

## Ancient ST 301

### Chapter 301 Two medical prescriptions, the prescription to awake the talent of the beast

"Qing Shui, I have two medical prescriptions and some ingredients for it," Cang Wuya said while walking back to his room to retrieve the prescriptions for Qing Shui. "It's a shame that I'm still unable to refine them successfully. But it is a good prescription, so I'm giving it to you!"

Qing Shui looked at the beast parchment with anticipation. The temptation of the prescription was still very irresistible. Once refined to a certain degree, the medicinal pill would have the restoration ability that was even better than those of the divine weapons.

The strength of the medicinal pill lay in the personal improvement and consumption where, in normal situations, the pills cannot be lost easily. However, the divine weapons were different; they would get one into trouble by attracting envious people, or worse, there would be impending massacre.

Still, Qing Shui took the prescriptions from Cang Wu Yi and responded, "Thanks, old man!"

Having received the prescriptions, he knew that the bond between him and Cang Wu Yi would be unbreakable now.

Qing Shui knew that the prescriptions were definitely not too shabby. Although Cang Wu Yi's refining skills were not polished, his vision and outlook on things were still considered great. If Cang Wu Yi was able to regard these prescriptions as 'good', then they were definitely of the highest quality.

"No problem. These prescriptions aren't that bad, but the chances of failure are quite high. Even regular pharmacists have fifty percent chance of refining success." Cang Wu Yi chuckled. "So even if there's a one percent success rate, it's considered pretty good. Also, even if you have the necessary ingredients, you still won't be able to prevent this kind of failure."

Qing Shui opened up the prescription and saw two unfamiliar medical terms on the parchment!

The effectiveness of the pill can increase a beast's full power by ten percent. Each beast can only consume at most five pills at a time, which will enable a ten percent chance to awaken and increase one's combat talents.

It was considered exceptional to be able to awaken ten percent of the full power, in addition to possessing the same effectiveness of the Small Revitalizing Pellet on human beings. What's more, it was also regarded one of the top pills amongst the 1st level of King Grade. Most importantly, one person was able to consume five pills at a time, which contained more than half of the full power.

Even though Qing Shui was already pleased with the statistics, he was more interested in the awakening of the combat talents.

Combat talents! Qing Shui was no stranger to that. Every species of any beasts possessed some kind of combat talent. For example, the bear species, once they had awoken their natural ability, the power and defense will immediately double, or increase more than that.

The combat talent of the Panther-type Beasts is speed. Once the talent was awoken, their speed will immediately double or more. This, however, still depended on the nature of the beast itself.

No matter what kind of beasts they were, once the talents are awoken, their overall power could be boosted to a higher level. They might even master some of their finesse to a greater degree.

In an instant, Qing Shui thought about his own Firebird and its talent, whether it used fire element to increase the fire damage, or will its powers be awoken by the Phoenix Blood.

He got excited as he thought about the Firebird's Phoenix bloodline. Will it one day be reborn as a Phoenix if the Firebird awoke his bloodline?

But then, he thought, the chances are one percent, similarly to how five pills will only have five times of one percent. Suddenly, Qing Shui pondered on whether the one percent awakening of combat talents after consuming five Beast Pills really did exist.

"Forget it, I will think about it after I have refined those pills. Let's see the next page of the prescription," Qing Shui contemplated. "However, this is really something. The Beast Pill is most definitely better than those pills of 2nd Level of King Grade. What is this second page about?" Qing Shui thought as he impatiently open the parchment.

Concentrating Spirit Pill prescription: one thousand-year Fleeceflower Root, one thousand-year Tigerbone Powder one thousand-year Bear Gall, three thousand-year Turtle's Blood, Seven-Leaf Lotus , Azure White, Eight-Edged Lotus Leaf, White Frost Nectar, Purple Leaf Flower , one thousand-year Fu Ling , one thousand-year Ox gallstones!

This pill allowed practitioners to double their practice speed in just twelve hours!

"What the..." Qing Shui started as he nearly swore his heart out. To him, pills with this kind of attribute could easily compare 1st or 2nd Level of King Grade and any other higher grades to those of trash.

Most importantly, these pill did not have any limitation. Each pill allowed the practitioners to undergo two days' worth of exercise in a span of one day, which was enough to defy the order of nature.

One must know that cultivators usually absorb the spiritual qi of the Heaven and Earth by quenching essence into their bodies, flesh and bones, the eight vessels energy channels and meridians, and the organs.

However, the speed and mass by absorbing the Aura of the Heaven and Earth for every person was different. Some may be fast and some may be slow during training. Those with high perceptions will be able to absorb the essence much faster and with purer quality. However, those with low perceptions can only absorb the essence slower and with low quality, thus extending their practice time.

In any case, not all was lost. If one's perception was low, one may be able to invest more time to reach and accumulate purer and greater amount of quality than others.

Qing Shui instantly felt joyous. Other people might take advantage of this pill to double their practising speed, but the time they spent during in a day was only equivalent to two days' worth of time.

Qing Shui, however, was different from them as he had the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal. If the Spirit Concentrating Pill allowed it, Qing Shui would be able to defy the balance of nature. He had already surpassed the original time by fifteen fold. This time, he would be able to double that amount.

Thirty fold...

One day would be equivalent to one month. Qing Shui got fired up just thinking about this ridiculous concept. It was just like cheating in a game.

"Hey, old man. Since the success rate for this type of pill is so low, will this medicine even distribute throughout the mainland?" Qing Shui felt that even though the pill was precious, it still had low refining success. There were a lot of valuables in the mainland, as well as an abundance of rich people buying them. It wouldn't be a surprise that pills that could triple or quadruple the speed would be available in the market, much less the ones that could double the speed of training.

"Yeah. Although they are valuable, you can find them in the mainland, but the supply depletes quickly. Back in my day, I used to practise my refining using these pills, only succeeding once or twice out of the one hundred attempts. After a while, I learnt to just take those ingredients to the Medical Pill Sect and exchange them for the pills." Cang Wuya laughed as he reminisced.

Qing Shui now understood why there would be Martial Kings that were relatively young. If a forty-year-old man practised for thirty years, but in the span of those years he was able to consume pills that could quadruple the effect of a Spirit Concentrating Pill, then he would have already finished nearly two hundred years worth of training.

He thought he was able to defy the order of nature just by acquiring the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal, but it seemed Qing Shui did not have enough outlook and perspective of the world. This prescription allowed him to view the world in a wider aspect.

"But old man, wouldn't that mean this Medical Pill Sect you mentioned has a much higher success rate in refining Spirit Concentrating Pill?" Qing Shui felt that the Medical Pill Sect's main job should be about refining pills, but he began to develop a new perspective on those people who could refine pills.

They were able to use significantly less time to finish what other people could do in a lifetime of strenuous training. This was what they would call 'Grinding a chopper will not delay the work of cutting firewood'.

"Well, Medical Pill Sect is a big faction in the Greencloud Continent, comparable to the Heavenly Palace. They are well-known for their medicinal pills, even though their job revolves around refining pills. Also, they don't participate in the issues between factions. Like us old men, Medical Pill Sect is well hidden inside the Greencloud Continent," Cang Wuya replied as he pondered for a while.

"The Spirit Concentrating Pill they refined, just like the one in your hands, has about fifty percent success rate. Basically, in between two times of refining, you will succeed at least once."

At last, Qing Shui was able to learn about the powerful side of the medicinal pill today. There was no doubt saying that the Medical Pill Sect was hidden in the deeper part of the continent. After all, being a big faction with an abundance of medicinal pills, strong opponents are bound to exist.

Originally, the chances of joining the leapfrog challenge were slim, but if he added up all the medicinal pills, armor, weapons, and especially the abnormal temporary medicinal pills, the challenge would not be a problem. The only problem was the ugly side-effects from consuming those temporary medicinal pills.

"Tomorrow when Martial Uncle Wuji comes, he will take these two ingredients for the medicinal pill. I will give you one hundred of these, which will suffice for days. If you finish them, you can come and find me." Cang Wuya laughed cheerfully.

"Old man, the medicine refining technique that I have learnt doesn't seem right." Qing Shui thought really hard before he asked Cang Wuya. "Is it possible to instead use some of the live ones, or those that just died with roots a short while ago, that way the refining success would be higher?"

Cang Wuya faced Qing Shui after he had thought about it and said, "I can let you try. The essential ones are not suitable to be grown here. You need to dry them under the sun. But the half-dead ones with the roots intact can still be used."

"Thank you so much, old man." Qing Shui showed his gratitude towards Cang Wuya.

When Qing Shui went back to his place, he read the prescriptions for Beast Pill and Spirit Concentrating Pill repeatedly. As he thought about refining the pills tomorrow, he got excited. He wondered whether his refining success rate would be the same as before.

His Primordial flames and Golden Flint Iron Cauldron should be a bit better than the Medical Pill Sect. Qing Shui felt that his refining skills couldn't be any worse than other people's.

Nowadays, when Qing Shui saw a hanging picture of the beautiful lady in the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal, he was reminded of that mysterious Palace Mistress of Misty Hall.

No matter where he was, Qing Shui would often unintentionally hear the Palace Mistress of Misty Hall's conversation. Her words were breathtaking and flattering, exchanging around marvelously.

Both Cang Hai Ming-Yue and Huoyun Liu-Li's arrival had been a topic of discussion, but what surprised Qing Shui was that Cang Hai Ming-Yue was more inferior to the Palace Mistress of Misty Hall. Palace Mistress of Misty Hall was always wearing a veil and only revealed a pair of eyes with unparalleled beauty. That rumored extraordinary yet cold demeanor only elevated her mysterious beauty.

But there were also rumors about a horrible scar or birthmark on the Palace Mistress of Misty Hall's face, and that was the reason why she wouldn't show her face to anyone. As a result, most people thought that Cang Hai Ming-Yue was the most perfect one.

Veil-wearing Huoyun Liu-Li and Gong Sun Jian-Wu became two of the most alluring women in the Heavenly Palace. A lot of people were guessing about the existence of a scar on Huoyun Liu-Li's face, but it was just a discussion. Still, that perfect body and manner, especially those erotic eyes that could soften any man's heart, would not be able to lose to that of Cang Hai Ming-Yue in the slightest.

Everytime Qing Shui thought about it, he wanted to see the Palace Mistress of Misty Hall - the lady who had been a topic for many. But he was embarrassed to ask the two ladies about her. In the end, he gave up the thought of wanting to see the Palace Mistress of Misty Hall.

Even if he could go and see her, he still couldn't do anything about it. This was a man's common sickness. Even though a woman didn't belong to him, he still wished to just look at her, regardless of whether he was going to look at her innocently or with dirty thoughts. He still had a remarkably strong urge to see her.

Taichi Single Whip!

Qing Shui was still able to use Taichi Punch to fully deploy Heavenly Thunder Slash, a move that had already entered the "Familiar" realm with its movements as effortless as flowing water. The rhythms grew stronger with both arms moving in between each flow, occasionally letting out a few soft blasting echoes.

With each numerous deployment and feeling, Qing Shui's Heavenly Thunder Slash rapidly increased in speed, but he was still unsatisfied. However, he could feel that he would be able to get a breakthrough.

Qing Shui felt that he needed more time to be able to reach the Truth Realm even with the help of the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal. If he was able to refine a Spirit Concentrating Pill, then he would have about thirty years of time until the end of next year.

That was enough. Qing Shui laughed as he thought about it. He wanted to know whether he could use to break through the 5th Heavenly Layer. Thirty years seemed very long indeed, but for practitioners, it was only a moment.

"Bang!"

It was loud and clear. Every move from Qing Shui's Taichi Punch emanated a strong echo, not like the blasting noise from the Taichi Punch he practised in the Obscure Realm.

That was Qing Shui's Thunder Slash power!

"Boom!"

Qing Shui laughed when he heard the apparent explosion. This formidable and immense explosion could only be caused by his Taichi punch technique.

Taichi Single Whip!

"Haha, I can't believe I can easily reach the Fluent Realm so easily. This is much faster comparing from the Beginner Realm to Familiar Realm. This must be the foundation result."

The next day, Qing Shui did his morning exercise as usual, but this time he was practising on his Taichi Punch. With his front facing the rising sun in the east, his movements were natural and flowing, like a shadow following relentlessly.

### **Chapter 302 - Evening Primrose, the Stone Monument of a Frenzied Bull**

The very next day, Qing Shui was doing his morning exercise at the public square as usual. This time he was practising his taichi fist, facing east where the sun naturally rose.

Qing Shui couldn't hear any discussion now. He smiled, there was no changes in his fists. This must be the effect of the two golden lotus flowers from the Blue Lotus Art cultivation.

Suddenly Qing Shui spiritually sensed that he was being watched . Ever since his Blue Lotus Art transformed and the golden lotus flowers had manifested, he could feel that his Spiritual Sense had grown tremendously from these past few days' practise.

The power of Spiritual Sense and Spirit Energy were directed related to each other!

He could gradually feel that the person was approaching him. But he pretended that there was no one and continued to be immersed in his own world.

“Congratulations on being the Chief Disciple!” a melodious and charming voice familiar to Qing Shui rang out.

He slowly opened his eyes. His clear eyes locked onto Gongsun Jianwu. If being a Chief Disciple meant that he could have “everything” that satisfied him, Qing Shui would not hesitate to take this absolute beauty right in front of him. After all, there were so many beauties and he couldn’t possibly have each and every one he met. If they were irrelevant to him, why bother giving them pleasure?

She wasn’t Canghai Mingyue or Huoyun Liu-Li, not the Goddess Master or Wenren Wu-Shuang either and not even Zhu Qing, Mingyue Gelou or Shi Qing Zhuang.

“I am not the Chief Disciple and I have no interest to be this Chief Disciple.” Qing Shui was neither cold nor happy about it. He just calmly stated it.

Gongsun Jianwu felt very pained in her heart. When she left yesterday, she had really considered not talking to this cold man ever again. But then the more she kept thinking this way, the more Qing Shui’s figure kept appearing in her mind.

Women were weird. But actually all humans were this weird, especially women like Gongsun Jianwu. Qing Shui’s disinterest in her made her feel that he was different from the rest. Perhaps it was the environment that she was brought up in. Her talents and her strong personality made her indecisively come here again.

“Qing Shui, can’t we talk normally?” Gongsun Jianwu looked at Qing Shui, feeling a little hurt. But she didn’t want to leave like she did last time.

“You like me?” he suddenly looked at her.

“I didn’t.....”

“Since you came to find me, I’ll tell you this - you and I are not suited for each other. I am only interested in you due to your background and social circles. To me, you are just like a new toy to a child. As soon as I am bored with you, I’ll just abandon you at some corner.”

“I.....”

“I admit that you are very beautiful and sexy. And I am also very sexually interested in you.” Qing Shui continued bluntly with a laugh.

Gongsun Jianwu looked at him, flabbergasted at his bizarre attitude. The last few words were especially ambiguous.

“How about it? Come to my room tonight and we can have fun together. We can do it in the bathroom, on the sofa, table, chair, bed. Let’s try some challenging positions. Don’t worry, I have no problem with my stamina. I’m sure I can satisfy you and let you taste the bliss of being a woman,” with a smile and his gentle tone, Qing Shui uttered words that bewildered Gongsun Jianwu.

“You bastard.....” tears welled up in Gongsun Jianwu’s eyes as she spat angrily at Qing Shui with a red face. Then she ran away without turning her head around again.

Qing Shui stared after her sexily perky and soft delicate ass until she was gone from his sight. The way they swayed was so seductive that it could make one nosebleed.

“Is she even a woman? She can’t even endure a few words. Judging by her reaction and pride, I guess it’s not easy for a man to climb on her bed.” Qing Shui thought back at his words that made her fled in embarrassment.

Gongsun Jianwu only calmed down after running a distance. Actually she already knew that Qing Shui had purposely said those words to anger her as soon as she took the first few steps. But she was still mortified.

At this moment Qing Shui had already arrived at Cang Wuya’s place. He felt a little excited because Fei Wuji would be bringing a lot of medicinal herbs for him.

The two girls were not here today. They barely learnt how to handle the Heavenly Thunder Slash so Fei Wuji gave them half a month’s time to practise it on their own time. If there were any doubts to be cleared up, they could ask him. It was the same for Qing Shui too, except that he was here to get his medicinal herbs today.

Autumn was over and it was beginning of winter. The afternoon sun shone brightly and warmed the big field, lifting everyone’s mood.

By the time he rushed over there, Fei Wuji had already arrived to give him the medicinal herbs. Qing Shui saw that there were quite many brocade boxes of different sizes.

There were also some in the flower pots. The unhealthy looking ones in some of the pots seemed like they would wither anytime.

“Have a look, Qing Shui. Are these what you need?” Fei Wuji pointed to about 2,000 brocade boxes that were about one feet long and one inch high in front of him.

Qing Shui saw Evening Primrose, Viola Tricolor, Japanese Cudweed Herb, Bay Leaves, Dysosma Leaves, Scandent Schefflera in the flower pots.....

Yes, Qing Shui saw White Frost Nectar. He had a hunch that it was collected from the mountains behind them. Seemed like it was also known as White Frost Nectar in the world of the nine continents. Perhaps Gongsun Jianwu didn’t recognise it the other day because she wasn’t an alchemist.

“Thank you Martial Uncle, thank you Old Man!” Qing Shui sincerely thanked them.

“No need to thank us, we are family,” Fei Wuji smiled generously. The warmth in his tone made people feel even happier.

Qing Shui gathered them in a beast leather pouch while the rest of the flower pots were brought back to his own residence with a one-horned ox carriage before transporting them into the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal.

He broke the flower pots directly on a separate plot of land to plant them. He started with those withering herbs first and then watered them with the water from the pond.

Finishing all this quickly, Qing Shui breathed a sigh of relief. After all, these were all insurances for his pill creations in the future. Only by having these insurance could he increase his chances of breaking through the 5th heavenly layer.

He was only confident it setting off to the Yan Clan if he broke through the 5th heavenly layer. Or else even if he had gone to them, he wouldn't achieve what he wanted.

He opened the brocade boxes. Each of them had labels on them - 1,000 year Lingzhi, 1,000 year Fleeceflower Root, Bear Gall, 1,000 year Tiger Bone Powder, 1,000 year Bear Gall, 1,000 year Ox Gallstones.....

Qing Shui realised that there were more than a hundred for each one of them. This made him very grateful to Cang Wuya's thoughtfulness. He was very afraid of failing. If he was given too little and couldn't succeed even once, it would be embarrassing.

Qing Shui took a look at every box again and began to separate them by categories. After all, these were all for enhancing his ability so he actually wanted to synthesize them soon.

"Evening Primrose!" Qing Shui thought that his eyes were playing tricks on him. He looked at it twice in excitement but still saw that it was Evening Primrose. He opened the box and saw the exact thing that was in his mind.

"Haha, this will take care of the Five Dragon Pellet!" Qing Shui couldn't describe his feelings at this very moment. It was an extremely pleasant surprise. He didn't expect to have the Evening Primrose in his hands so soon. He was even planning to search for it after visiting the Central Continent.

Effects of Five Dragon Pellet: Removal of all negative ailments in an instant, especially poison, spirit damage and hallucinations from drugs - complete dispel! Aside from internal injuries and fatal wounds, it had the ability to heal external wounds within a short amount of time. Slightly improves the physique of the user. If the user didn't die instantly after sustaining heavy damage, consuming the Five Dragon Pellet could prolong their survival.

Qing Shui had been drooling about this pellet, especially knowing that it could completely dispel the effects of poison, spirit damage and hallucinations from drugs. Although it couldn't heal fatal wounds, it could delay death for a day and it was imperative to know that many things could happen change within a day.

The main ingredients of the Five Dragon Pellet were the 1,000 year Snow Lotus, 1000 year Ginseng and Evening Primrose..... His preparations would have been completed if it wasn't for the missing Evening Primrose.

This was great! Searching through all the brocade boxes, Qing Shui was happy to discover another stalk of Evening Primrose. What nearly made him cry in happiness was that there was a bunch of dried seeds on the stalk.....

Qing Shui exited the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal after arranging all the medicinal herbs. He was prepared to synthesize all the items he could synthesize tonight in the Realm of the Violet Jade



Immortal. Not practising alchemy for such a long time made Qing Shui feel a little excited about the prospects of it.

When he exited the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal, it was only almost noon. Qing Shui walked alone on the stone path of the Heavenly Palace in boredom and slowly calmed down.

He then realised that it had been awhile since he last had some free time to walk around leisurely like this.

He slowly walked towards the stone monument region. Qing Shui estimated that one afternoon should be enough for him to observe at least one stone monument.

The stone monument right after the one with Tiger inscription had a Bull on it; a rushing bull. Among the bulls on the continent, mythical bulls existed too.

The bull on the drawing had a large head and shiny black body. It was muscular and had a beard. On top of those blood red eyes, it had a sharp horn on its head. There was a lion escaping in front of the rushing bull.

This was a stone monument of a frenzied bull!

Bulls were usually tame beasts. However when it was in a frenzy, even the lion had to avoid it. That strong body, explosive violent qi stance and the curves of its tense body.....

Everything formed a meridian chart in Qing Shui's eyes; a meridian chart in the exact moment of a bull in a violent frenzy. The enormous amount of strength and blood circulating could bring out more physical power than a body was capable of usually. This was the same for the qi stance.

When a tame bull met a lion, they could only be eaten or escape from them. However when it was sent into a frenzy, every hit or even a light step could injure or kill a lion. Lions would not only be forced to run, but flee in panic if chased by the bull!

### **Chapter 303 Overwhelming and Perverse Frenzied Bull's Strength, The saddened Xi Yue**

Qing Shui once again stood dumbly at the side of a stone monument that everyone else treated as trash. This time around, he was also caught unaware and didn't expect that the frenzied bull stone monument would actually have such a profound concept hidden within it.

This was because Qing Shui had a very solid foundation in the Nine Animals Mimicry and Beast-Form Fist. The instant he saw the bull inscription, it was as though a bell chimed in his head just like a jigsaw puzzle finally being completed after the missing piece was fitted in. A complete picture of this qi-channeling appeared in his mind sea.

The bull dashed about in a frenzy, and Qing Shui could feel the violence and ferociousness of his strength being augmented. That was his muscles, energy channels, blood, and bone structure... a complete picture working in unity to ignite the potential of his body, granting him superhuman strength.

This kind of frenzy energy was like a soldier in the state of 'last man standing'. Summoning strength in him that he didn't know he had, and dredging out every last bit of human potential. Qing Shui stood there stupidly, lost in his thoughts.

Qing Shui closed his eyes, channeling the Qi from his according to the qi-channeling picture that appeared in his mind. Gradually, an overwhelming force surged through his Dantian, circulating around his body according to the qi-channeling picture.

An instant later, Qing Shui felt his head heat up, as surges of hot blood rushed to his head, his entire body was doused with a fearsome, destructive strength.

“This must be Frenzied Bull’s Strength!”

Simultaneously, the originally ‘thick and heavy’ energy from the Ancient Strengthening Technique, was tinged with an aura of frenzy from the Frenzy Bull’s qi-channelling technique giving Qing Shui a feeling that his current strength level had even reached the level of him using the Heavenly Thunder Slash...

Qing Shui was totally stupefied, he had just stepped into channeling the Frenzy Bull’s strength and had yet to master it. But just the elementary stage had enhanced his strength by about 30%. It was too perverse.

Heavenly Thunder Slash was an ultimate technique of the Heavenly Palace, yet he had achieved a similar augmentation effect just by channeling the Frenzied Bull’s strength. How can that be possible? Maybe there were additional effects that accompanied the Heavenly Thunder Slash

“Oh yeah, it has the effect of paralysis.” Qing Shui mumbled. What a perverse effect, in addition to enhancement of 30% in strength, the Heavenly Thunder Slash had a chance to paralyse one’s opponent.

Despite so, Qing Shui was already very satisfied with the insights he had gained. How tyrannical... Qing Shui slowly felt the aura of his body intensify.

The final conclusion was that, Qing Shui mastered the Frenzied Bull’s Strength Qi-channeling method within an extremely short period of time and was extremely satisfied with the effects it provided.

Not only did it provide an enhancement of about 30% in strength, it intensified the user’s aura about 30% as well.

“Overwhelming, perverse and tyrannical!” Qing Shui excitedly exclaimed, yet he was secretly worried. A side effect of the Frenzied Bull’s Strength was that it also clouded his emotions, turning him into something akin to a crazed bull, eventually causing him to be unable to recognise his friends from foe, becoming a bloody asura annihilating the entire battlefield.

Luckily, just as he was worrying about it, the Yin-Yang image in his sea of consciousness gleamed with a golden light as a wave of coolness calmed his emotions. Only then did he calm down.

This place was a huge treasure trove, sadly if he wanted to procure all of the monuments, he would need to spend a truckload of effort and time. It was already evening before Qing Shui decided to leave. And on the way back, he met a familiar person.

It was that beautiful woman named Xi Yue. Qing Shui felt that maybe this was coincidence, maybe she was looking for Yan Ling`er who stayed in the same building as him.

Her brows like crescent moon, a pair of beautiful eyes glowed extremely brightly. Her petite, straight nose made her look strangely determined as her ruby red lips added traces of sexiness to her overall appearance. At this moment, she was teasingly glancing at Qing Shui.

Initially Qing Shui wanted to avoid her, but upon seeing the smug look on her face as well as the knowing smile flickering in her eyes, it was as though Xi Yue was saying “Go and hide then, are you afraid of a weak lady like me?”

Thus, Qing Shui braced himself and walked straight forward. Not wishing to give Xi Yue the satisfaction of seeing him running away. Although this woman was beautiful, she was way too overbearing. And because of Yan Ling`er, Qing Shui felt repelled by her.

Love me, love my dog, hate me hate my dog as well!

“Oi oi!”

A gentle voice drifted out, Qing Shui pretended that he didn’t hear anything as he continued taking huge steps forward.

“Why are you so petty? Are you still considered a man?” Xi Yue hurried to catch up as she pouted while simultaneously tugging on Qing Shui’s sleeves.

What a man hates most was the fact that people make such remarks. Even if it was a joke, Qing Shui felt that this was nothing but downright rudeness. Even if someone said that he was a beast, an idiot, he wouldn’t felt as enraged as he did not after hearing the words, ‘are you still considered a man?’

“Am I a man or not, f\*ck me and you will find out.” Qing Shui harshly replied, even if she was beautiful, he didn’t intend to give her face.

“How...how can you say such a thing...”

“F\*ck off then, don’t think everyone will accommodate your wishes and follow whatever you say with that little bit of charm you have. I have zero interest towards you. Stop bothering me.” Qing Shui directly shrugged her off and walked away.

Xi Yue stood there stunned, as tears filled her eyes. She didn’t know why she muddle headedly and tugged at his sleeves then was treated to Qing Shui telling her to f\*\*k off... Seeing Qing Shui’s back view getting further and further away, she had an indescribable sourness in her heart.

After returning to his room, Qing Shui immediately entered the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal!

Before practicing his alchemy, Qing Shui practiced the Frenzied Bull’s Strength again. Within the safety of his spatial realm, Qing Shui channelled a much greater amount of energy from his according to the Bull’s qi-channeling method. He could feel that his entire aura was tinged heavily with craziness and madness, so palpable that the madness could be seen as an aura swirling around Qing Shui.

This, was actually a supporting-complementary type technique and could be combined with the Ancient Strengthening Technique, the Nine Animals Mimicry, etc.

For a total of three days, Qing Shui only focused completely on practicing the Frenzied Bull’s Strength. Strangely enough, he had a feeling that there shouldn’t be any more level ups of the Frenzied Bull’s Strength. But akin to the Basic Sword Techniques, he hoped that he would also be able to breakthrough the Frenzied Bull Strength to a higher realm even though everyone thought that the limits were already clearly defined.

Currently, as Qing Shui channeled and circulated both streams of energy from the Frenzied Bull's Strength as well as the Ancient Strengthening Technique, he comprehended a mental state - 'immovable mountains'. This, when used together with the Yin-yang image allowed him to suppress to rising rage and crazed side effects with ease. Through this state, it also allowed him to concurrently cultivate both the Frenzied Bull's Strength as well as the Ancient Strengthening Technique.

Trying out the Sword of the Third Wave, and Heavenly Thunder Slash with his Big Dipper Sword, Qing Shui was astonished, "HAHAHA, the unleashed power actually increased by 50%?" Qing Shui's strength level was already nearing the one million Jin mark.

Done with practicing his sword techniques, Qing Shui practiced his forging skills, before his alchemy. After he readjusted his weariness due to the intense practice, Qing Shui began to harvest, gather, wash, refine, and combine some of the medicinal herbs within his spatial realm into ready-mixed portions that were crucial to the alchemy recipe of the Five Dragon Pellet. This pellet could actually remove all negative effects from the consumer, and even if one was grievously injured to the point of death, consuming a Five Dragon Pellet was sufficient to obtain a window of 24 hours, thereby increasing the lifespan of the consumer by an extra day.

Setting the cauldron up, Qing Shui added water from the crystal pond into it as well as the pre-prepared medicinal herbs extract before boiling everything with his primordial flames.

Increasing the intensity of his flames till the primordial flames became classified as 'Ferocious Flames', about a breath of time later, sounds of rumbling could be heard within the cauldron. Just like that, Qing Shui controlled the flames according to the recipe of the Five Dragon Pellet as he slowly refined it.

### **Chapter 304 - Fire Bird Eats the Beast Pill**

When Qing Shui heard the sound which represented that the alchemy was completed, a satisfied smile appeared on his face, and he continued to apply weak primordial flames to "nurture the pellet" for another 2 hours

Qing Shui waited for close to 1 hour before he opened the cauldron. The moment he opened the lid to the Golden Flint Iron Cauldron, a light fragrance came out causing those who smelled it to feel refreshed.

Five snow white colored medicinal pills the size of grapes at the bottom of the Golden Flint Iron Cauldron, exuded a glow which was like a jade's or that of the moon's, looking extremely beautiful. Qing Shui put them into porcelain bottles and sealed them, feeling satisfied!

Ever since he had applied the primordial flames to the Golden Flint Iron Cauldron, Qing Shui discovered that he had never failed in his attempts at alchemy. While he had reached a high degree of proficiency in controlling the degree of heat, his success rate should not be that high.

"Forget it. Let's try the two prescriptions given by Old Master Cang which have a low success rate. Everything will be clear then." Qing Shui could not help but feel fervent, with a strong sense of confidence in himself.

Next, Qing Shui first ate some food, cultivated a round of Ancient Strengthening Technique, and had also circulated the Frenzied Bull Strength since he felt that it could raise his “spirit”. This was primarily because of the existence of the Unmoving Like A Mountain, if not it would be hard to achieve this effect.

Qing Shui felt that the image of Yin-Yang in his consciousness had an unbelievable effect. While it was not very obvious now, the long and steady flow had been unceasingly temper his veins, bones, meridian channels, muscles, and Dan Tian, providing quite a significant impact. Moreover, he also had the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal, and one year of the effects brought by the image of Yin-Yang would already surpass the one year’s worth of tough training and hard work of any other person.

Even if Qing Shui didn’t do anything, by just spending his time in the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal daily, his overall abilities would still improve. After all, cultivation was also a form of tempering the physical body via absorbing spiritual qi from the Heavens and Earth. What Qing Shui was learning was the ancient method to temper the physical body as well as the internal organs.

Continuing with his alchemy, this time around, Qing Shui decided to concoct the Spirit Concentrating Pill. The medicinal herbs in the box were already fully prepared. The most difficult thing to master during alchemy was the degree of heat.

Such a big pile of medicinal herbs eventually condensed into a few medicinal herb clumps which were the size of grapes. It was not just about condensing the essence. It also involved the matching of suitable medicinal herbs together, putting in a suitable degree of heat, then combine, and sublimate. To reach an even greater quality, once again combining, and sublimating...all the way until the dregs were fully cleansed.

So while alchemy may seem to be very simple, it required one to be fully focused, both physically and mentally, sensing each step when the medicinal herbs sublimate, and combine, and sublimate...

Once there exists the tiniest of errors, the alchemy attempt would fail. The higher the quality of the medicinal pill, the more it needed to sublimate and combine, and the success rate would be very low. The lowest pill would only need one time to combine or sublimate, therefore the success rate would be very high.

Qing Shui controlled the primordial flames, focusing his Spiritual Sense fully to sense the changes to the medicinal herbs within the Golden Flint Iron Cauldron, sensing each step of the sublimation, combination, sublimation...

Alchemy depleted a large amount of spirit energy, especially for high quality medicinal pills. If one had not attained a certain level of cultivation, one's body would not be able to take it. That was why the prerequisite for becoming an alchemist was to become a strong warrior.

Qing Shui felt that the reason his success rate was so high was related to that image of Yin-Yang in his consciousness which would unceasingly transmit spirit energy to him, allowing him to constantly feel that his level of spirit energy was brimming.

Under Qing Shui's control, the primordial flames had gone through changes many times, but its appearance which was half a foot long did not seem to have changed before. As he went through the success of the combination and sublimation each time, Qing Shui did not dare to let down his guard.

It was to the extent that a dense layer of sweat droplets had appeared on Qing Shui's forehead. Qing Shui was not perspiring from the heat, but rather, from feeling anxious because it was at the final stage!

Pa!

The flames in Qing Shui's hands broke off!

"Sigh, what a pity!"

To think that it had failed at the very last stage. Qing Shui felt that when he was concocting his own prescriptions, so long as he had the medicinal herbs, the success rate would be almost at 100%. The control for those prescription would be especially proficient.

While he had failed, Qing Shui felt even more confident about himself now. He had the confidence that he would be able to succeed at the next attempt, and so long as he could succeed, Qing Shui would be able to attain an astonishing success rate.

After cultivating a round of the Ancient Strengthening Technique, and the circulating the Frenzied Bull Strength which he was ever so familiar with now, he once again attempted to concoct the Spirit Concentrating Pill!

He had a higher level of familiarity on the 2nd attempt!

Qing Shui went through the combination and sublimation process with great familiarity, this time around, it would be obvious to any random person that he was not a novice. Those proficient movements, and most importantly, that expression he had on his face when he was concocting the Spirit Concentrating Pill told everyone that he was able to succeed.

When Qing Shui heard that ever so familiar sound of success of the pellet forming, he was extremely surprised and overjoyed. This feeling of joy was about the same as when he had successfully created the Small Revitalizing Pellet back then.

The medicinal pill had a dark green color, its size was also that of a grape. It exuded a translucent glow, and had a light soothing fragrance. He quickly bottled them into the small porcelain bottles he had prepared earlier. Such custom-made small porcelain bottles could effectively retain the medicinal effects of the pills.

After taking a break, Qing Shui once again attempted to concoct the Spirit Concentrating Pill!

Success!

Success!

...

Qing Shui smiled. The success rate of his alchemy was something which should not be doubted. To think that one batch of this Spirit Concentrating Pill would have 10 pellets, catching Qing Shui unaware. However, thinking of how he would need at least 15 each day, he would need 5,000 each year...

The amount of medicinal herbs Cang Wuya had given him was sufficient for him to concoct 100 times, which meant that even if he succeeded in all of the tries, he would only have 1,000 pills. Moreover, he

had already failed once, which meant that the rest of the Spirit Concentrating Pill would only last him about 2 months if he were to use it only on himself.

"That's enough. Other than some 1,000 year medicinal herbs, the rest of the ingredients should be bloom in short time. Just two months in the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal would be the equivalent of about 17 years." Qing Shui chuckled as he thought about this.

He concocted 10 times, taking a few breaks in between, and two days passed just like that. Including the first day when he had started cultivating, 3 days had already passed.

On the 4th day, Qing Shui started concocting the Beast Pill. Qing Shui similarly hung on to a single strand of hope for this medicinal pill. That awakening of the 1% talent was something he was especially interested in.

It may be because he had just gone through a few days of alchemy, Qing Shui now felt that he was exceptionally steady when he was concocting the Beast Pill, and was not as anxious as when he had first started.

However, Qing Shui felt gloomy that he had still failed.

Failure!

After failing for two times in a row, Qing Shui felt a bit upset. Each time, it would be at the most crucial stage, the final "pellet forming" stage when everything would go down in flames.

Qing Shui was an exceptionally determined person. He continued concocting. Of course, each time, he would always adjust his mental state before he continued.

Failure!

Failure!

...

"Ding!"

When Qing Shui heard that sound of success, he was already numb and had only reacted after awhile. The primordial flames which almost broke off quickly continued to warm the medicinal pill.

Opening the Golden Flint Iron Cauldron, 5 blood red Beast Pills appeared before Qing Shui, emitting an astonishing heat and a deep fragrance.

He gathered everything together and took a break before continuing again. It may be due to the earlier success, and the next few attempts were all successful.

Success!

Success!

...

Only when he saw that he had made 100 Beast Pills did Qing Shui then stop and collect everything. After all, each demonic beast would only be able to enjoy the effect for up to 5 pellets.

This time around, the alchemy had actually taken him a whole week. After stopping, he felt very relaxed. Qing Shui planned to have a good sleep before starting to cultivate again.

"Hmm, let's try out the effects of the Spirit Concentrating Pill!" After Qing Shui woke up, another half a day had passed.

Thank goodness the effects of this Spirit Concentrating Pill was only for 24 hours, one whole day. Regardless if it was taken in the day or night, it would be effective from the point it was taken for the next 24 hours.

Qing Shui took out a dark green Spirit Concentrating Pill and swallowed it. Immediately, a cooling feeling rose from his Dan Tian, gushing all the way up to his brain, making him feel refreshed throughout his body. His Spiritual Sense and ability to sense things was even strengthened by over one fold.

"Hmmm, so it's like this. In the future, if I were to take one of these, wouldn't it strengthen my Spiritual Sense and sensing ability by a lot..."

Qing Shui's assumptions were not strange. It was a pity that such Spirit Concentrating Pills were too precious and one would usually not bear to eat it during normal battles, unless it was a life-and-death battle. It was just that Qing Shui was not aware of this.

Cultivating the Ancient Strengthening Technique, Qing Shui felt that the speed at which he could absorb the Spiritual Qi of Heaven and Earth as well as merge it with the Qi of was much faster now. That feeling was very thrilling. It had felt very tough at the start as if he was pulling a cart up a slope, but he felt that he could now casually use a small portion of strength to charge up that steep slope.

After one round of circulating the Qi of Ancient Strengthening cycle, Qing Shui did not stop cultivating!

Half a day later, Qing Shui opened his eyes, and smiled. He could not help but sigh as he said to himself, "This Spirit Concentrating Pill is really good stuff. There are many people who are not able to cross the door to Xiantian in all their lives, but if they have an ample amount of Spirit Concentrating Pill, it would be a different result altogether."

After taking the Spirit Concentrating Pill, Qing Shui did not wish to waste a single bit of time, so he unceasingly cultivated whatever he could, especially his aura, as the effects on his techniques would not be as obvious.

When he felt tired, he would cultivate the and then the Frenzied Bull's Strength, Heavenly Thunder Slash, Cloudmist Steps, Tiger Form, Bear Form, Crane Form...

At that moment, Qing Shui noticed that the things he now knew were quite a lot. Now, Qing Shui was practicing the Sainly Hands. That intriguing technique let Qing Shui discover just how amazing it was.

Circulating the Qi of according to the Sainly Hands' technique. His pair of hands gradually became nearly transparent, exuding a strong saintly vital aura.

Qing Shui knew that this aura was "refined" from the as he had used it a few times, especially the other time when he was helping Huoyun Liu-Li. He felt that the Sainly Hands would exhaust the Dan Tian's Divine Strength very quickly.



However, the effects were definitely very impressive. Therefore, regardless what, he would cultivate this Saintly Hands and the Primal Chaotic Divine Needle Technique. After all, there were many things which could not be healed with medicinal pills alone.

When it was about time for him to exit the realm, Qing Shui was very satisfied with the effects of this Spirit Concentrating Pill. Thinking of the 100 Beast Pills, he thought of his fire bird.

Thinking of how 1 of it would increase overall power by 10%, and up to 5 could be taken. It would mean that on the overall, it could increase the abilities by 50%, regardless if it was strength, fireball, endurance, speed...

Qing Shui was a bit agitated just from thinking about it. If the fire bird could have the speed and powers which that Black Champion Monarch Falcon had, he would be satisfied. After all, that was a demonic beast which was definitely above the Martial King level.

Qing Shui called for the fire bird!

During this period, he had let it stay in the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal. He decided it was about time to let it out.

Sensing Qing Shui's call, the fire bird joyfully let out a cry and flew towards his master.

Qing Shui smiled and took out a Beast Pill!

"Catch it!"

The fire bird agilely caught it with its beak and swallowed it down!

Qing Shui looked at how the fire bird was flying about happily. He was waiting, waiting for the day that 1% talent awoke!

### **Chapter 305 The awakening of talent, Firebird's Crown**

Qing Shui watched on as Firebird flew around cheerfully. He kept waiting for the day when the 1% rare chance of awakening it's natural talent would happen.

Just then, a flash of red light appeared on Firebird's body. It let out a high-pitched warble, so clear and joyous, which Qing Shui could feel through his mind. He could also feel that Firebird was growing stronger. Even if it was only an increase of 10% of the full power, it was not a small matter to be looked down upon.

Qing Shui waited until the Firebird return back to its normal state. However, the miraculous awakening he waited for did not happen at all. Although Qing Shui already guessed as much, he still felt a bit disappointed. After all, he had hopes that it might happen.

Where there is hope, there is disappointment. The bigger the hope, the bigger the disappointment!

1% chance of awakening is too low. Even though the chance is 1 out of 100, he had bet his hope on that 1%. If Qing Shui was lucky, he would be able to see it. But if he was unlucky, he will not be able to see it even if he tried his luck for the thousandth time.

Qing Shui took out another Beast Pill for the Firebird. When it saw the medicinal pill, Firebird cried in excitement. It looks like Firebird has finally tasted the sweet benefit of the Beast Pill.

Qing Shui chuckled as he placed the second Beast Pill into the Firebird's mouth. Just after it swallowed the pill, a flash of red light began to appear instantly. At this moment, Qing Shui could feel another 10% increase in Firebird's power, but the natural talent still did not appear. He knew this because the awakening of natural talent would not just carry only a 10% increment to its overall power.

The Firebird was still flying around the surroundings merrily... Qing Shui actually still had high hopes for Firebird to awaken its natural talent. It would be incredible enough if the Firebird's power vastly expanded beyond imagination, much less becoming a Phoenix. After its natural talent has been awakened, the Firebird's personal growth should be much greater.

The third pill he gave still has the same effect. Qing Shui felt that the power and glory of Firebird has distinctly increased into a whole new level. After all, the Firebird has already increased its power by 30%.

Fourth pill...

Qing Shui felt like giving up now. Ultimately, all he had was a tiny hope on the small 1% chance of awakening. Moreover, the concept of the awakening of natural talent is a bit confusing. He thought that the stronger the beast is, the chances of awakening its natural talent should be smaller.

Maybe the awakening of the natural talent requires blood awakening. It would be great if Qing Shui's precious Firebird could awaken its natural talents through blood awakening. This kind of awakening was able to allow Firebird to possess some of the Phoenix's tactical skill.

This was the fourth time Qing Shui is giving the pill to Firebird, but it still won't awaken its natural talent. He hesitated for a while before giving the fifth pill to Firebird and watched closely on its transformation. This would be the "last" time he feeds Firebird the Beast Pill.

In the end, Qing Shui became devastated. The only thing those five Beast Pills did was increase Firebird's power by 50%. He still felt disappointed even though Firebird looked happy and carefree.

Qing Shui knew that the chances would be higher through blood awakening, but he still wished that Firebird would awaken its natural talent successfully.

Firebird has already ate the fifth Beast Pill. Qing Shui looked at the hundreds of Beast Pills he was holding in his hand, and thought really hard about it. In the end he proceeded to take another pill and gave it to Firebird.

Firebird did not hesitate and happily swallowed the pill. In an instant, Qing Shui noticed the same flashing of red light on Firebird's body. He was ecstatic that Firebird had gained more than half of its power, but the natural talent still has not awoken.

It turns out that after five pills, the increased power will be significantly weakened, until there was no more effect shown. The question was: Will the effect of the rare natural talent awakening still exist?

On its seventh pill, the red light still appeared, but the power gained was getting smaller. Around this time, Qing Shui considered whether to keep feeding the Firebird those pills.

"Forget it, these pills are currently useless anyway. I don't care whether there is any effect or not, there is nothing left to lose."

Qing Shui made up his mind and fed the Firebird its eighth pill!

Ninth pill!

...

32nd pill!

Soon enough, the Firebird has already filled about thirty or more pills into his belly. The faint flickering red light was the only thing that gives Qing Shui a bit of hope.

Firebird still lovingly ate the Beast Pills regardless whether its power stopped increasing or whether it didn't like the pills anymore. The Beast Pills must be very delicious, Qing Shui thought. Or maybe the red light was making Firebird feel more comfortable.

Qing Shui thoughtlessly threw a Beast Pill at the Firebird. The red light flickered and stopped. He continued to feed it one more time, with no hopes of ever seeing the awakening of the natural talent.

67th pill!

68th pill!

...

Qing Shui's eyes grew red as his trembling hand was now automatically throwing pills at Firebird. He waited for the red lights to flicker, but there was nothing flashing.

This utterly made Qing Shui despair.

"What the f\*\*\* so that's it. No more flickering red light." Qing Shui said as he counted about twenty Beast Pills on his hand.

Just as Qing Shui was hesitating whether to keep feeding Firebird the remaining Beast Pills, he noticed that it was getting restless. Suddenly, the Firebird flew towards a huge Chinese Parasol Tree nearby.

Qing Shui ran and followed the Firebird with uncertainty. He looked up at the thick branch where it landed. Firebird repeatedly cried out in a loud pitch, with each pitch getting intensely louder.

Qing Shui began to worry that the pills may have side effects since Firebird swallowed a lot. What if something bad happened to Firebird? It would be a great loss to him.

Qing Shui looked on with distress as the Firebird kept on shrieking loudly. He felt helpless as he only noticed the side effects now.

Just then, Qing Shui felt a compelling energy emanating from Firebird. In an instant, the Firebird's body let out a burst of vigor, and at the same time, a flash of bright lights.

Three colored lights: red, orange, yellow!

Red as a fireball, orange and yellow as the clear, pure light!

At that moment, Qing Shui was blinded by the brightness of the light. It was too sudden, but Qing Shui instantly knew that Firebird has succeeded even when this is his first time witnessing the bright light.

His natural talent had finally been awakened!

Qing Shui felt like he was still dreaming. Everything that had just happened did not feel like it was real. But he knew it wasn't a dream, and it was real. The Firebird finally awakened its natural talent after eating around 80 Beast Pills.

The Firebird was enveloped in a beautiful tricolored light. Qing Shui gazed at it with heart full of hope. He was afraid that if he blinked, he would miss every beauty of Firebird's light.

As the light was glistening, Qing Shui carefully looked at Firebird, who was now sitting on top of a big branch of the Chinese Parasol Tree. He noticed that the Firebird still had its fiery red feathers, but the overall charm and poise had changed.

Qing Shui could feel it becoming much stronger than before. Unexpectedly, Firebird had now become a Martial King level beast. The Demonic Beast Core inside its body had grown stronger by many levels, no less so than that of the Black Champion Monarch Falcon.

Who knew this Firebird that was once helpless in the face of the Head of Immortal Sword Sect could definitely run away in the face of danger. If it decided to take on the battle, Firebird will not be considered a normal Martial King level opponent even if it didn't use its Violet Flame Ball.

Qing Shui began to realize that Firebird could just use its claws, beak, and wings to defeat at least three elementary Martial King level opponents easily. This is considered a big improvement on the Firebird's character, no matter the speed or strength.

The first five pills has already sufficiently increased Firebird's power. But by combining the awakened natural talent, Firebird had been reborn with an extraordinary power.

Suddenly, Qing Shui could see a "crown" appearing on top of Firebird's head. It looked small because he was standing quite far from Firebird. But he was able to see the "crown" after carefully looking at it.

Qing Shui was familiar with the "crown" because the Black Champion Monarch Falcons are beasts that have a "crown" on their heads. The "crown" is no small matter as only strong beasts with noble blood can possess such crowns.

Just like the previous tiger, its forehead had a "King" word - the King of Beasts. The Phoenix is the Emperor of Birds!

Qing Shui called upon Firebird and noticed that their interactions had become more clear. It was a weird sensation, as if the Firebird has become one with him.

When Qing Shui saw Firebird swoop down from the branch as if it was soaring from the sky, he knew that there is something abnormal about Firebird's speed. At that moment, Qing Shui realized that Firebirds, or any beasts that possess Phoenix blood were able to acquire enormous benefits once they had awakened their natural talent.

When he got closer to look at the "crown", Qing Shui was shocked because the crown looked like the legendary "Phoenix Crown".

This was Firebird's natural talent awakening, Phoenix blood awakening!

Although it looked small on a big bird's head, and was as small as a human head's "crown", the crown was still dazzling. What's more, the crown looked mighty and very noticeable. It seemed as if Firebird has evolved to a legendary bird.

Like an ordinary bird becoming a Phoenix!

"This is unexpectedly a rare Phoenix Crown!" Qing Shui gasped in astonishment. He was already delighted when he saw the crown, but he didn't know it would be the Phoenix Crown.

It was a shame that the "crown" was a bit smaller than what Qing Shui had hoped for, but he was already satisfied with just having the crown. Although the crown on Black Champion Monarch Falcon looked invincible, Qing Shui felt that both crowns looked really different from each other.

Only birds could have the "crown". Moreover, Royal Crowns and Phoenix Crowns are still regarded as Imperial Crowns. Of course, the same type of "crown" can be differentiated in terms of quality. The size of the "crown" can also be affected by the power and rank.

Old blind man's Black Champion Monarch Falcon has a Royal Crown. Its "crown" was huge, at least ten times bigger than Firebird's Phoenix Crown. However, the rank between crowns is great. Both of them cannot be compared.

When Qing Shui reached out his hand and touched Firebird, he could feel heights of its abilities, especially its speed, which was much stronger than the Black Champion Monarch Falcon. The prominent aspect of the Firebird was its speed, which has improved by multiple folds.

Five Beast Pills were able to increase up to 50% of the power. That would contribute to the enormous growth on the strength, endurance, speed, and constitution of the Firebird. With the natural talent awakened, the power will be multiplied by many folds. Previously, only two things would improve: the speed, and the Violet Flame Ball that could stagger the elementary Martial King level opponents.

Firebird could never flee when faced with a Black Champion Monarch Falcon a while back. But now the tides have turned. Qing Shui felt relieved and could not hide his sense of pride.

"Ha ha, smashing the Yan Clan now has another assurance of success this time." Qing Shui thought about it gleefully.

### **Chapter 306 - Qing Shui, I'm surnamed Song, I wish to court Sikong Mingyue**

Demonic beasts of the same level would always be stronger than humans. The most important thing was that it was exceedingly difficult to tame demonic beasts at the Martial King level and above. If not, there was no reason why the mount of that powerful old blindee was merely a Black Champion Monarch Falcon.

Qing Shui knew that the power level of his firebird now was extremely strong; he sent his thoughts to the firebird, commanding it to spit out a fireball to see its current strength.

However, the instant the firebird spat out a violet-colored fireball, Qing Shui was taken aback. The size of the fire ball was smaller by many times, only about the size of a fist. The color of the flames, however,

was of an even higher grade violet, appearing pure and crystalline. Without a doubt, the temperature of it was many times higher compared to before.

From the intensity of the blast as well as the speed of its fireball shot, Qing Shui felt as if he was standing in the midst of a hurricane. Did the talent awakening enhance its firepower? Qing Shui was so happy, he stood there like an idiot.

The stronger his pet became, the happier he would be!

After exiting the Violet Jade Immortal Realm, Qing Shui was deep in his thoughts. He would never have imagined that the beast pills he concocted could 'awaken' the talent and bloodline of his firebird.

Thinking again, Cang Wuya had once said that the concoction rate of the Beast Pill and Spirit Concentrating Pill was only fifty percent. This meant that out of every two tries, he would succeed once. However, the time wasted during each failure probably caused many alchemists to feel that the success rate of fifty percent was still too low.

The firebird had consumed a total of about eighty or more Beast Pills. The price of these pills was extraorbitant when added together. Other than him, who else could throw out pills with such ease? Even the Medicine Sect couldn't be compared to him in terms of concocting pills. Not unless they could concoct pills with primordial flames as well...

Time flew by. Roughly two months had passed and it was already the middle of November, with only a short time remaining to the end of the year. At this moment, Qing Shui was practising his daily morning ritual in the public hall.

Outsiders couldn't tell what was the difference in Qing Shui's Taichi fist, yet Qing Shui could clearly sense that his strength had undergone a qualitative change when compared to two months ago.

With the effect of the Spirit Concentrating Pills, he spent a total of two months in his spatial realm which equates to about five years in arduous cultivation. It was only natural that he had improved.

His had already reached the 99th cycle, and he was extremely proficient in Frenzied Bull's Strength, granting him a huge increase in power. Yet, he was still waiting for that spark of insight to break through.

His Cloudmist, Free Spirit Steps and Heavenly Palace Sword Art had reached the peak of the Ancestor Realm. The reason why they hadn't reached the Truth Realm yet was because Qing Shui spent the majority of his time practising his other techniques.

Not only that, Qing Shui was truly astounded by the heaven-defying effects of the spirit concentrating pill. When he wasn't in his spatial realm, Qing Shui would listen to the guidance of the Palace's elders while also practising the insights of the Tiger Form he gained from the stone monuments.

Not only that, there were two carvings which Qing Shui felt to be extremely powerful. They were the Bear Leaning Against the Tree and the Gigantic Bear Shaking the Mountains. He could feel that the movements and energy within were an eruption of one's hidden potential, instantly causing one's strength to skyrocket, catching opponents by surprise and obtaining victory.

At this moment, Qing Shui was practising his Taichi Fist in the public square, his movements as fluid as water. Qing Shui had long amalgamated Frenzied Bull's Strength together with his Ancient Strengthening Technique. Both sources of Qi combined into one, flowing smoothly in his body, yet was filled with an unprecedented explosive strength.

That state of flowing water felt extremely mystical as it drew the attention of others in the square. Only when Qing Shui completed the set of Tai Chi movements did those who were lost in their observations awakened.

Suddenly, a voice rang out just as Qing Shui retracted back his hands. "You are Qing Shui?"

Qing Shui didn't reply until after he fully retracted his hands. Glancing upwards, he saw a penetratingly handsome young man standing about two metres away from him. At the same time, a skinny youth stood beside him, unknowingly adopting the posture of a lackey.

The handsome young man's eyes were full of self confidence and pride, as he stared with contempt at Qing Shui. Qing Shui could sense that the person standing before him had a cultivation level at the peak of the second level of Martial King, and the energy fluctuations from his body were many times stronger compared to Gongsun Jianwu.

"Who are you?" Although Qing Shui didn't know the background of the guy, he knew that from his cultivation level that there was no way this person was from the Starmoon Hall.

"My surname is Song. Qing Shui, I wish to court Sikong Mingyue." The handsome guy surnamed Song smiled at Qing Shui, his smile filled with confidence.

Qing Shui was thunderstruck. Why was this guy looking for him? Although he had a good relationship with Canghai Mingyue, she wasn't his woman after all. She had the freedom to choose who she liked and Qing Shui couldn't control her. Love cannot be forced.

However, the guy in front of him gave Qing Shui a weird feeling. For some unknown reason, he just felt pissed off when looking at him.

"I want you to leave her. Name me your conditions." The handsome youth surnamed Song's lips curled up. He should have appeared extremely imposing just like a handsome peacock.

The moment Qing Shui heard the commanding tone of this guy, his expression turned grim as his brows furrowed. Why did he want him to leave her? He had not seen either Canghai Mingyue nor Huoyun Liu-Li for over a month.

"I don't understand what you are saying." Qing Shui prepared to leave immediately after speaking. However, he found his way barred by that skinny fellow.

"My Senior brother Song never agreed that you could leave. Hey, brat, you better be smart and leave sister Mingyue." A crafty smile gleamed in the eyes of that skinny youth as he leered at Qing Shui.

"Waa it's the chief disciple of the Starday Hall, Song Lang!" Someone exclaimed.

"Wow, isn't that Qing Shui from our Starmoon Hall?" Some of the females of the Starmoon Hall cheered.

"Do you think Song Lang is more powerful or our Qing Shui is?" Another female giggled.

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“Senior Song is soooooooooo good looking!”

“You have big breasts, but no brains. Why are you supporting some other guy who’s not from our Hall?”  
A young man shouted.

“Are you f\*\*\*ing stupid? Senior Song’s features are much more refined. He’s the man all women hope to marry. In any case, can the men of Starmoon Hall even be considered men?” The female earlier retorted.

“B\*tch!”

“I’m going into your room tonight to [\[email protected\]](#) the sheet out of you and let you know the power of a real man.”

“Coming into my room? Come if you dare. I shall cut off that pathetic thingy you call a ‘little bird’, you a\*\*hole.”

.....

The handsome guy surnamed Song smiled even wider as he heard the discussion of the crowd. The smile of his exuded such brilliance that many females in the crowd were mesmerized.

“Qing Shui, we support you. SMASH THAT SONG LANG!”

No one knew who called out but the person who was definitely a guy.

“SMASH SONG LANG!!!”

Male voice after male voice rang out.

Qing Shui smiled bitterly. It seemed that the female’s earlier remark of ‘can the men of Starmoon Hall even be considered men?’ struck a nerve amongst the men of Starmoon Hall.

Qing Shui stared at Song Lang who was in front of him. There was no anger even after he heard the words of the crowd, only that unchanging, brilliant smile. Qing Shui couldn’t help but feel disgusted by that smile of his.

Qing Shui knew what Song Lang was feeling now. To him, all these ‘talents’ were merely mediocre. Upon reaching his level in cultivation, all these people were merely ants. How could he be offended by words of an insect?

“Out of my way!” Qing Shui spoke softly, as he walked forwards.

The skinny fellow unconsciously staggered backwards by the aura Qing Shui emitted.

“Are you intending to hide? How about we have a little match? If you win, Canghai Mingyue belongs to you, but if you lose, you have to leave her.” Song Lang was still smiling as he spoke out.

**Chapter 307 - Who Are You To Be Calling Her Mingyue Too?**



“Are you going to run away just like this? Why don’t we have a duel? If you win, Canghai Mingyue will be yours. If you lose, then leave her side,” Song Lang kept his smile.

Qing Shui felt the flames burning just from listening to Song Lang. He halted and turned his head around to look at this elegant man who was still smiling. The tone of his voice was commanding yet flat at the same time. This irritated Qing Shui to no end.

“Women are not objects that are to be simply snatched by anyone,” Qing Shui replied to him in an equally flat tone, but his words were enough to choke someone to death.

Song Lang’s expression slightly changed. No one had ever dared to talk to him this way. Even within his family, he was pampered because he was an important future potential candidate that would take over the Starday Hall and Song Clan.

He was destined to have a bright life ahead of him the moment he was born. On top of being gifted with a natural talent, he possessed the strength that lived up to expectations of many with the help of large amounts of rare and expensive medicinal pills.

Being put at the mouth of the storm at an early age allowed him to learn how to live in a better way. Although there were a lot of people helping him in the dark, Song Lang’s own capability could not be denied.

“Wow, our Starmoon Hall’s Qing Shui is the best. What he had said was on point,” a man said happily.

“Wonderful, I like it. I have decided to allow him to woo me,” said one of the ugliest women in a group of ladies. She looked at Qing Shui with infatuation in her eyes.

Everyone around her almost vomited!

“Youth is indeed youth. So impulsive.” Song Lang’s expression had reverted back to normal. The attitude he put on was as if he didn’t want to lower himself to a junior’s level and argue.

Qing Shui stood there with a smile. That aura of the “immovable mountains” amused everyone by what Song Lang had just said. After all, Qing Shui appeared to be more refined and slightly seasoned than him.

This was the comprehension Qing Shui had regarding life after he achieved the mental state of the “immovable mountains”. It was like a dream, yet also like a memory. Illusory and realistic, not just an empty imagination. This was also the reason why he could enter into the mental state of Immovable Mountains.

He knew what this kind of person was planning. He wanted nothing but to either force Qing Shui to leave through his power and show off or to beat Qing Shui when he let his guard down so he could show off in front of Canghai Mingyue.

At the end of the day, he just wanted get closer to Canghai Mingyue by stepping on Qing Shui’s shoulders.

Qing Shui hated people like this the most. If you said that you liked Canghai Mingyue, then by all means, pursue her yourself. But then you just had to use me as a stepping stone. The Qing Shui of the past would really not have been able to do anything about this because he understood the pain of having no potential. There was too much hopelessness among the weak group.

A beauty had a few dozen wolves around her. The prettier the woman, the more wolves there were. It would be fine if that woman was strong. She would meet a bad end if she was delicate like a flower vase. Canghai Mingyue used to have Canghai's protection, and on top of that her cultivation was uncommon. So even if there were evil intentions, no one had the guts to try anything.

But now that they were in the Heavenly Palace, although Canghai Mingyue's strength was decent, there were a lot more who were stronger than her. This Song Lang was one of the examples. As soon as a man knew that he was powerful, he would have great confidence.

"Impulsive? If you like someone then go pursue her. Do you know that using a stepping stone makes you appear like a fool in front of women? It would be extremely shameful you can't succeed even with this method," Qing Shui chuckled.

Although Song Lang had been through quite a lot of things in his life, people usually took his status and power into consideration. People who didn't give him face like Qing Shui were rare, harsh words like this were even rarer.

But his words were equally piercing to Qing Shui's ears. Qing Shui had always abided with the saying of "to not attack unless attacked and if someone stabbed me once with a knife I will stab him back ten times".

"Haha, they're going to fight. Qing Shui must claim the victory! Let the Starday Hall know the feeling of not being treated like a man!" someone yelled.

After a moment of silence, another voice rang out, "Beat him, Qing Shui! Let him fail to be a man!"

"Miss Liu-Li said that you are Mingyue's fiancée, so I came searching for you," Song Lang once again put on his smile which was as light as a cloud.

Qing Shui felt like he was pretending but then again it was like a habit to him! Regardless, Qing Shui still hated it and blamed his ancestors that he didn't have the air of an aristocrat.

"Oh, despite knowing that she's my fiancée you still come looking for me. Isn't this what they called picking a fight?" Qing Shui received a hint from Song Lang's words - Canghai Mingyue hated this guy.

The people of Great Sect were very weird. Just like in the Heavenly Palace, if Song Lang only bothered Canghai Mingyue, no one would usually meddle as long as he didn't overstep his boundaries with a senior.

To pursue your own happiness in the world of nine continents was a sacred thing, but of course etiquette must be observed. Just like Shi Qing Zhuang from the Hundred Miles City. Even if you tried to snatch a woman by defeating her fiancée, you would still need to make the woman like you. Or else all would be pointless.

Just like now, even if Song Lang defeated Qing Shui because he was the "fiancée" of Canghai Mingyue, he would still need to make Canghai Mingyue fall in love with him after that. Or else it would still be hopeless. He could snatch by force, but the person behind Canghai Mingyue would never allow this to happen.

Qing Shui's words still made the people below, especially the men from Starmoon Hall, cheer. It was too well said! To be burdened by a label for so long had made it difficult for them to even date a woman.

This was because whoever that dated a man from the Starmoon Hall, they would be called names behind their backs, such as the woman with a poser or something even worse. Until in the end, most people were wondering if the "sticks" of the men from Starmoon Hall were even functioning.

Although everyone knew those rumors were false, most would still choose to avoid them.

So most of the women from the Starmoon Hall were dating men from other halls. As the saying went: monks from the foreign land were better at reciting scriptures. Doing so would make both parties appear to be more capable in their respective halls.

For men, to be able to woo a woman outside of their own hall was something glorious.

Or all beautiful women were good, even men from the same hall would pursue her!

So this made the men from the Starmoon Hall so ashamed that they couldn't show their faces. They couldn't just let this glimmer of hope slip away. So as soon as someone started this they were all pumped up and cheering from the very beginning.

"Brat, you must be bored of living to be talking to my Martial Brother Song this way." The thin man that was forced to fade into the background by Qing Shui couldn't get over the humiliation. As long as his Martial Brother Song was there, he wasn't afraid of Qing Shui. Moreover, it was not his first time saying harsh words like this and it was his job to say unrefined words like this.

Qing Shui looked at the thin man. The Frenzied Bull's Strength was suddenly triggered, making his irises become red and monstrous as if knives were piercing the eyes of the thin man who was acting high and mighty.

The whole of Qing Shui's Qi aura rose sharply at that very moment, shocking the crowd. The thin man let out a blood curdling scream and covered his eyes which were streaming tears all over his face. The pain of being pierced by needles made him yell uncontrollably.

"What are you showing off for? You're just a dog." Qing Shui's Qi aura subsided again. It was still slightly refined with profound mystery, and a little of a veteran who had been through a lot, and also a little of monstrosity in men. However, no one could ever forget the tremendous Qi aura that exploded within an instant.

"I have underestimated you, Qing Shui. My challenge remains the same - the loser leaves Mingyue." Song Lang's eyes were filled with strong determination.

Success was to be tempered; no one would grow without being pressured. Even a setback was a considerable amount of riches.

"Who are you to be calling her Mingyue, too?" Qing Shui gave Song Lang a piercing glare.

"You don't dare to accept? Then apologize to him. One doesn't simply bully my people." Song Lang didn't read deeply into Qing Shui's words, but he was looking at Qing Shui with the intention to fight and was deliberately making things difficult for him.

“Just because she is my fiancée, you are using this as a stupid reason to challenge me. Your daddy, I challenge you - whoever wins get all the properties of the Song clan. Do you accept this?” Qing Shui said in spite.

Song Lang stayed silent.

“Women are not objects, they are not something to be snatched by force. I would use my genuine heart to protect my woman. Do you think you will have a woman by just relying on your martial strength? She’d just get snatched by someone else the same way.”

Qing Shui’s words were light but they went into everyone’s ears. They even roused the cheers from the ladies and went in deep into the hearts of the men from Starmoon Hall.

Song Lang turned pale this time. He knew that he had walked into Qing Shui’s trap and let him tag a label on him. The gazes from the women had changed from admiration to disgust. The dignity they had in them that was provoked by Qing Shui turned into sewage water and gushed violently towards Song Lang.

There was a flash of killing intent in Song Lang’s eyes.

“I CHALLENGE YOU!” Song Lang said seriously without a reason.

“Not interested. If everyone comes challenging me, then wouldn’t I be annoyed to death?” Qing Shui shook his head with a smile, but the expression on his face was rather annoyed.

“Are you even a man? Where are your balls!?” Perhaps Song Lang was too angry that a bad word exploded from him.

“I am very sure that I am, but I know you don’t have balls,” Qing Shui said certainly and seriously.

“How do you know that?”

“You’re the one without balls! I will murder you today!” Song Lang was extremely pissed off, and unintentionally got carried away by Qing Shui.

The crowd burst with laughter. Qing Shui and Song Lang’s challenge was just finding trouble for themselves. He had been through too much of this kind of situation in the previous world so he blurted out without thinking.

Song Lang would still remain level-headed even if he was furious. Even if blood rushed to his head, he just wanted to punch Qing Shui in his fury.

Qing Shui cautiously looked at Song Lang who was speeding towards him. Although he had killed the Elders of the Immortal Sword Sect, they were only Martial King Grade 1 after all while Song Lang was a full fledged Martial King Grade 2.

It was important to know that one level of difference in Martial King grade could create a huge gap. Consuming special medicinal pellets with a high level of cultivation would be even more perverse.

Qing Shui automatically raised the circulation of the to the limit and combined it together with the Frenzied Bull’s Strength. But he clenched his fists and concealed all his strength.

The Qi aura of Song Lang increased in an instant when he was dashing forward and it forced everyone else to back off threemeters. When he was just around five meters away from Qing Shui, his figure suddenly sped up.

### **Chapter 308 - Battle, the strength of a Level 2 Martial King**

Qing Shui saw that his Cloudmist Steps had reached a certain level of maturity. It's a pity it was only at the Ancestor Perfection Stage. Though the speed was certainly fast, it barely reached Qing Shui with a violent punch.

Qing Shui felt the power in that punch, and knew he had not invested all of his strength, neither did he use the Heavenly Thunder Slash, hence Qing Shui strangely took a step back.

The step he took appeared simple yet profound. Simultaneously, a "flashing shoulder" with a lunge and a back palm was executed with a step forward.

Taichi flashing shoulder!

Qing Shui only knew the simplified version of the 24 moves of Taichi, and the best moves among those were the Taichi Single Whip, Cloudhand, Deflect Parry Punch, Twin Peaks Piercing the Ears, Disheveled Wild Horse, Seemingly Sealed Shut.

There was also the White Crane Spreads Wings which Qing Shui had practised to a certain level of familiarity. He had wanted to experience the Crane Form of the Nine Animals Mimicry Technique, and had trained hard for this move.

"Bang!"

Qing Shui did not exert much power, but Song Lang was pushed back half a step with a dull impact. His eyes turned sharp suddenly, and charged at Qing Shui's chest with a violent fist.

Qing Shui felt a greater amount of power from his punch this time, and noticed fluorescence flowing on the fist with violent strength circulating through.

The Heavenly Thunder Slash!

Qing Shui was unsure what fist the opponent executed, but felt a quick and acute Qi in the punch. The incisive air in the punch seemed as if it could slice a person apart.

"Golden acuteness! Could his fist technique or martial technique be associated with the metal element?"

As Qing Shui speculated, he extended a Taichi Cloudhand towards Song Lang, in the process attacking the vital point on his wrist. Every Taichi Fist of the Obscure Realm, even if not executed and maneuvered skillfully and naturally, were at a realm of certain proficiency.

It was a mistake on Song Lang's part to battle against Qing Shui's fist and martial techniques. Receiving Qing Shui's Cloudhand on his wrist made him incessantly numb, and he was pushed 2 metres away by Qing Shui's gentle use of strength.

This time Song Lang stopped in his tracks and started at Qing Shui with a strange look. He undid his waist belt, or rather, a whip, shook it hard, and the satin fabric that wrapped around it slipped off!

Qing Shui became a little dazed.

A hollow tube with gleaming silver hooks made sounds of wind and thunder when it was wielded. It was the Thunderous Bloodthirsty Whip - a silvery white body that emitted whiffs of murderous and bloodthirsty stench.

“Show your weapon!” Song Lang gritted.

He knew it would not be advantageous fighting Qing Shui without a weapon, but did not expect the latter to be so polished with his bare hands and, most importantly, possessing such great strength.

Qing Shui did not plan to expose himself prematurely. He only wanted to train quietly, and return to resolve the grievance with the Yan Family and grant his master’s wish.

However now that he was forced into this situation, it would not be manly of him to compromise further. Moreover, there were many in this crowd who knew Song Lang was here to snatch his woman.

“You sure you want to fight?” Qing Shui stared intently at Song Lang.

Song Lang saw the look in Qing Shui and felt a slight anxiety in his chest unknowingly. He knew that both of them would battle till death if he was certain about that decision, but now, he was becoming hesitant.

Nevertheless, he recalled his critical move, and thought Qing Shui would never know about it since he had only been here not long ago.

“I am sure!”

The three words clearly declared his stand!

“Haha, it’ll be a good show, a good fight is coming on,” Someone shouted out immediately after Song Lang replied.

“Beat the Starday Hall one on one to death, Qing Shui, we’re behind you!”

“Who is that arrogant fool, coming to Starmoon Hall acting so atrociously, bullying us Starmoon Hall. Qing Shui, beat him up badly, until his mum can’t even recognise him.”

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Surrounding people spread out automatically as the number of people increased. After all the opponent was from Starday Hall, and most importantly this was considered a battle between Starmoon Hall and Starday Hall.

Also, many in the crowd were from the Starday Hall.

“Senior Song, you can do it, beat him to death. Let them be incapable of being men,” A man wearing Starday Hall clothes shouted.

“Damn you, brothers let’s beat him up, how dare he be so atrocious in Starmoon Hall, seizing our women and scolding us...”

“Hit him...”

It was a mess around them, but it was much cry and little wool. Qing Shui slowly jerked the Big Dipper Sword. He felt that the Big Dipper, though not associated with any supplementary attribute, could be able to suppress the Thunderous Bloodthirsty Whip.

Probably because Qing Shui had pulled out his weapon, but the crowd became silent quickly.

Qing Shui thought it was awkward for Song Lang to be holding a whip. A grown man using this weapon looked ungainly, but looking at the 3 metre long strap, Qing Shui knew it was meant to complement the Heavenly Thunder Slash.

The twin thunders were a wondrous effect!

Song Lang took a step forward while swinging his whip, like a quick snake moving along with roaring peals of thunder, cutting straight into one’s chest.

The air of immovability of a mountain surged through Qing Shui. There was no other choice when dealing with this thorny sort of weapon; it was difficult to know whether to block it or not. A sword flew piercing towards the “7-inch” part of the whip.

Dang!

A sharp, crisp sound rang out, thunders roared, and a mysterious force rose up through the weapon. Qing Shui was alarmed, and pulled out his sword hurriedly.

There was no stopping Song Lang once he got the upper hand. Another whip came slashing, this time with greater presence. It was like a legendary dragon at sea, convulsing towards Qing Shui’s neck.

Qing Shui did not expect his opponent to be proficient in his use of the whip. He changed his sword technique, the air flowing through his body suddenly became the Tiger’s Roar that could clearly be heard amidst the opponent’s rumbling thunders.

The heavens and earth around was completely stifled. Qing Shui remained standing, like a gigantic tiger guarding the mountain and integrated the huge mountain below his feet.

Immovability of a mountain!

A powerful force surged towards Song Lang, and Qing Shui simultaneously executed one of the critical sword techniques of Heavenly Palace Sword Art, he had learnt recently.

“Cleaving the mountain with a Single Sword!”

This sword move led a circle of light and directly blocked the dragon-like whip !

A huge crash of the impact sounded. Qing Shui was motionless under the miraculous effects of Immovability of Mountain, while Song Lang was forced 3 steps back and barely managed to stop himself.

Even disciples from the Starmoon Hall and Starday Hall who were standing around were pushed back 3 metres! Everyone watched the change in the battleground intently. Song Lang was driven back by Qing Shui, and it was as if a pot had been opened below.

“Qing Shui is mighty, haha, now the Starday Hall is unable to be a man,” Someone called out upon seeing Song Lang being forced backwards.

“Yes, who was the one who said something about not being manly, look who’s talking now.”

“Senior Song, defeat him, you can’t lose!” people from the Starday Hall became anxious.

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Qing Shui knew that feeling. It was like his college days in his past life. Many times when Qing Shui replied to people asking about his hometown that he was from a village, he would notice a despising look on the other party’s face.

Qing Shui had been angry then, what was wrong about a village, who were they to despise villages and villagers...It had been difficult for villagers to find a girlfriend in the city, and now that Starday Hall was defeated, they must be feeling the same thing. It must be difficult to talk about women now.

Song Lang’s face was dripping with perspiration, but his eyes remained determined. He was now a little regretful, for he would surely incur public wrath for this defeat, and there was flash of murderous intent in his eyes.

Qing Shui noticed the murderous intent that flashed across his eyes and a tight knot appeared in his chest. He must have a critical skill, a skill that could even be fatal.

Qing Shui focused all of his energy and spread his spiritual sense!

Song Lang’s energy suddenly surged, and the Thunderous Bloodthirsty Whip in his hands turned blood red as he lunged with a great step forward.

“Die!”

With low and dull call, the Thunderous Bloodthirsty Whip that became as thick as a baby’s arm attacked Qing Shui, the blood red whip looking like a coiled dragon as it charged amidst peals of deafening cracks.

Qing Shui’s brows knitted and held on tightly to his Big Dipper Sword!

Charging his Frenzied Bull’s Strength to the peak, he burst forward with a great howl!

Sword of Third Wave!

Qing Shui’s Big Dipper Sword flew towards the dragon head!

2 consecutive explosions could be heard, and Song Lang’s Thunderous Bloodthirsty Whip was beaten back to its original form, drooping, while Qing Shui’s Big Dipper Sword continued to charge towards Song Lang.

The instant the Big Dipper Sword touched Song Lang, Qing Shui saw a cruel smile creeping up Song Lang’s face, and there was even arrogance in that smile!



“Proud of it?”

Qing Shui detected something was wrong, but at that moment, Song Lang’s whip turned blood red again and attacked with even more ferocity. Qing Shui’s sword was already stabbing at a halo of light rays, but was unable to stab through no matter what.

“Damn, why did i forget about Divinity Protection.”

Qing Shui stepped back hurriedly, but it was too late! That serpent-like whip lashed out for Qing Shui’s head!

At this most critical moment, Qing Shui calmed down instead, and sat down with a single back palm.

The strongest defence in Taichi Fist, Seemingly Sealed Shut!

Taichi Fist that had attained the Obscure Realm of strength, under the effects of the and Frenzied Bull’s Strength, created a light golden radiance around Qing Shui, followed by the appearance of an enormous Frenzied Bull.

Moo!

“Pa!”

At that instant, the whip lashed out at the radiance and the image of the Frenzied Bull!

Qing Shui’s heart was truly a part of this Taichi Move, Seemingly Sealed Shut. It was a wonderful feeling. At that moment, Qing Shui once again felt as though his entire body, even his soul, received some sort of cleansing.

Although the abilities were not enhanced, they were much more condensed. That was also a feeling, a kind of realm, as though one suddenly turned into a model striding when he had been walking normally. It was the feeling of one writing freely without hesitation.

Doing as one pleases! The way of nature!

Qing Shui opened his eyes, and felt as if he went back a hundred years ago within an instant, but his disposition shifted, and his Immovability like Mountain became even more elusive than before.

Mental State!

This was the enhancement of the Mental State, also the most difficult part to enhance in the martial arts.

Song Lang was now alarmed. The Divinity Protection, his critical skill, had actually no effect. He was certain that Qing Shui did not use the Divinity Protection, yet he could achieve the same effect through a different move.

And that image of the majestic bull!

Qing Shui had not imagined that his Taichi Fist could have attained such a powerful level, especially now that a change has also occurred in his Frenzied Bull’s Strength. He was still only able to increase 30% of his strength and presence, but now, he could conjure up an image of a Frenzied Bull.

## Chapter 309 - Qing Shui, Go Calm Your Fiancee Down

No one could tell what Song Lang was thinking. He lunged towards Qing Shui with a slash from the whip like a flick from a dragon's tail. This technique was as superior as the one from before, but it was more sinister and tricky.

Qing Shui did not feel threatened at all this time. This wonderful feeling may have something to do with the enhancement of his current state of mind. He naturally stepped backwards, and in an instant, rushed forward with the speed of light in a natural motion.

With the correct timing, he evaded the opponent's long whip as he stepped backwards. During the moment when the opponent used his whip to attack, he used the Cloudmist Steps to dodge out of harm's way.

Unexpectedly, this technique was faster than before, as if he just walked through a shortcut!

Song Lang stood there blankly. He knew in that moment that there was a huge gap between both of them! As Song Lang stared blankly at the incoming dull blow from the sword, he knew that this is a final death blow.

"Brother, please have mercy!" A resonant voice rang out.

As Qing Shui remembered the murderous intent from Song Lang's eyes, he wanted to cripple him even if he couldn't kill him. Qing Shui did not waste any effort and proceed to plunge his blade towards Song Lang. For ordinary people, it would seem like it was too late to restrain his blade from going forward.

At the precise moment when Qing Shui's blade was almost touching Song Lang's flesh, a shadowy sword came just in time to block Qing Shui's blade. The clash of the blade clanked like a sound from a bell.

Qing Shui could only feel a surge of energy emanating from the Big Dipper sword. He couldn't not withstand the energy, so he retreated three steps to stabilize himself. Qing Shui lifted up his head to face the man who saved Song Lang.

The dark burly man had a bunch of beard, thick eyebrow and big eyes, especially a pair of sparkling eyes that resembled two black gemstones, thick lips, and a droopy nose. But this man gave Qing Shui an impression of being a generous and dignified man.

"My boy Lang, are you okay?" A burly man faced a pale-faced Song Lang as he spoke.

Song Lang shook his head depressingly. Although he did not die, he was the man who was always arrogant and now felt despair from his loss. At least the pressure that he has had will not vanish, and he could never lift up his head wherever he goes.

Because he lost the battle at the Starmoon Hall!

"Brother, the fight will stop for now. You looked admirable. On behalf of the Song Family, I will compensate you a little while later." The dark burly man smiled as he said that, flashing his teeth as white as light.

Qing Shui speculated that the man has a high ranker in the Song Family based on how he called Song Lang as 'my boy Lang'. Otherwise, this burly man would not even dare to make compensations on behalf of the Song Family.

As it was not wise to arouse any trouble with the man, Qing Shui decided to spare Song Lang. Furthermore, he had to take up the offer to spare his opponent as this dark large man's power was no laughing matter. Qing Shui was also beginning to sense a few strong figures surrounding the area.

"3rd Brother Hei, why are you bullying my people of Starmoon Hall." A familiar voice rang across the hall.

Qing Shui smiled, he called out to the Fei Wuji who suddenly appear beside him - the man he respected the most: "Martial Uncle!"

"Brother Wuji, it's a misunderstanding, it was just all a misunderstanding. Kids will inevitably have arguments. This time it was my boy Lang's fault. I have already ask to compensate on behalf of Song Family. I will definitely make amends for this brother over here." The man known as 3rd Brother Hei said in a straightforward manner. He had a modest and gentle smile and expression.

"Haha, good, if I don't fuss over this and remember Song Family's amendments, then I will be humiliating the entire Song Family!" Fei Wuji laughed bluntly.

"3rd Uncle, father, master, they..." Song Lang face looked pale.

"Let's go back and talk.", said 3rd Brother Hei while maintaining his modest smile.

At that moment, the Starmoon Hall's cheers rang out in the public square, especially cheers from the male audiences. They started to surround Qing Shui, but backed off the moment Qing Shui frowned.

"Qing Shui, go to where the old man is. They girls are there too and everyone has gathered. Liu-li was just nagging that you haven't see her for more than a month." Fei Wuji smiled pleasantly.

Qing Shui nodded: "Okay, I will go look for old man as well."

Fei Wuji always feel impressed whenever he sees Qing Shui. This youngster has improved too fast. Some time ago, he was still lamenting on the aura of Immovable mountain on Qing Shui's body, because Fei Wuji's aura is not as dignified as Qing Shui's.

Fei Wuji's life was not perfect. He lacked some things, for example, affections from children, father, mother, the passion of love...

Qing Shui had barely escape death, and had seen a lot of things. His exceptional state of mind and perception, and appreciation allowed Qing Shui to understand his intense "Immovable Mountain" aura by chance.

Just before two months has passed, Fei Wuji noticed the aura on Qing Shui's body had changed again. The change is like a more condensed but simple addition to the foundation of Immovable Mountain.

Qing Shui realized that he has been spending two months of his time practicing his skills. He had not been seeing two of the ladies. He did not want to think of anything else, so he focused his time on his practice to paralyze himself.

When he reached Cang Wuya's place, the two ladies walked out happily when they heard both Qing Shui's and Fei Wuji's footsteps. Qing Shui could feel their care, thoughts, and other unidentified feelings from their starry pretty eyes.

Qing Shui awkwardly touched his nose when he saw the hidden bitterness in their eyes. Huoyun Liu-li ran towards him and hugged his neck.

"He he he!"

As she saw how stiff Qing Shui was standing over there, Huoyun Liu-li laughed distinctively, as if charmingly and maliciously.

Fei Wuji chuckled a bit and went inside.

Qing Shui lightly placed his arms around Huoyun Liu-li's slim waist, then picked her up from the ground and twirled a few rounds before placing her down. Her subtle sweet fragrance enveloped and dwelled inside his nose. Qing Shui could feel the soft and exquisite sensation from the embrace as he was swayed momentarily.

A womanizer such as Qing Shui had long not tasted the flavor of "meat", and before he could say anything, he quickly let go of Huoyun Liu-li. At that moment, Qing Shui noticed a slight amusement in between her eyes.

Huoyun Liu-li laughed for a couple more moments and pushed Qing Shui towards Canghai Mingyue, "Just calm your fiancée down before she gets snatched by other people."

"Liu-li, what nonsense are you talking about..."

Huoyun Liu-li giggled shrewdly as she walked straight into the house!

Qing Shui understood that Huoyun Liu-li was talking about how Song Lang was trying to woo Canghai Mingyue. He also didn't know how long she has been bothered by that poor kid in this short period of time.

"Haha, Yue-Yue, let me hear you call out your husband, after all, you are my fiancée now." Qing Shui softly embraced Canghai Mingyue's silky waist.

Qing Shui got excited by this wonderful feeling, as if he was floating and could not hold onto the ground. This is not the first time they had any interaction between their bodies. Perhaps he had stolen her kiss once, but he would always feel touched in an indescribable way.

She promised Qing Shui she would let him hug her!

"Qing Shui, please don't listen to Liu-li's nonsense..."

Canghai Mingyue did not struggle away from Qing Shui's embrace, because he would not take advantage of her even though he was embracing her waist. But he was a bit playful with his words.

"Which disciple from the Starday Hall did you have feelings for?" Qing Shui playfully smiled.

At this moment, Qing Shui was three parts courteous, three parts gentle, and three parts devilish, and one part persistent. Canghai Mingyue saw that Qing Shui was beside her, but she felt that she could not see through him clearly, as if he was even more unfamiliar than before.

However, she did not reject Qing Shui. She remembered the things Qing Shui had done for her, and looked at Qing Shui momentarily. Her dark eyes stared at Qing Shui without blinking.

Qing Shui felt unnatural with her deep boundless eyes staring at him, so he lightly tapped on her prominent shoulder.

As she felt the tap on her smooth and soft shoulder, Canghai Mingyue snapped back from her daze and exclaimed. Her face was flushed pink from embarrassment.

Qing Shui was dazed from her beautiful eyes and the fluttering of her long neat eyelashes. Her beauty was enough to make Qing Shui quiver.

"Let's go in, it's not good being out here like this!"

The ambiguous atmosphere lasted for a moment as Cang Hai MingYue spoke softly. She did not answer Qing Shui's mocking question because she felt that there was no need to discuss further on the senseless topic.

Qing Shui smiled and nodded as he let go of Cang Hai MingYue's silky waist. He then walked beside her into the living room.

When Cang Wuya saw Qing Shui once again, he gazed with an obvious astonishment. But Qing Shui had already given him too many surprises, so Cang Wuya was able to accept the situation despite being surprised.

As he looked at both Qing Shui and Cang Hai MingYue, Cang Wuya had a satisfied smile because both of them were walking in side-by-side!

"I am sorry I did not come visit old man for a while." Qing Shui smiled as he spoke to Cang Wuya.

"Haha, young people should focus more on training. You did good. This old man can feel that you have a heart. Although I am old now, I am still experienced with some things. If you have anything that bothers you, please talk to me. Maybe I could still be of help to you. I only have you guys left."

Cang Wuya's words were kind. Qing Shui was able to feel his sincerity through his words. There was no dishonesty in his voice. Most importantly, Qing Shui was able to feel how much Cang Wuya wanted to him and Cang Hai MingYue to walk through the path together, perhaps also with Huoyun Liu-li.

"Qing Shui, the reason I want to see you was to actually talk about the business with the Song Family." Cang Wuya smiled softly as he sat near the coffee table around everyone.

Qing Shui was startled, to be able to make the old man initiate the topic about a certain family must be a powerful family, at least powerful enough in the Heavenly Palace. Qing Shui was seriously ready to listen.

"You don't have to worry, I have already told you before that I would help, as long as you don't take innocent lives, I will help you. Whatever it is, I will protect your life. What's more, this is just a normal exchange between us." Cang Wuya said as he noticed how Qing Shui was acting a bit nervous.

Qing Shui had a peace of mind again after listening to Cang Wuya's words. He felt he had a support, like leaning against a big sturdy tree. If he didn't have the blessing and protection of the seniors, he would have been a coward his whole life. A genius would have failed prematurely as well.

### **Chapter 310 - Woman of Feng Family, Elder Yun**

"The Song Family is big in the Heavenly Palace, handed down through many generations, and is considered a family that followed through the long eras of the Heavenly Palace. From the start till now, there have been countless Supreme Elders who were almost among the strongest within the Starday Hall. There were still three Supreme Elders in Starday Hall, from the current Song Family, ten other Elders, as well as the Chief Disciple, on which immense amount of effort was spent to nurture." Cang Wuya chuckled.

Qing Shui discovered something from this message, but could not pinpoint it. He lifted his head abruptly and said to Cang Wuya in shock, "Old Master is saying that Starday Hall is considering a change from Sect Inheritance to Aristocrat Inheritance?"

Cang Wuya kept silent and only smiled at Qing Shui, finally nodding favorably!

Qing Shui then recalled his unintentional act today, and wondered if he had made the Song Family spoil the ship for a half penny's worth of tar.

Qing Shui looked at Cang Wuya and realized that the old master was still sitting there smiling. Can't Wuya waited for a while before saying, "You have thoroughly offended the Song Family this time, hence even if you have us watching your back, you must remember to act carefully whenever you're out of the Heavenly Palace. You may be at ease in the Heavenly Palace since nothing would happen, but bear in mind to be careful when you're not in the Heavenly Palace." Cang Wuya seriously and repeatedly warned Qing Shui.

"Mm, thank you, Old Master!" Qing Shui replied sincerely. Cang Wuya was still the same as ever, and Qing Shui was truly grateful for this benevolent old man in front of him.

The news of Qing Shui, the disciple of Starmoon Hall, defeating the Chief Disciple of Starday Hall spread faster than wildfire; within a moment, the entire Heavenly Palace had gotten wind of it.

Starmoon Hall was now filled with pride and satisfaction, every one of its disciples rushing to spread the news. It was now bustling more than during the New Year, and the atmosphere made one feel uncomfortable if he was not sharing the information with others.

Thus, within a few moments, the name Qing Shui and the news that he thrashed the Chief Disciple of Starday Hall was made known to everyone in Starmoon Hall.

The Song Family!

"Father!" it was the first time Song Lang felt so ashamed, standing before his father.

Song Lang's father, Song Yuanzhan was a similarly sharp but mature middle-aged man, and the yellow robe with purple lining gave him an extra touch of elegance and dignity.

Song Lang's facial features were extremely similar to that of Song Yuanzhan; Song Lang was like the younger version of Song Yuanzhan.

At this moment, Song Yuanzhan's face was a blackish green, and his lips quivering; anyone could see that he was full of anger. His blood boiled when he stared at Song Lang.

"Pa!"

Song Lang covered his face and looked at his respected father in disbelief. The father who doted on him since his youth, and never once raised his voice at him, actually slapped him today.

This instant, he felt as if something shattered. The look he had towards his father also became strange, and astoundingly, he realized that a tinge of hatred gradually rose in his heart.

"Stupid thing, wasted tens of years of my effort. You have disappointed me utterly." Finishing that sentence, Song Yuanzhan's tall and straight posture appeared a little hunched.

He had been preparing his family for tens of years, excluding the three Supreme Elders and ten Elders already present, he also had his people in other halls. He only hoped for his son to attain the position of Palace Lord, promote his own people, and bar out others, eventually giving the Song Family control of Starday Hall.

But now, his son's Chief Disciple position was taken away. Old fellows from other families would definitely use this to make a big fuss.

Not only that, Song Family's reputation was also damaged significantly when the family, which had been powerful, was defeated by the Starmoon Hall...

"Elder Brother, don't blame Lang Er, that rascal's capabilities were way above Lang Er's," The third brother said to Song Yuanzhan.

"You have no brains, you're self-conceited and insolent because of your abilities, but those abilities were the work of my medicine. You really think you're a genius, stupid thing. You're the death of me." Song Yuanzhan got angrier as he scolded.

Song Lang lowered his head. He had never been scolded before, and now there was a surge of hatred in his eyes as he slowly backed out. He was unable to accept his father's sudden outburst.

At this time, an old man with silvery hair, dressed in white came in. He was medium built and did not don any beard, but the most striking feature of his was his mouth; his lips were unbelievably thin.

"Third Uncle, you're here. How are you?" Song Yuanzhan saw the old man and quickly went forward to greet.

The old man shook his head and smiled. He looked disdainful as he smiled with those thin lips of his. He then looked at Song Yuanzhan and said, "Lang Er's title of Chief Disciple has been taken away, and the next Chief Disciple has only one condition to fulfil."

The old man's voice was a little shrill and extremely strange, but Song Yuanzhan and Hei San remained unchanged, as though they were used to it.

"What condition?"

"Defeat the rascal from Starmoon Hall, and you would be the Chief Disciple of Starday Hall!"

Song Yuanzhan became silent!

Simultaneously in Starday Hall, it was abuzz with talk and emotions. Many were cursing Song Lang's incapability and incompetence, that he was actually thrashed by people from Starmoon Hall.

While some were in agony, others were in joy. Feng Family had a different concern from Song Family. Core members of the family were now gathered at the main hall, many of them were elderly members with white streaks of hair.

Seated on the main seat was an elderly man of medium, proportionate built. Half a head of white hair made him seem coordinated with his surroundings.

A pair of bright, narrow and long eyes watched the group of people seated neatly below, and the vague smile on his face gave off the impression that he was vigorous and swift in his work.

"Family Chief, Song Family snatched it away the other time, now it is time for Feng Family." A similarly elderly man stood up and said to the Feng Family Chief on the main seat.

"Elder Luo is right, Family Chief. We have prepared for so many years and the title of Chief Disciple is a critical step for us; it is a strong stepping stone for both attack and defence," commented a refined young man as he stood up.

"Things may not go smoothly?" At the same time, a glamorous, mature woman on his left stood and spoke up. The woman's age was indiscernible, and her voice, though beautiful, told of her life experiences. She also had a pair of eyes that shone with wisdom on her stunning face, and a slender but full body that propped up her clothes, her bosom quivering gently as she spoke.

The line from her waist to her hips was like a work of nature, setting off the fullness of her hips, while her slender legs were straight and proportionate, giving off a sense of elegance.

As the woman finished her sentence, many looked at her. Among those looking, many of their looks were lewd and devilish. She was a completely mature woman; it was as if she could not feel their stares, and only stared straight at the Family Chief.

"Elder Yun, continue." the Feng Family Family Chief smiled confidently.

"Palace Lord, if I may say, the withdrawing of the Chief Disciple title from Song Family is an opportunity for us. However, it is the same to others, though those aren't important." The woman's wise eyes were fixed on the Palace Lord, and the expression her eyes was impenetrable.

"You're talking about Starmoon Palace Lord," Feng Family Chief replied softly.

"Yes. the Palace Lord is already aware of Song Family's decision, but there is no evidence nor excuse to prevent it. He has limited time, but he has no intent of carrying this burden to show his ancestors, thus



he would definitely find a way to stop it from happening.” The woman’s bright eyes looked straight at the Family Chief.

Many men looked on eagerly at her eyes, even a group of old men couldn’t help but steal glances at her. This woman simply gave off the a sexy and foxy feel that was unparalleled.

Some old men looked like they went through a lot kept their silence, their slightly shut eyes remained shut, and they sat silently.

“No matter what, we have to send Tian Er up the seat of the Chief Disciple, even if we have to wait ten years,” Feng Family Chief said determinedly.

“Family Chief, rest assured. Only a few people are able to attain that title, among them are those whose goals are similar to ours. The Palace Lord is similarly repulsed by them, thus the only ones we really have to deal with are less than five,” The woman commented mildly.

“Elder Yun, if you have any ideas, feel free to express them, only our people are present here.” One word from Feng Family Chief made everyone in the main hall feel warm.

The woman looked around and broke into a smile, and for an instant there were sounds of people swallowing their saliva. As if it was a common sight, she moved on to say, “Palace Lord has said that we should defeat that guy from Starmoon Hall if we want the Chief Disciple title, so we can make a fuss out of this, and force that guy to make a merciless move or go easy on us...”

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At the same time, Qing Shui was consulting Cang Wuya on some questions on martial arts, odd anecdotes in the mainland, and territories of some influences.

“Qing Shui, if anyone comes to you for help, or some issue that is not effort-consuming, you may accede and from them, exhort items that you need. Remember to demand exorbitantly.” Cang Wuya grinned at Qing Shui, the pair of benevolent eyes was filled with omniscient wisdom and decisiveness.

Qing Shui was a little perplexed, but nodded seriously!

In the afternoon, Huoyun Liu-Li pulled Qing Shui and Canghai Mingyue off for a walk, and Cang Wuya smiled with relief as they left.

“Qing Shui, let’s go to the back of the mountains, it is serene there!” Huoyun Liu-Li said to Qing Shui as they walked out of the door.

Speaking of the back of the mountains and how quiet it was, Qing Shui could not help but recall the man who was scared to death by him. There were many “wild couples” there, what was Huoyun Liu-Li thinking, pulling them there?

Though he knew it would definitely not be that, Qing Shui’s imagination and heart went wandering and stared at the two women’s peaks and goddess-like bodies.

The two returned angry stares at Qing Shui, especially Huoyun Liu-Li, who snapped, “Such a bad rascal with evil intentions but no courage to do it.”

