

# **I Am Overlord**

## **#Chapter 11: What a Snob! - Read I Am Overlord**

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The Martial Hall Palace Restaurant, located in the middle of the outer and inner courts, was the only restaurant in the entire Martial Hall Palace. The restaurant covered a vast area of over four thousand square metres, and its five floors each served different kinds of people.

Floors one to three served outer court disciples, inner court disciples, and normal overseers. Floors four and five served personal disciples, high-tier overseers, and elders. From this, one could see that the status of personal disciples far exceeded one's imagination.

After beating up Gou Zi and his companions, Xiang Shaoyun ran straight to the restaurant. He went directly to the restaurant's manager and loudly said, "Shopkeeper, prepare one jug of wine, three catties of meat, four bowls of rice, and five side dishes with utmost speed. This young master is about to starve to death!"

The shopkeeper laughed and replied, "Okay! Take a seat first; they'll be out in a jiffy!"

Next, Xiang Shaoyun found a comfortable seat within the spacious restaurant and sat down. At the time, there were not many people in the restaurant as dinnertime had not yet come. A waiter brought the dishes and wine relatively quickly.

"Dear customer, please enjoy your meal," said the waiter politely while placing down the food.

Without even bothering to respond to the waiter, Xiang Shaoyun wolfed down the food like a starving lion. He really was like a hungry ghost, devouring his food at such a speed that it scared those who noticed him.

Within an instant, four full bowls of rice, a few side dishes, and three whole catties of meat had all ended up in Xiang Shaoyun's stomach. After all that, he took hold of the jug of wine and directly took a swig from it. A feeling of ecstasy that had never been felt before filled his entire being, leaving him extremely comfortable.

"Good...this is really the life," Xiang Shaoyun uncontrollably said. Ever since he was born, today was the first time in his entire life that he had experienced such starvation. Even the few months he was on the run was nothing compared to today.

Xiang Shaoyun began to recall the times when he would be decked in lavish clothing and dine on fine food—food fit for immortals that was ten times better than the food here! Regardless of whether he loved eating there, he would always reward his servants for it. How prodigal he was back then!

Right now, though, Xiang Shaoyun could no longer go back to those days, but this let him fully understand how precious food was to a low-ranking cultivator. Those who toil for meals will indeed cherish every single grain of rice.

“From now on, I must cherish everything that I have. I can’t afford to be so wasteful anymore,” Xiang Shaoyun swore to himself. After today, he had gained a deeper understanding on the ugly side of people. At the same time, he had also gained much from this day.

“Who is this kid? With the speed he’s eating, I wouldn’t be surprised if he was a reincarnated hungry ghost!” A person seated nearby gasped upon seeing the speed at which he demolished his meal.

“I don’t believe I’ve seen this guy before. Could he be one of those starving outer court disciples who’ve come here to have a free meal?” replied another person sharing the same table.

“Heheh, that’s a possibility. I wonder if these things happen often to him? If they do, then this brat is doomed,” said the person who had initially spoke up.

“Indeed so. Since he dared to eat without paying, he has to stay and help the restaurant wash dishes for a whole month! Although a month may not seem like a very long period of time, he’ll be missing out on all his cultivation during this time, further increasing the gap between him and his fellow peers!” yet another person said.

Judging from their attire, they seemed to be inner court disciples. They did not bother masking their words one bit, and they even had a bit of ridicule in their voices. Yesterday, although Xiang Shaoyun had shaken the entire Martial Hall Palace, not everybody was aware of who he was.

After all, inner court disciples were usually elsewhere on excursions or in closed meditation. Not many had heard of Xiang Shaoyun’s five stars illuminating the sky. Otherwise, they would definitely not have looked down on Xiang Shaoyun as such.

Xiang Shaoyun had heard every single word of their conversation crystal clear, but he naturally would not take their words to heart. He increased the speed at which he finished his wine before calling over the waiter to settle the bill.

“Dear customer, your bill comes to a total of 10 points. Please present your jade plate to pay,” the waiter politely said, although his eyes betrayed the doubt that was present within him. Even the waiter thought the brat was just another one of the outer court

disciples here to eat without paying. Taking note of the way the waiter was looking at him, Xiang Shaoyun took out the jade plate and slammed it right into the table.

Pa!

"Take it," Xiang Shaoyun said with an unconcealed trace of pride.

Cultivators must have an unyielding backbone, one that will never break. These were words that his father had taught him. Never in his wildest dreams had the waiter thought Xiang Shaoyun would actually be able to produce a jade plate. Examining the jade plate, he cried out in shock, "Th-this is the jade plate given by the Hall of Limits!"

"What's wrong? Is there an issue?" Xiang Shaoyun snapped back at him.

"No, there's no issue at all. Furthermore, since you are in possession of a jade plate from the Hall of Limits, you are entitled to 40 percent off your total bill. Hence, you only need to pay 6 points now!" The waiter's attitude had done an entire 180-degree turn, his tone now taking on a tinge of respect.

A disciple able to surpass one of the limits would have a vast future ahead of him and was not someone a mere waiter at a restaurant could afford to offend.

"There's something like this here? Not bad at all." Xiang Shaoyun indifferently laughed.

After he finished settling Xiang Shaoyun's bill, the waiter returned the jade plate and even respectfully said, "Please keep it well, young master."

His address changing from customer to young master was indeed swift.

Xiang Shaoyun lightly laughed before saying, "In the future, before you act like such a snob, just remember that the river flows 30 years to the east and 30 years to the west. Who can say what will happen tomorrow?"

"Of course, of course," the waiter immediately answered.

Xiang Shaoyun's words fell on the ears of the inner court disciples nearby, giving them a very unpleasant feeling as if he was countering everything they had said about him before.

The inner court disciple who had been the first to ridicule Xiang Shaoyun stood up and pointed at him, saying, "Just a mere sixth-stage Basic Realm brat dares to spout such nonsense? Yeah, I don't think there's a need for you to vie for the position of an inner court disciple anymore."

Xiang Shaoyun turned back to look at the inner court disciple who had just spoken and said, "What right do you think you have to cut short my path forward?"

“By the fact that my name is Wang Yang!” the inner court disciple replied, proud as a peacock.

Wang Yang was one of the top 15 disciples in the inner court. Just from this alone, he did indeed possess the ability to halt the progress of a majority of the outer court disciples.

One ought to know that the difference between inner and outer court disciples was like that of the sky and the ground. Every single inner court disciple was an individual who had successfully condensed astral energy. They had reached the point of refining strength into qi and separating their astral energy from their physical bodies, giving them immense combat ability.

Taking care of an outer court disciple would just be a walk in the park for any inner court disciple, much less one ranked within the top 15. As it was approaching dinnertime, numerous disciples began streaming into the restaurant. They had just stepped foot into the restaurant when they heard Wang Yang arguing with an outer court disciple. Not wanting to miss out on the fun, they couldn't help but draw closer.

“Wang Yang...,” Xiang Shaoyun muttered, seemingly in a daze.

“Hmph, so you do know fear! If you're sensible, then get the hell over here and apologize! Oh, give me all of your points as well, otherwise...” Wang Yang sneered arrogantly.

Before he had even finished speaking, however, Xiang Shaoyun began digging his ears as he indifferently replied, “Never heard of you before.”

Xiang Shaoyun's actions and manner of speech were full of provocation, leaving a very foul taste in Wang Yang's mouth. To him, as one of the top 15 disciples of the inner court, being humiliated as such by a mere outer court disciple was no different from directly smacking him in the face.

*Chapter 12: I, Xiang Shaoyun, Will Look After You From Now On!*

“Good, very good! You say you've never heard of me before, eh? Heh heh...,” Wang Yang said, bursting out into maniacal laughter. In his eyes, Xiang Shaoyun was no more than a prancing clown. The only possible concern was that he had the ability to break through his limits. However, he was a mere outer court disciple who had a long way to go before maturity, no more than a cricket in Wang Yang's eyes.

The people within the restaurant also burst out in laughter. They were laughing at Xiang Shaoyun for being completely ignorant, seeking his own death. Getting up from his seat, Wang Yang stared daggers at Xiang Shaoyun as he drew closer to Xiang Shaoyun, emitting some of his astral energy.

Before Wang Yang had the opportunity to fully close in, Xiang Shaoyun shouted in alarm, "This young master is the junior brother of Zi Changhe, and hence half an elder! Do you dare to be disrespectful towards me?!"

"Zi Changhe? Is-isn't that the Purple Lightning Marquis?!" Wang Yang said, completely startled.

"Brother Wang, don't listen to his bullshit. The junior brother of the Purple Lightning Marquis won't be from the same generation as us! Look at how young this brat is! How can he be the Purple Lightning Marquis's junior brother? He's clearly bluffing us!" the inner court disciples sitting at the same table reminded him.

"Oh right! This damned brat dares to fool me? You even dare to use the Purple Lightning Marquis's name to weave lies! I must thoroughly discipline you today!" Wang Yang shouted furiously.

"You dare? I'm the one and only Xiang Shaoyun!" Xiang Shaoyun said, declaring his status.

"Who cares if you're Shaoyun or Shaolin, I'll still hit you!" Wang Yang bellowed, sending a palm straight for Xiang Shaoyun's face.

Xiang Shaoyun initially had thoughts of running away, but he found that he was rooted in place by Wang Yang's aura, all but destroying his hopes of ever escaping.

"F\*ck, Zi Changhe's name is so useless! I can't even deter a fellow disciple!" Xiang Shaoyun cursed to himself.

Just as Xiang Shaoyun expected to be hit by a solid palm, a person suddenly dashed in front of him and stopped Wang Yang's palm while saying, "Hold your hand!"

Taking note of the person who had stopped him, Wang Yang angrily shouted, "Wang Zhenchuan, you dare to hinder me?!"

At first glance, Wang Zhenchuan didn't seem much older than Xiang Shaoyun. Although he could not be considered dashing, he likewise had an extraordinary bearing. He was also another one of Martial Hall Palace's top 15 inner court disciples.

Wang Zhenchuan came from a poor household, but his talents were anything but ordinary. He poured all his focus into cultivation and was widely known as the next Purple Lightning Marquis. Furthermore, Zi Changhe was Wang Zhenchuan's idol, a target for him to work toward.

"He is indeed the junior brother of Elder Zi Changhe," Wang Zhenchuan indifferently replied to Wang Yang.

“You’re utterly blind! He’s so young; how can he possibly be the Purple Lightning Marquis’s junior brother?! Even if he is his disciple, I don’t like his face! You’d better make way soon, or else I’ll consider this as you challenging me!” Wang Yang roared.

Completely unfettered, Wang Zhenchuan coolly replied, “It was Xiang Shaoyun who had caused the five stars illuminating the sky yesterday.”

After he spoke, his words resounded through the entire restaurant, causing everybody there to finally piece everything together.

“So he’s the Xiang Shaoyun who attracted the five stars illuminating the sky phenomenon? No wonder his name sounds so familiar! It was him all along!”

“Five stars illuminating the sky! This guy has a natural high-tier natal chart; his future is limitless! Even our Martial Hall Palace only has one such person—our number one beauty, Gong Qinyin!”

“Indeed! I was lucky enough to see everything yesterday! Many elders wanted to take him in as a disciple, including Vice Palace Master Qing Xiuhe! It was a pity that the nineteenth elder said that he was taking in this disciple on behalf of his master. However, this indeed proves that Xiang Shaoyun is the junior brother of the nineteenth elder!”

“Wang Yang is doomed this time for offending the junior brother of the Purple Lightning Marquis! His days from now on will be hard! We’d better stay away from him!”

“Rightfully so! The Purple Lightning Marquis is fiery and unyielding! He must also dearly cherish his junior brother! Otherwise, he wouldn’t bestow him a jade plate to allow him to eat here! Wang Yang dares to bully him? He sure has guts!”

Clearly hearing each and every word of the outer court disciples, Wang Yang’s face began to pale. He’d never thought in his wildest dreams that this brat was actually the junior brother of the Purple Lightning Marquis! He’d only been gone for a few days and something this major had occurred. Five stars illuminating the sky! If his palm had actually landed on Xiang Shaoyun’s face earlier, he would’ve truly been seeking his own death!

An otherworldly genius of Xiang Shaoyun’s calibre was bound to be a precious gem in the whole Martial Hall Palace! Even the personal disciples of the elders would not want to offend him, much less a mere inner court disciple like him! Doing so would be akin to digging his own grave. Right now, he could not help but feel immense gratitude towards Wang Zhenchuan. By stopping him, Wang Zhenchuan had essentially saved his life!

Looking at the slightly shivering Wang Yang, Xiang Shaoyun put on the airs of an elder and said, “So you know your mistakes now, do you? Luckily for you, this young master

here is a generous man, so I will let you off this once! In the future, you better not let me catch you being such a snob anymore!”

“Y-yes...Elder Xiang is absolutely right! I-I, Wang Yang, will never do such a thing again!” Wang Yang said, chilled to the depths of his heart. He had put great effort into obtaining his status as an inner court disciple; he did not wish to throw it away just like that!

Xiang Shaoyun no longer bothered about the pathetic Wang Yang. Instead, he turned to Wang Zhenchuan and patted his shoulder, saying, “You’re not bad! I, Xiang Shaoyun, will look after you from now on!”

After he finished talking, Xiang Shaoyun turned around and strode out of the restaurant in a completely natural manner. The place, however, had become so silent that one could hear a pin drop. A sixth-stage Basic Realm practitioner was going to look after an inner court disciple at the Astral Realm? Had the ways of the world completely flipped?

After exiting the restaurant, Xiang Shaoyun heaved a huge sigh of relief as he patted his chest and muttered, “It’s a good thing that the name ‘Xiang Shaoyun’ is a terrifying one! Nobody dares to mess with me! Mere inner court disciples? Heh, they’re not even fit to be my servants!”

When the disciples in the restaurant heard his words, their expressions became slightly complicated. They all silently cursed, “This brat really is infuriating! Wang Yang was only being polite because of the Purple Lightning Marquis’s status!”

After tossing this brief episode into the back of his head, Xiang Shaoyun did not return directly to the outer court. It was already dinnertime; a vast majority of disciples would already be fighting for food.

Xiang Shaoyun also had no plans to visit Zi Changhe. After all, Zi Changhe himself had said that if he could not reach the Astral Realm within half a year, he could abandon all thought of ever seeking him out.

Outer court, Battle Technique Hall.

This was a place not far from the Hall of Limits, and it was not like the ancient pavilion of the Hall of Limits. Rather, there were several smaller erected pavilions that nobody was taking care of, and these small pavilions formed the Battle Technique Hall.

Xiang Shaoyun made his way towards the first pavilion. Within stood a piece of rock almost two meters tall. This was a Battle Technique Stele. Battle Technique Steles typically stored battle techniques that could be passed down without reservation.



Within this particular stele was Martial Hall Palace's lowest-ranked battle techniques, the Rushing Qi Fist. All outer sect disciples of Martial Hall Palace were eligible to learn this tier-one battle technique.

Xiang Shaoyun was a very well-read individual, having deep theoretical knowledge of hundreds of high-tier battle techniques. However, with his current strength, he had no means of cultivating those particular techniques.

"I used to think that those trash techniques weren't even worth a look, but now I'm even picking one up to cultivate." Xiang Shaoyun sighed to himself, a plethora of emotions surging within his heart. Since he was in the Basic Realm, he could temporarily only learn tier-1 and tier-2 battle techniques. Such low-ranking battle techniques weren't even in his memory!

### *Chapter 13: Heaven-defying Comprehension Ability!*

The Rushing Qi Fist involved gathering one's physical strength into one's fist and unleashing a punch with the might of a charging demonic beast. This was classified as a peak tier-1 battle technique. Those who cultivated the Rushing Qi Fist would be able to raise their physical strength by 25 to 50 kilograms. This was the unique benefit of practicing this battle technique.

A Basic Realm cultivator who practiced this battle technique against a Basic Realm cultivator who did not would hold an advantage of up to 50 kilograms of strength, which was sufficient to be a decisive factor in a battle.

Calming his heart, Xiang Shaoyun memorized both the method to cultivate the Rushing Qi Fist and the images carved on the wall depicting the process of using the battle technique. He did not immediately begin practicing the Rushing Qi Fist but rather began walking toward the second stele. The technique stored here was a kicking technique.

This was yet another peak tier-1 battle technique, the Gale Winds Kick. It focused on the training of the leg. It did not have the effect of increasing one's strength like the Rushing Qi Fist, but it could increase the speed of one's kicks, holding true to its name of "Gale Winds". This made it extremely hard for one's opponent to keep track of the kicks.

Once again, Xiang Shaoyun memorized both the method and the carved images within the blink of an eye. If anybody else found out that all it took for Xiang Shaoyun to completely memorize the techniques was a mere cursory glance, they would be shocked out of their skin.

After memorizing the Gale Winds Kick, Xiang Shaoyun proceeded to yet another stele to take a look at the techniques there. Again, after staying there for merely an instant, he moved on to yet another stele. Within a single hour, he thoroughly memorized the five battle techniques held within the steles. The techniques consisted of the Rushing Qi



Fist, Gale Winds Kick, Cloud Splitting Palm, Triple Revolutions Sword, and Heavy Cleave Technique—five different tier-1 battle techniques.

Most martial officers would advise their disciples to not bite off more than they could chew, hence only letting them practice at the very most three battle techniques simultaneously. Yet here Xiang Shaoyun was, seemingly wanting to learn all five at once!

Once he was done, Xiang Shaoyun left the Battle Technique Hall and headed back to his living quarters. Throughout his time here, Zi Changhe had only ever given him a single meditation scripture before throwing Xiang Shaoyun to cultivate with the other outer court disciples. However, if there was one thing he did do, he had provided Xiang Shaoyun a nice place to stay.

Xiang Shaoyun stayed in a quiet and beautiful compound by himself, separate from the rest of the disciples. Only personal disciples would have the right to live in such an area. After returning to his courtyard, he quietly thought to himself, It's a good thing that this cold-hearted senior brother still has some form of humanity left in him!

With a solitary compound, Xiang Shaoyun could solely focus on cultivating his battle techniques. Leaving behind his worries accumulated throughout the day, he quietly sat in his compound. Within his mind first surfaced pictures pertaining to the Rushing Qi Fist, followed by the Gale Winds Kick, and so on. By doing that, the images pertaining to all five battle techniques came to be deeply rooted within his mind.

“Rushing Qi Fist, to gather strength at the fist, drawing support from the force of momentum to enhance the strength of the fist, reaching a level where the momentum of the fist is akin to qi!” Xiang Shaoyun meditated, recalling the essential parts of the Rushing Qi Fist. Shortly after, he stood up, condensing all the strength his sixth-stage Basic Realm body could muster into his fist. Within his mind flashed the first image relating to the Rushing Qi Fist, followed by the second, the third...

Like a play, the images reenacted the method to practice the Rushing Qi Fist over and over again within Xiang Shaoyun's mind.

Rushing Qi Fist!

Assuming a horse stance, Xiang Shaoyun's eyes flared wide open as he yelled at the top of his lungs, his fist extending straight forward.

Peng!

One thrust, momentum akin to the qi! An oppressive sound suddenly rang out. Although he had only just begun practicing the Rushing Qi Fist, he was able to extract no less than 3 percent of its full potential. One could not help but admit that Xiang Shaoyun truly had monstrous comprehension!

Rushing Qi Fist!

Once again extending his fist, Xiang Shaoyun went through the exact same motions yet again.

Rushing Qi Fist!

Rushing Qi Fist!

Borrowing the power of the forward thrust, the physical strength within his fists seemed to condense into qi before being released, tapping into about 8 percent of the ability's full potential.

Xiang Shaoyun unceasingly sent out punch after punch as his body continued to rush forward. Within two hours, he circled his courtyard innumerable times, having thrown out close to a thousand punches. His final effectiveness with the ability was around 30 percent.

Keep in mind this was 30 percent, not 3 percent.

One must keep in mind when learning battle techniques that the most important factor in play was martial comprehension. If one had an insufficient ability to comprehend martial techniques, cultivating a battle technique would be no more than just acting out the motions without unleashing the true power of the battle technique. If one's comprehension was good, one would be able to unleash more than half of the skill's potential, increasing one's own combat power in tandem.

Take the Rushing Qi Fist for example. If one was able to comprehend 50 percent of the skill, one's physical strength would see an increase of 25 kilograms. On the other hand, if one managed to fully comprehend said skill, one's physical prowess would increase by 50 kilograms or more!

Ordinary people would require a significant amount of time in order to successfully cultivate a tier-1 battle technique, ranging from anywhere between 10 to 15 days at best to months if one's comprehension was weak. Furthermore, this was only based on the time it took to comprehend 50 percent of the technique. If they were to seek perfect comprehension, it would be impossible to attain without spending numerous months fully dedicated to the technique. This was not practical by any means.

However, Xiang Shaoyun only required a mere two hours to grasp 30 percent of the Rushing Qi Fist. Comprehension of this level was basically defying the heavens!

That being said, Xiang Shaoyun was not satisfied with his performance. Taking a moment to catch his breath while meditating, he thought to himself, Achieving 30 percent proficiency within two hours is far from good enough! With a battle technique of this level, I must achieve 40, no, 50 percent proficiency! I've already wasted 10 of my

golden years! I must work 10 times as hard as others, maybe even faster, if I want to catch up to them!

After resting for an hour, Xiang Shaoyun once again stood up and practiced the Rushing Qi Fist.

Pow Pow Pow!

Xiang Shaoyun punched madly as if he were a perpetually tireless demon, one punch faster than the one before. In this manner yet another two hours passed. This time around, he had actually managed to send out 500 more punches than the amount of punches he had sent out last time, taking his total tally in those two hours to 1500 punches. His comprehension of the Rushing Qi Fist also rose to an astounding 70 percent. Likewise, he was able to exert 70 percent of the full potential of the Rushing Qi Fist in practice.

“Continue!” Within Xiang Shaoyun’s eyes flashed a trace of urgency that was usually absent from him.

After yet another hour, Xiang Shaoyun’s comprehension of the Rushing Qi Fist rose to 90 percent. At this point, he no longer continued to practice. He knew that the final 10 percent would not be attained solely through practice, but rather through actual combat. This would be the only way for him to bridge that final remaining gap. He then proceeded to meditate for another hour, solidifying his gains from the past six hours of practice.

The Heaven Conquering Overlord Manual constantly circulated throughout his body. With the nine stars as the foundation, astral energy circulated throughout his body via his meridians and acupoints. As he practiced, the strength in his body slowly converted to reinforce his astral energy, getting rid of his exhaustion.

Most cultivators would be unable to awaken all their stars at once. Only after they reached the point of converting physical strength into qi would they be able to invigorate their astral qi to activate their stars from which they would gain astral energy.

Right now, however, Xiang Shaoyun’s nine stars within his natal chart had long awoken, and he was only in the Basic Realm! This was one of the benefits of having such an extraordinary physique. In order to awaken one’s stars from the very start of one’s cultivation journey, one needed to possess a seven-star physique at the very least.

A person with such a heaven-blessed physique would be a complete natural when it came to martial cultivation. The cultivation speed of such people would be several times that of normal people.

Xiang Shaoyun had a physique of nine stars shaking the heavens, the king of all physiques! If he was to whole-heartedly focus on cultivation, the rate at which he would

improve would be beyond one's imagination. After fully replenishing his strength, his mind once again entered a state for practicing battle techniques.

### Gale Winds Kick!

Gale winds were a symbol of speed. When fully comprehended, the speed of one's kick would be like that of a raging hurricane, destroying all in its wake. This was the essence of the Gale Winds Kick! Xiang Shaoyun's natural comprehension ability was incredibly amazing; just from the mantra, he was able to immediately understand the key points to cultivate it.

Xiang Shaoyun began by practicing kicks, throws, wrestling, and lifting, the most basic of exercises when it came to leg methods.

### *Chapter 14: Deliberately Siding With Him!*

The sun rose from the east, and sunlight flooded the entire compound. Within a certain isolated compound at Martial Hall Palace, a thinly dressed youth was seated in meditation as he welcomed the first rays of purple yang. There, one could only see continuous strands of fine purple yang qi being absorbed by his body, giving him a very majestic and regal bearing.

Just a wisp of purple qi was enough to push this young man's initial cultivation of the peak of the sixth-stage Basic Realm to perfection, making it seem like he was about to break through to the seventh stage.

However, under the control of this youth's nine natal stars, this energy did not continue to surge, leaving him at the sixth stage temporarily. Who else could this youth, who was able to absorb purple yang energy at the Basic Realm, be if not Xiang Shaoyun?

These slivers of purple energy would remain for only an instant; only at the very beginning of sunrise would one be able to absorb it. After Xiang Shaoyun finished absorbing the various strands of purple energy, he stretched and stood up. He was not tired even though he had missed a whole night's worth of sleep; rather, he was surprisingly full of energy.

"Looks like I'll be working hard from now on," Xiang Shaoyun muttered as he stood up, stretching his waist.

After briefly washing up, Xiang Shaoyun headed for the outer court. The outer court trained physical prowess. One had to get there on time every single day and complete a fixed amount of training.

If Xiang Shaoyun wanted to grow stronger, training his physical strength and establishing his foundations well were essential. By the time Xiang Shaoyun reached the outer court, numerous outer court disciples were already there.

Just then, Xiang Shaoyun realized that they were giving him strange looks and were avoiding him like the plague, not wanting to stand close to him at all. In his heart, Xiang Shaoyun knew what had happened but did not seem to mind.

“Boss, oh boss, why aren’t you going to find Elder Zi already?! You’re going to meet with huge trouble soon!” A voice spoke from behind Xiang Shaoyun.

Turning his head to take a look, Xiang Shaoyun found that it was indeed Xia Liuhui, whom he had previously interacted with.

“What’s so urgent that I need to find senior brother?” Xiang Shaoyun asked.

“You’ve not only offended Wu Mingliang, you had also beaten up his men! Is this not enough for you?” Xia Liuhui replied in exasperation.

“You’re blowing up a small matter. What’s there to be afraid of?” Xiang Shaoyun asked, completely unfettered. Wu Mingliang was merely the first of his stepping stones in life, completely unworthy of becoming his rival.

At this moment, mad laughter began sounding from nearby as a voice could be heard, “Ha ha, what big words you have there! It seems that my reputation as one of the top 10 in the outer court cannot be compared to this genius who couldn’t even get a meal yesterday!”

When Xiang Shaoyun and Xia Liuhui turned their heads to look at the speaker, they saw Wu Mingliang walking towards them, accompanied by a few others.

“Damn it, Wu Mingliang actually saw me together with you! I’m doomed this time!” Xia Liuhui said, slowly backing away.

“What are you afraid of? This young master will take care of you from now on,” Xiang Shaoyun confidently answered.

“You’d better take care of yourself first,” Xia Liuhui replied, completely devoid of any sense of loyalty, before slipping away.

“Xiang Shaoyun, you have balls! You actually dare to beat up Gou Zi and the others! I must settle this debt with you!” Wu Mingliang arrogantly shouted in Xiang Shaoyun’s face.

“Hmph. If you have the capability to do so then come at me! This young master isn’t afraid of you!” Xiang Shaoyun replied in a similarly confident fashion. He was no longer the random Tom, Dick, or Harry from yesterday. He had tapped into his boundless potential and was equipped with battle techniques. Even if it was somebody at a higher cultivation level than him like Wu Mingliang, Xiang Shaoyun wouldn’t back down from a fight.

Who was afraid of losing? He definitely would not back down!

“You have some capability! However, you’ve broken our Martial Hall Palace’s rules, so you must first be punished according to them!” Wu Mingliang coldly laughed.

At this moment, the martial officer in charge of overseeing the outer court disciples walked by.

“Who is Xiang Shaoyun?” the martial officer shouted.

Not daring to be tardy, Xiang Shaoyun immediately loudly replied, “Xiang Shaoyun is here!”

“Do you know your mistakes?” the martial officer asked yet again.

“I don’t,” Xiang Shaoyun immediately replied.

Coldly clicking his tongue, the martial officer said, “Hmph, it seems like you’re an ignorant person! Did you cruelly beat up a group of people without rhyme or reason?”

“Officer Ling Chen, this is definitely the case! Gou Zi and the rest are still lying unconscious. Who knows when they’ll be able to cultivate again!” Wu Mingliang aptly replied.

“Xiang Shaoyun! What else do you have to say for yourself?!” Officer Ling Chen furiously asked.

“It was them who asked me to hit them. Should I not have fulfilled this minor wish of theirs?” Xiang Shaoyun matter-of-factly asked.

“It seems that you are utterly unrepentant! You have broken the rules of Martial Hall Palace and will now be punished. Go to the Hall of Limits and stay in the first room for an hour! This is your punishment for being unrepentant,” Ling Chen bellowed.

“Understood.” Xiang Shaoyun’s eyes lit up momentarily; he never thought that this would be his punishment. At this moment, he noticed Officer Ling Chen subtly wink at him, a far cry from his stern posture earlier.

He was deliberately siding with Xiang Shaoyun! This Officer Ling Chen was the same officer who had brought Xiang Shaoyun to the Hall of Limits the previous day. He was perfectly aware of how Xiang Shaoyun came out perfectly unscathed after remaining there for a whole hour. If this wasn’t deliberately siding with Xiang Shaoyun, what would be?

However, when this punishment fell on the ears of the rest of the outer court disciples, their faces began to pale. The first room had a gravitational force of 500 kilograms!

Even a sixth- or seventh-stage Basic Realm practitioner would find it hard to stay in there for half an hour, much less a full hour!

“Th-this punishment is too heavy, isn’t it? Does he want to kill him?”

“Isn’t that obviously the case? Even if somebody at the seventh stage were to enter, the longest they could stay would be one hour! As per my knowledge, the only one able to stay in there for a full hour at the Basic Realm was senior sister Gong Qinyin! However, she was seventh-stage Basic Realm at the time, but Xiang Shaoyun is merely at the third stage! I hope he doesn’t die the moment he steps in!”

“Could it be that Officer Ling Chen is in cahoots with Wu Mingliang? Do they not have any regard at all for the Purple Lightning Marquis?”

“It really is a pity; a genius who can trigger five stars illuminating the sky is gone just like that!”

Even Wu Mingliang himself did not think that the officer would be so strict! Stifling his urge to laugh, he faced Ling Chen and said, “The revered officer truly is discerning!” He then turned to Xiang Shaoyun, and laughing loudly, said, “Ha haa! I hope you enjoy this little punishment of yours!”

In his eyes, Xiang Shaoyun was already a dead man walking.

“Good, very good! Wu Mingliang, I challenge you!” Xiang Shaoyun acted as though he was furious.

Still laughing, Wu Mingliang sarcastically replied, “Do you even have the chance to challenge me anymore?”

“If I don’t die today, you and I will fight seven days later in the arena!” Xiang Shaoyun replied, as if he were a hero going to die in battle.

“Ha ha, good! I accept your challenge! As long as you can survive the Hall of Limits, you and I will fight in seven days’ time!” Wu Mingliang madly laughed.

A lowly third-stage Basic Realm cultivator wanted to challenge a lofty ninth-stage Basic Realm cultivator? This was, without doubt, asking to die!

“In seven days, I will make you thoroughly regret your mistake of ever wanting to bully this young master!” After shooting one more confident glance at Wu Mingliang, Xiang Shaoyun turned around and headed for the Hall of Limits.

Was entering the first room of the Hall of Limits supposed to be a punishment? To Xiang Shaoyun, this was nothing more than another training session!



## *Chapter 15: I'm Very Hurt!*

The Hall of Limits, Room One.

Inside, Xiang Shaoyun had just started running. With a weight of 500 kilograms of gravity, this was not just a simple matter of just running as he wished. Although he had somewhat adapted to the gravity inside the room, this did not mean he was a fish within water. On the contrary, with every step he took, he needed to use all his strength to resist the gravity within the room, making each step he took extremely strenuous.

One step under 500 kilograms of oppression. In terms of cultivation, one would normally need to be at least late-phase ninth-stage Basic Realm before being able to achieve such a feat. Today, however, Xiang Shaoyun was able to achieve this at merely sixth-stage Basic Realm, a stunning feat!

As Xiang Shaoyun revolved the Heaven Conquering Overlord Manual, his internal energy also circulated, tempering his meridians and acupoints. Astral energy from his nine stars was being absorbed and released like an endless cycle, ensuring that he would always have sufficient energy.

Having been tempered with all sorts of high-tier medicines since young, Xiang Shaoyun's body possessed a massive amount of power lying dormant within it. Yesterday, after he adapted to the 500 kilograms of gravity, his body had stopped unleashing more power. Now, as he was running under the same amount of pressure, energy started flowing from his body like water being squeezed out of a wet towel.

Although this amount of energy didn't seem like a lot, to a Basic Realm cultivator it was more than sufficient to raise one's strength considerably. Once again, Xiang Shaoyun was on the verge of breaking through to the seventh-stage Basic Realm, but he once again forcefully suppressed this energy. Furthermore, this energy did not flow into his natal chart but was forced into his 365 acupoints.

Xiang Shaoyun did this simply to strengthen his acupoints. When the time came, his natal chart and acupoints would be able to benefit each other, allowing the ancient technique to circulate even faster and increase his physical strength.

With him now cultivating the Rushing Qi Fist as well as the Gale Winds Kick, he first and foremost needed to raise his physical capabilities. To do so, strengthening his acupoints was one of the most effective means available to him. This was a method he had acquired from an ancient cultivation text.

An hour later, Xiang Shaoyun was even more acclimated to the gravitational force within the room, and he slowly grew faster as he continued to run.

"The Hall of Limits isn't bad at all. It lets me raise my strength more quickly! But this isn't enough! According to the records of an ancient text, there have been instances of first-

stage Basic Realm cultivators who've been able to easily lift massive 500-kilogram stones! Nobody can compare with those absolutely disgusting freaks! I need to look to them if I want to grow faster!"

After sorting through his thoughts, Xiang Shaoyun renewed his fighting spirit. His body ran more quickly than before, squeezing out even more latent potential within him. As he was working hard within the Hall of Limits, on the outside, numerous outer court disciples gathered. The disciples all seemed to be waiting for some huge event to occur.

"A little more than an hour has passed; why hasn't Xiang Shaoyun come out yet?"

"Isn't it obvious? Look at how relaxed the overseer is resting there! Do you think he has any intention of letting Xiang Shaoyun out?"

"Hey, do you think Xiang Shaoyun has already died inside?"

"It's a possibility. Once you enter the Hall of Limits, your life and death are both in question."

Within the blink of an eye, two hours passed. The outer court disciples who were initially waiting outside started leaving, aside from a small portion who were still waiting for the final conclusion. After four hours, nobody was left. Nobody thought that there was any more possibility of Xiang Shaoyun coming out of the Hall of Limits.

Eight hours after he first went in, Xiang Shaoyun finally exited the Hall of Limits.

"Brat, you're amazing! It seems like you'll be able to challenge the second room very soon!" The old overseer could not help but praise Xiang Shaoyun.

"I will. From now on, the Hall of Limits will be this Xiang Shaoyun's primary training ground!" Xiang Shaoyun answered, full of confidence. He had reaped quite a fair bit of gain from the eight hours in the Hall of Limits.

"Brat, don't be so full of yourself. The Hall of Limits isn't so easy to withstand," the old deacon replied.

"Just because it isn't easy for others doesn't mean that it'll pose a challenge to this young master," Xiang Shaoyun replied, still full of confidence. After pausing for a while, he asked again, "Great Deacon, quickly give me my points! I still have things to take care of!"

Laughing, the old overseer explained, "Heh heh, I'm afraid that you won't be able to get any points this time around. You can only gain points once for every room you successfully clear. You cleared the first room with ease yesterday, so I've already given you twice the normal amount of points! If you want to earn even more points, you'll have to successfully challenge the second room!"

“Che, how petty. You just wait! This young master will challenge the second room in a few days’ time!” Xiang Shaoyun replied, completely unsatisfied.

After finishing, he quickly ran to the outer court. At the time, his speed had increased several times over. It would be hard for even seventh- and eighth-stage cultivators to keep up with him. Being able to withstand 500 kilograms of gravity was strength akin to a ninth-stage cultivator. This was to say that in terms of speed and physical strength, Xiang Shaoyun would be able to compete with regular ninth-stage Basic Realm cultivators.

“Wu Mingliang, this young master has come out. Seven days later, we’ll meet in the arena!” Xiang Shaoyun shouted at the top of his lungs upon reaching the outer court. He initially thought he would become the center of attention once everybody caught notice of him, letting the other disciples know just how amazing he truly was. Sadly, the outer court was completely devoid of people. Who on earth would hear him?

Hitting himself on the forehead, Xiang Shaoyun could not help but lament, “Dammit, it’s time to fight for food. They’ve all gone to the canteen!”

He then proceeded to rush to the canteen where he once again shouted, “Wu Mingliang, this young master has come out. Seven days later, we’ll meet in the arena!”

This time, however, simply nobody bothered to look at him. Everybody was busy fighting for food. Filling one’s stomach was more important than Xiang Shaoyun’s heaven-defying act.

This scene deeply hurt Xiang Shaoyun’s feelings. He thought he’d be able to hold his head up high! Never did he think that he would be completely ignored by everybody else.

“Brother, you actually managed to survive the Hall of Limits?” At that moment, Xia Liuhui’s surprised voice could be heard.

Taking a look at the unloyal bastard, Xiang Shaoyun replied spiritedly, “But of course. This young master is talented in all forms of martial prowess; just a mere Hall of Limits is unable to stop me!”

“Amazing, amazing!” Xia Liuhui superfluously praised Xiang Shaoyun before softly saying to him, “With the backing of Elder Zi, how would the Hall of Limits’ overseer dare to make trouble for you? In the future, you are my boss! I, Xia Liuhui, am at your service!”

Xiang Shaoyun’s face darkened. He really detested this unloyal bastard who had chosen to not believe his words.

Changing the topic, Xiang Shaoyun asked, “Where is Wu Mingliang?”

“Why are you looking for him? You can’t be seriously thinking of challenging him, right?” Xia Liuhui quietly whispered as he looked around in all four directions.

“Of course I was being serious! Do you think I’d bother joking around with him?!” Xiang Shaoyun answered at once.

“Wu Mingliang is top 10 among the outer court disciples in terms of combat prowess! He’s already at ninth-stage Basic Realm, supposedly at the middle phase, tethering the border of late phase! At that time, with his accomplishments, he’s bound to enter the Astral Realm! I even hear that he’s been taken note of by the thirteenth elder, Li Xuemeng! The moment he enters the Astral Realm, he’ll be taken in as a personal disciple!” Xia Liuhui quickly reminded him. After a short pause, he added, “He’s also the seventh child of Wu Town’s head.”

“So what if that’s the case? This young master is still half an elder!” Xiang Shaoyun replied without hesitation.

“Okay, then. I heard that Wu Mingliang went out today.”