

Grasping 101

Chapter 101 (1): Seclusion and Transformation!

“Did you know that the culprit responsible for the annihilation of dozens of clans had already been taken down? The culprit was eradicated by the old ancestor of Hu Clan who sacrificed his life after taking the Decaying Corpse Pill. However, Hu Clan suffered an irrecoverable loss, causing them to become a third-class major power and thus, cutting its relationship with Purple Light Sect.”

In the Dual Cultivation Palace of Sinister Sparrow Sect, several female disciples were discussing the stirring matter of Yue Country.

However, there was always a difference between the truth and a rumour, this rumour was naturally fabricated by Ning Fan.

Ten days had already passed since the battle on the Cold Moon Mountain, but the heat remained unabated. Moreover, another thing that caused a slight stir in Sinister Sparrow Sect was Wang Yao's disappearance.

He had left the sect and hadn't returned for a long time. Many elders had regarded him as a possible defector, but after the old ancestor of Wang Clan came personally to apologize for his descendant's irresponsible action, the matter gradually subsided.

Subsequently, something new came up and became the hot topic in the sect - Ning Fan's seclusion.

Everyone knew that Ning Fan had gone into seclusion to prepare for his battle against Revered White. The former was known as the number one expert amongst experts below the Gold Core realm, whereas the latter was an old monster who had gained high popularity over the years in Yue Country. The battle between these two had also attracted the attention of many across the entire Yue Country.

However, only a small number of people thought that Ning Fan would win. Despite having a monstrous talent, he was just too young, moreover, he practiced Dual Cultivation Law which made his combat power slightly inferior to his peers. As for the Revered White, Bai Feiteng, some said that his Profound

Ice Art had already reached the third level of the fourth realm and he had once engulfed a Third Grade Cold Qi by coincidence.

As for his combat power, he could find almost no adversaries among his peers. Last time, he fought against a late Gold Core old expert from the Great Void Sect, Elder Songfeng for days, but it ended in a draw. This showed how powerful the elder was.

When the few female disciples in the Dual Cultivation Palace gradually shifted the topic to Ning Fan, Bai Lu who was meditating on a hassock couldn't help but knit her brows, as if the name Ning Fan irritated her every time.

This feeling of irritation was immediately turned into seriousness when she sensed a girl coming to Dual Cultivation Palace.

She stood up, gently brushed off the dust on her clothes and brought her disciples along to welcome the visitor.

Ever since Ning Fan went into seclusion, there was a blue-clothed girl often visiting the palace. She would stand outside the seclusion room of Ning Fan for long hours.

She was Young Mistress Lan Mei that not even Bai Lu would dare to neglect.

"Greetings, Young Mistress." Bai Lu greeted with an unnatural smile.

"Why is he still in seclusion?" Lan Mei's voice was cold and filled with authority.

"Yes." Bai Lu was reluctant to talk much about Ning Fan.

"Bai Lu, come with me, I have things to ask you."

Lan Mei's eyes glittered as she said in a tone that allowed no refusal. So, Bai Lu could only lower her head and followed Lan Mei into the courtyard where Ning Fan lived.

But as soon as they entered the room, Lan Mei removed her cold and proud face and burst into a laughter.

Her mood had gotten better after her illness was cured and her smile was getting more beautiful.

“Sister Bai, there’s no one here. So you don’t have to feel so restrained. I want to learn more today, teach me...”

“It’s not over yet? No!” Bai Lu no longer feigned her look of respect and expressed her discontentment.

“Just teach me some. You and Ning Fan have...uh...so many times...” Lan Mei was using a rare pleading tone.

“I have nothing to do with him. If you say this again, I swear, I won’t ever teach you again!”

“Alright, alright, alright. Sister won’t say it anymore. So can sister teach me now?”

Lan Mei’s tone was soft as if she’s conversing with a senior. She wanted to learn all kinds of techniques that could please Ning Fan from Bai Lu. That day, she had already become Ning Fan’s woman and in the future, she would become his wife. There were some things that she had to master well. Because she didn’t have her mother to pass down this kind of techniques to her, she needed to ask the help of the number one devilish girl in Dual Cultivation Palace, Bai Lu.

There were many techniques that Bai Lu could teach like the All Pleasurable Art, the Bed Art and etc. Moreover, since Bai Lu had lots of intimate encounters with Ning Fan, she wasn’t actually an outsider to Lan Mei anymore.

As Lan Mei was after all still a Young Mistress, Bai Lu was afraid that her stubbornness would offend this Young Mistress, so she could only provide what Lan Mei demanded reluctantly.

Without anyone knowing it, the proud daughter of Sinister Sparrow and the number one devilish girl, Bai Lu were discussing the *Spring Secret Art openly.

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Ning Fan didn't have a clue about anything that was going on outside. This half-a-year seclusion could be very long for ordinary people, but too short for cultivators to finish what they wanted to finish.

After sweeping away all the distracting thoughts inside his head while in the dark and quiet rocky room, an idea popped out in his head - I need to enhance my strength further!

After the battle with Wang Yao, he became more aware of his shortcomings. His attacks weren't strong enough and his defences were inadequate. Even though he had much battling experience than all of his peers, he was doomed the moment he confronted a true old expert.

He had also reached the same conclusion regarding his magical strength. During the battle with Wang Yao, he casted every one of his trump cards with his entire strength while Wang Yao used every magical art that could deal a massive damage casually.

One not only needed magical power to cast a magical art, but also the cultivation law that would be combined with this art. Although the Snow Treading Art of Ning Fan had already reached the second level, he had never thoroughly comprehended it. Therefore, he only acquired the Ice Rainbow Evading Art. There were still many other Ice Elemental Magical Arts which he had yet to acquire.

As for the Black Demon Art, he hadn't even cultivated a bit of it, but after swallowing the Black Demon Flame by chance, he would probably be able to use it now. However, because of the lack of proper magical art, he wouldn't be able to exert the true power of the flame.

If he was really dying for trump cards, he would be left with only two sword Qi, the Fire Transformation Sword Strike and the White Bone Mountain. Moreover, he had only comprehended a part of these two sword Qi, which meant that he had still a long way to go before reaching their peak power.

The silver radiance in his physique made him stronger than peak Harmonious Spirit body cultivator, but the truth was, he hadn't once cultivated a body refining technique.

Cultivating using magical power was called magical art or technique whereas the cultivation of one's physique was called a body refining art or technique. Strictly speaking, the giant form of Wang Yao on that day was a body refining technique. Within the ancient Fiendgod's divine ability, there were numerous body refining technique that had powers even greater than magical art.

However, whether it was magical art or body refining art, Ning Fan had never really practiced any of it. In the memory of Ancient Chaos, the ancient Devil Dao - the Dual Cultivation Law - was acquired when one reached the realm where both magic and physique combined into one. Bone Sovereign had achieved such an extent in his body refining technique whereas Ning Fan made none of such achievements either in magical or physical aspect.

As for the Separation Slayer, it was equipped with the Soul Burning ability, but its grade was pitifully low. It was already astounding that it could advance from low grade early rank to low grade high rank, but because of Ning Fan's rapid progress, a Low Grade High Rank Magical Treasure was no longer useful to him anymore.

So the Separation Slayer had to be refined again. If the rib of the Bone Sovereign was fused into it, it would definitely increase the power of the Separation Slayer and may even acquire a more powerful divine ability.

Thus, the purpose of his seclusion was very clear.

First, he had to push the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art to the peak of second level and master the magical technique of ice and fire.

Second, he would have to cultivate a defensive kind of body refining art by maximizing the effect of his silver bone body refining realm.

Lastly, he would need to reforge the Separation Slayer with the rib bone of Bone Sovereign.

*Spring - A common euphemism for sex.

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Furthermore, there were still two magical arts he needed to cultivate properly - the Falsifying Art and Defence Art.

The three techniques of the Divine Art included concealment, defence and incarnation. The first technique called Falsifying Art required Spirit Refining Grass to cultivate. Coincidentally, he had plenty of them from Meng Chu's garden.

The second technique called the Defence Art required one to swallow a spirit of magical treasure which Ning Fan already had much in his possession.

There were too many things he needed to do and half-a-year was just too short, however, he believed that after immersing himself in seclusion for half-a-year to scrape off the weaknesses that he had would make him become a true expert.

Whether it was cultivation or the enhancement of magical art, they were all the preparations he needed before breaking through into the Gold Core realm.

Even with the inheritance of Ancient Chaos, it didn't raise the percentage of his success in breaking through to the Gold Core realm. According to his calculation, he would need at least ten years of seclusion to have a chance of breaking through the bottleneck before Gold Core realm.

But if he failed, the ten years of effort would be in vain!

Cultivators with inferior potential only had 10 percent success rate of breaking through the bottleneck of the Gold Core realm. As for those geniuses, their success rate wouldn't be more than 20 percent. Every Gold Core expert had tried many attempts to break through that bottleneck before becoming a real Gold Core expert. Anyone who could make a breakthrough on their first attempt possessed a heaven defying luck.

Ning Fan was calculating his success rate in core formation. He might not have an excellent potential, but he wasn't inferior either. So, it was safe to say that he had 20 percent chance of success.

"If I pluck the two girls, Bing Ling and Yue Ling, the success rate will become 30 percent, but that will be at the expense of them."

Ning Fan's eyes were filled with mixed feelings. He glanced at the Cauldron Ring on his left wrist and hesitated for the first time whether to pluck the two girls or not. In the end, he decided not to do so because he couldn't convince himself to do such a thing to someone whom he was indebted to.

After letting out a sigh, he patted the top of his skull and a soul incarnation of half-step Nascent Soul realm exited his body. Due to the unstable condition of this incarnation, it wasn't able to deal much damage to opponents, but it was still quite useful for sneak-attacking.

"Because of the slashing of my soul, my success rate in core formation will be lowered by 50% compared to an average expert, but my powerful spirit sense could help me resist against the Heart Devil. Therefore, instead of reducing my success rate, it has increased by 40% instead"

Later, Ning Fan slapped his storage pouch and produced a blood-red pill the size of a fingernail. It contained a vast amount of magical power. If one listened closely, one could hear the sound of a heart beating inside of it.

When he saw the pill, a trace of disappointment was seen on his face. This was the Cultivation Pill produced by the old ancestor of Hu Clan using his soul. It was supposed to be given to Hu Ming, but Ning Fan's emergence had altered the old ancestor's original intention.

"Cultivation Pill...it was condensed using the magical power of early Gold Core realm after the old ancestor of Hu Clan took the Decaying Corpse Pill. Although it's a little inferior compared to an early Gold Core Dao Fruit, the difference isn't really significant. After consuming this pill, my success rate in core formation will be increased to 60 percent."

Lastly, he took out a primitive scroll of medicine record that was gifted by Xue Qing.

There was a Third Revolution Pill named Golden Red Clouds Pill in the medicine record.

Even though this pill could only raise the success rate by 10 percent, this 10 percent might play a critical role as to whether Ning Fan would succeed in the core formation or not.

Additionally, after taking in this pill, even if he failed in core formation, it could still help him accumulate magical power inside his body, laying the foundation and shortening the time for the next breakthrough.

With this pill, Ning Fan's success rate in core formation would be 70 percent!

If this success rate was spread out, he was afraid that each and every Gold Core expert will be gaping at Ning Fan. There had never been an expert with such a high success rate. Furthermore, those old experts would be more than willing to exchange for pills that could raise their cultivation after core formation instead of spending time, effort and resources to increase the percentage of success in core formation with their limited resources.

They weren't short of time and they weren't afraid of failures. Ning Fan however, lacked such luxury. Core formation itself was a time consuming process. If he failed this time, he wouldn't dare imagine that kind of powerlessness he would be feeling while confronting the Moshu Emperor a hundred years later.

"70% chance of success isn't low, but I still need to increase it higher! If I perform the Body and Essence Dual Cultivation, my success rate will increase by another 5 percent. If I advance the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art to the third level, it will increase by another 10 percent. In that case, my total success rate will become 85 percent. I have already reached my limit for this. So if I still fail after all of that, I can only accept the Heaven's will."

Ning Fan showed a helpless smile. There was no one who could defy the Heaven's will.

The Old Devil had been embarrassed by Heaven's will when his True Immortal realm fell drastically to the Harmonious Spirit realm, and even to the extent where he couldn't become a cultivator anymore, like a crippled man. Anyone who violated the will of the Heavens would never end up well.

The word defying in heaven defying lied with endless difficulty.

If Ning Fan had a choice, he wouldn't pick the path of defying the heavens as that was too difficult, painful and lonely.

If he still failed in the core formation process even with 85% chance of success, he would make sure to defy the heavens next time in order to succeed.

“Let’s start the seclusion! First off, I will have to comprehend two different types of cultivation law first. The more cultivation laws one can comprehend, the better it is. This is the right time to use the third technique of the Divine Art, Body Art and also known as the cloning technique.”

While Ning Fan gestured his fingers with incantations, an illusory clone of himself exited his body one after another. It had the same appearance as Ning Fan, but there was no cultivation base inside of it.

This type of cloning technique was akin to a fake clone of oneself. It was completely different from an incarnation. Using these clones in battle would mean sending them to their end, but it could be quite useful when it came to collective comprehension.

In an instant, roughly a hundred clones were produced. This was the maximum limit of his half-step Nascent Soul realm spirit sense.

“All of you can only live for three days. So within these three days, I want you all to comprehend the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art together!”

“Roger!”

A hundred illusory Ning Fan replied in unison.

Using a hundred clones to comprehend was a hundred times faster than the comprehension speed of an ordinary person. Although this was a great burden to one’s spirit sense, Ning Fan was determined to endure the pain.

Advancing these two cultivation laws to the peak of the second level wasn’t a difficult task in half-a-year’s time of seclusion.

In the first transformation, Ning Fan was transformed into a cultivator from a mortal human after obtaining the inheritance of an Immortal Emperor.

For the second transformation, Ning Fan desired to become a true and powerful expert.

While Ning Fan was still in his seclusion, some changes began to take place back in Ning City.

In the City Lord's room, inside the fragrant boudoir, Zhihe and Si Wuxie were sleeping on the bed with their usual clothes as if they had had a long chit-chat last night.

The innocent-natured Zhihe and Si Wuxie who had lost her memory seemed to be getting along very well.

As some of the morning light streamed in from the curtains, Zhihe lazily made a roll and continued with her sleep, while Si Wuxie's whole body shook lightly as if she had been electrocuted.

Immediately, she opened her beautiful eyes and was awoken.

In fact, she wasn't really awake, she was sinking into the memory of her body.

"Ning Fan! My sect! I remember them now!"

Si Wuxie revealed an expression of indignation, but almost instantly, she felt a sudden pain and passed out.

After a long time, she reopened her eyes and returned to her pure girl style.

"It was strange. I had a very strange dream just now."

"Hmm? Sisi, what's wrong with you?" Zhihe rubbed her eyes and yawned.

"It's nothing. I just had a dream. I dreamt about my other self. It was strange." Si Wuxie was bewildered.

“You must be thinking too much about it. Oh, by the way, I’m going to break through to the Harmonious Spirit realm soon, I will collect the pills from Nan Gong and then go into seclusion later. Would you mind keeping a lookout for me?” Zhihe sounded pleadingly. When Si Wuxie heard that Zhihe was breaking through to Harmonious Spirit realm, her mouth couldn’t close which made her seem cute.

You haven’t cultivated once in your life, so how are you able to break through to the Harmonious Spirit realm?

Although she had lost her memory, she could vaguely remember that Harmonious Spirit realm was an extremely difficult level to break through.

Could the silly-looking Zhihe really had such a high talent for cultivation? No wonder master is so fond of her.

Speaking of her master, she was missing him very much.

Chapter 102 (1): Dragon Vortex Fire, Sword-Testing Rock!

With a hundred incarnations, Ning Fan’s comprehension speed was a hundredfold the speed of ordinary people, but the fatigue he suffered would also be a hundred times more as well.

In the world of cultivation, every level consisted of nine miniature realms.

It would take years for an ordinary expert to advance one realm, but because of the hundred incarnations that Ning Fan had, his time was tremendously shortened.

In just a month, the Black Demon Art has already reached the first level, then it continued to break through the second level.

At the present moment, the fire elemental Black Demon Art was finally on par with the ice elemental Snow Treading Art, conforming to the principle of Yin Yang in unison. It was just that Ning Fan didn’t seem relaxed yet because he wanted to push both of these cultivation laws to the peak of the second level, which was the ninth miniature realm!

When the cultivation law reached the second level, every increase of one small realm would increase the magical power by 10 percent. Cumulatively, a Harmonious Spirit expert who had advanced the cultivation law to the peak could cast out a magical spell that was twice as stronger as his peers.

In order to practice the cultivation laws, he spent a taxing amount of effort. He took out the Black Demon Flame and the White Bone Flame to study and improve his understanding about the fire elemental magic. Likewise, he also took out the Bone Prison Qi for his clones to further comprehend the ice elemental magic.

It wasn't easy to obtain the Heavenly Frosty Cold Qi and Earth Vein Demonic Flame, but Ning Fan already had three of them.

As the second month passed, his cultivation laws had broken through to the sixth realm of the second level and in the third month, he had officially reached the peak of the second level.

He had been in seclusion for three months now. His magical power didn't seem to improve, but his Qi was getting so dense that it could suffocate anyone who was in here.

He summoned back all of his incarnations and spurted out a black fire dragon with his finger.

This was the Black Demon Flame. It was one of the nine dragon fire. When he was still a beginner, this flame was sufficient enough to hurt the early Harmonious Spirit Yu Chi.

With his peak Harmonious Spirit magical strength and peak second level cultivation law, one finger of dragon fire was enough to kill a peak Harmonious Spirit expert without casting any magical spells.

After a blink of any eye, he turned his palm and stuck out his finger again, casting out the first fire elemental magical spell of the Black Demon Art.

“Dragon Vortex!”

The black flames suddenly spread across the rocky seclusion cave, like a black tide towards a huge boulder 30 meters in size.

That rock was a Sword-Testing Rock. It was placed in the cave for cultivators to test their magical attack on. Despite it having no other use, it had one advantage, it was incomparably hard, however, it couldn't be used to craft magical treasure due to the lack of flexibility and ductility.

However, this was still a precious and rare rock. Lan Mei only obtained this by begging his father for it.

After the giant rock was wrapped by the flames, there wasn't a speck left on the surface, like it was still as good as new. This only showed how hard it actually was.

In the aspect of defensive capability alone, this rock was even greater than a peak Harmonious Spirit expert.

However, Ning Fan changed the way he casted the spell, immediately turning the black flames into a whirlpool of fire, surrounding the huge rock in a fierce speed.

There was a vague dragon roar that echoed from the centre of the whirlpool, and immediately, the power of the flame was doubled.

It was the First Revolution of the Dragon Vortex.

Once the Dragon Vortex reached the First Revolution, it could incinerate even a False Core expert. Even though the huge rock only uttered a sizzling sound, it was melting down at an undetectable rate.

"The Second Revolution!"

With extra effort and exertion, Ning Fan managed to make another advancement.

After the second revolution, the burning whirlpool got even more intense. The power of the fire doubled once more, which could already injure an early Gold Core expert badly.

Under the attack of this fire, small debris began to flake off from the surface of the Sword-Testing Rock. Although it wasn't a lot, it still indicated that the magical art had successfully damaged the rock.

Subsequently, he kept the Dragon Vortex and slightly exhaled. His eyes were blazing with fire.

The Dragon Vortex consisted of nine revolutions. Every revolution could increase the magical power by a fold. In the second revolution, it could already wound an early Gold Core realm and in the third revolution, it would be able to injure Bai Feiteng. If he was able to condense a fire dragon in the second revolution, he could even wound a late Gold Core expert.

"If this skill reaches the third revolution and condenses another fire dragon, I won't have to deal with them using my trump cards anymore. There's also no need to sacrifice my condition before attacking my enemy."

Ning Fan smiled lightly, but suddenly, his expression turned grim as if he had thought of something. He lifted his finger, circulated the ice magical power and pointed at the huge rock.

To be continued...

Chapter 102 (2): Dragon Vortex Fire, Sword-Testing Rock!

This ice magical power wasn't coated with the Heavenly Frosty Earth Fire. Although the damage wouldn't be tremendous, but when the cold Qi enshrouded the scorching hot Sword-Testing Rock, it crumbled instantly. The same reaction applied to anything that was too hot and encountered something that was extremely cold.

The center of the rock didn't collapse but an inch of its surface was flaking off at crazy speed. This was the end result when an extremely hot item was warped in ice.

Ning Fan's heart shivered a little bit, even though this was a fact that every grandmaster refiner knew. It was forbidden to induce extreme coldness to an extremely hot item or vice versa as it would easily break the unfinished magical treasure.

He found out that this principle could also be used on actual battle. For example, if he encountered an enemy with a hard and solid defense like a turtle, he would first cast the Dragon Vortex Fire attack and end it with an ice elemental magical attack. He was afraid that even a harder surface would crumble under such a circumstance.

There were three types of magical arts in Snow Treading Art.

The first was the ice evading light which he had grown accustomed to.

The second was the ice armored body used to boost the defensive strength. This was a rare defensive magical art, so he surely wouldn't overlook this spell.

The third was the ten miles of snowstorm. It could turn ten miles of land into a snowstorm. It was a very profound skill as it could change the weather. It also explained why the Snow Treading Art was remembered by the Ancient Chaos. Within the range which the battlefield had been turned into a snowfield, his ice elemental magical power would be inexhaustible and infinite for the time it took to burn an incense stick, as he could just replenish the energy from the snowstorm.

It was very difficult to cultivate this heaven defying art. More importantly, there wasn't a skill out of these three that was an attack skill. They were all just supporting skills.

Without any high-grade ice elemental magical arts to choose from, Ning Fan could only pick a lower level ice elemental skill to learn, the Ice Rain Technique.

The Ice Rain Technique was a Spirit Realm Magical Art. It turned magical power into an icy rain as sharp as thorns. It was suitable for dealing with a group of enemy. Casting a hundred drops of it is considered a small accomplishment, casting a thousand drops of it is regarded as a big accomplishment and casting nine thousand drops of it is considered perfection and casting any number above nine thousand drops of it is described as boundless and endless.

This art was a very common magical art in the world of cultivation. On Second thought, Ning Fan however felt that using a common ice elemental magical art would create better effects.

After being burnt by the Dragon Vortex, what would the enemy think if he saw Ning Fan casting a common ice elemental attack? the enemy would surely thought that Ning Fan had expended all of his magical power, and couldn't afford to cast a powerful ice elemental attack. Surely, the enemy would start being careless and neglectful, exposing more flaws to Ning Fan.

Therefore, the magical art that could make an enemy careless was far more important than a high-grade magical art.

There was an old saying in the cultivation world that those who swam well would drown and those who held an umbrella would get wet. Sometimes, using a high-grade magical attack would alert the enemy whereas using a lowly spell attack could make the enemy fall for the trick and get injured.

Many experts who had been very cautious in their life died not because of the strength of their enemies but their carelessness.

After using the Dragon Vortex Fire, he would use the Ice Rain Technique to make the enemy lower their guards.

"In that case, I would have to practice this magical art diligently to advance it to a high level along with the Dragon Vortex spell."

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A month later, Ning Fan stood up all of a sudden. His left eye was icy cold while his right eye was blazing hot.

He pointed with his right finger. A whirlpool of black fire was formed around the sword-testing rock.

For the First Revolution, the body of the rock trembled slightly.

For the Second Revolution, crumbs on the rock's body began to peel off.

For the Third Revolution, the body of the rock shook violently and cracks became visible. As the rock was surrounded by the whirlpool of fire, a black fire dragon leaped forward and snapped on the rock, multiplying the cracks on the surface.

But, this wasn't the end yet. He changed the spell pattern. The dragon fire vanished and a thousand icy droplets rained in the rocky cave.

The thousand drops of icy rain turned into thousand of icy spikes. Although its power could injure intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert, it was nothing significant to Gold Core experts.

When the icy rain landed on the sword-testing rock, a kaboom was heard all of a sudden from the rock before it crumbled to pieces.

The sword-testing rock that could withstand even the attack of a peak Gold Core expert was broken just like that.

The shockwave spread out from the rocky cave in Dual Cultivation Palace and towards the Dark Sparrow's Valley.

Every master was startled and left their houses to find out the source of the impact. After learning that it wasn't coming from an invasion, they heaved a sigh a relief, but their eyes were staring at the direction of Dual Cultivation Palace.

They were shocked to find out that the source of the impact was actually from the seclusion cave in Dual Cultivation Palace.

"What kind of magical art is Elder Ning experimenting inside the rocky cave? How could it be so powerful?"

In the white palace, Bai Feiteng who was condensing his cold Qi stood up abruptly and looked at the Dual Cultivation Palace in disbelief.

Others might not know what the source of the explosion was, but he knew really well about it.

“Not possible. Ning Fan has only gone into seclusion for four months. How could he destroy the sword-testing rock?”

Bai Feiteng’s face darkened. He had crumbled the sword-testing rock once, but that was the result after ten years of seclusion. Ning Fan on the other hand only took four months, which meant that he shouldn’t underestimate this youth anymore in their upcoming battle.

“Humph! No matter what, this old man will never lose to you, especially after I devour this fourth grade cold Qi.”

Bai Feiteng was staring at the chilling cauldron that was filled with purplish and warm cold Qi inside.

“This old man will never lose to the disciple of Han Yuanji! this old man will definitely win your supreme grade magical treasure.” Bai Feiteng revealed a ghastly smile.

Chapter 103 (1): Separation Slayer, Giant Sword!

On the fourth month, his magical art skyrocketed and finally, it broke the sword-testing rock.

On the fifth month, the inside of the rocky chamber was filled with scorching heat and White Bone sword shadows.

On the sixth month, the rocky chamber was silent, but stamps of feet rumbled from time to time, along with the wails of a vessel spirit.

Half a year was only a brief period. Gradually, the atmosphere in the rocky chamber quieted down. What was left was the random sound of fire burning inside and a vague sign of a godly weapon being produced.

He had successfully learned a few magical arts, sharpened his skills and gained a deeper understanding of the two sword Qi. As for his Body Refining Technique, he had mastered the Eighteen-Meter Body. But, what delighted him most was that he had achieved a small accomplishment in both the Falsifying Art and Defense Art.

In the rocky chamber, one of his hands was placed behind his back while the other stretched out a finger. Immediately, a stream of sword light shot out from it, turning into fire.

He made a stamp with one foot and it caused the entire rocky chamber to shake. Countless images of White Bone emerged from the ground. In between the spaces of the images drifted a vague bloodstring that was condensed out of killing intent.

After summoning back the two sword Qi, he revealed a faint smile as he finally comprehended the small realm of both sword intents. At this point, he no longer needed a sword to send out a sword Qi. All he needed was a finger and a stamp.

He regained his composure, closed his eyes, and touched his glabella. Immediately, silvery light enshrouded his body, and then gradually, his body grew to eighteen meters tall. He was now muscular, brawny and impressively big in size.

This was no doubt the Body Refining Technique that he had cultivated. Although this seemed insignificant compared to Mosha Emperor's thousand meter giant form, this was Ning Fan's first time cultivating a Body Refining Technique and the result was impressive. When he transformed into an eighteen meter giant, his physical defense was doubled and his strength was enhanced by thirty percent, which meant that he could easily kill any Harmonious Spirit opponent just by only using his brute force.

Once this technique was fully cultivated, it could be one of his trump cards when his magical strength was expended, because Body Refining Technique only consumed the strength of blood and Qi instead of magical strength.

He returned to his usual form and slowly let out a sigh. Shortly after he rested, his expression froze and his face started to morph at high speed.

Meng Chu, Xue Qing, Zhou Ming, Nanyang Zi, Yu Chi and Sinister Sparrow!

Anyone that Ning Fan had seen before, anyone who had a lower spirit sense realm than him had their faces being morphed on Ning Fan's face. The appearance looked similar to the original person and even their Qi was exactly the same.

This was the Falsifying Art. It allowed one to change their appearance or conceal oneself. No one except those who had a spirit sense realm higher than Ning Fan could see through his camouflage. Ning Fan's current spirit sense has already reached the half-step Nascent Soul realm. This meant that no one in Yue Country would be able to discern his disguise.

He morphed back to his original appearance and slowly closed his eyes. A surge of ethereal Qi gradually arose in his body.

Suddenly, he patted his storage pouch and took out a medium grade flying sword. He stretched out one finger and the flying sword shot outwards. After flying for nine meters, it changed direction all of a sudden, flying back towards Ning Fan's chest.

It was a medium grade flying sword! Ning Fan was going to be stabbed to death unless he activated the Eighteen Meter Body.

But the strange thing was that the sword stopped all of a sudden, as if it had hit an invisible barrier three feet away from Ning Fan.

In the void in front of him were ripples of wavy patterns that consisted of the Qi of spirit sense. Any expert who saw this would be shocked because the defense was made up entirely of spirit sense.

It is the Defense Art!

He kept his flying sword and smiled pleasantly. The biggest harvest in his seclusion was his accomplishment in these two divine arts.

Before his seclusion, he had never thought that the mystery of the Divine Art was beyond his expectation. To view it in the aspect of profundity, it might even be on par with the Yin Yang Transformation.

He had already cultivated the Falsifying Art after consuming the Spirit Refining Grass. At this point, any expert below the Nascent Soul realm wouldn't be able to see through his disguise and concealment.

As for the Defense Art, the prerequisite was to break five vessel spirit magical treasures. With this technique, he could defend himself against the deadly one-strike-kill of a Nascent Soul expert.

Of course, his cultivation in these two arts were still far from perfection. If he had completed the cultivation of the Falsifying Art, he would be able to conceal himself even from experts who had a higher spirit sense realm than him. Regarding the current level of his Defense Art, he could only use it once per day. If he used it the second time, it would deal a great damage to his spirit sense and if he used it for a third time, it would crush his sea of consciousness.

For the Divine Art to reach a higher realm, more Spirit Refining Grass and Vessel Spirit Magical Treasure were needed. Vessel Spirit could be traced and found in the Rain Immortal World, but the Spirit Refining Grass... Ning Fan found it hard to imagine that there would be another weirdo like Meng Chu who accidentally planted such kind of grass.

The result of six months of seclusion was satisfactory. Although his magical strength didn't improve during this period of time, he had cultivated various means and techniques.

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Chapter 103 (2): Separation Slayer, Giant Sword!

*Dan realm Grand Formation > Core realm Grand Formation

There seemed to be only one thing left to be done—refining the Separation Slayer.

He approached the furnace in the rocky chamber and drew out the earth fire. He spat out the Starlight Sword Shadow. It then turned into a bright crystal flying sword in his hand. He was studying it carefully as if he was trying to make a hard choice.

After a long period of time, he flicked the Cauldron Ring and retrieved a piece of jade-like rib bone.

Replacing the sword body wouldn't cause essential changes to the flying sword, but in order to prevent unexpected phenomenon from happening, he had spent certain amount of immortal jades to deploy a Core Realm Grand Formation to hide the scent of the treasure.

The current him was no longer a nestling cultivator. Thinking back how he spearheaded all those activities in Seven Apricot City, it reminded him how dangerous the situation was. Even though he had obtained the memory of an Immortal Emperor at that time, he was still a youth. He could only rely on Ancient Chaos' experience as his experience was limited.

Killings after killings had made him realize the truth of the cultivation world. He realized that it was neither as unpleasant as he imagined nor as perfect as the myth of the fictitious land of peace and happiness. This was where the complexity lay. The cultivation world consisted of love, conspiracy, hatred... which was no different than the mortal world. Any cultivator could be betrayed because of carelessness. So in order to avoid dying in vain, one had to be cautious at all times.

There was an old saying in the cultivation world: you never knew where the enemies were hiding while they're stalking you!

Ning Fan's sword sense could kill all opponents who were below early Gold Core realm, but it was still inferior to Bone Sovereign's Absolute Realm Divine Intent.

Comparing Ning Fan's Ancient Chaos' inheritance, the demonic girl in the Godly Void Pavilion had an even nobler inheritance—the inheritance of Godly Void and even the inheritance of innumerable Immortal Emperors and Fiendgods.

That was why some said there were greater experts beyond experts and Heavens beyond Heavens, and Ning Fan understood this pretty well.

Therefore, one had to be as cautious as possible at all times in order to survive this chaotic world.

Hundreds of thoughts were racing in his head, which faintly enhanced his state of mind. Slowly, he exhaled and placed the Separation Slayer into the furnace.

“There is a treasure refinement technique named Thousand Refinements in Ancient Chaos’ memory. When the raw material is refined a hundred times, it become steel. When it is refined a thousand times, it will turn into a treasure and when refined for ten thousand times, the treasure will be brought to life. So one has to at least refine it for a thousand times in order to create a magical treasure. To put a vessel spirit in a magical treasure, the treasure will need to be refined for at least ten thousand times... but in truth, a magical treasure with vessel spirit isn’t a good item. There is nothing absolute in this world. For instance, magical treasures similar to flying swords will become a better weapon with the vessel spirit whereas it is best to have no vessel spirits in heavy-duty swords.”

Ning Fan murmured. Most of the cultivators would use flying swords as their weapon as they could just point their fingers to attack, but in ancient times, Fiendgods used their giant physiques to fight.

When a cultivator had to hold the sword to hack and slash, it was categorized as a heavy-duty sword. The flying sword stressed on lightness whereas the heavy-duty sword emphasized on sweeping a thousand troops.

If the flying sword consisted of a soul, the cultivator could control it using their spirit sense with ease, making their strikes very accurate. However, when a heavy-duty sword was equipped with a soul, it would be hard for the cultivator to coordinate perfectly with the sword and no one could guarantee that there would be no rejection from the sword Qi during battle.

He had decided not to put a soul in the Separation Slayer as he was going to turn the sword into a heavy-duty sword.

But this didn’t mean that the flying form of the Separation Slayer would be destroyed. Although there wasn’t a significant feature in the Thousand Refinements, there was an astonishing mystery in this method—if the flying sword was reforged and smelted more than ten thousand times, it would be turned into a magical treasure with double purpose!

That was to say, Ning Fan could use the sword as a flying sword and a heavy-duty sword at his will.

Experts in Yue Country would be shocked when they heard about this, but in the Rain Immortal World, it was far from enough. The creation of a true magical treasure depended not only on its power, but also on its ability to transform.

It was said that the long-lost '36 changes of Heavenly Dipper' and '72 changes of Evil Spirits' in the ancient times of Fiendgods was a very profound transformation technique.

After removing all of his miscellaneous thoughts, Ning Fan began to control the earth fire to separate the steel body of the Separation Slayer. At the same time, by using his spirit sense, he used the fire to smelt Bone Sovereign's rib.

The rib of Bone Sovereign was similar to the bone of a Void Fragmentation expert. It had traces of soul and pride, and it was reluctant to become a raw material for a magical treasure. Therefore, it couldn't be melted despite the heat of the earth fire.

It was because of this trace of soul that allowed Bone Sovereign to use the Bone Seeking Technique to search for the whereabouts of the bone and identify Ning Fan's identity.

Although the soul could never be extracted from the bone, it could be erased from it.

Ning Fan's eyes glowed with a cold light. He spread his spirit sense out into the rib bone. With a violent and forceful scrape, the trace of soul was forced out of the bone. A white strand of Qi exited the bone and dissipated within the flames.

In this way, Bone Sovereign could no longer detect his lost rib regardless of how heaven defying his ability was.

After three days of leaving the rib in the fire, it finally melted and turned into liquid. Without wasting any more time, Ning Fan quickly exerted the fire using his spirit sense, forcing out the steel body from the Separation Slayer.

The rank of the Separation Slayer fell dramatically after that, and immediately, Ning Fan infused the liquid into the sword's body. The originally light and resplendent Separation Slayer began to undergo changes.

Three feet of starlight grew into seven feet long and one foot in breadth. Its bony body was snowy white, but it was no longer shiny. Heavy and stifling killing intent was radiated from it without restraint.

This was a huge heavy-duty sword . Its rank had been increased by more than a great realm, to the peak of medium grade.

“The Separation Slayer has been successfully refined into a heavy-duty sword!”

But this wasn't the end yet. While he was cooling off the body of the sword, Ning Fan flicked his sleeve to dry off the pond of water. Then, he patted his storage pouch and took out the Thunder Water he got from the Merit Hall.

It was the cold spring water used to refine immemorial Divine Weapons. Using this water would attach a trace of lightning into the weapon.

However, such water was extremely scarce. The ancient Fiendgods would always have a pond of Thunder Water before refining a Divine Weapon, but today, Ning Fan only had a bottle of it which was definitely not enough. As such, he had to increase the volume by diluting the Thunder Water.

With a flick of the Cauldron Ring, he poured the Cold Moon Spring he obtained from Hu Clan into the cooling pond, mixing with the Thunder Water.

The Cold Moon Spring was actually a famous cooling spring, but comparing it to the Thunder Water made it ordinary. As the cooling spring was ready, the last step would be to cool the sword's body.

With a pat on the furnace, the fire inside was extinguished and by using his spirit sense, the Separation Slayer was immediately drawn into the cooling pond, making the water boil.

As the Thunder Water continued to evaporate, traces of lightning separated from each other and entered into the large sword. Then, lines of obscure lighting began to emerge on the surface of the sword's body.

And now, the sword was done.

Ning Fan took the sword with one hand, but suddenly, his wrist was pulled downwards. The tip of the sword hit and entered three feet below the ground.

“It’s quite heavy! It has to be at least five thousand kilograms! The brute force of this sword alone is scary. If a Gold Core expert is careless, he will die under this sword.”

“Ha!”

Along with a loud shout, silvery light appeared around his body and his strength rose drastically. With a ‘ceng’ sound, the large sword was yanked out of the ground, and then it was swung violently at the ground.

After a sound of a ‘bang’, about three meters of the ground was removed and became as flat as a mirror. One should know that the ground was made of rock that could resist a full blow of an early Gold Core expert.

“A heavy-duty sword depends not on the sharpness of its edges but on the skill of the swordsman. But if the sword is also sharp, it will be matchless! This will be the closing ceremony of this seclusion... Time really flies. This has always been the life of a cultivator.”

By using his will, he turned the giant sword back into the Starlight Flying Sword and kept it into his body.

Then, he sat down cross-legged and adjusted the magical power in his body.

It seemed like he took more time than he expected. Anyway, it was only a few days of difference from the agreed day of bet and that shouldn’t be a problem to any cultivator.

Chapter 104 (1): Purple-Jade Sky Platform, Treasure Amassing Vase!

No one had any idea what Ning Fan was doing in the rocky chamber. As the date of the battle between Ning Fan and Bai Feiteng was approaching, many seniors began heading over to Sinister Sparrow Sect to watch such a rare match.

Thousands of feet in the air over the valley of Sinister Sparrow Sect was a suspended square purple-jade platform. Sinister Sparrow had spent a fortune building this platform for this coming duel.

It was similar to the purple-jade platform floating above the Heaven Separation Sect which reminded him of the day of Heaven Separation Sect's annihilation and Sinister Sparrow Sect becoming the number one evil sect in Yue Country.

With the Revered Bai and a powerful young Ning Fan in the sect, Sinister Sparrow Sect was at the height of its fame.

Streams of light penetrated the clouds and sky. There were the Harmonious Spirit old experts. Some of them who had richer resources went to Sinister Sparrow Sect by using immortal clouds. As for all the famous Gold Core old experts, they travelled with their magnificent voyage ship.

The experts who were responsible for the security of Sinister Sparrow Sect and welcoming the guests were the five hundred Hawk Guards. Each Hawk Guard was above the Sixth Level Vein Opening realm and had an indifferent face. By using their flying hawk demonic beast, they brought the Vein Opening guests to the Purple-Jade Sky Platform, one after another.

The commander of Hawk Guards was Hawk Yang. He was the one responsible for welcoming the guest with status.

Hawk Yang was a middle-aged man with a scarred face in black armor, riding on a 9 meter long silver divine hawk in the sky.

He would welcome any expert who flew their way to the sky platform, but the way he greeted them would largely depend on the guest's cultivation base.

As a late Harmonious Spirit elder in Sinister Sparrow Sect and the commander of the Hawk Guards, he naturally had his own pride and dignity.

When he greeted Harmonious Spirit experts, he would only exchange a few pleasantries with them. He would smile if he was greeting Gold Core experts. As for those top ten figures in Yue Country and some very honorable figures with old ancestor level, he would show extra respect to them.

"Commander Hawk Yang, nice to meet you. I'm an elder of the Purple Light Sect, Song Xing."

“Ah, nice to meet you too, Elder Song Xing...” Hawk Yang’s facial expression remained indifferent because Song Xing was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit elder.

“This old man’s name is Qing Chengzi, a rogue cultivator. Greet Commander Hawk Yang.”

“Ah! It’s fellow Qing Cheng. Come, follow me!” Hawk Yang’s tone had become soothing. Despite the fact that Qing Cheng was only a rogue cultivator, he was an early Gold Core old expert that Hawk Yang couldn’t help but respect.

“I’m Lady Yun Hua. I have come here to attend the grand ceremony of Sinister Sparrow Sect.”

“Ahem, I had never expected that Lady would come to watch the battle too. Forgive me for not knowing who you are!” Hawk Yang’s eyes perked up and scanned Lady Yun Hua’s body from top to bottom before gulping a mouthful of saliva.

Lady Yun Hua was known as the most beautiful woman in Yue Country. Although she was only a late Harmonious Spirit expert, there were only very few male cultivators who could stay as apathetic as a stone in front of her. Her husband was the well-known old ancestor of Fire Cloud Sect in Yue Country. It was common tradition in the cultivation world that an old ancestor would have a beautiful match.

The only thing that puzzled Hawk Yang was that why did the highly respected Lady Yun Hua would make the trip to a place like Sinister Sparrow Sect. Anyone knew that Fire Cloud Ancestor was a very narrow-minded man. He would never allow any men to even peep at his wife, let alone letting her leave Fire Cloud Sect.

Now that Lady Yun Hua had come, it had to be the order of Fire Cloud Ancestor. He must have given her an important task for her to accomplish, a task that not even the higher ups of Fire Cloud Sect knew.

Bah! Why do I care so much about other people’s business? If I get involved in any unnecessary trouble, the repercussion will be unimaginable.

When Hawk Yang thought of Fire Cloud Ancestor’s scariness, his body shivered and he immediately shifted his gaze off Lady Yun Hua.

The agreed battle was delayed by half a month, but the guests were happy to wait as 15 days didn't mean much to them. It wasn't even enough for any of them to have a short seclusion.

Naturally, the old experts wouldn't forget exchanging their views on cultivation. Perhaps, this was the simple reason that so many old experts had come to this grand ceremony.

"But this time, the number of experts are unusually plenty."

Hawk Yang shook his head and sighed. Immediately after that, an ethereal silhouette emerged in the sky and spoke indifferently.

"That is of course! Naturally, these experts have come to support me!"

The voice sounded out of nowhere, sending chills down Hawk Yang's back. Quickly, he spun. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the man. In the world of cultivation, it was extremely dangerous to be attacked from behind, even if one was in his own territory.

"Hawk Yang greets Revered Bai!"

Hawk Yang's eyes revealed a trace of fire as he looked at Bai Feiteng. Revered Bai had advanced again, but he couldn't detect what level it was. He was afraid that Revered Bai had already reached the bottleneck of the late Gold Core realm.

"No formalities are needed...Has Ning Fan already arrived?" Bai Feiteng squinted his eyes and spoke in an elderly tone.

"No, Elder Ning isn't...he's still in seclusion..."

"Humph! How disrespectful! How could he let a senior wait for him?"

Bai Feiteng frowned with discontentment.

He deliberately delayed coming out of his seclusion by half-a-month so that Ning Fan would have to wait for him. This could also help Ning Fan mold his patience, but unexpectedly, Ning Fan was even more late than him.

“Yes-yes-yes. That Elder Ning sure is rude for letting Revered Bai wait.” Hawk Yang replied hastily with a smile.

Naturally, he had to say whatever the situation required him to say, but as soon as these words were heard, he could feel a sense of danger even stronger than Revered Bai coming from behind.

For an instant, not only Hawk Yang, but Bai Feiteng too showed a pair of astonished eyes, because not even Bai Feiteng had sensed the movement of this man. They were totally clueless how and when this man emerged!

Chapter 104 (2): Purple-Jade Sky Platform, Treasure Amassing Vase!

Revered White > Revered Bai

“Oh? It seems like the commander of the Hawk Guards has lots to complain about Ning Fan...”

A youth in white clothing and a black cloak appeared behind Hawk Yang without warning.

Even though there was a vague smile on his face, his eyes made Hawk Yang’s mind shiver, as though he would kill Hawk Yang straightaway if he detected any more negative thoughts in Hawk Yang’s mind.

“Elder... Elder Ning, it’s Hawk Yang’s fault! Hawk Yang begs for forgiveness!”

Hawk Yang was scared, he was truly scared. This was his first time getting this close to Ning Fan. He now only realized how terrifying Ning Fan was.

He began to understand that Ning Fan's reputation wasn't groundless. It was established by his true strength and power.

"Hehe, the blame is not on you, Commander Hawk Yang. So, you don't have to panic... Senior 'White', judging from your condition, it seems like you have just come out from seclusion as well and your magical strength hasn't recovered to its peak yet. You may need a few more days to adjust your Qi. Anyway, this junior will head over to the Purple-Jade Sky Platform first. I will await for your arrival. Also, I like your name 'Revered' very much."

Ning Fan slightly cupped his fists and flew away from the scene. Bai Feiteng's facial expression darkened right away.

There was no way that he couldn't detect the sarcasm in Ning Fan's words. Sarcastically, Ning Fan implied that Bai Feiteng was being disrespectful by badmouthing Ning Fan behind his back.

"Humph! You only have this time to show your arrogance. During the battle, this old man will make you understand the repercussion of offending me!" said Bai Feiteng with hate.

As Ning Fan emerged on the entrance, the indolent Lady Yun Hua who was conversing with someone else suddenly twitched her eyebrow and was slightly astonished.

This kid isn't exactly as what husband had said. Despite that, I will still have to complete my task.

...

"The bet is on, the bet is on, place your bet now."

On the Purple-Jade Sky Platform was a beggar-like youth announcing the starting of the bet openly.

On the boundary of the platform, plenty of cultivators had set up stalls as they had nothing to do, to exchange magical treasures and pills that they didn't need for other cultivator's items.

Therefore, this beggar's gambling stall was the first to emerge.

The young beggar had a head of messy hair, like weeds. His clothes were ragged and dirty, but he had a good-looking face with untidy beard and good masculinity.

When the word 'bet' was heard, numerous bored cultivators gathered around, curious to find out what the beggar was offering.

"The bet is on, the bet is on. My fellow friends, quickly take out your immortal jade and place your bet, it might be able to bring you unimaginable fortune." The beggar raised his voice as if he feared that some might not hear it. Immediately, a few old experts revealed a look of unpleasantness.

"What's this kid's cultivation base? How dare he gain his fame by shouting out exaggerated statements?" A late Harmonious Spirit old expert snapped.

"Early Harmonious Spirit expert? Should I finish him off straightaway?" Another intermediate Harmonious Spirit devil cultivator suggested.

"Forget it, this is the territory of Sinister Sparrow. There's no need to stir up trouble."

The young beggar didn't seem to care and know how much trouble his loud voice had created.

Because of this, it had stirred up plenty of cultivators' gambling appetite. This had also given them the chance to experience the entertainment that only existed in the Mortal World.

"Hehe, this fellow friend, since you have opened a stall for gambling, I wonder what the things we can bet on are and how do we do that?" Numerous old experts asked with a smile.

"Oh, haha! I have forgotten about that...today, I, 'Shu Buyun', have opened a gambling stall to gamble on the hottest incident. We'll gamble on the battle between Revered...En...Revered Bai and Ning Fan, what do you say!"

Hiss!

Every old expert's facial expression changed. They couldn't believe how this early Harmonious Spirit beggar that came from nowhere got the nerve to gamble on the battle between Ning Fan and Revered Bai.

Putting aside the odds of the bets, gambling on either of these two would probably offend some experts.

Anyway, they would like to hear about the odds first.

Each and every old expert stretched their head to listen to what the beggar had to say, but after the last sentence he spoke, he kept his silence and started humming.

"*cough* *cough* *cough*, fellow friend, you haven't told us about the odds and how we can place our bets yet." One of the old experts reminded.

"Oh! I forgot again...my apologies. I don't have a very good memory. By the way, what are we betting on? I can't remember it..."

"Didn't you say that we will gamble on the battle between Revered Bai and Elder Ning?" An old expert said with annoyance."

"Ah! So that's what it is. Apologize for that...how about this, I will write the gambling options and odds on a board so that I won't forget it again."

The beggar patted his storage pouch and took out an old wooden cardboard. On top of the cardboard was filled with various wagers, as though he had opened the gambling stall in other places as well.

With magical force, two of his fingers scraped away the words written on the surface like a blade. Then, he took out an ink brush, slightly drenched it with his saliva and started writing on the wooden cardboard.

“*Hiss!* This wooden cardboard, is...is the Ten-Thousand-Years-Heavenly Nan Wood!”

“What! It is the God Wielding Brush that can write even without dipping it in ink. Rumor has it that only those in the Rain Palace possess this kind of tool. Who is this beggar? Could he be one of the Divine Guards of Rain Palace?”

As the beggar moved the God Wielding Brush, a crooked handwriting started appearing on the board.

Ning Fan wins, odds of one to one,

Ning Fan draws, odds of one to a hundred,

Ning Fan loses, odds of one to a thousand.

After writing down a few lines of words, the beggar nodded, seemingly very satisfied with it, leaving the other old experts on their own.

So he forgot once more, forgetting that he was setting the gambling odds and instructions.

The old experts however sucked in a breath of cold air when they saw the betting odds.

Hiss!

If this stall owner wasn't a madman, why would he set such betting odds?

If they bet on Ning Fan to win the match, they would only get one immortal jade if they bet a single immortal jade.

If they bet on Ning Fan to draw in the match, one immortal jade would give them a hundred immortal jade.

If they bet on Ning Fan to lose the battle, one immortal jade would reward them a thousand immortal jade.

Clearly, this wasn't a gamble, this was giving away fortune to the public! After all, everyone was convinced that Ning Fan would be defeated and only a tiny possibility that Ning Fan would draw. In any case, Bai Feiteng was one of the old experts that could shake the entire Yue Country. There was no way that he would lose to a youth unless he had grown tired of living!

As such, if they bet on Ning Fan to lose on the match, they would only gain profits!

If they gambled on Ning Fan drawing in the match, even if the result didn't turn out as expected, they would only lose one immortal jade at most. However, if Ning Fan's abilities were overly heaven defying and was able to reach a draw, or if Revered Bai cared too much about his identity and was reluctant to win the match, allowing Ning Fan to reach a draw, they would still be able to earn a handsome amount of profit.

As for the last betting option - gambling on Ning Fan to win the match...none of the old experts thought that this was possible. Furthermore, even if this happened, one immortal jade could only be exchanged for one immortal jade. If the result wasn't as what they gambled on, they would lose everything. This was the bet with the lowest chance of winning. Only brainless people would waste their fortune betting on Ning Fan to win.

"This old man will bet that Ning Fan would lose on this match - one thousand immortal jades! But this old man has a question...if this old man wins, this old man is going to get a million immortal jades, the question is do you have it?!"

The old expert sounded very plain, but his question had aroused every other experts' notice.

Whether the bet would offend someone or not, the burden would be put on the owner of the gambling stall. Since there was a chance for them to gain more profits, they naturally wouldn't let it slip away.

This was virtually a 100% return bet and they could gain a thousand times of their original capital. No old expert would ever miss such a good opportunity. Some of them who was unhappy with the beggar changed their mind and wanted to place their bets as well.

But the thing was that, the odds was a thousand times of the capital. How could this beggar possibly had this much immortal jades?

When the beggar heard the question, he stopped admiring his own handwriting and turned to them with an astonished look.

“Ai ya! I forgot that I was opening a gambling stall, my apologies...you asked me if I have enough fortune to repay you all? This must be a joke. Take a good look at my attire! Do I look like a person without fortune?!”

He raised his voice drastically, which made it somewhat unpleasant to hear, while each and every old expert revealed disdainful looks.

Judging from how the beggar was dressed up, he obviously didn't have this much fortune.

If it wasn't because of the beggar's Ten-Thousand-Years-Heavenly Nan Wood and God Wielding Brush, neither of the old experts would waste time with this beggar.

The beggar seemed extremely discontented upon seeing everyone's disdainful look. He frowned, patted his storage pouch and took out a shabby tile vase in which there were ten pieces of immortal jades.

“This is the fortune that I have. So, do you think it's still not enough to open a gambling stall! I will use all these immortal jades to place my bets!”

“Ten immortal jades? Are you toying with us?!” Every old expert showed an unpleasant face. There was no way that he could gamble with only ten immortal jades.

“Are you all blind? These are ten pieces of immortal jades!” The beggar revealed a frustrated expression.

“Yes, there are only ten pieces of immortal jades, there is no more than ten pieces of them!”

“Bah! Bullsheat! No matter how poor I am, I won’t have only ten pieces of immortal jades! Treasure Amassing Vase, pour them out!”

The beggar’s face changed to anger. With a touch of his finger on the vase, the vase was overturned. Within the ten immortal jades was another ten immortal jades...another ten and another ten...In an instant, the ground was piled up with immortal jades. There were now a thousand of them!

“Who said that I don’t have the fortune to open a gambling stall? I can crush you to death with just my fortune!” The beggar shouted, astounding every old expert on the scene.

“The Treasure Amassing Vase was an Immortal Treasure of Rain Palace! Who is this man? How did he get such an item?!”

Chapter 105 (1): My Bet Is...Ning Fan Wins

According to the legend, the Treasure Amassing Vase was in the possession of the god sovereign in Rain Immortal World. It was also known as the wealth of the world. They were afraid that this vase was the legendary Treasure Amassing Vase... No, it had to be the real Treasure Amassing Vase! It would pour out ten immortal jades forever. If the possessor had leisure time, he could let the vase continue pouring immortal jades for years until it reached millions of immortal jades.

So obviously, this person wasn’t a beggar, but a tycoon and also a highly revered figure in Rain Palace. Despite all that, he had a very low cultivation and poor memory.

“Very well, since fellow Shu Buyun possesses the Treasure Amassing Vase, it’s sufficient for him to open a gambling stall. This old man will gamble one thousand immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated! And another hundred immortal jades on draw.”

“This old man will gamble 3000 immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated and 1000 on draw!”

“Old man will gamble 5000 immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated and 1000 on draw!”

Each old expert placed two bets - one was betting on Ning Fan to lose the match and the other was to draw. Naturally, this was a prudent step on their part although none of them thought that Ning Fan would have the strength to draw with Revered Bai.

This was because no one could really tell about the 'result'. What if Revered Bai was kind enough to end the match with a draw? In that case, even if they lost, they would still gain from the other bet, which meant that they would make profits no matter what!

This beggar named Shu Buyun must have too much money and wanted to give them away to people. Ai, he was truly a good man. Anyway, with the Treasure Amassing Vase, his fortune was limitless. Perhaps by giving away some of his fortune allowed him to achieve enlightenment and break through to the intermediate Harmonious Spirit realm.

This man must have a very solid background. Even though he has a low cultivation base, he could never be offended because the Void Fragmentation experts in Rain Palace could raze Yue Country to the ground at any time.

.....

No one gambled on Ning Fan to win. Even those who repeatedly declared that they would support Ning Fan were tempted to bet that Ning Fan would lose.

The gambling stall of the beggar spread instantaneously throughout Sinister Sparrow Sect. No one would refuse when there was a chance of making profits.

After hearing that the beggar was a Divine Guard of Rain Palace, every one of them gave up the intention of murdering this beggar and steal away his fortune, even though the beggar was merely a Harmonious Spirit expert.

The only thing that annoyed them was the beggar's poor memory. Whenever they placed a bet, they had to get a receipt to avoid the beggar denying their claims later on.

Furthermore, there were ten old experts who were taking turns to watch the beggar, in case he ran away with all the immortal jades. Although the beggar was a member of Rain Palace, the bottom line was that he shouldn't refuse to pay when others won in their bets.

When the word was spread to Bai Feiteng's ears, his facial expression seemed conceited.

Innumerable old experts had bet Ning Fan to lose and none of them bet that Ning Fan would win. Undeniably, this was something good!

"This old man will gamble 10000 immortal jades on me winning the match!" He would be a fool if he failed to see the benefits behind this. He took out all of his fortune and placed a huge bet, ignoring the odds of a match resulting in a draw. This was his confidence in himself. He was confident that he would win.

If he won, he would be paid 10 million immortal jades! Such tremendous amount of fortune could shake even the composure of a Void Fragmentation expert.

That would certainly be a windfall of profits, but he didn't expect the beggar to pour out 10 million immortal jades, because no one knew how many years it would take for the beggar's vase to amass 10 million as the vase could only produce 10 immortal jades every time. He had already decided to only ask for 100 000 immortal jades from the beggar after the match. He would consider this as an act of kindness to Rain Palace. Besides, if he got too many immortal jades, he would be targeted by Nascent Soul experts of the other counties, bringing disaster upon himself. It wasn't worth to bear such a risk just to get the 10 million worth of fortune.

As a matter of fact, most of the old experts had the same thinking as Bai Feiteng. This had always been their approach in life - never be too ruthless in someone else's businesses.

Gradually, almost all of the cultivators on the jade platform had either bet on Ning Fan to lose or a draw. The beggar's eyes were full of boredom and disdain as he looked at those gamblers.

Thanks to Ning Fan, I'm going to profit from this.

He couldn't help but feel delighted for discovering a way to make tons of profits.

Everyone in the world was conceited and foolish, but he was able to tell how Ning Fan had concealed his abilities at the first glance.

He liked this kind of gambling. There was a huge disparity between the two combatants and this would become his best chance to earn a profit. Also, this was a chance for him to observe Ning Fan.

“Could this man be the one that Big Brother has been looking for?” There was a flash of brilliance in his eyes.

Just as this moment, a girl in blue walked forth to place her bet. Immediately, the beggar turned back with a face of a rascal man.

“What are you betting on?”

...

Chapter 105 (2): My Bet Is...Ning Fan Wins

“10 000 immortal jades that Ning Fan wins!” The blue-clad girl said resolutely.

The beggar studied the girl and found out that she was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert. She shouldn't be able to see through the abilities of Ning Fan. Perhaps, she had placed this bet because of another reason - wanting to regain Ning Fan's reputation despite knowing that she would lose the gamble.

It was after all unpleasant to hear when everyone gambled on Ning Fan to lose.

“Do you have 10 000 immortal jades?” The beggar chuckled.

“Of course I have! Dad, lend me your storage pouch for a second!”

The blue-clad girl pulled Sinister Sparrow to the front of the stall by his sleeve. While Sinister Sparrow was forcing a bitter smile, his treasured 10 000 immortal jades were taken away.

“Mei Er, although daddy is the sect master of Sinister Sparrow Sect, daddy shouldn’t waste fortune in such a way.”

“Dad! How could you watch every one of them betting on Ning Fan to lose? How could you!” Lan Mei stared at the beggar with hatred.

The beggar was hateful. She couldn’t accept how he humiliated her hubby. If it wasn’t because of his relationship with the Rain Palace, she would’ve taught him some good lesson.

“Very well, place the bet then.”

Sinister Sparrow decided as he recalled the day when Ning Fan killed Wang Yao.

Although Bai Feiteng had already devoured the fourth grade Cold Qi, that didn’t mean Ning Fan didn’t have a chance of winning.

“You’re so kind dad!” As Lan Mei was placing her bet, another delicate and slightly angry voice sounded next to her.

“I-I-I, I will bet on Brother Fang winning this match! I-I’ll bet 100 000 immortal jades. Sisi, take out the money!”

Zhihe glared at the beggar like she was glaring at her sworn-enemy.

Lan Mei immediately turned and a trace of sourness flashed in her eyes. Naturally, she knew who this girl was.

She found it hard to believe when she noticed that Zhi He's cultivation base was already at the early Harmonious Spirit realm.

Secretly, she had investigated the exact details of Seven Apricot City, and she later found out that Zhihe had cultivated for less than a year or had never even really cultivated before. Although she didn't have any evil intention towards Zhihe now, her heart was full of sourness.

Then, she saw another lady in white standing beside Zhihe. This lady's cultivation base was undetectable and her looks surely wasn't any less beautiful than Lan Mei.

Sisi...This lady should also be one of Ning Fan's cauldrons.

Zhihe has already reached the Harmonious Spirit realm...Sisi is already a Gold Core expert... Ning Fan does have a very good eyesight...but, they have placed 100 000 immortal jades! I can't lose to them! I have to increase my stake!

"Dad, I also want to place 100 000 immortal jades!" said Lan Mei firmly.

"*cough* *cough* *cough* Dad doesn't have any more money."

"Give me, give me everything you got!"

While Sinister Sparrow was showing an expression of helplessness, his daughter took all of his storage pouches.

This time, it was the beggar who was showing an expression of awkwardness.

Will I lose my profits this time...? Ning Fan will definitely win. But if these girls won 200 000 immortal jades from my hands, I can only profit a hundred thousand plus. Ai, I'm always known as the person who never loses. Could it be that I'm going to lose the gamble in Sinister Sparrow Sect? No-no-no, I will not be this unlucky. I, Yun Bushu, will never lose!

In his eyes was a trace of heroic spirit that disdained the whole world. He would never admit defeat even if he was confronting Moksha Emperor. While he was still lost in his contemplation, a cold voice flowed into his ears, giving him the impulse to cough up blood.

“Disciple of Sinister Sparrow Sect, Bai Lu will gamble on Ning Fan winning the match. 10 000 immortal jades will be my stake.”

Bai Lu had been hesitating for a while before deciding to come here.

“You have some, Sister Bai Lu. So it’s true that you and Ning Fan.....” Lan Mei smiled deeply.

“Bah! There’s nothing between me and him. It’s just that, since he will win the match, why not I use him to gain some profits for myself? Besides, this pool of money is from all of the sisters in Dual Cultivation Palace. Who doesn’t want to win if there’s a good chance of winning it?”

Bai Lu’s expression was cold and plain, but her eyes were filled with a strand of worry, as if she didn’t think that Ning Fan would win, but there was a dilemma here - she was clueless about whether she was worrying for her money or Ning Fan.

Lan Mei still wasn’t done with Bai Lu yet, but the next moment, another soft and delicate voice was heard. It made the beggar wanted to cry.

“I’m Lady Yun Hua. I’m betting on fellow Ning Fan winning with 100 000 stake!”

When this remark was heard, it caused a commotion in the sky platform. All four of them, Zhihe, Lan Mei, Si Wuxie and Bai Lu’s eyes turned hostile, glaring at the buxom woman.

What relationship does this lady had with Ning Fan? Could it be, could it be...?

The other old experts seemed puzzled.

Could it be that the Fire Cloud Sect was more willing to befriend Ning Fan than Revered Bai? Could the reason be Ning Fan was related to the Black Devil Ning of Ning City? Was this a way for him to please Black Devil Ning?

Or was it because the Fire Cloud Sect was the first one who got the Nascent Forming Pill from Black Devil Ning, so Fire Cloud Sect was trying to show their appreciation?