

DAILY LIFE OF A CULTIVATION JUDGE

Chapter 1 1: Last Week As A Superior Core Court Judge (1)

A black carriage with a golden eagle symbol on the side could be seen trotting down a lane that seemed to be made of deep blue marble. The flooring on the lane made one feel they were riding or walking on a cuboid ocean.

It was understandable since it was made from 1000-year-old serene cyanic moonstone. From the lustre it seemed to have come from a high-quality ore too. However, this paved moonstone lane that any small sect would trade all their secret cultivation techniques for wasn't what stood out.

It was the two massive black dragon horses that stood out. They stood at a height of 5m with one of their legs about the size of a full-grown well-built body cultivator. However, the real danger was their cultivation realm.

The pressure they were emitting was that of a core formation stage beast. Just its snort alone could pulverize a peak qi refining stage cultivator. But here they were, being used as a mount in someone's carriage. It spoke volumes of the character in the carriage.

The pedestrians at the side were none too surprised by this scene as it was a common occurrence in this courtyard. This was the courtyard of the Cultivation Order Courts. The only people allowed to come with carriages or flying swords were the officials of the court and special access members.

The carriage soon came to a stop at the flight steps leading to a black storied building whose height seemed to be piercing the skies above with a righteous inviolable aura accompanying it.

The carriage driver who had robes that were half red and half blue with a rhombus symbol on the outer robe that had the numeral IV on it quickly alighted the carriage and gently knocked on the doors of the carriage.

"Judge Yang Qing we have arrived at the courts building.....

Judge....Judge...can you hear me? You better not have turned on the noise cancellation array again" Said the carriage driver whose earlier expert-like demeanor was all but gone as the gentle knock was replaced by mad bashing that did little to nothing on the carriage.

"Huh...we are already there, how fast. Hey, Yi Jie, did you use the spatial array again? I told you it makes me sick and I bet it's not good on the horses too. They seem slimmer than before." A hazy sleepy voice seemed to come from a young person in the carriage.

"I didn't use any spatial array, besides you don't have the rank yet to be allowed to use spatial arrays directly to the court building's courtyard," said Yi Jie who had exhaustion and annoyance in his voice.

The carriage doors opened revealing a young man with green hair and deep green eyes to match and slovenly hair that gave the look he was just from sleeping.

"Hahahaha, ooh yeah, sorry Yi Jie I was focused on sle...cultivating. I had an epiphany on how to perfect my grand lunar gaze. I seemed to have lost track of time. Hahaha," Yang Qing continued with a nervous laugh as he alighted from the carriage trying to tap Yi Jie's back who tried to avoid it by using shadow-void steps. However, it was all for naught since Yang Qing manage to tap him nullifying the steps with ease.

"We have a long day today. You don't want to get yelled at again for tardiness by supervisor Lei Weiyuan, do you?

Even if your promotion ceremony is in a week, you need to make sure to fulfill all your duties as superior core court Judge."

"Yes yes, I know." Yang Qing couldn't help but sigh to himself as he wondered how he ended up in the circumstances he is in.

He was originally from a low rank 5 family, luckily he was an extremely gifted cultivator. This led to his clan pouring all sorts of resources into him.

However the higher he climbed, the less the resources of the clan could support him.

Being gifted, he had a lot of choices, which were; to join a sect, join a higher rank family as a retainer, be a lackey to some prince from some minor kingdom, be a loose cultivator, and roam the continent in search of treasures and opportunity or join the Cultivation Order Society as one of its officials.

Of course, he went with the last option. All the others were all too risky for him and his freedom would be restricted. Even as a loose cultivator, they were not as free as one would think as might still spoke and collective might was even louder. Thus the Cultivation Order Society it was. They were a powerful group and he won't have to risk his neck for resources, he could even slack off.

The society was formed by a coalition of numerous sects, cultivation clans/families, and royalties. The southern continent where he lives is blessed with all kinds of resources, natural treasures, and high-grade mines, while the qi is denser and richer. The only other continent that rivaled it in these regards was the central continent.

It also didn't help that the Millionfold treasure ocean was next to the continent. This created a brutal competition among all the inhabitants, be it sects, clans, royalty, or loose cultivators they all fought all over for the tempting bounty. Greed took the pace of sanity.

It was in that turmoil that people from the west, east, and even the central continent tried to take a piece of the pie that was the southern continent. Especially since the residents of the southern continent were beautifully warring among themselves which would leave a bard with content for decades.

The invasion by outside forces quickly woke them up and they united against them managing to chase them back. However, this left a gaping question of what to do next. If they went back to the old they would soon be devoured thus they came up with the idea of establishing a Cultivation order society. High-tier, middle to small-tier families, sects, and kingdoms came together and pulled their resources to establish a society whose mission was to maintain order in the continent as a fair and impartial party.

Thus Cultivation order courts were established to mediate and judge conflicts within the southern continent and all members of the coalition were subject to its ruling irrespective of their ranks. To ensure fairness, the members of the courts would only come from small families or unranked families who have little to no authority or even orphans.

Kids who showed remarkable talents would be scouted or they could bring themselves for evaluation. Using the resources from all these sects, clans, and royalty, they were trained to be the best of the best and since the threshold of entering the society was high it ensured only talents passed through.

After 1,000 years, the Cultivation order society had firmly established itself as a powerhouse. The young kids who had been recruited from all over the continent had grown to be seasoned cultivators beyond the scope the sects, clans, and royalties had expected.

This unaccounted growth spurt helped the order to be effective and to truly be on the road to impartiality as they were now mature enough to self-sustain themselves and not be completely dependent on these sects/clans/ royalties, especially the high-ranked ones who wanted to shape the order into their secret subsidiary force.

The Order grew in repute and fame as an inviolable powerhouse where the greatest of talents gathered to test their mettle and grow. This drew in a lot of

youngsters with confidence in their strengths, filled with drive and ambition to stand out against others in this hotbed of talent.

Yang Qing too was drawn to this place, albeit for completely different reasons. His thinking was that a place filled with so many powerful monsters was the safest place for him. He might not even have to do anything with so many powerful people there to pick up his slack. This would give him a chance to take it easy and eat up the resources that they would so generously offer. The Cultivation order society was famed for its treatment of its members across the board down to even the trainees.

Therefore at 14 years of age, he was all too quick to file himself up for recruitment by the Order, daydreaming about the lavish life that awaited him.