

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 61: Chapter 61: The Nine Heavens have arrived Chapter 61: Chapter 61: The Nine Heavens have arrived Lin Ya bought ten Heavenly Blue Fruits, naturally not all of them were for Jing Mingzhu.

He himself could also use the Heavenly Blue Fruits for cultivation.

“Mr.

Lin Ya, these are your Heavenly Blue Fruits, totaling three thousand Spirit Stones.”

Behind the counter, a middle-aged martial artist in a black robe spoke to Lin Ya with a polite and friendly smile.

“Good,” Lin Ya replied, readily paying with the Spirit Stones.

“Jing Yan, what did you buy?”

Hehe, if you're short on Spirit Stones, I have some here; just say the word.” Lin Ya gave Su Zixuan, who was standing by Jing Yan's side, a fiery glance while speaking in a somber tone.

“Brother Ya, you really have a lot of Spirit Stones,” Jing Mingzhu interjected obsequiously from the side.

This woman certainly knew how to play the game.

No wonder Lin Ya liked her.

“These are the ten Top-grade Spirit Stones Mr.

Jing Yan purchased.”

Su Zixuan stepped forward, placing the exquisitely crafted wooden box filled with Top-grade Spirit Stones on the counter.

Su Zixuan could tell that Lin Ya and his companion harbored some discord toward Jing Yan.

The mockery in their voice angered Su Zixuan internally, thinking, would Mr.

Jing Yan ever be short of your measly Spirit Stones?

“Hm?”

“What?”

“Top...

Top-grade Spirit Stones?” Lin Ya and Jing Mingzhu almost popped their eyes out.

How is that possible?

Jing Yan is buying Top-grade Spirit Stones?

Lin Ya’s expression twisted instantly as he stared fixedly at the wooden box.

The male martial artist behind the counter opened the exquisite box to reveal neatly arranged Top-grade Spirit Stones, each emitting a milky white light halo.

“Impossible!

Impossible!

How could he possibly have so many Spirit Stones to buy Top-grade Spirit Stones?” Lin Ya roared inwardly.

In his view, even the old Jing Yan, when the Old Clan Leader of the Jing Family was still in power, couldn't possibly have had so many Spirit Stones.

You'd have to understand, Lin Ya was the direct grandson of the Lin Family's Great Elder, a distinguishable figure, and also a strong warrior of the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven.

Yet, he only had just over three thousand Spirit Stones, not even enough to afford one Top-grade Spirit Stone.

And that was before he bought the Heavenly Blue Fruits.

“Mr.

Jing Yan, these ten Top-grade Spirit Stones are valued at a total of forty thousand Spirit Stones,” the male martial artist said with a smile.

Though somewhat surprised, he wasn't overly shocked, because not too long ago, Jing Yan had spent fifty-five thousand Spirit Stones here.

“Indeed!” Jing Yan nodded his head.

“Clack!”

With a soft sound, Jing Yan laid four Spirit Stone Gold Cards on the counter.

Jing Mingzhu ogled the Gold Cards, her eyes widening.

In her entire life, she had never possessed such a Spirit Stone Gold Card.

“Mr.

Jing Yan, each of these four Gold Cards contains the amount of ten thousand Spirit Stones, with no issues,” said the male martial artist in a reverential tone to Jing Yan.

“Yes!

There is one more thing, I’ve run out of cash Spirit Stones, could I exchange some here?” Jing Yan spoke as he produced another Spirit Stone Gold Card.

“Of course, that’s no issue at all!

Mr.

Jing Yan, ordinarily, according to the rules, you'd be required to pay a service fee for exchanging cash Spirit Stones here.

However, you are a major client of our Treasure Pavilion, so you will not be charged any fees," the male martial artist cheerfully said.

"Thank you!" Jing Yan nodded in acknowledgment.

He gathered up the ten Top-grade Spirit Stones and ten thousand cash Spirit Stones.

"Zixuan, see you next time," Jing Yan bid farewell to Su Zixuan.

Then, he turned and walked away.

He didn't even give Lin Ya and Jing Mingzhu, this shameless couple, a single glance.

As if walking above the clouds, unaffected and composed.

This was true class!

Lin Ya and Jing Mingzhu watched Jing Yan's retreating figure with complex expressions as they left the Treasure Pavilion.

The waitress in the red dress also trembled slightly, indicating the turmoil within her heart.

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Jing Family Mansion, within a small courtyard room where Jing Yan resided.

“Top-grade Spirit Stone!”

Jing Yan, taking out one that radiated a rich, milky white light halo, his gaze sharpened.

Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill, began to circulate accordingly.

“Boom!”

A massive surge of Qi suddenly streamed from the top-grade Spirit Stone into Jing Yan's body.

The scene was utterly astonishing.

The Qi seemed to liquefy, visible to the naked eye.

The terrifyingly pure Qi entered Jing Yan's body at an alarming speed.

Under the transformation of the Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill, Jing Yan's own Qi was also fiercely elevating.

In just a short amount of time, Jing Yan's Qi had significantly increased.

As for the enhancement of Qi, his personal experience was the most genuine.

That kind of comfortable and pleasant feeling was intoxicating.

"Cultivating with top-grade Spirit Stones is indeed exhilarating," Jing Yan thought contentedly.

It took only three days, and after those three days, a top-grade Spirit Stone crumbled into dust.

And Jing Yan's realm had also reached the peak of the Eighth Layer Heaven.

The Ninth Layer Heaven was within reach.

Jing Yan didn't rush to continue absorbing the Qi contained in the top-grade Spirit Stones but paused for a while instead.

The amount of Qi enhanced in three days was too vast.

He needed some time to fully consolidate the Qi.

The Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill silently operated, and two days passed in a flash.

On this day, Jing Yan opened his eyes.

"It's about time to attempt a breakthrough to the Ninth Layer Heaven," Jing Yan murmured to himself.

At this moment, there was still a full month before the start of the clan competition.

He had prepared the Nine Yin Fruit, top-grade Spirit Stones, and a large number of ordinary spiritual stones.

Jing Yan took a deep breath and then slowly closed his eyes.

The Qi within his body gradually began to circulate, and as time passed, the speed of the Qi's circulation grew faster and faster.

Jing Yan first consumed the Nine Yin Fruit.

Under the induction of the Nine Yin Fruit's energy, the Soul Crystal within his body, which still had about forty percent of its energy remaining, began to be absorbed by Jing Yan once again.

“Boom!

Boom!

Boom!”

The Qi, under the control of the Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill and directed by Jing Yan's will, ferociously impacted the barrier between the Eighth Layer Heaven and the Ninth Layer Heaven.

“Now is the time to use the top-grade Spirit Stone!” Jing Yan's eyebrows suddenly knitted tightly, his fingers moving to their limit as he took a top-grade Spirit Stone into his palm to begin absorption.

Days went by, one by one.

Three days later...

One week later...

Half a month later...

The resources in front of Jing Yan became fewer and fewer.

But the Qi surging around Jing Yan's body became more and more astounding.

The seemingly calm surroundings were filled with terrifying Qi.

At this time, if a Martial Artist approached Jing Yan, they would likely be directly blasted away by that seemingly tranquil Qi.

Even High-Level Martial Artists would not be spared.

“Hum!”

“Thump thump thump!” Jing Yan’s body began to tremble slightly.

A surge of Qi, vast as the sea, suddenly radiated in all directions.

At the same time, from Jing Yan’s breathing, a sound akin to a dragon’s roar, loud and clear, spread outward.

“Crack!” The barrier between the Eighth Layer Heaven and the Ninth Layer Heaven finally collapsed.

The Qi that had built up to the limit started to flow thunderously through the Martial Arts Meridians like river water after breaking open that fault.

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 62: Chapter 62 Jing Chenxing is in Trouble Chapter 62: Chapter 62 Jing Chenxing is in Trouble Ninth Layer Heaven, the final realm below the Innate Realm.

Above it, was the Innate Realm itself.

“Ninth Layer Heaven!” Jing Yan felt the endless Primordial Energy flowing through his Martial Arts Meridians.

His eyes, although still closed, revealed a spreading smile on his lips.

The breakthrough was successful.

Jing Yan continued to use ordinary spiritual stones to stabilize his realm.

It was said that with Jing Yan’s strength, and the control of Primordial Energy by the Sky Vaulting First Divine Skill, he could remain stable even without any consolidation of his realm.

However, after such consolidation, Jing Yan’s Combat Power would invisibly improve.

This was because he could control the Primordial Energy even more precisely when using it.

After stepping into the Ninth Layers Heaven Realm, Jing Yan found that absorbing Primordial Energy from ordinary spiritual stones was no longer as satisfying.

He picked up an ordinary Spirit Stone, and in a moment, it turned to dust.

So, he simply placed his palm over a pile of Spirit Stones, crazily absorbing the Primordial Energy within.

At least dozens of Spirit Stones were being absorbed at the same time.

Seven days later, Jing Tian stopped his actions.

His realm had completely stabilized.

“Only eight Nine Yin Fruits left...”

“Only four top-grade Spirit Stones remaining...”

“Over six thousand ordinary spiritual stones!”

Counting the remaining resources, Jing Yan revealed a wry smile.

At the Extreme Combat Association, he had won a hundred thousand Spirit Stones in a single go.

Now, this was all that was left of his resources.

Such consumption was astonishing even to Jing Yan himself.

Of course, Jing Yan's progression speed was equally astonishing.

Just over two months ago, Jing Yan's cultivation was at the Martial Arts Sixth Layer Heaven.

But now, he had already reached the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven.

In less than three months, he had risen from the Sixth Layer Heaven to the Ninth Layer Heaven, a transformation so radical it could scarcely be described merely as "abnormal."

And Jing Yan's strength was even more astonishing.

When he was at the Martial Arts Seventh Heaven Realm, he had fought Li Tianfu and forced the latter to retreat from the combat platform.

It must be known that Li Tianfu was not an ordinary Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artist.

Among all Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists, Li Tianfu was one of the top, very close to reaching the Innate Realm.

If Jing Yan were to fight Li Tianfu now, he could probably kill Li Tianfu with a single sword strike.

Not just defeat – directly kill.

Jing Yan's gaze flickered, but he did not leave the room.

Instead, he continued to absorb the Primordial Energy from the Spirit Stones, attempting to repair the sixth flaw of the Moon Cutting Sword Technique.

With the advancement of his realm, the speed at which Jing Yan repaired the Moon Cutting Sword Technique had also increased.

The sixth flaw was repaired in just three days.

However, after slightly sensing the seventh flaw, Jing Yan gave up.

Repairing the seventh flaw would take more than ten or eight days, requiring an enormous amount of Spirit Stones.

The repair of the sixth flaw alone had consumed over two thousand five hundred, nearly three thousand Spirit Stones.

“Let’s try, see if I can integrate the Moon Cutting Sword Technique.” Jing Yan’s eyes flickered with contemplation.

He was about to fight Jing Tianlong of the Innate Realm, and now every bit of added strength meant an increased chance of defeating Jing Tianlong.

Ordinary spiritual stones continued to be absorbed, turning into masses of white dust.

On the sixth day, a ray of morning light pierced through the window.

“Whew!” Jing Yan opened his eyes, and divine light shone brilliantly in his pupils.

Jing Yan’s entire demeanor had undergone a tremendous change.

“Only a few hundred Spirit Stones left!”

“Condensed Moon Three Waves, Moon Cutting Sword Technique, I’ve integrated about twenty percent of them.”

“Today, the family competition begins!”

Jing Yan stood up, opened the door of his room, and walked out.

He stood in the courtyard, breathing in the fresh air, his eyes slightly closed.

Various Martial Arts technics were being rehearsed in his mind.

“This integrated Martial Arts, let’s call it the New Moon Cutting Sword Technique!”

Jing Yan nodded slightly to himself.

“Family competition!

I must win first place!” Jing Yan’s eyes gazed towards the distant horizon.

The family competition, held every five years, was a grand affair.

If one could win first place, they would receive a substantial amount of resource rewards.

Although the specific rewards of each competition might differ slightly, they always made all of the Jing Family members envious.

Even the Innate Realm elders took the competition's rewards very seriously.

Just the prize for Spirit Stones alone, the first place should have tens of thousands!

And the Spirit Stone reward wasn't even the most important aspect.

Clearly, Jing Yan also needed more resources to prepare for his breakthrough into the Innate Realm.

"You can't go in!"

"I must go in, I have something urgent for Young Master Jing Yan!"

"But Young Master Jing Yan is in seclusion."

"I really have urgent matters.

Please let me in, or Young Master Jing Yan will blame you for delaying important issues when he finds out."

At this moment, a noisy argument emanated from outside the closed courtyard gate.

“What’s going on?” Jing Yan’s brows furrowed.

Today was the day of the family competition.

Many of the Jing Family’s younger generation would be gathering, and Jing Yan was also waiting for the official start of the competition.

It would be about another two hours.

Listening to the voices outside, it seemed someone wanted to enter his yard, and the guards had stopped them.

“Young Master Jing Yan!”

“Young Master Jing Yan...”

“Young Master Jing Yan, he insists on entering, claiming he has urgent business with you.”

As Jing Yan stepped out the gate, the people outside quickly paid their respects upon seeing him.

“Brother Qing Yan, what brings you here?” Jing Yan was slightly surprised.

The person arguing with the guards outside of Jing Yan’s courtyard was none other than Jing Qingyan.

Jing Qingyan was the son of Jing Chenxing.

However, Jing Qingyan was not currently staying at the Jing Family Mansion.

A few years ago, he had been sent by the family to manage a Jing Family business elsewhere.

He seldom returned home.

Immediately, Jing Yan understood.

Today was the start of the family competition, and Jing Qingyan must have come back to participate.

The Jing Family’s competition was open to any qualified Jing Family Disciples, whether they lived within the Family Mansion or outside.

The only two qualifications were being below the Innate Realm and being under twenty-five years of age.

Jing Qingyan was a few years older than Jing Yan but was only twenty-two years old, fully meeting the conditions to compete.

“Brother Qing Yan, come in!” Jing Yan greeted Jing Qingyan warmly.

Jing Yan and Jing Qingyan had always had a good relationship.

Before Jing Qingyan left the Jing Family Mansion, they would often get together when they had time.

Moreover, Jing Qingyan’s father was Jing Chenxing.

The Flowing Light Sword Jing Yan was now using had been a gift from Jing Chenxing.

“Young Master Jing Yan, they...

they also drove my father away!” Jing Qingyan’s eyes were somewhat red.

His voice carried a mix of sadness and anger, clearly suppressing his rage.

“What?” Jing Yan’s expression changed drastically.

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(Thank you to the reader Zongheng Sihai for multiple rewards.

Thank you to reader ‘Symbol’ for multiple rewards.

Brother Symbol, please forgive me, I don’t know how to type that symbol.)

Chapter 63: Chapter 63 Jing Yan Arrived Chapter 63: Chapter 63 Jing Yan Arrived Jing Yan could tell that Jing Qingyan was incredibly anxious at the moment.

Jing Qingyan had always been composed, but now he seemed a bit out of sorts due to the pressure.

This showed just how urgent the situation was.

If it wasn’t urgent, Jing Qingyan would definitely not be like this.

“Young Master Jing Yan, my father...

didn’t want me to come to you.

But I had no other choice, they went too far.

I begged them to give my father and me a little time, but they didn’t agree,” Jing Qingyan’s lips were bitten until they bled, and his body was also trembling slightly.

Clearly, he was infuriated to the extreme.

“Brother Qing Yan, don’t panic yet.

Tell me what exactly happened,” a chill also slowly spread in Jing Yan’s heart.

“It’s the workshop administration!”

“Those people want to take back the shop my father has in the workshop square, saying he isn’t qualified to use that weapon shop.”

“When I arrived, those people were already clearing out the shop.

I told them, asked for two days for us to move out ourselves, but they completely ignored me.”

“I couldn’t talk to the clan leader or the elders either.

Young Master Jing Yan, I want to ask for your help to convey a message,” Jing Qingyan’s expression was somewhat bitter.

“Damn it all!

They’re all damned!”

Jing Yan, of course, knew of Jing Chenxing’s Radiant Weapon Shop.

“I want to see what they’re trying to do!” Jing Yan took a deep breath.

His rage was about to burst.

In the more than ten years he had lived, Jing Yan had hardly ever been this angry.

Jing Chenxing could be said to be the closest person to Jing Yan within the Jing family, even closer than to Fourth Elder Jing Tianying.

Now, with them insulting Jing Chenxing like this, how could Jing Yan just stand by and watch?

Jing Yan was also thinking about one day, having the power to buy a Spirit Pill for Jing Chenxing, to regrow the leg he had lost.

“Let’s go to the workshop square!” Jing Yan’s voice was low.

“Ah?” Jing Qingyan blinked in surprise.

He had come to seek Jing Yan’s help, hoping that Jing Yan would speak on their behalf.

After all, Jing Yan was the grandson of the Old Clan Leader and could still speak to the family’s upper echelons.

But now, it seemed Jing Yan intended to handle it directly.

How could this be?

“Young Master Jing Yan, this matter...

is related to the Jing Family Great Elder’s daughter, Jing Yuqin,” Jing Qingyan’s tone shifted slightly.

That meant, this issue was complicated.

Who was Jing Yuqin?

She was the Great Elder’s daughter.

“Hmph, that Jing Yuqin again!

I see, she thinks I, Jing Yan, am a pushover,” Jing Yan had already guessed that it might involve Jing Yuqin.

Ever since she lost face at the Ruyi Pavilion which was controlled by the family in the West District Square, she had harbored a grudge.

“Brother Qing Yan, let’s go.

Don’t worry, I will handle this matter properly,” Jing Yan’s eyes narrowed, a cold glint flashing within.

West District Square, Radiant Weapon Shop.

“Snap!”

“Bang!

Bang!”

Several guards were taking various ores and materials out of the weapon shop, carelessly throwing them onto the street.

As a result, more and more spectators gathered around, all whispering and pointing.

“What’s going on?”

“Isn’t that man from the Jing Family?

Why is he being driven out by the administration?”

“Did he do something wrong?

Is he being punished by the Jing Family?"

"Shh, keep it down.

I'll tell you, that woman is Jing Yuqin from the Jing Family, the Great Elder's daughter; she is no ordinary person.

I guess the people from the weapon shop offended Jing Yuqin, so they're being driven out."

"..."

The onlookers whispered among themselves.

Meanwhile, Jing Chenxing stood by, his face expressionless as he watched the guards.

His arms were trembling slightly.

Although his face showed no expression, the slight movements of his body showed that he was anything but calm.

"Jing Chenxing, you dare to go against Aunt Yuqin?"

"Hmph, remember this, this is what happens when you oppose Aunt Yuqin."

"You useless old fool, you're just wasting resources by living.

You might as well find a place to die."

A despicable sneer rang out sharply nearby.

The speaker was Jing Chuanling.

He and Jing Yuqin were standing not far away, both wearing extremely satisfied and arrogant expressions as they stared at Jing Chenxing.

Since the last time Jing Tianlong and Jing Yan had a scheduled fight, Jing Chuanling had been mixing with Jing Yuqin and others.

Now it seemed, Jing Chuanling had become Jing Yuqin's lackey.

"Jing Chenxing, you made life difficult for me, so I won't make life easy for you.

You cost me my job at Ruyi Pavilion, so I'll make sure you can't stay in the workshop square.

Hmph, no one can save you!" Jing Yuqin's venomous gaze slithered over Jing Chenxing like a snake.

Just yesterday, Ruyi Pavilion had notified her that she was fired from her job there.

When she learned of this outcome, Jing Yuqin's suppressed anger finally burst forth.

She blamed Jing Yan and Jing Chenxing for everything.

Now, she had no way to deal with Jing Yan, so dealing with a disabled Jing Chenxing was a piece of cake, right?

So, early this morning, she brought people from the market management and began dealing with Jing Chenxing.

“Aunt Yuqin, I think we should just drive this useless old man out of Donglin City entirely.

Doesn't he have a son?

He seems to be in a town outside, just let him scramble to his son,” Jing Chuanling said to Jing Yuqin with a cruel and smug voice.

“That's a good idea!”

“Huh?

Where's his son, Jing Qingyan?

Wasn't he just here?” Jing Yuqin looked around, unable to spot Jing Qingyan.

“Ha ha, he must have been scared off.

He even abandoned his own father,” Jing Chuanling chuckled.

“Stop!”

Just then, a loud shout came from behind the crowd of onlookers.

Hearing the voice, the crowd naturally turned to look.

“Who is this?”

“He seems to be getting involved!

Isn't he brave, meddling in Jing Yuqin's affairs?”

“That's Jing Family!

Jing Yan from the Jing Family.

Not long ago, he defeated Li Tianfu at the Extreme Combat Association!” someone recognized Jing Yan.

Jing Yan was already quite famous, and many people knew him.

It was normal for him to be recognized here in the workshop square.

The crowd naturally parted, making way for Jing Yan and Jing Qingyan to walk through.

Seeing Jing Yan arrive, Jing Yuqin and Jing Chuanling's faces turned cold, angry flames flickering in their eyes.

"Jing Yan...

what are you doing here?" Jing Chenxing frowned slightly as he saw Jing Yan.

Chapter 64 - 64 64 Compensation Issues

Chapter 64: Chapter 64 Compensation Issues Chapter 64: Chapter 64 Compensation Issues Jing Chenxing did not want to bring any trouble to Jing Yan.

Previously, he had forbidden Jing Qingyan from seeking Jing Yan for this very reason.

Jing Chenxing glanced sharply at Jing Qingyan beside Jing Yan.

Jing Qingyan quickly lowered his head, as he was rather fearful of his father, Jing Chenxing.

Actually, at this moment, Jing Qingyan's mind was also in turmoil.

He had originally hoped that Jing Yan would seek out a high-ranking family member to handle the matter, but Jing Yan had insisted on dealing with it personally.

He didn't know what Jing Yan planned to do; was he really going to confront Jing Yuqin head-on?

“Uncle Chenxing!”

Jing Yan strode into the small path revealed by the parted crowd.

His gaze first swept over Jing Yuqin and others, and then he turned to Jing Chenxing, giving a slight bow.

“Jing Yan, you shouldn’t have come.

Today is the day of the family competition.

Go back and prepare,” Jing Chenxing said gravely, his eyes fixed on Jing Yan.

“Don’t worry,” Jing Yan replied with a smile.

“Ah, Young Master Jing Yan, why have you come here?”

At this moment, a man with a goatee approached Jing Yan.

This man was Jing Mingyang, one of the three managers who handled the daily affairs of West District Square.

Jing Mingyang was a member of the Great Elder Jing Chunyu's lineage.

It was he who had led the managerial team to the Radiant Weapon Shop to force Jing Chenxing to leave the workshop.

That morning, when Jing Yuqin approached Jing Mingyang with her thoughts, Jing Mingyang had not hesitated at all and immediately assured her he would take care of it.

In his view, dealing with an outdated member of the Jing family like Jing Chenxing was a piece of cake.

Successfully handling this would undoubtedly earn him favor from Jing Yuqin and bring him closer to the Great Elder.

The sudden appearance of Jing Yan slightly surprised Jing Mingyang.

Jing Yan's status was naturally incomparable to Jing Chenxing's.

Since Jing Yan had defeated Li Tianfu at the Extreme Combat Association, his position within the Jing Family had surged.

Jing Mingyang knew from various sources that the senior members of the Jing Family had begun to take Jing Yan seriously again.

However, Jing Mingyang didn't take it to heart.

Jing Yan was important, but he was nothing compared to the Great Elder.

"Jing Mingyang, what are you trying to do?"

Jing Yan, his eyes narrowed, looked at Jing Mingyang and asked faintly.

Jing Mingyang's expression changed slightly, and a hint of coldness flashed in his eyes.

He too was a manager at the workshop and held a not insignificant position.

Yet, Jing Yan addressed him directly by his name and even used a questioning tone, which was clearly disrespectful.

"Young Master Jing Yan, you can see what I am doing, can't you?" Jing Mingyang said, his eyes filled with anger and a forced smile on his face.

He wasn't afraid of Jing Yan.

Besides, Jing Yuqin was there.

Even if she wasn't enough, there was still the Great Elder Jing Chunyu behind her.

Could you, Jing Yan, really turn the heavens upside down?

"Heh, I did see," Jing Yan nodded lightly, "but I want to know the reason.

Why are you forcing my Uncle Chenxing out?"

"Reason?" Jing Mingyang had not really thought about a reason before.

But his mind was quick, being a manager at the workshop was not a job anyone could do without some capability.

"Jing Chenxing's shop has attracted someone else's interest, and for the sake of the family's interests, he needs to vacate the premises," Jing Mingyang said grimly.

“Is that so, my Uncle Chenxing hasn’t paid the rent?” Jing Yan scoffed.

“Not exactly, Jing Chenxing indeed paid the rent, but the rent is too low.

What I am doing is entirely in consideration of the family’s interests.

As a member of the Jing Family, you should understand this, right?

The interests of the family are most important,” Jing Mingyang snorted softly, thinking to himself, you, a young punk, dare to confront me.

“Mm, the interests of the family are indeed the most important,” Jing Yan nodded.

Seeing Jing Yan say this, Jing Mingyang felt secretly pleased.

Kid, I have been mingling in the managerial team for so many years, do you think I can’t handle you?

“Jing Mingyang, tell me, how much rent is this person who plans to rent the shop willing to pay annually?” Jing Yan asked immediately.

“Oh?” Jing Mingyang was taken aback again.

The person supposedly interested in renting the shop was entirely fictitious, so of course, no rent was specified.

“This...

should be twenty Spirit Stones a month, totaling two hundred and forty Spirit Stones annually,” Jing Mingyang paused before saying.

The location of Radiant Weapon Shop was too remote, situated in the very corner of the entire workshop, seldom visited by people.

Twenty Spirit Stones a month was an exceedingly high rent.

If he stated too much, not only would Jing Yan not believe it, but even he himself wouldn't believe it.

“There are two hundred and forty Spirit Stones!”

“Take it, here are the two hundred and forty Spirit Stones, count them properly,” Jing Yan directly took out two hundred and forty Spirit Stones.

Two hundred plus Spirit Stones was really not a small amount for an ordinary martial artist.

In fact, the annual turnover of the Radiant Weapon Shop was only a few hundred Spirit Stones.

“Jing Yan, you...” Jing Chenxing frowned; that was over two hundred Spirit Stones!

“Uncle, don’t worry about it!” Jing Yan didn’t let Jing Chenxing finish, but smiled and shook his head at him.

It’s known inside the Jing family that a Martial Artist at the Eighth Layer Heaven received a monthly reward of just two hundred Spirit Stones.

There weren’t many martial artists at the Eighth Layer Heaven within the Jing family.

Additionally, this reward was only eligible for martial artists under thirty years old.

Once they exceeded that age, they couldn’t participate in the strength test to receive the reward.

“In that case...” Jing Mingyang, now out of reasons, looked at Jing Yuqin and then smiled, “Then let’s continue to rent to Jing Chenxing.

Young Master Jing Yan, you are indeed generous.”

“Alright, I’ll go get the agreement,” Jing Mingyang continued.

“Don’t rush!” Jing Yan, however, smiled and shook his head.

“Since the first matter is settled, let’s talk about the second.

You, Jing Mingyang, led people to disturb my Uncle Chenxing’s shop, impacted my uncle’s business, and also caused significant damage to Radiant Weapon Shop’s reputation.

You probably need to compensate for these losses,” Jing Yan said with a cold smile.

“What?” Jing Mingyang nearly jumped up.

Compensate for losses?

What losses?

The business at the weapon shop [...]

Chapter 65 - 65 65 What is it

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: What is it?

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: What is it?

“Ha ha ha...”

“Young Master Jing Yan, you really are a joker!”

Ha ha ha ha...”

Jing Mingyang could not stop laughing, a hint of cold light flickering in his eyes, and an even colder sneer in his heart.

At this moment, Uncle Chenxing was also somewhat stunned.

Jing Yan actually dared to ask Jing Mingyang for compensation?

Furthermore, the amount of compensation was two thousand four hundred Spirit Stones.

Could Jing Yan really be joking?

That was not a small number of Spirit Stones.

It was worth noting that when Jing Yan had borrowed Spirit Stones from Fourth Elder Jing Tianying, Jing Tianying had only about two thousand Spirit Stones in cash on him.

Uncle Chenxing stared blankly at Jing Yan, momentarily forgetting to speak.

Jing Qingyan was even more incredulous.

He felt his thoughts freezing.

Jing Qingyan did not know about Jing Yan defeating Li Tianfu, and having just returned to Donglin City from a small town far away, he thought that Jing Yan's cultivation was continuously deteriorating.

That's why he was all the more shocked.

What if Jing Yan angered Jing Mingyang, would Jing Mingyang directly apprehend him?

With the Old Clan Leader no longer around, Jing Mingyang indeed had the guts.

At worst, he could just detain him first and release him later.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Jing Yan gently shook his head with a smile, “Jing Mingyang, take out two thousand four hundred Spirit Stones now, and after that, you can piss off.

If you don’t, I assure you, you will regret it.”

Jing Yan’s voice was calm, but in this calm voice, Jing Mingyang felt a kind of pressure.

The person standing before him had defeated a Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven expert like Li Tianfu!

Was this Jing Yan really daring to fight him?

Jing Mingyang instinctively glanced at the guard he had brought from the workshop.

These guards, his confidants, were unquestionably loyal.

But could they stop Jing Yan?

Among the guards Jing Mingyang brought, there were two with the cultivation of Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven.

The West District Square was one of the Jing Family's most important assets, and naturally, its protection was top-notch.

Among all the guards of the square, there were more than ten Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven guards.

Moreover, should anything happen to the square, the residing clan elder would promptly arrive.

Seeing two Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven guards nearby, Jing Mingyang felt emboldened again.

He himself also possessed cultivation at the Ninth Layer Heaven.

He did not dare claim that he would definitely defeat Jing Yan, but it wouldn't be too easy for Jing Yan to beat him either.

In the Extreme Combat Association, although Jing Yan did defeat Lian Tianfu, the victory was not decisive.

It was said that Jing Yan was almost defeated by Lian Tianfu, and only an accident led to Lian Tianfu being forced off the combat platform.

In other words, his real strength should be not much different from Lian Tianfu's.

Although Lian Tianfu was strong, Jing Mingyang had to admit, Lian Tianfu was indeed better than

he and these two guards, who were also battle-hardened elites.

With this thought, Jing Mingyang relaxed.

“Jing Yan, you are too arrogant.

Coming to this workshop, you even dare to cause trouble.”

“Humph, do you really think your grandfather is still alive?”

Just when Jing Mingyang thought to speak, Jing Chuanling could no longer hold back and started shouting.

From the moment Jing Yan appeared, he did not pay any attention to him, which fueled his anger even more.

At this moment, he blurted out to assert his presence and make himself felt.

“Swish!”

Suddenly, Jing Yan’s gaze swept towards Jing Chuanling.

His eyes were chilling.

In the past, although Jing Chuanling, this petty man, greatly disappointed Jing Yan.

However, Jing Yan was too lazy to quarrel too much with such a small figure.

Hence, even though Jing Chuanling had provoked him many times in front of him, he had not taken action against him.

But now, this despicable fellow, having mingled with Jing Yuqin and even pressured Uncle Chenxing,

even if this bastard hadn’t shown himself, Jing Yan would have looked for him to settle accounts later.

Now, this bastard, still clueless about his imminent doom, continued to insult Jing Yan.

“Chuanling!”

“As a person, you should know your place!”

“Otherwise, you’re the one who suffers.

Chuanling, I ask you, what do you even amount to?

Did I even speak to you?

I didn’t ask you, yet you jumped out to shout, are you seeking death?” Jing Yan coldly scanned Jing Chuanling.

Seeing Jing Yan’s eyes, Jing Chuanling was also startled for a moment.

Then, his face instantly burned with shame.

Being frightened by Jing Yan in front of so many people.

This was a great loss of face.

“Whoosh!”

He violently drew the longsword from his body, angrily staring at Jing Yan.

“Jing Yan, do you want to fight me?”

Humph, others may fear you, but I, Jing Chuanling, do not.

Come on, draw your weapon!

Draw your longsword and face me in battle,” Jing Chuanling shouted loudly.

Of course, he wasn’t really intending to fight Jing Yan.

In fact, he didn’t consider himself a match for Jing Yan.

Regardless of the process, the fact that Li Tianfu was defeated by Jing Yan was indisputable.

Jing Chuanling dared to speak so because Jing Yuqin and Jing Mingyang were here.

If Jing Yan truly started a fight, Jing Mingyang and others would not stand idly by.

“Are you even worthy of my drawing a sword?” Jing Yan scoffed coldly, his eyes flashing brilliantly.

“Boom!”

A terrifying blast of Primordial Energy suddenly erupted from within Jing Yan.

Under Jing Yan’s control, this blast of Primordial Energy, without any overflow, pounced directly towards Jing Chuanling.

Jing Mingyang and others stood very close to Jing Yan, yet this blast of energy didn’t even stir their clothes.

From this, it was evident how exquisitely Jing Yan could control Primordial Energy.

“Ah!”

Holding the longsword, Jing Chuanling only felt as if he had been directly hit by a massive mountain.

Then, he screamed miserably as his body was thrown backwards.

“Spurt!

Spurt!”

He spat out several mouthfuls of fresh blood, and after flying through the air for tens of meters, Jing Chuanling finally crashed to the ground.

His face as pale as a sheet of paper, his eyes filled with terror.

His entire body was throbbing with intense pain.

The injuries were obviously quite severe, and his Martial Arts Meridians might even have been damaged.

With a mere wave of his hand, Jing Chuanling did not even get a chance to defend.

Jing Chuanling, a genuine Martial Arts Eighth Layer Heaven in cultivation.

How was this possible?

How could Jing Yan accomplish this?

Jing Mingyang and the others didn't even have time to react; even if they wanted to save Jing Chuanling, it was impossible.

The many Martial Artists watching all around were also stunned, their whispers immediately ceasing.

Everyone stared wide-eyed at Jing Yan.

What kind of strength was this?

That Jing Chuanling, he wasn't weak either!

Yet, he was blown away just like that, and Jing Yan hadn't even drawn his weapon.

How could the gap between them be so vast?

Chapter 66 - 66 66 Did I Ask You to Speak

Chapter 66: Chapter 66 Did I Ask You to Speak?

Chapter 66: Chapter 66 Did I Ask You to Speak?

Jing Qingyan was utterly bewildered.

What happened?

Young Master Jing Yan, how could he be so strong?

Wasn't his realm supposed to have fallen to only the Martial Arts Third Layer Heaven Cultivation?

With just a wave of his hand, he sent Jing Chuanling flying—that must be at least the Cultivation of the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven, right?

Jing Qingyan took a deep breath and stared directly at Jing Yan.

“You’re overestimating yourself!” Jing Yan indifferently glanced at Jing Chuanling, who was dozens of meters away.

With that hit, although Jing Yan had held back, it really served as a lesson for Jing Chuanling.

Even with a high-level healing potion, Jing Chuanling would have to lie in bed for a month or two before he could stand up again.

As for participating in this year’s family competition, that was definitely out of the question.

“Jing!

Yan!”

Jing Yuqin roared!

She had been silent up to this point, and Jing Yan had ignored her.

Now, she couldn’t hold back any longer.

Jing Chuanling was her person; Jing Yan disciplining Jing Chuanling was a direct affront to her.

How could she swallow this insult in front of so many people?

If not for knowing Jing Yan's strength, she might have already attacked him.

"You're really audacious!"

Ah, too audacious."

"Jing Yan, you dare to commit violence in public in the workshop and even beat up a family clan member.

Alright, wait and see; I will definitely report this to the elders and see how long you can act arrogantly."

"Manager Mingyang, quickly arrest him!" Jing Yuqin's body trembled violently, and her cheeks twisted in anger.

She truly hadn't expected Jing Yan to be so bold, to send Jing Chuanling flying right in front of her, especially when the injuries looked severe.

“Did I allow you to speak?”

Jing Yan narrowed his eyes and then turned to look at Jing Yuqin.

“Whoosh!”

He suddenly stepped forward to Jing Yuqin’s side.

“Slap!” A crisp sound echoed, and then everyone saw five red finger marks appear on the pale face of Jing Yuqin.

“Did I say you could speak, huh?” Jing Yan stood beside Jing Yuqin and questioned her.

Jing Yuqin was also bewildered.

“Slap!” Jing Yan raised his hand again, his arm’s afterimage shaking in the air, and the crisp sound rang out once more.

This time, Jing Yuqin reacted, evidently trying to dodge the slap, but she was unable to avoid it.

The slap landed solidly on her pale face.

The burning sensation was incredibly intense.

“You...

you...” Jing Yuqin’s eyes widened.

“Slap!”

“Didn’t I tell you not to speak, and yet you spoke?”

Why are you so vile?

Why are you so vile, huh?

Tell me, why are you so vile!” Jing Yan’s tone seemed exasperated.

“Slap slap slap slap!” He went back and forth with his slaps.

Jing Yuqin’s head, following Jing Yan’s hand, kept shaking from side to side.

Despite her best efforts, she could not dodge, not even retreat, because a terrifying stream of Primordial Energy firmly bound her body in place.

A series of slaps caused Jing Yuqin's originally fine cheeks to swell up like a pig's head, and even her mouth was deformed.

"Whimper~ Whimper~" Jing Yuqin cried.

Her tearful eyes were filled with pity and fear.

"That's more like it.

If I don't tell you to speak, you shouldn't speak.

I am still dealing with Jing Mingyang's issue.

Be obedient, and I won't hit you." Jing Yan nodded at this moment, and after making sure Jing Yuqin couldn't speak, he spoke to her in an even tone.

Then, he turned his attention to Jing Mingyang.

At this point, everyone present, whether it was Jing Chenxing, Jing Mingyang, the workshop guards, or the watching martial artists, were all dumbstruck.

If people were somewhat surprised when Jing Yan sent Jing Chuanling flying earlier, now they were utterly shocked as Jing Yan had slapped Jing Yuqin dozens of times in public.

It was one thing for Jing Chuanling to be hit since he didn't have a significant background and had provoked Jing Yan first.

But what about Jing Yuqin's status?

She was the daughter of the Jing Family Great Elder.

What a position the Great Elder held!

In the entire Jing Family, only the Clan Leader Jing Chengye could slightly suppress the Great Elder.

How could Jing Yan dare to hit Jing Yuqin?

And in such an almost humiliating manner?

Those present could be sure of one thing, Jing Yuqin, for a long time to come, certainly wouldn't dare show her face in public.

She had no face to appear before others.

This event would likely spread throughout Donglin City within a few hours.

“Jing Yan!

You're incredibly bold!”

Jing Mingyang finally reacted at this moment.

He had genuinely been stupefied earlier.

Plus, since Jing Yan's hand moved very fast when slapping Jing Yuqin, he hadn't managed to intervene.

Now that he had come to his senses, anger overwhelmed him, his elderly face flushed red, and his body trembled slightly.

“Arrest him!”

Arrest him!” Jing Mingyang bellowed to the guards.

“Whoosh!”

“Boom boom!”

Several guards, including two at the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven, suddenly lunged towards Jing Yan.

A surge of robust Primordial Energy immediately filled the area.

“Not crying till seeing the coffin!” Facing the fierce assault from several guards, Jing Yan smiled faintly, and the Cold Light Sword in his hand suddenly sparked to life.

A wave of sword shadows swept out, and the sword light of the Autumn Wind Fallen Leaf Sword precisely targeted the approaching guards.

“Shick shick!”

Those guards, moving even faster than they had lunged at Jing Yan, were sent flying backward.

Them?

Caught Jing Yan?

When Jing Yan was at the Martial Arts Seventh Heaven Realm, he could already suppress Li Tianfu from the Extreme Combat Association.

Now, with Jing Yan's cultivation at the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven, how could these mere Eighth and Ninth Layer Heaven workshop guards be a match for Jing Yan?

“Boom!”

The flung guards crashed into the walls of a weapons store, only stopping as their bodies plummeted down.

Parts of the building's wall collapsed.

Jing Mingyang, who was also originally preparing to pounce towards Jing Yan, abruptly stopped.

He sharply inhaled, incredibly shocked as he stared at Jing Yan, feeling tumultuous waves in his heart.

“The Innate Realm?”

Could it be that Jing Yan has already recovered to the Innate Realm?” Jing Mingyang gasped several times, hardly daring to exhale.

He felt his body slightly numb, as if unable to move.

“Ts ts, quite a loss again, huh.” Jing Yan shook his head, looking at the wall damaged by the guards and frowned.

“Jing Mingyang, it seems 2400 Spirit Stones won’t be sufficient.

Repairing this wall will also require a significant number of Spirit Stones.” Jing Yan looked at Jing Mingyang again and said in a mild tone.

“Just wait, let me count.” Jing Yan paused, seemingly genuinely calculating the losses.

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Wanting to Cry, But No Tears Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Wanting to Cry, But No Tears “As for architecture, I really don’t understand much!”
After a moment of thought, Jing Yan shook his head.

“Young Master Jing Yan, about this...

may I go find someone to fix the weapon shop later?

I guarantee it will be as good as new,” Jing Mingyang said, his face turning from green to pale, incredibly nervous.

When he heard Jing Yan say he didn’t understand architecture, he quickly forced a smile and spoke up.

He certainly hadn’t forgotten that just a moment ago, because he had delayed business at the Radiant Weapon Shop for a bit, Jing Yan demanded he compensate with two thousand four hundred Spirit Stones!

How much would he have to compensate for the damage to the weapon shop?

Before acting, of course he didn’t care.

Would he just compensate because Jing Yan said so?

He wasn't a fool.

But now, he really didn't dare not to compensate.

Jing Yan had even beaten Jing Yuqin until she looked like a pig's head; if he were to be disrespectful, he might have to lie in bed for several months himself.

Thinking of this, Jing Mingyang shuddered with fear.

"How could I possibly inconvenience you?"

"Let's not, I can't delay your time any further!" Jing Yan smiled brilliantly, showing off his pearly white teeth.

"Alright then, I won't calculate meticulously.

Let's just settle it the same as the business losses for the weapon shop, two thousand four hundred Spirit Stones it is," Jing Yan said with a wave of his hand.

Hearing Jing Yan's words, Jing Mingyang almost fainted from the shock.

Just a little damage to the weapon shop's walls required compensation of over two thousand Spirit Stones?

Damn it, even selling the entire shop wouldn't come close to that value!

Jing Mingyang, with a desire to cry but no tears.

"Building damage two thousand four, business loss two thousand four.

Adding that up...

well, let's make it five thousand Spirit Stones," Jing Yan said with a smile.

"Ah?" Jing Mingyang let out a sound almost subconsciously.

What?

Two thousand four plus two thousand four makes five thousand Spirit Stones?

Damn it, how in the world did you calculate that?

Where did those extra two hundred Spirit Stones come from?

“Young Master Jing Yan, two thousand four hundred plus two thousand four hundred...” Jing Mingyang mustered his courage, trying to correct him.

“Hm?” Jing Yan’s presence slightly intensified, his previously breezy smile vanished in an instant, turning solemn.

Jing Mingyang felt a chill go through him and quickly shut his mouth.

“Five thousand Spirit Stones, bring them out.

I still have to participate in the competition, I don’t have much time to waste,” Jing Yan said, squinting his eyes at Jing Mingyang.

“But...

but I don’t have that many Spirit Stones on me,” Jing Mingyang said with a facial expression like someone with constipation.

“How many do you have?” Jing Yan asked.

“Only, only about one thousand or so Spirit Stones,” Jing Mingyang recalled.

“Hm, bring out what you have first.

As for the rest of the Spirit Stones, I’ll give you two days to get them ready, then hand them over to Uncle Chenxing.

If you think you can dismiss my words, you can try that too,” Jing Yan’s eyes moved slightly.

Jing Mingyang, trembling slightly, took out all the Spirit Stones he had on hand, indeed only about one thousand two hundred.

“Jing Mingyang, from now on, if anyone affects Uncle Chenxing’s business in the Square again, I will settle accounts with you, remember that,” Jing Yan’s voice sounded dispassionate.

“Alright, you can get lost now.

Oh, and put all these materials back in the shop exactly as they were before you leave,” Jing Yan commanded with another gesture.

Jing Mingyang felt as if another ten thousand horses were galloping through his heart, oppressively uncomfortable.

But now, he didn't dare to speak another word of nonsense.

Accompanied by the Square's guards, he moved all the materials that had been taken out of the shop back inside again.

Afterward, he vanished into the alley without even a glance at Jing Yuqin.

Jing Yuqin was sporting a swollen face like a pig's head at this time.

She, too, tried to slip away quietly.

"Jing Yuqin, did I say you could leave?" Jing Yan said with a smile.

Jing Yuqin's body seemed to freeze in place.

"You..."

"What more do you want?" Jing Yuqin turned her head, her eyes brimming with tears.

She had lived for decades, yet she had never suffered such humiliation and grievance as she had today.

“Forget it, seeing you like this, I won’t stoop to your level.

Get lost.

Oh, and take Jing Chuanling with you.” Jing Yan said with a look of disgust.

Jing Yuqin hurriedly walked away.

Meanwhile, the martial artists who were watching the scene in shock gradually began to disperse.

The news of Jing Yan beating Jing Yuqin to a pulp had already spread throughout West District Square and was now spreading to the rest of Donglin City.

“Jing Yan, you...

might be in trouble!

Are you prepared for what the Great Elder might do?” Jing Chenxing said to Jing Yan, a hint of worry in his voice.

“Uncle Chenxing, don’t worry about it.

It won’t be so easy for the Great Elder to come after me.

Here, take these Spirit Stones,” Jing Yan said affably to Jing Chenxing.

“How can that be!” Jing Chenxing shook his head repeatedly.

“Uncle Chenxing, with these Spirit Stones, plus the ones we’ll get as compensation from Jing Mingyang making up five thousand, you could rent a bigger weapon shop.

Your craftsmanship is excellent.

As long as you have a shop in a good location, business will surely be booming,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“That still won’t do.

How could I take your Spirit Stones!

Jing Yan, don't say another word.

I will not accept these Spirit Stones," Jing Chenxing refused firmly.

Jing Yan frowned.

Then his thoughts turned, and he smiled again, "Uncle Chenxing, how about this?

You'll manage a weapon shop, and these Spirit Stones can be considered as a share in it.

How does that sound?"

"Oh?" Jing Chenxing's eyes flickered slightly when he heard this.

Jing Chenxing had once been one of the more outstanding disciples of the Jing Family.

Ever since he lost a leg, he had almost never set foot in the Jing Family Mansion.

But to say he was willing to simply let himself sink was not true.

He simply hadn't had a good opportunity.

If he had those five thousand Spirit Stones...

Jing Chenxing began to consider the idea.

“Alright, that works.

Jing Yan, rest assured, I will make the weapon shop successful,” Jing Chenxing said emphatically.

“Good, I believe in your abilities, Uncle Chenxing,” Jing Yan nodded, “Now, it’s time for me to sign up for the family competition.

Brother Qing Yan, shall we go?”

“Ah?

Okay, sure!” Jing Qingyan was still somewhat dazed, as everything he had witnessed today felt like a dream.

How could Jing Yan’s strength have become so formidable?

The guards with Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven Cultivation were like chicks, helpless against Jing Yan.

...

Jing Family, the square!

This was an extremely vast square.

At this moment, the square was packed with a multitude of Jing Family members, forming a dense crowd.

The once-every-five-years family competition was about to begin.

For the young Jing Family Disciples, the competition was an excellent opportunity to prove themselves.

Moreover, they could also obtain enormous resource rewards.

Even those Jing Family members who were not participating in the competition had come to watch if they didn't have any pressing matters, eager to witness the event.

.....

(Thank you, Brother Zongheng Sihai, for your tip, and '1265382930' for your tip.

This update is the fourth one for today.

This book still lacks official recommendations recently, so regarding the collection, votes, and other data, we rely on the support of our lovely and respectable readers.

Lastly, I hope that if you enjoy this book, you could share it with friends who love to read in your spare time.

Thank you!

I will continue to work hard to write an even more exciting novel.)

Chapter 68 - 68 68 Jing Family's Grand Competition

Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Jing Family's Grand Competition Chapter 68: Chapter 68: Jing Family's Grand Competition The vast Jing Family Square was teeming with people.

“Have you seen Jing Yan?”

“No, it seems he hasn’t arrived yet.

There’s still about thirty minutes before the competition begins.”

“Heh, I think he may be too scared to come, right?”

“Scared, why would he be scared?

He even defeated Li Tianfu from the Extreme Combat Association.

He’s sure to rank highly in the competition.”

“Hmph, have you forgotten?

Three months ago, he accepted a challenge from Brother Tianlong.

After the family competition, he’s scheduled to fight Brother Tianlong.

Think about it, shouldn't he be hiding like a turtle in its shell by now, instead of showing his face?" A young man with triangular eyes said coldly, sneering.

"If Jing Yan dared to accept the challenge, he will definitely show up.

Just wait and see, he'll definitely appear," another person frowned, clearly in support of Jing Yan.

"We'll see about that," the man with triangular eyes said, his lips curling in disdain.

Meanwhile, not far from the square, a pretty figure in a green long dress paced anxiously.

"Where on earth could he have gone?"

"He's not in the other courtyard either."

The woman in the green dress murmured to herself.

She was Jing Ziqi, the daughter of Jing Chengye, the Jing Family Patriarch.

Jing Ziqi had entered the Red Lotus Academy, one of the Three Major Academies in Lanqu County, five years ago and had been cultivating there ever since.

She seldom had time to return to her family.

Before leaving Donglin City, her relationship with Jing Yan had been very close.

She was about five or six years older than Jing Yan.

When Jing Yan was young, Jing Ziqi would often take him to play around Donglin City.

A while ago, when Jing Yan was expelled from the Divine Wind Academy and returned to the Jing Family due to a decline in his cultivation, Jing Ziqi had been continuously writing to her father Jing Chengye, asking him to take good care of Jing Yan.

She came back this time because she was worried about Jing Yan; she already knew about the battle between Jing Yan and Jing Tianlong.

This morning, she rushed back to Donglin City and had gone to look for Jing Yan as soon as she arrived at the family home, without even visiting her father first.

However, Jing Yan was not found in his courtyard.

Nor was he seen in the square.

“It would be fine if he really did avoid it,” Jing Ziqi muttered to herself.

“However, given Jing Yan’s temperament...

he would never back down at the last minute,” Jing Ziqi furrowed her brow, knowing Jing Yan very well.

“Eh?

Sister Ziqi?”

Jing Yan and Jing Qingyan were heading towards the square when they suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

Jing Yan’s gaze sharpened, and he spoke softly.

Jing Yan saw Jing Ziqi, and Jing Ziqi saw Jing Yan.

Her figure flickered, and she quickly rushed towards Jing Yan.

“Sister Ziqi, when did you find the time to come back?” Jing Yan smiled.

It had been over a year since he had last seen Jing Ziqi.

The last time they met was when Jing Yan passed the Divine Wind Academy’s assessment and entered the Academy.

“You’re fighting Jing Tianlong today?” Jing Ziqi was always direct, brushing aside Jing Yan’s question and asking her own.

“Yes, you’ve heard,” Jing Yan nodded.

“Are you out of your mind!

How could you agree to fight Jing Tianlong?

He’s very strong.

Even I might not be his match,” Jing Ziqi said, shaking her head repeatedly.

Jing Ziqi and Jing Tianlong were both at the Red Lotus Academy, so she knew Jing Tianlong’s strength very clearly.

“Who will win and who will lose is not yet certain.

Sister Ziqi, this battle is now inevitable,” Jing Yan’s eyes grew somber.

“The competition is about to start; I have to hurry and register, or I’ll miss it,” Jing Yan glanced at the square and then continued speaking.

At the registration desk for the family competition!

“Young Master Jing Yan!” The Manager in charge of registration stood up and greeted him as soon as he saw Jing Yan.

“I would like to register for the competition,” Jing Yan said with a smile.

“Alright, I’ll register you right away.” The Manager nodded.

After recording Jing Yan’s information, he handed Jing Yan a purple wooden token with his name on it.

After registering, Jing Yan also arrived at the square.

“Brother Jing Yan!

Sister Ziqi!”

“Hello Sister Ziqi, hello Brother Jing Yan!”

As Jing Yan and Jing Ziqi appeared on the square, many young Jing Family Disciples greeted them.

Of course, there were also many who quickly glanced away upon seeing them.

Those who had thought Jing Yan wouldn't dare to show up were now somber, their mouths shut tight.

“Ha-ha, didn't you say Jing Yan wouldn't dare participate in the competition?

Now what do you have to say?”

“Hmph,” came the stubborn response, “So he's come, he's just courting death.

Let's see how long he can keep hopping around.”

...

“Jing Yan, you're just too stubborn!”

“This time, listen to me.

After the competition, when you fight Jing Tianlong, just admit defeat.

If Jing Tianlong strikes again, my father will surely stop him,” Jing Ziqi was still trying to convince Jing Yan.

Jing Yan responded with a helpless, wry smile.

Jing Ziqi was as direct as she had always been.

Jing Yan remembered that when he was bullied as a child while playing outside, Jing Ziqi would rush in and beat up the bullies until they knelt and begged for mercy.

Jing Ziqi was always protective of him.

Just then, on the high platform at the side of the square, several figures appeared.

The foremost among them was Jing Chengye, the Jing Family Patriarch, and the elders.

The Jing Family had a total of eight elders, and today, all of them were present.

It was evident how seriously the family took the competition that occurred once every five years.

Behind the Clan Leader and the eight elders were numerous family supervisors, likely dozens in number.

These supervisors, all with Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven Cultivation, formed the Jing Family's primary group of combat power.

Of course, there were many more Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists in the Jing Family, including several hired Ninth Layer Heaven realm guards, adding up to more than a hundred people.

Aside from the high-level family members, there were also some outsiders on the high platform.

These guests were mostly important figures from various families in Donglin City, including Clan Leaders, elders, and others.

It was customary in Donglin City for guests to witness the event.

Not only did the Jing Family do this, but other families also invited key figures from other families to observe their competitions.

This included the premier Zhao Family of Donglin City.

Naturally, smaller families could invite fewer guests and were far less impressive than the Three Major Families.

After approximately another thirty minutes passed,

Jing Chengye moved to the edge of the platform.

His gaze slowly swept across the entire square.

“Disciples of the Jing Family!” Jing Chengye used his Primordial Energy to amplify his voice, which rang out like a great bell above the square.

As he began speaking, the previously noisy chatter came to an abrupt halt.

Everyone's eyes were drawn to him.

Chapter 69 - 69 69 Jing Yan's Realm

Chapter 69: Chapter 69: Jing Yan's Realm Chapter 69: Chapter 69: Jing Yan's Realm "I announce that this year's Jing Family competition now officially begins."

"This year's Jing Family competition is divided into three phases: the testing phase, the challenge phase, and the final phase."

"A total of 1,240 Jing Family disciples are participating in this competition.

Any family disciple participating in the competition will receive a family reward, with the lowest being ten Spirit Stones."

"Those disciples who progress to the final phase through the challenge stage will receive even more generous rewards.

There are fifty spots available for the finals."

“The top three ranking family disciples will be granted the opportunity to enter the second layer of the family’s Martial Arts Treasure Vault to select martial arts, apart from receiving Spirit Stone rewards.

The first place winner will also receive three Top-grade Spirit Stones.

The second place winner will receive two Top-grade Spirit Stones.

The third place winner will receive one Top-grade Spirit Stone.”

“ ... ”

The voice of Jing Chengye echoed around the vast square.

“What?

First place gets three Top-grade Spirit Stones?”

Three Top-grade Spirit Stones are worth more than ten thousand!

“Heavens...”

“This year’s family competition has such rich rewards.

I recall that last time, the first place received only two Top-grade Spirit Stones.

The second had one Top-grade Spirit Stone, and the third didn’t get any Top-grade Spirit Stones.”

“Yes.

Moreover, this time, the top three all may enter the second layer of the Martial Arts Treasure Vault.

Last time, only the first place had that privilege.”

“Damn it, the blasted age limit!

I’m only twenty-six years old; just one year too many to participate in the competition!”

Many of the Jing Family disciples, even those who couldn’t participate, had their eyes shining excitedly after hearing the rewards announced by Clan Leader Jing Chengye.

And those disciples who were participating in the competition were even more passionate.

Although many of them also knew that they had no chance of making it to the finals, they still couldn't suppress their excitement.

Out of more than a thousand people, only fifty could advance to the finals.

The difficulty was obviously tremendous.

Low-level Martial Artists and Intermediate Martial Artists had almost no chance of reaching the finals.

"Now, the testing phase begins!" Jing Chengye's speech did not last too long.

After his words fell, a group of Jing Family Black-Clothed Guards started making their way from one side of the square.

There were two guards carrying one Testing Crystal each.

Altogether, there were twenty Testing Crystals.

The testing phase was to test the martial artists' realms.

Each competitor in the competition had to undergo a strength test.

Shortly after, the twenty Testing Crystals were neatly arranged on the square.

Then, twenty supervisors leapt down from the high platform and arrived in front of the Testing Crystals.

Each held a roster in their hands.

“Jing Wen, come here for your test!”

Before the first Testing Crystal, the supervisor looked at the roster and called out the name of a competing martial artist.

From the crowd, the named Jing Family disciple, Jing Wen, stepped forward briskly and approached the Testing Crystal.

“Jing Wen, testing complete, Martial Arts Fifth Layer Heaven realm,” the supervisor announced loudly.

“Jing Dongxue, come here for your test!” The supervisor before the second Testing Crystal also began to call out names.

“Jing Lianhua, come here for your test!”

“...”

One by one, names were called out.

The twenty Testing Crystals were used to test simultaneously.

Jing Family disciple after disciple stepped forward to have their strength realms tested.

As time passed, more and more Jing Family Martial Artists completed their tests.

This test was actually quite quick, people kept walking out one after another, and the number of martial artists waiting for the test on the square was steadily decreasing.

“Jing Lan, Martial Arts Seventh Layer Heaven realm, not bad!” a supervisor nodded and said loudly.

“Wow!”

The onlooking martial artists showed slight unrest.

Most of the tested martial artists were Basic-level and Intermediate Martial Artists.

High-level Martial Artists were actually not that many, perhaps only one out of every ten people.

Thus, each appearance of a High-level Martial Artist would cause a small stir.

“Jing Sankai, Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven realm, very good!” Finally, a martial artist with the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven realm appeared.

After the supervisor’s announcement, the named martial artist, Jing Sankai, slightly raised the corners of his mouth with arrogance, scanned the surroundings, and then walked away.

“Wow, the Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven realm!”

“Ha-ha, Jing Sankai is my big brother.

Ha-ha, my big brother broke through to the Ninth Layer Heaven realm half a year ago.

Stepping into the Innate Realm is just a matter of time for him.

My big brother will definitely claim first place!” a male martial artist in a red robe excitedly boasted to those around him.

“Do not forget about Jing Yan!

Jing Yan, who defeated Li Tianfu at the Extreme Combat Association.

Although he’s not of the Ninth Layer Heaven, his strength is terrifying,” another person, dissatisfied with the red-robed man’s tone, said from the side.

“Jing Yan?

Ha-ha, how dare a mere Martial Arts Seventh Layer Heaven compare to my big brother?

Just wait and see!” The man in the red robe showed obvious disdain when he mentioned Jing Yan.

...

The testing phase gradually continued for about two hours.

By that time, not many remained waiting for the test, scattered throughout the square.

Among them was Jing Yan.

He had registered late, so his order in the testing sequence was almost at the very end.

Jing Yan squinted his eyes slightly, in no rush.

Meanwhile, at the high platform over the square.

“Jing Clan Patriarch, congratulations.

It seems this Jing Family competition has brought forth quite a number of Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists.

So far, it's been nine, right?

There are still some who have yet to test, so it seems likely we'll reach ten in the Ninth Layer Heaven,” a man with a square face and a blue robe said, laughing to Jing Chengye from the VIP seats.

He was the Clan Leader of the Liu Family, a second-tier family in Donglin City.

This family had good relations with the Jing Family, generally relying on them.

Therefore, the leader of the Liu Family personally attended the Jing Family competition.

“Indeed, it is quite good.

These are all Jing Family disciples under the age of twenty-five,” Jing Chengye replied with a smile upon hearing this.

He was clearly satisfied.

It’s known that just half a month ago in the Lin Family competition, there were only eight Ninth Layer Heaven disciples under the age of twenty-five in the Lin Family.

Although the Jing Family was far from matching the primary Zhao Family, being able to surpass the Lin Family was also pleasing.

“Hmph!”

At that moment, a discordant sound emerged from the VIP seats; the cold snort carried a condescending tone.

Everyone present could hear it, so all eyes turned in that direction.

“That youngster in the blue robe, that’s Jing Yan, isn’t it?”

Recently, that kid has been quite active.

To think he’s still so active after dropping from the Innate Realm, he really has quite the thick skin.

Jing Clan Patriarch, what realm is your top talent at now?” After his cold snort, this man spoke with a derisive tone.

He was the Fourth Elder of the Zhao Family.

Jing Yan having injured Zhao Family Head’s young son, Zhao Dingtian, it was normal for this Fourth Elder of the Zhao Family to have grievances against Jing Yan.

Still, making such comments in this kind of setting was somewhat over the top.

Jing Chengye and others had their expressions turn sour in an instant.

Chapter 70 - 70 70 Concerns and Worries

Chapter 70: Chapter 70: Concerns and Worries Chapter 70: Chapter 70: Concerns and Worries In the VIP seats, a few individuals close to the Jing Family furrowed their brows and turned their gaze toward the Fourth Elder Zhao, who was speaking.

However, the Zhao Family, being the foremost family in Donglin City, had supporters that far outnumbered those of the Jing Family.

Even among those in these VIP seats, the ones close to the Zhao Family outnumbered those close to the Jing Family.

There were also some who were just there for the spectacle.

When Fourth Elder Zhao Zhenshan made his provocative statement, everyone perked up, their gaze shifting between Zhao Zhenshan and Jing Chengye among others.

Jing Chengye's eyes hardened for a moment before he laughed.

"Jing Yan's realm is recovering quickly.

I believe it won't be long before he is promoted back to the Innate Realm." Jing Chengye's eyes flashed with hidden anger.

He was indeed enraged and felt that Zhao Zhenshan's words were an insult to the Jing Family.

However, as the Clan Leader of the Jing Family during their grand competition, he had to restrain himself.

A fierce conflict with Zhao Zhenshan would only serve as entertainment to others.

"Clan Leader Jing seems quite confident in Jing Yan," said Zhao Zhenshan in a tone that was neither here nor there.

"However, I think Clan Leader Jing should avoid wasting too many resources on this young man.

I'm not saying he can't advance to the Innate Realm, I just think that if he ascends to the Innate Realm and then falls back, it would be a significant loss for the Jing Family.

As they say, 'Once bitten, twice shy.' Clan Leader Jing and the elders of the Jing Family should think this over."

"Elder Zhao, you really seem to be worried about our Jing Family.

However, I think it would be best for an outsider like you not to interfere in our family affairs!"

At that moment, Fourth Elder of the Jing Family, Jing Tianying, spoke up in a deep voice, his eyes locked on Zhao Zhenshan.

“As for Jing Yan, he is one of our most outstanding members.

I believe he will achieve great success.” Jing Tianying’s gaze then shifted to the square below where Jing Yan in his blue robe was waiting for his test.

“Hahaha...”

Zhao Zhenshan suddenly burst into laughter.

“It seems the Jing Family really is in decline.

Jingtian Clan Leader, leading the Jing Family to become one of the top three families in Donglin City.

But now, it seems in a few years, the Jing Family will be replaced!

Haha, considering a Martial Artist of the Seventh Layer Heaven is one of the best of your clan, what more is there to say?” Zhao Zhenshan was clearly here to cause trouble.

After Jing Yan had rewarded Zhao Dingtian at the Extreme Combat Association, the Zhao Family planned to force the Jing Family to hand over Jing Yan.

However, the Jing Family Patriarch, Jing Chengye, immediately sought the Lin Family and reached an agreement with them.

The Zhao Family could have ignored this, but Jing Chengye also sought the City Lord of Donglin City.

The City Lord then summoned Family Head Zhao, Zhao Dangyuan, instructing him to handle the matter properly since the conflict between Jing Yan and Zhao Dingtian wasn't Jing Yan's fault.

Although Zhao Dangyuan was furious, he had to give face to the City Lord.

Thus, the matter was temporarily suppressed.

Today, during the grand competition of the Jing Family, Zhao Dangyuan sent Fourth Elder Zhao Zhenshan with an obvious purpose.

“Hmph, although Jing Yan only possesses Cultivation of the Seventh Layer Heaven, even Li Tianfu from the Extreme Combat Association couldn't defeat him.

That alone proves Jing Yan's excellence," Jing Tianying stated, his face growing darker.

"Hehe, young Jing Yan indeed has plenty of tricks up his sleeve, even Li Tianfu fell for his strategy," Zhao Zhenshan chuckled meaningfully.

The implication was clear: he did not believe that Jing Yan had defeated Li Tianfu through sheer ability.

Indeed, he wasn't the only one who thought so.

Not to mention outsiders, even within the high ranks of the Jing Family, many believed there was a trick involved.

Especially the Great Elder Jing Chunyu and others, who privately scorned Jing Yan.

To say that a Seventh Layer Heaven Martial Artist could defeat an Eighth Layer, that could be possible.

But for a Seventh Layer to defeat a Ninth Layer was rather far-fetched, especially since Li Tianfu was among the elite of the Ninth Layer Heaven Martial Artists.

"Jing Yan, come here to test your realm."

At that moment, before a Testing Crystal in the square, a manager called out Jing Yan's name.

Upon hearing this, Jing Yan stepped forward.

“Manager Shiyu, good day.”

Jing Yan bowed slightly to the manager.

Jing Shiyu, with her Martial Arts Ninth Layer Heaven Cultivation, was one of the managers of the Jing Family.

And at just over thirty years old, she too had the potential to reach the Innate Realm.

You see, among the Innate Realm Martial Artists in the Jing Family, there was only one alive, Eighth Elder Jing Qingzhu.

Not just in the Jing Family, female Martial Artists in the Innate Realm were scarce in other families as well.

In this world, female Martial Artists were indeed generally weaker than their male counterparts.

Of course, there were also exceptionally outstanding female Martial Artists.

For instance, the City Lord of Lanqu County City, who controlled the whole Lanqu County, was a woman.

“Hmm, Jing Yan, go ahead and test your realm,” Jing Shiyu nodded to Jing Yan.

“Yes!” Jing Yan responded and then walked up to the Testing Crystal.

His gaze focused slightly, Primordial Energy coursing through his Martial Arts Meridians.

“Jing Yan is being tested!”

“Look quick, I wonder what realm Jing Yan is in now.”

“Last time he participated in the family’s monthly test, he was at the Seventh Layer Heaven of Martial Arts.

Now, whether he has regressed or progressed is uncertain.”

Jing Yan had previously fallen from the Innate Realm to the Third Layer Heaven of Martial Arts, and every member of the Jing Family remembered this vividly.

Thus, whether Jing Yan's realm had increased or decreased was uncertain to many.

Typically, Martial Artists' realms were not easy to drop.

Unless one was severely injured or had damaged martial meridians, a drop in realm could result in diminished powers.

But Jing Yan showed no signs of damage to his Martial Arts Meridians.

His fall in realm was mysterious, something even Jing Chengye and others couldn't identify.

“Eighth Layer Heaven!

Eighth Layer Heaven!”

Some Martial Artists close to Jing Yan were whispering.

Two months had passed since the last test.

Perhaps, Jing Yan had already reached the Eighth Layer Heaven Cultivation Realm.

Meanwhile, on the high platform of the square, Jing Family Patriarch Jing Chengye and others were also focused on Jing Yan's test.

They were worried too.

If Jing Yan's realm had indeed fallen again, there was no telling what nonsensical things Zhao Zhenshan might say.

"Please don't fall again!" Jing Chengye prayed silently in his heart.

This was now about the family's reputation.

If Jing Yan had reached the Eighth Layer Heaven, then Zhao Zhenshan would have to hold his tongue.

Given that Jing Yan was at the Seventh Layer just two months ago and had progressed to the Eighth Layer so quickly, calling him one of the most outstanding members of the Jing Family wouldn't be inappropriate at all.