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Kai said to Flaxseed, "Mr. Flaxseed, do let go of me. I was summoned here by Mr. Sanders, you know." Flaxseed loosened his grip when he heard that. Kai added, "Would you like to go in with me?" "No, I don't want to..."

Flaxseed took several steps back. It was obvious that he was afraid of Arthur. Kai gave a slight chuckle at that. Having interacted with Arthur for so long, he didn't think the man was scary at all. In fact, the latter was rather kind sometimes.

After leading Kai into Arthur's room, Xavier excused himself. At the sight of Kai, Arthur smiled. "Kai, what are you doing here so early in the morning? Could it be that you didn't have enough of the wine last night, and you're here to ask for more?"

Kai shook his head. "Mr. Sanders, I'm here to ask if you know anything about Crafting Clan?" "I do. In fact, there's some history between me and the head of Crafting Clan, Pascal Schneider..." came Arthur's reply.

"History? What kind of history? Does that mean you know where Crafting Clan is?" Kai was elated to hear Arthur's words. The latter chuckled. "But of course. Let me guess... You're searching for Crafting Clan because you're trying to get the Divine Scroll in order to open the entrance to a secret realm. Am I right?"

Kai froze. He didn't expect Arthur to be able to guess everything as if he could see through his mind. He replied truthfully, "Yes. I found an entrance to a secret realm in the backyard of the Warriors Alliance. There's a chance my girlfriend is locked inside there." In response, Arthur said, "I can tell you the address of Crafting Clan, and I will give you a token. As long as you bring the token to Pascal, he will lend you the Divine Scroll."

Upon finishing his sentence, he picked up a calligraphy brush from the table and threw it in Kai's direction before telling him the location of Crafting Clan.

Kai caught the brush and used his spiritual sense on it, only to find the calligraphy brush to be an ordinary brush without the slightest spiritual energy to it.

He couldn't understand how an ordinary calligraphy brush could be a token. Nonetheless, he didn't dare question Arthur about it. After thanking him, he left the Department of Justice.

When Flaxseed saw him, he asked, "How was it? Did you get an answer?" Kai nodded. "I did. We're setting off to Crafting Clan right away." Just one day after returning, he was about to leave again.

Although Lizbeth and the others were reluctant to see him leave, they could only pray that Kai would have a safe journey. After all, his goal was to save Josephine.

Meanwhile, Jessica and Flaxseed couldn't bear to part with each other as well. Taking advantage of the time needed for their ride to arrive, Flaxseed made sure to satisfy Jessica fully before setting off with Kai.

Just as Kai and Flaxseed were making their way to Crafting Clan on Baylor Mountain, Skylar and Malphas could be seen walking out from a flash of light within the Evil Heart Sect.

A strong aura was exuding from Skylar's body, making the atmosphere heavy with overwhelming pressure. With admiration shining in his eyes, Malphas praised, "As expected of Inferno Devil's Form. Your physique and blood vessel has already begun to develop. I can't believe you were able to achieve a breakthrough and become a Fourth Level Martial Arts Saint in such a short period of time! With your Inferno Devil's Form, I'm sure even a Fifth Level Martial Arts Saint will be no match for you!"

"It's all thanks to you and Lord Tanner that I was able to achieve this. I will do my best in the future and work hard for the development of our sect!" came Skylar's humble reply.

Malphas replied coolly, "That's good to hear. Anyway, I know you have always wanted to find Kai to avenge the murder of your father, so here's your chance. Kai has found the entrance to our secret realm and tried to enter it forcefully. Although he failed, I still need you to stop him from entering our secret realm."

Skylar was baffled to hear that. "But Mr. Malphas, isn't it impossible to open the entrance to our secret realm by brute force alone? Since that's the case, even if I didn't stop him, Kai still wouldn't be able to enter the secret realm, right?"

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The entrance to the secret realm has been reinforced with a spell. Unless someone knows what the spell is, they won't be able to enter. Malphas looked concerned when he explained, "That's where you're wrong. Although it's true that brute force alone can't open the entrance to the secret realm, there is one thing that can, and I'm sure those guys from Demon Sect must have told Kai about it.

There's a chance that he has already set off to find it. If he does find it, he will be able to enter our secret realm easily. Not only will he be able to enter the dungeon area, but he will also have access to the place where we live and cultivate." Skylar was shocked. "What kind of item possesses such power?"

“The Divine Scroll of Crafting Clan... In any case, you should head to Crafting Clan and talk to them in the name of Evil Heart Sect. Hopefully, they’ll be willing to help. It would be for the best if you could capture Kai alive, but if you can’t, destroy him. You must make sure he’s dead this time!”

Upon saying that, Malphas took out a ten centimeters long calabash with a red rope tied to it. He then added, “The head of Crafting Clan is a master at crafting weapons, and he loves to collect magical items. If you bring him this, I’m sure he will lend you a hand.”

As he spoke, he passed the calabash to Skylar. Skylar gave the calabash a once-over before asking dubiously, “Mr. Malphas, is this calabash a high-level magical item?”

Malphas gave him a dismissive wave. “Don’t ask and just do as I say. I’m sure the head of Crafting Clan will tell you the beauty of the calabash when the time comes.” Skylar got down on one knee and nodded before promising, “I’ll give it my all to complete this mission and capture Kai alive.”

Situated in the hinterland of Baylor Mountain, Crafting Clan was isolated from the world, making it a place where no ordinary human could find it.

Apart from that, the steep mountain path also made it impossible for the average Joe to reach it. That being said, there wasn’t a place in the world that was too difficult for martial artists or cultivators to go to.

At that moment, Skylar was looking up at the majestic gate of Crafting Clan as he stood at the entrance. There were no guards on either side of the gate, and in its place was a dragon and a tiger sculpture. Looking beyond the gate, Skylar couldn’t see anything except for the pitch-black darkness ahead of him.

Apart from that, there was also a palpable sense of oppression coming from within Crafting Clan that made him anxious. Since there were no guards, Skylar couldn’t make his presence known. In the end, he could only walk through the gates and into Crafting Clan.

However, two terrifying auras zipped toward him the moment he stepped through the entrance. Shocked, Skylar watched as the sculptures beside the gate came to life before pouncing at him.

Seeing that, he propelled himself backward and landed more than ten meters away. The instant he was outside the Crafting Clan gate, the ferocious beasts turned into sculptures once more.

Skylar wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and lamented, “What a powerful magical item. It’s no wonder this place is known as the holy forge.”

I'm sure no one would have guessed that instead of guards, they have two magical items guarding the place. Not even the mundane world nor the prestigious families could think of having such security measures. Just then, a middle-aged man dressed in a robe walked out and bellowed at Skylar, "Who are you?"

"I'm Skylar Norton of Evil Heart Sect, here to request an audience with the head of Crafting Clan," Skylar replied politely. Although he now possessed the strength of a Fourth Level Martial Arts Saint and the man before him was only a Greater Martial Arts Marquis, he still didn't dare to show the slightest hint of disrespect. "Evil Heart Sect?" The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment. "Come with me..."

With that, Skylar followed the middle-aged man into Crafting Clan. Although he had stepped into Crafting Clan, he noticed he could only see a distance of more than ten meters away, while the rest of the place was shrouded in some sort of haze.

I guess it's impossible to see the entire layout of Crafting Clan, huh? Skylar had an inkling that the whole place was enveloped by a huge magical item, which would explain his limited vision.

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The middle-aged man brought Skylar to at corner of the living room and knocked on the door. "A member of Evil Heart Sect seeks an audience with you, Sir."

"Goodness gracious, they sure are an annoying. bunch. I can't even recall how many of them I've met recently." A begrudging bellow sounded from inside the room. Despite that, Skylar was allowed entry. "Let him in."

The middle-aged man opened the door and reminded Skylar, "Go on in. But according to the rules, you only have half an hour to speak your mind."

Skylar paused. He had no clue that Crafting Clan went by such regulations. However, it didn't bother him that his time was limited to half an hour, as it was sufficient to convey his message.

Upon entry, Skylar was greeted by the sight of a youth about the same age as himself seated on a chair. He was holding a hand fan while an attractive lady massaged his back.

The youth's eyes narrowed as they roved over to Skylar. "You have half an hour. Have your pick. Once you're done, you'll be charged based on the quality of your choice."

Skylar was caught off guard by his statement. The youth's words started making sense when he noticed the plethora of magical items displayed around the room.

He'd been mistaken for a buyer of magical items, but that wasn't the reason for his visit. "I'm sorry, but I'm not here for the magical items. Is Mr. Schneider here?" Skylar asked plainly.

The youth opened his eyes at the mention of Pascal and stared at him warily. "Why are you looking for my dad? He's on a retreat to refine his magical items and has no time to see you."

Skylar hurriedly put on a smile when he realized he was speaking to Pascal's son. "I apologize for my lack of decorum, Mr. Sherman. Mr. Malphas sent me here to gift Mr. Schneider a magical item."

The youth's expression instantly lit up once he knew of Skylar's intentions. He waved his hand at the lady behind him. "You're dismissed." She retreated from the room obediently, and the youth got to his feet. "Take a seat. I'm Sherman Schneider. Who are you?" "I'm Skylar Norton." Skylar nodded imperceptibly.

"I see. Mr. Norton it is, then. Come, take a seat." Sherman invited Skylar to sit and personally served him a cup of coffee. "I wonder what magical item you've brought for my father?"

"This..." Skylar hesitated before continuing, "Mr. Sherman, Mr. Malphas instructed me to hand it over to Mr. Schneider personally as he's the only one who knows how to use it."

Sherman furrowed his brows. "Mr. Norton, I'm afraid my father won't see anyone for some time while he refines his magical items in isolation. You may leave now since I see you don't trust me."

Skylar urgently placated, "That's not what I meant, Mr. Sherman. Of course I trust you! My only concern is that you wouldn't know how to activate it even if you possessed it."

With that, Skylar retrieved the tiny calabash and placed it on the table. Sherman considered the calabash before him and began fiddling with it. It looked antiquated and simple, and he couldn't detect any trace of aura fluctuations inside it.

"Are you sure this is a magical item?" Sherman was skeptical. "Mr. Sherman, Mr. Malphas said so himself. However, I have no clue how to activate it," Skylar admitted honestly.

"That's odd. I can't sense that this is a magical item even when holding it." Sherman frowned. "Excuse me for a minute, Mr. Norton. I'll be right back."

He left along with the calabash and made his way to a dark room in the backyard, where a snowy-haired elderly was snoring away.

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“Mr. Yandle,” Sherman called out softly. The elderly man’s eyes shot wide open almost at once. “My boy Sherman, is there another magical item you don’t understand?”

Once Morgan saw that it was Sherman, he sat up and let out a yawn. “You’re right, Mr. Yandle. Someone gifted an obscure magical item that I need your help authenticating.”

Sherman revealed the calabash. Morgan Yandle was the resident magical item appraiser of Crafting Clan who could identify the level of most magical items he’d been asked to ascertain. With his exceptional skill, even Pascal revered him deeply. That was why Sherman addressed him courteously as well.

Morgan took hold of the little calabash and played with it. Suddenly, a look of surprise flashed across his face. Sherman was surprised by Morgan’s expression. He asked hastily, “Mr. Yandle, is this genuinely a magical item?” “Indeed. This is a high-grade magical item.”

Morgan was visibly overcome with emotion as he took the mallet next to him and hit the calabash lightly. He began mumbling an incantation, causing the seemingly old and plain calabash to sparkle with a purple luminescence.

The purple rays shot straight toward the sky and lit up the entire room. Sherman gazed at the piercing beams of light with his mouth agape. The light gradually faded as Morgan finished his incantation.

At that moment, the tattered old calabash transformed into a glowing entity that radiated a powerful aura. “M-Mr. Yandle, what magical item is this?” Sherman stuttered in astonishment..

“This is the Golden Calabash. It contains the energy of heaven and earth. I heard that it used to belong to the demonic realm. It’s peculiar how you managed to get hold of it.”

Morgan was perplexed. “Mr. Yandle, this was sent over by a member of Evil Heart Sect,” Sherman said. “I see.” Morgan inclined his head. “They must have a favor to ask since they’ve presented us

with such a priceless magical item. Now that your father is refining his magical items in isolation, you have to be prudent in your decision-making and think twice before making any promises.”

Morgan knew that there was always a price to pay for everything. Evil Heart Sect must need something from Crafting Clan in exchange for such a fine magical item. Morgan

thought it vital to point this out to Sherman, who was still young and inexperienced. “Fret not, Mr. Yandle. I know what to do!”

Sherman nodded and departed with the calabash. He began injecting his martial energy into the calabash as soon as he stepped out of the room. A terrific burst of light emitted from within it, and an overpowering aura began, expanding everywhere, causing the ground to tremble.

The clashing of auras between that of the calabash and the magical items protecting Crafting Clan had given rise to the tremors. It was only when Sherman swiftly withdrew his martial energy that the horrifying aura began to dissipate. “What formidable strength! It was a close call for the magical items of Crafting Clan!”

Sherman’s eyes were full of flaming passion as he stared at the calabash he was holding. Skylar was still waiting for him anxiously when he returned. “Mr. Sherman, how is it?” He got to his feet at the sight of him.

“Mr. Norton, this calabash from Evil Heart Sect is rather impressive, but I understand how reciprocity works in this world. What does your sect want from us?” Sherman cut to the chase.

Skylar no longer beat around the bush at Sherman’s straightforwardness. “Mr. Norton, we hope that after gifting you this magical item, you’ll help us capture someone!” “Who exactly might that be?”

“It’s Kai Chance. He tried trespassing into the secret realm of Evil Heart Sect but couldn’t access its entrance. He will most likely try his luck at your Divine Scroll! Mr. Malphas hopes that you won’t lend him the Divine Scroll and apprehend him on our behalf,” Skylar said.

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“Kai Chance?” Sherman considered shortly before his eyes lit up in recognition. “I might have heard of him. Isn’t he the ridiculously proud brat in the martial arts world who supposedly destroyed the Jadeborough Warriors Alliance?”

Sherman knew little of Kai as Crafting Clan rarely associated themselves with the martial arts world. He did not know that Evil Heart Sect supported the Jadeborough Warriors Alliance.

He was flabbergasted upon hearing of Kai’s brutality. “That’s right. He has some grudges against us from Evil Heart Sect. We hope that Crafting Clan would assist us in seizing him.” Skylar nodded.

“You need not worry. After all, we won’t simply loan the Divine Scroll to anyone who asks for it. I don’t mind lending a helping hand in capturing Kai. However, my only demand is that this remains strictly confidential. I don’t want to be involved in your conflict over the secret realm, as our clan doesn’t want to risk ruining our business.”

Crafting Clan was able to exist in relative stability thanks to the fact that they’d never picked sides in any battle and only supplied refining weapons. They also possessed the Divine Scroll, a magical item that made every secret realm think twice before attacking them.

The Divine Scroll could unlock all of the portals in the secret realm. As such, no one dared antagonize Crafting Clan. Crafting Clan would suffer an irrecoverable loss if they were to forfeit the Divine Scroll to a secret realm that was up against them.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Sherman. Both of us would be the only ones privy to this matter. Kai wouldn’t even live to speak another word,” Skylar assured Sherman.

Sherman’s lips quirked up. “That would be for the best. I agree to your request, then!” Skylar was thrilled. There was no way for Kai to escape if he ever visited Crafting Clan..

Right then, a member of Crafting Clan approached them and informed Sherman, “Mr. Sherman, there are two others outside waiting to see you.”

“I’ve had enough! What’s with the swarm of people interested in surveying magical items all of a sudden as of late?” Sherman was displeased. “Who are they? Get them to leave if they aren’t anyone of significance. I’m too busy at the moment.” “Mr. Sherman, he claims to go by the name Kai Chance.”

Sherman and Skylar were stupefied. Speak of the devil! “Bring them in now!” Sherman ordered. While the member of Crafting Clan went on his way to receive Kai and his companion, Sherman asked Skylar to hide.

Kai and Flaxseed admired the majestic entrance of Crafting Clan, both sides of which stood two sculptures of a dragon and tiger. “Crafting Clan sure is free-handed in using two magical items to guard the main entrance.”

Flaxseed was utterly impressed as his eyes roved over the sculptures. The member of Crafting Clan ushered them in.. “Welcome.” Kai trailed behind Flaxseed as they entered.

They were awed by the scene before them. when they reached a corner of the main hall. Every magical item imaginable was arranged around them. Flaxseed was overwhelmed by the sheer amount of magical items presented there.

Kai scanned past them and discovered very few high-grade magical items amidst the cluster of ordinary ones. "Are both of you looking to purchase magical items?" Sherman asked, sauntering over.

"No. We were thinking of borrowing something from Mr. Schneider," Kai replied politely. "And you are?" "Sherman Schneider. Mr. Schneider is my father," Sherman introduced himself.