

## Super D. S 160

### Chapter 160: Make money

"Well, I have some personal affairs myself. I have to go out for a trip. You should not go out these few days."

Ye Xuan said, just left.

After leaving, Ye Xuan was quickly returning to the place where he was.

At this time, that piece of open space still gathered a lot of people, and the young man named Lin Zhirong was still there.

"Hybrid, do you dare to come out?" Hua fu youth saw Ye Xuan, and immediately violently shouted.

"Waste, you don't need to provoke me, I won't do it. Don't forget, you have a handle on my hand." Ye Xuan looked at him, said coldly.

"Then what do you do out, want to take this threat to me?" Hua fu youth said in a tone of question.

He is really afraid that Ye Xuan will report the matter so that he will be disqualified.

You know, this time he can come to Lingxiao, but also because the royal family of the Black Wind Empire has no outstanding talents this year, so the quota is given to him. If he is driven out, he will not be able to come again next year.

Moreover, if it is only blacklisted by Lingxiao, if only he is included, if the whole empire is included, then even if he is a Marshal of the Terracotta Warriors, he will not be able to take it.

"Reassured, I am not as dirty as you are."

Ye Xuan snorted and suddenly jumped to a wall and took a cold sword from his arms. He said, "You, I have a group of Chinese spirits here, does anyone want it?"

When this was said, it immediately caught everyone's attention.

"What? Chinese goods?"

"How is it possible, this kid is just a low-level empire, how can there be a good spirit?"

"But the breath of the sword in his hand really seems to be a good spirit."

"Go and see."

Immediately, someone was surrounded.

"You are really a sword in the middle of the sword? How much is it going to sell?" A young man did not think much, asked directly.

"We can meet here, but it is also a fate. This is the cold sword that has just been built. It only sells 500 pieces of spar."

Ye Xuan said slowly.

"What, five hundred of the best spar?"

There was a riot in the audience.

The price of a Chinese spirit is indeed around the price of five hundred spar, but it has always been priceless.

The Chinese spirits are generally found in high-level empire, and each time they appear, they will be taken away by local forces, so those low-level empire and intermediate empire are also difficult to have.

If the intermediate empire wants to buy a Chinese-style ritual, the price alone may cost thousands of pieces of the spar, and it is necessary to buy the relationship, and the cost may be no less than three thousand.

However, now, there is a low-priced Zhongpin Lingyi for sale.

"You are not going to be fake. You are just a low-level empire. How can there be a good spirit?"

Someone sent a question.

"Oh, what about the low-level empire, do you not allow the low-level empire to have treasures?" Ye Xuan opened his mouth and smiled, suddenly put the hilt in front of the other side, said: "See no, this Zhongpin Ling It is exactly what I personally created!"

The audience was blasting.

The person in front of them can actually create a Chinese spirit?

"Forgings in the middle of the spirit, how is this possible, China has not seen the forgemaster of the Chinese spirit."

"But, the fat man is really called Ye Xuan."

"God, a forged swordmaker, is enough to raise a low-level empire to an intermediate empire."

The onlookers looked at each other and couldn't believe it.

At this moment, Lin Zhirong, the young man in Hua fu, suddenly came over: "Fake, it must be fake. This name must have been engraved by him. Do you believe it?"

After such a reminder, these onlookers are bright eyes, and indeed have this possibility.

"You love or believe it, anyway, this is a Chinese spirit."

Ye Xuan was too lazy to explain, and continued: "I think everyone is generally using the next product, everyone is coming to participate in the assessment, if you get a good spirit, then the chances of passing the assessment are mostly, there are No one wants to buy it?"

A group of people are still hesitating.

A good quality tool is worth a lot of money.

"I am here. If there is a fake in the Chinese spirit, I will commit suicide on the spot. I don't care. There are only ten cold swords, but you have nearly a hundred people, so you can only come first-come, first-served, no one. Willing to be a good bird?" Ye Xuan's voice is very loud.

"Cut." The Chinese costume youth suddenly snorted.

In fact, many people have already revealed the look they want to buy. However, they are worried that after they bought it, they will be remembered by Lin Zhirong. After all, except for the three Lin Zhirong, all of them were intermediate empire or low-level empire.

At this moment, someone suddenly asked: "I don't have so many spar in the ring, can I use other things to get there?"

"Nature can." Ye Xuan said with a smile.

"Okay, let me come." A young man walked out of the crowd, and then under the eyes of so many people, he took out some spar and the treasures he used to cultivate.

"Good, the number is correct, take it."

Ye Xuan directly took away the things on the ground, and then lost the cold sword.

"Hey!"

The young man held the cold light sword and suddenly pulled it out, then took a look at the sky.

After the attack of the increase in the quality of the Chinese goods, it was very rapid, and it disappeared after hundreds of meters.

"Sure enough, it is a good spirit, good, really good, hahahaha..." The young man was ecstatic, and with a good spirit, he had a lot of chances to pass the assessment.

The audience was silent. They glanced at it subconsciously and found that many people were looking at them with wide eyes.

At this time, Ye Xuan took out the same cold light sword from the swallowing space and said: "The second one, who wants!"

"I need to!"

"me too."

"Give me a hand!"

The audience suddenly got into trouble, shouting and trying to buy one.

"Haha, don't worry, I have nine tokens here. The people who get the tokens buy in order, go!"

Ye Xuan's voice has not yet fallen, and there are nine tokens flying out. After the young people have stunned, they quickly swept out and began to compete for tokens.

"No. 1, I am the number one, the spar is here, give it to me."

"Okay, take it."

"I am the second!"

"give!"

"No. 3, No. 3, No. 3 is here."

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In less than half a minute, Ye Xuan sold eight cold swords.

"Hey, what about the No. 9 token?"

Ye Xuan asked a little strangely.

The people underneath face each other, and no one has got the No. 9 token.

"No. 9 token, it was smashed by him."

Suddenly someone shouted, and then everyone looked in the direction he pointed, and finally fell on the body of young Chinese Lin Zhirong.

"Hey, what about me?" Lin Zhirong said coldly.