

The Sacred Ruins

Chapter 46: Medicine for Diarrhoea

The night was dark since the moon had concealed itself behind layers of heavy clouds.

The roars of beasts hidden in the lofty mountains was continual, haunting him throughout his homeward journey. There were also sightings of birds of prey spreading their wings for a flight. They were both fierce and swift, drawing a perfect curvaceous trajectory in the night sky.

Chu Feng paused for a moment. He realized that the animals had been quite restless tonight; however, he was not afraid of any dangers that might suddenly show themselves in front of him. He was ready and poised for a fight.

Chu Feng journeyed along a winding road. The road was over a hundred li on end, with many mountains towering beside. Treading on this road would definitely prove to be an oppressive journey for anyone trekking between the towering build of the mountains, but Chu Feng was not afraid. He was composed and collected. At a great speed, he scurried along the trek, in and out of many dense forests.

Later, the clouds dissipated at last, revealing the gentle moonlight cast by a full moon. The brilliant moonlight cast aside the darkness and soothed the restless animals. The travellers on the road could no longer feel oppressiveness decreed by the overpowering darkness.

"The smell of beef should have disappeared by now," Chu Feng murmured. He was finally near Qingyang Village. It was where his home was.

Suddenly, an idea came to mind that prompted him to decide to bribe the calf with a treat!

"Get me one fifty skewers of roast beef!" Chu Feng saw a stall that sold skewered meat near the village. He strode directly towards it.

"No can do, man! We don't sell skewered beef!" the young man at the stall replied as he firmly looked at the other party. "Who even sells skewered beef these days?" he thought. "God I hope he is not another one of those troublemakers looking for troubles this late at night."

"No, sorry... I made a slip of my tongue. I want skewered mutton... Get me one fifty skewers of roast mutton!" Chu Feng leaned against the railings of the stall and looked into the east side of the town with a guilty conscience. It was where his house was, and

it was where that troublesome calf lived. He hoped his slip of tongue would not be heard, and that the calf would thus not dash out of its crib and bash him up.

“Give me grains in exchange for these skewers, man. I don’t need money!” the young man at the stall firmly said.

He was one of the majority of people nowadays who had been taking goods and food in place of money since the very beginning of the upheavals. Broken roads and fragmented railway systems meant shortages in commodities, and as a result, there was little to no use of the paper currency.

“Look. I know we are not that close, but you know who I am and where I live, so how about you get me the skewers now and I bring you the grains and food tomorrow?” Chu Feng said.

The stall owner was indeed a candid and direct man who did not like to mince his words. “Sure man! I will get you the skewers now!”

“How long had your skewers been frozen for? They haven’t gone bad yet, have they?” Chu Feng asked out of not just of curiosity, but more of concern.

The young man, however, answered with a guilty conscience, “It... should be alright.”

“As long as it doesn’t kill anyone!” Chu Feng patted the young man on his shoulder, looking all generous and open-minded. He did not seem to mind at all the possibility of a night-long suffering from an explosive diarrhoea as a result of the bad meat.

In the end, a sack of roast skewers was taken straight out of the oven. The young man then took on the role as an accomplished cook, sprinkling pinches of cumin and peppers as Chu Feng stood aside, attentively watching.

“Don’t eat too much of them, man. I will have nothing to do with it if you have a hippy tummy tonight!” The young man joked.

“Don’t worry, man. I’ve got a strong tummy here.” Chu Feng patted on his belly to brandish his confidence. Afterwards, he turned his head to the fridges behind the man and said, “Get me some bottles of beer too, buddy!”

“Gotcha man!”

At last, with two bags of roast skewers in hand, Chu Feng swaggered home with his stomach already quite filled with the alcoholic beverages he bought. He was worried that Yellow Ox’s keen sense of smell might still detect the odd aroma of roast beef exuding from him, thus by stinking himself with the drinks, he was hoping that he would be able to escape from the calf’s detection scot free.

“Yellow Ox, see what I’ve got for you!” Chu Feng started making a hullabaloo as soon as he stomped his left foot onto his property’s ground.

The call summoned the calf at once. It appeared suddenly out of void, looking at Chu Feng with expectation as well as suspicion. It always struck it as odd to see this man being so eagerly attentive with it. Nine out of ten times, this would always mean that it was because he wanted somethings. Then, when the calf saw the bags of skewers held in Chu Feng’s hand, a contemptuous look immediately emerged on its face. The calf lifted up its head and showed a scornful look.

“Hey! What is that attitude supposed to mean? I bought these for you with the best of intentions. What are you trying to say with that look of disdain? You heartless son of a b*tch!” Chu Feng glowered at the calf.

Yellow Ox turned all indignant by Chu Feng’s scolding words. It wrote words on the yard’s soggy soil. It read: You went to see the love of your heart, the goddess of your dream and the wife from your future. You had all these Western food which I’m sure is damn tasty, but look at what you’ve brought back for me? You think you can just fool me with some cheap ass, second-rate, trashy skewers bought from some roadside stalls? !
[1] [SEP] All indignant and furious, the calf started breathing white smoke from its nostrils.

Chu Feng agreed that Yellow Ox was in the right, and he was in the wrong, but he still could help cursing at the calf under his breath. “It really is getting harder and harder to fool this calf after it started learning things off the internet.”

However, at this critical moment, Chu Feng remained stubborn and reluctant to admit his mistakes as the only way out.

Chu Feng chose to stand on his ground; he insisted, “You thought you knew what the real delicacies were, but I’ve got to say: what you see from the internet is not always right, Yellow Ox. Now, hear me this. The real delicious delicacies are those you usually tend to overlook. Those you see being cooked at a roadside stall are usually the best of the best. On the other hand, those so-called fine dining really is just trying to fool you with its name. They cost an arm and a leg, but they aren’t even half as good as those you’ve got a roadside stall. Give it a try, Yellow Ox. You will love it!”

Just as he boasted about the savory of the skewers, Chu Feng also silently muttered in his mind and prayed, “Don’t get me sick, please... I don’t want no diarrhoea from eating this!” Chu Feng closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, then with a commendable courage, he bit his first bite to the skewers. “Oh! How delicious!” Chu Feng mumbled and exclaimed.

Yellow Ox kept its suspicion, but it was moved by Chu Feng’s grossly exaggerated reaction. At the same time, the savory smell of skewers was, as well, propelling its mind to be persuaded.

At last, the calf could not resist the temptation. Inch by inch, it moved closer to the bags, then with a sudden jerk of its front hooves, the calf snatched a pair of skewers from within the bag. It gobbled down the meat, then suddenly, its eyes widened as it bellowed and groaned.

Chu Feng was taken aback by this reaction. He was already on high alert when the calf chose to take the skewers, and now the commotion put up by the calf had totally made him put on his guard.

“They are all mine now!” Yellow Ox carved the words on the ground. At the very next moment, Chu Feng was physically removed by Yellow Ox from the proximity of the skewers, then he found himself only to be left helplessly looking on at the sideline as Yellow Ox munched away all the delicacies. [L] [SEP] “Goddamn it! You’re such a cheeky folk!” Chu Feng rebuked.

“Moo, moo, moo!” Yellow Ox bleated. It looked all puffed up and proud for being able to have all these spoils to itself. It gobbled away one skewer after another until its whole mouth dribbled with oil.

In fact, the skewers themselves were not bad-tasting at all. The young man at the stall was renowned for his cooking skills in town. Had it not been the concern about food poisoning looming over his mind, Chu Feng would definitely put up a fight and challenge the calf for those bags of roast meat.

Chu Feng agreed to give away all of his purchases to Yellow Ox. He then patted the calf on its shoulder and asked, “Ain’t I a generous man, Yellow Ox?”

Yellow Ox stuck out one of its front hooves and shook it in disapproval. Meanwhile, that typical look of despise was yet to be replaced by gratitude.

“You heartless son of a b*tch!” Chu Feng cursed as he bottomed up another bottle of beer to soothe his sorrow.

Yellow Ox seemed interested in the bottle Chu Feng had in hand. It stretched out one of its front hooves and asked for a bottle to drink itself.

“Puff!” [L] [SEP] The calf only took a sip of the beer before they were spat out again. [L] [SEP] Yellow Ox glowered at Chu Feng; obviously, it was unimpressed by the taste of the beer.

“See? I told you, sometimes you were just an ignorant idiot who doesn’t know how to appreciate. Let me tell you this: this bottle of beer is the best-selling brand in the world, which means that it’s the best drink in the world, literally!” Chu Feng asserted.

Chu Feng’s words sent the calf into a fit of laughter. Clearly, it was expressing its blatant mockery at him. To Chu Feng’s surprise, the calf had learnt what Laffey and Romanee

Conti were, so naturally, calling some random unbranded beer bought at a stall the “the best drink in the world” would incur every moment of mockery from the calf it deserved.

Chu Feng was quite embarrassed. “I will take away the communicator from you, you sneaky snitch!” Chu Feng became angry out of embarrassment.

He could not help doubting his decision on granting the calf with a communicator at the first place. “How am I going to fool this cow around in the future if it has already learnt everything from the internet.”

In the end, Yellow Ox had swept away more than a hundred skewers before it could eventually feel satisfied. It lied on its back on a rattan chair with arms and legs stretched out. It looked up at the starry sky with quite a satisfied look on its face.

“Yellow Ox, come! Take the pills!” Chu Feng demanded. Yellow Ox turned round to see Chu Feng with a bewildered expression.

“Imodium. The panacea for diarrhoea or any gastrointestinal diseases. Just take it. It’s a preventative measure,” Chu Feng said with a guilty conscience.

“What?” Yellow Ox rolled out of its rattan chair, glowering at Chu Feng with its flaming eyes.

“Just treat it as... a dose of tonic that will help you to gain a healthier body.” Chu Feng shamelessly boasted.

“Moo!”

Yellow Ox was ignorant, but it was not dumb. With an extra bit of thinking, it knew that Chu Feng was bluffing it. They were food taken at a roadside stall after all, so it made sense to see medication coming right after the consumption; but how outrageous it was to swindle someone into eating dross while already having the knowledge that it would potentially cause adversity on the health of those who consumed them?

The calf pounded itself on Chu Feng, wanting to teach him a lesson.

The two caused an utter mess in the yard before god knew how long when their boisterous quarrel and fight finally stopped.

At last, Yellow Ox stormed back to its room while still all puffed up with fury and anger.

Chu Feng, on the other hand, now had a face contorting in agony. He grimaced with the pain that was inflicted by the calf. It was only thanks to the strong constitution he had that he was now still able to maintain his normal body functions.

He stumbled to the shower room, then had a hot bath in there. He had been shuttling back and forth between the county town and Qingyang Village many times, which was then coupled by the fierce battle against Yellow Ox. That decadent look on his face said nothing but profound fatigue.

Chu Feng's head was all muddled and tipsy when he finally got to his room. It was partially the aftereffect of his alcoholic abuse just then. He entered the room when it was pitch black, but he could not be bothered to turn the light on. He stumbled across the room, then tumbled head first into the cuddly mattress, falling asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

“Wait!”

Chu Feng woke up with a start. Chu Feng returned from the state of him being dead to the world to now being not sleepy at all.

“Pitter-patter.” [SEP] Chu Feng's hair rustled in fear. There was someone in the bed with him! [SEP] Hastily, he withdrew himself to the other side of the room and struck the light switch with a bang.

What was this! Chu Feng was all flabbergasted. [SEP] There was indeed another person in his bed! It was a woman, and a pretty one as well. She seemed to have been awakened by Chu Feng's slamming weight into the bed just then. There was a confused look on her face as she struggled to open her eyes.

“Who are you? What are you doing here in my house, in my room, on my bed, in my mattress, under my quilt, sleeping on my pillow? Are you trying to sexually harass me?!”

This was Chu Feng's accusative voice. He sounded all serious and indignant. He stood on his feet, crossed-armed, calling the woman in bed to account. He was baffled by the situation, so he wanted to forestall this stranger by a show of strength.

Letting a woman, especially a pretty one, scream and wail in his room was the last thing he wanted.

Chu Feng's heart skipped a beat as he sized up the woman. The woman was not just an average beauty; she was quite a stunning one as well. She looked in her twenties, dressed in a suit of white. Satiny hair that was well-combed hung loosely down to her neck. She looked both sweet and youthful, vigorous and endearing.

The commotion had not completely awakened her.

The woman sat in bed with surprising equanimity. She was not an ordinary woman, and this was evidently reflected by her calm and collected attitude in such a situation. The woman had an attractive countenance, and with her bright and piercing eyes, she looked around the room before sizing up the man standing not far away from her. The

pleasant and cozy environment in addition to this harmless-looking ordinary man uneasily positioned in front of her made her feel more at home and less threatened.

There was a sharp pain at the back of her head that made her frown. She softly ran her hands over the spot where the pain concentrated before asking, "Did you knock me out and bring me here?"

"When on earth had I ever done such things to anyone? If I had something in plan, do you think you would still be intact and in good condition right now?" Chu Feng made a flat denial. This was definitely something for which he would not want to be made a scapegoat.

"Then why are you here?" the young woman asked. Although she had been remaining relatively calm throughout her interaction with this strange man in the room, she was more or less in a state of nerves. Just when the words were exchanged between the two, the woman secretly examined her body to see if anything had gone awry.

"That was a question I wanted to ask you. When did you come in here? And why did you climb into my bed? What do you want to do to me?" Being all thick-skinned and brazen was Chu Feng's merits, so without much feeling of shame or embarrassment, Chu Feng started implicitly accusing the woman of her attempted practice of sexual assault on him.

Chu Feng's words raised the woman's eyebrows. How could this man go on at her all this time while she, being the real victim abducted to this house, had to refrain from losing her temper?

"Wait a second... have a rest here, lady. I will be back with you soon." Chu Feng hurried off downstairs, bursting into Yellow Ox's room. "You Demon Ox! What have you done?!"

Yellow Ox was still in a sulk when Chu Feng suddenly barged into its room, and this almost reignited its anger and furthered its exasperation. Luckily, Chu Feng helped the calf keep its temper in check in time.

"Why is there a woman in my room? Did you abduct her to... give me as a present?"

Yellow Ox stuck up one of its front hooves to express its contempt in response to Chu Feng's conjecture.

At last, Chu Feng figured out what had indeed happened.

It was late at night before Chu Feng had arrived home. Yellow Ox followed its routine and went burying its "treasure" in the orchid farm. On its way back, the calf saw a woman strolling and wandering aimlessly in the nearby region, and it could also tell that she was a mutant.

It thought that the woman would be one those who were here to cause Chu Feng trouble.

The calf expected the woman to set up her ambush around Chu Feng's house, then sure enough she did.

When the woman finally started approaching the yard of the house, the calf quietly closed in, and without demur, it flung its hooves to the back of the woman's head, watching as she rolled back her eyes and lost her consciousness.

"You're a real cold-hearted bastard, aren't you? Hit a woman then watch her pass out," Chu Feng joked.

"I knocked a woman out while you killed a real beauty in the county town," Yellow Ox silently cursed. It had learnt about Chu Feng's assassination in town while the two had their treat with the roast skewers.

"Then what? You just threw her into my room?" Chu Feng asked.

Yellow Ox seemed to have found it a bit embarrassing to admit. Seeing the calf to show a look of shame and embarrassment was something hard to come by, but in fact, it admitted that later, it realized that there were more mutants surging into Qingyang Village as well. They were here for a night of sleep-over at somewhere cozy and pleasant. It was the calf being overanxious that the woman took a sudden blow on the back of the head; so to redeem itself from this "oops-a-daisy" moment, Yellow Ox had decided to re-accommodate the woman in Chu Feng's room.

"You've really stirred things up now, Yellow Ox! How dare you chuck a random woman in my bed? What am I going to say to the love of my heart, the goddess of my dream, my wife from the future if she finds out that I've almost slept with another woman?" Chu Feng glowered at the calf.

"You will eventually talk your way out!" Chu Feng wrote this on a scrap of paper. It then stuck out one of its front hooves, pointing it at the entrance to the room, signalling for Chu Feng to hurry up and leave!

In the end, Chu Feng had no alternative but to retreat himself from the calf's cozily furnished room, and sluggishly wobbled upstairs into that stigma with the woman.

She was, however, a true beauty with the look of an enchanting seductress. Chu Feng was stunned by the sight she posed.

At this moment, the woman had well adjusted herself to the new environment. She was quite calm and collected while standing by the window, gazing at the starry sky.

Chu Feng was unsure whether to relate the truth to her. His words would only prove to be unconvincing if he only said that it was a calf who had struck her down.

Bringing Yellow Ox face-to-face to verify his words would possibly incur further troublesome business for him and the calf. If the news of a golden calf being kept in a household at the foot of Taihang Mountains were to be let known to the world, he would probably never see peace and tranquility again at his house.

“Do you have something to eat?” the woman asked.

Chu Feng was astounded. It was to his pleasant surprise that the woman seemed to have no intents to ask him to answer for the blow done to her. She was instead unflustered and at ease.

“Yes. I’ve got some left-overs in the yard,” Chu Feng replied. There were still some cold skewers left in the bag.

A faint smile crept across her face. The smile was both sweet and pleasant, making her much more of a charming lady than she was before. “Are you not a mutant?” she asked.

“No, I’m not.” Chu Feng nodded.

“It was a mutated beast that made the surprise attack on me. I perceived it creeping up to me at the very last moment before it struck the back of my head. It was a powerful beast to say the least.” The woman’s words set his mind at rest. Now, he was at least reassured that the woman would not blame him for the attack.

“Do you keep a beast with you?” she asked. The smile on her face still lingered. It was gentle and visceral. The corners of her mouth were raised at an angle that suggested her interest in knowing the answer.

“No! Of course I don’t!” Chu Feng vehemently denied.

Just as they were talking, the two arrived at the yard. The woman saw the skewers wrapped in the plastic bags and frowned upon sight. But, however unappetizing the skewers might seem to her, her yearning for food seemed to not have dwindled. At last, she picked up a skewer and nibbled away.

She ate in quite a refined manner. It carried a great deal of elegance as well. Even though it was only some skewers to be munched on, she still chose to be gracious in manner. Chu Feng supposed that her manners must have been developed because of an unusual family background that had trained her to adopt the set of demeanors of an upper-class.

After a few skewers, the woman drew a communicator from her pocket and started replying to messages. The smile on her face was subsidized by a frowning look. She seemed concerned.

“Alright. It’s time for me to leave. My people must be really worried because of my prolonged disappearance. I will come look for that beast and settle all accounts with it some time in the future!” the woman said. Then, with only a hop and a leap, the woman ascended to the great height of the night sky. Dazzling luminescence formed in the shape of wings emerged behind her back. It exuded a glorious shine that had also allowed her to flutter in mid-air. There was a certain aspect of her look that made her seem rather celestial and heavenly.

The hair that hung loosely around her snow-white neck was stroked by the gentle breeze that flowed through the air. Her bright eyes looked charmingly wonderful and piercing. That suit of white in which she cladded enabled her to look both pure and incorruptible by the outside world. It caused any beholder an illusion that she was a goddess descending from the heaven above.

“Wait!” Chu Feng bellowed.

The young woman turned around to brandish her beauty to the world below once again. She was a charming lady, and now she was also an alluring goddess. With only the faintest smile, she could still be seen exuding an aura of a gentle and mysterious luster.

“What’s wrong?” she asked. “Catch this!” Chu Feng tossed a bottle to mid-air.

“What is this?” The woman looked baffled. Bewilderment was written on her face after she had successfully caught the bottle in hand. The light wings that were extending from her posterior radiated the holiest brilliance.

“Medicine for diarrhoea!”

The woman’s body slightly quivered as Chu Feng informed her of the substance inside. Even though her face was the perfect embodiment of the notion of godly beauty, one could still see the fierce look exuding from her eyes. She turned her back on him, then fluttered her wings and soared skyward.

“Don’t throw it away! Keep it somewhere safe!” Chu Feng loudly shouted.

The woman paused for a brief instant in mid-air. One could tell that she was holding back from something, but at the blink of an eye, the woman disappeared in the night sky.

Soon later, she reunited with the other mutants who had come along with her.

“Thank God. We have all been out of touch with you for so long. We thought folks from Deity might have set up an ambush for you or something...”

“Thank God you’re here!”

Her return seemed to be much of a relief to many of the mutants present.

Chapter 47: The Thunderous

It had been a night at which Chu Feng had an especially sound sleep. He fell into deep slumber as soon as his head hit the pillow. There were no dreary dreams troubling him throughout the night either.

As for Yellow Ox, the night had proven to be quite a struggle. The calf looked both pale and out of sorts by the break of dawn. The continual needs to unload its gassy stomach had made the calf run to and from the bathroom, or rather the site of the dump, continuously. How it wished it could barge into Chu Feng’s room and teach him a lesson.

However, the calf was too embarrassed to make its struggle known to Chu Feng. It never wished to be the butt of the joke for anyone, so it certainly would not want to be made a laughingstock for Chu Feng either.

After five or six times of painful visits to the bathroom, Yellow Ox finally could not stand the pain. It was, however, only thanks to its strong constitution that it could endure the pain this long. If this were to happen to another person, it would be of every likelihood that that person would have collapsed by now.

The brilliant moon shone above as Yellow Ox sneaked back and forth like a guileful thief. It then slipped into a storage room, ransacking the place before it finally found a bottle that looked the same to the one Chu Feng bestowed it with.

The calf unscrewed the bottle cap then swallowed almost half-of-a-bottle worth of medicine. Chu Feng had said that the medicine would bring about an immediate effect upon use, and sure enough it did. The calf no longer felt the pain in his weary tummy or the burning sensation down at its bottom hole. It swaggered back to its room then lied on its back with all four limbs stretched out on the bed. The calf could finally take a break from the tormenting suffering.

In the morning, Chu Feng woke up almost at the same time as Yellow Ox. The two stood in the yard, facing east, looking at the rosy dawn and the morning glow that had filled the sky. The two then started the special breathing exercise.

Chu Feng could feel the marked change and notable results that the breathing exercise had brought to him. Especially when the light of the dawn cast its warmth onto the world

below and penetrated the souls of those who bathed within, the comfort that ran through the veins of the two was unspeakable.

In the end, Chu Feng felt as if he were left in a burning furnace. His skin felt scalded by the boiling sweat profusely spouting out from his pores. It was not, however, a disquieting experience. It was, indeed, something purifying, something transformative that enabled him to become a man totally different from his older self.

As expected, that strange sight emerged before him again when he opened his eyes. His body was clad in a layer of golden fine gauze that looked both real and magical. As Chu Feng finally ended the breathing exercise, the gauze was again absorbed by Chu Feng's burning skin.

In the distance not too far away stood the master of this exercise itself. Yellow Ox was admiring the achievement of its student. The special breathing exercise had shown the most powerful aspect of itself on Chu Feng, which, when considering the short amount of time Chu Feng had only spent in practicing, was impressive and unbelievable.

This was a form of evolution. This was the most desirable result of the breathing exercise. It disassembled the flesh and bones of Chu Feng's human body, then it helped reassemble them in a way that allowed many of his life indices to be drastically improved. In a similar way, it also greatly enhanced the constitution of his body.

Yellow Ox's dogged belief that Chu Feng's ability must have all been thanks to the petals that landed in his palm at the peak of Kunlun Mountains. They must have been some of the best catalysts that played a key role in expediting the rate at which the evolution occurred to him.

However, Yellow Ox knew that everything had its expiry date, and so was the effect of the catalysts.

The calf's heart suddenly fluttered with excitement when the words "pollen" and "catalysts" reminded it of the seeds that had been planted. The calf hurried to the parterre, but to its disappointment, the seeds were yet to sprout or grow.

However, the calf still had hope in them. After all, they were brought back by Chu Feng from Kunlun Mountains. Based on the information it had gathered so far, the calf knew that it was, for sure, an unusual place.

"Moo!"

Yellow Ox bellowed, then without a warning, the agitated calf charged at Chu Feng. It wanted to avenge for the night of diarrhoea that it had to endure yesterday.

"You Demon Ox! Are you going after me? For real?!"

Chu Feng was taken aback. With a hop and a skip, Chu Feng dodged the bull's charge. He even managed to land a punch of his fist on the calf as a form of retaliation.

In the end, Chu Feng chose to escape. Like the adage went: "A wise man knows when to retreat." He knew that the calf was having a sulk, and it certainly wished that it could stuff all the rest of the skewers into his mouth.

He came to Grandpa Zhao's weaponry workshop in the end. He wanted some sharp knives this time. The real-world combat had made him realize that, with the strength which he newly acquired, a dagger could help him deliver a deadlier blow to a mutant than either of an arrow or of a crossbow shot.

Chu Feng briefed Grandpa Zhao a few things regarding the design of the blade and the effect he expected from it before he was met with agreement.

"Sure, I will get your batch of daggers ready when you need it," Grandpa Zhao candidly responded. "So, you seem very interested in this kind of stuff recently? Why is that?" he then asked. Grandpa Zhao was a man of a big and square frame. The crew cut on his head perfectly went along with his physique. Overall, vigor and energy would always be the impression first called in mind for anyone who met him for the first time.

"Yes. I've always been interested in cold weapons. I used to prefer bows and arrows, or crossbows in the past, but only recently had I discovered that daggers could prove to be a weapon fiercer and swifter than any weapons if used correctly," Chu Feng said.

"I have to call you wrong this time. Bows and arrows had always been the best choice of weapons in the past... but sadly, the making of good bows and arrows had been long lost in history." Grandpa Zhao sighed.

"The wheel of times is constantly spinning forwards. No matter how good of a weapon bows and arrows might prove to be, guns and firearms are always there to trump them on the list," Chu Feng said.

"Not necessarily." Grandpa Zhao shook his head.

Chu Feng was astonished. He knew that Grandpa Zhao's craftsmanship was handed down from his great grandfather. This weaponry workshop was also renowned to the local as well as those across the nation.

It was said that Grandpa Zhao's forbears had all once been the craftsmen of some of the deadliest weapon in history.

However, after generations of constant improvement on their craftsmanship, whether the weapons made by the ancient in the past would stand the test of time and still prove to be as reliable and as sharp was anyone's guess.

“Some of the weapons made in the ancient times were quite unusual to say the least. Bows, for instance, did not only shoot arrows, but it also carried a mysterious force of some sort. Together, the weapon would deal massive damage,” Grandpa Zhao explained. “But,” he then added, “these weapons had mostly gone down in history. They were now nowhere to be found or nowhere to be heard.”

Chu Feng was astounded.

“These bows were magical, so an ordinary person wouldn’t have the ability to cope with the force that the weapons exuded. It was said only the Taoist priests and Buddhist monks in their hundreds could pull the bowstring, but only slightly even coupled with great force.”

“That’s incredible! So, are you saying that the older a person is, the more suitable the bow was for him?” Chu Feng was perplexed.

“This is something I cannot say for certain either. It’s a myth for me too. But, it is said that there had been a few Taoist priests and Buddhist monks whose body would not decompose after death, and that their bodies could even emanate a smell of musk when left undisturbed in a room. This was made possible by the extraordinary composition of their bodies. It allowed them to gain a much more powerful physique than a normal human being. They were what we called the ‘sanctified’, and only the ‘sanctified’ could pull the bowstring of that legendary bow cast by my forbears.”

There was an unspeakable luster radiating on the face of Grandpa Zhao as he related the legend that had been recorded in his family’s history book. It was a look of yearning and a look of hope. It reflected his earnest longing to cast something equally mystical and equally powerful as that legendary bow. It was legendary because he had learnt from the family’s history book that a single arrow was all it took to tumble and crash the city gate of a metropolis.

“Hey, Grandpa Zhao. Wake up! Come to your senses!” Chu Feng said with a smile. He wavered his hand before Grandpa Zhao’s eyes, because he seemed to have let his attention wander while he was talking.

“Don’t laugh at me, young man! And don’t be too sceptical about these things I’ve said either. I swear by my name that such a bow existed!” Grandpa Zhao firmly contended.

“However great and grand they truly were, they had all lost to history nevertheless. Why rake up something from thousands of years ago when we’ve already reached this post-civilization era?” Chu Feng shook his head in disapproval.

Even if these formidable weapons were still lingering somewhere today, it was near impossible to find them nevertheless. Only god knew where on earth had they been buried.

"I swear by god's name that I've personally seen it before!" Grandpa Zhao blurted out. He was, for sure, an obstinate man. Even at times when he talked to others, he was still stubborn and inflexible as always.

"I need to see it to believe it. So, Grandpa Zhao, how about you show me the bow if it really had existed," Chu Feng said. Unquestionably, the bow would serve as a formidable weapon if he could use it to test its power amidst the Taihang Mountains. Be it an attack helicopter, a fluttering mutant or even Silver Wing, none would stand in his way when the power of the bow was exerted.

Grandpa Zhao regretted blurting out the words soon after they were said. He quickly shook his head in denial, forswearing the existence of that very bow.

"Oh really, Grandpa Zhao. Do you think I don't know you and your candid disposition? You won't hide anything away from me if you have them, right? Let me have a look!" Chu Feng's eyes were scorching with an earnest look.

Grandpa Zhao looked left and right to confirm that no-one was here present with them. Then, with a bang, he slammed shut the door. He paused in hesitation before he finally agreed. "Okay. I will let you have a look."

Grandpa Zhao led Chu Feng into his bedroom at last. After which, he pulled out a sizeable stone box from underneath the bed. The box was simple and unsophisticated. The engravings on the surface and the curvature of the box were both suggestive of its ancient history.

It was heavy too. Even a strong man like Grandpa Zhao was still struggling when he tried to drag it along on the floor.

"Kept in a stone box?" Chu Feng was astounded.

"Yes. Because it had once been buried underground for many years on end. My forbears had been worried that a wooden box might decompose in the humid soil, so they decided to put it on this stone box. Although it was dug out from underground later, they still reckoned that a stone box would stand better against the test of time, so the bow was kept in there forever since."

Chu Feng was finally clear about the whole matter now. There had been, indeed, a period of time in history when unstable situations prevailed. Therefore, precautionary measures were undoubtedly needed to keep a piece of antique intact.

Opening the stone box exposed an equally sizeable box inside. It measured almost a meter and a half. It had a dark brown body that was both dull and washed-out. The state of its paint showed its vicissitudes of life.

The whole bow carried a notion of unsophisticated simplicity. It was a testimony of the time that had passed, albeit a rather extraordinary one.

Chu Feng tried to pick it up, but the weight of it soon struck him dumb. The whole bow was quite peculiarly constructed. It was entirely made of a special material that gave it its weight. It weighed at least a hundred kilograms, which made it possible for an ordinary man to weigh it in hand.

Even if it were entirely made of metal, the whole composition should not weigh so heavy.

However, the weight did pose as a challenge for Chu Feng at all.

“Don’t move it, Chu Feng! It’s too heavy for you,” Grandpa Zhao reminded.

However, Chu Feng held the bow in hand with ease and peace. He then single-handedly lifted the bow at shoulder height, posing as if he were about to discharge an arrow from the mighty bow.

Seeing how easy he could hold up a bow this hefty, Grandpa Zhao was taken aback.

“You are a strong man, Chu Feng!”

“Where is the bowstring?” Chu Feng asked.

Grandpa Zhao vented out a deep sigh. “The bowstring had long been destroyed, and now, all that was left was this empty arch of the bow’s remnant.”

“Isn’t it just a simple matter of tying some strings to it?” Chu Feng was astounded and bewildered.

“You don’t know it, young man. It was said that if the bow were a dragon, the original bowstring would be the tendon of the beast. Without a proper bowstring, the bow would not be able to bring into play the might that it possessed,” Grandpa Zhao said.

Chu Feng was clearly in doubt. He refused to believe that there was such a thing called “dragon’s tendon”.

Grandpa Zhao nodded in agreement. “It’s only metaphorically called the ‘dragon’s tendon’; however, it still demands no less than a formidable beast’s tendon.”

“Grandpa Zhao, how about you lend me the bow for a few days? I will find you a suitable tendon for the bow by the time I return it to you, so that the grace of the bow can once again appear and shine,” Chu Feng fervently said.

“The bow is of little significance to me now. There’s no harm in giving it away to you. But, I bet you won’t be able to pull back the bowstring for even the slightest,” Grandpa Zhao said.

However, what happened at the very next instant made his eyes widen in astonishment. Chu Feng’s hands clutched both ends of the bow, and pulled them together with all his might. Under the influence of the force, the bow was slightly bent in his hand.

How was this possible? Grandpa Zhao was astounded; he clearly knew how firmly inflexible the bow was. There had been a few similar attempts made by groups of collaborative young men to bend it, but nothing could make it change its form or its shape.

However, Chu Feng was the one who was shocked the most. As he continued to exert more force to both of his hands, the bow started to roar and groan like a tiger or a leopard. Then, it evolved into a symphony echoed with the bellow of a yak, call of a bird, and the boom of a deafening thunder. All the sounds came together, making a disconcerted musical that was ear-splitting to say the least.

“Chu Feng... you... you’re a monster!” The rumbling sound of the bow made Grandpa Zhao come to a standstill, watching in awe as Chu Feng continued to bend the bow further and further into its focal point. The sight in front of him made him dizzy and weary. It also gave him excitement. He mumbled and babbled a lot of words. He had clearly been beside himself with joy and astonishment.

Chu Feng finally bid his farewell to Grandpa Zhao and headed home.

“Yellow Ox! Stop! Let’s cease our fight! Look! Look what I’ve brought back for you! A treasure! A rare bloody treasure!” Chu Feng called a truce with Yellow Ox as soon as he entered the yard. He wanted no more fights with the beast.

Yellow Ox’s eyes were fixated on the bow.

When the calf tried to bend the bow itself, the roars of beast and birds of prey culminated into a explosive boom of a blaring thunder.

“What’s the name of this bow?” The calf wrote on the ground.

“Grandpa Zhao said that this was called the Thunderous, but the bowstring had long gone. It was said that the bowstring was originally made of dragon’s tendon,” Chu Feng said.

“Let’s go hunting for the dragons then!” Yellow Ox resolutely wrote on the ground. The calf asked Chu Feng to follow it into the primitive mountains. Obviously, the calf really cared about the bow. The look on its face, however, was strange.

“Zhou Quan, hurry up! Come over and see me! I will take you on a dragon hunt!” Chu Feng rung up Zhou Quan. He wanted to take this opportunity to harden that chubby buddy of his and help him brace himself for the world of great peril.

“Hmm... nah man... I heard that the fruit would not come to fruition until tomorrow, so why don't we conserve strength and build up our energy today?” Zhou Quan suggested.

“No bullsh*t. Hurry up and come over!” Chu Feng shouted. If the war were to break out tomorrow, today would be the perfect time for him to wind up the bow and let it shine again.

Chapter 48: Dragon Hunt

Zhou Quan dawdled and dithered. He sounded hesitant, but in the end, he agreed to tag along for the epic journey of dragon hunt.

The traumatic memory that came with the near-death experience had firmly engraved in his soul since last time. Even now, the vivid scenes would still, at times, display themselves before Zhou Quan's eyes, haunting his life at day, and dream at night. It had always been the same scene replayed in the same sequence over and over, day after day. First, he was chased by a bird of prey which had almost frightened him out of his wits. Then, it came the epic battle between Chu Feng and that team of elite soldiers. That scene was soul-stirring and blood-curdling to say the least.

Chu Feng and Yellow Ox travelled at a speed so great that the two managed to arrive at the town before Zhou Quan could even make his way out of the house.

Zhou Quan was still faltered in his resolve, but he had no alternatives but to summon up his courage and agree to be in Chu Feng's company. As he could see Chu Feng and Yellow Ox waiting for him at the entrance to the town, Zhou Quan slowed down his hesitant pace even further.

Chu Feng was dumbstruck upon sighting Zhou Quan at first, then he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

Zhou Quan had his hair permed. It was now an epic sleek-back that was curly as well. The excessive use of pomade was evident by the hair's shiny texture. It was thick and dense, making his skull look twice the size bigger than it used to be.

“What an unconventional hairstyle you've got there, man!” Chu Feng could not think of a better way to put it.

It had only been days since the two were last parted, but Zhou Quan seemed to have grown even slimmer. The opulence, the chubbiness, and the pot-belly used to be the features used to identify the unique man whom he was. But now, as days went by, the

once portly man had been slowly approaching the other end of the spectrum. His once broad-in-the-beam physique had turned to a sylphlike figure.

“How are you suddenly getting so slim and slender? You’re not taking slimming pills, are you?” Chu Feng joked.

Yellow Ox was taken by surprise as well. In the eyes of the calf, Zhou Quan was almost a different person now. From the once “Laughing Buddha” Chu Feng had used to vividly described him, Zhou Quan had turned into someone as thin as a bag of bones.

Zhou Quan was quite resentful. He pointed at the horns that extruded from his skull and said, “All the essence of my body had been absorbed by it. One day! One day, you will watch me as I saw this pair of bastards with an electric saw!”

The horns had indeed grown bulkier than before; but at the moment, not only were they hefty, but they were primeval-looking as well.. Zhou Quan used to nickname Yellow Ox as “Demon Ox”, but just as the adage went: “Every dog has its day.” Zhou Quan now became the “Demon Ox” himself. The laugh was on him now.

Yellow Ox came closer to Zhou Quan, then gently caressed the hefty horns with his front hooves. A grin crept up to Yellow Ox’s face, but it was not a grin of disdain or contempt, it was a smile to show its sympathy. The rare show of friendliness displayed by the calf then culminated in an affectionate patting on Zhou Quan’s shoulders.

“Is there a message you’re trying to convey?” Zhou Quan glowered at the calf, looking all alerted and vigilant. The calf’s show of friendliness made Zhou Quan’s skin creep with unease, because he had never been treated so nicely by the calf for once.

The relationship between the two had always been defined by a consistent unprovoked hostility. Even at times when neither of the two had done any real issues against each other, the mutual hatred was still there to trouble the two and their relationship.

“You look more handsome now.” Yellow Ox wrote on the ground. Compliments given by Yellow Ox was something quite rarely to come by. In fact, Yellow Ox had never been keen in lending compliments to anyone, let alone to a bitter enemy like Zhou Quan himself.

Zhou Quan’s felt quite flattered. He held his head high with doubled confidence, looking proud and dignified. To him, they were just a pair of protruding horns after all. In fact, in contrary to what the majority seemed to believe, Zhou Quan thought to himself that the new look granted by the horns might have actually turned himself into quite a handsome youth from time to time. And now, seeing how even Yellow Ox started to agree with him, Zhou Quan had never felt so at ease in his life.

However, Yellow Ox then added another remark, “I meant you’re handsome amongst us, where ‘us’ being the beasts of the jungle.”

“Oh, you bastard! I will fight you to the bitter end!” Zhou Quan raised his voice and shouted. He was exasperated. It turned out that Yellow Ox had been referring him to as a beast all this time. How could it not be exasperating for a man wishing to have his vanity flattered and tickled, but in the end, all that he received turned out only to be another piece of mockery?

They trio headed for the primitive mountains once again, but the journey was saturated with the curses that Zhou Quan shouted in anger. The caustic remarks were supplemented by Yellow Ox’s nonsensical bellows. Together, the two made a rather discordant choir that sounded rather unpleasing to the ears of Chu Feng.

At last, the three was near the mountains.

The first sight of the dense jungles that were looming on the mountains near and afar in the distance made Zhou Quan shiver in fear. The memory of the last experience still haunted Zhou Quan until this day.

“Hmm... how about we slowly make our way into the mountains, as opposed to...” Zhou Quan quietly mumbled. He wanted some time to adapt to the environment before he treaded too deep into the unknown.

However, before he could even finish talking, he suddenly leapt into the air, then started bolting like a wild horse.

Right in the of him, a spider that measured over three meters in height fell from mid-air. The spider did not pause there either. Zhou Quan sprinted like a mad man, but the spider scurried even faster.

“Ah. F*ck me! Not again!” Zhou Quan gave a blood-curdling scream.

Zhou Quan still had a profound sense of fear lingering in him every time he was reminded of the journey he had the misfortune to experience.

However, he knew that the more he was willing to harden himself through experiences like this, the more firm and tenacious of a man he would become. These were the qualities he needed to survive in the future.

Chu Feng had told him that many beasts and birds of prey across the globe were mutating in greater number than the mutants. Even though the majority was still hibernating deep in the wilderness of mountains and forests, it was only a matter of time for them to start wreaking havoc in the world outside.

In the vast virgin forest populated by deciduous trees, the withered leaves had formed inches of layers above the soggy soil. They then degraded into soil, providing rich nutrient for the growth of plants and vegetation.

There were vines that had trunks thicker than a water vat, and there were trees that had grown a full crown that could blot out the sky and the sun. Their trunks were bulky and thick as well, like a giant column that were single-handedly supporting the weight of the heaven above.

Trees like this came in acres in the forest. The air was also thick with miasma. The constitution of a normal person would not stand the filth that suffused the air. Their bodies would not withstand the challenge posed by the adverse environment.

Fog billowed in mid-air. The dense vegetation was coupled with the smothering smog to blot out the sky and the sun wholly. However, at times, the trio could still see the soaring ventures that were haunting the heaven above.

These birds of prey winged their way across the sky, like a patch of cloud blotting out the sky and the sun to remind those who were treading below of its existence.

At the same time, recurrent roars of beasts rose one after another.

The forest felt like a drastically different world in the eyes of all those who dared to venture in. Nothing could remind these venturers of the world outside, since nothing seemed normal in an ordinary sense.

“Are we coming here to... hunt for dragons?!” Zhou Quan was in disbelief. There had never been a dragon traversing through space in this world before.

Chu Feng was in doubt as well. Was there really a dragon hibernating in the depth of this mountain? If so, would they prove to be a match for this legendary beast?

Yellow Ox nodded. The calf confirmed the existence of a dragon.

At the same time, the calf also looked a bit flustered and solemn. It reminded Chu Feng that care must be taken when battling the beast itself. He would not be able to afford to be careless.

“Do you mean, you wanted me to hunt for the dragon myself?” Chu Feng widened his eyes.

“Of course!” Yellow Ox wrote on the ground.

“I reckon the calf was born to hoodwink others. Don’t listen to it!” Zhou Quan said.

Yellow Ox cast a side glance at him, looking all evil and malicious. Then, the calf signalled for Chu Feng to bring him along for the hunt so that he could take this opportunity and harden himself.

Yellow Ox's words made Zhou Quan's feel chilly all over. He sealed his mouth at once, too afraid to speak anymore. It was Yellow Ox who had enraged that monstrosity of a monkey last time then led it to him. It was an experience that almost scared him out of his wits, and ever since then, Zhou Quan had learnt it the hard way: never piss off the calf no matter what.

The forest became more and more precipitous. Every muck of dirt, and every block of wood screamed primeval. Occasionally, the three would also have to hold onto the protruding rocks and climb up a precipitous cliff. Clearly, the three were sailing across not just one, but many mountains, one after another, towards another region beyond the depths of the mountains.

In the end, they even had to sail across a few marshlands to reach their destination.

At last, the destination was near. Yellow Ox started to gradually slow down.

On the road ahead, the trees started becoming less dense than before. The earth also felt dry and solid, as opposed to humid and soft. The ground was peppered with phony-looking boulders and stones, and the air was filled with filth that was thought to belong to the lingering evil spirits.

This region was markedly different from the area that surrounded it. There was a sense of insidious danger lurking in the air.

Miasma grew especially thick here. Occasionally, a few beasts of prey passed by, but all chose to flee from the area. The three had arrived at an area where others feared to tread.

This was their destination!

Yellow Ox signalled. There was a stagnant pool of water in the direction ahead, and beside the pool of foul water, there was a stone forest, within which, there was a sizeable area of vacant lot where white bones of the dead piled.

They were bones of a variety of beasts, which seemed to have all been devoured by the same creature. Meat had all been deprived, while the bones were arbitrarily disposed on that area of vacant lot.

Deeper into that area of vacant space, miasma grew even thicker. The trio had not seen any beasts or birds of prey yet, but Chu Feng could feel the evil spirits that suffused the air ripping into his face. This was a place of true terror.

Yellow Ox refused to move any further. It retreated a few steps back alongside Zhou Quan. Chu Feng was now left all on his own.

Chu Feng took a deep breath, then with big strides, Chu Feng braced himself to walk towards that vacant lot.

Far away from all the action stood Zhou Quan and the calf. The scene was a nerve-wrenching one to say the least. He watched as Chu Feng moved closer and closer. The stress almost made Zhou Quan cease breathing. "Was there really a dragon there?" Zhou Quan thought to himself.

Miasma started to clear up when wind finally went breezing. It was at that very moment that the sight ahead of him finally became transparent; and it was also that very moment when Zhou Quan's body turned stiff. He almost started yelling like a petty girl: what he saw had truly made his blood run cold.

It was a pair of eyes gawking out of the misty air. They were as big as a lantern, and they were cold and unfeeling. They were the eyes of a grand beast!

Chu Feng got goosebumps all over his body upon the sight of this colossal beast.

The beast had a hefty size. It was at least ten meters in height. The entire length of the beast's prolonged body was thick with scales. It was a monstrosity of a beast, and the anterior of it was peeking out of the thickness of the clouds, overlooking Chu Feng from a great height.

The pupils of the beast shone with a silver brilliance, frightening all those who dared to look at the beast in the eyes.

The moment the beast showed itself, it unleashed its barbarity and its terrifying wilderness. It dashed its way towards Chu Feng at such a speed that the earth was sent to tremble with each step it made.

Chu Feng shunned the beast's rampaging blow.

Boom!

The tail of the beast easily crashed a pile of boulders that the stone forest comprised. Despite the size and the solidity of the boulders, they were of no match in face of this formidable beast.

"Tyrannosaur?"

Chu Feng could finally see the entirety of the beast. It had the same appearance as a tyrannosaur, but the scales were all silver. It reached a height of at least ten meters. The scales were all brilliantly polished.

"Posh!"

The silver tyrannosaur once again started swinging its formidable tail. Despite its size, the beast's motion was swift and agile. The swing stirred up the air current in the atmosphere, rendering the battleground a gusty hell with gales ripping into Chu Feng's face.

Chu Feng shunned the beast's swinging tail once again. Having missed its target, the tail then struck on the boulders that had stood for decades in the stone forest. Many boulders were crushed, while the others were left as piles of pulverized powder.

"Roar..." The silver tyrannosaur bellowed. The blaring roar then echoed between the walls of the stone structure, tripling the magnitude of the bellowing roar.

Was this what Yellow Ox had referred to as dragon?!

Chu Feng started trembling in fear. "Wasn't this a dinosaur?" he thought to himself; however, even as a dinosaur, it was still much heftier than those that were described in the archaeological studies.

"Is this the dragon you were referring to?" In the far distance, Zhou Quan's voice had started trembling in fear.

Although Zhou Quan had separated himself far from the battle, he could still perceive the magnitude of the sheer horror posed by the tyrannosaur. In terms of the fear that it could inspire in its beholders, the beast could easily surpass all the others whom he had previously encountered. Its silver scales were glimmering with a silver light. Even the boulders could not make a scratch on the scales. Zhou Quan started to question Yellow Ox's judgement of allowing Chu Feng to go single-handedly challenge such monstrosity of a beast.

A man seemed so insignificant in front of it. The possibility of winning the fight was miserably infinitesimal.

In that opening amidst the stone forest, the fight began!

Chu Feng took the initiative and launched his first assault on the beast. He took advantage of the superhuman speed he possessed and dashed to the beast's side. Then, with all strength exerted, Chu Feng bombarded the beast with a continual sequence of boxing.

Boom!

The sound that was made when Chu Feng's fist clashed with the beast's scales was ear-splitting. The beast's scales were thicker than steel. There was even a metallic trill after the initial bang.

Chu Feng was astounded by the solidity of the beast's scales. This was not a beast but a monster, a monster whose skin and flesh were firm and tenacious. Its first line of defense was constituted by a thick layer of metallic scales which were almost impossible to break through. With this sort of defense, how could Chu Feng possibly slay the dragon and claim its tendon?

Then, he realized something odd. The beast seemed to have been keeping a strange breathing rhythm. Its breathing was kept at a rather odd pace when the beast attacked.

"Does it know the special breathing rhythm as well?" Chu Feng was astounded.

No wonder the beast was so powerful and so resistant to the blow his fists had delivered. Chu Feng could crush a boulder that weighed a thousand jin, but as his fist landed on the beast's skin, the impact seemed to be of no avail. It was the special breathing rhythm that helped the beast to deflect the force delivered by the fatal blow.

The realization of the beast's mastery of the breathing technique stirred up a surge of emotion in Chu Feng.

The expression in his eyes suddenly shifted. He carefully observed the rhythm at which the tyrannosaur breathed. Obviously, the tyrannosaur was only following the form of the breathing technique. There was no "substance", as what Yellow Ox had once called them, beneath that superficial layer of form. Even the form itself was coarse and crude. The techniques were no match to the one practiced by Yellow Ox.

In comparison, the sheer size of the beast and its coarse and thick skin contributed more to the cause of its impenetrable defense.

It was, all in all, unexpected for Chu Feng to see a wild animal knowing the special breathing rhythm. However unorthodox its technique was, Chu Feng still felt that he was in a tight fix.

But, to his relief, the beast's speed, though faster than any of the other beasts in the jungle, was still much tardier than Chu Feng. Moreover, the punches that Chu Feng landed on the beast's body was not ineffective at all. As the attack became more and more frequent, the beast started to show signs of its pain. The look in its eyes became more and more ruthless and tyrannical.

In the distance far away, Yellow Ox motioned Zhou Quan to prepare himself for his turn of steeling and hardening.

Zhou Quan was taken aback. "Do you think it's alright for me to just leave my friend here alone, all by himself? What if he is eaten by that beastly tyrannosaur?"

Yellow Ox lowered its head without demur, then it ran its horns into Zhou Quan's bottom.

“Ah...” Zhou Quan skipped into the air, then hastily tried to make his getaway.

Soon later, from the depth of the dense jungle came the panic-stricken screams of Zhou Quan as he plunged into an abyss of suffering. The calf persisted on his chase after Zhou Quan. The whole forest was startled by his scream. Many beasts and birds of prey were awakened from their hibernation.

Here came the rite of passage for Zhou Quan yet again!

After half an hour, when Zhou Quan finally shook off a python whose body was stained with a riot of color, he returned to the place where all started. He saw Chu Feng’s fighting with the beast continued.

One hour later, Zhou Quan was deadbeat and worn out. He jetted out a column of flame and charred a two-meter bat who had been chasing after him in hope to claim his life, but which was now nothing but a stiff and lifeless body.

When he and his worn-out body finally returned to the original spot, he realized that the main fight persisted.

However, the fight had come close to an end. Chu Feng was almost exhausted as well. His clothes had become all tattered and ruined, exposing the sweat-stained muscles underneath.

“Bosh!”

The silver beast’s breathing came with a gruff noise. The air that current spewed forth from its nostrils seemed alike to a column of silver flame. The breath delivered a significant impact that was powerful enough to quiver the giant trees that surrounded the battleground.

The beast’s only chance of survival was to defeat this man before him, but Chu Feng seemed to have somehow stripped many of its scales off its body. The wounded parts of its body exposed a grimy mixture of blood and flesh. The scene was gory to say the least.

The beast’s pupil had a silver shine that made its eyes look both frosty and ruthless. The beast gaped open its bloody mouth, brandishing its teeth that were cutting as the sharpest broadsword. The teeth were so sharp that the beast could easily shear the meat and crush the bones of any of its enemies.

Roar!

It was the last bellow roared by the beast.

The beast's breathing rhythm suddenly became quite eccentric. The irregular pattern of its breath made its entire body quiver and tremble. As if there were a mysterious force on the verge of bursting out, the beast suddenly became all delirious and frenzied.

Although Chu Feng was completely exhausted at this point, he was still wholly concentrated on his enemy. The resolute to slay the dragon and acquire its tendon had never wavered.

Chu Feng drew the most powerful force in his body then stored them in his fists. He had also grasped the specific rhythm at which the beast breathed. He wanted to break this rhythm with his formidable fists.

He leaped into the air, then made an unceasing effort to land his fists onto every part of the beast's body. He bombarded the beast with a whole set of the Demon Ox Boxing Style. At the same time, he also carried out the special breathing exercise within him. This enhanced the power of his punches tenfold and ensured that every punch was delivered to cause tremendous inflictions to the beast.

His judgement was right and on point, so were his punches. The fists landed on the beast's throat, chest, abdomen as well as its nostrils. Then, as expected, the breathing rhythm of the beast became chaotic and disorderly.

Puff!

Strips of blood stain suddenly cropped out one after another. The beast's skin began to burst apart in mid-air. Then, at last, blood spewed in columns and flew in all directions.

"The dragon is slain!" In the distance, Zhou Quan cheered.

Yellow Ox also emerged out of the void. It then entered the now blood-stained opening where the battle was held.

The silver beast tumbled and fell. It plummeted into the earth below. The impact of this mass of tumbling weight quivered the earth and trembled the forest. The blood from its body trickled down the slope of the mountain and converged into a flowing river of warm blood.

Chu Feng perched by this mountain of flesh that the corpse of the dead beast had constructed. He wanted to move no more. He panted and gasped as blood dribbled down at the corner of his mouth. The tail of the beast had glanced by his face, but luckily, the injury was not fatal.

It was a bitter fight and a hard struggle, but after all, the beast was slain and the tendons were to be acquired.

“We’ve got the dragon’s tendon now. Let’s repair the Thunderous as soon as we arrive home. Tomorrow, we will come here again. Tomorrow, it will be the time for our bow to relive the legend!” Chu Feng breathlessly said.

Chapter 49: The Best Rhythm

Over the pile of the lifeless flesh left by the scaled beast stood the dragon slayer in triumph. There were many ruptures and splits on the skin of the beast that formed the mouths of many of the springs of dragon blood. Blood came spewing while the ruptures continued to stretch and grow in length. The liveliness of the scene all formed a perfect juxtaposition to the lifelessness of the beast itself.

Zhou Quan trembled in fear. He came closer to the remnant of this formidable beast. He ran his hands over the bloody body, finding it was all too surreal to believe. This was a prehistorical dinosaur, a tyrannosaur from the Jurassic Period. It was still to his disbelief to witness such a beast tumbling to its demise.

“If we were to transport this piece of remnant of a dinosaur to the world outside, it would certainly cause quite a sensation!” Zhou Quan said.

“Dragon’s tendon!” Yellow Ox wrote. In the eyes of the calf, acquiring the tendon to fix the “Thunderous” was of utmost importance at the present.

The smell of blood and gore assailed the nostrils of the three. It was now distributing further into the greater depth of the forest. Although hours had passed since the gore started, no beasts were yet to be seen barging into the area. To them, the territory was still as inauspicious as it was when the tyrannosaur claimed it as its ruler. The fierce beast still inspired fear in the beasts that were lurking nearby.

Chu Feng stood there, lost in thought. The scene of the fight was still replaying in his mind. Chu Feng was so rapt in contemplation that his breathing tempo started to unconsciously shift to that of the special breathing rhythm.

A plume of white mist suffused the air that lingered in between his nostrils and his mouth. Rays from the sun had penetrated the thickness of the miasma, trickling down to the world below. The gleaming luminescence of the sun then cast a golden layer of fine gauze around his body.

Chu Feng felt the warmth that was running in his vein. The painful injury inflicted by the swinging tail of the beast began to fade away.

“The breathing rhythm works miracles!” Chu Feng was astonished. The special breathing rhythm was never thought to have a miraculous healing effect. The breathing rhythm felt more like a hidden treasure. The deeper one could afford to dig, the more surprises were there left to discover.

Soon later, the golden layer of gauze had vanished into Chu Feng's body. All those injuries inflicted during the fight were miraculously healed. Chu Feng no longer felt off-color.

In the distance, not far from where he stood, Zhou Quan and Yellow Ox were trying every method to skin the slain dragon.

"The scales are way too firm! Even bullets can't penetrate this thing!" Zhou Quan complained. It seemed almost impossible to skin the beast.

Yellow Ox, on the other hand, always came up with methods that were bizarre but worked miracles in the end. The calf was crude and violent. It stomped and trampled on the beast's dead body, widening that network of ruptures even further. Clearly, the calf wanted no further than to rupture the skin of the beast with brute force, then look for the needed compartments from the interior solely.

"Let me do it."

Chu Feng hopped off from the top of the beast's hill-like remains. He pulled out his trusty dagger, then smoothly lacerated the scales of the beast. Now, since the interior was exposed, Chu Feng could start looking for the dragon's tendon.

Half an hour later, a tendon quite sizeable in length was stripped off from the beast's flesh.

"Is this a dragon's tendon? It's so thick though!" Zhou Quan felt a bit dizzy by the sight. The so-called dragon's tendon was a transparent object whose thinnest section still had the same width as an adult's arm.

"Extract its essence," Yellow Ox wrote. The calf seemed rather experienced. It stroked and felt its way on this ten-meter tendon. The calf seemed to be fumbling for something specific, while the other two stood beside, looking dumbfounded. The situation was just as the adage went: "A layman just watches, but a professional understands."

At last, it located a specific section.

Chu Feng looked closely at the tendon. Vaguely, he could see a silver string concealed in the thickest part of the entire tendon.

He tried to use his black dagger to pry out the fine string. As expected, the tendon was both firm and tenacious. Prying out the string proved to be of profound difficulty. It took him as much as two hours before the string could finally show itself to the world outside.

The string was a piece of succinctness of the dragon's tendon. The string was almost two meters in length. It was both thin and flexible, which made it all the more

appropriate to be used as a bowstring, since the “Thunderous” was almost a meter and a half in length.

“The length of it came just right!”

This was a fine silver string. It was tenacious as well. Chu Feng tied the string to the beast’s teeth and tried to haul this giant with only the fine string being the hauling rope. Despite the tremendous weight of the beast, the string held its integrity and did not fracture.

“What a treasure this is!” Although Zhou Quan still couldn’t make out the use of this piece of string, he could see that at least it could be made into a precious artefact one day.

Chu Feng now finally understood why the godly bow needed the tendon of a formidable beast as its bowstring. It had its reasons.

“Let head back and consult with Grandpa Zhao for some advices on the processing of this string,” Chu Feng said.

Yellow Ox shook its head. The calf seemed quite experienced with the making of the bow and string, so it wrote, “It’s a natural bowstring. No need for processing.”

Chu Feng, however, refused to heed what the calf said. He insisted on bringing the tendon back to the village before hooking it up to the bow itself.

“Take this. Let’s have a taste of the dragon meat when we get back.” Chu Feng chop off a chunk of meat off the beast’s belly. The chunk only weighed a tad over a hundred jin, so Zhou Quan was assigned with the task to carry it.

“You’re right! Let’s feast on this beast’s meat tonight!” Zhou Qian swallowed hard and nodded in agreement. Millions of years after the extinction of dinosaurs, being able to taste the meat of these long extinct creatures was something utterly inconceivable.

Chu Feng chop off a chunk for himself as well. It weighed almost two hundred jin, and he was prepared to gorge on it tonight.

“The dragon’s teeth!” Yellow Ox wrote.

The calf informed Chu Feng that a dragon’s teeth could make the best arrows for the bow. It would be a reckless waste of god’s best gifts if they were to just give up on such a treasure like this.

Pulling out the teeth out of the beast’s bleeding gums was an arduous task for Chu Feng, but they were still loosened up in the end. Chu Feng then tied up the teeth with a twining ivy before loading it to his shoulder.

They returned via the same route as on which they came. The homeward journey was an easy cruise. There were no beasts or birds of prey launching brute assaults on them on the way back.

Zhou Quan was dropped off at the entrance to his town. Chu Feng and Yellow Ox stood at the entrance and watched Zhou Quan entering the town. Then, the two sped off to Qingyang Village.

Chu Feng brought the bow along with tens of jin of the beast's meat to Grandpa Zhao's weaponry workshop.

Grandpa Zhao's eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets when he saw the silver tendon. It seemed like sheer fantasy to him.

"Where did you get the dragon's tendon, Chu Feng? And how?" Grandpa Zhao felt parched, but he could feel a sudden surge of energy inside him. It felt as if he had been suddenly rejuvenated.

How he had wished he could see the restoration of the bow's invincible might in his remaining years. Finally, his wish was about to be realized.

Chu Feng, on the other hand, was in quite a bit of dilemma. How should he explain it to Grandpa Zhao?

"A mutant sent it to me as a gift." It was a lie that he had to tell. Although it was not truthful, Chu Feng still asked Grandpa Zhao to keep it as a secret.

Grandpa Zhao nodded. Even though he could sense that there was something fishy about it, Grandpa Zhao saw no need for making any detailed inquiries about the facts any further. He looked closely at the tendon, and after careful examination, he ascertained that the tendon could be used as the bowstring straight away.

In the end, under Grandpa Zhao's instructions, Chu Feng wound the tendon around the bow's hook then tied it firmly to the great bow.

Ong!

It only took Chu Feng a light pluck of the string for the bow to suddenly scream with a terrifying sound. A roar of a beast followed by a piercing screech of a bird echoed out. This succession of sounds then culminated in an ear-splitting rumble of a thunder. It sounded like a fearsome thunderbolt striking down outside in the yard.

The windows around the house shattered as a consequence of the thunderous blast.

These were the results of a mere pluck of the string. If Chu Feng had allowed the bowstring to stretch out to the maximum extent that its elasticity allowed, the effect would have proven to be more terrifying than just the shattering of the windows.

“What a godly bow!” Grandpa Zhao was moved to tears.

“Grandpa Zhao, I will return it back to you after I finish using it. I think the bow matters more to you than to me,” Chu Feng said. Now, since he had proven that the bow was indeed a rare treasure, Chu Feng did not want to profit at other people’s expense.

“No, no, no... you’ve got to keep it, young man... just... bring it back for me to have a look occasionally...” Grandpa Zhao said and he wiped away his tears.

Chu Feng nodded. This was a request with which Chu Feng would certainly agree. In fact, Chu Feng was more than willing to store the bow at Grandpa Zhao’s place on a long-term basis had the situation not decreed that he must use the bow to ensure the safety of himself.

Before he left Grandpa’s workshop, Chu Feng brought a bundle of iron arrows with him.

By the time he got back, Yellow Ox had already been weary of waiting.

“Here is not the testing ground for our bow. Let’s head into the mountains,” Chu Feng said. There would be serious ramifications if the bow were to be pulled at its full draw in an area where residents crowded.

The bare hills and mountains, on the other hand, were desolate and uninhabited.

Chu Feng drew the bow at full draw, then an iron arrow was installed. Only a brief instant had passed before the place was suddenly kicked up with a terrific racket. Beastly roars trembled the earth and quivered the heaven. Shadows of phoenix soared up into the heaven.

Then, a sudden clap of thunder erupted in the air. Vaguely, Chu Feng could see an electric light burst out along with the shooting arrow, transmitting at a great speed into the distance.

Yellow Ox was oblivious to all the commotions that were stirred up around it. The calf drew none of its attention to the powerful drive that the arrow had delivered. Instead, the calf seemed to have been attentively listening to something that ran inconspicuous in the air. Its expression turned serious and solemn.

Boom!

In the distance, the woods were enveloped in smoke and dust.

Chu Feng was flabbergasted. It was not the power that a sheer arrow cast with iron could deliver. To him, it seemed more like an artillery shell fired to crush and pulverize the boulders and stones that had the misfortune to fall victim to this formidable bow.

“Another one!”

Yellow Ox quickly wrote on the ground. It seemed very anxious and very nervous as well. The calf pressed Chu Feng to keep shooting arrows.

Chu Feng nodded. This was the perfect opportunity for him to practice his archery. This would prove to be a skill that would be greatly handy tomorrow.

Chu Feng bent the bow for the second time. The thunderous rumble became even fiercer. The roar and the screech became more blaring and deafening. This ear-splitting symphony of sounds alone could pulverize boulders and crush the vegetation in the proximity. This sound was not just a mere vibration in the air, but it was a form of unspeakable energy distributing to its surrounding.

Phew!

The second arrow was discharged. Another electric arc formed along the trajectory of the arrow. A sizeable explosion at the rocky precipice in the distance immediately followed. Crushed stone blocks rained down along the precipitous cliff, forming a scene that was horrifying to say the least.

Again, Yellow Ox still seemed careless about the destruction that the arrow had caused and delivered. Instead, the calf stuck its ear onto the bow's body. It seemed not to mind the ear-shattering rumbles, only attentively listening to something conspicuous to no-one but itself.

Chu Feng had completely understood the intention of the calf now. The calf had had a scheme of its own from the very start. No wonder it was even more attentive and mindful than he was. All the urgent pressings now suddenly made sense.

“Keep going!”

Yellow Ox pressed him to continue. Its ears were still closely attached to the body of the bow. The calf was in a standstill, looking as if it were trying to make sense of something with its heart.

Chu Feng was rather cooperative today. He asked no questions and said no words. One arrow after another was shot in continuous succession. All of a sudden, the place was filled with flashing lightning and electric arcs.

In the area that surrounded the shooting range, all vegetation had lost their vigor of life. The once luxuriant foliage had now gone to rack and ruin, peppering the earth with burnt black leaves.

An arrow after another, thousands of electric arcs marched over the air then landed on the opposite hilltop unhindered. In the end, almost half of the hill had lopped off. The once verdant height was now just another barren hillside.

At last, Chu Feng exhausted all the one hundred arrows he had brought with him. His skills in archery had been greatly enhanced. The road to his mastery of archery was greatly aided by his powerful sense and superhuman eyesight. His superhuman perceptions allowed him to shoot with great skill, with each arrow landing precisely on its target.

However, Yellow Ox seemed rather discouraged. It held the great bow in arms, tossing and turning the bow from one side to another. It looked quite disappointed.

“What are you looking for?” Chu Feng asked.

“The best breathing rhythm,” Yellow Ox candidly wrote. The calf drew lines and curves on the ground with its front hooves while its eyes were fixated on the great bow, looking all down and weary.

What? Chu Feng was taken aback.

He knew that his achievements thus far were majorly attributed to the special breathing rhythm. The breathing exercises contributed to his empowerment more than the Demon Ox Boxing Style.

He also knew that the breathing exercise was quite a mysterious one too. It worked miracles. Yellow Ox had once even pointed one of its hooves to the sky while the other to the earth to signify and praise the greatness of this set of breathing rhythms. One might well imagine that the breathing rhythm must have been something out of the ordinary.

But, who would have expected that there was an even better set of breathing rhythms?

“Is it more powerful than ours?” Chu Feng asked.

“Equally powerful!” Yellow Ox wrote.

“If they are both equally powerful, isn’t one enough for us?” Chu Feng asked. He was, however, quite delighted to learn that the breathing rhythm of which he was in mastery was amongst the best.

“If we can acquire the ‘thunderous’ breathing rhythm, our body constitution could improve at an even greater speed. Our progress would be faster.”

According to Yellow Ox, each of the two different breathing rhythms had its advantage over the other, which meant that each set of breathing rhythms had its own unique qualities.

Most importantly, the breathing rhythm that they were currently exercising could only be practiced in the morning and at night for a limited period each day. Prolonging the duration of each practice was to little avail.

However, the “thunderous” breathing rhythm was an utterly different animal. Mastering the “thunderous” would drastically improve the period during which their practice could be effective.

“What is the unique quality that the ‘thunderous’ have?” Chu Feng asked.

“It’s a way of might!” Yellow Ox wrote.

The so-called “way of might” referred to the effect it took in the body of a man during the exercise. By enabling the sensations in the man’s body to all ring at once, the man could theoretically receive a more thorough reshuffle of his body constitution. This would allow all aspects of the man’s body to be raised at a significantly faster rate.

Of course, it had its downside as well. This “way of might” might prove to be too overpowering for the human body to endure. It could inflict severe injuries on a man’s physical body. In rare cases, when the sensations in the body all began to ring simultaneously, the force it generated might quake a man to death.

According to Yellow Ox, however, if the man was in mastery of another breathing rhythm which could allow the man to acquire a stronger constitution before practicing the “thunderous”, the negative effect could be diluted.

Chu Feng could finally understand why Yellow Ox had valued the “Thunderous” so much!

Chu Feng then joined Yellow Ox to study and examine the bow together.

According to Yellow Ox, the so-called godly bow had only become as godly as it was after it had been extensively used by a master of the “thunderous” breathing rhythm. After years of company by the side of the master, the bow started developing its own pulsation synchronic to the breathing rhythm of the master. In the end, the pulsation enabled the bow to possess the extraordinary power that was seen today.

Thus, it could be seen how mighty the “thunderous” breathing rhythm was. Implements could resonate the breathing rhythm of their master, and when the resonation settled to

become a pulsation on the implements themselves, it turned the implements into gods and spirits!

“So, the bow was not born as a treasure?” Chu Feng was astounded.

Yellow Ox glared at Chu Feng.

Chu Feng then tried to learn modestly from the calf. He asked if the special breathing rhythm was a technique for promoting one’s internal force and spiritual well-being.

Chu Feng’s modesty was greeted with Yellow Ox’s despise. The calf showed a contemptuous look. Clearly, Chu Feng’s question had proven to be below the calf’s standard.

Chu Feng walked away, looking embarrassed. He now knew that he had been over-thinking the matter. The so-called breathing exercise had nothing to do with the rest of them at all!

Chapter 50: Fame Spread Worldwide

The bow had a body soaked in a coat of bleakly-colored paint, and there was not much of a luster left to it. It measured one and a half meter in length, and the body of the bow had a rocky texture as well as a rock-like color. It was brown and coarse to the touch. Overall, it was evident that the whole bow was an age-old artefact which had lost its regal bearing to the time that had passed by.

Chu Feng studied the bow for a long while, but his diligent examination yielded nothing in the end.

Yellow Ox was not content with this lack of findings either. The calf instructed Chu Feng to keep on shooting, however, all the arrows had been exhausted and submerged under the rock-strewn surface on the opposite hilltops.

Chu Feng even went up to the blasted hilltop to look for and recycle any of the used arrows that still remained in their integrities; but to his surprise, all the iron arrows had either been snapped or blasted into slices of iron sheets. Nothing was recyclable.

It was conceivable, however, considering the enormity of the force with which the arrows carried. If the boulders that weighed tens of thousands of jin were caused to split and fall apart, there were no way that the arrows could stay intact themselves either.

Yellow Ox moaned and groaned. The calf, again and again, asked Chu Feng to retrieve some more arrows. It wanted to know whether it was possible to acquire the best breathing rhythm through the bow.

Chu Feng was dissatisfied either. There was an itch in his heart that propelled him to strive to acquire the new “thunderous” breathing rhythm.

The man and the ox both moved at great speed, so it wasn't long before more arrows were fetched from home to the shooting range. Along with the iron arrows, the two also brought two of the buckteeth pulled off from the tyrannosaur's bloody gums. The teeth looked exactly like a pair of broadswords.

Moments later, electric arcs started flying across the hilltops; deafening thunder started haunting the gorges and the canyons once again. Yellow Ox kept its ear close to the bow's giant arch, picking up any beating sounds of pulsations as arrows fired off from the bowstring. Chu Feng paid close attention as well. He was not even bothered to aim anymore; arrows started flying in some arbitrary directions.

The two attentively listened to the beast of the bow and meticulously pondered over any sounds that the bow made. Finally, there was a signal!

“Here is the knack of it! Swap iron arrows for teeth arrows!” Yellow Ox asked Chu Feng to forge an arrow out of the beast's teeth to substitute for the iron ones.

“Is it necessary?” Chu Feng felt like it was a waste. A dragon's teeth were not something that convenient to acquire.

Yellow Ox solemnly nodded. The calf then explained with a line of words.

The calf believed that a good bow only deserved a good arrow. Only when the match was made would the resonance be triggered and the sound of pulsation be heard; and only then would the arrows shot from the bow deal the highest damage possible.

When the iron arrows were finally swapped out for the teeth ones, the result had sure enough turned out differently. After the sound of a snapping crack, electric arcs began to sparkle, overcoming the overcasting shadow of the luxuriant jungle to bring about a blinding light in place of the oppressive darkness.

Chu Feng and Yellow Ox both paid close attention to the body of the bow. The power of the teeth arrow was totally ignored and disregarded. All the two wanted was the pulsating sound of this legendary bow.

“It's there! The rhythm!”

Chu Feng was overjoyed, and just like the way he used to spy on Yellow Ox's breathing rhythm, all the seemingly randomly constructed rhythms were soon engraved on his mind.

Yellow Ox was as well all ears on the pulsating bow.

The two finally withdrew themselves from the bow after a long while.

“Unfortunately!” Yellow Ox wrote.

This particular breathing rhythm had a form that was easy to emulate, but its substance was difficult to get.

“Do it again!” Yellow Ox urged.

In the end, Chu Feng had forged arrows using all parts of the teeth that were available, then shot all the teeth arrows into the air.

At last, they finally had all the pulsating rhythm taped in mind. The rhythm followed a complicated pattern, but it had a certain regularity to it. In the end, the two remembered everything that had echoed in the arch of the bow.

Yellow Ox sighed. Although it was a sizeable achievement, there were still certain regrets left to be unresolved.

“It is regretful alright,” Chu Feng agreed.

A special breathing rhythm like the “thunderous” needed to be handed down from generation to generation exclusively inside the family. It worked in the same way back in the days when he attempted to merely mimic the rhythm at which Yellow Ox breathed. The form was easily acquired, but in the end, the mastery of the breathing rhythm all solely relied on the spiritual impartment passed down by the calf on that very day. Without Yellow Ox, Chu Feng would not have grasped the essentials of the rhythm’s functioning.

The ox and the man both came to a standstill, silently musing over the achievements and the regrets.

Suddenly, a sequence of thunderous rumble resounded from within their bodies. Their torso started quivering, and their skeleton and internal organs all felt like being beaten by a pounding hammer.

Chu Feng was taken aback. Had he not mastered another different breathing rhythm which had allowed his body constitution to greatly evolve, pounding like this would have been enough to cause haemoptysis.

It was the functioning of the “thunderous” breathing rhythm. Its “way of might” was sure enough of matchless potency.

“Puff!”

When Chu Feng exhaled the last breath of air from within his body, his flesh and bones felt as if they had been cleansed by a thunderous storm. Although it felt numb and painful at first, the negative feeling was soon subsidized by profound comfort.

Chu Feng finally realized the uniqueness of this set of breathing rhythms.

The effect was being immediately produced—no wonder it was said to have extreme potency. Chu Feng's body constitution quickly promoted, making a considerable progress that was speedy as well.

This was only the effect brought about by the form of the breathing rhythms, so the rumble only lasted briefly. What if Chu Feng had mastered the complete set of the breathing rhythm? What would be the effect of that?

Chu Feng's heart burned with fervent passion; he wanted to acquire the whole set.

Yellow Ox stood there, still and silent. When the thunderous rumble ceased in its body, the calf looked both astonished and regretful; the calf knew that it would never procure the ultimate essence of this breathing rhythm.

"Is there a way to procure the complete set of this breathing rhythm?" Chu Feng looked at Yellow Ox with a passionate look.

Yellow Ox seemed to have no choice but to shake its head. The calf had to admit and wrote, "It's never going to be procured."

Having seen the pessimistic words laid out by the calf, Chu Feng quickly started to question. "Why can't we?"

"The rhythm has too grand a back story for us to truly appreciate everything about it," Yellow Ox explained.

The "thunderous" breathing rhythm was the ultimate form of all breathing rhythms. Generally speaking, hardly anyone could even see the form of it, let alone its spiritual essence. It was only a trust in luck that Yellow Ox had decided to probe for the breathing rhythm solely through the bow itself.

The fact that the two had procured hardly anything in the end was already unexpected. In fact, if the bow were to carry the essence of the king of all breathing rhythms, it would not be wandering about destitute at a common people's residence.

Yellow Ox soon readjusted its mood. It stood upright and patted Chu Feng on his shoulders. The calf tried to give some mollifying remarks about this regrettable experience, then it headed back for the house.

“Has the hill grown shorter than before?” Chu Feng sat there, staring blankly over at the hill on the opposite side of the canyon. The hill was now all barren and naked, and it also grew shorter as well.

Although he was shooting arrows just then, his concentration had all been focusing on the arch of the bow. He was attentively listening to the pulsating sound of the bow along with the calf while ignoring almost everything else.

Chu Feng scurried his way to the barren hillside, noticing that the teeth arrows were sure enough firm and durable. Most of the arrows were still recyclable.

Upon getting home, Chu Feng started forging arrows from the remaining dragon’s teeth. Most of the arrows made, however, only had a head that was made of the teeth. The arrow shaft, on the other hand, was made of other materials.

Only in the end did he commit himself to the making of twelve arrows entirely made of the dragon’s teeth. The making of these ones was sure enough difficult and time-consuming.

It took a craftsman strong like Chu Feng many hours at the cost of several sanding machines before the making of the arrows could be complete, but the teeth were hard and solid to say the least.

After completing the project in hand, Chu Feng cast a glance at Yellow Ox. The calf seemed to have long forgotten about the regret regarding the “thunderous” breathing exercise. At the moment, the calf seemed to have quite a surging spirit. It was looking all jubilant and excited as it poked around on its communicator.

“What are you doing, Yellow Ox? You’re not being a bad boy again, are you?” A casual question was casually asked.

Chu Feng’s words, however, seemed to have alerted the calf. It hid the communicator under the pillow, protecting it from Chu Feng. Obviously, the calf was doing something that prompted it to have a profoundly guilty conscience.

Chu Feng immediately realized that the calf was sure enough not doing any charitable deeds.

“Let me see!” He came to Yellow Ox.

“Moo!” Yellow Ox bellowed. It was its sign of warning.

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In the county town.

Having eaten his dinner, Zhou Quan felt fairly at ease; the meat of a tyrannosaur was truly a treat to his stomach. It was not only fresh and tasty, but the aftertaste also lingered on. The juice of the meat was abundant and seemed to also have contained some sort of spiritual essence in it.

His family was also profuse in their praise. Every member of his family agreed that the meat was fresh and tasty; they could not have enough of it.

Zhou Quan hummed a little tune as he swaggered back to his room. He felt ever so relaxed and at ease. He found his communicator, then started browsing on the internet.

He was cheerful and relaxed.

“The man on this picture really had a bit of the graceful demeanor of myself, judging only on his silhouette. Who is he though? And why is he on the news? And why does he look like... me?” Zhou Quan saw a color illustration that was attached to a news article. Zhou Quan curled his lips with disapproval and said, “The editor of this news article really has no ideas what true art is, does he? If he were to choose a picture to accompany his article with someone looking so alike to me, why can’t they just come and shoot me for their article?”

Zhou Quan shook his head, turning his nose up at the editor’s choice of picture.

“Wait a minute!”

Zhou Quan cried out in alarm; when he clicked into the article, he was dumbfounded.

“What the f*ck! This... this is me!”

From the choice of clothing to the choice of hairstyle, everything was typical of him. The man of the subject also wore an exaggerated head of a curly sleek-black hair.

Zhou Quan was completely flabbergasted and stupefied. How was he all of a sudden in the news?

He had an ominous presentiment. He skipped the article, then his eyes were right caught by the title of the news.

“Our Beloved Lord of the Memes Reappear in Public Life!” it only took a line of words like this for Zhou Quan to jump to his feet. Then, he had a premonition of something.

“Demon Ox!” Moments later, Zhou Quan cried an unearthly cry in his room. It was a screeching cry of exasperation as well as desperation. It shook every household around in the neighbourhood, and even the dogs from the area started howling and yowling, as if they were responding to his flagrant provocation.

Zhou Quan trembled as he read through the article. Sure enough, this was the doing of Yellow Ox.

The pictures were posted on the same webpage, a platform for sharing the most embarrassing moments of someone else. There were now a few more pictures after the ones that were posted last time. A crowd of online onlookers had gathered around the update and began to poke fun at this latest update.

Moreover, not only had the administrator of the webpage made the pictures be the top stories of the month, he also put a flash next to it. The flash attracted thousands of more meme enthusiasts, making the number of views on the article surge like a mad dog.

He could not even count exactly how many digits there were for the number of views.

The few photos updated today were indeed the ones snapped by Yellow Ox today. The angle at which these photos were taken was both sly and capricious, and nothing could get more embarrassing than that shown in the pictures. The photos were following the same train of style as they were last. Clearly, one could easily tell that all the photos, both old and new, came from the same origin, taken by the same photographer. There were nothing juxtaposing between the new and the old as the new ones had clearly proven to have perfectly supplemented the old ones that had been posted before.

“The memes could not get any spicier than this, my lord. I prostrate myself in worship of your dedication to the world of memes, my dear Yellow Ox!”

“The sleek-back now became poodle hair... Hahaha... the cringe is blinding me!”

“Thank you, Mr. Yellow Ox. All had been added to my humble collection!”

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It was an uproarious crowd of people, all bowing down and worshipping the uploader of the photos—Mr. Yellow Ox.

“Argh...” Zhou Quan screamed in madness. There was a violent urge inside him propelling him to seek for his revenge on the damnable calf. He wanted to bite it with his own teeth without ever letting go.

The pictures that were uploaded last time had caused a sizeable sensation across the nation. This time, when the new ones were added, some of the mainstream media started reporting on its as if it were a consequential news.

“I will fight you to the bitter end, Yellow Ox!”

Zhou Quan rummaged around among the latest news on the internet, noticing that many media sources had attached great importance to these updated photos of his.

Zhou Quan rung up Yellow Ox, but he was met with a cold welcome. The call was hung up straight away.

Yellow Ox's disregard for him exacerbated Zhou Quan's fierce fury. Zhou Quan chose to send texts to let out his anger. The messages were peppered with foul language that was aimed to give a calf a dressing down.

"F*ck you, Yellow Ox! How am I going to face the others from now on?" Zhou Quan called Yellow Ox to account.

At last, Yellow Ox replied. It was a line of text as well. It read, "Fame spread worldwide."

"Spread my as*!" Zhou Quan was exasperated.

Certainly, because of Yellow Ox's practical joke, Zhou Quan had been crowned with a fame that rendered him recognizable across the globe; however, this was not the kind of fame he had ever wished to be crowned with. Zhou Quan flew into a fury, and in the process, the rage had prompted the flames inside him to come out of his nostrils and his mouth.

The flames startled Zhou Quan. He hurriedly bolted out of his house into a vacant field outside the town. Then, in rage and fury, he started wailing like ghosts and howling like wolves. Soon later, the entire field was reduced to ashes by the flames that projected out of his wailing mouth.

"Argh..."

...

At Qingyang Village

Chu Feng had learned about the situation. He was speechless. He knew that Yellow Ox must have been doing something uncharitable, and sure enough, it did!

Yellow Ox, on the other hand, was calm and collected. The calf sluggishly dragged its hooves along the screen of the communicator, browsing through the comment section and taking joy in all the praises it had received with a big smile on the face.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Someone was knocking at the yard gate.

"Chu Feng! Open the door! You said you're sending me the food you owed me today? Where are they?" Someone was shouting at the door.

"Who is that?" Chu Feng was dumbstruck as his brain went blank for a second.

"I'm the roast mutton boy!" Through the door came the resentful voice of the young man at the skewer stall. He knocked at the door with a few more bangs.

The calm and collected calf heard these words and immediately lost all its cool. The calf jumped to its hooves at once while its nostrils fumed with white mists of air. The calf could not sit through this with equanimity. It was the man who gave it the night of insufferable skirmishes in the stomach, so how could it resist the urge to fight with the damnable vendor to a bitter end?

Chu Feng hurriedly flung himself to tackle down the raging calf. He tried to appease the calf with consoling words, "Easy. Chill. Calm down!"

"Calm down my as*!" Yellow Ox flew into a rage. How could it stay calm after knowing the culprit behind its gut-wrenching night was right by the door? With its matchless strength, the calf was on the verge of breaking loose from Chu Feng's pulling hands.

Chu Feng used all his might and exhausted all his words before he could finally dissuade the calf from rushing outside.

Yellow Ox moaned and groaned with anger. It sat in the corner of the room, turning its head away from Chu Feng.

Chu Feng hacked off a few jin of the dinosaur's meat with his black dagger before he brought it to the young man waiting at the door, anticipating for his pay check. He told him that the house had exhausted all grain reserves recently, so the meat was in place of the grain instead.

The young man was still rather discontent as he looked quite suspicious as well. He asked, "The meat you've got here hasn't gone bad, has it? My tummy won't have any funny feelings after eating it, will it?"

In the room, Yellow Ox heard the young man's interrogation. The calf flew into a rage as soon as it heard him, making a dash for the outside again.

"Go!" Chu Feng shoved the young man out. With a bang, he slammed shut the door.

Chu Feng had to appease the calf again after he returned to the house.

"Don't cause troubles now. We'll have to get up early tomorrow to contend for that magical fruit tomorrow morning, remember? Stay calm... for now!"

Outside the door, the young man refused to leave.

"Hey, Chu Feng! Are you sure your meat is okay? No diarrhea after eating it, yeah?" The young man still could not feel at ease. It stood near the yard wall as he yelled into the yard again.

“Moo...” Yellow Ox had truly been provoked. It kicked its hooves and rushed to the yard.

“What is that sound?” the young man asked.

“Go! Just f*cking go!” Chu Feng shouted as he exerted all his strength to press down the mad cow.