

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 231: Chapter 231: Turmoil in the Stall Area Chapter 231: Chapter 231: Turmoil in the Stall Area “Lao Wu, you really took a big loss this time!”

“The young man doesn’t look very old, but he owns a Sumeru Ring, so he’s clearly no ordinary person.

He specifically purchased the damaged Martial Arts Stele, and it definitely wasn’t without reason.

It seems there indeed were undiscovered treasures at Lao Wu’s stall.”

“Lao Wu, haven’t you always been shrewd?

How come you didn’t discover the treasure at your own stall?”

“People around were talking in a chaotic mix, some mocking, others with eyes red with envy.”

“After all, rumors of extraordinary treasures appearing at the stalls had always been circulating.”

“Damn it!

I took a loss?”

“Hey, who am I, Lao Wu?

When have I ever suffered a loss?

If this kid doesn’t cough up the treasure today, I’ll make sure he leaves the market lying down!”
The skinny Lao Wu glared fiercely at Jing Yan.

“I would like to see how you plan to make me leave the market lying down!” Jing Yan narrowed his eyes and sneered coldly.

“Young man, what exactly did you buy from Lao Wu’s stall?

Why not show us?

If it’s just something ordinary, we can help talk to Lao Wu and have you add some Spirit Stones to buy it outright,” a man loudly said to Jing Yan.

“Don’t bother, whether this item has greater value or not, it’s already mine.

I don't need to buy it again, nor will I give him an extra Spirit Stone," Jing Yan shook his head.

"Young man, don't be ungrateful!" Seeing Jing Yan's unappreciative response, the man disdainfully curled his lips.

None of those who managed to secure a stall in the Lanqu Square Market were easy to deal with.

If they were easy to bully, they would have been driven away long ago and couldn't have held their ground here.

Thus, most of these stall owners were tough as nails; although they might not personally be very strong, none lacked brutality.

This skinny Lao Wu was clearly that sort of person.

"What is this noise all about?"

Just then, a deep and loud voice came from the periphery.

Hearing this voice, the stall owners instantly spread out a bit.

Clearly, they recognized the owner of the voice.

“Steward Wan, you’ve come just in time.

Please, you must decide for me!” The skinny Lao Wu, his eyes gleaming with slyness, cried out plaintively to the approaching figure.

“Lao Wu, it’s you again!” From the outskirts, two figures approached, one of them a somewhat portly man who frowned at Lao Wu.

This man was a manager of the market stall area.

This stall region also had its own administration; all stalls had to pay a certain fee to be able to set up there.

Thus, this Steward Wan was indeed a man of some power.

“Steward Wan, it was I who caused the disturbance.

This kid took a fancy to the treasure on my stall and forcefully bought it.

You must decide for me,” Lao Wu pointed at Jing Yan and shouted angrily.

“Oh?” Steward Wan’s gaze shifted toward Jing Yan.

“Who are you?” Steward Wan, seeing Jing Yan dressed plainly and young, and very unfamiliar, started to put on airs.

Within Lanqu County City, there were many people he could not afford to provoke; however, he had almost an impression of all these people.

Seeing no recollection of Jing Yan meant that Jing Yan was not among those he couldn’t afford to upset.

“Jing Yan,” Jing Yan also looked at Steward Wan, curious about how he would handle the situation.

“Jing Yan?” Steward Wan, hearing the name and becoming more convinced Jing Yan was none of the prominent families in Lanqu County City, his mouth curled slightly, “You’re not from Lanqu County City?”

“I come from Donglin City and am not a resident of Lanqu County City,” Jing Yan responded.

“Donglin City?” Steward Wan pondered a moment, trying to recall what place Donglin City was, and after a while, said, “Oh, I know that small city, Donglin City.

Jing Yan, right?

Let me ask you, why are you creating trouble here?”

He directly accused Jing Yan of creating trouble as soon as he spoke.

Hearing this, Jing Yan couldn't help but laugh, seeing that hoping for Steward Wan to handle the matter fairly was unlikely.

In fact, from the moment Steward Wan appeared, and seeing the interactions with that martial artist called Lao Wu afterward, Jing Yan could guess that Lao Wu and Steward Wan were likely in collusion.

“Steward Wan, you can't just say whatever you please.

As a manager here, you should investigate the matter thoroughly first before determining who's causing trouble,” Jing Yan said with a cold laugh.

“How dare you!

What kind of attitude is this?

Thinking of making a scene?

Don't you see where you are?

This place is not where you can simply throw a tantrum.

A martial artist from a small city daring to be presumptuous in front of me!" Steward Wan, seeing Jing Yan daring to talk back, his face suddenly darkened, and he shouted angrily.

"Steward Wan, this matter is truly not our fault.

Jing Yan had agreed on a price with this vendor for one hundred Spirit Stones to purchase ten damaged Martial Arts Steles from his stall, and the vendor had agreed to the deal.

However, after receiving the Spirit Stones, he reneged on the agreement, violating the rules of the stall area, right?" Jing Ziqi, furrowing her brows, also spoke up.

"And who might you be?" Steward Wan's gaze softened considerably when he saw Jing Ziqi, and a smile even reappeared on his face.

“Jing Ziqi, what are you doing here?” someone beside Steward Wan, who recognized Jing Ziqi, seemed somewhat surprised.

“Deacon Fang, hello!” Jing Ziqi bowed slightly to the middle-aged Martial Artist dressed in white who was standing beside Steward Wan.

“Jing Yan, this is Deacon Fang from our Red Lotus Academy’s Outer Court!” Jing Ziqi introduced the middle-aged man in white to Jing Yan, “Deacon Fang, this is Jing Yan, who has just arrived from Donglin City.”

Deacon Fang glanced casually at Jing Yan, then turned his gaze back to Jing Ziqi.

“Deacon Fang, you know this young lady?” Steward Wan asked with a smile.

“She is a student at our Red Lotus Academy.” Deacon Fang nodded in response.

“Oh?”

A student from Red Lotus Academy?

So young and already a part of Red Lotus Academy.

Not bad at all, she has a promising future!” Steward Wan said, beaming at Jing Ziqi.

“However, even if she is a student from Red Lotus Academy, she can’t create trouble on my turf, can she?” Steward Wan chuckled.

“Jing Ziqi, this Jing Yan must be someone from your family, right?”

Tell him to return the vendor’s items.

Since the vendor doesn’t want to sell anymore, you can’t force him, right?” Deacon Fang said brashly, as if issuing an order to Jing Ziqi.

During his speech, he hadn’t even glanced at Jing Yan once.

Jing Ziqi was tasked with asking Jing Yan to return the items he had just bought, a display of arrogance that seemed almost otherworldly.

“It looks like that young man must return the items he bought!”

“Steward Wan is definitely speaking up for Lao Wu, as it’s said Lao Wu is a distant relative of his.

Lao Wu even sets up his stall here without paying any management fees.”

“The Red Lotus Academy’s deacon also wants that young man to return the Martial Arts Steles.”

“I initially thought the Red Lotus Academy’s deacon would speak up for that young lady, since she’s from the Red Lotus Academy.

Unexpectedly, he also asked them to return the Martial Arts Steles.”

“Yes, regardless of whether there’s something valuable in those Martial Arts Steles, that young man will definitely have to return them.”

The numerous onlookers around whispered among themselves.

As they saw it, Jing Yan and Jing Ziqi would surely be unable to keep the items they had just bought.

Had the Red Lotus Academy’s deacon spoken up for them, there might still have been a chance, and Steward Wan would have had to give some face to the Red Lotus Academy’s deacon.

But now, it was clear the Red Lotus Academy’s deacon was not on their side.

“But this isn’t a forced purchase, the vendor had already taken the Spirit Stones, and according to the rules, the items Jing Yan bought already belong to him,” Jing Ziqi frowned.

“Jing Ziqi, did you not hear what I said?” Deacon Fang, seeing Jing Ziqi hadn’t immediately executed his command, grew displeased and his face darkened as he chided.

“Heh, this matter has nothing to do with Jing Ziqi, I bought the items, and returning them is out of the question,” Jing Yan laughed and interjected.

“Youngster, since when is it your turn to speak here?

Huh?” Deacon Fang’s eyes flashed dangerously as he glared fiercely at Jing Yan, his voice threatening.

“I also don’t understand, you, a deacon from Red Lotus Academy, come to Lanqu Square Market and act as if you own the place.

What exactly are you?” Jing Yan was also enraged.

“You are a deacon of the Red Lotus Academy, yet when a student from your academy is involved in a disagreement outside, you don’t even try to ascertain who is right or wrong before demanding your own student bow down.

Are you really fit to be the deacon of an academy?

You might as well go home and be a tortoise!” Jing Yan mocked unreservedly.

The surrounding onlookers, upon hearing Jing Yan’s words, were all slightly taken aback.

Who would have thought that such a young Martial Artist would dare to mock a deacon of the Red Lotus Academy so openly?

Was he tired of living?

“Youngster, are you seeking death?” Deacon Fang became furious upon hearing Jing Yan’s bold words, as he had not expected Jing Yan to be so audacious, to demean him in front of so many people.

Where would he put his face as an Outer Court Deacon of the academy?

Damn!

How infuriating!

“Deacon Fang, calm down, we are on my turf here.

Hehe, this kid sure has a sharp tongue!” Steward Wan, scanning Jing Yan with a venomous look, sinisterly chuckled.

“I’ll see just how many lives this little beast has, daring to create trouble at my stall area!” Steward Wan’s energy surged as he suddenly channeled his Primordial Energy and reached out an arm to grab Jing Yan.

“This kid is done for, with Steward Wan making a move, even if he is caught alive now, he definitely won’t survive.”

“Yes, he does not know Steward Wan’s methods.

This kid seems quite wealthy too; once taken away by Steward Wan, the resources on him...

tsk tsk...”

“The calf doesn’t fear the tiger, he did say earlier that he came from Donglin City.

Surely, he must be a descendant of a major family in Donglin City, used to throwing his weight around there, and thus unable to adjust suddenly in Lanqu County City!”

The surrounding onlookers all believed Jing Yan was in trouble now.

Chapter 232 - 232 232 Jing Yan's Strength

Chapter 232: Chapter 232: Jing Yan's Strength Chapter 232: Chapter 232: Jing Yan's Strength The people around could tell Jing Yan might be from a major family in the cities below.

This was evident from the Sumeru Ring he possessed.

However, when those from the cities visited Lanqu County City, they had to keep a low profile.

Offending someone like Steward Wan in Lanqu Square market meant a young Martial Artist like Jing Yan would be in for a bad end.

The major families from the cities below might be domineering and insufferable within their own domain, but this was Lanqu County City!

For a young Martial Artist like Jing Yan, dying here would leave his family's influence powerless against people like Steward Wan.

"Kid, prepare to die!" Steward Wan shouted as he fiercely slapped out his hand.

"Based on you?" Jing Yan's lips slightly curled upward as he countered by slapping out his Palm Seal towards Steward Wan.

Jing Yan had reached the Innate Middle Stage, the peak of his Cultivation, and his Combat Power was much stronger than when he had killed Zhao Zhenyan.

To Jing Yan, a typical Martial Artist at the Peak Realm posed no threat.

Steward Wan, at most, had Peak Cultivation, and even among those at the Peak Cultivation level, he probably wasn't the strongest.

With such strength, killing Jing Yan?

That was absolutely impossible!

“Boom!”

Vigorous Primordial Energy clashed as the two Palm Seals collided fiercely.

“Shhh!”

Steward Wan's figure was shot backward, retreating over ten meters before he could steady himself.

He looked at Jing Yan in shock.

Admittedly, he was at the Peak of Innate, and though that didn't count as overly strong in Lanqu County City, it wasn't a weak level either.

He had thought subduing Jing Yan would be like picking off a ripe fruit with ease.

After learning about Jing Yan's possession of the Sumeru Ring, he plotted to kill Jing Yan and seize his resources.

But the outcome completely exceeded his expectations; Jing Yan's power was much greater than he had imagined.

After clashing just one palm with Jing Yan, he ended up at a disadvantage.

While Jing Yan only slightly swayed and took a step back, he was thrown back by ten meters.

How was this possible?

Steward Wan was shocked, and the others were even more astonished.

Who would have thought that such a young Martial Artist, apparently not even twenty years old, could possess such terrifying strength?

From that slim figure, how could such robust Primordial Energy be contained?

Who on earth was this young Martial Artist?

Steward Wan's face turned serious, and Deacon Fang also had a flurry of thoughts, gaping at Jing Yan.

He knew Steward Wan very well and was aware of his strength, comparable to his own.

But the fact that Steward Wan had failed to instantly kill or capture Jing Yan—could it be that Steward Wan had been careless and not utilized his full strength?

Deacon Fang glanced at Steward Wan, his brows knitting together again, uncertain in his heart.

Deacon Fang wasn't sure how much strength Steward Wan had exerted, but Steward Wan knew he had used almost all his power.

He had not resorted to weapons or Martial Arts; his Primordial Energy had been nearly fully activated.

He intended to kill Jing Yan with a single slap, showing no mercy.

“Deacon Fang, this kid isn’t easy to deal with,” Steward Wan said with a flicker in his gaze.

“Oh?” Deacon Fang’s eyebrows immediately knit together.

“With just that level of ability, you dare to speak so arrogantly?” Jing Yan laughed and mockingly said with narrowed eyes.

Their single exchange allowed Jing Yan to gain a rough understanding of Steward Wan’s strength.

If a serious fight were to ensue, Steward Wan was barely comparable to Zhao Zhenyan in the Late Innate Realm.

Even if he was somewhat stronger than Zhen Yan, it wasn’t by much.

That is to say, if Jing Yan wanted to kill Steward Wan, he could do it, and it wouldn’t take much time.

“Why don’t you two come at me together?” Jing Yan continued with a cold laugh.

Steward Wan's gaze turned sharp.

After realizing Jing Yan's extraordinary strength, he had already begun to consider withdrawing.

At Jing Yan's age, surely not over twenty, to have such a formidable capacity, it was likely he came from a significant background.

But Jing Yan's following words ignited his anger again.

Steward Wan, as a manager in Lanqu Square's market, was sought after by many important figures in Lanqu County City.

How could he tolerate the mockery from a young snot-nosed brat?

No matter how strong Jing Yan was, he wasn't a scion of a large family within Lanqu County City.

What would happen if he were to be killed?

"Steward Wan, since this kid wants the two of us to join forces against him, why not oblige him?" Deacon Fang said with a sinister tone.

“Right, since this kid is so confident in himself, it would be rude of us not to fulfill his wish, wouldn’t it?” Steward Wan said with a cold chuckle, nodding.

“Boom!

Boom!”

The two of them attacked Jing Yan simultaneously.

“Truly shameless, the two of you, with ages adding up to over a hundred years, really dare to join forces against me, a young Martial Artist not yet twenty years old,” Jing Yan said with a sharp gaze.

His comments just now were merely intended to mock the other party, but it seemed both individuals had thick enough skins to actually join forces.

Ordinary people couldn’t pull off such an act.

“Hmph,” Jing Yan snorted coldly, “Sky Wings!”

“Boom!”

“Thud thud thud!”

The three of them engaged in a fierce battle right there in the market stall area.

The vendors all around packed up their stalls and retreated to a distance.

“Lao Wu, it looks like you’ve offended a very formidable martial artist,” someone said to the stall owner known as Lao Wu, shaking their head.

At this time, Lao Wu himself started to worry.

Jing Yan’s strength was astonishingly great.

Most of these people were the type to bully the weak and fear the strong.

If he had known how terrifying Jing Yan was, he certainly wouldn’t have caused any trouble.

But even if he regretted it now, it was too late.

All he could hope was that Steward Wan and Deacon Fang could take down that young man.

And if they were unable to, then he, Lao Wu, might no longer be able to set up a stall here for fear of retribution from that young martial artist.

Lao Wu's complexion darkened, yet he said nothing.

Jing Ziqi watched the intense battle with an anxious gaze.

She, too, was taken aback by the strength that Jing Yan demonstrated.

She knew that Jing Yan's capabilities should be no less than hers; back at the Jing Family competition, Jing Yan had defeated Jing Tianlong, who was at the Early Innate Realm, before even advancing to the Innate Realm himself.

At that time, Jing Ziqi realized that Jing Yan's combat power was terrifyingly strong.

Earlier today, as soon as Jing Yan saw her, he knew she had broken through to the Innate Middle Stage Realm.

However, Jing Ziqi was so overjoyed to see Jing Yan at the time that she hadn't thought much of it.

Now, it appeared that Jing Yan's strength had far surpassed her own.

She didn't know much about the manager of the market stall area, but she did know something about Deacon Fang from the Outer Court of Red Lotus Academy.

She knew that Deacon Fang's realm was at the Innate Peak Cultivation.

Now it seemed that Steward Wan was of a similar level to Deacon Fang.

Yet, Jing Yan was able to fight equally with these two Innate Peak Realm experts, not falling behind.

So how strong was Jing Yan, exactly?

"Ziqi?"

Suddenly, a purple figure appeared beside Jing Ziqi.

"Uh?" Jing Ziqi blinked in surprise and turned to look at the newcomer, "Yunfei?"

Jing Ziqi called out slightly startled when she saw the person who had appeared unexpectedly.

“I was passing by and saw that a crowd had gathered at the market stall area, so I came to take a look.

I didn't expect to find you here, Ziqi.

What happened?

Why did someone start a fight?” The woman named Yunfei asked with a frown.

Her name was Mu Yunfei.

“Just now, Jing Yan and I came to the market.

In the stall area, Jing Yan bought some damaged Martial Arts Stele.

We were about to leave when that stall owner accused Jing Yan of stealing his things.

He must have thought Jing Yan found something valuable at his stall and regretted the sale.

Then, that Steward Wan and our Red Lotus Academy's Deacon Fang arrived.

Without asking for any clarification, they accused Jing Yan of stealing from the stall owner, and so..." Jing Ziqi said helplessly.

Upon hearing this, Mu Yunfei understood.

She was also familiar with the affairs of the market stall area.

Mu Yunfei was also a student of Red Lotus Academy and not only knew Jing Ziqi but also had a good relationship with her.

"That Steward Wan really is unreasonable.

Just because he manages the market stall area, he bullies people at will!" Mu Yunfei's face turned cold.

"Steward Wan, stop!" Mu Yunfei shouted in anger.

"Hm?"

“Miss Yunfei?” Steward Wan, hearing the shout, finally turned his gaze towards Mu Yunfei standing with Jing Ziqi.

His expression subtly changed, and then he quickly retreated.

Deacon Fang also made a similar move, rapidly withdrawing from the battle.

While fighting Jing Yan, both men grew increasingly nervous.

Together, they couldn't defeat Jing Yan, and if the battle continued, neither could be sure of victory.

Seeing the two men withdraw, Jing Yan didn't pursue further.

To take down these two Innate Peak experts in a short amount of time would not be easy for Jing Yan.

“Miss Yunfei, what brings you here?” Steward Wan, with a forced smile, approached Mu Yunfei and respectfully greeted her.

“So it's Miss Yunfei!” Deacon Fang, too, smiled and gave a slight bow to Mu Yunfei.

Both men recognized Mu Yunfei!

Jing Ziqi looked at Mu Yunfei with some astonishment.

Although she had a good relationship with Mu Yunfei, she didn't quite know what Mu Yunfei's identity was.

Seeing Steward Wan and Deacon Fang treating Mu Yunfei with such respect, it was clear that Mu Yunfei's status was extraordinary.

“Steward Wan, why are you fighting with someone in the marketplace?”

“Don't you know the rules of Lanqu Square Market?” Mu Yunfei asked coldly, looking at Steward Wan displeased.

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Chapter 233: Chapter 233 Fog Vortex Issue Chapter 233: Chapter 233 Fog Vortex Issue While questioning Steward Wan, Mu Yunfei also observed Jing Yan.

Jing Yan's age clearly exceeded her expectations.

Just now, before coming over, she saw it was Steward Wan from the workshop area and Deacon Fang from Red Lotus Academy, fighting with someone, and it was two against one.

However, she hadn't been able to get a clear view of Jing Yan's face at that time; his movement was too fast, and given the distance, she had not seen everything clearly.

Now, Mu Yunfei felt deeply shaken inside.

To have the capability to fight with two experts at the Peak of the Innate at such an age was almost terrifying.

Even within Lanqu County City, this would definitely be considered top-tier genius.

When Jing Yan saw Mu Yunfei continuously looking at him, he gave her a slight smile.

For some reason, Mu Yunfei's beautiful face flushed slightly, and her heart began thumping wildly.

"Miss Yunfei, you might not be aware, but this guy was causing trouble in the workshop area.

As the manager there, it's naturally my duty to apprehend him," explained Steward Wan.

He had to explain!

Mu Yunfei may not be anything special, but her father's identity was indeed somewhat frightening.

Mu Yunfei's father, Mu Liantian, was the Lord Chief of Prince Manor.

And this Lanqu Square Market was directly overseen by none other than the Lord Chief Mu Liantian himself.

The status of the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor was incredibly high.

Just like the Chief Manager of the City Lord Mansion in Donglin City, even the Clan Leaders of the city's largest families would be extremely respectful when meeting him.

Not only was the position prestigious, but the personal strength required to become the Chief Manager of Prince Manor was also absolutely formidable.

It was precisely for this reason that both Steward Wan and Deacon Fang were so respectful towards Mu Yunfei.

"But what I heard seems different from what you're saying.

Where is the vendor?" asked Mu Yunfei, casting a glance at Steward Wan.

“It seems he ran away!” added Jing Yan from the side, frowning.

He searched through the crowd with his gaze and did not see the vendor called Lao Wu.

These rascals were indeed slippery; as soon as they saw things going south, they would immediately take off.

Jing Yan had neglected this detail amongst the chaotic multitude; with so many people around and Lao Wu sneaking away, it was indeed hard to notice without paying attention.

“Miss Yunfei, let’s just drop it, I didn’t suffer any loss anyway,” said Jing Yan, shaking his head.

Not being able to find Lao Wu meant losing direct evidence.

Jing Yan didn’t want to waste too much time there.

As for people like Steward Wan, if they fell into his hands in the future, he would deal with them directly.

“Steward Wan, I won’t mention this incident to my father, but you should be more careful in the future!” said Mu Yunfei, seeing that Jing Yan didn’t want to pursue it further.

“Miss Yunfei, I’ll definitely be careful, definitely!” Steward Wan nodded in agreement eagerly.

His biggest fear was that Mu Yunfei would say something to her father, Mu Liantian, and who knew, his position as the manager of the workshop area might be taken away.

Now that he heard Mu Yunfei’s words, he suddenly felt a weight lifted off his chest.

“Ziqi, let’s leave this place for now!” Mu Yunfei then addressed Jing Ziqi.

The place was in disarray, with all kinds of people around, not suitable for conversation.

“Okay,” replied Jing Ziqi right away.

After leaving the workshop area, Jing Ziqi asked Mu Yunfei, “Yunfei, what exactly is your status?”

Steward Wan seemed really afraid of you.

Even our academy’s Deacon Fang didn’t dare to say much.”

“It’s really nothing much; my father is Mu Liantian, the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor,” replied Mu Yunfei with a smile upon hearing Jing Ziqi’s question.

She was not one to show off, so she hardly ever mentioned her status voluntarily, not even to Jing Ziqi.

“Miss Yunfei, I really must thank you for your help today,” said Jing Yan, feeling a slight tremor in his heart upon hearing Yunfei disclose her own identity.

He, of course, knew what it meant to be the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor.

To think that this female warrior, who was on good terms with Jing Ziqi, was actually the daughter of the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor.

“I didn’t really help with anything, I mean, you wouldn’t be scared of Steward Wan and the others even if I hadn’t shown up, would you?” Mu Yunfei laughed and looked at Jing Yan, “Ziqi, this gentleman and you are from the same family, right?”

You both share the Jing surname.”

“Yes, we are both Jing Family Disciples from Donglin City,” Jing Ziqi managed to reply after regaining composure from her initial shock and took a deep breath.

Mu Yunfei couldn’t help but take another glance at Jing Yan.

She did not know much about the Jing Family of Donglin City, but such a small city like Donglin didn’t mean much.

That a family like this could produce a martial arts genius like Jing Yan was truly astonishing.

“Jing Yan, you’ll have to treat Yunfei to a meal for this!” Jing Ziqi joked, looking at Jing Yan.

“Of course,” Jing Yan nodded in agreement.

“Not today, though, I have to rush home.

My mother’s health has worsened again,” said Mu Yunfei, her tone tinged with sadness.

“What’s wrong with your mother?” Jing Ziqi asked subconsciously.

“My mother’s Fog Vortex has had some issues for a long time.

My father, despite trying everything, has been unable to cure her.

The Pill Masters from the Alchemist Association say that my mother might...” Mu Yunfei’s eyes flickered with the glint of tears, trying to hide her emotions, but unable to do so.

“The Fog Vortex has a problem?” Jing Yan frowned slightly.

A Fog Vortex forms in a martial artist’s abdomen only when advancing to the Innate Realm.

The martial artist’s Primordial Energy is almost entirely stored within the Fog Vortex.

Naturally, the Fog Vortex is one of the most important things to a martial artist.

If there’s a problem with the Fog Vortex, then the martial artist’s life is definitely in grave danger.

For ordinary people, various illnesses may plague them.

But for martial artists, who have vigorous qi and blood, it is almost impossible to become sick.

Even lower-strength martial artists may fall ill, but there are many medicines in this world that can easily cure these illnesses.

For warriors in the Innate Realm, common illnesses are even less likely to affect them.

However, a martial artist’s body can also encounter problems, such as being poisoned, or issues with the Fog Vortex or Martial Arts Meridians among others.

And when a warrior of the Innate Realm has a problem with their body, it is absolutely a major issue.

“Yes, my mother is also a martial artist at the Innate Peak Realm.

Over a decade ago, she was preparing to advance to the Dao Spirit Realm, but something went wrong with that breakthrough.

Her Fog Vortex became extremely unstable.

The Fog Vortex could burst at any moment, and once that happens...” Mu Yunfei’s voice grew lower and lower until she could no longer speak.

However, Jing Yan had understood.

If the Fog Vortex were to burst, then Mu Yunfei’s mother’s life would unquestionably be lost.

An unstable Fog Vortex means being unable to control one’s own Primordial Energy.

If the Fog Vortex bursts and the Primordial Energy surges out, then the entire physical body could turn into mush.

“Yunfei, don’t worry too much, there must be a way.

The Alchemist Association has so many powerful Pill Masters, there must be a solution,” Jing Ziqi said, trying to be comforting.

“Okay!” Mu Yunfei nodded.

She knew that Jing Ziqi’s words were meant to comfort her.

If the Pill Masters had a way, the problem would have been resolved long ago, given the status of her father, even the best Pill Masters of the Alchemist Association would show some courtesy.

Yet, more than a decade had passed, and not a single Pill Master had dared to say they could solve the problem her mother faced.

At most, they used some elixirs to temporarily suppress the Fog Vortex.

Moreover, her mother couldn’t use any Primordial Energy, as even a small amount could potentially cause the Fog Vortex to explode.

The atmosphere turned somewhat heavy for a while.

“Ziqi, I should go back,” Mu Yunfei said her goodbyes to them.

Jing Yan’s mind whirled with the knowledge of the Qiankun Pill Path, and an idea suddenly dawned on him about a kind of elixir, the Heavenly Eye Pill, which had a peculiar healing effect on Fog Vortex injuries.

“Mr.

Jing Yan, see you!” Mu Yunfei turned to leave.

“Miss Yunfei, wait a moment,” Jing Yan called out to Mu Yunfei.

The moment Mu Yunfei mentioned the predicament her mother faced with an unstable Fog Vortex, Jing Yan, almost subconsciously, recalled a solution.

The Heavenly Eye Pill was only a Second-level Elixir, which Jing Yan might almost be able to refine.

Jing Yan was a Second-level Little Pill King; the reason he said he might refine the Heavenly Eye Pill was that he had not tried to make it before.

“Hmm?” Mu Yunfei turned back to look at Jing Yan.

“I was wondering if I might see your mother; maybe I have a way to cure her,” Jing Yan said thoughtfully.

He wasn't entirely sure just yet, so he had to temper his words.

However, Jing Yan was confident that even if the Heavenly Eye Pill couldn't fully cure Mu Yunfei's mother, it would definitely have some effect.

“What...what did you say?” Mu Yunfei was slightly taken aback.

She wondered if she had heard wrong.

The Alchemist Association had so many strong Pill Masters, all at a loss.

Yet Jing Yan was saying that he might have a way?

Jing Ziqi also looked at Jing Yan with surprise.

“Miss Yunfei, you might not fully trust me, but I assure you I have no ill intentions, so perhaps you could just trust me this once,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

That was all he could say.

If Mu Yunfei completely mistrusted him, then there was nothing he could do.

He just thought Mu Yunfei had a good character and had helped him out at the stall area, not to mention she was Jing Ziqi's friend, so he wanted to offer more than a few words of help.

Of course, if he really could help Mu Yunfei's mother, that would be hugely beneficial to Jing Yan as well.

Mu Yunfei's father was the Lord Chief of the Prince Manor, so if he could treat the Lord Chief's wife, the Lord Chief would owe him a great debt of favor.

Mu Yunfei stared at Jing Yan in a daze.

Had she not just witnessed Jing Yan's terrifying strength, Mu Yunfei would certainly have thought him to be a young man prone to making empty boasts.

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Chapter 234: Chapter 234 Divine Netherworld Pill Chapter 234: Chapter 234 Divine Netherworld Pill Mu Yunfei was somewhat distracted as she looked at Jing Yan.

She was good friends with Jing Ziqi, and Jing Yan was a member of the same family as Jing Ziqi.

Her meeting with Jing Ziqi and Jing Yan this time was entirely coincidental.

That meant that Jing Yan was unlikely to have any premeditation.

So why not let Jing Yan look at her mother?

If he really had a way to help, even if it ultimately didn't work out, there would be no loss.

"Mr.

Jing Yan, if you can cure my mother, my Mu Family will be forever grateful for your kindness," Mu Yunfei sincerely said to Jing Yan.

No matter whether Jing Yan could offer help, she was grateful for his intention.

"Miss Yunfei, I'm not entirely sure I can help, I need to see your mother first," Jing Yan said as he gently shook his head.

Now, he absolutely couldn't afford to speak too confidently, otherwise, how would he explain himself if he couldn't handle it?

Manager's Mansion, which is not far from Lanqu Square Market, is located next to Prince Manor.

"Miss!" The guards at Manager's Mansion immediately saluted respectfully upon seeing Mu Yunfei.

"These two are my friends," Mu Yunfei casually told the guards and then led Jing Yan and the others into Manager's Mansion.

Of course, the guards didn't dare to stop Mu Yunfei's friends.

"Mr.

Jing Yan, we'll go straight to see my father," Mu Yunfei said to Jing Yan.

She walked ahead, with Jing Yan and Jing Ziqi following behind.

"Jing Yan, do you really have a way?" Jing Ziqi, somewhat nervous.

The manager of Prince Manor, what kind of status was that?

If Jing Yan made a mistake, it could cause a huge mess.

It wasn't that she didn't trust Jing Yan, but Mu Yunfei's mother, the housekeeper's wife had been affected by the Mist Vortex.

What could Jing Yan possibly do to help?

"Don't you trust me?" Jing Yan smiled.

Jing Ziqi rolled her eyes, "If you mess up, I will say I don't know you."
Their voices were very low, and Mu Yunfei, preoccupied with her thoughts, did not notice at all.

"Miss, the master is discussing matters with the alchemist inside."
Outside the chief's residence, a guard stopped Mu Yunfei, implying that the chief was discussing her mother's condition with the alchemist and that Mu Yunfei should not disturb them for the time being, especially with two people following her.

"Uncle Li, these two are my friends, and Mr.

Jing Yan here may have a way to save my mother," Mu Yunfei said to the guard.

It was apparent that Mu Yunfei greatly respected this guard.

The guard was older and had probably been with the Manager's Mansion for quite some time.

"Hmm?" The guard's gaze sharpened suddenly as he swept it towards Jing Yan.

Initially, he hadn't paid much attention when he saw Mu Yunfei bringing two people over.

Now, hearing Mu Yunfei say that the person behind her might have a way to cure the lady's illness, he immediately became cautious.

He sized up Jing Yan, and then a hint of coldness crossed his face, his look also turned grim.

"Boy, who are you?" His tone was no longer polite.

Jing Yan looked too young, appearing to be not even twenty years old.

How could someone so young claim to have a way to cure the lady's illness?

That was utterly preposterous.

Facing the guard, Jing Yan smiled, a slight turn of his Primordial Energy, he could feel that the guard had already harbored the intent to kill him.

Maybe in his eyes, Jing Yan had ulterior motives?

“Guard Uncle, my name is Jing Yan.

Miss Yunfei is my friend.

I have just found out that there’s an issue with Miss Yunfei’s mother, the Mist Vortex, so I came to help check.

I assure you I have no ill intentions,” Jing Yan explained.

He could understand why the guard harbored murderous intentions; the guard was incredibly loyal to the chief.

And now, having doubts about Jing Yan’s motives, it was normal to feel like killing.

“Kid, I don’t care who you are; if you are thinking of targeting the Manager’s Mansion or the young lady, then you’ve chosen the wrong target,” the guard said sternly.

However, he was slightly surprised.

In the previous moment, he indeed had the intent to kill and had deliberately released it, targeting Jing Yan specifically.

In his view, Jing Yan could not possibly withstand his murderous intent.

But contrary to his expectations, Jing Yan faced the targeted murderous intent with a serene attitude, even seeming unfazed.

This kid was somewhat extraordinary!

If he were an ordinary Martial Artist, he would surely have turned pale and even be shivering by now.

But this young kid was able to casually withstand his murderous intent.

He was a genuine Dao Spirit practitioner, and even martial artists in the Innate Peak Realm couldn't face it so composedly.

He released the murderous intent not to actually make a move against Jing Yan, but instead, to intimidate him and make him back down.

“Uncle Li, you are mistaken, Mr.

Jing Yan means no harm to us,” although Mu Yunfei hadn’t sensed the guard targeting Jing Yan with murderous intent, she caught on to the hostility the guard had towards Jing Yan, she quickly explained.

“Miss, you’re still young and don’t know how treacherous human hearts can be,” the guard shook his head.

Miss Yunfei was just too kind-hearted and too trusting of others.

“Uncle Li, but if Mr.

Jing Yan really has a way to treat my mother, by doing this, aren’t you delaying a critical matter?” Mu Yunfei grew anxious.

“This...”
The guard was stunned.

Miss Yunfei, do you trust this young man so much?

“Let’s see what he is capable of!” After a slight hesitation, the guard finally stepped aside from the front of the courtyard.

If this young man named Jing Yan really had a way to treat the lady and he were to obstruct that, then he would truly be a sinner.

Looking at the young man again, who was under twenty, he probably didn't have much strength, so he shouldn't cause any major problems in the Manager's Mansion.

"Mr.

Jing Yan, Ziqi, let's go in and see my father," Mu Yunfei said with an apologetic smile to Jing Yan and then spoke.

Jing Yan also smiled, showing his understanding.

"Yunfei is back."

After entering the room, a scholarly-looking middle-aged man saw Mu Yunfei and smiled, though the smile was somewhat bitter.

"Hmm?" However, when he saw that Mu Yunfei was not alone and had brought two people into the room, his expression changed, and his smile disappeared instantly.

"Dad!" Mu Yunfei called out to the middle-aged man.

Jing Yan also took a quick look at this scholarly middle-aged man, who was Mu Yunfei's father and the Chief Manager of Prince Manor, Mu Liantian.

"Nice to meet you, Lord Chief!" Jing Yan and Jing Ziqi both hurriedly paid their respects.

Jing Yan also noticed that besides Mu Liantian, there were two other people in the room.

These two people were quite old, and without much thought, they must be the pill masters Mu Liantian had invited.

Just before outside, the guard had mentioned that Lord Chief was discussing matters with the pill masters.

"Yunfei, take the two guests to rest," Mu Liantian, although somewhat displeased with Mu Yunfei bringing two strangers in, clearly had good manners and didn't get angry on the spot.

"Dad, these two are my friends.

Mr.

Jing Yan here says he might be able to help with mother's illness," Mu Yunfei quickly said anxiously.

“Hmm?” Mu Liantian’s gaze sharpened suddenly, staring at Jing Yan.

This time, his demeanor wasn’t nearly as calm as before, and even Jing Yan felt a slight tremor under that gaze.

That kind of authority of a superior was truly terrifying, far surpassing that of Donglin City Lord, Huo Chunyang.

“Young man, do you know what’s wrong with Yunfei’s mother?” Mu Liantian’s gaze hardened, and he asked indifferently.

“It’s a problem with the Fog Vortex.

According to Yunfei, it became unstable due to a failed attempt to breakthrough her realm,” Jing Yan responded calmly.

“You know it’s a Fog Vortex issue and still say you might help?” Mu Liantian frowned.

“Whether I can assist or not remains uncertain.

I would need to see the lady to know,” Jing Yan kept his tone serene and remained calm in the face of alarm.

Mu Liantian fell into contemplation again.

This young man's indifferent demeanor could not have been feigned.

Just who exactly was this young man?

It was doubtful even the sons from the strongest great families in Lanqu County City had such an aura.

How did Yunfei meet him?

Perhaps he's also a student at Red Lotus Academy?

“Chief Mu, the lady's condition is growing increasingly worse; I think we should not unnecessarily delay any further.”

At this moment, one of the two pill masters frowned and said somewhat impatiently to Mu Liantian.

When he spoke, his gaze also shifted towards Jing Yan, his disdain quite evident.

It was as if to say, where did this brash young kid pop up from, daring to deceive his way into the Manager's Mansion?

Seeing this look, Jing Yan smirked coldly and met the other's gaze without faltering.

“High Alchemist, you just mentioned trying the Divine Netherworld Pill, how confident are you?” Mu Liantian asked the pill master.

“Divine Netherworld Pill?” Jing Yan's heart stirred slightly.

He certainly knew of the Divine Netherworld Pill.

It was a fourth-level elixir that he was far from being able to refine personally, but in the Qiankun Pill Path, the process to refine Divine Netherworld Pills was detailed extensively.

Indeed, Divine Netherworld Pill was directly related to the Fog Vortex.

However, hearing that the High Alchemist intended to use it, Jing Yan couldn't help but chuckle coldly.

Although he had yet to meet Mu Yunfei's mother and did not know the exact situation, he was sure that if the Divine Netherworld Pill were used, Mu Yunfei's mother would almost certainly face a life-and-death situation, possibly even dying on the spot.

The Divine Netherworld Pill was not a healing elixir.

Although it related to the Fog Vortex, its primary purpose was indeed to expand the Mist Vortex Space.

With the Divine Netherworld Pill, a martial artist's Fog Vortex could be expanded to some extent.

However, such expansion carried significant risks.

If there was no other hope on the path of martial arts, a martial artist would never willingly use such an elixir.

Hold on, High Alchemist?

Jing Yan's mind stirred slightly.

High Alchemist?

There might be more than one pill master named Gao in the Lanqu County City Alchemist Association, but the number of pill masters was not high, and those surnamed Gao would be even fewer.

Could this High Alchemist be Cang Yu's master, Gao Zhao Hai?

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Chapter 235: Chapter 235: Regarding Chapter 235: Chapter 235: Regarding Jing Yan's gaze tensed as it fell upon the High Alchemist.

If this person was really Cang Yu's master, Gao Zhao Hai, then who knew if he had heard of him!

However, Jing Yan guessed that Cang Yu, having lost face in Donglin City, would probably be too embarrassed to mention this to his master.

Moreover, since Liu Wen, the Vice President of the Alchemist Association, had also been there, Cang Yu must have been quite fearful of Liu Wen; otherwise, he wouldn't have compensated Jing Yan with 200,000 Spirit Stones to keep the peace.

The High Alchemist stroked his beard and squinted his eyes.

"If we use the Divine Netherworld Pill, there might be a fifty percent chance.

However, if it fails, the lady could die on the spot!" said the High Alchemist, pondering.

Fifty percent chance?

Hearing this, Jing Yan found it even more laughable.

Jing Yan had just learned from Mu Yunfei that her mother was in critical condition, which meant the Mist Vortex was extremely unstable and could be dangerous at any moment.

Under such circumstances, the High Alchemist still claimed there was a fifty percent chance with the Divine Netherworld Pill?

Ridiculous!

Not to mention how terrible the situation was now, even when the Mist Vortex was relatively stable, using the Divine Netherworld Pill to expand the Mist Vortex and then stabilize the Primordial Energy was, at best, a mere ten percent hopeful.

What exactly did this High Alchemist mean?

If Jing Yan did not know that this alchemist was a member of the Alchemist Association and Chief Mu Liantian seemed familiar with him, Jing Yan would think this guy was nothing but a mediocrity deceiving and swindling people.

Sitting next to the High Alchemist, another alchemist slightly furrowed his brow.

However, he did not speak.

“Pill Master, what do you think?” Mu Liantian turned to the alchemist next to the High Alchemist.

“The High Alchemist understands the Divine Netherworld Pill much more deeply than I do, so he has more authority to speak.

However, if we use the Divine Netherworld Pill, Chief Mu, you should be prepared,” the Pill Master replied after Mu Liantian’s inquiry.

His words were somewhat tactful, and the alchemist could sense that using the Divine Netherworld Pill was indeed very risky.

“It seems, this is the only way,” said Mu Liantian, his face showing little emotion as he nodded slightly, somewhat helplessly.

“Chief Mu, most of the ingredients for the Divine Netherworld Pill can be found within Lanqu County City.

However, there’s one called Snake Soul Grass, a type of Spirit Grass which is quite rare and might be difficult to obtain!” the High Alchemist continued.

“Is there any way to get this Snake Soul Grass?” Mu Liantian paused slightly, looking at the High Alchemist with an urgent tone.

“There’s no need for Chief Mu to worry.

I do know an alchemist who might have the Snake Soul Grass.

However, this alchemist likes to keep to himself, has a peculiar temperament, and is not even registered with the Alchemist Association.

Even if I ask for his help, it may come at a great cost,” said the High Alchemist, speaking calmly to Mu Liantian.

“If it can save my wife, no price is too high,” said Mu Liantian with a solemn expression.

For more than a decade, Mu Liantian had constantly sought to solve his wife’s Mist Vortex issue, paying unimaginable prices.

Yet over these years, his wife’s Mist Vortex issue remained unresolved, with even the best alchemists from the Alchemist Association only able to stabilize the Mist Vortex temporarily.

Now, the situation was more severe, and the previous methods were no longer sufficient to stabilize the Mist Vortex.

Thus, even though the High Alchemist mentioned only a fifty percent chance of success with the Divine Netherworld Pill, Mu Liantian was ready to risk it.

If he tried, there was at least a fifty percent chance of success, but if he did not, his wife's life was at imminent risk.

“Chief Mu, may I say something?” Jing Yan furrowed his brows and finally couldn't hold back.

If they really followed the High Alchemist's suggestion and used the Divine Netherworld Pill, then Mu Yunfei's mother might indeed die.

Jing Yan vaguely felt that this High Alchemist might have some personal interest in this matter.

He was aware of the Snake Soul Grass mentioned.

Indeed, the Snake Soul Grass was quite rare, but it was not as difficult to obtain as the High Alchemist had mentioned, requiring a significant price.

With some effort and time, the Snake Soul Grass could still be found.

Moreover, the Divine Soul Grass, another type of Spirit Grass, was rarely used, only necessary in a few specific elixirs, the most significant being the Divine Netherworld Pill.

However, Martial Artists who use the Divine Netherworld Pill are few because anyone with even a slight confidence in their Martial Arts would not rely on the Divine Netherworld Pill to expand their Mist Vortex Space.

Therefore, the consumption of Divine Soul Grass was not high, and its value was definitely not too great.

Thus, the most likely scenario now was that the High Alchemist wanted to take advantage of Mu Liantian's urgent situation to gain substantial benefits from him.

Now it appeared that if Jing Yan hadn't intervened, the High Alchemist might indeed have succeeded.

"What are you trying to say?" Mu Liantian, his gaze shifting back to Jing Yan.

Both the High Alchemist and **** Master turned their attention toward him as well.

The High Alchemist frowned slightly, his displeasure clear in his eyes and unmasked.

"Chief Mu, what I want to say is that if the madam really uses the Divine Netherworld Pill for treatment, the chances of her surviving definitely won't reach fifty percent," Jing Yan said gravely.

"Although I haven't yet seen the madam, if it's really about the Mist Vortex nearing collapse, then I'm certain that if the madam uses the Divine Netherworld Pill, the chances of survival could be at

most ten percent.”

“What did you say?” Mu Liantian’s gaze narrowed slightly.

“What nonsense is this brat spouting?”

Chief Mu, hurry up and kick this kid out!” the High Alchemist said in a low voice, his eyes flashing with sharpness.

“Chief Mu, I’m speaking the truth, and if you don’t believe it, there’s nothing I can do.

However, I still want to persuade you that I’m not very clear about this High Alchemist’s level in the Alchemy Dao.

But him saying that using the Divine Netherworld Pill would give the madam a fifty percent chance of survival is absolutely problematic,” Jing Yan mentioned, glancing at the High Alchemist.

“Do you also know about the Divine Netherworld Pill?” Mu Liantian did not appear angry but squinted, observing Jing Yan.

“I indeed know about the Divine Netherworld Pill.

It is a fourth-level elixir and quite an unconventional one.

Its purpose is to help Martial Artists expand the Mist Vortex Space to further enhance their strength.

This elixir is extremely domineering, and while it expands the Mist Vortex Space, it also causes damage to the Mist Vortex that is difficult to heal,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“Hmm?” The High Alchemist’s gaze sharpened again.

He didn’t expect this younger generation to actually know about the Divine Netherworld Pill.

Earlier, he hadn’t detailed the information about the Divine Netherworld Pill, yet this young man could roughly describe it.

Could it be that this child really understands elixirs?

But looking at his age, barely in his late teens, how could he possibly know so much about elixirs?

To say this child is a Pill Master, the High Alchemist would definitely not believe it.

A teenager being a Pill Master was simply a joke, hardly likely to occur.

At least in Lanqu County City's region, he had never heard of the emergence of a teenage Pill Master.

Mu Liantian also noticed the change in the High Alchemist's expression; he instantly understood that it seemed this young person called Jing Yan was quite accurate about the Divine Netherworld Pill.

Otherwise, the High Alchemist would've pointed out Jing Yan's errors on the spot.

Mu Yunfei looked at Jing Yan with slightly shining eyes.

Although Jing Yan was brought back by her, she didn't know him previously and had no understanding of him.

The reason she brought Jing Yan back was merely clinging to a thread of hope.

And now it seemed that Jing Yan wasn't merely talking nonsense; he indeed had some knowledge about elixirs.

The Divine Netherworld Pill was indeed a rather unconventional elixir.

Generally, Martial Artists would rarely hear of such an elixir.

At Jing Yan's age, if he weren't knowledgeable about the Alchemy Dao, he couldn't possibly discuss the effects of the Divine Netherworld Pill.

"Father, let Jing Yan have a look at mother!" Mu Yunfei said, with hope igniting in her heart.

"Jing Yan, you say the Divine Netherworld Pill isn't a good choice.

"Do you really have a better method to stabilize the Mist Vortex?" Mu Liantian asked, looking at Jing Yan.

"Chief Mu, I haven't even seen the madam yet, how could I be certain?"

"I indeed don't have a hundred percent certainty.

"However, I can say that using the Divine Netherworld Pill is absolutely not advisable," Jing Yan said, frowning.

"Chief Mu, do you really believe this boy?" the High Alchemist asked, his voice somewhat chilly.

"High Alchemist, don't misunderstand.

"I naturally have great trust in your abilities and those of **** Master.

However, the more people, the more strength.

Letting this young friend Jing Yan have a look can't be a bad thing," Mu Liantian said, glancing at the High Alchemist with a smile.

"This is a waste of time.

How could this boy have a better solution?

That's a problem with the Mist Vortex, not something that a few medicines can affect," the High Alchemist said, very displeased.

The words of Mu Liantian seemed to be giving these two alchemists face, but how could he not hear that Mu Liantian really harbored some hope for this young man named Jing Yan? This was downright an insult to him.

If it weren't for the face of Mu Liantian, the Chief Manager of Prince Manor, he might have directly stormed off in anger!

"High Alchemist, I know that you are an alchemist from the Alchemist Association and of noble status.

But please, respect yourself and stop targeting me,” Jing Yan said with a slightly firm tone.

“Targeting you?”

“Hahaha...”

“Kid, you think too highly of yourself, don’t you?”

I, a fourth-level Pill Master with the title of Little Pill King, would target you, a mere milk-smelling child?

That’s ludicrous!” the High Alchemist glared at Jing Yan.

“If the High Alchemist isn’t targeting me, then why tarnish my character repeatedly?”

How much do you know about me?

How can you be sure I don’t have a solution?

Perhaps the High Alchemist is being a bit narrow-minded?” Jing Yan said with a smile.

The High Alchemist’s breath faltered slightly, his eyes flashing fiercely.

He couldn’t believe it — a mere child was squeezing him into a tight spot!

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Chapter 236: Chapter 236 Signs of Poisoning Chapter 236: Chapter 236 Signs of Poisoning High Alchemist's face darkened, and for a moment he found himself without a good excuse, so he could only remain silent.

And Mu Liantian's eyes lit up slightly.

A young Martial Artist in his teens, yet possessing such composure.

This young Martial Artist named Jing Yan, compared with High Alchemist, seemed to have exchanged their demeanors.

High Alchemist was quick to speak sharply and displayed anger, but Jing Yan remained calm and unperturbed.

Impressive indeed!

"High Alchemist, let this young man have a look," Mu Liantian said with a smile, looking towards the two Pill Masters.

In fact, the moment Jing Yan showed his knowledge of the Divine Netherworld Pill, Mu Liantian had made up his mind.

No matter what, this young man named Jing Yan must have a certain understanding of elixirs.

“I have no objections,” said Pill Master, looking at Jing Yan without any particular expression.

“Hmph, boy, if you cannot provide anything substantive, don’t blame this old man!

As a Fourth-Level Little Pill King, no one has ever challenged me!

If you spout nonsense, I will personally put an end to you,” High Alchemist said with a cold snort and a sinister tone.

Jing Yan simply shook his head slightly, not responding.

“Young friend Jing Yan, please follow me,” Mu Liantian said with a smile to Jing Yan.

Jing Yan and Mu Liantian made eye contact, both smiling subtly, sharing an unspoken understanding.

Clearly, from the moment Mu Liantian didn't drive Jing Yan out of the room, he was already testing him.

By discussing the Divine Netherworld Pill with High Alchemist in Jing Yan's presence, Mu Liantian also wanted to see if Jing Yan had a deeper understanding of the Alchemy Dao.

If Jing Yan had never even heard of the Divine Netherworld Pill, there would have been no need to take him to see his wife.

His wife was in a dire condition and it was better not to disturb her as much as possible.

Jing Yan and the others followed Mu Liantian into the inner room.

Jing Ziqi was slightly nervous, but she did not panic.

For some reason, her confidence in Jing Yan seemed to be growing.

Just like with the Divine Netherworld Pill, which she had never heard of, yet Jing Yan was able to immediately describe its effects, this spoke volumes.

As soon as they entered, a faint, subtle fragrance wafted through the room.

The scent was light and refreshing, not overpowering, and brought a pleasant feeling of relaxation and joy.

On one side of the room, there was a bed veiled with pearl curtains.

Indistinctly, one could see a beautiful woman lying on the bed.

“Liantian...”

A soft voice sounded from the woman’s mouth.

“Rou’er, don’t speak!” Mu Liantian said quickly.

The Housekeeper’s wife, named Qi Sirou.

As the pearl curtain was drawn, Jing Yan could clearly see the Housekeeper’s wife lying on the bed; her complexion was somewhat pale, and her aura disordered, but her intrinsic noble demeanor still made one feel inferior.

“Thank you, young friend!” Mu Liantian said to Jing Yan again.

Jing Yan stepped forward, walking towards the bed.

Qi Sirou saw Jing Yan approaching, and a look of surprise briefly flickered in her beautiful eyes.

Clearly, she hadn't expected her husband to bring such a young Martial Artist to treat her.

However, she said nothing, as in this world, the people she trusted most were her husband and her daughter.

Her husband must have his reasons for calling this young Martial Artist.

"Rou'er, this young friend Jing Yan is a good friend of Yunfei and knows a bit about the Alchemy Dao, so I've asked him to take a look at your condition; he might have a way," Mu Liantian said softly to Qi Sirou as Jing Yan approached.

Qi Sirou nodded slightly.

"Thank you for your trouble, young friend Jing Yan," Qi Sirou said with a slight smile at the corners of her mouth as she looked at Jing Yan.

"Madam, please refrain from speaking," Jing Yan said solemnly.

He walked to the edge of the bed.

“Madam, please extend your hand.”
Qi Sirou did as instructed, extending her snow-white arm.

Jing Yan gently placed his fingers on Qi Sirou’s arm, his Primordial Energy slightly circulating.

To understand the specifics of Qi Sirou’s Fog Vortex, he needed to channel his own Primordial Energy into her body to make a clearer distinction.

“Tricking and bewitching!” High Alchemist, frowning, scoffed at Jing Yan’s actions.

“High Alchemist, please keep quiet to avoid disturbing Jing Yan,” Mu Yunfei said softly.

“Miss Yunfei, I think you have been deceived,” Gao Zhao Hai said with a gloomy face.

“I suspect this young man harbors ill intentions and has ulterior motives!”
“Gao Zhao Hai, my father is right here.

Even if Jing Yan really had any schemes, could he possibly deceive my father?” Mu Yunfei felt discontent toward Gao Zhao Hai.

This Gao Zhao Hai had visited the Manager’s Mansion more than once or twice.

Although superficially polite to her father, the Prince Manor's Chief Manager, Mu Yunfei could tell that Gao Zhao Hai carried a significant air of superiority.

Sometimes, his manner of speaking to her father was almost commanding.

And because of her mother's illness, her father had to keep enduring, even if Gao Zhao Hai sometimes spoke out of line.

Her father would just laugh it off.

Moreover, the amount of resources Gao Zhao Hai had earned from the Manager's Mansion was astronomical!

"Chief Mu may be powerful and respected, but even he cannot see through everyone's true nature.

The human heart is the hardest to gauge," Gao Zhao Hai said with a cold laugh.

"Gao Zhao Hai, let's wait until Jing Yan has checked on my mother's condition before we discuss this further," Mu Liantian said, frowning.

He had long held dissatisfaction with Gao Zhao Hai.

However, Gao Zhao Hai's accomplishments in the Alchemy Dao were indeed very high.

In the entire Lanqu County City, only a few people surpassed Gao Zhao Hai in Alchemy Dao capabilities.

So, despite his dissatisfaction, he had to hide it.

Jing Yan, with eyes slightly closed.

His Primordial Energy, very gentle and cautious, touched the Mystic Vortex of the Housekeeper's wife.

A moment later, he shook his head slightly.

The Housekeeper's wife's Mystic Vortex was indeed on the verge of collapse, with the Primordial Energy inside extremely unstable and ready to burst out at any moment.

Indeed, if no effective treatment was found soon, the Housekeeper's wife could die at any time.

Even with the utmost care, the Manager's family member could only survive a few more months at most.

“Hmm?” Suddenly, Jing Yan’s narrowed eyes flashed.

“This is...” Jing Yan sensed another extremely covert and terrifying aura hidden within the Mystic Vortex.

“No, this is definitely not Primordial Energy, what is going on here?”

Damn, such a venomous thing, attached to the barriers of the Mystic Vortex.

If I hadn’t been extra careful, I would never have noticed it,” Jing Yan’s expression changed drastically.

He sensed a very dominating yet extremely covert aura.

Suddenly, Jing Yan realized why the Manager’s family member had failed to advance to the Dao Spirit Realm and why the Mystic Vortex had become unstable.

Normally, although the chance of failure during a Martial Artist’s advancement was high.

Even if they failed, it generally only affected their Divine Soul temporarily.

They would need to nurture their Divine Soul for a while and could not attempt a second breakthrough soon; the Mystic Vortex, however, was not usually greatly affected.

Of course, there were cases where the Mystic Vortex was impacted.

But such effects on the Mystic Vortex were usually due to inadequate accumulation of Martial Arts, causing forced attempts to break through.

The Housekeeper's wife, with such a high status?

Would she lack the resources and try to advance with insufficient accumulation?

That seemed highly unlikely!

Jing Yan nodded slightly.

"Such a venomous thing!" Jing Yan unconsciously murmured softly.

"Jing Yan, what did you say?" Qi Sirou's beautiful eyes shifted slightly, and she furrowed her brows as she heard Jing Yan's words.

It was indeed puzzling, and Qi Sirou misunderstood, thinking Jing Yan was cursing her.

“Madam, you misunderstand, I was referring to the thing inside your Mystic Vortex!” Jing Yan, slightly stunned, quickly explained.

“The thing inside the Mystic Vortex?” Qi Sirou became even more puzzled.

Not just Qi Sirou, even Chief Mu Liantian was briefly taken aback.

The thing inside the Mystic Vortex?

What thing could be in the Mystic Vortex?

Isn't it just Primordial Energy?

But Jing Yan said it was a venomous thing, could there be something else hidden inside Qi Sirou's Mystic Vortex?

How could that be possible?

“Madam, if I'm not mistaken, you've been poisoned.

And it's a very venomous poison," Jing Yan stated seriously.

"Poisoned?"

"How could I be poisoned?" Qi Sirou looked baffled.

"Jing Yan, what do you mean?" Mu Liantian's expression turned very grim.

"Ha ha ha..." Gao Zhao Hai burst out laughing, "I thought this brat might actually be somewhat capable.

But it turns out, after all that fuss, he comes up with such a laughable statement!

Poisoned?

Ridiculous!"

"Chief Mu, hasn't the president of the Alchemist Association already examined the lady?"

If it were poison, even if we lesser alchemists could not detect it, wouldn't the president of the Alchemist Association have noticed?" Gao Zhao Hai shook his head, his tone disdainful.

He had been slightly worried before, thinking Jing Yan might actually have some skill.

If Jing Yan found a way to treat the Housekeeper's wife, he would be quite embarrassed.

But now, he was completely relaxed.

Jing Yan's claim that the Housekeeper's wife was poisoned was utterly baseless and nonsensical.

Hearing Gao Zhao Hai's words, Mu Liantian's expression grew even uglier, especially when Gao Zhao Hai mentioned Jing Yan's 'fumbling' around for a long time.

That word 'fumble' made him extremely uncomfortable.

Even though Jing Yan had only placed his fingers on his wife's arm, which was not a big deal, Gao Zhao Hai's mention made it quite infuriating.

Mu Liantian's brows furrowed deeply.

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Chapter 237: Chapter 237: I Have a Way to Detoxify Chapter 237: Chapter 237: I Have a Way to Detoxify Poisoned?

It seemed highly unlikely!

There were simply no signs of poisoning on Qi Sirou's body.

As the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor, Mu Liantian possessed exceptional insight.

If his wife had truly been poisoned, he would have noticed something, even without a Pill Master's diagnosis.

At this moment, he couldn't help but start to suspect whether Jing Yan was genuinely harboring ill intentions and fabricating lies here!

"Chief Mu, the poison in the madam is quite peculiar.

It is indeed difficult to detect from the exterior," Jing Yan turned back and glanced at the upset Mu Liantian.

"You brat, do you think your abilities surpass those of the Alchemist Association's Pill Masters?

We couldn't detect any signs of poisoning on the madam, yet you can?

If you're not capable, then just admit it early and stop trying to act tough here!" Gao Zhao Hai sneered coldly.

“This Pill Master should understand that the path of alchemy is vast like a sea of smoke!

Even if the president of the Alchemist Association were here, he wouldn't dare claim to know all the poisons in this world, would he?

So, do you dare claim you know every poison that exists?” Jing Yan's tone also turned sharp.

He genuinely didn't want to conflict with this Pill Master, who continuously mocked and underestimated him.

Gao Zhao Hai was slightly stunned.

Even with his arrogance, he wouldn't dare claim to recognize all the poisons in the world.

Not him, nor even the strongest Pill Master on the continent, could guarantee they knew all poisons.

“You dare not say it now, do you?”

“If you dare not say it, then shut up.

I am currently treating the lady.

You stand there provoking repeatedly, constantly disrupting my thoughts.

What are your real intentions?

Do you not wish for the lady to recover?

Or, do you insist that the lady use the so-called Divine Netherworld Pill you mentioned?

I really don't understand, what exactly are you trying to achieve?" Jing Yan scoffed, questioning him.

A surge of anger rushed through Gao Zhao Hai's heart, his gaze becoming extremely fierce, his whole body's aura fluctuating as he glared at Jing Yan.

How dare Jing Yan speak to him like this?

This little beast, he must die!

His eyes shifted slightly, looking at Chief Mu Liantian.

He took a breath and quietly concealed his killing intent.

“Fine, I want to see what you will say next!” Gao Zhao Hai’s gloomy face gradually eased.

After all, this was the Manager’s Mansion!

Even if he wanted to kill Jing Yan, he couldn’t do it here.

Besides, in the Manager’s Mansion, it wasn’t his place to take action.

As for Jing Yan claiming the lady’s instability in her Fog Vortex was due to poisoning, he simply didn’t believe it and scorned the idea.

He believed that soon when Jing Yan couldn’t justify himself, it would enrage Chief Mu Liantian.

Perhaps, there would be no need for him to act personally as the Chief would directly execute this little beast.

Gao Zhao Hai revealed a sinister smile, his gaze occasionally sweeping over Jing Yan.

This audacious kid, claiming the Lady Manager's instability in her Fog Vortex was due to poisoning was simply digging his own grave!

"Jing Yan, my friend, you say my wife is poisoned, then what kind of poison is it?" Despite his growing suspicion, Mu Liantian still maintained his composure and politely asked.

He too felt that the possibility of his wife being poisoned was slim!

"Chief Mu, if I am not mistaken, the poison in the madam should be from the Netherworld Poison Grass!" Jing Yan confidently stated; he was ninety-nine percent sure that the poison affecting the housekeeper's wife was from Netherworld Poison Grass.

Netherworld Poison Grass, an extremely rare and intensely toxic grass, was a poison specifically targeting martial artists' Fog Vortex.

If it hadn't been for the Qiankun Pill Path, Jing Yan wouldn't have been able to identify that the poison in the housekeeper's wife was the Netherworld Poison Grass.

"Netherworld Poison Grass?" Mu Liantian gasped, disbelief flashing in his eyes.

Netherworld Poison Grass; he had heard of it.

He had seen it described in an ancient classic.

Although he wasn't a Pill Master, he was well-read and had a wide knowledge of various subjects.

Nevertheless, Netherworld Poison Grass was extremely rare and said to be completely extinct.

In all his years of cultivation, Mu Liantian had never seen actual Netherworld Poison Grass.

Yet, he was still shocked.

Jing Yan actually knew of the existence of Netherworld Poison Grass.

Could it be that Jing Yan had an extremely powerful Pill Master as his master?

Otherwise, how could Jing Yan, a martial artist under twenty, possibly know about Netherworld Poison Grass?

“Hahaha...”

While Mu Liantian was astonished, Gao Zhao Hai suddenly burst out laughing.

Mu Liantian instantly looked toward Gao Zhao Hai.

Jing Yan also turned his gaze towards Gao Zhao Hai.

“Kid, I’ve figured out your tricks now!”

“You came by some information about Netherworld Poison Grass from somewhere and used it as a pretext to get close to Chief Mu and his wife.

Tell me, what kind of person are you, and what are your intentions?” Gao Zhao Hai, pointing in the void, accused Jing Yan.

“Chief Mu, you should realize by now that this youngster means no good.”

“He must have, by chance, heard about the Netherworld Poison Grass, a poison targeted at Martial Artists’ Fog Vortex.

Then, through Miss Yunfei, he got close to you, Chief Mu.

He deliberately attributed the lady’s Fog Vortex issue to the already extinct Netherworld Poison Grass, what a vicious and wicked animal!” Gao Zhao Hai’s eyes bulged as if he had seen through everything.

“High Alchemist, why are you so sure that our young friend Jing Yan is spouting nonsense?” Mu Liantian furrowed his brows and asked.

“Chief Mu, do you still not believe me?”

This youngster claimed that the lady was poisoned by the Netherworld Poison Grass, which is already extinct.

How could the lady possibly be poisoned by it?

Moreover, this poison is incurable, which means that this youngster can simply claim that he has no means to treat the lady by attributing her Fog Vortex issue to the Netherworld Poison Grass.

This crook is indeed very cunning,” Gao Zhao Hai said with utter certainty.

His malicious gaze fixed on Jing Yan, Jing Yan was doomed today!

Daring to speak aloud and toy with the Chief Manager in Manager’s Mansion, if this got out, how could the Chief Manager maintain his dignity?

Therefore, Mu Liantian would undoubtedly execute this youngster personally.

“I can detoxify!” Jing Yan stated directly.

He glanced at Gao Zhao Hai and smiled slightly, “Chief Mu, the Netherworld Poison Grass might be nearly extinct now, but it certainly hasn’t disappeared because the poison afflicting your wife is undoubtedly from Netherworld Poison Grass.

This Mr.

Gao claims there is no cure for Netherworld Poison Grass, but I disagree, I know how to detoxify.

In this world, there is no poison without a cure, it’s all about finding the right method.”

“What?”

Even Mu Liantian exclaimed in surprise.

He had read about Netherworld Poison Grass and knew it seemed incurable.

But now, Jing Yan said there was a way to detoxify.

Gao Zhao Hai was so shocked that his eyes nearly popped out.

He had imagined countless excuses that Jing Yan might have used, but never did he think Jing Yan would claim he could detoxify.

How could this be possible?

Even the usually reticent Wang Bo couldn't help but speak out, "Young man, you shouldn't say such things lightly!"

This Pill Master, Wang Bo, seemed quite gentle.

"This Pill Master, since I said there is a way to detoxify, naturally I have some confidence," Jing Yan smiled and bowed to Wang Bo, also noting that Wang Bo had no ill intentions.

Jing Yan did indeed have great confidence, and to remove the toxicity of the Netherworld Poison Grass from the Housekeeper's wife's Fog Vortex wasn't difficult for him.

He only needed to prepare a certain medicine, and he carried all the materials for making that Detoxification Potion.

That is to say, he could prepare the potion at any time to remove the toxicity of Netherworld Poison Grass from the Housekeeper's wife.

Others couldn't remove the toxicity of Netherworld Poison Grass because they didn't know about this Detoxification Potion.

This potion, detailed in the Qiankun Pill Path, might be unknown on this continent now.

"Jing Yan, my young friend, how do you plan to detoxify?" Mu Liantian looked at Jing Yan.

"Chief Mu, I just need to prepare a potion!" Jing Yan calmly stated.

"Potion?" Mu Liantian was startled.

Netherworld Poison Grass poison could be removed with just a potion?

Mu Liantian had thought at least some rare elixir would be needed to detoxify, but now Jing Yan said only a potion was necessary.

"Hmm?" Mu Liantian's eyebrows twitched again.

"Young friend Jing Yan, do you mean to say you can detoxify by preparing a potion, are you perhaps a Pharmacist?" Mu Liantian looked at Jing Yan.

Pharmacists, though not a particularly rare profession, outstanding Pharmacists in Lanqu County City were highly sought after.

After all, most Martial Artists below the Innate Realm had a great need for medicines.

Even Innate Martial Artists needed some high-level and special potions.

Could it be that this Jing Yan really had a highly skilled Pill Master as a master?

“Jing Yan, what materials do you need?”

Tell me, and I’ll send someone to find them immediately!” Mu Liantian pondered briefly, then asked rather eagerly.

Whatever it took, he wanted Jing Yan to try, as his wife’s condition couldn’t allow any further delays.

At this moment, Gao Zhao Hai kept quiet; hearing Jing Yan say that a potion could remove the toxicity of Netherworld Poison Grass, he could only sneer silently.

To him, Jing Yan’s statements were becoming more and more absurd, each more shocking than the last.

Even detoxifying elixirs couldn't remove the toxicity of Netherworld Poison Grass, yet Jing Yan said a mere potion, and one made by himself, could.

Wasn't that the biggest joke?

But he didn't intend to say anything more, as Mu Liantian seemed determined to let this little upstart try.

More words from him would be useless.

He wanted to see what Jing Yan intended to do and what kind of Detoxification Potion he could possibly concoct.

Chapter 238 - 238 238 Immediate Results

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Whoosh!

Jing Yan didn't respond to Mu Liantian immediately but slightly moved his primordial energy and took out some utensils needed to prepare the medicine from the Sumeru Ring.

“Chief Mu, I have all the materials, and I will start preparing the detoxification potion now!” Jing Yan said to Mu Liantian with a smile after taking out the utensils and materials.

“Oh?”

Mu Liantian blinked again.

Even Qi Sirou, who was lying on the bed, had a smile emerging in her eyes.

“So...

should we step out for a while?” Mu Liantian asked.

A pill master, when refining elixirs, definitely needs a relatively quiet environment.

Of course, it’s also to prevent others from stealing their alchemy skills.

Although Jing Yan was just preparing medicine now, if this potion could really remove the toxicity of the Netherworld Poison Grass, then the value of this potion would undoubtedly be considered extremely precious.

Hearing this, Jing Yan looked at Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo with a bemused smile.

Here, the only people who could possibly steal his medicine preparation process were Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo, the two pill masters.

“No need, preparing the potion is quite simple.

I’m not worried about others interfering,” Jing Yan said casually with a wave of his hand.

Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo, although pill masters, wouldn’t be able to comprehend even if ordinary pill masters were refining, let alone pharmacists.

However, Jing Yan was not an ordinary pharmacist; if he didn’t want these two to understand the method of preparing the potion, they definitely wouldn’t be able to learn it.

“However, Chief Mu, although there’s some interference, I’m not worried about it.

But still, please try not to make any noise, especially some people’s mouths need to be controlled.

I’m afraid some people’s nonsense might affect my mood and thus lead to the preparation of the potion not being effective enough,” Jing Yan said with a smiling squint.

Phew!

Gao Zhao Hai was quite angered, though Jing Yan didn't specify anyone by name, everyone present could tell that Jing Yan was referring to him.

"Jing Yan, my friend, rest assured, I guarantee no one will talk and disturb you while you're preparing the potion," Mu Liantian said, giving Gao Zhao Hai a warning look.

Although Gao Zhao Hai was a fourth-level pill master with a remarkable status in Lanqu Commandery City, if he truly provoked Mu Liantian, who was the chief manager of the Prince Manor, he wouldn't mind disciplining this fourth-level pill master.

Jing Yan nodded and then began to move.

Jing Yan's movements were incredibly fast and dizzying, as various materials were continuously refined and extracted.

Initially, Gao Zhao Hai didn't take it seriously, but gradually, his expression began to grow solemn.

An expert shows his skill with a single stroke.

Jing Yan's actions appeared extremely fast, hardly resembling the preparation of medicine, but these Dao Spirit Realm powerhouses could still see every movement of Jing Yan clearly.

Because they could see clearly, they understood that Jing Yan's skill in preparing medicine had reached a very high level.

Even these formidable pill masters might not match the speed at which Jing Yan prepared the medicine.

What kind of monster is this kid?

Half a cup of tea later, Jing Yan proceeded with the final step of filtering the medicine during its preparation.

Once this step was completed, the potion was considered prepared.

Mu Liantian, who had been somewhat nervous watching Jing Yan's actions, immediately asked as soon as Jing Yan finished all his motions.

"Jing Yan, my friend, how is it?" Mu Liantian, who was neither a pill master nor a pharmacist, wasn't very clear about the specific process of preparing medicine.

Seeing Jing Yan's proficient actions, it seemed he had prepared the medicine, but he couldn't be sure if Jing Yan's preparation was successful.

"It's ready!"

This potion should be enough to completely remove the poison from the madam,” Jing Yan said, first placing the potion into a porcelain bottle before speaking.

“Madam, please swallow the potion now!” Jing Yan, holding the freshly prepared potion, handed it to Qi Sirou.

“Wait!” Gao Zhao Hai interrupted again.

“Chief Mu, you must think twice!

We don’t know what this kid has prepared.

If the potion he prepared is actually poison, then...” Gao Zhao Hai said, his brows furrowed as he spoke to Mu Liantian.

“Hmm?” Mu Liantian frowned, looking toward Gao Zhao Hai.

“High Alchemist, you’ve been watching from the start; can’t you confirm whether it’s poison or not?” Mu Liantian asked somewhat puzzled.

Gao Zhao Hai, after all, was a bona fide fourth-level pill master; couldn’t a fourth-level pill master tell whether Jing Yan’s prepared medicine was poison or not?

From Gao Zhao Hai's words, it seemed he was unsure what Jing Yan's potion was.

Hearing Mu Liantian's words, Gao Zhao Hai's face suddenly turned red.

He really didn't know what kind of medicine Jing Yan had prepared; he had never seen such a medicine before.

Although he knew the ingredients Jing Yan had used, he was clueless when those same ingredients were combined to form a new medicine.

He briefly recalled the details but suddenly discovered he couldn't replicate the method for making this type of medicine at all.

This meant that even now, as a Level Four Pill Master, he couldn't succeed in making the same medicine.

This was too exaggerated, wasn't it?

Gao Zhao Hai became somewhat lost in thought.

A pharmacist had prepared a type of medicine right in front of him, he had witnessed the entire process, yet he couldn't replicate it?

What exactly was going on?

“High Alchemist, are you saying you don’t know what kind of medicine young friend Jing Yan prepared?” At this, even Mu Liantian’s eyes widened, as he had never considered that possibility.

“This...”

“Well, I really didn’t notice,” Gao Zhao Hai awkwardly defended.

In fact, even he didn’t believe his own words.

He had been watching Jing Yan’s every move the entire time, and now he claimed he hadn’t been paying attention?

Who would believe that!

“Chief Mu, I also do not recognize the medicine young friend Jing Yan prepared; I’ve never seen it.

Within Lanqu County City, there absolutely isn’t this kind of detoxification potion,” said Wang Bo, frowning.

Wang Bo, a Pill Master nearly at the same level as Gao Zhao Hai, excelled slightly differently in elixirs.

Yet, as Level Four Pill Masters, their capabilities were beyond doubt.

If one Pill Master didn't recognize Jing Yan's medicine, it was still possible.

But now, with two Level Four Pill Masters not recognizing the medicine in Jing Yan's hands, that was almost too incredulous to believe.

Mu Liantian looked at Jing Yan somewhat dazedly.

"Liantian, I am already like this; does young friend Jing Yan really need to give me poison?"

If he truly bore me any grudge, he wouldn't need to do anything but wait a while," Qi Sirou said with a laugh.

Indeed, her life was already soon to end; what would be the point of Jing Yan poisoning her?

Did Jing Yan so wish for death that he'd end his life in such a manner?

Even the most foolish person wouldn't risk their life to poison someone who could lose theirs at any moment.

Hearing Qi Sirou say this, Mu Liantian also came to his senses and subconsciously nodded.

Qi Sirou took the medicine from Jing Yan without any hesitation, and swallowed it directly.

“Young friend Jing Yan, how long will the medicine take to take effect?” Mu Liantian asked at this point.

“It should be very soon!” Jing Yan responded.

“Hmph, are you just making up some medicine to fool Chief Mu?”

You said the madam was poisoned, and now you are detoxifying her; after all, it’s all coming from your mouth.

I think, the madam was never poisoned, and now you’re just using some medicine to deceive the Chief Manager,” Gao Zhao Hai said coldly, glaring at Jing Yan.

“High Alchemist, if you keep causing trouble without reason, I’m going to have to ask you to leave the Manager’s Mansion,” Mu Yunfei said, quite rudely.

This Gao Zhao Hai was really irritating her.

He himself couldn’t treat his mother, and now that Jing Yan was treating her, he kept targeting Jing Yan.

This man was truly detestable.

“Heh heh...” Gao Zhao Hai gave Mu Yunfei a glance.

His smile was chilly, but he held back any retort.

After all, Mu Yunfei was Mu Liantian’s daughter; he had to show some respect to Mu Liantian.

Besides, this was the Manager’s Mansion.

If in the end, he, a Level Four Pill Master was indeed thrown out of the Manager’s Mansion, that would truly be a laughingstock.

“Rou’er, how do you feel?” Mu Liantian, whose main concern was naturally his wife, looked at Qi Sirou anxiously.

Qi Sirou lightly closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them.

A hint of joy flashed through her beautiful eyes, leaving her incredibly surprised as she looked at Jing Yan.

Honestly, she hadn't had much confidence in Jing Yan.

Over the past decade, more than a dozen Pill Masters had visited the Manager's Mansion, yet none had any effective method to treat her Fog Vortex.

Now a young person not even twenty years old stood before her; how much confidence could she have in him?

When Jing Yan handed her the medicine, she had harbored no hope.

Her decision to swallow the medicine stemmed not from newfound hope, but from not wanting to worry Mu Liantian.

However, after swallowing the medicine, over this short period, she felt a subtle change in her Fog Vortex.

For over ten years, she hadn't activated her Primordial Energy; she was no different from a normal person.

But now, she could actually sense her Fog Vortex, feel the Primordial Energy within her body.

This change might be minuscule to a normal Martial Artist, even imperceptible.

But for someone who hadn't sensed it in over a decade, it felt like the heavens had turned upside down.

Mu Liantian's eyes brightened as well.

Although Qi Sirou had not spoken yet, he suddenly noticed a slight rosy flush on Qi Sirou's face, something that had never appeared before.

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Chapter 239: Chapter 239 Heavenly Eye Pill Chapter 239: Chapter 239 Heavenly Eye Pill Mu Liantian watched, his gaze growing somewhat dazed.

If he couldn't see the changes happening to Qi Sirou, that would be truly strange.

It was precisely because he could see them that his gaze grew distracted, lost in thought.

Could it be that his wife was really poisoned?

Was she really afflicted by the Netherworld Poison Grass?

Had Jing Yan truly removed the poison of the Netherworld Poison Grass?

This was somewhat inconceivable!

Not only to Mu Liantian, but even to Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo, two fourth-level Pill Masters, whose expressions changed.

Being somewhat accomplished in the Alchemy Dao, they too noticed the transformations in Qi Sirou, and vaguely felt that Jing Yan might not be deceiving them.

If it was a deception, Jing Yan would have needed to surpass them in the Alchemy Dao to fool them.

“Liantian, I feel a bit better,” said Qi Sirou, her beautiful eyes sparkling more vividly.

She felt the Fog Vortex, sensed the Primordial Energy in her body.

Although the Fog Vortex was still unstable and she dared not circulate even the slightest bit of Primordial Energy, she could at least feel the changes in the Fog Vortex, grasp its subtle fluctuations.

“Madam, let me check again,” Jing Yan smiled and placed his finger on Qi Sirou’s pale arm, gently stimulating the Primordial Energy.

Moments later, he nodded slightly.

“The toxicity of the Netherworld Poison Grass has been removed!” Jing Yan announced with a smile.

The Qiankun Pill Path in Alchemy indeed encompassed everything, even effortlessly removing the poison of the Netherworld Poison Grass using special Detoxification Potion whose ingredients were common and inexpensive.

“This is impossible, absolutely impossible!” Gao Zhao Hai exclaimed agitatedly.

“If it really is Netherworld Poison Grass, you can’t possibly remove its toxicity!

It’s common knowledge that it’s incurable!” Gao Zhao Hai’s eyes were wide with disbelief.

In fact, he too began to harbor some doubt; he had not believed it at all before, but now he believed it somewhat.

Still, he stubbornly refused to admit it outright.

Regardless, the changes in Qi Sirou’s body were undeniable.

As Gao Zhao Hai raved, Pill Master Wang Bo remained silent.

The way of Alchemy Dao was vast and boundless; although they were fourth-level Pill Masters, in the ocean of Alchemy Dao, they could only be considered novices at best.

Jing Yan might be young, but if he had a highly skilled mentor, it was not impossible for him to know how to remove the toxicity of the Netherworld Poison Grass.

“High Alchemist, please be quiet!” Mu Liantian’s expression towards Gao Zhao Hai grew increasingly unpleasant.

If it weren’t for the latter’s status, he would have liked to kick this old fusspot out of the Manager’s Mansion already.

On hearing Mu Liantian’s words, Gao Zhao Hai’s face twitched, his eyes shifting to Mu Liantian, his lips curled in a cold smile.

“Chief Mu, I am only concerned for the madam’s well-being.

Alright, let’s not discuss whether the instability of her Fog Vortex was due to poisoning or not.

The madam's unstable Fog Vortex is a fact, and even if she was indeed poisoned and now the toxicity has been removed, the Fog Vortex is still unstable," said Gao Zhao Hai coldly.

Implicit in his words was that even if Qi Sirou was poisoned and now cured, the problem with the Fog Vortex remained unresolved.

Qi Sirou was still in imminent danger.

"If Chief Mu feels we are not needed here, Wang Bo and I will take our leave immediately," Gao Zhao Hai's words carried a veiled threat.

He clearly heard the impolite undertone in Mu Liantian's words just now, which displeased him greatly.

Although as a fourth-level Pill Master of the Alchemist Association, his status might not compare to that of the Commandery Prince Manor's Chief Manager, Mu Liantian trying to suppress him was not going to be easy.

Mu Liantian frowned and looked at Jing Yan.

He knew that although Gao Zhao Hai's tone was unpleasant, his words were entirely true.

Solving his wife's issue was not just about removing the toxicity; they also needed to find a way to stabilize the Fog Vortex.

Seeing Mu Liantian fall silent, a smug smile appeared on Gao Zhao Hai's face.

"Chief Mu, even if this young man has some skills, he cannot likely resolve the issue of stabilizing the Fog Vortex," Gao Zhao Hai stroked his beard.

"To stabilize the Fog Vortex, we still need the Divine Netherworld Pill to expand the Fog Vortex!

Chief Mu, time is pressing, and we can no longer afford to delay.

If we allow this young man to continue wasting time, I fear there might not be enough time left to refine the Divine Netherworld Pill."

Mu Liantian looked anxiously at Jing Yan again.

At this moment, Mu Liantian's confidence in Jing Yan was evidently much higher than it had been at the start.

But Jing Yan was truly too young.

Even if Jing Yan knew how to stabilize the Fog Vortex, it might still be difficult to achieve.

In the end, to refine elixirs, one would either go through the alchemists from the Alchemist Association or ask for assistance from the powerful figures behind Jing Yan.

However, the existence of these powerful figures behind Jing Yan was merely a speculation.

If there were no such figures behind Jing Yan, or if those figures were unwilling to help refine the medicine, one would still need to rely on High Alchemists like Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo.

At the moment, it was still unwise to offend Gao Zhao Hai.

“High Alchemist, how do you know that I cannot stabilize the Fog Vortex?” Jing Yan looked at Gao Zhao Hai.

“A joke, just a baby barely grown any hairs, I ask you, are you an alchemist?”

“Could it be, you plan to use a detoxification potion to stabilize the lady’s Fog Vortex?” Gao Zhao Hai scoffed, shaking his head disdainfully.

“High Alchemist, I certainly would not stabilize the lady’s Fog Vortex with a detoxification potion.

“A specific elixir is needed to stabilize the lady’s Fog Vortex,” Jing Yan said, narrowing his eyes.

“Elixir?”

Hmph, ordinary elixirs have already lost their effect on the lady.

Over the years, the lady has consumed a vast amount of elixirs, and now using those would hardly yield any effect.

Are you also suggesting using the Divine Netherworld Pill?” Gao Zhao Hai’s face showed even more contempt as he heard Jing Yan mentioning using an elixir.

Over the past decade, Qi Sirou had been using various elixirs to stabilize the Fog Vortex, but it was ultimately just treating the symptoms, not the root cause.

As time passed, the efficacy of these elixirs diminished with frequent use.

Hence, there was consideration for using the riskier Divine Netherworld Pill as a last resort.

“High Alchemist, what I actually wanted to say is, you really don’t understand much about the Alchemy Dao.

The elixir I’m talking about is not the Divine Netherworld Pill, but the Heavenly Eye Pill!” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“Heavenly Eye Pill?” Gao Zhao Hai was slightly taken aback.

His gaze instinctively glanced at Wang Bo, who looked equally puzzled.

“Ha ha ha...” Gao Zhao Hai burst into laughter.

“Chief Mu, you can directly throw this kid out now.

The Heavenly Eye Pill?

Ha ha, just makes up an elixir and thinks he can deceive Chief Mu?” Gao Zhao Hai’s eyes twinkled.

The Heavenly Eye Pill mentioned by Jing Yan was something he had never heard of.

And judging by Alchemist Wang Bo’s expression, he had obviously never heard of the Heavenly Eye Pill either.

An elixir unknown to two level-four alchemists clearly did not exist.

Even if it really existed, it definitely couldn’t be refined, at least not by anyone in Lanqu County City!

“High Alchemist, the Heavenly Eye Pill is not something I made up; it truly exists.

Just like you don’t know how to remove the toxicity of the Netherworld Poison Grass, there is much about the Alchemy Dao that you are unaware of,” Jing Yan said sharply, not mincing his words.

Gao Zhao Hai, fuming, glared at Jing Yan.

Jing Yan’s words clearly suggested that he, a level-four alchemist, was ill-informed.

“I know what you’re up to now!”

“Your so-called Heavenly Eye Pill must be incredibly precious, right?”

Are you trying to say you need to find someone else to help refine this elixir?” Gao Zhao Hai seemed to have seen through Jing Yan’s intentions.

“Chief Mu, this kid is clearly here to swindle!

He definitely wants you to give him a vast amount of resources, and then he’ll go find someone to help refine that nonexistent Heavenly Eye Pill.

I guarantee that once he leaves the Manager’s Mansion with the resources, he will never come back,” Gao Zhao Hai turned to Mu Liantian.

“Hmm?” Mu Liantian was also slightly startled.

It had to be said, Gao Zhao Hai’s words were not entirely without merit.

Jing Yan’s mentioned Heavenly Eye Pill was also something he had never heard of.

“Young Friend Jing Yan, this Heavenly Eye Pill, who can refine it, and what level of an elixir is it?

The president of the Lanqu County City Alchemist Association is a level-five alchemist, also a level-five Pill King.

In the entire Lanqu County City, Mr.

President is the most capable one I know of.

Can the president of the Alchemist Association refine this Heavenly Eye Pill?” Mu Liantian inhaled deeply and looked at Jing Yan.

Hearing Mu Liantian’s words, Jing Yan smiled.

“Chief Mu, you don’t believe me, right?” Jing Yan could clearly sense the doubt in Mu Liantian’s words.

This Lord Chief was also worried that he would demand a vast amount of resources and then vanish.

However, Jing Yan had no intention of asking Mu Liantian for any resources.

His assistance wasn't for the sake of gaining resources, but rather to foster relations.

"Father, I believe that since Jing Yan mentioned it, he must be able to help find the Heavenly Eye Pill," Mu Yunfei, clearly trusting Jing Yan immensely, spoke up.

"Miss Yunfei, you are too trusting!" Gao Zhao Hai said crossly, his tone suddenly shifting, "Kid, your mouth is quite tough, but why don't you first tell us, what exactly is the price to obtain this Heavenly Eye Pill?"

Gao Zhao Hai was very certain, Jing Yan's purpose was to swindle resources.

Mu Liantian would likely spare no expense to save his wife.

He, Gao Zhao Hai, had exploited this very fact to amass a huge fortune from the Manager's Mansion over the years.

He suggested using the Divine Netherworld Pill just to make a final, big score.

After all, he couldn't guarantee the cure for Qi Sirou; if Qi Sirou really died, at most Mu Liantian would resent him but couldn't blame the death entirely on him.

That little rascal Jing Yan dared to compete with him for a meal; of course, he could not agree.

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Gao Zhao Hai was certain that Jing Yan would demand a king's ransom in resources from Mu Liantian!

“Sigh, this Heavenly Eye Pill is actually just a Second-level Elixir, and there's no need to ask other Pill Masters for help to refine it—I can do it myself!” Jing Yan let out a light sigh and looked towards Gao Zhao Hai, “High Alchemist Gao, are you disappointed?”

“What?”

“Second-level Elixir?”

“You can refine it yourself?” Gao Zhao Hai was waiting for Jing Yan to ask for resources so he could severely criticize him, but now Jing Yan was saying that the Heavenly Eye Pill was only a Second-level Elixir, and he could refine it himself.

Gao Zhao Hai was forced to swallow the words that had reached his lips, his old face turning red with frustration in an instant.

“Chief Mu, the refining of the Heavenly Eye Pill might take a day or two.

However, I don’t have all the materials I need on me, so I’ll need you to prepare them.

Don’t worry, these materials can all be purchased in Lanqu County City, and they won’t require much in the way of resources,” Jing Yan added, addressing Mu Liantian.

Mu Liantian’s face tinged with red as well.

His earlier remarks had carried a hint of skepticism towards Jing Yan, and now the man stated that the materials were readily available and wouldn’t cost much in resources.

Why did Jing Yan say it wouldn’t consume many resources?

Wasn’t it because his words had made Jing Yan feel disrespected?

Mu Liantian couldn’t help but feel his face burning.

“Chief Mu, there’s no time to delay.

“I’ll write down the materials I need now, and then you can have them prepared,” Jing Yan said with a wave of his hand.

“Kid, you say you’re a Pill Master?

Who are you deceiving?

I’ve lived in Lanqu County City for so many years and have never seen a Second-level Alchemist who’s in their teens.

Do you think we’re fools?” Gao Zhao Hai jumped out again.

“You old fart, are you ever going to give it a rest?” Jing Yan’s aura hardened.

This old bastard kept popping up to mock him, and of course, Jing Yan had his own anger.

The conversation had reached this point, and yet this old coot was still stubbornly persistent!

“Whether or not I’m a Pill Master and whether I can refine the Heavenly Eye Pill is easy to verify, isn’t it?”

It will only take a day or two, and then we’ll see.

For now, you just shut your beak!

You’re so annoying!” Jing Yan declared sternly.

“You...” Gao Zhao Hai was furious to the extreme.

“Pfft!” A surge of powerful Primordial Energy suddenly burst forth; it looked like he wanted to attack Jing Yan.

“High Alchemist Gao!” Mu Liantian spoke in a low tone, waving his hand to stop Gao Zhao Hai, “This is Manager’s Mansion!”

Mu Liantian narrowed his eyes and spoke with an unfriendly tone.

Gao Zhao Hai earlier claimed that Jing Yan was here to scam resources, but now the man had said he didn’t need any.

Moreover, he was asking for Manager's Mansion to prepare the materials.

What was there left to deceive?

At this point, Gao Zhao Hai's persistence was becoming somewhat irritating.

"Fine!

Fine!

I want to see what kind of thing this little bastard can refine!

Chief Mu, if he causes a delay and we end up unable to refine the Divine Netherworld Pill to treat the lady in time, then you can't blame me!" Gao Zhao Hai said to Mu Liantian again.

"Old coot, keep your Divine Netherworld Pill to yourself!

Divine Netherworld Pill?

Hmph, you're just trying to earn a large amount of resources from Chief Mu's hands.

If my Heavenly Eye Pill is unable to treat the lady, then your Divine Netherworld Pill will be even less likely to have any hope,” Jing Yan sneered.

“Little bastard...” Gao Zhao Hai was livid.

But within the Manager’s Mansion, it was clear he wouldn’t be able to lay a hand on Jing Yan.

Mu Liantian would never allow him to harm Jing Yan.

As Jing Yan had said, the materials needed for the Heavenly Eye Pill were not hard to come by.

When Jing Yan listed out all the necessary materials, Mu Liantian realized that they could all be found within his Manager’s Mansion.

Mu Liantian immediately ordered the materials to be prepared and even set aside a separate room for Jing Yan.

“No one is to disturb young friend Jing Yan!”

Outside Jing Yan’s temporary room, Gao Zhao Hai sternly instructed the Mansion’s guards.

“Yes!” The guards responded in unison.

Before Jing Yan left the room, no one dared enter.

Gao Zhao Hai and Wang Bo did not leave the Manager’s Mansion, either.

At this point, Gao Zhao Hai still did not believe Jing Yan could refine any Heavenly Eye Pill capable of treating Qi Sirou’s Fog Vortex; he just wanted to see how Jing Yan would end up.

Once Mu Liantian realized he had been played, wouldn’t he execute Jing Yan on the spot?

He wanted to stay and witness Jing Yan being put to death by Mu Liantian’s own hands.

Of course, if Jing Yan failed, then Mu Liantian would have no choice but to rely on his Divine Netherworld Pill!

Hmph, by then, he would definitely take a hefty bite out of Mu Liantian!

As for Pill Master Wang Bo, he hadn’t concluded like Gao Zhao Hai that Jing Yan couldn’t refine a pill to treat Qi Sirou.

The reason he stayed was to see what kind of pill the Heavenly Eye Pill truly was.

If the Heavenly Eye Pill was indeed a Second-level Elixir capable of stabilizing the Fog Vortex, then the significance behind it would be truly shocking.

They were Fourth-level Alchemists and had never heard of a Heavenly Eye Pill.

If Jing Yan could refine it, then it indicated that he had mastered a lost Elixir, one that could stabilize the Fog Vortex.

The most critical point, however, wasn't that; it was that this Heavenly Eye Pill, according to Jing Yan's intent, could stabilize Qi Sirou's Fog Vortex which had completely deteriorated, making it far more potent than the ordinary medicine used for stabilizing the Fog Vortex.

Now, ordinary elixirs were utterly ineffective for Qi Sirou's condition.

Inside the Housekeeper's wife's bedroom.

"Mom!" Mu Yunfei, sitting by the bedside, looked at her mother Qi Sirou.

Chief Mu Liantian also stood behind.

In the room, there were only the three of them.

“Yunfei, don’t worry about me, I’m fine,” Qi Sirou said in a gentle voice.

“Rou’er, you will certainly get better.

That young friend Jing Yan, I see he is not one to make empty promises, he seems quite confident,” Mu Liantian said softly.

No matter what, Qi Sirou’s condition had improved a lot since before Jing Yan had arrived.

Before Jing Yan’s arrival, even speaking was extremely difficult for Qi Sirou.

But now, there was a clear resurgence of vitality in her, meaning the medicine Jing Yan had concocted was indeed effective.

“Mm, I also have faith in young friend Jing Yan; he really is quite extraordinary,” Qi Sirou smiled.

“Dad!” Mu Yunfei looked towards Mu Liantian, “Dad, even if Jing Yan...

if the Heavenly Eye Pill doesn't have the expected effect, you won't blame him, will you?"

"Yunfei, what are you talking about?"

Since young friend Jing Yan is willing to help, that's already kind, and even if he can't solve your mother's Fog Vortex issue, I will still be grateful for his goodwill," Mu Liantian said.

"Yunfei, how did you come to know this young friend Jing Yan?" Qi Sirou asked softly.

"Actually, I've only just met him!" Mu Yunfei pondered and said, "Jing Yan, he comes from the Jing Family in Donglin City, he and Jing Ziqi, both are disciples from the Jing Family of Donglin City.

Jing Ziqi and I are both students at the Red Lotus Academy; Jing Ziqi and I are friends.

Jing Yan, he's probably here to participate in the entrance examination for the Three Major Academies this term."

"Oh?"

He's just come from Donglin City?"

Planning to enter the Three Major Academies?" Mu Liantian's eyebrows lifted slightly.

“That should be the case!” Mu Yunfei nodded.

“Well then, no matter what the effect of Jing Yan’s Heavenly Eye Pill, I will help him discreetly and make sure he passes the examination smoothly,” Mu Liantian pondered a moment before speaking.

As the Chief Manager of the Prince Manor, such matters were a simple task for him.

However, upon hearing Mu Liantian’s words, Mu Yunfei couldn’t help but be startled.

Mu Liantian was her father, and of course, she understood him well.

Her father wasn’t one to easily pull strings for anyone.

Even when she participated in the entrance examination for the Three Major Academies, her father hadn’t pulled any strings on her behalf.

This was telling.

And now, her father intended to pull some strings secretly for Jing Yan!

To ensure Jing Yan passed the exams!

“Giggle...”

However, after a short moment of startlement, Mu Yunfei started laughing.

Seeing their daughter laugh, both Mu Liantian and Qi Sirou looked at Mu Yunfei with some confusion.

“Yunfei, why are you laughing?”

Mu Liantian frowned slightly, “Even if Jing Yan can’t solve your mother’s Fog Vortex problem, he did rid her of the Netherworld Poison Grass’ toxicity.

It’s only right I make an exception and lend him a hand.

It might draw some gossip, but that’s not a big deal.”

“Dad, I’m not laughing about that; I just think what you’re doing is superfluous,” Mu Yunfei said, pursing her lips.

“Oh?”

Superfluous?” Mu Liantian looked at Mu Yunfei, slightly puzzled.

“Yes, Dad, do you know how strong Jing Yan is?” Mu Yunfei turned and questioned.

“He must be in the Innate Realm, I suppose!” Mu Liantian shook his head, unsure, “If he is a Pill Master, then he’s certainly in the Innate Realm.

However, passing the Three Major Academies’ examination isn’t guaranteed even for Martial Artists in the Innate Realm.”

“Dad, Jing Yan’s strength has indeed reached the Innate Realm.

But I daresay, he will most definitely pass the examination.

It’s a sure thing,” Mu Yunfei thought of the scene she witnessed in the square market, where Jing Yan fought with someone, and her heart surged once more.

She had no idea how Jing Yan managed to train to such a level.

Jing Yan seemed younger than both her and Jing Ziqi, yet his strength was so formidable, on par with or even surpassing the disciples from the Great Families.

“Yunfei, you’ve only just met Jing Yan recently, haven’t you?”

How do you know his abilities?

And have so much confidence in him?” Qi Sirou also frowned at her daughter Mu Yunfei and asked casually.

“Mom, actually, I met Mr.

Jing Yan in Lanqu Square Market.

At that time, he was with Jing Ziqi, and it seemed they were buying damaged Martial Arts Steles.

There was a conflict with the stall owner,” Mu Yunfei said, her eyes alight with recollection.