

## M. Slaying 110

### Chapter 110: Borrowed Fire

Inside Taotie City stood a First-Rate Sword Hut, constructed against the wall of a mountain, occupying a vast area with a majestic presence. However, despite the grandeur facade of the Sword Hut, the true residence was merely an extremely simple wooden house situated in front of the mountain.

In front of the mountain stood a middle-aged man with a weathered face. His hands were behind his back, and his robust, inch-long hair framed sharp features. His deep, profound eyes gave him the appearance of a stone-carved statue, exuding a rock-solid temperament.

He had the demeanor of a grandmaster.

This man was none other than the owner of this Sword Hut. He was the revered swordsmith in Taotie City, Xu Kunwu.

At this moment, a faint worry flickered in his eyes.

"Father, did you call for me?" A young man in vigorous attire hurried over, bearing a resemblance to the man in front of him. He appeared to be around thirty years old, modest and honest, and with bright eyes.

He was Xu Kunwu's only son, Xu Sui.

"Mmm," Xu Kunwu turned around and said, "Convey my orders: gather all the valuable materials, rare treasures, finished and semi-finished famous swords inside the Sword Hut. Store them all away—not necessarily hidden, but transport them to another place in the city for the time being. Ensure that nothing gets lost and bring them back after some time."

"Why..." Xu Sui was extremely surprised. "What's going on? We still have dozens of swords in the Sword Hut that are in the middle of production."

"Just stop all of them for now. Resume when the coast is clear. There's no urgent work at the moment so it should be fine for the production to stop for now," Xu Kunwu decisively said.

"But why?" Xu Sui was completely puzzled. "It's as if we're guarding against thieves..."

Xu Kunwu stared at him and said in a serious tone, "Consider it guarding against thieves."

"What? What thief would dare steal from our First-Rate Sword Hut? Do they have a dying wish?" Xu Sui exclaimed.

"I'm afraid she won't just steal. I'm worried she might resort to a brazen robbery." Xu Kunwu's eyes flickered, obviously recalling some unpleasant memories.

"What exactly happened?" Xu Sui was so confused, not understanding what had transpired. How did his usually calm and reliable father suddenly act as if a great calamity was about to happen?

"Do you remember twenty years ago when I forged the Jinyang Sword?" Xu Kunwu asked.

"Of course, that was the most famous sword you crafted," Xu Sui recalled, his eyes filled with pride for his father. The crafting of that sword was very important, as it was this sword that elevated his father to become one of the top swordsmiths of the time.

"At that time, the Pure Yang Essence Iron contained so much Yang energy that, despite my attempts with a dozen types of divine fires, I could not refine it. I almost failed." Xu Kunwu reminisced, delving back into the past. "Then, after much difficulty and persistent pursuit, I sought and eventually acquired a Samadhi True Fire<sup>[1]</sup>. That was the key to successfully refining the material and forging the Jinyang Sword."

"Samadhi True Fire? Isn't that the imperial family's..."

When the Jinyang Sword was forged, Xu Sui was still young and had no idea of the details. As he listened to his father recount the past, he couldn't help but be surprised.

This was an immortal art known as Samadhi True Fire.

The Samadhi True Fire was renowned as the strongest flame in the world and the origin of all fires. Of the five special elemental constitutions, each associated with one of the five types of Elemental Spirits, only those with a Divine Fire Spirit could perform the cultivation of such immortal art.

However, those with a Divine Fire Spirit were descendants of the Xia Family, the imperial family of the Yu Dynasty.

This was a legacy of the imperial family of the Yu Dynasty—the Xia Family. Only those who were part of this lineage could cultivate this immortal art.

In this world teeming with gods and demons, the one who could become an emperor was undoubtedly be no ordinary person. Even if the supreme being was not an Eminent cultivator, he should at least be recognized in some way by the sects in the Divine Nine and Terrestrial Ten.

Before the establishment of the Yu Dynasty, the Xia family was already one of the three ancient families existing in the world of immortal cultivation.

A genius cultivator who could establish a sect might not guarantee that his family would remain powerful for generations. After all, a sect could choose talents to nurture, while a family could not guarantee generations of exceptional talents—unless, of course, the lineage would pass on some supernatural trait, securing a lasting legacy of extraordinary abilities.

The three ancient families of the immortal cultivation world were the Xia family, which inherited the constitution of the Divine Fire Spirit, the Ji family, which carried the hereditary trait of the Xuan Yuan Eyes, and the Jiang family, which inherited the constitution of the Transcendent Spirit.

These three families' members were not necessarily all extraordinary, but at least one or even several outstanding individuals would emerge in each generation.

If anyone with such a unique constitution could grow up normally, they were destined to rival the contemporary geniuses. They would become the backbone of the family. The enduring influence of an ancient family could be guaranteed only if a genius was born in every generation.

During turbulent times, the Xia family rose to prominence, commanding an army and declaring themselves rulers of the entire continent. They established the Yu Dynasty and became the imperial family. Even today, they continue to adhere to ancestral traditions. To ensure that future emperors would be powerful enough, only those who inherited the constitution of the Divine Fire Spirit were eligible to be the crown prince.

If the ruler of a country could be easily killed by others, stability within the country would not be attainable.

The Xia Family carried the legacy of the Divine Fire Spirit, and only those with the Divine Fire Spirit could cultivate the Samadhi True Fire. This fact was widely known.

However, as the imperial family, the Xia family had their own imperial swordsmith, who happened to be a rival of Xu Kunwu. Logically speaking, it was unlikely for the members of the imperial family to assist his father, who was serving Taotie City.

"The imperial family members are not the only ones in the world who can cultivate the Samadhi True Fire." Xu Kunwu shook his head and said, "I begged someone else for the Samadhi True Fire and that was how I managed to forge the Jinyang Sword.. But because of that, I owed that person a favor."

"Now..." he looked into the distant sky as he spoke, "that person is coming."

...

"Borrowed fire?"

Chu Liang froze.

"That's right! He borrowed fire from me back then," Di Nufeng said proudly.

Indeed, Chu Liang was unaware of this. In his perception, he thought that any connections Di Nufeng might have must be her enemies.

Does she actually have good connections?

This was too shocking.

And it was Master Kunwu...

Currently, the top three swordsmiths in the world were Chen Buyan, an ancient-style swordsmith from the Zhongshan Sword Hut; Baili Tong, the imperial swordsmith in the Yu Capital; and Xu Kunwu, a top-tier swordsmith who is also the first-rank honored ally of Taotie City[2].

Among these three swordsmiths, Master Chen inherited the ancient-style swordsmithing technique of the Zhongshan Sword Hut. This technique would prioritize the intent during sword forging over the materials used. With a tranquil mind, free from constraints and adopting a mysterious and unpredictable approach, the swordsmith would focus on nurturing the sword's intent. Every success would guarantee the birth of a legendary sword.

Most ancient-style swordsmiths would have forged less than ten swords in their lifetime. Therefore, despite their high status, they couldn't be hired easily. In terms of skill alone, Master Chen was universally recognized as the number one in the world.

Master Baili enjoyed great honor serving the imperial family, exclusively crafting swords for both the imperial family and court figures.

Master Kunwu was a first-rank honored ally of Taotie City. Despite his high status, he was the only one of the three who opened up his business to the public. Obviously, he had to select clients based on the prices.

And those prices were extremely exorbitant—a level of expense that Chu Liang didn't even dare to imagine.

So, when Di Nufeng mentioned that name, Chu Liang's first reaction was: How dare she? Is she going to sell the land of Silver Sword Peak? It's probably not even enough; they'll have to work as tour guides at the door for a hundred years.

Could the lending of some flames cost this much?

"I didn't actually know him well back then. I just wanted to tease some old guys, so I helped him. Who knew he would become famous in recent years as a renowned swordsmith?" Di Nufeng scratched her head and said with a smile, "If it weren't for contemplating where to get you a good sword, I would have forgotten about this.

"Esteemed Teacher, since you have this connection, why bother borrowing the Heavenly Cloud Ancient Sword? Just ask Master Kunwu to give us a good sword." Chu Liang asked, feeling puzzled.

In his opinion, Master Kunwu must have many finished flying swords. They could just choose one from the best; it would be much better than the overpriced swords sold by the Mount Shu Sect. If this was an option, why should they bother visiting with the Heavenly Cloud Ancient Sword and demand that a replica of it be forged?

"Well, that would be too easy." Di Nufeng grinned and said, "Since we've finally caught a toad, we must squeeze out its poop, urine, and farts together..."[3]