The banquet at Snowfall Palace continued late into the night. Late at night, the sky was covered with stars. Ji Yichuan and his wife took their infant back home.

"Whoah." Ji Ning blearily opened his little eyes and saw the night sky filled with stars.

Ah.

He had fallen asleep. He had actually fallen asleep mid-way.

There had been fascinating performances, with musicians, drummers, and barefoot, fur-clad female dancers filling the hall. This was very different from Earth's performances, but it was still very pleasing to the eye. However, he was still just an infant. Halfway through, he was simply too sleepy and thus he immediately fell asleep.

"You haven't been at the West Prefecture for a long time yet. You don't understand the intricacies hidden within." Yichuan explained, "The ten overseers of the West Prefecture are divided into the Prefecture Lord's side and Ji Lee's side. There are three centrists. If we were to draw another overseer into our orbit, the price would have been too high."

"So what if the price is high?" Snow said unhappily.

"Yes, if we paid an enormous price, we could let our son become the Prefecture Lord." Yichuan frowned. "But if our son is incapable, even if he is allowed to take the position of Prefecture Lord, he'll just suffer countless miseries, unspeakable miseries. That will be a form of torment!"

Yuchi Snow was stunned.

"I don't want my son to be miserable." Yichuan continued slowly, "Thus, I brought up seizing the golden sword."

"If my son possesses astonishing insight and talent and is able to strengthen rapidly, then naturally, he'll be able to seize the golden sword. No one would say a single word of dissent if he were to take over the Prefecture Lord

position after doing so," Yichuan said. "But if my son is unable to seize the golden sword, then he can just live a life of leisure. I, Yichuan, will protect him his entire life and let him live without any cares."

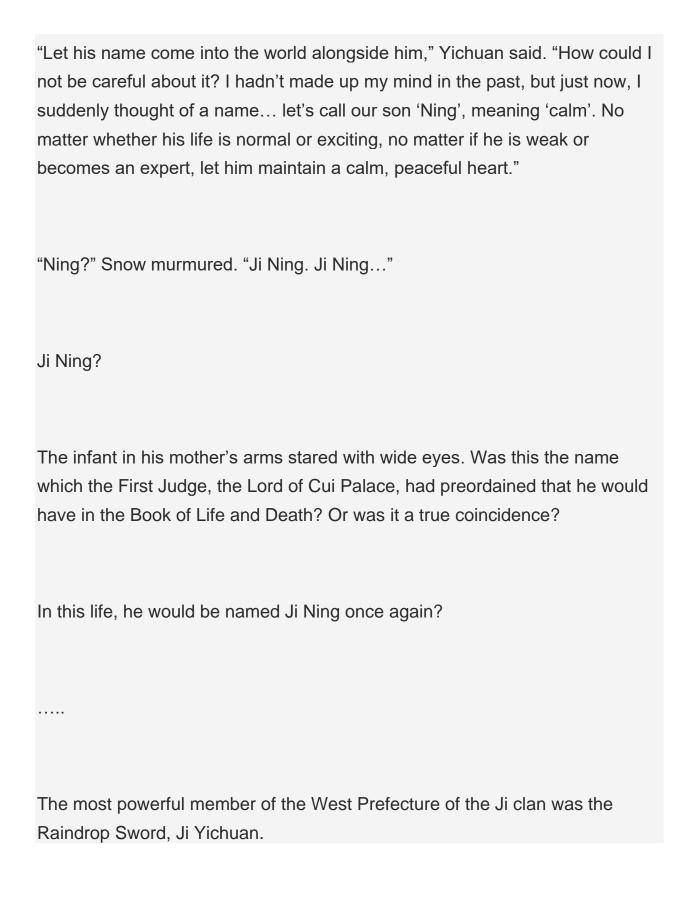
Snow seemed to have understood.

Becoming Prefecture Lord didn't necessarily mean a life of ease. If an expert became the Prefecture Lord, then naturally, his rule would be stable. But if someone incapable took the position... even if he was forcibly installed, he would just be miserable.

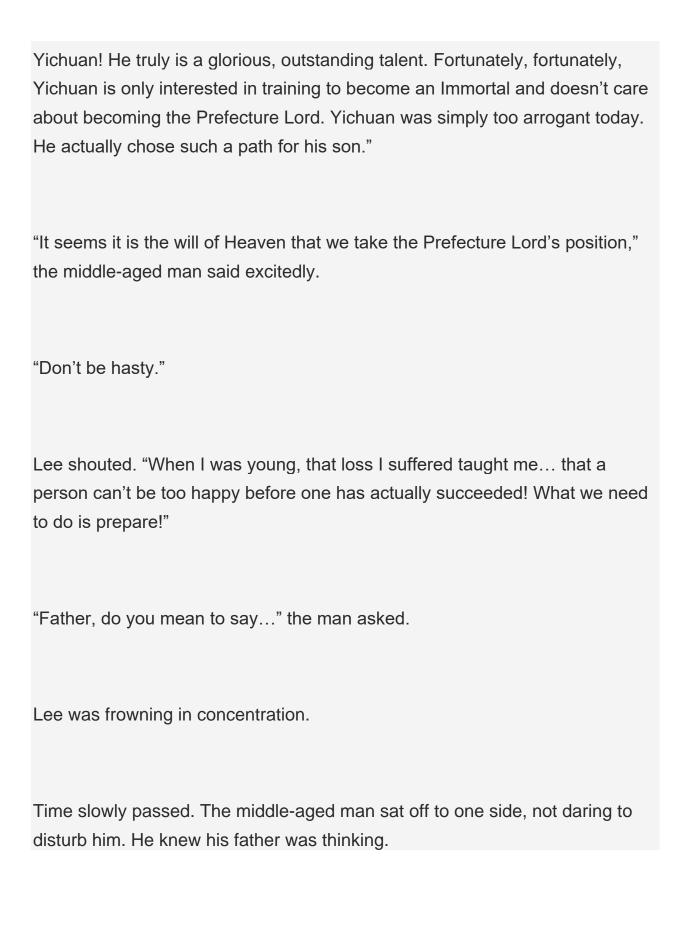
"Yichuan, I was wrong to blame you," Snow said softly.

Yichuan just lowered his head and rubbed his son's face. "His eyes are wide open. This kid woke up long ago."

"Right, Yichuan. What name should we give him?" Snow suddenly asked. "I asked you when I was pregnant, but you weren't happy with any of the names. Now that he's been born, we have to come up with a suitable name."



The second was the 'Tiger Demon', Ji Lee. Within Lee's Prefecture. "Congratulations and felicitations, father," a middle-aged man with several dozen braids in his hair said. "That Yichuan was so arrogant and blind that he actually said he would have his son go seize the golden sword... the West Prefecture has been in the hands of our Ji clan for generations. Not a single person has taken the Prefecture Lord position through seizing the golden sword." The old man with flaming red hair and that scarlet snake in his ears slapped his hands together. "When I was young, I should've become the Prefecture Lord! But at that time, I was simply too much of a show-off and ended up losing to my big brother, Ji Young. That old bastard Young ended up taking the Prefecture Lord position and has been in that position for eighty years!" "Eighty full years!" "I've been waiting all this time. Every day has been a crucible." Lee ground his teeth. "I didn't expect that his line of descent would produce someone like



"Right!" Ji Lee suddenly said in a soft voice. "That's what we'll do!"

The middle-aged man looked at his father. "Father, what is your plan?"

"In order to seize the golden sword, one must defeat all of the youths of the tribes and the descendants of the Ji clan," Lee said in a low voice. "Although there are few clan members, they are able to acquire a large amount of treasures and secret manuals, while there are many youths in the tribes, very few will get any treasures. But despite that, in the quadrennial Golden Sword Ceremony, out of every five or six ceremonies, only once will a Ji clan member win."

The middle-aged man nodded. "There are simply too many tribe members. There will always be an extremely talented person who emerges. However, no matter how great their talent, we won't teach them the truly powerful arts of the Ji clan. We'll only teach them some of the lesser arts. Although those youths of the tribes might be powerful during the Golden Sword Ceremony, after seventy or eighty years, the most powerful exponents are those of the Ji clan."

"What I mean to do is..." Ji Lee said in a whisper. "Select a few outstanding youths from the tribes and give them a large amount of treasures and

resources and train them. Without my training, those tribal youth talents are already so powerful. Once they receive my training, they will definitely skyrocket in power and become even mightier! I refuse to believe that the son of Yichuan will be able to defeat all of them and seize the golden sword."

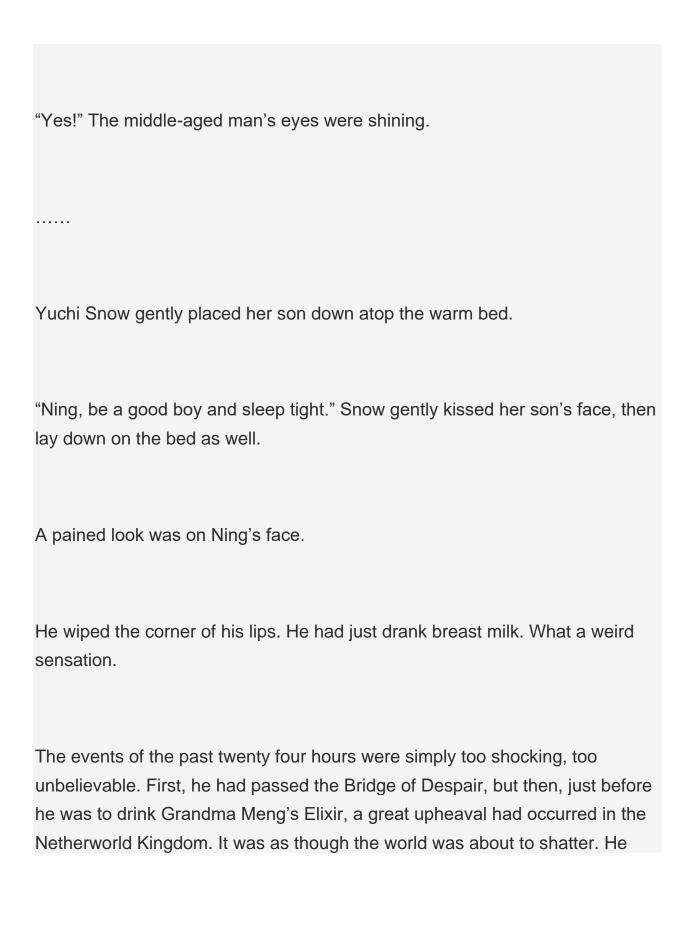
"Right. Right." The middle-aged man hurriedly nodded.

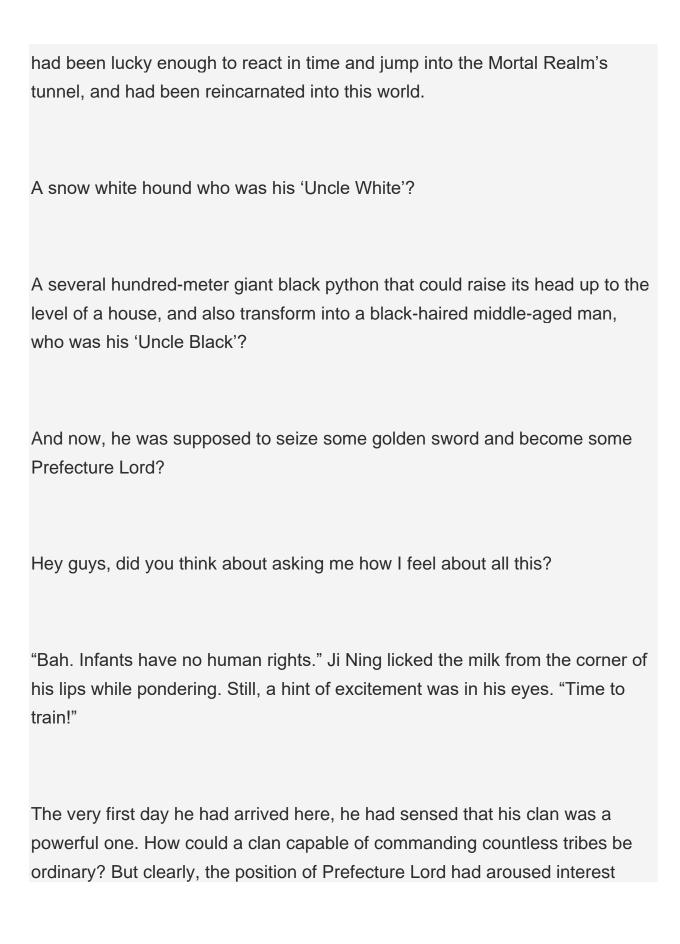
Usually, the treatment of the tribal youths and of the Ji clan members were totally different.

The Ji clan youths were of one family. Naturally, the Ji clan would treat them much better. But in dealing with the youths of the tribes, they would have to both draw them close and also control them well! But this time... he would use all of his talent to cultivate the most promising youths!

"Father, if you do this, then Ji Yichuan's son will definitely lose," the middleaged man said confidently.

"Hahaha..." Lee laughed. "Remember. Plant some of our people by Yichuan's side. I want to know how rapidly Yichuan's son grows in power. Only knowing one's own power and one's opponent's power will one gain victory!"





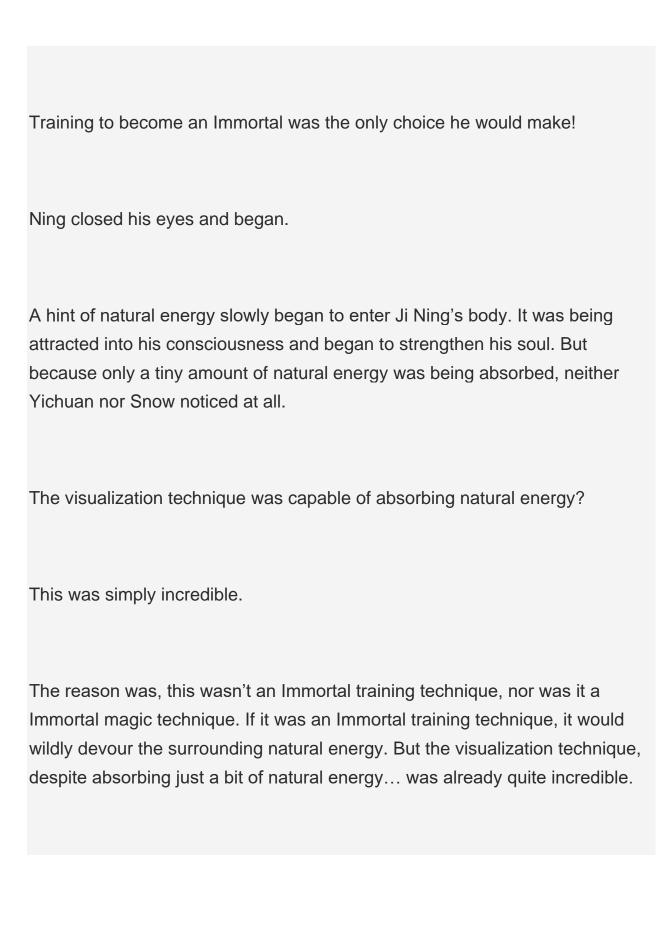
from all sides. That old fellow with the red snake in his ear wasn't weak either. He dared to argue against the Prefecture Lord and squabble with Ning's father.

Screw it!

Ning was still just an infant. There was no reason for him to worry about all these things. Right now, the most important thing was to train. Train in the visualization technique – Nuwa Painting.

The Nuwa Painting, according to the Lord of Cui Palace, was something which would allow him to be an outstanding figure, even if he had been born into the Heaven Realm and had joined the Celestial Host, much less here in the Mortal Realm. In the Mortal Realm, it definitely would be the most top tier of visualization techniques. Such a precious technique that had been deeply ingrained into his mind was the most powerful source of support he would have in this world.

In his past life, he had been tormented by illness for eighteen years. He had been exhausted just by strolling for half an hour. He had simply had enough of that powerless sensation! The sensation of being powerless in the face of death! He had enough! Enough! Enough!!! He would take his destiny into his own hands, and that destiny was to follow the path that the Lord of Cui Palace had spoken to him of: Training to become an Immortal!



Whoosh. Whoosh. Tiny threads of elemental energy constantly entered Ning's infant body.

Natural energy repeatedly entered his body and cleansed his body. Infants were born pure. Only after experiencing life would they be sullied by the dirt and grime of the world. But right now, Ning's body had very few impurities within it. With the natural energy repeatedly cleansing him, he quickly became incomparably pure, as pure as a newborn!