

Reverend Insanity Chapter 1 To 5

Chapter 1

“Henry Fang, quietly hand over the Spring Autumn Cicada and I’ll give you a quick death!” “Old bast*rd Fang, stop attempting to resist anymore, today all of the major factions of justice have combined together just to destroy your devil lair.

This place is already covered in inescapable nets, this time you will definitely be decapitated!” “Henry Fang you damn demon, just because you wanted to cultivate the Spring Autumn Cicada, you’ve gone and killed thousands of people.

You’ve committed too many unforgivable, heinous sins!” “Demon, 300 years ago you insulted me, took away my body’s purity, killed my entire family and executed my nine generations.

From that moment onwards, I hated you with a burning passion! Today, I want you to die!” Henry Fang was in deep green robes that had been torn to shreds.

His hair was disheveled and his entire body was covered in blood.

He looked around.



The bloody robes waved lightly in the mountain breeze like a war flag.

Fresh blood flowed from the numerous wounds on the body. Just by standing there for a short while, Henry Fang had already accumulated a large pool of blood beneath his feet.

Enemies surrounded him all around; there was already no way out.

It was a forgone conclusion that he would die here.

Henry Fang understood his situation clearly, but even in the face of death his expression did not change, it was calm.

His gaze was quiet, his eyes like deep pools of water in a well, so deep that there seemed to be no end.

The major factions of justice that had surrounded him were not just the experienced elders, but also young and talented heroes.

Around the heavily surrounded Henry Fang, some were roaring, some were sneering; there were eyes that were gleaming with light, some holding onto their wounds while looking on fearfully.

They did not move; everyone was wary of Henry Fang's final attack.

For 6 hours this tense moment went on until the evening came, the sun casting its rays upon the side of the mountain.

In that moment, it was as if the place was on fire.

Henry Fang, who had been silent as a sculpture the entire time, slowly turned his body.

The group of warriors was suddenly alerted and they all took a big step backwards.

By now the gray mountain rock beneath Henry Fang's feet had long been stained a deep red.

Due to losing too much blood, his face had become deathly pale; in the afterglow of the sunset, it suddenly had a brilliant luster upon it. Looking at the setting sun, Henry Fang lightly laughed.

"The sun sets above the blue mountain, the autumn moon with the wind of spring.

The morning is fine like hair and night is like snow, whether you succeed or fail when you look back there's nothing left." As he said this, memories of his previous life on Earth emerged before his eyes.

He was originally a Chinese scholar on Earth who chanced upon this world.

He endured a hard life for 300 years and went through another 200 years; about over 500 years of his life flew by in the blink of an eye.

So many memories that were buried deep inside the heart begun to relive themselves, sprouting into life before his eyes.

"I failed in the end." Henry Fang sighed in his heart emotionally, yet there were no regrets.

This end result was something he had foreseen. When he made his decision in the beginning, he had prepared himself for this.

To be a demon is to be merciless and cruel, a murderer and destroyer.

There is no place in heaven or earth for such a thing – turning into an enemy to the world, still having to face the consequences.

“If the Spring Autumn Cicada that I have just cultivated is effective, I shall still be a demon in my next life!” With this thought, Henry Fang couldn’t help but let out a big laugh.

“Wicked demon, what are you laughing about?” “Be careful everyone, the demon is going to attack before his final moments!” “Hurry up and surrender the Spring Autumn Cicada!!” The group of warlords surged forward; at this moment, with a loud bang, Henry Fang was engulfed in a blinding surge of energy. The spring rain quietly rained down on Qing Mao Mountain.

It was already late in the night, a slight breeze blowing with the light rain. Yet Qing Mao Mountain was not covered in darkness; from the side down to the foot of the mountain, dozens of tiny lights shone like a bright band.

These lights shone from tall buildings, even though it could not be said to match up to ten thousand lights, yet it was still a few thousand in number.

Situated on the mountain was Spring(1) Village, giving the vast lonely mountain a rich touch of human civilization.

In the middle of the Spring Village was a magnificent pavilion.

A grand ceremony was being held at this moment, and the lights were even brighter than ever, radiating with glory.

“Ancestors, please bless us! We pray that this ceremony will bring many young men of outstanding talent and intelligence, bringing their families new blood and hopes!” The head of the Spring clan had a middle-aged appearance, his sideburns were graying and he was clothed in ceremonial white robes, kneeling on the brownish yellow floor.

His body was straight with his hands held together, eyes tightly shut as he prayed sincerely.

He was facing a tall black case; there were three layers on the case, all housing memorial tablets of ancestors. On both sides of the tablets was copper incense, the smoke rising.

Behind him were over 10 people kneeling in a similar fashion as him.

They wore loose white ceremonial garments, and were all the clan's elders, important members, and those who had much authority.

After finishing prayers, the Spring clan head bent his waist with his two hands pressing against the floor and kowtowed.

As the forehead knocked against the brownish yellow floor, light thuds could be heard.

Behind him, the elders and important clan members solemnly and quietly followed suit. With this, the hall was filled with light thuds as the heads knocked against the floor. When the ceremony was over, the crowd of people slowly got up from the ground and silently walked out of the sacred temple.

In the hallway, sighs of reliefs were heard from the crowd of elders and the atmosphere loosened up.

The noise of discussion slowly rose.

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"Time flies too quickly, in the blink of an eye, a year has gone by." "The previous ceremony feels like it just happened yesterday, I can still recall it vividly." "Tomorrow is the opening of the annual grand ceremony, I wonder what new clan blood will show up this year?" "Ah, I hope that some highly talented youths will appear.

The Spring clan hasn't seen a genius emerge for three years now." "Agreed.

The Bao Village, Xiong Village these few years all had some talented geniuses appear.

Especially that Richard Bao from the Bao clan, his natural talent is quite terrifying." It was unclear who had brought up the name Richard Bao, but the faces of the elders started to show worry.

The boy's qualifications were splendid; in just a short period of two years worth of training, he had already reached the level of a level three Fu master.

In the younger generation, he could be said as the most outstanding one.

It was to the point that even the older generation could feel pressured from the promising youth.

In time, he would inevitably become the pillar of the Bao clan.

At the very least he would also be an independently strong warrior. No one ever doubted this fact.

“But for this year’s youths that will be participating in the ceremony, not all hope is lost.”
“You’re right, Fang Zhi’s side has appeared a young genius.

Able to start talking after three months, able to walk after four.

At five years of age he was able to recite poetry, seems exceptionally intelligent, especially talented. What a pity that his parents died early, now he is being raised by his uncle and aunt.” “Yes, this one has wisdom at a young age, also harboring big ambitions.

In the recent years I have heard his creations ‘Jiang Jing Jiu’, ‘Yong Mei’ and ‘Jiang Cheng Zi’, what a genius!” The Spring clan head was the last to walk out of the ancestral temple.

After slowly closing the door, he heard the discussions that were going on in the corridor among the clan elders.

He knew at once that the elders were discussing about the youth known as Spring Henry Fang at that moment.

As the head of the clan, it is natural to pay attention to the outstanding and prominent young ones.

And it so happens that Spring Henry Fang was the most eye-catching one amongst the juniors.

Experience has shown that those who have photographic memory at a young age, or those who possess strength that could rival an adult, or had other great inborn talents, all had outstanding cultivation qualifications.

“If this child shows A grade potential, with great care he could even compete against Richard Bao.

Even if it is B grade, in future he could also become a banner of the Spring Clan.

But with this sort of early intelligence, the percentage of B grade is not that big, but highly possible to be an A grade.” With this thought, the Spring clan head curled up his lips slowly into a smile.

At once, with a cough he faced the clan elders and said, “Everyone, the hour is late, for tomorrow’s opening ceremony you should all rest well tonight and take care of your energy levels.” At his words, the elders looked startled.

They looked at each other with a hint of caution in their eyes.

The clan head’s words meant well, but everyone knew what he was aiming to convey.

Every year to compete for these young geniuses, the elders would fight among themselves to the point of reddened ears and bleeding heads.

They should stay well rested and replenish themselves until tomorrow comes where the competition begins.

Especially with that Spring Henry Fang, whose A grade potential was extremely huge. Not counting the fact that both his parents were deceased, and also that he was one of the two only descendants of Fang Zhi’s bloodline left.

If one was able to get their hands on and bring him into their own family line, with great care and training, one could secure himself a hundred years of prosperity! “However, I’m going to go ahead and say what needs to be said first. When you compete, do it fair and square; no tricks and conspiracies are allowed, or damage to the clan’s unity. Please keep this in mind, all of you!” The clan head strictly instructed.

“We wouldn’t dare, we wouldn’t dare.” “We’ll keep it in mind.” “Then this is good night, please take care.” The clan elders slowly dispersed with deep thoughts. Not long after that, the long corridor became quiet.

The wind from the spring rain breezed through the window, and the clan head lightly walked towards the window.

Immediately, he breathed in the fresh moist air of the mountain, how refreshing it felt.

This was the third floor of the garret; the clan head looked out of the window.

He could see half of the entire Spring Village.

Even if it was late in the night, most of the homes in the village still had lights on, which was unusual.

Tomorrow is the opening ceremony, and it affects everyone's best interests.

A kind of excited yet tense atmosphere had enveloped the hearts of the people of the clan, and thus naturally many people could not sleep well.

"This is the hopes for the clan's future." With the many lights dancing in his eyes, the clan head sighed.

At the very same moment, a pair of clear eyes quietly looked at the same lights sparkling in the night, full of complex feelings inside.

"Spring Village, this is 500 years ago?! Looks like the Spring Autumn Cicada really worked..." Henry Fang quietly gazed, standing by the window, letting the rain from the wind hit his body.

The use of the Spring Autumn Cicada is to reverse time.

In the Ten Big Mystical Fu rankings, the Spring Autumn Cicada managed to be ranked seven, naturally it was no mere creature.

In short, it is the ability to be reborn. www.onlinefreenovels.com

"With the use of the Spring Autumn Cicada I have been reborn, going back to the time of 500 years ago!" Henry Fang stretched out his hand, his sight fixated on his own young and soft, pale palms, then slowly clenched them, embracing the truth of this reality with all his might.

The sound of the drizzling rain hitting softly against the window sill filling his ears, he slowly closed his eyes, opening them after a long while.

He sighed, "500 years of experience, it really feels like a dream." But he knew it clearly: This was definitely not a dream.

Chapter 2

It is said in legend that a river of time exists in this world.

It supports the world's time flow and circulation.

And by using the Spring Autumn Cicada's power, one can travel back upstream and return to the past.

There is much conflicting opinion on this mythical tale. Many do not believe in it, and some are skeptical to the truth.

Few people actually dare to believe it.

Because every time one uses the Spring Autumn Cicada one must pay with his life, letting his entire body and cultivation be the driving force to use its power.

Such a price is just too expensive, and the thing that people just cannot accept is the fact that after paying with your life, you don't even know what the outcome is.

So even if someone has the Spring Autumn Cicada, they would not dare use it so indiscriminately. What if the rumors were fake, and it was just a scam? If Henry Fang were not cornered into such a state, he would also not use it so hurriedly.

But now, Henry Fang is thoroughly convinced.

Because the reality of the truth has been laid before his eyes and there was no denying it.

He has really been reborn! "It's just a pity... From the start I had wasted an absurd amount of effort, killing hundreds of thousands of people, making even the heavens furious and inciting people's vengeance, went through suffering and multiple hardships to finally attain and refine this good Fu..." Henry Fang thought with a sigh.

Even though he had been reborn, the Spring Autumn Cicada did not come with him.

Humans are the greatest among thousands of creatures, Fu are the essence of heaven and earth. Fu comes in thousands of shapes and sizes of strange and mysterious variety – there are too many to count.

Some Fu after being used once or even twice or thrice will completely dissipate.

And some Fu can be reused again and again as long as it is not used over its limits.

That said, it is probable that the Spring Autumn Cicada is one of those types that can only be used once before disappearing for good.

“But even if its gone, I can still refine another.

I have done it in my previous life, why can't I do it in this life?” After the thoughts of pity were put aside, Henry Fang's heart burst forth ambitious and determined feelings.

To be able to be reborn, this fact made the loss of the Spring Autumn Cicada entirely acceptable. Not to mention he had something precious with him, so its not like he lost everything.

This precious treasure was his 500 years worth of memories and experience.

In his memories are a multitude of all kinds of treasures and precious items that no one has opened yet in this time.

All the big events and incidents he can easily grasp by the veins of history.

There are a countless number of figures: some are predecessors of hidden levels; some are geniuses, some people not even born yet.

Also in these 500 years of life are memories of painstaking cultivation and rich combat experience.

With all these memories and experiences, he had undeniably grasped the overall situation and upcoming opportunities. With good planning and execution, he could empower the situation with great fierceness and elegance.

It was not a problem now that he could take a step ahead of others, breaking the higher boundaries! “So how do I go about this hmmm...” Henry Fang was incredibly sensible.

He collected himself together and faced the night rain outside the window, pondering. With this thought, things started to feel complicated.

After thinking for a moment, his brows wrinkled deeper. 500 years of time was a rather long period.

Don't mention those long muddled memories that cannot be recalled, even remembering the hidden locations of treasures or special encounters of people were a lot, but the main issue was that the locations were separated among a long distance and had to be accessed or visited at certain periods of time.

“The most important thing is cultivation.

The me right now has not even opened my Primeval Sea, hasn't stepped on the path to be a Fu master.

I'm just a mortal! I have to hurry and cultivate, catching up to history and seize the opportunities with the best advantage." Not to forget, many of these hidden locations of treasures were useless without proper foundation.

Instead it would just be walking into a wolf's den, looking for death.

The problem in front of Henry Fang right now was cultivation.

He had to increase the level of his foundation as fast as possible.

If he were slow like his previous life, he would just be too late.

"To cultivate as fast as possible, I would have to borrow the resources from the clan. With the state I am right now, I have no power or ability to travel back and forth across the dangerous mountains.

Even an ordinary mountain boar can take my life.

If I can reach the cultivation of a Third level Fu master, I'd have the means to protect myself and leave the mountain." Through the eyes of a 500 year old person who has cultivated in the Demonic Way, Qing Mao Mountain was just way too small, Spring Village even feels like a cage.

But while the cage restricted freedom, the sturdy bars of the cage also brought about a certain kind of safety.

"Hmm, in this short period of time I'll just stay in this cage.

As long as I can reach Third level Fu master, I can leave this poor mountain. Luckily tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, I'll be able to start training as a Fu master soon after." When he thought about the Awakening Ceremony, old memories that had long been buried away in his heart resurfaced themselves.

"Talent huh..." He sneered, his gaze focused out the window.

At this moment, the door to his room was lightly pushed open and a young teenager walked in.

“Big brother, why are you standing in the rain by the window side ?” The youth was thin, slightly shorter than Henry Fang.

His face resembled Henry Fang’s features greatly.

As Henry Fang turned his head to look at this young man, a complicated look flickered across his face.

“It’s you huh, my twin little brother.” He raised his eyebrows, his expression returning to that of cold indifference.

Sam Fang lowered his head and looked at his own toes; this is his signature stance.

“I saw that big brother’s window was not shut closed, so I thought I’d come in here and close it.

Tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, it’s so late and you haven’t gone to bed yet big brother.

If Uncle and Aunt knew, they would probably be worried.” Sam Fang was not surprised at Henry Fang’s coldness.

Ever since he was a small child, his older brother had always been like that.

Sometimes he would wonder, maybe a genius is just like this, being rather different from ordinary people.

Even though he had the same look as his older brother, he felt that he was ordinary like an ant.

They were born from the same womb at the same time, and yet why are the heavens so unfair? His older brother had been endowed with gleaming talent, while he himself was as ordinary as a stone.

Everyone around him would say, “This is Henry Fang’s little brother-” when they mentioned him.

His aunt and uncle would constantly tell him to learn from his older brother.

Even when he looked into the mirror sometimes, he would feel disgusted as he saw his own face! These thoughts had been ongoing for many years, accumulating day and

night deeply into his heart. Like a giant stone pressing against his heart, these few years Sam Fang's head lowered more and more, and he also grew quieter.

"Worried..." At the thought of his aunt and uncle, Henry Fang laughed silently.

He could still remember clearly how the parents of this world had both lost their lives in one of the clan missions. When he was only 3 years old, he and his little brother became orphans.

In the name of upbringing, his aunt and uncle grabbed hold of the inheritance left behind by his parents while inflicting harsh treatment against his younger brother and himself.

He originally planned to just be a normal person, even planning to conceal his abilities and bide his time.

However his life was difficult, making Henry Fang have no choice but to choose to expose some of his talents.

The so-called talent is merely but a mature and intellect soul that carried a few of Earth's popular ancient poems. With this he managed to startle people and capture attention.

Because of pressure from the outside world, the young Henry Fang made a decision to keep a cold indifferent expression to protect himself, reducing the possibility of revealing any secrets. Over time the coldness would become a habit that he was accustomed to expressing.

Thus his aunt and uncle were no longer harsh on him and his younger brother.

As the years passed and they got older, the future became more optimistic and better treatment increased.

This was not love, but a type of investment.

It's hilarious how his little brother never saw this truth,; not only was he deceived by their aunt and uncle, he also started burying resentments inside.

Although he looked like a good-natured and honest boy now, in Henry Fang's memories when his brother was found out to be an A grade talent the clan spent much effort in raising him with all they had.

After that all the buried resentment and jealous and hate inside was released, and many a time Sam Fang would target, suppress and make life difficult for his own older brother.

As for his own grade, it was only C grade talent.

Fate loved to play a joke.

A pair of twins – The older one only had C grade talent, but had been known as a genius for a dozen years.

The younger one who was always overlooked was the one with A grade talent instead.

The results of the Awakening Ceremony had left the clan shocked.

The treatment of the two brothers had suddenly reversed after that.

The younger brother was like a dragon rising up to the heavens; the older brother was like a phoenix that fell down to the earth.

After that came the many hardships and troubles from his own younger brother, the cold eyes of his aunt and uncle, the contempt of the clans people.

Did he hate it? Henry Fang in his previous life hated it.

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He hated his own lack of talent, he hated how heartless the clan was, hated how fate was so unfair.

But now, with his 500 years of life experiences, using this to rethink this course his heart was actually calm, not a shred of hatred. What was there to be gain from resentment? Thinking about it from another point of view, he could understand his younger brother, aunt and uncle, even those enemies from 500 years later who attacked him.

The strong eat the weak, survival of the fittest; these have always been the rules of this world. Everyone has self-ambitions, always struggling to grasp the opportunities.

Among all the war and killing what is there not to be understood? 500 years of life experience have long allowed him to understand all of this, with the heart that wants to gain immortality.

If someone tries to prevent this pursuit of his, no matter who it is he will kill and live through it.

The aspirations in his heart were too big, stepping onto this road was to be making the world your enemy, and it was destined to be alone, destined to kill.

This was the conclusion of 500 years of life.

“Revenge is not my intention, the Demonic path does not compromise.” With that he couldn’t help but laugh and gave his younger brother a faint glance.

“You can leave.” Sam Fang’s heart shook as he felt like his brother’s eyes were sharp like an ice blade, seemingly penetrating the deepest parts of his heart.

Under such a gaze, he felt like he was naked in the snow, unable to hold any secrets.

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow, big brother.” Not daring to say anymore, Sam Fang slowly closed the door and left.

Chapter 3

Bang, Bang, Bang.

The patrolling night watchman banged his wooden clappers in a rhythm.

The sounds spread into the high pillar houses; Henry Fang opened his dry eyelids while his heart silently thought, “Its already the hour before dawn.” He had been lying in bed thinking for a long time last night.

He thought up a lot of plans.

He probably only slept for a little over two hours.

This body has not started cultivating, his energy is not so vigorous and thus his body and mind were still shrouded in exhaustion.

However with 500 years of experience Henry Fang had long build up deep steel-like determination.

This sort of sleep-deprived exhaustion is nothing to him.

Immediately he shoved away the thin silk blanket and got up neatly.

He opened the window and found that the spring rain had stopped.

The mix of fragrance of the earth, trees and wild flowers greeted him.

Henry Fang felt his head clear, the sleepiness washing away cleanly. Right now the sun had yet risen, the sky still a deep dark blue, not dark yet not bright. Looking around, the tall houses made of green bamboo and wood contrasting with the mountain, was a sea of pale green colour.

The tall houses had at least two floors; it was the mountain folk's unique structure of a house.

Due to the mountain's uneven terrain, the first floor is massive wooden stakes; the second floor is where the people reside. Henry Fang and his brother Fang Zhen stayed at the second floor.

"Young master Henry Fang, you're awake.

I will go upstairs and wait for you to wash up." At this moment, a maiden's voice floated up from downstairs. Looking down, Henry Fang saw his own personal servant – Lana Shen.

Her looks were only slightly above average, but she dressed up well.

Lana Shen wore a green robe with long sleeves and trousers, had embroidered shoes on her feet and her black hair had a pearl hairpin.

Her body from head to toe radiated youthful vitality.

She looked happily at Henry Fang while carrying a basin of water, and walked upstairs.

The water was at the right warm temperature and was used to wash the face.

After rinsing his mouth, he used a willow twig with snow salt to clean his teeth.

Lana Shen waited gently, her face wearing a smile and her eyes lively as spring.

After he was done she helped Henry Fang dress, her plump breasts rubbing against his elbow or his back a few times during the process.

Henry Fang's face showed no expression; his heart was calm as water.

This servant girl was nothing but his aunt and uncle's watcheye and was a vain heartless girl.

In his previous life she enraptured him, but after the Awakening Ceremony when his status plummeted she quickly turned away her head and gave him countless disdainful looks. When Sam Fang came over he was in time to see Lana Shen smoothing the creases on the clothing of Henry Fang's chest.

His eyes had a flicker of jealousy.

These years living together with his older brother, under the care of Henry Fang he also had a servant waiting on him.

However his servant was not a youthful girl like Lana Shen but a fat and wide old woman.

"I wonder which day can Lana Shen wait on me like this, wonder what it feels like?" Sam Fang thought inside his heart, yet he did not dare to.

His aunt and uncle's biased love to Henry Fang was no secret to everyone. Originally he did not even have a servant to wait on him.

It was Henry Fang who decided to take the initiative and ask for one for Sam Fang.

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Although there was the status difference of master and servant, but usually Sam Fang did not dare underestimate Lana Shen.

That was because her mother was the Mother Shen(1) who stood beside his aunt and uncle. Mother Shen was the caretaker of the entire household – having full trust of his aunt and uncle, her authority was not small.

"Alright, no need to tidy up." Henry Fang impatiently brushed away Lana Shen's soft small hands.

His clothing had long been tidy; she was just trying to seduce him.

To Lana Shen and the brightness of her future, Henry Fang's possibility of having an A grade talent was huge.

If she could be his concubine she would be able to elevate from servant status into master – it was quite a big step.

In his previous life Henry Fang was deceived by her and had feelings for Lana Shen.

After his rebirth he was clear as a blazing fire, his heart as cold as ice.

“You can leave.” Henry Fang did not even look at Lana Shen as he tidied up his own sleeve cuffs.

Lana Shen pouted slightly, feeling that today Henry Fang’s puzzling behavior was rather odd and upsetting.

She wanted to reply in a spoiled way but being scared by his cold and confusing nature, her mouth opened and closed a few times before she ended up saying ‘yes’ and retreating obediently.

“Are you ready?” Henry Fang asked Sam Fang.

His younger brother stood at the doorway, his head bowed down to look at his toes.

He muttered a light ‘yes’.

Sam Fang had actually been awake since the fourth watch, too nervous to fall back asleep.

He quietly got out of bed and got ready a long time ago, his eyes having black circles.

Henry Fang nodded.

In his previous life he was not clear about his younger brother’s thoughts, but in this life how could he not understand? But right now it was meaningless to him, and he lightly said, “Then let’s go.” So the two brothers left the house. On the way they bumped into many youths of similar age, all in groups of twos and threes, quite clearly heading to the same destination.

“Look guys, those are the Fang brothers.” Their ears could pick up the small cautious talk.

“The one walking in front is Henry Fang, he’s the Henry Fang who created the poems,” some of them emphasized.

“So that’s him.

His face is expressionless as if he had no regard for others, just like the rumors say.” Someone said in a sour tone filled with jealousy and envy.

“Hmph, if you were like him then you can also act like that!” Someone coldly replied against the person, hiding a sort of dissatisfaction.

Sam Fang listened expressionlessly.

He had long been accustomed to this kind of discussion.

His head low, he followed quietly behind his older brother.

By now the light of dawn had peeked over the horizon, casting Henry Fang’s shadow over his face.

The sun rose gradually, but Henry Fang suddenly felt like he was walking into darkness.

This darkness was coming from his older brother. Maybe in this life, he would never be able to escape from the imprisoning huge shadow of his brother.

He felt a burst of pressure on his chest making his breathing difficult.

This damned feeling was even making him think of the word ‘suffocate’! “Hmph, this talk is a good example of the saying: ‘those who of outstanding talent easily bring about jealous from others’,” Henry Fang thought with a sneer as he listened to the gossip around. No wonder when it was announced that he had C grade talent, he would be surrounded by enemies and suffer harsh, disdainful coldness for a long time.

Behind him, Sam Fang’s breathing got dreary and tried to stop listening. What Henry Fang did not manage to realize in his previous life, he could perceive with the finest detail in this life.

This was the ability of keen insight that he had gained from 500 years worth of life experiences.

He suddenly thought of his aunt and uncle and how scheming they were. Giving him Lana Shen to monitor him and passing his younger brother an old wet nurse, not including other things in life that were different among them.

All these actions had intentions – They wanted to cause unhappiness in his younger brother’s heart and instigate a rift among the brothers. People are not worried about

whether they receive less; people worry about whether whatever they received is undistributed well.

In his previous life his experiences were too little, while his younger brother was too foolish and too naïve, thus his aunt and uncle successfully instigated a rift among them.

After being reborn with the Awakening Ceremony before him, it seemed like the situation was difficult to change.

But with Henry Fang's evil way of means and wisdom, it's not like the situation cannot be changed.

His younger brother can be suppressed entirely, that young Lana Shen he could turn into a concubine early on. Not forgetting his aunt and uncle and the clan elders – he had at least several hundred ways of beating them.

“But, I don't feel like doing that...” Henry Fang sighed carefreely.

So what if it was his own younger brother? Without the blood relation his younger brother was just an outsider, he could easily give him up anytime.

So what if Lana Shen grew any prettier? Without love and loyalty she was just a heap of flesh of a body. Keep her as a concubine? She's not worthy.

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So what if it was his aunt and uncle, or the clan elders? They're just passers-by in life, why waste effort and energy to beat these people? Hehe.

As long as you don't get in my way, then you can go aside and scam, I don't need to care about you.

Chapter 4

The sun rises in the sky, the sun ray brilliant.

The mountain fog is not very thick; the sharp rays easily pass through. Over a hundred 15 year-old youths gathered in front of the clan pavilion.

The clan pavilion was in the middle of the village, reaching 5 storeys and having sharp tilted roofs; it was heavily guarded.

Before the pavilion was the square, and in the pavilion was the shrine of the Spring ancestor memorial tablets.

Every generation of clan head had lived in the pavilion. With every major ceremony or big incident, the clan elders would gather and discuss meetings here as well.

This was the entire village's authority central.

"Good, all of you are punctual.

Today is the Awakening Ceremony; it is your life's great turning point.

I won't say much, just come with me." The one responsible at the moment was the elder of the academy.

His beard and hair were white and he was in high spirits as he led the young teenagers into the pavilion.

However they did not go up, but were led downstairs after going through the entrance of a great hall.

Following down a constructed stone ladder, they went into an underground cave.

The group of youths made surprised and amazed noises.

The underground cave was beautiful, stalactites sparkling with the colors of the rainbow.

This light shone on the youth's faces, the neon hues gorgeous.

Henry Fang was mixed into the crowd, quietly observing everything that was happening.

In his heart, he thought: Hundreds of years ago, the Spring clan came to Qing Mao Mountain and settled down after migrating from the central lands to the South Border.

It was when they found a spirit spring in this underground cave.

This spirit spring produces a large number of primeval stones – It could be said that this was the foundation of the Spring village.

They walked several hundred steps.

It got darker and the sounds of water were faintly heard.

After turning around a corner, a 3 zhang – wide(1) underground river greeted them.

By now the colorful lights of the stalactites had disappeared completely, yet in the darkness the river emitted faint blue light.

It was like a star river of the night sky.

The river flowed from the dark depths of the cave.

Inside the crystal clear waters, one could see fish, aquatic plants and even the sand beneath the river. Opposite the river was a sea of flowers.

This was the Spring Clan's closely cultivated moon orchids.

The beautiful blue and pink colored petals were like shaped like a crescent moon; the flower stems were like jade, the center of the flower shining like the sort of warm brilliance that radiates from pearls under the light.

At first glance, in the dark background the flower sea looks like a huge piece of land covered in bluish green carpet dotted with countless pearls.

The moon orchid is food for a lot of Fu.

This flower sea could be said as the clan's biggest cultivation medium, Henry Fang thought knowingly to himself.

"Wow, so pretty!" "It really is beautiful!" The new sight opened the young teenagers' eyes.

Each one of them had a light radiating from their gaze with excited and anxious feelings.

"Alright, listen as I call your names.

Those who are called must walk through this river to the opposite bank. Walk as far as you can, of course the further you go the better it is.

Are you all clear?" The elder said.

"All clear," the youths replied.

Actually before they came here, they had all heard their family members or seniors talk about it.

It is known that the further you can walk, the better your talent is. Your future will also become brighter.

“Spring Chen Bo.” The elder held the name list and called out the first person.

The river was wide but not deep – it covered up to a youth’s kneecaps. Chen Bo’s face was full of seriousness as he stepped into the flower sea ashore.

As he did so, he could feel an invisible pressure as if there was a wall in front of him that he could not see, blocking him from walking forward.

During this moment, the flowers at his feet suddenly gave off a weak white light.

The light gathered around Chen Bo and entered his body.

For a moment Chen Bo felt the pressure drop; the invisible wall blocking him suddenly felt softer. With this, Chen Bo gritted his teeth and mustered his strength, walking forward.

He tried to force his way in stiffly, yet after three steps the wall in front of him hardened again back to the state before. www.onlinefreenovels.com

Thus he could not walk any further.

As he watched this the elder sighed. While recording what happened, he said, “Spring Chen Bo, 3 steps, no talent to become a Fu master. Next, Spring Zao Xie!” Chen Bo was deathly pale as he walked pass the river back to the youths, clenching his teeth. Without the endowed talent he could live as a normal human, holding the lowest position in the clan.

His stature was shaky; it was a huge blow to him, as if reality had killed all his hopes. Many people threw him pitiful gazes, while even more had fixated stares at the second person crossing the river.

It was a pity that this youth could only walk four steps forward – he did not have talent either. Not everyone has the natural talent to be a Fu master. Generally speaking, it is not bad if five out of ten people have talent.

In the Fu Clan, this ratio is higher, reaching six people.

This is because the Spring clan's ancestor – The first generation clan leader was a famous, legendary and powerful man.

Due to cultivation reasons his bloodline carried powerful genes, thus the average quality of talent in the Spring clan was generally higher as they carried his blood in their veins. With two consecutive failures, the other elders observing the scene in the dark started making ugly expressions.

Even the clan head was frowning slightly.

The next moment, the academy elder called out the third name: Spring Mo Bei.

“Here!” A horse-faced youth dressed in linen robes lightly called as he came forth.

He was tall in build, looking much sturdier than his peers.

There was a brave aura about him.

He crossed the river in a few steps and reached the opposite bank. 10 steps, 20 steps, 30 steps; one after another small lights entered his body.

He walked until he reached 36 steps before he could finally go no further.

The youths at the riverbank watched with wide opened eyes, shocked.

The academy elder happily exclaimed, “Good, Spring Mo Bei, B grade talent! Come here, let me see your Primeval sea.” Spring Mo Bei walked back to the academy elder's side.

The latter stretched out his hand and put it on the juvenile's shoulder, closing his eyes as he checked with focus.

Then he retracted his hand and nodded, recording down on the paper: Spring Mo Bei, primeval sea measuring six by six, can be vigorously trained.

This special talent can be measured by four grades – A grade to D grade.

A D grade talent youth who is raised for 3 years would be able to become a rank one senior Fu master, become the foundation of the family.

A C grade talent youth after two years of cultivation will usually be able to become a rank two senior Fu master, becoming the clan's backbone.

A B grade talent must be cared for. Often becoming a future clan elder, with 6-7 years of training they will become rank three Fu Masters.

And when it comes to A grade, even if it was just one, would bring great luck to the entire clan. Great care must be given; with this talent in about 10 years they can become a rank four Fu master.

At that moment they would be able to compete for the position of the head of the clan! In other words, as long as this Spring Mo Bei grows up, eventually he will become one of the elders of the Spring clan.

That is why the academy elder laughed happily; the elders watching in the darkness also sighed in relief, then they all turned to look at one of the elders amongst them with jealousy.

This elder was also horse-faced, known as Spring Mo Bei's grandfather, Spring Mo Chen.

His face was already smiling.

He provokingly looked at his old nemesis and said, "What do you think? My grandson isn't bad huh, Spring Chi Lian." Spring Chi Lian had a head full of red hair.

He made an annoyed 'hmp', not replying to other.

It was apparent that his face expression was really dark. One hour later, half of the youths had already walked through the flower sea.

There were quite a number of C and D grade talents among them, while half of those youths had no talent at all.

"Sigh, the bloodline is getting thinner.

These few years the clan hasn't had any rank four masters to strengthen the bloodline.

The fourth generation clan head was the only rank five master, but in the end he perished together with the Flower Wine monk and did not leave behind any descendants.

The Spring clan's later generation talents are getting weaker and weaker," the clan head said with a deep sigh.

At this moment, the academy elder shouted, "Spring Chi Chen!" On hearing this name all the elders looked at Spring Chi Lian; this was Spring Chi Lian's grandson. Spring Chi Lian had a small and short build with a face full of pockmarks.

He was clenching his fist, his entire face sweating.

It was evident that he was incredibly nervous.

As he walked onto the opposite bank, the little lights entered his body; after walking straight for 36 steps he stopped.

"Another B grade!" The academy elder yelled.

The youths started a commotion, sending Spring Chi Chen envious stares.

"Hahaha, 36 steps, 36 steps!" Spring Chi Lian shouted, proudly staring at Spring Mo Bei.

This time it was Spring Mo Chen's turn to have a sour face.

"Spring Chi Chen, huh..." In the midst of the crowd, Henry Fang stroked his chin thoughtfully.

In his memories, the clan heavily punished Spring Chi Chen because he cheated during the Awakening Ceremony.

In reality Chi Chen only had a C grade talent, but because his grandfather Spring Chi Lian helped him fake the results, that's why he appeared to have B grade talent.

To be honest if he wanted to cheat, Henry Fang had a countless number of ways to do so, some ways even more perfect than Spring Chi Chen's method.

If a B grade or A grade talent appeared, they would receive the clan's huge care.

But firstly, Henry Fang had only just been reborn.

It was hard to prepare the cheating method by this condition.

Secondly, even if he managed to cheat, he would not be able to fake his cultivation speed.

He would be exposed by then.

However Spring Chi Chen was different; his grandfather was Spring Chi Lian – One of the two elders with the most authority within the clan. With this Chi Lian would be able to cover up for his grandson.

“Spring Chi Lian was always hostile towards Spring Mo Chen, these two elders are the clan’s two biggest influential authorities.

To suppress his opponent he would need his own grandson to have an outstanding talent.

It is also because he was helping from behind, Spring Chi Chen was able to conceal the truth for a time.

In my memories, if it were not for that incident, the truth would never have been exposed.” Henry Fang’s eyes shone with light, his mind thinking up ways to use this knowledge to his advantage.

If he exposed the matter on the spot, he would receive a bit of reward from the clan, but then he would offend the highly powerful Spring Chi Lian.

This was not advisable. Within such a short time he also could not blackmail them.

Due to having low status, it would just backfire on him.

As he pondered, he suddenly heard the academy elder call out his own name: “Spring Henry Fang!”

Chapter 5

In that moment his surroundings went quiet. Countless numbers of eyes were on him.

It’s getting more and more exciting, Henry Fang thought to himself with a laugh.

Under the gazes of the masses, he walked across the river and reached the opposite bank.

He could feel a layer of pressure on him.

This pressure came from the spirit spring deep in the flower sea.

The spirit spring produced primeval qi – because the qi was too rich in here, it caused the pressure.

But very quickly from the flowers below Henry Fang's feet, little lights made their way up.

These dots of light enveloped his entire body before finally entering him.

These are the Hope Fu, mused Henry Fang.

The person in charge did not tell them, but he knew it very clearly.

Every spot of light is a Fu, known as the Hope Fu. One of the oldest legends talk about the Hope Fu.

In the legend, when the world was just formed it was a land of savage wilderness.

Among the wild beasts that walked the earth, the first man appeared.

He was known as Ren Zu (1), eating raw meat and drinking blood, living a difficult life.

In particular was a group of wild beasts called Predicament.

These wild beasts loved the taste of Ren Zu and longed to eat him. Ren Zu did not have a body as strong as mountain rock, nor did he have the sharp teeth and claws of a wild beast.

How could he fight with the Predicaments? His source of food was unstable and he had to hide all day.

He was at the bottom of nature's food chain, and could barely survive.

At this moment, there were 3 Fu that came up to him and said, "As long as you use your life to provide us, we will help you through this difficulty." Ren Zu had nowhere to go, so he could only agree to these 3 Fu.

He first gave his youth away to the biggest Fu among the three.

That Fu then granted him strength. With strength, Ren Zu's life began to change.

He started to have a stable source of food and was able to protect himself.

He fought bravely and ruthlessly, defeating many Predicaments.

But soon he suffered and finally realized that strength was not everything.

It needed to heal and be cultivated, not spent freely at his will. Not to mention when facing the entire group of Predicaments, his strength alone was too small. Ren Zu reflected over this lesson bitterly and decided to give his prime middle years to the most beautiful Guamong the three.

And thus, the second Fu gave him wisdom. With wisdom, Ren Zu was able to learn how to think and reflect.

He began to accumulate experience and found out that many times when he used wisdom, it was more effective than using strength.

By relying on wisdom and strength was he able to conquer all the goals that he formerly could not, and killed many Predicaments.

He ate the meat of Predicaments and drank the blood of Predicaments, surviving with tenacity.

But good things do not last and Ren Zu was old, and would only grow older and older.

This is because he gave away his youth and middle years to keep the strength and wisdom Fu. When a man is old, his muscles deteriorate and his brain slows down.

"Human, what else can you give us? You don't have anything else left to provide to us," the strength and wisdom Fu said as they realized this.

They left him. Without wisdom and strength, Ren Zu was once surrounded by Predicaments.

He was old and could not run, his teeth had fallen out and could not even chew wild fruits and plants.

As he fell weakly onto the ground surrounded by Predicaments, his heart was filled with desperation.

It was at this time the third Fu said to him, "Human, take me up.

I will help you escape Predicament." Ren Zu tearfully replied, "Fu, I don't have anything else left.

See, the strength and wisdom Fu have abandoned me.

I only have my old age left! While it is not as worth my youth and middle age, but if I give you my old age, my life would immediately end.

Even though I am surrounded by Predicaments right now, but I will not die immediately.

I wish to live a little longer, even if just a second more.

So you should leave, I have nothing else to provide to you." But the Fu said, "Among the three I have the smallest needs.

Human, if you just give me your heart, it will be enough." "Then I will give you my heart," Ren Zu said.

"But Fu, what can you give me in return? In this situation, even if the strength and wisdom Fu returned to my side, it would change nothing." When compared to the strength Fu, this Fu looked frail and was just a tiny ball of light. When compared to the wisdom Fu, this one was only able to give out a dim white light, not beautiful in any way.

But when Ren Zu gave it his heart, this Fu suddenly gave out endless light.

In this light, the Predicaments screamed in horror: "This is the Hope Fu, withdraw! We Predicaments are most afraid of hope!" The Predicaments retreated suddenly. Ren Zu was speechless, and from that day onwards whenever he faced predicament, he would give his heart to hope.

At this moment, the Hope Fu converged into a stream of light and had already entered Henry Fang's body.

Due to the outside pressure they quickly gathered into his abdomen and collected into a group spontaneously, 3 inches under his navel.

Henry Fang suddenly felt the pressure lessen.

He began to walk forward. With every step he took, one after another the Hope Fu would fly out from the sea of flowers and enter his body, joining the ball of light.

The ball of light grew brighter and brighter, but the person in charge opposite the riverbank frowned.

“This number of Hope Fu is lesser than expected.” Many elders watching Henry Fang in the dark thought this as they saw the sight.

The clan head frowned as well.

This was definitely not the sign of an A grade talent! Henry Fang withstood the pressure, continuing to walk forward.

“Below 10 steps it means that there is no cultivation talent. 10-20 steps means D grade talent. 20-30 steps would be C grade talent, 30-40 steps is a B grade talent.

And 40-50 steps would mean A grade talent.

Up till now, I have walked 23 steps.” 24, 25, 26... 27.

Henry Fang counted in his heart; when he walked the 27th step he could hear a bang and in between his two kidneys the ball of light reached its limit and suddenly exploded.

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This burst of energy only happened inside his body; outsiders cannot see it. Only Henry Fang alone could feel at that moment, an earthshaking reaction.

Instantly the fine hairs on his body stood up, his pores shut tight, his mind stretched to a tense limit.

Soon after, his mind went blank, his entire body becoming soft as if he fell into some clouds.

His heart relaxed, his fine hairs flattening and his pores re-opened again.

In a short while his entire body was perspiring.

This entire process felt long, but it actually happened in a short time.

The feeling went away as fast as it came.

Henry Fang was blanked out for a short moment before he returned to his senses.

He secretly focused his attention into his body and found that below his navel and in between his two kidneys, an aperture had formed out of thin air.

The Awakening Ceremony was a success! This was the hope to immortality!

