

Reverend Insanity

Chapter 2: Going back in time with 500 years of knowledge

Chapter 2 – Going back in time with 500 years of knowledge

It is said in legend that a river of time exists in this world. It supports the world's time flow and circulation. And by using the Spring Autumn Cicada's power, one can travel back upstream and return to the past.

There is much conflicting opinion on this mythical tale. Many do not believe in it, and some are skeptical to the truth.

Few people actually dare to believe it.

Because every time one uses the Spring Autumn Cicada one must pay with his life, letting his entire body and cultivation be the driving force to use its power.

Such a price is just too expensive, and the thing that people just cannot accept is the fact that after paying with your life, you don't even know what the outcome is.

So even if someone has the Spring Autumn Cicada, they would not dare use it so indiscriminately. What if the rumors were fake, and it was just a scam?

If Fang Yuan were not cornered into such a state, he would also not use it so hurriedly. But now, Fang Yuan is thoroughly convinced. Because the reality of the truth has been laid before his eyes and there was no denying it. He has really been reborn!

"It's just a pity... From the start I had wasted an absurd amount of effort, killing hundreds of thousands of people, making even the heavens furious and inciting people's vengeance, went through suffering and multiple hardships to finally attain and refine this good *Gu*..." Fang Yuan thought with a sigh. Even though he had been reborn, the Spring Autumn Cicada did not come with him.

Humans are the greatest among thousands of creatures, *Gu* are the essence of heaven and earth.

Gu comes in thousands of shapes and sizes of strange and mysterious variety – there are too many to count. Some *Gu* after being used once or even twice or thrice will

completely dissipate. And some Gu can be reused again and again as long as it is not used over its limits.

That said, it is probable that the Spring Autumn Cicada is one of those types that can only be used once before disappearing for good.

“But even if its gone, I can still refine another. I have done it in my previous life, why can’t I do it in this life?” After the thoughts of pity were put aside, Fang Yuan’s heart burst forth ambitious and determined feelings.

To be able to be reborn, this fact made the loss of the Spring Autumn Cicada entirely acceptable.

Not to mention he had something precious with him, so its not like he lost everything.

This precious treasure was his 500 years worth of memories and experience.

In his memories are a multitude of all kinds of treasures and precious items that no one has opened yet in this time. All the big events and incidents he can easily grasp by the veins of history. There are a countless number of figures: some are predecessors of hidden levels; some are geniuses, some people not even born yet. Also in these 500 years of life are memories of painstaking cultivation and rich combat experience.

With all these memories and experiences, he had undeniably grasped the overall situation and upcoming opportunities. With good planning and execution, he could empower the situation with great fierceness and elegance. It was not a problem now that he could take a step ahead of others, breaking the higher boundaries!

“So how do I go about this hmmm...” Fang Yuan was incredibly sensible. He collected himself together and faced the night rain outside the window, pondering. With this thought, things started to feel complicated. After thinking for a moment, his brows wrinkled deeper.

500 years of time was a rather long period. Don’t mention those long muddled memories that cannot be recalled, even remembering the hidden locations of treasures or special encounters of people were a lot, but the main issue was that the locations were separated among a long distance and had to be accessed or visited at certain periods of time.

“The most important thing is cultivation. The me right now has not even opened my Primeval Sea, hasn’t stepped on the path to be a Gu Master. I’m just a mortal! I have to hurry and cultivate, catching up to history and seize the opportunities with the best advantage.”

Not to forget, many of these hidden locations of treasures were useless without proper foundation. Instead it would just be walking into a wolf's den, looking for death.

The problem in front of Fang Yuan right now was cultivation.

He had to increase the level of his foundation as fast as possible. If he were slow like his previous life, he would just be too late.

"To cultivate as fast as possible, I would have to borrow the resources from the clan. With the state I am right now, I have no power or ability to travel back and forth across the dangerous mountains. Even an ordinary mountain boar can take my life. If I can reach the cultivation of a Third level Gu Master, I'd have the means to protect myself and leave the mountain."

Through the eyes of a 500 year old person who has cultivated in the Demonic Way, Qing Mao Mountain was just way too small, Gu Yue Village even feels like a cage.

But while the cage restricted freedom, the sturdy bars of the cage also brought about a certain kind of safety.

"Hmm, in this short period of time I'll just stay in this cage. As long as I can reach Third level Gu Master, I can leave this poor mountain. Luckily tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, I'll be able to start training as a Gu Master soon after."

When he thought about the Awakening Ceremony, old memories that had long been buried away in his heart resurfaced themselves.

"Talent huh..." He sneered, his gaze focused out the window.

At this moment, the door to his room was lightly pushed open and a young teenager walked in.

"Big brother, why are you standing in the rain by the window side ?"

The youth was thin, slightly shorter than Fang Yuan. His face resembled Fang Yuan's features greatly. As Fang Yuan turned his head to look at this young man, a complicated look flickered across his face.

"It's you huh, my twin little brother." He raised his eyebrows, his expression returning to that of cold indifference. Fang Zheng lowered his head and looked at his own toes; this is his signature stance.

"I saw that big brother's window was not shut closed, so I thought I'd come in here and close it. Tomorrow is the Awakening Ceremony, it's so late and you haven't gone to bed yet big brother. If Uncle and Aunt knew, they would probably be worried."

Fang Zheng was not surprised at Fang Yuan's coldness. Ever since he was a small child, his older brother had always been like that. Sometimes he would wonder, maybe a genius is just like this, being rather different from ordinary people. Even though he had the same look as his older brother, he felt that he was ordinary like an ant.

They were born from the same womb at the same time, and yet why are the heavens so unfair? His older brother had been endowed with gleaming talent, while he himself was as ordinary as a stone.

Everyone around him would say, "This is Fang Yuan's little brother-" when they mentioned him. His aunt and uncle would constantly tell him to learn from his older brother. Even when he looked into the mirror sometimes, he would feel disgusted as he saw his own face!

These thoughts had been ongoing for many years, accumulating day and night deeply into his heart. Like a giant stone pressing against his heart, these few years Fang Zheng's head lowered more and more, and he also grew quieter.

"Worried..." At the thought of his aunt and uncle, Fang Yuan laughed silently. He could still remember clearly how the parents of this world had both lost their lives in one of the clan missions. When he was only 3 years old, he and his little brother became orphans.

In the name of upbringing, his aunt and uncle grabbed hold of the inheritance left behind by his parents while inflicting harsh treatment against his younger brother and himself.

He originally planned to just be a normal person, even planning to conceal his abilities and bide his time. However his life was difficult, making Fang Yuan have no choice but to choose to expose some of his talents.

The so-called talent is merely but a mature and intellect soul that carried a few of Earth's popular ancient poems.

With this he managed to startle people and capture attention. Because of pressure from the outside world, the young Fang Yuan made a decision to keep a cold indifferent expression to protect himself, reducing the possibility of revealing any secrets. Over time the coldness would become a habit that he was accustomed to expressing.

Thus his aunt and uncle were no longer harsh on him and his younger brother. As the years passed and they got older, the future became more optimistic and better treatment increased. This was not love, but a type of investment.

It's hilarious how his little brother never saw this truth,; not only was he deceived by their aunt and uncle, he also started burying resentments inside. Although he looked like a good-natured and honest boy now, in Fang Yuan's memories when his brother was found out to be an A grade talent the clan spent much effort in raising him with all they had. After that all the buried resentment and jealous and hate inside was released, and many a time Fang Zheng would target, suppress and make life difficult for his own older brother.

As for his own grade, it was only C grade talent.

Fate loved to play a joke.

A pair of twins – The older one only had C grade talent, but had been known as a genius for a dozen years. The younger one who was always overlooked was the one with A grade talent instead.

The results of the Awakening Ceremony had left the clan shocked. The treatment of the two brothers had suddenly reversed after that.

The younger brother was like a dragon rising up to the heavens; the older brother was like a phoenix that fell down to the earth.

After that came the many hardships and troubles from his own younger brother, the cold eyes of his aunt and uncle, the contempt of the clans people.

Did he hate it?

Fang Yuan in his previous life hated it. He hated his own lack of talent, he hated how heartless the clan was, hated how fate was so unfair. But now, with his 500 years of life experiences, using this to rethink this course his heart was actually calm, not a shred of hatred.

What was there to be gain from resentment?

Thinking about it from another point of view, he could understand his younger brother, aunt and uncle, even those enemies from 500 years later who attacked him.

The strong eat the weak, survival of the fittest; these have always been the rules of this world. Everyone has self-ambitions, always struggling to grasp the opportunities. Among all the war and killing what is there not to be understood?

500 years of life experience have long allowed him to understand all of this, with the heart that wants to gain immortality.

If someone tries to prevent this pursuit of his, no matter who it is he will kill and live through it. The aspirations in his heart were too big, stepping onto this road was to be making the world your enemy, and it was destined to be alone, destined to kill.

This was the conclusion of 500 years of life.

“Revenge is not my intention, the Demonic path does not compromise.” With that he couldn’t help but laugh and gave his younger brother a faint glance. “You can leave.”

Fang Zheng’s heart shook as he felt like his brother’s eyes were sharp like an ice blade, seemingly penetrating the deepest parts of his heart.

Under such a gaze, he felt like he was naked in the snow, unable to hold any secrets.

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow, big brother.” Not daring to say anymore, Fang Zheng slowly closed the door and left.