

The Mythical Realm (仙侠世界) by 无罪

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The story is The Mystical Realm (仙侠世界) by Wu Zui (无罪) , or “Not Guilty”

This is our main character, Ye Yun:

Synopsis:

When stepping on the road to cultivation, with tens of thousands of paths before you, yet you are an existence likened to an ant, with tens of thousands bullying you, countless injustices done to you, are you going to endure, or are you going to rise up and fight, not caring about your life or death?

Ch 1:

In the eastern country of Jin, near the boundaries of the endless sea, a sword light shot towards the sky, straight as a pen, breaking through the clouds. The light-silver sword light emitted a fierce aura, spreading to cover a radius of a thousand miles.

This is Jin’s number one school for cultivation, Sky Sword Sect!

Three years ago, Ye Yun (or Cloud Leaf) left the springs of his ancestral homeland to come to Sky Sword Sect. He passed through many tests and trials, eventually becoming one of Sky Sword Sect’s miscellaneous labor disciples.

In the mortal world, becoming a labor disciple of the Sky Sword Sect was already enough to make even officials and warriors in the Jin Empire burn with jealousy.

However, in the sect, labor disciples like Ye Yun were considered as little more than ants. His group of labor disciples consists of nearly a thousand people, who have no position and standing in the sect at all. They could be said to be the lowest servants, almost slaves.

But if a labor disciples passes the test to become an outer disciple, it is as if he has grown from an ant into a dragon and soared above the clouds.

In the outer courtyard, there were many labor disciples bustling back and forth with looks of hurry on their faces - there were countless jobs and chores that had to be completed every day.

“The test for becoming an outer disciples is in only a month, and according to my current cultivation, I’m not sure if I have hope or not.” Ye Yun was standing on a mountain rock, looking far into the distance, as if gazing past the heavy clouds and the mist that shrouds the tower hall. The tower hall is a place where only official disciples of the sect can go to.

Pa!

A rush of wind culminated into a crisp sound and blasted a wave of pain onto Ye Yun’s back.

“Ye Yun, you haven’t finished picking your 100 stalks of feather grass, yet you’re wasting time here?” A man wearing a cloud-embroidered robe appeared behind Ye Yun. His face held a mocking smile as he cracked the whip in his hands.

Ye Yun softly clenched his teeth, his back in fiery pain.

Liu Daolie was his martial uncle, and most of the time the near thousand labor disciples in the medicine valley were subjected to his strict jurisdiction. Liu Daolie's cultivation talent was ordinary to the extreme, to the point where it was worse than many of the other labor disciples, but he entered the sect earlier than the rest, and so his cultivation was at least some degrees higher than the others. Also, his cousin Tang Liuwang was an outer disciple in the Heavenly Candle Mountain, which compared to the rest of the sect was just a small outer department that made pills of less than medium quality, but even outer disciples of small divisions could have access to some real immortal cultivation techniques. If you compared the lowly labor disciples to Tang Liuwang, it was already like the difference between earth and sky.

Ye Yun normally didn't lack Liu Daolie making trouble for him, but for the sake of his dream to become a real cultivator, he could only swallow his anger for now.

Seeing that Ye Yun didn't reply, Liu Daolie squinted his eyes and laughed coldly as his whip cracked across Ye Yun's body again.

"Do you have to make me repeat myself?"

The whip had lashed just above Ye Yun's eyebrows, leaving a bloody mark as his head started to hurt explosively. If it had been just a bit lower, even his eyes would have been injured.

"I only need eighteen more stalks". Blood was dripping down Ye Yun's face, yet he forcefully endured it, lowering his head and replying in a heavy voice.

"You're still wasting time even though you're so behind." Liu Daolie started to laugh, "Looks like it's not just that you don't want this month's spirit stones, you also want to be deployed to the Spirit Beast Tower."

The Spirit Beast Tower is Sky Sword Sect's specially prepared place for taming spirit beasts. The tamed beasts needed to accumulate battle experience and to strengthen their bonds with their masters, so they needed to fight with humans. The labor disciples and captured enemies of the Sky Sword Sect would be sent to fight them. For a labor disciple, entering the Spirit Beast Tower as a practice partner was equivalent to a death sentence - their low cultivation gave them almost no chance of surviving.

"Martial Uncle Liu Daolie, I still have until the month's end to turn in the hundred stalks of feather grass, I only need eighteen more, there should still be enough time". Ye Yun didn't feel any fear, rather, his heart was one burning with anger. However, he knew that even if he sacrificed his own life in an attempt to fight Liu Daolie there was still no chance he could ever win, so he could only forcefully endure, his hand clenched tightly, his fingernails piercing into his own flesh.

"Before, the deadline was the end of the month, but now, it's today." Liu Daolie looked at Ye Yun with a face full of ridicule and mirth. "Heavenly Candle Mountain(*the one Liu Daolie's cousin belongs to...) changed their mind - they decided that all the feather grass would have to be turned in before nightfall today."

"Before nightfall today?" Ye Yun jumped up almost instantly, not holding in his frustration anymore, yelling, "Only less than three hours, how is that possible to do."

"You still have three hours, how is that not enough time, moreover, before I heard you say you were dissatisfied about me in a variety of ways, perhaps changing your assignment to the Spirit Beast Mountain would be more to your liking." Liu Daolie guffawed loudly. He took one last contemptuous glance at Ye Yun, dramatically turned, and walked away.

Ye Yun looked at the figure of Liu Daolie's back and clenched his fists, his whole body shaking.

Even though feather grass wasn't some extremely precious medicinal herb, but to want to find eighteen stalks in the short time of under three hours, was an almost impossible task. His eighty-two stalks of feather grass were found over the course of a little more than half a month, so how could putting together a hundred stalks by nightfall be that easy?

Just hearing the words Liu Daolie just said, Ye Yun knew that Lie Daolie had long been eyeing him and was taking this one opportunity to get rid of him(*to kill him, but not directly).

"Liu Dao Lie! Even though I normally don't like you, but I always endured, never showing it, at most I didn't fawn over you like some others, and yet this time you want to use this method to get rid of me! I, Ye Yun, swear that as long as one day my cultivation surpasses yours, I will make you suffer your deserved consequences! "

Ye Yun's heart was beating violently, every breath he took burnt, almost making his chest hurt.

But he was extremely clear that he had to first get over this high hurdle to get revenge.

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The Cloud Dragon Mountains that Sky Sword Sect was located in stretched over a thousand li, with oddly shaped mountains and forests, strange stones and rugged hills. Spirit beasts roamed (or rampaged) freely in the mountain range, with exotic flowers and strange grasses everywhere.

In the near thousand years, Sky Sword Sect had already slowly forced the spirit beasts to go deep into the mountain range, setting up a place for them to stay, called Spirit Beast Valley, to prevent its disciples from being attacked inside the mountains while collecting spiritual cultivation materials.

However, Sky Sword Sect didn't put all the spirit beasts in the same place, but instead as best as they could divided the spirit beasts by ranks into different layers, setting down formations to prevent the possibility of the innermost high level beasts coming out, henceforth, Spirit Beast Valley became the Sky Sword Sect's training ground for disciples, because they could go into different districts according to their power.

Feather grass grew in all the different districts on the mountain, to the outer sect disciples, the two most outer layers had only low quality spirit beasts that they could kill with a flip of their hand. But to the labor disciples who hadn't been given real cultivation methods, even the outer layer was extremely dangerous.

"This half month I've searched almost all the districts in the most outer layer and picked almost all the feather grass, only by risking it a bit to go inside the second most outer layer will there be a possibility to find the grass in this short time".

About 20 li (*1 li = 500m or 1640 feet) away from the outer courtyard a towering old tree grew towards the sky, visible from even the outer courtyard, this was the marker for one of the entrances to Spirit Beast Valley. Going past this old tree, thus meant stepping into the boundaries of Spirit Beast Valley.

Ye Yun, dripping sweat, appeared under the towering old tree, took a glance forward, wrinkled his brows, and stepped inside Spirit Beast Valley.

The moment after his foot went over the line the tree was one, the environment in front of him instantly underwent a huge change, the leisurely floating clouds vanished in a moment's thought and the whole sky and earth sank into a dusky dark atmosphere. From time to time bursts of spirit beasts' roars and screams spread from deep in the mountain, yet sounded as if they were from right in front of you, causing a person to be scared and stricken.

This was Spirit Beast Valley, the place where Sky Sword Sect honed and trained their disciples.

Ye Yun lifted his hand and tapped lightly in the air, and a warm light rose from his body, stopping on top of his head,

causing the area within a ten meter radius to be slightly illuminated.

All the labor disciples were required to learn how to create this light, called Shimmer Spell, because in Spirit Beast Valley, only Shimmer Spell's warm light could break apart the dusky darkness in order to be able to see. But of course, the Sky Sword Sect's outer disciples would have a higher level spell, or even magical items, said to be able to illuminate an area with a distance of a thousand meters, anywhere the light shone on would be completely seen without question.

In the last half month, Ye Yun relied on the light made by Shimmer Spell to search through almost the whole outermost layer of Spirit Beast Valley, finding altogether eighty-two stalks of feather grass, besides needing to have incredible patience and tenacity, also needed luck. Even though the outermost layer didn't have very strong spirit beasts, but if beasts at the first or second step grouped together, it was enough to kill a labor disciple like Ye Yun.

Only having three hours to find eighteen stalks of feather grass, was an impossible task unless he was to go past the first layer and into the second layer. There would be much more feather grass in the second layer because labor disciples usually couldn't go in and outer disciples couldn't be bothered to waste time picking this kind of low level spirit medicine. If he went in, he estimated it would take only an hour to finish his task, but the lowest level beasts were at the second step, and third step beasts would often haunt the place, with Ye Yun's current cultivation of the Third Cleanse of Body Refining stage, was basically like a sheep entering a tiger's mouth.

To the front of Ye Yun, a stone plaque appeared, under the illumination of the weak light, the plaque's surface looked as if it was glowing with a faint flowing blood-red light.

This was the border sign for the second outermost layer.

Because he already made the decision, Ye Yun didn't have any more hesitation, he took a deep breath, his body moving past the stone plaque in a quick flash.

The faint light that Shimmer Spell emitted suddenly started wavering like a candle being blown by the wind, and the amount of wild that could be seen almost instantly shrunk to only about a radius of ten meters.

Outside of ten meters was pitch-black darkness - it was impossible to see anything in that murky blackness.

"It's no wonder that the outer disciples would cultivate a higher level of Shimmer Spell, Spirit Beast Valley's second layer was this dark, just thank goodness that my current cultivation of third level of Shimmer Spell has some usage(*I'm really not sure what the author means in the third part of the sentence(after two commas)怪不得外门弟子会修炼的微光诀更加高级，原来这妖兽谷第二层如此黑暗，只怕我现在修炼的微光诀进入到第三层的话，将没有任何的作用)". Ye Yun used the weak shimmer light to observe his surroundings, his expression growing serious. Wanting to use this kind of vision to quickly find feather grass, the difficulty could be imagined.

But since he already entered the second layer, Ye Yun didn't want to waste time, he bowed his waist and stooped down, moving forward slowly, all his focus and concentration used on trying to find feather grass.

According to Ye Yun's thinking, there were basically no labor disciples who dared go inside the second layer, and the outer disciples would rarely personally go inside to look for non profitable materials like feather grass, so he should be able to find some.

Sure enough, after less than ten minutes, under the weak light, a stalk of grass half a meter high appeared in Ye Yun's line of vision - blue stalks, blue leaves, this was feather grass's most notable feature, which one could identify at a glance.

Ye Yun was overjoyed, he hadn't thought that it would be so easy to find a stalk in the second layer, if he continued at this speed, maybe he could actually finish his task in the little more than two hours he had.

The second stalk was also discovered easily, then also the third one, and the fourth.....

Ye Yun really didn't think that he could find so much feather grass so easily, only using an hour's work, he had unexpectedly already picked eight stalks.

"Liu Daolie, you hadn't thought that my luck would be this good, wait till I surpass you, I will for sure pay back the past humiliation at once." Ye Yun noticed the ninth stalk of feather grass, and his eyes flashed killing intent.

"This isn't right, how would there be so much feather grass growing almost in the same area?" Ye Yun realized that he had somehow missed something, "Not good, feather grass has a yin nature, and third grade beasts like using feather grass to nurture their bodies' yin, could it be..."

Xiu!

Right when Ye Yun realized something was wrong, a cold streak of frost appeared behind his back, piercing the air, making a light hissing sound, directly aiming for his back.

Ye Yun's hair stood on end as he subconsciously rolled forward. The light blue frost glanced past his back, cutting a corner of his shirt that had floated up.

He lifted his head, only to see that not ten meters away from him there were two whole-bodied white serpents sitting on the grass, the faint glow excluding a frosty chill, the scarlet tongue exuding terrifying hissing sounds.

Third step spirit beast, Crystal Snow Snake!

*Please give feedback if there are parts where the translation can be improved. This is my first attempt at translating.
Thanks