

# Grand Ancestral Bloodlines

## #Chapter 71: Madness - Read Grand Ancestral Bloodlines Chapter 71: Madness

*Chapter 71: Madness*

Ryu roared into the skies, unable to withstand the restructuring of his body in silence.

The Rite of Limitations earned its namesake for a reason. This Rite was meant to push past what one's innate talent was capable of. Although the Heavens seem to be unfair, gifting some talent and ignoring those without, this isn't entirely the case. There are many stories of those with poor talent ascending to the top of the martial world purely through their own perseverance.

Why was it that one's Mental Realm was so important? It wasn't just that cultivators must live for a long time and thus must have strong Spiritual Qi in order to not lose themselves to madness, it was also because one's mentality in cultivation was incredibly important.

The Rite of Limitations allowed cultivators the chance to exchange their pain for greater potential. Although this wouldn't directly boost the grade of your talent, what it could do is awaken hidden potential you didn't know you had. If this opportunity is continually grasped, it isn't difficult for the Lines of Karma to spin in your favor and provide you with a chance to advance in the future.

It was for this reason that this Rite was so painful for Ryu. Within the martial world, he already had what could be considered the peak-most talent. He was birthed with an Ancestral Great Circle. Seeking to break outside the limitations of such talent would be akin to enraging the Heavens. However, he did so anyway.

Ryu was pressed for time. It had to be said that even a heavenly talent like his wife took almost one million years to reach the Lower Dao Pedestal realm. His parents, two individuals who were world-shattering experts as well, used hundreds of millions of years to just reach the Higher Cosmic Seed realm. His grandparents, old monsters who had lived for billions of years, had only reached the Middle World Sea realm!

He didn't have a billion years. He didn't have hundreds of millions. He didn't even have a million.

The anxiety of not knowing what happened to his family was weighing on his chest. He tried to press it down, ignoring it to the best of his abilities, but it crept up time and time again.

Ryu couldn't rest of laurels. He couldn't bide his time and aim for better in the future. His family needed him now, and he would put everything on the line for them.

He knew he could do it. The reason cultivation slowed so much during later Immortal Realms was because it relied so heavily on comprehension. However, there was a reason his Pupils were ranked number one. There was a reason the Origin Flame was a nearly unmatched treasure. With these two things in hand, what did Ryu have to fear?

He would pierce through the Immortal Planes and shatter the barrier that surrounded his home. He would see his mother's smile again. He would bask in the proud glint in his father's eye. He would protect his wife to his back. He would do all the things he had only been able to dream of before. This was his resolve.

A second holy light descended from the skies, this one more than ten times the size of the former.

This was the Rite of Perseverance!

Ryu's Spiritual Foundation expanded madly in size, doubling once more as impurities of black mixed with the crimson blood that poured from his ever-growing wounds.

In the next moment, yet another pillar of holy light descended from the skies. However, this couldn't be considered holy at all. The light was a blood red, wafting with death and dense yin. It was as though the world had flipped and the Rivers of the Underworld rained down upon him.

This was the Rite of Death!

If Ryu's parents could see him now, they would have been shocked into a state of horror. Before Ryu turned seven years old, his father and mother had implored him to never attempt this twelfth Rite. With his talent, it simply wasn't worth it. What need was there for someone of the Ancestral Great Circle to put their lives on the line? It was simply foolish!

Ryu laughed into the skies as this red light descended upon him. The Higher Mortal Plane shook under his madness, not a single soul missed the sight of this crimson pillar of light.

Almost all his life, Ryu had been cold and withdrawn. However, there was a time when he was a bright-eyed little boy with a smile that could light up the world. His little chubby cheeks and large watery silver eyes were once the sun that lit up the otherwise bland Tatsuya Clan Palace.

Unfortunately, his hardships had changed him. He always had loving parents around him, but he felt that he wasn't enough. Everything was perfect, but himself.

This sort of mentality turned him into what he was. He didn't dare to fight against Fate because it seemed selfish to do so. He had everything in the world, so what if he missed out on this one thing? He would live a short life with his head held high. This was the old Ryu's resolve.

However, it was then that the lines of Fate began to change. The tides of the Tatsuya Clan's superiority seemed to be shifting and everything pointed toward their eventual collapse. It was at that point that Ryu realized that Fate wasn't magnanimous or fair. It wasn't all knowing or perfect either. Since it could dare to cause hardship to his loved ones, people who had loved him despite his faults, how dare it flaunt itself before him as it pleased?!

A look of recklessness took over Ryu's emotionless features. His face was bloodied by his sheered skin, bruises of black and blue coated him, making it clear that his inner body was just as devastated as what could be seen on the outside, and even his pure white hair became coated in crimson liquids. He looked no different from a Demonic Emperor, descending into the world.

He looked up into the skies, his silver eyes opening with a fierce glint. Their light seemed to pierce through the pillars, reaching into the skies and attempting to scatter the clouds above.

"I no longer fear death!" Ryu's voice was resolute, filled with the roar of a Tatsuya man. "Fate will never chain me again!"

The clouds in the skies trembled, flashing with arcs of golden lightning as Ryu's tenacity reached a new height.

"Come! Rite of Origin!"

*Chapter 72: Essence of Origin*

Two pillars of white light. One pillar of crimson light. And, finally, one pillar of golden light to shatter them all.

Ryu practically felt as though his body was sheering apart at the seams. Although he had felt similar type of pain going through his previous Rites and even while opening his Body Realm Pulses, this was on a level he had never experienced before.

The very same Ryu who, as a mortal, didn't make a sound even while being tortured by a spike-filled beast tendon whip, couldn't help but roar toward the skies in agony.

His Spiritual Foundation doubled in size, then quadrupled. The dantian it resided in shattered apart completely, trying its best to reconstruct itself but failing miserably as Ryu called upon Rite after Rite. Suffering through a single one of the Named Rites was

already a matter of life and death, but to face all four at once was nothing short of suicidal!

However, even with how intelligent Ryu was, he still did this foolish thing. When he was improving his Body Realm, Ryu suddenly came to understand something. Without a Body Realm Cultivation technique, opening his Body Pulses would have minimal effect.

The truth of the matter was that even after opening four Body Pulses, the strength he gained was disappointing. Although he was certain that there didn't exist a Pulse Opening Expert who was his match on this Mortal Plane, this wasn't enough to undergo these final Rites as someone with an Ancestral Great Circle. Plus, these weren't the opponents he was aiming for!

It was after realizing this that Ryu understood biding his time would no longer give him any benefits. If he wanted to defy the heavens, he had to firmly take this step forward without a single ounce of regret or hesitation!

The white flames of Ryu's Spiritual Foundation surged forward. In that moment, his body was overwhelmed by an unknown, previously dormant flame. It responded to Ryu's defiance, nurturing his mind to keep him lucid. Although these flames did nothing to ease the pain Ryu was feeling, it stabilized his crumbling Mental Realm, allowing Ryu's will to maintain his consciousness to shine through.

An instant later, the Origin Flame seemed to react in kind. It sensed the Essence of Origin that descended from the golden pillar and suddenly fidgeted with excitement. At first, it had been forced into dormancy by the oppressive Heavenly Laws, however the mysterious white flames had shaken it awake. It was just an Embryo, if it hadn't been for this help, it was impossible for it to go against the Will of the Heavens.

As though its task was accomplished, the white flames retreated to Ryu's dantian, silently surging along with his ever-growing Spiritual Foundation.

The Origin Flame excitedly gobbled up the Essence of Origin, refining it and sending it toward Ryu. What was once a tyrannical and unbridled aura instantly became incomparably soothing.

Impurities were forced out of Ryu's body in droves. They rolled off of him and the stone he sat upon, sinking to the green grass below and turning it a disgusting sheen of brown and black.

Ryu's meridians expanded once more. Although this would make completing the Qi Refinement realm far more difficult, the amount of qi he could hold was easily five times the amount of a normal cultivator. If he made proper use of the Qi Refinement realm's Revolutions, this would only increase!

This wasn't even the greatest benefit of Ryu's recklessness. Because the Origin Flame had refined so much of the incredibly rare Essence of Origin, it matured slightly. Although it was still far from exiting its Embryonic stage, it was at least twice as effective as it was before. Essentially, the progress Ryu had made in his basic stances in two months, could now be done in just one!

There was another hidden benefit as well. The treasures located on Ryu's body responded favorably to this Essence of Origin. This was especially so for the Incubator fused with his Heavenly Pupils considering it was an Origin Grade treasure itself. Although the benefits weren't obvious to Ryu now, it had improved from a Lower Origin Grade treasure to a Middle Origin Grade treasure! Its ability to foster beasts and grow spiritual plants had sky-rocketed to an entirely new level.

As for the other treasures on Ryu's body, their improvement wasn't so exaggerated. Aside from his twin daggers that flashed a red light before fading back to their normal blue sheen, there weren't any other changes. That said... The meridians of his Heavenly Pupils pulsed with happiness. Formerly sealed pathways broke open as they began to slowly evolve.

Days later, Ryu awoke in his own filth. It took him almost half a day alone to scrub them from his body. However, what was left was a body that shone like a silver blade.

After inspecting himself, Ryu noticed that the chaotic state his blood entered when he forcibly took on the Rite of Origin had inadvertently caused the final two Body Pulses located in his spine to open. In just three months, Ryu had completed all of his Rites and opened all of his Body Realm Pulses. However, this speed was normal for a genius of Ryu's caliber. For those born on the Shrine Plane, this was about their same speed as well. The largest difference was that they would still be seven years old when they reached this step while Ryu was already fourteen. He couldn't relax.

Nevertheless, Ryu wasn't entirely humble either. Those geniuses he referred to would have, at most, completed their eleventh Rite. Even his father and mother only completed their twelfth. Ryu had grounds to be proud of himself.

Of course, this was only because the talent of his mother and father was such that completing the thirteenth Rite was unnecessary. It was for this same reason that they only expected Ryu to complete up to his eleventh. Still, Ryu couldn't help but smile lightly. It seemed that ever since he awakened, his perpetual coldness was being chipped away at.

With a thought, the wooden shaft of a seven-foot-long halberd appeared in Ryu's hands.

His movements started slow and forceful before becoming quick and overbearing. The 'SHIING' sound of an illusory light flickered into and out of existence, but Ryu had slipped into such a profound state that he didn't seem to notice.

In that moment, Ryu's body glowed with a gentle light. He seemed to become larger than life before blending into still shining skies above. Ryu had stepped into the Breath of Heaven meditation state.

The sparks of light became fiercer. Space around Ryu shivered and rippled, resulting from the faint image of an Emperor appearing to his back.

"HA!" Ryu lungs expanded, his arms swinging downward forcefully as the sound of a shattering barrier resounded. He had finally breached the Small Success realm.