

Grasping 86

Chapter 86 (1):

Late at night, Ning Fan was sitting cross-legged in his room while putting a Spirit Refining Grass into his mouth.

The grass had magical introspective effect. It could be used to cultivate Falsifying Art Chant. If this grass was consumed daily, it could improve the comprehension ability of the cultivator.

The ability to comprehend was a very profound ability. In the beginning of the cultivation path, pills were used to pave the way. As the cultivation goes higher, going into seclusion to acquire enlightenment had become the crucial part of cultivation.

If one could comprehend it, one was enlightened. If one failed to grasp it, one wouldn't be able to advance further regardless of how much time and effort were expended and how many pills were consumed.

Cultivators were just like ants. Only very few of them could succeed and had the strength to compete in the Heavens and Earth.

As the leaf of Spirit Refining Grass entered his mouth, he closed his eyes and allowed it to melt.

Gradually, a trace of cooling sensation drifted past his sea of consciousness. At this moment, his memory became so clear that he could even remember the time when he was merely three years old, when he was adopted by Ning Family and turned into a servant. However, his memory before three years old was blank, as though it had been erased by someone.

He felt a little surprised, but he knew that most of the children adopted by Ning Family would have their memories erased so that they would remain loyal to the family. This was the tradition in the Cultivation World.

As his sea of consciousness got cooler, his senses grew sharper.

His spirit sense began to spread out across the night sky.

The maximum coverage of his spirit sense was 500 miles, but after consuming the Spirit Refining Grass, his spirit sense turned into a trace of something and drifted further and further.

It continued to a thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand and then a million miles!

He had no idea that he had done a very dangerous thing—the Spirit Sense Line which condensed a strand of unnoticeable line had a wide coverage and allowed one to reach zillions of miles.

This technique was a long lost divine ability of the ancient Fiendgods called Myriad Miles Wander. Any expert who wished to cultivate the early-stage of this technique must be at least an Immortal. Ning Fan, on the other hand, had unintentionally casted it.

In the boundless void, he could vaguely feel the energy of his spirit sense getting thinner as it pierced through the nine million feet high sky, out of the barrier of the Rain Immortal World and into the starry sky.

Every star was brilliantly bright and it seemed like there were jade palaces built on these extremely far away places. No other experts would be able to see it as clearly as Ning Fan did.

Above the starry sky was the world which every cultivator longed to go—the Four Heavens Immortal World.

His spirit sense was stretched to its limit, and he was able to observe the star nearest to him.

This one star consisted of thousands of countries and every country was a lot larger than Yue Country.

“The Star of Immortal Cave!” A name popped up from the memory of Great Emperor Ancient Chaos.

There were experts flying back and forth in the void. The Qi of every one of them was terrifying and most of them was above Void Fragmentation.

Suddenly, there was a cold voice of an old man that came from the star when he sensed Ning Fan's intrusion.

"Humph! Why is there a junior who dares to use the divine ability—Myriad Miles Wander—to spy on my Black Martial Star? Eh? You aren't from the Void World and you don't have an Immortal essence."

Although it was merely a light voice, it still crumbled Ning Fan's spirit sense. Moreover, the cultivation base of this expert was beyond Ning Fan's comprehension.

Immediately, Ning Fan opened his eyes but his spirit sense was still left in the star that was billions of miles away.

Not good! This is the divine ability of Immemorial Gods, it isn't under my control. I can't get my spirit sense back!

His face sank. He couldn't believe that he would stray into the Void World after consuming the Spirit Refining Grass. Was he going to lose his peak Gold Core spirit sense just like that?

As Ning Fan was gritting his teeth, the old man in the Black Martial Star seemed to notice something and let out a smile.

"Interesting, so you are a cultivator from the world below. Hehe, you're just a Harmonious Spirit expert but you can already use the Myriad Miles Wander. That means you have extraordinary comprehension ability. En, I can also sense the smell of Spirit Refining Grass from your spirit sense. You must have a great fortune to acquire this grass. What surprises me even more was that you have already condensed the sea of swords. Now, it seems like you have encountered some problems. Alright, I'll lend you a hand to form a karma with you."

The elder released his spirit sense along with Ning Fan's, and as fine as hair spirit sense went back into the ocean of stars.

This was the first time that Ning Fan felt so tiny before the spirit sense of this elder.

That kind of power wasn't comparable to the Bone or Moksha Emperor. There was only one feeling that he sensed—the elder's spirit sense was like the bottomless ocean, whereas his own spirit sense was just like a puny mayfly above the ocean.