

Chapter 2382

Looking at Fane's serious expression, Chandler felt a little exasperated.

He turned around, facing Fane directly.

"Look at how excited you are. I guess you have a lot of confidence in yourself. Regardless, I'm just giving some advice out of kindness here. If you want to become a sixth-grade alchemist, you need to overcome a very big hurdle, one that eight out of ten alchemists couldn't make it through. You should be prepared." Fane nodded.

He was actually already prepared for it.

The memory of the great master he absorbed had a lot of memories about alchemists.

The Divine Void World's alchemists were not that much different from those in the Hestia Continent.

However, the Divine Void World's alchemists were at a higher level, and the alchemists needed to master the Way of the Pill as well. Thinking about that, he smirked.

Thankfully, he had a cheating tool.

The soul-gathering crystal had been in Mustard Seed for far too long.

After leaving Sunset Valley, he would have to use the soul-gathering crystal again.

Time slowly passed, and Fane noticed, to his surprise, that his injuries were recovering faster than he had expected.

Fane had thought that he would need to recuperate for at least five to six days.

He never expected that his injuries would already be mostly recovered in just about an hour after getting into the carriage.

This lessened a fraction of Fane's worries.

It seemed like Formational True Energy truly was something amazing.

Even though it overwhelmed and injured him internally, it was nourishing his body and increased his recovery.

After interacting with Chandler, Fane was sure that he held no ill-will.

It was possibly like Chandler had said, and he just wanted an additional helping hand.

However, Fane never fully trusted Chandler from the start, always wary for something unexpected to happen. With his strength mostly recovered, however, Fane was not worried even if Chandler suddenly attacked him.

Chandler's strength was at the same level as his, but Fane was certain that Chandler would not be able to defeat him.

Even though Rosefinch Pavilion was a fifth-grade clan, Chandler was just an informal disciple.

If Chandler had been talented, he would already be an inner disciple.

Thinking of that, Fane let out a sigh as he visibly relaxed and leaned back against the chair.

"Chandler, do you know how I can enter Heavenly Pills?"

The moment he said that, the carriage suddenly stopped.

A surprised shout was suddenly heard outside, suddenly attracting Fane and Chandler's full attention.

The two of them looked out at the same time.

Chandler pushed open the curtains, and Fane looked out.

The sight of three monstrous cows the size of cars greeted them.

Fane frowned, searching for a memory of the strange cows in his mind, and he immediately determined that the cow was the Blazing One-eyed Bull that was at the late stage of the innate level.

With eyes in ruby red, the bulls were covered by a strange flame.

Their defenses were stifling to behold, and there were practically no weak points on them.

Thankfully, they were not very strong at attacking

However, they were beasts at the late stage of the innate level, and any regular warrior would not be able to beat them.

Fane remembered that the bulls normally lived in solitude.

The bulls were no herd animals, yet there were three of them in front of them.

They constantly moved their heads around, crying out at the carriage. It was as if they had been challenged and would charge at any time.

Chandler's face sank, and his breaths grew erratic, "They're Blazing One-eyed Bulls! How could they be here? Did the monsters from the inner parts all rush Out?! Three Blazing One-eyed Bulls! Oh, we're done for this time!"

Chapter 2383

Chandler looked like he had swallowed two bottles of poison after he said what he had said.

Maynard frantically ran over to the carriage.

"What do we do? Three fiends at the late-stage of the innate level! Are we any match for them? Do we still have time to flee?"

"Even though these bulls seem to have been provoked, we've done nothing to provoke them. Do you think they'll chase after us if we run right now?!" Maynard was already incredibly panicked at that point.

Fane glanced at Maynard before he said, "If we even take a step back now, the bulls will instantly attack. Don't even think that they'll show us mercy."

Even though the bulls had yet to attack, Fane could clearly feel that the bulls were already at the limits of their anger.

It was like they had been thrown in a pile of fire.

Then, what do we do?!" Maynard was frantic, losing all sense of reasoning Fane let out a sigh as he retrieved a gray Sword from Mustard Seed. "We fight!"

Maynard's eyes immediately widened at Fane as he looked at Fane, dumbfounded.

Fane, do you even know what you're saying? Fight, you say?! What do you mean, fight?! Do you not know what these bulls' powers are? They're fiends of the late stage of the innate level!

"We only have one person at that level with us. He'll be able to fight one of the bulls, but what of the remaining two?"

"You're only at the early stage of the innate level. I might already be at the middle stage, but the two of us will only be able to hold one back. Even with two down, there's still the last one!"

After that, he looked back in pain.

Those acquired level servants were all staring at them, wide-eyed with hope.

They, of course, knew how difficult of a situation they were in. No one was willing to lose their lives there.

"The third bull will attack the rest! We might be able to take it, but they absolutely won't! They'll be slaughtered in seconds!"

"Please, save me! After I leave, I'll serve you loyally for the rest of my life!"

Hearing the servants sincerely begging Chandler naturally would not leave his men behind.

However, the situation left him in a bad state to make any decisions.

"What are you still waiting for?! Chandler, go take on one of the bulls. Leave the other two to me!"

Chapter 2384

Even though the Blazing One-Eyed Bulls were at the late-stage of the innate level, to Fane, they were nowhere daunting.

On the other hand, Chandler and Maynard's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when they heard those words, thinking they had misheard Fane.

How was he so brazen? Did he think the bulls were only in the acquired realm that he wanted to handle two bulls on his own?

He would handle two of them, even when he was at the initial stage of the innate level?

Maynard grabbed Fane's arm. "Are you crazy?!"

Alas, the bulls did not dally for Fane.

Lowering their heads, they adapted a forward-rushing stance, and a second later, they ran full speed ahead.

Chandler's face darkened. Even though he was only an informal disciple at the Rosefinch Pavilion, he was still incredibly rich in combat experience.

He knew that the servants around him would not be able to survive if the Blazing One-eyed Bull managed to charge toward them. He shot forward like an arrow.

Producing his sword, the silver blade glinted coldly as it reflected the sunlight.

He let out a roar as he brought down his blade toward the beasts.

It could have been Fane's words influencing Chandler, or it could have been that Chandler knew he had a limited pool of abilities.

Even though he rushed forward, Chandler's full focus was on the bull toward the south.

Fane ignored all the shouts and cries of those around him and Maynard's words as well.

Right behind Chandler, he shot forward like a cannonball.

Fane held nothing back as he quickly condensed 60 Soul Swords into a large soul sword, which fused with the blade in his hand.

He activated Destroying the Void and pushed the skill to its limit.

The gray sword in his hand burned and emitted a dense black mist, surrounded by dense spiritual energy.

The black mist danced around the sword.

At that moment, Fane had set his eyes on the middle Blazing One-Eyed Bull.

He looked up and let out an animalistic roar.

The bull only had one eye on its head.

At that moment, the eye glowed a vibrant red as waves of fire condensed behind its eyes.

As Fane was less than two meters away from it, a bright light shot out of that eye.

It was so bright that it forced everyone to shut their eyes.

Fane narrowed his eyes, not being affected at all. He raised his gray sword and slashed at the red glow.

Everyone heard a loud bang, and the light was suddenly cut into two, disappearing suddenly.

The bright light disappeared, and blood flowed from the bull's sole eye.

After that, the bull fell on the ground with a plop.

The pain of its soul being torn apart caused it to writhe on the floor.

Fane did not once stop after he took down the bull.

Surging forward, he disappeared on the spot.

When he appeared again, Fane was already next to the last bull.

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The last bull had targeted the acquired- level servants, but they were no fools.

They knew they would not be able to beat it, so they dispersed, giving Fane the perfect chance to kill the last bull.

The bull had not noticed that Fane had appeared next to him.

However, it reacted quite quickly and started to activate its skill.

Chapter 2385

However, it was already too late. No matter how strong the Blazing One-eyed Bull was, it was just at the initial stage of the innate realm.

Fane was using an ultimate god-level skill. Even the strongest disciple of a fourth-grade clan was no match for him, let alone a fiend at the late stage of the innate realm.

Fane let out a cry as he pierced out, and the tip of his sword pierced right into the fiend's eye once more.

The sword destroyed the fiend's eye, and blood splattered everywhere.

Cries of anguish followed after Destroying the Void did not target the physical aspect but rather the soul.

Fiends were already weaker than humans in the first place.

Even humans at the same level as those bulls would not have been able to withstand Fane's attack.

The bull could no longer stand properly.

Just like the other bull, it fell to the ground, looking deranged as it rolled continuously on the ground, constantly crying out in pain.

Fane had been incredibly quick and decisive in his attacks to reduce the possibility of anyone dying. In just a few breaths, he had killed off two late-stage innate realm fiends that had terrified the whole group before.

Maynard had already accepted his death at that point. He knew that he would never be able to defeat a late stage innate realm fiend and had already been thinking about his funeral affairs.

However, before he even needed to do anything, the two fiends had already fallen before Fane.

He even made it look incredibly easy, as if he did not waste any energy at all.

The scene was deeply etched into Maynard's eyes. He refused to believe it was real.

"Is that really a warrior at the early stage of the innate realm?" blurted the servant behind Maynard, wide-eyed.

Another servant immediately said, "I don't believe it! Since when did warriors at that level kill fiends at the late stage of the innate realm so casually?! Those two bulls were no match for him at all!"

Maynard gulped, looking at Fane with a different expression.

Only then did he realize who their companion had been all along.

He took a deep breath as he tried to observe Fane's level again, noticing he was no longer certain of Fane's abilities.

Fane looked to be in the intermediate stage and in the late stage as well, much to Maynard's confusion as he scrutinized him.

In his years, he had seen quite a few late stage innate level warriors and was naturally able to recognize what they looked like.

However, this man, Fane, was different from the rest.

After a long time, Maynard finally said," Even if he's at the late stage of the innate level, he's definitely not an ordinary one. It's not like I haven't seen them before.

"Look at Mr. South. He's still struggling against the blazing One-eyed Bull and Was even at a disadvantage. How did this person kill off two of them so easily?!"

Upon Maynard's words, everyone once again shifted their focus onto Chandler.

At that moment, Chandler was in no state to notice what was happening around him at all. He only had one thing in mind, which was to quickly defeat the bull.

Otherwise, no one would be able to survive He only noticed after the battle started that the bull's entire body was as hard as armor.

Despite his best efforts, he could not break through its defenses at all!

Chapter 2386

Even though the Blazing One-Eyed Bull's attacks were not that strong, he was not strong enough to seize the advantage.

If they continued fighting like that, it would be disadvantageous to him.

If either of the other two bulls came over, he would definitely die.

The more he fought, the more nervous Chandler got.

Beads of sweat kept forming on his head, and his face was as pale as paper.

Even his breathing was beginning to get erratic!

As his anxiety peaked, a grey glint suddenly flashed next to him.

All Chandler heard was the sound of something being pierced, and the Blazing One-Eyed Bull let out a cry of pain.

When he looked back over, he saw that the bull's eye had been pierced by a grey sword.

The eye shattered like glass! The next second, the bull that had been undefeatable in Chandler's eyes fell on the ground.

It writhes as if it was going through hellish torture. It rolled on the floor in pain.

At that moment, Chandler thought that the person who had attacked must have been a spring-solidifying realm warrior.

Otherwise, it would have been impossible to pierce the bull's eye just like that!

Putting it simply, that one attack had effortlessly killed the Blazing One-Eyed Bull.

After he took a few deep breaths, he turned around to see the warrior that had saved him.

He was stunned to see who it was!

He saw a white-robed man standing calmly behind him. At that moment, the two bulls behind the man had already stopped struggling and were dead.

The servants all had their mouths open in shock.

Their eyes were widened as they looked at the man as if he was a monster.

He stammered out, "Fane?" When he said the name, he was filled with disbelief.

He even felt like the Fane in front of him was not the real Fane that he had met earlier.

Fane ignored the shock on Chandler's face as he retrieved a dagger from the Mustard Seed.

He walked to the side of the bull and slashed open its abdomen.

It took Fane quite a lot of effort before he managed to retrieve the bull's spirit core.

At that moment, Fane was incredibly poor.

He needed to take advantage of anything he could use to exchange for spirit crystals.

Everyone there merely looked on in stupor as Fane calmly dug out the spirit core of all three of the bulls.

He took out a bottle of water and washed the blood-covered spirit cores clean.

After sighing lightly, he put the three spirit cores into his storage space in front of everyone.

It was not until Fane looked up to notice that the shock in all of their eyes had yet to disappear.

They stood on the same spot as if they had turned into statues. Fane sighed in exasperation. "Let's hurry up and leave.

The smell of the blood from the three bulls will attract other fiends."

Those words gave everyone a big shock.

They snapped out of their stupor.

Even though they still had confused looks on their faces, no one dared to delay.

Fane sat back in the carriage.

Chandler's mind was racing, wanting to ask Fane a few questions.

However, he thought about the corpse of the bulls and decided to put aside his questions for the moment.

It was more important for them to leave Sunset Valley as soon as possible.

Possibly because of the danger from before that made everyone on full alert.

The journey that followed was incredibly quick as if they were putting in everything they had to leave the place as soon as possible.

Chapter 2387

The sun was setting and it shone on the narrow road through the valley. It illuminated everything in a reddish hue.

Fane admired the view from the window. The scenery outside of the carriage was quite special.

Middle Province was rich with resources, and the scenery was much better than West Cercie State.

If not for the threat of the fiends, Fane might have spent a few days there to admire the view.

It would have helped to calm him down and plan out his next steps.

"Fane..." Chandler's expression looked like he was struggling.

Fane raised an eyebrow, not expecting the sudden respectful tone. Before, Chandler had regarded him rather casually.

The respectful tone almost caused Fane to laugh. However, he did nothing to address it.

Chandler could do what he wanted.

Fane closed the curtains and turned to face Chandler. Chandler took a deep breath.

His eyes were incredibly conflicted. "Are you really...an early stage innate realm warrior?"

Fane shook his head, saying honestly, "I've never said I was a foe, I was injured before, which is why you misjudged my

power ,I was actually already in the late stage of the innate level.Those Blazing One-Eyed Bulls were off no threat to me at all"

Fane gave them a reasonable explanation, but the explanation caused Chandler to be even more shocked.

His eyeball threatened to pop out of their sockets.

He could not help but sit up, straightening his back as he said, "Even if you're at the late stage of the innate level, you would be one of the strongest. A genius among geniuses..."

His words had no hint of false flattery at all. They were his true sentiments. Even a warrior at the late stage of the innate level would not have possibly killed those three bulls so easily.

He was a warrior of the same level. It had been incredibly difficult for him just to face one bull. It had exhausted all of his energy to come to a tie with the bull, He had even been at a disadvantage.

Compared to Fane, he was nothing.

"Even if you were in a fifth-grade clan, you would probably be the strongest disciple among the chosen disciples. I'm even wondering if our eldest disciple would be a match for you when he was at the late stage of the innate level." He said earnestly.

Fane raised an eyebrow, not denying anything. There were some things that he only had to understand himself. There

was no point in voicing it.

Chandler took a deep breath and said, "I thought you were just a disciple from a small clan before. Now it seems like I was mistaken. I can't believe I met a genius like you."

Fane did not respond to those words. He merely sat there quietly. After a moment,

Chandler mustered up his resolve, "Are you really planning on learning alchemy? Are you planning on learning the Way of the Pill and advancing to a sixth-grade alchemist?"

Fane nodded. That was his current plan.

Even if he entered a clan, it would be impossible to earn so many spirit crystals in such a short amount of time. It was something he was acutely aware of.

If he wanted to quickly earn more spirit crystals, his only choice was to improve his alchemy. Refining a large number of pills would help him earn enough spirit crystals.

Only then would he be able to gather nine ninth-grade crystals and enter Wild Gorge Pass to obtain the key.

Chapter 2388

Chandler pursed his lips. "If you put your focus into alchemy, you won't have any time to train. You're so talented. If you waste so much time on alchemy, it would

be such a waste of your potential. You'll end up regretting it!"

Chandler was incredibly firm with his words, especially the last part.

Even if Fane was about to earn a lot of spirit crystals, it would mean nothing.

Increasing his power was the most important.

If he got stronger, he would naturally be able to win over more riches.

Furthermore, increasing the quality of one's pills would require a lot of time and effort! It was incredibly slow as well.

Having great potential for fighting did not mean having great potential for alchemy.

Fane raised an eyebrow. He naturally knew all of that. If he did not have the soul-gathering crystal, he would not have chosen a more distant and difficult path either.

Yet, with the soul-gathering crystal, it was no longer a problem. All he needed was a bit more time. Fane nodded. He was still grateful for Chandler's advice. At the very least, it meant that Chandler was not a bad person.

"I'm quite confident in my alchemy. I've already decided to be an alchemist. I won't change my decision."

At that moment, Chandler felt like Fane must definitely be crazy.

Fane was abandoning such a bright future to waste his time on alchemy.

Earlier, Fane's skills and talent would have been a great attraction no matter what clan he was in.

People like Fane should focus on their advantages.

Fane should look to climb to the top of all warriors, turning into an unrivaled existence.

Yet, Fane seemed to be insistent on sabotaging himself.

He seemed to be ignoring all his talent and potential, wasting all his time on alchemy for no reason.

Chandler had some understanding of alchemy.

After all, he had wanted to become an alchemist initially.

In order to become a sixth-grade alchemist, not only would he need to waste a tremendous amount of spirit grass and medicines for practice, but he would also need to constantly study up on different things.

He would need to be able to determine the authenticity and age of various materials.

Just those alone were enough to fill up one's head completely.

How would Fane have any time to train? Many alchemists were incredibly specialized and were not particularly strong.

Most high-ranking alchemists reached their level because they were not good at combat.

That was why they poured all of their focus on alchemy.

Think about that, Chandler could not help but shake his head. "Whatever, since you want to become a sixth-grade alchemist, I'll help you."

The next morning, Heavenly Pills had yet to open.

Clerks and students frantically ran frantically around cleaning everything up.

The furniture was all wiped down.

Heavenly Pill's most senior staff was brushing his teeth as he pointed all around the store.

This won't do! Are all of you blind? Can't you see that cobweb over there? Don't ignore any of the corners.

If any of the customers see it, what would they think of Heavenly Pills? We're not a normal pill store.

We're a direct store of Heavenly Pills! If we embarrass ourselves, we can kiss our Heavenly Pills name goodbye!

It was incredibly frantic as they hurried over with a piece of cloth to clear away the cobweb that was just the size of a finger.

After that, they looked around for other potentially dirty spots with their eyes wide.

Heavenly Pills had ten students and those students were not that old. Even though they were regarded more highly than the clerks, they still needed to perform hard labor.

Chapter 2389

After all, Heavenly Pills used quite a lot of resources in bringing them up. Alchemy was something that innately required a lot of spiritual grass and medicines. When

those resources piled up, they cost a pretty penny.

Gilbert Hughes let out a soft cough as he poured a cup of tea that was at the perfect temperature. "Mr. Simmons, you must be tired. Have some tea to soothe your throat. You've been so busy today. "Let me help you with these small matters. This entire shop will be absolutely spotless."

Mr. Simmons raised an eyebrow, nodding happily, "You know me so well, Gilbert. I wouldn't be able to hand this over to just anyone, but you've always done things really well. I can relax handing over this matter to you."

As he said that, Mr. Simmon's smile got wider and wider. Gilbert nodded, revealing a very appropriate smile.

It was as if he was incredibly grateful to those words.

However, Gilbert did not mean any of those words at all. Instead, he found it very amusing.

The only reason Mr. Simmons flattered him so much was just that Mr. Simmons felt like he had a lot of potentials.

Of the ten students, Gilbert was the one with the most hope to become a sixth-grade alchemist, because of that, Mr. Simmons would always face him with a smile.

Mr. Simmons had always been someone who would suck up to the powerful and trample all over the weak. If not for that, Mr. Simmons would not even have raised an eyebrow no matter what Gilbert said.

When he becomes a sixth-grade alchemist, the first person he wanted to deal with would be Mr. Simmons. Mr. Simmons enjoyed looking for trouble where there was none far too much.

As he thought about everything, the door to the hall suddenly opened.

Gilbert frowned.

He was about to apologize when he saw someone storming in through the door.

That person did not even spare him a glance. He walked right up to Mr. Simmons and said, "Uncle, have you been well."

Simmons' hand that he had raised in anger immediately gave Chandler a gentle pat on the shoulder. "Oh, Chandler? Why are you here? How's your training been? Have you been promoted to an inner disciple yet?"

Chandler pursed his lips as he glanced outside. He quickly averted his gaze. "Not bad, I actually have something I wanted your help with."

After that, he waved outside. Fane entered Heavenly Pills' hall with Maynard behind him.

Even though Maynard was technically at the same level as Mr. Simmons, they were incredibly different. Maynard served Chandler's family and was just a servant in that family.

However, Mr. Simmons was someone who worked for Heavenly Pills. He was definitely regarded much more highly than Maynard.

Hence, Maynard's proud demeanor earlier had completely deflated in front of Mr. Simmons.

It was like he had turned into a dog who did not even dare to wag its tail.

Mr. Simmons looked at the two who had entered curiously.

His focus was especially on Fane.

When Fane walked in, he did not have any expression on his face.

Fane did not even spare Mr. Simmons a glance
It was as if Fane did not care that he was
the caretaker of Heavenly Pills at all

When Chandler mentioned his intentions,
Mr. Simmons immediately raised an
eyebrow. He appraised Fane when he
heard that Fane wanted to become a
student

Chapter 2390

After a long time, Mr. Simmons nodded
and replied, "Since you've come here to be
a student, you should be mentally
prepared to be one.

"My nephew asked me for this favor, so
I'll naturally agree to it. Gilbert, go find a
room for him. In the future, you'll be his
senior. Remember to bring him along
wherever you go."

Gilbert tried his best to control his
expression that was about to sour. He let
out a stiff smile and uttered, "Don't
worry, I'll take good care of him."

Even though he did his best to control his tone, Fane could still feel something amiss despite the plain nature of his words. He glanced at Gilbert.

Gilbert looked quite friendly, but Fane could feel a coldness behind that warm exterior.

Gilbert was incredibly unhappy at Fane's arrival. It was as if Gilbert was afraid that Fane would steal his position.

That surprised Fane. Gilbert did not even give Fane a chance to speak before he raised his right hand and stood aside,

"Come with me, I'll arrange somewhere for you to stay. From today on, you'll be one of my fellow students in Heavenly Pills." Fane nodded.

After that, he turned to look at Chandler. Chandler let out a sigh before he nodded earnestly.

"I'll be leaving at noon tomorrow. Before I leave, I want to treat you to a meal. You mustn't refuse."

Chandler emphasized his words very heavily. Fane was still quite thankful to Chandler. Since Chandler was willing to treat him to a meal he would naturally not refuse it.

After nodding, he followed Gilbert.

They went toward the back door of the hall. When Fane disappeared, Mr. Simmons turned around to look at Chandler.

"You seem to have a lot of respect for this brat. Is he someone special?"

Gilbert pursed his lips helplessly, shaking his head. "He's no one special. I just think he's a good person. It's worth being good." Mr. Simmons could not help but raise an eyebrow. Even though he did not agree with Chandler's words, he could not be bothered to give any advice. After a sigh, he pulled Chandler aside.

He had the servants prepare some tea, and as the two of them drank, they chatted.

This time, Chandler wanted to talk about what had happened in his journey. However, he would definitely end up involving Fane if he went into detail.

Fane had already told Chandler to not tell anyone else about him.

Chandler could understand from Fane's point of view, so he temporarily ignored what had happened.

"I remember Heavenly Pills accepted twenty students two years ago," Chandler said after taking a sip of tea.

He had been asking for Fane's sake, but he was curious himself as well.

Mr. Simmons nodded, "You remember quite well. That year, we did accept twenty students,"

He let out a dry laugh while saying, "Yet there was only one who was able to become a sixth-grade alchemist. There

are so few people who can understand the Way of the Pill and condense pill auras."

It's so hard to produce even one sixth-grade alchemist, let alone seventh or eighth-grade ones... There is only one eighth-grade alchemist in Heavenly Pills.

The eighth-grade alchemist is basically the living ancestor. He doesn't trouble himself with general affairs.

Chapter 2391

Chandler could not help but shake his head when he heard all of that.

The alchemist's path was definitely not easy.

It was even several times harder than martial arts, and it required a lot more talent.

"Is it really that hard to condense a pill aura?" Chandler put down the cup of tea in his hand as he asked seriously.

Even though he had some understanding of alchemy, he had never tried to understand the Way of the Pill before.

He did not understand how difficult it was to understand the Way of the Pill and condense a pill aura.

Mr. Simmons had many years of experience in Heavenly Pills, so he naturally had some authority on the matter.

"Of course it's hard! Let me give you an example that you can understand. For a fifth-grade alchemist to understand the Way of the Pill and condense pill aura is like having an innate realm warrior learn a having an upper earth rank skill. Isn't that hard?"

With Mr. Simmons' example, Chandler had a better idea of it.

Of course, it was hard! It was incredibly hard. It was basically something he was unable to do at all.

It was considered quite good if he managed to learn an upper red level skill.

Earth rank skills were something he would not even dare to think about in the innate realm.

Those who were able to learn those skills were all excellent disciples within the clans.

If he could do something like that, he would have already been an inner disciple a long time ago.

For there to only be one person capable of doing it out of twenty, he suddenly understood why.

Thinking about that, he pursed his lips helplessly as Fane's image flashed in his mind.

After a creaking sound, a broken-down wooden door was pushed open by someone.

Sunlight shone in, and a whole floor of dust jumped into vision.

It seemed like it had been a long time since anyone had cleaned the room up.

There were enough cobwebs on the window to use as a tablecloth.

The room was incredibly small. Other than a table, there was only a bed.

The bed did not even have any sheets on it.

The room was completely dilapidated.

Fane raised an eyebrow as he turned his head around, looking at Gilbert who had a warm smile on his face.

Gilbert licked his lips, saying a little helplessly, "I'm sorry. The other rooms are all already taken.

This is the only room that's still empty. You can make do with it."

Fane let out a small laugh as his lips curled up. He looked at Gilbert coldly, " Are there no other rooms? Is this the only room left?"

Gilbert nodded, not saying anything. All Gilbert did was signal with his eyes that Fane should enter so he could leave. Fane turned around and faced Gilbert, "

I'll take the room, but that doesn't mean I've already admitted defeat. It doesn't mean you can just bully me around either. It's just that I can't be bothered to waste my time on you right now."

After that, Fane turned around and entered the dust-filled room that was in a bad state. He shut the door behind him with a bang, and Gilbert's nose was almost hit by the door.

At that moment, Gilbert's heart was filled with anger. He wanted nothing more than to rush inside and kill that guy who did not know his place. In the end, his rationality won over his anger. He snorted and stared viciously at the door before he turned around and left.

After he left, Fane summoned Nash out of Mustard Seed. Fane did not ask Nash to do anything. Instead, Fane took out the cleaning tools and cleaned up the room before he had Nash sit by the bed. Fane told Nash everything that had happened recently.

After Nash heard everything, he frowned and said, "Why do you meet disgusting flies everywhere you go? You've done nothing against this Gilbert person. Why i

s he trying to make things difficult for
you?