

Being a God 22

[I'll Quit Being a God](#)

Chapter 22: The Double Ninth Festival (Part 1)

"Lord Mountain God, I have gained a lot today. Please accept my gratitude."

Before leaving, Gong-Shu Jie made a deep bow towards the white wolf in front of him as a sign of respect.

Lu Heng stood at the top of the mountain, and watched Wuzhu departing with the wind. He was somewhat speechless.

The conversation between the man and a wolf could originally be considered as ordinary small talk, which was about some anecdotes and folklore. But when they inadvertently talked about the situation of Thousand Needles City, Gong-Shu Jie asked Lu Heng for advice.

For Lu Heng, he did not know the livelihood of this world, but when he listened to some clan problems and management disputes that Gong-Shu Jie casually complained about, he felt that the administrative way of this Fire Pass Country was too primitive and rough. Although Lu Heng had never managed a country or a city, he had at least seen the process of human beings moving from the ancient slave society to the modern society step by step in history books.

So, according to his memory, Lu Heng talked with Gong-Shu Jie about those historical stories.

At first, it was just a casual talk between two friends. Lu Heng also did not propose any detailed method of governance. After all, he was not good at management, so he was really just simply telling stories.

But unexpectedly, Gong-Shu Jie listened more and more seriously, and then asked similar questions.

At that time, Lu Heng felt that something was wrong. After telling several historical stories, Lu Heng intended to digress from such topics, but Gong-Shu Jie had to leave because it was already late.

Looking at Gong-Shu Jie's eager face before his leaving, Lu Heng's heart was a little apprehensive.

I just told you some historical stories, what are you planning to do?

Will this guy attract trouble when he returns to Thousand Needles City?

Lu Heng was a bit speechless, because he did not know what Gong-Shu Jie would do. Just intuition told him that after Gong-Shu Jie went back, someone was going to be in trouble.

Either Gong-Shu Jie himself, or those old clans that Gong-Shu Jie complained about.....

...Never mind, this matter has nothing to do with me.

Lu Heng stood atop Cold Feather Mountain, watching as Gong-Shu Jie disappeared into the horizon, and heaved a long sigh.

Lu Heng looked at the vortex clouds in the sky. Since the guest left, then the gap in the center of the clouds was not necessary. With Lu Heng's mind, the power of heavenly thunder in his body surged, and

then silently connected with the vortex clouds in the sky. The black clouds slowly rotated and surged, and soon returned to its original shape again.

The huge clouds shrouded the entire Cold Feather Mountain above and lightning flashed. Clearly outside the mountain was a sunny day, but the sky here was dark, depressing, and gloomy.

Lu Heng directly leaped down from the top of the mountain, and his huge wolf body fell hundreds of meters in height and landed on the land in front of the Mountain God Temple. Then he connected with the clouds, attracting lightning to strike down.

Deafening thunder booms rang out again in the mountain.

A series of heavenly thunderbolts fell on Lu Heng's body. In front of the Mountain God Temple, there was a flash of thunder and lightning.

In this flashing lightning light, it seemed that even the color of the ground has become darker.

This time, Lu Heng did not attract too much thunder, because in a short while it would be the Double Ninth Festival, and he did not want to miss this Festival.

In the memory of the original wolf demon, on the Double Ninth Festival, the villagers would offer three animal sacrifices. The three animal sacrifices were not only beneficial to cultivation, but also tasted delicious.

Lu Heng did not care about the benefits of cultivation, after all, now his cultivation is based on the thunder power and three animal sacrifices would not help him. But he wanted delicious foods.

In the last six months, his only food was the fresh fish in the river. And because there was no cooking conditions, he just swallowed them in one gulp.

Lu Heng had been looking forward to the delicious and unusual three animal sacrifices in the wolf demon's memory for a long time.

After receiving the lightning strike, Lu Heng didn't delay and dived into the ground to continue his cultivation. In order to be able to transform successfully as soon as possible, Lu Heng did not dare to be lazy.

In the past six months, he repeated the process of attracting thunder and absorbing it.

Although the cultivation time was not long, there were no bottlenecks in thunderbolt cultivation. Therefore, Lu Heng's cultivation speed could be said to be flying compared to other demon cultivators.

It would take a long time to surpass the original wolf demon's two hundred years of cultivation, but Lu Heng's future is bright and far-reaching.

The Shuisheng Villagers outside the mountain, on the other hand, were now bustling with activity.

At the time of harvest, every household was busy. Villagers, both men and women, gathered in the fields outside the village to harvest the ears of rice.

It was a busy and tiring process. The weather was still hot, so it was necessary to get up early and reap the ears of rice before the noon sun rose.

At noon, people can rest for a while because of the scorching sun. And after working all morning, they also needed to rest.

In the afternoon, when the sun was not so hot, the villagers, who had been refreshed, went to the fields again and continued harvesting.

Bundle after bundle of the ear of rice was threshed, and the white, clean ear of rice mixed with the fragments of rice was carried away, while the threshed rice stalks were piled up in bundles in the middle of the fields. Some of these stalks were taken by the villagers to their homes to start fires, while the rest were left in the fields to fertilize them.

This simple and mechanical process would take several days.

When the harvest was over, most of the young and strong people in the village were exhausted. But after seeing the white rice grains at home, their faces were full of smiles. For the villagers in the remote mountainous area, it was the happiest thing in life to harvest a full barn of rice after a busy year.

The only group in the village that did not participate in the harvest process were the village elders. Most of them were old, and it was difficult for them to catch up with the young people. On the other side, the preparation of the ritual was often the elders' responsibility.

The ritual work used to be quite easy in the past, but this year was stressful for the old people. Realizing the high status of the Mountain God, the villagers dared not take the ritual lightly.

The warning from the Master Wuzhu still seemed to be echoing in their ears, and coupled with the strict order from the old village chief, this year's harvest festival was the most solemn one in the whole Shuisheng village for decades.

And with such tight preparations, the Double Ninth Festival has finally come.