

# Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 6 To 10

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## Chapter 6

The aperture was mysterious and unusual.

Although it was located inside Henry Fang's body, it was at the same time, not sharing the same space with his internal organs. You could say that it was endlessly huge, yet at the same time infinitely small.

Some call it the Purple Prefecture; some call it the Chinese Pool.

However many know it as the Primeval Sea Aperture.

The entire body is spherical and the surface of it is covered in flowing white light, like a thin layer of light coating.

It was the layer of light from the Hope Fu that previously exploded.

This thin membrane of light supported the aperture so it would not collapse, and inside the aperture was naturally, the Primeval Sea.

The seawaters were smooth like a mirror, showing a greenish blue color, yet the water was dense and brought about a copper luster. Only Rank one Fu Masters can form this green coppery primeval essence, known as the green copper sea.

The height of the sea surface was not up to half of the aperture – it was only up to 44%.

This was also the limitation of a C grade talent.

Every drop of seawater was pure primeval essence, representing the condensation of Henry Fang's essence, vitality and soul.

It was also the accumulation of his life potential over the past 15 years.

This primeval essence is used by Fu Masters to raise Fu.

This also means that from now onwards, Henry Fang has formally entered the route of a Rank one Fu master.

Since the aperture had opened, no more Hope Fu entered Henry Fang's body.

Henry Fang gathered himself and felt that the pressure before him was as thick as a wall; he could no longer walk another step forward.

"Just like my previous life," he smiled indifferently at this result.

"You can't go any further?" The academy elder shouted across the river, holding onto a small thread of hope.

Henry Fang turned around and walked back, answering with his actions.

At this moment even the young teenagers started reacting.

The crowd suddenly buzzed with chatter.

"What? Henry Fang walked 27 steps?" "So he was just a C grade talent?!"

"Unbelievable, only a C grade for such a genius like him?" A great disturbance erupted from the crowd.

"Big brother..." Among them, Spring Sam Fang looked up, watching with shock as Henry Fang returned across the river.

He could not dare to believe it, his own brother was only a C grade? He had always thought that his older brother would be an A grade talent. No, not just him, even his aunt and uncle and so many people among the clan thought the same too.

But now, the result was unexpectedly the opposite! "Damn, he was only a C grade!" The Spring clan head clenched both his fists, drawing a deep breath, disappointment in his voice.

The elders watching from the darkness had mixed reactions.

Some were frowning, some lowering their head in discussion, some looking up with a sigh.

"Could the results be wrong?" "How can that be? This method is accurate beyond reasoning, not to add that we were watching the entire time, even cheating is hard." "But all his actions and intelligence previously, how do you explain those?" "Youths with higher quality of primeval sea would indeed display characteristics that surpass the ordinary man.

Such as intelligence, perception, memory, strength, agility and so on. On the other hand, these characteristics do not mean that the primeval talent is definitely high.

Everything will still be determined by the results.” “Sigh, the bigger your hopes the bigger the disappointment.

The Spring clan’s generation now is no longer like the first generation.” — His socks were soaked with the icy cold waters from the river, the coldness piercing into his bones.

Henry Fang walked with the same emotionless face, his distance getting closer and closer towards the crowd.

He could clearly see the academy elder’s heavy expression, and was aware of the stares thrown at him from over a hundred youths.

These glares were mixed with amazement, shock, sneering, and some taking pleasure at this unfortunate event, some indifferent.

It was the same situation, making Henry Fang unwillingly remember his previous life.

During that time he felt as if the sky had fallen. When he crossed the cold river he lost his footing and fell, soaking his entire body in the water, feeling so lost. No one came forward to help him up.

Those disappointed, cold expressions and gazes were like sharp knives, piercing into his very own heart.

His mind was in chaos, his chest searing with pain.

It was as if he had fallen from the clouds, down to the ground.

The higher you stand, the harder you fall.

But in this life, as the same scene replayed itself, Henry Fang’s heart was calm.

He thought of the legend: When Predicaments come, give your heart to Hope.

And today that hope is inside of him.

Even though it was not big, but it was better than those people who had totally no primeval talent.

If others feel disappointed, then let them be disappointed. What else can they do? What does other people's disappointments have to do with me? The most important thing is to carry hope inside my heart! 500 years of living had led him to understand that the interesting things that happen in a person's life, happens during the process when one chases after his own dreams.

There is no need to ask others around you to not be disappointed or make them like it. Walk on your own path, let others be disappointed and unhappy however they please! "Sigh..." The academy elder let out a deep breath and shouted, "Next, Spring Sam Fang!" But no answer came.

"Spring Sam Fang!" The elder yelled again, the sound of his voice reverberating inside the cave.

"Ah? I'm here, I'm here!" Sam Fang snapped out of his shock and ran out hurriedly.

Unfortunately he tripped over his own foot and fell, hitting his head with a groan and tumbled into the river.

Instantly the entire cave was filled with huge laughter.

"The Fang brothers, nothing special." The Spring clan head scoffed, feeling a sort of annoyed boredom towards Sam Fang.

"This is such a huge embarrassment!" Sam Fang struggled and splashed in the water.

The bottom of the river was just too slippery; he couldn't get up properly.

Trying his best only made him look more stupid and clumsy.

His heart increasingly flustered as the sounds of laughter filled his ears.

But right at this moment, he suddenly felt a strong pull lifting him up.

His head finally left the water surface and his body found balance again.

He wiped his face in a panic and focused his sight.

It was actually his older brother Henry Fang who had grasped his collar and pulled him up.

“Big brother...” He opened his mouth to say.

But instead he started choking on water, ending up triggering a violent cough.

“Haha, the difficult older and younger brother of the Fang family!” Someone laughed at the riverbank.

The laughter grew louder, yet the academy elder did not come out and stop it.

He was deeply frowning, disappointment filling his heart.

Sam Fang was completely at a loss on what to do, and then he heard his brother say to him, “Go on.

The road to the future will be interesting.” Sam Fang could not help but open his mouth in surprise.

Henry Fang’s back was facing the crowd so they could not see properly, but Sam Fang could clearly feel the calmness radiating from Henry Fang.

As his older brother spoke the corners of his mouth were slightly raised, revealing a deep and thoughtful smile.

It was obviously only a C grade talent, yet how can big brother be so calm? Fang Zhen could not help but wonder, his heart full of doubt. Yet Henry Fang did not say any more.

He patted Sam Fang on the back, and turned and walked away.

Sam Fang wore a stupefied expression as he walked towards the flower sea.

“I never thought big brother would actually be so calm.

If it was me, I’d...” He lowered his head, walking forward absent-mindedly. Yet he did not know that he was playing out a miraculous scene. When he finally snapped out of his reverie, he was already deep in the sea of flowers, standing in a distance that no one else had reached before him. 43 steps! “Oh my god, A grade talent!” The academy elder screamed, seeming to have lost his mind.

“A grade, really an A grade!?” “It’s been 3 years, an A grade talented genius has finally appeared in the Spring clan!” The clan elders that were watching in the darkness were also screaming out at the same time, losing their composure.

“Well, the Fang bloodline originated from us Chi bloodline.

So we Chi family will adopt in this Gue Yue Sam Fang,” Gue Yue Chi Lian immediately announced.

“How is that possible? You old bag Chi Lian, your morals and abilities are out of order, but you’re definitely good at misleading young boys.

It’s better to pass this kid to I, Spring Mo Chen to raise!” Spring Mo Chen roared back instantly.

“Stop arguing. No one is more qualified to raise this child than the current clan leader. Whoever has any objections is to go against me, Spring Bo!” The Spring clan head had gone crazy and swept his fiery red gaze over the disappointed and discouraged looks.

## Chapter 7

Soon a week passed.

The logo features a blue stylized open book with wings above the text 'Online FREE Novels'. 'Online' is in blue, 'FREE' is in red, and 'Novels' is in green.

“Humans are above all creatures, Fu are the essence of heaven and earth.

In this world there are thousands of species, countless number of Fu.

They live everywhere around us – In the soil, in the bushes, even on the bodies of wild beasts.” “As humans continue to propagate and grow, the scholars of the past gradually uncovered the mysteries of the Fu.

Those who have opened the aperture, using their own primeval essence to feed, refine and manipulate these Fu – people who have achieved these various purposes are what we call Fu Masters.” “And all of you have successfully opened your aperture in the Awakening Ceremony 7 days ago. With the coagulation of the primeval sea, right now you are all Rank one Fu Masters.” In the village academy, the academy elder talked with confidence and composure.

In front of him were 57 students, seated and listening attentively.

The mystery and strength of a Fu master had been deeply rooted in the hearts of the youths a long time ago.

Thus everything that the elder taught and said, the students were very interested in.

At this moment a young teen raised his hand. With the elder's permission he stood up and asked, "Elder sir, I've known this since I was small.

There are Rank one Fu Masters, Rank two and so on, can you explain in more detail to us?" The Spring teacher nodded and waved his hand to ask the young man to sit down.

"Fu Masters have 9 ranks, from bottom to the top – Rank one, Rank two, Rank three all the way up to Rank nine.

Every rank is considered a big realm, and it is divided into 4 small realms – initial stage, middle stage, upper stage and peak stage. You have all just become Fu Masters, so all of you are Rank one initial stage." "If you all work hard in your cultivation, your cultivation base will naturally advance to rank two, even rank three. Of course, the higher your talent the bigger your chance of promoting." "For D grade talent, the primeval sea takes up about 2-3 layers of the aperture, the highest promotion reachable is Rank one to Rank two.

For C grade talent, the primeval sea is 4-5 layers of the aperture.

Usually the progress stops at Rank two, but with luck a small percentage of people can advance to Rank 3 initial stage.

B grade talents have a primeval sea that takes up 6-7 layers of the aperture, they are able to cultivate to Rank 3, even as far as Rank 4.

As for A grade talent, the primeval sea is plenty; it takes up 8-9 layers of the aperture.

This kind of talent in a person is naturally the most gifted and the most suitable for a Fu master's cultivation, being able to reach Rank 5." "As for Fu Masters who are Rank 6 and above, they are all legends.

I am not clear about the specifics either.

In the Spring clan, there has never been the appearance of a Rank 6 Fu master, but Rank 4 and Rank 5 Fu Masters we have had before." The teenagers' ears all pricked up, their eyes shining brightly as they listened.

Many of them couldn't help but look at Spring Sam Fang who was sitting rigidly at the first row.

He was an A grade talent after all.

Their eyes were filled with feelings of envy and jealousy.

At the same time there were some who stared at the corner at the last row of the classroom. Leaning against the window at the corner was Spring Henry Fang, who was bent over the desk sleeping soundly.

“Look, he’s still sleeping,” someone whispered.

“He’s been sleeping continuously for a week, yet he’s still not awake?” Someone cut in.

“There’s more.

I heard that he was up all night, wandering about at the edge of the village.” “There’s been people who’ve seen it more than once, apparently he holds a wine-jar at night, dead drunk outside. Luckily these few years the village surroundings have been cleared clean, so it’s safer.” The fellow schoolmates whisper here and there, letting all kinds of small gossip spreading around quickly.

“Ah well, the blow was just too big.

Someone hailed as a genius for so many years unexpectedly ending up to be a C-grade talent in the end, hehe.” “If only it was just the case. Of all the people his own little brother was pronounced an A grade, right now being the center of attention, enjoying the best treatment.

The younger brother soars up to the sky, while the older brother falls to the ground, tut tut...” As the discussion amongst the students got louder and louder, the academy elder’s brow deepened into a frown.

In the whole classroom all the teenagers were sitting respectfully, showing liveliness.

This made Henry Fang who was sleeping on his table stand out so much that it hurt the eyes.

“It’s already been a week, yet he’s still so dispirited.

Hmph, initially I must have been mistaken by him, how could someone like this be a genius!” The elder thought disgruntledly.



He had spoken many times to Henry Fang regarding this matter, but to no effect – Henry Fang still did whatever he liked.

He would sleep through every class, making the elder in charge of teaching have a very frustrated headache.

“Forget it, he’s just a C grade.

If he can’t even withstand this sort of blow, fostering him with that kind of temperament will just end up wasting the clan’s resources, nothing good will come out of it.” The elder’s heart was filled with disappointment towards Henry Fang.

Henry Fang was just a C grade, compared to his younger brother Sam Fang who was an A grade talent, now this was someone worth the clan spending an amount of effort on raising! While the academy elder thought about all this, he was also replying to the latest question.

“In the clan history, there has been many strong masters.

For Rank five masters there were two. One of them is the first generation clan head, our ancestor.

He was the one who established Spring Village.

Another one was the fourth clan head.

He had remarkable talent, and managed to cultivate all the way to the realm of a Rank five Fu master.

If it wasn’t for that despicable shameless demon Flower Wine Monk’s sneak attack, he might have been able to achieve Rank six, but who knows...” As he said this he heaved a deep sigh.

Below the platform, the youths starting shouting in a rage.

“It’s all because of that Flower Wine Monk, he was too sinister and cunning!” “What a pity that our fourth clan leader was softhearted and benevolent, and died at a young age.” “If only I was born a few hundred years earlier! If I saw that demon I would have torn off his ugly face.” The fourth clan head and the Flower Wine Monk’s story is something that the entire Spring clan knows.

The Flower Wine Monk was also a Rank five Fu master, famous among the Demon faction in his time for his many years as a big flower thief.

A few hundred years ago he travelled to Qing Mao Mountain.

He attempted to commit crimes in Spring Village, but was found out by the fourth generation clan leader in the end.

After a earthshakingly huge battle, the Flower Wine monk was beaten to the point he had to beg for mercy on his knees.

The fourth clan head was merciful and kind, intending to spare his life. Yet the Flower Wink Monk suddenly launched a sneak attack, successfully inflicting heavy wounds on the fourth clan head.

The clan head flew into a rage, killing the Flower Wine Monk on the spot.

However his heavy injuries were not curable and thus, he died.

Therefore in the hearts of the Spring clansmen, the fourth generation clan head was a great hero who sacrificed his life for the village.

“Flower Wine Monk huh...” Awoken by the classroom’s noisy chatter, Henry Fang opened his sleepy eyes.

He stretched his body and thought with resentment in his heart, this Flower Wine Monk, where did he die? Why is it that I still can’t find his legacy after searching around the entire village? In his memories, there was a Fu master from the clan who was brokenhearted and started drinking a lot.

About two months later from now, the man was heavily drunk as he lay down outside the village.

His heavy wine aroma unknowingly attracted a Liquor worm.

The Fu master was ecstatic, fully intent on catching it.

The Liquor worm hurriedly fled, and as the Fu master was in hot pursuit after it, he followed the Liquor worm’s trail and discovered an underground hole entrance and went in.

The Liquor worm was a very precious and expensive type of Fu.

The half drunk Fu master decided to risk it and enter the hole, finding himself in a secret underground cave.

After that he discovered the bones of the Flower Wine Monk and the inheritance he left behind. When the Fu master returned to the village, he reported his discoveries and immediately caused a big stir among the entire clan. Later on that Fu master benefitted much from it, his cultivation base suddenly becoming outstanding.

His lover who had once abandoned him before was attracted to him again, and he became the talk of the clan for a while.

“Sadly I only heard bits and pieces about this piece of news, so I don’t know where the accurate location is.

It wasn’t like I knew I would be reborn again to this day.

Flower Wine Monk, where in the world did you die off to?” These few days he had been buying a lot of wine, wandering around the village as soon as night arrived.

He wanted to use the aroma of liquor to attract the Liquor worm.

Unfortunately he never saw the Liquor worm appear, making him feel very disappointed.

“If I could find that Liquor worm and refine it into my vital Fu, that would be so much better than the clan’s Moonlight Fu.

In the blink of an eye its already April, there’s not much time left.” Henry Fang heaved a sigh and gazed out of the window.

Under the blue sky and white clouds, verdant mountains stretched into the distance.

In the vicinity was a bamboo grove.

This was Qing Mao Mountain’s unique spear bamboo, each bamboo stick as straight as a line, the ends of the bamboo exceptionally sharp like the tip of a spear. Not too far away, the woods were already turning green.

The tender shoots sprouted in a sea of yellow green color.

Every now and then, beautiful and colorful sparrows would perch on the branches.

The wind of spring blew, wrapping up the freshness of the mountains and rivers, and dispersing it into the world. Without knowing it, the class was almost over.

The academy elder finally informed, "This week I have taught you all how to contemplate and check your own aperture's primeval sea, and how to meditate and shift around the primeval essence inside your body. Now is the time for you all to refine your vital Fu.

After this class ends, you will all go to the academy's Fu room and pick a Guworm.

After choosing your Fu, please go home and focus on refining it. When you have finally refined your Fu, then you can come back to the academy and continue attending class.

At the same time, this is your first assessment. Whoever can finish this assessment first will be rewarded a generous sum of 20 primeval stones."

## Chapter 8 Reverend Insanity

Beside the academy was a Fu room.

The Fu room was not big; it was only 60 meters<sup>2</sup> in size.

In a Fu master's road to cultivation, a Fu is the key to strength.

At the end of class, the excited teenagers rushed towards the Fu room.

"Form a line, enter one by one," some voices suddenly yelled; it was natural that there were guards outside the Fu room.

The youths went in one at a time and came out.

Finally it was Henry Fang's turn to enter the Fu room.

This room was a mysterious room.

The four walls all had holes; in each one of these embedded square holes were another square hole.

Each of the holes differed in size, some big and some small.

The bigger ones were no bigger than a an earthenware cooking pot, the smaller holes no smaller than a fist.

In the many square holes were all kinds of containers – there were grey stone basins, verdant jade dishes, exquisite grass cages, earthen stoves etc.

These containers kept in all kinds of variety of Fu.

Some Fu were silent, while some Fu made a lot of noises, creating chirping, clucking, rustling sounds and so on.

All these noises combined together to create a sort of life symphony.

“Fu are also divided into 9 big levels, following the same concept of the 9 rank realms of Fu Masters.

All the Guin this room are Rank one Fu.” Henry Fang glanced around, immediately aware of this. Generally speaking, Rank one Fu Masters can only use Rank one Fu.

If they used higher level Fu, these masters would need to pay an extremely heavy price.

In addition, Fu need to be fed.

The high cost of feeding higher level Fu was often not something lower ranked Fu Masters could afford.

Thus to Fu Masters who were newcomers, they would always pick a Rank one Fu worm as their first refined Fu unless under a special situation.

There is great significance to the first Fu that a Fu master refines – It will become their vital Fu, interconnecting their lives together.

If it dies, the Fu master will suffer a huge blow.

“Alas, my original wish was to get my hands on the Flower Wine Monk’s Liquor worm and refine it as my vital Fu.

But right now there are still no leads on my search for the Flower Wine Monk’s skeleton.

I don’t even know when will I be able to find it, or when someone else does. Just to be safe I’ll pick a Moonlight Fu first.” Henry Fang sighed inwardly as he walked straight

along the wall on his left. One of the top layers of the holes in this wall had a row of silver plates.

In every plate was a Fu.

These Fu were crystalline and shaped like a crescent; it was like a piece of blue quartz.

Against the backdrop of the silver dish, the Fu gave off a quiet and beautiful feeling. Known as the Moonlight Fu, this variety of Fu was the local Fu of the Spring clan and many of the clansmen would choose the Moonlight Fu as their vital Fu.

The Moonlight Fu was not a Fu of nature; it was a breed that was cultivated with a secret method by the Spring clan.

The Moonlight Fu could not be found anywhere else; it could be said that this Fu was a symbol of the Spring clan.

Since it was all Rank one Moonlight Fu, there was very little difference among one another.

Henry Fang casually chose one and took it.

The Moonlight Fu was very light, comparable to the weight of a piece of paper.

The insect occupied a small area of his palm; it was roughly the size of a common jade pendant.

As Henry Fang put it on his hand, he could see through it and gaze at the lines on his palm. With one last look and finding nothing wrong with it, Henry Fang put the Moonlight Fu into his pocket and walked out of the Fu room. Outside the Fu room, the queue was still quite long.

As soon as the next person in line saw Henry Fang leave, he went into the room hurriedly with excitement.

If it were others, when they got their Fu the first thing they would do, would be to take it home and quickly refine it.

But Henry Fang was not in a hurry to do so, for his mind was still thinking about the Liquor worm.

The Liquor Worm was more precious compared to the Moonlight Fu, although the Moonlight Fu was a specialty of the Spring village, it did not help a Fu master as much as a Liquor Worm.

After he left the Fu room, Henry Fang headed straight for the tavern.

“Shopkeeper, two jars of aged wine!” Henry Fang fished around his pockets and drew out the remaining primeval stone pieces, putting them onto the counter.

These few days he would come here and buy wine, then go around the village border and scout, intending to attract the Liquor worm so it would appear.

The shopkeeper was a short and fat middle-aged man, his face oily.

After these few days he had already remembered Henry Fang.

“Sir, you’ve come.” While he greeted Henry Fang, he stretched out a thick and short chubby hand and skillfully swiped away the primeval stone pieces.

As he put them onto his palm he shifted his hand up and down and felt that the weight was correct. With this the shopkeeper’s smile deepened. Primeval stones were the currency used in this world, used to measure the value of all commodities.

At the same time it was also a condensed matter of the world’s essence, usable on oneself, and is important in helping a GuMaster in his cultivation.

As it has monetary attributes as well as usable properties, it was similar to the gold on Earth.

Earth has a gold currency standard system, and in this world it was replaced with primeval stones. Compared to gold, the purchasing power of primeval stones is even more astonishing.

However with Henry Fang’s continued spending like this, no matter how many primeval stones he had it would not be enough.

“Two jars of wine everyday, and it has been 7 full days already.

The initial savings I had are already almost all spent,” Henry Fang frowned slightly as he walked out of the tavern with two jars of wine. Once someone becomes a Fu master, he would be able to extract primeval essence straight from a primeval stone to replenish the primeval sea in his aperture.

Thus to Fu Masters, primeval stones were not just a form of currency, but also a supplement in their cultivation. With sufficient primeval stones, the rate of cultivation will increase greatly; this can make up for the disadvantages of those with lower talent grade.

“I won’t have primeval stones to buy wine anymore tomorrow, yet the Liquor worm just doesn’t want to appear.

Do I really have to take the Moonlight Fu and refine it as my vital Fu?” Henry Fang felt rather unsatisfied.

As he walked with the two jars of wine in his hand, he started to wonder.

“Academy elder said, the first person who manages to refine his vital Fu will get a reward of 20 primeval stones. Right now I guess a lot of them are at home trying their best to refine their Fu and compete for the first position.

A pity, refining the vital Fu is more of a test of one’s talent.

Those with better primeval talent will have better advantage. With my C grade talent, without any special means I have totally no chance of winning.” It was at this moment, the voice of Spring Sam Fang called out to him from behind.

“Big brother, you really did go to the tavern and buy alcohol! Follow me, aunt and uncle want to see you.” Henry Fang stopped in his tracks and turned around.

He found his younger brother was no longer like before, always lowering his head as he spoke. Right now the two brothers gazed at each other face to face.

A gust of wind blew, lifting up the older brother’s messy short hair, the lower hem of the younger brother’s robes swishing around. Just a short period of one month has gone by, yet humans change.

A week after the Awakening Ceremony, a huge change came upon the older brother and the younger brother.

The older brother Henry Fang fell from the clouds, the title of genius mercilessly destroyed.

And the younger brother began to bloom with radiance, slowly rising up like a new star.

To the younger brother Sam Fang, this sort of change was earthshaking to his world.



He finally tasted the feelings that his older brother used to have – the feelings of people pinning their hopes on him, the feelings when people use envious and jealous looks to gaze at him.

He felt like he was suddenly dragged out from a dark corner and placed into a heaven filled with light.

Everyday when he woke up, he felt like he was having a very sweet dream.

The difference of how he was being treated from before and now was like day and night, making him somewhat unable to believe his reality even until now, but at the same time also strongly unaccustomed to it.

It was hard to adapt.

In a short while from being unknown to someone who was closely watched, people pointing at him all the time.

Sometimes when Sam Fang walked on the road, he would hear people around him talking about himself, voices praising him.

His face would heat up and he would feel completely at a loss of what to do, his eyes trying to avoid gazes, he even almost forgot how to walk properly! The first ten days or so, Spring Sam Fang became thinner yet his energy became more vigorous.

From the inner depths of his heart, something called 'self-confidence' began to manifest.

"This is what big brother had always been feeling before, how beautiful and painful at the same time!" He could not stop thinking about his older brother Spring Henry Fang; facing such attention and discussion, how did his older brother deal with it? He subconsciously started to imitate Henry Fang, pretending to look expressionless all the time, but quickly found that he was not fit for this kind of style.

Sometimes during class, a girl's shout could easily send him red-faced. On the roads, all the flirting from older women even caused him to flee in a hurry many times.

He was like a toddler learning how to walk, stumbling and falling as he tried to get used to his new life.

During this entire process, he was unable to avoid hearing about his older brother – falling into depression, becoming a drunkard, not going home at night, sleeping soundly in class.

He felt very shocked at this.

His own older brother, once a strong entity and hailed as a being of great genius, suddenly becoming like this?! But slowly he started to sort of understand.

His big brother was also a normal man after all.

Encountering this kind of setback and huge blow would send anyone into depression.

Along with this understanding, Sam Fang secretly felt an indescribable happiness inside.

This feeling was something he was terribly unwilling to admit, but yet it definitely existed.

His older brother who was hailed as a genius and always covering him in shadow, acting so depressed and dispirited right now.

From a reverse angle, it was a testimony to his own growth, wasn't it? He was the outstanding one, this was the real truth! Hence when he saw Henry Fang holding the wine jars, his hair messy and clothes untidy, Spring Sam Fang felt relieved, his breathing also becoming a lot easier.

But yet he said, "Big brother, you have to stop drinking, you cannot go on like this! You have no idea how worried the people who care about you are, you need to wake up!" Henry Fang was emotionless; he did not say anything.

The two brothers gazed at each other. Younger brother Spring Sam Fang's eyes were shining, giving off a sharp and keen feel.

And the older brother Spring Henry Fang's two orbs were a deep black, faintly resembling a deep ancient pool.

These eyes could not help but make Sam Fang feel a strange oppression. Not long after he subconsciously turned away his gaze and looked somewhere else.

But when he realized it, he felt a sudden rise of anger.

It was an anger that was directed at himself. What's wrong with you? Can't even muster the courage to look directly at your big brother? I've changed, I've completely changed! With these thoughts his eyes shifted back their sharpness and he shot his gaze at his brother again.

But Henry Fang was already not looking at him.

Holding a jar of wine in each hand, he walked past Sam Fang and said in a dull voice, "What else are you gawking at? Let's go." Sam Fang's breathing became disoriented, the strength that had accumulated inside his heart no longer able to be released.

This made him experience a depression that was hard to describe.

Seeing that his older brother had walked far ahead, he could only quicken his pace to catch up.

But this time his head was no longer lowered, but rose to meet the sun.

His gaze was fixed on his own feet that was stepping on his older brother Henry Fang's shadow.



## Chapter 9 Reverend Insanity

The sunset was a red hue setting over the east.

The sky was still bright, but everything seemed to be covered by a shade of gray. Overlooking the window, the mountains in the distance were gradually drawing towards a heavy black color.

The light in the living room was dim.

Aunt and Uncle sat high in their chairs, their faces enveloped in shadow, their expressions hard to discern.

As he saw Henry Fang carrying the two jars of wine, his Uncle Spring Dong Tu's eyebrows twisted into a knot.

He opened his mouth and spoke, "In the blink of an eye, you are both 15 years old now.

Since you both have the talents of a Fu master, especially Sam Fang, your aunt and I are proud of the both of you.

I will give you both 6 pieces of primeval stones, take it. Refining your Fu consumes a lot of primeval essence, so you'll need these primeval stones." As he said this, some servants came over and passed Henry Fang and Sam Fang each a small bag.

Henry Fang took his bag silently.

Sam Fang immediately opened his bag and looked inside to see 6 pieces of oval shaped, greyish white primeval stones.

His face lit up with gratitude at once and he stood up from his seat, facing his aunt and uncle.

"Thank you Aunt and Uncle, your nephew does need primeval stones to replenish my primeval essence! You have both raised me until today, this gratitude is engraved into my heart, I shall not forget it forever!" Uncle smiled and nodded.

Aunt hurriedly waved her hands and said warmly, "Sit down, sit down! Although you both are not our children directly, we have always raised you as our own. You both are able to gain a future, and we are proud of that.

Alas we do not have children of our own, and sometimes we thought that if you both could really become our children it would be the best." Her words brought deep meaning.

Sam Fang did not understand it, but Henry Fang frowned a little.

Uncle cut in and said, "I have discussed this with your aunt. We thought of adopting you both and become a genuine, real family.

Sam Fang, I wonder if you are willing?" Sam Fang was stunned for a second, but the look on his face quickly emerged a joyful smile and he said, "To be honest, every since both my parents died I have longed very much for a family of my own.

To be able to become a family with Aunt and Uncle, this is too good to be true!" Aunt's expression loosened and she laughed, "Then you are our good son, shouldn't you stop calling us Aunt and Uncle?" "Father, mother." Sam Fang in a state of realization changed his statement.

Aunt and Uncle laughed heartily.

"What a good son, not a waste of us husband and wife to raise you since you were five years old.

And we have raised you for ten whole years,” Aunt wiped her tears.

Uncle looked at the silent Henry Fang and said gently, “Henry Fang, how about you?” Henry Fang shook his head without saying a word.

“Big brother.” Spring Sam Fang was about to advise him, but Uncle, whose tone was unchanged, stopped him.

“If that’s the case, Henry Fang my nephew, we won’t force you.

Since you are already 15 years old, you need to start being independent, this way you will also easily carry on your Fang bloodline.

Uncle here has prepared 200 primeval stones for you as financial support.” “200 primeval stones!” Sam Fang’s eyes opened wide; he had never seen so many primeval stones in his life.

He couldn’t help but reveal a jealous expression.

But Henry Fang still shook his head.

Sam Fang was puzzled, while Uncle’s expression changed slightly.

Aunt’s face had also turned cloudy.

“Aunt and Uncle.

If there is nothing else, then your nephew will take his leave,” Henry Fang did not give them any chance to speak again.

After he finished his sentence he took his wine jars and left the hall immediately.

Sam Fang rose from his seat and said, “Father, Mother.

Big brother is not thinking straight, how about you let me advise him?” Uncle waved his hand and deliberately sighed, “Alas this matter cannot be forced.

Since you have the heart, as your father I am already very content.

Servants, take care of young master Sam Fang treat him well.

” “Then your son will take his leave,” Sam Fang retreated, and the living room fell into silence.

The sun set below the mountain, and the living room became darker.

In a while from the darkness Uncle’s cold voice emerged.

“Looks like this brat Henry Fang has seen through our plot.” Among the regulations of the Spring clan it was clearly stipulated that the eldest son at 16 years of age would have the qualifications to inherit the family property.

Henry Fang’s parents had passed away, leaving behind a fortune.

It was being ‘taken care’ of by Aunt and Uncle.

This inheritance was not something a measly sum of 200 essence stones could compare to.

If Henry Fang had also agreed to be adopted by Aunt and Uncle, then he would lose the right to inherit this fortune.

If Henry Fang at this year’s age of 15 decided to be independent, he would also not conform to the clan’s regulations.

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“Luckily we managed to win over Sam Fang, and Henry Fang only has C grade talent,” Uncle heaved a sigh, feeling joyful.

“Then husband, if Henry Fang decides to go independent at 16 years of age, what do we do?” Aunt’s tone was hysterical as she thought about the inheritance.

“Hmph, since he is acting undisciplined, then he can’t blame us.

As long as we catch him committing a huge mistake before he leaves us and expel him from our family, it will be counted as snatching away his right to inherit the legacy,” Uncle explained coldly.

“But the brat is very clever, how would he make a mistake?” Aunt asked, puzzled.

Uncle rolled his eyes immediately and whispered angrily, “You are really stupid! If he won’t make a mistake, can’t we frame him instead? Just let Lana Shen seduce Henry

Fang and scream assault, we catch him on the spot, fabricate a story about him acting wild while he was drunk.

Surely we can expel Henry Fang?" "Husband you really have a way, what an ingenious plan!" Aunt was overjoyed at that moment.

The thick colors of the night covered the sky, and the stars that blanketed the sky were mostly covered away by floating dark clouds.

Each of the households in the village gradually lit up with lights. Spring Sam Fang was ushered into a room.

"Young master Sam Fang, the old master personally had me tidy up this room specially for you," Mother Shen said with a hospitable tone.

She bowed her waist, her face having a flattering smile.

Sam Fang looked around with a glance, his eyes shining.

This room was at least bigger by two times compared to his previous room.

The middle of the room was a spacious bed; beside the window was a rosewood desk with a delicate set of ink and paper.

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The walls were decorated with exquisite ornaments, and beneath his feet was not an ordinary floor, but covered in a layer of soft handmade carpet.

From his childhood until now, Sam Fang had never stayed in such a room.

He immediately nodded his head continuously and said, "This is very good, it really isn't bad, thank you Mother Shen." Mother Shen was Aunt and Uncle's most highly valued person; she was in charge of all the slaves in the house and was a housekeeper who lived up to her reputation.

The girl Lana Shen who served Henry Fang was her daughter. Mother Shen laughed, "I am not deserving of young master's gratitude, it is my duty, my duty! Young master, do not hesitate to eat well and sleep well. Whatever you want, just shake the bell beside your bed, somebody will attend to you immediately. Old master has already instructed us, so in these few days please do put all your attention on cultivating, young master. Just leave all the other chores to us." Sam Fang felt a gush of gratitude in his heart.

He did not say anything, but deep down inside he decided, this time I must get number one and not let Aunt and Uncle down! The dark clouds in the sky were getting heavier, and the night was getting darker.

In the night sky most of the stars were covered away by the clouds, leaving a few shining with faint light, blinking away in the sky.

“Aunt and Uncle must be plotting on how to expel me from the house right now.

In my previous life they secretly instigated the servants to provoke me, and then framed me.

Then they expelled me from the family; I wonder if there will be any changes in this life.” Henry Fang sneered in his heart as he walked along the streets.

He had long seen clearly the true colors of his Aunt and Uncle.

But he could also understand it. Men would throw away their lives in pursuit for wealth. No matter whether on Earth or in this world, there would always be many people who would be willing to trample over kinship, friendly and love for their own self-interests and benefits.

In fact kinship did not exist.

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In the beginning when Aunt and Uncle took in Henry Fang and Sam Fang, their only purpose was to seek the heritage.

It was just so that the two brothers were repeatedly unexpected.

“All things are difficult before they are easy.

To me this is more so of the case.

Firstly I do not have outstanding talent; secondly I do not have the care of a teacher.

It is equivalent to raising a family from nothing, but with my parent’s legacy it can be said to be a huge advantage for me.

In my previous life Aunt and Uncle stole away the heritage, and because of that I had to waste two full years to be able to cultivate to Rank One peak stage.



In this life I cannot afford to make the same mistake.” Henry Fang pondered in his mind as he walked.

Instead of staying home, he held the two jars of wine and walked towards the outskirts of the village.

The night deepened and the dark clouds obscured the star light, the mountain breeze blew, growing stronger gradually.

The mountain rain was coming.

But he still had to search; to get ahold of his parent’s inheritance, he would need to wait until he was sixteen.

And the Flower Wine Monk’s treasure was the only thing that he could get his hands on in the short run.

There were not many people on the streets.

The houses along the road showed a dim light.

Some small rubbish and leaves were blown away by the wind, drifting about.

Henry Fang’s thin clothing could not stop the mountain wind, and he could not help but feel a cold chill.

He simply opened the wine jar, drinking a small mouthful of wine.

Although it was turbid wine, but after swallowing it he felt a warm feeling rising up.

This was the first time that he actually drank wine in these few days.

The further he walked out of the village, the lesser the houses beside the road, and the dimmer the lights became.

In front of him it was even darker.

The wind blew heavily against the mountain forest, the branches swaying in the night, making a whistling noise that sounded like a herd of beasts roaring.

Henry Fang’s pace did not slow down.

He walked out of the huge entrance of the village and out into the darkness, going further as he walked.

And behind him were the bright and brilliant lights of tens of thousands of houses.

In these lights there was a warm corner.

The younger brother Sam Fang was seated at his desk, reviewing the notes that he had taken down during class.

The lights in the house were shining brightly, the and solid wall blocked away the cold winds.

Beside his hand was a cup of warm ginseng tea, the steam rising up from the cup.

“Young master Sam Fang, the hot bathing water has been prepared for you.” Outside the door, Lana Shen’s voice softly floated through.

Sam Fang’s heart jolted.

“Then bring it in please.” Lana Shen walked into the room with her waist bowed, her expression pleased.

“Your servant greets young master.” Her eyes sent amorous glances at Sam Fang.

Henry Fang was only a C grade talent, but Sam Fang was an A grade talent! To be able to get ahold of him, is truly the biggest fortune!

## Chapter 10 Reverend Insanity

Pitter patter... Big, heavy raindrops fell to the earth, battering the roof of the verdant bamboo house, making brittle sounds.

The surface of the pond in front of the building was full of ripples as the rain fell, the fish in the water swimming lively around, the aquatic plants swaying about at the bottom of the pond.

The sky was overcast; a thick rain curtain obscured the field of vision as far as the eye could see.

In the somewhat dim room the window was open, and Henry Fang quietly watched the heavy rainfall, sighing.

“It has already been 3 days and 3 nights.” On the night 3 days ago he had walked out of the village with two jars of wine, searching around the surroundings.

But when it was late into the night it started pouring rain. Put aside him being drenched to the bones, the main point was that in the situation he could not go about searching anymore.

The rainwater would quickly wash away the wine fragrance.

At the same time if he forced himself to search under such conditions, it might arouse suspicions.

Although previously he pretended to become a depressed drunken person to cover up his real motives, but he knew never to underestimate the intelligence of others around him. Only a fool would think others were stupid.

Thus under this helplessness, Henry Fang could only stop his search. Not too mention that the moment it started raining, the rain had went on continuously.

Sometimes it became heavier and sometimes lighter, but it never stopped.

“I guess in this way, I won’t be able to find the Liquor worm for a short period of time.

To be safe I can only choose to start refining the Moonlight Fu. While I refine it, if I can find the Liquor worm during the process it would be the best, but if I can’t then this would have to do.

But this matter is very common; a storm may arise from a clear sky, something unexpected may happen anytime.

In this world who can do everything without obstacles in his way, having a perfect journey?” Henry Fang’s thoughts were very calm; his 500 years of experience had long washed away the impulsiveness that he rarely had in the first place.

He closed the door and window and sat cross-legged on his bed.

He closed his eyes slowly and after breathing a few times, he calmed his state of mind.

In the next moment the vision of his primeval aperture appeared in his mind.

The aperture may be positioned inside his body but it was mysteriously unusual, limitlessly big and yet infinitely small.

The outer layer of the aperture was a layer of light.

The white light gave a thin impression, but it still supported the aperture well.

In the aperture was a sea of primeval essence.

The seawater was a green copper color, the surface of the sea clear and calm as a mirror.

The water level was about half the height of the aperture.

The entire volume of the sea occupied 44% of the aperture.

This was the green copper primeval sea of a Rank one Fu master, and every drop of seawater was primeval essence.

It was Henry Fang's life elementary force and the condensation of his essence, vitality and soul.

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Every drop of primeval essence was precious, because it was the root of a Fu master, and was the source of power. Fu Masters need to rely on primeval essence to refine and use Fu.

As he retreated his mind from the primeval sea, Henry Fang opened his eyes retrieved the Moonlight Fu.

The Moonlight Fu quietly sat in the middle of his palm, resembling a curved blue moon, small and crystalline. With a simple thought, the primeval sea in his aperture tumbled and a jet of primeval essence broke from the sea surface and transferred out of the body, finally rushing into the Moonlight Fu.

The Moonlight Fu suddenly radiated fiercely in blue light, slightly trembling in Henry Fang's palm, resisting the influx of primeval essence. Fu are the essence of heaven and earth, carrying the secrets of the world, the bearers of the law of nature.

They are living creatures that live freely under the sky, each born with a will of its own. Right now with Henry Fang trying to refine it, it would mean wiping out its will.

Feeling the danger looming, the Moonlight Fu naturally resisted.

The process of refining is a very difficult one.

The Moonlight Fu was like a curved crescent moon.

As the green copper primeval essence poured into the crescent, the two pointed ends of the crescent turned green.

Slowly this green copper essence began to spread to the middle of the crescent moon.

In less than three minutes, Henry Fang's face had become pale.

A huge volume of primeval essence continuously poured into the Moonlight Fu, making him feel a weakness that rapidly attacked his heart. 1%, 2%, 3%... 8%, 9%, 10%.

Ten minutes later, Henry Fang's primeval sea had used away 10% of primeval essence. Yet on the blue crystalline Moonlight Fu's surface, the points of green copper essence on the two tips of the crescent only expanded a tiny little area towards the center.

The resistance of the Moonlight Fu was immensely strong.

Fortunately Henry Fang had anticipated this earlier and did not feel surprised.

He persisted and poured in more essence into the Moonlight Fu. 1%, 2%, 3%... After another twenty minutes, the primeval sea in Henry Fang's body was only left with 14%.

The green copper essence on the Moonlight Fu had expanded slightly, the two tips of green essence adding up together covering the surface of the Moonlight Fu by about 1/12.

The rest of the Moonlight Fu's surface was still the original color of light blue.

"Refining a Fu is so hard," Henry Fang sighed as he looked at it.

He broke the influx of primeval essence, stopping the refining process.

Up until now, he had been refining for half an hour, the primeval sea in his aperture consumed over more than half, with only 14% of primeval essence left.

And the Moonlight Fu was only refined by 1/12 of it.

To make matters worse the Moonlight Fu was still emitting its faint blue halo.

Even though Henry Fang had stopped refining, the Moonlight Fu did not stop resisting; it was still driving out Henry Fang's green coppery primeval essence.

Henry Fang could clearly feel that the primeval essence that he poured into the Moonlight Fu was being pushed out, bit by bit by the Moonlight Fu out of its body. On its surface, the green copper essence at the two tips of the moon crescent was slowly shrinking.

Based on this speed of reduction, in about six hours later the Moonlight Fu would be able to completely expel all of Henry Fang's primeval essence.

At that time when he needed to refine this Fu it would make no difference from starting over again.

“Every time when refining Fu, it is just like a fight between two armies, a battle of positional warfare, or war of attrition.

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Even though I refined 1/12 of the Fu, I wasted three quarters of my primeval essence. When refining Fu, a Fu master has to replenish his primeval sea while continuously engaging the refinement process, consolidating his victory.

The refinement of a Guis a test of one's skill in shifting his primeval essence and the patience of an enduring battle.” Henry Fang took out a piece of primeval stone from his moneybag as he pondered.

A Fu master had two ways to replenish the consumed primeval essence.

The first way was natural recovery.

After a period of time the primeval sea would naturally replenish the primeval essence.

In the case of a C grade talent like Henry Fang, it would take about one hour to replenish 4% of primeval essence.

In six hours it could recover 24% points of the total quantity primeval essence.

The second way was to absorb the natural essence directly from a primeval stone.

The primeval stone is a treasure from nature itself.

As condensed natural primeval essence, while absorbing it the water level of the primeval sea was rising with a continuous speed that could be seen with the naked eye.

After about half an hour the primeval sea had been replenished back to its original volume of 44%.

At this level the rising water level of the sea stopped abruptly.

Even though there was still space inside the aperture, Henry Fang could not store any more primeval essence.

This was the limit of his C grade talent.

Thus from here one can see the significance of the grade of one's cultivation talent.

The higher the talent, the more primeval essence the aperture can hold, and the faster the natural recovery of the primeval essence will be.

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In Henry Fang's case to refine a Fu and solidify his results, he would have to absorb primeval stones because his primeval essence natural recovery rate cannot defeat the rate of the Moonlight Fu expelling it out.

However in the case of the A grade talent Sam Fang, he could replenish 8% of primeval essence every hour.

In six hours he would recover 48% of primeval essence, and in the same time frame the Moonlight Fu could only expel away 3% points of primeval essence.

Sam Fang did not require the external help of a primeval stone.

He could go on refining with a few rests in the process and successfully refine the Moonlight Fu in a few days.

That was why Henry Fang knew from the beginning that in this test, to refine the Moonlight Fu he never had the chance to obtain the first position.

It had nothing to do with a person's actual strength, as the first factor was the grade of talent.

The second factor would be primeval stones.

If there was an abundance of primeval stones, without hesitation to consume, a B grade talent could also surpass an A grade talent and obtain the first position.

"In my hands are six pieces of primeval stones.

I cannot compare to Spring Mo Bei or Spring Chi Chen, these kinds of people who have their elder family members supporting them from behind. My talent is on C grade, and cannot be compared to Sam Fang who has an A grade talent.

I never had a chance of winning in this test. Why not divert my energy and go look for the Liquor worm? If I can make the Liquor Worm into my vital Fu it would be so much better than the Moonlight Fu.

Hmm? The sound of rain outside the window has gotten lighter, there seems to be a sign of ceasing.

The rain has been ongoing for three days and three nights, it should be time it stopped." Henry Fang kept the Moonlight Fu and got down from his bed.

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As he was about to open the window, there was a knock on the door. Outside the door came his servant Lana Shen's voice, "Young master Henry Fang, its me.

It has been raining straight for three days, so I brought you some food and wine. The young master can eat and drink and ease some depressed feelings."