

The Sword God of the Universe

#Chapter 5: The Fickleness of Life Chapter 5: The Fickleness of Life
Showered with compliments and congratulations, Jing Chuanling grinned as he moved his gaze to the front gate.

When he saw Jing Yan, who was about to step out of the Martial Arts Performing Stadium, Jing Chuanling curled his lip.

His stare grew slightly more intense as he stretched the corner of his mouth upward.

“Jing Chuanling, you have done so well.

Three months ago, you had just reached the Seventh Heaven Rank of Martial Arts.

Within only three months, you’ve reached the Eighth Heaven.

Very good!

Keep going.

I hope you can reach the Ninth Heaven soon,” the fifth Elder also praised Jing Chuanling.

“Here are 200 Spiritual Stones.

They are your reward,” said the fifth Elder, Jing Yuxiang.

He handed a sack to Jing Chuanling, his eyes full of fondness.

“Thank you very much, Fifth Elder.” Jing Chuanling casually took the sack full of Spiritual Stones.

Surrounded by envious eyes, Jing Chuanling walked to the side.

He didn’t leave the Martial Arts Performing Stadium immediately.

Instead, he stayed to enjoy the compliments from many other disciples of the family.

He just loved that feeling.

“Two hundred Spiritual Stones as a reward!” Jing Yan had already left the Martial Arts Performing Stadium.

Still, he heard the reward that the family had given Jing Chuanling this month.

“And I’ve only got two Spiritual Stones.” “Two Spiritual Stones.

That’s not enough to keep me going until I reach the Fourth Heaven.” Jing Yan shook his head slightly.

“Alas, I never imagined that I, Jing Yan, would one day be concerned because of a lack of Spiritual Stones.

If I’d known this, I would have stocked up on Spiritual Stones when I could.”
Jing Yan went back to his room and tried to activate the ultimate divine power of the Arch of Heaven again.

Although the cultivation method was powerful, without Spiritual Stones, it would take a lot longer for Jing Yan to break through the Fourth Heaven.

One hour later, Jing Yan left his little yard and headed toward Jing Chuanling’s place.

On his way there, he encountered quite a few Jing Clan disciples, yet few of them greeted him.

Most of them only glanced at him from a distance and gave an embarrassed smile.

“Brother Jing Yan?” Jing Yan entered Jing Chuanling’s yard and saw several disciples of the family sitting in the yard.

Jing Chuanling also immediately saw Jing Yan.

“Brother Jing Yan, come over and have a seat.” Jing Chuanling stood up and smiled at Jing Yan.

“No need.

I came to talk to you about something.” Jing Yan glanced at all the people present.

They were all among the Jing Clan’s best disciples.

The least advanced among them had reached the Seventh Heaven.

None of them stood up when they saw Jing Yan walk in.

They had reacted very differently before.

Whenever Jing Yan showed up, those people would immediately stand up and welcome him.

But now, Jing Yan couldn’t do anything except sigh quietly at the fickleness of life.

“Brother Jing Yan, what can I do for you?”

“I’d be happy to help you with anything that is within my power,” Jing Chuanling said graciously.

Jing Yan slightly nodded, acknowledging Jing Chuanling’s generosity.

“Chuanling, please come over here.

I won't take much of your time.” Jing Yan waved his hand, gesturing for Jing Chuanling to come over to him.

Jing Chuanling frowned slightly, but he quickly regained his smile and walked up to Jing Yan.

“Chuanling, I'm in need of Spiritual Stones for cultivation.

May I ask you to let me borrow some?” This was the reason Jing Yan was visiting Jing Chuanling's place.

In the past, Jing Chuanling had habitually borrowed Spiritual Stones from Jing Yan.

Even Jing Yan couldn't recall the exact number.

He knew that he had loaned the man several thousand of them, at least.

Once Jing Chuanling had borrowed the Spiritual Stones, they had vanished.

He'd never returned any of them.

Now that Jing Yan needed Spiritual Stones, it was reasonable for him to go to Jing Chuanling.

“Spiritual Stones?”

Sure!” Jing Chuanling barely hesitated.

“Brother Jing Yan, here are five Spiritual Stones.

Don’t worry about paying them back.” Jing Chuanling took out five Spiritual Stones and handed them to Jing Yan in a generous manner.

As calm and even-tempered as Jing Yan was, his face still changed slightly as he watched Jing Chuanling hand him the five Spiritual Stones.

Wasn’t this the way Jing Chuanling would treat a beggar?

Jing Yan had come to Jing Chuanling specifically, yet Chuanling was only giving him five Spiritual Stones.

He wasn’t doing this to help Jing Yan; he meant to humiliate him.

This was a slap in the face.

Jing Yan regained his cool after a second.

He reached out his hand and took the five Spiritual Stones.

At that moment, Jing Yan was furious.

But he didn't let it show.

He'd just fallen from the peak to the bottom, and he'd also learned a lot from that experience.

Even though there were only five Spiritual Stones, he would still take them because they would be very helpful to him.

With the addition of the two he'd received from the test, he now had seven Spiritual Stones, which should be enough for him to get back to the Fourth Heaven.

"Chuanling, I thank you," Jing Yan said with a smile as he put away the Spiritual Stones.

"Brother Yan, please don't be upset that I can't give you more.

As you know, I'm now at the Eighth Heaven, so I need a lot of Spiritual Stones for cultivation," Jing Chuanling said, his eyes burning with intensity.

"But if Brother Yan needs help, of course, I will try my best.

Although I need Spiritual Stones myself, I'm willing to part with some of them because you need them, Brother Jing Yan.

That's why I've given you some immediately!" "I appreciate it." Jing Yan nodded.

"Well, you are busy.

I don't want to take too much of your time.

I will talk to you soon," Jing Yan said and turned to leave.

Jing Yan was barely through the gate when someone raised their voice and asked, "Chuanling, what did Jing Yan come to you for?" "Nothing much." Jing Chuanling waved his hand dismissively.

"Hehe, I heard what happened.

Jing Yan came here to borrow Spiritual Stones from you.

You didn't let him, did you?

Don't do it!

I guarantee that he will never pay you back," someone said, laughing.

"Exactly.

Jing Yan's rank has been falling nonstop.

No matter how many Spiritual Stones he gets, they'll just go to waste.

I wonder if he will turn into a regular man without any cultivation?

At that point, where will he get Spiritual Stones to give back to you?" asked another voice.

"Why didn't you guys mention this earlier?"

I've already let him borrow some," said Jing Chuanling's voice.

"I just feel bad for my five Spiritual Stones," Jing Chuanling continued.

He sighed again as if he was truly mournful over the five Spiritual Stones.

"Chuanling, you are just so..." said someone with a high-pitched voice.

"No matter what's happened recently, Jing Yan used to be the greatest genius of our Jing Clan.

He came to you to ask for Spiritual Stones, yet you only gave him five.

Wasn't that like a slap in the face?

I bet he didn't even accept the five Spiritual Stones you offered." "You're wrong.

He took all five of the Spiritual Stones right away.

Well, well, I didn't think he would accept them either.

But unexpectedly, he did.

Now I do rather regret that I let him borrow them.

If I'd known that he would accept, I'd have only offered him one Spiritual Stone," Jing Chuanling said in a complacent tone.

The people speaking were well aware that Jing Yan wasn't too far away from them.

Yet they were still very loud, so they were pretty sure that Jing Yan could hear them.

They didn't care at all if Jing Yan heard them talk.

Jing Yan's era was over.

Even if they offended him, what could he do about it?

Jing Yan was now in a hurry to get out of that place.

There was a cold look in his eyes as he pronounced the name of each of those in the yard in silence.

“Just wait!

All of you will regret humiliating me today!” Jing Yan gritted his teeth.

If he hadn't known the reason that his rank was falling, Jing Yan might not have been so confident.

But now, it was only a matter of time before he rose again.