

Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 21 To 25

Chapter 21 Dancing Moonblade Reverend Insanity

The sky was not yet bright, and the sun had yet to rise. The east sky just began to turn bright, the dark colours in the sky slowly fading away, the smell of the night still remaining in the air.

The streets were empty, then came the sounds of quick footsteps. The early dawn mountain air was moist, yet Gu Yue Fang Zheng did not feel the slightest cold rush; his heart was full of surging enthusiasm. His face blushed red, and now he was walking swiftly toward the academy.

“I have been cultivating hard these few days, spending two primeval stones. I did not sleep at all last night, and I’ve finally successfully refined the Moonlight Gu. I am an A grade talent and I was so hardworking. No one can be faster than me, no one! Father and Mother, I told you I won’t let you feel disappointed.”

When he thought of the moment where he told his aunt and uncle about the good news earlier, they expressed happiness and relief, making Fang Zheng feel a surge of joy and pride.

“Just wait, all you clanspeople who looked down on me, and brother. From today onwards, I shall make you all look up to me, Gu Yue Fang Zheng!”

The more he thought the more Fang Zheng felt excited. He could not help but clench his fists, and his pace quickened a little more.

He came to the academy entrance.

The academy’s two guards looked at him strangely. They asked him, “Umm, Gu Yue Fang Yuan, why are you back?”

“What, brother was here just now?” When Fang Zheng heard them, his face showed a hint of surprise and puzzlement.

“Ah, whatever!” He would never have guessed that Fang Yuan would snatch away number one. He shook his head and cupped his hands together, his tone carrying a trace of arrogance, “Two elder brothers, I am not Gu Yue Fang Yuan, but I’m Gu Yue Fang Zheng. I have already successfully refined my vital Gu, and I am here to come and take the top prize.”

“You are Gu Yue Fang Zheng? You brothers are just too alike, no wonder the academy elder was mistaken,” the guard on the left side shouted, his eyes widening. The guard on the right shook his head and said, “You came one step too late. Just last night in the late hour, your older brother Gu Yue Fang Yuan came and met with sir elder and took the top prize.”

“My older brother!” Fang Zheng suddenly opened his eyes wide, crying out, “Wait, you said he’d gotten number one?”

How could this be! Wasn’t his brother a C grade talent?

Getting number one, this has to be a joke right?!

“It’s true. How could we possibly joke around with this matter?” Seeing Fang Zheng in disbelief, the guard seemed somewhat unhappy.

“This matter has been confirmed by the academy elder. In due course the name list will be released and announced. What’s wrong, your older brother did not tell you about it?” The other guard added.

Fang Zheng just stood silly at the door.

The truth was so much different from his imagination; right now he just could not understand what had just happened. In Fang Zheng’s heart, there were several illusions of his adversaries. Among them, the ones that brought the most threat were two—Gu Yue Mo Bei, and Gu Yue Chi Lian.

These two were of B rank talent. Behind them were the clan’s two largest family branches, and each of them had a grandfather that carried huge authority as elders, as well as sufficient financial power.

If any of these two people won first place over him, Fang Zheng’s heart and mind was still prepared. Even though he would feel a sense of loss, it was still acceptable.

But right now, the one who took away number one was not Gu Yue Mo Bei or Gu Yue Chi Lian; it was not even any of the opponents in his heart.

But it was Gu Yue Fang Yuan, his older brother!

That person with a C grade talent!

That person who fell downhill and turned dejected after the Awakening Ceremony!

That person who slept soundly in class all day!

That person who was always heavily drunk and never turned home at night!

That person who bullied Shen Cui, slapped him twice, and took all his primeval stones away!

That person who always held him down, just like a shadow entrenched in his heart!

“How can it be like this? It can’t be possible!” In a short while, Fang Zheng roared in his heart, “I was so hardworking, but he just drank everyday until he became drunk, and yet in the end he was the one who got number one, is this even fair? Why? Why?!”

The sun rose from the east, the birds chirped around, and the overflowing air of spring took over Qing Mao Mountain.

Gu Yue Fang Zheng bathed in the warm sunlight. He slowly lowered his head, gritting his teeth, looking at his own lonely shadow. The excitement in his heart had turned into a balloon that leaked air, long dissipating. Instead what took its place was the emotions of confusion, resentment, unwillingness, puzzlement, fear and other complicated feelings.

As time went by, the sun climbed higher.

The academy bulletin wall had posted a new name list, and on the list were just two names—firstly Fang Yuan, and then Fang Zheng. Following the appearance of this list, the news gradually spread out.

After hearing the news, all those young students who had been bent on refining their Gu at home after receiving one were in an uproar.

“How can it be like this!”

“If it was Fang Zheng who got number one I would still have believed it, but it’s Fang Yuan, isn’t he a C grade talent?”

“Could there have been a mistake, the A grade talent Fang Zheng actually lost to the C grade talent Fang Yuan, is this Tales from the Thousand and One Nights1?”

The Mo branch family home.

The greenery in the courtyard was overflowing, the fragrance of tea dancing about.

One of the clan elders of the Gu Yue clan, Gu Yue Mo Bei was sitting in front of his desk, looking at the spring scenery outside his window. He leisurely drank his tea and said, “Mo Bei hasn’t continued refining his Gu?”

The housekeeper standing at a side hurriedly replied, “After he heard about news concerning Fang Yuan in the afternoon, Young Master Mo Bei seemed to be deeply affected and has no mood to continue refining the Moonlight Gu. It is a pity, Young Master Mo Bei was just so close to succeeding. Actually, if Fang Zheng got number one it could still be ignored, but it just has to be that C grade talent Fang Yuan. So Young Master Mo Bei lost his interest, it can’t be helped.”

“Hmph! Do not excuse him.” Gu Yue Mo Chen snorted coldly, his face stern and his tone hard, “A Gu Master’s cultivation process is full of hardship each step, what is a small setback like this? That Fang Yuan is just a C grade, so to be able to get number one it is presumably because of luck. The Moonlight Gu that he chose must have had a weak will, so that is how he could snatch the top. If Mo Bei can’t see through this and let such a small setback get to him, then how is he supposed to be in charge of our Mo family branch in future, how can he compete with the Chi family branch? No one is allowed to advise him, let him think about it by himself!”

“Yes, master.” The housekeeper did not dare refute.

Almost at the same time, in the home of the Chi family branch.

“Sigh, Gu Yue Fang Yuan...” The clan elder Gu Yue Chi Lian gave a long sigh, his brows held down in a frown as he thought, waving his hand around. “Someone, call Young Master Chi Chen over please.”

In a moment, Gu Yue Chi Chen walked into the room with a lost expression, kneeling down with respect, “Your grandson greets his grandpa.”

“Seems like you already know about the news,” Gu Yue Chi Lian stared at his only direct grandson, his tone gentle. He slowly said, “I called you over to prevent you from getting influenced by this matter. You see, when refining the vital Gu, firstly one looks at the talent, secondly at the Gu worm.”

“Fang Yuan’s talent is just C grade, yet he was able to gain number one this time. This means that the Gu he chose -compared to all the Moonlight Gu your peers have—has a will that is much weaker. This is entirely due to luck. So my grandson, do not be discouraged, this is nothing really. He is just a C grade talent, though he is the same as you, but his supply of resources isn’t as good as yours. His road to advancement will also be harder than yours, believe your grandpa, you will soon surpass him.”

“Hence you should put away this trivial matter. Fang Yuan will not be your opponent, and is not worthy to be your adversary. Your real enemies are the A grade talent Fang Zheng and the Mo family’s Mo Bei. Do you understand?”

“Yes, thank you for your advice, grandpa. I understand. I will go now and continue refining my Gu!” Gu Yue Chi Chen had lost the sad expression on his face, replacing it with a high-spirited will to fight.

“Mmm.” Elder Gu Yue Chi Lian nodded his head, satisfied. A kindly smile emerged from his face and he said, “Good grandson. While your talent is only C grade, but you can be rest assured that grandpa will fully support you. Later on, I will come out and use the aura of a Rank three Gu worm to suppress your Moonlight Gu’s will and help you refine this Gu!”



Chapter 22 Dancing Moonblade Reverend Insanity

The sky was blue and clear, looking pure as if it had been washed clean.

The sun was shining golden. Puffs of white clouds floated away, and a group of colourful peacock parrots chirped as they flew beneath the blue sky, forming an arrow formation under the clouds as they soared.

This variant of colourful parrots would only appear in large groups during springtime.

Their bodies were littered with feathers the colour of the rainbow, their bodies the size of an eagle.

The birds had parrot beaks, while their tails were that of a peacock’s flowing long tail.

It had been ten days since the day Henry Fang managed to acquire number one in the test to refine the vital Fu.

The spring breeze blew over the whole mountain's green grass, while the wild flowers bloomed eagerly, and the bees and butterflies danced around together. Life was surging all around; it was the wonderful beauty of spring.

The breath of spring was so strong that the tall bamboo walls surrounding the training grounds could not hold it back.

This training field occupied 3 Mu(1).

The ground was flat, paved with a layer of thick and wide grey graphite.

Its four sides were planted with green spear bamboo; these green poles were placed closely together side by side, straight and tall, forming a circle of green high walls. While below the wall corners were stone as well, clumps of green grass emerged from many areas.

In between the bamboo were also some wild roses, poking in from the outside, a few even climbing the wall.

Fifty-seven young teens at the age of fifteen were standing in the midst of the training field right now, formed in a semi-circle around the academy elder who was in the center, putting their focus on him.

This was a lesson to teach the students on how to use the Moonlight Fu.

“The Moonlight Fu is our Spring clan's symbolic Fu, just like the Xiong(2) House's Bear Strength Fu, and the Bao(3) House's Stream Fu.

The majority of you on the field have chosen the Moonlight Fu as your vital Fu, so you must all watch properly.

Soon I will demonstrate personally how to use the Moonlight Fu to attack.

Students whose vital Fu is not the Moonlight Fu must also concentrate on me, as this classical long-distance attacking method can also be used on other Fu; the spectrum of methods one can use is very wide.” As he spoke, the academy elder stretched out his right hand, his five fingers opening wide.

He lowered his palm so that the young teens could see the center of it.

“Firstly, you use your mind to mobilize the Moonlight Fu, moving it to the center of your palm.” Following his voice, the crescent mark that represented the Moonlight Fu moved down the elder’s arm and into his palm.

“Then, you mobilize the primeval essence in your aperture, pouring it into the Moonlight Fu.” A thread of white silver coloured primeval essence gushed out from the elder’s body, so fine it was almost impossible to see.

It entered the Moonlight Fu in his palm.

The academy elder was of a Rank three realm, and only Rank three Fu Masters could produce white silver coloured primeval essence. Rank one Fu master’s primeval essence was commonly known as green copper primeval essence, while Rank two Fu Masters had theirs called red iron primeval essence. When they reached Rank three, it becomes white silver primeval essence. Once it absorbed the thread of white silver primeval essence, the crescent-shaped mark in the elder’s hand instantly glowed brighter and brighter.

Although it was daytime, it still issued a brilliant pale-blue light.

“That’s awesome!” “How beautiful.” The youngsters could not help but let out praises of surprise and amazement when they saw it.

The pale blue light was clear like water.

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It flickered faintly in the elder’s palm.

At first glance it would seem as if the academy elder’s hand was scooping a handful of moonlight.

The academy elder smiled a little.

“Now watch carefully, the last step is just like how I will do it, launching it out.” As he said this, his widely opened five fingers slowly closed together, then he lifted his arm up and slowly moved it forward, his arm straight.

Finally he waved his palm lightly in a cutting motion.

The entire movement was steady and powerful.

Swoosh.

The young students could hear a light brushing sound beside their ear.

Following the academy elder's movement, the condensed water-like pale blue light in his palm was thrown out like that.

The light transformed into a small moonblade in the air, the faint blue moonblade only the size of a wide-open hand, the shape just like the crescent moon in the night sky.

It drew a straight line in the air before it hit a grass puppet ten meters away.

A tearing sound was heard, and the grass puppet's neck that was about thirty centimeters thick was cut clean by the moonblade.

The puppet's body swayed about, the huge head suddenly falling onto the floor.

After cutting the grass puppet into half, the moonblade immediately appeared dimmer.

However it continued flying about another six meters in the air before the crescent began to gradually fade away, finally dissipating in the air. Looking at the grass puppet's neck again, one could see that the cut area was extremely flat, as if it was cut away by the sharpest sickle.

The youngsters were all shocked as they saw this, their eyes wide-open.

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A few of them even touched their own necks involuntarily, astonished by the attacking power of the moonblade.

After a short silence, the sounds of exclamation began.

The teenagers had shining eyes as they stared at the grass puppet, some of them staring at the elder's palm.

A few of them were looking at their peers, talking and whispering excitedly. Only Henry Fang stood hidden in the crowd with a cold expression, his stature calm.

In his previous life, Henry Fang had cultivated to Rank six, and he had created the Blood Wing Demon Sect in the Middle Kingdom.

He taught tens of thousands of people, and was reputed as a giant figurehead of the Demonic faction, his fame illustrious.

The academy elder was just a Rank three Fu master.

This small trick was just child's play to him; it would not cause any ripple of emotion in Henry Fang's heart.

"All those of you who have refined the Moonlight Fu, step out.

Each one of you shall take a grass puppet and follow the way I just did it, throwing out the moonblade, practice attacking." Once the academy elder was finished, around thirty students stepped out.

In this batch the entire clan had a hundred young teens joining the Awakening Ceremony.

Those who had cultivating talent were around fifty-seven.

Among these students, those who had chosen the Moonlight Gunumbered around thirty-five.

After going through these few days of hard work, they had all refined the Moonlight Fu.

Those that were left were all D grade talents.

It was not because they did not desire to refine the Moonlight Fu, but it was due to the inability of their talent, so they could only withdraw after learning of the difficulty.

To the youngsters of the Spring clan, the Moonlight Fu was not a simple Fu worm, but the symbol of the clan's glory. Very quickly thirty-five of them stood in a row.

Each of them faced forward, standing ten meters away from a grass puppet on the opposite.

Henry Fang stood in the middle of the row, but he did not garner any attention.

The practice began.

The students all stretched out their right hands, letting the Moonlight Fu move to the heart of their palm. One by one the blue crescent mark started to give out water blue light as green copper primeval essence was poured in.

But when they drew a vertical cut with their palm, only seven or eight crescents flew out.

Among these crescents, some of them only appeared for a short moment before dissipating away.

Some flew out for two to three meters before disintegrating into blue light with a bang.

Some flew further, but the direction was severely off-course, flying straight up to the sky.

The young teens all frowned. When they saw the elder's demonstration earlier it seemed quite easy.

But when they started practicing themselves, they realised the skill required in this action.

To throw out a moonblade and to have it hit on the grass puppet, it really was not that simple.

The elder had a faint smile as he watched.

He saw this scene every year, and was not surprised.

The remaining twenty-two students could only stand outside the field, watching jealously.

After practicing for five minutes, the youngsters were gradually able to produce moonblades.

For a time in the training ground, pale-blue coloured moonblades flew about everywhere.

A few moonblades would fade halfway, a few unluckily crashing into another.

Some flew out of the training field, twisting around.

Those that were able to hit on the grass puppets were just a small few. Of course these were all due to sheer luck.

The academy elder started to tutor and guide each one personally.

He focused greatly on Sam Fang, Mo Bei and Chi Cheng and those others with good latent talent.

He patiently corrected their postures, teaching them his experience.

Towards those C grade talent students like Henry Fang, he only mentioned two sentences.

Henry Fang kept condensing the blue light in his hand.

He waved his palm a few times cutting the air, but he did not release the light, pretending and acting. With the field a mess at the moment and no one focusing on himself, he moved his thoughts and released his hold on the Moonlight Fu, his palm tilting a little, making a cutting action.

In order not to raise attention, he did not focus on his own grass puppet opposite him, but aimed at the one on his left. With a whoosh, a moonblade flew out quickly, passing through the center of chaos, drawing a straight line in the air and cutting accurately into the neck area of a grass puppet.

The grass puppet wavered for a moment, the neck area cut deeply by the moonblade.

But very quickly, the green grassy area that was cut began to regrow, tangling together and healing away the wound. Of course, this grass puppet was not a normal scarecrow.

It was a Rank one Scarecrow Fu, having the nature-type ability of self-recovery.

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Unless the puppet was cut into half at once, it would just recover back to normal in a short while.

“Wow, look at that crescent!” “How cool, who threw it?” Moonblades that were able to hit grass puppets right now were rare.

Henry Fang just casually hit one, yet it caused the most significant result so far.

Thus in an instant the students outside the field gave out cries of surprise.

Even the academy elder’s attention was caught, and he asked, “That moonblade just now was not bad. Was it yours?” He looked at a C grade talent student with an enquiring eye, since that grass puppet was just opposite him.

This male student blinked his eyes, feeling somewhat bewildered as he faced everyone’s sudden gazes at him.

To be honest the field was just in a chaos earlier with moonblades flying about, so even he did not know if it was he himself who threw it.

However looking at it, it probably is me? Thought the young boy.

Then he nodded his head subconsciously.

The youngsters around him immediately looked at him with admiration.

“Who is he, what is his name?” Some of the girl students asked around.

“Even he can throw out a moonblade, I must not lose!” Spring Mo Bei’s eyes flashed with a hint of determination.

“So it’s not big brother who threw it,” Spring Sam Fang inexplicably sighed with relief.

After Uncle and Aunt consoled him, he was able to recover from the previous blow.

“Big brother, you won first place last time because your luck was good, picking a weak-willed Moonlight Fu.

A GuMaster’s cultivation cannot always rely on luck, I will win you.” Sam Fang was cheering for himself in his heart.

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“You did well. Continue trying hard, seize the feeling you had earlier.” The academy elder patted the student’s shoulder, smiling as he encouraged him.

The young boy quickly showed excitement and he nodded continuously, his eyes appearing with a different luster.

The elder took the opportunity and announced, “Listen up everyone, this will be your homework. Practice well after class, in three days I will check the results. Whoever performs the best will receive ten pieces of primeval stones as the prize.

Understand?” “Yes!” The young students all shouted loudly.

They could not help but be more excited when they heard about the primeval stone reward.

However only three minutes later, the moonblades that flew about in the air started to thin gradually.

“Damn, every single moonblade takes up 10% of primeval essence.” “The consumption of the moonblade is just too much, I am just a C grade talent, my aperture can only hold 38% of green copper primeval essence.

I can only throw out three moonblades.” Those that stopped all sighed.

The academy elder was calm as he witnessed everything, but his heart sighed, “This is the benefit of those with high cultivating talent.

To use the moonblade, it is simply just three words – Practice makes perfect.

Those with higher grade talent are able to hold more primeval essence in their apertures, and the rate of recovery is faster, so they have more chances to practice.

Those with poorer talent can also use primeval stones to make up for it, strengthening the number of practices.

But those with low grade talent and have no primeval stones, though they have the mind to practice they will still be powerless.

Sigh, the Fu master’s cultivation process is just so cruel.

I had just better take care of those high grade talent students.” (1) 亩 – Mu, an ancient Chinese measurement. 1 Mu is $666\frac{2}{3}$ meters² (2) 熊家 – Xiong House, Xiong is the word for Bear (3) 白家 – Bao House, Bao is the word for ‘white’ as in white colour

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The sun had already set.

The sunset glow was still burning in the sky.

The mountains far away in the distance were covered in a thick layer of grey ash, gradually turning to black.

In the academy, a day’s class was over.

The students walked out from the academy in groups of twos and threes.

“I’m really happy today, I learnt quite a few things.

Especially how I got to learn how to use the Moonlight Fu.” “The way the moonblade flies in the air looks so cool.

It’s too bad that my talent isn’t enough, so in the future I can only be a logistics Fu master, I won’t be able to go onto the battlefield.” The young teenagers happily chatted away.

A few of them called their friends over.

“Let’s go and eat, we can drink some rice wine while we’re at it, what do you think?” “Sure, that’s not a bad suggestion.” “You guys go on first, I need to go to the store beside the academy’s Fu room and buy a grass puppet.

It will be easy to practice at home with it.” Henry Fang went to the Fu room alone.

The academy’s Fu room kept quite a few Rank one Fu worms.

There were many types and variations, and Henry Fang’s Moonlight Fu was taken freely from inside. Once in a while the students would have a free chance to pick a Fu worm.

If one wanted to get extra Fu, they would need to pay up.

In this short time Henry Fang had no wish to refine any other Fu.

He walked to the building beside the Fu room – it was a small store.

In the store there were seven students, each of them negotiating over the counter with the store owner for buying grass puppets.

“It’s you, junior.” The Rank one Fu master responsible for the store was in his twenties. When he saw Henry Fang, he automatically greeted him while bargaining with his customers.

Henry Fang was taken by surprise, finding out that this Fu master was Jiang Ya.

It was the young Fu master that had taught the hunters a lesson in the inn.

“Ah, it’s you senior.” Henry Fang nodded his head, his face expressionless. Jiang Ya took out a grass puppet from the counter behind him, passing it to the student who purchased it.

At the same time he threw Henry Fang a friendly smile and asked, "Did junior brother come here to buy a grass puppet as well? If you want me to leave one for you, you just need three pieces of primeval stones.

These things sell like hotcakes, right now there's only seven left, if you wait any longer there won't be any stock left." Jiang Ya's attitude towards mortals was arrogant, but towards people like Henry Fang, he was very kind and sincere.

Henry Fang shook his head, laughing secretly as he thought, this Jiang Ya really did know how to do business.

The grass puppets were made with the Scarecrow Fu.

Even after including the primeval essence that was put in, the final cost should not be more than one and a half primeval stones.

"Senior, this isn't fair.

It should be first come first serve, why leave any for him?" "Yeah, we all came early.

If you want to do business you should know the rules." "Three pieces will be three pieces, here's the primeval stones, give me a grass puppet." The youngsters in the store were all worried when they heard that the store only had seven puppets left.

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They stopped trying to negotiate, and took out their stones to buy it. Very quickly, seven satisfied teenagers walked out.

"Does my junior want to buy a grass puppet?" Jiang Ya laughed as he asked, "It seems like they were sold out, but actually there's still the eighth puppet stowed away below the chest.

If junior doesn't buy it now, you will miss the opportunity." Henry Fang had no interest towards the grass puppet.

He shook his head and pulled out a piece of primeval stone, putting it on the counter.

"I want to buy ten moon orchid petals." Jiang Ya was stunned.

He looked Henry Fang deep in the eye, taking away the primeval stone and pulling open the counter drawer.

Then he took out a paper bag, saying, "Ten pieces of moon orchid flower petals, not one less. Please make sure." Henry Fang checked the goods on the spot and found no mistake with it.

Finally he left the small shop. Fu have to be fed.

A Fu master refines Fu, uses Fu, and at the same time needs to raise Fu. Refining a Fu is difficult; there is the risk of counterattack.

Using a Fu is not easy; one needs a lot of practice.

The knowledge of raising a Fu is even more extensive and profound, because there are all kinds of Fu worms and their food are exceedingly strange.

Some need to swallow soil, some need starlight, some require tears and some feed on the clouds and air from the nine skies. Just by taking Henry Fang's current three Fu for example, the Moonlight Fu requires moon orchid petals, two meals a day.

In the morning and night one meal, every meal two pieces of flower petals. Meanwhile for the Liquor worm, it needs to drink wine.

A jar of green bamboo wine could support it for four days.

As for the Spring Autumn Cicada, it is even more peculiar as it drinks straight from the River of Time, maintaining its vitality.

The River of Time supports the flow of this world.

It is not far away in the sky but very near at hand, flowing by every person's side.

Every move made by every living creature requires the push of time.

Time is like flowing water, hurriedly gliding forward.

The River of Time is invisible and colourless, while in reality all living creatures are actually surviving and living in the waters of the River of Time.

After buying the bag of moon orchid petals, Henry Fang went to the inn to buy green bamboo wine.

The Liquor worm could also drink some turbid wine or rice wine to live.

However with this kind of second-rate wine the amount it needed to drink would increase, and it would need many jars everyday.

After calculating, Henry Fang decided it would be better to buy green bamboo wine straight away. Not only would it be more worth than buying second-grade wine, it would also not arouse suspicion.

“Young sir, you’ve come.” The workers in the inn had already known Henry Fang.

Henry Fang passed him three pieces of primeval stones directly, saying with a familiar ease, “Give me a jar of green bamboo wine and make me a few good dishes. You don’t need to give me the change, just put it here first.

At the end of the month when it amounts up to one stone, you can subtract from my bill with it.” Even though Henry Fang no longer stayed at the inn right now ever since he moved to the academy dormitories, he would always have a meal here when he bought wine.

“Alright. Young sir please take a seat, the dishes will be sent over immediately.” The worker echoed, leading Henry Fang to his seat.

He took the cloth on top of his shoulder and gently wiped the table before leaving.

Indeed as the worker said, the dishes were very quickly served.

Henry Fang ate and calculated at the same time in his mind, “A piece of primeval stone can buy me ten pieces of flower petals.

The Moonlight Fu consumed four pieces everyday.

A jar of green bamboo wine costs two pieces of stones, and it can support the Liquor worm for four days.

In other words just to raise and feed the two of these Fu, I would need to spend nearly one stone everyday.” It does not seem like much, but in reality this was very costly.

The monthly living expenses for a mortal family of three only used up one piece of primeval stone.

From the starting of refining the Fu until today, sixteen days had already passed. Just to raise the Fu alone Henry Fang had already spent fourteen and a half primeval stones.

“I have acquired the Flower Wine treasure, taken away Sam Fang’s bag of primeval stones and also got the first place reward. My primeval stone assets once reached up to forty-four pieces and a half.

However in the early days of refining the Fu I wasted six pieces and a half, then I used fourteen pieces and a half on feeding these Fu. My living expenses cost half a piece, and today I am probably left with twenty pieces.” Henry Fang took out his money pouch.

He opened it and looked inside.

The bag contained pieces of primeval stones inside.

Each of these stones were greyish white in colour, their shapes ellipsoid and the volumes equal, the size similar to a duck egg.

After counting he found that he really only had twenty pieces left.

In other words if this continued on then Henry Fang would only be able to go on for half a month with the remaining stones he had left.

He was not like his peers – they had relatives and friends to help them out, especially with the case of students like Spring Mo Bei and Spring Chi Cheng who were loaded with primeval stones.

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Henry Fang could only think of a way himself.

“Uncle and Aunt have already cut off my living expenses, but every weekend the clan academy would give out three pieces of primeval stones as subsidy to every student. Looks like I would need to show off in the moonblade assessment in three days and take that ten primeval stone prize.” Henry Fang chewed the food in his mouth while he pondered.

His current age was just at the age where the body was growing. Without realizing it all the rice and dishes had entered his stomach.

Taking up the sealed green bamboo wine jar, Henry Fang lifted his feet and started walking, leaving the inn.

“Young sir, young sir.” The inn worker chased after him from behind and said, “Just to tell young sir something, but in less than a month the trading company will arrive to the village.

By convention they would always buy the green bamboo wine in our shop. Young sir loves our green bamboo wine and always buys a few jars every week, so the innkeeper ordered me to tell young sir about this matter.

The green bamboo wine in our store has limited supply, so after we sell it to the trading company I'm afraid we would be left with very little." "Is that the case?" When Henry Fang heard the news, he frowned slightly.

To know someone and tell apart the conversation, Henry Fang had five hundred years of experience.

The shop worker and the young Fu master Jiang Ya spoke with similar meaning, however Henry Fang could naturally tell the difference with Jiang Ya's tricky words and the shop worker's truthful words.

This matter was a little troublesome.

Henry Fang needed to feed the Liquor worm and he needed a huge amount of green bamboo wine in the long run.

If this inn ran out of stock then he would have to use huge amounts of second-rate wine to feed the Liquor worm.

It was not possible for him to drink several jars a day.

After a while people would be suspicious.

After thinking about it, Henry Fang took out ten pieces of primeval stones and said, "Then I'll buy another five jars.

I will need you to carry them for me and follow me to put them in the academy dormitory." "Alright, young sir." The worker immediately accepted the primeval stones.

The moon orchid flower petals could only last for five days without any special storage means, so Henry Fang would only buy a bag every time.

However the green bamboo wine could be kept for a very long time, thus there was no problem with this.

A few workers followed Henry Fang into the academy dorms and placed the wine jars under his bed, and then they bid their leave.

As he saw the money pouch that had suddenly flattened down in his hands, Henry Fang heaved a sigh. Refining a Fu is hard, but raising a Fu is also not easy.

This is also considering the fact that he had his five hundred years of previous life experience, so he did not need to practice using his Fu, meaning that the consumption rate of primeval essence would be lessened and thus saving him a huge sum of expenses.

For those at his age around him, they would need to practice using the Moonlight Fu and would need to waste primeval essence.

To increase proficiency, one would need to practice many times. When too much primeval essence is consumed, primeval stones would have to be used as a supplement since the recovery rate is too slow.

To buy a grass puppet it costs three primeval stones as well.

All this is money.

“Fortunately my Spring Autumn Cicada feeds on time and not anything else. Otherwise I would have long gone bankrupt, I would never be able to support it.” Henry Fang suddenly felt very lucky.

The more high-end the Fu is, the greater the food consumption needed or the more precious and rare the food required would be, thus the more difficult it would be to keep.

A normal level Rank two Fu worm would cost up to around one to two pieces of primeval stones a day.

It is good enough if the food is purchasable.

There were some Fu that required food that was relatively difficult to find, some of it did not even circulate in the market. Just like the Spring Autumn Cicada’s food being time itself, this was actually more precious.

After all there was a saying, an inch of gold cannot buy an inch of time. No matter how much money you have, can you buy time? You can’t! In theory a Fu master can refine an unlimited amount of Fu.

As long as you can refine it, whether ten, a hundred or a thousand worms is possible. You can refine as many Fu as you wish to.

But in reality a Fu master normally only had 4-5 Fu. Why? The biggest reason is because it is hard to afford.

The higher the grade of the worm, the more expensive it would cost to feed and raise.

It often gave a Fu master too many difficulties to cope with, making them have unceasing headaches over it.

Another reason was – unable to use.

To use the Moonlight Fu to throw out a single moonblade attack, one would need to use up 10% of primeval essence.

A C grade talent Fu master could run out of primeval essence in their apertures after launching three to four attacks.

To raise so many Fu, wouldn't it be a waste if one couldn't use them anyway? Thus in the Fu master's cultivation there was a saying going around: Raising a Fu is like raising a mistress.

To keep a mistress you would need to buy food, clothes, a house etc.

It is very expensive and the more you have the more costly it is; a normal man cannot afford it.



Even if you keep so many, a man's energy is limited; he cannot use them all. Would you raise them just to look at them? When the rank of the Fu master increases, so does the food standard of the Fu worm.

Thus please refrain from seeing how a Fu master has no limit to the number of refining Fu; in general a Fu master only keeps around 4-5 Fu of his level.

If the number of Fu was raised higher, the Fu master would go bankrupt!

Chapter 24 Reverend Insanity

Three days later.

"Lowering your body to dodge, that is the usual technique of restraining against a flying fist. When your enemy comes and attacks you, quickly squat down and at the same time do a counterattack, striking his crotch and abdomen.

Do not be afraid of a swinging fist.

Usually those who come up and start swinging their fists at the first moment are people who have no brains and are impulsive and rash.” On the martial arts field, the academy’s martial arts(1) instructor spoke while he performed actions to demonstrate.

A wooden puppet’s right fist swept over, and the martial arts instructor quickly squatted down, dodging the incoming attack.

Then he threw a punch at the puppet’s abdomen, knocking it down with a few punches.

The students were looking at the demonstration in a circle, but most of them were lacking in spirit, showing very little interest.

The academy taught a variety of courses and this lesson was the one that taught foundation of martial arts.

Using fists and legs to exert oneself was too inferior to the handsome and cool attack style of the moonblade, making almost all the students absent-minded.

“The next class will be the Moonlight Fu’s usage assessment.

How have you been practicing so far lately?” “I’m still doing good.

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I can do three moonblades, but only a few of them actually hit.

Usually I get two blades on the grass puppet.” “Mmm, that’s the same like me.

I specially bought a grass puppet just to practice for this in these few days.”

The young teens whispered to one another, their minds long gone from the lesson.

They were all worried about the assessment in the next class. Just for this assessment, they had practiced hard for a long time after class, and now they were flexing their hands and feet, looking forward to the assessment.

The sounds of the students’ discussion had reached the instructor’s ear, and the martial arts coach jerked his gaze back at them, shouting, “No talking allowed in class, all of you keep your mouths shut and watch closely!” He was a Rank two Fu master, his body rather muscular.

His upper body was naked and robust, the bronzed skin littered with countless scars on it. With a loud shout he showed a threatening manner, pressing down on all the students in the field.

Silence fell in the martial arts field.

“The foundation of martial arts is the most important among important things.

Especially in the early stages of a Fu master’s cultivation, it is more important than anything else.

All of you better focus your attention on me!” After he finished scolding, the martial arts instructor called out another wooden puppet.

This light yellow wooden puppet was two meters tall, its huge wooden feet making sharp sounds as it stepped on the bluestone floor tiles.

The wooden puppet stretched open its arms and rushed clumsily towards the coach.

The instructor dodge its attack, then fiercely hugged its waist and used his strength to push it forward down, causing the huge and tall wooden puppet to fall to the ground.

Then the instructor rode on the puppet’s waist and swung his fist quickly at the puppet’s head.

The wooden puppet resisted for a moment, then its head was smashed broken by the instructor’s raining blows.

It was paralyzed on the ground, lying motionless.

The martial arts instructor stood up, his breathing calm and long as always.

He explained to the students, “When facing a huge and tall enemy in close combat, do not be afraid. Ruining the opponent’s center of gravity is a type of sensible tactic to pin down your enemy. Just like how I did it earlier, you must hug the opponent’s waist, control his hips and then push forward with your strength.

After that you take the opportunity and get on his body and fiercely punch at your enemy.

Those with no defensive capabilities will instantly collapse.” The students nodded repeatedly, but most of their eyes showed disapproval.

The coach saw all of this and laughed bitterly in his heart.

Every batch was like this.

The attitudes of these youngsters were naturally easily attracted by gorgeous things. Without personal understanding and experience, it was hard for them to understand the importance of having a martial arts foundation.

In truth especially for a Fu master in his early stage, while the basic martial arts did not look promising, it was actually more important than the blade attack.

“...Remember, in close combat, your sight must not always stare at the enemy’s eye.

It should focus on the enemy’s shoulder. No matter punching or kicking, the enemy’s shoulder will always move first...” “...In close combat your speed is very important, the speed I am talking about in this context is not the speed of your fists, but the speed of the movement of your legs...” “...Distance is the best defense...” “...Keep your legs elastic, then you will be able to easily burst out your strength...” “When striking with your fists, maintain a triangle support. Otherwise you will lose your footing.

The enemy has not fallen, yet instead you fell first...” The instructor patiently explained while he demonstrated.

These were all his valuable experiences that he got from sacrificing blood and tears, experience accumulated from long battles.

Unfortunately the students were unaware of this.

They gradually started to whisper again, the focus of the discussion still on the next lesson’s moonblade assessment.

“This martial arts instructor is very pragmatic, but his teaching style is wrong.” Henry Fang watched quietly among the crowd, nodding and shaking his head at times.

The instructor had no discipline in his teaching; he taught completely by interest, and just taught whatever he thought of.

Therefore the things he taught came out in a mess and there was a lot of complicated info.

In the beginning many students listened seriously, but gradually they lost interest and diverted their attention to other aspects. Only Henry Fang listened meticulously all the way; while others were learning, he was revising.

His combat experience was richer than the instructor, but listening to others narrating was also a way of verification in cultivation.

A Fu master's method of fighting is usually divided between melee and ranged.

The moonblade attack is a type of ranged attack, but when strictly speaking, it is considered medium range due to its effective distance only being ten meters. When it came to close combat Fu Masters, the martial arts instructor was the best example. Melee battle GuMasters would usually choose Fu that amplified their own body strengths and cultivate.

These Fu would give them superhuman strength, agility, responsiveness, endurance etc. Just like this martial arts instructor, his whole body was covered in bronze skin.

This was of course not his own skin colour, but it was a type of copper skin Fu's effect.

The copper skin Fu would increase the Fu master's skin toughness and defence by a lot, letting the Fu master be able to endure more damage.

"A single moonblade would consume 10% of primeval essence.

How many times can a Fu master throw a moonblade during battle? The number is few, especially for beginners who have difficulty forming effective blows.

It can only be used as a type of trump card, the terrorizing factor is greater than its lethality.

To a Rank one Fu master, the truly useful skill would be martial arts kung fu.

This is because the martial art offence is more durable and reliable.

It's a pity that this fact is something that they will not understand unless they face it with their own experience." Henry Fang lightly glanced around at his peers, a faint sneer somehow forming on his lips.

The basic martial arts class was finally over.

After a short rest, the student's eyes were filled with anticipation; the academy elder was late.

He waved his big hand, pointing at the row of grass puppets in front of the bamboo wall.

He went straight to the subject and said, "Alright, today is the day to check the results.

I want five people in a group coming up in proper sequence, using the moonblade to attack three times." Swoosh.

The first group of students went up, and the moonblade danced in the air.

After three rounds, only nine moonblades hit on the grass puppets.

The academy elder shook his head a little, feeling slightly displeased.

This hit rate was too low, the key being that among these five only two managed to successfully throw out two moonblades.

"You all better practice properly after this, especially you, and you." The elder reprimanded in a short sentence, then he waved his big hand and said, "Next group." The two that were reprimanded dropped their heads and left the field in dismay. One of them was a girl, her eyes a little red and her heart grieving.

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She was only a C grade talent, yet she could not bear to use primeval stones to quickly recover her primeval essence.

Thus in these three days she practiced very little, resulting in her unskilled throwing of the moonblade.

A Fu master needed money to refine Fu, raise Fu; even practicing to use Fu needed cash.

But where was she able to get so much money? Even though her two parents were supporting her from behind, but every family had their own problems.

To be short of funds was often the dilemma that a Fu master faced.

"Anyway I don't have the slightest chance of getting number one.

I might as well give up and save on primeval stones, that is better for me.” As she thought of this, her heart became calm once more.

There were actually quite a number of people who thought the same way as this young girl.

Because of the lack of practice, many of the students performed poorly.

The academy elder’s brow deepened more and more.

Henry Fang watched, secretly shaking his head.

“These people are really pitiful and sad. Just for a small amount of primeval stones, they gave up their own chance to make progress. Primeval stones are meant to be used; if you want to become a miser and accumulate primeval stones, then what did you become a Fu master for?” In other words, those who are shortsighted would often haggle over every penny and chase after less important things.

As for those with lofty aspirations, they usually showed a tolerant and generous attitude, and had the strength to give up and let go of things.

“It’s finally my turn.” At this moment, Spring Mo Bei’s horse face lit up in a confident smile all over, and he walked up to the field.

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His stature was stout and gave out a fierce and strong aura.

After standing still he raised his hand and threw three moonblades – all three of them hit.

Among the blades, two of them hit on the puppet’s chest, while the other blade hit the puppet’s left arm, shaving away a few green grass.

This result naturally caused the young teens to burst with admiration.

“Well done.” The elder’s brow slightly smoothed out.

The next group came up, Spring Chi Cheng standing among them.

He had a small and short body, his face full of pockmarks, his expression bringing a slight nervousness.

He sent out three moonblades continuously and all three hit on the puppet's chest, cutting out three intertwined scars.

The scars went from deep to shallow and restored back to its original appearance after a few breaths, due to the puppet's self-healing ability.

However this outcome was already tied to Spring Mo Bei's result, and also received the elder's praise. Chi Cheng held his head high as he walked out of the field, looking at Mo Bei defiantly in the eye on the way.

"Hmph!" Below the field, Spring Mo Bei gave a cold snort, but he did not return Chi Cheng's glare.

Instead, he continued looking at Spring Sam Fang who had not gone up yet.

His heart clearly knew that the real threats were only Spring Chi Cheng and Spring Sam Fang.

The previous was the same like him – a B grade talent while also having the constant supply of primeval stones.

The latter was an A grade talent; while Sam Fang did not have as many primeval stones as them, but just by relying on his own natural recovery speed thanks to his grade talent, he would also be able to practice a lot in a short amount of time. Right now Spring Chi Cheng's results have appeared, showing a tie to Mo Bei, and only Spring Sam Fang was left.

In the last few groups, Spring Sam Fang finally came up to the stage. (1) 拳脚 – Chinese boxing but I translate it as martial arts, because firstly I'm not sure Chinese is the proper word here.

This land isn't really China and their language isn't really Chinese, also writing Chinese boxing feels out of place here.

Chapter 25 Reverend Insanity

"Is he Henry Fang or Sam Fang?" Some of the students were muttering; there were still people who could not differentiate between Henry Fang and Sam Fang, the two twin brothers.

"It's Sam Fang.

Henry Fang is always wearing a cold expression, he would never appear tense," someone answered.

"Oh, then there will be a spectacle.

Sam Fang is the only A grade talent from our village in three years, after all." The crowd casted their eyes over to the field.

Sam Fang could feel the pressure among the gazes shot at him, and this made him feel even more nervous.

Standing on the stage, his fingers were trembling slightly.

He threw out his first moonblade, originally intending to aim at the grass puppet's chest.

But because he was tense, he missed – in the end the moonblade imprinted onto the grass puppet's neck area.

The young teens instantly let out a sound of slight surprise.

They thought that Sam Fang deliberately did it.

Instead of aiming for the easiest spot which was the chest of the puppet, he went for the neck instead – this was a showcase of huge self-confidence towards his own attacking skill.

They could not help but look forward to Sam Fang's next move. Spring Mo Bei and Spring Chi Cheng however had their complexions cast down. Only those among the field who could see Sam Fang's error were the academy elder and Henry Fang.

"How dangerous!" Looking at the moonblade, Sam Fang exclaimed in his heart while secretly feeling lucky.

He took in a few deep breaths, trying his best to calm down.

Then he threw out two blades.

This time he did not make any mistakes, and the two blades hit accurately on the grass puppet's chest.

This result made the academy elder nod his head, and Mo Bei and Chi Cheng calmed down as well.

Sam Fang's result was different from theirs, so it would all come down to how the academy elder decided to grade them.

The other students let out sounds of sighing.

Sam Fang's later performance was not interesting, making them feel slightly disappointed.

The next few groups were not interesting either. No one was able to perform better than Mo Bei, Chi Cheng and Sam Fang.

The youngsters started to whisper around.

"At this rate, the top scorer in today's assessment should be among the three of them."
"All three of them managed to hit the grass puppet, I wonder who the academy elder will deem better." "Hold on, it's the last group.

Henry Fang's going up." "Oh, that C grade talent 'cold genius'? Heh heh." Right when it was the last group, Henry Fang finally went up stage.

"It's that Henry Fang..." Spring Mo Bei lifted his head and looked at Henry Fang for a moment, then he lowered his eyes uncaringly.

"Last time you got really lucky, choosing a weak-willed Moonlight Fu by accident and getting number one. Let's see how you perform this time!" Spring Chi Cheng hugged his arms, waiting to see Henry Fang make a fool of himself.

"Big brother... This time will not be like the last.

I have practiced so hard for so long, I can definitely surpass you." Among the crowd, Spring Sam Fang pursed his lips, subconsciously clenching his fists tightly. Previously in the assessment to refine the vital Fu, he as someone with an A grade talent actually got second position. Naturally he was not happy with this.

Especially after he understood that Henry Fang was able to win and get number one because of sheer luck, this made him even more unsatisfied.

To Spring Sam Fang, being victorious over his own older brother Henry Fang had a special and great significance. Many gazes were gathered on Henry Fang, and the academy elder's sight was fixed on him as well.

Henry Fang made no emotion; his expression was cold and detached.

He stood still, primeval essence pouring into the Moonlight Fu in the heart of his palm. With a cut in the air, he struck out the first moonblade.

This moonblade flew very high.

It not only went over the grass puppet's head, but flew over the bamboo wall as well.

It went on for almost fifteen meters before the light turned dim and vanished into thin air.

"Pffft..." Someone couldn't help but laugh out.

"This is way too outrageous, isn't it." Someone sneered.

"He's indeed a genius. No wonder he managed to get number one in refining the Fu." Another spoke sarcastically.

In the earlier years when Henry Fang created poetry and showed early wisdom, it had already caused discontented emotions among these people. Later on when he relied on 'luck' and got number one in refining his vital Fu, this made them feel a layer of jealousy among their dissatisfaction. Many of them were waiting to see a 'good show'.

They waited to see the 'genius' Henry Fang reveal an embarrassing action, and this moonblade of his did not let them down. Waves of laughter swept across the crowd.

The academy elder shook his head slightly, secretly laughing at himself. Why did he have to be so concerned with Henry Fang for no reason? He was just a C grade and merely a boy who got number one in refining Fu because of sheer luck.

In his heart he had already made up his mind.

Although Mo Bei, Chi Cheng and Sam Fang's results were the same, he would still pick Sam Fang as number one.

The war between Spring Mo Bei and Spring Chi Cheng was the epitome of the political struggle between the two most powerful elders in the clan.

The academy elder had always remained in the center and had no intention to enter the middle of the political vortex.

The academy elder was more inclined towards the clan head Spring Bo, and Sam Fang was a set with the clan leader.

Add in the fact that he had A grade talent, choosing him as number one would mean showing biased care for him, and it was something the clan's upper authorities could accept.

A warm spring breeze blew over, the smell of flowers drifting into the training grounds.

The sunlight shone down on Henry Fang's body, sending a lonely black shadow onto the ground.

His expression was still cold as he quietly gazed at the grass puppet ten meters away.

The moonblade in his palm was giving out a faint blue light. Of course, he had deliberately thrown the first moonblade off course. Right now he only had two chances left to act.

Taking into account the academy elder's position, to acquire number one he would have to create an outcome that exceeded everyone's expectations in the next two attacks.

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"With only two chances left to attack, it's impossible.

Big brother, I have finally won over you." Spring Sam Fang's eyes did not flicker as he stared at Henry Fang.

From young till old, the life shadow that his older brother had brought onto him finally faded away slowly at this moment.

Sam Fang could feel victory so nearby.

His two fists were subconsciously clenched tight, his entire body so full of excitement that he trembled slightly.

"Big brother, my victory this time is just a beginning. Next, I will keep on winning over you again and again until I banish away all the shadows in my heart.

I will prove to the clan, the excellence of an A grade talent genius!" Sam Fang told himself in his heart.

But just at this moment, Henry Fang acted.

His right palm was like a knife, splitting the void. With a sharp tearing sound, the watery blue light shrouded in his palm was thrown out.

It flew in the air, turning into a curved blue moonblade, shooting towards the grass puppet.

In just the next second Henry Fang's right palm lit up again in a coat of blue light.

He turned his palm and shot out the third moonblade.

These two attacks connected smoothly like flowing water; it was a seamless combination.

The two moonblades flew out in quick succession, the distance between the two blades less than half a meter apart in the air.

Under the stunned gazes of the crowd, the two moonblades accurately hit onto the grass puppet's neck.

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"This..." Sam Fang's pupils shrank, a bad feeling emerging from his heart.

In the next moment, the students slowly opened their mouths wide as they wore astonished expressions.

They saw that the grass puppet's head slowly tilted to one side, then it fell off the neck and dropped onto the ground. With a bounce, it rolled two to three meters away.

Henry Fang had beheaded the puppet! This outcome had gone beyond the expectations of everyone on field.

"Is this luck or skill?" The academy elder frowned.

This doubt hovered in the hearts of the rest of the students.

For a time, the entire training ground lapsed into silence.

“How could this be...” Sam Fang murmured.

He stared at Henry Fang blankly, the surged emotions in his heart dropping instantly, falling deep into the lowest point.

Henry Fang narrowed his eyes, acting as if he was oblivious to the gazes that fell onto him from the crowd. Cluck, cluck... Under the blue skies and white clouds, a group of peacock parrots suddenly flapped their wings and flew in mid-air.

They dragged their magnificent, long and slender peacock tails, clucking in the air as they flew about playfully.

Henry Fang stood in the center of the training field, looking up.

Under the bright sunlight, the multi-coloured feathers of the birds dazzled even greater and gorgeous.

His expression was indifferent, as if the person who just cut off the grass puppet’s head was not him.

“Ah, the light of spring is really enchanting..” He sighed in his heart.

