

I Can Grant Origin Powers To Anything #Chapter 33: This World Is Really Unfair - Read I Can Grant Origin Powers To Anything Chapter 33: This World Is Really Unfair

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Great Xia Empire.

Imperial Capital.

A somewhat spacious courtyard.

The owner of the courtyard is evidently someone with a taste for leisure and elegance.

The wide yard is full of delightful green flowers and plants, arranged like a secluded garden.

To own such a garden in the land-expensive Imperial Capital... the owner must undoubtedly be wealthy or noble.

Founder of the Wind Fist Style, Feng Zhichen.

His strength has long reached the Guiyuan Realm; the Guiyuan level may be extraordinary, but it's not uncommon on the Great Xia Planet, yet he is the most unique one.

Since reaching the Upper Realm Returning to the Origin and achieving the status of a Grandmaster.

He abandoned his cultivation in Martial Tao and began to focus on creating Cultivation and Martial Skills!

Throughout these years, the Martial Arts Techniques created by him are no less than a hundred... and each one possesses Extraordinary combat power.

His strength is beyond exceptional, and he enjoys a resounding reputation throughout the Imperial Capital, serving as the Honorary Vice Dean of the West Origin Martial Mansion, the only person who has not joined the military yet holds a Marshal Rank!

Outsiders might not know of him, but those who do know would not dare to disrespect him, even the Emperor of the Great Xia must pay respects to Feng Zhichen as a junior.

However, now.

As the years go by and his energy wanes, he hasn't been out much lately.

He spends his days sitting quietly in his courtyard, reflecting on the Martial Arts Techniques he created during his vigorous youth, which were designed to kill the enemy quickly without regard for self-harm.

But as he grows older.

Having lost his sharpness, he has started thinking about how to remedy these issues.

Now, as Feng Zhichen sits quietly on the rocking chair in the yard, he looks like an elderly person nearing the end of their life. Who would imagine that this old man before them possesses Peak Upper Realm power.

Upon completing Body Tempering, stepping truly into Martial Tao.

Lower Realm Qi Gathering, Transforming Truth.

Middle Realm Gathering River, Dongxuan.

Upper Realm Returning to the Origin, Creation!

Undoubtedly, this elder has already reached the peak of the Upper Realm.

But unfortunately, even so, he cannot escape the bonds of birth, aging, illness, and death. Due to excessive consumption of heart and spirit, he appears older than other martial artists his age.

The courtyard gate was pushed open.

A young girl entered the courtyard.

The girl was dressed in athletic wear, her hair was tied into a convenient ponytail, making her agile and spirited, yet she wore a big pair of glasses, adding a cute rustic charm to her appearance.

She squatted beside Feng Zhichen, poured away the cold tea in his cup, and replaced it with hot tea.

She called softly, "Master."

"Is it Xiaolingli? Anything you need?"

Feng Zhichen raised his eyes, glanced at the girl before him, with a loving smile in his eyes.

He asked, "At this time, you should be in a tutoring class. How come you have time to visit me? Could it be that you skipped class?"

Sun Lingli softly replied, "No, Master, your disciple just has some matters to discuss with you."

"Nothing is more important than your tutoring."

Feng Zhichen sighed, "This year you will face the Dragon Gate Examination; your martial arts prowess I do not worry about, but your cultural studies... ah... Yesterday your teacher called me again, saying you've dropped from eighth from the last to third from the last. I was so embarrassed, Lingli, Master knows you don't like to study, but you must understand, no matter how strong a martial artist, without a cultural foundation to complement Martial Tao, it's hard to achieve greatness."

"Master, please don't tease your disciple. I truly have done my best."

Sun Lingli blushed a little with embarrassment.

She said, "I really have an important matter. I received a message from the Martial Arts Association that someone is privately teaching the Flame Killing Fist Skill you personally created without your permission."

"Flame Killing Fist?"

Feng Zhichen squinted, appearing even more elderly.

He pondered for a long time before saying, "I remember I have already made the Flame Killing Fist available in the Martial Arts Association."

"But to prevent our human martial arts from being learned by the mysterious races of the heavens, every martial skill in human society must undergo strict scrutiny, and anyone who learns the Flame Killing Fist should be registered with the Martial Arts Association."

Sun Lingli said seriously, "And this martial arts school teaching the Flame Killing Fist used to survive by selling fake cultivation techniques... However, recently they suddenly came up with real martial skills, Master, it's truly the authentic Flame Killing Fist from your lineage!"

"They haven't been registered?"

"No."

"Not registered?"

Feng Zhichen sighed softly, saying, "I think I know who it is."

He raised his hand, indicating Sun Lingli to assist him up.

He sighed, "Where are they?"

"Qingzhou City."

"So far away?"

Feng Zhichen pondered for a while, then said, "Lingli, help me arrange, buy a ticket to Qingzhou City."

"But Master, you're not in good health now..."

"It's fine, I am a Guiyuan Realm Grandmaster, how could I possibly not be well? It's just old age, the body is tired, likes to sleep more. Sleeping on the way is no different than sleeping at home."

Feng Zhichen sighed lightly, saying, "You said he used to deceive with fake Flame Killing Fist skills, right?"

"Correct, actually, the Martial Arts Association contacted our Wind Fist Style about this several times before, asking if we needed to handle it... but I always remembered your instructions, considering that concerns over reputation were external affairs, getting caught up in them would lead to big mistakes... so I just assumed the techniques shared a name and never pursued it."

Sun Lingli said seriously, "But I didn't expect they would have real martial skills, so I'm even more puzzled; clearly, they had real ones, yet they brought out fakes, as if they were deliberately tarnishing our Wind Fist Style's reputation... also, industry insiders can generally tell the real from the fake; if they wanted to tarnish us, they wouldn't do it this way."

Feng Zhichen chuckled, "We'll find out once we go there."

Sun Lingli nodded, "You're right, we'll know once we go."

"I'll know once I go; I won't take you this time, nor will I take the guards the Emperor assigned to me. As a Grandmaster in the Upper Realm, even if I'm old, do I not have the ability to protect myself? The Emperor's worry is excessive. If something were to happen, who knows who would protect whom."

Feng Zhichen looked at his most beloved disciple, this disciple with unparalleled talent, truly exceptional, so young yet already at the late stage of Qi Gathering.

That's still because I suppressed it; progressing too quickly can lead to an unstable foundation, although Qi Gathering and Bone Tempering is a Lower Realm stage, it also determines a martial artist's upper limit!

Especially within the Martial Mansion, each breakthrough in realm grants many rewards, some of which even he found acceptable.

But what is it with her making significant breakthroughs before entering the Martial Mansion?

Unfortunately, it seems her martial arts talent was exchanged for intelligence... Clearly, she is such an exquisite beauty, appearing smart and clever, but when it comes to language, mathematics, physics, and chemistry, she becomes incredibly dull?

Fortunately, he initially forbade Sun Lingli from revealing her status as the heir to the Wind Fist Style; looking back, it was incredibly wise. Otherwise, the founder of the Wind Fist Style, being scolded by a teacher like a quail, his reputation would be truly tarnished.

He said seriously, "You stay here and study hard. Your martial cultivation is high, and it will provide bonus points for you, but if your cultural grades can't keep up, you still won't get into the West Origin Martial Mansion. As I said, Lingli, I want you to inherit the Wind Fist Style, but if you can't even get into the West Origin Martial Mansion, then this idea will only remain an idea."

Sun Lingli softly said, "But I really can't learn, I've really tried hard, Master, you know that."

"I know, but sometimes, this world doesn't give you fairness; effort... doesn't necessarily bring reward."

Feng Zhichen sighed, looking at his poor disciple who tirelessly tried and tried again, yet always failed to get an equivalent return, still ranked at the bottom.

His heart filled with affection, yet seemingly thinking of something.

He turned his back to her, preventing her from seeing the gloom in his eyes...