

M. Slaying 97

Chapter 97: Hand Over

"Fine, two hundred it is," Chu Liang said, accepting the price. Then he added, "I have two more things. Could you appraise them without charging me additional fees?"

"No problem," Wen Yulong replied with a smile.

Chu Liang could tell that Wen Yulong wasn't happy simply because of the forging fee; he genuinely enjoyed making enchanted tools. It was certainly a joyous occasion for him that he could have great materials and enchanted tools to forge with.

Chu Liang took out the remaining half of a scorched robe and asked, "What material do you think this is?"

"Oh... "

This time, Wen Yulong swiftly proceeded to take a look and rub the fabric between his thumb and his fingers.

Then he said at once, "This is Aura-Concealing Muslin, a material that conceals one's aura. If it were made into a robe and worn, the wearer's aura would not be revealed even while they're moving. It matches well with that saber blade from before, which was forged using Black Meteor Essence Iron... Aren't these part of a set of assassin gear? It seems like you took these from an assassin of a high level."

Wen Yulong's analysis was accurate.

Nevertheless, Chu Liang just smiled and didn't say much in response to that.

Instead, he asked, "Is it valuable?"

Wen Yulong answered, "This kind of material is certainly valuable as a fabric for clothes. However, this is only half a robe. You won't be able to sell it off as a finished product, and you'd be making a loss if you sell it as a material... I suggest that you just spend more money and buy another piece of

Aura-Concealing Muslin fabric. With that, I would be able to help you make a complete robe that you could use."

"Oh, I see..."

Chu Liang pondered for a moment and thought that it was a pretty good suggestion.

He recalled a Golden-Core-Realm Diabolic cultivator whom he'd fought in the past. That cultivator had used a divine skill that had a similar effect to that of the Aura-Concealing Muslin. When the skill was in effect, others couldn't see his face clearly once he put on a robe. This type of minor divine skill that could conceal the user's identity was quite essential for those who were traveling the world.

However, it wasn't enough just to obscure one's face; truly powerful fighters could sense the auras of those around them.

If Chu Liang were to have a robe made from Aura-Concealing Muslin, it would make everything a lot more convenient for him, regardless of whether he intended to engage in combat or covert activities.

"Can I buy it at the Hall of Weapons?" Chu Liang asked. "How much does it cost?"

"Our sect doesn't have this," Wen Yulong answered.

He worked as an attendant for the Hall of Weapons, so he was well aware of what materials they had in inventory.

Wen Yulong immediately followed up with, "If you want to buy the muslin, I could contact a friend from the Taotie Pavilion to inquire about it. You can buy most things there. However, the prices may not be as reasonable as they are in our sect. If we help purchase it for you and then convert the price to sword coins... I estimate that the price would be at least five hundred sword coins."

"I don't really think the prices here are that reasonable though..." Chu Liang muttered, quietly making a mildly scathing comment.

He still remembered the flying swords he'd seen on a shelf in the Hall of Weapons. Their high prices had dealt quite a big hit to him at a time when he had still been getting a sense for how items were valued in this world.

Nonetheless, after having spent a long time outside, he now understood that the items sold by the Hall of Weapons were indeed priced comparatively reasonably for the disciples of the Mount Shu Sect.

Unconventional cultivators had to barter for items most of the time, so if there was something they needed urgently, they would have to offer to pay a much higher price to purchase the item. That was why marketplaces were filled with customers fighting and scheming against each other to get the items they wanted.

Much of the time, the most troubling aspect for them was not the high prices but that the items weren't in stock anywhere. In comparison, the Mount Shu Sect was essentially like a greenhouse.

After thinking about it for a while, Chu Liang agreed to Wen Yulong's suggestion, "All right. Help me inquire about it, and let me know once there's a confirmed price. Thanks."

"Sure," Wen Yulong replied and wrote down a note about this matter.

Chu Liang then took out a small gourd and asked, "Can you appraise pills too?"

"What a great harvest!" Wen Yulong exclaimed in admiration as he took the gourd. He grinned and said, "You've found the right person. I initially started out learning alchemy, but I later switched to learning how to make enchanted tools."

"Why?" Chu Liang asked with a smile.

"The Hall of Alchemy said that pills concocted with even the slightest mistake could be fatal for whoever consumed them, so nobody dared to consume the pills I made. Making enchanted tools is a bit better since they don't need to be consumed," Wen Yulong explained as he recalled the bitter memories of his past.

Chu Liang nodded silently.

Indeed...

After all, the way Wen Yulong worked was an issue. It was fine for him to be a bit extreme in making enchanted tools. They might turn out a little weird, but they might come with pleasant surprises. However, if Wen Yulong were concocting pills... Chu Liang wouldn't dare to consume them no matter what.

Wen Yulong poured out one of the pills from the gourd and examined it for a moment with furrowed brows.

Then he said, "I don't recognize this pill. I'll do some research on it later. If I still can't find anything, we might have to take a sample to test its effects, which is more of a hassle. Leave one pill with me, and I'll inform you once I have results."

"Sounds good," Chu Liang replied.

He left the one pill with Wen Yulong and put the gourd away.

This was a pretty normal process for identifying pills, as pills and enchanted tools were fundamentally different things. To find out the effects of an unknown enchanted tool, a cultivator merely needed to inject their foundational qi into it and test it out. However, no one would dare to lick or taste an unfamiliar pill.

Once they were done discussing business, Chu Liang got up and bid Wen Yulong farewell.

Wen Yulong waved goodbye with a smile. It was a stark contrast to when Chu Liang left at the end of his previous consultation.

Chu Liang couldn't help but smile in response.

Of course. Now that he's earned a significant amount of money, he provides his service with a very different attitude.

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After leaving the Hall of Weapons, Chu Liang went next door to the Hall of Conservation.

Compared to the Hall of Weapons and the Hall of Alchemy, the Hall of Conservation had much fewer customers. After all, divine skills were different from enchanted tools and pills, which needed to be purchased to be owned.

If someone bought a divine skill, they could teach ten people, and the ten people could teach a hundred others. There was no need for each of them to buy the divine skill. Moreover, all of the disciples had teachers... So, except for a certain handsome guy, there weren't many people who genuinely needed to buy divine skills.

In reality, the Hall of Conservation's purpose in the Mount Shu Sect was more like that of a library—a storage facility for cultivation legacies. Consequently, the Hall of Conservation strived to accumulate as many cultivation legacies as possible. To achieve that goal, it didn't just sell divine skills; it accepted cultivation legacies from disciples as well.

Unlike the warm and lively Hall of Weapons with its many customers, the much emptier Hall of Conservation was cold and cheerless. Additionally, there weren't any private rooms to serve clients in, just a small table in the hall.

Sitting at that table was a young square-faced disciple in a blue sleeveless coat, who was currently reading a book. It seemed that this disciple was the person managing this library.

Chu Liang approached the square-faced young man and called out, "Excuse me, Senior Brother...?"

"Oh?" the square-faced young man uttered as he raised his head.

The square-faced young man had small eyes and a blank gaze. He seemed a bit... dumb? His looks gave him the appearance of a simple and honest young man, with an air of righteousness.

The square-faced young man looked Chu Liang up and down before asking, "Which divine skill do you want to buy?"

"I'm not buying any. I'm here to hand over a divine art," Chu Liang answered.

"Hand over...?" the square-faced young man replied. "Show me. It must be a divine art that the Hall of Conservation doesn't already have for you to receive a reward for handing it over."

"Here," Chu Liang said as he took out the jade slip containing the Seven Killings Star cultivation legacy and gave it to the square-faced young man.

Upon taking the jade slip, the square-faced young man scanned it with his divine sense.

The square-faced young man nodded and remarked, "Surprisingly, it's the Heavenly Star Unusual Art of the Seven Killings Star... It hasn't been seen in the public domain for a very long time. This is a truly precious legacy."

He now looked at Chu Liang with a more serious expression.

It seemed that the square-faced young man hadn't expected that Chu Liang, a disciple who didn't have a high level of cultivation, could obtain such a rare and valuable legacy.

Similarly, Chu Liang gazed at the square-faced young man with a slightly surprised expression.

Chu Liang had initially thought that the square-faced young man was just an attendant guarding the place. Yet, after the young man had briefly scanned the jade slip with his divine sense, he had managed to determine that the Hall of Conservation didn't have the legacy that the jade slip contained. This implied that he knew every cultivation legacy that was stored in the Hall of Conservation.

The Hall of Conservation's collection of divine cultivation legacies was as vast as the open sea. It would be a little shocking if the square-faced young man truly had all of them recorded in his mind.

"This legacy is indeed precious. But we only give out fixed rewards in return to disciples who hand legacies over to us. We don't really buy the legacies..." the square-faced young man said. "So, even for this precious legacy of the Seven Killings Star, we can only reward you with a thousand sword coins."

"That's fine," Chu Liang replied.

He didn't mind.

He'd already known that if he sold this legacy in the world of immortality cultivators, he could get way more than the reward money from the right buyer. However, it would be troublesome as well as risky.

The Seven Killings Star's legacy was dualistic in nature. How could Chu Liang be sure that the buyer wasn't going to use it to fulfill their evil intentions? If someone were to cultivate using this legacy, become an assassin, and commit countless murders, Chu Liang would have to bear some responsibility for that.

Handing the legacy over to the Hall of Conservation meant it probably wouldn't be used for cultivation, so it couldn't be considered as a purchase. Thus, Chu Liang understood and accepted the reason for the amount given as a reward.

In any case, a thousand sword coins was not a small amount for him at the moment. Aside from the unidentified pills with a mystery effect, this legacy turned out to be the most profitable thing from this batch of gains. The remaining two items had been damaged after all. Chu Liang could use this sum of money to pay Wen Yulong for his services and the extra material that needed to be purchased.

The square-faced young man made a record of the legacy in a book, handed over the sword coins to Chu Liang, and gave him some additional instructions.

"Here are your sword coins. Count them. Regardless of whether you made a backup copy of this legacy, you're permitted to come here and view the legacy for free because you were the one who handed it over to us. I'm Yuan Zhuo. Feel free to come find me in the future if there's anything you need help with."

"All right," Chu Liang replied. He took the sword coins and thanked the square-faced young man with a smile, "Thank you, Senior Brother Square[1]."