

Medical M 621

Medical Master

Chapter 621: I Want to Make Money!

“That’s the grass you’re talking about, isn’t it?” The first commander pointed to the grass on the oasis in front of him and asked Fang Qiu.

“Yes.” Fang Qiu nodded.

“Let me try it.” The first commander immediately squatted down with a smile, reached out to pick up a blade of grass, put it in his mouth and chewed it directly.

“Well, the grass tastes good and tender. There’s no smell of dirt on it at all.”

As he spoke, the first commander picked another blade of grass and handed it to the bodyguard standing next to him. He said, “Have a taste. It’s really good.”

The bodyguard took a bite and his face changed slightly. He immediately said, “There is indeed the Qi of Heaven and Earth in this grass. Unfortunately, it’s too little. It’s not very useful for me, but it should be very good for ordinary soldiers.”

The first commander laughed excitedly and ordered, “It is indeed a treasure place. Start planting. You can plant whatever you want. We’d better plant fruit trees too. Don’t waste such a large piece of land!”

After Fang Qiu told the soldiers what they needed to take care of, the group of people then returned to the base.

As they returned to the base, Fang Qiu and Li Ji decided to leave together.

Since the matter of Lop Nor had been handed over to the state, Fang Qiu no longer had any worries or concerns. It was time to leave.

Li Ji had been in Beijiang for a long time.

Now that the several commanders of the base had returned, he naturally had to return to his own department to work, so the two of them could return to Jiangjing together.

When Fang Qiu returned to Jiangjing, he did not look for Zhao Shanlin and Zhu Benzhen because he knew that he would not be of much help with the work over there, even if he went.

The most important thing he had to do now was to find a way to make money!

Although the Desert Cistanches had been delivered and they already found a suitable site, they were just starting to grow the seedlings. He did not know how much money he had to spend on the research before they succeeded.

If they managed to cultivate it successfully, they would need to build factories, rent land, buy machines, hire workers and so on. According to his previous calculations, it would take at least 100 million to accomplish all that.

With the ten million he gave to Zhao Shanlin, there was still a shortage of sixty million before Fang Qiu reached the target of 100 million.

He had to make the money as soon as possible.

It would be embarrassing when everything was done and he did not have money to build a factory and start a company,

Therefore, as soon as he returned to Jiangjing, Fang Qiu went straight to He Gaoming's detective agency.

He was going to ask He Gaoming that apart from the Heaven Treasure and Earth Treasure, what else in Wulin was worth a lot of money.

Fang Qiu did not let Li Ji see him off.

He did not to take up Li Ji's time as he had to return to work, nor did he want to attract too much attention, so he took a taxi directly.

In the car, Fang Qiu felt a little bored, so he took out his mobile phone and logged in to his Weibo account.

After thinking about it, he realized that he had not logged into Weibo for a long time.

As soon as he logged in, Fang Qiu received tens of thousands of comments and private messages.

Helplessly, Fang Qiu could only put the phone on silent mode. Then, he clicked the Weibo message which had his name and looked at it.

The first one that appeared was a post from Li Canming—the post-doctoral fellow who had just returned from the United States.

“@Who do you think you are! Fang Qiu, let me kindly remind you that the medical conference will be held in two weeks. I'm waiting for your announcement!”

He took a closer look.

This Weibo comment happened to be posted today.

Undoubtedly, as soon as this post appeared, it immediately caused a heated discussion.

Many people had forgotten that there was still such a matter. Now that Li Canming mentioned it, everyone immediately recalled the incident.

The first ones were Fang Qiu's fans.

"Does Master Fang Qiu need a reminder from you?"

"I'll just sit here and wait for you to get slapped in the face!"

"Can't you be a little less outspoken? Are you trying to carry out your publicity stunts by using the popularity of our Master Fang Qiu from time to time?"

"Can you just stop your comments? When the time comes, Master Fang Qiu will definitely convince you!"

Seeing this post and reading the comments below it, Fang Qiu smiled wryly.

"There are two weeks left."

"Are you waiting to see me make a fool of myself?"

"What a pity. We don't know who will be slapped in the face."

Fang Qiu smirked, logged out of Weibo and put away his phone.

Soon, he arrived at He Gaoming's detective agency.

Fang Qiu quickly changed into the character John Doe, the mysterious man's clothes, as he went upstairs and then covered his face with a mask.

At this moment, He Gaoming was sitting in the detective agency, with his legs high on the desk, smoking a cigar and talking to a customer.

“Don’t worry. If you get the information from me, I can guarantee that it’s real and you can get whatever you want. You just need to transfer the money to me.”

Fang Qiu heard He Gaoming’s arrogant voice as he stood in the doorway.

“Crack!” He pushed the door open.

He Gaoming, who was on the phone, raised his eyebrows and immediately turned his head to see who was so impolite that he did not even knock on the door before swaggering in.

As soon as he saw Fang Qiu, he immediately stood up straight.

“Okay, that’s it.”

After that, He Gaoming hung up immediately, smiled as he walked toward Fang Qiu, and asked, “Master, why are you here?”

Fang Qiu said, “I want to ask you something.”

He Gaoming immediately nodded and said, “Please go ahead. I can tell you everything.”

“Really?” Fang Qiu asked playfully.

“Of course.” He Gaoming immediately straightened his back and said this with a solemn face.

Fang Qiu nodded and said, “All right. I want information about Nirvana Organization.”

“What?”

He Gaoming was stunned and asked, “What Nirvana?”

“Didn’t you say that you can tell me anything?” Fang Qiu asked.

He Gaoming smiled awkwardly and said, “Well, I’ve never heard of this organization. I know all kinds of organizations in Huaxia, but I’ve never heard of Nirvana. Are you sure this organization really exists?”

Fang Qiu said, “I’m sure.”

He Gaoming immediately patted his chest and said, “Since it exists, I will find a way to check it out. I have not heard of this organization before. It doesn’t seem to be that simple. I’m not sure if I can find any information about them, but I’ll do my best to help you check.”

Fang Qiu nodded with satisfaction and said, “Okay. There’s one more thing.”

“What is it?” He Gaoming asked again.

Fang Qiu asked, “What’s the most valuable thing in Wulin?”

“Heaven and Earth Treasure.” He Gaoming replied immediately without thinking.

Fang Qiu was speechless.

“Do I need you to tell me that? I mean, except for Heaven and Earth Treasures!”

He Gaoming nodded and said, “Then it must be the master’s cultivation experience.”

Speaking of which, He Gaoming suddenly thought of the experience book Fang Qiu took out at the auction last time. He immediately looked at Fang Qiu with a fawning expression and said, “Master, you have so many experience books. You can surely spare one for a disciple, like me. Besides, with your strength, isn’t it easy for you to write this kind of experience book?”

Fang Qiu shook his head and said, "Cultivation is dependent on the individual. You have to find your own way even if you have the experience book. Anyway, I have burned all the experience books I've had before."

He Gaoming suddenly looked depressed when he heard that.

He thought to himself, "Burn it? Why would you burn such a good thing? You would rather burn it than give it to me. This is so humiliating!"

However, he understood.

What Fang Qiu said was right. Every martial arts practitioner took the path that belonged to them. If they relied blindly on the experience books, they couldn't go further in Wulin.

Fang Qiu felt even more distressed.

He thought to himself, "Selling experience for money? But it can't make much money either."

The point was that Fang Qiu did not want to expose too much of his strength at present. It would be better for him to let everyone try to guess his true strength.

Fang Qiu asked again, "What about other things?"

He Gaoming thought for a moment and said, "Other things? Then there are only weapons."

"Oh?" Fang Qiu was stunned.

He Gaoming said, "Especially the weapon of a master. If a person gets a weapon that has the master's aura, he can comprehend a lot of things. For example, someone can use a sword to comprehend the master's sword intent. He can also rely on a saber to comprehend a master's saber skills."

Fang Qiu's eyes lit up when he heard that.

"Weapons will do! All these seem to be mass-produced."

As for the aura of a master, Fang Qiu was a master in the Guru Realm!

However, how could his aura be attached to the weapon?

Fang Qiu was lost in thought.

"Master, what are you doing? Are you short of money?" He Gaoming looked at Fang Qiu and asked with a puzzled face.

Fang Qiu said righteously, "I want to forge weapons to benefit Wulin."

He Gaoming immediately cast a contemptuous glance at him. Although he did not dare to say it aloud, he secretly criticized, "I think you're just short of money!"

"Ha-ha."

Thinking of this, He Gaoming suddenly laughed again and tried to curry favor with Fang Qiu, "Master, why don't you make me a sword? I'll take it out. As a master, you'll be so proud, won't you?"

Fang Qiu said, "I'm going to get fans. It's easy to get a fan and it looks very elegant."

As he said that, He Gaoming once again looked at him with disgust.

"There is a ranking list in Wulin. In terms of attaching the aura of masters, the highest ones would be the saber and the sword and the lowest one is a fan."

He Gaoming said, "That is to say, if the master carries the weapons at the same time, the fan would be attached to the least of his aura."

Fang Qiu was worried.

That was embarrassing.

He really did not know much about weapons.

Fang Qiu asked, "Do you have a weapon? Let me see the aura on the weapon."

He Gaoming immediately shook his head and said proudly, "No. I've always fought against the world with my bare hands!"

Fang Qiu asked, "Then, who has it?"

He Gaoming immediately said, "Elder Yi. He has a treasure sword."

Without any further thought, Fang Qiu immediately turned around and was about to leave.

He Gaoming immediately shouted hurriedly and rushed to block Fang Qiu's way. He said, "Hey, don't leave yet. Master, it's not easy for you to come here. Why don't you stay for a while before you leave?"

Fang Qiu said, "You don't want your sword anymore?"

He Gaoming smiled and said bashfully like a woman, "Yes, of course, I want it. Master, teach me something before you leave. I'm stuck in the second class. I can't make it to the third class anyway. Would you like to give me some cultivation experience?"

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Chapter 622: That's the Aura!

"You're stuck at the second class?" Fang Qiu gazed at He Gaoming. Judging from his aura, Fang Qiu knew that He Gaoming was indeed a second-class Martial Superior, but Fang Qiu could not tell what his actual level was.

Fang Qiu said, "Strike a blow. Let me see."

"Okay." He Gaoming's eyes lit up.

For him, this was equivalent to Fang Qiu's concession. If he wanted him to make a move, he must want to instruct him.

With great expectation, He Gaoming took two steps back and then used all his strength to throw a fierce punch at Fang Qiu's face.

"Bang!" Fang Qiu reached out his right hand and caught hold of He Gaoming's fist.

Fang Qiu sensed the power erupting from He Gaoming's fist.

It was at the peak of the second-class Martial Superior!

"Master, what do you think?" He Gaoming withdrew his fist and then quickly approached Fang Qiu. He looked at Fang Qiu expectantly, waiting for Fang Qiu's guidance.

Fang Qiu nodded gently and said solemnly, "You have indeed reached the peak of the second class. But if you really want to be one of the lower ends of the third-class Martial Superiors, I can help you."

Hearing this, He Gaoming's expression immediately changed and he said, "What? Forget it. The lowest person in the third-class Martial Superiors is not as good as the best among the people reaching the peak of the second class."

“Besides, my talent is so incredible that I can’t let you destroy it.”

Fang Qiu was speechless.

After rolling his eyes at He Gaoming, he stepped away directly.

This time, He Gaoming did not stop him.

He knew what Fang Qiu meant.

Although his strength had indeed reached the peak of second-class Martial Superior and he could barely break through, this was not the time for him to do it. At least he did not have a sense of breakthrough in cultivation. Obviously, Fang Qiu had also seen this. If he really wanted to improve, Fang Qiu could help to promote him to the third-class Martial Superior. However, in that case, it would leave him in potential danger and was also a defect for him.

After thinking about it carefully, he thought that it was better to make a breakthrough naturally since cultivation could not be rushed.

After leaving the detective agency, Fang Qiu took a taxi directly to Elder Yi’s manor outside the city.

Instead of going through the front gate, Fang Qiu flew directly to the backyard of the manor.

At this moment, Elder Yi was in meditation in the practice room.

The moment he heard the sound of the wind, he immediately woke up. He quickly got up and opened the door, only to find that the person who came was the mysterious man John Doe, who had disappeared for quite some time.

“Senior, long time no see.” Elder Yi hurriedly greeted Fang Qiu, cupping his fists.

Fang Qiu also greeted him in the same way and then said, "Long time no see. I'm sorry to bother you. The reason why I suddenly paid you a visit is that I want to ask you for a favor."

Elder Yi asked, "Oh? What's the matter?"

Fang Qiu said sincerely, "I heard that you have a sword that carries the aura of a master. Could I please have a look at it?"

"Of course." Elder Yi laughed. He thought that John Doe was going to ask him for something important, but he did not expect that he just wanted to take a look at his sword. Although the sword in his hand was valuable, it was not something that could not be touched by others, let alone John Doe wanting to borrow it.

"Thank you." Fang Qiu thanked him.

"Follow me." Elder Yi nodded with a smile, then walked out of the practice room and led Fang Qiu into the hall next door.

Elder Yi felt that it was normal for John Doe to show his gratitude to him.

He knew that the mysterious man John Doe was a young man.

In terms of martial arts cultivation, he had to respectfully address the mysterious man John Doe as Senior. But when it came to age, he was John Doe's elder. He could certainly receive John Doe's thanks!

They arrived at the main hall.

"Have a seat and wait for a while. I'll get the sword now." Elder Yi said and went straight upstairs.

Fang Qiu sat down in the hall.

One minute later, “Dong, dong, dong...”

Elder Yi came down from upstairs.

Fang Qiu turned and found that there was a sword in his hand.

This sword looked a little old, with a blue scabbard and hilt inlaid with gold. At first glance, it gave off an air of elegance.

“A fifth-class Martial Superior carried this sword during his whole life.”

Walking in front of Fang Qiu, Elder Yi handed the sword to Fang Qiu and said, “This kind of sword is rare. I also saw it by chance. It took me a lot of effort to acquire it.”

Fang Qiu took the sword.

He found that the sword was not heavy, but very light.

It also gave him a good feeling when he held it.

“Whiz!” With a gentle pull, the long sword made a thumping sound. A cold light burst out from the scabbard, which chilled the atmosphere around him.

“Good sword.” Fang Qiu exclaimed.

Although he was not familiar with weapons and did not know what kind of weapons were good, he knew that a weapon that could make people feel cold must be good!

Elder Yi looked at him with a smile.

Putting away the sword, Fang Qiu said to Elder Yi, "Elder Yi, could you let me stay in a quiet room? I need to observe it carefully."

"Okay." Elder Yi nodded in response.

After taking Fang Qiu into a quiet room in the depths of the house, he turned around and left.

In the quiet room, Fang Qiu pulled out the long sword.

He observed it carefully.

He found that the sword was a good one, but apart from the chill that it exuded that made people tremble, there was nothing special about it.

Where was the master's aura?

"Could it be that I have to practice with the sword?"

When he thought of that, Fang Qiu turned his wrist and recalled a set of swordsmanship that the old master had taught him before and began to practice it.

Fang Qiu had practiced this swordsmanship countless times.

According to the old master, Fang Qiu had already practiced this swordsmanship to the extreme.

However, this was just a basic swordsmanship.

Therefore, Fang Qiu did not have the habit of using weapons.

Now Fang Qiu was a guru.

The skill he used to practice this swordsmanship was even smoother than before.

After a while, he reached a state of great harmony with the sword.

Right at this moment, “Hmm?”

Fang Qiu suddenly felt that there was a slight aura coming out from the sword.

It was a kind of strange energy aura.

After this slight aura appeared, it actually tried to activate Fang Qiu’s internal Qi.

When Fang Qiu felt it, he quickly lowered his level of cultivation.

After all, the aura of this sword came from a fifth-class Martial Superior. It was almost impossible for the aura of a Martial Superior to mobilize the internal Qi of a guru-level master!

Therefore, Fang Qiu had to suppress his cultivation to the level of a first-class Martial Superior as soon as possible.

After he suppressed his strength, Fang Qiu felt that the aura of the sword was obviously more active. Not only did it flow with Fang Qiu’s internal Qi, but it even went directly into Fang Qiu’s body, driving Fang Qiu’s internal Qi to circulate in his body.

The aura ran through all the meridians that he had opened till the fifth-class Martial Superior. And then it returned to the sword again.

After he stopped practicing the swordsmanship, the aura of the sword disappeared.

"I see." Fang Qiu smiled.

Just now, after careful observation, Fang Qiu found the aura. It was because the owner of this weapon had been using it for a long time. Every time he used it, he would drive the internal Qi in his body and then transmit it to the weapon.

Everything in the world had its own spirit. As being used for so many times, the weapons that the masters carried with them would naturally be attached to these auras. The only difference was the amount of aura that would be attached.

When these weapons that were attached to the masters' aura fell into other people's hands and were used to practice or fight, its aura would be stimulated and would then drive the internal Qi, once the people who carried them entered a certain state.

If the owner of this weapon was a fifth-class master who opened ten meridians and it happened that his weapon fell into the hands of a second-class Martial Superior, even if the second-class Martial Superior only opened four meridians and six of his meridians were not opened yet, the internal Qi in his body could still flow smoothly through the ten meridians with the guidance of the sword's aura.

This was just a feeling. Real internal Qi could not run in the un-opened meridians, but this feeling could make the user feel the apprehension and experience of opening the meridians in advance.

Even a small amount of comprehension and experience was very precious for a person who lacked strength.

"So, what should I do to let the weapon absorb my own aura quickly?"

After figuring out the aura on the sword, Fang Qiu touched his chin and thought carefully.

After thinking for a long time, Fang Qiu walked out of the quiet room and returned the sword to Elder Yi. After expressing his gratitude, he left.

The next day, Fang Qiu went to the street selling antiques early in the morning and bought three swords.

The three swords were Longquan Swords made using modern craftsmanship.

After buying the swords, Fang Qiu immediately found an empty park and began to practice.

At first, Fang Qiu directly injected internal Qi into the sword, but it did not work at all. It would be gone once he stopped injecting.

"I can't do it by force." Fang Qiu smiled wryly.

In the beginning, what he wanted to do was to force his internal Qi into the sword and try to leave his aura on the sword. But obviously, it didn't work.

"Maybe I need to reach the great harmony of human and sword."

Thinking of this, Fang Qiu turned his head and looked around. He was a little hesitant.

After all, it was a park.

When practicing with the sword, once he entered the state of great harmony of human and sword, he would be oblivious to everything.

This practice required the use of internal Qi. It would be bad if he should accidentally hurt anyone in the park. Even if it did not hurt anyone, it would not be good to let people see such a shocking display of swordsmanship.

After thinking for a while, Fang Qiu saw a mountain which was located at a distance from the park.

He immediately went out of the city and directly rushed to the top of the mountain. After making sure that there was no one around, he began to practice.

Because it was an experiment, Fang Qiu did not use all his powers. Instead, he deliberately suppressed his strength to the level of a fifth-class Martial Superior.

As he practiced, he controlled the flow of the internal Qi in his body. He even regarded the sword as part of his body, so that the internal Qi could connect with the meridians in his body from head to toe.

Soon, after finishing practicing a set of swordsmanship, Fang Qiu checked again, but the result was still the same! Nothing happened.

“What’s going on?” Fang Qiu was confused.

“Is it really necessary to carry it for a long time in order to produce a sword with the aura of a master? If that’s the case, how can I mass-produce them? How can I make money?”

At the thought of money, Fang Qiu had a headache.

Even if there was no other way, he had to find a way!

Helplessly, Fang Qiu tried again.

However, even after trying several times, it was still useless.

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Chapter 623: I’ve Finally Found a Way to Make Money!

“What is the problem?” Fang Qiu practiced again and again but still could not find where the problem was.

“Is it because I have not been in any battles?” Thinking of this, Fang Qiu immediately swung his sword at a large rock next to him.

“Swoosh!”

“Crack!”

At first, there was a thumping sound. With the help of the internal Qi, the ordinary Longquan Sword in his hand slashed into the rock.

However, as soon as the sword was inserted about 0.05 meters into the rock, it broke off with a crack.

“I used too much force.”

“The money was spent in vain.”

Fang Qiu gave a wry smile. The Longquan Sword was not cheap. This one cost hundreds of yuan. If it had been a better one, it would have cost thousands or even tens of thousands of yuan.

He squatted and picked up the broken sword to look at it. He found that there was no flaw on the blade, which proved that the quality of the sword was very good, but it could not bear his strength.

With a wry smile, Fang Qiu waved the half of the long sword in his hand.

“Um?” As soon as he waved it, he was stunned.

“This is it!” Fang Qiu was shocked.

He could actually sense a hint of an aura emanating from the sword.

Fang Qiu did not hesitate and immediately mobilized the internal Qi in his body. He suppressed his strength to the first class and then wielded his sword again.

Previously, he had practiced so many times, so he already reached the great harmony of human and sword. The sword was like a part of his body now.

As soon as Fang Qiu waved his sword, he immediately felt the aura of the sword, which was exactly the same as that of Elder Yi's sword. After it was activated, it immediately began to mobilize the internal Qi in Fang Qiu's body. It circulated in Fang Qiu's body and went through all the ten meridians when he opened as a fifth-class Martial Superior.

"It's really there!" Fang Qiu was extremely surprised.

But it only lasted for a moment.

A moment later, Fang Qiu frowned again and muttered with a puzzled face, "What kind of logic is this? It is useless no matter how many times I practiced before. Now the sword has an aura after it broke. Do I have to break the sword to make use of the aura?"

Fang Qiu put the broken sword aside and picked up the second sword to try.

First of all, he needed to reach the great harmony of human and sword. He ran the internal Qi in his body and then made it cover the sword so that the body of the sword and his body could form a complete circle.

After maintaining the state of unity for a while, Fang Qiu observed carefully and found that there was still no aura on the second sword.

When he stayed in the state of unity again, he directly broke the sword with his internal Qi.

As expected, it worked!

“It seems that in addition to a long period of carrying the sword, it is necessary for a martial arts practitioner to forge a sword in person, even if he just does it one time, it can cover it with the martial arts practitioner’s own aura?”

The reason why he thought in this way was due to the fact that the three swords were bought by him and were made in the factory. But in his hands, after breaking, the broken sword was no longer the previous newly bought one, but a brand new broken sword, which meant that the broken sword was made by Fang Qiu himself.

In order to verify this point, Fang Qiu put down the second sword and took out the third one.

Once again, he became one with the sword.

When he and the sword were united as one, the long sword was placed in front of him. With a flick of his finger, a sesame-sized gap was made on the blade of the sword.

Then, he took a look.

“As expected!” Fang Qiu raised his head and laughed.

Without the gap before, the third sword still had no aura, but as soon as the gap appeared, the third sword immediately had an aura.

This was exactly what Fang Qiu guessed!

He had discovered the method!

Fang Qiu laughed and was greatly relieved.

Now, there was finally a way to make money.

“But, it’s so easy. Why didn’t anyone else notice it?”

After laughing, a question suddenly came to Fang Qiu’s mind.

However, he thought about it carefully.

First of all, the state of being one with the sword was not something that ordinary people could achieve. Generally, martial arts practitioners had to use it for a long time to get close to that state.

A master would not easily damage his beloved sword. Even if it was damaged, he would not find it because he was in that realm. The aura on the sword belonged to him, so it was useless to him. How could he find it?

This was the best explanation.

In addition, there was a rumor in the martial arts world that those who were good at forging weapons had to make it by themselves and would always carry the weapon with them. Although this kind of weapon had no effect on improving one’s strength, because of the long-term wearing of the weapon, it would make the weapon that he forged become the most suitable one for him.

The most important thing was that after being worn for a long time, the weapon would be steeped with the martial arts practitioners’ aura, which made the person who used it easily enter the state of becoming one with the sword.

This was a truly rare thing for a martial arts practitioner.

He finally figured out the method.

Fang Qiu put away the three broken swords and quickly left the mountain.

He put on the mysterious man’s outfit and rushed directly to He Gaoming’s detective agency.

“Clang!” When he arrived at the agency, Fang Qiu threw the three broken swords on He Gaoming’s desk and said, “If you can connect with any of these three swords, you can easily break through to the third class as long as they are connected with you. You don’t even need to reach the unity of human and sword.”

This was Fang Qiu’s aura of a fifth-class Martial Superior and it was not ordinary. It was the aura of a fifth-class Martial Superior after Fang Qiu had recultivated it!

Under the guidance of this strong aura, He Gaoming would surely be able to break through very quickly.

“Really?”

He Gaoming was surprised but he hesitated and asked, “Master, there won’t be any side effects, right? I’m so talented. Don’t trick me. I don’t want to be the worst third-class Martial Superior.”

Fang Qiu said, “There are no side effects at all.”

“Well, I’ll try then.” He Gaoming immediately reached for the sword.

He took up the sword.

However, He Gaoming’s face suddenly darkened.

“Master, what I want is a sword, not a piece of scrap iron. Can this thing even be called a sword?” Holding the broken sword in his hand, He Gaoming smiled bitterly.

“Forget it if you don’t want to.” Fang Qiu rolled his eyes, ready to take the money and leave.

“Who says I don’t want it?”

He Gaoming hurriedly held the broken sword in his hand and said, "Although I said it was a piece of broken iron, I did not say no. A biological son and an adopted son are all the same."

Fang Qiu was speechless. He rolled his eyes and said, "Look at you, what kind of example are you citing?"

"Ha-ha," He Gaoming smiled awkwardly.

Fang Qiu asked, "Let me ask you. If it's a fifth-class Martial Superior's sword, how much can it be sold for if it is in a perfect condition?"

He Gaoming immediately said, "At least one million. Besides, it's still precious. A fifth-class Martial Superior's sword is not easy to get!"

"Do you know where you can produce this type of sword?" Fang Qiu asked, pointing at the broken sword.

He Gaoming looked at it and said, "This is a Longquan Sword. Thus it must have been made in Longquan city in Jiangzhe Province. Why do you ask?"

Fang Qiu replied, "I want this sword. It would be better if I can make it by myself."

Fang Qiu was thinking that no matter what, he had to be the one to make every sword. Even making the final move to break it would do. Because only in this way, would the sword be covered with his aura after being produced.

He Gaoming chuckled and said, "Now that you mention it, it has something to do with me. To be honest, I know a family who does forging of weapons in Longquan city, but they might not allow you to do it yourself. They may be afraid that you'll ruin their reputation."

Originally, Fang Qiu wanted to say that he could just find an ordinary forge master.

However, when he thought about it carefully, he figured that everyone in the world would like to be respected.

As He Gaoming said, no matter how powerful this broken sword was, people would be embarrassed to take it out and carry it with them if it looked too worn.

In that case, it had to be done well. After all, it was business. One still needed to have good looks.

Fang Qiu said, "Give me the address and information and I'll pay them a visit first."

He Gaoming immediately shook his head, then smiled and said, "No. I'll take you there in person."

"No need." Fang Qiu shook his head and refused.

He Gaoming immediately stepped forward and said shamelessly, "Come on! Anyway, if you don't let me come along, I will not tell you the address and information. I'll follow you wherever you go."

Fang Qiu was speechless.

"Let's go." Fang Qiu had no choice but to go to the Longquan city with He Gaoming.

According to the rules of Wulin, He Gaoming wrote a visit card on the way, which roughly meant that they would visit them in the evening.

After arriving in Longquan, He Gaoming sent the visit card to them in person.

In Longquan, the Long family was a large prominent family. They were very renowned for their sword-casting skills.

“John Doe?” In the main hall of the Long family’s house, Long Qiyun, the head of the Long family, received the visit card sent by a servant, opened it to have a look and murmured while frowning, “Why is this man who has risen to fame in Wulin coming to our house? For a sword?”

Under normal circumstances, the people of Wulin came to Long Family in order to ask for a sword.

Therefore, Long Qiyun did not think too much about it. Since John Doe had already sent the visit card, he could wait for him to arrive first.

They strolled around Longquan city.

Then they found a place for dinner and took a look at the common smithies in the city. When it was eight o’clock in the evening, Fang Qiu went to the Long family’s house with He Gaoming.

In front of the gate of the mansion, the two were stopped.

After the servant sent the message, Long Qiyun, the head of the Long Family, personally came out to greet them.

Fang Qiu was shocked when he first saw Long Qiyun.

This was because Long Qiyun was very young. He was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old but with his sharp eyebrows and hawk-like eyes, he did not look like a young person at all.

It was just like what He Gaoming said.

The Long family’s head of every generation had been cultivated since he was young. It could be said that he had perfected forging skills. The Long family needed the young and strong to forge swords, so in order to protect its reputation, each generation’s head would host the family at the age of 20 and pass down the position when he turned 40.

Long Qiyun had only been the head of the family for five years.

Seeing Long Qiyun, Fang Qiu and He Gaoming immediately cupped their fists and said, "Mr. Long, I've heard a lot about you."

Long Qiyun smiled and replied, "I'm honored. We have distinguished guests in our house today."

"Please come in." After exchanging a few pleasantries, Long Qiyun finally invited Fang Qiu and He Gaoming into the house.

Medical Master

Chapter 624: The Sword Made By Me Is the Best

"Please." Long Qiyun passed through the gate, crossed the patio and came to the main hall. He motioned for Fang Qiu and He Gaoming to sit down and then told the servants to serve tea before he sat down next to Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu nodded and smiled discreetly.

Long Qiyun lived up to his name as the head of the Long family. The main hall had a host's seat, which was a level higher than that of the ordinary guests. However, Long Qiyun deliberately sat next to Fang Qiu, which left a very good impression on him.

He would certainly respect the people who showed him respect.

Fang Qiu cupped his hands and then asked, "Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Long. The reason why I came to visit you is because I want to get your consent to let me forge a sword by myself. Of course, I will not participate in the whole forging process. I just need to make the final touches before you finish casting the sword."

"Hmm?" Long Qiyun's face immediately darkened when he heard what he said.

"Mr. John Doe, I treated you with courtesy. Why are you looking down on me like that?"

Long Qiyun stood up, narrowed his eyes at Fang Qiu, and said, "Since you've come to my family, you can ask me for any weapons. But since you seem to despise my family's craftsmanship, or are very confident of your own forging skills, why then did you come to my family home? In that case, please forgive the Long family for not being able to entertain you!"

Long Qiyun turned around and looked as though he was sending his guest off.

Fang Qiu did not expect that his words would cause Long Qiyun to fly into a rage.

However, he immediately understood what Long Qiyun meant.

Long Qiyun was the head of the Long family and his craftsmanship had been passed down from generation to generation. As the head of the family, he naturally had absolute confidence in his craft.

Therefore, Fang Qiu's proposal was an insult in Long Qiyun's eyes!

Especially his request to complete the final touches on the basis of his casting. Wasn't it obvious that he looked down on him?

Fang Qiu got up in a hurry after realizing that he had been so rude when the man treated him with such courtesy. He immediately apologized, "I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I did not mean that."

Fang Qiu explained wryly.

Because he was wearing a mask, Long Qiyun could not see his expression at all. He could only hear Fang Qiu's apology from his tone.

"What do you mean exactly?" Long Qiyun turned his head to look at Fang Qiu. His anger had not quite dissipated yet.

Fang Qiu thought for a moment and said, "Let's do it this way. Master, please forge a sword and let me observe the whole process while casting. Is that okay?"

After thinking for a while, Fang Qiu had asked others to cast a sword while he would personally make the finishing touches. It was too disrespectful.

Based on this point, it was impossible to cooperate with him.

Fang Qiu could only make this kind of request. He wanted to see how he cast the sword and see if he could imitate it.

It was not a big deal. When it was almost time, he could use his tools to have a try.

There should be no problem with that.

If he didn't do it on the basis of his casting, Mr. Long would not think that he was looking down on him.

Long Qiyun's face lit up slightly when he heard Fang Qiu's request. He thought for a moment before nodding and saying, "This... Alright."

The mysterious man's current position in Wulin was prominent and also attracted a lot of attention.

It would be good for the reputation of the Long Family if John Doe used the sword that had been cast by the Long Family.

John Doe's strength was too intimidating!

He was also afraid that John Doe would be angry. If John Doe really became furious and made a fuss in their family home, what should they do?

It was a known fact that there were many people who had been killed and disabled by John Doe, some of whom were from major families.

“However, it’s not that easy to get our Long family’s sword.”

Even as he agreed, Long Qiyun proudly raised his head and said, “If you want me to forge a sword for you, I can do it. But it would be at the cost of five hundred thousand, not a single cent less.”

“No problem.” Fang Qiu immediately nodded in agreement.

“In addition, you must spread the news that you are using the Longquan Sword in Wulin.”

Long Qiyun issued another condition.

Fang Qiu nodded and asked, “Okay. When shall we start?”

“Now, please follow me.” Long Qiyun responded and led Fang Qiu and He Gaoming through the main hall and arrived at the backyard.

It was a courtyard that looked old.

The courtyard was similar to the quadrangle courtyard in the capital city.

This courtyard was not for people to live in, but for forging.

It was an antique iron-forging shop.

All kinds of materials were available!

“Over here.” Just as Fang Qiu thought that Long Qiyun was about to take off his clothes and start to light the fire and cast the iron to forge a sword, Long Qiyun walked into the forging room and called out to Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu and He Gaoming went up.

When he walked next to Long Qiyun, he saw Long Qiyun pressing his hand on the wall in front of him. The grating sound of the machine immediately sounded beneath his feet.

“Crack, crack...” The place where the three of them were standing began to descend slowly.

Taking a closer look, Fang Qiu realized that this was not the surface, but a large lift.

Soon, the lift descended to the bottom.

Fang Qiu turned to have a look and was immediately stunned.

This was a very wide space, similar to a large-scale company’s workshop. Maybe it was originally a workshop.

In the workshop, Fang Qiu saw machines and machine tools!

He Gaoming was shocked.

“Didn’t they say that they were all handcrafted?” Fang Qiu asked with a confused look.

Long Qiyun cast both of them a look of disdain and said, “Handcrafted? What era is it now? How can a purely handcrafted sword have such precision? All walks of life need to keep pace with the times!”

The two were speechless.

The machine was behind Long Qiyun.

Long Qiyun started the machine without saying a word.

“This is for burning iron and steel!” Long Qiyun said as he pointed at the iron smelting machine.

Fang Qiu understood.

Soon, molten iron came out.

Long Qiyun used a mold to catch the molten iron, condensing it into a cuboid.

“This is the sword mold!”

After Long Qiyun wore insulation gloves and used tools to carry it to form, it was still a red rectangular iron.

When they heard this, Fang Qiu and He Gaoming were both stunned.

They could not believe it.

Was this considered a mold for the sword?

“This is a crude mold.”

Long Qiyun seemed to sense that the two were confused and said, “Before science and technology are so advanced, we call this ‘infused iron water’. Under normal circumstances, the crude mold has a square shape and a rectangular shape. The short sword and the thick crude mold are square, while the long sword’s crude mold is rectangular.”

Both Fang Qiu and He Gaoming nodded.

They had never been involved in forging, so they did not know much about the forging process.

When the crude mold was completed, Long Qiyun immediately started to cast it.

Long Qiyun lifted the mold and placed it in the fire. He waited until it was completely red before lifting it out to be manually pounded!

With one hand holding the sword mold and the other holding the hammer, he hit it repeatedly.

After pounding on it for a long time, Long Qiyun then placed the mold into the water next to him and then its temperature dropped.

“Sizzle, sizzle...” Because the mold was still hot, the water boiled as soon as the sword was thrust into it. Of course, it was only in a small area.

“This is the water breakthrough.”

Long Qiyun said, “The ancestor of our family was Ouye Zi during the Spring and Autumn Period. When he made a sword, he only used the water from the Sword Lake in our city. Only in this way can we create the best swords.”

“This water?” He Gaoming asked.

“That’s right.” Long Qiyun replied. He then placed the sword mold that had made the water break through in the furnace, burned it till it was red again and then pounded it again.

This was the second time that it had a water breakthrough.

Then he did for the third time.

After the pounding, just when Fang Qiu and He Gaoming thought that they were going to see the water breakthrough for the third time, Long Qiyun put the sword mold, which was very close to the sword shape, into a big bucket containing oil.

“After seeing the water breakthrough twice, it’s time to mix it in the oil.”

“The oil is used to make the sword more flexible!”

Long Qiyun used another total of twenty-eight processes, such as milling and rasping, burnishing, polishing, inlaying, quenching, grinding steel and so on.

Fang Qiu had been observing all this while.

Fang Qiu noticed that although Long Qiyun had explained every step when casting a sword, each step was purely the most basic step. Even the other smithies would follow this procedure, not to mention the Long family.

That was to say, Long Qiyun’s explanation was useless.

The only thing that was useful was his forging cultivation methods!

That was the truth.

It was the cultivation method!

Fang Qiu noticed that this cultivation method was very difficult to imitate. If he wanted to learn it, he had to first learn his cultivation method. And even if he learned it, he also had to be precise about the time, location, strength and the most suitable time to forge the sword.

This was not something that could be learned by a single cultivation method. It required years of experience to accomplish it!

In the blink of an eye, more than three hours had passed.

It was early in the morning!

The first sword was finally successfully forged!

“Phew...” Long Qiyun seemed as if he was about to pass out with the sword in hand.

The long sword in his hand shone with a dazzling cold light.

“This sword was cast from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. Let’s call it Ziyue!”

Long Qiyun murmured as he looked at the sword.

Fang Qiu and He Gaoming’s faces twitched at the same time.

Long Qiyun’s gaze was full of tenderness as he looked at the long sword in his hand as if he was looking at his lover.

He didn’t think much about it.

Fang Qiu stepped forward and took the long sword from Long Qiyun’s hand.

He carefully sensed it.

“Good sword!” Fang Qiu secretly exclaimed that this sword was definitely better than the sword in Elder Yi’s hand.

Reaching out, he touched it and closed his eyes.

He used the Absolute Touch!

Fang Qiu found that his Absolute Touch could not feel the structure and thickness inside the sword.

He was a little surprised.

Fang Qiu immediately tried to channel his internal Qi into the sword and then directly used the Divine Consciousness, like searching for the terrain. He carefully explored it and was actually able to detect the lines and various details inside the sword.

Thinking of this, Fang Qiu immediately opened his eyes and said in surprise, "With these details and lines, what else do I need to do? As long as I cast the sword and create the same details and lines, that will be enough, right? It's really a good sword!"

Long Qiyun said proudly, "Of course. Our Long family's forging crafts are unparalleled in the world, do you dare say that you'll be the one to complete the last step? Now you know that the sword I cast by myself is the best!"

Medical Master

Chapter 625: Actually, I Can Cast a Sword Too!

"Isn't this guy too narcissistic?" Fang Qiu thought and looked at Long Qiyun speechlessly.

It was the first time that Fang Qiu had met someone who felt so good about himself. He was the only one who could praise himself so avidly that others would feel embarrassed when they heard it!

Fang Qiu thought for a moment and said, "Actually, I also know how to cast a sword. Mr. Long, would you like to give me some advice?"

Long Qiyun smiled faintly when he heard that.

In his opinion, the meaning of Fang Qiu's words was akin to admitting defeat.

Therefore, he did not want to talk to Fang Qiu anymore. He immediately shook his head and replied, "I'm tired and it's getting late. I have to go back and rest, but I can leave it to you. As for your sword making skill, I'll just look at the finished product tomorrow."

"Alright, thank you." Fang Qiu nodded and thanked him.

Long Qiyun turned and left.

After Long Qiyun left, He Gaoming, who had been standing beside Fang Qiu, asked, "Master, do you know how to cast a sword?"

"No, I don't." Fang Qiu shook his head.

"Then why are you still pretending?" He Gaoming rolled his eyes and looked at Fang Qiu with disdain.

"I just learned it, didn't I?" Fang Qiu rolled his eyes too.

He Gaoming was speechless.

In the past three hours, he had been watching and learning with Fang Qiu, but after three hours, he did not know anything and did not learn anything at all.

Did Fang Qiu really master the skill?

Then Gaoming saw that Fang Qiu was actually beginning to cast the sword, although very clumsily.

Since Fang Qiu was already doing it, He Gaoming did not dare to say much. He could only stand by and watch.

Three hours later, after a lot of work, Fang Qiu finally cast the first sword.

“Master, is this also called a sword?”

At the moment when Fang Qiu finished casting, He Gaoming said with a bland expression on his face, “This thing isn’t like a sword or a knife, or even a thorn. Does it even work?”

Fang Qiu snorted and said, “How do you know if you don’t try? Take the Newborn Moon Sword and fight with me.”

Hearing that, He Gaoming picked up the sword.

“Don’t use your internal Qi!” After warning him, Fang Qiu lifted his sword and slashed at him.

He Gaoming also swung his sword toward Fang Qiu.

“Crack!” As soon as the two swords collided, the sword that Fang Qiu just cast was instantly cut into two pieces!

He Gaoming was even more speechless.

Just as he was about to say something, he found that Fang Qiu was not unhappy at all. Instead, he was extremely excited.

“That’s right.” Fang Qiu thought and was very excited.

This sword was forged by him in the state of a fifth-class Martial Superior. Now, after it was cut off by the Newborn Moon Sword, he really felt his own aura on the sword and it could even reach the great harmony between human and sword.

This proved that Fang Qiu's assumption was correct.

The sword was just a product.

The main purpose of casting this time was to have a try.

Fang Qiu summoned all his energy and began to forge the second sword.

Three hours later, he completed the casting of the second sword.

Compared with the first sword, the second one finally looked like a normal sword and actually looked quite good.

"Well done, Master. Your learning ability is amazingly good. It's only the second time that you've cast it, but you've already succeeded?"

He Gaoming was surprised.

After only two practices, Fang Qiu was able to forge a real sword.

If it were him, he would never have been able to do it.

After casting the second sword, Fang Qiu did not stop but continued to cast the third one.

Another three hours passed.

The casting of the third sword was complete!

“What the f*ck!” Seeing the finished product, He Gaoming was dumbfounded.

The streamlined shape of the sword in Fang Qiu’s hand was particularly good. In terms of the shape, it was even more beautiful than the Newborn Moon Sword. The Newborn Moon Sword was an ordinary, straight long sword. The third sword that Fang Qiu cast was gourd-shaped. The streamlined shape of the hilt and the body was very good, just like a long and narrow gourd.

The sword emitted a dazzling cold light, which gave people a chilling sensation, which was no less than that of the Newborn Moon Sword.

“Come on, let’s give it a try!” Fang Qiu waved the sword and then smiled, signaling He Gaoming to pick up the Newborn Moon Sword.

The two of them began to fight again.

“Swoosh!” As the blades of the swords swung, clear and harsh thumping sounds came from the two swords.

“Go on.” Fang Qiu shouted and continued to slash.

“Squeak...”

The thumping sounds from the swords kept ringing out.

After slashing for more than ten times, Fang Qiu stopped.

Raising the sword in front of his eyes, Fang Qiu observed it carefully and found that the third sword he cast was not damaged at all. There was no crack on the blade or any signs of other damage.

That was to say, although the quality of this sword was not as good as that of the Newborn Moon Sword, it was still very good. At least it could resist the attack of the Newborn Moon Sword and did not break!

“Good sword!”

As he put down the Newborn Moon Sword, He Gaoming immediately rushed to Fang Qiu, stared at the sword in Fang Qiu’s hand for a long time, licked his lips, looked at Fang Qiu with eager eyes, and said flatteringly, “Can you give me this sword, master?”

“Crack!” At this moment, a sound was heard.

Fang Qiu and He Gaoming turned their heads to look at the same time, only to see Long Qiyun coming down from the lift after a good night’s sleep.

“Mr. Long.” Fang Qiu called out and nodded at Long Qiyun.

“Mr. Long.” Fang Qiu called out and nodded at Long Qiyun.

“Mr. John Doe, how was the casting for the night?” Long Qiyun walked over with a smile.

“It’s okay.” Fang Qiu smiled and raised the long sword in his hand.

Seeing the long sword in Fang Qiu’s hand, Long Qiyun suddenly paused and then immediately walked quickly over to Fang Qiu. He stared at the long sword in Fang Qiu’s hand and asked, “Hmm? Did you cast this sword?”

Fang Qiu nodded and said, “Yes. Don’t laugh at me, Mr. Long.”

“Let me have a look.”

Long Qiyun hurriedly took the long sword from Fang Qiu's hands and began to scrutinize it carefully from the blade to the body, not missing out on any detail. After he finished checking, Long Qiyun wanted to say something but did not say it. After hesitating for a long while, he finally said, "Not bad."

Long Qiyun was quite surprised.

After his examination, he found that the level of Fang Qiu's sword casting skill was almost as good as his average level.

In this world, except for himself who was publicly recognized as a forging genius, there was actually someone else who could forge a sword so well!

When Long Qiyun thought of this, he turned to look at Fang Qiu from head to toe.

He found that although Fang Qiu was wearing a mask, he was obviously quite young judging from his figure. He was even not as old as himself.

"It seems that I must continue to work hard. As the head of the forging family, it will be terrible if I am surpassed by others."

Long Qiyun felt a great pressure in his heart.

He did not want the reputation of the Long family to be ruined in his generation.

He Gaoming was even more shocked.

In addition to his real identity, he knew Fang Qiu very well. But even so, he did not expect that his master could surpass the head of the largest forging family in Huaxia by casting only three swords!

The most important thing was he saw with his own eyes that Fang Qiu was able to improve all the way from not knowing anything initially to being able to do this.

It only took him nine hours to reach this level to cast three swords.

This was... amazing!

That was truly amazing!

“I’m so honored to receive such a compliment from Mr. Long.”

Fang Qiu laughed heartily and chatted with Long Qiyun. Then, he asked, “I wonder if I can continue to use this place? I need another three days.”

Fang Qiu had already planned it.

He was going to cast more than ten swords, which contained the aura of at least the sixth class.

As for the price, a fifth-class one would be worth one million, so a sixth-class sword would be worth at least two million.

The most important thing was that Fang Qiu was also about to cast a sword which had the aura of a guru.

It would be a sword with the aura of a guru.

At that time, once it was on sale, he could imagine what would happen.

However, Long Qiyun waved his hand generously to show his consent.

It was because he was happy.

And he was pleased because of Fang Qiu’s compliment!

What he didn't know was that the reason why Fang Qiu said that was just to please him.

Yesterday, Fang Qiu had already noticed that Long Qiyun was a narcissistic person who liked very much to be praised by others.

After casting the third sword, Fang Qiu made the decision to continue casting.

That was why before he made the request to borrow this place for three more days, he tried to praise Long Qiyun without being too obvious.

He did not expect that he had actually pleased him.

Long Qiyun said, "Three days won't be a problem, but I have my conditions."

Fang Qiu asked, "What conditions?"

Long Qiyun spoke without hesitation, "I'd like to observe closely how you cast the sword!"

Fang Qiu frowned and thought for a while, then opened his mouth, "Well... Well, you can see it on the first day and give me some advice, but you can't see it for the next two days."

Fang Qiu did not intend to hide his strength. After all, on the first day, what he wanted to cast were swords with the aura of a sixth-class Martial Superior. But the next two days would be different.

In order to cast a sword with the aura of a guru, Fang Qiu had to restore his strength to the guru realm when he cast it.

However, the strength of the guru was too intimidating. People could figure it out just by feeling his aura.

Fang Qiu could not let anyone know what his actual strength was.

Therefore, he certainly could not allow Long Qiyun to observe him at work during the next two days.

When he heard what Fang Qiu said, Long Qiyun immediately replied arrogantly, "Why do I need a day? I only need to watch you cast one sword. A genius doesn't need to observe for too long!"

Fang Qiu and He Gaoming looked at one another and saw each other's expression. They wanted to laugh but did not dare to laugh out loud.

"Since you are here, you are the guests. You have been busy all night. You must be tired. Let's go up for a meal first and then come to cast after that. What do you think?" Long Qiyun asked.

"Okay." Fang Qiu nodded at once.

He and He Gaoming were already hungry. After dinner at six o'clock yesterday, they had not eaten or drunk anything until now. If Long Qiyun had not come down, Fang Qiu would have ordered a takeout.

Soon, after a good meal, Fang Qiu and the other two returned to the underground workshop.

Originally, He Gaoming was going to bring some food to eat in the evening, for fear that Fang Qiu would be too immersed in casting and forget to eat. However, Long Qiyun waved his hands and said that he had ordered people from the kitchen to prepare food when it was time. They just needed to go up and take it.

On the way back to the workshop, Fang Qiu secretly increased his strength from the fifth class to the sixth class.

After returning to the workshop, he immediately began to cast the fourth sword.

This time, Fang Qiu not only forged it in the same way as before, but also did it using his own ideas!

Medical Master

Chapter 626: Master!

As a guru, Fang Qiu indeed had a vision that ordinary people didn't have.

Before, he had been learning and looking for ways to cast a sword. Now, he had almost mastered the method of sword casting, and no longer needed to worry that he wasn't proficient in it. Thus, Fang Qiu could finally take things easy and work on how to make a sword with the vision of a guru!

Admittedly, it was just a small change. After all, casting a sword was indeed serious work, and Fang Qiu wasn't sure if the change would cause any problems. So, he could only take it slow. He decided to check out the effect before getting to the complete change.

Having built the mold, Fang Qiu had officially started to cast the sword!

Next to him, Long Qiyun was soon flabbergasted when he saw that Fang Qiu was already in the place to cast a sword.

It was not because Fang Qiu's technique was any brilliant.

On the contrary, it was because Fang Qiu's technique was too lame.

"Why is his technique the same as a regular blacksmith's? He simply hammers it again and again, without any sense of beauty, and it doesn't feel like leveraging strength at all."

"Anyway, his control of strength is quite good."

Long Qiyun commented in his mind.

He didn't say it out loud.

Because he was not stupid.

He didn't say it was because he didn't want to bring up the casting technique, for his casting technique was the Long family's technique. He could teach his disciples everything he knew, except for the ancestral casting technique of the Long family.

Hence, though he had noticed that Fang Qiu's hammering skill was not good, he could only turn a blind eye to it and didn't care to correct him at all.

Shortly, the fourth sword was cast.

Fang Qiu grabbed it and waved, feeling its power, and then smiled.

"The aura is in the sixth class!"

Moreover, the aura was more powerful than that in the ordinary sixth class.

It should be noted that Fang Qiu's sixth-class cultivation was totally different from that of other sixth-class cultivators!

What was more, in terms of quality, the sword was indeed a good one.

"Head Long, what do you think of this sword?"

Fang Qiu handed the sword to Long Qiyun with a smile.

Long Qiyun didn't respond.

He took the sword and observed it carefully.

The longer Long Qiyun observed, the more staggered he was.

The quality of this sword was even better than that of the previous one. It was almost as good as the Newborn Moon Sword he had cast!

“Not bad, not bad.”

Impressed as he was, Long Qiyun still kept his face straight.

Fang Qiu smiled.

Putting down the sword, he began to work on the second one.

Long Qiyun, who had sworn that he would only observe Fang Qiu casting one sword, didn't leave. Instead, he stayed in the workshop and watch Fang Qiu casting the second sword.

When Fang Qiu's second sword was cast, Long Qiyun was completely stupefied!

“Holy cow!”

Long Qiyun was astounded when Fang Qiu handed him the second sword he had cast, as he realized that the quality of the second sword that Fang Qiu just cast was even higher than the Newborn Moon Sword that he had made!

“How, how is this possible?”

“Am I not the most talented one?”

“Everyone says that I'm the most talented. I think so myself!”

“How could this be?”

“Isn’t the quality of the Newborn Moon Sword infinitely close to the best one can get? How could he cast a sword even better than my Newborn Moon Sword?”

“How can anyone be more brilliant than me in the field of casting swords?”

Long Qiyun’s heart was filled with shock.

The shock that Fang Qiu gave him was too much.

Because the swords Fang Qiu cast were getting better and better. From yesterday to the present, he had produced merely five swords in total. But the last one was already even finer than the Newborn Moon Sword he had cast!

“Even if he continues, there’s no more room for him to make more progress, is there?” Long Qiyun speculated.

As it turned out, when Fang Qiu cast the third sword that day, Long Qiyun completely shelved his pride.

Looking at Fang Qiu, his eyes became evasive.

“Head Long, could you take a look at this sword of mine?”

Fang Qiu handed the sword to Long Qiyun.

Long Qiyun was a bit panic-stricken. Still, he was very keen to take the sword and began to study it.

He looked at the blade, the body of the sword, and observed every detail of the sword.

Long Qiyun was dumbfounded.

“How could this be?”

“How is this possible?”

“How could he be so strong?”

“How could the quality of this sword be so high?”

“Can I cast such a high-quality sword?”

“No, I can’t.”

“Even I can’t do it!”

Long Qiyun was on the verge of bursting into tears as he stared at the sword.

Beside him, Fang Qiu and He Gaoming were both confused.

Why did Long Qiyun get so sorrowful when examining a sword?

Just when the master and the disciple were at a loss...

“Swoosh!”

Long Qiyun suddenly put down the long sword and then squatted down. He wrapped his arms around Fang Qiu’s thigh and called out, “Master!”

“Huh?”

He Gaoming was stunned.

What was going on?

How could the head of the Long family behave like this?

Although he knew that it had something to do with sword casting, He Gaoming couldn't see any difference between these two swords. In his opinion, even if Fang Qiu's sword casting skill had improved very quickly, as the head of the Long family, Long Qiyun shouldn't have made such a big reaction.

Also, wasn't this Long Qiyun still quite proud earlier?

Fang Qiu was also overwhelmed.

“Head Long, what are you doing?”

Fang Qiu looked with embarrassment at Long Qiyun, who was clinging tightly to his thigh. He didn't know whether to pull him away by force or not. That was just awkward.

“I want to take you as my master. I want to learn how to cast a sword from you,” Long Qiyun remarked.

“You're the head of the Long family after all. Why don't you stand up first?” Fang Qiu said awkwardly.

At his words, Long Qiyun released his grip. He got up, grabbed Fang Qiu's arm, and said with mortification, “I'm really sorry. I was too excited just now and lost control of myself. I believe you won't tell anyone about it, will you?”

“Sure not. You have my word,” Fang Qiu said with a wry smile.

“No, no, neither will I.”

He Gaoming held back his giggles and kept shaking his head and waving his hand.

“Actually, you can’t blame me.”

Long Qiyun spoke with a rare seriousness, “It’s all because of the sword you just cast. Its quality is way too good. It’s even better than the Newborn Moon Sword I cast. With my skills, I can hardly make a sword of such high quality. Therefore, please accept me as your disciple and teach me how to cast swords!”

“Well... I can’t teach you that.”

Fang Qiu hurriedly shook his head and said, “In fact, you are much better than me when it comes to casting swords. It’s just because your martial arts realm is not that high. If you want to improve your skill of casting sword, you must improve your martial arts realm. When you’re in the same realm as I am, your sword casting skill will be much better than mine.”

Indeed, Fang Qiu was telling the truth.

Long Qiyun’s casting technique was the one that had been passed down in the Long family for thousands of years. It was absolutely not just ordinary powerful. And what Fang Qiu did was nothing more than wild hammering.

When Long Qiyun heard these words, he said, “In fact... that’s also what I think.”

After thinking for a short while, Long Qiyun suddenly smiled again. He looked at Fang Qiu with a grin and said, “Master, since I need to improve my martial art realm in order to progress in sword casting, then I don’t need you to teach me sword casting. Instead, help me improve my strength. That 500,000 bucks the sword had sold for is a gift from your disciple!”

As he spoke, Long Qiyun’s gaze sorted of freaked Fang Qiu out.

The strength of his family members was never very strong.

After all, his family had all focused on casting skills generations after generations.

When it came to Long Qiyun's time, as the family head, his strength had only reached the fourth class.

Long Qiyun wanted to increase his own strength as well, but he just did not know how!

Today, he finally met an expert.

How could he let this opportunity slip away?

By his side, He Gaoming kept nodding.

Looking at Long Qiyun, he thought to himself, "Kid, you've found the right person. I've never seen anyone who can help others raise their level so quickly. In this world, when it comes to helping people raise their level, if my master says he is the second-best, no one else dares to claim that he is the top one!"

"I won't accept you."

In the face of Long Qiyun's apprenticing request, Fang Qiu simply shook his head and said, "However, I can give you some advice."

"That's great."

Long Qiyun immediately laughed heartily.

He didn't really want to be apprenticed to Fang Qiu. As the head of the family, he was not stupid.

The mysterious man, John Doe, had made himself so many enemies in Wulin. If he really became his disciple, his Long Family would be in danger all the time.

It would be fine if his family was just an ordinary family that had nothing to do with the martial arts world. However, the Long family happened to be a family famous for making weapons for the martial arts world.

What was more, the Long family had been neutral in Wulin for a long time and never targeted anyone. Therefore, although their strength was not outstanding, it still got to thrive for thousands of years.

But once he took Fang Qiu as his master, it would mean that the Long family had taken sides and so it would be doomed.

In fact, Long Qiyun just said that to acquire some instruction of the mysterious man, John Doe.

It had been widely known on the martial arts online forum that and who got the instruction of the mysterious man, who would make a breakthrough.

Thus, to obtain the teaching of the figure that could convert a fool into a talent, he was afraid that he wouldn't succeed if he didn't resort to some tricks!

After that, Fang Qiu continued to cast more swords.

Long Qiyun still stayed here to observe.

He made the fourth sword, the fifth...

With each sword he cast, Fang Qiu perfected his skill, and the quality of the swords he cast was getting better and better.

By his side, Long Qiyun was about to go crazy as he looked at those swords!

How could the quality of these swords be improved anymore?

One day later.

At Fang Qiu's urging, Long Qiyun left with his mouth agape.

He looked quite lost as if he had been hit by a huge blow.

That day, Fang Qiu cast a total of eight swords.

Of course, that did not include the three he cast as a practice from last night.

The eight swords were all built with the sixth-class aura.

Having cast so many swords, Fang Qiu's proficiency in sword casting had also picked up a lot.

Still, he hurried up and continued casting. In addition to casting, he had to make these swords carry an aura stronger than that of the sixth class!

When night fell, He Gaoming couldn't stand it anymore. After saying goodbye to Fang Qiu, he stealthily took the best one among the eight swords made by Fang Qiu and went out. He said he was going to rest, but in fact, he was going to show it off.

In the workshop, Fang Qiu took a short break.

During the rest, he fetched the Newborn Moon Sword and brandished it for a while. Soon, he was in a place where he and the sword had become one. But soon he found that the Newborn Moon Sword carried no aura at all.

“How come it has none?”

Fang Qiu was puzzled.

However, after giving it a thought, he figured it out.

When Long Qiyun cast the sword, he did not run his internal Qi throughout the process, so this sword was not affected by his aura when it was made.

In other words—

This was a secret that even the most famous family in the sword casting business did not know!

Medical Master

Chapter 627: Guru Sword Sharpened with a Mountain!

After an hour's rest, Fang Qiu continued to cast swords.

In the following hours, to maintain the quality of the weapons at the guru level, Fang Qiu forged another five sixth-class swords in a row. After he thought it was almost done, he raised his strength to the seventh class and forged three more of them.

Although he had raised his strength to the seventh class, Fang Qiu's recultivation had not reached officially that level yet. So, the aura of the sword he cast merely carried the aura of the ordinary seventh class.

However, he was not worried about that.

When a martial arts practitioner picked up a sixth-class weapon, he could clearly feel that the aura carried by the weapon was very strong. However, no matter how strong it was, it was nothing more than a sixth-class weapon.

In other words, no matter how weak a seventh-class weapon was, it was better than the sixth-class one.

At least, the user could clearly perceive the flow of the internal Qi of the seventh-class expert and the layout of his meridians.

After the three seventh-class swords were cast, Fang Qiu raised his strength to the seventh-class Martial Superior with one meridian and cast another sword.

Later, he again made it to the eighth-class Martial Superior with one meridian, and cast one sword.

After casting the sword with the strength of the eighth-class Martial Superior with one meridian, Fang Qiu stopped to take a rest.

He had no intention of casting a ninth-class weapon at all.

That was all because of the Guru Sword!

What was Fang Qiu casting these swords for?

Of course, it was to make money.

To make money, he must turn one of the swords with the aura of a guru into a nonpareil one!

If he also cast a few ninth-class weapons, perhaps the purchasers would be content with the second-best and buy ninth-class swords instead of the Guru Sword. Therefore, Fang Qiu deliberately skipped the ninth class, which stood between the eighth class and guru class.

He even didn't make many eighth-class ones.

There was no eighth-class sword but just the one at the eighth class with one meridian!

Fang Qiu thought about how to take the treasures to auction off.

He would first auction the fifth-class swords, the sixth-class swords, then, the seventh-class ones.

The higher the level was, the fewer the swords were.

When it came to the eight class, there was only one to be presented.

This would definitely cause a commotion among the crowd.

And those who would bid for it were certainly all rich people. In the end, there must be someone who could win over the eighth-class sword. Those who had not offered the highest bid or had missed the opportunity for some reason would definitely feel very angry and helpless.

But at this time, if a Guru Sword suddenly appeared in the auction house, how would the crowd react?

Those who failed to grab the eighth-class sword would absolutely get thrilled because they saw hope again. Since they had regretted once, they would surely seize the last chance. Adding that the Guru Sword was quite rare, people would definitely fight over it.

When the time came, would Fang Qiu still have to worry about money?

After finishing casting the sword of the eighth-class Martial Superior with one meridian, Fang Qiu didn't rush to cast the Guru Sword right away. Instead, he found a place to sit down cross-legged and rest.

Even though Fang Qiu himself was an expert in the Guru Realm, casting many swords in succession nevertheless consumed him a lot of energy.

Since he had to maintain the quality of the Guru Sword, Fang Qiu had to restore his strength to the peak when he cast the sword.

He closed his eyes and then opened them again.

Two hours had already passed.

“Screech!”

When Fang Qiu opened his eyes and got to his feet, his aura was all different.

Because he had been suppressing it all the time, it couldn’t be seen at all before. Now that he had stopped the suppression, he was immediately shrouded in an extremely ethereal, light-hearted aura that only a guru could emit.

“Let’s begin.”

With sparkle in his eyes, Fang Qiu began to cast the sword confidently.

He had to be extremely careful with every procedure.

It took almost a full day to finish more than half of the casting of the Guru Sword.

However, just when the Guru Sword was about to be completed—

“Buzz...”

All of a sudden, the surrounding aura of heaven and earth began to surge.

It was just like when he was breaking through to a higher realm, if anything, it was only more violent.

“Hum?”

Sensing the fluctuation of the aura of the sky and the earth, Fang Qiu immediately stopped what he was doing.

He could tell that the abnormal movement of the aura of the sky and the earth was caused by the Guru Sword in his hand!

“No!”

With a frown, Fang Qiu whispered, “If I continue to cast it, when it’s completed, it will surely cause a great fluctuation of the Qi of Heaven and Earth. At that time, others will certainly notice.”

“Moreover, if such a sword is cast here, it will be just unspectacular.”

“I say I should make something big!”

Thinking of this, Fang Qiu immediately recalled the legend about Longquan that Long Qiyun had told him when they were having dinner earlier.

The legend was about a tall mountain outside Longquan.

It was a bleak, rectangular mountain!

Legend had it that this mountain had existed since ancient times. One time, an immortal who descended to the human world used this mountain to sharpen his sword. Later, people named it the Sword-sharpening Mountain!

As the legend had it, the whole mountain was composed of the whetstones.

Up to now, most of the whetstones in Longquan were produced from the Sword-sharpening Mountain.

“Now, all I need to do is hone it.”

Fang Qiu looked at the sword that had been perfectly cast in his hand and deliberated for a moment.

Then, he moved.

Without saying a word, he raced out of the underground workshop.

He kicked the ground on tiptoes in the backyard of the Long Family. Like a meteor, he immediately shot to the air and rushed toward the Sword-sharpening Mountain outside Longquan.

Soon, Fang Qiu arrived at the Sword-sharpening Mountain and directly climbed to the top!

He found the most suitable place to hone his sword. With a wave of his right hand, a stream of water flew from the inside of the mountain, cleaning up the place where he would sharpen his sword.

“Let me see how difficult it is to cast a Guru Sword!” He bellowed in his mind.

Fang Qiu immediately began to sharpen it!

As it turned out, when he began to hone his sword, the Qi of Heaven and Earth around him began to surge as well.

The faster he worked, the fluctuation of the Qi of Heaven and Earth was the more violent!

As the Qi of Heaven and Earth raged, a faint sense of oppression also bore down from the sky upon Fang Qiu as well as the Guru Sword in Fang Qiu’s hand!

“Whoosh...”

“Rumble!”

Between heaven and earth, the cold wind howled.

The Qi of Heaven and Earth was constantly whirring like wild currents of air.

Fang Qiu looked up.

It turned out that a huge black tornado had come into being in the sky.

The tornado was facing right at Fang Qiu.

There was no wind or rain.

But Fang Qiu saw clearly that there was lightning flashing wildly in the black tornado, forming a net of electricity. He could not help but feel fearful.

“Crap, no way!”

At this, Fang Qiu’s face paled.

He had seen such a view once before.

It was when he broke through to the Guru Realm. However, at that time, it was thunder all over the sky. The Qi of Heaven and Earth was obviously much more threatening than thunder.

Nonetheless, judging from the current situation, it seemed that this change was just a bluff. It didn’t really carry the horrible sign that would appear when one broke through to the Guru Realm.

Even so, he could not afford to be careless.

After all, this unusual phenomenon was not insignificant at all!

Surely, when the sword in Fang Qiu's hand was about to be completely polished—

“Whoosh!”

Suddenly, the sound of the rapid surge of energy could be heard.

Fang Qiu looked up at the sky.

The surrounding Qi of Heaven and Earth, like a dragon rising to the sky, rushed toward the black tornado. The Qi and the black clouds gathered together and merged into a real tornado, speeding down from above and directly pouring into the sword in Fang Qiu's hand.

“Screech!”

An earth-shaking holler of the sword was suddenly heard!

The pressure charged at him again.

Even so, Fang Qiu was not flustered at all. Instead, he sped up and continued to sharpen the sword.

“Good thing is, the sword is made of the Thousand-piece Steel. If it was the ordinary steel, how could it withstand the impact of the Qi of Heaven and Earth?”

As the name suggested, the Thousand-piece Steel was made by refining two pieces of the same quality into one before continuing to merge with the more pieces one at a time until there were over 1,000 were types of basic steel pieces were in it.

As a family specialized in this industry, the Long family had stored plenty of Ten-piece and Hundred-piece Steel. When Fang Qiu cast the sword mold, these were the steel he used.

Owing to these ready-made pieces of steel, it only took Fang Qiu one day to cast the Guru Sword. If he started with making the Thousand-piece Steel himself, it would take at least half a month to do the job.

Of course, Fang Qiu had already discussed with Long Qiyun about these steel pieces, who agreed to let him use for free. It could be considered as a reward for helping the other to progress.

Since the sword was made of the Thousand-piece Steel, Fang Qiu felt much more at ease.

Sure enough, when a large amount of Qi of Heaven and Earth poured into the blade from the sky, the sword in Fang Qiu's hand began to shake despite his grip.

"Screech, squeak..."

The whine of the sword rang out.

Fang Qiu continued to hone the sword!

Soon, the Qi of Heaven and Earth completely surrounded the sword.

The sword didn't let Fang Qiu down. It withstood the heavy pressure and kept absorbing the Qi of Heaven and Earth while ringing sharply at intervals.

When the sword had absorbed enough Qi of Heaven and Earth and could not take more, it suddenly shone with a seven-color light, which vanished in a second!

Along with the light, the Qi of Heaven and Earth that lingered around the sword also dissipated.

At this moment, Fang Qiu had stopped sharpening the sword.

In the sky, the black tornado and the thunder in the clouds both disappeared.

Between the heavens and the earth, everything was peaceful and calm again!

On the top of the Sword-sharpening Mountain, Fang Qiu looked down at the guru sword in his hand with a bitter smile on his face.

The Guru Sword had been completed.

Yet, the sword looked not well polished, not particularly bright at all. It was even much of an eyesore. Despite that, the body of the sword glowed with a faint seven-color light. At first glance, one could know that it was not an ordinary sword.

“Is this the sort of great work that needs no ornamentation?”

Fang Qiu shook his head with a wry smile.

He never knew that a martial arts practitioner’s breakthrough was not the only thing to incur the unusual phenomenon between heaven and earth. In fact, it could also be caused by the sharpening of swords.

Yet, this phenomenon did not affect human beings. So, aside from feeling the pressure generated by the Qi of Heaven and Earth, Fang Qiu didn’t feel anything else.

“Swoosh, swoosh...”

Holding the sword in his hand, Fang Qiu brandished it, and soon entered the state of the unity of man and sword.

As he brandished the sword, he couldn't help but soar into the air.

The sword cut across the air.

A stream of extremely sharp sword Qi shot out of thin air and raced thousands of meters away before it dissolved into nothingness.

“Cool!”

After performing a set of swordsmanship, Fang Qiu felt cheerful and satisfied. It had been a long time since he had fully exerted the power of the Guru Realm as he liked. Even when he was killing those giant carnivorous lizards, he didn't get to enjoy his power like this.

After the craving was satisfied, Fang Qiu quickly suppressed his strength back to the sixth class.

When he was about to leave, Fang Qiu found that the aura the Guru Sword carried was no longer only the aura he left in the sword, but also a different kind of aura, as if it was formed by the Qi of Heaven and Earth. This aura could actually attract the Qi of Heaven and Earth and make it richer in the surroundings!

To put it in other words, if an ordinary Martial Superior held this sword, even if he couldn't quickly pick up the aura of the sword, his strength could be improved considerably anyway!

Medical Master

Chapter 628: The Largest Auction Agency!

“The Guru Realm and the aura of a guru. It's so freakish.”

Feeling the aura on the sword that could attract the Qi of Heaven and Earth, Fang Qiu couldn't help but sigh with emotion.

He took off his coat and wrapped the Guru Sword in it.

Then, Fang Qiu dashed back to the Long family in a flash.

He returned to the underground workshop in the backyard.

Fang Qiu directly took the remaining 17 swords, as well as the Newborn Moon Sword Long Qiyun cast by himself and the other two fifth-class swords he made before. Except for the one that He Gaoming had taken away and the first fifth-grade sword that didn't look like a sword at all, there were exactly 20 swords in total.

After collecting all the swords, Fang Qiu wasted no time to take off quietly.

The Guru Sword was no small matter.

Before the official auction, it was better to keep it a secret for the time being. Otherwise, it would absolutely induce a lot of unnecessary trouble.

A few hours later.

When He Gaoming and Long Qiyun came to the workshop again, Fang Qiu was already gone, leaving only a stack of folded notes and a sheet of paper full of words in the workshop.

Written on the note was "private note for Long Qiyun".

He unfolded the note.

There was only one line written on the paper, "Brother Long, as life goes on, we'll meet again if we have the fortune!"

Then, Long Qiyun unfolded the sheet of paper.

He found that this message was actually written by Fang Qiu himself. It recorded his experience of leveling up from the fourth class to the fifth class.

After confirming that Fang Qiu had left, in the workshop, Long Qiyun and He Gaoming looked at each other, speechless.

At this moment, however, Fang Qiu had already taken off his mask, changed into a new set of clothes, and headed for the capital.

Since he got the human skin mask in Beijiang, Fang Qiu had been wearing it the whole time and hadn't taken it off once. So now he still looked like a different person.

As for why he was heading for the capital, of course it was because he was going to find the largest auction agency!

How could a regular auction agency dare to auction a Guru Sword?

Even if they wanted to make the deal, Fang Qiu wouldn't dare to let them have it!

At the airport in Longquan.

Fang Qiu bought a big traveling bag outside the airport, put all 20 swords in the bag, and then called Li Ji to fill him in on the situation, hoping that he could board the plane with these swords.

But Li Ji only told one thing. "Board the plane with your new identity."

Confused, Fang Qiu used Lin Yu's identification card to buy the ticket. No sooner had he bought the ticket than a staff member came out and invited him to take the VIP channel respectfully. He was even spared from the security check.

Like that, Fang Qiu boarded the plane with his swords.

After landing at the capital airport, Fang Qiu walked out of the airport and immediately took a taxi to the antique street. He visited all the antique shops, trying to find some sheaths.

As it turned out, he didn't find any sheath but spotted a large jade case.

The jade case was flat and wide, with two layers. On each layer, there were 10 pen-container-like indentations with a lid on the front. Under each lid was a large space, which could accommodate a sword.

Since Fang Qiu couldn't find any sheath, he could only take this jade case. He put the 20 swords in it and strapped the case over his shoulder.

Although that made him pretty eye-catching, it also saved Fang Qiu a lot of trouble.

"Please drive to Chic Cloud Pavilion!"

At the end of the antique street, Fang Qiu got in a taxi and called to the driver.

The Chic Cloud Pavilion was one of the top 10 auction agencies in Huaxia.

Also, it was tacitly acknowledged that it was the number one of the large auction agencies in Huaxia!

The Chic Cloud Pavilion was founded in 1900 when Emperor Guangxu still reigned over the country. So far, it had enjoyed a history of more than 100 years.

It had been a powerful group enterprise.

In addition, the Chic Cloud Pavilion also had a great reputation in Wulin.

Up to now, it was still unheard of that anyone dared to make trouble in the Chic Cloud Pavilion.

In fact, the Chic Cloud Pavilion referred to two places.

First, it was the Chic Cloud Pavilion International Auction Corporation.

This was an auction agency opening to the folks.

The second was to the Chic Cloud Pavilion!

“Which Chic Cloud Pavilion are you going to?”

When the car started, the driver asked, “Is it the Chic Cloud Pavilion Auction Corporation or the Chic Cloud Pavilion with a stone table?”

“The one with a stone tablet,” said Fang Qiu.

He had checked it out on the Wulin website.

In Wulin, the auction agency of the Chic Cloud Pavilion was right at the stone tablet.

Soon, then the taxi took Fang Qiu to the Chic Cloud Pavilion with a stone tablet.

Getting out of the car, a very strange place appeared in front of Fang Qiu.

It was not in the capital, not even within the Fifth Ring Road Area. Actually, it was in the countryside.

Around were all courtyard dwellings.

The stone tablet of the Chic Cloud Pavilion was right in front of him, on top of an ancient building.

The front of the ancient building was a small one-story building in an ancient style. The door was covered with gauze curtains. The stone tablet was on the top of this building and connected with the ancient-style building at the rear.

Fang Qiu took a closer look at it. There was nothing special about the stone tablet but three words were carved on it— Chic Cloud Pavilion. That was all.

As all the people in Wulin always looked for this Chic Cloud Pavilion, the taxi drivers in the capital habitually called this place the Chic Cloud Pavilion with a stone table.

The taxi went off.

Fang Qiu stepped forward, pulled up the curtains, and walked in.

The room was not spacious. It was long and narrow.

On the left side, some ancient calligraphy paintings were hung neatly on the wall, which looked quite ancient. There were seven chandeliers on the top, all of which were ancient Lotus Heart Lanterns, with a candle in each golden lotus candlestick.

On the right sat a five-meter-long counter at the entrance.

There was nothing on the counter, nor was any inside it.

“What can I help you?”

Just as Fang Qiu was looking around, he suddenly heard a nonchalant voice.

He looked in the direction of the voice.

He saw behind the counter, a middle-aged man in his 40s was sprawling in a very low-laid rattan bed with his eyes closed, thinking about something.

"I want to auction something off," Fang Qiu said briskly.

"You've come to the wrong place. If you want to auction something, go to the company. This is not an auction agency," without even opening his eyes, the middle-aged man said in a teasing tone.

"This is surely the right place I'm looking for."

Fang Qiu smiled and urged, "Get up and have a look."

At his words, the middle-aged man's legs stretched out, then he opened an eye, looked at Fang Qiu, and slowly stood up.

Although there were seven lamps, since they were all candlelight flickering in this narrow room flickered, it inevitably made people feel a little depressed.

"I've told you, this is not an auction agency."

The middle-aged man glanced at Fang Qiu speechlessly and said, "But as I have nothing to do and you want me to check out your items, I'll see what good stuff you want to auction off."

Fang Qiu smiled faintly.

Then he patted the bottom of the jade case on his back with his right hand.

“Swoosh!”

A sword’s holler rang out.

A sword instantly flew out of the jade case from behind.

A bright twinkle flitted across the middle-aged man’s eyes.

“A fifth-class sword.”

Fang Qiu put the sword on the counter.

“Nice sword.”

The middle-aged man’s eyes lit up. He picked up the fifth-class sword and observed it. Then, he cast a significant look at Fang Qiu and said, “It’s a good sword indeed, but I have to test it to see if it has reached the fifth class.”

“Be my guest.”

Fang Qiu nodded approvingly.

The middle-aged man immediately took out a piece of jade as thin as a piece of paper.

He put the sword on it.

The next moment, threads of silver energy lines suddenly appeared on the jade paper. The energy lines quickly rushed up from the bottom of the jade paper, stopping at a place a little further than the middle line.

“Surely it’s a fifth-class sword.”

The middle-aged man was pleasantly surprised.

“Uh, what is this thing?”

Fang Qiu was intrigued.

“This is a Sword Testing Stone.”

The middle-aged man glanced at Fang Qiu and explained, “No other place has this stone. But it’s only a device to test weapons and has no other uses. The jade is not fine jade either.”

“Amazing,” Fang Qiu exclaimed.

He didn’t expect that there was such a thing in this world. Compared with this, his method of unifying the man and the sword was too primitive.

It was true that the world was full of wonders.

Of course, the existence of the Sword Testing Stone also indirectly proved the powerful strength of other the Chic Cloud Pavilion.

If they didn’t have enough strength, how could they get a hold of this kind of Sword Testing Stone when no one else could?

“Who is the owner of this fifth-class sword? How could it have such a strong aura?” The middle-aged man gazed at the silver energy lines on the jade paper, which still hadn’t dissipated, and asked in great surprise.

“This has nothing to do with the auction, right?” Fang Qiu questioned instead of answering.

“You got me.”

The middle-aged man shook his head and smiled.

“How much do you reckon this sword can be sold for?” Fang Qiu inquired.

“Normally, the price is about 1.5 million,” the middle-aged man said.

“How is the service charge then?” Fang Qiu asked again.

“10%!”

The middle-aged man smiled and said, “In an ordinary auction agency, a fifth-class sword can be sold for more than one million yuan, but less than 1.5 million yuan. At ours, even though you have to pay 10% as the service charge, it will definitely be worthy of it. If you are lucky, you’ll make quite a big sum.”

“It’s too high.”

Fang Qiu shook his head.

Honestly, he didn’t know much about auction. This time, he planned to make at least tens of millions out of the auction, but if he had to pay 10% as the service charge, the auction agency would actually take a few million away from his pocket.

As Fang Qiu was short of money, he naturally felt distressed if he were to give up several million yuan.

“High?”

The middle-aged man laughed and said, “We Chic Cloud Pavilion is the largest auction agency in Wulin. There is enough guarantee in all aspects. Whether you buy the best stuff that is easy to be coveted by others or get a huge profit that makes others jealous of you, as long as you are in the territory of Chic Cloud Pavilion, we can guarantee that no one dares to lay a hand on you!”

“So, how could we lower the service charge?”

Hearing that remark, Fang Qiu nodded with understanding.

Indeed, as the largest auction agency in Wulin, the Chic Cloud Pavilion’s service fee was really not overcharged.

“What if I auction in bulk?” Fang Qiu thought for a moment and asked, “If there are multiple auction items, can this fee go down a little?”

“Haha.”

The middle-aged man laughed heartily and said to Fang Qiu, “My friend, if you’re auctioning the national treasures, maybe I won’t charge you anything.”

Although it sounded like he was joking, the middle-aged man’s words also told Fang Qiu that if the items were good enough, and the service charge could be negotiated.

“Smack!”

Without hesitation, Fang Qiu clapped his right hand on the jade case again.

“Swoosh!”

From the jade box, another fifth-class sword flew out.

Seeing this, the middle-aged man smiled.

His face told Fang Qiu clearly what he was thinking.

One fifth-class sword was only 1.5 million, and two were only three million. How could the service fee be reduced given such a low value?

However, before the middle-aged man could say something, the jade case on Fang Qiu's back suddenly buzzed continuously.

"Click..."

The 12 lids, which were originally tightly closed with linen threads tied to the case separately, were suddenly opened one after another.

"Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!"

Once more, swords flew out.

There were 12 in total!

Fang Qiu controlled the 12 swords with his internal Qi and made them all fell on the five-meter-long counter, occupying most of the surface of the desk.

Seeing so many swords, the middle-aged man was also taken aback.

“These 12 swords are all sixth-class weapons!” Fang Qiu remarked while the middle-aged man was still in shock.

Medical Master

Chapter 629: Guru... Guru Sword? No Service Charge

“What?”

The middle-aged man widened his eyes and looked at Fang Qiu in disbelief. “All these are sixth-class?”

“Yes.”

Fang Qiu nodded with confidence.

The middle-aged man was simply struck dumb.

“Sixth-class swords!”

“This guy has so many sixth-class swords. Is he in the wholesale business?”

Amid the astonishment, the middle-aged man quickly fetched the Sword Testing Stone and put the swords on it one by one. As it turned out, every time he placed a sword on the stone, the silver energy lines moved up swiftly, surpassing the measuring mark of the fifth class showed in the previous test and dashing to a spot only one-third of the length of the stone away from the end.

“Yes, yes... they’re all sixth-class!”

After testing them one by one, the middle-aged man found that the 12 swords were all sixth-class weapons, and the auras they carry were very strong!

“Are these enough to cut down the service fee a little?” Asked Fang Qiu.

“Okay.”

The middle-aged man considered it for a while and said, “I can cut your service fee to 5%. If you can offer me a seventh-grade sword, I can even lower it to 3%!”

Then, the middle-aged man turned to stare at Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu didn’t say a word but patted the case with his right hand.

Three more swords flew out immediately!

“Okay, you do have more!”

The middle-aged man gave a shudder. He was just making a conversation. He didn’t expect that Fang Qiu actually had more.

“For 15 sixth-class swords, the service is still 5%. It can’t go down.”

The middle-aged man gawked at Fang Qiu as if he was looking at a freak.

He was wondering where such a person came from.

How come he had so many precious swords?

“You may have misunderstood me.”

Fang Qiu put the three swords on the counter and said, “These three swords are seventh-class!”

“Oh!” The middle-aged man replied.

His hand, which had just grabbed the Sword Testing Stone, suddenly froze. Then, he slowly turned to look at Fang Qiu and asked, “What, what did you say?”

“I said, these three swords are all seventh-class,” Fang Qiu repeated.

The middle-aged man was stunned.

He did not pose any more questions but hurriedly took the Sword Testing Stone to do the test.

Sure enough, the silver lines on the stone rushed to a higher spot than before, proving that these swords had indeed reached the seventh class.

“Since you said the service fee is 3% if I have one more seventh-class sword, shouldn’t you give me a bigger discount when I’ve presented you three?” Fang Qiu asked with a smile after the middle-aged man finished the test.

“Give you 2%!” The middle-aged man said brusquely.

Then, he stood on tiptoes and craned his neck to look at the jade case on Fang Qiu’s back. When he saw that there were still three lids that hadn’t been opened, he immediately asked, “Anything else?”

“Yes.”

Fang Qiu nodded and clapped the case again.

An eighth-class sword shot out and fell directly into Fang Qiu’s hand.

“This, this is...?”

Staring at the sword in Fang Qiu’s hand with longing eyes, the middle-aged man swallowed and questioned, feeling his mouth dry.

“It’s eighth-class.”

Fang Qiu smiled and handed the sword to the middle-aged man.

Hearing his words, though the middle-aged man was mentally prepared for this, his eyes still popped out at the word “eighth-class”.

He quickly reached out to take it and then placed it on the Sword Testing Stone.

The silver line on the stone rushed straight up and stopped when it was only a little bit away from the top.

“Eighth-class, it’s really eighth-class.”

The middle-aged man’s voice began to tremble with excitement. His eyes were fixed on the eighth-class sword in his hand. Then, he murmured with exhilaration, “How many years has it been since I last saw this in Wulin. Eighth-class... an eighth-class sword!”

“Can the service fee be any lower?” Fang Qiu asked timely.

“2% is already very cheap.”

The middle-aged man looked expectantly at Fang Qiu.

“It’s still too high. Well, I’ll just go to other auction agencies. Who knows, they might even not charge me any service fee.”

Fang Qiu pretended to get back his swords.

“Don’t!”

Hearing this, the middle-aged man panicked. He reached out to stop Fang Qiu while gritting his teeth and said, “1%. Just 1%, okay?”

“That’s more like it.”

Fang Qiu nodded as if it was a matter of course.

He knew that the middle-aged man was also aware that now it was not about the price, but the chance to get famous!

It didn’t matter how much exactly these swords were worth.

Just the auction alone was a good opportunity to gain more fame.

If Fang Qiu took these precious swords to another auction agency to sell, wouldn’t that be a slap in the face to the Chic Cloud Pavilion?

The Chic Cloud Pavilion had claimed that they only sold the best items in Wulin. If the eighth-class sword fell into the hands of other auction agencies, how could the Chic Cloud Pavilion have the face to stay in the business anymore?

Therefore, no matter what, the Chic Cloud Pavilion had to attain these precious swords!

“When is your next auction?” Fang Qiu asked directly after the service fee was settled.

“There will be one in a month.”

The middle-aged man checked the schedule and said, “I can arrange it for you. Auction all these swords in that one.”

“Can we hold a special auction in five days?” Asked Fang Qiu with a frown.

It was not because he was so arrogant that he thought he could hold a special auction for his items, but because he did not have much time left. Five days was already the longest he could wait. If later than that, he would have to take off for the medical conference.

“Impossible.”

The middle-aged man immediately shook his head and said, “To hold an auction, these swords of yours are not enough. Although they are all high-quality, you need enough time to prepare for the auction and do the promotion. You also need some ordinary weapons as an appetizer. Five days is too short. I say no!”

“What if I offer you another one?” Asked Fang Qiu tentatively.

“Huh?”

The middle-aged man quivered from head to foot. Once again, he stood on tiptoes and looked at the jade case on Fang Qiu’s back. When he found that there were still two lids that hadn’t been opened, he immediately asked, “More eighth-class?”

Fang Qiu shook his head.

“Ninth-class?”

The middle-aged man’s voice began to shiver.

In fact, he already saw it coming.

Every time Fang Qiu took out his swords, they would be one level higher than the last ones. At first, he presented fifth-class swords, then, the sixth-class, the seventh-class sword, and finally the eighth-class sword.

Now, in the last two lids that had not been opened were probably the ninth-class and the...!

The middle-aged man didn't dare to think further about it.

Therefore, he tentatively asked if it was an eighth-class sword. As he found it was not, the only possibility was that it was a ninth-class one!

No one in the martial art world had ever seen a ninth-class sword. And the Chic Cloud Pavilion had never auctioned a ninth-class sword since it was founded!

If this was true, it would be too, too... awesome!

However, in the face of the middle-aged man's question, Fang Qiu said with a calm face, "A Guru Sword!"

"Huh?"

The middle-aged man was shocked and abruptly fell backward.

It seemed that he tripped on the rattan bed because he was overwhelmed by the news.

"Smack!"

Throwing a hand on the wall behind him to keep balance, the middle-aged man turned his head and looked at Fang Qiu in great shock. He propped himself up and gently flexed his right hand, motioning Fang Qiu to display the sword.

Seeing this, Fang Qiu directly knocked off the last second lid, and then reached out and pulled the Guru Sword out of the jade case.

Once the Guru Sword was out, a gust of cold wind instantly blew past them.

The nearby Qi of Heaven and Earth began to surge.

The middle-aged man was also a Martial Superior, so he could naturally sense the surge of the Qi of Heaven and Earth. At the same time, he also detected the aura emitted from the Guru Sword.

At the sight of the Guru Sword, the middle-aged man almost dropped to his knees.

Then he quickly took a deep breath, raised his both shaky hands to take the sword in excitement.

Fang Qiu handed over the sword.

Thrilled, the middle-aged man held the sword with both hands. He quickly observed it with his gleaming eyes before putting the sword on the Sword Testing Stone.

The next moment, the silver lines on the stone suddenly rushed from the bottom to the top as if they were having adrenaline high, and then quickly circled around the frame until the silver lines filled the entire stone completely!

“This is... Guru... Guru Sword?”

The middle-aged man didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Anyway, looking at the Sword Testing Stone covered with silver lines, he was completely stunned. All he saw now was the Guru Sword. He was so overjoyed and excited that he almost fainted!

Fang Qiu also noted that the highest level this stone could test was the guru. Perhaps it was because Guru Sword had never appeared before, so there were only nine ranks on the stone. It could clearly show the ranks of the weapons from the first class to the ninth class. But when it came to higher levels, it could only display like this, which showed that this sword was absolutely above the ninth class.

Looking at the silver energy lines running wildly on the Sword Testing Stone, Fang Qiu thought to himself, "Would I blow up this Sword Testing Stone if I get a weapon at the two flowers level?"

Of course, that was just an idea. After all, Fang Qiu still had a long way to go before he could bear two flowers in his Dantian.

"Five days."

All of a sudden, the stunned middle-aged man grabbed Fang Qiu's hand and said, "Give me five days. I will definitely hold an exclusive auction for you. No service charge. You won't even pay for the 1%!"

The middle-aged man was all enlivened.

He was one of the managers working for the Chic Cloud Pavilion and was under a lot of pressure because of the fierce competition in this field. If it weren't for his rich experience bestowed by his age and proficiency in hosting affairs, he would have been eliminated long ago.

But he never knew, today, there was such a big opportunity falling into his hand for no reason.

He had to seize this rare opportunity no matter what!

"Good!"

Hearing the middle-aged man's words, Fang Qiu nodded at once.

"So, are you keeping this sword or leaving it here?" The middle-aged man asked urgently.

“Leave it here.”

Fang Qiu thought for a moment and said, “That’s safer.”

“Okay.”

The middle-aged man immediately nodded excitedly and added, “I’ll prepare the letter of authorization for this auction right now.”

It was no wonder that the Chic Cloud Pavilion was the largest auction agency in the martial art circle.

Very soon, the middle-aged man had the letter of authorization at ready.

Fang Qiu read the document carefully. After making sure that the man had written down the exact ranks of the 19 swords and that there was no problem with the terms, he signed the letter of authorization.

While Fang Qiu was handling the paperwork, the middle-aged man took out a single-len reflex camera and snapped shots of the 20 swords!

When Fang Qiu was done with the paperwork, he took his departure with the jade case on his back.

Looking at the back of Fang Qiu as he went off, the middle-aged man exhaled deeply. Then, his eyes fell on the last lid of the jade case Fang Qiu carried on his back. It was the only one that he had not opened.

“The last second is the Guru Sword, so the last one might be...”

In the middle-aged man’s eyes, there was a shock that could not be topped.

He didn’t dare to think further.

The Guru Sword was already the most horrible weapon known in the entire Wulin. If Fang Qiu also displayed the last one, wouldn't it scare people to death?

More importantly, the fact that Fang Qiu had put a Guru Sword on auction told the middle-aged man that this young man was definitely not an ordinary person. He must be the kind of man that even the Chic Cloud Pavilion dared not to mess with!

Medical Master

Chapter 630: A Sensation in the Entire Wulin!

"Even for we Chic Cloud Pavilion, this auction is the top priority."

When Fang Qiu completely disappeared out of sight, the middle-aged man took a deep breath and then quickly turned to report to his superior.

As to Fang Qiu, after walking out of the Chic Cloud Pavilion, he muttered along the way, "Now, all I've got is the useless Newborn Moon Sword. If Long Qiyun had let me hammer it once when he was casting it, this sword would have been a fine sword worth at least a million. What a pity."

While whispering to himself, Fang Qiu took a taxi and went straight to the airport, preparing to go back to Jiangjing.

In an antique wooden building that was exceedingly luxurious.

"Knock, knock, knock."

The middle-aged manager, who had received 19 swords from Fang Qiu, came to a door and gently knocked on it.

"Come in."

A booming voice came from inside.

“Creak.”

When the middle-aged man pushed the door open, what came into his view was not an old-fashioned antique office but the one with easily the most modern interior decorating.

The floor was timber floor, on which lay a desk in simple design, a European-style leather sofa. There were also a TV hanging on the wall and a computer.

At this moment, a man in his 40s was sitting behind the desk, staring at the computer screen.

“Mr. Li.”

The middle-aged manager stepped forward and respectfully looked at the square-faced, refined-looking middle-aged man behind the desk. He was wearing a suit vest and spectacles, and he had a mustache. The manager said, “I have big news.”

This man was Li Zhengcheng, one of the board directors of the Chic Cloud Pavilion. Since the board directors only took part in the major affairs of the company but not the daily management, Li Zhengcheng set up an office of his own. When there was work, he would come to the office. Otherwise, he wouldn’t show up at all because there wouldn’t be a difference anyway.

Besides, Li Zhengcheng was particularly nice to others, so many managers were willing to come to him for reporting work. After all, he was one of the board directors of the company, and he had a say in all the important matters.

“Big news?”

Li Zhengcheng turned his head, glanced at the manager, and asked, “What’s the big news?”

“I just received a commission. I was to auction weapons,” said the middle-aged manager.

“That’s it?”

Li Zhengcheng frowned and said, curling his lips, “Why are you so surprised that someone wants you to sell a few weapons for him? I’m in the middle of reading the duplicates now. I don’t want to be disturbed.”

“Mr. Li, I won’t be surprised if those were ordinary weapons. The point is that the deal I sealed is not on ordinary weapons,” said the middle-aged manager.

“Hum.”

“Well, big deal. Can’t it be arranged in next month’s auction?”

“Mr. Li, how about... you take a guess first? What’s the rank of the weapons my client wants to auction?” The middle-aged manager said with a smile.

“Sixth-class?”

Li Zhengcheng didn’t seem to want to say much. He replied casually while playing computer games.

There was a rule in the Chic Cloud Pavilion.

Only the auction items above the sixth class shall be reported to the board members.

“There are 12 of them!” The middle-aged manager answered.

“Oh?” Li Zhengcheng responded.

Moments later, when Li Zhengcheng was done with the computer game, he withdrew his hand from the mouse and looked at the computer screen with satisfaction. Then, Li Zhengcheng turned his head and asked the middle-aged manager, "How many of the sixth-class weapons did you just say?"

"12!" The middle-aged manager replied.

"What?"

Li Zhengcheng was stunned.

"Two fifth-class swords and 12 sixth-class," the middle-aged manager repeated.

"So many?" Li Zhengcheng asked in surprise.

"That's not the end."

The middle-aged manager's eyes glinted brightly as he said, "In addition to the two swords in the fifth class and 12 in the sixth class, there are three in the seventh class and one in the eighth class!"

"What?"

Li Zhengcheng stood bolt up, stared at the middle-aged manager in shock, and asked, "Three seventh-class, and one eighth-class?"

Li Zhengcheng was flabbergasted!

How was that possible?

How could anyone bring out so many precious swords?

Aside from the fifth-class and sixth-class ones, how could he also have three seventh-class swords?

Moreover, there was also an eighth-class sword that had not appeared in the martial arts world for decades?

Was, was this a wholesale?

Why did so many precious swords pop out all of a sudden?

Yet, as Li Zhengcheng was still in shock, the middle-aged manager spoke again.

“But that’s not the point!”

The middle-aged manager took a deep breath and went on solemnly.

“What?”

Li Zhengcheng was dazed.

“So these precious swords don’t matter?”

“If this isn’t important, then what is?”

“There’s one last sword.”

The middle-aged manager tried to calm down by taking a deep breath. After slowly exhaling, he said,
“The last one is a Guru Sword!”

At this, Li Zhengcheng’s eyes widened.

In an instant, there was a look of disbelief on his face. He stared unblinkingly at the middle-aged manager and was so excited that he began to tremble.

“Take me to see it. Take me to it now!”

Li Zhengcheng’s voice was quivering.

The middle-aged manager did not dare to waste a second.

He immediately took Li Zhengcheng to the underground security room at a run, opened the safe, and drew out all the 19 swords Fang Qiu entrusted him to sell.

At the moment he saw the Guru Sword, the eyes of the middle-aged man was immediately filled with infinite surprise.

Then, the middle-aged manager quickly fetched the Sword Testing Stone and put the Guru Sword on it.

Taking a look at the stone, the director knew it was surely a Guru Sword!

Li Zhengcheng was so thrilled that his hands began shaking. He grabbed the Guru Sword and reached out to touch every inch of it. His face was full of excitement.

“Guru Sword! Can’t believe it’s a Guru Sword!”

Li Zhengcheng gingerly put down the sword, then turned over, patted the middle-aged manager heavily on the shoulder, and said, “Good, good job!”

“Well...”

The middle-aged manager said cautiously, "Mr. Li, I didn't dare to charge this client any service fee on this auction commission. And I've promised to hold a special auction for him in five days in the name of our company. Will there be a problem with that?"

Li Zhengcheng laughed, waved his hand, and said, "That's what you should do. You did a good job!"

"What will the company say about this?" The middle-aged manager asked hesitantly.

"Don't worry. This is a great thing. No one will come out to pick bones with you."

Li Zhengcheng laughed out loud and then forced himself to stop laughing, and asked, "The client actually took out so many swords at a time, and one of them is a Guru Sword. Who is this client?"

"A young man," the middle-aged manager said.

Because Fang Qiu didn't wear a mask when he came to the capital, the middle-aged manager clearly saw his appearance.

No.

Technically, what he saw was Lin Yu's appearance!

"A young man?"

Li Zhengcheng nodded knowingly and said with emotion, "Today's youngsters are getting more and more intimidating. That young man even has a Guru Sword. Who knows what kind of power he has been concealing? You must keep this a secret. Don't let anyone else learn anything about the client, understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

The middle-aged manager then added, "There's one more thing that I don't know if I should tell you or not."

"What is it?" Li Zhengcheng asked.

"When the client came in, he carried a jade case filled with swords on his back. There were a total of 20 lids in the case. These 19 swords were all taken out of that jade case. The last one he drew out was the Guru Sword. But when the client left, there was still one lid in the jade case that had not opened," said the middle-aged manager.

"Huh?"

Li Zhengcheng's face got all intense.

He knew what the middle-aged manager meant.

If the second last sword in the jade case was the Guru Sword, what kind of sword would the last one be?

"Bear in mind what I just told you."

Frowning, Li Zhengcheng reminded the manager and then added, "You are in charge of the preparation for the auction. Now, off you go!"

"Yes, sir."

The middle-aged manager turned around and left with joy.

Li Zhengcheng, however, picked up the Guru Sword and stroked it over and over again. He loved it so much that he couldn't put it down!

Soon, everyone in the Chic Cloud Pavilion, whether they were in the martial art circle or not, knew the news about the Guru Sword and all the other precious swords.

When they heard the news, everyone was astonished!

A Guru Sword!

It seemed that such a powerful weapon had never appeared in Wulin. Even if there was such a powerful weapon in this world, no one would ever put it on auction.

There was no doubt that the auction of the Guru Sword instantly became the most important event in the Chic Cloud Pavilion, which attracted the attention of all the higher-ups!

Three hours later.

A piece of news swept across Wulin like a tornado.

Five days later, the Chic Cloud Pavilion would hold a special weapon auction. A large number of swords would be auctioned then, and the most precious item at that auction would be a Guru Sword, which had never shown up in Wulin before!

The news traveled fast.

As the biggest auction agency in Wulin, the Chic Cloud Pavilion already spread the news to everyone in just a few hours even without putting it on the Wulin online forum.

Shortly after, a post about the news appeared on the Wulin online forum.

“A Guru Sword! Who would have thought the Chic Cloud Pavilion managed to get a Guru Sword!”

“What the f*ck? How is this possible? Is there really a Guru Sword in Wulin?”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe it!”

“Nowadays, it’s already very difficult to find a guru. So how could there be a guru sword?”

The Wulin people from all over the world left comments under the post to express their shock to the world!

In fact, they were not alone.

When the news spread, the whole Wulin went crazy.

When the people heard that the Chic Cloud Pavilion was going to auction a Guru Sword, they were all staggered!

Not only the ordinary martial arts practitioners and Martial Superiors but also those eighth-class Martial Superiors, especially those who had been stuck in the ninth class for years, were shocked by the news.

“A Guru Sword, a Guru Sword... God has finally treated me well. There is finally hope for me to become a guru!”

In a city, a middle-aged man, who was delivering express goods, stopped short as soon as he received the news. He was so excited that he nearly burst into tears.

“Is the Chic Cloud Pavilion going nuts? They got a hold of a Guru Sword and are actually auctioning it?”

In a spacious hall, a middle-aged man with a solemn and dignified look was immediately struck dumb when he heard the report from his subordinate.

“This is precious. Though the Guru Sword can’t help me directly break through to the Guru Realm, as long as I get it, it will bring me great benefits.”

Under a bridge, an old man who lived in a shed cackled, showing his missing front teeth.