

## THE PRODIGIES WAR

### Chapter 14: Blood-Red Door



After being coated in Lin Xun's blood, the dull gray brush tip began to draw on the strange diagram as if it had a mind of its own.

Chch!

A wondrous stroke flowed from the brush tip like a dragon rising in the sky or spilled mercury slithering into the ground. The stroke glowed bright red and was filled with indescribable grace.

Together, the old yellowing book, the strange diagram imprinted on its final page, and the dark gray brush which seemed to have awoken from a deep slumber created a mysterious, heart-palpitating sight.

Lin Xun's eyes were bugged out as he was entranced by all of this. However, he was powerless to do anything even if he wished to.

His body was being controlled by some mysterious force and his hand no longer listened to him as it continued its dance upon the strange diagram.

This was the first time Lin Xun had encountered such a bizarre phenomenon and he could not help but be shocked by it.

He judged that the cause of this strange affair was somehow related to the blood he had coughed out earlier.

The blood must have awakened the dark gray rune brush while also changing something about the strange diagram. Clearly, there was more than what it appeared to be on the surface.

It was as if an invisible hand was controlling everything, using the ancient book as the base, blood as ink and the brush as the guide to continuously perfect the incomplete, dim, and messy strange diagram.

This inconceivable scene made Lin Xun unable to believe his eyes.

Moments ago, he had been all but certain that he was about to die. Who could have predicted that a random action from him would result in such a peculiar change?

What did all of this mean?

Before Lin Xun could figure it out, he suddenly felt all the blood in his body being sucked towards his right hand.

The dark gray rune brush had released a suction force and was continuously absorbing his blood through the skin of his palm.

Gugu~~

Lin Xun could even hear his blood gurgling in his body as it flowed into the dark gray brush.

Damnit!

Lin Xun began to worry. The continuous loss of blood would only speed up his death. If this was not stopped, he would soon die due to blood loss.

Lin Xun frantically struggled but was still unable to move at all. The dark gray rune brush was as immovable as a mountain. It absorbed his blood as its sharp tip danced across the strange diagram, leaving scarlet-red stroke after stroke.

Lin Xun's face grew increasingly pale and his lips turned purple. His condition was rapidly deteriorating as if his life force was being drained.

Why was this happening?

Was the brush going to complete the strange diagram at the cost of his life?

Lin Xun's heart was filled with agony. He had originally believed that the book and brush left by Mister Lu would help him change his fate and allow him to be reborn anew. Who could have imagined that they would instead go after his life!

Seated before the desk, Lin Xun was like a wooden puppet. His right hand held the rune brush as it continuously drew on the book's final page, creating light swishing sounds.

The surroundings were very quiet.

Lin Xun was already no longer capable of making any noise. His face grew increasingly pale and his aura increasingly weakened as his consciousness faded little by little...

There was nothing he could do. Perhaps, all that was left was to wait for death.

Lin Xun never imagined that the shadow of death would descend barely after he arrived in the Ziyao Empire and was starting to find his footing in Feiyun Village.

Was this fate?

He did not know why but he began to recall the astonishing scenes from before. In his mind, he once again returned to the moment when the imposing figure cried out, "Time did not favor me!"

Next, Lin Xun's vision went dark before he fainted.

Amidst the deep and dark night, starlight sprinkled in from the window. In the distance, the boundless mountains appeared cold and desolate.

A boy dressed in thin clothes was sprawled across the study desk; his presence so weak that it was nearly imperceptible. His right hand was being

guided by a dark gray rune brush as it continued its work on the old book's final page...

An unknown amount of time passed. The dark gray rune brush suddenly paused as wisps of glaring golden flames drifted from its sword-like body, lighting up the entire room.

The brush began to burn as it disappeared into the strange diagram on the mysterious book's final page.

Omm!

A peculiar ripple unfurled from the book, accompanied by a cryptic sound that soon spiraled away into the air.

The old book turned into a flash of light and disappeared into the unconscious Lin Xun's body.

Meanwhile, in the sky above the boundless Great Three Thousand Mountains, resplendent stars eternally hung on the curtain of the ink-black night as they cycled through their never-changing paths.

However, when the mysterious ancient book disappeared into Lin Xun's body, an invisible ripple suddenly emerged in the night sky, spreading throughout the heavens like a surfboard on a wave.

Millions of stars seemed to shudder in alarm but they instantly returned to their original positions. It would have been undetectable unless someone had been paying very close attention.

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That same night in the Ziyao Empire. A stargazing platform stood on the outskirts of the capital; nine thousand and nine hundred feet tall. At the top of the platform, the cold night wind roared past like a dragon. It was the tallest building in the capital and the entire city could be seen from atop it.

An old man in black robes was currently standing alone on the stargazing platform. He had a head full of white hair and was hunched over due to age. It felt as if a slightly strong wind would be able to blow him away.

The old man was the empire's 'Heavenly Seer'; a wiseman that enjoyed supreme status in the Ziyao Empire.[18next.com](http://www.18next.com)

The Heavenly Seer was rumored to have lived a very long time and had already been the stargazing platform's sole master when the empire was established.

As he had done so many nights before, the old man arrived at the top of the tower.

However, he did not sit down to meditate as usual, nor did he observe the stars. Instead, he stood before the railing and observed the bustling nightlife of the city in silence. It was rather out of the ordinary for him.

"As expected, a strange phenomenon will descend tonight!" After a long time, the old man seemed to sense something and abruptly lifted his head. A flash of light suddenly flitted across his ancient and wise eyes as he peered at the distant night sky.

Moments later, the old man frowned and mumbled, "Why did it disappear? Impossible. The descent of such a strange phenomenon is usually an omen that something is about to happen. It could be a hidden change in the world or a secret within the cycle of celestial bodies. It could be an approaching calamity from outside the realm or an auspicious sign..."

"But why did tonight's strange phenomenon disappear? Could my deduction have been wrong?"

The old man's white hair fluttered in the wind as a grave look, which was rarely seen, appeared on his face.

He knew that something must have happened tonight. However, he could not determine what it was with his power.

Such an abnormal situation had never occurred before in numerous years past.

Although he was old, he was the Heavenly Seer! An existence that was revered even by the Ziyao Empire's royal clan!

This was a strange phenomenon that even the Heavenly Seer could not decipher. The significance behind this would utterly shock the world.

After pondering over the mystery for a long time, the old man suddenly let out a long sigh. He turned around and began climbing down the stargazing platform.

On the same night, an edict was sent from the Heavenly Seer straight to the imperial study, alarming the emperor, who had been resting after retiring from his daily duties.

The edict's contents were thus: 'A strange phenomenon descended on the empire's southwest border near the Great Three Thousand Mountains. It was too mysterious and unfathomable, making this old man unable to peek into its contents with my power. An exceptional treasure might have appeared and I advise your majesty to approach with caution.'

An exceptional treasure!

It was likely that even the Heavenly Seer would not have expected that these three simple words would cause the empire's southwest border to enter the sights of the capital's highest echelons. Nor would he have predicted the storm that would soon follow.

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Lin Xun was awakened by a rooster's crow. However, he was still a little dazed when he opened his eyes.

Not dead?

Lin Xun lifted his body from the desk and noticed that it was already bright outside. A ray of sunshine spilled in from the window, bathing him in its warm embrace.

I'm not dead!

Lin Xun took a deep breath, feeling the air ripple around his body. He was finally certain that he was still among the living.

He hurriedly examined his body and discovered that his qi and blood had become exceptionally robust. There was no trace of any wounds as if everything that had happened last night was merely a dream.

But Lin Xun knew that it was not a dream!

He could still clearly recall that his life force had been flowing away until he was near death's door. Even his blood was being sucked out and absorbed by the dark brush...wait a minute!

Where was the brush?

Lin Xun was suddenly stunned. He looked around the desk but could not find any trace of the dark gray rune brush or the old book.

Lin Xun's heart shook and he hurriedly rose to his feet to begin searching. They were the most precious treasures Mister Lu had left behind. How could he possibly allow himself to lose them?!

However, he found neither treasure even after nearly overturning the entire room. Lin Xun frowned deeply as he grew increasingly anxious.

Could someone have stolen them in the night?

Lin Xun could not be sure. It was at this moment that he suddenly noticed a door had appeared in his previously empty mind-sea!

The red door looked as if it had been soaked in blood. Mysterious and complicated patterns were densely packed together on its surface.

Upon closer inspection, Lin Xun found that these patterns gave off an ancient, primal aura. Merely looking at them made him feel a slight sense of familiarity as if he had seen them somewhere before.

That strange diagram on the book's last page!

Lin Xun suddenly remembered. The patterns carved into the door somewhat resembled the strange diagram.

However, these patterns gave off a whole and complete sensation, unlike the one that had been in the book before.

The door silently hovered in his mind-sea, giving off an unspeakable feeling of mystery.

Lin Xun's expression turned strange as a certain thought arose in his head.

Could the missing book and brush have something to do with the sudden appearance of this door?