

## Grasping 100

### Chapter 100: The Cultivation Pill

Ning Fan emerged on the summit of the Cold Moon Mountain before the seal of the void dissipated.

His face was filled with cold killing intent. Tonight, while eliminating Wang Yao, he had shown too much of his trump cards. In order to prevent any future troubles, it was best to get rid of all these eyewitnesses.

He spread out his spirit sense with killing intent across the two hundred miles of the mountain.

Every cultivator of Hu Clan was encompassed in the range of Ning Fan's spirit sense. With a single will from Ning Fan, all of the drifting spirit sense would turn into the deadly sword sense.

Under the pressure of this spirit sense, cultivators who were below the Harmonious Spirit realm have difficulties standing up. The few remaining Harmonious Spirit experts including the general of the Hu guards, Hu Ming, were staring at the youth in awe.

As for the old ancestor, Hu Fengzi, he had the deepest feeling about Ning Fan's aura. After taking the Decaying Corpse Pill, he had temporarily broken through the Gold Core realm, but his spirit sense realm was still below Ning Fan's, which meant that the fate of Hu Clan was no longer in his control.

This Ning Fan has the power to annihilate our clan just like that Void Fragmentation expert. Now he's back, but the Void Fragmentation expert is nowhere to be seen. It goes without saying that Ning Fan has already finished that monster!

*\*Hiss!\** Killing a Void Fragmentation expert?!

This thought rose Hu Fengzi's fear for Ning Fan to an all-time high. Thinking back to the scene of Ning Fan's unusual means sent chills down his spine.

He was frightened to realize that Ning Fan had come here to annihilate every one of them, the entire Hu Clan.

He understood that Ning Fan had revealed a lot of his skills. Every one of those skill was enough to draw the covetousness of countless of old experts. If it was he himself, he would naturally do the same after exposing his trump cards.

While his life force was draining away, his mind was racing a hundred times faster, searching for a solution to the current crisis.

He glanced at the pool of cold spring water and to the despairing cultivators of his clan and made a decision.

Dragging his weak body, he ran straight to the Cold Moon Mountain like a ray of light. Despite the suffering in his body, he still had a calm expression. When he was three hundred meters away from the summit, he came to a halt and held his fists at Ning Fan.

“I’m the old ancestor of Hu Clan, Hu Fengzi, meet Elder Ning.”

“...”

Ning Fan remained silent with his eyes closed. His spirit sense had locked on Hu Fengzi. As long as this old man made a move, he would be killed instantly.

“Elder Ning, can you let my Hu Clan live?” Hu Fengzi said with a bitter smile.

“I’m not interested in the life or death of the Hu Clan, but I couldn’t leave the potential threat unsolved.”

“If our clan becomes your followers and allow you to plant your Restrictive Spell on them, can you spare them their lives? Our clan has the mountain of spiritual spring, magical treasures and innumerable pills, and all can be taken at elder’s will.” Hu Fengzi gritted his teeth. Given his arrogant personality, he

absolutely wouldn't let his clan become a follower of someone, but he was reluctant to watch his descendants and grandchildren die in vain.

Hu Fengzi could see that if Ning Fan really wanted to annihilate his clan, he would've done so the moment he emerged, but until now, he hadn't made a move yet. It somehow indicated that Ning Fan had the motive of subduing them.

As such, he had taken the initiative to surrender themselves to Ning Fan.

As for Ning Fan, his eyes were filled with appreciation, gazing at Hu Fengzi.

"You are a good thinker with a composed disposition, you are really qualified to be the patriarch of a clan. Don't worry. I just don't want the cultivators of Hu Clan to talk too much about today's incident. Go and gather your disciples here for me to plant my Restrictive Spell. After that, I'll forget about today's matter."

Ning Fan showed a faint smile and kept his spirit sense. All the experts in Hu Clan heaved a huge sigh of relief in their hearts.

To Ning Fan, it wasn't a big deal for him to annihilate the Hu Clan or not. After losing all the Hu guards and several Harmonious Spirit experts and the patriarch in no time, the current forces of Hu Clan weren't attractive to Ning Fan anymore.

As for the magical treasure and pills in Hu Clan, he didn't put them in his eyes at all except for the Cold Moon Spring.

Despite his cold tone, he had agreed to let the cultivators of Hu Clan live which pleased Hu Fengzi very much.

If one could stay alive, why should one choose the path to death? Even if they were planted with a Restrictive Spell, at least they still had a chance of living. If it wasn't for this young man, all of them would have ended up in Bone Sovereign's belly.

“All cultivators of Hu Clan, come and gather here at the foot of the Cold Moon Mountain and allow Senior Ning to plant his Restrictive Spell!”

As the patriarch of the clan, no one would dare to disobey his direct order. But after learning that they would be planted with a Restrictive Spell, they were showing anxious and worried looks as if they were going to lose their freedom as well.

Ning Fan went down to the gathering area in his ice rainbow. Not long after that, Hu Fengzi led his remaining group of disciples to the foot of the mountain.

“Senior can plant the Restrictive Spell now!”

Hu Fengzi cupped his fists at Ning Fan respectfully, but the Qi of death exuded from his body intensified.

Because of the decaying effect of the Decaying Corpse Pill, there wasn't much time left before his life force withered away.

Ning Fan sighed slightly as he had a good impression of this old man. He was worthy to be the patriarch of his clan for many years. He was able to see the big picture and was willing to sacrifice himself for his entire clan. If he could still stay alive in Hu Clan, it would certainly be of great help.

Unfortunately, the Decaying Corpse Pill was a self-destructive pill. It required one to pay the price of one's life to obtain a temporary boost in strength. This was the law of the Heavens, not even Ning Fan had the ways to save Hu Fengzi now.

After that, he planted his Restrictive Spell in the sea of consciousness of every Hu cultivator. Those who had been planted with the spell were filled with disappointed sighs, went off to clean up the ruins and rebuild their clan.

The void seal had almost fully faded, so Ning Fan didn't intend to stay any longer.

Under the lead of Hu Fengzi, he arrived at the forbidden place of Hu Clan. With a flick of his Cauldron Ring, it absorbed the entire cold spiritual spring into its red misty space.

Seeing such unbelievable means made Hu Fengzi immediately realize that the Cauldron Ring was a legendary Grotto-Heaven Magical Treasure. A spatial magical treasure could be used to store items, but a Grotto-Heaven Magical Treasure was able to store rivers and mountains!

The means that Ning Fan had was unimaginable. If Ning Fan could take care of Hu Clan, he could pass away without worrying for his descendants' future.

“Elder Ning, this old man has one more request.”

“If you are requesting for me to dispel the toxicity of the Decaying Corpse Pill, I’m afraid that I can’t fulfil your wish. This pill will give you the temporary boost of cultivation in exchange for your life. In other words, you have lost something the moment you gained something.”

Ning Fan’s tone sounded a little helpless because his brother Ning Gu also practiced a cultivation law, the malicious cultivation of Life Sealing Ruler, that drained his life force.

This kind of loss could never be compensated by any kind of pills as the Heavens forbid it.

A cultivator could use his knuckle to push a mountain and finger to fill an ocean, but there was no way that he could go against the Heavens Dao. This also made a lot of cultivators felt aggrieved.

“No, I know that I’m going to die soon, I’m not requesting for you to save my life. My one request is...after my passing, can Elder Ning look after my clan?”

Hu Fengzi asked with sincerity. He knew that Ning Fan had planted the Restrictive Spell on every one of them just to shut their mouths. Ning Fan didn’t have real interest in Hu Clan and would most likely wouldn’t provide aid to Han Clan even if they were in trouble.

However, he still hoped that Ning Fan could keep an eye on them because they had lost all of their guards. If he died today, the enemies of Hu Clan wouldn’t ignore Hu Clan’s existence anymore. Even their closest ally, the Purple Light Sect would possibly come and oppress their remaining forces.

This was how cruel the real cultivation world was.

Ning Fan frowned slightly after listening to Hu Fengzi's request. Without waiting for Ning Fan to decline his request, he removed any hesitation in his mind and revealed a pleading face.

"Elder Ning, promise this old man to help Hu Clan three times and this old man would be willing to pay the price of not entering Samsara and use my entire cultivation to condense a Cultivation Pill for Elder Ning! I intended to give this to Hu Ming, but it seems like he is still too young to bear such a burden."

Cultivation Pill!

Ning Fan's eyes were filled with a slight shock, he stared at Hu Fengzi with sympathy.

"You have done too much for your clan."

"This old man will never regret! Elder Ning, tell me now, will you promise me or not?"

"Alright. If I can get the Cultivation Pill, I, Ning Fan, as long as I'm still alive, I will help Hu Clan three times."

"Thank you..."

Hu Fengzi gazed at those busying disciples from afar and revealed a smile of relief. Ning Fan on the other hand looked a little upset and closed his eyes.

The Cultivation Pill was akin to a Dao Fruit. After consuming it, the person's cultivation would be enhanced. Plus, there was nothing to worry about its side effects like those ordinary pills that would make one's magical strength shallow.

However, the difference between the two was, a Dao Fruit was condensed out of dead person's magical strength whereas the Cultivation Pill was condensed at the cost of one's life.

Human would die eventually, the same went to cultivators, but they desired to enter the Samsara and be reincarnated into a new human so that they could once again cultivate. But Hu Fengzi was willing to destroy his own soul to condense a Cultivation Pill for the safety of his clan.

Therefore, he was really qualified to be the patriarch of his clan.

And tonight, Ning Fan thought about a question - what was his purpose in cultivating?

Hu Fengzi's action could be regarded as foolish and worthless in the cultivation world's point of view, but Ning Fan had the feeling that he would do the same if he were Hu Fengzi.

The Heart Devil inside of him was getting more vigorous. With the Cultivation Pill that was on par with the Dao Fruit, he would finish off the Heart Devil and break through to the Gold Core realm if he enters seclusion. But what he lacked was time.

"Elder Ning, follow me to the Cold Moon Mountain, this old man wants to die there." Hu Fengzi smiled bitterly.

"No problem, I'll accompany you to your death."

Ning Fan's tone was plain, but in an instant, he vaguely felt that his present state of mind coincidentally fitted the true meaning of the words - Death for the Monarch.

Accompanying one to death was similar to sending the Monarch to death.