

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 551

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 551-Once they made their decision, Caspian and Maya joined the queue and waited for their turn to climb the mountain.

It was not long until they reached the front of the queue.

Everyone that lined up in front of them were mortals.

To cultivators, 20 fedulings was nothing to throw a fuss over.

However, it was a large sum to mortals.

That was why the Simmons family, who set up the checkpoint to collect congratulatory gifts, could not escape the inevitable cries of displeasure and protest.

There was even the occasional scuffle.

Despite their wretchedness, the Simmons family were warriors, and there just happened to be a few of them standing guard at the checkpoint.

Even if people were unhappy and went as far as to cause a ruckus, things would settle down very quickly.

The Simmons warriors took one look at the little white pig sitting dignifiedly on Caspian's shoulder, and their eyes lit up.

"A cultivator!"

It was obvious that the little white pig was a mythical monster, and anyone who was able to train a mythical monster would naturally be a cultivator.

The Simmons family members exchanged glances and saw hints of cautiousness in each other's eyes.

After all, messing with mortals and messing with cultivators were two completely different matters.

"For two," Caspian said as he reached out his hand and presented 40 fedulings, gesturing to himself first, then at Maya.

The Simmonses were taken aback by how nonchalantly Caspian handed the money over.

They expected that being a cultivator, Caspian would want to reveal his identity and give them a piece of his mind.

The mortals before him openly expressed their dissatisfaction, so they were prepared for a cultivator to act more pompously.

The Simmonses realized that the cultivator who stood before them was probably someone who did not want to cause trouble!

Upon that realization, an ominous spark appeared in the eyes of the Simmons member who blocked the path.

“What about that?” said one of the Simmons men who had a mole on his cheek.

He pointed at Handsome, obviously testing Caspian’s limits.

Maya’s brows furrowed, but she kept silent at the sight of Caspian’s indifference.

“Do we need to pay for pets?” Caspian inquired coldly.

As he said the word “pet”, Caspian felt Handsome give him a sharp jab on the shoulder.

“A normal pet wouldn’t have to pay, of course.

This one, however, is an unusual one,” replied the man.

Seeing Caspian’s passivity, the Simmons family were even more confident that the man was a wimp.

If they did not teach him a lesson, they would be wasting a grand opportunity!

“It’s the same twenty, oh no, thirty fedulings!” announced the man with the mole.

The other Simmons family members nodded their heads in agreement.

”Fine!” Caspian said curtly.

He refused to argue with them and handed over an extra 30 fedulings.

“You!”

The Simmons family were completely caught off guard.

They were prepared for Caspian to protest, so they had a reason to mess him up.

They did not expect him to hand over the money so simply.

The man with the mole stood frozen in bewilderment.

When he noticed his companions signaling at him, he reached out and snatched the money from Caspian's hand, but did not move out of the way.

"Why are you still in the way?" Caspian asked as he threw a glance at the man.

"It's... I mean..." the man with the mole stammered with a flustered expression on his face as he threw pleading glances at his companions.

They came across a rare golden goose, but only managed to get a measly 30 fedulings from him.

They could not possibly be satisfied with that.

At that moment, a middle-aged man with a goatee walked over.

It was clear that the man was someone of status amongst the Simmons family members.

He sauntered over to the group and examined Caspian and Maya while stroking his goatee.

The man chuckled, then said, "When the head of our family advanced to the second stage of the Pulse Control Realm a few days ago, we were robbed of 100,000 fedulings.

At the time, someone saw a young man and young woman sneaking out of the family house with a large box.

Perhaps the both of you would do us the honor of coming back to us and aiding with the investigation?"

"What the h*ll are you talking about? Do you know who we are?" Maya scowled as she raised her brows.

As a disciple of martial arts, Maya naturally refused to argue with the Simmons family's earlier extortion.

However, now that they accused them of a crime, she could no longer hold back her anger.

The Simmonses waited for Caspian and Maya's resistance.

The man with the goatee's expression turned stony.

"I don't care who you are.

All offenders are punishable by law, be they royalty or commoners.

If you didn't steal our money, then open up your bags and let us search! Otherwise, you're coming with us," the man said coldly.

"That's right!"

"Open your bags and let us examine them!"

The other Simmons family members jeered and chanted along.

"You!" Maya cried as her cheeks flushed with anger.

She did not expect these people to be so shameless.

"Do you know who we are? We are..."

Caspian cut Maya off before she could finish her sentence.

"I didn't mind when you extorted my money, but it seems like you've let that get to your head now.

Do you feel like you've lived too long?" Caspian snickered, then reached out and pointed at each Simmons family member and added, "Leave thirty spirit stones each, then get lost."

Caspian's words made the Simmons men's faces change.

The man with the goatee was a first-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm.

At that moment, his expression turned menacing.

He shot Caspian an icy glare, then said, "I don't care where you came from, punk.

All that matters is that this is the Simmons family's territory.

You're just causing trouble for yourself like this, do you understand?!"

"You're the one causing trouble for the Simmons family, do you understand?" Caspian responded with narrowed eyes.

Caspian's words made the Simmons men think that the young man completely lost his mind.

"B*stard! Seize them and let the elders deal with them!" cried the man with the goatee to the other Simmons men.

“While you’re at it, search them thoroughly and find out where they hid our 100,000 fedulings!”

“Yes, sir!”

In an instant, the Simmons men began to charge towards Caspian and Maya.

“Imbeciles,” Caspian said as his eyes turned as cold as ice.

Before the men could get close, he took a step forward, raised his hand, and landed a hard slap on the cheek of the man with a goatee.

The man did not have time to react.

His vision blurred as if fogged up by strong winds.

The next moment, his head felt as if it was smashed into by a battering ram.

There was a buzzing in his head, and he lost all awareness before dropping to the ground.

The instant Caspian attacked the man’s brain, it was like a bottle toppled over.

All of the man’s teeth fell out of his mouth with a spurt of blood.

One slap was all it took to take the man out.

Caspian stepped down on the man’s face, looked towards the mortified Simmons family members, then snickered, “I’ve changed my mind.

It’s fifty spirit stones per head now.

Let the head of your family come to take you back with ransom money now!”

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 552-The other Simmons men who charged toward Caspian and Maya before were now frozen in their tracks.

Every one of their faces manifested shock, terror, and confusion.

To the men, the change in Caspian’s demeanor from his earlier composure was too great.

He handed over the fedulings with such calm just moments before, but he stood with his foot on a man's face and demanded a ridiculous amount of spirit stones, which were much more valuable.

"You... You... You..."

The man with the mole on his cheek stammered nervously.

He wanted to say threatening words, but he could not even spit out a complete sentence at that moment.

"Stop mumbling and hand over the money!" Caspian snapped, then landed his hand on the man's cheek and sent him falling to the ground.

The man felt like he was run into by a giant, raging beast.

His vision went dark, and a wave of blood gushed up his throat.

His entire body felt like all his bones were being crushed as he lay motionless on the ground.

The remaining Simmons men felt a chill at the sight before them.

They snapped back to reality and screamed in terror as they scattered in different directions in a panicked frenzy.

"Trying to run?" Caspian said with a cold smile, then stepped forward.

Caspian's skills and techniques were a thousand times more advanced than that of the scurrying Simmons men.

In an instant, apart from the one man that he let go on purpose, the other Simmons family members were swiftly smacked to the ground and dragged back to the checkpoint, stacked into a pile of limp bodies.

"Are you planning on making them pay a ransom for these men?" Maya asked.

They were not on Heavenly Stars Sect's territory at that moment.

If they got in trouble, it would not be easy to settle things.

Handsome, who squatted on Caspian's shoulder, could not help but roll his eyes at the sight of Maya's concerned expression.

If it were not for Maya's presence, he would have enthusiastically clapped his little hooves together and sung Caspian's praises!

Hearing Maya's worry, Caspian chuckled and said, "That's up to the head of the Simmons family."

If the Simmons head behaved well and paid 50 spirit stones per head for the seven men, as well as the one that was let go, for a total of 400 spirit stones, then everything would be settled then and there. However, if the Simmons head were to refuse and insist on standing up for his men, then Caspian could not guarantee what consequences would follow.

Caspian stood waiting on the spot with his arms crossed.

In less than 30 minutes, a spirit boat was seen speeding toward them from a distant meadow.

Caspian and Maya glanced at each other and saw surprise in each other's eyes.

They did not expect the Simmons family to be wealthy enough to own a spirit boat. However, they could not figure out why a family that could afford a spirit boat would set up a checkpoint to rob people under the pretense of collecting congratulatory gifts.

The spirit boat traveled at a much faster speed than a typical cultivator would steer it.

Before long, the boat came to a halt about 20 feet away from where Caspian stood.

When the boat's cabin opened, a middle-aged man dressed in a long, black gown appeared and furiously charged toward Caspian.

"What ignorant fool dared lay a hand on my kin? You must have a death wish!" bellowed the man as he continued to charge ahead.

When he was about five feet away from Caspian, the man suddenly drew his sword and aimed it at Caspian.

"You're dead!"

In an instant, the sword's beams swept down like a tidal wave.

An air-splitting noise and ruthless murderous intent filled the air.

Caspian was completely enveloped in the ruckus as if he was moments away from being shredded to pieces.

"How bold of you!" Maya cried out as she watched the black-clothed man.

From what she could tell, that fool was nothing but a first-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm.

His behavior was greatly disrespectful to her and Caspian as advanced cultivators.

What riled Maya up the most was the fact that, despite being a high-level member of the Simmons family, the man arrived and drew his sword with the intent to kill without first finding out the truth of the situation.

Caspian suddenly opened his eyes just as Maya was about to step in.

The air around them instantly turned as thick and heavy as mercury.

The darkness was in complete contrast with the lightness of the sword beams.

The murderous man in black was stunned as he felt his heart involuntarily skip a beat.

Caspian did not even make a move yet, but an unprecedented horror radiated from the bottom of the man's heart and up to his spine.

It felt as if his crown was about to burst.

"Reckless fool!" Caspian spat, then reached out and snatched the sword from the man's grasp.

He grabbed the man's throat, then violently slammed him to the ground.

A bright streak of light surrounded the sword, then slashed down in a fountain of blood.

Caspian hacked off the man's legs at the thighs, and what followed was a shrill cry of pure agony from the man in black.

At that moment, it was as if the spirit boat that was stopped not too far away shook in fear.

Within seconds, the boat turned and sped off in the direction it came from.

"Help! Somebody help me!"

The dismembered man in black screamed in the direction of the escaping spirit boat.

His face was as white as a sheet of paper and his eyes were filled with dread and hopelessness.

Caspian's face remained unchanged as he flung the sword forward with a powerful force.

The sword shot ahead like a bolt of lightning, reached the spirit boat in an instant, and crashed straight into it.

The force in which the sword hit the boat was as if an invisible, giant fist pummeled it onto its side.

It took much effort for the boat to spring back up and gather its bearings, then escape in a scrambling mess.

The man in black was dumbfounded.

His jaw dropped and his mouth was wide open, but he could not make a sound.

For a second, he even completely forgot about the pain of losing both his legs.

At that moment, the only thing he could feel was an unbelievable horror.

His opponent possessed such terrifying power!

What horrifying force did the Simmons family get themselves entangled with?

The man in black trembled as he lifted his head to meet Caspian's malicious smirk

"Since you tried to kill me, no one is going to be able to save you today!" Caspian hissed.

The corners of Caspian's lips were curled up into a smile, but upon hearing the words that came out of his mouth, the man in black felt as if he was thrown into an icy abyss.

A chill shot to his very core.

More members of the Simmons family arrived about an hour later. That time, there was no spirit boat.

A middle-aged man with a noble, elegant appearance approached with five other family members trailing behind him.

The man that Caspian deliberately released earlier was now tied up and strung along with the group.

Seeing the way the group followed the middle-aged man every step, and noticing that he was a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm, Caspian figured out the man's status.

Caspian was not wrong.

The group stopped about ten feet away from where he stood.

The middle-aged man then said, "I, Phillip Simmons, head of the Simmon family, wish to discuss today's misunderstanding with our cultivator peers."

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 553-Caspian had detained members of the Simmons family, but Phillip Simmons arrived and immediately declared the whole matter a "misunderstanding".

It was clear that Phillip was aware of what happened earlier.

Otherwise, he would not tie up the man that Caspian released earlier and brought him back to where he was.

Caspian threw Phillip a glance and said, "Did you bring the money?"

Phillip was taken aback.

He knew that the Simmons family members were in the wrong for what happened that day, but he did not expect to really have to pay a ransom for them.

Phillip stayed silent.

One of the men behind him stepped forward, furrowed his brows and said, "What happened today was the fault of our family members.

We will ensure that those involved will be punished accordingly upon their return.

We're willing to let go of how you attacked our family today, so don't expect to get any money out of us."

The man spoke in a matter-of-fact way, as if not pursuing Caspian's attack on their men was a great blessing that they were granting him.

Caspian let out a hearty guffaw.

His eyes landed on Phillip as he said, "Is this supposed to be an apology?"

"What else did you have in mind?" Phillip responded with a frown.

The Simmonses were considered a rather influential family.

Combined with the fact that he was now a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm, Phillip did not think he had any reason to be afraid with the power he held.

“I’m not making you take responsibility for attacking my mine.

What else could you possibly be unsatisfied with?” Phillip snapped.

“Well, there goes his chance,” Caspian sneered.

Caspian held the Wave-Breaking Sword in his hand with a flick of his arm, then slashed the dismembered man in black in two.

“Hector!” Phillip screamed.

The men standing behind Phillip let out cries of shock and horror.

The next moment, the men lifted their heads and glowered at Caspian with eyes filled with savage fury.

None of them expected Caspian to ruthlessly murder without hesitation.

“You b*stard!” bellowed one of the men.

“We already apologized! What else do you want?!”

The man stomped his foot on the ground, then pounced and charged towards Caspian.

“I’ll kill you!”

“This will be the end of your family, Mr.

Phillip Simmons,” Caspian hissed with a menacing expression on his face.

With a simple wave of Caspian’s hand, his sword shot through the air and bolted towards the charging man, mercilessly slaughtering him into pieces.

The man’s head, torso and legs rained down and fell to the ground in a pool of blood as his life ended in an instant.

The remaining Simmons men were about to attack, but were blocked by Phillip’s outstretched arm.

“What are you doing, Chief?”

“He killed Hector and Charlie! You can’t just let this slide!”

“Shut up!” Phillip roared, immediately silencing the men.

The other Simmons men did not notice the terror that appeared in the depths of Phillip's eyes.

The moment Caspian attacked, Phillip noticed that the sword in his hand was a ninth-grade weapon.

The highest grade weapon that the Simmons family owned was only an eighth-grade one.

The way Caspian murdered the two men was as easy as taking a breath, and it was horrifying.

Phillip realized then that he could not tell what stage or realm Caspian was in.

There were only two reasons for this.

The first, was if someone hid their realm with magic.

The other was if someone was in a realm beyond one's self.

Judging from Caspian's earlier ferociousness and decisive attacks, it clearly was not the first reason.

Phillip's back drenched in cold sweat upon this realization.

When he first laid his eyes on Caspian, Phillip saw nothing but a young teenager and did not feel threatened at all.

As it turned out, his eyes had fooled him and caused the death of his men!

Phillip was the head of the Simmons family.

Others could die, but he as the head could not.

If his life ended that day at the hands of Caspian, it would truly be the end of the Simmons family.

His heart grew heavy, and he felt as if he was about to vomit blood, but Phillip swallowed his pride at that moment.

He took a deep breath, held in his anger and said, "You... Tell me what you want."

The Simmons men were stunned by Phillip's words.

"Chief... What..."

“Are... Are you just going to let this go?”

“What the hell do you know?” Phillip cursed under his breath.

“Oh? Are you giving in already?” Caspian said.

He was slightly taken aback by the change in Phillip’s expression and demeanor.

Handsome was ecstatic.

He scooted towards Caspian’s ear and whispered in his squeaky little voice, “Make him leave the bodies here.

Yes.

Leave them.”

The drool gushing from his little mouth gave away his inner desire.

Caspian ignored Handsome and looked towards Phillip.

He chuckled coldly, then said, “Let’s make this a fair exchange.

Pay me the amount that your family accused me of stealing.

On top of that, you can take back all the men here for eighty feudlings each, including the two dead ones.”

“That’s impossible!” Phillip refused without hesitation.

He was shocked by Caspian’s outrageous terms.

“Don’t be in such a rush.

I’m not done talking,” Caspian snickered.

“I will also be taking your family’s Walk on Air spell.”

“You’re insane!” roared one of the men behind Phillip.

“That’s 100,000 feudlings, 720 spirit stones for nine men, plus our family’s ancestral spell.

You might as well kill them all!”

“Oh? You’re the one who said it,” Caspian said with a twinkle in his eye.

He raised the sword in hand and decapitated three of the seven men in his custody.

The expressions on the decapitated heads were still that of astonishment.

It was clear that they did not expect Caspian to act without hesitation.

“Enough!” Phillip bellowed at Caspian as his panic-stricken eyes turned red.

He turned and violently slapped the man who spoke, and sent him falling to the ground.

“How dare you speak out of turn?”

Phillip was furious, and none of the remaining men dared make a sound.

They could also tell that the young man that stood before them was a heartless character.

The expertise he showed in murdering the men was beyond anything they could have imagined.

“100,000 fedulings was what your men said.

I didn’t force him.

Also, these men,” Caspian said and he pointed at the men on the ground, “720 spirit stones for the bunch of them, as well as the original manuscript for the Walk on Air spell.

Listen to me carefully.

I want the original manuscript.

I won’t accept anything else.

I’ll give you an hour to send it back here.”

“That’s... Too much...” Phillip said with a hint of reluctance.

“No matter what, I’m still a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm.

Do you really want to turn this into a fight to the death?”

“What’s so impressive about the second-stage Pulse Control Realm?” Caspian scoffed as he released a little of his force.

Phillip and his men froze in stunned silence.

The energy that Caspian released was also that of a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm, but it was a thousand times more powerful than that of Phillip's! In the face of Caspian's power, Phillip's force was as weak as a cracked egg shell.

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 554-Phillip's heart thumped frantically in his chest.

He was filled with both fear and relief at the same time.

He was afraid because, as he suspected, Caspian was of a much higher realm than himself.

Phillip was wrong about Caspian.

He figured that Caspian was only releasing the force of a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm to throw him off, when he was actually far more advanced.

There was no other way to explain how two cultivators of the same stage and realm could be so different in power.

Phillip was relieved because he chose not to attack Caspian earlier.

Otherwise, he would have been the one dismembered and decapitated.

However, Phillip and his men's nightmare was far from over.

At Caspian's signal, Maya released her own force.

"They're both Pulse Control Realm second-stage cultivators!"

Dread washed over the Simmons men's faces.

Phillip was the only one in their entire family who was a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm, and he only advanced a few days ago.

Now, there were two advanced cultivators standing before them.

It was no wonder they did not show a hint of concern.

Even if the whole Simmons family backed them up, they would barely touch a hair on Caspian and Maya.

They were either disciples of a great sec, or members of a family much more powerful than the Simmons family to be able to achieve such an advanced stage and realm at their young age.

Either way, they were not people that the Simmons family could afford to get in trouble with.

The Simmonses must have had the worst luck running into those two.

Phillip's expression was perplexed, then turned gloomy.

He spoke in a sullen tone, "I investigated what happened today.

These men set up a checkpoint behind my back and without my knowledge.

This was not my nor our family's doing.

I will punish them according to our family's rules, so... You..."

Phillip wanted Caspian to release his men.

The majority of them might have been killed, but there were still four men who were alive.

To the family, these men could not simply be left behind and disposed of.

"The time and energy you're using to talk should be used to bring me the money and spell manuscript," Caspian said nonchalantly.

Caspian's unbending resolve destroyed the final sliver of hope that Phillip had left in his heart.

He had lost the courage to face Caspian and Maya head on the moment they revealed their advanced stage and realm.

Whether they were from a sect or an influential family, the Simmonses could not afford to offend those who had the ability to produce such young second-stage cultivators of the Pulse Control Realm.

When Phillip made his decision, the other Simmons men did not say another word.

The young man before them was someone who would draw their sword and kill without hesitation.

At Phillip's command, one of the men rushed off in a hurry.

“You don’t plan on sending reinforcements?” Caspian asked while Phillip was still stuck in a daze.

Phillip lifted his head to meet Caspian’s dead smile, and a shiver ran down his spine.

He frantically shook his head and said, “No, of course not.”

As if he would have the guts to do that at this point.

It was bad enough that Caspian and Maya were both advanced cultivators.

Phillip did not want to imagine the consequences of angering their elders.

The only thing on Phillips’ mind now was how he was going to deal with the men who set up the checkpoint behind his back, and threw the whole family into this mess.

These men’s actions caused the Simmons family to suffer a devastating loss!

Before long, the spirit boat that Caspian had almost completely obliterated earlier sailed towards them.

This time, however, the boat was moving much slower and more carefully.

The damage to the back of the boat from Caspian’s earlier blow could still be seen.

The boat stopped nearby, and the man that Phillip had sent off earlier appeared with a glum expression.

He approached the group with seven sacks in his arms.

100,000 fedulings was not a small sum.

There were also a few hundreds worth of spirit stones.

Phillip felt a piercing stab to the heart at the thought that someone else was about to own the contents of the sacks.

He put on a calm composure as he approached Caspian with the bags, but Caspian voluntarily walked towards Phillip first.

Caspian’s behavior showed that he was not concerned that the Simmons would go back on their word.

At that moment, the last iota of pride that Phillip had left shattered to pieces.

He had to admit that from the very beginning, Caspian did not put him nor the Simmons family in his eyes.

The only explanation was that Caspian was far too powerful.

A mighty lion did not have to bother with the likes of puny ants.

Taking the bags from Phillip, Caspian opened them and examined them on the spot.

He had no idea how much 100,000 fedulings would look like, but since five of the seven bags were filled with fedulings, he figured that there would be no less.

The remaining two bags were much smaller in comparison, and were used to store the spirit stones and the jade scroll containing the Simmons spell.

Caspian was not concerned with the fedulings and spirit stones.

He took the jade scroll containing the Walk on Air spell out of the bag and carefully examined it

It was a simple jade scroll that looked rather old.

Caspian sifted through the contents, confirmed its originality, then tucked the scroll into his chest pocket.

At that moment, Phillip's features scrunched up and twisted into an unrecognizable mess.

The other Simmons men could barely breathe from the tightening of their chests.

Caspian did not care about their feelings at all.

They brought this onto themselves.

"Alright, take your men.

We need to be on our way now," Caspian said.

He took a few steps away from the group with Maya, then suddenly turned back, shocking Phillip.

"I'll definitely come back for you if you try anything," Caspian said sternly as he stared Phillip down.

"We won't! We definitely won't!" Phillip cried.

He was so terrified that all the hair on his body stood, and he spoke as if he was ready to swear on his life.

Caspian did not wait for Phillip to finish speaking.

He turned and continued walking away with Maya.

It was not until Caspian and Maya disappeared at the top of the mountain that the Simmons men took their eyes off of them.

“Should we send someone to follow them, Chief?” asked one of the men standing by Phillip.

He spoke through gritted teeth and with an indignant expression.

“Follow them?!” Phillip roared loudly, then violently slapped the man and sent him flying five feet away.

“Do you think you’ve lived long enough or are you upset that I’ve lived too long? Or do you want to be responsible for the end of the Simmons bloodline? Get out of here! All of you head back home! Anyone who dares defy me from now on will be kicked out of the family!”

Phillips’ cheeks were flushed with rage.

The fury of a second-stage cultivator of the Pulse Control Realm caused the ground under them to rumble.

Even the stone steps were beginning to fall apart. The Simmons men trembled in fear and did not say another word.

Once they reached the top of the mountain, Maya could not help but look back

“What’s wrong?” Caspian said with a smile.

“I just have a feeling that they won’t let this go so easily,” Maya said as she looked down the mountain trail, “I’m worried they’ll follow us.”

“They wouldn’t dare,” Caspian said, then passed three storage bags to Maya.

Maya took the bags and noticed that they were the ones they got from the Simmons men earlier.

“What’s this for?” she asked.

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 555-Caspian beamed and said, "That's your equal cut."

"Equal cut?" Maya was taken aback by Caspian's action and hurriedly tried to pass the bags back to Caspian.

"No, I can't take this."

An equal cut of 100,000 fedulings and 720 spirit stones meant that she would have 50,000 fedulings and over 300 spirit stones.

To an outer disciple like Maya, this was a shocking amount of money.

It would be impossible not to feel overwhelmed by it.

However, Maya knew that she played no part in what happened earlier.

In other words, Caspian would have easily terrorized and extorted the Simmons men without her presence.

Now that Caspian was giving her half of his loot, her first reaction was to decline his offer because she did not lift a finger.

"Both of us worked for it.

Of course you'd get your share," Caspian said, then shoved the bags back into Maya's arms.

Maya could not argue with Caspian, and decided to accept the money.

"What about me?" Handsome chirped softly into Caspian's ear.

"I might not have lent a hand, but I had to suffer, too.

Since you didn't give me the two corpses earlier, you should give me some kind of compensation."

"I suppose," Caspian said with a nod.

"I'll get the spirit jade out later and... Let you take a long, good look at it."

Handsome began to smile upon Caspian's agreeing tone, but the sharp turn in his words upset him to the point that he almost fell off of Caspian's shoulder.

Even so, Caspian did not forget about Handsome.

He would never give the spirit jade to Handsome.

While they were resting, Caspian handed over a few spirit stones to the little white pig as a small consolation for his broken heart.

Handsome was not one to hold a grudge.

The second he received the spirit stones from Caspian, he forgot all about his earlier tantrum.

That night, Caspian pulled out the jade scroll containing the Walk on Air spell.

He figured that it was impossible for him to pick up another type of sorcery at this point, but it would not hurt to take a look and have a better understanding of it.

After all, the spell's name made it sound like an advanced, powerful one.

Even if he could not pick it up, Maya still could.

Caspian had found out from Maya before that she only mastered innate sorcery at that point.

In other words, while she was in the Pulse Control Realm, she could still pick up two more types of sorcery.

Caspian realized his ignorance after studying the Walk on Air spell.

Not only could he learn the spell, he could easily manifest it. This was not because Caspian was a genius and once again surpassed the Pulse Control Realm cultivator limit of mastering three types of sorcery.

Instead, the Walk on Air spell was simply too pitiful.

As long as one is able to control their spiritual Chi, a pig that possesses some spiritual aura, let alone a trained cultivator, would be able to master and manifest the spell.

It was neither an offensive nor a defensive type of spell.

It was not even a detection spell.

No matter how much Caspian thought about it, he could not figure out exactly what category the Walk on Air spell would fall into.

The reason was simple.

Manifesting the spell would only allow a cultivator to float about a fist's width off the ground.

The distance of which one is able to travel in that way would depend on a cultivator's spiritual Chi.

Categorizing floating off the ground at such a low height as flying made Caspian feel embarrassed.

Even if one shamelessly called that flying, the speed of which one travels was not much faster than simply walking.

On top of that, the spell would not work on steep slopes and mountain trails.

If that were the case, one was better off walking on their own two feet.

Caspian frowned when he confirmed his judgment of the spell.

He could understand why the Simmons family so happily handed over the spell's original manuscript to him.

It was not because of their fear for him, but because the Simmons family knew that there was no realistic use to the spell.

Instead of holding on to something that was coveted by unknowing fools, they were better off throwing it out.

After hearing Caspian's sullen explanation, Maya laughed so hard that she was out of breath.

Seeing Maya's cheerful demeanor, Caspian could not help but burst into laughter himself.

He blamed his own assumption that an ancestral spell was bound to be something powerful.

At the thought of this, he felt his mood change for the better.

As useless as the spell was, there were no cultivation limits and all it took was spiritual Chi.

So, Caspian and Maya learned and practiced the spell together.

Despite being a pointless spell, there was still a certain level of difficulty when it came to cultivating it.

It was clear, however, that Caspian's innate sorcery was far more advanced than Maya's.

Even though they were of the same realm, Caspian's spiritual aura was still more powerful.

Caspian mastered the Walk on Air spell that night itself.

He was able to float off the ground and travel a significant distance at a walking pace.

They arrived in Middle Earlington the next night, and Maya was only able to float off the ground with much effort.

It would take a few more days of practice before she was able to travel in the air.

That night, they found out the location and time that the floating market would be set up the next day.

Once they purchased what they needed from the floating market, they would make their way towards Earlington of Efrax without further delays on the road.

At the same time, on top of a snowy mountain near the border of North Earlington, a group of cultivators were resting in the depths of a dark cave.

Their eyes were filled with deep malice and a vicious evil.

They might as well have the words "we are dark cultivators" written on their foreheads.

Their presence made the others in the cave feel uncomfortable.

There were about eighty cultivators in the group.

At that moment, the majority of them were meditating and recharging for the next day's events.

One man and one woman, however, sat side by side near the entrance of the cave.

They looked towards the direction of Earlington of Efrax with uncertain expressions on their faces.

If Caspian and Maya were there, they would have recognized the couple to be amongst the top ten bandits that escaped from the Hopeful Woman Mountain, Ozul Gray and Liliana Faye!

Of the top ten bandits, Ozul Gray placed third while Liliana Faye placed seventh.

They managed to survive and escape the explosion that Caspian set up, but they were severely injured nonetheless.

A year had passed since then, but the shame that they suffered that day was something that the two could not easily forget.

“We’re back, Earlington of Efrax!” Ozul hissed through gritted teeth as his eyes radiated an ominous spark.

The closer they got to the border of Earlington of Efrax, the vengeance in his heart grew into a raging fire.

He wanted to rain hellfire down onto the Heavenly Stars Sect and obliterate them to dust and damnation!

The faces of Caspian, Xander, Omar and the others floated into his mind.

Ozul clenched his fist and one could hear the sound of his knuckles cracking under pressure.

His gritted teeth ground against each other, the ominous sound of which sent shivers down those who heard it.

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 556

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 556-Ozul was spiteful for a reason.

He used to have a delicate and feminine feature, and he was always proud of it.

Nothing was more precious to him other than his looks.

However, his face was heavily disfigured by the bomb that was set up by Caspian.

Even though he managed to recover physically, thanks to his powerful abilities as a capable cultivator, the explosion did cause him to suffer a great deal.

His meridian was harmed, causing his face unable to recover fully.

Half of Ozul's cheeks were rough like orange skin.

For him, having a mutilated face was worse than death itself.

He made an oath to seek vengeance on the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect, making sure they never see the light of day ever again.

Standing next to Ozul was Liliana.

She looked calm, but a frozen rage pierced through her eyes, sending chills down one's spine.

The damage brought by Caspian and Xander upon Ozul was mostly surface level.

Lilian on the other hand, woke up with excruciating pain every night.

Her body was perforated by swords and blasted by explosives, causing profound damage to her meridian.

Despite evading death and recovering from her injuries, Lilian's body was still not healed.

The internal damage she suffered brought an immeasurable pain to her abdomen, like burning metal rods snarling at her insides.

The spot where it hurt the most was where Xander pierced through with his sword.

"I'll make it if I finish off every one of the Heavenly Stars Sect this time, no exception!" Lilian swore silently to the Gods.

Silence fell upon both of them as they watched the blizzard from a distance.

After a long, pregnant pause, a dazzling beam of light struck upon their eyes.

A bright ball of crimson glow drew closer as it flew toward them.

It stood out like a sore eye amongst the monochrome musings of the pitch-black clouds and moon shone mountains.

They realized moments later after rubbing their eyes clear, that the crimson ball was just a cultivator with long, red hair.

The cultivator galloped through the snow with great speed, giving the illusion of a ball of red light.

"It's him!" Lilian's brows knotted as she recognized the red-haired cultivator, throwing a knowing gaze toward Ozul.

"How did he know we're here?" Ozul's face darkened as his gaze pierced with doubt and caution.

Even though they were under the same leader, they each had their duties and rarely crossed paths with each other.

Not to mention how the red-haired cultivator was notorious for being a bit of an odd duck.

He was called a lunatic by most.

Being found by him at that critically sensitive timing was the last thing Ozul and Lilian wished for.

The red-haired cultivator appeared to be oblivious to their feelings.

He approached in a welcoming manner and laughed, "Haha! Ozul and Lilian, here you guys are!"

His voice echoed through the mountains, breaking its silence.

The mountains rumbled and murmured in response.

"Ozul and Lilian..."

"Here you..."

"You guys..."

"Are..."

At that moment, Ozul, Lilian, and the rest of the cultivators inside the cave perked up anxiously.

"Sh*t the hell up! You're exposing our whereabouts, who's going to take accountability if the plan fails?"

"Since it's your plan, you'll be responsible!" The red-haired cultivator exclaimed as he hopped mid-air and landed heavily like a rock with a loud thud.

The snowy ground rumbled, sending a vibration through everyone's hearts.

They watched carefully, fearing their lives from the avalanche.

“F*ck off!” Ozul was thoroughly annoyed by his nonchalant demeanor.

“Oh, you want me to fuck off?” The red-haired cultivator crossed his arms as he chuckled coldly.

“Seeing as you’re worried sick, let me do you a favor.

Before you arrived, I scouted the area thoroughly.

There’s not a single soul within a hundred miles from here.

Unlike you guys, no one sane would want to hang out in this godforsaken mountain at this hour!”

“Do you have any common sense?!” Lilian huffed coldly.

”This is an important mission, if something goes wrong because of your carelessness, do you think you’ll be spared?” She continued.

“Ugh, what a bore!” The red-haired cultivator pursed his lips.

“Aren’t you gonna let me in? I come here bearing good news.”

Ozul and Lilian were confused by the man’s fleeting temperament.

After exchanging a knowing gaze, they each stood aside, letting the red-haired cultivator into the cave.

They let him in not because they were touched by his words, they did it out of fear for what that lunatic might do if they were to reject him.

It would have been troublesome if they came to a disagreement.

The red-haired cultivator waltzed into the cave and scanned its surroundings.

“Ha, what a motley crowd!” He said upon entering the cave, turning everyone’s faces dark.

The people gathered by Ozul and Lilian were practitioners of dark cultivation.

As its name suggested, dark cultivation was not of proper cultivation teachings and gateways.

Which meant the cultivators who practiced it were of unstable temperaments.

Upon hearing the humiliating words, the dark cultivators stood on their feet one by one, their eyes darkened with rage as they glared at the red-haired man.

The red-haired man did not seem to care at all, he stood with his arms crossed, pointing at the crowds with a grin on his face.

“Please don’t tell these are the sort of people you gathered in a year? Look at these people, they’re all repulsive! Are you sure they’re capable of helping you?”

“We judge cultivators by their abilities, not their looks!” Ozul spat, summoning all his will to suppress his boiling rage.

“But this is not going to work!” The red-haired cultivator shook his head.

“The both of you have let me down.

I thought you’d be filled with anger and motivation to seek vengeance since the incident.

I can’t believe how placid you are right now.”

He said with pursed lips, his sighs and nonchalant demeanor added fuel to the fire, lighting the crowd ablaze with fury.

“Hey, kid, which motley crowd were you referring to?” A man with a top hat huffed coldly as he stood in front of the red-haired cultivator, his face drained of blood as he exuded an eerie aura.

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 557

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 557-“Oh, my bad! That wasn’t directed toward you.” The red-haired man said as he looked at him.

“You’re just a maggot... A maggot that I won’t even bother stepping on!”

The man stared back in disdain, thinking that he was just another show off with mediocre abilities.

However, he quickly realized that he was being played around like a circus monkey.

“Son of a b*tch! You’re trying to die? Thousand Spirits Claws!” The man with the top hat roared, raging bloodshot through their eyes as his hands sprang out of his sleeves.

They were pitch black-like branches of a dead tree, claws of the phantom.

He sprang toward the red-haired man as if clawing his guts out.

The red-haired man hummed as he swung his arms up like he chased a fly away.

His god-like speed was not caught on by anyone on the scene.

What happened next was a loud thud, followed by the head of the man, along with his top head exploding in front of everyone.

Thick, red lava gushed onto the ground, spurted into the flames, exuding a burnt, rotten fume.

“Ha, maggot!” The red-haired man chuckled coldly, pointing his finger at the decapitated body.

It slumped onto the ground with a thud and a river of crimson flowed out of the gaping neck where the head once was.

The air inside the cave shifted, frozen in an instant.

The group of dark cultivators who, moments ago, were filled with rage toward the red-haired man, became completely paralyzed with fear.

Some even became wobbly as dread took over their body.

The man with the top hat's power was ranked third below Ozul and Lilian.

His brain was blown up within seconds without even putting up a fight.

Ozul and Lilian exchanged gazes as they were both shaken to their cores.

They struggled to fathom how powerful and capable the red-haired man was.

“Alright then,” the red-haired man turned around, facing Ozul and Lilian with a smile on his face, “Can we talk now?”

The red-haired man asked whilst casually flicking specks of red goo off his fingertips, filling the air with menace.

Ozul chuckled bitterly, “Fine, what exactly do you want?”

“I want an answer from the both of you.

Is this really what you're settling for?” The red-haired man looked them in the eyes.

Ozul and Lilian's heads hung low, bitterness seeped through their bodies.

Back in South Earlington, it was true that they were the top ten in the wanted list, but they still had decent lives, seeing as no one tried to seek trouble from them.

However, ever since they attempted to play up to that person, they thought they would be leveled in the Heavenly Spirit Realm, or at the very least, the Holy Land Realm.

They did not expect to be defeated in an instant.

Never mind the half of the people who were dead and injured, they almost did not survive themselves.

That time, they were determined to return to the Earlington of Efrax and seek vengeance, but they were once again faced with another obstacle before they could even cross the border.

An average person would not be able to handle the series of blows they had to bear.

After a long, heavy pause, Ozul and Lilian nodded in agreement.

Of course, they did not want to settle for it.

Especially when they thought back on the trap they set up in the Hopeful Woman Mountain, how it was broken by the mere disciples of the Heavenly Stars Sect.

Rage and humiliation engulfed them.

“That’s right, you should never settle.” The red-haired man found their responses to be satisfactory.

He nodded, “If that’s the case, you should both come with me from now on.”

“What?” Ozul picked his head up in an instant, “But...”

“But what? Do you want to die? Do you think a bunch of trash like yourselves would succeed in anything with your sh*tty plans?” The red-haired man spat as his face darkened.

“Let me tell you the truth, the outer disciples of the six major sects are joining the nation’s official religion election! Outer disciple, do you understand? It’s their outer disciple, Pulse Control Realm in double! You bunch of people are repulsive and incompetent, if you blindly follow their orders, you’d just become a bunch of sacrifices, you probably wouldn’t even know how you were killed.”

The red-haired man yelled whilst pointing his fingers at each of the dark cultivators.

None of them dared to talk back.

If it were anyone else who talked to them the way the man did, they would have murdered their whole family.

However, standing before them was a man of a whole other level, a man that was unfathomable to them.

They had no choice but to swallow their pride.

“Listen up, if you follow your original plan, you’ll just end up dead.

You’ll either die in the hands of the six major sect disciples or you’ll die by my hands.” The red-haired man did not bother hiding his lunacy.

“Of course, there’s another way, follow me.

I’ll lead you into a bright future.

Especially the both of you.” He pointed at Ozul and Lilian.

“Don’t you want revenge? I’ll give you a chance now, do you want to follow me or would you rather die now?” Without hesitation, the dark cultivators were all in sync and chose the former.

“Great, come with me now!”

“Don’t worry, you were meant to die anyway, no one would care even if you didn’t arrive at the destination as planned.

There will always be new sacrifices, no one would care about you guys, right? Why not join me in the game, together, we’ll scare the living sh*t out of the six major sects and the whole of Earlington of Efrax.

Haha!” The red-haired man laughed hysterically.

Ozul and Lilian were taken aback by the red-haired man’s madness. However, there was no turning back for them now.

He completely seized them in their throats.

“S-sure...” Ozul nodded.

“Great, come with me now.” The red-haired man swung his arm up in the air.

“Before this, every one of us has to disappear for a month.

And when the time comes, we will seize the whole of Earlington Efrax! Hahaha!" His hysterical laughter blared through the cave and echoed through the mountains, harmonizing with the whooshing of the wind, forming a harsh, ear-piercing choir.

After a full night's rest, Caspian and Maya hit the road at the break of dawn.

At around noon, they arrived at a village situated before the hills and mountains.

The village appeared to be bustling with noise, with people cheek by jowl with each other.

There were even formations around, it seemed that the village was packed with cultivators.

"The floating market." Caspian and Maya chimed in sync as they exchanged a pleasant gaze.

They were just in time for the floating market.

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 558

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 558-The floating market was bustling with people.

It was nothing like Caspian ever saw.

Aside from being back at the Heavenly Stars Sect, he never saw that many cultivators gathered in one place.

They called out to each other, haggled, and bargained.

It was a sight that made one feel at home.

The cultivators wandering around Caspian and Maya were all individual cultivators.

Thus, they wore all kinds of different clothing, making for a pretty surprising sight.

It was completely different from what they were used to back at the Heavenly Stars Sect, where all the disciples wore the same clothing.

After a fun round of people watching, Caspian began to shop around the market at his own pace.

The village was fully utilized by cultivators.

The streets were lined with stalls that were set up by the individual cultivators.

Most of the cultivators sold goods and products.

They laid them out on their stalls, and anyone of interest was free to go up to them and ask about the price.

However, the prices were not fixed.

Both parties were free to discuss and haggle, then pay with either spirit stones or their objects of equal trade upon agreement.

There were no fixed rules. Some of the other cultivators, on the other hand, were there to collect the goods they needed.

They would have stalls of their own as well but instead list out the items they looked for as well as details such as the quantity and quality they were after or the price they were willing to pay.

Then, they would simply wait for people to approach them.

Wandering further, one would be able to spot some cultivators haggling with each other.

Some discussions would flush their necks all the way red.

In moments like that, if Caspian did not know that those people were cultivators or properly taken in the sight of the bizarre items on the stalls, he would have thought he came to a bustling market.

While wandering, Caspian kept his goal in mind, to look for a Ganoderma Lucidum that was aged for at least seventy-five years, as well as a piece of hemlock that was passed through lightning.

As both he and Maya had their things to look for, they split apart to save time and agreed on a time to gather after.

Shortly after, as Caspian walked between the rows of stalls, a man wearing a turban and a sallow complexion approached him.

The street was not wide, to begin with.

With the stalls that lined its sides, it was even more of a squeeze.

Just as Caspian was about to dodge the man, he walked right up to him. Caspian's expression remained unchanged, but his eyes flashed with a glimmer of wariness.

The man with the turban and frail appearance did not seem like he had bad intentions either.

He quickened his steps until he was barely a breath away from Caspian.

He stopped, sized Caspian up and down slyly before opening his mouth to crack a sinister smile.

"Psst, young man.

I've got some good stuff here, do you want any?"

Upon his words, he pulled the front of his coat open, before scrambling to close it back immediately.

It was as if he was deathly afraid he would be caught.

Despite his speed, Caspian was able to catch a pretty clear glance of what was underneath.

On the other side of the man's long robes were an abundance of small painted albums with salacious covers.

They all had extremely suggestive titles as well, such as "The Beauty With Plump Skin" among others.

"What do you say, young man? Want one? They're of a very precious collection, and they're even been charmed with spells to make you feel as if you're in the book yourself! Only two hundred and eighty-eight fedulings for a copy, just two -eighty-eight! How about that?" The man spoke at a pace so rapid, spit was practically flying out of his mouth.

"No, thank you." Caspian shook his head.

He had no interest in things like these.

The man, on the other hand, thought Caspian's rejection was because the price was too high.

To him, there was no way a young, hormonal man like the one would turn down something as good as it!

Seeing as Caspian was about to leave, he hurried forward to match his pace next to him.

He continued murmuring endlessly.

“If you think it’s too much, we can talk it out! Look, it’s two eighty-eight for one, but if you get two I’ll only charge you five hundred fedulings.

Isn’t that a bargain? The point is the spells they’ve been charmed with, you won’t just be reading a book, you’ll feel part of the experience!”

The man rambled on endlessly.

The hairs in his nostrils almost touched Caspian’s face.

Just as he was about to push the man away, something caught Caspian’s eye.

His attention shifted abruptly as his heart thudded with excitement.

“Hemlock!” Right in the middle of a stall on Caspian’s right was a piece of hemlock the size of an adult forearm.

That hemlock was charred black all over.

A section of it bore a mark signifying that it was, indeed, a piece of hemlock that was passed through lightning.

The stall was currently being perused by a good number of individual cultivators.

Silently, Caspian walked over.

The owner of the stall was a fat man who smiled at everyone who met his gaze.

His neck creased with rolls of flesh.

Yet the glint in his eye made it clear enough that he was not as honest of a man as he seemed.

The individual cultivators seemed to have found something on the stall, inquiring about it with the fat man.

Both parties would haggle briefly.

Nevertheless, it would result in the fat man waving his hands regretfully and the individual cultivators shaking their heads, leaving in disappointment.

Seeing as no one bought the hemlock yet, Caspian heaved a sigh of relief.

The hemlock was much larger than he anticipated.

Using it to cultivate the Eye of Insight would yield impressive results.

If someone got to it before him, it would be pretty difficult to find a replacement for it here.

Caspian did not approach the stall immediately.

Instead, he loitered at the one next to it, pretending to peruse its merchandise.

The cultivator with the salacious painted albums did not stop talking next to Caspian.

Just then, the fat man pointed an accusing finger at the album peddler.

He cried out, "You bastard, you're scamming people around here again! I'll throw you out of the floating market with my own bare hands!"

Caspian raised his head in the direction of the fat man.

He did not expect him to start speaking first.

The fat man glared at the album peddler, turning to face Caspian.

"Don't you fall for it, young man! The albums this man is peddling hold nothing of any benefit to cultivation.

They're also hiding disillusionment arrays, one wrong move and the two eighty-eight you're paying him will be five hundred and eighty-eight fidelity, and you won't even realize it!"

"You... You're making things up!" The album peddler's expression flushed an ugly shade of red as he cried out loudly in indignance.

Judging from his reaction, the fat man's words just now was not far from the truth.

"One more word from you and I'll throw you out!" The fat man crossed his arms, sneering coldly.

The album peddler seemed to have nothing else he could say.

He pointed at the fat man spitefully, then at Caspian.

"Just you two wait!"

Upon those words, he slunk off into the crowd.

It was barely a matter of seconds before he disappeared.

“What do I have to do with any of this?” Caspian blinked.

The encounter with the album peddler was certainly a strange one.

However, thanks to him, Caspian now had an excuse to strike up a conversation with him, a pretty natural one at that, too.

Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 559

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 559-Upon a brief thank you, the two men found themselves at the fat man’s stall perusing the goods laid out.

”Come take a look, see if there’s anything you fancy!” The fat cultivator’s eyes curved into crescents whenever he smiled.

It was easy to take a liking to him.

“Fair prices guaranteed!”

Caspian did not cast his sights onto the hemlock at first.

He pretended to look around, scanning the merchandise of the stalls next to that one.

There were antlers with stripes that glistened golden.

No one knew what creature they came from.

There were dry, shriveled fingers with pointy nails.

Potted plants bore colorful flowers but with leaves that were completely withered.

Caspian looked at all of them, reaching out to feel them from time to time if he wanted.

The fat man seemed equally uncaring of Caspian’s wandering.

None of these things were of any value, after all.

Caspian hardly gave them a second glance.

Upon putting down a shiv, Caspian moved to pick up the hemlock.

It sank with weight the second he picked it up.

Caspian's eyes froze slightly.

'It's heavier than I expected it to be,' Caspian thought to himself as he cast the stall owner a glance.

Instantly, Caspian was able to see the flash of panic that briefly overtook the fat man's features when he picked the hemlock up.

Suspicion arose in Caspian immediately.

Instead of hurrying to inquire about the price, he began to analyze it.

The hemlock looked real and fine at first glance.

The chasm was struck by thunder.

Caspian, having absorbed the Bone of Thunder, knew more about lighting than the average cultivator.

The part of the hemlock that was charred black was caught in a forest fire caused by a lightning strike.

It was exactly the kind of hemlock Caspian looked for.

Or so it seemed.

Seeing as Caspian seemed interested in the hemlock, the fat man put on an uncaring expression.

"How's that hemlock, eh? Let me tell you the truth... I came across it in a forest that was burnt into nothing.

Something that would come in handy with formations!"

The fat cultivator seemed to be thinking on Caspian's behalf.

He never mentioned the price even once.

It was someone that did business for a long time.

"Hm, let me take another look..." Caspian nodded, bringing the hemlock closer to his eyes.

In the context of how much Caspian wanted and needed the hemlock, he would have asked for the price immediately and paid it.

The Eye of Insight, after all, was something he wanted to master.

He would not chance upon the shop again after passing the village.

However, the abnormal weight that came into Caspian's hands when he picked the hemlock up, on top of the brief flash of panic he saw on the fat cultivator's face, made Caspian think twice.

As he turned the hemlock over in his hands yet again, fingertips running over the calloused wood, Caspian observed the fat cultivator's demeanor.

The fat cultivator appeared nonchalant to Caspian's actions, even calling out to other cultivators that passed by his stall to take a look.

Yet Caspian was able to see that the man's gaze would flicker to him every once in a while.

It was obvious that something was amiss.

Setting down the hemlock, Caspian sighed.

If his eyes were not working well enough, he would have to use his divine sense.

Caspian's divine sense was much stronger than that of cultivators of the same realm as him.

He decided to use divine sense as he noticed the fat man looked visibly relieved when he put the hemlock down.

With a brief spiritual sweep, it was not long before Caspian realized that his hunch was right.

There was, indeed, something wrong with the hemlock!

The problem itself laid in the section that was charred black.

There was an opening so thin it was hardly noticeable.

Through his divine sense, Caspian even discovered that the hemlock was stuffed with a piece of refined iron.

Refined iron was a lot heavier than hemlock.

That was why the hemlock was heavier than Caspian expected.

Upon discovering the loophole, Caspian knew what to do.

He held the hemlock up to the stall owner and asked, "How much?"

The fat man realized Caspian had it in his mind to purchase and smiled so brightly his pupils were barely visible.

"Fate brought you to me, young man! I won't bamboozle you.

Five hundred spirit stones.

How's that?"

"Too much!" Caspian shook his head.

"Oh, but it's not!" the fat man smiled, "Hemlock grows deep in the forest, it's hard enough to source as it is.

You seem like a well-read young man.

I'm sure you'd know it takes at least two hundred years of growth for hemlock to summon a lightning strike.

In those two hundred years, it has to keep from pests and absorb enough nutrition among other competing plants.

More importantly, once it's been struck, a devastating fire must follow for lightning to pass through it completely."

"I'm sure you'd also know, young man, that lightning and thunder usually come hand in hand with rain.

A lot of the time the fires are put out with rain barely after they have started to burn.

It takes quite a lot of coincidences to yield a piece of hemlock that has passed through lightning, you see."

"Look at the size of this hemlock too, it's huge! I'm not pulling your leg when I say you won't find hemlock of this size, even in the Ocean Chambers of Commerce! At most they're palm-sized, and that's already a steal.

I'm sure you're more than familiar with the Ocean Chambers of Commerce.

If you were to go in searching for hemlock, you'd be lucky to find a piece half as good as the one I've got for at least six or seven hundred spirit stones.

I'm telling you, five hundred spirit stones is practically a loss for me.

I'm doing this out of gratitude for the fate that brought us together, young man, I don't know when our paths will cross again." The fat man sounded wholly sincere.

His picture was the face of earnest.

Anyone else would have already been convinced by his words.

Yet Caspian smiled, walking closer.

With a bit of force from his fingertips, he pushed the hemlock toward the fat man.

"The thing is, this hemlock of yours isn't worth the price you're selling it for."

"How could this be, just take a look at the..." The fat man moved forward to look down at the hemlock.

What he saw abruptly stole the words out of his mouth.

The part of the hemlock that he forged was magnified.

The opening was widened, and the refined iron he stuffed into it was jutting out.

The store owner was speechless as he froze.

He raised his head to look at Caspian, whose expression looked like he was about to burst out laughing.

Instantly, the fat man felt his face heat up.

The young fellow long sniffed out what was wrong with the hemlock, and still let him ramble on with his nonsense for so long.

His speech earlier must have looked incredibly laughable now.

Yet the fat man seemed to come to his senses quickly enough.

He was more than confident with his forgery skills.

The widening of the slit, as well as the contents poking out, was a near-impossible slip-up.

The only thing that could have happened was that the young fellow noticed it, and expanded the split himself so the forgery was exposed.

The fat man's gaze zeroed in on the fingers Caspian still wrapped around the hemlock.

The fat man shifted uneasily.

Caspian could hardly care.

He looked at the man with a smile.

"See, it isn't as good as you made it out to be.

I'll take it for eighty spirit stones, how's that instead?"

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The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 560-"Impossible!" the fat cultivator cried out as he ground his teeth.

The smile that was on his face long vanished.

Since he was sniffed out, there was no need to pretend anymore.

"You won't make a loss out of the eight spirit stones you'll be able to profit.

I do want to buy this," Caspian pointed at the hemlock, "I can tell it's been struck by thunder before.

But, the part that's been passed through the flames of lightning only makes up this much.

That's barely a fifth of the wood."

Caspian gestured accordingly, continuing.

"Also, you've meddled with this part right here.

I'd have to chop it off if I were to use it, which lowers the cost of it even further.

This piece of hemlock is worth at most sixty spirit stones on the market, and now I'm buying it off you for eighty.

I'm also doing this because you forged it pretty well, what do you think?"

So, he saw through it.

That was the first thought that came to the fat cultivator's head.

He was confused at how a trick of such finesse could have been foiled, but more than that he was embarrassed.

That embarrassment quickly turned into indignant rage.

"I'm only trying to make a living, kid.

You sure?" the fat cultivator sneered coldly.

Caspian did not fear him at all.

He planned to cut off all the unusable parts of the hemlock, using the remainder to cultivate his Eye of Instinct.

That was a plan Caspian was pretty pleased with.

Hemlock was easy to come across.

Hemlock that was passed through lightning? Significantly more difficult to come by.

Caspian was not going to let it go so easily now that he came across it.

"I'll say it again, I'm not trying to cheat you off your living," Caspian stared straight into the other man's eyes, smiling lightly, "Aa piece of hemlock-like this sells for sixty spirit stones on the market.

The extra twenty I am paying because your forgery skills have colored me impressed.

As for a matter of honesty, I'm pretty sure you tried to swindle me first."

The fat cultivator's expression changed.

"What are you trying to say? How will I know you won't return to my stall..."

"Oh, that's not what I was talking about," Caspian cut the man off, "I was referring to the guy selling the paintings before."

At Caspian's words, the fat cultivator's expression darkened even further.

"That was some pretty impressive writing.

Almost had me fooled, you two must be veteran scammers," Caspian smiled, "I know I look pretty friendly and innocent.

Lots of people think they can get away with walking all over me.

I'll let you off today.

Eighty spirit stones and this whole ordeal comes to an end."

The other man's eyes shrunk to the size of peas with how hard he glared at Caspian ferociously.

He did not answer Caspian, but his expression was comprehensive enough of his decision.

"You sure you wanna say no? Alright, then." Caspian cleared his throat.

He cried out loud while raising the hemlock in the air, "Check this out, everyone..."

"You!" The fat cultivator panicked immediately.

The last thing he expected was that Caspian would expose the truth to the public.

The floating market was formed by an unofficial gathering of individual cultivators, but it was not without its own rules.

One of them was that swindling was allowed, but only if you got away with it.

If you got caught, you would be heavily punished by the other cultivators.

Cultivation resources for individual cultivators were difficult to come by, after all.

You never knew what people you would come across, and thus there was no point in trying to ban scamming or swindling.

The founders of the market turned a blind eye to it, but if someone were to be caught for it they would be punished out of protection for the floating market's reputation.

It did not matter what kind of market it was, or if it was a market at all.

Any sort of gathering or union valued pride and reputation greatly.

If that was the slightest bit damaged, no one would want to come to the market to trade anymore, would they?

Without trading, the market would not be able to carry on.

How would its founders sustain themselves to fund the resources they needed then?

The point was, the fat cultivator's actions were coming in the way of the floating market's business operations.

The gazes of all the cultivators around zeroed in on Caspian's voice.

The fat cultivator's face paled.

He flew to his stall in a manner not unlike that of a giant boulder, glaring at Caspian.

"Shut up, you! Alright, I'll do what you want! Happy?!"

"Don't look so down! You made a profit on this trade, you know," Caspian laughed.

He long knew that the man would succumb.

After paying the cultivator eighty spirit stones, Caspian put the hemlock away under his indignant glare.

He continued to wander around the market.

Being able to get one of the things he wanted that quickly upon stepping into the market put Caspian considerably at ease.

He set out that time for the Ganoderma Lucidum and the hemlock, but Caspian stopped to look at other things that he thought he would need as well.

What Caspian could not help but feel pity about, was the fact that the goods sold at the market mostly looked impressive, but were mostly of almost no value.

That was because the floating market was made of both sellers and buyers that were cultivators of not very high realms.

Most of the merchandise that looked brilliant were usually fakes.

People of lesser knowledge would have fallen for it, but there was not a chance when it came to Caspian, whose spiritual knowledge was of astounding levels.

Even so, by noon Caspian was able to purchase a few materials he would need for some of the spells, formations, and runes he planned to cultivate.

These materials were available at the Heavenly Stars Sect, but they weren't very common.

Thus, Caspian thought he'd get some to keep. After all, money was not a problem he had at the moment.

By dusk, Caspian succeeded to come across the Ganoderma Lucidum he needed.

Fortune seemed to favor him, as well.

The Ganoderma Lucidum he found was ninety-five years, a whole twenty more than what Caspian needed.

The diagram of the pupil on the Ganoderma Lucidum was almost fully formed, complete with the details of the veins as well as the texture.

The Ganoderma Lucidum was also something of proper value and the real deal, unlike the hemlock.

Caspian had to do quite a bit of haggling and competing With other buyers who wanted it as well.

In the end, he succeeded in obtaining the plant out of sheer material wealth.

He obtained the Ganoderma Lucidum for a whopping two hundred and eighty spirit stones.

He paid a tenth more of the price he usually would for a ninety-five-year-old Ganoderma Lucidum.

Around twenty-five spirit stones more.

Caspian did not care much for it.

He did need the Ganoderma Lucidum, after all.

On top of that, it was more aged, and would thus be of much greater benefit than one that was only aged seventy-five years.

Also, it was true that the market price of a Ganoderma Lucidum aged ninety-five years was lower than what he paid- but only if one was even available at all.

The last thing Caspian wanted was to be the kind of unlucky bastard to have the spirit stones but no materials he could find to spend them on.

Anyways, the trip to the floating market was considered a success.

Upon meeting with Maya, Caspian saw the smile on her face and was easily able to guess that she also found what she needed.

What they needed to do from that point forward, would be to head to North Earlington.

They had the nation's official religion election to prepare for.

However, upon barely stepping out of the floating market, the pair were stopped.