

Ancient ST 41

Chapter 41 - Qing Bei vs Lan Yan`er

Despite the competition having no limits in regard to the number of people the clans could send, the clans would only select those who had at the bare minimum cultivated to the 6th Grade of the Martial Warrior Realm. The reason being that the divide between the 5th and the 6th Grade could be said to be the first huge cliff that cultivators would face. Cultivators of the 5th Grade could at most be considered slightly stronger humans. It was only when one broke through to the 6th Grade, that they would be considered having set foot upon the path of cultivation. As a result, no matter how many 5th Grade Martial Warriors were sent out, they would all be powerless against a 6th Grade Martial Warrior. They would just be casually defeated with naught but a single move, just like an egg smashing against a rock.

Qing Hu was the first competitor, and as he had just broke through to the 6th Grade of the Martial Warrior Realm, he decided to test his new found strength in the arena. Soon after he entered, an opponent of similar age had entered the arena.

Maybe because Qing Hu was empty-handed, his opponent did not bring any weapons with him as well when he entered the arena.

“Qing Clan, Qing Hu!”

“Lan Clan, Lan Xing!”

After the two fighters did their self-introductions, Situ Nan Tian softly announced the prelude to the battle.

Qing Shui was unsure if Qing Hu had learned any other martial techniques from the Qing Clan, but he was positive that the technique Qing Hu was currently using was none other than the Solitary Rapid Fist he taught him! In Qing Shui’s eyes, the strikes and stances executed by Qing Hu looked incomparably clumsy, but apparently it was enough to contend against Lan Xing.

The spectators beneath the arena could tell that when it came to level of strength, attack speed and body movements, Qing Hu was beneath Lan Xing. However, just based on that weird fist technique that he was using, Qing Hu relied on both his agile hands to adequately defend against Lan Xing, and was even successful in causing Lan Xing to retreat a single step. After that exchange, both parties backed off, and Lan Xing stood at the side with his brows furrowed while wringing his numbed hands, as if in shock.

Not giving his opponent any time to rest, Qing Hu rushed forward while carefully considering what were the best paths of attack. Qing Hu could already be considered knowledgeable regarding the locations of the human body’s weakest acupoints and important meridians. However, when he faced an opponent of similar strength, despite knowing the positions and weaknesses, the probability of striking at specific acupoints was not high. Even so, Qing Hu’s execution was brilliant, and after the second exchange Lan Xing was dumbstruck.

Despite his numbed hands, Lan Xing forcefully clenched his fingers into a fist, and roared as he rushed towards Qing Hu. It seemed that he had learned his lesson, and wanted to depend on his advantageous speed and body movements to fight with Qing Hu instead of fighting head on.

Qing Hu calmly held his ground despite Lan Xing's speed. Qing Hu knew that if Lan Xing wanted to defeat him, it would not be an easy matter at all. Every time Lan Xing wanted to strike at Qing Hu, he would have to come in range of Qing Hu's terrifying fists. Qing Hu slightly raised his arms and readied his fists, delivering devastating attacks whenever there was an opportunity. Gradually, Lan Xing's reaction got slower and slower, while Qing Hu's fists attacks got more and more nimble! This was the effect caused by experiencing actual combat!

As the rules forbade attacks that would cause death, and in addition because there was no hatred between Qing Hu and Lan Xing, Qing Hu refrained from attacking any of the deadly acupoints located on his opponent's head area. Biding his time, and waiting for the right opportunity, Qing Hu finally sprang forward, and caught his opponent by surprise. Using his nimble arms to execute the Solitary Rapid Fist Technique, he positioned himself at Lan Xing's back and skillfully jabbed at the Tian Zhu, Fu Fen, Da Zhu, Fei Yu acupoints around the back neck region of Lan Xing.

Even Qing Shui was awed by Qing Hu's graceful execution. When Qing Hu looked over, Qing Shui showed his approval with his eyes, and with a slight smile on his lips, he slightly nodded his head in the direction of Qing Hu.

After the fight, the Lan Clan sent two more 6th Grade Martial warriors which were defeated by Qing Hu in the same skillful manner. At this point, not only were the other clans startled by Qing Hu's performance, even the 2nd and 3rd generation of his own Qing Clan felt that he was incredible.

Gradually, Qing Hu was defeated by a 7th Grade Martial Warrior. There was glory even in his defeat. After which, a 7th Grade Martial Warrior of the Tong Clan defeated the 7th Grade Martial Warrior of the Lan Clan, but they in turn lost to a girl from the Feng Clan.

At the end of the 7th Grade Martial Warrior's fight, Lan Yan`er was the only one left standing. There was simply no one that could match her under the 8th Grade. Looking at the unyielding woman he loved standing in the arena, a bittersweet feeling surfaced in Qing Hu's heart.

Indeed, Lan Yan`er was the little genius that was the pride of Lan Clan. Even Qing Yang and Qing Hui had suffered defeat in her hands. The short moment of glory Qing Hu brought to the Qing Clan, quickly dissipated as the Lan Clan stole the limelight.

Looking at Lan Yan`er who was currently in high spirits and exhibiting an air of unbound arrogance standing on the stage. After she had defeated another 7th Grade Martial Warrior at the peak of the 7th Grade, Qing Bei grit her teeth and jumped into the arena.

"Sigh, forget it, letting this little kid experience the pain of defeat can only be beneficial for her future cultivation." Qing Hai bitterly said.

Although there was a distance between Lan Yan`er who was at the peak of the 7th Grade, as well as Qing Bei who just stepped into the 7th Grade; Qing Bei showed no fear as she narrowed her eyes and locked her gaze onto Lan Yan`er.

Lan Yan`er had already fully matured as she had already gone through puberty, and could be considered enchanting by males anywhere as they were hooked by the flirtatious expression in her gaze. In comparison, Qing Bei was a rose that had yet to fully mature, who emitted a pure and vivacious feeling.

“You are not my opponent, just obediently retreat, elder sister wouldn’t bear to see you in pain.” Lan Yan`er smiled widely, with her eyes twinkling, as they narrowed to the shape of crescent moons.

“Ahh, what a pity. Even she was older, her character is definitely not my cup of tea. Furthermore, Qing Hu is in love with her.” Qing Shui told himself secretly, as he gazed upon the enchanting visage of Lan Yan`er.

“Ten moves! I only need ten moves to defeat you. If you are still not defeated by then, I will admit defeat.” Qing Bei calmly said as her words left everyone in the audience thunderstruck.

Even Qing Shui was thunderstruck. He had always thought of Qing Bei as a gentle little lamb, and it seemed that this was not so. Qing Bei had actually dared to issue such a proclamation!

Maybe the proclamation had humiliated Lan Yan`er, as she did not expect Qing Bei to act so bold. As her smile froze on her face, she grimly said “Oh is that so, you better be careful then.” Lan Yan`er drew out a light blue sharp sword that had defeated countless others. The color of the sword was as clear as water, such that it could be likened to the limpid eyes of a woman.

In response, Qing Bei took out a set of gauntlets that were made of chains and equipped them. The gauntlets covered all the way up her arms. She inclined her head to look at the waiting Lan Yan`er.

Qing Shui knew that the chain gauntlets Qing Bei was using were made from the silk of the icy silkworm only found far in the northern regions. It was impervious to cuts and slashes from ordinary weapons. Beneath the arena, earlier when Qing Hu was fighting, Qing Bei had already told Qing Shui about the origins of this set of chain gauntlets. It was bought by Qing Luo, and there was only one pair of them within the Qing Clan. It could be considered an above average weapon, as the user could still move agilely with them equipped, compared to being encased in heavy gauntlets made of gold and steel which slowed the user down.

The moment Qing Bei first made her move, Qing Shui was dumbstruck. Not only Qing Shui, even the entire Qing Clan was too. Who would have known that Qing Bei had already reached the initial stage of the Qing Clan’s Lotus Step. Combining the Lotus Step along with the Solitary Rapid Fist, it was truly a dazzling sight to behold!

Of course, that would not be enough to warrant such startlement. What was truly magnificent, was that the execution of the Solitary Rapid Fist by Qing Bei was even more spectacular than Qing Hu’s execution earlier. It seemed as though Qing Bei had already grasped the true essence of the words “Solitary and Rapid”, and had truly understood the quintessential essence of this set of fist techniques!

Qing Bei was comparable to a ferocious leopard, lithe and agile, yet she also possessed overbearing strength. She left the audience gasping in admiration as she advanced towards Lan Yan`er.

“No wonder this little brat dared to issue such a proclamation. It seems like she wants to use the pressure of a psychological battle in combination with the insights she grasped to thoroughly crush Lan Yan`er.” Qing Shui came to this realization as he watched the small frame of Qing Bei delivering strikes with the pressure of Mount Tai, as she slowly pushed Lan Yan`er back.

To win in a fight, one had to tread the narrow path of bravery to victory. Currently, this description best outlined the situation between Lan Yan`er and Qing Bei. The intricate strikes of Qing Bei were

comparable to the storms of a typhoon. Her arms could be likened to snakes, as she mercilessly struck out.

“The 8th move!” Qing Bei stated, as her body flashed past while she avoided the horizontal sweep of Lan Yan`er’s sword.

After being accustomed to the sword strikes of Lan Yan`er, Qing Bei wasted no more time. “I have already seen through all your techniques,” she said before nimbly rushing forward with the speed of a shooting star, and mercilessly striking her fist at Lan Yan`er’s Tian Tu Acupoint (2), which knocked her unconscious.

This was the 9th move of Qing Bei!

Chapter 42 - One Move

After Qing Bei defeated Lan Yan`er, the audience members were all momentarily shocked into silence. Even Qing Luo was somewhat embarrassed, staring at the head of the Lan Clan, Lan Yu. His own granddaughter actually possessed a strength akin to a strong wind sweeping the leaves, and defeated the genius - Lan Yan`er who was two years older than her.

Lan Yu stood there motionlessly at a loss, but after a moment, he quickly arranged a few others from the Lan Clan to carry the unconscious Lan Yan`er away from the arena. Qing Bei did not continue to stand in the arena, she only said a single sentence before jumping down from the stage. “I’m only up here because I couldn’t stand her arrogance.”

After saying her peace, Qing Bei left the arena. But the words she said had reverberated in the eardrums of the Lan Yu, as he secretly said in his heart, “Little brat, your actions just now could be considered even more presumptuous and conceited than my Yan`er.”

Despite the competition between the various great clans, all of them still needed to depend on each other as they worked together to safeguard and maintain the Qing Village. Luckily, Qing Bei was young enough that despite her words smacking of arrogance, the tone behind them seemed to have hints of mischievousness in them. Furthermore, the foxy lady with the curvaceous figure and pair of phoenix eyes from the Feng Clan covered her mouth as she laughed lightly, which instantly dispelled the awkward atmosphere. Glancing at that pair of captivating eyes, Qing Shui could not help but felt a nefarious burning sensation down in his loins, as his heart trembled and his eyes flashed with desire.

“What a hot babe, I don’t know which lucky guy can hug her to sleep at night. Look at those gigantic twin peaks. Oh my god! That mature and seductive face combined with those flirtatious glances flashing through her captivating pair of eyes, how could any man resist her?” Qing Shui whispered, enchanted.

After which, the arena was shared by Qing Zi with a tall and slender lady with a buxom figure from the Feng Clan. Equipped in her hands, were two chakrams that were a fiery-red in color.

The weapon that Qing Zi chose to use actually gave Qing Shui a sense of amazement. This was because the weapon Qing Zi used was actually a great silvery axe with a height similar to Qing Zi! The width of the axe’s head accounted for about one-third that of a human body, fully covering the chest and abdomen area of a human.

Qing Shui gauged that the weapon's weight should be about 150 jin. That impressive looking great axe also emitted a certain psychological pressure, causing opponents to slightly panic as they looked upon such a huge weapon. Swiftly after, both of them started to duel.

Only after they both had announced their names, did Qing Shui know that this girl from the Feng Clan who uses the two chakrams as her weapons was named Feng Yan`fei.

After the first exchange, Qing Shui could tell that barring any unexpected incidents, victory would go to Qing Zi. As he had expected, Qing Zi was not simple at all, looking at the way he wielded the huge axe, like a swallow flying across the skies, there were no hints of clumsiness that would usually be associated with using such an unwieldy weapon. His insights into the way of the axe had already broken through to a realm that most ordinary people would not be able to reach!

In comparison, Lan Yan`fei was in a slightly more difficult position. As a woman, her strength could not be compared to Qing Zi. If it was not for her superb agility, she would have been defeated long ago by Qing Zi.

Qing Zi calmly executed his techniques, with no hint of hurriedness in his actions. If he was overly intent on winning, Feng Yan`fei may have the opportunity to exploit his carelessness. Qing Zi calmly persisted, be it in the amount of strength or speed of attacks, every strike of his was executed to perfection.

"Brother Qing Zi, I admit my defeat. Thank you for showing me mercy!" Feng Yan`fei retreated as she said in a very poised and dignified manner, gazing at Qing Zi with a hint of admiration in her eyes.

"Thank you for letting me win!" Qing Zi smiled good-naturedly.

"I wish Brother Qing Zi luck in the next battle. If you are free, this little sister would like to exchange more pointers with you." Feng Yan`fei shyly said as she turned her body and descended the arena.

"Oohhhh~" catcalls rang out from the audience.

"This damned little brat actually felt the stirring of romance in the middle of a competition." The beautiful Feng Clan's leader gently smiled. After which, she glanced over at Qing Luo who was happily laughing as he slightly nodded his head in the direction of the Feng Clan's leader.

As the competition continued, Qing Zi was matched against another guy. Only then did the guy realize that Qing Zi had indeed shown mercy when he was dueling Feng Yan`fei.

The great axe with power akin to a tornado swept across the arena. Very few of the 8th Grade Martial Warriors could last more than 10 rounds when faced against it. Humans would always tend to gravitate towards people with strength! Especially when such an explosive strength was unleashed with killing intent, which was an extremely magnificent sight to behold. Despite Qing Zi's current strength being far from tyrannical, it was sufficient enough to cause the audience to look at him in a new light.

The smile on Qing Luo's face had never ceased. Qing Hu, Qing Bei and now, Qing Zi, all of them had caused his eyes to shine with brilliance, setting an example for those in the 3rd generation. In comparison, Lan Yu from the Lan Clan and the middle-aged guy from the Tong Clan were shaking their heads in despair. Especially Lan Yu, the beautiful little genius of the Lan Clan had actually lost to a girl two years younger than her. Not to mention that now, the Lan Clan's members who were sent up against Qing Zi were all ruthlessly smashed down.

It was as if Qing Zi temporarily had divine might. His sturdy frame exploded with ferocious strength; he looked like a valiant general slaughtering his foes in defense of his home land. There were more than a few gazes lost in rapture as they were riveted on his muscular frame.

Which teenage girl did not wish to have such a husband? Looking at Qing Zi's good natured smile, loud voices of praise along with the screams of excitement from the teenage girls unceasingly rang out from beneath the arena.

"This world is seriously crazy!" Qing Shui shook his head as he observed the audience.

There was sudden silence as the 9th Grade Martial Warrior, Tong Gang, stepped up on the arena platform with a green steel sword in his hands. Qing Shui surveyed the audience, as he knew that the sword was a popular choice of weapon for people in the World of the Nine Continents. Indeed, more than half the audience were sword-users.

Clashing with someone who was a grade higher in terms of cultivation than him, the speed and ferociousness level that Qing Zi demonstrated earlier, began to lessen. The gap between the difference in cultivation was no joke, and the strength level difference was very obvious. The difference of one grade was comparable the gap of a huge canal, sorely causing cultivators to unable to cross over. Of course, there were still cultivators who could defeat someone of a higher grade, but the rate of occurrence of that could be compared to the feathers of a phoenix and the horns of a giraffe. It was extremely rare for that to happen.

Tong Gang's green steel sword unleashed a torrent of sword strikes comparable to the heavy waves of the ocean. Every time sword and axe clashed, the first energy wave of the sword strike would block the huge axe of Qing Zi, while the second wave, with strength similar to the first, would instantly rush towards Qing Zi.

Finally, after defending for a period of time, Qing Zi's energy reserve gradually diminished as he was eventually defeated. However, he had gained the respect of those in the audience as voices of encouragement and warm applause rang out as Qing Zi exited the arena.

The competition continued, Feng Xishui defeated Tong Gang, but ended up conceding to Lan Ye. All of them were sword users, but after observing their fight, Qing Shui snorted in contempt. No matter how he observed, he felt that the sword strikes displayed by those 9th Grade Martial Warriors from the other Clans were simply abysmal in his eyes. Their swords were too slow and stiff.

The last contender who challenged Lan Ye, was the genius of the Qing Clan, Qing You. Looking at Qing You, Qing Shui could not help but suck in a breath. The sturdiness of Qing You's body, especially his back and waist, could be comparable to a tiger and a bear respectively. And especially his biceps, were at least 30% bigger than Qing Zi. His weapons of choice were a twin set of gigantic hammers, each one comparable to the size of Qing Zi's silvery great axe. The hammers were extremely mysterious. One was unable to tell what materials had been used to create the two hammers, which shone with a dim black light.

Even the audience members were dumbstruck, what... the strength level of the Qing Clan's 3rd generation is insane! Is there a need for each and every one of them to wield such gigantic weapons?

Qing Zi and Qing You were both the sons of Qing Jiang, so they were blood brothers!

Qing You who was a 10th Grade Martial Warrior, only executed a single move from his two gigantic hammers before forcing Lan Ye out of the arena. Wielding both hammers, he sped towards Lan Ye, as he swirled like a spinning top. The dance of the two hammers was so fast that it left no openings, and was so well coordinated that it was even impenetrable by the wind.

At this moment, smiles broke out on the faces of those of the Qing Clan. One strike... with only a single strike, Qing You had forced Lan Ye out of the competition. Qing You had even held back when he struck. If not for him holding back, despite being a 9th Grade Martial Warrior, even Lan Ye would have been pulverized between the twin hammers.

After a short moment of silence, fanatical shouts and cheers rang out from the audience. Qing You stood atop the arena, with a face filled with craftiness akin to that of a goblin. Along with that massive frame of a body, he exuded a demonic-like charm as teenage girls screamed their approval in excitement.

However, after that, a face that was familiar to Qing Shui appeared up on the arena and coldly exclaimed, "I want to fight as well!"

"Bu Fan, stop your nonsense." Situ Nan Tian lightly said.

"Forget it, since Bu Fan has already set foot in the arena, just let the kids play together!" Lan Yu said as he smiled.

"Hmm since Brother Lan said so... what about the rest?" Situ Nan Tian looked the judges as he asked for their opinions.

The rest of the judges quickly agreed, after all this situation was quite common.

"One move, if I can't defeat you in one move, it shall be counted as my loss!" Situ Bu Fan sneered. In Qing Shui's eyes, Situ Bu Fan looked like a buffoon, idiotically exclaiming such a nonsensical statement as if he was trying to awe the audience.

Chapter 43 - Qing Shui's Magnificent Strike

"One move, if I can't defeat you in one move, it shall be counted as my loss!" Situ Bu Fan sneered. In Qing Shui's eyes, Situ Bu Fan looked like a buffoon by idiotically exclaiming such a nonsensical statement and trying to awe the audience.

However Qing Shui knew that despite Situ Bu Fan's megalomania, he should have seen the martial strength of Qing You, and yet, he still dared to enter the arena and make such a proclamation. Situ Bu Fan's cultivation level should either be at the peak of the Martial Warrior realm, or maybe he had already broken through the Martial General threshold.

Qing You, looking at the handsome and wildly arrogant guy in front of him, felt a sudden impulse to smash the twin hammers on Situ Bu Fan's head.

Qing Shui felt nothing but disgust when he looked upon that nauseating smile plastered on Situ Bu Fan's face. What a pretentious prick!

"Come boy, I will gift you the first three moves, if I didn't... I'm afraid you wouldn't even get the opportunity to attack me." Upon hearing that, Qing You had a nasty expression on his face. He wasted no time, and rushed forward while wielding his twin hammers with herculean strength. Fast and furious!

Situ Bu Fan was akin to a leaf floating in the middle of a tornado as he calmly sidestepped to the left, causing Qing You's attack to miss.

"First move!"

After hearing Situ Bu Fan's provocation, Qing You chopped both his hammers with a burst of speed comparable to lightning towards Situ Bu Fan. Still sneering, Situ Bu Fan lightly retreated in an instant, and continued his provocation.

"Second move!"

Just as Situ Bu Fan finished speaking, at the moment when he had dodged the attack of the twin hammers; Qing You joined both the twin hammers together in a stance resembling that of the character "—". It formed a weapon with over 5m in width, as he executed his whirlwind technique, swirling like a spinning top, once again speeding towards Situ Bu Fan.

For a moment, the arena itself was shaken by the tremendous might generated by the technique Qing You displayed. However, Situ Bu Fan executed his peculiar body movement technique, took a half step forward, backward, left and right. Evading the impact of the hammers by a paper-thin margin. Such was his level of mastery that he even had time in the midst of Qing You's ferocious attacks to alter the direction of the hammers attack!

"Third move!"

"Ahhh!" Qing You roared again. It was unknown if he was panicking, or was cheering for himself as he maneuvered his twin hammers again, and aimed for the chest region of Situ Bu Fan.

At this moment, Situ Bu Fan curled his lips upwards forming an unpleasant smile, as he struck out with his fist. As he struck out, waves of soft green light were emitted from his fist, enveloping it, giving the impression that his fist had actually grown by a size!

"Cha cha!"

"Pu!"

The former sound occurred as fist and hammer made contact, and the second sound rang out because Qing You involuntarily spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. He was flung out of the arena from the impact of the blow, rendering him unconscious.

"Awww, I'm sorry, I already held back. Who would have thought that brother Qing You was so weak that he would accidentally get injured by me." Situ Bu Fan lightly said as he gazed admiringly at the fist he used to defeat Qing You. "What a pretentious bastard!" Qing Shui could not help thinking after he saw that, anger clouding his features.

Qing Luo was affected too, but he quickly regained his normal composure. After Qing You was carried away for treatment, all the members of the Qing Clan had unsightly expressions on their visages.

"Martial General Realm, he must have broken through the Martial General Realm!" A low voice droned out as members of the audience began their discussions.

“How impressive, he really used a single strike to defeat Qing You, I guess that he must have at least broken through to the 2nd Grade of the Martial General Realm.”

“Bullsheet, what do you know. From my observations, he should be at the 5th Grade of the Martial General Realm. My cousin is at a 2nd Grade Martial General but when compared to Situ Bu Fan, he is still somewhat lacking,” a skinny youth retorted.

“Ah, I see brother. Your cousin is really amazing, maybe I can befriend him in the future?”

“No problem!” The skinny youth replied.

“I wonder what your cousin is busy with recently, when would he have the time to meet up?”

“Oh, surely he would have had the time, but what a pity that he was killed 2 years ago!” The skinny youth shook his head, sighing in depression.

The guy who was talking to the skinny youth almost vomited blood and fainted, “Dead people... I don’t want to meet dead people urghhhh”

Situ Nan Tian tried his best to suppress the elation rising in his heart, and was barely able to do so. Mumbling to himself in secret, he said “What a bunch of country bumpkins, fighting to see whoever is the strongest? Even if you are the strongest so what? In the end, only with a single strike, you were still defeated by my grandson. What a joke, what a waste of time.”

As the head judge, it would not do for him to burst out into laughter, so the sly old fox could only fake embarrassment, coughing softly.

Standing on the arena, and looking the expression of awe on the faces of the audience, Situ Bu Fan’s smile got wider and wider. Qing Shui felt like vomiting looking at that nauseating smile on his face. Unable to bear it any longer, Qing Shui jumped up onto the arena.

“It’s you? You want to challenge me?” Situ Bu Fan creased his face. He was in the midst of basking in the gazes of admiration when unexpectedly, he saw another youth jump up onto the arena. Wasn’t this action equivalent to slapping his face, and trying to steal his glory?

Looking at that pretentious bastard, Qing Shui had long ago wanted to punch his face and send him sprawling on the ground.

“Qing Shui!”

Qing Shui heard Qing Yi called out, with worry clouding her beautiful features. Turning his head, he calmly gestured at Qing Yi, as if telling her not to worry, and that everything was under his control.

“One move, if I can’t defeat you in one move, it shall be counted as my loss!” Qing Shui knew that the best way to humiliate pretentious bastards, was to use their own words against them.

Situ Bu Fan had hated Qing Shui even back then when they first met. He felt that Qing Shui was a threat to him. His own fiancée, Shi Qing Zhuang was famed for being a ice princess. She would never hold a conversation with any guys, even if the guy was her own fiancé - Situ Bu Fan! However, to think that she had actually spoken with Qing Shui!

After hearing Qing Shui say that he would defeat him with one move, Situ Bu Fan burst out laughing. But even before he finished laughing, Situ Bu Fan suddenly choked as he heard the next sentence from Qing Shui.

“Come boy, I will gift you the first three moves, if not... I’m afraid you wouldn’t even get the opportunity to attack me.” Qing Shui lightly spoke, mimicking the demeanor of Situ Bu Fan earlier.

The members of the audience could no longer hold back as they began to chortle with laughter. Situ Bu Fan knew that the words Qing Shui spoken was directed to him, mocking him for his earlier behaviour. All his earlier arrogance was replaced by a burning sense of killing intent as all his face was lost by Qing Shui’s actions.

With fury suffusing his facial features, Situ Bu Fan rushed forward, striking out with his fist towards the chest area of Qing Shui, but Qing Shui who had the aid of the Ghostly Steps, was akin to a leaf floating in a tornado, mimicking Situ Bu Fan’s actions earlier, and lightly sidestepped to the left.

“First move!”

Members of the audience were stunned for a moment, but quickly roared out laughing. All the words and actions of Qing Shui on the arena were exactly the same as what Situ Bu Fan had done earlier!

“Ah!” Situ Bu Fang no longer had the arrogant expression from before, even he himself did not know why every time he meet Qing Shui, he would be filled with an inexplicable anger so intense that his blood would boil.

“Second Move!”

Qing Shui easily dodged the infuriated strike of Situ Bu Fan.

Situ Bu Fan no longer dared to underestimate the enemy as he finally used a fist technique. Both of his fists were emitting waves of light green light, punching towards Qing Shui with an incomparably quick speed as he caged Qing Shui in a flurry of fists shadows. Qing Shui outwardly looked to be in a difficult position, but he was inwardly calm as he used the Ghostly Steps, and faded in and out of the shadows, only dodging each hit at the last possible moment.

“Third move!” Qing Shui spat out the word, causing Situ Bu Fan’s hatred of him to rise to the heavens.

“You piece of sheet, if you truly have the ability, then don’t dodge, let us directly clash with each other.” Brimming with killing intent, “Boom, boom!” Sounds of his fist strikes echoed in the air as Situ Bu Fan upped his speed, and unleashed even more fist shadows at the vital areas of Qing Shui’s head. It seems that Situ Bu Fan no longer cared about his pride nor the rules of the competition. He was aiming to kill!

Truly angered, Qing Shui glared at Situ Bu Fan’s increasingly desperate strikes. Qing Shui no longer hesitated and fully infused both his arms with divine strength, circulating the Qi from the Ancient Strengthening Technique, as he explosively shot up both his palms in the air. With his strength of 20,000 jin, he caught the arms of Situ Bu Fan in the midst of the fist shadows.

“Ka Cha!”

“Pu!”

“Urgh!”

The first sound occurred when the explosive impact broke off both of Situ Bu Fan’s arms from the attack. The second sound rang out because the explosive impact had directly travelled to his chest region, which caused him to spit out a mouthful of fresh blood. Lastly, the third sound sounded out just before Situ Bu Fan slipped inside the soothing embrace of unconsciousness. Qing Shui’s efforts sent Situ Bu Fan flying from the arena, and finally landing on the ground 10m away.

“It is you who wanted to clash directly with me, so you can’t blame me for this.” Qing Shui glanced at both his arms as he sheepishly said “ “Awww, I’m sorry, I already held back. Who would have thought that brother Bu Fan was so weak that he would accidentally get injured by me.”

However, there was no laughter this time round. All members of the audience were staring mutely at Qing Shui, as if their voices had been stolen by the impossible situation that had just occurred. Even the Qing Clan was staring at him, as if thunderstruck. Qing Shui shyly scratched his head, assuming an well-behaved expression before saying: ““I’m only up here because I couldn’t stand his arrogance anymore.”

Beneath the arena, upon hearing that, the adorable face of Qing Bei began to turn red from laughter. She was uncontrollably laughing, even after tears had started coming out of her eyes. That final sentence was what she had said after she defeated Lan Yan`er!

Chapter 44 - Coming of Age Ceremony

After witnessing Qing Shui’s flawless victory over Situ Bu Fan, Qing Luo was momentarily rendered speechless, but he managed to recover. Glancing at Situ Nan Tian standing there with a stony expression on his face, standing there laughing awkwardly, every time Qing Luo thought of the words Qing Shui said after he exited the arena, he would involuntarily cringe. “I’m only at the 3rd Grade of the Martial Warrior Realm. As everyone knows, I’m trash when it comes to cultivation. I only managed to win simply because I have more brute strength than others.”

Wasn’t this equivalent to Qing Shui slapping the faces of those who had participated in the competition earlier? However, Qing Luo loved it. This is how a man should be! Strength decided everything, only with sufficient strength would one have the authority to speak.

Situ Nan Tian wanted to find a hole and hide his face. Even after thousands of calculations, no matter how he calculated, never did he expect himself to miss out on the fact that this trash, Qing Shui, could defeat Situ Bu Fan! Only now did he know that the “trash” that was ridiculed by everyone in the Qing Village was actually their hidden ace. Shaking his head, he sighed “Qing Luo... Ah, you cunning old fox.”

What Situ Nan Tian didn’t know was that Qing Luo was also kept in the dark regarding the true strength of Qing Shui!

Initially, Situ Nan Tian’s plan was to bring along Situ Bu Fan, who had already broken through to the 3rd Grade of the Martial General Realm to fully suppress the Qing Clan’s members. Who knew that, the opposite occurred instead, turning the Situ Clan into a joke of such huge proportions that it may even be spread to Hundred Miles City.

After the battle concluded, Qing Shui became the youngest expert of the Qing Clan. Using only a single move he knocked the 3rd Grade Martial General, Situ Bu Fan into unconsciousness. What kind of

strength did he really possess? At the bare minimum, to be able to do as he did, his level of cultivation should be at least a grade or two higher than Situ Bu Fan.

While he had had his share of the limelight, Qing Shui knew that trouble would soon follow. Firstly, let's not talk about other things, just merely the questioning of his family alone would give him a headache. Luckily, Qing Shui had long anticipated that there would be a day like this, and had made preparations for it. The lies which he unwillingly fed to Qing Yi earlier in the year would be the light leading him out of this tunnel.

After Qing Shui came down from the stage, he could see the expressions on the 3rd generation clan members ranging from awe, surprise, respect and even worship. In the past, the 3rd generation clan members would always look up to Qing You, admiring his muscular frame and unruly strength. However, only now did they discover that the "trash" in everyone's eyes was a person that vastly surpassed what they had always known to be the epitome of strength. A person that silently endured their harsh words and torment, hiding his true strength until there was a reason for him to no longer do so. How could they not help but admire Qing Shui?

Everyone in the Qing Clan knew that Qing Shui had always been expending all his efforts to the point of disregarding food and drink, all for the sake of improving his cultivation. Despite this, he had always been labeled trash. If he didn't work hard enough, and his strength was low, then people would say that he was nothing but a lazy bum. If he had worked even harder, but with no improvements to his cultivation, people would only say that he is dumb and stupid. Truly, strength was everything. Weakness meant that no matter what he did, he would always be in the wrong.

When compared to the 3rd generation clan members, the 2nd generation and Qing Luo had only felt a deep sense of shock with regards to the prowess Qing Shui had displayed. A person who possessed strength, yet he was willing to be labeled trash. He spent years after years enduring painstaking cultivation to temper himself, and withstanding the loneliness and as well as suffering the sarcastic remarks and gossiping of others. A 15 year old youth actually had the mental fortitude to bear all of that?

After Qing Yi saw Qing Shui, she rushed over to embrace him in a hug. To think that this child of hers had the strength all along, yet chose to endure it. Her child had really grown up. She knew that the reason why Qing Shui had expended so much efforts on cultivation was because previously, no matter what he tried, he had been unable to cultivate! Now that the heavens had given the chance back to him, of course he would grab it.

What Qing Yi didn't know was that, the true reason of why Qing Shui strived so hard was to seek redress for her! A redress for being driven out of the rightful home of her husband! If she knew it, that Qing Shui's efforts were only for herself, she would probably be dumbstruck.

"Shui gege, you are so powerful. I too, can't stand the nauseating actions of that pretentious prick, Situ Bu Fan. Suffering from the delusion that he is the strongest in the world. He simply stinks of arrogance! But now, it's great! Shui gege actually crushed him with a single move, and even caused him to spit out blood. Even if he recovers, all his face and pride will be gone." Qing Bei gleefully spoke, as if she was the one that had defeated Situ Bu Fan. She excitedly chattered away as the smile on her face only got wider and wider.

“Haha talk about yourself. Xiao bei, you better wait for Lan Yan`er to find you. You actually caused her to suffer such a disgrace.” Qing Shui laughed, as he interrupted Qing Bei’s ceaseless chatter.

Qing Shui knew that there was bound to be an “interrogation session”. Soon after, as expected, under the gaze of Qing Luo, Qing Shui once again fed the lies about the ancient old man in the mountains that he had once told Qing Yi, to the rest of the members from the 2nd generation. Although they were still somewhat hesitant to believe in him, the results he had displayed earlier couldn’t lie. After all, seeing is believing right? Furthermore, Qing Shui was famed for expending untold amounts of effort in his cultivation!

Even so, they still had doubts as to why Qing Shui was still unable to break through the 3rd layer of the Blue Lotus Art. After discussing it for sometime, they could only conclude that Qing Shui’s body was unsuitable for cultivating the Blue Lotus Art.

After the battle, the name Qing Shui resounded throughout the whole of the Qing Village, and became the example of the younger generations. Initially, when Qing Shui was labeled as a trash, he had been very low profile and no one would even look twice at him. Now that he was famous, suddenly everyone realized how exquisite looking his features were. For the past few days, Qing Shui discovered that there were plenty of people which he was not acquainted with coming forth to speak to him. There were even plenty of females in the village that cast shy glances at him. All of this caused Qing Shui to be at a loss as to whether he should laugh or cry. In addition to that, there were plenty of proposals for marriage being brought out, however, they were all rejected by Qing Shui. What he wanted now was to quickly reach the XianTian realm. After that, how would he be worried about not being able to get a wife?

During the 10th day of the chinese new year, Qing Shui and the rest underwent the coming of age ceremony. The ceremony was of paramount importance in the world of the nine continents. Only after the ceremony would they be legally considered adults. Marriage, having children, setting up a family and starting your own career, all that could only be condoned after one had gone through the coming of age ceremony.

The things to note during the ceremony were very simple, one simply had to bow to the heavens, the earth and their ancestors before it was concluded. Alongside Qing Shui, there was also Qing Shan and Qing Shi undergoing the ceremony with him.

Qing Shan did not like cultivation, so he would be send out to the Hundred Miles City to conduct some of the businesses under the Qing Clan. Qing Shi on the other hand, was passionate about cultivation, but unfortunately his talent was limited, and had only reached the 4th layer of the Blue Lotus Art at the age of 16.

Before this, everyone had thought that the three of them would be sent to out of the village to help in the Qing Clan business in the Hundred Miles City. Never did they expect that Qing Shui was like a shining gem fallen from the stars.

Especially Qing Luo, he felt that the situation had happened too fast, as if it was surreal. Initially after the Situ Clan caused humiliation to the Qing Clan, defeating Qing You of the same age with only a single move, never would anyone have thought that the trash of the family actually jumped out and turned the tables back on the Situ Clan! At that moment, Qing Luo was still lost in shock, unable to believe his eyes.

“Ah, happiness usually occurs at the most unexpected moments.”

-

The coming of age ceremony ended quickly, now that everyone knew of Qing Shui’s potential, how would the Qing Clan sent him out to merely run their businesses?

Contrary to everyone’s expectation, Qing Shui actually volunteered himself to go to the Hundred Miles City and help Qing Yi. Facing plenty of objections, with Qing Yi included. Qing Shui did not relent. Once he had decided on something, Qing Shui would rarely change his mind. In the end, he had to mix lies together with truth, and told Qing Luo that his cultivation had reached a critical stage and it would probably help if he went out to experience new things...

Chapter 45 - A Divine Crippling Pill

The celebration for the new year would only be finished at the end of the month. The coming of age ceremony was completed on the 10th day of the new year. The Qing Clan was currently the happiest they had ever been. Especially the incident of Qing Shui, when he had defeated the arrogant Situ Bu Fan, was deeply etched in everyone’s minds because it had raise their prestige to a whole new level.

The Solitary Rapid Fist, especially when used by both Qing Hu and Qing Bei, had power beyond that of the norm. It was an open secret that Qing Shui was the one who taught the stances to them. The other members of the Qing Clan could only stare in envy, but were too embarrassed to ask Qing Shui to teach them this technique.

Qing Luo had great foresight, he saw the benefits of the Solitary Rapid Fist, and was awed by the technique. He had already approached Qing Shui to discuss if Qing Shui was willing to allow all of the members of the Qing Clan to cultivate this particular fist technique. One of the main points was that by cultivating the Solitary Rapid Fist stances, one could hone the nimbleness and flexibility of their limbs. This would only benefit the members in the future as they started to learn the use of other weapons.

To Qing Luo, he felt that the Solitary Rapid Fist techniques were not a closely guarded secret. Since Qing Shui had already taught it to Qing Hu and Qing Bei, he hoped that Qing Shui would be willing to ask his teacher (the ancient old man) to see if it could be taught to the other clan members as well.

“No problem!” Qing Shui replied forthrightly. Firstly, the technique was unlocked when he had broken through the Ancient Strengthening Technique. He had no “ancient old man” teacher as to speak of. Secondly, when cultivating the Solitary Rapid Fist technique, talent was very important. Even if he printed out hard copies and disseminated it across the whole village, there wouldn’t be much impact. Also not to mention, the ones he would be teaching it to, would be his own clan members.

After Qing You recovered, he sunk into a deep depression. As the top disciple of the Qing Clan’s 3rd Generation, he could not even parry a single strike from Situ Bu Fan. These actions caused the whole of the Qing Clan to be disgraced by his hands.

Looking at how depressed his son was, Qing Jiang tried to uplift his spirits by relating the whole series of events that happened after he fainted. Qing You felt that the whole story was a bunch of bullshit. It was too incredulous, especially how Qing Shui defeated Situ Bu Fan with only a single strike. If not for the fact that so many people witnessed it happening, there was no one who would have believed it

either. After hearing the story, Qing You gathered a few close friends and even went to verify the story with Lan Ye from the Lan Clan. Lan Ye's reputation as a person who did not lie finally allowed him to believe that the story was true.

Only after the verification did Qing You appear to recover somewhat from his depression. After all, the shadow of Situ Bu Fan's pretentious face kept looming in his mind, akin to a bad dream. He could not help lamenting the fact that he was not strong enough to smash his twin hammers onto Situ Bu Fan's head. Qing You could only lament that he was not able to personally witness Qing Shui making a fool out of Situ Bu Fan.

Qing You had always been an impetuous person. Before he had even recovered from his injuries, he already leapt from his bed and rushed straight to look for Qing Shui. Qing Jiang could only look at the fast departing silhouette of Qing You as he shook his head. He knew that such was the nature of his son, and it would be useless to try to stop him.

Qing Shui was shocked out of his wits when he saw the flustered looking Qing You sprinting towards him. Wasn't Qing You supposed to be in bed, recovering from his injuries? How could he even sprint?

"Ai, Qing You, you should rest well since you are injured!" Qing Shui stated with a smile as he looked at his younger cousin.

Qing You shook his head, as he went straight to the point of his question.

"After I heard that Qing Shui ge trounced that Situ Bu Fan like a little puppy, I immediately felt better." Qing You glanced at Qing Shui, as his eyes glittered with delight.

Qing Shui knew that Qing You, as the epitome of strength within the 3rd generation disciples, had always looked up to and respected those stronger than him. He was someone who possessed explosive strength, as evidenced by the choice of his weapons.

"Heh heh, I had long found his pretentious mug irritating. Luckily I had enough strength to smash him down the arena. Just imagine his earlier arrogance, and then getting beat down a few minutes later." Qing Shui roared with laughter as he chatted with Qing You.

"Hehe!" A endearing voice full of laughter drifted over.

"How could the two of you debase someone behind his back?" Qing Yi had heard their conversation regarding Situ Bu Fan, and was suppressing her urge to openly laugh as she gently berated them.

"Mum!", "Aunty!"

"Qing Shui, I passed the six other Hundred Year Fiery Power Fruit to your Grandpa. He was very happy when he saw the fruits, and told me that he would give you anything as compensation." Qing Yi said with a smile, with radiance suffusing her complexion.

Qing Shui was momentarily stunned. He knew that Qing Luo had access to the treasure vault, located inside a secret chamber, which kept all the treasured items passed down from the earlier generations of the Qing Clan.

After Qing Shui recovered from his surprise, Qing Yi beckoned to both of them to follow her to meet Qing Luo. "Qing You, later after you meet your grandpa, remember to ask him for two of the fruits.

Don't worry I will help you persuade your grandpa." Qing Yi said to Qing You as she pat his shoulder. "With aunty here, there would surely be a share for you."

"Thank you, Aunty!" Qing You was so excited that his whole face was flushed red. He had always been inclined to strength. Now that he knew the fruits would grant him an increase of 1,000 jin in strength, how could he not be passionate about it? If his strength increased by 1,000 jin, at the very least, he would not have lost so badly to Situ Bu Fan.

After they arrived at Qing Luo's residence, they saw Qing Luo was relaxedly enjoying his day, watering the plants in his courtyard. His towering and rugged frame, seemed to give no indications on his age. He was above 100 years old! However, considering the lifespan of peak HouTian experts, he was only middle-aged. It was a pity that Qing Luo had always been cursed by loneliness. Ever since his wife had passed on, he had never remarried, and depended on himself to bring up his children. Now that all his grandchildren had grown up the 2nd generation members urged and supported him to get remarried. However, all matchmaking proposals were rejected by Qing Luo.

"Dad!"

"Grandpa!" Both Qing Shui and Qing You greeted Qing Luo

"Hahaha, excellent!" Qing Luo was in a very joyous mode, and everyone knew the reason behind it was Qing Shui. Most probably, after Situ Bu Fan's arrogant actions, the Qing Clan would have more standing in the Hundred Miles City. In the future when the Qing Clan conducted their business in the Hundred Miles City, they wouldn't be under such constant pressure."

However, now it was different. Qing Shui had easily defeated one of the young masters of the four great clans of Hundred Miles City, and indirectly affected their pride. There was bound to be countless challengers waiting for him at Hundred Miles City, waiting to vent their anger.

"Qing Shui, since you have given the Hundred-Year fruits to us, I will let you choose any item you like from the Qing Clan's treasury. After all, we can't blindly accept your kindness without giving you something in compensation." Qing Luo said.

It was Qing Shui's first time coming into this chamber. The chamber was simple and unadorned, and only consisted of a bed, a bookshelf, and a table and set of chairs.

"Grandpa, what are you saying, we are all one family! Although the Hundred-Year fruits were valuable, the effects could not be stacked. It is only right for me to hand them over to you. After all, I'm a part of the Qing Clan!" Qing Shui said warmly, with hints of steadfastness in his voice. His grandpa had always doted on him. He could still remember back when he was young, and Qing Luo had went all the way to Hundred Miles City to buy the 100-year purple ginseng for his consumption.

Qing Luo was very happy, but despite this, he still wanted Qing Shui to make a request for an item saying that it was necessary, as it was a rule of the Qing Clan. Those who made contributions would be able to receive rewards.

Looking at how determined Qing Luo was, and the slight nod of Qing Yi, signaling her agreement, Qing Shui decided to try his luck...

"Hmm, if that is so, could Grandpa give me a Crippling Divine Pill?"

Chapter 46 - Circumstances of Qing Shui's Birth (1)

"Hmm, if that is so, could Grandpa give me a Crippling Divine Pill?"

Qing Shui's request had almost given Qing Luo a heart attack. Complex emotions surfaced in his eyes as he faced Qing Shui. "You should already know about the effects of the Crippling Divine Pill. The current you could be considered to have a bright and almost limitless potential, so there is no need for you to even think about this pill at all."

"Yup, Shui'er, your grandpa is right. You must not be tempted by the sudden increase in strength and bury all of your future potential!" Qing Yi barely recovered from the shock of Qing Shui's request, as she hurriedly tried to persuade Qing Shui, hoping to change his mind. After all, it was her who told Qing Shui about the effects of the Crippling Divine Pill.

A bitterness arose in Qing Shui's heart. His own future potential was limitless, but the current him was still stuck at the damnable bottleneck, sorely unable to make a breakthrough! That step through the doorway of the 4th heavenly layer, had evaded him for six years... a whole six years !

"I understand, Grandpa, Mother, please rest assured, I will not do anything to damage my potential." Qing Shui exhibited a reassuring smile, for only he alone understood the helplessness that he felt.

Hearing Qing Shui's constant reassurance, both Qing Luo and Qing Yi slightly relaxed, but had not given up on repeatedly reminding him about the harmful effects of the Crippling Divine Pill again and again.

Unknowingly, Qing Shui already stood at the pinnacle of the 3rd generation, and had become the dazzling star of the Qing Clan. Everyone with the exception of Qing Shui himself, was enamored of him and his future achievements. Qing Shui did not like to be out in the limelight, exposing his abilities so soon. After all, could his current abilities really be compared to the truly monstrous cultivators of the continent? It was just that Situ Bu Fan was seriously too annoying, and for the sake of the Qing Clan's future, he had no choice but to enter the arena. However, aside from this Qing Shui had another reason hidden deep within his heart.

"Because that damnable Situ Bu Fan is the fiancée of Shi Qing Zhuang! Just thinking about it makes me uncomfortable. If I'm uncomfortable, then of course I must let it all out, only then would I feel better!" Thinking of this, Qing Shui softly sighed. He did not know why exactly Shi Qing Zhuang kept appearing in his mind.

Qing Shui gently shook his head, trying to clear all the distracting thoughts. The thought of Situ Bu Fan tainting the ice cold beauty was enough to send his emotions spiralling out of control as blazing waves of fiery anger overtook him. Strength, and power. This were the only two things that mattered in the world of the nine continents. With sufficient strength, he could do as he wishes, and even snatch those who took his fancy.

As Qing Shui was lost in his thoughts, Qing Luo took out a sealed box and passed it over to Qing Shui. "Since you are so adamant about this, Grandpa shall grant your wish... but Qing Shui, you must promise me that you would never, ever, under any circumstances consume this pill. For if you do, any hopes of you reaching the Xiantian realm would vanish into the thin air just like a puff of smoke. Your mother and I are both looking forward to your future progression. Bear this in mind alright."

Even at this moment, Qing Luo was still preaching to Qing Shui about the dangers of the Crippling Divine Pill. He feared that Qing Shui would feel that the realm of Xiantian was too difficult to reach. Also, if in the future there was any powers that provoked or humiliated him, Qing Shui may because of a moment of impulse, consume the crippling divine pill and thus, bury his potential.

After all, the coming of age ceremony had already concluded, and Qing Shui was no longer a boy, but officially considered an adult man. Qing Luo believed that he would be able to think things through and make the right decisions. No matter what, a man was entitled to a few secrets and as such, Qing Luo did not question Qing Shui on the reason behind him wanting the Crippling Divine Pill. "Sigh, if only I knew that he would make such a request..." Qing Luo shook his head. If he knew that Qing Shui wanted the Crippling Divine Pill, he would not have been so bold to suggest that Qing Shui could have any item he wanted in the Qing Clan's treasury!

Qing Shui expressed his gratitude after receiving the sealed box. Then he noticed Qing You was red in the face, seemingly wanting to say something, but he had not spoken for fear of interrupting them earlier.

"Grandpa....." After the word resounded out, there was no other sound for a long moment.

Qing Luo smiled, his favorite grandson was Qing You from when he was a child, thus how could he not know what Qing You was thinking about? Everytime he wanted something, Qing You exhibited this particular expression on his face. Qing Luo just received six 100-Year Fiery Power Fruits, and Qing You had that expression on his face. How could Qing Luo not put two and two together?

"Hahaha, kid, I know you want the 100-Year Fiery Power Fruit. Giving two to you is not out of the question, but you must promise me that you will strive and work hard. In addition, after increasing your strength, you cannot wantonly challenge others to show off your might. If you want to challenge someone, then challenge your brother Qing Shui." After saying that, Qing Luo took out two of the 100-Year Fiery Power Fruits and tossed them over to Qing You.

Qing Shui and Qing Yi happily watched as the visibly excited Qing You kept the fruits. In this moment, one could see a mixture of surprise, joy, sincerity and gratitude towards Qing Yi from the eyes of Qing You.

Afterwards, the three of them departed and Qing You excitedly stated, "Aunty, Brother Qing Shui, I shall go now and increase my strength. I will meet you afterwards." He didn't even wait for their replies before turning around and dashing away at full speed.

Looking at the fervor displayed by Qing You, Qing Yi laughed and told Qing Shui, "Your little cousin Qing You won't be able to sleep in peace for a few days. He is too excited."

"Hehe, indeed. In this cultivation-oriented world, how would there be anything more joyful than a massive surge in strength?" Qing Shui smiled.

After returning back to their residence, Qing Shui decided to open the sealed box for a look at the infamous Crippling Divine Pill. Inside the box lay a small white bottle the size of a palm. Just as Qing Shui wanted to open it, he was stopped by Qing Yi.

“Do not recklessly open it Shui`er, or the efficaciousness of the pill would be lost after the time it takes to brew a cup of tea.”

Qing Shui stopped his actions, “Hmm, is just taking a look forbidden?” Qing Shui really wanted to know how this infamous pill looked like.

“No.” Qing Yi said, certainty apparent in her tone.

Ah forget it, since he was unable to peer at the pill, he might as well just pack it up. Today was the 15th day of the month. It was the date for the Lantern Festival in his previous world. Games such as guessing the lantern riddles were not popular in the world of the nine continents, but the whole village was still extremely lively, bustling with noise and excitement. People were everywhere, it was as if everyone who lived in the Qing Village, were out in the streets strolling about, enjoying the festive atmosphere of the Lantern Festival Day.

“Mother, it is so lively out there, let us not remain cooped up in here.” Qing Shui wanted to make good use of his time and enjoy the festive mood together with Qing Yi. After all, such opportunities were rare for the both of them.

“Okay!” Qing Yi happily agreed.

In the end, like during the new year, both Qing Shui and Qing Yi decided to go to the Town of the Setting Phoenix. The only difference this time around was that everyone was staring at Qing Shui, and even quite a few others greeted him!

Especially for those of the younger age groups. Strength in this world, was akin to riches in his previous world in terms of status. Qing Shui was considered to be “extremely wealthy” in the eyes of these youths.

What made Qing Shui smile wryly, was that there was plenty of good looking beauties, who out of their own volition, went forward to introduce themselves to Qing Shui, leaving him flustered and looking for places to hide. This could not be blamed on him as it was his first experience in both of his lifetimes to have beautiful girls asking him out.

“Qing Shui, look, there is a ravishing beauty right there, stealing glances at you.” Qing Yi happily teased Qing Shui as she pointed her finger off in a certain direction.

After Qing Shui followed the finger, his gaze landed on a five to six year old little girl, whose exquisite features seemed to be carved from jade, as beautiful as a doll. The little girl was currently curiously staring at Qing Shui.

“Oh, a beauty indeed, but only after another 20 years.” Qing Shui laughed, as he gently smiled at the little girl. (Note: the pedo reference is strong in this one.)

When they returned back to the Qing Clan, it was already approaching dusk. The sun slowly set, as it dyed the whole land with a dull reddish color. Both mother and son were chatting as they sat on some chairs placed in their courtyard.

After some moments, Qing Shui decided that it was time to get the answers Qing Yi promised him earlier.

“Mother, you once promised this to me. Can you tell me matters of the past now? Especially, about my father?” Qing Shui usually gentle tone of voice hardened perceptibly into something steel-like despite him trying to mask it.

Chapter 47 - Circumstances of Qing Shui’s Birth (2)

“Mother, you once promised this to me. Can you tell me matters of the past now? Especially, about my father?” Qing Shui usually gentle tone of voice hardened perceptibly into something steel-like despite him trying to mask it.

Shudders shook Qing Yi’s body as bitterness arose in her heart as she sighed to herself, “Whatever will be, will be.”

Looking at Qing Shui, Qing Yi gradually calmed down. However, what she didn’t expect was that Qing Shui already had a rough understanding of about 70-80% regarding the whole situation.

“ Qing Shui, you are already an adult, even if you didn’t ask me, I still would have found a chance to tell you.” Qing Yi sighed.

Qing Yi hesitated for a while and said, “Yan Zhong Yue, remember this name well, for it is the name of your father. Zhong Yue is a descendant of the Yan Clan from the Yan Jiang Country. The Yan Clan is considered a reclusive clan, one of the ultimate existences in the entire Yan Jiang Country, with deeply established roots and connections of more than a 1,000 years. The authority of the Yan Clan is so overwhelming that they could wipe out a clan directly with the ease of a flick of their finger, or a stomp of their foot on the ground.

Losing herself in her memories, Qing Yi softly continued.

“Your father possessed a direct bloodline and was one of the leaders in his generation.” After speaking, Qing Yi smiled gently at Qing Shui, and continued, “If you see him, you would definitely recognize him, for you could be considered a spitting image of him.”

“That year, we met by chance when he came to the western mountainous regions near our Qing Clan for cultivation. Do you believe in love at first sight? Sigh, that was what happened to us. However, elders from his clan strongly forbade us being together, saying that I was not worthy of his love, let alone being a part of the illustrious Yan Clan. Later on, your father defied them, left the Yan Jiang Country and willingly relocated here in order to marry me.”

“Two years later, we had a daughter.” Pausing momentarily to let the revelation sink in before she continued “That was your elder sister... However, the brief moment of happiness did not last, as soon after, the members of the Yan Clan found us. Your elder sister was only about 5 months old then, yet the elders of the Yan Clan were intent on tearing our family apart. They wanted Zhong Yue to leave with them as there was already another marriage arranged with the eldest daughter from the Xiao Clan.

“The authority of the Xiao Clan in Yan Jiang country was only preceded by that of the Yan Clan. The eldest daughter from the Xiao Clan had an extremely overbearing personality, and had long admired your father ever since they were young. More than just admire, it could almost be called an obsession. Thinking to forge an alliance through marriage, the Yan Clan naturally would not be opposed to it. After all, when two of the most powerful clan in the Yan Jiang country combined their might, even if there

were disagreements with the other large clans, there was nothing that could overcome their joint alliance. Because of that, from their viewpoint of the greater picture, the Yan Clan decided to sacrifice the love between me and your father... To the Yan Clan, those who could not bring them any benefits at best could only be used as pawns and then discarded after.” Qing Yi choked back a sob as she continued.

“Your father did not agree, but how could the Yan Clan give up so easily? Using the destruction of the entire Qing Village as a threat, including my life, your father could only obediently submit in the end. But that was not the end of the matter. For insurance, they even took my baby daughter with them, and only left a single sentence behind before they left. “If you ever venture a single step into the Yan Clan, we would make your daughter suffer a fate worst than death.”

“With that warning, they succeeded in what they set out to do. They broke apart our family, and to ensure the safety of your sister, neither me nor your father have ever attempted to meet all these years.”

“Just when I truly felt that all hope in the world was wiped out, at the peak of depression and almost succumbing to insanity, it was then I felt the stirring of life in my womb... I was pregnant with you Shui`er... You are my hope and salvation, bringing me out from the darkness and back into the light. “

“Shui`er, my deepest wish is to visit the Yan Clan, but I do not want to go there snivelling, like a beggar. I want to visit there with exaltation and pride, to see my daughter again. All these years... I don’t even know how she fared, don’t even know if there was anyone there to love her.” After this, Qing Yi could no longer control her emotions, tears freely cascaded down her face as she buried her head in Qing Shui’s shoulder, trembling with each breath.

Qing Shui let out a breath that he didn’t even realize he was holding. It turns out that his earlier assumptions were far from the truth. Never would he have imagined that it was the elders of the Yan clan had utilized such despicable means to force them apart, and to think that he even had an elder sister. He always thought that it was his father who had willingly abandoned them.

Embracing Qing Yi, he had unshed tears in his eyes. How much had Qing Yi suffered, all the mental torture, and yet she had to bear it alone as a lone woman.

“Don’t worry mother, what they did to you, I will have them pay it back in full.” Qing Shui stated quietly, like the calm before a storm.

That steel-like tone of voice was filled with certainty. The pressure that Qing Shui was emanating now was extremely oppressing. Qing Yi could clearly feel the vengeance in his heart.

“Qing Shui, don’t take it seriously. All I want is for you to live your life out in peace and happiness, not in vengeance. Please be happy Shui`er, I don’t want to see you embark on a path of no return, you have no idea the power the Yan Clan wields. The reason mother is telling you all of this is that these are the things you ought to know. But if you really went for revenge and something did happen to you, I don’t know how I would live on. After all, all these things happened so long ago in the past, the scar on my heart had already numbed” Qing Yi attempted a weak smile as she looked at Qing Shui.

Despite this, from the words earlier still resonated within him. “My deepest wish is to visit the Yan Clan, in exaltation and pride, looking for my daughter.” Qing Shui knew that Qing Yi would not give up so easily.

He could be sure that Qing Yi would definitely plan a visit to the Yan Clan. Even if it meant her death, she would still choose to go, even if she had to go there begging, she would still choose to go unhesitantly, all because of her very own daughter!

“Mother, don’t you worry, I would never boast, and never lie to you. Five years. Give me five years, I will trample upon the entire Yan Clan. Definitely. Believe in me. Just five years is all I ask for. In these five years, I want you to live happily and banish the thoughts of visiting the Yan Clan. If you really did go and something happened to you, I will annihilate each and everyone with the surname of Yan. Pull them out by their roots and eradicate any traces of their existence. I’m a man of my words.” Qing Shui was worried and as such, he had no choice but to stall for time. Only after he got stronger, would he be able to achieve his promises.

Qing Yi’s senses were reeling from Qing Shui’s words. When he had said that if anything happened to her, he would pull down the Yan Clan by their roots and completely massacre the whole of Yan Clan, she actually found herself believing his words. She unconsciously felt that Qing Shui would have the strength to do so in the future, but was unable to say why this was so.

After consoling Qing Yi, Qing Yi had visibly calmed down, but there was a blazing fire lit in her heart. Five years, Qing Shui told her to give him five years, Could they really visit the Yan Clan with their heads held high in five years?

Initially after Qing Shui was born, Qing Yi had fantasized that when he grew up and had some mastery in his cultivation, Qing Shui would be able to return to the Yan Clan to claim back his heritage and ancestry. But who knew that Qing Shui was born with a sickly constitution and was unable to make the slightest progress in cultivation?

It was all wishful thinking on her part as soon after, she realized that how could the Yan Clan care for a bastard child with no talent in cultivation? There was plenty of other geniuses in the Yan Clan after all. It was also extremely common for the descendants of Yan Clan to fling with other women, leaving behind bastards, and not to mention that relations in such a huge clan would obviously be weak and strained, everything was based on pragmatism and benefits.

It was then, Qing Yi had decided that she just wanted Qing Shui to lead a peaceful life inside the Qing Village. After he had grown up and started his own family, then she would depart alone to the Yan Clan to seek news about her daughter, and to see the person that she had always loved.

Indeed, Qing Shui was partially right about some of the things. From this, he could conclude that it was lucky he had not chosen to give in to depression back then.

Everytime he saw the hopeless expression in Qing Yi’s eyes, Qing Shui could feel waves of needle-sharp pain assailing his heart. The heavens were fair, they had saw fit to grant him affinity with the Yin-Yang Pendant, in return, he would cultivate with his life at stake, in the hopes of clashing with the Yan Clan one day.

In reality, this goal was set by Qing Shui long ago, only now after hearing the full story, did he affirm his decision and continue looking forward. Qing Shui understood that he must not let hatred cloud his mind or heart. He knew that the two destructive emotions would only delay him from his objectives.

“Mother, everything will get better, don’t worry anymore. In the future, just leave these matters to me. One day, I so swear, I will let everyone in this world know of my name, and that you are my mother.”

Chapter 48 - Lingerin Charm

Qing Shui had always wanted Qing Yi to unleash all her pent-up sadness and frustrations by venting out all her innermost thoughts. Only by doing that would Qing Yi be able to relax. For so many years, Qing Yi had been bearing this pain all alone, sighing helplessly every time her thoughts turned to this. A burden shared was a burden halved. Now, she would no longer have to bear this burden alone. Qing Shui was determined to be part of it, and had made a promise to Qing Yi that he would go with her to the Yan Clan in five years time.

After their conversation, Qing Shui recorded the essence of the Solitary Rapid Fist onto a piece of paper, including a diagram of the all of the meridian and acupoint positions of the human body on a paper. After all, the Solitary Rapid Fist only had a single stance. As to what degree the rest of the Qing Clan members could master the fist technique would depend on their own level of comprehension.

During this period of time, after Lan Yan`er recovered, she immediately issued a challenge to Qing Bei, wanting to wash off the shame and humiliation she had suffered at the competition. However, because of her pride, she did not come personally to issue the challenge, instead sending her servants in her place.

To Qing Shui, Qing Bei was a little devil, and beneath that vivacious exterior lay a mind full of mischievous ideas. In the end, Lan Yan`er had no choice but to come personally, because no matter how Lan Yan`er provoked or challenged Qing Bei, she would just ignore it. She would only leaving a single reply, “anyway, your loss was visibly witnessed by everyone, so you can say whatever you want as long as the people can believe it.” Lan Yan`er was infuriated to the point of puking blood when she heard that. With no other resolution, she could only counter by saying, “good, very good... Make sure to watch out next time.”

“Next time? What next time? I would still have you flat on the ground every time we fight.” Qing Bei ruthlessly countered, without caring about shaming Lan Yan`er in public. Qing Shui could almost see the devilish horns growing out of Qing Bei’s head, as he silently smiled to himself.

Regarding the Solitary Rapid Fist technique which Qing Shui passed down, the 3rd generation clan members were all exceptionally happy about it. They would often spar with each other using the fist technique, and would compete to see who could unleash the most stances. Everyone knew that while the Solitary Rapid Fist technique only consisted only of a single stance, the higher your comprehension rose, the more stances would you be able to derive from the original stance. Thus, everyone was busily training in it, honing their arms’ agility and flexibility, and memorizing the positions of the vital acupoints in the human body.

The atmosphere between the 3rd generation members was extremely competitive. Ever since Lan Yan`er discovered that the battle technique Qing Bei had used to defeat her had originated from Qing Shui, she started to actively hate Qing Shui as well. Every time they met, she would glare hatefully at Qing Shui.

Qing Shui who had matured long ago, refused to stoop to the level of Lan Yan`er. He only felt that Lan Yan`er was incredibly childish, almost to the extent of her reminding him of Situ Bu Fan.

Qing Shui still assiduously cultivated daily. Aside from cultivating during the day, he would enter the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal every night. Despite this, there were still no signs of him breaking through to the 49th cycle of circulated qi. The recent repeated failures made Qing Shui felt a never before sense of crushing defeat.

Looking at the branches of the Energy Enhancing Tree, that had been plucked clean by Qing Shui earlier, remnants of fruit-like things had already begun growing. However, Qing Shui knew that for them to fully mature, it would require a year of time to pass outside of the realm of the Violet Jade Immortal.

Qing Shui planned to depart for Hundred Miles City after a few more days. After that, he planned to purchase common-grade seedlings, and cultivate them inside the spatial realm. "Common-grade so what? He could still make a tidy profit if he sold them as 100-year herbs a year later. With money, he could naturally buy higher grades seedlings, and could then cultivate them for his own usage."

Qing Shui placed a lot of his hopes on spiritual herbs, he wished to master the art of concocting pills and become an alchemist. Only then, with all the knowledge of the otherworldly pill formulas unlocked in his mind, would he have an increased chance compared to others to enter the Xiantian Realm. That year, when the elders from the Yan Clan forcibly broke apart Qing Yi and Yan Zhong Yue, Qing Yi mentioned a Yan Clan elder with strength in the Xiantian realm could tear apart the entire Qing Village with a flick of his finger. Everything depended on the level of one's power!

"Xiantian, was the vital boundary in the myriad realms of cultivation. A cultivator who had taken that initial step into the Xiantian Realm could be considered to have ascended into the heavens. However, for every cultivator which succeeded in entering the doorway of the Xiantian Realm, there were countless millions of others stuck outside of it."

Thinking of the Crippling Divine Pill he possessed, Qing Shui was sorely tempted to consume it so as to aid him in breaking past the 4th heavenly layer. However, he would not lightly take the risk, he understood that once he did so, the probability of him ever entering Xiantian realm would be infinitely close to zero, and he would never be able to take revenge for Qing Yi in his lifetime.

Without any other solutions, Qing Shui could only grit his teeth and continue cultivating assiduously in the Realm of the Violet Jade Immortal. He had a very strong feeling that the moment when he broke through to the 49th cycle of circulated Qi, it would be the moment he stepped into the 4th heavenly layer of the Ancient Strengthening Technique.

-

Today, there was a visitor to Qing Clan which filled Qing Shui with much excitement. That person was the Feng Clan judge from the annual competition. It was that charming lady that he had the hots for! Qing Shui breathed deeply, this was what we call a matured lady, as ripe as a peach, with her curvaceous figure swaying about as if she was a temptress, especially those gigantic twin peaks bobbing about in front of her chest. The body-hugging robe she wore was so tight that one would have expected her twin peaks would burst out of it at any moment. Qing Shui salivated at the thought.

Slender and willowy waist, a full round-shaped bottom, soft and creamy skin, and that pair of bewitching eyes. All of these factors combined caused Qing Shui to be unable to guess at the actual age of the Feng Clan lady.

When she glanced at Qing Shui, as her beautiful eyes swept past, in that instant, Qing Shui could see how bewitching her eyes were. They seemed to be filled with a certain look of mistiness combined with a hint of enrapture that was capable of stirring the heartstrings of all but the strongest-willed men.

“Hmm, mature ladies, are indeed my favourite!” Qing Shui fantasized excitedly.

“Qing Shui right? As expected, it is difficult even for me to see through your true strength level.” Her lovely voice was extremely pleasing to his ear. Just hearing the words she spoke gave rise to a comfortable feeling in his heart.

“Yup, I’m Qing Shui! You are?” Qing Shui decided to ask directly.

(Note: *You are, the word “You - 您” used was a word slightly different from the normal you. It is usually used by juniors when addressing their elders.”

“This one’s name is Feng Wuxi, from the Feng Clan, but you can call me Auntie Xi!” At this moment, the voice of Qing Luo, suffused with laughter, drifted over.

“Auntie Xi, nice to meet you!” Qing Shui obediently replied.

“Ah, Elder Qing Luo is indeed fortunate, to think that a young hero has appeared in the 3rd generation of your Qing Clan. It really engenders envy from the everyone else!”, Feng Wuxi laughed, praising the two of them with a single sentence.

Qing Luo invited Feng Wuxi into their living room, and suddenly along the way, Feng Wuxi extended her hand to grab Qing Shui’s hand and pull him along. Shocked by the sudden movement, Qing Shui could not even react as his mind went numb, blindly following as Feng Wuxi pulled him along. He did not know that Feng Wuxi found him extremely adorable, as she could see the signs of nervousness and excitement mingling on his now beet-red face.

Qing Shui could feel that the hands of Feng Wuxi were smooth and silky to the touch. Blood rushed to his head as he stole a glance at Feng Wuxi, it appeared that she was just nonchalantly leading the way.

“Urghh, She only treats me as a child!”

Qing Shui clicked his tongue being slightly annoyed, and enlarged his nostrils to breathe in the fragrance emitted by Feng Wuxi, as his heart thumped faster. Such a rare specimen of a mature woman, I wonder who she sleeps with at night.

Qing Shui felt that he was extremely evil, his mind was filled with scenes of the “Artistic Films” he watched back in his previous life. He was fantasizing about him doing it with Feng Wuxi, being the stars of the videos, trying out all the positions...

Only after they had entered the living room, did Qing Shui awaken from his fantasies.

“What a sin!” Qing Shui was caught between a rock and a hard place and was silently berating himself for his earlier thoughts.

“I’m here to discuss the matters between my clan’s Yue Ru and your Qing Zi. The two of them are quite compatible with each other, so I wish to arrange a marriage between them, what do you think?”

Qing Shui knew that Yue Ru was the one who fought with Qing Zi during the annual competition. He rubbed his nose as he thought “To think that they would be married soon after today.”

previously her name in the earlier annual competition was Feng Yan`fei, I think the author forgotten lol. Well whatever, her name is Feng Yue Ru now.

Chapter 49 - The Mysterious Feng Wu Xi

In reality, back during the annual competition the members of the audience had taken note of the mutual attraction between Feng Yue Ru and Qing Zi, especially the two sharp-eyed leaders of both clans.

After the annual competition concluded, true to her words, Feng Yue Ru sought out Qing Zi under the pretext of exchanging pointers. The two of them hit off very well, and got along like a house on fire. Interactions between both of them started to get more and more frequent, and from the heated gazes they exchanged, one could see that the two younglings had already fallen into the raging river of love.

Especially, after the Feng Clan saw Qing Shui’s performance at the annual competition, they had decisively agreed to improve their relations with the Qing Clan through a marriage proposal.

Thus, Feng Wuxi had personally made a trip, hoping to settle the marriage engagement as soon as possible!

“Excellent, Excellent, this matter is concluded. Tomorrow I shall get Qing Jiang to make a trip personally down to the Feng Clan and deliver the betrothal gifts, and following that we will choose an auspicious date for the two lovebirds to get married.” Qing Luo laughed uproariously. It could be seen that he was in an extremely good mood.

“Hahaha, Elder Qing Luo is indeed a straightforward man. I think the two young lovebirds would be tremendously pleased to hear of this.” Feng Wuxi lightly smiled, and it was only now that she had stopped clutching Qing Shui’s hand.

“Ah Grandpa, brother Qing Zi is getting married?” Qing Shui appeared startled, but hints of excitement could be heard in his voice.

“Yup! A grown up man and woman ought to get married. Your brother Qing Zi is already 26, and his talent on the path of cultivation could at most be considered slightly above average. It is time for him to set up a family and help out with the clan’s businesses.” Qing Luo replied with a smile; no hints of regret had appeared in his voice.

“Keke, Qing Shui, are you jealous that your brother Qing Zi is getting married? Do you want Aunty Xi to introduce to some lovely females that I am acquainted with? I truly do not know which of these ladies would have the luck to be able to marry to you.” Feng Wuxi gently teased Qing Shui.

How could old man Qing Luo not see through Feng Wuxi’s intentions? It was normal for humans to show favoritism. Feng Wuxi was someone who had a clear mind and kind heart with an extremely high level of foresight. He knew that she would not take advantage of Qing Shui.

Qing Luo also held some hints of admirations for this young leader of the Feng Clan. Her cultivation level could be considered within the top three in the entire Qing Village. Qing Luo knew that if it were not for the accident that occurred in the past, Feng Wuxi's cultivation level would not be merely at this level and could even be considered a phoenix soaring through the nine heavens.

After Qing Shui heard Feng Wuxi speaking of marriage, he shook his head inwardly. As long as the matter with the Yan Clan was not settled, he could not even begin to consider the possibility of marriage. Qing Shui now only wanted to pursue the path to power, so he had no desire to court any woman.

"Aunty Xi, I'm still young, so I will temporarily shelf the idea." Qing Shui replied, giggling happily. In his heart, even Qing Shui himself was disgusted by the actions he was doing. "Ahh, if I was still in my previous life, I would surely get the best actor award."

Indeed, after he arrived in this world, his personality has changed. Appearing cool and collected on the exterior, leaving a good impression to others and only displaying his true self when no one was around. For example, cussing and swearing when things went wrong could only be done in private. When the annual competition ended, the good impression they had of him, had only magnified into adoration. Qing Shui became the model of excellence for the younger generations to follow.

"Keke, no need to hurry." Feng Wuxi smiled, however Qing Shui could observe a slight hint of craftiness within that smile of hers. Shaking his head, he thought that he had hallucinated, but after blinking his eyes, he realized that there was no mistake. Such an expression on the face of this mature woman was so seductive and filled with attraction.

Feng Wuxi promptly left soon after she finished discussion of the marriage engagement. However, before she left, she extended an invitation to Qing Shui, asking him to visit the Feng Clan more often. After all, the two clans were soon to be interrelated.

"Qing Shui, this particular woman eats people up, even swallowing their skeletons, you'd best be careful. Were it not for that accident, how would she be here." Qing Luo mysteriously warned him before lapsing into silence.

Qing Shui felt that his Grandpa was trying to say something in between the lines, but looking at the expression of Qing Luo, Qing Shui knew that his Grandpa had no intention to elaborate on it. He only said so much in an attempt to warn him. Now that Qing Shui has been warned, there was no need for Qing Luo to continue elaborating.

For the next few days, Qing Shui joined the rest of the 3rd generation Clan members to cultivate. Compared to the past, there were many disciples who had come forward to engage with Qing Shui, in the hopes that he would give them some pointers.

After the new year, Qing Shui had decided to follow Qing Yi to help her out in her business over at Hundred Miles City. Initially, all of the Qing Clan elders had been shocked by his request. However, seeing how determined Qing Shui was, along with the many smooth lies prepared by Qing Shui, in the end they were all swayed by his arguments and had no choice but to acquiesce to his wishes.

Other than their 3rd uncle and his wife, who stayed over at Hundred Miles City in celebration for the new year, Qing Yi would be the one in charge to escort Qing Zi, Qing Shan, Qing Shi and Qing Shui to Hundred Miles City.

Both Qing You and Qing Hu wanted to go as well, but were denied their requests by Qing Luo, who told them to stop their nonsense and to treat this seriously. Qing Luo silently sighed to himself, "Qing Shui has already disrupted the original rules of the Qing Clan. This trouble was caused by his strength." Afterwards, Qing Luo could only laugh along.

The travellers hopped into a carriage which was pulled by two huge horses. Seeing the two horses caused Qing Shui to reminisce about the emberlion steed of Shi Qing Zhuang. However, following that line of thought, he was reminded involuntarily of that pretentious prick - Situ Bu Fan.

There was only a single route to travel if one wanted to go to Hundred Miles City. The width of the road was just enough for two carriages to traverse through. The terrain of the path was entirely mountainous, which made it difficult for smooth travel. Thus, travellers would need about four hours before they could arrive at their destination.

The scenery though not filled with visions of lush forests and open seas, were nevertheless scenic. There were many different types and shapes of fascinating rocks and stones along the path, which drew the interest of Qing Shui. "When I'm stronger in the future, I must leave my footprints on all the continents of this world."

Traversing on the road, especially sitting in a carriage, can be quite uninteresting and boring. Conversations between them soon started as a means to pass the time, and soon everyone was familiar with each other.

Not only were they from the same clan, they were direct relatives too. As such, their relationship got better and better after they were more familiar with each other.

Especially for Qing Shi, who was the son of Qing He and had circumstances similar to that of Qing Shui. He got along very well with Qing Shui. Qing Shi was exceedingly passionate for cultivation, but his talent was limited, and as such he had only broken through to the 4th grade of the Blue Lotus Art. Not to mention, their ages were close to each other. Qing Shui was only about a month older than him. Seeing how Qing Shui managed to break his own limits and arrived at his current strength today, Qing Shi quickly got well acquainted with Qing Shui, in the hopes that he could pick up some tips and pointers from him.

Qing Shui admired the personality of Qing Shi very much. Here is one who was the mirror image of himself, sharing the same fate. Qing Shui could not help thinking that this would be his destiny too, if not for some fortuitous encounters that happened.

Despite putting expending so much effort, because of his lack of talent, Qing Shi was doomed not to be able progress far on the path of cultivation. However, he never gave up, nor said a word in complaint; forging on ahead with confidence.

"We will arrive at Hundred Miles City shortly, and after that I will bring all of you to the "Yu He" Inn to enjoy the great food there!"

Chapter 0050 - The Prosperous Hundred Miles City

“We will arrive at Hundred Miles City shortly, and after that I will bring all of you to the “Yu He Inn” to enjoy the great food there!”

Looking at how happy Qing Yi was, Qing Shui concluded that the “Yu He Inn” should be one of the top grade inns of Hundred Miles City.

Soon, they could see the huge city walls of Hundred Miles City looming in their sight. When the horse carriage stopped at the City Entrance, Qing Shui could not compare the sight in front of his eyes to the ones in the period dramas he had watched in his previous life.

The City Walls were 15m high, and about 30m thick. Qing Shui exclaimed in wonder as he determined the toughness of the walls. All the walls were carved from huge slabs of Lazurite Stones, and every slab weighed at least a few thousand jin. However, what truly amazed Qing Shui was that he could find no cracks when he examined the city walls!

“Truly, this is the skill of both a master architect and master constructor!” Hidden in the depths of his mind, there too was information regarding the arts and skills of architects and construction. It was just that he had yet to unlock them.

Not only were the city walls solid and tall, the enormous black metallic gates looked incomparably thick and heavy, emitting a slight air of oppression.

“That steel gate would require the strength of at least 20 humans to open it.” Qing Yi added in explanation as she saw Qing Shui looking at the gate.

Standing on both sides of the entrance were 30 guards standing at attention. They wore yellow martial guardsmen uniforms, wielding sharp swords in their hands.

There were two guards that were responsible for checking the belongings of those entering and exiting the city, and every visitor who wanted to gain entry would have to pay a toll of 1 copper coin! For those who rode on a horse carriage, they had to pay double, while merchants with caravans had to pay up to four times the price!

Very quickly, it was the turn for the Qing Clan’s carriage to pay the toll fee. Much to Qing Shui’s surprise, the two guardsmen merely waved them in as they stepped aside, allowing the carriage to gain entry to the city free of charge. “Mother, why don’t we need to pay the toll fee?”

Qing Yi lightly smiled, “Although we are not an extremely powerful clan, we still have some slight fame and prestige over here in the Hundred Miles City. After all, they would have to give us some face due to your Grandpa being at the peak of Houtian Realm. Also your second uncle too, who had recently broken through to the 10th Grade of Martial Commander.”

After entering the city, Qing Shui’s eyes began to shine with excitement. The spacious streets were about 50+ meters wide, and the roads were all paved with marble. It was so vast that Qing Shui couldn’t see the end of the street with a single glance.

To think that Hundred Miles City could be prosperous to this extent. Just building the city walls, as well as the marbled streets would need to expend an untold amount of wealth and manpower. The shops and inns on the streets were neither simple nor unsophisticated, they all looked extremely affluent.

Merchant shops littered both sides of the streets as the crowd gave rise to a bustling atmosphere. The streets were extremely spacious; other than horse carriages, there were also other exotic looking ferocious beasts pulling on merchant carts.

Wondrous sights in every direction left Qing Shui captivated. He was focusing his attention everywhere, as if loathe to miss anything of interest. Randomly, he focused his attention onto a strange looking beast that was pulling a carriage.

“Woah woah, this big fellow, what is he? How is he so enormous?” Qing Shui pointed to a red-colored beast that was roughly comparable the total mass of five bulls.

“This is a fire bull. Don’t be fooled by its humongous size, as it actually has a gentle personality. Although it’s speed could only be considered average, it’s strength and endurance level are extraordinary, so fire bulls are usually the choice of most people when it comes to selecting beasts of burden.” Qing Yi smiled as she saw Qing Shui’s curiosity as she explained the details to him.

The horse carriage the Qing Clan was in, proceeded onwards till they arrived at an even more luxurious street. Qing Shui felt that this place was the focal point of Hundred Miles City. There were many more people, residences and shops when compared to the street he was at earlier. Of course, they followed the same layout. Pedestrians had to walk close to both sides of the street while the central lane was for horse carriages, or those who mounted steeds or beasts.

The carriage stopped in front of a huge building. Curiously, Qing Shui looked around and saw four big words written on a plaque hanging near the doorway: “Qing Clan Medicinal Business”. So this place was the location of their very own family business!

The building was five stories high, and it possessed neither grace nor beauty. When looking upon it, one could only feel a dreary, dull feeling emitting from it.

“Let us go and take a look, since this will be our residence during the time we are here.”

Qing Shui, Qing Shan and Qing Shi followed Qing Yi to a building nearby, the moment they entered, Qing Shui’s eyes started sparkling. What a spacious field, the length and breadth should be at least 100m or more. To think that our Qing Clan was rich enough to own such a big plot of land in the Hundred Miles City, seems that we do have some status here after all.

Opposite the plot of land, there was a garden about 200m in length and breadth, which was surrounded by a low wall of stone.

Qing Shui wandered into the garden and discovered that this was the place used for planting of the medicinal herbs. Upon discovering that there were a plethora of herbs being planted here, a huge smile appeared on his face.

What made him so excited was not the number of herbs that they were cultivating, but it was the many different varieties that they had here! 8-Immortal Grass, 8-Immortal Flower, Night’s Fragrance, Great Earth Root, Goat-Horned Ginseng, Violet Hibiscus...

This garden which belonged to the Qing Clan was called the Hundred Medicine Garden, which Qing Shui noticed as he saw the name of the garden written near the entrance.

Initially, Qing Shui planned to buy some herbal seedlings, and it seemed that now there was no need for him to be so troubled over it, considering the many different varieties of medicinal herbs in the Hundred Medicinal garden. The smile on his face got wider and wider. Seems like the plot of land in his realm of the Violet Jade Immortal would no longer be so bare and empty.

There were two youths that were currently busy working inside the Hundred Medicinal Garden. They were digging holes, planting crops and weeding out various bad plants. Qing Shui was here to look for people of the Qing Clan, and not these ordinary workers. Only now did he realize that there were such a small number of Qing Clan members working with Qing Yi regarding this medicinal business. There was a storage room for storing all the harvested herbs, but it seems that the Qing Clan Medicinal Business was targeting the common-grade herbs market.

“Qing Shui!”

Hearing someone call out his name, Qing Shui turned his head and realized that it was his 3rd uncle, Qing Hu!

“3rd uncle, this place is so good! It is much more prosperous compared to our Qing Village.” Qing Shui laughed as he walk towards his 3rd uncle.