

Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 16 To 20

Chapter 16 Reverend Insanity

“Try touching it?” “You have already been poisoned by my Single Gate Poison Fu. Without my other Fu that acts as the counterpart to it, after seven days you will turn into pus and blood and die.” “To compare myself to Sir Flower Wine, I’m just a fart! I must have been unwell in the head, to actually not recognize such a great person and offended Sir Flower Wine.

Sir Flower Wine, please remember my clan’s generous hospitality earlier and spare my life!” The scene replayed itself over for the second time on the wall.

Henry Fang remained silent; when the motion picture started to repeat itself for the third time he finally sighed faintly and said, “I see.” This method of leaving a moving picture with sound on the wall was probably the Flower Wine Monk’s doing with the help of a Photo-audio Fu.

This Fu was able to record down imagery and project it out later.

The Photo-audio Fu fed on light and sound to survive.

For some unknown reason this secret cave emitted red light, while at the same time the stone crevice was connected to the outside world, so it would not completely isolate the sounds outside. Right now Henry Fang could still hear the roaring of the smaller waterfalls.

Thus the Photo-audio Fu was able to live on in this secret cave.

A moment ago when Henry Fang ripped away the withered vines, he had probably alarmed the Photo-audio Guhiding in the stone wall.

As long as one is not stupid, with mere guesswork one could tell that this moving image was authentic.

Back then, the fourth generation clan head tried to plot against the Flower Wine Monk but he failed.

After he lost in the battle he tried a sneak attack; even though it repelled away the latter, he eventually died because of it.

This part of history was considered disgraceful, and the remaining surviving clan elders decided to tamper with the truth.

They reversed the roles of the fourth generation clan head and the Flower Wine Monk.

The Flower Wine Monk became the one who was defeated in battle and tried a sneak attack, and later died on the spot. On the other hand, the fourth generation leader was turned into the justified and perfect hero.

But this story itself had a big loophole – The Flower Wine Monk had clearly died on the spot, so his corpse should be in the hands of the Spring clan, but why was another pile of remains found? In his previous life, the Fu master who found it had probably been terrified after seeing the moving image.

Those surviving elders had long been dead, but to prevent the truth of the Flower Wine Monk from returning, this truth was probably kept secret by the top brass of the clan.

That Fu master realized that if he single handedly took the treasure it would be a huge risk.

If people investigated and found that he was involved with the Flower Wine Monk in future, the top brass would naturally execute him.

Thus after making his choice, he did not dare to hide away this treasure, but instead make a decision to notify the top brass.

By doing so it would prove his loyalty to the clan.

His subsequent circumstances would also show that he made a wise choice.

However even if he did that, it didn't mean that Henry Fang would do the same.

"I went through a pretty rough time searching for this treasure, so I should take everything for myself. Why should I share it with others? So what if I've been found out? Without braving the risks, where would you get profit? That Fu master is really cowardly," Henry Fang smiled coldly, no longer caring about the moving image that kept repeating on the stone wall.

He turned around and stretched his hand, using his strength to pull apart the dead vines and roots.

The Flower Wine Monk's remains were also affected.

It was originally intact, but right now it was being broken into several pieces.

Henry Fang could hardly care; he kicked away a piece of leg bone that was in the way and squatted again, searching through the remains.

Firstly he found a bag of primeval stones. When he opened them he only found fifteen pieces.

"Old miser," Henry Fang spat.

The Flower Wine Monk's outer appearance looked flashy, but unexpectedly he only had so little money put aside.

However he quickly thought of the reason – The Flower Wine Monk went through a fierce battle, add on to the fact that he got tainted by the Moonshadow Fu, so he would definitely have used primeval stones to heal his injuries.

To be able to leave behind fifteen pieces was actually not bad already.

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After that he found a few dead Fu remains. Most of them were flower and grass variety, and had all completely withered away. Fu are also living creatures, so they also need food to survive, and most of them are picky.

Though the grass Fu and flower Fu need less food, but in this secret cave there was not even a single ray of sunshine.

And after that... After that, there was nothing.

The Flower Wine Monk was on the same level as the fourth generation clan leader.

After fighting a fierce battle, he fought with around ten elders right after.

His own Fu were mostly consumed, and up to this stage as he wanted to heal his injuries, he grew the Wine Sack Flower Fu and the Rice Pouch Grass Fu here. Yet in the end because of the Moonshadow Fu he was dragged to death.

After three hundred year, the Fu in his possession also died away.

The only ones left were the Photo-audio Guon the wall and the Liquor worm.

This Liquor worm was probably reliant on the Wine Sack Flower Fu and barely lived through until today.

But as the Wine Sack Flower Fu withered away one by one, it also lost its food supply.

This prompted the Liquor worm to go outside and look for wild Wine Sack Flowers.

Then in this night, it was attracted by the aroma of the green bamboo wine and came before Henry Fang.

“The Photo-audio Fu can only record once, since it’s a one-time use Fu. Looks like the Liquor worm is my greatest gain here, no wonder that Fu master decided to report to the clan. Looks like it was because the profit was too small, and not worth such a huge risk.” A sort of understanding rose into Henry Fang’s heart.

In his memories, that Fu master was already Rank three, while the Liquor worm was just a Rank one Fu.

To Henry Fang it was more precious, but to that Fu master it was pretty much nothing.

However it was clear that due to his report, the clan gave him a big reward.

“Should I also tell the clan?” Henry Fang thought for a moment, then he pushed away this idea.

The Flower Wine Monk’s treasure seemed to be just the Liquor worm and the primeval stones, but that was not the case.

The most valuable thing was actually the wall that hid the Photo-audio Fu.

In other words, it was the moving image that did not stop repeating on the wall.

This image could entirely be sold to other villages.

Trust in the fact that the top brass of the two other villages on Qing Mao Mountain must be very interested in this sort of evidence that could strike hard onto the conviction of a clan. What? You said something about a sense of loyalty and honour to the clan? I’m so

sorry, Henry Fang does not have one bit of that. Moreover this moving image isn't even some kind of strong force that can destroy the entire clan; it won't do much substantial damage.

The indifferent nature of the clan will also not look at Henry Fang with importance.

He needed to rely on his own hard work and find cultivation resources, in the early stage of cultivation he needed to borrow the powers around him more.

"Count on the clan? Heh heh." Henry Fang sneered in his heart, "How can I be so naïve like my past life." Do not depend on anyone; you must rely on yourself on everything in this world.

After making sure that he had ransacked every corner of the cave, Henry Fang began his way back following the original road home.

Holding against the water pressure and squeezing past the boulder, he returned outside the mountain. Looking back at this huge boulder, Henry Fang suddenly thought of his past life.

It was said that the remains were found in an underground secret cave.

But how was this place underground? It was clearly in the inside of the mountain wall. No wonder he couldn't find it for seven days straight even though he wasted so much effort. Looks like in his past life after the clan found out about this place, the first thing they did was to destroy the wall with the image, and then go about spreading a truth riddled with lies to mislead the clanspeople.

To be able to find this place tonight was partly due to luck, partly due to hard work, and the biggest reason would be the green bamboo wine.

This green bamboo wine was really rich, it could be said to be the best in Qing Mao Mountain. Perhaps in his past life, after that Fu master lost his lover, the wine that he had been drinking was this wine.

But all of this was no longer important.

The Flower Wine Monk's treasure had been unearthed and ransacked by Henry Fang; although in the end it was rather disappointing, it was also reasonable.

The most important was that Henry Fang's original goal (Liquor worm) was in his hands, and the item he needed the most (primeval stones) was also gotten.

“Next up, I will need to set my heart on holing myself in the inn refining this Fu.

As long as I have a vital Fu I can return to the academy and be qualified to stay in the academy dormitories.

I'll also be able to borrow the clan resources to cultivate.

I can only stay in this inn for one or two times; if I stay too long the cost is too much.” Henry Fang pondered, his footsteps never ceasing as he hurried back to the village.

He was originally left with two primeval stones, but now he gained fifteen pieces, so the total is seventeen pieces.

But to a Fu master, this small amount of primeval stones mean nothing.

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“With my C grade talent, the amount of my primeval sea in the aperture is only 44%.

The speed of Fu using up primeval essence is way faster than my own recovery rate.

If I want to refine a Fu I would need to borrow external help, which means I need to waste primeval stones.” “The weaker the Fu's will, the smaller the resistance, the easier it becomes for me to refine it. www.onlinefreenovels.com

However any living creature will always have the will to live.

To refine the Moonlight Fu I would at least require five primeval stones, at the most I'd need eight pieces.” “Right now to refine the Liquor worm, I would need at least eleven pieces, at the most I would need sixteen pieces.” Although the Liquor worm was also a Rank one Fu like the Moonlight Fu, but it was definitely rarer.

Thus the difficulty of the refinement process also increased.

In other words, even though right now Henry Fang had seventeen primeval stones, but just to refine the Liquor worm he would at most be left with six pieces, or at least one primeval stone.

In the night, the bright crescent gave off clear and pure moonlight.

The moonlight was like the lady saint's gentle hand, lightly stroking over the Spring Village.

Along the way the bamboo houses were like jade, standing in great numbers.

The night breeze blew slowly.

Under this moonlight, Henry Fang found his way back to the inn.

The inn door had already closed.

Henry Fang banged on the door.

"I hear you! I hear you! Who is it, knocking on the door at this late time..." The inn worker grumbled as he opened the door, his eyes puffy from sleep.

But when he saw Henry Fang standing at the door, all the displeasure and sleepiness from his expression changed, and he bent his waist and said with a flattering smile, "Ah, it's his young lordship.

This little one is very lucky to be able to open the door for his lordship." Henry Fang nodded his head, his expression cold with indifference, and walked into the inn.

His expression made the worker laugh in a more humble manner, and he took the initiative to ask, "My lord, are you hungry? Would you like me to notify the kitchens and make some small dishes for you as supper?" "No need," Henry Fang shook his head and only ordered, "Go and prepare some hot water for me, I would like to wash myself." "Yes!" The worker immediately nodded, "My lord, go on to your room first.

I guarantee you, the hot water will be sent over immediately." Henry Fang let out a noise of approval and went up the stairs, heading towards the second floor.

The worker watched Henry Fang's back, his two eyes glittering in the light, revealing an expression of jealousy.

"This is a Fu master, oh if only I had the talent to cultivate, how good that would be!" He shook his fists, sighing deeply.

These words floated into Henry Fang's ears and he smiled bitterly in his heart.

A Fu master had the power to transcend mortals, becoming a man above men, but in this process the price that was to be paid was also very high.

The first difficult problem was financial resources.

A Fu master needed primeval stones to cultivate, battles also required primeval stones, refining Fu also needed primeval stones, trading was also not an exception. Without primeval stones, how could cultivation be possible? This point was a difficult position that, being an ordinary mortal who watched from the sidelines, the inn worker would not understand. Just like earlier in the evening, the young Fu master Jiang Ya vented his anger and displeasure on the hunters when he dropped their wine jars.

His meaning was – He himself could not bear to spend primeval stones to drink this green bamboo wine, yet these hunters who were just ordinary men actually had such money to spare! To take a glimpse at the whole picture, just that meaning alone could tell a lot about the cultivation situation of a Fu master.

The strength of a Fu master was great, they achieved more than a common mortal, but the price was also great. Many a time using every single piece of primeval stone needed great consideration, especially when it came to lower ranked Fu Masters.

Do not be fooled by the glorious surface; in reality the life of a Fu master is constantly strained by money.

“Not to mention, as the realm of a Fu master increases, the resources they require also increase. Without proper backing it is very difficult for a Fu master’s road to cultivation.” Henry Fang thought of his previous life and had deep understanding of this reality.

He returned to his room. Just after he lit the lamp, the inn worker came up with a basin of hot water. Of course, there were cloth towels and other toiletries.

Henry Fang let the worker leave and closed the room door.

He put down the door latch, washed himself and got up to his bed.

Although his body was feeling a little tired, his heart still flared with a surge of excitement.

“I finally got my hands on the Liquor worm.

The Liquor worm is rarer than the Moonlight Fu, because in a sense it is a Fu that increase a Fu master's latent talent!" Henry Fang sat cross-legged on the bed and took out the Liquor worm.

The Liquor worm was still sleeping soundly.

Its body size was slightly bigger than the Moonlight Fu, soft and white like a silkworm.

Under the light its body was shrouded in a layer of faint wavering light, just like a pearl's mellow luster.

Two little eyes resembling two black sesame seeds were mounted on its chubby white head, making it appear charmingly naïve. Placed in his hand, it was not heavy.

Its weight was about half a chicken egg. When smelling it carefully, its body exuded a whiff of wine aroma.

This fragrance was not the aroma of green bamboo wine but the Liquor worm's own fragrance.

The smell was faint and misty, as if it was not there.

Henry Fang's nose twitched as he inhaled the fragrance of the Liquor worm.

The wine fragrance moved straight downwards into the aperture, entering into the green copper primeval sea.

The primeval sea surged and rippled for a moment, quickly absorbing in the wine.

A gleam of pure and refined primeval essence was produced.

The other primeval essence had an emerald green color, shining with a metallic copper luster.

However this primeval essence was a pale green, and it was more condensed than the original primeval essence.

This was the primeval essence that a Rank one middle stage Fu master could produce.

Aware of this gleam of pale green primeval essence in his green copper sea, Henry Fang revealed a satisfied smile.

“Right now my cultivation base is just that of a Rank one initial stage.

But with the Liquor worm’s condensing, after the primeval essence is refined I will be able to have Rank one middle realm primeval essence.

The beauty of this benefit is something that cannot be said in one or two sentences.” But very soon, he took back his smile.

“However right now I have yet to fully master the Liquor worm.

It is only when I refine the Liquor worm and turn it into my vital Fu, then I will be able to freely use it and later on with maximum efficiency, refine my primeval essence.”

Thinking up to this point, he no longer hesitated and began to draw out a jet of green copper primeval essence from his primeval sea.

The primeval essence tightly wrapped around the Liquor worm, bringing it into the air before Henry Fang, and started to invade its body.

The Liquor worm felt its life at danger and woke up immediately.

It began to struggle violently, using its own power to drive out Henry Fang’s primeval essence.

“This Liquor worm has a really strong resistance.” Henry Fang’s complexion turned grave as he felt the consumption rate of his primeval essence go beyond more than double of what the Moonlight Fu had consumed.

“No matter what, I have to refine the Liquor worm.” His two eyes flashed with a firm light as he continued pouring primeval essence into the Liquor worm.

In the room, the candles on the table quietly burned, shining a bright light in the middle of the room while the far corners of the walls were dark.

The candlelight radiated on Henry Fang’s face but he had already closed his eyes, gathering all his focus onto the Liquor worm.

A continuous jet of green-copper coloured primeval essence that resembled a jet of mist emitted out from Henry Fang’s whole body, then it gathered together and firmly wrapped around the Liquor worm.

The Liquor worm hovered in the air, its distance less than a feet away from Henry Fang’s face.

It struggled with all its might in the midst of the green copper primeval essence.

Time slipped away quietly.

As the candles burned they became smaller and the light grew dimmer.

The crescent outside the window had slowly gone down, and then a new day arrived.

The morning light squeezed through the narrow crack in the window and shone into the room.

It was like the window had a light edge.

Henry Fang opened his eyes and looked at the Liquor worm in front of him.

The Liquor worm's white body had a shade of green colour.

This was the result of Henry Fang's effort after half a night.

However it was clear that this volume of green colour was not even 1% of the Liquor worm's body.

Henry Fang's face looked grave.

This Liquor worm's will was way too tenacious and its resistance was incredibly strong; simply put this was beyond a Rank one Fu's boundary.

"This Fu was most probably the Flower Wine Monk's vital Fu.

The Flower Wine Monk was a Rank five master, so this Liquor worm was originally Rank five, but because it went through all those years without enough food, pretty much full in one moment and starving in the next, so its grade also fell. Right now it is left at the level of Rank one, yet its will is still as tough as a rock!" Henry Fang had guessed the truth.

This Liquor worm was originally the Flower Wine Monk's vital Fu.

Its original will had been wiped clean and refined to the end; it had accompanied the Flower Wine Monk throughout all his battles, passing through the underground world.

After the Flower Wine Monk died, his strong will continued existing in the Liquor worm. Right now with Henry Fang trying to refine the Liquor worm, it actually meant fighting against the Flower Wine Monk's will.

This was way more difficult than trying to refine a natural Fu.

A human's will is generally stronger than a natural Fu. When facing death humans were able to produce strength that even they themselves could not imagine. Not to mention that the Flower Wine Monk was a master of the Demonic faction.

He came and went by himself, going up and down the underground world.

His will was more tenacious than the masters of his level from the Righteous faction.

"To refine this Liquor worm in a month is impossible, unless there is a strong master who can use a Rank two or Rank three Fu's breath to pressure this Liquor worm and suppress the will inside the worm's body to the lowest limit.

Under this kind of help then will I be able to do twice as much with half the effort." As he pondered, Henry Fang could not help but sigh.

His parents had died while his aunt and uncle were plotting against him.

He himself did not have any backing, so where could he possibly find external aid? If he had A grade talent there might still be a chance, but he was only a C grade talent.

Everyone in the clan were not optimistic about him, so who would be willing to expend such energy to come and help him? More crucially, he could not expose the existence of the Liquor worm.

There was no Liquor worm in the Spring Village, and Henry Fang was not able to explain about the origins of this Liquor worm.

If it was exposed, there was a huge possibility that the top brass would find out and link it to the case of the Flower Wine Monk.

It was too easy to think of a relationship between the two.

"Based on this fact, seventeen primeval stones will not be enough.

I'd need at least thirty primeval stones! How troublesome, but no matter how hard it is I will still want to refine this Liquor worm." Henry Fang's own will was like metal, and he was already determined to refine the Liquor worm.

The importance of the vital Fu was huge.

It would greatly influence the future of a Fu master's cultivation direction.

Although the Liquor worm was not the world's best choice for a vital Fu, it was still much better than the Moonlight Fu.

It was also the best option in Henry Fang's present situation. Growl... At this moment Henry Fang's stomach came up with a cry of protest.

After a whole night without sleep and putting full effort into refining the Liquor worm, Henry Fang was naturally hungry.

"I guess I'll go and fill my stomach first and think of a way to accumulate primeval stones." Henry Fang rubbed his belly and went downstairs.

He went to the cafeteria and picked a seat at the corner, ordering a few kinds of breakfast dishes. Just as he was beginning to eat, his younger brother Spring Sam Fang appeared.

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"Big brother, why are you staying at the inn, why didn't you go back home and sleep last night?" His brother was very straightforward, his tone carrying the implication that it was demanding for an explanation.

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Faced with his brother's question, Henry Fang did not speak; he continued eating his breakfast.

He knew his younger brother's character – Sam Fang was not someone who could keep in his composure.

Sure enough Sam Fang saw that his older brother did not even bat an eye at him, as if Henry Fang pretended he was air.

In the next moment he called out in a tone full of unhappiness, "Big brother, what did you do to Lana Shen? Ever since she came out from your room yesterday, she cried all

over the place. When I comforted her, she cried even more.” Henry Fang looked up at his younger brother, his face expressionless.

Sam Fang frowned, staring firmly at his older brother, waiting for his reply.

The atmosphere was growing tense.

But Henry Fang just looked at him for a second before he lowered his head and continued eating.

The younger brother Sam Fang was immediately flustered.

Henry Fang’s attitude was clearly an undisguised contempt towards him.

Under shame and frustration he banged his hand on the table, roaring loudly, “Spring Henry Fang, how can you act like this! Lana Shen as a servant girl has served you for so many years; I have seen her gentleness and care towards you. Yes, I know you feel lost, and I can understand your dejected feelings. Yeah you’re just a C grade talent, but it doesn’t mean you can vent your anger on others just because of your own misfortune.

This isn’t fair to her!” He had barely finished when Henry Fang stood up, raising his hand in a flash.

Slap! With a loud snap he gave Sam Fang a solid smack.

Sam Fang covered his right cheek, stumbling two steps backwards, his face full of shock.

“Useless bast*rd, what kind of tone are you using to talk to your own older brother?! That Lana Shen is just a servant girl! Just because of a lowly girl like her you would forget that I am your older brother?” Henry Fang reprimanded in a low voice.

Sam Fang finally reacted, his stinging pain on his face surging through his nervous system in waves.

He stared wide-eyed, his breathing rough as he said in disbelief, “Big brother, you hit me? From the time I was still young until I grew up, you have never hit me before! Yes, I was found out to be an A grade talent, you were just C grade.

But you also cannot blame me for it, this is all the arrangement of heaven...” Slap! Sam Fang had not finished speaking, yet Henry Fang used the back of his hand and smacked him again.

Sam Fang covered both his cheeks with his two hands.

He was stunned.

“Naïve fool, do you still remember! From young till now, how did I take care of you? When our parents died, our life was hard.

During New Year, aunt and uncle only gave us both one new robe, did I wear it? Who did I give it to wear? When you were small you loved to eat sweet porridge, I would tell the kitchens to make another bowl for you everyday. When you were bullied by others, who brought you back? Not to mention a ton of other things, I don't feel like it is worth talking about. Well, right now because of a maid, you would talk to me like this, coming to question me?”

Sam Fang's face was red.

His lips trembled, ashamed and annoyed, as well as surprised and angry. Yet he was unable to say a single word of rebuttal.

Because everything Henry Fang said was the truth! “Whatever.” Henry Fang sneered, “Since you even gave up your own biological parents and admitted someone else, what am I worth to you, as merely your big brother?” “Big brother, how can you say that. You also know that I have always longed for the warmth of a family since I was young, I...” Sam Fang immediately explained.

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Henry Fang waved his hand, stopping his brother from continuing.

“From today onwards, you are not my little brother, and I am no longer your older brother.” “Big brother!” Sam Fang was surprised, opening his mouth to say more.

At this moment Henry Fang spoke, “Don't you like Lana Shen? Don't worry; I didn't do anything to her.

She's still a virgin, untouched and pure. Pass me six primeval stones and I'll pass her to you, from today onwards she can be your personal maid.” “Big brother, why are you...” To have his inner thoughts revealed out loud so suddenly, Sam Fang felt a surge of panic, feeling rather unprepared.

But at the same time his heart was assured.

The one thing he was worried about the most did not come true. Not long ago in the night, Lana Shen personally served and washed him.

Even though nothing important happened, Sam Fang could not ever forget the gentleness of that night.

Every time when he thought of Lana Shen, he would remember her skillful hands and her soft red lips, and his heart would throb.

The sincere feelings of youthfulness had long planted itself in the young man's chest, starting to grow.

Thus when he learned about Lana Shen's unusual state last evening, a bout of anger immediately burst from his heart.

He instantly gave up refining his Moonlight Fu and turned the village inside out trying to find Henry Fang, wanting to make a statement.

Seeing Sam Fang not replying, Henry Fang frowned and said, "Love is very normal, be more honest.

There's no use hiding away. Of course, if you don't want to exchange, then that's fine." Sam Fang was anxious on the spot.

"I'll exchange! Why would I not exchange.

But the primeval stones on me are not enough for six anymore." As he said this, he took out his money pouch, his face red all over.

Henry Fang took the pouch and found six pieces in it, but one of the stones among them was smaller than a normal primeval stone by half size.

He immediately knew that Sam Fang had absorbed the primeval essence from this stone to speed up the process of refining his Moonlight Fu.

After all the more natural essence gets absorbed from the primeval stone, the smaller the stone becomes, and its weight will also become lighter.

Even though it was just five pieces and a half, Henry Fang knew: These were all the primeval stones that Sam Fang had in his possession right now.

Sam Fang had no savings on his own, and these six primeval stones were what Aunt and Uncle had given to him not long ago.

"I'll keep these, you can go now." Henry Fang's expression was cold as he tucked the bag away.

"Big brother..." Sam Fang wanted to say more.

Henry Fang raised his eyebrows slightly, speaking in a slow and leisure manner, "Before I change my mind, you better disappear from my eyes." Sam Fang felt his heart tighten.

He gritted his teeth, and finally turned and left. When he stepped through the doorway of the inn, he subconsciously covered his chest with his hand, feeling a wave of uneasiness.

There was a feeling that was telling him that he had just lost something very important.

But very quickly he felt hot as he thought of Lana Shen, and that dreamy night.

"I can finally have you rightfully as mine, Cui Cui (1)." He did not look back, and walked out of Henry Fang's sight.

Henry Fang stood expressionless; he stood for a long time, then he finally slowly sat down.

The bright sunlight passed through the window, shining onto his indifferent face, making those who saw this feel somewhat cold inside.

The business in the cafeteria was rather poor, and the streets grew busier with people.

The noise and excitement from the bustling crowd travelled over, making the place feel quieter.

The dishes grew cold.

A worker came up attentively, asking if Henry Fang would like to reheat his breakfast.

Henry Fang did not hear it.

His gaze kept shifting like a cloud, as if he was reminiscing some old memories.

The worker waited for a while.

But as he saw Henry Fang in a trance, never saying a single word, he could only rub his nose and walk away bitterly.

After a long time, Henry Fang's eyes became focused again.

The past memories in his heart were like smoke; they had already dispersed away.

He returned to reality once more.

The sunlight that flowed in shone over half the table.

The hot air that wafted out of the dishes had already disappeared, and the bustling noise of the crowd on the streets travelled into his ears.

He reached into his robes and patted the five-and-a-half primeval stones at his bosom, his mouth curling into a bitter and mocking smile.

But the smile was quickly cast away.

"Waiter, go and reheat these dishes for me." Henry Fang took a look at his dishes and faintly opened his mouth, shouting away.

At this moment his eyes looked so chilly.

"What! Your older brother really said that?" In the hall, Uncle frowned, his voice cold.

Aunt sat aside, looking speechlessly at the fresh red handprint on Sam Fang's cheeks.

"Yes, when I met big brother, he was at the inn eating breakfast.

The entire thing went like this," Sam Fang replied politely.

Uncle's frown deepened, all condensed into 3 black lines(2).

After a few breaths he sighed and said in a solemn tone, "Sam Fang my child, you must remember this.

The maidservant Lana Shen is not Henry Fang's personal property; we assigned her to him.

How can he use her as a trading item? If you wished for it, you should have told us earlier on. We would just assign her to you.” “Ah?” Sam Fang was stunned as he listened to this.

Uncle waved his hand.

“You can take your leave. You gave all your primeval stones to Henry Fang, so I’ll just give you another six. Remember, use them properly on refining your Fu and seize number one. We will be very proud of you when you do.” “Father, your child is ashamed...” Sam Fang was suddenly moved to tears.

Uncle sighed and replied, “Just go, hurry back to your room and refine your Fu. You don’t have much time left.” When Sam Fang took his leave, Uncle’s face revealed a ferocious and angry expression.

Bang! He hit the table with his palm using great force, hissing, “Hmph, this damn bast*rd.

He actually took our workers to do an exchange, he’s really cunning!” Aunt advised, “Husband, calm your anger.

It’s just six primeval stones.” “What do you understand, woman! This Henry Fang is only a C grade talent, if he wants to refine the MoonlightGu he would need primeval stones. With his weak experience of a first timer, six primeval stones won’t be enough to refine it.

But now that he has twelve pieces, it will be more than sufficient.” Uncle was so furious he gritted his teeth.

He added, “A Fu master’s cultivation will very swift as long as there are enough resources and no obstacles.

In two or three years, the clan will be able to produce a Rank two Fu master.

The lower Henry Fang’s cultivation rank, the smaller his hopes of trying to seize the family inheritance one year later. Right now he is still young, just starting to cultivate. We shall hinder him and let his starting process fall behind those at his age.

The academy resources are always awarded to excellent students. With his latent talent, once he falls back he won’t be able to get any resources. Without the help of resources his cultivation will fall even further. With this vicious cycle, I would like to see if he has the ability to inherit the family inheritance a year later!” Aunt did not understand.

“Even if we do not stop him, he would at most be at Rank one Middle stage a year later.

Husband, your cultivation is at Rank two, why are you still afraid of him?” Uncle was so angry he stomped and said, “Woman, you really are a case of ‘long hair but short insight’! With just my identity as the senior, should I really beat down the younger generation? If he wants to get back the inheritance, it is reasonable and cannot be stopped directly; I can only fight back using the clan rules.

It is stated in the clan rules: To be head of the house at sixteen years old, the person must have at least Rank one middle stage cultivation. Otherwise it means that Henry Fang will have no right to waste the clan resources.

After I have said this, do you understand now?” Aunt was enlightened.

Uncle narrowed his eyes, a glint in his gaze.

He shook his head a little, sighing as he said, “Henry Fang is just too smart, too cunning.

He could even see through a power play. What kind of intellect is this? Scheming and calculating at such a young age, how terrorizing! Initially I was going to continue plotting against him, yet he moved out straight away.

I wanted to further rely on Lana Shen to monitor and trouble him, but in the end he went away and even earned six primeval stones.” “Alas, if he could be as stupid as Sam Fang, that would’ve been great. Oh right, from today onwards you must treat Sam Fang better.

He is an A grade talent after all. Not to mention I can see that he has feelings of dissatisfaction and unhappiness towards Henry Fang.

These emotions are a good thing; they must be guided properly.

I have a sort of feeling that he will become the best tool to deal with Henry Fang in future!” In the blink of an eye, two days had passed.

In the room at the inn, there were no lights.

The moonlight poured in, casting a color of frost. On the bed Henry Fang sat cross-legged, his eyes closed.

He moved his green copper primeval essence, concentrating his mind on refining the Liquor worm. On its body, a small cut had already been dyed the green color of green copper, but the Liquor worm's will was still as tenacious as ever.

It constantly struggled in the midst of the ethereal primeval essence.

Henry Fang's refining process was not going smoothly.

It was very difficult.

"I spent two days and two nights, only resting two hours each day, and I spent twelve pieces of primeval stone but only managed to refine around 1/15 of progress. Calculating according to the time, I guess someone will succeed in refining their Fu in these few days." Henry Fang could see the situation clearly.

However his talent was a poor grade anyway, add on the Liquor worm that he was trying to refine having an incredibly tenacious will to live; it was even stronger than a normal Moonlight Fu.

The resulting situation of falling behind was normal.

"A moment of falling behind is nothing, as long as I have the Liquor worm..." Henry Fang's heart was clear like a mirror, not a single trace of anxiety and discouragement in him.

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Suddenly, the Liquor worm curled up into a ball.

"Oh no, the Liquor worm is counterattacking!" Henry Fang instantly opened his eyes, a hint of astonishment in his gaze.

Before him, the Liquor worm had curled into a round little dumpling, fiercely giving out a blinding white light.

It was risking everything in this one last stand! At once Henry Fang felt a strong will coming out from the Liquor worm's body, flowing directly through the primeval essence and descending into the primeval sea in his aperture.

The situation where a Fu counterattacked was incredibly rare. Only Fu with extremely strong will would give their all, it was either success or death.

In the face of such a scenario, the usual teenager would be panicking right now.

Though he was surprised, Henry Fang did not panic; in fact he was somewhat delighted.

“Staking everything in one last attempt, this is also a good thing.

As long as I can handle this counterattack, the Liquor worm’s will shall greatly weaken.

However I need to put full focus into fighting back against this will, I cannot receive even the slightest outside interference. Or else that would be bad, sigh... But I hope no one will come and disturb me during this period.” His thoughts finalized, he was ready to gather the primeval essence in his aperture, ready to accept the Liquor worm’s will.

He would be entangled with it and fight it 300 rounds.

But at this moment, a miraculous event happened! In the middle of his aperture, just above the sea high in the air, a Fu appeared.

Boom! A mighty strong breath erupted from this Fu.

This breath was like the Milky Way pouring out, and floodwater rushing down from the mountains. Yet, it was also like a dreadful beast whose dignity was offended that opened its scarlet red eyes and looked around to see who would dare to violate its territory! “This is the Spring Autumn Cicada?!” Seeing this Fu, Henry Fang was completely shocked!! (1) Cui Cui is just an affectionate way to call Lana Shen. (2) The novel says [都凝成了一个川字], which means condensed into a 川 word (Chinese words are used to describe things sometimes) Author’s Note: (He thanks a bunch of people) I will keep on going forward, 3 years, 6 years, 9 years... in this period of time, some of you may leave temporarily and some will always stay.

In the busy process of human life, we constantly mark our constant existence, and we all prove to each other that we have lived before.

I had imagined this sort of scenario: When we are old, you all will look at ‘Fu Zhen Ren’ this ID, and will laugh in your hearts: “Oh, its him, when I was young I have read his book before.

I even gave him a recommendation vote.” Maybe I will open my previous layout and see all these familiar IDs, those that have rewarded, voted and commented before.

I will reminisce the times when I was writing alone, these names were the company of my long and difficult journey, giving me warm little lights. Right here in the book is a small little twist.

Henry Fang will begin to truly show his unique style.

Those who were able to read up till here are predestined.

I guarantee you right here, this book will become more and more exciting.

Chapter 19 Reverend Insanity

During the process of refining, the Fu counterattacked!

At this time, the Liquor worm that had inherited the Flower Wine Monk's extremely strong will invaded his aperture, brazenly counterattacking at Henry Fang.

This strong willpower descended from above, surging down towards the bottom of the aperture where the green copper Primeval Sea was. The waves in the sea tumbled, setting off bursts of high tide. Under Henry Fang's will, large amounts of primeval essence rose upwards to the sky and gathered together, forming a towering monster wave, brazenly accepting the incoming Liquor worm's will.

Just as both sides were about to collide viciously in the middle of the aperture, a faint image of a Fu worm emerged in a blank area between the two energies.

This was a cicada. The cicada's body was not large; if the Moonlight Fu was described as a blue crystal shaped like a curved moon, then this cicada would be a delicate craftwork that was made from palm wood and tree leaves by a master craftsman.

The Fu sported a brownish yellow head and abdomen. Its surface had the texture of a tree's growth rings, as if it had witnessed countless years. On its back were two very wide and translucent wings, like two tree leaves overlapping. The wings had similar structure; this structure was like a typical net-vein leaf. The center had a coarse stem, and from this stem sprouted out a network vein of leaf lines on both sides.

The Spring Autumn Cicada!

It had been startled. It was just like a giant beast, usually hiding in its cave in a deep sleep. But suddenly it was awakened, furthermore learning that its territory had been violated.

Who dares to come into my turf and act wildly!

As if its dignity was offended, the Spring Autumn Cicada was angry and let out a whiff of aura; the aura was weak yet powerful. It was like the surging Milky Way, rolling forth

with vast and mighty waves; it would sweep across mountains for ten thousands of miles, or submerge a broad desert!

To be compared to this aura, the Liquor worm's will was like the case of an ant meeting an elephant!

The aura swept around and expanded, just like a raised invisible tsunami. The invading will of the Liquor worm did not even have the ability to withstand it; it was immediately swallowed whole by this aura.

Henry Fang felt depressed. The green copper primeval essence that he had thrust forward with his might collided with this aura like it was a wave crashing onto a great mountain. In a moment the condensed primeval essence disintegrated and dispersed into rain, scattering down to the Primeval Sea.

The waves on the Primeval Sea rose one after another; it was like a rainstorm had just swept across, increasing its turbulence.

But after a few seconds, the Spring Autumn Cicada's aura spread down, pressing onto the Primeval Sea.

Boom!

Henry Fang felt like he heard a buzz. In an instant, the rolling waves on the sea calmed down. The Spring Autumn Cicada's aura firmly repressed the entire Primeval Sea, just like an invisible mountain pressing down. The surface of the sea was calm like a mirror, not a single wave rolling about. It was like an originally crumpled piece of paper; a boundless giant hand covering over it suddenly, flattening it.

This was easily an incomparable power!

Henry Fang felt a pressure weighing like an enormous invisible mountain pressing down on his heart. He compared it to Sun Wukong being pressed down by the Five Elements Mountain; Henry Fang could not even mobilize a single pint of primeval essence.

However although he was shocked, he was not afraid. In fact his heart felt great joy.

"I didn't think the Spring Autumn Cicada would actually follow me and be reborn together! So it's actually not a one-time use Fu worm, but one that can be used again repeatedly."

The Spring Autumn Cicada was a Rank six grade, and it was the first Rank six Fu in Henry Fang's previous life, as well as his last. Just to make it, Henry Fang had used all means and resources, wasting an incredible amount of strength, using thirty years of fermenting to finally succeed.

But not long after he succeeded, when the Spring Autumn Cicada was still fresh from the oven, warriors of the Righteous faction felt Henry Fang's threat and gathered together to attack and kill him.

After being reborn, Henry Fang did not find the Spring Autumn Cicada, so he thought it had died. But in reality it had fallen into a deep sleep, resting inside Henry Fang's body.

To travel back five hundred years in an instant was a huge blow to its vitality. It was too weak, so weak that even Henry Fang as its master could not feel it. Right now even though the Spring Autumn Cicada had appeared, its situation was still bad.

After being reborn it had always been resting in a deep sleep. To appear right now was because it had felt the danger that the aperture was facing; it could be said that the Liquor worm's will had awakened it.

It was weak, very weak, extremely weak.

In Henry Fang's memories, the original Spring Autumn Cicada was full of vitality. Its body was like a precious floorboard, giving out a warm and glossy varnish. Its two wings were verdant green, like two soft tree leaves that had just freshly sprouted.

But right now, there was a strong and deathly chill emanating from the body of the cicada. There was no shine or gloss from its body, making it feel rough and dim like dead wood. Its wings were not the colour of soft and green leaves; they were fully yellow, just like the withering leaves of autumn. The tips of its wings were slightly rolled up, a little incomplete, just like the corner of fallen leaves.

Seeing this, Henry Fang felt both distressed and lucky. He was distressed because the Spring Autumn Cicada suffered such a heavy blow; it was barely a step away from death, just a foot away from the edge of a cliff.

The fortunate thing was, thank heavens the Spring Autumn Cicada was weak to this point, or else he would be in great trouble!

One must know, between a Fu Master and a Fu, both must complement each other, the best would be both having the same rank.

A Rank one Fu Master should use a Rank one Fu this was the most appropriate. If the Fu's grade was lower than the Fu Master, when the Fu Master uses it, it would be the equivalent of a strong man carrying a small stick, the strength output would be small. If the Fu's grade was higher than the Fu Master, when the Fu Master uses it, it would be the example of a small child carrying a heavy axe, unable to wield it properly.

The Spring Autumn Cicada was a Rank six Fu, and Henry Fang was just a Rank one initial stage Fu Master. To use an image as example, the Spring Autumn Cicada would be a mountain, and Henry Fang would be a squirrel. If the squirrel wanted to use the mountain to beat its enemy, the squirrel would just be squashed flat by the mountain at the first second.

If the Spring Autumn Cicada was at its peak state, Henry Fang's weak Rank one aperture could not even tolerate it; the majestic aura of the cicada would just make the aperture burst to death.

Fortunately it was at its weakest state, so Henry Fang's aperture could accommodate it right now.

"I gave up the Moonlight Fu, going through all the lengths to find the Liquor worm just to refine it into my vitalFu. But in reality I already had a vital Fu from the start, the Spring Autumn Cicada is my vital Fu!" Henry Fang's heart was filled with emotion as he felt the close connection between him and the Spring Autumn Cicada.

The vital Fu is the first Fu that a Fu Master refines. It is terribly important, and would affect the future development of a Fu Master by a large extent.

If a vital Fu is well picked, the Fu Master's development will become smoother. When the vital Fu is of a poor grade, to a Fu Master it would just drag down his cultivation and let peers surpass him. The more important thing is that it would affect the matter of life and death in a battle.

Henry Fang was clear on this point, so he was not satisfied after choosing the Spring village's signature Moonlight Fu. He just had to go all the way to find the Liquor worm.

In his memory to a Rank one Fu Master, the Liquor worm was already considered a high quality pick. The Moonlight Fu was just a choice that was slightly above average.

But life is fascinating, because no one will ever know what is waiting for him or her at the next moment.

Henry Fang had refined the Spring Autumn Cicada in his previous life. After his rebirth the Spring Autumn Cicada fell into a deep sleep, but the connection between them still

existed. In fact Henry Fang found that, as if going through the refinement of the River of Time, his connection with the Spring Autumn Cicada had grown even closer and mysterious than his previous life. It was just because the Spring Autumn Cicada was too weak, so Henry Fang was not aware of it.

Therefore in the real sense, the Spring Autumn Cicada is the first Fu that he had refined. The only thing was that the Spring Autumn Cicada was not refined in his current life, but the result of hard work in his previous life of 500 years.

The Spring Autumn Cicada was Henry Fang's vital Fu.

A Rank one Fu Master, having a Rank six vital Fu!

If this sort of thing was said out loud, it is expected that no one would believe such a thing! This has already broken the limits of human cognition!

But yet, that is exactly what happened. The truth is beyond doubt.

"The Liquor worm as a vital Fu is already one of the best choices, but when you compare it to the Spring Autumn Cicada, it is just like scum on the ground! My vital Fu in this life is actually the Spring Autumn Cicada, ha ha ha...."

Chapter 20 Reverend Insanity

The immense joy he felt did not overcome his mind; he quickly calmed down and started to consider the consequences that the Spring Autumn Cicada would bring to him: "The Spring Autumn Cicada's ability is rebirth.

But right now it is at its weakest state, at the instant I use it, it'll die.

However it is still a Rank six Fu, so I can totally use its aura.

This won't do any damage to its body." "Hee hee hee." After he finished pondering, he closed his thoughts and opened his eyes.

The Liquor worm was hovering before him, shivering in the midst of the smoke-like green copper primeval essence that had surrounded it.

Earlier because it wanted a chance to survive, desperation drove the Liquor worm risk everything on a single throw. Yet in the end its will was easily defeated by the Spring Autumn Cicada's aura.

Due to this it suffered a heavy blow, its current strength not even 1% of the original will it had.

“Spring Autumn Cicada.” With a simple thought, Henry Fang released a small trace of the Spring Autumn Cicada’s aura.

This aura pressured onto the Liquor worm’s body; the Liquor worm immediately stood still, motionless like a dead creature.

Its scattered will felt the Spring Autumn Cicada’s aura; like a mouse that had run into a cat, it was frightened.

It shrank into a ball and was too afraid to move even a slight bit.

Henry Fang laughed and took the opportunity to mobilize his primeval essence.

In the beginning when he tried using his green copper primeval essence to refine it, the Liquor worm’s will resisted fiercely, so it could only expand arduously bit by bit.

But right now Henry Fang’s green copper primeval essence drove straight in, flowing vigorously without resistance.

There was no obstruction at all.

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The green copper colour on the surface of the Liquor worm rapidly expanded.

In a few winks, the once pearl-white Liquor worm was fully dyed green.

The general situation had passed; the last remains of the Liquor worm’s will was finally washed away easily by Henry Fang’s will, dissolving into nothingness. With that, the Liquor worm was fully refined! Compared to the beginning where Henry Fang had to endure hardship akin to trampling mountains and crossing ravines, the refining process right now was as easy as swallowing saliva.

A kind of mysterious and cordial feeling connected the Liquor worm and Henry Fang together.

The refined Liquor worm was like a part of Henry Fang – If Henry Fang told it to huddle up, it would curl; if he told it to curl into a ball it would curl into a round little dumpling.

The feeling was like moving his own finger.

Henry Fang took back his primeval essence, and the Liquor worm returned to its fat and white state.

Then with a leap, it went through thin air and plunged into the middle of Henry Fang's aperture. When it was inside, the Liquor worm flew a distance away around the hovering Spring Autumn Cicada and entered the green copper primeval sea. On the sea surface the Liquor worm stretched its body arbitrarily; occasionally it would twist around its chubby waist, appearing comfortable as if it were bathing in a hot shower.

"With the Spring Autumn Cicada, my plans will have to change." Henry Fang gathered his mind away from the aperture and took out the Moonlight Fu.

He repeated what he did earlier: Letting out a hint of the Spring Autumn Cicada's aura, pressing it down on the Moonlight Fu.

As it felt the Spring Autumn Cicada's aura, the Moonlight Fu's will immediately surrendered, its fear so great its will could only turtle up in the furthest corner of its own body.

Henry Fang's primeval essence poured in.

In the blink of an eye, the Moonlight Fu was dyed a jade green colour.

Finally with just a simple thought, the Moonlight Fu's will was easily strangled.

After he was done he took back his primeval essence and the Moonlight Fu returned to its original, semi-transparent, blue crystal form.

He put away the Moonlight Fu; it did not enter his aperture, but instead directly dropped onto his forehead, forming a pale blue crescent mark in the middle of his brow.

The entire refining process of the Moonlight Fu from beginning to end did not take more than five minutes. Comparing the start of his difficult refining process to the situation right now, the speed was rapid and created a sharp contrast. Not only was it very fast, the consumption of primeval essence was also very little.

For the past few days, Henry Fang had consumed six pieces of primeval stones just to refine the Liquor worm.

But tonight, while Henry Fang could see the bottom of the primeval sea in his aperture, he did not use a single stone.

“Ha ha, with the Spring Autumn Cicada at hand, it is as easy as having a god’s help! After today all I just need to do is use its aura to pressure down, any Rank one Fu will be easily refined.

Even though I only have C grade talent, I don’t need to borrow the help of primeval stones.

The difference of before and now is like heaven and earth.” Henry Fang’s mood was joyous. Right now his situation was like pushing away the mist and cloud to see the blue skies.

Although the Spring Autumn Cicada was at its weakest point, it was still a Rank six Fu.

A fallen tiger still leaves behind threat; a festered ship still has three pounds of nails (1). Just relying on its aura, Henry Fang’s cultivation from today onwards would receive a huge driving force.

At this moment, the moon outside the window was bright and the stars were few.

The moonlight flowed through the window, shining on Henry Fang’s face.

“Initially I thought I wouldn’t be able to get number one, but the road twisted and turned unexpectedly.

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Time waits for no one! I must go to the academy now and receive the top prize!” Henry Fang’s eyes glistened. With a thought the Spring Autumn Cicada faded away from view and disappeared once more, returning to its deep slumber.

Then he called out the Liquor worm and hid it away at a corner of his bed.

This was to prevent the academy’s unnecessary examination.

Fifteen minutes later, in the clan academy.

The academy elder had long gone to bed, but in his dreams he could vaguely hear the sound of somebody knocking on the door.

He was awoken by the noise and he opened his eyes, rather displeased.

“Who is it outside there in the middle of the night?” Instantly a voice replied in a respectful tone, “Reporting to sir elder! It is a student from this year’s batch; he has

already finished refining the Moonlight Fu. You have instructed your subordinates earlier to report to you the very instant the first name appears, no matter what time it is.”

“Well... Its true that happened.” The academy elder frowned, and then he got off his bed.

As he put on his robes he asked, “Which student is it that got number one this year? Is it Spring Sam Fang?” The subordinate outside the door replied, “It seems so.

The moment I heard the news I hurried over here to tell you about it, sir.

It seems to be someone from the Fang family branch.” “Hehe, counting the time, it is probably him.” The academy elder laughed lightly, confidently saying, “Who else could it be besides the A grade talent genius? All those B grade talent students would still be worse even with the help of primeval stones. Or else why would the grade of cultivation talent be so important?” As he said this he pushed the door open and came out. Outside the door, his subordinate respectfully bowed, moving two steps backwards.

“Sir is right,” he echoed.

In the hall, ten candles or so burned together, brightening up the hall.

The man who had received Henry Fang had already cleared up all doubts by now.

Under the bright light of the candle fire, his face showed a stunned expression.

“Wait, what did you just say? You are called Spring Henry Fang, not Spring Sam Fang?” Henry Fang nodded.

At this moment the elder walked in from the entrance.

Henry Fang and the man stood up and turned around to greet. When the academy elder saw Henry Fang, his face was full of smiles.

He strode over and stood in front of Henry Fang, patting his shoulder in a friendly manner.

“You did well, Spring Sam Fang, you did not disappoint me. You are indeed an A grade talent – genius! All those B grade, C grade peers of yours will never compare to you no matter how hard they try.

Ha ha ha.” Henry Fang and Sam Fang were twin brothers; their outer appearance was similar to a fault.

Even the academy elder was mistaken.

Henry Fang was neither haughty nor humble.

He took a little step back, letting his shoulder free from the academy elder's hand.

He stared at the academy elder, his hands folded behind his back.

Then he said with a faint smile, "Sir elder, you have been mistaken.

I am Spring Henry Fang, Spring Sam Fang is my younger brother." "Huh?" The academy elder opened his mouth slightly, his expression startled.

He glared at Henry Fang doubtfully, his brow turning into a frown.

After a few breaths, he finally spoke.

"You are Spring Henry Fang?" "Correct sir," Henry Fang replied.

"You have refined the Moonlight Fu?" The academy elder was extremely surprised.

His two eyes glared firmly at Henry Fang's crescent mark on his forehead.

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His eyes were shining; he was asking the obvious.

"Indeed, that is the case," Henry Fang said.

"Then, you are first of your batch?" The academy elder was asking stupid questions, but he was not entirely at fault.

After all, this situation was entirely out of everyone's expectations. One must know that he had been in charge of the academy for decades and is extremely experienced.

He had seen C grade talent students contending for number one before this, but it was never this early. Not to mention that in this batch there were peers with A and B grade talent.

"If there is no one earlier than me..." Henry Fang pretended to be in deep thought, then he rubbed his nose and continued, "Then it seems like it." The academy elder: "....."
(1) It means that while spoiled/damaged, it can still be put to use.

