

The Eternal 121

Chapter 121: Gather Materials

The emperor, who had loved his throne so much all his life, finally died. It was a piece of shocking news for Tianshui, and even the states around it. But, it did not attract too much attention in the Firecrow Empire, and only some nobles had sent housekeepers as their representatives to mourn.

The next day, Qin Yue ascended the throne as the new emperor and rewarded all those who had rendered meritorious service. Yunxiao was made the King of Wucheng, and the most prosperous city in Tianshui, Yanwu, was given to him as his permanent fief. The reward immediately caused a shock in the court. No one dared to say it openly, but countless memorials were sent to the throne. However, they were all returned by Qin Yue.

Yanwu was located in the northernmost part of Tianshui. It was a fortress connecting the Firecrow Empire and a central link between Tianshui and the continent. If the city were sealed off, traffic between the entire Tianshui and the continent would be completely cut off. Therefore, it could be said to be the second most important city in Tianshui besides the capital.

In addition to its extremely important military-strategic position, Yanwu was also the most prosperous commercial city of Tianshui. Bordered by the Firecrow Empire in the north, it was the only transit route for all goods. The unique geographical location had made it even more prosperous than the capital.

Therefore, the decision of giving such an important city to a king was baffling and unacceptable by the courtiers. But, with all the memorials sent to the throne returned, everyone began to realize Yunxiao's weight in His Majesty's heart, and they fell silent one by one.

Most surprising of all, Yunxiao did not show up on the day Qin Yue ascended the throne and rewarded those who had rendered meritorious service. Even the eunuch who brought the imperial edict to him did not see him after waiting for half of the day, and was forced to leave the imperial edict behind.

When the eunuch returned to the imperial palace and reported that to Qin Yue, instead of flying into a rage, he heaved a sigh of relief and laughed, even rewarding the eunuch. That made all the courtiers break out in cold sweats, and since then, no one dared to speak ill of Yunxiao.

Since he came back from the welcoming platform, Yunxiao had been in seclusion, seeing no one.

He had always regarded Ruxue as his younger sister, and she was also one of the few good friends he had in this lifetime. When they were in Jialan Academy, she had been caring for and protecting him even before his memory had awakened.

In front of him, his sister was abducted by someone, and yet there was nothing he could do to save her. The powerless feeling made him almost go completely insane. He was once an existence who would kill anyone who got in his way, but he could not even do anything to an aristocratic family of a small empire now. That filled his heart with a monstrous hatred.

After returning to the Li Family, he immediately went into seclusion and began the most brutal training.

Li Chunyang, Xiao Qingwang, and the others got together to discuss several times, but they were all at their wits' end. Luo Yunshang, on the other hand, was hiding quietly near the Li Family. She thought that man would definitely show up at this critical moment. However, she never saw him, and hence she was slightly disappointed.

Seven days later, Yunxiao finally came out from his seclusion.

After receiving the notice from the servants, Li Chunyang left everything at hand behind and rushed over. When he met Yunxiao, he was shocked at the sight. "A four-stars Martial Master! You don't have to work so desperately, do you?"

"Desperately?" Yunxiao paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "Which warrior doesn't have to practice desperately? I need several kinds of herbs, grandpa. Help me gather as much as you can."

Li Chunyang said in astonishment, "Is that a smile on your face? Are you smiling? Are you alright?"

Yunxiao chuckled and said, "Do you want me to cry? Don't think I attach great importance to the match in three months. When the time comes, I'll just go there and kill that guy and bring Ruxue back. As for that Zhou Family, if they dare to provoke me, I'll destroy it altogether. With Wang Chen's promise, I trust Ruxue will be safe during this period."

Li Chunyang thought Yunxiao was just venting, so he did not take it seriously. As long as his grandson was well, he would be content. He took the list of herbs and said, "I will gather them for you even if I need to turn the whole Tianshui upside down!"

While frowning, Yunxiao said, "I'm afraid that some of the herbs aren't available in Tianshui. You may need to ask Zhang Qingfan."

Suddenly, they heard a roar, and Darkthunder flew down from the sky in the next instant and landed beside Yunxiao, rubbing its head against his arm. Then, a loud voice rang out, "Don't run away from me, you bast*rd! How can you run away after beating me?"

In the next moment, Li Changfeng rushed over. At the sight of his son, his face beamed. "Yunxiao, you've come out of seclusion!" But, when he looked down at the beast who was being affectionate, he froze. "How...how can such a fierce beast act like a pet dog? How did you train it? Teach me quickly! When I subdue it, I will ride it to the battlefield and scare the shit out of the enemy soldiers with just a roar! Haha! I'll be invincible then!"

Yunxiao caressed Darkthunder's head and said seriously, "Dad, do you still want to go to war in the future? Haven't you thrown these secular affairs out of your mind? For people like us, it is the pinnacle of martial arts that we should be pursuing. If you could focus and devote yourself to practice, you might have broken through and become a Martial King."

That gave Li Changfeng a pause, and then he cried out angrily, "Who do you think you are, boy? Do I need to be lectured by you?"

Bam!

He was immediately hit on the head and fell face down to the ground. Li Chunyang gave him a few more kicks on the back and growled, "Be more polite when you talk to Yunxiao! Yunxiao is right, you are not allowed to go to war in the future! I want you to focus on your cultivation, and you are not allowed to come out of seclusion until you break through and become a Martial King!"

"Ah!" Li Changfeng was stunned. He put his arms around his head and said painfully, "I'm just a six-stars Martial Lord! Who knows how long it will take me to break through and become a Martial King? Dad, I'm afraid you won't see me again in your life if you do that to me."

“Get out of here, you worthless brat! Don’t tell others that you are my son!” Li Chunyang furiously kicked his son’s back a few more times before throwing him into the air with one last kick.

Li Changfeng spun several turns in the air before he put a foot down and ran away in mid-air.

With a wry smile, Yunxiao took out several bottles of medicinal pills from his pocket and said, “Give these to dad and tell him to cultivate in seclusion for at least some time. Soon, he will break through and become a Martial King.”

Li Chunyang’s eyes lit up, and he quickly put the bottles away. “Hehe! Do you have more of such good things for your grandpa?”

Yunxiao thought for a moment, then shook his head and said, “I don’t have any medicinal pills suitable for your level. You can continue to take the Thousand Birds pills I gave you the last time. When the materials are ready, I plan to refine another batch of medicinal pills. I’ll make sure everyone has plenty!”

Li Chunyang was taken aback. There had never been an alchemist who dared to say that he would provide everyone plenty of medicinal pills. Perhaps, only his grandson could say that.

After that, Yunxiao continued his cultivation in seclusion. This time, Darkthunder refused to leave and insisted on staying by his side. In the absence of any other way, he had to take it with him into the secret chamber.

Soon, the list of herbs reached Zhang Qingfan and Qin Yue, and then the whole Tianshui began to take action. If someone could find one of the herbs, his official rank would be promoted directly. And if someone hid any of the herbs and did not submit it to the authorities, he and his whole family would be executed.

Under this high-handed policy, all aristocratic families hurriedly rummaged through their treasuries, fearing that they might have some of the required herbs. Before very long, almost all the materials were gathered except for Pure Sacred Crystal and Hundred Water. Perhaps, there were no such things in Tianshui.

Yunxiao expressed great satisfaction after carefully examining all the materials. But, he then frowned and said, "Pure Sacred Crystal is the main material for refining Nine Orifices pills, which can be delayed for the time being, but you must find Hundred Water for me. It is the main material used to refine Golden Sixsun pills, which is the only medicinal pill that can save Ji Meng, who has been in a coma."

Li Chunyang said bitterly, "We have turned the whole Tianshui upside down several times! Why don't you tell me where to find it?"

Yunxiao frowned. "If it really can't be found here, our only option is to send someone to the Sea of Soul Formation. They will be available there."

The Sea of Soul Formation was home to the headquarters of the alchemist association, which was also the holy land for all alchemists. Any material in the world, even if it only existed once, could be found there, as long as one could afford to pay the price!

Zhang Qingfan said, "The Sea of Soul Formation is too far away from here, and it will take too long to make a round trip. It doesn't have to be so troublesome. The Firecrow Empire's annual Thousand Treasures Trade Fair is just three days away, and this year, it will be held in your fief, Yanwu."

"Thousand Treasures Trade Fair?" Li Chunyang suddenly clapped his hands. "Oh, how did I forget about it! The five-yearly ranking battle is coming up, and the fair will definitely be held before that. Now that you and Master Xu Han have decided to stay here, Tianshui will be promoted directly to an upper-rank state, and Yanwu is indeed the best place to hold the trade fair."

"Yanwu?" Yunxiao said while frowning. "My fief? Thousand Treasures Trade Fair? It is also held here?"

The Thousand Treasures Trade Fair was organized by Myriad Treasures Store, the most mysterious chamber of commerce on the Heavenly Martial Continent. In his previous life, Yunxiao had been to many of their auctions, so he knew that they did have many good things. He just did not expect a small empire like Firecrow to hold the trade fair every year.

Zhang Qingfan felt a little dizzy. "Young Master Yun, do you really turn a deaf ear to what is happening out there? Don't you know that His Majesty has made you King of Wucheng and given you the city of Yanwu as your permanent hereditary fief?"

“Well, the main character is always the last to know.” Yunxiao smiled and said, “To me, a permanent hereditary fief is just a trick. When you have the power, you can keep the fief, but when your descendants become weak one day, the so-called permanent fief can always be taken back. Only common people will value these elusive things.”

That gave Zhang Qingfan a pause. With a wry smile on his face, he exchanged a look with Li Chunyang and said, “Young Master Yun, I didn’t expect you, although young, to be more collected than old men like us.”

Li Chunyang said, “Myriad Treasures Store has been operating in the Firecrow Empire for hundreds of years and holds a large-scale trade fair and auction every year. There are many rare things to be found, even fifth-tier materials or alchemy products. I’m sure you can find what you want there.”

“Fifth-tier...” Yunxiao immediately separated the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair and the auctions he had participated in before, which only accepted materials of at least eighth-tier.

Chapter 122: Sword Embryo

Li Chunyang said, “Thousand Treasures Trade Fair only accepts Primordial Stones or barter. I will exchange Primordial Stones in large quantities during these days.”

Zhang Qingfan added, “I still have a lot of Primordial Stones. I’ll lend them to Young Master Yun if needed.”

Yunxiao casually took off his ring and gave it to Li Chunyang. “Exchange everything inside into Primordial Stones. Master Zhang, I plan to refine my sword Blackgirl, and I need to borrow an alchemy chamber.”

His eyes lighting up, Zhang Qingfan said hurriedly, “The best alchemy chamber in Tianshui is owned by the alchemist association. I’ll inform Xu Han right now.”

To them, watching Yunxiao refine something was not only a visual enjoyment, but also an opportunity to learn something new. Such an opportunity was rare and could not be asked for.

Yunxiao laughed and said, “I’ll go with you then.”

After they left, Li Chunyang sent his divine sense into the ring. What he saw turned his mind completely blank, and he almost fainted. The amount of wealth inside was beyond his imagination. They were things Yunxiao looted from various cities and won from Sun Zhengzong. All the useful things had been separated by him, and these were all useless to him. Even without the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, he would still exchange them all for Primordial Stones.

Soon, the whole Li Family began busy purchasing and exchanging Primordial Stones, which directly caused the price of Primordial Stones in the capital to jump by at least threefold.

In the alchemist association, when Xu Han heard that Yunxiao was coming to refine a sword, he immediately jumped out of his seclusion. Lu Yao had just moved all the documents that needed to be settled urgently but had been piled up for some time into his room, but in the next instant, they were all thrown out of the windows by him as he even ordered, "Do not let anyone disturb us even if the sky is falling!"

That frightened Lu Yao, because she had never seen him so fierce. But, when she saw Yunxiao walk into an alchemy chamber with a smile, she immediately understood what had happened.

Yunxiao took out Blackgirl and observed it for some time, then began to ponder carefully. Both Zhang Qingfan and Xu Han stood excitedly to the side as they held their breath and watched him without blinking their eyes.

"The array of one-hundredfold gravitational force can be used as a surprise attack when the opponent is a Great Martial Master, but it will be completely useless when I'm against a Martial Lord. I guess it can be removed."

After murmuring to himself, Yunxiao threw the sword into the air and crushed a superior-grade Primordial Stone with his hand before blasting it out with his Primordial Qi. The powder kindled and turned into a stream of fire, completely enveloping the sword and tempering it.

With the arrays and various seals wiped away, the sword turned into a long black bar. Then, Yunxiao began taking all kinds of materials out of his ring and adding them to it while throwing out various hand seals to fuse them together.

Zhang Qingfan and Xu Han's eyes grew wide, and their hearts were filled with shock. "Is Young Master Yun trying to refine a first-tier mystic weapon directly to third-tier, skipping a tier? Can this be even done?"

Both men exchanged a look in terror, and then they smiled wryly at the same time. Almost every time Yunxiao refined something, he broke their common sense, and they were starting to almost get used to it. Shaking their heads, they continued to watch attentively.

Very soon, the sword was completely tempered, turning flat and thin and looking like a normal sword. The sword embryo's surface rippled with streaks of light, which showed that it was sentient and forging itself by absorbing the surrounding power.

Yunxiao's hands flashed with various incantation gestures. Under the effect of the formations in the chamber, the surrounding Primordial Qi turned corporeal like Qi dragons as they poured into the sword. Finally, after he had fused a third-tier Steel Soul Stone with the blade, he said, "It's done."

Meanwhile, the sword fell from mid-air and stabbed into the floor with a clang.

Zhang Qingfan and Xu Han exchanged a look, their faces puzzled. After they confirmed he was really done, they walked up and pulled the sword out, studying it carefully. Unable to contain his doubt, Zhang Qingfan asked, "Young Master Yun, although this sword is extremely sharp and full of spirits, I have a feeling that it lacks something. Since you didn't use the sword condensing incantation gesture, the refining is not complete yet, right?"

Yunxiao smiled and said, "It is only a sword embryo for now. I wanted to refine a third-tier mystic weapon, but when I heard you say the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair is just a few days away, I changed my mind. I want to see if I can find some good things to refine it into a pseudo-fourth-tier mystic weapon."

"A sword embryo?" Xu Han was shocked. "Wouldn't such intermittent refining damage the spirituality of the sword?"

Yunxiao lightly tapped the sword embryo with a finger as he chuckled and said, "Indeed, the refining needs to be done in one go if you are refining within the same tier. This is a third-tier sword embryo, and

I will make it into a pseudo-fourth-tier, which means it will increase by half a tier, so its spirituality will not be damaged.”

Zhang Qingfan said, “Young Master Yun, why don’t you give us this sword embryo and let us refine it for you? Both of us are, after all, genuine fourth-tier alchemists. As long as Young Master Yun can guide us, we will definitely refine a true fourth-tier mystic weapon that satisfies Young Master Yun.”

Xu Han, too, looked expectant. It was extremely difficult, if not impossible, for common people to ask both of them to refine something. But now, they were offering help to Yunxiao, because they would make new breakthroughs each time they got his advice.

“There’s no need. The mystic weapon refined by myself is more comfortable to use. Moreover, with my current strength, I can’t fully utilize the power of a fourth-tier mystic weapon.”

Yunxiao’s answer disappointed both masters, so he smiled and said, “But, when I refine it, I hope both of you can assist me. We can discuss it together.”

Hearing that, they agreed to it happily.

...

Had it not been because of the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, Yunxiao had no interest in visiting Yanwu at all. After having a long talk with Qin Yue in the imperial palace, he packed his things and was ready to leave for the city.

Initially, he planned to bring only a few people with him and leave quietly. But, on the day of setting out, he found that the whole capital was hung with lanterns and beautifully decorated, and people were packed the sides of the streets to see him off. Qin Yue even led all the courtiers to bid him farewell at the city gates.

‘Since you are not fond of the power and honor in the secular world, I’ll give you aplenty, showering you with courtesies and favors.’ Looking at the chariot approaching from the distance, Qin Yue felt relaxed and relieved.

Even if he gave the whole Tianshui to Yunxiao, the latter would not want it, let alone a mere city of Yanwu. On the day the army returned and he was made the crown prince, Qin Yue finally understood the gap between the secular power and those who pursued martial arts and alchemy. He could only be an emperor on the earth, but these people would soar over the clouds in the sky.

“Young Master Yun, I wish you a safe and smooth journey to Yanwu.” Qin Yue proposed a toast and downed the wine in his cup.

Yunxiao patted him on the shoulder as he chuckled and said, “I hope you will be a good emperor.”

Qin Yue laughed, then pointed at a row of State Guardians behind him and said, “I afraid that you do not have enough manpower in Yanwu, so I’ve ordered them to follow you. You can send them back when you no longer need them.”

“The commander of the first unit of the State Guardians, Yian, offers greetings, Young Master Yun!” A middle-aged man stepped out the rank and bowed.

Yunxiao glanced at him and found that he was a peak nine-stars Great Martial Master. On the day Qin Yue was made the crown prince, Gao Feng was arrested and put in jail. Hence, Yian was promoted to replace him.

Yunxiao was about to reject when he heard Xiao Qingwang say, “Bring him, he’s a good lad.”

Because they needed to continue their treatment, Xiao Qingwang and Chen Dasheng followed Yunxiao, as Luo Yunshang was with him. Li Chunyang and Li Changfeng had nothing to do in the capital, so they were in the party as well. Of course, Yunshang’s loyal fans, Chen Zhen and Han Bai, were among them as well. Almost all the high-end fighting forces of Tianshui were here.

Looking at Bai Mou, who was standing behind Qin Yue, Xiao Qingwang smiled and said, “Your Majesty, Bai Mou is one of the two most beautiful ladies in State Guardians. Since she has decided to follow you, please take good care of her.”

Although Bai Mou’s face was veiled with a thin satin, everyone could see her face blush, which made her look even more charming.

Qin Yue roared with laughter. "I'll not disappoint you!"

With a hint of a smile in his eyes, Yunxiao said meaningfully, "Bai Mou's cultivation of divination arts has just reached the white-tier, so remember to not use it at will. Otherwise, the backlash you suffer when you meet an expert will break all your meridians and even turn you into a cripple. If I remember correctly, the fifth elder of your sect is a cripple because she had performed divination on some expert."

Bai Mou's face fell as her pupils turned blank and spiritless, and her eyes were filled with shock and terror. Yunxiao knew she had performed divination on him! And not only that, he even guessed out her sect! And what horrified her the most was that he knew the secrets within her sect!

The fifth elder rarely showed herself in the public. Although her status was high, it was said in private that she was a cripple who did not have any cultivation base. Bai Mou was just a little disciple in the sect, but she, too, had heard many rumors about the fifth elder. Some said she was amazingly gifted and was supposed to be the next sect leader, but her arrogance made her overreach herself and perform divination on someone she should not have, which turned her into what she was today. Bai Mou did not know about the details, but she did not expect Yunxiao to mention it. And judging from his tone, he seemed to know the details of that incident.

How did he know that? Who exactly was he? Bai Mou's mind was completely blank.

Qin Yue's expression changed drastically as well. His eyes flashed with a nervous look as he said hurriedly, "Young Master Yun, don't blame Bai Mou! I made her do it! This..."

"I know, you don't have to explain." Yunxiao patted him on the shoulder as he smiled and said, "If I were you, I would do the same. It's good that you understand my stance. There will be no conflict between us at all. In fact, after I've helped you ascend the throne, I believe our interaction will be rare in the future."

Qin Yue heaved a sigh of relief in his heart, but he felt a little sad at the same time. As the monarch of a state, he actually envied Yunxiao at this moment. No matter how high had he climbed, he would always be a dragon on the earth. But, Yunxiao would be a dragon who soared in the sky.

"I will always welcome you back, and you will always be Tianshui's King of Wucheng!"

“King of Wucheng!”

“King of Wucheng!”

Above and below the city gate, the courtiers and common people cheered.

Yunxiao chuckled as he waved, and in the envious eyes of all the courtiers, he left the capital with the others.

Chapter 123: The City of Yanwu

Meng Bai was very excited along the way. He kept jumping back and forth on the chariot while cheering, “Oh! My Master is the City Lord! My Master is the City Lord! Haha!” To him, a supervisor in charge of a mine was already a very powerful official, and the City Lord was an existence he had to look up to.

Chen Zhen snorted coldly and mocked, “Yunxiao, look what a promising disciple you’ve found yourself!”

Yunxiao laughed. “He’s just a kid, and all kids’ dreams are either to be a general or a State Guardian.”

His skinny body was not much larger than Meng Bai’s, so when he spoke like an old man, it startled everyone and made them look at each other. They were all surprised by the fact that a fifteen-year-old boy like him could look further and deeper than any of the old men present.

Li Chunyang and Li Changfeng exchanged a look, both feeling happy in their hearts. They thought it must have been the guidance of the expert behind Yunxiao that made him such an amazing man. As for whether that expert was Gu Feiyang or his disciple, it did not matter anymore. As long as Yunxiao grew up under his guidance, they were content.

“Master, how did you know my dream was to be a general? After you take office as the City Lord, make me a general! I’ll bring an army back and show off in front of Uncle Li and others!”

Meng Bai’s eyes lit up, and his childish words triggered a roar of laughter.

Yunxiao smiled and said, "I'll make you a general when you become a Martial Lord." When he had finished, his face flickered suddenly, and he squinted ahead.

"A Martial Lord?" Meng Bai became discouraged instantly and said with a bitter look, "If I had the strength of a Martial Lord, I would choose to be the commander of the State Guardians and not some general."

Xiao Qingwang's face flickered as well, because he had sensed some aura up ahead. He gave Yunxiao a surprised look and asked, "Those boys?"

Yunxiao nodded slightly and did not say a word. Everyone was puzzled, and it was not until a moment later that they felt something, which put a surprised look on their faces. At the same time, they were amazed by the strength of his divine sense.

A strong, fierce aura came blowing over from ahead of the chariot. There were soldiers standing orderly in rows in the state road, all armored and armed with silver spears, combat-ready. Their high spirits and morale made them look like a steel pin that was inserted deep into the earth, unmovable and invincible.

Li Chunyang's eyes lit up as he praised sincerely, "If I were given a hundred thousand soldiers like them, I might be able to defeat all the empires on the Heavenly Martial Continent!"

Chen Dasheng gave him a glare. "Keep dreaming then! An army of two thousand soldiers like these is already a heaven-defying force. I wonder how they were trained! I dare say that if two armies were to face each other, even if the enemy army was composed of two thousand Great Martial Masters, they might not be able to defeat these soldiers here."

The chariot stopped, and Yunxiao stepped out of it as he looked at the front with a cool face. A soldier swung down from a white horse and strode over, then dropped to one knee and said, "Please bring us to Yanwu, King of Wucheng! We wish to serve by your side!"

Yunxiao laughed. "Bai Chengfeng, you all haven't graduated yet. Staying in the academy and continuing your cultivation is what you should do right now. I'm going to Yanwu only to attend the trade fair. Do you think I will really stay there as the City Lord? Go back now, all of you!"

The two thousand soldiers were none other than the student army of Jialan Academy. During their time with Yunxiao, not only did each of them make a fortune, but their cultivation base had also taken a leap. And under the guidance of the Murderous Air Script, their actual fighting strength had soared as well. As a result, their admiration and respect for Yunxiao reached a very high level.

The soldier was Bai Chengfeng. He was seriously wounded after the battle in the field outside the city of Yangpu, but he had almost completely recovered after recuperating for some time, and there were even signs that he was about to make a breakthrough.

He was slightly taken aback, but then he said, "It is still semester break now. We will go back to the academy when the new semester starts." His plan was to follow Yunxiao first and wait until the new semester started.

Bai Chengfeng was voted by the two thousand students as their leader to talk to Yunxiao, and now all two thousand pairs of eyes were watching him from behind. If he failed to accomplish the mission, he would be too ashamed to go back to see them.

"Let them follow you. I see that they have made greater progress in following you than cultivating by themselves," said Luo Yunshang while smiling. Even she had made greater progress in the process of constantly healing Xiao Qingwang and Chen Dasheng with her pure Yang energy.

Bai Chengfeng was overjoyed, and without waiting for Yunxiao to reply, he quickly bowed and said, "Thank you, Teacher Luo!" Then, he turned around and roared, "Brothers, Young Master Yun has agreed!"

"Ohhh! Hooray! Hooray!"

"I knew Young Master Yun will agree! This is great!"

All two thousand students cheered instantly, and the eyes of many female students shone with happiness. Among them, Luo Landuo sighed under her breath.

Lin Yu, who was standing next to her, seemed to feel something. He grabbed her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze as he said, "He is strong now, but I will work hard and make him my target. Sooner or later, I will defeat him!"

Luo Landuo gave him a sweet smile, then lightly leaned her head against his arm. Looking at Yunxiao in the distance, she knew that their paths would probably never cross again. But, at least everyone was running forward on a road leading to the peak of martial arts.

"Just want and see, Li Yunxiao! I was wrong for looking down on you, but as long as I keep running forward, we will meet again on the road of martial arts!"

Luo Landuo held Lin Yu's hand tightly and pressed herself closer to him.

With a wry smile, Yunxiao turned to Luo Yunshang and said, "I'm just going to a trade fair, not a war. Besides, I'm used to being alone, and I never wanted to be the City Lord."

Li Chunyang suddenly said, "Yunxiao, do you think these two thousand students will still be the soldiers of the secular world if they continue to develop like this?"

Yunxiao's face flickered. "Do you mean..."

"Chunyang is right!" Xiao Qingwang understood at once. "This force has gone far beyond the traditional soldiers. Although most of them are still warriors, I can sense that the murderous air in their bones will not be much different from that of the State Guardians."

Li Chunyang smiled and said, "Yunxiao, don't you want to be severed from all ties with the secular world? Two heads are always better than one. If you have this force and the rest of us to help you, you will soon be able to build a power that is beyond ordinary states."

"Yes, we have at least half the fighting strength of Tianshui here, and our potential is endless," said Chen Dasheng as his eyes lit up. "Why don't we take Yanwu as our foundation and develop our own power, eventually becoming an existence like the Jutian Sect?"

Jutian Sect was the backer and the actual master behind the Firecrow Empire, and it was well-known even in other places on the Heavenly Martial Continent. Although everyone thought it was a somewhat ridiculous goal to develop into such an existence, they could at least take it as their target and achieve some result.

In Yunxiao's eyes, Jutian Sect was nothing, at most a mere second or third-grade power on the Heavenly Martial Continent. But, he was slightly tempted by the idea of establishing his own power. In his previous life, although he was very strong, he was all alone and had no power to support him. Many a times, he was outnumbered and seriously injured by various powers. If he had a strong power behind him, he would not have been in such a miserable situation so many times.

Yes, he was ranked third on the Heaven and Earth Power Chart, which seemed to make him the third strongest man in the world. However, whenever those super powers with tens of thousands of years of history attacked, they always sent dozens or even hundreds of people. In fact, had it not been because Qu Hongyan did not attack him with all the forces of her sect out of fear that Shenxiao Temple would not be able to afford the damage, he might not have been able to leave the Snowfall Peak.

Looking at the cheering students, he fell into thoughts. They were all teenagers with high potential, and their talent could be said to be the best in Tianshui. Under his guidance, their future achievements would definitely be limitless, and it was possible that they would become a first-class power on the continent.

"In that case, I'll bring them with me for the time being," Yunxiao said lightly. There was a glimmer of light flashing in his eyes as he looked into the distance, and he said in a voice only he could hear, "Since my title in the previous life was Vanquisher, I'll name you Dubhe."

...

Yanwu was truly the most prosperous city in Tianshui, and with the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair just around the corner, it was bustling with activities. All the main streets were cordoned off while the influx of foreign businessmen caused the inspection to become extremely strict. Inns had long been full, and now even residential houses had begun to accommodate outsiders.

Yunxiao's arrival caused quite a commotion. The previous old City Lord had long moved his family and belongings out of the official residence, waiting to return to the capital and spend his retirement there.

The chief bookkeeper of the city, Wu Zishi, was about to report to Yunxiao when he was cut off rudely, "Just tell me how much money do I have now and how much are the annual incomes and expenses. I'm not interested in other things."

Since he had decided to establish his own power, money was his priority now. Yunxiao, who had little idea of such a thing in his previous life, began to feel the pressure and great burden of keeping thousands of people.

That gave Wu Zishi a pause. He had seen many money-minded City Lords, but this was the first time he met one who talked about money so blatantly. Not daring to neglect his new superior, he hastily began to calculate. Unlike all the previous City Lords, who left as soon as they were relieved of their offices, this City Lord was the newly made King of Wucheng, and Yanwu was given to him as his permanent fief.

"The annual tax revenue is about three hundred million gold coins. One hundred and fifty million will be turned over to the state treasury, and the city expenditures will be close to one hundred million, leaving about fifty million. But this time, because of the trade fair, thousands of merchants have entered the city in a short period of just a few days, and the tax they paid amounted to one hundred and twenty million. At present, the balance in the treasury is one hundred and fifty million gold coins."

Since he handled all the projects in Yanwu, he was able to quickly provide a general picture of the city's financial status.

Chapter 124:

A Demon Beast Egg

Displeased, Yunxiao frowned and said, "Every year, there is a balance of fifty million gold coins. Excluding the tax revenue from the trade fair, how can there be only thirty million left? Where did the rest of the money go?"

Wu Zishi felt his displeasure, and he said fearfully, "My lord, of the annual balance of fifty million gold coins, thirty million is spent on the courtiers in the capital, and some were taken by the former City Lord, Yu Dehai, when he was relieved of the office."

Pa!

Yunxiao slapped a hand on the table and said angrily, "This is Yanwu's money, not Yu Dehai's personal treasury!"

Wu Zishi bowed his head and did not dare to say a word, but he murmured in his heart, 'Is there any difference? When every former City Lord leaves, they always take away all the money. This time, because Yu Dehai knew his successor is the King of Wucheng, he purposely left behind some thirty million gold coins, saying that they are his token of congratulations for King of Wucheng. I didn't expect this new City Lord to be so young and ignorant of worldly affairs...'

"Dad!" Yunxiao cried out, "Bring a few men with you to the capital and take all the money back from Yu Dehai!"

"Will do!" Li Changfeng laughed as he jumped to his feet and roared, "How could he take away all the money from my son's fief? I think he's tired of living!"

"Ah!"

The chief bookkeeper was taken aback. 'How can this King of Wucheng be so foolish! Who would send someone to take back the money that had been taken away? And, who would cough back the money they had swallowed?'

"My lord, this cannot be done!" he said hastily. "Lord Yu Dehai's younger sister is His Majesty's consort, so he is considered an imperial uncle. Moreover, he and many first-grade courtiers are friends. And my lord, you ought to know that the money he gave them every year is not for nothing!"

"Oh, you reminded me in time!" Yunxiao waved and said, "In addition to Yu Dehai, I want the courtiers who had taken money from Yanwu to spit out everything! Wu Zishi, give me the names of the last ten City Lords. I will ask my father to take the money back from them. If any of them is dead, their heirs will have to pay!"

"Ah!" Wu Zishi was petrified instantly. 'This... this is absurd! Does this King of Wucheng know nothing about the customs of officialdom? Doesn't he know he will offend all the courtiers by doing so? I think he will be a short-lived City Lord...'

"Haha!" Li Changfeng laughed as he grabbed Darkthunder by the ear and said, "Make this fella go with me. I promise the task will be completed flawlessly!"

“Alright! Remember to collect the interest as well, which is calculated at three times the current common interest. Tell these people that if they don’t pay back honestly, I’ll go and collect the debts from them myself! Try to make them pay in Primordial Stones, because gold coins can’t be eaten or used in cultivation. It is useless to have more.”

“Okay, I’ll go now!” Li Changfeng jumped up the back of Darkthunder while laughing. “Wait till I get back!”

Darkthunder’s face was covered with distress and reluctance. However, at Yunxiao’s order, it bowed its head and turning into a flash of lightning, running in the direction of the capital.

Wu Zishi was startled by the demon beast’s mighty aura and speed, and he was sweating all over. But, he then smiled bitterly at the thought of the consequences of Li Changfeng’s task. It seemed to him that the City Lord would be replaced again soon.

“I now officially appoint you as Deputy City Lord. You will be in charge of everything in the city, and you don’t have to report anything to me except for money. When I want to be in charge, I will come to you.”

After saying that, Yunxiao turned and left, leaving the completely petrified Wu Zishi behind, who stood there with a dazed and confused look.

‘Did he just make me the Deputy City Lord?’

Yanwu was the richest city in Tianshui, and the appointment of even a low-ranking officer would stir the nerve of some powerful courtier in the capital. The office of Deputy City Lord had been fought by many officers for years, and the court had not decided who should fill it. ‘King of Wucheng had just appointed me Deputy City Lord as if it is just a child’s play?’

Wu Zishi’s mind began to drift off a little, and he had a dreamy and unreal feeling. He stumbled back to his bed and threw himself at it, thinking that he must be still asleep, and everything would be normal when he woke up.

...

Without settling down, Yunxiao left all the people behind and walked to the venue of the trade fair, taking only Meng Wu, Meng Bai, and Jia Rong with him. Of the three people, one was his disciple, one was his servant, and one was a pretty girl. Other people who came to the city with him were either his teacher or old men, with whom he had no interest in going shopping.

When he saw the emblem of Myriad Treasures Store hanging on high, he was sure that it was the same organization he knew in his previous life. It seemed that it had penetrated far deeper and wider than he had expected.

Myriad Treasures Store was said to be the richest organization in the Heavenly Martial Continent, with its wealth more than even the alchemist association's. Moreover, it had recruited a large number of alchemists, as well as countless warriors of various tiers. So, even though it was wealthy, no one dared to covet it.

"Let's go, Master! What are you waiting for?" Meng Bai kept urging. Young people like him were fond of crowded places, and since he was born a poor child and had seen little of the world, he could no longer wait.

Meng Wu was very excited as well. She purposely changed into a new dress, which made her look like a beautiful lily among all the other lesser flowers, attracting constant attention. Ever since she and Meng Bai following Yunxiao, Qin Yue had been extremely attentive to them, and had always gifted her all kinds of trending dresses, jewelry, and makeup.

At first, they were a little uncomfortable with the special treatment, but then they accepted it. At the same time, they also understood that it was the benefit brought to them by Yunxiao's status, so they began to attach more importance to their own strength. Now, both of them were five-stars warriors, and Meng Bai had even reached the peak of five-stars.

Fortunately, Yunxiao's performance was so amazing that no one paid attention to the two siblings. Otherwise, their jaws would have dropped in surprise.

Yunxiao smiled and led them in. The trade fair occupied several important streets in the city and was already packed with people; men and women from the Firecrow Empire and other dependent states were all here, filling the air with noisy bargaining voices.

Meng Wu and Meng Bai were dazzled; they had never seen so many things at once before. On the other hand, although Jia Rong had attended several Thousand Treasures Trade Fairs, he was still greatly interested and kept looking around for something he might need.

Sounds of voices and commotion could be heard from everywhere. Many merchants were selling with temporary stalls, and more with simple square blankets laying on the ground.

“Master! Master! There are many people here. Let’s go inside and have a look!” Meng Bai jumped and pointed to a shop. A few layers of people crowded outside, attracted by something the shop was selling. As he was not tall, Meng Bai squeezed through the crowd easily and was gone in an instant.

There was a little old man with a pointed beard in the shop, who was smiling and explaining his goods to the crowd. On a square table in the doorway was placed a huge crystal vessel, inside which stood an egg as large as a baby, emitting a colorful light under the reflection of the crystal vessel. It was very beautiful.

“A demon beast egg?” Jia Rong said in surprise. “This is an extremely rare thing, and it is not exaggerated to take it to an auction. I can’t believe they just place it there so casually.”

Meng Wu looked at the egg with obsession, showing a look of wanting it. “What a beautiful egg! I wonder what kind of demon beast is inside?”

Yunxiao could not help but laugh. “It’s just an ordinary white demon beast egg, and the color is entirely from the crystal vessel. Look at the caption next to it... It is a second-grade Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret. Wait, a poisonous ferret?”

Yunxiao paused for a moment and muttered to himself, “Although there’s a weak life force in the egg, it is, after all, the egg of a poisonous ferret. If it is cooked and eaten by Meng Bai, it should bring him great benefit.”

Jia Rong smiled wryly. “Young Master Yun, you don’t really want to buy it and cook it, do you?” He guessed that only Yunxiao could do such crazy things as eating a priceless demon beast egg.

“Yes, I do.” Yunxiao gave him a little nod. Jia Rong immediately pushed through the crowd and led them into the shop.

Next to the egg stood a jade board, which read:

The egg of a second-grade Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret.

Growth cycle: Five years.

The fighting strength of an adult Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret was comparable to that of a Great Martial Master, which makes it the best companion for travel, killing, and robbing!

“Boss, we all know this demon beast egg is very precious, you so don’t have to explain anymore. But, the price of ten thousand medial-grade Primordial Stones is just too frightening. Can it be cheaper?” said a warrior with a bitter face, but the enthusiasm in his eyes did not grow weak at all.

“Cheaper?” The little old man snorted and stared at the warrior in anger. “It is already the lowest price I can offer. Do you want me to sell you below my cost? If it weren’t for my urgent need for money, do you think you could buy a second-grade demon beast egg with just ten thousand medial-grade Primordial Stones? Keep on dreaming!”

He paused for a while and sighed, then said, “To be honest, we are already selling this egg at a loss, so it can’t be cheaper. In fact, our goal is to attract more people to our shop. Everyone, please come inside and have a look if there is anything else you need.”

No one in the crowd moved. Clearly, they had no interest in anything else he said. Everyone just fixed their eyes at the egg. Even if they could not afford it, they could at least have a look at it.

The warrior’s face showed a look of reluctance. He exchanged glances with several men, then they pushed out of the crowd and began to discuss in low voices. Other onlookers were also chatting as they watched the scene.

Soon, the warrior pushed back into the shop again. He seemed to have made up his mind, and he said, "Boss, I'll buy this egg! But, you must provide us a proof that it is indeed a second-grade Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret inside! We will lose a lot of money if it is not a poisonous ferret or simply a dead egg."

The little old man pointed to several logos beside the egg and said, "Open your eyes and look at them. This is the logo of seven-day no-reason return guarantee issued by Myriad Treasures Store, and this is the logo of product quality assurance! We will be killed if we sell any fake goods!"

Chapter 125: Spirit Fruit

Myriad Treasures Store was famous for its iron rules. Anyone who dared to openly violate its rules would be punished, even if they were the imperial members of the Firecrow Empire. Therefore, no one dared to resort to deceit under its supervision.

The warrior took out a storage bag from his ring and was prepared to throw it to the little old man. But at that moment, Jia Rong suddenly said, "This is indeed a genuine and living egg of a second-grade Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret, but its life force is getting weaker and weaker. I think it will probably become a dead egg within a month."

The beaming little old man was about to take the bag when he saw the warrior's hand pause in the air, then abruptly retract with the bag.

Holding the bag in his arms and carefully protecting it, the warrior glared at the seller and bellowed, "What? A dying egg?"

There was a flicker of panic in the old man's eyes, and in the next instant, his face flashed with anger. He swept through the crowd and shouted, "Who goes there? Who's talking nonsense? Show yourself!"

All eyes fell on Jia Rong at the same time. He smiled coldly and took a few steps forward, looking at the egg in disdain. "I dare you to take this egg out of the crystal vessel in front of everyone. I'm sure its surface has begun to show green spots, which is the reason why you put it in a crystal vessel, so you can deceive everyone with the colorful light of the crystal."

The old man's face turned slightly pale, because Jia Rong was absolutely right. His palms began to sweat, but he still growled, "Don't pretend to understand when you don't! Get out of here now and stop causing trouble and talking nonsense, or don't blame me for treating you badly!"

“Hmph!” At the beginning, Jia Rong was not sure either. All he had said just now was what Yunxiao told him to say via a voice transmission. But, as soon as he saw the seller’s expression, he knew that Yunxiao was completely right. With the flip of his hand, the badge of a second-tier alchemist appeared in his palm, and he said with a sneer, “I’m a second-tier alchemist. Do you question my strength and credibility?”

“What? He is a second-tier alchemist?!”

“Wow! What a young second-tier alchemist! No wonder he is so professional and could tell that there is something wrong with the egg at a glance!”

“Well, I told you, a demon beast egg is hard to come by. So, how can anyone put it up for sale like this? Luckily, I didn’t fall for it!”

“Bah! You just don’t have the money! I heard you say you want to sell your house and wife to buy the egg!”

The seller froze on the spot, and beads of cold sweat rolled down his forehead as he looked at the genuine second-tier alchemist badge. The warrior quickly put the bag of Primordial Stones back into his ring and shouted angrily, “You have a black heart! I almost trusted you and gave you the saving my brothers and I had worked so hard over many years to accumulate!”

The loud voice startled the old man, who quickly said in a trembling voice, “I... I... I didn’t know this is a dying egg.” When he saw the onlookers all pointing at him, he shooed the crowd away in panic and said, “Go away, go away! I’m not selling it anymore!”

That put a contemptuous look on every face, but the crowd soon dispersed nonetheless.

The warrior came over and expressed his thanks to Jia Rong, who replied with a righteous face, “It’s nothing! Exposing liars and upholding justice are the duties of a noble alchemist.”

“Master Jia Rong, you’re so amazing!” Meng Bai said with a look of admiration. “Tell me quickly, how did you find out that it is a dying egg?”

Jia Rong's face lit up with pride and he snorted. "It's not a big deal."

The seller was busy packing his things with his head down. It was his first day here, and yet his trick was already exposed. It seemed that he could no longer stay in this trade fair. And, since Jia Rong was a second-tier alchemist, he did not dare to offend him, so he could only count himself unlucky.

"Boss, do you still want to sell this egg?"

The old man paused and looked up at Yunxiao, then frowned and said, "You know it is a dying egg. Are you sure you want to buy it?"

Yunxiao chuckled. "Everyone has his own needs. It happens that I need such an egg."

"Ah? You need such an egg?" The seller was startled, but then his face lit up instantly. "Haha! Since you want to buy it, I can sell it to you. Haha! Well, although it is a dying egg, at least it is still alive now. So, you have to pay me five thousand medial-grade Primordial Stones."

"Five thousand medial-grade? No, inferior-grade!"

"What!" the seller cried, "Inferior-grade? That's only fifty medial-grade! You can't be so mean, can you?"

"Mean? Then you can keep it and cook it yourself in a month."

"Don't go! How about one thousand medial-grade? No? Five hundred? Two hundred? Hey, don't go!"

"One hundred medial-grade Primordial Stones. Deal or no deal?"

"Ugh...fine, I'll count myself unlucky! This is really a cutthroat price!"

It only took the seller a few seconds to consider. After all, in another month, he would have to eat the egg himself. And even if he did not sell it now and continued to use it to deceive people, those who could afford to buy a demon beast egg would probably kill him when they found that they were cheated.

Yunxiao readily handed over the payment and put the egg in his ring, then smiled at the others and said, "Let's go."

Jia Rong replied happily, "Yes, Young Master Yun! Time to go now, Meng Bai!"

The four of them left together to visit other stalls, leaving the old man standing there with a blank face and wide eyes. "Fu*k! They know each other!" he screamed.

"Haha! Young Master Yun, you are really mean, cutting the price from ten thousand to one hundred in just the blink of an eye. Tsk, tsk... that seller is really unlucky!"

"Well, it is mainly because the egg is really dying and not worth so much."

"Ah? So, Master was the one playing the trick? But, why do you want to buy a dying egg?"

"For you to eat."

"Ugh?"

Yunxiao took out the egg and shoved it into Meng Bai's ring as he said seriously, "Although this second-grade Windbreaking Poisonous Ferret is not strong in fighting strength, the toxin contained in its body is a real pain in the neck. It is still mild now, so cook it and eat it right away when you get back. It will be of great help to your strength."

Meng Bai was dumbfounded, and he asked foolishly, "Eat it...For me to eat it? But...how long will it take me to finish such a big egg?!"

“You must eat it all at once so that you can fully absorb it.”

“...”

Meng Wu touched Meng Bai’s head and said in a commanding voice, “Do whatever Young Master Yun tells you to do. He is doing it for your own good. Oh, if only I could have a good demon beast egg, one that can hatch into a cute little demon beast.”

Suddenly, Yunxiao stopped and looked at Meng Wu as he smiled. Then, as if by magic, he pulled out a larger demon beast egg and handed it to her. “This egg is a real good thing. Try hatching it.”

Meng Wu was taken aback. “This...Young Master Yun, where did you find it? What beast’s egg is it?”

Yunxiao smiled and said, “In short, it is a good thing. You will know when you go back and try hatching it. When the time comes, I will teach you the art of beast controlling. As long as you subdue the fella in the egg, you will have no fear of being hurt in the whole Firecrow Empire.”

The egg was found in Xu Pinghong’s ring. As a Beastmaster, he naturally had many good things. Even Yunxiao was taken aback when he saw the egg, and he had kept it as a treasure.

“Wow, that’s something! I want one too, Master!” Meng Bai’s eyes lit up as he stared at the egg while drooling.

“Didn’t I already give you one? You haven’t had enough?” Yunxiao glared at him and then said to Meng Wu, “Put it away quickly! Many people are watching.”

Meng Wu felt warm in her heart, and her face flushed slightly. She answered in a soft voice and put the egg away. ‘It is very kind of him to give me something so valuable without even thinking twice!’

“Hey, did you see that? That boy seemed to have taken out two demon beast eggs just now!”

“I saw that too, and I thought I was hallucinating. Fu*k, who the hell is he? Why is he so rich?”

“I don’t know, but he really spent a lot of money to please that girl.”

“Please my ass! There is not a girl worth two demon beast eggs! You can have all the girls in the world with just one!”

“Oh, I agree with that. It seems like he really is a spendthrift!”

The voices of passersby drifted into their ears. Meng Wu was so shy that even her neck had turned red. Her brother put a hand on her forehead and asked curiously, “What’s wrong with you, Sis? Why is your forehead so hot? Do you have a fever?”

Bam!

Meng Wu’s eyes burned with rage as she threw Meng Bai to the ground, breaking a few pieces of bricks.

Jia Rong said cautiously, “Young Master Yun, let’s get going! There are too many people here, and we shouldn’t have revealed something so valuable in public. I’m afraid that we’ve already been targeted by someone.”

Yunxiao smiled and said, “It’s alright. If someone really dares to provoke us, we will let him rest in peace here forever.”

They turned a deaf ear to the chatter around them and continued to look around at the trade fair. Before long, an item on a small stall caught Yunxiao’s attention.

“Boss, what is the price of this fruit?” Yunxiao pointed to a scarlet fruit placed on the blanket, his eyes shining with a strange look.

Sitting on the other side of the stall was a stout man. After briefly scanning him with his divine sense, Yunxiao was surprised to find that he was a one-star Martial Master. The man’s eyes brightened as he considered for some moments, and then he said, “Five thousand inferior-grade Primordial Stones.”

“Five thousand inferior-grade Primordial Stones? Why don’t you go and rob someone? Such a wild fruit can only quench thirst or be taken as an appetizer before or after a meal, but you are selling it for five thousand inferior-grade Primordial Stones?” Meng Bai was the first to cry out. Although he did not know the fruit, he knew at a glance that it came from the mountains.

The man paused and said angrily, “You are only a child, so what do you know? This is a spirit fruit!”

“I grew up in the mountains, and I’ve eaten more wild fruits than you have seen! A spirit fruit? My ass!” Meng Bai said disdainfully. “Master, don’t be fooled by him.”

With a smile, Yunxiao looked at the man and asked, “Do you know this fruit? What’s its name?”

The man shook his head and said, “I don’t know its name, but I’m sure it is a spirit fruit, because I saw a third-tier Greenscale Python and a third-tier Bloodstriped Tiger fight each other for it with my own eyes, ending up in an internecine outcome! The reason I sell it for five thousand inferior-grade Primordial Stones is because I don’t know the fruit. But, I believe its actual value is much more than that!”

Yunxiao’s eyelids twitched, and there was a glimmer of light flashing through his eyes. Exulted, he said, “A Bloodstriped Tiger? Since the two demon beasts had ended up in an internecine outcome, and you have also got the fruit, don’t tell me that you let them go.”

Chapter 126: Conflict

The man’s face fell instantly. He looked warily to the left and the right, then said in a low voice, “What do you want?”

Yunxiao chuckled. “Don’t be nervous. The carcass of a third-tier demon beast is indeed a treasure, but it’s nothing to me. How much for the Bloodstriped Tiger’s teeth and this fruit? I’ll take them together.”

The man looked hesitant. He had not dared to tell anyone that he had obtained the carcasses of two third-tier demon beasts. After all, he was too weak, and such a precious treasure would get him into trouble. He had planned to secretly sell them in an auction during the trade fair, but he did not expect he would spill the beans.

“Give me a price,” Yunxiao smiled. “You are too nervous. This is Thousand Treasures Trade Fair. No one dares to touch you.”

“You know nothing!” The big guy gave him a scornful look and said coldly. “Yes, no one dares to strike here, but do you know how many eyes and ears are hiding among the crowd? If they see that you are rich in wealth but weak in strength, hmph...you will most probably have to rest in peace forever in Tianshui!”

“Eyes and ears?” Yunxiao had also discovered many sharp gazes. Perhaps, they were the so-called eyes and ears.

The seller said in a low voice, “I can sell you the tiger’s teeth, but I don’t sell them separately. You need to take the whole tiger, five thousand medial-grade Primordial Stones, non-negotiable. I will give you the wild fruit as a gift!”

Yunxiao considered the offer, then said, “I need to examine the teeth for damage.”

Five thousand medial-grade Primordial Stones for a third-tier demon beast was neither expensive nor cheap. The most valuable things in a Bloodstriped Tiger were its teeth and skin, and then blood. The rest of them were just ordinary materials.

If the teeth and skin were damaged, its value would drop significantly.

“The teeth are in perfect condition, but there’s some damage on the skin as the result of the fight with the python.”

“Deal!”

Yunxiao took out a storage bag and handed it over.

The man quickly inspected the contents of the bag with his divine sense while beaming, then took out another storage bag and threw it to Yunxiao.

After glancing at its contents, Yunxiao nodded and picked up the fruit on the blanket as he took his leave. The man stared at the back of the four of them for a while before hastily packing his things and planning to move to another place.

“Young Master Yun, it seems there are many eyes following us.” Jia Rong whispered. “I guess they are attracted by the demon beast egg.”

Yunxiao chuckled. “Ignore them. Their lives are in their own hands.”

Some time later, Meng Bai suddenly grabbed Yunxiao’s arm as they were walking and cried out in alarm, “Look over there, Master! Aren’t they Chen Zhen and Han Bai? It seems they are in a conflict with someone!”

A crowd was gathering in the street ahead. Chen Zhen and Han Bai were surrounded by a large group of men in front of a stall, and they all looked very agitated, as if they were going to fight each other.

Yunxiao’s face grew dark as he strode over and shouted, “What is going on?!”

“Young Master Yun!” The sight of him made both Chen Zhen and Han Bai happy, and they cried out hurriedly as if they had found a straw to clutch at.

Chen Zhen pushed through the gathering crowd and rushed in front of Yunxiao as he said, “Young Master Yun, we found the Hundred Water, but these men suddenly appeared and said they wanted it! They are bullying us!”

Yunxiao understood at once. “Where is the Hundred Water?” It was the main material for the Golden Sixsun pill, and Ji Meng was waiting for it with his life on the line. Yunxiao had to get it no matter what, even if it were seen by the group of men first!

Han Bai pointed angrily at a man in the group and said, “He took it!”

With a cold grin, the middle-aged man said proudly, “Whoever gets it first gets it. Stop being annoying and get the hell out of here! If you point that finger of yours at me again, I’ll cut them all off today!”

Yunxiao glanced at them. Clearly, this group of men was under some power. The leading man was just a nine-stars Martial Master, but among the guards around him was a Martial Lord and two Great Martial Masters.

The owner of the stall walked out in fear and said to the middle-aged man in a trembling voice, “Si-sir... y-yo-you haven’t paid.”

The man’s eyes turned cold as he bellowed while fuming, “What do you mean? Do you think I will not pay? Now get the fu*k out of here!”

“This... this...” The owner looked worried. The Hundred Water was his most valuable item.

“How much?” Yunxiao asked lightly.

“Two hundred medial-grade Primordial Stones,” said the owner as he held out two fingers.

Yunxiao took out two hundred medial-grade Primordial Stones and handed them to him. “I’ll buy it.”

“Thank you! But the goods...” The owner bowed gratefully, but he looked anxious and embarrassed. After all, the thing was not in his hand.

“It’s alright. I’ll get it myself.” Yunxiao gave him a smile, then turned to look at the middle-aged man and said, “What did you say just now? You want to cut off my brother’s fingers?”

The middle-aged man narrowed his eyes and said with a hideous grin, “What? Not happy? Do you know our strength and background? If you are wise, kowtow a few times and get the hell out of here. Otherwise...”

Yunxiao cut him off impatiently, “Alright, I know what to do!”

As he said that, his right knee bent slightly, and then he kicked his right foot into the group, throwing himself forward like a bolt of lightning. When the crowd saw him again, he was already in front of the man, swinging out Springwater.

“He’s so fast!”

Everyone was taken aback as the middle-aged man sucked in a cold breath, moving back a few steps in a hurry as he pointed at the ground and cried out in horror, “Blood, blood! Where did the blood come from?”

“Ah? AHHH!”

But, he shrieked in the next instant, because he found that all the fingers on one of his palms were sliced off at their roots, leaving him with a fingerless palm.

“How dare you hurt Young Master! You are dead meat!”

One of his guards, a Great Martial Master, flew into a rage instantly. With his master hurt, he would have to face a serious consequence when he returned. So, he rushed over while fuming and pulled out a saber, thrusting it at Yunxiao’s head.

‘No matter who this boy is, he’s dead meat for hurting Young Master! If I can be the first to kill him, my punishment may be lighter!’

Suddenly he saw a flash of light and heard a faint whistle, and the next thing he saw was jets of blood that gushed out of his neck. Then, he felt a great impact on his chest, which threw him flying backward and falling into the crowd. Looking at the people running away from him in panic, he felt his consciousness gradually fade away.

“Ahh! Murder!”

The onlookers erupted into chaos, all shouting and fleeing from the scene while the owners of nearby stalls hurriedly packed their things and moved far away, not daring to come any closer.

“Anyone who wants to hurt my brothers must die!”

Yunxiao’s eyes burst with a monstrous killing intent like a God of Slaughter, and with the sword in hand, he emanated an aggressive aura like the strongest warrior that reigned supreme over the world!

Many years ago, he had slaughtered everything within eight thousand miles in the East Sea to save his brother, turning the water red with blood as countless experts of the sea clan fell under his hands. Days ago, when Qin Ruxue was abducted right in front of him, it had already deeply provoked him, filling his heart with the feeling of powerlessness and remorse, which finally exploded out now.

“Back off, all of you!”

He was a three-stars Martial Master, but Jia Rong and the others were just warriors, so they could not provide him any help. With loud cries, he threw himself at the guards coming at him. All of them were Martial Masters, but none could survive more than one strike from him; they were all killed with a cut in their necks.

The scene of slaughter frightened the rest of the Martial Masters. They felt strength leave their legs, and they lost the courage to fight.

“No one can save you now, boy!” The Martial Lord standing next to the middle-aged man finally struck, throwing a palm out with a dark face.

All the Martial Masters around were knocked flying away by the force of the palm, which condensed in mid-air into a huge green palm, enveloping the void around Yunxiao as it smashed down from above.

“What are you waiting for, Commander Hong? Do you want me dead?” Yunxiao bellowed. “If I die here today, you will be flayed and executed as well!”

At that moment, a figure hiding somewhere nearby leaped into the air and flew over as fast as a bolt of lightning, falling lightly before Yunxiao and throwing out a palm as well. Two great forces collided, and in the next instant, the green palm was blown away.

The man was Hong Bing, the commander of Yanwu's City Guards, whom Yunxiao had met upon arriving in the city. Later, when he learned that Yunxiao and a few others were going to the trade fair alone, he secretly followed them for fear of danger, since there were too many complicated powers in the fair. But, he did not expect to really have to strike.

At the moment, he looked shocked, because he could not figure out how Yunxiao had discovered him.

The counterforce pushed the Martial Lord back several steps. Clearly, Hong Bing was stronger than him. In a fit of rage, he growled, "Who are you? Do you know who my Young Master is? How dare you poke your nose into other people's business!"

"I'm Hong Bing, the commander of Yanwu's City Guards!" he said in a cold voice. "I don't care who you are. This is Yanwu, and it is my duty to maintain the order of this place!"

"Fine! That boy hurt my Young Master and killed my Young Master's guards! What would you do about it?"

"Oh? Did he? I only saw you attacking him. If what you said is true, I'll ask my men to investigate."

The Martial Lord flew into a rage. "Look at all the dead bodies here! Do you think they killed themselves?"

With the help of his guards, the middle-aged man stopped his bleeding and pain. While flaring, he rushed over and bellowed, "Who do you think you are? You are just a mere commander! Even the emperor of Tianshui will have to show me some respect when he sees me! Now go and get your City Lord here! Do you know who I am? I'm Xingyang Jie, the heir of the Xingyang Family in the Firecrow Empire!"

"I thought he is some mighty figure, but it turns out only to be a nobody. Hong Bing, keep that Martial Lord in check and let me kill them all first." As soon as he said that, Yunxiao bolted out with his sword again, killing another Martial Master.

Chapter 127: Ding Ling'er

Xingyang Jie was so angry that he almost coughed out a mouthful of blood. He thought that by announcing his name and his family, his opponent would tremble with fear before kneeling and licking his shoes. Instead, it took away the guy's doubt and made him kill even more wantonly. That had dealt him a blow greater than when his fingers were cut away.

In the face of Yunxiao, Martial Masters were nothing but cannon fodder. Soon, only a Great Martial Master was left. With his pupils constricted, the guard drew his sword and unsealed it as he rushed over.

Amidst the crowd of onlookers in the distance, a girl in red gently curled her hair with a finger as she frowned and said, "Sir Yu, is that the young man Master Yuan Hao was talking about, a third-tier alchemist, Li Yunxiao?"

Standing next to her, an old man with a head of white hair and a youthful face smiled and said, "Yes. I've been following him ever since he stepped into the trade fair. He is a boy with a pair of sharp eyes. Luckily, I had hidden myself deep enough. Otherwise, he would have discovered me."

The girl looked surprised. "How's that possible? Look, although he is only a four-stars Martial Master, that three-stars Great Martial Master is already showing signs of losing. If I'm not wrong, he's only about fifteen, isn't he? And yet, he's already such a genius in martial arts. How can he also be a third-tier alchemist?"

There was a look of amazement in Yu Rong's eyes as well as he said, "Each age brings forth new geniuses on this noble land. You, for one, are a peerless genius, but I didn't expect this Li Yunxiao to be so inhuman."

The girl gave him a sweet smile. "You're flattering me, Sir Yu! I'm not a genius. Do you think we should stop them? He'll be in trouble if he really kills Xingyang Jie."

Her words put a frown on Yu Rong's face, and he said worriedly, "The Xingyang Family itself is nothing, but one of their ancestors is the elder of Jutian Sect, and we cannot overlook that. I think I better stop them." He took a step and vanished instantly.

"Stop it!"

Yu Rong lightly pointed at Yunxiao's sword with a walking stick, knocking it back. The Great Martial Master, who thought he was about to die, trembled with fear and fell to his knees, staring gratefully at Yu Rong.

"Be lenient wherever it is possible, lad! You don't have to be so ruthless. Besides, the Xingyang Family is an existence you cannot afford to offend," Yu Rong said with a kind smile.

Yunxiao's eyes turned cold as he mocked, "Since I stepped into the trade fair, someone had been watching me, and now he has finally showed up. So, it is you, old man."

"What!" Yu Rong was shocked, and his eyeballs almost dropped out. "How... how could you possibly sense my presence?!" he said in horror. He had thought he was well hidden, but it turned out that he was long under his target's observation.

"Hmph! Move aside, I'm not in the mood to talk to you now. I'll deal with you after I have killed these two men!" He lifted his sword as he moved around Yu Rong and stabbed the blade toward the Great Martial Master again.

"Forget it, lad!" Yu Rong's walking stick moved in a cunning pattern and tapped three times in a row on Springwater, sending a great force down the blade that broke the skin in Yunxiao's palm and knocked the sword out of his grip.

A trace of anger flashed through Yunxiao's eyes as he said, "A seven-stars Martial King, Plum Blossom Spear Technique!"

Yu Rong was shocked once again. "How...how did you know my cultivation level? How did you know I'm using the Plum Blossom Spear Technique?"

"Hmph!" Yunxiao snorted angrily. "If you save this man today, you will be my enemy, and you will bring yourself a great disaster in the future!"

Yu Rong found that it was getting harder for him to see through this young man. He smiled wryly and said, "I did this for your own good, Li Yunxiao. Although the Xingyang Family is nothing, they have an ancestor who is the elder of Jutian Sect. If you kill Xingyang Jie, you will bring yourself a great disaster!"

Meanwhile, Hong Bing and the Martial Lord had stopped fighting as well. With a venomous look on his face and holding his injured hand, Xingyang Jie said, "So, your name is Li Yunxiao. I swear I will kill your whole family! Let's go!"

After saying that, he turned and left hurriedly with the Martial Lord and the Great Martial Master.

Yunxiao stared coldly at Yu Rong. "You heard him. You ask me to be lenient, and now he wants to kill me. Besides, he took away the herb that I urgently needed to save my friend's life. How am I going to save him now?"

He was boiling with rage, not only because he had failed to kill Xingyang Jie, but also because the Hundred Water was taken away from him. He gave Jia Rong a meaningful glance, who understood at once and immediately brought Meng Wu, Meng Bai, Chen Zhen, and Han Bai away, melting into the crowd.

"This..." Yu Rong smiled wryly. "Xingyang Jie has always been arrogant. He will naturally not let this matter rest easily after taking such a big hit from you today."

"Since only death can resolve our grudge, you have caused me harm by releasing him. Don't worry, I'll make you pay for what you've done today in the future." After saying that in a cold voice, Yunxiao turned to leave.

"Hold on!" Yu Rong did not take his threatening remark to heart, and instead he chased up and said, "A young lady I serve wishes to have a word with you."

"I'm not free!"

"You! Don't be a fool who can't tell good from bad!"

"Why? Are you going to force me? Don't think a seven-stars Martial King is invincible!"

Yu Rong was a little angry. As a Martial King, he was held in high respect wherever he went, and yet he was already mocked many times by this young man today. Had it not been because of a reason he could not speak now, he would have killed this ungrateful lad.

“Although Hundred Water is rare, I do have some.”

A sweet voice rang out, and then the girl in red walked slowly out of the crowd with a bright smile on her face. “Don’t be too impetuous, young man! It is really for your own good that Sir Yu stopped you from killing Xingyang Jie. Although there is still resentment between you, at least there is still room to talk it over. But, if you had killed him, there would be no turning back.”

While frowning, Yunxiao sneered, “Room to talk it over? What if he brings some other expert to kill me again?”

The girl in red chuckled and said, “How about I take charge of the reconciliation? I believe I can manage it. Let me introduce myself, my name is Ding Ling’er.”

Yunxiao smiled and said faintly, “Well, Ding Ling’er, it’s up to you now. Turn and look behind you.”

Ding Ling’er and Yu Rong froze for a moment and turned back at the same time. They saw Xingyang Jie, who was fuming with rage, walking toward them with a group of men. His malevolent eyes were fixed on Yunxiao, and there was a ferocious look on his face.

The crowd around them quickly dispersed in all directions, as if a storm were coming. No one dared to stay in this street, and everyone was watching from a distance.

The leader’s face was calm, with a hint of a smile on his lips. Judging from the aura of the people around him, he should also be the son of some super aristocratic family, and his status was even higher than Xingyang Jie’s.

When the man saw Ding Ling’er, the smile on his face turned into astonishment. “I didn’t expect to see you here, Miss Ling’er,” he said in surprise.

Ding Ling'er had a wry smile on her face. She had just promised that she would settle this for Yunxiao, and in the next moment, Xingyang Jie had come back. "I didn't expect to see you here either, Young Master Cheng Feiche. I have witnessed this matter from the beginning to end, and I know there are many misunderstandings. I hope I can be a peacemaker for them."

"Oh?" Cheng Feiche gave a weird smile. He glanced at Yunxiao, then said thoughtfully, "Who is this guy? To have Miss Ling'er intercede for him?"

Xingyang Jie's face flickered. Fearing that Cheng Feiche would agree to her, he said hastily, "Brother Feiche, you mustn't be fooled by her. This Ding Ling'er is a merchant who sees only profits. She must have been paid handsomely by this boy to intercede for him!"

"Hmph! Paid?" Yu Rong tapped the end of his walking stick against the ground, breaking several bricks. "If I hadn't saved you just now, would you still be standing here? Have I been paid by you?" he said angrily.

Xingyang Jie was ungrateful, as he said with a sneer, "You saved me just to save him, because if I die, he will be doomed, even if he has a powerful background!"

"Haha!" Yunxiao burst into laughter, then he said mockingly, "What else do you have to say now, old man?"

Yu Rong's face turned livid with anger. "Think of me as saving a dog!"

A trace of a sulky look crept up Ding Ling'er's face. The grace of saving one's life was greater than anything, but Xingyang Jie did not appreciate it at all, which proved him to be a bad guy. Looking at Cheng Feiche, she said, "Young Master Feiche, think of this as a favor you sell to me. Although I'm just a merchant, my company, Tianyuan Trading Company, is involved in many businesses with the four major families of the Firecrow Empire—Zhou, Wang, Mo, and Cheng. Moreover, we have a very wide network, and you can find our men in almost every corner of the Heavenly Martial Continent. So, what do you think?"

Yunxiao was slightly taken aback. 'So, they are from Tianyuan Trading Company...'

Tianyuan Trading Company was one of the members of the Commerce Alliance. Its influence was widespread, spanning the entire Heavenly Martial Continent. The Commerce Alliance was formed by numerous trading companies of different sizes on the continent, including seven permanent members and thirteen ordinary members. Tianyuan Trading Company was one of the permanent members while Myriad Treasures Store was not only a permanent member, but also the leader.

These trading companies were originally business organizations scattered across the continent. Later, to avoid being bullied by others, seven of the strongest companies and thirteen smaller companies formed the Commerce Alliance under the call of Myriad Treasures Store. At present, the council had developed into one of the superpowers on the continent that no one dared to underestimate.

Cheng Feiche thought about it for a while, and then said, "Miss Ling'er, it's not that I don't want to sell you this favor. We came here together, and Brother Jie represents the face of all the aristocratic families in the Firecrow Empire. This guy not only killed Brother Jie's men, but also cut off his five fingers. This is a slap in the face of our families. I can't just forgive him like this."

He looked up with a trace of cruelty in his eyes. "But, I have to give Miss Ling'er's some face as well. As long as this guy kneels and kowtows ten times, destroy his dantian, cuts off his hands, and kneels at the entrance of the trade fair until the end of the fair, I'll not kill him. What do you think?"

With a grateful look, Xingyang Jie said excitedly, "Brother Feiche, you are such a compassionate person. This boy should count himself lucky to be punished so lightly!"

Chapter 128: Kill Them All

"Haha!"

Yunxiao burst out laughing. He could not remember when was the last time he had seen such a poser, because all those who dared to posture in front of him had died. As he laughed, his voice grew cold and his eyes were slowly filled with a murderous look.

Ding Ling'er's nostrils flared, and she said, "What's the difference between this and killing him?"

Cheng Feiche shook his head and sighed. "This guy doesn't seem to appreciate it. Miss Ling'er, you can't blame me for that. Please get out of the way, both of you, lest you accidentally get hurt later." No sooner had he spoken than the group of warriors behind him broke out and surrounded Yunxiao.

Yunxiao did not pay attention to these Martial Masters, who could not pose a threat to him, but instead fixed his eyes at the two Martial Kings and four Martial Lords standing beside Cheng Feiche.

Although Cheng Feiche was not the heir of his family, he was also a direct descendant. According to the customs of the aristocratic families in the Firecrow Empire, he could have two Martial Kings and four Martial Lords as his guards, and there was no limit to Great Martial Masters and Martial Masters.

Such an arrangement was unimaginable in other aristocratic families. For example, although Xingyang Jie was the heir of his family, he had only one Martial Lord protecting him. It showed how powerful the four major families were in the Firecrow Empire.

Ding Ling'er was trembling with rage. "Cheng Feiche, are you sure you won't even do me a little favor?"

Cheng Feiche rubbed his nose lazily and said, "I did, but you refused to accept it. If we leave like this, the dignity of the Firecrow Empire's aristocratic families will be hurt. The people of these small border states are becoming more and more unbridled now. I think it is time to discipline them."

With a cold grin and a murderous air exuding from him, Yunxiao said, "Since you are worried that your dignity will be hurt, then I will trample on it right in front of everyone!" He threw his right arm over his shoulder, causing a cloud piercing arrow to shoot whistling up into the air and explode over the trade fair into eight smaller arrows of different colors that shot out in eight directions. For a moment, all the people in the city looked up in horror.

"A cloud piercing arrow?" Cheng Feiche showed a mocking look and said, "So, you are from Tianshui's military? No wonder you are so unbridled. But, this is as far as you can go. Do you think you can defeat us by calling over tens of thousands of soldiers?"

"Haha!"

The warriors around him roared with laughter. They all had the same mocking look while staring at Yunxiao, as if he were an idiot. Even Ding Ling'er and Yu Rong frowned slightly.

"This guy is such a fool! He wants to use the army against us! Hah!"

“Those ordinary soldiers are so weak that I can kill tens of thousands of them alone, and I don’t even need to rest.”

“Hmph! The people of these small states are indeed becoming more and more unbridled and brainless!”

“Well, we can blow his head open later and see if it’s full of shit or something.”

“Haha!”

They were laughing so hard that their faces looked ferocious. Bullying was their favorite, because not only was it safe, but they could also get lucrative merits and benefits. So, each of them was extremely excited.

Suddenly, the two warriors behind Cheng Feiche frowned slightly. A little shocked, they exchanged a look, then sent out their divine sense. In the next instant, their faces fell.

Figures began to swarm over from all directions like bees returning to their hives. At first, they came in one or two, but later in groups. As if suddenly emerging from the water, layers upon layers of warriors and Martial Masters surrounded the street, all looking down coldly.

Meanwhile, plumes of dark purple murderous air emanated from their bodies, slowly drifting and gathering in the air, veiling the sky like a dark cloud. Soon, a terrible finger—scaled and armored—gradually appeared.

Cheng Feiche and the group of warriors, who were in the center, turned pale as their eyes grew wide in terror. Although these people were only warriors, they came in great numbers, and their combined murderous air was so strong that it filled the hearts of Cheng Feiche and the warriors around him with a terrible feeling of powerlessness.

Even the two Martial Kings were looking at each other in horror, and they felt their flesh creep when they looked at the dark purple finger in the sky. They had a feeling that if the finger were to fall, even both of them would be crushed under it. Although it did not make sense, it came from a warrior’s most instinctive intuition.

A young man, who was only a five-stars Martial Master, walked out of the crowd, then fell to one knee before Yunxiao and said, "Bai Chengfeng offers greetings, Young Master Yun! The members of Dubhe, a total of two thousand and three hundred and thirty warriors, are all here!"

Meanwhile, Jia Rong, Chen Zhen, and few others ran over from the distance while shouting, "Young Master Yun, Young Master Yun!"

Several figures could be seen behind them, who lightly stepped forward and appeared next to Yunxiao in the next instant. There were a total of five of them: two Martial Kings, two Martial Lords, and a peak-level Great Martial Master. They were none other than Xiao Qingwang, Luo Yunshang, Li Chunyang, Chen Dasheng, and Yian, who came as soon as they received Jia Rong's message.

Together with Hong Bing, who had been on the scene all the time, the number of Martial Kings on both sides was equal now. Yunxiao's side was three Martial Lords short, but Xiao Qingwang alone was enough to beat the other side, because he was a peak eight-stars Martial King. And there were also a large number of State Guardians pouring over, who were either Martial Masters or Great Martial Masters. Soon, there were thousands of them.

In the blink of an eye, Cheng Feiche and his guards, some thirty of them, were completely surrounded from all sides. There was not a single sound that could be heard in the street. It was eerily quiet as everyone held their breath, especially Cheng Feiche and his men. Beads of sweat rolled off their foreheads, but they did not dare to even move, as if a careless mistake would immediately bring them a great storm, crushing them all to pieces.

Yunxiao's eyes swept across those warriors, then he lifted a hand as he pointed at one of them and said coldly, "Did you say you wanted to blow open my head?"

"I...No, I didn't! It was not me, I didn't say that!" The warrior was so frightened that he pissed in his pants. While trembling, he stepped backward and cried, "Young Master, save me, Young Master! Please! Save me!"

"It's been years since someone dared to say such arrogant things in front of me!"

Yunxiao made a grabbing gesture, pulling the warrior over with an invisible force. The man ran desperately in Cheng Feiche's direction, swinging his arms as fast as he could, but he still flew backward helplessly.

With a cold look on his face, Yunxiao jerked up his leg and struck the warrior on the back with his knee, breaking his bones and forcing a mouthful of blood out of his mouth. Then, he slowly lowered his leg, and the warrior fell to the ground with fear and pain in both eyes. "Save me, Young Master! Save me!" he kept mumbling.

Bam!

All of a sudden, Yunxiao stamped on his head, causing the warrior's skull to explode like a watermelon. Blood, bone fragments, and brains spilled everywhere, shocking everyone. The horrible sight brought nausea to many, and Ding Ling'er simply turned to the side and began to vomit.

No one dared to say a word. Cheng Feiche's face was livid, and his forehead was covered in cold sweats. He could not figure out why a young master of a small state was served by so many mighty men. Meanwhile, Xingyang Jie's face was as pale as a sheet. Looking at the headless body under Yunxiao's foot, he shivered violently, as if he were trapped in an ice cellar.

Yunxiao lifted his right hand high, and with a monstrous killing intent in his eyes, he said, "I've told you just now, since you are worried that your dignity will be hurt, I will trample it right in front of everyone." Then, he said in a slow but strong voice, "Kill them all and leave no survivors!"

Everyone on Cheng Feiche's side was shocked. They could not believe what they had just heard. Although they were surrounded, they still wore the same proud and arrogant faces, and some even looked slightly angry. After all, they came from a noble aristocratic family of the empire. Even the emperor of a state would have to show them some respect.

In the beginning, Cheng Feiche thought that Yunxiao would surely humiliate him and make them leave dejectedly, and he had even planned how he would take revenge when he got back. But, he did not expect that Yunxiao would order them all to be killed without saying another word or even looking at him!

'This...This is absurd! Doesn't he know who I am? Is he not afraid of bringing trouble to his family? Is he really a fool?'

Even as he was utterly stunned, a large number of warriors rushed over, and the dark purple murderous air fell like a blanket, spreading out across the street. The two Martial Kings were about to strike, but Xiao Qingwang's gaze immediately locked them in place. Both of them were just one-stars Martial Kings. They might be able to fight Li Chunyang, but they could hardly breathe under Xiao Qingwang's pressure of an eight-stars Martial King.

'He's crazy! He's really crazy!' Cheng Feiche only had this thought in his head as he screamed frantically, "I'm a direct descendant of the Cheng Family! How dare you attack me! I want to see your City Lord! Ask your City Lord to come here right now!"

His voice was loud, but it rang hollow amid the crazy slaughter. Everyone's face was cold, and they looked at him as if he were just a clown.

Ding Ling'er and Yu Rong had finally recovered from their shock. Looking at the men around Cheng Feiche fall to the ground one after another, their foreheads began to sweat profusely. She hurriedly grabbed Yunxiao's arm and cried out in terror, "Stop! Stop it right now! Do you know what you are doing? He is a direct descendant of the Cheng Family, one of the four major families of the Firecrow Empire! If you kill him, you will bring yourself and Tianshui a great disaster!"

Yunxiao sneered indifferently. "Cheng Family? If they dare to provoke me, I don't mind wiping them out of the Firecrow Empire."

Chapter 129: Myriad Treasures Store

"Ah!" Ding Ling'er froze to the spot. The words shook her so much that her head was buzzing, and she could hardly respond. 'Wipe out the Cheng Family? Who does he think he is? A sixth-tier Alchemy Emperor or a Martial Emperor of the Seven Constellations Realm?'

Cheng Feiche was in complete panic and despair as he watched almost all his men killed and the enemy warriors rushing at him aggressively. He fell to the ground while trembling in fear and kowtowed desperately. "I was wrong, Li Yunxiao! I was wrong! Please forgive me! Please spare my pathetic life!"

Xingyang Jie, on the other hand, had all the blood drained from his face. When he saw his only Martial Lord get killed by Li Changfeng with the head crushed, then watched Cheng Feiche kneel and beg for life,

he was instantly scared out of his wits. Hurriedly, he fell to his knees behind Cheng Feiche and began to kowtow repeatedly as well.

Both of them had superior status, and they were normally the ones who controlled the life and death of others. Now, when the situation was reversed, they finally knew how frightening and excruciating it was to have their life and death controlled by others.

Ding Ling'er was taken aback. She did not think these descendants of aristocratic families to be so spineless. With a despising look that could not be concealed on her face, she said to Yunxiao, "Let them go! The situation will still be manageable if you stop now."

Yu Rong chimed in seriously, "Yes, stop now! Tianyuan Trading Company is willing to mediate for you, and I believe we can resolve this matter..."

"Shut your mouth!" Yunxiao shouted as he showed a derisive look and sneered, "Do you really think you are somebody? Do you want more slaps in the face? You are just the Tianyuan Trading Company! Do you think you have a strong influence? I might pay a little attention to Myriad Treasures Store, but the rest of you are nothing in my eyes!"

"You!" Yu Rong flew into a rage, his neck flushed. However, when he saw all the murderous glances sweeping over at him from all directions, he choked back his fury.

Ding Ling'er was angry as well, but it was true that she had gotten a slap in the face just now. Even a descendant of the Cheng Family had refused to sell her a favor, so how could she mediate and resolve the grudge between them? For a moment, she was at a loss, and a sad feeling washed over her. 'Is Tianyuan Trading Company really on the decline?'

Bam!

A loud exploding noise rang out as the head of one of the Martial Kings beside Cheng Feiche was blown apart by Xiao Qingwang with a punch, his brains spilling everywhere!

A Martial King was killed with his head gone!

It scared the wits out of the other Martial King, which allowed Li Chunyang to shatter his heart with a palm and throw him flying away.

In the blink of an eye, all the warriors were killed, leaving only Cheng Feiche and Xinyang Jie, who were still desperately kowtowing and begging for their lives. Their faces were covered in fear, tear, and snot, and their pants were already wet with pee, filling the air with a foul smell.

“Disgusting! Kill them now!” Yunxiao covered his nose and turned to leave.

A warrior rushed over and was about to kill them when a loud, furious roar rang out in the distance suddenly, “Who is so bold as to murder in my Thousand Treasures Trade Fair?”

The voice was as strong as that of a huge copper bell, echoing from far to near and drowning all other sounds. And by the time the voice reached the scene, everyone could already see a figure in a gray robe flying over.

“A Martial Grandmaster!” Yunxiao’s face flickered, and he shouted hurriedly, “Kill them, do it now!”

The warrior, who was about to kill both men, was stunned by the loud cry and froze on the spot, but then Yunxiao’s shout woke him. Hastily, he raised the sword in his hand and swung it down.

“Hmph! How dare you murder someone when I am already here!”

The voice rang out again, and the gray figure got nearer. Suddenly, the warrior felt his body pressed down by an invisible force, which made him unable to move. In fact, he was not the only one; everyone on the scene was startled as they were all locked in place by the gray-robed man’s pressure.

“It’s Elder Yin! We are in deep trouble this time!” A trace of fear flashed in Ding Ling’er’s eyes, and her heart sunk abruptly. The man was none other than the person-in-charge of this year’s Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, who was one of the Guardian Elders sent to station in the Firecrow Empire by Myriad Treasures Store, and also a Martial Grandmaster of the Six Directions Realm, Yin Zhaoyang!

It was a huge taboo to rob or murder at Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, and the consequence would be more serious than offending the Cheng Family. After all, when one offended the Cheng Family, there was still room to talk over, but no one had dared to disobey Thousand Treasures Trade Fair's rules over the last hundreds of years. And those who did were already dead.

"I'm safe! I'm safe! Haha!" Cheng Feiche lurched to his feet and cried out excitedly, "Save me! Elder Yin, save me! I'm Cheng Feiche from the Cheng Family! Haha! I'm safe—"

Suddenly, his voice stopped as a sword came poking out of his chest, piercing straight through his heart. Blood smeared the tip of the sword red, dripping to the ground.

Cheng Feiche looked incredulously at the blade that came out of his chest, then turned and looked over his shoulder. He saw Xingyang Jie holding the hilt of the sword with both hands, staring at him with a cold look, with the color of his pupils turned evilly red.

Plop!

Even until the last moment of his life, Cheng Feiche still could not believe and understand why Xingyang Jie would want to kill him. After he fell to the ground, Xingyang Jie pulled the sword out and used it to cut his own neck. Blood gushed out instantly as he, too, fell next to Cheng Feiche.

It was then that his pupils gradually returned normal. He looked confused at first, then it was replaced by shock and terror. He desperately covered his neck with both hands, trying to stop the bleeding, but it was all in vain.

His pupils gradually dilated as his life left his body. The last scene he saw was Yunxiao's evil crescent-shaped pupils turn back to normal, with a hint of a cold smile brushing his lips.

"I've told you, that if you were worried that your dignity will be hurt, I will trample it right in front of everyone!" Yunxiao said in a soft voice, but too bad they could not hear him anymore.

When his voice drifted into Ding Ling'er's ears, she immediately felt a chill in her heart, and she trembled as she looked at the young man about her age in horror. Was he really just a fifteen-year-old teen, with such a brutal approach and aggressive style?

“Unbridled! Unbridled! Unbridled!”

Yin Zhaoyang finally arrived. Landing in the middle of the crowd, he looked incredulously at all the dead bodies on the ground and roared wildly, “How dare you violate Thousand Treasures Trade Fair’s rules! You are all going to die!”

“Listen to me, Elder Yin, I can explain!” Ding Ling’er hurried over. Since Cheng Feiche and others had died, she was going to do her best to help Yunxiao out.

“You don’t have to say anything!” Yin Zhaoyang’s eyes burned with rage. Staring at Xiao Qingwang and others, he said coldly, “Anyone who violates Myriad Treasures Store’s rules will be killed! Don’t think that the law cannot be enforced when everyone is an offender! All of you will die today!”

His aura of a Martial Grandmaster spread out abruptly, freezing everyone present in an instant. Even the dark purple murderous air was washed away by the pressure. Xiao Qingwang’s face fell as he struggled to move. A trace of bitterness filled his heart as he thought, ‘So this is the power of a Martial Grandmaster? So strong!’

Li Chunyang and others were resisting with all their might as well, but it was useless, and that despaired them. They could die, but Yunxiao must stay alive!

“You are Yin Zhaoyang?” Even as everyone was trembling with fear, thinking that a great disaster was imminent, Yunxiao asked with a calm face. “How is Yu Wenbo?”

Yin Zhaoyang’s pupils constricted and his face flickered, but then he immediately showed a hideous grin, “Stop posturing in front of me, boy! Don’t think you can escape death by knowing the name of our Third Elder!”

Yunxiao ignored that, but his lips moved slightly. Using a voice transmission, he said, “Since you are a Martial Grandmaster, you must have the secret artifact invented by Myriad Treasures Store with you, the Long-distance Fly Sound, do you?”

Yin Zhaoyang's face fell, and he jerked up his head. He was slightly shocked when Yunxiao mentioned his Third Elder's name, because not many people knew that name even within the Myriad Treasures Store. But, he was only shocked. However, when Yunxiao mentioned the 'Long-distance Fly Sound', he was truly stunned.

The Long-distance Fly Sound was a mystic artifact secretly invented by Myriad Treasures Store that could be used to send voice over a long distance. It was made by inscribing spatial arrays with powerful techniques on an array disk and supplemented by three hundred and sixty smaller arrays. When used, it could break the limitation of space and transmit voices to the other end designated by the array formations.

The technique was heaven-defying, but the flaw was tremendous as well. The cost of making one was unimaginably high, and they would self-destruct after each use. Therefore, even within the Myriad Treasures Store, only Martial Grandmasters or above were eligible to equip them.

Most importantly, it was a top-secret within the Myriad Treasures Store! One had to become at least a Martial Grandmaster to know of its existence!

His face grew serious now. Using voice transmission as well, he said, "Who are you? How did you know about the Long-distance Fly Sound?"

Yunxiao smiled and replied, "Please help me send a message to Yu Wenbo. Just tell him that the old friend he met on the Purple Cloud Peak outside the city of Redmoon misses him very much."

Yin Zhaoyang's face flickered. As he pondered over Yunxiao's words, he grew confused. Elder Yu Wenbo's status was too high for him to communicate at will, and he would be seriously punished if he disturbed him for some trifling matter, not to mention the high cost of a Long-distance Fly Sound.

But, the calm look on Yunxiao's face showed that he had nothing to fear. If he was really the descendant of Elder Yuwen, Yin Zhaoyang would have committed a serious crime by killing him.

He saw that Yunxiao was only fifteen years old, and he thought he must be the descendant of Yuwen Bo's old friend.

Yin Zhaoyang hesitated, and his look confused the people around him. All they saw was both men's lips only move slightly, and then Yin Zhaoyang's face grew serious.

There was a look of shock and doubt on Ding Ling'er's face. She was very curious about what Yunxiao had said to calm Yin Zhaoyang, whom even she could not stop. Although she was not strong, her status in the Council of Commerce was not below Yin Zhaoyang's after all.

Chapter 130: Iron Rules

Yunxiao laughed when he saw the hesitant look on his face. "It will be fine," he told him, "just send the message. If Yuwen Bo blames you, you can rip me apart to vent your anger."

Yin Zhaoyang's face was uncertain, but then he seemed to make up his mind. He took out an object from his ring and carefully placed it on the ground. It was an array disk fully carved with numerous runes, above which hovered a warm-colored jade medallion that gave off a gentle feeling.

A trace of reluctance flashed in his eyes, and then he began to chant under his breath as he drew various symbols with both hands and sent a stream of divine sense into the jade medallion. The arrays on the disk were activated instantly, with traces of light drifting out of them.

The void around the disk began to distort, as if it was being twisted and pulled. Ding Ling'er's pupils constricted as she watched in terror.

At the same time, somewhere thousands of miles away...

It was a place surrounded by water and rolling mountains that looked like a sleeping dragon, constantly exuding natural Primordial Qi. If someone looked at it from the sky, he would have a strong delusion as if the dragon was about to take flight and soar into the clouds.

Amid the rolling mountains was a calm lake that looked like a huge jade embedded on the ground. Far in the distance, the lake spread out through a narrow gap between two mountain ranges, flowing somewhere unknown.

The whole scenery was like the home of some immortals, especially when there was a small white tower floating in the middle of the lake. Its wall, white as the whitest jade, was carved with dragons and phoenixes, which emanated waves of faint colorful light that sprinkled on the water.

Under such a magnificent environment, in front of a railing on one side of the tower, a middle-aged man dressed like a scholar sat on a white jade platform. His figure was graceful, and his white robe was dustless, which made him look like a dewdrop rolling on a vibrant green lotus leaf, agile and delicate, as if he could fly away in a gust of wind.

The scholar's eyes were half-closed, and streams of Primordial Qi were spreading out of him. Each word he said was like the most amazing dharma, and there was a group of men sitting on hassocks beneath him, listening attentively at his teaching.

Suddenly, the scholar stopped. His pupils constricted slightly, and with a surprised look, he spread his right hand, revealing a golden Long-distance Fly Sound that looked more advanced than Yin Zhaoyang's.

The faces of those beneath him flickered. It must be a serious matter to send a message to Third Elder at this moment. Everyone grew nervous, and some were talking to one another in low voices, wondering what had happened.

"It is a message sent to me by Yin Zhaoyang from the Firecrow Empire in the south," said the scholar, and his eyes gradually grew cold.

Sensing the change in the scholar's aura, everyone became fearful and restless. The Firecrow Empire was just a small state in Heavenly Martial Continent, and no matter how serious the issue there was, even if the whole branch of Myriad Treasures Store was destroyed by someone, there was no need to make direct contact with the Third Elder.

One of them was in charge of the affairs in all the states in the south. His expression changed instantly, replaced by an angry look. Yin Zhaoyang was his direct subordinate, and the fact that his subordinate bypassed him filled his eyes with killing intent.

Yuwen Bo casually grabbed the flickering green jade medallion, and a stream of divine sense instantly flowed into his head.

"What?"

Abruptly, his leisurely, graceful, and calm air was gone as he lurched to his feet and cried out, his eyes showing an incredulous and terrified look. Meanwhile, the Primordial Qi swirling around him dispersed under the emotional fluctuation and blew toward the boundless lake, sending ripples across the calm surface and boiling the water.

“What happened, Third Elder!” The man in charge of the affairs in all the southern states, Xie Yuhang, could not help but ask in a state of trepidation. Yuwen Bo had never made such a gaffe in public. Could something serious really have happened to the Firecrow Empire’s branch?

Yuwen Bo held the jade medallion in his hand and his face was flickering. Rings of Primordial Qi spread out of him, showing the extreme restlessness of his mind. He performed a few quick incantation gestures and sent them into the medallion. In the next instant, a stream of divine sense was sent back through the medallion.

After that, he seemed to be lost in some kind of memory, standing in front of the railing and staring blankly at the lake and the sky. None of the people behind him dared to say anything, but their eyes were full of doubts as they all looked at Xie Yuhang, who felt his flesh creep with all the glances.

“Haha! Haha!”

Just as everyone’s mind was full of speculation, Yuwen Bo suddenly threw his head back and laughed. His voice transformed into dragon roars that pierced the sky, shattering the whole surface of the lake and sending water up into the air. As everyone was behind him, nobody saw the two lines of tears trickling down his cheeks, but only heard him laugh and speak, “I knew it! I know you are still alive!”

Meanwhile, Yin Zhaoyang, who was at the trade fair in Tianshui, was waiting anxiously. All of a sudden, the jade medallion in front of him flickered with a green light. He grabbed it hurriedly, and in the next instant, a stream of divine sense flew into his head.

After sending out the divine sense, the jade medallion immediately lost all its luster and color, breaking apart and shattering into a heap of powder. Meanwhile, the array disk carved with hundreds of arrays cracked and turned into a useless item.

Yin Zhaoyang’s expression changed drastically after he received the divine sense. The way he looked at Yunxiao suddenly became a little stiff and respectful, and he used a voice transmission to say, “Third

Elder makes me ask you what comes after 'Lying in the depth of the night I listen to the winds blowing in the rain?'"

Yunxiao laughed, his eyes seeming to be full of memories as he said, "And iron-clad horses o'er frozen rivers, as of old, invade my dreams again!"

Yin Zhaoyang sucked in a cold breath. He bowed in haste and fear and said respectfully, "The Guardian of Myriad Treasures Store Firecrow Branch, Yin Zhaoyang, offers greetings...greetings... greetings to Young Master."

He stuttered because he did not know Yunxiao's name, so he just called him Young Master. He did not use voice transmission this time, and his body language had said it all, which stunned all of the two thousand people around and almost made them faint.

A Martial Grandmaster was bowing to Young Master Yun?

All of them felt that their hearts were too weak to withstand such a visual impact, and their breathing became difficult. Ding Ling'er and Yu Rong were gaping at the scene as well, completely petrified.

What were the two of them talking about just now?

The people around felt they were being driven crazy by their curiosity. If it could be revealed, Ding Ling'er was even willing to buy it with all her wealth.

Yunxiao chuckled and said, "You may rise. Just calling me Young Master Yun will do. What did Yuwen Bo say?"

Beads of cold sweat oozed out of Yin Zhaoyang's forehead as he answered gingerly, "Third Elder said 'If he can't answer it, kill him and feed him to the dogs. But, if he answered correctly, treat him the same way you treat me.'"

"Haha!" Yunxiao burst out laughing. He did not use voice transmission this time, but said openly, "You can go back now, everyone! It is a misunderstanding. He's one of us."

One of us...

Xiao Qingwang, Li Chunyang, and the others looked at each other, their faces covered in cold sweat. Luo Yunshang, on the other hand, was extremely excited, and she thought, 'It must be! He must have revealed the information about that man! Otherwise, how is it possible that a Martial Grandmaster suddenly bows his head in submission? Lord Gu Feiyang, when can I see you again?'

"Go back now, all of you!"

At Chen Dasheng's order, the two thousand members of the Dubhe dispersed into all directions. Yian waved a hand as well, sending the first unit of the State Guardians away.

Yunxiao pointed at the dead bodies on the ground and said, "I'm sorry for the trouble, Elder Yin. Not only have I violated Myriad Treasures Store's rules, but I have also brought you endless trouble. I really don't know how to explain it to you."

Yin Zhaoyang understood what he meant. The direct descendants of the Cheng Family and Xingyang Family were murdered in Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, and it was very difficult for the Myriad Treasures Store to escape the responsibility. It was indeed a headache. But, when he thought of Yuwen Bo's message, his heart calmed down instantly. No matter how serious this would turn into, he had someone shielding him from above. He put on a serious face and said, "Explain? Aren't these bodies an explanation? Since they dared to rob others by tricking and forcing at the Thousand Treasures Trade Fair, they had violated Myriad Treasures Store's rules, and this is the consequence they have to face!"

Ding Ling'er and Yu Rong almost fainted!

They could not believe Myriad Treasures Store, who was said to have iron rules, would evade responsibility and lie in public!

Their hearts were filled with extreme shock. They knew that there was room for discussion in everything, and the so-called iron rules only applied to common people. Even iron could be broken with a punch in the face of a mighty force, and many a times, iron could be even melted into liquid form.

Both Ding Ling'er and Yu Rong thought of that at the same time, and there was a look of horror in their eyes and a great wave within them. For hundreds of years, Myriad Treasures Store had never broken its own rules in the Firecrow Empire, and it had never given anyone favor, not even the backer of the Firecrow Empire, Jutian Sect.

What did that mean?

It meant Yunxiao had the power to melt Myriad Treasures Store's iron rules into liquid!

Yin Zhaoyang clapped his hands, and in the next instant, dozens of warriors clustered over. Then, he pointed at the dead bodies on the ground and said coldly, "Xingyang Jie of Xingyang Family and Cheng Feiche of Cheng Family had violated the rules, and they have atoned for their crimes with death. Tidy up their bodies and send them back to the Firecrow Empire. As for the rest, drag them outside the city and burn them."

"Understood!" The warriors answered in unison and began to collect the bodies.

With a big smile on his face, Yin Zhaoyang turned to Yunxiao and asked, "Do you have any other orders for me, Young Master Yun?"

Xiao Qingwang, Li Chunyang, and the others who stood nearby could not bear to watch anymore, so they turned their eyes away. A Martial Grandmaster, whom they held in high esteem, was talking and behaving in such a humble manner! No one would have believed that he was a Martial Grandmaster had he not frozen more than two thousand people just now with only his aura.