

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 201 - 201 Jing Yan's Domineering Presence [Third Update]

To this point and still snapping back!

Wang Yan might be considered a talent in her own right, huh?

In such a short span of time, even Zhong Chongyao was somewhat at a loss for words.

"I've seen people with thick skins, but someone like you, Wang Yan, with such an audacious hide is truly rare. To tell the truth, my Jing Family has its share of thick-skinned members, like Jing Chunyu. But Jing Chunyu's shamelessness is nothing compared to yours," Jing Yan said with a bitter laugh, frustration turning into amusement.

This woman repeatedly provoked and insulted him, and yet he was expected to keep tolerating it?

Did she really think she was invincible just because she was the manager of First Floor, that her status shielded her from all dangers, and that Jing Yan was helpless against her?

"You little bastard, what kind of tone is that when you speak?" Wang Yan, her face called out for being shameless, immediately glared at Jing Yan with wide, furious eyes.

"If you have such a thick face, let me thicken it a bit more!" Jing Yan's eyes flashed coldly, and in an instant, he was right in front of Wang

Yan.

"Slap!" With an effortless sweep of his hand, a slap sounded crisply.

Since this woman didn't care about saving face, there was no need to give her any.

Wang Yan was merely a martial artist at the Peak of Innate Middle Stage, and when faced with Jing Yan's swift action, she couldn't react in time. Jing Yan's movement, fueled by the Sky Wings Body Technique, was astoundingly fast. Even if Wang Yan had been at a

Late Innate Realm, she probably couldn't have dodged Jing Yan's slap, especially when caught off guard.

Reeling from Jing Yan's slap, Wang Yan was left utterly dumbfounded. This was inside the First Floor, after all!

And she was the manager of First Floor! Yet Jing Yan, an outsider, dared to slap her face right in the presence of Lord Building Owner?

She felt a burning on her face, along with a numbing sensation that seemed to swell.

Jing Yan's slap had not only stunned Wang Yan but Qin Yu as well. Although he was quite annoyed with Wang Yan, he never considered slapping her. Despite being stronger than her, he couldn't possibly strike the manager here. Yet Jing Yan did so without hesitation, with swift and decisive actions.

Even Building Owner Zhong Chongyao was somewhat taken aback as he watched Jing Yan.

Jing Yan, with his delicate appearance and seemingly refined demeanor, was the last person one would expect to promptly and cleanly slap the manager of First Floor.

And Wang Yan, a martial artist of Innate Middle Stage, didn't even make a move to dodge.

"You..."

"You dare to strike me?" After regaining her composure, rage seemed to erupt from Wang Yan's eyes.

She was furious beyond words, her Primordial Energy surging forth, ready to retaliate.

"Slap!"

Another crisp sound echoed through the air.

"I am hitting you!" Jing Yan's voice followed immediately.

This second slap directly extinguished the rolling Primordial Energy within Wang Yan. Wang Yan wasn't foolish; on the contrary, she was quite clever.

She had heard of Jing Yan's prowess and knew that he had killed Zhao Zhenyan, the City Lord Mansion's Clan Leader Zhao's son. If the news was true, then it meant Jing Yan had the combat power of a Late Innate Realm martial artist. But to hear is to doubt, to see is to believe, and she had always been skeptical.

Now, however, she had a profound understanding of Jing Yan's strength!

If the first slap could be excused because she was caught off-guard, there was no such excuse for the second. She was prepared this time, saw his hand coming, and wished to dodge. And yet, she couldn't; she had no chance to avoid it at all.

What did this imply?

It meant that if Jing Yan wanted her dead, she would have no power to resist at all. Jing Yan's strength was far beyond her own.

With this realization, she promptly quieted down, clamping her mouth shut. She clearly understood that if she continued to retaliate, her end would be even more miserable.

"Finally quieted down?" Jing Yan squinted, his gaze fixed on Wang Yan.

Deep within Wang Yan, the humiliation was unbearable. Biting her lip, she stayed silent, her body trembling violently-an indicator of her intense, smoldering anger.

"Hmph!"

"If it weren't for the fact that you're the manager of First Floor, I would have killed you on the spot! Jing Family's Jing Yan, I had no grievances with you before, right? Yet you have tried to step on me time and again. You thought I was an easy target, didn't you? Remember this, you brought this upon yourself. If you hadn't provoked me, none of this would have happened!" Jing Yan took a

small step back and stared at Wang Yan as he spoke.

"Young Master Jing Yan, is this really..." Building Owner Zhong

Chongyao frowned as he looked at Jing Yan.

No matter what, Wang Yan was his subordinate.

Jing Yan slapped Wang Yan right in front of him, which was no glory

on his face either.

"Lord Building Owner, I have no intention of targeting you or the Donglin First Building! I am simply a Martial Artist here to trade resources, yet I have been slandered by Wang Yan, the manager of the First Floor. If this is not intolerable, what is? I, Jing Yan, am someone

with a temper, and I surely cannot face Wang Yan's slander without any response, can I?" Jing Yan spoke to Zhong Chongyao without

groveling or arrogance.

"Wang Yan is indeed at fault, but as the Building Owner, I will certainly punish her," Zhong Chongyao said, frowning.

"Lord Building Owner, if you wish to punish Wang Yan, that's an internal matter for the First Floor. My slapping Wang Yan, that's my

own affair," Jing Yan said with a smile.

Domineering, confident!

With strength comes confidence!

If it were an ordinary person, even if offended by Wang Yan, they probably couldn't remain as calm as Jing Yan. At most, they would just find Zhong Chongyao, the Building Owner, and ask him to punish Wang Yan. But Jing Yan didn't endure. He could give Zhong Chongyao face, but he wouldn't let Zhong Chongyao suppress him completely. From the moment he entered the room, although Zhong Chongyao had also stood up upon seeing Jing Yan and been polite, his handling of the matter afterwards really disappointed Jing Yan. Jing Yan could see that Zhong Chongyao initially shared the same thoughts as Wang Yan, thinking that Jing Yan's seeking of Qin Yu was

looking for a shortcut or trying to take advantage, which unavoidably led to some disappointment in Jing Yan.

"Lord Building Owner, I have other matters to attend to, so I will take my leave now!" Jing Yan gave Wang Yan, who remained silent throughout, another look before bidding farewell to Zhong Chongyao. "Manager Qin Yu, I'll take my leave first!"

"Wang Yan, if you're not satisfied, you can come find me at any time.

But I must remind you, if it's not within the First Floor, it won't be that easy for you. If you have the guts, feel free to come seek revenge," Jing Yan said with a smirk, before leaving.

Upon hearing this, Wang Yan's body trembled violently again.

After leaving the First Floor, Jing Yan returned within the Jing Family

Mansion, instructed the guards at the entrance of his private courtyard that no one should disturb him, then closed the door and entered the Qiankun Space to begin attempting to refine medicines.

"Low-level Healing Potion, success!"

"Intermediate Healing Potion, success!"

"High-level Healing Potion, success!"

"Low-level Detoxification Potion, success!"

One after another, the potions were quickly crafted by Jing Yan.

Jing Yan, although he had only had one experience in crafting potions

in the Sinful Canyon before this, now crafted these potions without a single failure.

When Jing Yan was crafting potions, it felt as though he had crafted countless potions before. The entire process was flowing smoothly, without the slightest hitch.

For an ordinary Pharmacist, the process of crafting medicine is incredibly complicated and requires utmost care. Even with a

prescription, it's not possible to succeed every time. Not to mention

Pharmacists, even Pill Masters cannot guarantee a 100% success rate in crafting potions.

Yet, Jing Yan could simultaneously craft multiple potions. For instance, with Healing Potions, Jing Yan could even craft ten at a time,

and all ten would be successful.

Not only was his success rate 100%, but the potency of his potions was also unsurpassed by ordinary potions of the same quality. Take the low-level Healing Potions as an example, the ones crafted by Jing Yan were significantly more effective than those available on the market, almost equivalent to an intermediate Healing Potion in effect.

On the market, a low-level Healing Potion typically costs one Spirit

Stone. A mid-grade Healing Potion usually goes for around five Spirit Stones. Jing Yan felt that his low-level Healing Potions, priced at three Spirit

Stones, would be very popular. Even selling them for four Spirit Stones would likely result in good sales volumes.

This was definitely a huge profit! Time flew by, and more than ten days passed. During these days, Jing Yan spent most of his time crafting various

potions, and a smaller portion of time was used to cultivate and further improve his strength.

After more than ten days, Jing Yan's realm had reached the peak of the Early Innate Stage, and he was close to attempting advancement to the Innate Middle Stage.

However, Jing Yan was not in a hurry to advance; he still had some preparations to make.

One day, he took out the remaining eight Purple Incense Flowers.

During his time in the Sinful Canyon, Jing Yan obtained nine Purple Incense Flowers in total. He had used one while crafting a potion to

assist Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists to advance to the Innate, leaving eight remaining.

If all went well, these eight Purple Incense Flowers could be used to craft eight vials of that type of potion. "First, let's craft this defy-the-heavens potion," Jing Yan's eyes shimmered. "This potion has no name, let's just call it the Holy Spirit

Potion."

Jing Yan gave this potion a name.

The materials needed for this potion were mostly not very precious. Indeed, only the Purple Incense Flower could not be normally purchased. Aside from the Purple Incense Flower, the total value of

the other Spiritual Grass Materials added up to around two thousand Spirit Stones. Jing Yan believed that once the Holy Spirit Potion was crafted, its price should at least reach tens of thousands of Spirit Stones, right?

The various family clans in Donglin City had a very strong desire for the emergence of Innate Strong People within their families. With the Holy Spirit Potion, the chances for their family's Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists to advance could be greatly increased. Who wouldn't want to desperately buy it?

Chapter 202 - 202 202 Little Pill King Jing Yan

Chapter 202: Chapter 202 Little Pill King Jing Yan Chapter 202: Chapter 202 Little Pill King Jing Yan Excluding the Purple Incense Flower, the cost only needed a mere two thousand Spirit Stones, but the selling price could reach tens of thousands of Spirit Stones, with profits far exceeding one thousand percent.

Even describing it as exorbitant profits seemed an understatement.

Jing Yan immediately began preparing the Holy Spirit Potion.

Back at Sinful Canyon, Jing Yan was quite unfamiliar with the preparation of the Holy Spirit Potion and it took him a considerably long time to finally succeed.

But now, having absorbed the Qiankun Pill Path, Jing Yan found it much easier to prepare the Holy Spirit Potion.

Every step came naturally to him, executed with confidence.

In just three days, Jing Yan had used up all eight Purple Incense Flowers and obtained exactly eight bottles of Holy Spirit Potion.

Jing Yan had no intention of leaving the Holy Spirit Potion for the Jing family; he also needed a substantial amount of resources for his own cultivation.

He was not a saint; he could not consider only the family and not himself.

If his grandfather Jing Tian were still alive, Jing Yan might have left some for the family, but not now.

Once he became strong enough, Jing Yan could help strengthen his family as well.

As for now, forget about it.

Taking revenge for his grandfather was Jing Yan's most urgent goal.

Next, Jing Yan gathered his focus and approached the Qiankun Pill Furnace.

He took a gentle breath; now was the time to attempt alchemy.

Refining elixirs was more than ten times more complex than preparing medicine.

Jing Yan had never refined elixirs before, and to say he wasn't nervous would be a lie.

Once he succeeded in refining elixirs, Jing Yan would truly be a Pill Master.

What glory does the identity of a Pill Master hold?

Even being the lowest-level, a First-level Alchemist, not to mention in Donglin City, even in Lanqu County City, would be a highly esteemed status.

Why was Cang Long so arrogant?

Merely because he was a Peak Innate realm Martial Artist?

Of course not, it was because he had a brother, Cang Yu, who was a Pill Master, allowing him to be haughty and disdainful, even daring to confront Donglin City Lord Huo Chunyang!

“Let’s start with the Azure Abyss Elixir!” Jing Yan’s gaze sharpened as he took out the materials needed to refine the Azure Abyss Elixir.

The Azure Abyss Elixir was a First-level Elixir, relatively easier to refine.

For Jing Yan, the Azure Abyss Elixir held even greater significance.

He had a High-level Soul Crystal obtained from a Fire Cloud Beast; to quickly absorb the energy of the Soul Crystal, he needed the Azure Abyss Elixir to neutralize the Pure Yang power it contained.

With enough Azure Abyss Elixirs and enough Top-grade Spirit Stones, Jing Yan could attempt to advance to the Innate Middle Stage realm.

Medicines needed formulas, and so did elixirs.

Comparatively, refining elixirs required far greater control from a Pill Master than a Pharmacist needed to prepare medicine.

A slight error in preparing medicine might still be rectifiable, but even the slightest mistake in refining elixirs could completely ruin a batch.

Moreover, the materials needed for refining elixirs were incomparably more valuable than those needed for medicines.

It was very painful to waste the materials for a batch of elixirs.

This was also a major reason why elixirs were so valuable.

Take the lowest level First-class Elixir, the Guiyuan Pill; its value could reach an immense five thousand Spirit Stones, higher than the price of Top-grade Spirit Stones.

And the Primordial Energy contained in a Guiyuan Pill might not even amount to three-quarters of that in Top-grade Spirit Stones.

Why was the Guiyuan Pill so expensive?

Because the Primordial Energy it contained allowed Martial Artists to absorb it more easily.

Typically, an Early Innate Realm Martial Artist absorbing Primordial Energy from a Top-grade Spirit Stone would need several days to more than ten days to complete.

Proper digestion would require even more time.

However, if absorbing the Primordial Energy from a Guiyuan Pill, it was much easier, and the energy it contained was also more refined and gentle, naturally making it the preferred choice for Martial Artists.

In Donglin City, the number of Innate Martial Artists who could afford to cultivate using Guiyuan Pills was definitely not high.

Even Peak Innate Realm Martial Artists might primarily absorb energy from Spirit Stones, with Guiyuan Pills as a secondary source.

At least, inside the Jing family, even Jing Family Patriarch Jing Chengye mostly cultivated using Top-grade Spirit Stones.

Alchemy, begin!

Jing Yan, guided by the information from the Qiankun Pill Path, placed the materials needed for the Azure Abyss Elixir one by one into the Pill Furnace.

Simultaneously, Primordial Energy circulated and poured into the furnace.

The process of alchemy fundamentally involved extracting the medicinal effects contained within the Spirit Grass by forcibly using one's own Primordial Energy, then forcibly condensing these effects into a pill.

Stability was crucial in this process.

Temporarily condensing the effects into a pill wasn't the end; success was only achieved if it remained stable.

If it couldn't stabilize and only formed shape, then the pill might instantly collapse, the medicinal effects dissipating rapidly and disappearing, which would equally result in a failed alchemy.

Thus, alchemy was generally divided into four major steps: extracting, refining, forming, and stabilizing.

Among these steps, the most difficult was the last one—stabilizing.

In fact, many experienced Pharmacists could manage the first three steps.

It was the final step that acted as a true chasm, causing countless Pharmacists to sigh in resignation, preventing them from entering the ranks of Pill Masters.

Jing Yan stood before the Pill Furnace, continuously channeling his Primordial Energy.

The efficacy of the various Spirit Grasses was being forcibly extracted and isolated.

This process went smoothly.

Next came refining!

Refining might seem simple, but it was crucial to the quality of the elixir.

Most elixirs were categorized into grades.

From First-class to Fourth-class, with First-class being the best and Fourth-class being the worst.

The higher the grade of the elixir, the fewer impurities it contained.

The refining process involved driving out impurities.

Most elixirs seen on the market were the worst, fourth-class elixirs.

Even the lowest quality of these was something countless martial artists dreamt of.

The fewer the impurities, the purer the elixir.

The purer the elixir, the higher the absorption efficiency, making it easier to absorb.

Refining step, no problem!

The third step, condensation, also had no issues.

Next was the last step, stabilization.

Jing Yan became even more careful at this step, daring not to be negligent.

His entire focus was on this stabilization process.

“Condense!” Jing Yan muttered in his heart, his eyes flashing with light.

It was his first time refining elixirs, and nervousness was inevitable.

Even though Jing Yan did not care about the materials for one or two furnaces of Azure Abyss Elixirs, it was unavoidable to feel a bit anxious.

“Is it done?” Jing Yan, gathering his primordial energy, focused his five senses to listen to the movements inside the pill furnace.

He did not hear the sound of the elixirs disintegrating.

A trace of joy appeared on Jing Yan’s face, and he exhaled softly, stretching his hand to open the pill furnace.

Instantly, six round, grass-green elixirs came into view.

“Hmm?”

“Not good!”

Just as Jing Yan was about to retrieve the elixirs, a sudden surge of energy emanated from them, and his face changed instantly—it was a sign of the pills cracking.

But at that moment, Jing Yan could do nothing to prevent the elixirs from cracking; he could only watch helplessly as they changed.

“Puff puff puff...”

The grass-green elixirs indeed cracked one by one, the medicinal effects dissipating.

A whole furnace, six elixirs, all cracked, with none left intact.

This first attempt at alchemy had completely failed for Jing Yan.

“Where did the error occur?” Jing Yan began to recall every step of his pill-making process, carefully deducing and combining information from the Qiankun Pill Path to check step by step.

Half an hour later, Jing Yan started refining for the second time.

In this second furnace of elixirs, after opening the furnace, Jing Yan saw that there were still six pills inside.

After a short while, they too cracked again.

However, this time, Jing Yan’s expression was much better—six elixirs ultimately left one intact.

This one Azure Abyss Elixir was considered a successful creation.

For an average pill master, if one pill from a furnace succeeded, then the pill-making was deemed successful.

However, for Jing Yan, keeping only one out of six elixirs clearly did not meet his expectations.

Jing Yan was somewhat disappointed with this outcome.

However, if other martial artists knew of Jing Yan's thoughts, they would surely curse him fiercely.

Succeeding in making one pill on the second attempt—what an incredible feat!

Ordinary pill masters can hardly imagine this.

Which pill master hasn't gone through dozens, if not hundreds of trials, or even hundreds of attempts to succeed?

Jing Yan succeeded in making a pill within just two attempts—how many pill masters would envy him?

Successfully making one pill means he is truly a pill master now!

Since the Azure Abyss Elixir is a first-level elixir, Jing Yan is now a first-level alchemist.

What somewhat consoled Jing Yan was that this successful Azure Abyss Elixir had reached third-grade purity, which was much better than a fourth-class elixir.

For a pill master, being able to produce a second-class elixir is an incredible achievement.

It's not about making second-class elixirs every time, but achieving it even once in their pill-making career is enough to be called Little Pill King.

Cang Yu's master, Gao Zhao Hai, had successfully made a second-class elixir, which is why many martial artists called him Little Pill King.

If a pill master can make a first-class elixir in their lifetime, then they truly deserve the title of Pill King.

Right, regardless of the elixir's rank, whether it's a first-class Guiyuan Pill or Azure Abyss Elixir, as long as one can produce a first-class quality, they can be called a Pill King.

This shows how difficult it is to produce first-class or second-class elixirs.

After a short rest, Jing Yan began refining the third furnace of Azure Abyss Elixirs.

With the experience from the first two attempts, especially the success of the second attempt, Jing Yan was much more confident.

In this third furnace of Azure Abyss Elixirs, six were condensed and three were successfully stabilized.

All three elixirs were third-grade.

Fourth furnace, condensed six, stabilized four.

Fifth furnace, condensed six, stabilized four.

...

After the eighth furnace of Azure Abyss Elixirs was made, seven were condensed, and five were stabilized.

This time, Jing Yan's eyes sparkled because one of the five stabilized elixirs had reached second-grade purity!

Chapter 203 - 203 203 Greedy and Insatiable

Chapter 203: Chapter 203: Greedy and Insatiable Chapter 203: Chapter 203: Greedy and Insatiable Refining a Second-class Elixir, what does that signify?

The significance is that although Jing Yan is still a First-level Alchemist, he has already become the Little Pill King.

This is simply, an incredible and impossible occurrence.

Although the title of Little Pill King and Pill King is not directly related to the grade of the elixirs refined.

But, is it possible for a First-level Alchemist to refine a Second-class First-level Elixir?

If you were to ask any Pill Master in Lanqu County, or even Martial Artists who are not Pill Masters, their answer would definitely be that it's impossible.

Only those Pill Masters capable of refining higher-grade elixirs might be able to produce a Second-class First-level Elixir.

Looking at the Second-class Azure Abyss Elixir in his hand, a smile also graced the corners of Jing Yan's mouth.

After completing eight furnaces of Azure Abyss Elixirs, Jing Yan paused.

His materials for the Azure Abyss Elixir had been used up.

Moreover, his Primordial Energy had also been severely depleted.

Refining elixirs exhausted not only the heart and mind but also consumed Primordial Energy.

Had Jing Yan's Primordial Energy not been tremendously thick and frightening, he would not have been able to refine eight furnaces of Azure Abyss Elixirs in succession.

Twenty-five successfully formed pills from eight furnaces, the efficiency was extremely astonishing.

Across the entire expanse of Lanqu County, there were probably only a few Pill Masters who could achieve this, right?

Jing Yan sat down in meditation to recover his Primordial Energy and closed his eyes to rest his spirit.

After resting for a few hours, Jing Yan continued to refine elixirs.

Since he ran out of materials for the Azure Abyss Elixir, he started refining Guiyuan Pills.

Guiyuan Pills are also First-level Elixirs and are among the most consumed.

Wealthy Innate Martial Artists and strong individuals in the Dao Spirit Realm have a tremendous demand for Guiyuan Pills!

In Donglin City, Guiyuan Pills typically appear only in auctions, and they are in large auctions, such as the annual auction held at the Donglin First Building.

Jing Yan succeeded in refining Guiyuan Pills on his first attempt.

Although he had never refined Guiyuan Pills before, with the foundation laid by the Azure Abyss Elixir, refining Guiyuan Pills was not difficult.

The first furnace yielded three pills, all of Third Grade purity.

In an auction, a Third Grade Guiyuan Pill is generally valued between seven thousand to eight thousand Spirit Stones.

Three Guiyuan Pills are worth more than twenty thousand Spirit Stones.

And the cost of materials for one furnace of Guiyuan Pills is less than four thousand Spirit Stones.

The profit margin was frighteningly high!

Jing Yan had purchased materials for five furnaces of Guiyuan Pills at Donglin First Building.

After refining five furnaces, he produced twenty-one pills, including two Second-class Guiyuan Pills.

The total value of these Guiyuan Pills exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand Spirit Stones.

With the Holy Spirit Potion and Guiyuan Pills in hand, did Jing Yan need to worry about the popularity of his Pill Tower?

“Shua!”

After bidding farewell to Tianshui, Jing Yan left the Qiankun Space.

This retreat had lasted about a month.

“The Pill Tower in the South District Market should have been constructed by now, right?” Jing Yan’s eyes narrowed slightly.

This was a world of Martial Artists.

The speed of construction was terrifying.

With sufficient resources, an ordinary building could be constructed within a day by employing Martial Artists.

Even a more massive structure, like the Pill Tower that Jing Yan planned, could be finished in not too much time.

A month ago, when he left the South District Market, he had left Jing Chenxing with a Gold Card with an immediate cash value of one hundred and fifty thousand Spirit Stones.

After purchasing Long Chenyu's weapon shop for one hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones, the remaining twenty thousand Spirit Stones were more than enough to construct a sturdy Pill Tower!

Therefore, the construction of the Pill Tower should already be complete by now, just waiting for him to take over and open the Pill Tower for business.

“Young Master Jing Yan!”

As Jing Yan left the courtyard, the guard called out to him.

“Young Master Jing Yan, Manager Jing Chenxing has been looking for you, it seems important.

As per your instructions, we did not let anyone disturb you, so we did not allow Manager Jing Chenxing to enter your courtyard,” one of the guards said, bowing to Jing Yan.

These two guards also knew the relationship between Jing Chenxing and Jing Yan.

They were very polite to Jing Chenxing, but they still stopped him from entering Jing Yan’s courtyard.

“Understood,” Jing Yan nodded.

Uncle Jing Chenxing looking for him was surely about the Pill Tower matter; Jing Yan wasn’t too concerned.

“Young Master Jing Yan, it seems Manager Jing Chenxing was quite anxious.

In this month, he has come to look for you more than ten times, especially in these past few days, he has been coming every day wanting to see you,” the guard added.

“Hm?” This time, Jing Yan felt something was amiss.

Even if the Pill Tower’s construction was completed, there was no reason for Jing Chenxing to seek him out so frequently, right?

If he had time, he would certainly meet him!

So, what could have happened?

Jing Yan's eyes suddenly sharpened.

However, the South District Market was under the control of the Jing Family, with the closely related Fourth Elder Jing Tianying as the Manager.

What trouble could Uncle Jing Chenxing have encountered?

Jing Yan couldn't figure out what the problem might be.

"Swish!" Jing Yan's figure swiftly darted out.

No matter what the problem was, he would naturally find out once he met Jing Chenxing.

Jing Yan gently used "Sky Wings," bounding quickly from the Jing Family Mansion and dashing towards the South District Market.

At the South District Market Management Office, Jing Yan didn't see Jing Chenxing, but instead encountered Fourth Elder Jing Tianying.

“Jing Yan, have you been in closed-door cultivation recently?” Jing Tianying asked as soon as he saw Jing Yan, his face looking slightly gloomy.

“Yes!” Jing Yan responded, “Fourth Elder, is there a problem with my Pill Tower?”

Tianying, as the workshop manager, would certainly be aware of the current situation with his own Pill Tower.

“There is a problem, it’s that Long Chenyu again,” Jing Tianying’s face darkened, “I don’t know what that Long Chenyu is up to, but he’s stubbornly refusing to transfer the weapon shop.

Even when I personally intervened, he wouldn’t agree.”

“What?”

“Weren’t the terms agreed with Long Chenyu for his shop a month ago?”

Does he dare go back on his word?” Jing Yan’s eyes flashed sharply, a chill surging forth.

A month prior, Long Chenyu demanded a high price of 130,000 Spirit Stones to transfer his weapon shop, which Jing Yan agreed to.

Now he's reneging?

"Yes, he's reneging.

Now he doesn't agree to transfer the weapon shop.

However, he hasn't clarified what he wants; he implied that he wants to talk to you personally," Jing Tianying said, his tone tinged with a touch of helplessness.

"I'll go and see!" Jing Yan's mouth curled into a cold smile.

Some people, it seemed, didn't appreciate a toast and instead invited a penalty drink!

They were discontented with tens of thousands of Spirit Stones for nothing?

Wanted even more?

"I'll go with you!" Jing Tianying declared, his voice heavy with anger.

Inside Long Chenyu's weapon shop!

"Jing Chenxing, I have nothing to discuss with you, whatever needed to be said has already been said.

This weapon shop, I've decided not to transfer it.

Do you know, your nagging every day is really affecting my business!"

"Heh heh, if you don't heed my advice, don't blame me for throwing you out!"

Long Chenyu's voice sounded sinisterly.

"Store Manager Long, hadn't you already agreed to transfer the shop for 130,000 Spirit Stones?

I've brought the Spirit Stones, how can you go back on your word?" Jing Chenxing's voice was anxious.

This issue had been dragging on for quite some time.

He couldn't manage to conclude the task entrusted to him by Jing Yan, which made him extremely anxious.

Yet, with someone like Long Chenyu, no amount of sweet-talking seemed to work.

Now with Jing Yan in seclusion, how should he handle this?

All he could do was to pester Long Chenyu daily.

From Long Chenyu's tone, he inferred that Long Chenyu thought 130,000 Spirit Stones were too few and apparently wanted more.

This man was indeed too greedy.

“What of it if I renege?”

What can you do to me?

What can your Jing Family do to me?” Long Chenyu jeered with contempt.

“Jing Chenxing, you're not qualified to talk to me.

You don't measure up.

If you want to talk, have Jing Yan come to me," Long Chenyu declared arrogantly.

"Get out!" Long Chenyu extended his hand, shoving Jing Chenxing straight out of the shop.

Not to mention Jing Chenxing leaning on a cane, even a hale Jing Chenxing, just a High-level Martial Artist, stood no chance against Long Chenyu.

Pushed aside by him, Jing Chenxing stumbled out of Long Chenyu's weapon shop, retreating several meters in disarray, nearly falling flat on the street.

On the street, many Martial Artist Adventurers gathered around, all eyes on the scene.

Within this neighboring area, apart from Long Chenyu's shop, all other buildings were completely demolished.

These Martial Artists certainly guessed that this piece of land was planned by the Jing Family for some large-scale enterprise, and Long Chenyu's shop was obviously the last obstacle.

"This weapon shop owner seems to show no respect for the Jing Family!"

“Indeed!

Look, that person is Jing Chenxing from the Jing Family.

I heard that he’s been negotiating continuously with Long Chenyu about acquiring this weapon shop; you see the shop’s attitude towards him!”

“What you don’t know is that the weapon shop’s owner, Long Chenyu, is not just an Innate Middle Stage Martial Artist himself, but also has the backing of a major power from Lanqu County City.

The Jing Family doesn’t dare to roughhouse him.

If he’s not willing to sell, there’s nothing the Jing Family can do,” an informed Martial Artist shared.

“So that’s how it is!” someone chimed in.

“Hehe, that weapon shop is owned by that Martial Artist named Long Chenyu.

If he’s not willing to sell, of course, the Jing Family can’t force him,” a Black-clothed Martial Artist commented with a sneer.

“Shh, keep it down, the Jing Family might not dare touch Long Chenyu, but they wouldn’t hesitate to deal with you,” another advised the Black-clothed Martial Artist with a ‘silence’ gesture.

“Pfft, I’m Yang Qiang and I’ve roamed Donglin City for decades; why would I fear the Jing Family?” the Black-clothed Martial Artist, Yang Qiang, retorted haughtily.

This man was also a High-level Martial Artist, with the strength of Martial Arts Eighth Layer Heaven.

In Donglin City, he was indeed one of the more prominent Martial Artists.

Among the crowd gathered here, he was one of the two or three strongest.

As he made that remark, his expression suddenly changed.

He then quickly bowed his head and shrank back into the crowd.

From another direction, Jing Yan and Jing Tianying were approaching swiftly.

Clearly, Yang Qiang had seen them both, which was why he suddenly made such a move.

Chapter 204 - 204 204 Two Percent Share

Chapter 204: Chapter 204: Two Percent Share Chapter 204: Chapter 204: Two Percent Share “Jing Tianying is here!”

“Jing Yan is here too!”

The crowd’s gaze shifted toward them as Jing Tianying and Jing Yan approached Long Chenyu’s weapon shop.

At this moment, a hint of coldness emerged on Jing Yan’s face.

“Jing Yan...” Jing Chenxing sighed helplessly.

“Uncle Chenxing, I know, there’s no need to say more.” Jing Yan’s gaze toward Jing Chenxing was very gentle, this matter wasn’t directly related to Jing Chenxing’s capabilities.

Despite being humiliated by Long Chenyu, Jing Chenxing still insisted on coming here time after time.

This sense of responsibility was not wasted as Jing Yan entrusted him to manage the establishment of the Pill Tower.

To someone like Long Chenyu, reasoning was obviously useless.

His words could be retracted at any time, and being greedy, he thought that with his background, no one in Donglin City could do anything to him.

“Ah...” Jing Chenxing sighed again.

Although Jing Yan showed no signs of blaming him, he still felt useless for not having managed the task assigned by Jing Yan properly.

“Jing Yan, what should we do now?” Jing Chenxing’s gaze shifted toward Long Chenyu’s weapon shop.

“I’ll take care of the matters from here,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“Long Chenyu, come out and let’s talk!” Jing Yan’s presence intensified as his voice emerged.

Shortly after, Long Chenyu quickly emerged from within the weapon shop.

In fact, when Jing Yan and Jing Tianying arrived, he had already seen the two, but he hadn’t shown himself until Jing Yan called him out.

This was playing hard to get!

He wanted Jing Yan to understand that it was Jing Yan who needed something from him, not the other way around.

He intended to dominate the upcoming negotiation!

Long Chenyu had already learned that Jing Yan wanted this plot of land to construct a Pill Tower.

The reason for his change of heart was precisely because he got wind of this news.

How profitable was a Pill Tower?

Thinking about it made Long Chenyu's heart flutter!

Compared to a Pill Tower that occupied a thousand square meters, transferring the weapon shop for 130,000 Spirit Stones was a simple matter.

A Pill Tower spanning a thousand square meters, could business possibly be small?

Such an enticing business opportunity—if Long Chenyu didn't seize the chance to interfere, then he wouldn't even forgive himself!

Thus, upon learning that Jing Yan wanted to buy his shop to demolish and build a Pill Tower, he immediately discarded the idea of transferring the weapon shop for 130,000 Spirit Stones.

“Haha, Young Master Jing Yan, you’re here!

Greetings, Fourth Elder!” Long Chenyu stepped out from the weapon shop, laughing with eyes narrow, and spoke casually.

Manager Li Er also followed alongside Long Chenyu.

“Manager Long, let’s not beat around the bush.

I want to know, what exactly are you thinking now?” Jing Yan’s eyes narrowed as he looked at Long Chenyu and asked.

“What am I thinking?”

“Young Master Jing Yan, I don’t quite understand what you mean!” Long Chenyu feigned confusion.

“Hehe, Manager Long really has a poor memory!” Jing Yan sneered coldly.

“A month ago, I approached Manager Long, proposing to buy this weapon shop.

Manager Long quoted a price of 130,000 Spirit Stones, and I had no objections.

Do you remember now, Manager Long?”

Jing Yan was fully aware that Long Chenyu was playing dumb.

As Jing Yan spoke, the surrounding martial artists all inhaled sharply.

They hadn’t known about the previous encounter between Jing Yan and Long Chenyu, nor were they aware that Jing Yan had agreed to purchase the weapon shop for 130,000 Spirit Stones.

Among the martial artists, although many lacked experience and had lower strength, there were also quite a few knowledgeable ones.

They were well aware that Long Chenyu’s weapon shop was not worth so much.

Even a value of 100,000 Spirit Stones was a far reach for Long Chenyu’s shop.

If Jing Yan really purchased the weapon shop for 130,000 Spirit Stones, it could definitely be described as an astronomical price.

This indicated that the Jing family, Jing Yan, wasn't about to forcefully purchase Long Chenyu's shop; instead, an agreement, at least a verbal one, had already been reached between the two.

It seemed that Long Chenyu had now reneged on the deal.

Paying 130,000 Spirit Stones for his weapon shop, and he still reneged!

Many found this unfathomable.

"So reminded by Young Master Jing Yan, I do recall now that there was indeed such a matter a month ago," Long Chenyu nodded with a suddenly enlightened expression.

"What does Manager Long mean now?"

One hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones are readily available, yet why did you drive out Jing Chenxing whom I had appointed to handle this matter from your weapon shop?" Jing Yan raised his voice slightly.

"Young Master Jing Yan, what you're saying isn't quite right!"

Yes, we had discussed the matter initially, but I never signed any written agreement with you.

After careful consideration, I still feel that I do not want to sell the weapon shop.

This weapon shop has my significant effort condensed within it; a mere price of one hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones seems too low,” Long Chenyu brazenly stated.

One hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones to purchase his weapon shop, and he still thinks it’s a low price.

Had he been firm from the start and made it clear that he would not sell his weapon shop, Jing Yan might have been displeased, but he wouldn’t have forcibly tried to buy it.

It wouldn’t have been too difficult to just find another plot of land to build the Pill Tower, or even to scale down the size of the pill tower.

However, Long Chenyu had initially agreed but now was reneging.

Was this a mockery of the Jing Family, a mockery of him, Jing Yan?

Did he think the Jing Family was easy to bully?

Jing Yan easy to bully?

The surrounding martial artists initially thought it was the Jing Family leveraging their control of the South District Market to force Long Chenyu to give up his weapon shop.

But now it seemed that the matter was not about the Jing Family being unreasonable, but rather Long Chenyu.

Though there was no written agreement initially, as a martial artist, going back on one's word was looked down upon by many.

However, it seemed the Jing Family didn't have a good way to deal with Long Chenyu, who was not just any martial artist.

Long Chenyu himself was a martial artist at the Innate Middle Stage, which was certainly no big deal for the Jing Family.

However, the force behind Long Chenyu could not be ignored by the Jing Family.

Perhaps it was because of the strong backing that Long Chenyu dared renege like this with the Jing Family.

An ordinary martial artist definitely wouldn't have the audacity to toy with the Jing Family.

“Manager Long, you mean to say the price is too low?” Jing Yan lifted his brows.

He had previously guessed the reason behind Long Chenyu’s change of mind, and now Long Chenyu’s words confirmed it.

Long Chenyu wanted more.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to transfer the weapon shop; he just wanted to use this opportunity to get more!

“Yes, the price indeed is too low.

This weapon shop is my cherished possession, Young Master Jing Yan.

I could be persuaded to part with it.

But not for just one hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones,” Long Chenyu said with a smug smile on his face.

“So what exactly do you want in terms of Spirit Stones?” Jing Yan asked, suppressing his anger.

“Heh, Young Master Jing Yan, you misunderstand me.

I don’t want Spirit Stones, not a single one,” Long Chenyu said with a chuckle.

“Oh?” Jing Yan was somewhat puzzled.

“What do you mean by this, Manager Long?”

“Young Master Jing Yan, let me be straight with you.

I have only one condition.

I know you plan to use this plot to build a Pill Tower.

My condition is simple: I want a share of the Pill Tower.

I believe this would be beneficial for you too.

It could be a win-win for both parties!” A glint of cunning flashed in Long Chenyu’s eyes.

He wanted a share of the Pill Tower; that was his real motive.

From the moment he knew Jing Yan was building a Pill Tower, he had set this plan in motion.

If Jing Yan did not give him a share, he wouldn't relinquish the weapon shop.

"So Manager Long, you want a share of the Pill Tower?" Jing Yan looked at Long Chenyu.

"Yes!" Long Chenyu nodded.

"And what share do you want, Manager Long?" Jing Yan almost wanted to laugh.

"I won't ask for too much, just twenty percent of the Pill Tower.

Of course, I will also need to send someone to supervise its management," Long Chenyu stated, making it sound as if Jing Yan was getting the better deal.

Twenty percent!

He spoke lightly, asking outright for twenty percent.

The fool, does he realise what twenty percent of the Pill Tower signifies?

A mere weapon shop in exchange for twenty percent of Jing Yan's Pill Tower.

Has water gotten into his brain?

“Hehehe...” Jing Yan really couldn't restrain his laughter.

What was this guy thinking?

Did he really think he deserved twenty percent of the Pill Tower?

You must understand, when Jing Yan was building the Pill Tower, even his own Jing Family wasn't allowed to interfere.

The Pill Tower was wholly Jing Yan's personal property.

And here was Long Chenyu, demanding twenty percent right off the bat.

This was no longer a major demand; it was pure daydreaming, utterly fantastical!

So, when he heard the share Long Chenyu wanted, Jing Yan really couldn't help but burst out laughing.

And the fury inside him grew even stronger.

It seems that despite his reputation in Donglin City, many still saw him, Jing Yan, as someone easy to bully.

Long Chenyu was clearly one of them.

Jing Yan, in his heart, quietly contemplated his next move.

“Jing Yan, do you think I asked for too much?”

“Think about it.

My weapon shop occupies roughly two hundred square meters.

The Pill Tower you're building covers a thousand square meters.

My demand for twenty percent isn't so unreasonable, is it?

Clearly it's not excessive!"

"As for my involvement in the management, that's to your benefit too!

You should know who backs me.

With my involvement, our Pill Tower would gain access to better quality Medicine, and perhaps even some rare Elixirs!

Please consider carefully if my demand is too excessive!" Long Chenyu arrogantly tilted his head as he spoke.

Jing Yan was momentarily stunned by this statement.

The surrounding martial artists widened their eyes, all wearing an expression of being at a loss for words.

Chapter 205 - 205 205 Long Chenyu Was Stunned

Chapter 205: Chapter 205: Long Chenyu Was Stunned Chapter 205: Chapter 205: Long Chenyu Was Stunned “Jing Yan, I’m only doing this for your own good!”

“You should understand, although your Jing Family is ranked among the top three in Donglin City, what is it compared to the family backing me?

What kind of support can your family offer you?”

“On your own, trying to make the Pill Tower’s business thrive will probably be harder than you can imagine.

Running the Pill Tower is not that simple!”

“Once you have my help, however, the result will be completely different.

A slight leak from between the fingers of my Wen Family is enough for you.”

“Jing Yan, if you are unwilling, I certainly won’t force you as I am a reasonable person.

However, you should no longer think about me selling you this weapon shop.

That's impossible, and I, Long Chenyu, am not short of Spirit Stones!"

Long Chenyu said several sentences in a row.

His attitude was confident, arrogant, and disdainful, showing no regard for the Jing Family or Jing Yan.

Just listening to his words, one naturally concluded that his offering Jing Yan a twenty percent share of the Pill Tower was a favor.

With him, Jing Yan's Pill Tower could thrive; without him, it would be ignored.

"Yes!" Just when everyone thought Jing Yan would never agree to Long Chenyu's terms, Jing Yan suddenly nodded and spoke those two words.

"Jing Yan?" Fourth Elder Jing Tianying, looked at Jing Yan in surprise.

Jing Tianying knew Jing Yan was a Pharmacist, but he couldn't be sure of what the Pill Tower would ultimately become.

However, one thing was certain, giving Long Chenyu a twenty percent share of the Pill Tower would be a huge loss for Jing Yan.

Looking at Long Chenyu's attitude, it was clear he would not invest in the Pill Tower, meaning the initial investment would have to be provided by Jing Yan himself.

Once the Pill Tower's business was on track, Long Chenyu would take twenty percent of the profits.

Furthermore, Long Chenyu would also participate in managing the Pill Tower, allowing him to meddle in its operations and place various disorderly people to work inside.

"Fourth Elder, it's okay, I have a plan," Jing Yan said to Jing Tianying with a smile.

Hearing Jing Yan agree to give him a twenty percent share, Long Chenyu became ecstatic.

His gaze flickered, his thoughts whirred, and suddenly he felt that a mere twenty percent share seemed too little; he should have asked for fifty percent, or at least forty percent.

But no matter!

Once the Pill Tower was built, he could continue to infiltrate and expand his influence, forcing Jing Yan to compromise.

If Jing Yan did not yield, he could cause the Pill Tower's Medicine supply to run out, slowly squeezing Jing Yan out.

“Manager Long, the construction of the Pill Tower has been delayed for quite some time.

Now, let's not delay any further.

Have all the staff come out from inside, and start by putting away the weapons inside, and then demolish this weapon shop,” Jing Yan said to Long Chenyu, squinting.

“Sure, absolutely!

Ha ha, let's start immediately then!” Long Chenyu readily nodded in agreement.

In less than an hour, everything was ready.

All the weapons in the weapon shop had been collected by Jing Chenxing using the Space Ring Jing Yan had just given him.

The value of these weapons totaled tens of thousands of Spirit Stones.

“Do we really have to give Long Chenyu a twenty percent share of the Pill Tower?”

“That’s too excessive!”

“There’s no choice, what else could Jing Yan do?”

Surely not forcibly seize it?

It is said, this Long Chenyu is related to the Wen Family of Lanqu County City.”

“Tsk tsk, having a strong background sure is good, unlike us ordinary adventurers who don’t even have the standing to negotiate with the Jing Family.”

The large gathering of Martial Artists around had still not dispersed, instead growing larger in number.

“I’ll handle it myself!” After the weapon shop was tidied, Jing Yan stepped forward.

“Everyone, step back!”

The weapon shop is about to be demolished; let's prevent any injuries," Jing Yan loudly told the Martial Artists around.

Without his reminder, these Martial Artists were not foolish and had already spread out to the periphery.

"Whoosh!"

Jing Yan drew his crimson Skyfire Sword; the red sword light shone brightly, and the counter pattern flowed on the blade as a surge of formidable Power welled up.

"Slashing!" Jing Yan shouted, and the red sword light rolled out.

Driven by the Primordial Energy, a vast, astonishing Power enveloped the entire weapon shop building in an instant.

Seeing the Sword Light released by Jing Yan, Long Chenyu was somewhat taken aback internally.

Jing Yan's strength was indeed terrifying, beyond his ability to confront.

But no worries, even if he were not even an Innate Martial Artist, Jing Yan wouldn't dare strike him.

“Crack!”

“Boom!”

Following two loud noises, the building covering two hundred square meters completely collapsed amid rising dust.

Watching this scene, Jing Yan nodded in satisfaction, sheathed the Skyfire Sword, and then gently clapped his hands.

“Uncle Chenxing, we can start building the Pill Tower now,” Jing Yan said to Jing Chenxing with a smile.

“Jing Yan, I have quite some insights into the construction of the Pill Tower.

I once stayed with the Wen Family for a while and saw more than the average bumpkin, so let me help build this Pill Tower, and you just give me fifty thousand Spirit Stones,” Long Chenyu spoke up again at this moment.

Jing Yan, upon hearing this voice, looked at Long Chenyu with surprise.

“Manager Long, what do you mean?”

When did you switch to construction?” Jing Yan looked at Long Chenyu with a puzzled expression.

“Jing Yan, you misunderstand, I’m not saying I’ll build the building myself, I just have a good understanding of large constructions.

So, if I find people to build this one, you will definitely be satisfied,” Long Chenyu said with a smile.

He was to oversee the construction of the Pill Tower, and for that, Jing Yan was to give him fifty thousand Spirit Stones!

Fifty thousand Spirit Stones, what kind of building would require fifty thousand Spirit Stones?

This Long Chenyu, he really took Jing Yan for a fool.

A building with a thousand square meter footprint, even if it were ten stories high, twenty thousand Spirit Stones would be more than enough, and that would be using top-grade building materials.

But from the start, Long Chenyu was asking for fifty thousand Spirit Stones.

Even if Jing Yan knew nothing about construction, he knew what Long Chenyu was up to.

“Manager Long is too kind, but Uncle Chenxing will take care of the construction of the Pill Tower,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

Long Chenyu’s expression changed slightly, and he said with discontent, “Jing Yan, that’s not right.

This Pill Tower is for both of us.

Don’t you trust me?

Even if you decide to have an outsider take charge, shouldn’t you at least consult me?”

Long Chenyu, quite possessive of ownership.

“Oh?”

“Long Chenyu, how is my Pill Tower any concern of yours?” Jing Yan, spreading his hands, didn’t understand the point of Long Chenyu’s words.

“Hmm?” Long Chenyu hesitated internally.

He subtly felt that something was off.

“Jing Yan, did you forget already?”

You just agreed to give me a twenty percent share of this Pill Tower.

Since I own twenty percent and will be involved in managing it, I naturally have a part in this Pill Tower,” Long Chenyu said darkly.

“Bastard!” Jing Yan shouted sternly.

“Long Chenyu, don’t think you can do whatever you want just because you have backing from Lanqu County City.

Here, this is Donglin City.

The ground you’re standing on is the South District Market, controlled by my Jing Family.

How dare you brazenly scam me here?” Jing Yan, his voice firm, called out coldly.

Long Chenyu’s eyes bulged, his face twitching with surprise as he stared at Jing Yan.

Jing Yan had just said here that he would give him a twenty percent share of the Pill Tower.

Now, Jing Yan clearly intended to renege!

Even if Long Chenyu was foolish, he could understand Jing Yan's implication.

For a moment, his mind went blank, somewhat dazed.

He had never thought that Jing Yan would dare to deceive him.

In his belief, nobody in Donglin City would dare to trick him.

Thus when Jing Yan agreed to his terms earlier, he didn't even consider the possibility that Jing Yan might go back on his word.

"Jing Yan, you dare to cheat me?" After composing himself for a moment, Long Chenyu exploded in a fit of hysterical rage.

"Long Chenyu, you better watch your words.

When have I ever lied to you?" Jing Yan also glared back somberly.

“Good!

Good!”

“Jing Yan, you’re ruthless.

Just now, in front of so many people, you said you would give me twenty percent of the Pill Tower, and now, just half an hour later, you deny it, right?” Long Chenyu was truly desperate.

If Jing Yan really did not acknowledge it, then his weapon store would be gone, and the previously agreed upon one hundred and thirty thousand Spirit Stones would definitely not be forthcoming.

“Oh, Long Chenyu, so that’s what you were talking about!

Of course, I won’t deny what I just said.

I, Jing Yan, am not like some people who say one thing and do another.

My words always hold,” Jing Yan stated, suddenly nodding.

Upon hearing Jing Yan speak so, Long Chenyu's face lit up with joy again.

“However, when I said I'd give you a twenty percent share of the Pill Tower, I didn't mean the one that's about to be built here.

I was talking about a Pill Tower in the West District Square.

Long Chenyu, don't worry, I'll have someone take you there to check out that Pill Tower soon.

That Pill Tower, although it occupies less than ten square meters, is indeed a Pill Tower.”

“If Manager Long likes that Pill Tower, I would completely be okay with giving you the whole building.

How you want to run it, is entirely up to you.

Yes, don't be polite with me.

I, Jing Yan, am very easy to talk to,” Jing Yan said with a beaming smile as he looked at Long Chenyu.

Fourth Elder Jing Tianying laughed.

Jing Chenxing also chuckled.

Just now both of them had been worried that Jing Yan really intended to give two-tenths of this forthcoming Pill Tower to Long Chenyu.

Now they understood that Jing Yan had planned it all along.

A Pill Tower in West District Square?

Haha, in West District Square, just find a secluded spot, pick a small building, and hand it over to Long Chenyu.

If there isn't a suitable building, they could squeeze out a piece of land and just build a ten-square-meter room, the cost of which could be completely controlled within one hundred Spirit Stones.

Chapter 206 - 206 206 Grandma San Ying

Chapter 206: Chapter 206 Grandma San Ying Chapter 206: Chapter 206 Grandma San Ying Jing Yan had indeed promised Long Chenyu a 20 percent share in the Pill Tower, yet he had never specified that it would include the share of the Pill Tower soon to be built in the South District Market.

Long Chenyu was merely wishful thinking.

Moreover, since no written agreement had been signed, even if Long Chenyu went to the City Lord Mansion, the City Lord would not support his claim.

This silent loss was something Long Chenyu could only grit his teeth and bear.

He was not reconciled, but there was nothing he could do.

At this moment, when Long Chenyu looked into Jing Yan's eyes, they seemed almost ready to burst into flames.

The words he had just spoken weren't entirely false.

The weapon shop in the South District Market, the one Jing Yan had dismantled with his own hands, was indeed his main asset in Donglin City, worth seventy to eighty thousand Spirit Stones.

For a martial artist at the Middle Stage of Innate, seventy to eighty thousand Spirit Stones was truly a vast amount.

Most martial artists in the Middle Stage of Innate or the Early Stage of Innate could not produce that many Spirit Stones.

Even those with family backgrounds, like some elders of the Jing Family, probably did not have so many readily exchangeable resources.

It was certain that Long Chenyu felt pain.

Besides the weapon shop, the liquid resources he had were not much either.

What Long Chenyu couldn't accept the most was not that he was played by Jing Yan, but that various grades of weapons stocked in his weapon shop were taken away by Jing Chenxing, who was at Jing Yan's side.

Because he was too overjoyed just moments ago, thinking he was about to gain huge profits, he didn't care about the weapons in the shop at all, so he didn't stop Jing Chenxing from taking all the weapons.

Now recalling this, Long Chenyu felt another twinge in his heart.

Cruel!

Jing Yan was too cruel!

“Jing!

Yan!” Long Chenyu’s voice was even somewhat hoarse.

“So ruthless!

I, Long Chenyu, admit defeat!

However, that weaponry of mine, shouldn’t you return it?

You’ve dismantled the weapon shop, but you can’t just take those weapons!” Long Chenyu gritted his teeth.

“Weapons?

What weapons?” Jing Yan feigned ignorance.

“Jing Yan, stop playing dumb.

In my weapon shop, there were weapons of various grades worth tens of thousands of Spirit Stones.

You’d better return those weapons to me.” Long Chenyu felt a darkness before his eyes, nearly collapsing.

It was always he, Long Chenyu, who took advantage of others, but this time, he was outmaneuvered by Jing Yan, suffering a heavy loss.

“Ah!” Jing Yan suddenly nodded.

“You’re talking about those weapons!

Those weapons aren’t yours anymore.

You haven’t forgotten that you just exchanged the entire weapon shop for my 20 percent share in the Pill Tower, have you?”

Jing Yan shook his head.

Those weapons, of course, he would not easily return to Long Chenyu.

Long Chenyu had brought this upon himself and didn’t deserve sympathy.

Initially, Jing Yan had made such a big concession, preferring to spend tens of thousands of Spirit Stones more to buy his weapon shop, yet he had been greedy and reneged.

Now, would Jing Yan feel sympathy for him?

Another reason Jing Yan felt resentment towards Long Chenyu was that Long Chenyu was associated with the Wen Family.

And behind the Zhao Family, which Jing Yan detested with a vengeance, was also this Wen Family.

Jing Yan even suspected that the Wen Family had a connection to his grandfather's death.

The Dark Night Assassin Organization, which Jing Yan learned about in detail upon returning to Donglin City, was exceedingly mysterious.

Even if the Zhao Family wanted to connect with Dark Night, they might not qualify.

So, it was very likely that the Wen Family helped the Zhao Family link up with the Dark Night Organization.

This possibility was quite significant.

All things considered, Jing Yan would certainly not show mercy to Long Chenyu.

“Jing Yan, don’t be too excessive.

Provoking me too far won’t benefit you either.” Long Chenyu’s expression was fierce, feeling as if his lungs were about to explode.

He wished he could tear Jing Yan apart.

Here, many pairs of eyes were watching.

If it were just losing a weapon shop, Long Chenyu could accept it.

However, being embarrassed in front of so many martial artists was something he couldn’t stomach.

Long Chenyu had always prided himself as being above those from Donglin City, thinking of the local fighters as nothing but bumpkins, and he had always carried himself with a condescending attitude towards Donglin City martial artists.

Now, suffering such an insult and being humiliated by the bumpkins of Donglin City, he couldn’t swallow this humiliation!

“Long Chenyu, aren’t you the one who is being excessive?”

Alright, I'm tired of arguing with you.

Now you can get out of the market.

Humph, if you continue to cause trouble, don't blame me for expelling you from the South District Market." Jing Yan huffed coldly, his gaze narrowing as he swept it towards Long Chenyu.

"Jing Yan!" Long Chenyu roared, "You insult me like this; I will fight you with all I've got!

Ah..."

Finally, Long Chenyu erupted.

He had lost all reason.

He knew that Jing Yan's strength was not something he could match, but still, he charged at Jing Yan, launching a fierce attack.

"Overestimating yourself!"

Facing Long Chenyu's attack, Jing Yan flipped his palm, and a wave of audacious Primordial Energy rolled out.

Long Chenyu's strength, compared to Zhao Zhenyan, was far inferior.

He posed no threat to Jing Yan whatsoever.

"Boom!"

After the loud noise, Long Chenyu's body was sent flying backward at an even faster speed.

He spat out a mouthful of blood and fell to the ground like a dead dog.

"You..."

how dare you lay a hand on me?" Struck and knocked to the ground, Long Chenyu sobered up a bit and glared at Jing Yan with venomous eyes.

"You'll regret this!"

Jing Yan, you will definitely regret this.

You don't know, you've provoked someone you simply can't afford to provoke," Long Chenyu ranted, his hair disheveled and looking mad.

He appeared utterly pitiful.

However, the many martial artists watching nearby felt no sympathy for Long Chenyu.

Everyone had witnessed the entire incident and agreed that it was entirely Long Chenyu's own fault.

If he hadn't been too greedy, things wouldn't have escalated to this point.

"How dare you!"

Just then, an angry shout roared through the air.

"Hmm?" Jing Yan and the others turned to look.

They saw a gray figure flying toward them rapidly.

“A Dao Spirit Realm expert?”

All the martial artists trembled slightly upon seeing the gray figure.

This gray figure moved as fast as lightning; one moment hundreds of meters away, the next, close at hand, clearly capable of flying.

Only a strong person from the Dao Spirit Realm could manage to fly in such a short time.

The newcomer was evidently a Dao Spirit Realm expert.

“Grandma San Ying?” Jing Tianying’s face suddenly changed when he saw who it was.

Most people present didn’t recognize this gray figure, but Jing Tianying did.

In Donglin City, everyone knew of three Dao Spirit Realm experts: City Lord Huo Chunyang, Extreme Combat Association President Ding Qiniang, and Zhao Family Head Zhao Dangyuan.

These three were publicly known powerful figures.

Only a few knew that there was another Dao Spirit Realm expert residing in Donglin City, the gray-clothed elder before them – Grandma San Ying.

Grandma San Ying was reclusive and rarely interacted with others.

She lived in a secluded ordinary house in Donglin City and hardly ever left her residence.

Jing Tianying, although aware of Grandma San Ying's presence, knew nothing about her background.

It seemed that Grandma San Ying had suddenly moved to Donglin City about twenty or thirty years ago.

Her origins and identity remained a mystery; even the Jing Family had tried but failed to uncover her past.

Now, Grandma San Ying had appeared.

Seeing the expression on Grandma San Ying's face, Jing Tianying had a bad feeling.

It seemed that Grandma San Ying knew Long Chenyu, and she had shouted "How dare you!" in anger as soon as she appeared, evidently directed at Jing Yan for injuring Long Chenyu.

"This is bad, Jing Yan!" Jing Tianying whispered urgently next to Jing Yan.

“Fourth Elder, who is this person...?” Jing Yan of course knew that Grandma San Ying was a Dao Spirit Realm expert, but he had never seen nor even heard of her before.

When did such a powerful figure emerge in Donglin City?

“It’s hard to explain right now,” Jing Tianying shook his head.

“But it looks like we’re in trouble.

Grandma San Ying is no ordinary person; even the City Lord shows great deference to her.

I heard once that the City Lord had a disagreement with her, and he actually apologized to her in the end.”

The City Lord had compromised!

“What?” Jing Yan’s face also shifted slightly.

“Fourth Elder, could it be that Grandma San Ying is stronger than the City Lord?” Jing Yan was genuinely alarmed.

“Well... Grandma San Ying’s strength may not surpass the City Lord’s.

However, she is a Pill Master, and a very potent one at that,” Jing Tianying replied, his eyes flickering.

...

“Grandma...” Long Chenyu, revitalized by Grandma San Ying’s appearance, managed to stand up with the help of Li Er, his face still pale but much better than before.

He spoke plaintively to Grandma San Ying’s calling her title, but didn’t approach her, seemingly afraid of her as well.

As soon as Long Chenyu spoke, Jing Yan and the others confirmed that Grandma San Ying indeed knew Long Chenyu, and their relationship seemed to be more than ordinary.

“Good-for-nothing fool!” Grandma San Ying glared at Long Chenyu and scolded.

Long Chenyu quickly lowered his head, not daring to retort.

Grandma San Ying’s gaze then turned towards Jing Yan.

Jing Yan felt as if Grandma San Ying's eyes were like sharp knives, seemingly piercing through his body.

Grandma San Ying appeared very old, probably much older than Jing Chunyu, but her gaze was incredibly sharp, making it difficult to meet her eyes.

Just being looked at by her felt immensely pressuring.

"Boy, you dared to harm my beloved grandson!

You're far too bold." Grandma San Ying's voice was rather deep but held a chilly piercing quality, like flames wrapped in ice.

It sounded powerless yet hid frightening strength, making it dangerous to touch lightly.

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 207: Chapter 207: Path to Life, Path to Death Chapter 207: Chapter 207: Path to Life, Path to Death Jing Yan's heart involuntarily filled with a chill.

Facing a Dao Spirit Realm expert, he was still too weak, his realm was still too low.

With only the cultivation of the Early Innate Realm, the gap in realms had reached an insurmountable level.

Grandma San Ying's somewhat cloudy eyes were fixedly staring at Jing Yan.

She didn't deliberately release the power of a Dao Spirit Realm expert, but her body naturally exuded a strong and terrifying aura, suffocating the surrounding martial artists.

Even if these martial artists didn't recognize Grandma San Ying, it didn't stop them from knowing that the elderly woman before them was a terrifying powerhouse of the Dao Spirit Realm.

"Boy, do you want to live, or do you want to die?" Grandma San Ying's voice remained calm.

However, Jing Yan could sense a thread of icy killing intent from her voice.

This Grandma San Ying, she truly intended to kill him.

Although she provided him with two choices, life or death, Jing Yan could feel that her killing intent was extremely intense and dense; desiring a way out would be incredibly difficult.

"What does the way to live entail?"

What about the way to die?” Jing Yan held his breath and similarly looked at Grandma San Ying.

The pressure he faced was immense, known only to him.

Even Jing Tianying couldn't perceive it.

Grandma San Ying's killing intent had completely locked onto Jing Yan, ready to strike him dead at any moment.

Although Jing Tianying couldn't clearly sense it, he could tell.

He quietly circulated his Primordial Energy, ready to act at any moment.

Jing Tianying knew he was no match for Grandma San Ying; even if all the strong members of the Jing Family gathered, they likely couldn't stop her, but if Grandma San Ying wanted to kill Jing Yan, he would, despite the consequences, do his utmost to stop her.

“The way to live is to relinquish the Pill Tower to Chenyu.”

“The way to die is by not relinquishing the Pill Tower.”

“You have two choices, choose one!”

Grandma San Ying’s words were simple, yet filled with an overriding and undeniable force.

It seemed as though Jing Yan’s life and death hinged upon her thoughts.

This was the overbearing nature of a Dao Spirit Realm expert.

Either hand over the Pill Tower or Jing Yan dies!

Although the Pill Tower was not yet constructed, Jing Yan didn’t believe he could manipulate the words spoken by Grandma San Ying for his benefit.

If he agreed to hand over the Pill Tower to Long Chenyu, then he needed to perfectly construct it, otherwise, Grandma San Ying would still kill him.

“Grandma San Ying, I don’t know who you are, nor do I wish to know.

Although you are a Dao Spirit Realm expert, this is Donglin City; there is the City Lord Mansion, and there is the City Lord.

If you want to kill me, there should be a reason, right?” Jing Yan found it impossible to relinquish the Pill Tower.

Jing Yan, too, didn’t want to die.

“Boy, I know Huo Chunyang treats you well.

But let me say, even if Huo Chunyang were to appear here right now, I could still kill you.” When Jing Yan mentioned the City Lord, Grandma San Ying’s eyes slightly shifted, but she seemed unconcerned.

It appeared that what Fourth Elder Jing Tianying said about the City Lord once apologizing to Grandma San Ying was quite possibly true.

Huo Chunyang held no deterrence over her!

Even Zhao Dangyuan couldn’t achieve that.

“As for the reason!”

“You hurt my Chenyu, I want your life; that’s the reason.” Grandma San Ying said this as she glanced at Long Chenyu.

“Grandma, I don’t want the Pill Tower, I just want him dead!” said Long Chenyu, evilly staring at Jing Yan as he spoke.

He despised Jing Yan!

Now, his whole heart desired to see Jing Yan dead.

Only by seeing Jing Yan killed before him would he feel relieved.

As for the Pill Tower, it seemed unimportant.

“Shut your mouth!” Grandma San Ying directly reprimanded Long Chenyu.

Long Chenyu’s body trembled slightly, but he dared not speak again, only using his biting gaze to stare at Jing Yan.

“Haha...” Jing Yan laughed loudly, “Grandma San Ying, don’t you think your reason is absurd?”

Long Chenyu struck first; am I not allowed to strike back?

If Long Chenyu wants to kill me, should I just stand there and let him do it?”

Jing Yan, too, had his own proud backbone.

Although he didn't want to die, facing Grandma San Ying's absurd reason, Jing Yan couldn't bring himself to kneel and admit wrongdoing.

“Chenyu attacked you because you mocked him.

You dismantled his weapon workshop and promised him 20% of the Pill Tower, but you didn't follow through.

You mocked Chenyu, so it's reasonable for Chenyu to try to kill you,” said Grandma San Ying, her eyelids slowly fluttering as she spoke.

“Ridiculous!”

“Grandma San Ying, a month ago, Long Chenyu agreed to sell his weapon workshop to me for 130,000 Spirit Stones.

But now he's reneged, wanting 20% of the Pill Tower; isn't that mocking me?

Only Long Chenyu is allowed to mock me, but I'm not permitted to mock him?

I think, even anywhere in the world, that reasoning wouldn't hold!" Jing Yan said coldly and loudly.

Grandma San Ying's gaze suddenly intensified.

"It seems, you're genuinely opting for the path of death!" Grandma San Ying's dry palms slowly reached out.

A terrifying wave of energy suddenly spread out.

"I will kill you because I want to kill you, I don't need a reason.

I'll kill you right now and I want to see what Huo Chunyang can do to me!" Grandma San Ying slightly shifted her foot.

Her seemingly frail figure moved closer to Jing Yan.

The strong kill the weak.

Once killed, that's it; no reason is needed.

This world is just like this!

“Sss!”

A terrifying power enveloped Jing Yan.

An attack from a Dao Spirit Realm martial artist was not something the current Jing Yan could contend with.

Even though Grandma San Ying didn't use any powerful weapon or martial arts, merely the oppression of her primordial energy was enough to make Jing Yan unable to resist.

“Jing Yan, run!” Jing Tianying, with his figure exploding upwards, darted toward Grandma San Ying after a loud shout.

“Get out of my way!” Grandma San Ying's figure flashed, and she swiped her palm towards Jing Tianying.

However, her intent to kill was directed at Jing Yan; the attack on Jing Tianying was merely a casual blow.

After a terrifying force struck, although Jing Tianying tried his best to resist, his body uncontrollably flew backward.

Even though he was a martial artist at the peak of the Innate realm, the gap between Innate and Dao Spirit was far too vast, much larger than that between Postnatal and Innate.

Even a casual attack from Grandma San Ying was not something Jing Tianying could withstand.

“Puh!” Jing Tianying spat out a mouthful of blood and flew back more than ten meters before barely landing.

And Grandma San Ying’s other palm had already reached in front of Jing Yan.

Jing Tianying told Jing Yan to run, but how could Jing Yan possibly escape?

In front of a Dao Spirit realm martial artist, Jing Yan had no speed advantage!

“Sky Wings!”

Jing Yan clenched his teeth fiercely and unleashed the Sky Wings Martial Art; his figure turned into an afterimage, attempting to dodge the attack.

“Your speed is quite impressive!” Grandma San Ying’s expression shifted slightly, seemingly surprised by Jing Yan’s speed, but it wasn’t an important matter.

No matter how fast Jing Yan was, he couldn’t outspeed her, a Dao Spirit realm martial artist.

That terrifying claw shadow followed Jing Yan like a persistent worm.

“Condensed Moon Three Waves!”

The Skyfire Sword, alongside the power of an Upper Grade Martial Art, swept fiercely across.

The Curved Moon Sword Light of Condensed Moon Three Waves collided with the claw shadow, the two stalemating in the air.

“Break!” Grandma San Ying softly commanded.

Condensed Moon Three Waves swiftly collapsed, and the dark claw shadow continued to claw down at Jing Yan.

Dao Spirit realm martial artists were too horrifying, too powerful.

“Damn it!

My realm is too low!” Jing Yan’s breath tensed as he felt his Martial Arts Meridians beginning to constrict under the terrible force.

If Jing Yan were at the Innate Middle Stage, although he still wouldn’t be able to contend with a Dao Spirit realm martial artist, Grandma San Ying killing him wouldn’t be so easy.

At least, she would need to use martial arts to achieve that.

“Condensed Moon Three Waves!” Jing Yan pushed his primordial energy to the limit, unleashing Condensed Moon Three Waves while still using the movement technique of the Sky Wings Martial Art.

At the same time, Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill also crazily turned, releasing his senses to the limit, searching for weak spots in the attacking power within that claw shadow.

To other martial artists, Jing Yan’s figure, constantly flipping, appeared unable to escape the encompassing dark claw shadow, seemingly about to be crushed at any moment.

Yet, he still hadn’t died within two or three breaths.

“Hmm?”

“Young man, I underestimated you.

Your strength is surprisingly formidable.

No wonder you could kill that youth from the Zhao Family.” Grandma San Ying’s voice came again.

She also knew that Jing Yan had slain Zhao Zhenyan.

It seemed, although she rarely left her home, she was informed about significant events in Donglin City.

There must be someone constantly sending her news.

No wonder she could arrive in time when Long Chenyu met with trouble at the South District Market.

“However, today you are doomed beyond a doubt!” With Grandma San Ying’s voice falling, the dark claw shadow suddenly enlarged in the air, its power becoming stronger.

The surrounding light even dimmed slightly.

The pressure Jing Yan faced escalated again.

A trace of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, but his gaze remained resolute.

The execution of his martial arts slowed again, but Jing Yan didn't give up resisting.

“Grandma San Ying!”

Just as everyone thought Jing Yan was about to be clutched to death, another voice came from afar.

Then, everyone saw the figure in a blue robe, City Lord Huo Chunyang, arriving through the air.

“Stop!” Huo Chunyang's voice boomed like spring thunder, and with that shout, he also landed nearby.

At the same time, he unleashed a vast amount of primordial energy, directly intercepting the dark claw shadow.

Grandma San Ying's body paused slightly, slowly turning to look at Huo Chunyang.

Her murky eyes flipped, and a strange, terrifying smile appeared on her face.

“Huo Chunyang, you want to stop me?” Grandma San Ying showed no significant emotional fluctuation because of City Lord Huo Chunyang’s arrival, as if Huo Chunyang really couldn’t stop her.

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 208: Chapter 208 The Belief in Becoming Stronger Chapter 208: Chapter 208 The Belief in Becoming Stronger Huo Chunyang’s gaze swept over Jing Yan, noticing only a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth and no serious harm.

He felt somewhat relieved and returned his focus to Grandma San Ying.

“Grandma San Ying, you must not kill Jing Yan,” Huo Chunyang shook his head.

“You, as a Dao Spirit Realm powerhouse, striking against a martial artist not even twenty years old, that seems quite improper.”

“Huo Chunyang, Jing Yan injured my son Chenyu, I want his life.

What’s the problem with that?

Moreover, I had already given him a chance to live, but he didn’t cherish it.

Now even if he regrets, it's too late.

My determination to kill him will not waver.

Huo Chunyang, you can't protect him unless you stay by his side at all times.

Otherwise, even if he returns to the Jing Family, I will still pursue him there and kill him.”
Grandma San Ying's cloudy eyes again fixed on Jing Yan.

The murderous intent in her eyes was chilling.

She wanted to kill Jing Yan, and not even Huo Chunyang could protect him.

Jing Yan might return to the Jing Family, but she would follow to kill him.

It seemed that if anyone tried to stop her, they would die.

This was the fearsome power of a Dao Spirit Realm expert.

The Jing Family, even if they combined all their power, might not be able to stop Grandma San Ying from attacking Jing Yan.

And Huo Chunyang, clearly, could not always stay by Jing Yan's side.

It looked like in order to protect Jing Yan, they would have to have him stay at the City Lord Mansion, and even that would only be temporary.

Jing Yan couldn't stay in the City Lord Mansion forever, and Huo Chunyang couldn't always stay indoors.

The surrounding martial artists all watched the scene with solemn expressions.

It seemed that today, Jing Yan was doomed.

Even if today Huo Chunyang offended Grandma San Ying to protect Jing Yan, he couldn't protect him forever.

Grandma San Ying truly was overwhelmingly fierce, not even giving face to City Lord Huo Chunyang.

Hearing Grandma San Ying's words, Jing Yan also felt a coldness spreading in his heart and a sense of helplessness.

Before such a Dao Spirit Realm powerhouse, he seemed so frail and vulnerable.

Even his family, the Jing Family, lacked the ability to protect him.

In this world without strength, one has no right to speak.

Grandma San Ying wanted to kill him and needed no reason.

If he died, then he was just dead.

If Jing Yan were a Dao Spirit Realm powerhouse, would Grandma San Ying dare to say such things?

In his heart, Jing Yan's desire to grow stronger intensified.

Even if he wasn't avenging his grandfather, just for his own sake, he must seize the time and strive to become stronger.

While feeling powerless, Jing Yan's hatred also grew stronger.

Grandma San Ying simply disregarded reason.

The whole incident was provoked by Long Chenyu, yet Grandma San Ying ignored this point entirely.

Jing Yan harmed Long Chenyu, so she wanted to kill Jing Yan.

In her eyes, Jing Yan's life was far less valuable than Long Chenyu's.

She did not consider that if Jing Yan had not shown mercy, Long Chenyu would already be dead!

“Grandma San Ying, I stop you also for your own good,” Huo Chunyang, his face also looking quite displeased, spoke coldly in front of so many people—Grandma San Ying did not give him any face at all.

She completely disregarded him as the City Lord; his voice grew much colder.

“For my own good?”

“Do tell, how is it for my good?” Grandma San Ying revealed a very ugly smile.

“If I don't stop you, you will cause great trouble!”

“I can assure you, you'll regret it,” Huo Chunyang's voice lowered.

“Hmph, even if I regret it, I still want to kill him!

Huo Chunyang, stop with this nonsense, just say it directly—do you actually intend to stop me!” Grandma San Ying’s primordial energy surged within her, her voice thunderous, showing a loss of patience.

“Grandma San Ying, if after hearing this sentence you still wish to kill Jing Yan here, then I won’t stop you,” Huo Chunyang said with a deep look, “Come over here!”

Seeing Huo Chunyang asking her to come over, although skeptical, Grandma San Ying still moved her skinny body toward Huo Chunyang.

She believed that Huo Chunyang would not resort to any tricks against her.

Moreover, Huo Chunyang’s strength was indeed above hers.

If he wanted to make a move against her, there was no need for him to resort to deceitful attacks.

What’s more, with so many martial artists watching here, if Huo Chunyang really had any nefarious schemes, he would surely have many concerns, being the City Lord of Donglin City after all.

“Grandma San Ying, don’t you want to think about why I insist on protecting Jing Yan?”

Let me tell you, Jing Yan’s relationship with the Prince is not ordinary.

If you kill Jing Yan, the Prince will be enraged,” Huo Chunyang said in a very low voice to the approaching Grandma San Ying.

Although what Huo Chunyang said was somewhat exaggerated, it was essentially the truth.

He only knew that the Bai Xue City Lord of Duyang City, who was the daughter of the Prince, had a close relationship with Jing Yan.

If Bai Xue City Lord cared about Jing Yan, saying that Jing Yan had a special relationship with the Prince wasn’t problematic.

“Hmm?”

Hearing this, Grandma San Ying’s expression instantly changed.

She might disregard Huo Chunyang, but she couldn’t disregard the Prince of Lanqu County.

She gave Huo Chunyang a deep look, seemingly considering the credibility of his statement.

After a moment of deep thought, she believed that Huo Chunyang was probably telling the truth.

Otherwise, why would Huo Chunyang treat Jing Yan so favorably?

And such a statement, she believed Huo Chunyang wouldn't dare to make lightly.

If Huo Chunyang dared to mess around with the Prince's name, once the Prince found out, Huo Chunyang would face inescapable trouble.

"Phew!" Grandma San Ying let out a breath.

"Shua!" Her muddy eyes fiercely swept towards Jing Yan.

Originally, she was destined to kill Jing Yan today, but now Huo Chunyang had said that Jing Yan had an unusual relationship with the Prince.

If she really killed Jing Yan in front of everyone, she wouldn't be able to bear the consequences.

Not to mention herself, even the Wen Family of Lanqu County City wouldn't be able to withstand the Prince's wrath.

The Lu Family's annihilation, Grandma San Ying knew a bit about it as well.

"Little beast, consider yourself lucky!" Grandma San Ying said sinisterly to Jing Yan.

"Huh?"

"Not fighting anymore?"

"Giving up?"

"Weren't you adamant about killing Jing Yan just now?"

"Why suddenly give up?"

"City Lord, what exactly did you say?"

The surrounding martial artists were all somewhat stunned.

Previously, Grandma San Ying's attitude had been extremely tough and domineering, as if she wouldn't rest until Jing Yan was dead.

And now, she was clearly going to spare Jing Yan.

This was obviously related to the last words City Lord Huo Chunyang said to her.

What exactly did the City Lord say to Grandma San Ying to make her give up on killing Jing Yan?

Jing Yan, a slow smile appeared on the corners of his mouth, and only then did he reach out to wipe the blood from the corners.

Today was indeed extremely dangerous.

If City Lord Huo Chunyang hadn't suddenly arrived, he might have really been killed by Grandma San Ying.

Even if he had the Sky Wings Body Technique Martial Arts to escape, he wouldn't have been able to successfully evade the pursuit.

Grandma San Ying was a Dao Spirit realm powerhouse; although she could only fly for a short period of time, this brief duration was enough for Grandma San Ying to catch up to Jing Yan.

Jing Yan could guess that Huo Chunyang's words to Grandma San Ying were nothing but threats involving either Bai Xue City Lord or the Prince.

Grandma San Ying didn't kill him because she didn't dare, not because she didn't want to.

This old thing would definitely still try to kill him if she got the chance.

"Grandma..."

Long Chenyu couldn't hold back anymore.

He had just been waiting to personally see Jing Yan get killed by Grandma, but now that she was going to give up, how could he continue to stay silent?

Not killing Jing Yan was truly unbearable resentment for him!

"I want him dead!"

"I want him dead!" Long Chenyu twisted his body as if he was throwing a tantrum.

"Yu, we can't kill him now, but there will definitely be a chance," Grandma San Ying looked at Long Chenyu, "You've been bullied this time, you should know how to make progress, right?"

Practice hard in the future and stop always thinking about women.

Once you step into the Dao Spirit realm, or even become a stronger Daoist Master realm powerhouse, what kind of women can't you find?

Those women will come flocking to you.”

“Grandma, I understand.” Long Chenyu was not foolish; he saw that Grandma San Ying was wary of something and dared not kill Jing Yan.

His gaze then sweep maliciously towards Jing Yan.

“Little beast, just live a few more days; I'll see how long you can stay arrogant,” Long Chenyu cursed venomously.

“Hehe...”

“The strong kill the weak without needing a reason; they kill as they wish.

The weak are like ants; the strong can crush them as they please!”

“Grandma San Ying, right?” Jing Yan said indifferently, a hint of a smile appearing on his face as he spoke to Grandma San Ying, disregarding Long Chenyu’s curse.

Grandma San Ying furrowed her brows and looked at Jing Yan.

What was this boy trying to do?

She had already temporarily given up on killing him; what else did he want to say?

“Grandma San Ying, one day, I will personally return these words to you.

That day won’t be too far off,” Jing Yan’s voice was cold and filled with murderous intent.

“Little beast, I’ll wait for you to seek revenge,” Grandma San Ying certainly understood that Jing Yan meant to seek revenge.

But she simply didn’t care.

She was a Dao Spirit realm powerhouse; Jing Yan in front of her was indeed just like an ant.

For Jing Yan to kill her, he would first have to step into the Dao Spirit realm, which was not an easy feat.

Talents were common, but Dao Spirit realm powerhouses were much rarer.

Countless talents could only reach the Peak of Innate realm and couldn't step into the Dao Spirit Realm.

Even if it's a once-in-a-hundred-year talent from Donglin City, what about it?

If entering the Dao Spirit realm were so easy, then the entire Donglin City wouldn't have only four Dao Spirits.

Moreover, she, Grandma San Ying, had only come to Donglin City from Lanqu County City in the last twenty or thirty years.

Moreover, she would find an opportunity to secretly kill Jing Yan.

As long as there was no evidence left, it was feasible.

Jing Yan had many enemies; who could be sure by whose hand Jing Yan would die?

Even if Jing Yan really had a relationship with the Prince, it wouldn't matter much.

A talented individual growing up was indeed formidable, but a talent that had not grown up was nothing at all!

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 209: Chapter 209: Promoted to Innate Middle Stage Chapter 209: Chapter 209: Promoted to Innate Middle Stage Grandma San Ying had lived so long, what kind of genius hadn't she seen?

She had personally witnessed countless geniuses rapidly rise, shine with glory across the continent, praised by everyone, only to fall just as quickly.

In the long river of time, one genius after another emerged, but how many were remembered by the world for long?

Thus, Grandma San Ying simply didn't care about Jing Yan's veiled threats.

Jing Yan's words, however, only intensified her killing intent towards him.

"City Lord, thank you!" Jing Yan turned and thanked Huo Chunyang with a cupped fist salute.

This was the second time Huo Chunyang had saved him.

That day at the City Lord Mansion, if it weren't for City Lord Huo Chunyang returning in time, Jing Yan might have already died.

Counting this time, it was the second time Huo Chunyang had saved him.

Although Jing Yan knew that Huo Chunyang was also looking after him because of Bai Xue City Lord, gratitude was still gratitude, and Jing Yan took note of it in his heart.

Repay a debt of gratitude, as well as revenge!

Huo Chunyang waved his hand and smiled indifferently.

“Uncle Chenxing, you will take charge of the construction of the Pill Tower!” Jing Yan then said to Jing Chenxing with a smile.

“Sure,” Jing Chenxing replied.

“Fourth Elder, how are your injuries?” Jing Yan finally turned his gaze to Jing Tianying, who had been sent flying by Grandma San Ying earlier.

Jing Tianying's injuries were not severe, and with a healing potion, a few days of rest would suffice for recovery.

"I'm fine," Jing Tianying said to Jing Yan after glancing at Grandma San Ying.

After settling these matters, Jing Yan prepared to return to the Jing Family Mansion.

"Die!"

Just as Jing Yan passed by Long Chenyu, his figure suddenly burst forth, with a palm seal condensing in the air.

Before that, there had been no sign at all, Jing Yan had suddenly attacked Long Chenyu.

Long Chenyu had not expected Jing Yan to strike at him with Grandma San Ying not far away, yet Jing Yan had dared to make a move on him.

Caught off guard, he did not even have time to circulate the primordial energy in his body.

Nevermind that his strength was far inferior to Jing Yan's, even if he had the power to contend with Jing Yan, he could still have been seriously injured by this abrupt attack.

"Ah!" Long Chenyu screamed as his heart was directly shattered by Jing Yan.

Blood flowed from his seven orifices, and in the blink of an eye, he was utterly silent.

The incident happened so suddenly that even Grandma San Ying, who was at the Dao Spirit Realm, didn't react in time; how could she have anticipated that even after she had spared Jing Yan, he would suddenly attempt to kill her own Yu'er without any warning?

By the time she reacted, Long Chenyu had already been killed by Jing Yan.

"Beast, you dare to kill my Yu'er?" Grandma San Ying, her gray hair suddenly dancing wildly.

Her entire body's primordial energy puffed up like an inflated ball, her eyes emitting a terrifying light.

"Grandma San Ying, don't act recklessly, do you want to bring a calamity to the Wen Family?" Huo Chunyang spoke up timely, stopping Grandma San Ying from attacking Jing Yan.

Huo Chunyang frowned slightly as he glanced at Jing Yan.

He also hadn't anticipated that Jing Yan would suddenly strike down Long Chenyu.

He had thought Lu Chen was going to leave, but as Lu Chen passed by Long Chenyu, he suddenly launched an attack on him.

“Ah, ah, ah!” Grandma San Ying slammed a palm toward the sky in fury, and the terrifying black palm seal, bursting with astonishing power, seemed as if it would shatter the heavens.

Grandma San Ying’s expression was as if she was in a frenzy, her gaze fixated on Jing Yan, her murky eyes filled with a shocking red.

“Didn’t you say before that the strong killing the weak doesn’t need a reason?”

Between Long Chenyu and me, I am clearly the stronger one, so I killed him,” Jing Yan, smiling, said to Grandma San Ying.

Initially, Jing Yan indeed had no intention of killing Long Chenyu.

He knew that Long Chenyu was connected to the Wen Family and didn’t want to escalate the conflict further, as he already had many enemies.

However, the appearance of this Grandma San Ying wanting to kill him had enraged Jing Yan greatly.

Furthermore, Long Chenyu was a person whose death would not be a great loss; killing him would also rid Donglin City of a nuisance.

After all, Grandma San Ying certainly wouldn’t dare attack him in front of so many others, and if she truly disregarded everything and attacked, City Lord Huo Chunyang would surely intervene.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, it was better to completely eliminate Long Chenyu to save future trouble.

After delivering those words, Jing Yan drifted away unhindered.

Grandma San Ying did not stop him; trying to prevent Jing Yan from leaving was meaningless, as she could not bring herself to strike him dead.

Watching Jing Yan floating before her would only provoke her further.

The surrounding onlookers were all stunned beyond belief.

Of course, they could never have imagined that Jing Yan, before his departure, would kill Long Chenyu right before Grandma San Ying's eyes.

Jing Yan's audacity was truly astonishing.

Even with the support of the City Lord, offending a Dao Spirit Realm powerhouse, and to such an extent, was something most wouldn't dare to do.

For an ordinary Innate Martial Artist, the deterrence of a Dao Spirit Realm expert was unimaginable!

Even Martial Artists at the Peak of Innate wouldn't dare to offend a Dao Spirit Realm expert without strong sect background support.

After leaving the South District Market, Jing Yan headed straight to Donglin First Building.

There, within the Treasure Pavilion, he converted all his remaining ordinary Spirit Stones into Top-grade Spirit Stones.

Most Martial Artists, when given a choice between Top-grade Spirit Stones and Guiyuan Pills, would definitely choose the Guiyuan Pills.

But Jing Yan was different.

With the Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill, Jing Yan could absorb the energy contained in the Top-grade Spirit Stones without any barriers.

And the energy contained in the Top-grade Spirit Stones was obviously much more intense than that of Guiyuan Pills, which were low-level Elixirs.

Therefore, for Jing Yan, both Guiyuan Pills and Top-grade Spirit Stones were indispensable.

After that, Jing Yan returned to the Jing Family Mansion and re-entered seclusion.

This time in seclusion, he aimed to advance from the Early Innate Realm to the Innate Middle Stage.

In his room, Jing Yan sat cross-legged on the bed, taking out the Guiyuan Pills, the Top-grade Spirit Stones, the Azure Abyss Elixirs, and the High-level Soul Crystals.

First, Jing Yan placed his palm on a High-level Soul Crystal.

“Let’s begin!” Jing Yan’s thoughts stirred slightly in his mind.

The Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill then rapidly circulated, and the robust Pure Yang Energy contained in the Soul Crystal was quickly absorbed into Jing Yan’s body.

In just an instant, Jing Yan felt the Mist Vortex in his abdomen gently tremble.

The vast, immense energy crazily surged into his body, into the Mist Vortex, and then throughout every Martial Arts Meridian in his body.

As the absorbed energy increased, the Mist Vortex began to swell.

In less than the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, Jing Yan felt a sense of fullness of Primordial Energy expand within him.

He knew the Mist Vortex was about to undergo a Transformation.

Once successful, he would step into the Innate Middle Stage Realm, and his strength would increase manifold.

An ordinary Martial Artist, who absorbed so much masculine power from High-level Soul Crystals in such a short time, would have to rest, digesting the energy over a longer period before they could continue absorbing.

Even Jing Yan felt a burning sensation in his body.

His Martial Arts Meridians were scorching hot, as if they were about to catch fire.

At this moment, he quickly took out a Third Grade Azure Abyss Elixir and swallowed it.

The Azure Abyss Elixir melted in his mouth, and a soft, feminine power immediately surged into Jing Yan's abdomen and flowed into the Mist Vortex.

The effect of the Azure Abyss Elixir was apparent; almost instantly, the burning sensation Jing Yan felt dissipated substantially.

Replacing it was a soothing coolness.

The effect of the Azure Abyss Elixir was far superior to simply ingesting Nine Yin Grass.

Not wasting any time, Jing Yan continued to absorb the energy from the Soul Crystal.

When the burning sensation returned, he would directly swallow another Azure Abyss Elixir, repeating the cycle.

Days passed, and in the blink of an eye, a week had elapsed from when Jing Yan began his seclusion.

“Boom!”

That day, Jing Yan’s Mist Vortex violently shook within his abdomen.

During the previous week, even though the Mist Vortex continually trembled, it had been very mild.

But now, it was an intense quaking.

Jing Yan’s entire body noticeably jolted.

“Pfft!” Following that, came an indescribably delightful sensation of limitless freedom, as if the ocean was vast enough for fish to leap freely and the sky high enough for birds to soar.

Jing Yan's Mist Vortex completed its first Transformation.

He clearly sensed that the space within his Mist Vortex had expanded several times over compared to before.

A larger Mist Vortex space meant that it could store even more Primordial Energy.

"I'm in the Innate Middle Stage now!"

"The power of a Soul Crystal is indeed domineering and intense.

In such a short time, I've advanced to the Innate Middle Stage.

Without the Soul Crystal, the time needed for this breakthrough would probably have been ten times longer, if not more," Jing Yan felt a surge of joy within.

He was exceedingly pleased with the effect of the Soul Crystal.

Jing Yan was right; without the High-level Soul Crystals, even with a significant amount of Top-grade Spirit Stones and Guiyuan Pills, he would have needed at least half a year to successfully ascend to the Innate Middle Stage.

It should be noted that Jing Yan's Primordial Energy was incredibly thick, incomparable to that of an ordinary Martial Artist in the Early Innate Realm.

For him to advance and break through to another realm was more difficult than for most Martial Artists, and it required much more resources.

After the breakthrough, Jing Yan's thick Primordial Energy was naturally unmatched by any Martial Artist in the Innate Middle Stage!

With this thought, Jing Yan did not immediately open his eyes but continued to sit in meditation.

Next, he needed to stabilize his realm and absorb a large amount of Primordial Energy to fill the newly expanded storage space in the Mist Vortex.

At this point, he could absorb Top-grade Spirit Stones and ingest Guiyuan Pills in large quantities.

Jing Yan didn't absorb Top-grade Spirit Stones continuously, nor did he ingest Guiyuan Pills continuously.

He chose to alternate between the two resources, first consuming a Guiyuan Pill, then absorbing Top-grade Spirit Stones.

This method was somewhat more efficient.

Under the operation of the Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill, Primordial Energy in Jing Yan's body rapidly replenished.

His personal strength grew swiftly as well.

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(Asking everyone for monthly and recommendation votes!)

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 210: Chapter 210 Pill Tower Completion Chapter 210: Chapter 210 Pill Tower Completion
“Hu!”

Jing Yan once again opened his eyes and exhaled a breath of turbid air.

His eyes were sparkling with vitality and divine light shimmering.

He gently clenched his fist, his Primordial Energy circulating, generating astonishing waves of energy that surged wildly through the surrounding space.

“What tremendous power!”

“My strength has increased several times over compared to when I was at the Early Innate Realm,” Jing Yan felt the explosive, surging energy within his body.

Now, Jing Yan’s strength had indeed improved significantly.

To understand just how strong Jing Yan had become, one only needed to make a slight comparison.

Back when Jing Yan was in Duyang City at the Wei Family, Elder Qian Feng of the Qian Family, with his Peak of Innate cultivation, had attempted to kill Jing Yan, who was completely unable to resist and had to be saved by the intervention of the Bai Xue City Lord.

If Jing Yan had possessed his current strength at that time, Elder Qian Feng would definitely have been unable to kill Jing Yan and might have even been counter-killed by him.

This meant that Jing Yan’s current strength was almost comparable to that of an average Innate Peak Expert.

Of course, even among experts of the Peak Innate Realm, there were significant differences.

Most martial artists were relatively average, with only a few being exceptionally powerful.

Just like when Jing Yan, even before reaching the Innate Middle Stage, could slay some martial artists in the Late Innate Realm.

Jing Yan was an anomaly; his combat power could not be measured by ordinary standards.

It was precisely because of this that so many people were astonished and unable to comprehend.

Jing Yan felt that if he possessed even stronger martial arts and cultivated secret techniques, then even some top-tier Innate Peak Martial Artists would have a hard time dealing with him.

He needed to find a way to obtain these martial arts and techniques as soon as possible.

Currently, Jing Yan's strongest martial arts technique was still the Upper Grade Martial Arts, Condensed Moon Three Waves, which in his hands could almost surpass Top-grade Martial Arts in power.

However, it was ultimately of too low a grade and somewhat mismatched with Jing Yan's personal strength.

"It's time to go check on the situation at the Pill Tower," Jing Yan's gaze flickered slightly, and with a movement of his feet, his figure had already left the room.

In the South District Market, the Splendid Pill Tower had been completely constructed.

The Splendid Pill Tower, with its five levels, had a total construction cost of eighteen thousand Spirit Stones.

A Pill Tower constructed with nearly twenty thousand Spirit Stones commanded awe in both scale and luxury, naturally without need for further discussion.

The materials used in the Pill Tower were all top-notch and extremely expensive.

Its defensive capabilities were also astonishingly impressive!

Martial artists below the Innate Realm would find it extremely difficult to damage the Pill Tower.

“That is the Splendid Pill Tower!”

“Yes, I heard it is a Pill Tower personally constructed by Jing Yan of the Jing Family, and it has nothing to do with his family.”

“Jing Yan really has a big appetite!

How many Spirit Stones must such a Pill Tower cost?”

“He has plenty of Spirit Stones and doesn’t care about the expense.

I heard that just the construction cost nearly twenty thousand Spirit Stones.”

“Wow, that’s a lot of wealth.

Twenty thousand Spirit Stones!

If I had that many, why would I need to risk my life hunting spiritual beasts in the Black Stone Mountain Range?”

“...”

Today, there were numerous martial artists and adventurers in the South District Market because today was the day the Splendid Pill Tower was completed.

As soon as construction of the Splendid Pill Tower began, its fame had already spread.

Everyone in Donglin City knew that a Pill Tower was being constructed in the South District Market.

“Hmph, what use is a grand scale if there’s no substance?”

Who would buy potions there if they are not of high quality?” Some people with a sour tone doubted the business prospects of the Splendid Pill Tower.

Indeed, no matter how large the scale was, if there were no high-quality potions, it wouldn’t be appreciated.

In Donglin City, the most numerous were adventurers, who might not be very strong, but they valued the quality of potions extremely.

They constantly walked on the edge of death, and many times, the quality of the potions could mean the difference between life and death.

Especially healing potions, which were undoubtedly some of the most valued by adventurers and essential for them when hunting spiritual beasts.

These adventurers were extremely sensitive to the quality of potions and mostly didn’t have a lot of Spirit Stones, mainly using Low-level Potions.

The incredibly effective potions were too expensive and beyond their reach.

Jing Yan had come from the Jing Family Mansion to the Splendid Pill Tower in the South District Market.

“Not bad!”

Standing outside the building, Jing Yan was quite pleased with the Pill Tower.

Although it was costly, this scale of Pill Tower in Donglin City would be sufficient for a very, very long time without needing to be rebuilt.

“Jing Yan, the Pill Tower is built, when do we open for business?”

“I’ve already helped contact some sources of potions,” Fourth Elder Jing Tianying asked Jing Yan.

In the midst of their talk, Jing Yan and a few others entered the Pill Tower.

At that moment, the interior of the Pill Tower was still quite empty.

“Fourth Elder, there’s no need to worry about the source of potions.

I don’t plan to use outside potions,” Jing Yan said, shaking his head.

Since the day Jing Yan killed Long Chenyu, he had been in seclusion, leaving many issues that neither Jing Tianying nor Jing Chenxing could discuss directly with him, so they had to make decisions on their own.

Jing Tianying had a wide network of connections in Donglin City, so he contacted numerous business institutions and pharmacists, hoping they could provide medicines.

However, since Jing Yan was the owner of Splendid Pill Tower, Jing Tianying was not able to finalize any details with the providers, and could only wait for Jing Yan to finish his seclusion before discussing details with them.

“Hmm?” Jing Tianying was taken aback.

What did Jing Yan mean by this?

Not use external medicines?

Then from where would they use medicines?

If such a large pill tower had only a few medicines for sale, wouldn't it be a laughing stock?

If the quantity of medicines was so small, there was no need to construct such a large pill tower; a small shop would have sufficed.

Among the Four Major Markets of Donglin City, each market's medicine shops were numerous.

These shops typically did not have a wide variety or quantity of medicines and were most frequented by Intermediate Martial Artists.

"However, we really do need to recruit some pharmacists now," Jing Yan said with a smile, adding.

Hearing Jing Yan's remarks, Jing Tianying's face darkened immediately.

Even Jing Chenxing couldn't help but roll his eyes.

Recruit pharmacists?

Were pharmacists that easy to recruit?

The Jing Family in Donglin City was about to surpass the Lin Family and become the second-largest family.

Yet, the Jing Family's team of pharmacists included only about twenty to thirty people.

About half of them were just Pharmacist Apprentices who could at most prepare low-level potions, and even these wouldn't be of very high quality.

Recruiting pharmacists wasn't just about offering high salaries.

Many larger families trained pharmacists from the very beginning.

When many pharmacists looked for an employer, the first thing they considered wasn't the salary but whether they could improve themselves.

Almost all of Jing Family's pharmacists were trained slowly by the family themselves; only about one fifth were externally hired.

It wasn't that the Jing Family didn't want to hire more pharmacists; they simply couldn't find them.

In the pharmaceutical field, having a highly skilled master was crucial as they could quickly improve the abilities of their apprentices in potion preparation.

Thus, many Pharmacist Apprentices didn't even need salaries; as long as they could have a highly skilled master teach them, they would willingly work for you.

“Fourth Elder, I have a plan!” Jing Yan smiled at Jing Tianying.

Seeing Jing Yan’s attitude, Jing Tianying could only force a chuckle and said no more.

In his opinion, Jing Yan was being too idealistic now, but in time, Jing Yan would understand that the industry was not as easy as he thought.

Jing Tianying was sure that Jing Yan was a very intelligent person.

Once Jing Yan understood the essence of the industry, it wouldn’t be too late to make adjustments.

“Uncle Chenxing, has Brother Qing Yan arrived in Donglin City yet?” Jing Yan then turned and inquired from Jing Chenxing.

“He has been here for a few days.

I already sent someone to notify him just now,” replied Jing Chenxing.

“Good!” Jing Yan nodded.

The Radiant Weapon Shop had five layers.

Jing Yan's plan was to use the lower three layers for selling medicines and elixirs.

The fourth layer would be for his own use, so he wouldn't need to travel between the Pill Tower and the Jing Family Mansion.

The fifth layer would be used as a workshop for potion preparation.

For the pill tower to operate perfectly, having around ten to twenty pharmacists should suffice.

As for the elixirs, Jing Yan would have to handle their refinement himself for now.

Pill Masters were too scarce, and finding one to work exclusively for him was even more impossible.

Even the leading Zhao Family did not have their own Pill Master.

Of course, Jing Yan was not in a hurry; he believed that in the future, he would be able to train his own Pill Masters.

Rome wasn't built in a day, and one must eat one bite at a time.

“Uncle Chenxing, please send out the news that the Splendid Pill Tower is recruiting pharmacists.

I will personally conduct the interviews in three days,” Jing Yan said further.

Jing Chenxing’s forehead immediately creased with worry.

Although he had little experience in this industry, he knew how difficult it was to recruit pharmacists.

But since Jing Yan had said so, he would follow through.

Jing Qingyan, from the West District Market to the South District Market.

He was called back by his father Jing Chenxing.

Honestly, he was indifferent to his father’s decision.

Deep down, he was somewhat reluctant to return.

Previously, his work had been difficult and no one truly guided him, but he had also learned a great deal.

He believed that as time passed, he would be able to go far as a pharmacist.

But now, his father wanted him to return to Donglin City to help Jing Yan manage the pill tower.

Jing Qingyan knew that Jing Yan had an astonishing talent in martial arts and was destined to shine brightly.

However, martial arts were martial arts, and alchemy was alchemy; hearing that Jing Yan also had knowledge in pharmaceuticals sounded unbelievable to Jing Qingyan.

If Jing Yan was making such rapid progress in martial arts, that indicated his focus was on martial arts.

How could he possibly have a profound understanding of pharmaceuticals then?