

Prodigies 111

[Chapter 111: Darkness Race](#)

The corpse was no different from a normal human. It had the figure of a muscular man except his chest was marked with a fire totem. It wasn't a tattoo but a birthmark on his skin.

"This is the body of a descendant of the Magi Brute Race, one of the three Darkness Races of the Darkness Kingdom. Many of you should have heard that the empire's greatest enemy is the Darkness Kingdom, and within the Darkness Kingdom, only the Magi Brute Race is our mortal enemy."

Xu Sanqi's voice was cold and stiff like a sword.

As he was explaining, he moved the body around the tall platform for the students to see clearly.

Lin Xun had read a lot of books in Donglin City and so he knew that the Darkness Kingdom was located in the turbulent wasteland beyond the empire's western and southwestern border.

It was an unknown and dangerous place, which was said to be much larger than all the territories of the entire Ziyao Empire. The Darkness Kingdom was founded there, and was made up of the three Darkness Races, namely the Magi Brute Race, Abyss Demon Spirit and the Moon Soul Race.

Each race had a long history that dated back tens of thousands of years.

In the history of the Ziyao Empire, war had broken out with the Darkness Kingdom on more than one occasion, and they had been defeated more times than they had won. It was in the last few hundred years that the situation in the empire was more stable. The Darkness Kingdom was afraid of invading the Ziyao Empire due to the current emperor's unparalleled power. This brought a period of peace to the empire.

Of course, this was just a one-sided introduction on the Darkness Kingdom that Lin Xun read in books, which made it impossible for Lin Xun to form a complete understanding of the Darkness Kingdom.

And now, in front of him lay a real corpse of a Magi Brute Race descendant!

"The Magi Brute Race is divided into nine sub-races, and each one has a unique fighting talent. The corpse before you comes from the Fire Brute Subrace, which is ranked fourth among the nine sub races."

When Xu Sanqi mentioned the Magi Brute Race, he no longer spoke concisely like he always did.

"The entire Fire Brute Tribe consists of millions of warriors, which are comparable to the cultivator army of the empire's four provinces. Their leader is called the Fire Brute King, and is one of the few terrifying existences who can threaten the entire empire. He is a legendary expert at the Cyclic Derivation Stage."

"Besides the Fire Brute Tribe, the situation in the other eight sub-races are similar."

"The Magi Brute Race's cultivation stages are different from ours. They are divided into five great stages: Brute Slave, Brute Soldier, Warrior, Great Magi and Enlightened Spirit. The corpse in front of you is a grade-9 Brute Slave from the Fire Brute Tribe, and is equivalent to a ninth layer True Martial cultivator."

After Xu Sanqi's introduction, Lin Xun realized that the cultivation stages of the Magi Brute Race were named differently, but was still no different from the five great cultivation stages in terms of power.

Brute Slave corresponded to the True Martial Stage.

Brute Soldier corresponded to Spirit Dipper.

Warrior corresponded to the Spirit Sea. But they were generally called Brute Warriors. The one who hunted down Xia Zhi in the Great Three Thousand Mountains was also a Brute Warrior, which was equivalent to a Spirit Sea cultivator.

Clang!

A shining, sharp blade flashed in Xu Sanqi's grip, and he flicked his wrist skilfully. The tip of the blade instantly pierced through the fire totem in the corpse's chest and flame-like blood poured out. His organs were clearly visible, and the scene was extremely bloody.

Xu Sanqi's expression remained unchanged as he slipped his hands into the wound he had torn open and quickly pulled out a ball of flesh that looked like a heart. It was dripping with blood and released a nauseating smell.

"To kill the enemy, you must first understand everything about the enemy. The descendants of the Fire Brute Tribe are marked with a fire totem on their chest that will turn into a totem fire armor in battle to protect their hearts. Their hearts are their core and accumulate all their cultivation power."

Xu Sanqi continued to dissect the corpse expressionlessly and explained the structure and weaknesses of the corpse to the students.

Although many couldn't stand the stench of the corpse, they still endured it and listened carefully.

Xu Sanqi undoubtedly knew the Magi Brute Race like the back of his hand, which made many people wonder how many Magi Brutes he had killed in the past to accumulate such a wealth of experience and knowledge.

By the time he had finished, half an hour had passed. Xu Sanqi washed his hands and called over two attendants to distribute a copy of a book to each student.

The book had a record of all the known information about the Magi Brute Race.

Xu Sanqi had a very simple request from them. He would conduct an assessment in three days based on their knowledge of the Magi Brute Race. Those who passed the assessment would receive a certain amount of points, and those who failed would be eliminated.

After the session, Lin Xun and the other students from the 39th campground were brought into a hall with a huge rune array for willpower training.

It wasn't until nightfall when Lin Xun came out of the hall. His legs felt like jelly and his face was like paper, but he still maintained his usual calm and composed exterior.

It wasn't the same with the other students. Some were trembling and their faces were twitching. Some constantly muttered to themselves like they were bewitched, and some were roaring loudly like they wanted to vent.

Only around eight people remained calm like Lin Xun, but their faces were also a little pale and their eyes were a little blank.

The willpower training was extremely cruel and perverted. The large-scale rune array set up in the hall could release intense flame-like heat, ice-like cold, lightning-like vibrations and rumbles like thunder. It constantly attacked and oppressed a person's spirit and mind.

The students had to sit in the hall for an hour, and weren't allowed to cultivate or move an inch.

The feeling was more painful and torturous than being stabbed by a real sword.

This was a torture and oppression on the spirit and mind. It was also a kind of training that targeted a cultivator's perseverance. Ordinary people likely couldn't last for a few minutes before they collapsed and went crazy.

Regardless, Lin Xun and the other twenty seven people were able to persevere and not be eliminated, which was no doubt very good.

The training that day was finally over.

Everyone couldn't help but let out a long sigh of relief when they heard this. Even Ning Meng, a tough-skinned and heartless guy, felt the urge to weep tears of joy.

It's too cruel!

They had undergone all sorts of harsh and perverted training since four in the morning. They fought with golden flame spiders, fought hand to hand with fellow students, and listened to Xu Sanqi's course as he dissected a Magi Brute Race's corpse and endured its stench. Then they underwent willpower training...

There weren't many training sessions, but each one could torture a person to death. It was like a trip to hell.

Most of the students were from extraordinary backgrounds and had lived extremely comfortable and luxurious lives. They had always got what they wanted and had never suffered something similar in the past.

If they hadn't been consolidating their cultivation foundation since young, coupled with their remarkable aptitude and talent, they likely wouldn't be able to persevere.

Their experience that day made them deeply understand what kind of place was the Kill Blood Camp. Even the word brutal couldn't describe it. It was simply perverted!

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Their dinner was very fancy and even came with true aeth pills!

Aeth pills were the essence of aeth medicine and had infinite remarkable uses, but they were extremely rare and precious because only alchemist masters could produce them.

The aeth pills prepared for dinner were called Lengning Pill, which was a high-quality pill that tempered a person's cultivation and unblocked their meridians. In the outside world, such an aeth pill was worth ten silver coins!

This clearly showed that those who completed the daily brutal training without being eliminated could enjoy great benefits.

After dinner, all the students returned to their own residence, and were not allowed to go out without permission.

Lin Xun was still staying in the same cramped and dark cave. He was mentally and physically exhausted from the brutal training and couldn't wait to sleep.

However, he shook his head violently to force himself awake. He swallowed the Lengning Pill that he brought back from dinner and began his training.

Among the remaining twenty-eight students in the 39th campground, he was the only one at the sixth layer True Martial Stage. Almost all the others were at the eighth layer True Martial Stage or higher. Only very few were at the seventh layer True Martial Stage.

Lin Xun knew that he couldn't be compared to the others in terms of cultivation level.

Students such Ning Meng, Shi Yu, Qi Can, Wen Mingxiu, Li Qiu, and Mu Lengxin all had strong and solid backgrounds and were destined to be different from others the moment they were born.

They had inexhaustible cultivation resources. They received the finest cultivation techniques, aeth medicines, and cultivation education. They no doubt had a huge advantage over other people.

Lin Xun was miserable when compared to them. He had been frail and sickly from a young age and almost couldn't cultivate due to his Origin Aeth Artery being taken away. He was still at the second layer True Martial Stage when he was twelve years old and was unable to make any progress.

In essence, he was equivalent to a piece of trash in the cultivation world.

Fortunately, the opportunity from the Omega Secret-Realm allowed Lin Xun to reverse his cultivation path. In less than one year, he had made several breakthroughs and now possessed a cultivation base of the sixth layer True Martial Stage.

His speed of breakthrough was indeed astonishing, but there was still a gap between him and other students in the camp.

For example, Lin Xun regarded the Lengning Pill as a treasure, but Ning Meng didn't think much of it and said he ate them like sweets when he was a kid.
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Furthermore, Lin Xun heard from Ning Meng that among all the students in the 39th campground, a dozen could already break through to the Spirit Dipper Stage.

Ning Meng was one of them. Shi Yu, Qi Can, and Wen Mingxiu were also among them.

They had chosen to delay their breakthrough to the Spirit Dipper Stage because they wanted to temper their cultivation base and foundation to their limit first. Once that happened, they would possess terrifying power superior to that of ordinary people when they broke through to the Spirit Dipper stage!

Moreover, the stronger a person's foundation, the more beneficial it would be in a person's future cultivation.

If a cultivator blindly focused on the speed of breakthroughs and disregarded their foundation, they would only be impressive-looking from a glance but useless like a castle in the sky. Additionally, it would greatly hinder and affect their future cultivation. The disadvantages clearly far outweighed any possible benefit.

This was the cultivation education that children from wealthy families received. The environment in which they grew up in as well as their elders' influence meant they would make few mistakes on their cultivation path even if they were domineering and arrogant. Children from poor backgrounds couldn't be compared to them.

This was the reality.

Lin Xun had to put in more time and effort if he wanted to catch up to those people.

One would never solve a problem by complaining and resenting the world.

[Chapter 112: Ranked Bottom](#)

The Lengning Pill contained an enormous amount of aeth power. During dinner, Ning Meng had reminded Lin Xun that he would experience distending pain when he refined the Lengning Pill for the first time because he was only at the sixth layer True Martial Stage. He also urged him to endure it.

The reason was very simple—It could be useless but also dangerous for cultivators to consume precious pills and elixirs during cultivation because the aeth power contained in them was too tremendous. People with weaker cultivators wouldn't be able to bear the tremendous power. The medicinal effect would just escape from their body after consumption and it would be a waste.

Although Lin Xun didn't seem to care, he still paid a lot of attention during the pill refining.

Unexpectedly, Lin Xun had completely refined the Lengning Pill in just a quarter of an hour and he felt no bloating, let alone pain.

This discovery made Lin Xun realize that Ning Meng wasn't wrong but his body had become abnormal because of the four aeth power vortexes in his body!

Lin Xun even had a feeling that he could endure consuming ten Lengning Pills at once.

"I originally possessed the Origin Aeth Artery—Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer. Although it has been taken away, I gained four aeth power vortexes in my four heart acupuncture points. Perhaps it is this that made me possess a special talent that other cultivators don't..."

After observing the changes in his cultivation base, Lin Xun couldn't help but fall into deep thought.

After learning about innate talents from Ning Meng, Lin Xun began to envisage his body for the first time.

It has indeed changed. The after effect from my previous wound is gone, and I am now completely different from other cultivators during cultivation.

Could this also be a unique innate talent?

Lin Xun didn't know, but he knew that the four aeth vortexes that appeared in his four heart acupuncture points caused no harm to his cultivation. Rather, it gave him a power unimaginable to ordinary cultivators!

At the very least, the grade of Lin Xun's aeth power was very high and other people, including Ning Meng, were inferior to him!

Lin Xun had fought hand to hand with Ning Meng earlier and so he could confirm that, although his cultivation base was inferior to Ning Meng, his aeth power could completely suppress his.

Otherwise, Lin Xun wouldn't have been able to show extraordinary toughness and tenacity when he went up against Ning Meng.

The higher the grade of aeth power, the greater the power produced. This was a common view shared by the world.

His aeth power grade astounded Ning Meng. He said that he began to suppress his cultivation level four years ago and focused on improving his aeth power grade. He originally thought that his aeth power was already incredibly strong, but who would have thought that it couldn't be compared to Lin Xun's.

Ning Meng was very puzzled and bombarded Lin Xun with questions on how he achieved that, but Lin Xun ignored him at the time because he had just lost to Ning Meng.

This incident confirmed that the presence of the four aeth power vortexes in Lin Xun's body made him completely different from other cultivators.

Although Lin Xun's cultivation level was low and there was a gap between him and other students, he believed that, with enough effort, he could close the gap and even...surpass them!

After training his aeth power, Lin Xun practiced the Little Divine Meditation Art. A strong spirit had many benefits. At present, it might seem that it only improved his perception power but he knew it would have immeasurable benefits in his future cultivation.

Therefore, Lin Xun would never neglect practicing the Little Divine Meditation Art for other aspects of cultivation.

Once his meditation was over, it was already one o'clock in the morning. He sighed inwardly. There isn't enough time!

The training during the day was brutal and tense. Every second felt like hell, and there wasn't any free time.

The time that Lin Xun had in the evening also wasn't much considering that aeth power training and spirit tempering both required a good amount of time.

This meant that Lin Xun had to sacrifice his sleep if he wanted to cultivate rune art or hone his martial arts!

Fortunately, given Lin Xun's current cultivation, coupled with his strong spirit and body, it wouldn't be a problem if he didn't sleep for three to five days except that it would be more exhausting and tougher than usual.

However, this wasn't a long-term solution. A person's cultivation couldn't be completed overnight. It required time to settle and understand. A balance between work and rest provided the best cultivation state.

Lin Xun also understood the importance of balance, but he was too short of time and the Blood Kill Camp was too brutal and competitive. He could be eliminated at any time.

Lin Xun had no choice but to risk it to last until the end!

However, he didn't practise the art of runes or martial arts that night. Instead, he entered the Omega Secret Realm.

Every three days, he was given an opportunity to challenge the rune battle realm—Thousand Heavy Wave Sea and every time it tempered his body.

Lin Xun had attempted the rune battle realm a total of thirty-three times. Although it ended in failure every time, his power was improved every time, which could be regarded as a reward.

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Rumble!

On the familiar sea, Lin Xun's figure was again slapped away from the sole mountain peak that was surrounded by thousands of waterfalls.

It was his thirty-fourth failure!

The result was the same as before, but this time, Lin Xun's mood wasn't as calm because he had made it halfway up the mountain.

In other words, Lin Xun was halfway through the path of the Thousand Heavy Wave Sea!

The Thousand Heavy Wave Sea was the second level of the Great Azure Cloud Path in the Omega Secret Realm, and he had a total of one hundred and eight attempts to pass it.

Lin Xun couldn't help but tremble with excitement knowing that he was halfway from succeeding on his 34th attempt. He saw a glimmer of hope.

After Lin Xun passed the first level of the Great Azure Cloud Path and unraveled the mystery of the flowing light rune, he obtained the Little Divine Meditation Art as a reward.
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What kind of reward would he receive if he broke through the Thousand Heavy Wave Sea, scale the mountain and finally pass the second level of the Great Azure Cloud Path?

Lin Xun was full of anticipation.

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Time passed by.

His every day at the Blood Kill Camp was very tense but fulfilling. Every moment was very precious.

Combat training, close combat training, willpower training, as well as various theoretical courses such as dissecting, history, self-rescue, assassination, hiding, and escaping were crammed into one day.

Very few people chose to rest at night. Many would rather seize the time at night to practice and improve themselves.

All the students knew that they might be able to catch up to other students in the various trainings on the next day if they made full use of the time at night!

The camp was incredibly competitive because no one wanted to be eliminated and most importantly, everyone wanted to earn points!

Whether it was practical training or theoretical courses, the top three received higher points.

A student's points represented their achievements, but they could also be exchanged for various benefits in the Blood Kill Camp, including medicinal pills and cultivation arts, as well as pointers from the instructors.

One week later.

While they were eating dinner, Ning Meng suddenly said, "Although you haven't been eliminated in the past few days, you have earned the least amount of points. Do you know what that means?"

Lin Xun nodded, a heavy feeling in his chest.

He was the only one with a cultivation base of the sixth layer True Martial Stage in the entire 39th campground and that made it difficult for him to compete with the other students in the various daily training sessions.

This was particularly a problem during close combat training. One point was deducted for each defeat and Lin Xun had more losses than wins on his battle record. Not only did he not earn points, but he also lost the points that he had earned.

Lin Xun's performance in theoretical courses was average. It wasn't that he didn't work hard but the other students had been exposed to various topics since a young age. Naturally, his results weren't as good as theirs.

Lin Xun had lived in a mine prison since he was a child and so he had very limited knowledge. It already wasn't easy for him to achieve average grades in the theoretical assessments.

It was due to an inherent weakness in his reserve of knowledge.

A cultivator must not only know how to fight, but also how to rescue themselves, escape, recognize danger, see through the enemy, arrange troops, prepare for battle and manage a situation!

The fact that Lin Xun was ranked at the bottom based on points meant that he could enjoy fewer benefits than the other students. This might not be particularly important, but he would be directly eliminated at the end of the month if he was still ranked bottom in the 39th campground.

“This is a bottle of Lengning Pill that I exchanged for with my points. There are thirty pills in total. Feel free to use them. There are still three weeks left before the end of the month. I don't want you to gloomily leave here.”

Ning Meng suddenly took out a white jade bottle and handed it to Lin Xun with a serious look on his face.

Lin Xun was surprised at first, and then he accepted it after a long silence. He said with a smile, “Are you worried that I will make you lose face again?”

Ning Meng said fiercely. “Isn't what you said a waste of breath? Who in the 39th campground doesn't know that you're my brother? If you're eliminated, what about my face?”

Lin Xun shrugged helplessly. “Never mind, for the sake of your face, I will make some sacrifices so that I won't be eliminated.”

After spending one week at the Blood Kill Camp, Lin Xun had observed that the remaining twenty-eight people in the 39th campground were divided into different social circles. Although Lin Xun didn't particularly care about this, it was still something he had to know.

Qi Can, Xin Wenbin, Wen Mingxiu and Mu Lengxin were in one social circle and they had many people gathered around them.

Shi Yu, Li Qiu and a few others were often together, and so were considered a social circle.

Ning Meng was originally very popular, but when he regarded Lin Xun as his brother, many people started to keep a distance from him even if they didn't say anything.

Ever since Lin Xun and Xin Wenbin clashed on their first day, the social circle with Qi Can and Wen Mingxiu had drawn a clear line with Lin Xun and even viewed him as an enemy.

For this reason, although Ning Meng, who had a good relationship with Lin Xun, wasn't targeted, no one wanted to approach him on their own initiative.

Lin Xun also noticed this, so he knew that Ning Meng wanted to help him in disguise. If it wasn't for Ning Meng, Xin Wenbin would have done something to him already.

“There are only three weeks left. The situation has to change!”

Lin Xun said fiercely in his mind. He wouldn't be able to accept being eliminated like that!

[Chapter 113: Taking Advantage of Seniority](#)

Shi Yu was the only person Lin Xun could not read in the 39th Campground.

Shi Yu was also a core member of his clique but he never displayed any ambition nor made any enemies.

In fact, he had even chatted with Lin Xun several times. Their conversations were mostly related to training and Shi Yu never seemed to have other agendas.

Lin Xun did not know what to make of this.

A few days ago, he had heard Ning Meng mention that Shi Yu was the famous Fortune God Shi's third son, and Shi Xuan's brother!

Lin Xun did not know if the other party knew him but since he owed Shi Xuan a debt, Lin Xun would not intentionally do anything which would harm Shi Yu.

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Lin Xun was deep in thought as he walked out of the canteen. He was racking his brains over how to change his circumstances such that he would at the very least not be eliminated at the end of the month.

No matter how hard he mulled over it, he found that it was very difficult to change anything within a short span of three weeks.

At the very least, Lin Xun did not know where to start.

He did not wish to admit defeat here.

Twilight was usually the most comfortable time in the desolate desert. It was neither cold nor hot; the setting sun was akin to a beautiful burning red rose which painted the sky in majestic colors.

Competition was always present in the camp. After dinner, the 39th Campground students returned to their lodgings and began training to improve their cultivation.

Lin Xun's heart was heavy as he walked along the path to the campground alone.

He suddenly noticed a skinny old man lying on the ground nearby, fiddling with a strange cauldron-like object.

The old man was thin as a rake and had a head of messy, unkempt hair. He mumbled incoherently as he stared at the object in his hands with a deep frown.

Lin Xun could not resist his curiosity and walked over to take a look. The object in the old man's hands was shaped like a cauldron, about half-a-foot tall, and gave off a dark red glow.

Rune lines as fine as hairs adorned the cauldron's surface, creating a detailed and complicated pattern that covered the entire cauldron.

In a single glance, Lin Xun identified the object to be an aeth engine, which was a core component used to create ships.

"Damnit, this won't work either. If paired with this toy, not only will the ship's speed not increase, but there will also likely be instabilities. The disadvantages outweigh the advantages!"

The old man ground his teeth in frustration and disappointment, "Could my vision be wrong? Is it impossible for the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array to replace the original Moonlight Array? Or does the problem lie in the aeth engine's material?"

He lay on the ground in a daze, seemingly unable to accept this outcome.

Lin Xun was stunned. He closely examined the aeth engine for a long time before he could not help but ask, "Old uncle, why don't you try combining the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array and the Moonlight Array?"

The old man sullenly rebuked, "What nonsense! These two arrays are completely different! How the hell do you combine them?!"

He lifted his head and grew increasingly annoyed when he saw that the speaker was just a teenager. The old man coldly mocked as if releasing his frustration, "A boy that's still wet behind the ears dares to tell me such nonsense? Rune dao is profound and mysterious, and even all the rune masters in the world can only decipher a few of its secrets. How can an immature fool who still smells of milk possibly understand it? Scram!"

Lin Xun frowned, "Just because you can't doesn't mean others can't. Old fart, if rune masters are all as arrogant as you, they will only be able to dream about reaching the supreme rune dao in their lifetime."

He turned and left, leaving these words behind. Lin Xun could not be bothered to argue with an ill-tempered old bastard.

"Pui! Such a huge ego at such a young age. The new generation is both ignorant and arrogant!" The old man spat on the ground before returning his attention to his newly created aeth engine.

However, there was still no progress when the sky turned dark. Amidst his frustration, he suddenly grabbed the aeth engine as if intending to destroy it.

Lovely bell-like laughter suddenly sounded from far away, "Old Mo, why have you come all the way here? Want to guess what good news I've brought?"

A fiery-red figure arrived in front of the old man like the wind. She had eyes which twinkled like stars, a pair of curved black brows, and an oval-shaped face. Her loosely tied hair lazily sprawled over her shoulder and her full lips were red as fire, giving off a sensation of untamable wildness as she slightly pursed them.

She wore a leather jacket and skin-tight leather pants, the tight clothing making it seem as if her bust would burst out at any moment. The clothes did not cover her waist, allowing her to proudly display her fair skin and her slender abdomen.

The leather pants were tightly stretched over her round hips and long legs, accentuating curves which would make any man's heart beat faster.

She was undoubtedly an extremely seductive, hot, sexy, wild, and pretty woman. The mere sight of her would make anyone's heart waver and turn their mouths dry.

Anyone who saw her would likely think the words: an extraordinary beauty who could cause the downfall of nations.

If the 39th campground students were here, they would immediately realize that besides her clothes and demeanor, this beautiful woman looked like an exact copy of Instructor Xiaoke!

The thin old man called Old Mo was taken aback. Without a change in expression, he first took a good, long look at the woman's sizable bust before displaying a surprised and happy expression, "Xiaoman, you're finally back. Quick tell me what that old geezer from Qinglu Academy said!"

Xiaoman glared at Old Mo, "If you dare to take another peek, I'll smash all of the trash in your nest!"

Old Mo immediately retorted, "What trash, those are treasures! They're the greatest treasures I've painstakingly created over the years!"

Xiaoman clearly understood Old Mo well and could not be bothered to argue with him, "That old fellow said that although your idea about changing the aeth engine of the Violet Hero Battleship is quite out there, it is not impossible."

Old Mo suddenly felt rejuvenated. He anxiously rubbed his hands together and asked, "What's his solution?"

He had already been tortured by this problem for several months and was nearly about to give up. He never imagined that he would obtain such good news at this juncture. It was like suddenly finding a ray of light in the darkness which reignited his hope.

"He didn't explain in detail, but told me you could consider combining the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array with the Moonlight Array." Xiaoman crossed her arms, propping up her cherished chest.

However, Old Mo completely ignored the captivating sight and cried out, "That old geezer is obviously playing a trick on me. How can these two arrays be combined?"

Xiaoman displayed an expression that showed she clearly didn't care, "I already brought you the news. If you feel it's impossible, there's nothing I can do."

Old Mo's expression fluctuated with uncertainty. He had originally thought that there was finally hope, but who could have imagined he would receive an utterly absurd suggestion. Isn't this basically the same thing that idiot kid said?

Wait a minute!

Old Mo suddenly froze. That kid made the same suggestion earlier. Can the two arrays really be combined?

More than ten days ago, he had sent Xiaoman to Qinglu Academy to seek feedback for a new aeth engine design.

Given his understanding of this old friend, he would never joke on the topic of rune arrays.

After all, this old friend was a rune grandmaster who was the most devoted to the study of runes!

"Fine, I'll ponder over this again. If nothing works out, I will try the method he suggested." Old Mo sighed and hurriedly left cradling his aeth engine, displaying an expression that was deep in thought.

"Sigh, I hope he will succeed this time."

Xiaoman sighed. Although the old man was a little lecherous, he was also a flawless grandmaster in the art of runes.

He had been obsessed over this aeth engine for the past few months, constantly rambling incoherently as if deranged. It was a sight which would make anyone sigh.

She cast a casual glance towards the 39th campground as a nearly unnoticeable hint of loneliness flashed across her face.

Xiaoman shook her hand and turned around to leave. She needed to keep an eye on Old Mo because he was the treasure of Blood Kill Camp and they could not afford to let anything happen to him.

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“She’s back.”

In the 39th Campground, the fat middle-aged man lifted his head, “Are you really not going to see her?”

A lonely, slender figure was seated at the head of the ship beside him. She was dressed in well-worn military attire, and her short jet-black hair was blown up by the wind to reveal a fair and pretty face.

It was Xiaoke.*novelnext.com*

She held a wine pot and absentmindedly took swig after swig as if not hearing what the fat middle-aged man had said.

“Sigh, you sisters are so stubborn. Never mind, I’m washing my hands of this matter.” The fat middle-aged man angrily shook his head and turned around to leave with his hands behind his back.

The night cast a shadow on Xiaoke’s face as she dazedly stared into the distance. After a long time, she softly mumbled, “She’s not my sister.”

She jumped off the ship. Her posture was as straight as usual, regaining her previous composure and indifference as she disappeared into the darkness.

The night grew deeper and deeper.

Lin Xun used what time he had to train, his expression solemn and calm.

He had swallowed ten Lengning Pills and hot aeth power was currently coursing through his body.

After six hours, Lin Xun’s body shook as he opened his eyes. Dazzling light shone in his eyes before returning to normal.

“The medicinal power in ten Lengning Pills is indeed enormous. I’ve never felt such fullness before...”

Lin Xun turned his senses inward and was surprised to discover that his cultivation was fast approaching the True Martial seventh layer!

However, before he could inspect more closely, his heart suddenly shivered as he abruptly raised his gaze and looked out the window.

A sexy figure had appeared at some unknown time. Although her features were not clearly visible due to the darkness, she gave off a hazy feeling of enchanting beauty.

“Don’t be nervous, handsome young man, come with your big sister to meet someone.”

All Lin Xun heard was tinkling laughter. Before he could react, he was picked up by a hand and pulled out of the cave-dwelling.

[Chapter 114: Requiring Help](#)

Under the night sky, Blood Kill Camp was like an ancient savage beast wrapped in darkness, exceptionally quiet as it slumbered.

Lin Xun’s initial panic had faded and he had regained his calm.

He was being carried through the darkness and could only see a pair of slender legs and a tiny section of a snow-white waist from the corner of his eye.

Due to the close proximity, he could even smell a faint fragrance from the woman’s body.

She was an exceptionally sexy woman. Merely looking at the curves of her long legs and her waist swaying as she moved filled a person with endless fantasies and temptation.

However, Lin Xun was not in the mood to admire any of this. He needed to figure out who this woman was and why she dared to kidnap him from Blood Kill Camp so late at night.

“Handsome boy, are you scared?” Soft, tinkling laughter sounded by his ear and made him itch as if a playful cat paw was touching him.

“I’m afraid yet not afraid. I honestly can’t think anything about me is special enough to attract a great beauty like you, big sister. To have stolen me away on such a lovely night makes me feel so awkward yet happy.” Lin Xun quickly said, making sure to be soft as well. His intuition told him that he would immediately be knocked unconscious if he was too loud.

The woman chuckled, seemingly finding his answer very entertaining, “You’re such a sly little brat and such a sweet talker. Who knows how many young ladies you will ruin in the future?”

Lin Xun’s eyes swirled in thought. He observed their surroundings as he smiled and said, “Big sister, you hurt me by saying that. I would never touch any young ladies because they’re always so feisty, willful and so difficult to please. I like beauties like Big Sister: mature, intelligent, considerate, and most importantly, those who know how to show tender loving care.”

Thud!

A fist playfully knocked Lin Xun’s head amidst the woman’s stifled laughter, “Brat, you dare to take advantage of your big sister? What a bold little boy.”

Lin Xun grinned, “I can’t help but become bold when meeting a beauty like Big Sister. Your charisma is something other women cannot match.”

The woman laughed until the fair skin on her waist trembled like ripples under the moon's glow. The sight stunned Lin Xun for a moment. For the first time, he discovered that a single twist of the waist from certain women could give off such an irresistible charm.

After quite some time, the woman sighed and said, "If you dared to say such things to me a few years ago, I would have cut off your tongue."

"What about now?" Lin Xun acted like a curious baby as he sighed inwardly. It's already been so long, has no one realized that I've been kidnapped?

"Now..." The woman's voice deepened as if recalling something.

Lin Xun began to grow anxious. Are the Kill Blood Camp's many experts all not around? Where's Instructor Yu Sanqi? What about Instructor Xiaoke?

As he began to panic, a cold and calm voice suddenly sounded from the darkness, "Did you get my permission to take away someone from the 39th Campground?"

It was a voice that would always make Lin Xun's heart shiver as if the devil was speaking, but now, it felt even more pleasant than a heavenly melody.

Instructor Xiaoke is finally here!

Lin Xun relaxed as the woman who was holding him came to a stop.

Xiaoke's figure walked out from the darkness. Under the starlight, she was composed as usual until she saw the person holding Lin Xun, causing her to frown as a never seen before iciness emerged on her face.

Xiaoman!

She dares to appear in front of me!

"Xiaoke..."

The one who had kidnapped Lin Xun was Xiaoman. However, her usual saucy expression was replaced by a complicated look when she saw Xiaoke.

"Don't say my name!" Xiaoke's expression grew increasingly frosty as a fierce light flashed in her eyes.

Lin Xun realized that Instructor Xiaoke knew the woman who had kidnapped him. Moreover, it seemed to be no ordinary relationship.

He silently looked up, only for his eyes to widen when he saw Xiaoman's appearance. It was not because of her beauty...but because she looked exactly like Instructor Xiaoke.

The only difference was their clothing and demeanor; the difference was like fire and water.

Could they be twins? A thought floated in Lin Xun's mind.

"Release him and immediately disappear!"

Xiaoke did not ask why and instead directly declared her condition. From her resolute and murderous tone, it felt as if she did not wish to even look at Xiaoman a second longer.

"I can't. This kid has his uses." Xiaoman shook her head, her expression was similarly stubborn and determined. Their faces seemed to superimpose upon each other, making them appear as if they were the same person.

Clang!

Xiaoke pulled out a strangely shaped blade that glittered with faint purple light under the night sky.

Icy killing intent flowed from between her brows. She clearly had no intentions of talking.

Wide-eyed, Xiaoman's entire body trembled at this sight as an undetectable look of pain flashed deep in her eyes.

Lin Xun could clearly feel that she seemed to be very conflicted and emotional.

The atmosphere grew hostile and suffocating like the thick silence before a storm.

"Let her go." A harsh, icy voice sounded from the darkness.

Lin Xun's heart shook. Xu Sanqi is here as well. *novelnext.coM*

However, Lin Xun could not sense the former's location no matter how hard he tried.

Xiaoke fell silent as if struggling internally.

Lin Xun's heart sank. Are they not going to save me? Are they really going to watch this woman take me away?

"Thanks, Head Yu."

Xiaoman suddenly twisted her head and grinned at the darkness, returning to her usual flirtatious self.

Swoosh!

Lin Xun could not help but sigh. In a flash, he was pulled into the boundless darkness of the night.

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"Handsome boy, behave yourself and stay here."

Xiaoman's flirtatious voice sounded by his ear again. Lin Xun soon felt himself being thrown and he stumbled while trying to stabilize his body.

When he stood up, he found himself in an enormous building. It was brightly lit and filled with various strange objects: puppets, ships, weapons, and even a dozen giant animal skeletons.

It looked like some kind of messy warehouse.

Lin Xun found a familiar figure at the center of the warehouse. A skinny geezer was bent over a stage, frowning as he stared at an aeth engine.

It's the geezer I met in the evening!

Lin Xun had a faint inkling of what was going on as a plan began to formulate in his head. With an icy chuckle, he walked forward and silently observed the aeth engine on the stage.

"This old man was wrong about you." After a long silence, Old Mo finally managed to speak. His face was filled with embarrassment.

You kidnapped me in the middle of the night to apologize?" Lin Xun coldly said, "My time is precious. I don't have time for your nonsense."

"You..." Old Mo was outraged. He pointed at Lin Xun and said in a threatening voice, "You rascal, do you know who you're speaking to?"

Lin Xun was unafraid because he knew they needed him. He disdainfully said, "Of course I do. You're an ignorant, arrogant, and narrow-minded old toad."

Old Mo's entire body trembled in anger. With a deep breath, he ultimately restrained himself and suddenly chuckled, "Runt, since you're so confident, you must have already guessed what this old man wants."

Lin Xun expressionlessly replied, "Don't think everyone is as stupid as you. I must have been doing nothing for the past thirteen years if I couldn't guess it."

His rudeness made the corners of Old Mo's mouth twitch. He forced himself to smile and said, "Meaning you...know how to fuse the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array and the Moonlight Array?"

Lin Xun merely sneered as he looked at Old Mo.

Veins popped out on Old Mo's forehead, "You punk, are you still angry after I repeatedly lowered my head?"

A stickily sweet voice sounded from outside the warehouse, "Old Mo, the handsome boy is waiting for you to lay out the benefits! How can there be no incentive for helping?"

Xiaoman had clearly been watching and was gloating at Old Mo's misery. Upon seeing that he was about to break down, she could no longer keep silent and spoke out to help him.

Benefits?

Old Mo was taken back. Soon after, he slapped his thigh and chuckled, "That's easy! This old man will satisfy any conditions as long as they are within my means.

"However, if you dare to trick me..."

Xiaoman's voice sounded again, "I'll be the first to go after him. This cheeky brat took advantage of me several times on the way here. If he turns out to be useless, I will have lost big."

Lin Xun was speechless. The geezer and woman teaming up against him was giving him a headache.

He knew that it was time to back down. He had already released his grievances and continuing down this line would only enrage the other party.

Although Lin Xun did not know their identities or origins, people who could appear in Blood Kill Camp were clearly no ordinary folk. Xu Sanqi had even spoken up for the lady. Lin Xun would likely be the one in trouble if he were to offend the duo.

“We can talk about the incentives after I solve the problem.”

Lin Xun suddenly became straightforward, “Help me prepare a rune brush and a piece of paper.”

Old Mo quickly went to carry out the instructions. However, he still could not help but be somewhat skeptical. Can this thirteen-year-old kid really do it?

Old Mo had been mulling over the problem ever since he was told he needed to fuse the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array and Moonlight Array.

However, he made no headway despite staying up late at night. He felt dejected, frustrated, and was nearly about to go insane.

His old friend from Qinglu Academy had already given Old Mo a direction, but he was still unable to make any progress. This made him begin to doubt his level of mastery over runes.

He had kidnaped Lin Xun on impulse, hoping to somehow find some miracle. Old Mo was desperate to give anything a shot although he was not optimistic about the outcome.

However, Lin Xun’s strong attitude reinvigorated Old Mo. He could not help but feel a little hopeful when Lin Xun agreed to solve the problem.

Chapter 115 Full of Vigor

An aeth engine was the core component of a ship, similar to how a foundation was to a rune array.

There was no lack of merchant and civilian ships in the empire, which came in various styles and were equipped with a variety of functions.

However, the ship Old Mo referred to was different from the others. It was called the Violet Hero Battleship and was an important strategic weapon for the army.

In the Ziyao Empire, battleships were categorized into three classes: small, medium and large.

For example, the Silver Eagle Battleship Shi Yu had arrived in was the newest medium-scale battleship designed by the empire’s Divine Workshop. It could carry over a thousand people and was equipped with rune battle cannons boasting terrifying destructive power. *ηOVELNext.com*

The Violet Hero Battleship Old Mo sought to remodel was a small-scale battleship. Moreover, it was the empire's most famous and classic battleship which had been improved dozens of times over the past few hundred years and had currently reached a certain level of perfection.

In other words, the Violet Hero Battleship no longer had any room for improvement.

However, Old Mo was of a different opinion. He believed the core of a battleship was the aeth engine, and the core of the aeth engine was the rune array. Since it was a rune array, it possessed unlimited possibilities!

Old Mo was a rune grandmaster who had dwelled in the art for many years. As such, he deduced that the Violet Hero Battleship's power would undergo a complete transformation if he could figure out a way to replace the Moonlight Array with the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array.

He had worked tirelessly on this project for several months, testing and researching various possibilities. However, all of his experiments had ultimately ended in failure.

The problem did not lie in the aeth engine but the rune array.

Rune arrays were classified into four levels: basic, intermediate, advance and peak.

The Treasure Light Gold Fire Array was an intermediate-level rune array. Its most prominent feature was its ability to absorb sun and moon essences to produce a terrifying power called gold fire.

The Moonlight Array was a basic rune array that could absorb moon essence at night. Although it could also produce tremendous power, it was clearly a level lower than the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array.

Regretfully, this was the Violet Hero Battleship's limit. Its specifications and materials made it very difficult for it to utilize a higher grade rune array.

The only way was for the Violet Hero Battleship to be completely redesigned from scratch. However, could you still call it the Violet Hero Battleship then? Moreover, it was a classic ship that had been slowly perfected over the past hundreds of years by countless rune grandmasters and was already considered perfect by many.

Even someone with Old Mo's capabilities did not dare to claim he could single-handedly redesign the Violet Hero Battleship from scratch.

Hence, Old Mo could only attempt to find a breakthrough from the aeth engine; more specifically, he needed to find a new rune array to replace the original rune array.

However, after countless failures, Old Mo realized how difficult this was to achieve. If not for the news brought back by Xiaoman today, he would have probably given up.

This was precisely why Lin Xun's appearance and subsequent declaration that he could solve the problem filled Old Mo's heart with expectation.

However, it also made him feel extremely worried. He was a rune grandmaster. Moreover, it would not be overly arrogant for him to declare that he was first-class even amongst all the rune grandmasters in the empire!

Could a thirteen-year-old boy like Lin Xun solve a problem even a great master like Old Mo could not?

Although Old Mo was highly skeptical, he honestly had no options left and could only pray for a miracle.

Swish swish swish!

While Old Mo was fretting, Lin Xun picked up the rune brush, bent over the stage, and began to draw on a piece of paper.

The sharp brush tip which had been dipped in the most ordinary black ink gracefully danced on the white paper in a skillful manner with stroke after stroke practically flowing from it.

If the strokes were closely examined, one would realize that they gave off a feeling of boldness and stability with no hint of frivolous lightness.

Old Mo's eyes could not help but brighten at this sight. Rune masters highly valued penmanship. Penmanship differed from person to person, and each individual had their own unique style such as: strangely fluttery, light and elegant, bold and gorgeous, strong and forceful, etc.

Lin Xun's movements were carefree, graceful, agile, and skillful like drifting clouds or flowing water. The strokes he drew were modest, stable, and imposing.

This was not merely strong fundamentals, but someone who had already developed his own style!

This was rare to see!

At the very least, none of the rune masters Old Mo knew could achieve this level when they were thirteen.

Old Mo's expectations grew, his gaze changing slightly when he looked towards Lin Xun. This is no simple kid!

However, when Old Mo saw the rune array Lin Xun was drawing, he immediately frowned and said, "Isn't this the Qingyi True Wood Array?"

Lin Xun continued to draw, focused as if not he had not heard what had been said.

At his current capabilities, he was unable to set up a complete rune array. However, drawing a sketch was child's play.

Upon seeing that Lin Xun did not respond, Old Mo could not really say anything else. However, the more he observed the more he felt that something was wrong. When he saw that Lin Xun was going to draw a Mud-Light Dipper-Mountain Array next, Old Mo immediately slammed his hands on a table and said, "Wrong, wrong. You plan on using these two arrays as a medium to bridge the other two rune arrays right? Give up, I've tried this method before and it doesn't work!"

Lin Xun frowned. He was getting annoyed by the interruptions, causing him to coldly stare at Old Mo, "Just because you can't doesn't mean others cannot. If you don't believe me, I can leave!"

Old Mo's expression froze. He forcibly suppressed his anger and said, "You've got balls, kid. I'm interested to see what you're going to cook up!"

Lin Xun ignored Old Mo and returned to his work, painting a picture of concentration and focus.

He had studied runes under Mister Lu since young and it had practically been his whole life while he lived in the mine prison.

Like Mister Lu, Lin Xun hated being interrupted while drawing runes. This might also be why rune masters were known to be oddballs with strange temperaments.

Although this made Old Mo feel increasingly angry, it also increased his expectations. Is this kid really so confident?

Old Mo decided to continue observing

As time passed, sheet after sheet was quickly filled with complicated rune arrays. Four completely different rune arrays were produced in the short span of half an hour.

Old Mo grew increasingly confused, no longer able to understand Lin Xun's intentions. What does the kid plan on doing with so many rune arrays?

Old Mo felt both bewildered and expectant. Regardless of whether Lin Xun would succeed, it was already amazing that he could so precisely and perfectly draw so many rune arrays at the young age of thirteen.

Old Mo rubbed his chin as he gazed at the side silhouette of Lin Xun's focused figure. A question suddenly struck Old Mo: Who was the teacher of this astonishing youngster?

"Old Mo, what do you think?" Xiaoman had walked over at some unknown time. Arms crossed, she watched Lin Xun with slight curiosity.

With her skin-tight leather clothes, fair skin, pretty and sexy face, and long shapely legs, casually standing there gave her an attractive and languid charm.

This was the power of an extraordinary beauty. Every smile and every action was just somehow naturally alluring.

Old Mo secretly swallowed as eyes quickly darted across Xiaoman's astonishing mounds. He icily snorted, "What do you mean by what do I think? This kid has such a temper, who knows what nonsense he's up to?"

Xiaoman was surprised, "Even you can't tell what he's doing? Old Mo, you're a rune grandmaster who can never shut up about how amazing you are..."

Before she could finish, Old Mu's expression darkened as he bellowed, "What does a woman like you know about runes? Is a matter between rune masters something someone like you can comment about?!"

Xiaoman frowned and disdainfully retorted, "Stop trying to act like you're something special. I might not understand any of this, but I do know how to dig out the eyes of a lecherous old man."

Old Mo's body went rigid. He embarrassedly withdrew his gaze and sighed, "Sigh, you're too much, lass. Always dressing so provocatively when you have such a sexy body. I don't even know where to look when you're around."

He acted as if he had been deeply wronged.

Xiaoman snorted in contempt, "Stop jesting. I'm asking you how's it going."

Old Mo looked at Lin Xun with a complicated expression, "I can only recognize the rune arrays he's drawing but I don't know what he intends to do with them. Nor can I figure out what relation these arrays have with the aeth engine."

There was a rare trace of dejection in his voice.

Xiaoman was taken aback. As she watched Lin Xun's focused face, she mumbled, "A serious man is indeed the most handsome..."

Old Mo could not help but roll his eyes, "I'm always focused on my work but I've never heard you say that."

Xiaoman giggled, "You're too ugly, you rotten geezer. How can you compare to such a young and fresh handsome boy?"

Old Mo asked, "Is this an old cow going after fresh shoots? He's only thirteen, don't ruin him!"

Xiaoman disdainfully said, "Just say it if you're jealous. Stop being so fake in front of me."

Old Mu flushed in embarrassment and snorted.

He knew that he could not win Xiaoman in an argument. After all, debating with a woman was the most foolish thing someone could do.

Lin Xun suddenly stood up. He put down the rune brush, turned around and handed a stack of papers to Old Mo, "Done."

Done?

Old Mo and Xiaoman were stunned. They could not help but stop bickering and their gazes turned towards the stack of papers.

[Chapter 116: Wolf Fang Moon](#)

Clearly excited, Old Mo began to flip through the stack of papers.

During this time, he displayed a whole host of interesting expressions: sometimes frowning, sometimes widening his eyes, and sometimes scratching his head in confusion.

A single glance made Xiaoman feel somewhat dizzy. The papers were filled with complex rune arrays and she didn't understand a single thing.

She could not help but turn her head to look at Lin Xun and ask, "Can this really solve the problem?"

Lin Xun thought a little before he said, "We'll know once we try. It should work."

He did not dare to sound too certain.

Because he was still unsure as to whether Old Mo had the means to realize his solution.

A smile rose from the corners of Xiaoman's lips as she winked at Lin Xun, "Handsome boy, Big Sister will not let you off if it fails."

Although it was a threat, Lin Xun's heart could not help but violently thump at her words. He took a deep breath and asked, "But what if it succeeds? How will Big Sister reward me?"

"With my body?" Xiaoman seductively bit her lip.

"Not realistic. Something else please." Lin Xun decisively said. He had not lost his rationality due to her beauty and knew that she was teasing him.

Xiaoman raised her brow and pitifully said, "Isn't Big Sister pretty? How can you so heartlessly reject my goodwill? What do you want? Maybe you want your big sister to catch a few more little beauties to keep you company?"

Lin Xun had a headache. He smiled bitterly and said, "Can we have a proper discussion?"

Xiaoman acted increasingly bitter and sullen, "Are you saying your big sister has no decency? What a cold-hearted little bastard. Big Sister was wrong about you."

(Chinese wordplay where the word 'proper' can also be interpreted as 'decent')

Lin Xun was at his wit's end. Fortunately, Old Mo suddenly raised his head, revealing bloodshot eyes and a deep frown. He anxiously pointed at a rune array and said, "Among the five rune arrays you've given me, only this Clear Image Thousand Valley Array clearly doesn't fit. What function does it have?"

Lin Xun secretly breathed a sigh of relief. He ignored Xiaoman's resentful gaze and began discussing with Old Mo.

"This array is formed from thirty-six wind attribute runes and seventy-two earth attribute runes. It might appear to be a giant illusion array but if used on the aeth engine, it will combine with the Qingyi True Wood Array to form a new array..."

Lin Xun swiftly explained with frankness and confidence.

As Old Mo listened attentively, a look of understanding gradually appeared on his face.

He quickly asked, "What about this Shatter Gold Array?"

"Simple, the Shatter Gold Array supplements the Treasure Light Gold Flame Array. Both have similar attributes and only through the power produced by their combination will the other arrays harmonize as well..."

"I see, why didn't I think of this before! Isn't this the simplest fusion method?" Old Mo slapped his thighs in exasperation and amazement.

"Wait, there's still something wrong here."

"Come on, you don't even know this? Don't forget that rune arrays are not independent entities but interdependent due to their attributes. Take the Flame Ice Nine Song Array for example..."

"God damnit, I can't believe you can do that! Why didn't I think of this before?"

"It's normal. You focused too much on the fusion and neglected the various changes that can occur between interacting rune arrays."

The conversation heated up as the young man and old man excitedly discussed over the sheets of runes. Everything was about runes, making it difficult for any outsider to understand.

Xiaoman was completely lost as she listened. She blankly stared at the confident, frank and high-spirited youngster before looking at the humble, student-like Old Mo and suddenly felt a sense of unrealism.

When did this proud perverted old man become so modest? Moreover, he was acting this way towards a mere youngster. This was just inconceivable.

Although Old Mo was extremely arrogant, his abilities were the real deal. He was indeed a first-class rune grandmaster.

If he had not been made to stay in Blood Kill Camp due to some special circumstances, he could have easily become one of Qinglu Academy's highly respected instructors!

On this note, Old Mo actually had some special relations with Qinglu Academy.

The sight of this extremely qualified rune grandmaster willingly bowing his proud head to a thirteen-year-old boy to humbly seek guidance filled Xiaoman with disbelief.

She even began to feel that Lin Xun was the esteemed master while Old Mo...the ignorant student.

It was a very bizarre feeling which brought unimaginable shock to Xiaoman.

Where did this kid come from? How did he come up with such a magical solution?

Xiaoman's gaze changed when she looked toward Lin Xun. It was now filled with hints of amazement, admiration, and curiosity. When a woman became strongly curious about a man, the outcome was always difficult to predict.

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An hour later, Lin Xun's mouth had become quite parched from all the talking. It was at this moment that a cup of tea was offered to him.

Lin Xun turned his head and saw that it was Xiaoman, causing him to smile, "Big Sister, do you still recall what I said on the way here? Only a mature and intelligent woman knows how to show tender loving care. Like this timely cup filled with kindness."

He downed the entire cup and displayed a satisfied expression.

Xiaoman spat on the floor and viciously glared at Lin Xun, "What a glib tongue and how bold of you to tease your big sister. You'd better be careful, I might slice up your pretty face next time so no girls will look at you in the future!"

Lin Xun sighed, "I'm not afraid of being disfigured, I'm just afraid that Big Sister might not be able to bring herself to do the deed."

Xiaoman stifled a laugh and gave him a thumbs-up, "Pretty good. I've seen charming young nobles who have all kinds of methods to hit on girls. You are the most shameless and thick-skinned amongst them."

Lin Xun replied with a serious expression, "This is called hitting on big sisters."

Old Mo could not help but feel annoyed by their flirting, "Xiaoman, can you stop causing trouble here?"

Xiaoman acknowledged and provocatively glanced at Lin Xun, "Handsome boy, your big sister will be sure to properly ask you more about hitting on big sisters next time. Don't you dare run away then!"

She turned around and left.

“That woman is a walking disaster!” Old Mo cursed.

“I feel that this big sister is quite a good person. She’s much better than those bad-tempered little girls.”
Lin Xun sighed.

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Blood Kill Camp. A simple stone house.

Xu Sanqi was seated before a desk with his back as straight as a pencil. He was cleaning an old dark silver armor, and there was a sliver of rarely seen tenderness visible on his usually stoic, suntanned face.

It was his rune armament, Wolf Fang of the Moon, and it had accompanied him through many battles for dozens of years. However, it had also been inactive in recent years.

It was because it had been dozens of years since Xu Sanqi left the battlefield.

“Old partner, the day will come when I will bring you to the battlefield again.” With a determined expression, Xu Sanqi gently put Wolf Fang Moon away.

A fiery-red figure pushed the door open and entered. She sat on the table and lazily said, “Still not sleeping, Head Xu? Were you waiting for me?”

It was Xiaoman.

Xu Sanqi raised his head, his gaze like a sharp blade as he glanced at her. She immediately stood up and withdrew her lazy expression.

Only then did Xu Sanqi ask, “What is it?”

Xiaoman sighed softly. All of the sexiness and seductiveness disappeared, replaced by a calmness mixed with a hint of loneliness.

After a long time, she pushed down her emotions and said, “I’ve come to ask for a person. It’s related to Old Mo’s project and you should know what it means if he succeeds.”

Xu Sanqi narrowed his eyes, “The one called Lin Xun?”

Xiaoman was not surprised. If Xu Sanqi had not appeared when she kidnapped Lin Xun, she would not have been able to get past Xiaoke.

Xiaoman asked, “Yes, it’s him. Do you know his origins?”

Xu Sanqi was silent for a long time before he said, “He was sent by Black Glory Sacred Hall.”

Xiaoman’s expression changed slightly.

Xu Sanqi resolutely said, “You may go. I will make an exception this one time. Regardless of who it is, everyone must follow orders in Blood Kill Camp!” *nOneLNext.com*

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It was three in the morning.

Old Mo was seated before a stack of papers. He frantically studied the rune arrays as if he was in a world of his own.

Lin Xun was seated on a chair, lost in his own thoughts.

The method he suggested to Old Mo did not belong to him but came from Mister Lu. In Lin Xun's memory, Mister Lu would always use examples whenever he taught rune arrays.

Among these examples was the Violet Hero Battleship problem.

While Mister Lu was explaining a complicated high-grade rune array, he suddenly began talking about the Violet Hero Battleship. Not caring if Lin Xun understood, Mister Lu disdainfully said, "Those rune masters from the empire are a bunch of stupid pigs. It took them several hundred years to 'perfect' the Violet Hero Battleship to such a low standard. They honestly bring shame to all rune masters."

He even brought out the Violet Hero Battleship's rune arrays as an example. The empire's most famous small-scale battleship was described as completely useless by Mister Lu. He even claimed that the ship would not be so weak if he was in charge.

Lin Xun had been too young to properly understand everything back then. After today, however, Lin Xun suddenly realized that all the rune knowledge he had learned from Mister Lu was not as simple as it seemed!

But why had Mister Lu never mentioned all of this before?

Lin Xun could not understand.

While Lin Xun was still lost in thought, Xiaoman hurriedly entered and announced, "Lin Xun, starting today, you no longer need to return to the 39th training camp!"

Chapter 117 Personal Training

Lin Xun abruptly rose to his feet. Can't return to the 39th Campground?

However, Lin Xun secretly breathed a sigh of relief after listening to Xiaoman's conditions. He returned to his chair and fell into thought.

If he agreed to stay here and aid Old Mo in creating a new model of the Violet Hero Battleship, he would be given a bottle of Lengning Pills and ten points every day as payment.

This was not all. Lin Xun no longer needed to participate in the cruel training sessions. In other words, he would no longer face the danger of elimination.

These conditions were very tempting indeed, but Lin Xun found himself unable to agree. He was not here to enjoy himself but to become stronger!

Lin Xun could never forget his feelings of helpless anger when he could only wait for Yao Tuohai to persecute him in Donglin Academy.

Neither would he forget how powerless and awful it felt when he could only watch Xia Zhi being taken away by that noblewoman.

Blood Kill Camp's training was a chance for Lin Xun to transform into a truly strong expert. Although the training was extremely cruel, it was clearly effective. Lin Xun was naturally not going to give it up.

"I can agree to help Old Mo, but I cannot abandon the 39th Campground's training regime!" Lin Xun displayed an unflinching determination.

Xiaoman cheekily asked, "You're a masochist?"

Lin Xun was not in the mood for jokes. He shook his head and solemnly said, "It's to become stronger."

Xiaoman stared at the young man's determined eyes and suddenly said, "You don't need to go through such trouble. If it's just training, I can help you."

"You?" Lin Xun was taken aback. He looked at Xiaoman's face as if trying to ascertain if she was joking.

"Why? Are you looking down on your big sister?"

Xiaoman tucked her long hair behind her ear and straightened her body. An extremely sharp and oppressive aura abruptly emerged in her clear, limpid eyes as if she had turned into a completely different person. Her seductive charm had been replaced by a frightening presence.

Lin Xun's body turned rigid. His soul could not help but shiver, and it felt as if his skin was being stabbed by needles.

It finally dawned upon him that this beauty was actually also an exceedingly frightening expert!

A mere wisp of the terrifying aura she released was more than enough of a hint for him.

"Blood Kill Camp's training regimen is child's play and can only be considered lukewarm. Your big sister has many training lessons that are much crueler. If you want to try them, I can instruct you personally."

In an instant, Xiaoman returned to her usual lazy and seductive appearance. She teasingly looked at Lin Xun and said, "An opportunity like this is very valuable and other people can only dream about it."

Old Mo chuckled, "Kid, the beauty has already sent herself right to your doorstep. You won't have any regrets even if you get trained to death by an instructor like Xiaoman."

Xiaoman's eyes turned threatening as she frostily glared at him. Old Mo immediately lowered his head and obediently shut his mouth.

Lin Xun was tempted.

The warehouse doors were kicked open and Xiaohe's straight figure appeared at the entrance. Her expression was calm.

In Lin Xun's eyes, however, Instructor Xiaohe was giving off a dreadful killing intent, causing the atmosphere in the building to turn a little suffocating.

"My student will naturally be trained by me. Starting today, I will give you personal training every afternoon." Xiaohe stared at Lin Xun and declared before turning to leave. She did not even glance at the other people present.

Although Xiaohe had left, the atmosphere in the warehouse was still somewhat heavy.

Old Mo looked at Xiaoman and sighed as he shook his head. He continued to look through the rune arrays.

Xiaoman was silent.

Lin Xun was certain that Xiaoman and Xiaoke were twin sisters. However, something had evidently happened between them.

It felt inappropriate for him to probe.

After some time, Xiaoman smiled and said, "Xiaoke giving you personal training is...not bad as well."

However, Lin Xun found her smile somewhat forced.

.....

The next morning, the 39th Campground students realized someone was missing while preparing to begin their daily training.

Xiaoke did not give any explanation.

This inadvertently made the students wonder, and Ning Meng almost gave in to the urge to ask about it.

Lin Xun was still nowhere to be found during breakfast. Many believed that he had likely been kicked out because his points were the lowest in their group. *novelnext.com*

This made Ning Meng frown. What happened to Lin Xun?

It was only in the afternoon that the 39th Campground students finally heard a certain rumor: Lin Xun had been taken away by a rune master in the camp to help him with menial chores.

This made several students sneer. To them, Lin Xun's actions were akin to abandoning the training and were no different from being eliminated.

Ning Meng could not help but frown again when he heard the rumor, wishing he could give Lin Xun a good beating. Does he have no backbone? Is he really giving up just like this?

It made Ning Meng feel both furious and depressed.

.....

Qi Can, Xin Wenbin, and the others in their circle were gathered together during lunchtime, discussing the recent rumor about Lin Xun.

One of the students sneered, "Lin Xun is quite the cunning one. He knew that his daily points are always at the bottom, making it near impossible for a comeback. So he gave up and ran away. Now we don't even have a chance to get back at him."

"Cunning? I don't think so. Someone who can't even endure the training is a cowardly clown at best." A pretty and aloof girl disdainfully said. She was called Wen Mingxui and her results were ranked near the front, only slightly worse than Qi Can.

"Hahaha, right! He's a clown!"

Numerous people roared with laughter.

Only Xin Wenbin appeared rather down. He dejectedly said, "With him gone, I can't even pay him back even if I wanted to. How hateful!"

Qi Can softly chuckled and said, "Don't worry. As long as Lin Xun is still in Blood Kill Camp, there will be chances for you to get back at him. I don't believe he can continue hiding when the end-month exam comes!"

The end-month exam was used to compare the overall results of the students after a month of training, engaging in a survival of the fittest elimination.

The forty campgrounds would be paired into groups of two and the students from the two campgrounds would be pitted against each other. Those with good results would get to stay, while those on the lower end would be eliminated.

In other words, the forty campgrounds would be merged and half of the students would be eliminated. As such, no one dared to take the end-month exam lightly.

It was also worth mentioning that if a student's daily performance did not meet the mark, they would also be eliminated.

Simply put, failing to complete the daily training would result in elimination. Even if the training was completed, having the lowest score would also result in elimination.

After multiple layers of elimination, the surviving students would naturally be the best of the best and the cream of the crop.

"Alright, I shall wait for the month-end exam. Let's see if that punk Lin Xun dares to show himself!" Xin Wenbin gnashed his teeth in resentment.

In another corner of the canteen, Shi Yu was leisurely enjoying his food. After a long time, he said to himself, "It's definitely not Lin Xun's idea."

A stern-looking youth was seated beside Shi Yu. He was called Li Qiu and had excellent results. He was often in the top five of their daily training.

"Why do you say so?" Li Qiu asked. He had little interest in Lin Xun, but had tactfully responded since Shi Yu brought it up.

"I understand Lin Xun's character. He might seem to be harmless on the surface, but his resolve is nothing to scoff at. Once he's set on something, he will work to the bone to achieve it."

Shi Yu paused for a moment before he continued, "It's very difficult to sway such a person and even more impossible for him to voluntarily admit defeat. If the rumor is true, Lin Xun is definitely not the one who asked for it. Something about Lin Xun must have caught the rune master's eye, resulting in him being taken away."

Li Qiu finally became a little interested, "You're saying Lin Xun was forced?"

Shi Yu chuckled, "I don't know if it was forced but it's certainly not Lin Xun's request. I don't know what capabilities he has to make a rune master go through such lengths to procure him. Something like this doesn't happen every day."

Surprised, Li Qiu asked, "Since you think so highly of him, why do you not pull him over to the group?"

Shi Yu only smiled.

Li Qiu immediately understood that he should not probe any further. However, he was now curious. If the lowest ranked Lin Xun was as Shi Yu had described, he was indeed no simple person.

"Prepare well. When the end-month exam comes, we students cannot idly sit by and watch the 39th Campground lose to other campgrounds. I, Shi Yu, cannot afford such a loss."

Pride flashed in Shi Yu's eyes, "Only winning, no losing!"

Only winning, no losing...

Li Qiu repeated that line in his heart as his blood began to surge in excitement. He liked this feeling.

.....

The afternoon schedule consisted of theory lessons. None of the students realized that Instructor Xiaoke was missing and the fat middle-aged man was leading the class instead.

Meanwhile, in a certain spacious warehouse.

"More force!"

"Your technique is lacking!"

"Fiercer!"

"Too slow, can you at least try to act like a man?"

"Attack! Attack! Attack!"

Lin Xun was undergoing one-on-one training with Instructor Xiaoke. However, rather than calling it training, it was more akin to a one-sided thrashing.

His body was sent flying like a sandbag time and time again, and the repeated falls caused him to see stars. His face was badly bruised and all his bones felt as if they were on the verge of breaking.

In contrast, Xiaoke had not moved an inch from the spot, her straight figure resembling an unshakable mountain.

Some distance away, Xiaoman's eyes were filled with pity as she watched. The corners of her mouth, however, curved slightly into a smirk. It's good for him to suffer a little, at least he'll quickly grow stronger...

As for Old Mo, he was immersed in his research, lost in a world of his own. He could not be bothered to watch how badly Lin Xun was being brutalized.

[Chapter 118: Campground Opponents](#)

Lin Xun was continuously brutalized for an entire hour. He was beaten until his mind became somewhat numb and he could no longer feel any pain.

In this one-on-one training, Xiaoke did not display any of her true abilities. A few close combat techniques were all she used to repeatedly pound Lin Xun into the dirt.

To make a comparison, Xia Zhi's battle techniques were simple, direct, and violent while Xiaoke focused more on the unpredictability factor. Her attacks were sneaky, vicious, and aimed to kill in a single strike.

Although it was a one-sided beatdown, the masochistic training rapidly increased his combat experience.

This was his reward: the higher the price he paid, the greater the benefits. Moreover, Xiaoke clearly wasn't showing any restraint.

Lin Xun used to think that his Joint Disruption Art was amazing. However, he quickly realized that he had been far too naive after experiencing moves from a high-level combatant like Xiaoke.

However, this only ignited Lin Xun's fighting spirit.

While being wrecked for an entire hour, he displayed astonishing willpower and comprehension. Although he was always beaten down each time, his combat instinct, tactics and techniques were slowly but clearly improving.

These changes were naturally observed by Xiaoke. Although she did not say anything, a subtle change was occurring in her heart.

She had not been optimistic about Lin Xun from day one. His cultivation was too low and his combat abilities were unremarkable compared to the other students.

Although he had not been eliminated on the first day, Xiaoke did not believe he had any chance of reversing his situation.

What's more, Lin Xun's results had been at the bottom of the group for the entire week!

It was only when Xiaoman kidnapped Lin Xun did he finally draw some interest from Xiaoke.

When Xu Sanqi told her that Lin Xun would be helping Old Mo redesign the Violet Hero Battleship and would no longer participate in the 39th Campground training exercises, Xiaoke immediately disagreed.

No matter how bad Lin Xun was, he was still her student. How could she allow him to be taken away by others?

Xiaoke had originally planned to take Lin Xun back last night. However, she changed her mind after overhearing his conversation with Xiaoman.

What right did Xiaoman have to train Xiaoke's student?

She could also do these things!

This was how today's one-on-one training session came about. Moreover, it was going to be a daily occurrence.

Xiaoke had not expected Lin Xun to have such strong willpower or such terrifying combat comprehension. These factors subconsciously changed her opinion of him.

Will this boy last till the end?

Xiaoke decided that she would watch and see.

“You have one hour to recover. After an hour, I will bring you to the 10th training field.”

She turned around and left. From start to end, she did not even look in Xiaoman’s direction.

.....

Lin Xun heavily panted as he lay on the ground. His entire body was numb and there was a blank look in his eyes. Only his mind was exceptionally lively as he rapidly reviewed the training.

“Get up if you’re not dead. No one is going to pity you if you lie there on the ground.” Xiaoman walked over, crossed her arms, and looked at him with gloating eyes.

Lin Xun’s blank eyes gradually regained their light as he mumbled, “I have a feeling that my cultivation will break through in three days!”

Xiaoman was stunned. A tender expression appeared on her face as she looked at the young man’s bruised face and shining eyes.

At the end of the day, he was only a thirteen-year-old youngster. Who would easily admit defeat at this age?

Xiaoman squatted, retrieved a bottle of medicine, and began applying medicine to his wounds, “Why do you desire strength so much?”

Lin Xun did not reject Xiaoman’s good intentions. He sighed in comfort and replied, “To better survive.”

It was a simple reply which did not explain much but it tugged at Xiaoman’s heartstrings. She did not probe any further and silently tended to his wounds, her movements clearly much gentler than before.

An hour later at the 10th training field.

Equipped with a blade, Lin Xun fought against the golden flame spiders. His nimble figure was the picture of health and he looked as if he was overflowing with energy.

The medicine from Xiaoman was amazingly effective, allowing Lin Xun’s wounds to fully heal in an hour. Otherwise, he would not be able to endure such high-intensity training.

Xiaoke silently watched from the mountain peak.

“She treats the kid well. To think she’d even bring out the Black Jade Snow Melting Salve to help him recover from his wounds.” The fat middle-aged man had walked over at some unknown time.

Xiaoke frostily said, “It’s because she feels guilty!”

“What happened back then is not Xiaoman’s fault. We were too young and not much older than this kid. Why must you keep this grudge in your heart?” The fat middle-aged man displayed a complicated expression.

“Some mistakes can never be forgiven.” Xiaoke frowned, “Fatty, why have you come here to find me?”

The fat middle-aged man knew that Xiaoke did not wish to speak any further about this matter. He sighed and said, “The month-end exam has been finalized. The 39th Campground will fight the 40th Campground and the loser will be disbanded.”

Xiaoke raised her brow, “Isn’t the 40th Campground’s instructor Savage Wolf?”

The fat middle-aged man nodded, “Yes, it’s that cunning and devious guy. His campground has thirty-nine students and there are several noteworthy individuals amongst them. Based on numbers alone, your 39th Campground is already at a disadvantage.”

Xiaoke nonchalantly said, “Numbers are never the deciding factor. This is something I understand very well.”

The fatty middle-aged man worriedly said, “Xiaoke, if the 39th Campground is defeated, it will be disbanded and you will have to step down from your instructor position. You should know what that means.”

Xiaoke was silent for a moment. She looked at Lin Xun’s sweaty figure fighting below and said, “I was never interested in leaving Blood Kill Camp.”

The fat middle-aged man shook his head.

.....

When night fell, Lin Xun was sent back to Old Mo’s warehouse and immediately crumpled into a chair like a pile of mud.

So exhausting!

He had been fighting golden flame spiders for more than an hour and had been on the verge of collapsing; he had nearly fallen unconscious from exhaustion.

The abnormally intensive training had left Lin Xun indescribably exhausted and numb.

Xiaoman had already prepared dinner. Lin Xun forced himself up and began to ravenously devour the food.

“Kid, we can craft the new aeth engine tomorrow. You’re indeed a genius. I have a feeling that it will definitely succeed as long as we follow your method.” Old Mo walked over in high spirits, his face filled with joy.

Lin Xun absent-mindedly acknowledged, “Old Mo, I won’t be able to help when you’re making the aeth engine. Everything will depend on you.”

Old Mo was surprised, “You’re not going to take part?”

Lin Xun helplessly said, "I'm still a rune apprentice, how can I make rune arrays?"

Rune apprentice?

Old Mo's eyes widened, "Kid, you're bluffing me, right? You could come up with such a genius idea and draw so many complex rune array sketches, but you're a rune apprentice?"

Lin Xun sighed, "Is there a need for me to demean myself?"

Old Mo was stunned. He suddenly let out a strange yelp and pointed to his nose, "If you're a rune apprentice, wouldn't that mean I'm even less skilled than a rune apprentice?"

Lin Xun could not be bothered to answer. The old man was way too competitive.

Old Mo stared at Lin Xun as if he was a freak and suddenly said, "Given your abilities, you could easily focus on being a rune master. If you do, your future will be filled with endless wealth, respect, and status. Why would you come to Blood Kill Camp for training?"

Lin Xun threw the question back, "What about you? Why do you stay in Blood Kill Camp?"

Old Mo's expression immediately turned complicated as he irritably said, "I offended a rotten old bastard and was forced to come here. My situation is completely different from yours!"

Lin Xun's eyes narrowed. Old Mo commanded high status in Blood Kill Camp and yet he had been forced to hide here? What kind of powerful figure had he offended?

After a long time, Lin Xun said, "We are indeed different. My goal for coming here is simple: it's so that I will one day not be forced into the same circumstances as you..."

This answer might seem disrespectful to Old Mo, but he instantly understood and sighed, "If I had understood that at your age, things would not have become like this."

He turned around and walked away, his thin figure giving off a bleak and lonely aura.

Lin Xun could not help but ask Xiaoman, "Who did Old Mo offend?"

"A very influential and powerful rune founder in the empire." Xiaoman casually answered as if it was no secret.

A rune founder!

Lin Xun's heart shook. That was an existence which was superior to even rune grandmasters. It was no wonder that Old Mo had been forced to hide here. Offending a rune founder had bigger repercussions than offending a Heaven Ascension expert!

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From that day onwards, life became extremely structured and filled with hardship. NovelNExt.com

In the morning, he would discuss rune arrays with Old Mo and give suggestions for the remodeling of the Violet Hero Battleship aeth engine. In the afternoon, he would undergo various one-on-one training sessions with Xiaoke which could only be described as cruel and inhumane.

Even his nights were not spared. After a grueling day, he would force himself to meditate and cultivate to polish his spirit and martial dao... Under this intense schedule, Lin Xun often wished he could somehow double his time.

Three days later.

Lin Xun's cultivation smoothly advanced, reaching the True Martial seventh layer, Little Cycle level!

The cultivation breakthrough brought his power to a whole new level: his aeth power alone was already comparable to a peak True Martial ninth layer expert.

Even Xiaoman could not help but be amazed by this. She stared deeply at Lin Xun and said, "You're an irrational monster! I'm beginning to suspect that you might have some kind of unawakened talent in your body."

[Chapter 119: Dipper Transformation Lake](#)

Lin Xun's days continued to cycle between being brutalized and growing stronger.

Xiaoke's personal training, the seemingly endless supply of Lengning Pills and Lin Xun's relentless hard work had allowed him to rapidly grow within an extremely short timespan.

His cultivation had broken through and reached the True Martial seventh layer, Little Cycle stage, making the aeth power in his body comparable to a peak True Martial ninth layer expert. Moreover, his aeth power's quality would surpass most ninth layer experts.

He also had a breakthrough in his martial arts: his mastery of the Marching Army Fist had risen to the perfect level! Despite being a basic fist technique, the power of every move had ascended to a whole new level and boasted unmatched might.

Most importantly, Lin Xun had found his own fist style through the Marching Army Fist; it was a fist which was compact with boundless power like a devouring abyss!

His spirit had likewise achieved a breakthrough, as he had lit up the third spirit star in his mind-sea! The range of his senses had now expanded to three-hundred feet. Within this range, he would be able to detect even the tiniest movement.

His physical power had grown tremendously as well. According to Xiaoman, if he were to only use physical power, he could easily match a True Martial eighth layer expert!

In physique cultivation, this was known as inner-outer perfection. In other words, his body was as precious as gold while flawless and beautiful as jade.

With regards to battle experience, Lin Xun could be called a veteran of a hundred battles. He had absorbed plenty of experience and knowledge from fighting a high-level combatant like Xiaoke and transformed it into a part of his own battle power.

All of these changes caused Lin Xun to be increasingly immersed in his training. Although he was still one-sidedly being thrashed by Xiaoke every day, the progress he obtained was more than worth it.

Lin Xun relished this feeling of growing stronger. He began to forget the passage of time and how many points he had accumulated.

Old Mo wasn't slacking off either. He studied various rune arrays every day and continuously tinkered with the aeth engine design. The old man was lost in a world of his own.

In comparison, Xiaoman seemed rather free. Besides tending to Lin Xun's wounds, she prepared meals and would occasionally give him pointers in his cultivation and combat practice.

.....

As time passed, the atmosphere in the 39th Campground grew increasingly tense.

All the students were preparing for the month-end exam. Every second outside their training schedule was used to improve themselves.

The month-end exam was not just about avoiding elimination, but more importantly, a matter of individual honor!

They were proud hot-blooded youths and elites who were both far more capable and shrewder than their peers. As such, they naturally would not tolerate the other campground students one-upping them.

In other words, the month-end exam was a matter of the entire 39th Campground's honor. If they lost, their campground would be disbanded!

When a campground was disbanded, those who managed to stay would be allocated to other campgrounds as losers. This was undoubtedly hugely humiliating for these young and proud students.

It was worth mentioning that there were only twenty-four students, including Lin Xun, remaining in the 39th Campground three days before the month-end exam.

This meant that four more people had failed to make the mark and had been eliminated.

Xiaoman's requirements were very stringent. According to the fat middle-aged man, she had the highest standards among all forty campgrounds.

As a result, the 39th Campground had the highest elimination rate and the number of remaining students was the least among the forty campgrounds.

This put them in a very precarious situation where they would always be at a numbers disadvantage against the other campgrounds.

The fat middle-aged man had warned Xiaoke about this multiple times. However, she refused to change her stance and no one could do anything about it.

Although the 39th Campground students found this puzzling, no one dared to say anything due to their fear and respect for Instructor Xiaoke.

However, this also placed them under a tremendous amount of pressure. The month-end exam was essentially a clash between two campgrounds. The fewer people they had, the greater the disadvantage!

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It was three days before the month-end exam and Lin Xun's daily routine continued as per usual, not changing in the slightest due to the approaching exam.

While he was recovering from his injuries at night, something suddenly occurred to Lin Xun. Nearly all of Blood Kill Camp's many students were at the True Martial ninth layer. In addition, they were all talented people with astonishing potential. So why had no one chosen to advance to the Spirit Dipper stage?

Xiaoman was surprised by Lin Xun's question, "No one told you when you came to Blood Kill Camp?"

Lin Xun had a blank look on his face. He had been sent here at the very last minute, almost like an afterthought, so how could he know any of this?

Xiaoman quickly gave him the answer, "They've been restraining their cultivation in preparation for entering the Dipper Transformation Lake a year later! Although they've come to Blood Kill Camp partly for its cruel, hellish training to temper themselves, their ultimate goal is to establish the most perfect aeth power reservoir when advancing to the Spirit Dipper stage!"

She paused for a moment before continuing, "The Dipper Transformation Lake can help them realize this aspiration."

Lin Xun's heart churned at this revelation.

The Spirit Dipper stage was a whole new cultivation stage that surpassed the True Martial stage. It was also known as the real starting point of a cultivator's journey.

Upon reaching this stage, a reservoir would be established in the cultivator's qi sea. Through this reservoir, the cultivator's aeth power would be transformed into dipper qi!

The Spirit Dipper stage was divided into three lesser cultivation realms: Human Dipper, Earth Dipper, and Heaven Dipper. However, the aeth power reservoir was always the core of each stage.

Aeth power reservoirs were categorized into three grades, where first-grade was the best and third-grade was the worst.

Most Spirit Dipper stage experts had established third-grade aeth reservoirs and were considered ordinary Spirit Dipper stage practitioners.

On the other hand, first-grade and second-grade aeth power reservoirs were not achievable by just anyone. Only cultivators with outstanding talent, innate disposition, skeletal structure, and cultivation foundations had any chance of establishing higher grade reservoirs.

In addition to all these advantages, a cultivator also needed a certain amount of luck and opportunity to establish a first-grade aeth power reservoir!

The Blood Kill Camp students were an excellent example. They were all very talented and hailed from astonishing backgrounds, but had still used various means in order to enter Blood Kill Camp. Besides hoping to further perfect themselves here, their main goal was to establish the most perfect aeth power reservoir possible when they advanced to the Spirit Dipper stage!

Next.com

Blood Kill Camp's Dipper Transformation Lake was an opportunity to fulfill this wish. As such, no one would willingly allow themselves to be eliminated and lose the chance to enter the lake!

Without the lake's help, the aeth power reservoirs they would have ordinarily established would almost definitely be of a lower grade.

Of course, the Dipper Transformation Lake wasn't the only place which could provide such an opportunity. However, it was still a highly sought-after chance for the Blood Kill Camp students!

After understanding this, Lin Xun could not help but sigh. No wonder Ning Meng had suppressed his cultivation for four whole years. It was all for Blood Kill Camp's Dipper Transformation Lake.

It was likely the same for the other True Martial ninth layer students.

Smiling, Xiaoman's eyes swirled amorously as she advised Lin Xun, "Handsome boy, do you understand how important Blood Kill Camp is now? Since you're currently at the True Martial seventh layer stage, you should strive to reach the ninth layer in a year. If you manage to enter the Spirit Dipper Lake, it will bring you unbelievable benefits when you advance to the Spirit Dipper stage."

Lin Xun thought for a bit and said, "I will certainly do so if I have the chance. However, my biggest concern, for now, is to avoid being eliminated."

Xiaoman praised, "Smart boy. There are about a thousand Blood Kill Camp students in this batch and roughly a hundred of them have already been eliminated in less than a month. You can imagine how many will be left after a year of eliminations."

This made Lin Xun think. However, there was nothing he could do. Blood Kill Camp's elimination rate was just far too high; it was so high that he did not dare to entertain any thoughts of entering the Dipper Transformation Lake for now.

Xiaoman began to reminisce, "I remember there has never been more than thirty people ultimately entering the Dipper Transformation Lake in past batches."

Lin Xun's heart shivered as he blurted out in surprise, "Thirty?! The other nine-hundred people were eliminated?"

Xiaoman displayed a sliver of disdain, "Do you think that just anyone can enter the Dipper Transformation Lake? It's a huge opportunity! Only a handful of places in the Ziyao Empire can compare to it!"

"It seems that I've come to the right place..." Lin Xun's heart surged with excitement. Only the greatest challenge could make a person's fighting spirit rise to its highest.

.....

One day before the month-end exam, Lin Xun left Old Mo's warehouse and was brought back to the 39th Campground by Xiaoke.

Since the exam was tomorrow, Lin Xun naturally needed to participate as a member of the 39th Campground.

Before leaving the warehouse, Old Mo arrogantly thumped his thin chest and declared, “Kid, go ahead and let loose! Even if you are thrashed by others, I guarantee that you won’t be sent out of Blood Kill Camp!”

However, Old Mo deflated when Lin Xun asked if he could guarantee a spot to enter the Dipper Transformation Lake and quickly found an excuse to slip away.

Evidently, preventing Lin Xun from leaving was Old Mo’s limit. Lin Xun could only depend on himself to enter the lake.

In contrast, Xiaoman had the utmost confidence in Lin Xun. She proudly crossed her arms, fully displaying her mesmerizing curves.

She winked and smiled flirtatiously, “Don’t be too outstanding and try to keep a low profile as much as possible. In the million-and-one chance that you draw Instructor Xiaoke’s interest, your big sister’s heart will be shattered.”

[Chapter 120: Appearing in the Campground](#)

Midday at the canteen.

The 39th Campground students ate as they excitedly discussed tomorrow’s month-end exam.

“I heard that our opponent is the 40th Campground. They still have thirty-nine members while we only have twenty-four if we include that coward Lin Xun. We’re going to be at an absolute numbers disadvantage tomorrow.”

Some sighed while others frowned deeply.

“Hmph, numbers are useless if they don’t have sufficient power to back it up. I faintly recall that there seem to be no experts in the 40th Campground.”

Some were clearly disdainful while others disagreed.

“That’s not exactly true. The 40th Campground’s Lei Xinyue, Di Jun, and Gong Ming are not ordinary individuals. Only our top members Qi Can, Shi Yu, and Ning Meng can suppress them.” Someone made an evaluation and appeared as if he had a good understanding of both parties.

In another corner of the canteen, Shi Yu was giving his analysis, “Lei Xinyue is the granddaughter of one of the empire’s few Heaven Ascension experts, Lei Yaoting. She has been practicing the Lei Clan’s ancestral inheritance, Dipper Thunder Sword Scripture, since young and is definitely no pushover. If you encounter her, try to avoid fighting her as much as possible and use tactics focused on evasion to dull her offense.”

Li Qiu inwardly nodded. This was extremely important and detailed information that only someone like Shi Yu would be able to obtain.

Shi Yu continued, “Di Jun is also a formidable foe who specializes in the sword. The Thousand Sword Tune he practices boasts unimaginable power. However, there is no need to be overly worried. The Thousand Sword Tune only displays its true power in the hands of a Spirit Sea stage expert.”

Li Qiu silently committed this to memory as well. No one knew what opponents they would meet in the month-end exam tomorrow and it was necessary to prepare as much as possible.

"As for Gong Ming..." Shi Yu frowned, "He practices the Nine Nethers Guard Club. He not only has astonishing physical abilities but also first-class stamina and defensive power. Defeating him is going to be a headache."

Li Qiu seemed to also know Gong Ming and sneered, "The Gong Clan is known in the empire as the Never Falling Geezer Clan, indicating that no one can strike them down. However, I feel that they are a bunch of tortoises that only know how to hide in their shells and are too conservative."

Shi Yu replied with a serious expression, "Such people are the ones you should never underestimate. My father once said that the Gong Clan have the wisdom of knowing to keep a low profile, making it nearly impossible for anyone to try and find a handle on them. As the Gong Clan's most outstanding younger generation member, Gong Ming is definitely no ordinary individual."

Li Qiu's expression immediately turned solemn. He could tell that compared to Lei Xinyue and Di Jun, Shi Yu clearly regarded Gong Ming more highly.

While they were conversing, someone suddenly cried out in a voice filled with mockery, "Hahahaha, everyone look who it is! Isn't this the coward Lin Xun?"

Several students turned to look and sure enough, they saw Lin Xun's figure approaching from far away.

Many had nearly forgotten he even existed after three weeks of not seeing him. However, the students immediately recalled the rumors about him when they saw him again.

These rumors always had certain humiliating and disdainful key phrases such as coward and clown. ~~NoVE~~Next.cOm

Several people's expressions immediately turned strange as they began to whisper.

"So he finally dares to appear. How rare."

"Humph, I bet he was forced. The month-end exam is tomorrow so he can't keep hiding even if he wanted to!"

"Whatever, let's not talk about this clown anymore. He's going to be useless tomorrow anyways and is fated to be eliminated."

In a corner of the canteen, Xin Wenbin suddenly became excited as he gnashed his teeth in anger, "The punk has finally appeared. I can't wait to see how badly he will be beaten in the exam tomorrow!"

Qi Can could not help but laugh. He could not even be bothered to view Lin Xun as an enemy. A cowardly clown did not deserve such attention.

"Young Master Yu was right, he's appeared after all and will most likely be participating in the month-end exam." A thoughtful look rose on Li Qiu's face.

"Heh heh, I'm looking forward to it." Shi Yu revealed a thought-provoking smile.

Lin Xun seemed oblivious to the gazes and discussions about him. He quickly locked onto Ning Meng's figure, walked over, sat opposite him, and said in astonishment, "Hey, why does it seem that you don't really want to see me?"

Ning Ming gloomily ate his food, not giving Lin Xun a single glance from start to end. It was very unusual behavior.

Lin Xun pondered a little and suddenly laughed. He did not say anything else and began to dig into his food as well.

After disappearing for three weeks, seeing the familiar faces and the lively atmosphere of the canteen made Lin Xun feel as if it had been a lifetime ago.

However, he honestly preferred the atmosphere in Old Mo's warehouse where he only needed to focus on his training and could ignore everything else.

Upon seeing Lin Xun remain silent, Ning Meng was no longer able to restrain himself. He abruptly raised his head and glared at Lin Xun, "You still have the face to show yourself, coward?"

Lin Xun grinned, "Who told you I'm a coward?"

Upon seeing that Lin Xun was unashamed and unconcerned, the accumulated disappointment and anger in Ning Meng's heart completely erupted, "You still dare to deny it! Who doesn't know that you ran away to help some bullshit rune master because you were afraid of being eliminated? Why did I ever acknowledge a hopeless friend like you!"

He had subconsciously raised his voice, drawing the attention of several nearby students. Upon seeing this scene, Qi Can, Xin Wenbin, Wen Mingxui, and the others in their circle could not help but gloat.

Although Ning Meng and Lin Xun had a pretty good relationship previously, Ning Meng seemed to have lost it due to Lin Xun's cowardice. This made them despise Lin Xun even more. What was finding oneself completely alone? This was it!

Lin Xun was stunned, not expecting Ning Meng would be so enraged. After a long time, Lin Xun earnestly said, "As your friend, I only wish to tell you that those rumors are false."

"False?" It was Ning Meng's turn to be stunned. However, his expression remained stormy, "Couldn't you have informed me? I exchanged ten bottles of Lengning Pills for you but you didn't even bother to say goodbye. You should be hacked to mincemeat!"

A warm sensation flowed in Lin Xun's heart. He finally realized that Ning Meng was angry because he genuinely treated Lin Xun as a friend. Anyone else would not have been so outraged.

Lin Xun "Let's put this aside for the moment. I will tell you everything after the month-end exam."

Ning Meng frowned, "Why wait till then?"

Lin Xun suddenly chuckled. He nonchalantly looked around and lowered his voice, "Because I need some payback first!"

His voice turned chilly towards the end.

It was impossible to completely ignore the mockery and disdain. He was also not so tolerant enough to leave it at that.

Ning Meng's heart thumped in shock as he dazedly stared at Lin Xun. In the end, Ning Meng said, "Then I'll wait for your explanation."

Lin Xun grinned and nodded.

However, he would never have guessed that his opportunity would arrive sooner than he expected.

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The other campground students dispersed after lunch. They had no training since the month-end exam was tomorrow. After all, it would be very detrimental if they were injured at this juncture.

However, Lin Xun and the other 39th Campground students did not get to relax. They were brought to the arena by Xiaoke where they underwent their regular training.

This baffled many people, making them feel that Xiaoke's training was too harsh. What would training do at this point besides risking injury?

However, a single question from Xiaoke made everyone unable to say anything, "Blood Kill Camp's training will last for a year, meaning there will be twelve month-end exams. Tomorrow is only the first exam, why is there any need to be nervous?"

What could anyone say in response?

However, it was impossible for them not to feel disheartened. Their opponent tomorrow was the 40th Campground and they were already at a numbers disadvantage. It would be over for them if they did not treat this seriously.

However, Xiaoke's following words swept away all their negative feelings. "I have specially prepared Black Jade Snow Melting Salve for all of you so no one has to worry about sustaining any injuries."

Only then did many realize that although Instructor Xiaoke might seem cold and heartless, she knew what she was doing. She wasn't all strict and harsh.

Many students grew excited upon entering the arena. After all, this was last-minute training that the other campgrounds did not dare to do.

Young people were especially particular about maintaining face and had strong egos. They were often fond of such unconventional things because it would give them more face.

Xin Wenbin in particular was super excited and was praying hard he could draw Lin Xun as an opponent. Nothing would be better than beating him up right before the month-end exam.

Perhaps the heavens were watching. Xin Wenbin's luck was unimaginably good and he managed to draw Lin Xun!

"Hahaha hahaha!" Xin Wenbin began to laugh uncontrollably, his face filled with smugness. The heavens are helping me!

Qi Can and the others could not help but display strange expressions. Lin Xun is so unlucky. He hid for three weeks only to encounter Xin Wenbin the moment he reappeared.

They knew that Xin Wenbin had advanced to the True Martial ninth layer earlier in the week and his battle power was completely different from when he entered the camp.

On the other hand, Lin Xun had abandoned the training three weeks ago to do chores for a rune master. How could he possibly be Xin Wenbin's match?

Unfortunately for them, they did not know how Lin Xun had spent the last three weeks. Otherwise, they would definitely regret thinking this way.

"Did that Xin Wenbin become an idiot?" Lin Xun displayed a carefree smile.

"Don't be such a busybody. Are you sure you can do this?" Ning Meng grew worried about Lin Xun.

He was likewise under the impression that Lin Xun had been doing menial chores for three weeks and had neglected his training. How could he possibly be Xin Wenbin's match?

"You'll know whether he's an idiot after you fight." Shi Yu suddenly approached and said in a soft voice as he walked past Lin Xun.