

PEERLESS MARTIAL GOD

Chapter 17: The Precipice of Zhangu

Here is a sponsored chapter for today. Special thanks to Jaskirat K & Joseph G. Luckily for you all there is no cliffhanger today. I thought I would still give you the sponsored chapter on my day off since I worked late yesterday and didn't manage to finish it in time for you. This chapter was one of the harder ones.

Thank you everyone for the continued support! It really means alot xoxo

Lin Feng and Jing Yun were in Han Man's room, they were staring at Han Man and worriedly looking at his injuries.

"These injuries are very serious." said Lin Feng while checking Han Man's injuries. Although cultivators had a higher natural healing ability than other people, his injuries were very serious. It seemed like every part of his body had been damaged from his broken bones to internal injuries inflicted on his organs. It would be impossible for him to recover without any assistance.

“No problem, my life has always been tough. I won’t die so easily.” said Han Man with an optimistic smile.

“What about your cultivation?” Said Lin Feng staring at him. Han Man dodged Lin Feng’s glance. He couldn’t look at Lin Feng’s eyes. That’s right, even though he wasn’t going to die, his cultivation was damaged and without proper care he would eventually turn into a cripple, with less strength than even an ordinary person.

“Lin Feng, let’s go to the Black Wind Mountain kill some ferocious beasts to get some items to exchange against Immortal Pills to heal Han Man.” said Jing Yun. Han Man was just another disciple of the sect and there were a great number of disciples to replace him. If you were not an Elite disciple, the Sect would eventually only provide you with basic accommodation. If you had rendered a great service to the sect or if you had an extraordinary strength then they would make you join the Elite disciples. Those who showed rare capability on the path of Cultivation became important and respected sect members. As ordinary disciples they couldn’t count on the sect’s help as far as Han Man was concerned, what would be the benefit for the sect to waste such precious materials to save a normal disciple?

“That wouldn’t work, his injuries are too serious. Even if an ordinary pill can cure him, the side effects will be too harsh on his damaged body” said Lin Feng shaking his head.

“What should we do then? Is there another solution?” asked Jing Yun.

Lin Feng suddenly stood up, turned around and walked towards the door.

“I’m going to the Precipice of the Abyss. Wait for me. I’ll be back soon.” said Lin Feng calmly.

Complete silence filled the room which Lin Feng had just left. Jing Yun shivered nervously clenching her fists.

Han Man was smiling. Even though his face looked as if he was happily smiling you could see his eyes becoming moist.

The Precipice of the Abyss...

Only a guy like Lin Feng could come up with such an idea...

Only a guy like Lin Feng would dare to go there with his cultivation...

The Precipice of the Abyss was one of the most mysterious and sacred places of the Yun Hai Sect. It was even more famous than the Life or Death Arena.

There were not many people who engaged in battles in the Life or Death Arena but every once in a while, there would be some. However there were extremely few people who went to the Precipice of the Abyss. Those who dared to go there were those who were truly seeking either enlightenment or death. Within the Yun Hai Sect many disciples heard the name of the Precipice of the Abyss, but they had never laid eyes or heard stories from what was inside. It was too dangerous to even attempt to enter and those who did, never returned to tell the story.

Everyone had heard that if you passed the test of the Precipice of the Abyss then the Sect would acknowledge you and you would receive a priceless treasure. Needless to say if you failed the test then the consequences would be disastrous.

On the top of the Yun Hai Mountain, there was a mystical cave which was very difficult to reach for ordinary disciples. That cave was the passageway to the Precipice of the Abyss.

At that moment, Lin Feng was at the entrance leading to the cave.

“I, Lin Feng of the Yun Hai Sect dare to challenge the Precipice of the Abyss!” shouted Lin Feng in front of the entrance.

His voice penetrated into the walls of the cave and didn’t stop echoing for what seemed like an eternity. After a short time a voice replied, however this voice did not echo and seemed to arrive from inside the cave instantly.

“Come in.”

“Ok.” replied Lin Feng and immediately started walking inside the cave.

The passage was dark and there would be no light to be found this deep within the cave, but it was still possible to barely make out the surroundings. On both sides of the cave there were paintings and symbols drawn on the walls. He continued walking forwards and could already see part of the cave in which there was a small light. He immediately headed towards the light.

Inside this part of the cave there was a bed made of stones, a single table and chair with a candle atop. It was a very rustic room. On the bed sat an old man wearing a black cloak. His eyes were closed and he wasn’t moving at all, there were not even signs of breathing. After a long time the old man spoke.

“You want to go to the Precipice of the Abyss?” Said the old man wearing the black cloak with his eyes still closed.

“Yes, I do.” replied Lin Feng.

“And for what reason do you want to go there?”

“My friend has been injured. He has broken bones and his internal organs have been heavily injured too. I need the sect’s support to save him from becoming a cripple. I need pills which can cure him without the side-effects.” replied Lin Feng unperturbed.

The old man wearing the black cloak opened his eyes. His expression was profound as if his stare was penetrating into Lin Feng’s soul; it was as if he could see through him.

“If there was such an easy way to get pills then all disciples would attempt it, but you are only at the eighth Qi layer. Passing the exam of the Precipice of the Abyss will be extremely difficult... Release your spirit so that I can see it.”

Lin Feng nodded. A small snake appeared but as the dark spirit appeared it instantly hid itself and was undetectable.

“What! Really?” said the old man wearing the black cloak while frowning. Even though he had a broad knowledge, he had never thought that such a spirit existed. It seemed like the snake was flying in the air but it was thin and looked weak. It did not look like a ferocious beast and instead looked weaker than a house pet.

“You can go to the Precipice of the Abyss through this passage.” Said the old man pointing to one of the passage ways. In that room, there were many passageways all leading to different places all of which required taking different exams.

“Thank you, Elder.” said Lin Feng nodding. Then he entered the passage without any hesitation or regrets.

When the elder saw Lin Feng enter the passage, he shook his head. Eighth Qi layer and his spirit was so incredibly weak. It was almost impossible for him to pass the exam in the Precipice of the Abyss. The passage the old man had just shown to Lin Feng led to the Precipice of Zhangu. That was the least

dangerous exam and Lin Feng could come out at any time. However, its degree of difficulty was the highest of all exams.

(TL: 战鼓: Zhangu: chinese war drum, I decided to go with this name for easier translation)

Lin Feng had come for his friend so the elder in the black cloak didn't want Lin Feng to get injured too seriously. Therefore, he had opted to let Lin Feng enter the only place where he could forfeit and return if he thought it was too difficult.

The drums hadn't emitted a sound for a hundred years which also meant nobody had been able to pass the exam of this passageway in a hundred years.

Lin Feng entered the passageway. It was pitch black inside. There was countless hand carved stone steps leading down this passage. There was over a thousand steps to the top and at the end he could see a simple yet large square room. Lin Feng arrived at the room and saw a huge stone doorway which was the only entrance to the room. As Lin Feng approached, these huge stone doors began to open themselves letting Lin Feng enter.

“What a mysterious place.” Whispered Lin Feng. The passage suddenly open and allowing him entry.

A pure and fresh air assailed Lin Feng’s nostrils. This room was enveloped in clouds and mist and there was a slight chill in the air. The room itself gave a dangerous yet mysterious aura.

In the room there were eight large drums. These drums looked like the war drums from his previous world which would be played during military attacks. They looked identical to the war drums of his world.

“Booom.” The large doors made of stone closed behind him. Lin Feng turned around and saw words written in big letters.

“If only one makes the sound, doesn’t that mean I have succeeded?” Lin Feng had understood the meaning behind these large letters which were carved into the back of the stone doors. He then moved to the center of the area and looked around.

He didn’t know what made these drums so mysterious. He just had to make one drum make a sound to pass the exam.

“HA!” Lin Feng dashed towards a drum while condensing the Qi in his fist and randomly punched the drum.

“Dooooonnnng” the drum made a muffled sound. Invisible sound waves were released from the clock drum which made Lin Feng step back in shock.

“Huh?” Lin Feng frowned. He dashed forward again and concentrated 5000 Jin of power in his fist then punched the drum directly.

“Dooooonnnnngggg” a strong vibration spread throughout the atmosphere. The vibrations began to combine into a powerful wave. Once all the waves had combined into one the single remaining wave was launched directly back to Lin Feng.

“Boooom” The powerful wave crashed onto Lin Feng which knocked him into the air and sent him flying backwards.

“Cough, cough” Lin Feng fell on the ground and coughed twice. Seeing the blood come out of his mouth stupefied him.

Was that Nine Heavy Waves?

Lin Feng's eyes stared blankly at the drum. He had just been attacked by the Nine Heavy Waves technique and that Nine Heavy Waves power was far greater than his own understanding. These drums were able to return attacks and duplicate the strength of the attacks they returned.

How intriguing. How did these drums return my attacks?

Lin Feng was sitting and thinking deeply on the current situation. The first and the second time, he had only managed to make a muffled sound like a "dooong". The drums hadn't emitted anything close to a genuine drum sound on either of his strikes. To make things worse, the stronger his attacks were, the stronger they came back at him. It really was a mystery which seemed impossible to solve.

"I'm doing something wrong. Since this is an ancient sect exam, there must be a way to pass the exam. It's just that I haven't thought about the solution yet. Moreover, the elder in the black cloak knows that I'm an eight Qi Layer cultivator and that my spirit is weak. He must have chosen the easiest exam for me. If I can't pass the easiest exam then how would I ever gain support from the sect to help Han Man?"

Lin Feng was thinking deeply then he suddenly jumped to his feet. At that moment he had perfectly understood what he was doing wrong as well as the elder's intentions. It wasn't the easiest exam, it was actually the most difficult one. The old man back in the cave actually hoped that Lin Feng would come crawling back in the face of difficulties. This was a test on how stubborn he could be in his path to becoming an immortal.

"Dark spirit, come out" thought Lin Feng. Lin Feng released his dark spirit. Immediately, his vision could pierce the secrets of the world. When he used his dark spirit, all of his abilities and skills became more powerful, including his power of understanding.

His long sword emitted a metallic sound. A thunderous roar spread in throughout the atmosphere and bombarded onto a drum.

"Psshhhh"

"Booom"

A whistling sound and a thunderous roaring filled the atmosphere of the cave. The attack struck the drum but then as before the power was reversed and duplicated. The sword shook and he tried to stop the counter attack.

Lin Feng's clothes were torn apart. There was blood flowing from wounds on Lin Feng's body. This was exactly what Lin Feng had predicted. The powers of the counterattacks were exactly twice the power of his previous attacks. Even though he was trying to protect himself, it didn't work.

"I just have to improve my skills." said Lin Feng without retreating. He used roaring thunder again, but this time to attack another of the eight drums with his full power.