

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense

Chapter 6: Chapter 6 The Apparently Loyal Sixth Senior Brother

"Chen Tao is my junior brother,"

Lin Feng said lightly, fluttering his feather fan.

Li Xiaobai was confused; he didn't understand the insinuation and scratched his head, asking, "So what?"

"Your next opponent is Lin himself, don't tell me you didn't know?" Lin Feng frowned.

"Uh... I'm not very clear on that."

Li Xiaobai told the truth. He had just finished his first match and had no idea who his next opponent would be; besides, he had spent all his time figuring out how to take a beating—who would care about who the next opponent was?

Lin Feng's face looked as if he had swallowed a fly. The other person didn't even care about his next match. He felt greatly insulted, and his rage burned within him, erasing all traces of his previously scholarly demeanor.

"Very well, very well, truly worthy of being a Misty Peak Disciple, so arrogant. My brother Lin Mang and I will sweep through all of you disjointed rabble!"

"The next time we meet, I will surely make you kneel before me!"

Lin Feng was extremely proud and did not take Li Xiaobai seriously at all.

Li Xiaobai touched his head, feeling that the other party was a bit silly.

Forget about him, he had serious business to attend to.

Touching the Space Ring on his hand, Li Xiaobai smiled cunningly. He had casually snatched Chen Tao's sword after defeating him.

According to the onlookers below the stage, this thing was a Lower Grade Spiritual Artifact, which was quite valuable.

He relied solely on leveling up to become stronger, had no cultivation level, and thus Spiritual Artifacts were useless to him, but they could be sold for a good price.

The Immortal Feather Sect was not a major Sect, with few resources. Even a Lower Grade Spirit Sword would send people scrambling for it.

Where to sell it?

Li Xiaobai looked around, needing to find a densely populated yet relatively safe place to conduct the transaction.

After some thought, there seemed to be no safer place than beside his fellow senior brothers and sisters.

Due to Su Yunbing's underhanded manipulations earlier, nearly all the Misty Peak Disciples had their first match and naturally, they had wiped out their opponents in seconds.

The only one still in the arena now was the sixth senior brother, Liu Jinshui.

It's decided then, you're the one!

Liu Jinshui's match had just started and the surrounding area was already packed. The reputation of the Misty Peak Disciples was quite formidable. Ordinary Disciples, who had only heard the name but never seen them in action, were now eager to witness the skills of the Misty Peak Disciples.

Li Xiaobai's eyes gleamed, and without a word, he squeezed his way in.

This side had Disciples packed around the arena tightly, making it an excellent spot for selling goods, and it was also safe with the presence of senior brothers and referees.

Quickly setting up a stall in an open space, he took out Chen Tao's Spirit Sword.

"Make way, make way!"

"Are you still troubled by your insufficient strength, still struggling to improve your ranking?"

"Don't miss out as you pass by, today the Divine Sword emerges, those with fate shall possess it. The Sect competition is upon us, and those who wish to increase their Sect's standing should seize this opportunity!"

"He who obtains the Divine Sword commands the world!"

"An unparalleled sword, for only twenty Lower Grade Spirit Stones, it's worth your possession!"

Li Xiaobai took out the Spirit Sword, and with a loud voice, he began to shout, drawing the attention of many Disciples nearby.

Selling items during the Sect competition was something they had never seen before, and this stall had just a single sword, which was quite peculiar.

However, upon closer inspection, the sword gleamed with a luster, exuding a sense of divinity, clearly not an ordinary item.

"This is a Lower Grade Spiritual Artifact!"

"I've seen one with my senior brother. When he went out traveling, he managed to obtain one. This luster and divinity, it's undoubtedly a Spiritual Artifact!"

Disciples knowledgeable about such items exclaimed in surprise.

More Disciples gathered to watch the spectacle. Most of them were Outer Sect Disciples, who usually had no master and very few resources.

Hearing that a Lower Grade Spirit Sword was for sale, they all came to join in the excitement.

The Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts in the Sect were not for sale; Disciples had to earn Contribution Points through missions to purchase them, and naturally, these resources were dominated by the Inner Sect Disciples.

"Hehehe, this is a peerless sword, absolutely genuine, fair to both young and old. Junior Brother, I see a heroic spirit between your brows; this sword suits you perfectly!"

Li Xiaobai introduced to the crowd with a chuckle.

Everyone was green with envy, but no one made a purchase. It wasn't that they didn't desire the sword; rather, the price of twenty lower-grade Spirit Stones was somewhat hard for them to swallow.

"Senior Brother, could you make it a little cheaper?"

A female cultivator acted coy, looking pitiful: "I could become your personal maidservant, Senior Brother."

The male disciples swallowed hard in envy; Senior Brother truly lived up to his title, even making the usually proud female cultivators soften their stance.

"Pah, shameless. Junior Brother, how about ten lower-grade Spirit Stones?"

The other female cultivators looked down on such flesh-trading tactics with great contempt.

"Twenty lower-grade Spirit Stones, and the price is firm. You all could chip in together. This is definitely a Divine Sword, and owning it is no dream of sweeping through the younger generation, so seize the opportunity well."

Li Xiaobai was confident with so many potential customers present; how could he fear not being able to sell?

Several female cultivators were torn; they adored the Spirit Sword, with its dreamy pale-blue Spiritual Energy fluctuations, but its price was seriously steep.

However, if they continued to hesitate, the Spirit Sword might be bought by someone else. Biting the bullet, one of the female cultivators took out the Spirit Stones.

"I'll buy it!"

"Hold on, I want this Spirit Sword."

The familiar voice rang out again, and Li Xiaobai looked over to find it was Lin Feng once more. It seemed fate conspired to bring them together across several stages, allowing them to meet again.

Lin Feng was also frustrated. Originally, he had been attracted to the crowd and wanted to join in on the excitement, only to find Li Xiaobai stirring things up.

And, annoyingly, what the other party was selling was the Spirit Sword of his Junior Brother, Chen Tao. If it got sold to someone else, his lineage within the Sect would lose all face.

"Senior Brother, didn't you say you wanted me to kneel at your feet next time we met?" Li Xiaobai said with a grin.

Lin Feng's face showed discomfort: "Senior Brother was just joking. I'll take this sword, and I offer thirty lower-grade Spirit Stones!"

Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up as he looked meaningfully at the previous female cultivator, clearly asking if she wanted to raise the price, or if he should sell it to Lin Feng.

The female cultivator was furious. Stomping her foot, she stormed off. With thirty lower-grade Spirit Stones out of her reach, she was doomed to miss out on the Spirit Sword.

"Hehe, this is the best among the lower-grade Spiritual Artifacts. Surely, thirty lower-grade Spirit Stones is too little. I offer forty!"

Someone else spoke up from the crowd, a big fat man. Li Xiaobai was surprised; the speaker turned out to be his Sixth Senior Brother, Liu Jinshui, who had seemingly dealt with his opponent and silently joined the crowd for the excitement.

Liu Jinshui winked, and Li Xiaobai instantly understood; his Senior Brother was driving up the price.

"Would you mind explaining what makes this lower-grade Spiritual Artifact so special?"

"Hehe, just look at this Treasured Sword, so naturally formed, with traces of Dao rhythm within—signs that it's close to being a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact. It's no match for the common lower-grade flying swords."

Liu Jinshui elaborated.

The two's back-and-forth had the onlookers dumbfounded, and Lin Feng was bewildered. When did he not know that his Junior Brother's sword was of such premium quality?

But if it was indeed premium, he couldn't let it slip away.

"I offer fifty lower-grade Spirit Stones."

"I bid fifty-one stones—that's my limit. I can't afford any more," Liu Jinshui said calmly.

"Fifty-five stones!"

Lin Feng gritted his teeth; this amount was roughly his limit as well.

"Sold!"

Li Xiaobai could barely contain his laughter. With his Senior Brother's bid, the price had doubled directly. Liu Jinshui might appear honest and simple on regular days, but he harbored his own schemes—Li Xiaobai liked that.

Money and goods exchanged hands instantly, and fifty-five lower-grade Spirit Stones were secured.

Turning around, he bought a Vajra Talisman in the marketplace worth ten lower-grade Spirit Stones.

Under Lin Feng's astonished gaze, Li Xiaobai slowly placed it on the table.

"Don't miss out as you pass by; on the day of the Sect's grand competition, the Divine Talisman emerges. It will belong to those with destiny!"

Liu Jinshui chuckled and stepped forward again: "This talisman looks good; I'll take it!"

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Dividing the Spoils

Lin Feng's face was ashen, he felt he had been duped.

Just after handing over fifty-five Lower Grade Spirit Stones, Li Xiaobai had already brought out another item for auction in the blink of an eye.

And why did these words sound so familiar?

"Oh, junior brother, this talisman of yours is truly remarkable, with Daoist rhymes flowing through it, strokes like dragons and snakes, executed in one breath, truly the work of a master!"

Liu Jinshui was still using the old tactics, beginning to hype up the Vajra Talisman's value.

"Senior brother has sharp eyes; this is indeed a divine talisman, with infinite power. Whoever obtains it can claim first place in the competition!"

Li Xiaobai was quick with his words too.

"Stop spouting nonsense, your pitch is exactly the same as it was for the Spirit Sword. This fatso is clearly a plant you've brought in!"

Lin Feng's face contorted, his hand fan crumpled in his grasp.

"I'm no plant. Whether this talisman is good or bad can be seen at a glance. Look at the strokes, the momentum of the script, and the faint golden light shimmering through. It's definitely a Lower Grade talisman."

"A few simple strokes yet bearing the elegance of a master—clearly the hand of a famous artist!"

Seeing Lin Feng so "supportive," Liu Jinshui laughed even more merrily.

The onlooking disciples, prompted by his words, stared intently at the talisman on the stall. On closer inspection, it did appear quite extraordinary.

"That's right, this is a genuine Vajra Talisman. Its effect is to greatly enhance the body's defensive power. Before its power dissipates, one can withstand hits from Lower Grade Spiritual Artifacts without trouble—such a highly practical skill."

"The senior brother Lin Feng clearly wanted to monopolize this treasure for himself, which is why he disparaged it so."

Li Xiaobai said slowly, unexpectedly raising the Vajra Talisman's value again.

"No need to say more, junior brother; the talisman is truly excellent, I'll buy it."

With that, Liu Jinshui threw twenty Lower Grade Spirit Stones, picked up the talisman from the stall, and turned to leave, as if afraid someone would snatch it from him.

This series of actions left Li Xiaobai somewhat puzzled—wasn't the point to drive up the price? Why had he bought it outright?

However, he soon understood. Several dashing, well-dressed young masters immediately followed Liu Jinshui. At a glance, one could tell they were not lacking in money; they chatted and laughed with Liu Jinshui, and quickly became chummy.

Li Xiaobai's expression darkened—Liu Jinshui was clearly looking to make a profit through brokerage. With the scene that had just played out, he could probably resell it for four or five times the price.

Madness, senior brother's heart is so dark!

There's too much knowledge in tricking people; I should just stick to doing honest small trades.

With a flick of his wrist, he took out a few more Vajra Talismans and asked with a beaming smile, "Senior brothers and sisters, I have a few more Vajra Talismans here, only twenty Lower Grade Spirit Stones each, what do you think...?"

Half an hour later,

Li Xiaobai happily closed his stall. This wave of street economy had directly added three hundred Lower Grade Spirit Stones to his income. Had he not been afraid of attracting the notice of the vigilant, he would've liked to cash in big time all at once.

"Junior brother, you must have made a good sum this time, right?"

Liu Jinshui appeared from nowhere, smiling gleefully.

"Not at all, senior brother; I'm just running an honest business, barely breaking even without making a profit."

Li Xiaobai said seriously.

Liu Jinshui didn't believe a word: "Stop pretending, can you really do honest business? When you're tricking people, you laugh happier than anyone. Isn't it time to settle the commission for your senior brother?"

"I don't ask for much, junior brother. Just give me a few more of those talismans you sold earlier, and in exchange, I can share a secret with you for free."

After thinking for a moment, Li Xiaobai took out five Vajra Talismans and handed them to Liu Jinshui.

"Hehehe, that Lin Feng is your next opponent, right? He has a secret ailment in his Danzhong Acupoint. In the upcoming match, just press it lightly, and he'll be in such pain he won't be able to take care of himself."

"That's all the help I can offer you, make the most of it!"

Liu Jinshui walked away, giddy with satisfaction.

Li Xiaobai was overjoyed, feeling as if a weight had been lifted from his heart. His next opponent actually had such clear weaknesses—didn't that mean he could easily defeat the other party?

The second match was about to start. The competition was arranged round by round, and they needed to wait until all the winners emerged before proceeding to the next round.

Li Xiaobai slowly walked up to Arena 17, recalling that he had just acquired a Sword Qi skill. Just in case, he casually took a longsword from the weapon rack. This was free for competitors to use, just a common iron sword.

The surrounding disciples had complex expressions. His victory in the last round was unclear and confusing; the onlookers didn't really understand what had happened.

At this moment, Lin Feng was sitting cross-legged right in the center of the arena, exuding great style. He had arrived at the arena early on.

Ever since he had encountered Li Xiaobai, he had felt that things were not going his way, having been mutedly frustrated several times and tricked out of many Spirit Stones. Today, he must reclaim his face on this arena and beat the opponent to vent his anger!

"Junior brother, you've made your senior brother wait a long time!"

Lin Feng sneered time and again. In his eyes, Li Xiaobai was already as good as dead.

He had discussed with Chen Tao, and they agreed that Li Xiaobai knew nothing about cultivation. He had no cultivation level, and his victories were all thanks to a mysterious poison that could make someone feel weak all over.

Therefore, before coming, he specifically asked his master for a Water Spirit Pearl, which could avoid all kinds of strange poisons—even poisons of a certain grade could not penetrate it.

With this pearl in hand, there was no need to fear the opponent's poison.

"Senior brother is so eager to be defeated by me?"

"As fellow disciples, I really don't want to make senior brother lose too disgracefully."

Li Xiaobai instantly entered the zone. Once the fight started, he needed to boast and max out the animosity to proceed with the following operations.

The onlookers below erupted again.

This scene was all too familiar. This guy started taunting as soon as he stepped onto the stage—he was so hateable!

"Go Lin Feng!"

"Lin Feng, beat this arrogant brat!"

"Teach him a lesson, the disciples of Misty Peak are too arrogant!"

"Lin Feng..."

The onlookers were fervently agitated; they hated that they couldn't go up and beat Li Xiaobai themselves.

Li Xiaobai was also feeling a bit jittery inside; he really feared that the audience might rush up and beat him, even he thought he was quite shameless.

But there was no other way, everything was for victory.

Presently, he once again stood with his hands behind his back, gazing up at the sky at a 45-degree angle.

"You mere mortals do not understand the aspirations of a great swan. My goal is the Universe."

"Such petty competition for the top ten is within easy reach!"

A wave of animosity instantly maxed out, and Lin Feng's eyes turned blood red on the spot. Drawing the sword at his waist, he lunged at Li Xiaobai.

"Silver Serpent Luanyu!"

All at once, Sword Qi crisscrossed the arena.

Lin Feng also wielded a sword. Unlike Chen Tao, his swordplay was tricky, with flashes of silver light aiming straight for Li Xiaobai's forehead.

It turned out that the quality of the helmet was extraordinarily good—the System's product was certainly of high quality.

No matter how sly and sneaky Lin Feng's angles of attack were, if it couldn't break the defense, it was in vain.

[Attribute Point +5...]

[Attribute Point +5...]

Watching the numbers jump on the attribute panel, Li Xiaobai felt confident. It seemed Lin Feng's strength wasn't much different from Chen Tao's.

Hehe, in that case, it would be easy to handle!

I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense #Chapter 8 - 8: Defeating Lin Feng with a Single Finger - Read I Don't Want to Get Hurt, So I'll Max Out My Defense Chapter 8 - 8: Defeating Lin Feng with a Single Finger

Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Defeating Lin Feng with a Single Finger

Lin Feng's moves were flashy and full of special effects, but they were all bark and no bite, unable to break through his own defenses.

It was a rare opportunity to increase attribute values, and Li Xiaobai wouldn't waste it. He decided not to rush into using Muscle Flaccidity just yet, opting instead to first fortify his defense.

"Senior brother, I am from Misty Peak, I have a hundred ways to defeat you, and yet, you are helpless against me," he said.

Li Xiaobai remained calm, allowing the sword light to hack away at his body.

No matter how furious Lin Feng became, he eventually realized something was amiss. His opponent was unfazed by his attacks, actually resisting the assault of the Spirit Sword with his bare body.

Yet, he still couldn't sense the slightest fluctuation of spiritual power from Li Xiaobai.

"A Magic Treasure, it must be a Magic Treasure. Your master really went all out to ensure your victory in the competition. Judging by the strength of the defense, it must be at least a mid-grade defensive Spiritual Artifact!"

"However, senior brother is going to teach you a lesson today, no matter how powerful a Magic Treasure you have, it's useless when there's a huge gap in strength!"

Having said that, Lin Feng flicked his longsword, and in an instant, dozens of sword lights appeared around him, thrusting straight at Li Xiaobai.

"This is the Sword Control Technique. Elder Brother Lin has actually mastered this sword technique!"

"Thirteen sword lights in total, Elder Brother Lin's swordsmanship has truly reached a higher level!"

The disciples below cheered loudly, all attracted by the gorgeous special effects of the sword light.

Not only the disciples, but even the elders nodded slightly in approval of Lin Feng's swordsmanship.

"The young man is doing well, having trained the Sword Control Technique to the third level. Just one more step, and he will be able to control the sword through the air," one commented.

"Indeed, he's demonstrating the style of our Immortal Feather Sect," echoed another.

"That disciple over there is from Misty Peak, right? I wonder which Magic Treasure he is using for protection. However, against the Sword Control Technique, I'm afraid he's going to falter."

"Hehe, young people nowadays don't think of improving their own strength, always relying on external objects. It's better for him to suffer a setback today than to be killed and have his treasures stolen by others later on."

"Quite right..."

The elders' heated discussion went unheard by Li Xiaobai, who was currently focusing intently on the attribute value panel before him.

[Defense: Mortal Flesh (600/1000) able to advance.]

[Continuous Sword Qi damage detected, Rainbow Penetrating Sword upgrade: Sword Shattering the Sky.]

Sword Shattering the Sky: When the sword is drawn, Sword Qi sweeps all around, killing invisibly.

Li Xiaobai felt delighted, not expecting that not only had his defensive power increased, but his skill had also been upgraded. This Sword Qi skill had been upgraded two levels in a row and was now the highest-level skill he possessed.

However, it was not the time to use it yet. As the saying goes, why use a cleaver to kill a chicken?

Good steel must be saved for the blade's edge, which would significantly increase the chances of victory in the future..

Stretching out a hand to withstand the sword's edge, he fiercely jabbed at Lin Feng's Danzhong Acupoint. Li Xiaobai remembered his senior brother's words; the opponent had a hidden ailment in the Danzhong Acupoint, a single jab there could end the match.

As expected, the poke wasn't very forceful, but Lin Feng's attack came to an abrupt halt, and his longsword dropped with a clatter.

He lay twisted on the platform, writhing in agony.

"You, how did you know I was injured there!"

"You're despicable, referee, I don't accept this!"

Lin Feng's hidden ailment was severe, and at that moment, he couldn't even stand up, losing all ability to continue fighting.

Without any hesitation, the referee immediately announced the result, "If this were a battlefield, you would already be dead. Your opponent noticing your weakness is a result of your insufficient cultivation. This match, Li Xiaobai wins!"

The entire venue fell silent, this time everyone had a clear view.

Unlike the last time, this Li Xiaobai didn't seem to use any poison, yet to defeat his opponent with just a single finger was incredibly alarming. Could it be that they had misunderstood, and Li Xiaobai was actually a master?

The Elders were also somewhat astonished.

"Could Li Xiaobai actually see through the hidden illness of his opponent?"

"Do you think it's possible, this Li Xiaobai from head to toe has not a trace of cultivation level, he has never cultivated before, it's probably that old rascal Feng Lingzi who gave him a protective magic treasure, and gave him some pointers beforehand."

"That cunning old thing, could it be he wants a disciple with no cultivation to join the Holy Demon Sect for further study?"

"If he really goes there, then our Immortal Feather Sect's face would be lost!"

"Just watch, relying on external items, how could he possibly make it to the top ten of the big competition..."

In the arena, Li Xiaobai swiftly collected Lin Feng's longsword; this sword looked even stronger than Chen Tao's, sure to fetch a good price.

The disciples below watched with wooden expressions as Li Xiaobai stuffed all of Lin Feng's equipment into his space ring and then left nonchalantly.

"Stop right there!"

Someone in the crowd shouted angrily, a muscular man, with veins like cords, his face full of murderous intent, incredibly ferocious, standing beside him was a young man with a gentle and refined appearance.

"You've got some nerve, injuring my brother, do you not know how to write the word 'death'?"

Upon hearing this, Li Xiaobai understood in his heart, this person was Lin Feng's older brother, Lin Mang, coming after him for defeating his brother.

"I merely poked him lightly, how was I to know he wouldn't get up again?"

Li Xiaobai appeared very innocent.

Lin Mang instantly flew into a rage, raising his hand to strike, smashing a fist onto Li Xiaobai's shoulder.

[Attribute Points +10.]

Lin Mang's strength was indeed not bad.

"Stop it, the Immortal Feather Sect prohibits private fights; if you violate this again, your competition qualifications will be revoked!"

An Elder intervened, and although he didn't like Li Xiaobai, the rules were not to be broken.

"You'd better pray you lose in the next match, otherwise if I meet you on the stage, I will certainly cripple you!"

Lin Mang stormed off, flinging his sleeves in anger.

The handsome young man by his side smiled warmly, "You must be Li Xiaobai, indeed a young prodigy. Lin Mang was just impulsive, don't take it to heart. Here's a bottle of Healing Pills for you to take, a small gesture, I hope you won't refuse."

"My name is Feng Wuxie, a True Disciple of the Great Elder, and I look forward to meeting you on the stage."

It's hard to strike a smiling face, especially such a gentle Senior Brother; any slight displeasure in Li Xiaobai's heart instantly vanished.

"Senior Brother, you're too kind, thank you for your goodwill, I also look forward to standing on the same stage with you!"

Li Xiaobai happily accepted the Healing Pills, which he had no use for, but he knew there would definitely be many willing to buy them.

"Hehe, then I shan't disturb you any longer, you prepare well for the upcoming matches," said Feng Wuxie with a smile and then left.

Li Xiaobai's heart felt great, what a good Senior Brother, gentle and generous, even giving gifts upon meeting, truly not bad. He must make friends with him if the opportunity arises in the future.

Only, he didn't see the cold smile that curled on the lips of Feng Wuxie as he turned away.

Chapter 9: Chapter 9: What a Good Puppeteer

As for Li Xiaobai's performance, Feng Wuxie had firmly memorized it in his heart.

He was certain that the other party had no cultivation level whatsoever, but it was this very person with no cultivation level who kept winning again and again and wasn't afraid of his opponent's attacks. There was only one explanation, this guy must have a treasure on him!

An artifact capable of defending against a cultivator's attacks, it should be known that Li Xiaobai's opponents in the last two matches had both used lower-grade Spirit Swords.

But after getting close, he found that Li Xiaobai didn't have so much as a scratch on him, indicating that the treasure on his person had to be at least of a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact level, if not upper-grade.

Such a treasure was enough to stir up thoughts of murder and robbery.

However, before that, he needed to find someone to check out Li Xiaobai's background; if he really was a disciple without any significant backing, it might be possible to take direct action.

Outside the arena,

Li Xiaobai was blissfully hugging the elixirs he'd gotten from Feng Wuxie, looking for the sixth senior brother.

He discovered that the sixth senior brother was truly a marketing genius; as long as he was around, the price for the Spirit Swords and elixirs he sold could absolutely be doubled several times over.

At the moment, Liu Jinshui was still at the side of the arena; the round of competition he was scheduled for was later, so it wasn't his turn to fight yet.

"Sixth senior brother, making a fortune?"

Li Xiaobai sauntered over and said mysteriously.

"What fortune?"

At the mention of making a fortune, Liu Jinshui's eyes shone with gold. He knew an opportunity for a middleman to earn a margin had come again.

"Junior brother just got a Divine Sword and a bottle of Divine Medicine, absolutely top-notch quality."

Li Xiaobai uncorked the bottle and sneakily gave Liu Jinshui a peek.

"Hmm, top-grade Revitalizing Pill, Healing Saint Medicine, indeed they are good stuff; it's just that disciples here don't have much in hand, selling these might be difficult..."

Liu Jinshui had a clear idea in his mind, but he was visibly grinding his teeth in hesitation, a look of mild difficulty on his face.

Li Xiaobai's face darkened; he understood what the sixth senior brother was thinking, "Senior brother, small-time business, how about a thirty-seventy split?"

"Forty-sixty split."

"Deal!"

...

Li Xiaobai casually left Liu Jinshui's side and set up a stall on the open ground by the arena.

Because the first round had eliminated many disciples, there were now fewer participants, but those who remained were the elite, most with the financial capacity to be potential customers.

With good marketing, their money could end up in his own pocket.

"Today marks the grand competition of our sect, and the auspicious emergence of a Divine Sword—an occasion of double joy!"

"Don't miss out as you pass by; Divine Swords, Divine Medicine, we've got it all. You can buy Divine Medicine by the bottle or separately, starting from thirty lower-grade Spirit Stones. You can't lose out, you won't be fooled."

"Absolutely genuine treasures!"

Clearing his throat, Li Xiaobai began to shout out, the same process, the same spot, the same slogans, facing the same crowd of people.

Many disciples in the crowd recognized Li Xiaobai; they had witnessed his stall selling the last time and immediately knew there was more excitement in store, crowding closer to see.

"How much for this sword?"

Someone in the crowd asked.

"Starting from thirty lower-grade Spirit Stones; highest bid wins!"

Li Xiaobai was unperturbed; with lower-grade Spirit Swords, he had no fear of not making a sale.

"This sword looks familiar, seems very much like the one the Lin Brothers had!"

"I think it resembles theirs a lot too; the design and patterns on the blade are practically identical!"

Some recognized the original owner of the sword and were astonished; Lin Feng and Lin Mang were both Inner Sect Disciples.

Although Lin Feng's strength was only mediocre, Lin Mang was a tough and formidable character. On ordinary days, these brothers were arrogant and domineering, and even the Inner Sect Disciples were angry but dared not speak up. Now, someone actually dared to sell their swords; it seemed like there was going to be an interesting show today.

Many disciples who wanted to ingratiate themselves with the Lin Brothers quietly left the crowd to go and inform Lin Mang.

"Junior brother, how much are you selling this Divine Medicine for?"

Liu Jinshui came over with a big smile on his face.

He knew someone had gone to send a message to Lin Mang and was not in a hurry to sell off the Spirit Sword first.

"Senior brother, you know your elixirs; this is truly a bottle of Divine Medicine!"

Li Xiaobai was smiling happily.

"One pill for two Lower Grade Spirit Stones, thirty in total."

"Give me one first."

Liu Jinshui casually threw out two Lower Grade Spirit Stones.

He swallowed the pill in one gulp.

In an instant, the fluctuation of Spiritual Energy shook the surroundings, and brilliant light shone from within his Dantian. His strong cultivation level pressured the surrounding disciples, making it hard for them to breathe. Liu Jinshui, his face glowing red, laughed heartily.

"Indeed, the pill is excellent; it made me break through just like that. Junior brother, I'll pay double the price for all of them!"

Li Xiaobai's face beamed with a smile, and he inwardly admired his senior brother's seamless acting skills.

At this moment, the other disciples also came back to their senses and immediately started to boil over with excitement—it was evident that the pill was a treasure.

After seeing how the stout senior brother, with his formidable cultivation, broke through just by consuming one pill, they now believed they could achieve a breakthrough to Foundation Establishment Stage and even reach the Golden Core stage by taking a few themselves!

"Senior brother, that's not very generous of you; you've already had one. Let your junior brothers take over the rest."

"Junior brother, let me have one, I'm willing to pay double the price."

"Don't listen to him, I'll pay triple for two pills!"

Li Xiaobai smiled from ear to ear, but still reminded them, "The highest bidder gets it, and also, it's best to take this pill home and slowly refine it to achieve the best effect."

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Meanwhile, from afar,

on the high platform, the Elders were covered with dark lines on their foreheads.

"Feng Lingzi, look at the 'good' disciple you've taught, neglecting proper cultivation and instead swindling and bluffing around the sect!"

"Exactly, this is the second time now. The boy has a gift of the gab; he managed to pass off a Lower Grade Spirit Sword as a Divine Sword, not to mention an ordinary Revitalizing Pill being touted as a Healing Saint Medicine. Such talent is wasted as a disciple."

"That chubby fellow over there, I remember, is also one of your people, right? What a splendid job playing the skill, impressive indeed!"

"Hehe..."

The Elders mocked and jeered, and Feng Lingzi's face began to lose its composure. These guys always caused trouble every time they went down the mountain—they were indeed a real headache.

"Cough cough, well, this old man has suddenly been struck by an insight and must return to Misty Peak to ponder the Dao."

With the atmosphere turning too awkward, Feng Lingzi chose to flee.

Li Xiaobai had no idea of the Elders' conversation. At the moment, he was collecting money until his hands went soft.

After Liu Jinshui's performance, the pills had completely taken off; they were hyped to an astonishing ten Lower Grade Spirit Stones each in no time.

They sold out in almost an instant.

This round of sales alone brought in three hundred Spirit Stones. The ordinary Healing Pills were actually sold at the price of second-grade elixirs; indeed, his senior brother was his lucky star.

Tapping on the Lower Grade Spirit Sword in front of him, Li Xiaobai indicated for Liu Jinshui to continue. The latter made a 'calm down' gesture. Li Xiaobai was somewhat puzzled, sensing that his senior brother was waiting for something.

It was at that very moment that a familiar roar came again.

"How dare you! Who gave you the audacity to auction off my brother's Lower Grade Spirit Sword without my permission, Lin Mang?!"

Chapter 10: Chapter 10 Tangneng First-class

Lin Mang was furious. He had not expected Li Xiaobai to be so bold as to publically sell Lin Feng's Lower Grade Spirit Sword, showing utter disregard for him.

Cultivators value face above all else, and although this Spirit Sword was no Divine Weapon, it still should not be sold off to outsiders.

"Return my brother's sword immediately, or I'll smash your stall to pieces!"

Upon seeing who had come, both Liu Jinshui and Li Xiaobai's eyes lit up. The person in question had arrived, and it seemed like today's business was going to be surefire.

"Elder Brother Lin, you're mistaken. This is a peerless Divine Sword, not your brother's. Moreover, just now, this fellow disciple has just bought it with a high offer. If Elder Brother Lin wishes to have it, you can enter a bid."

Li Xiaobai conducted his business with seasoned expertise, swiftly passing the buck to Liu Jinshui.

Lin Mang wanted to fight for it, but from the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Elder Sun quietly watching the scene from a distance. Causing trouble was not allowed during the competition period, so he did not dare to go too far, choosing instead to spend money to avoid trouble.

"Fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones, the going rate for a Lower Grade Spirit Sword. Don't be too greedy."

"No can do, Elder Brother. This fellow disciple here has just offered fifty Lower Grade Spirit Stones."

Li Xiaobai spoke earnestly. These were Spirit Stones handed right to him—why not take advantage of the situation?

"Indeed, while this is only a Lower Grade Spirit Sword, if we talk about workmanship and quality, it is on par with a Middle Grade Spirit Sword. Maybe today, Elder Brother, you'll have to compete with me for it. Fifty-five Lower Grade Spirit Stones."

Liu Jinshui seemed very excited.

"I'll bid sixty."

Lin Mang ground his teeth audibly. In his heart, he vowed that if he encountered these two on the fighting stage next time, he would certainly cripple them.

"Deal!"

Li Xiaobai, seeing an opportunity to conclude the transaction, quickly took Lin Mang's money pouch and threw the Spirit Sword back to him.

"Heh, you better pray that you don't meet me on the fighting stage. Otherwise, I will make your life a living hell!"

Lin Mang left a threatening message, kicked over the stalls of several nearby disciples to vent his anger, and left.

Li Xiaobai did not take such threats to heart.

He had heard them before. Lin Mang's attacks could only add ten defensive points to the System, clearly not enough to be a threat to him.

Gathering Spirit Stones was currently the most important thing.

With a flick of his wrist, he took out a bunch of elixirs and talismans, and arranged them neatly on the stall.

"Hehe, fellow disciples, there's a discount promotion going on..."

One hour later, at the entrance of Misty Peak.

Li Xiaobai and Liu Jinshui were huddled together sneakily, splitting the spoils of their auction.

"Elder Brother, here is your share. Thank you for your help today."

Li Xiaobai took out a pouch of money and handed it to Liu Jinshui.

"No problem, it's all part of being a good brother. But you, you're not being very straightforward are you? You sold so many elixirs and talismans, yet you're giving me so little. Isn't that a bit unfair?"

Liu Jinshui spoke with a cheerful smile.

"Elder Brother, we agreed on a sixty-forty split of what you helped me sell. The Spirit Sword and the elixirs were sold by you, but the talismans and elixirs that followed were sold by me alone, and have nothing to do with you. You can't be shameless about this, Elder Brother."

Li Xiaobai said dryly.

"Besides, it's almost time for your match, Elder Brother. You should head out."

Liu Jinshui looked at the money bag in his hand, his face full of regret; his little junior brother had tricked him.

Li Xiaobai scurried back to his cave dwelling as fast as smoke; his sixth senior brother was extremely cunning and should not be given any chance to entangle him further.

In the cave dwelling, Li Xiaobai blocked the door to prevent his sixth senior brother from causing trouble. Today he could truly say that he struck it rich.

After excluding the part that he gave to Liu Jinshui, the total amounted to more than a thousand Lower Grade Spirit Stones; in just two hours, he had gone from a poor Xiaobai to a wealthy tycoon. It felt very good.

At the same time, a system notification sounded.

[Ding! Achievement unlocked: Earner of Heaps and Bundles, Reward: Tangneng First-class.]

[Tangneng First-class: Divine Level Spa Therapy, small attribute point increase after soaking. (Note: Only pools personally constructed by the host can have this effect)]

This was a good thing; soaking in a bath could actually increase attribute points—indeed, products from the System were always top quality.

Checking the items for sale in the System Mall, mounts were out of the question for the time being since they were too expensive and not a necessity right now.

Among the items in the System Mall, there was a piece of Golden Silk Soft Armor priced at five hundred Lower Grade Spirit Stones.

This was a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact for defense, shaped like a small vest that one wore inside. It was very light and thin and didn't interfere with movements, quite suitable for himself.

After some consideration, Li Xiaobai chose this set of golden soft armor, along with a dozen or so bottles of discarded elixirs.

The discarded elixirs were failures containing toxins, which could increase defensive power when consumed—these gradeless poisons were perfect for System cultivation.

After getting dressed, Li Xiaobai wanted to test the effect of Tangneng First-class. If soaking in a bath could make him stronger, then there was no need to get beaten up anymore; he could just soak every day and become stronger.

On Misty Peak, there was an arena that had been abandoned for a long time. It was originally intended for Misty Peak disciples to spar and compete, but it seemed that his fellow senior brothers and sisters were not interested in

sparring; they preferred to stay in their cave dwellings to cultivate, so over time, the arena became a mere decoration.

This open space would be perfect for a bathhouse, and the System Mall had all the materials needed for building a pool.

One Spirit Stone could buy a huge amount of construction materials; with his current financial resources, building a bathhouse would not be a problem.

The structure of the bathhouse was simple; just using stones to encircle the perimeter of the arena and then filling it with water would do, though heating the water for a hot bath could be a bit troublesome since it required hot water to be poured in.

Li Xiaobai worked quickly, using bricks he exchanged to build around the arena to a height of about one meter, which was just about right for an experiment. If it proved to be effective, he could slowly construct a more luxurious one later on.

He poured all the water from his storage ring into the makeshift bathhouse, and then jumped in eagerly.

The moment his body touched the water, the values on the system panel began to jump.

[Attribute Point +1...]

[Attribute Point +1...]

It really worked, and he didn't even need to soak; just touching the water was enough to increase attribute points. Li Xiaobai was excited; he had found a way to become stronger. These attribute points were ticking every second, and if he soaked for a day, he could increase his attribute points by over a thousand.

After soaking for a while longer and adding several hundred attribute points, he put them all into defense.

[Defensive Power: Tough Skin (700/1000) Upgrade Available]

He found a plank of wood and carved the words "Tangneng First-class, Li Xiaobai" on it, then stuck it near the "bathhouse." From now on, whenever he had nothing to do, he would come for a soak—absolute bliss.

Back in the cave dwelling,

Li Xiaobai tidied up the information for the next two contests; his opponents were average in level, not famous within the Sect, so he didn't feel much pressure.

After enhancing his defensive power, ordinary disciples could no longer harm him. Li Xiaobai started to entertain some small aspirations for the top ten advanced training spots. If possible, naturally, it would be best to go out and see the great rivers and mountains of the cultivation world.

"Knock, knock, knock!"

The knocking on the door made Li Xiaobai's heart tense; it couldn't be his sixth senior brother coming for him, could it?