"Because of this dynamic, only a minority of shopkeepers actually own their store. If you own it, you gotta keep it active, which will result in your cultivation getting disturbed all the time. Only established shopkeepers that gave up trying to get more powerful actually buy their stores," his mother explained.

Gravis nodded. This made sense. It felt a little shitty that his building could become repossessed, but if he didn't follow these guidelines, everyone else also wouldn't need to follow them. Then, Opposer City would genuinely feel like a ghost town with tons of empty buildings just standing around.

"So, how do I rent one? I presume that the good shops are all taken up already," he said.

"That's not the case," his mother explained. "Most of the stores get leased per century. Shops in a good location get set up for auction one year before the lease ends. The one willing to pay the most will pay one century's worth of rent and will be allowed to work there for one century. After that, the shop gets auctioned again. Of course, the previous owner can participate in the auction."

Gravis found this system quite interesting, and he also found several good things about it. He could work for one century, earn a ton of money, and then cultivate for like a millennium or so. Then, he could just rent a new one.

"What is the ratio between rent and actually buying the building?" Gravis asked.

"Paying rent for your future shop for about 10,000 would equal its purchasing price," his mother explained. "But the landlord is responsible for keeping the Formation Array running, which costs a lot. So, even though the landlord would receive the purchase price of the shop from you after 10,000 years, it would take around 20,000 years for him to make the purchasing price in actual profit."

Gravis thought about this for a while. If he stayed 5,000 years in the highest world, he would probably forge for only around 500 years or so. This meant that he would pay only 5% of the purchasing price of the shop. Sure, buying a house, renting, and then reselling it would make more money, but not in this city.

If Gravis were willing to continually work and keep the shop running, buying a shop would definitely be the better option. Yet, he was not planning on forging all day for such a long time. Gravis' goal was not to become rich. His goal was to earn enough money to quickly learn useful Laws. Cultivation in the highest world needed money and time.

"Alright," Gravis transmitted. "Then I will get one for a century. How much money do I need to prepare and what shop should I get?" he asked.

"There is a good one up for auction in a year. I don't want you to waste your materials yet. You can get far more money out of them if you transform them into weapons. Everyone can get money, but finding the right materials is difficult for a lot of people. They would be willing to buy a weapon out of these materials at a premium."

"So, for the first century, I will rent it for you," she said. "You can pay me back for that later. It shouldn't take much time for you to earn that much."

Gravis nodded. If his mother were to gift him the shop, he would adamantly refuse, but accepting a loan was no problem. If his mother were in a financial crisis, Gravis also wouldn't accept the loan, but she wasn't. Being afraid of taking out a loan was only relevant if one couldn't pay it back.

"Okay," Gravis answered. "How much will it cost, roughly?"

"Somewhere between 500,000 and 750,000 Immortal Stones," she said, making Gravis gasp.

"Shops are that expensive!?" Gravis asked. "Then, wouldn't buying the shop cost over 50 million Immortal Stones!?"

"Shops in this city are expensive, Gravis," his mother answered with a chuckle. "If you sell all of your ore, except for your Middle World Core, you would be able to get around 20 million, but you can easily make 50 million out of that by converting it to equipment."

Gravis released a sigh. It was far more than he had expected, but it was better this way.

Gravis had not even considered converting the materials into equipment without a client. Sure, he could sell the finished weapons, but Cultivators at his level had precise requirements for their weapons. It would be difficult to find a buyer for an already forged weapon. Because of that, the weapons would only sell for a little more than their material was worth.

"What about an apartment?" Gravis asked. "I want to have my own place together with Orthar and Yersi. It should also be big enough for us to feel comfortable."

"That would be a three Immortal all-inclusive apartment," his mother answered. "That would cost around 1,500 Immortal Stones per year. So, for a century, that would be 150,000 Immortal Stones. You guys can stay at our place until you have had your first customers. After that, it shouldn't be an issue for you to rent a place. In comparison to shops, you don't need to visit an auction since there are enough apartments to go around."

Gravis scratched his chin. "Would a place like this have enough space?" he asked.

"Gravis," his mother said with a chuckle. "The owners of the apartments are Cultivators themselves. They know what an Immortal wants. Such an apartment is not of the cheap kind, so you can expect for it to be more than good enough."

Gravis also chuckled a bit. "Okay, maybe that was a stupid question from me. Anyway, I will be waiting for a year until Orthar and Yersi are ready. After that, we can relax for another year until it is time to open our shop."

"Have fun!" his mother transmitted with a kind voice.

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Chapter 680: Old Acquaintance

Gravis mainly just walked around the city for the following year. He was sightseeing, but also informing himself about the general prices. He had to get a good grip on the prices to properly evaluate what he should charge.

A big criterium for the price was the number and evaluation of the Certificates in front of each shop. The prices of a forge with the Certificate of Honesty generally were about 20% higher than the forges without one. Gravis guessed that the reason for that was that many people were generally willing to pay 20% more if it meant that they could fully trust that shop. After all, people didn't like being scammed.

Another important criterium was the Certificate for Middle World Equipment. The shops with a high evaluation had prices nearly 50% higher than shops with a low evaluation. Yet, that was nothing in comparison to the shops with the perfect Certificate.

The shops with the perfect Certificate often wanted around ten times the money of the shops with a high evaluation. Gravis guessed that these shops probably catered to the rich minority of people that had money to throw around. Fewer customers but more money per customer was their philosophy.

The World Weapon forges also had insane price margins. Yet, there was an issue. Gravis could only make equipment up to two levels above him, and the resulting weapon might become imperfect. After all, perfectly hitting a nail with a bit of strength was easier than when using all of one's strength.

Most World Weapon forges created weapons up to the peak of the Immortal Emperor Realm. Meanwhile, Gravis could only create World Weapons for the lower half of the Immortal Realm. This meant that his customer base for World Weapons was tiny.

Because of that, Gravis decided to make the prices of his World Weapons lower than everyone else with a high evaluation for their World Forging Certificate. With Gravis having a perfect Certificate, he should be able to find some customers.

As for general equipment prices, Gravis also decided on going a bit lower than forgers with a high evaluation. For many forgers, time was money since they needed to spend hours on every weapon. A forger generally wanted to have enough customers that they could continually forge without having a queue or without having any downtime.

This was not true for Gravis. The more customers he got, the better. If he only requested about 80% of the regular prices of forges with a high evaluation, he would get far more customers than any other shop with a similar evaluation. Gravis could make weapons in seconds. The more customers, the better!

After around a month of informing himself, Gravis noticed something very peculiar as his eyes narrowed. Then, a sneer appeared on his face.

After that, Gravis vanished.

Gravis reappeared in a different kind of space. White mist was constantly flowing around, and a ton of different kinds of merchandise filled the space. The Energy density in this space was also incredibly high.

Instantly, someone appeared in front of Gravis. It was a young man with fiercely shaped eyes. Yet, his fiercely shaped eyes only showed nervousness, confusion, and fear.

"Greetings, Senior," the man said very carefully as he bowed deeply. "Could you please tell me the reason for your visit?"

Gravis looked at the young man with a grin. The person in front of him was not an actual person but the Spirit of a person.

That was right. Gravis was inside the Spirit Space of someone else.

The High Priest from the lower world had been able to do that to Gravis with his wood element since Gravis was a major Realm below him back then. Now, Gravis could do the same to others with a lower Realm. After all, Gravis also had access to the wood element now.

Invading someone else's Spirit Space was about as rude and aggressive as it got. It was basically the same thing as holding a blade to someone's neck.

"Don't recognize me?" Gravis asked with a smirk.

The young man looked at Gravis. He couldn't see through Gravis' power. Additionally, he hadn't seen this black-haired adult before. He had absolutely no idea who Gravis was.

"Excuse me for my negligence, Senior," he said with a bow. "I can't place you in my memory."

Gravis huffed with a sneer. "About 22 years ago or so, you scammed me," Gravis said. "I bought a scanner and a Life Ring from you for some ore from a lower world. Yet, you stole my Research Adept badge during the trade."

The man quickly remembered the time he scammed a young teenager with white hair and weird eyes. He was certain that this person would die soon since he would have to cultivate in the highest world. Even if the person didn't die, it would take hundreds of years for him to become powerful enough to rival the trader. Was this truly that young person?

"I can't remember doing that, Senior," the man said carefully.

Yet, with his early Nascent Nourishing Realm, it was impossible to lie before an Immortal. Gravis immediately noticed the lie, and his smirk widened.

"I don't care if you remember or not," Gravis said. "I remember, and I'm more powerful than you. So, you either give the Research Adept Emblem back with a bit extra, or I will take whatever I want."

'Give it back?' the young man thought in shock. As if he had that kind of money! Such a Research Adept Emblem was worth over 500 Immortal Stones! He didn't have such an insane amount of money!

"I don't have this kind of money. Can I pay you back later?" he asked nervously.

Gravis Spirit Sense stretched out of the man's Spirit Space and encompassed the Sky Community. After that, Gravis cross-referenced the different kinds of things this trader had and how much his stuff was worth.

In the end, Gravis came to a pitiful conclusion. His Research Adept Emblem was worth around 700 Immortal Stones, while this poor bastard only had a collective 27 Immortal Stones in his possession. This was not even close.

Suddenly, a new person appeared inside the Spirit Space.

Gravis had already noticed that the young man had called for help as soon as he had arrived. This was probably his backer...

Or beggar, more precisely.

Apparently, this young man's backing was one of the beggars in the actual city, a level two Immortal.

The beggar looked at Gravis with cold eyes.

Then, his eyes transformed into fear when he felt Gravis' power and Will-Aura.

'Fuck that!'

Whoop!

And the beggar was gone, leaving the young man in despair. He left just as quickly as he had appeared.

Gravis turned back to the young man. "Now, as for my payment," he said.

"You-You can't kill me!" the young man said in panic. "Killing is not allowed in the Sky Community!"

Gravis chuckled a bit. "You should have thought of that before stealing from me," he said.

After that, Gravis left the young man's Spirit Space. Initially, the young man felt relieved, but that was quickly replaced with despair.

The young man opened his actual eyes. At least, he tried to. The young man couldn't open his eyes. Not only that, he couldn't even move!

In the Sky Community, Gravis hovered in front of a statue. He had summoned some of his Law Comprehension Ore and encased the young man in it. This person was not nearly powerful enough to move.

"Did you know that the longevity for the Nascent Nourishing Realm is about 3,000 years? I'm planning on spending around 5,000 years here. No worries, before I'm leaving for the higher world, I will release you."

"Now," Gravis said with a smirk. "You can still communicate with others with your Spirit. You better find a way to give me 1,000 Immortal Stones, which is about 50% more than the Research Adept Emblem is worth. Go call in some favors, take out a loan, or whatever. Come up with the money, and I will release you immediately."

"If you can't, you might become an attraction in the Sky Community for a while," Gravis said with a smirk.

The young man pleaded, but Gravis didn't care. If this guy was able to pay reparations for his actions, he would be able to continue living. If he couldn't, well, then he shouldn't have taken the Emblem in the first place.

The surrounding traders of the Sky Community looked at the statue with discomfort. Sometimes, things like these happened, but it was still considered a rarity.

Gravis used his wind element to keep the statue floating and infused it with enough Energy to keep it running for a couple hundred years. Keeping one statue levitating didn't take much out of his vast pool of Energy.

"Wish you luck," Gravis said as he turned around.

And then, Gravis teleported away.

The traders and customers looked at the statue and sighed.

At least it wasn't them.

What Gravis didn't know was that this seemingly random and unimportant act grabbed the attention of a powerful being.