

# Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 46 To 50

---

## 46 Don't think too much when killing people Reverend Insanity

Chapter 46: Don't think too much when killing people Following his memories, Henry Fang brought Jia Jin Sheng to the cavern in the mountain.

The two entered the crack in the stone, and the path became more narrow as their vision was dyed in darkness. Jia Jin Sheng grew more vigilant as he was in an unfamiliar environment.

Finally, he could not hold it in any further, "I have a question, Jia Fu always treats people with honesty and is amicable with a good reputation. On the other hand, I lied and cheated, forcing transactions through coercion. Why did you choose to deal with me and not him?" Henry Fang's voice travelled through the stone crack.

"Because his cultivation is too high, so if he sees the image wall, he can choose to deal with me, or abandon the deal and just give the image wall to the Spring clan head.

I do not like giving the decision-making to others, furthermore I do not believe in integrity.

The so-called prestigious reputation is just because the profits are small and are unable to incur his greed." More importantly, it was because Jia Jin Sheng's position was special, for his cultivation was weak and he was easy to manipulate.

Henry Fang was naturally not going to mention this, of course.

"Hehe." Jia Jin Sheng laughed dryly, his suspicions mostly gone immediately.

"That last sentence really resonated within me." The two finally got into the secret cave. Jia Jin Sheng saw the image wall at once, and could not help but laugh loudly, "Haha, I guessed right, you didn't lie to me!" Henry Fang stood behind him, laughing lightly, not saying anything. Jia Jin Sheng looked at the wall, seeing the changing images and the animosity between the Flower Wine Monk and the 4th generation clan leader.

He looked at it once and retracted his gaze, looking at Henry Fang, mocking, "Your 4th generation ancestor doesn't look that strong huh." Henry Fang replied, "This is nothing.

The Spring clan needed a hero, thus the 4th generation became a hero. Not long after, the Bao family needs a despicable scum, so the 4th generation will become a degenerate.

Hero, scum, all these are just people's opinions." "Well said!" Jia Jin Sheng laughed as he surveyed the cave.

His sight was set on the corpse of the Flower Wine Monk, and he stopped for a while before saying, "What a pity, a Rank five powerhouse. You've gotten much benefits from him huh?" A Rank five Fu master's inheritance was significant. Jia Jin Sheng's heart beat faster upon thinking of this, and he could not help but ask.

Henry Fang shook his head.

"It's been so long, most of the Fu are dead, I only got a Liquor worm." Jia Jin Sheng did not believe him.

"Don't lie to me brother, as long as this deal goes through, we are accomplices, I won't reveal any information.

Tell me honestly, what did you gain from this?" Henry Fang laughed coldly and did not bother replying him.

Jia Jin Sheng's response was anticipated, and this was also why Henry Fang chose him over Jia Fu. Jia Jin Sheng continued to say: "At the very least, I know the Flower Wine Monk has a Thousand Li Earthwolf spider(1).

That is a Rank five steed-type Fu, with a large body and is proficient in burrowing underground.

The Flower Wine Monk was a demonic cultivator, and his ability to get about freely was mostly due to this Thousand Li Earthwolf spider, allowing him to escape from the righteous cultivators." "Oh, there's something like that?" Henry Fang frowned. Regarding the Flower Wine Monk, he did not have much information. Jia Jin Sheng smugly said, "I came to your village last year and heard this legend, and I found it interesting so I went home and researched about it.

The Thousand Li Earthwolf spider and Flower Wine Monk were inseparable, and in my opinion, this cave should have been dug out by the spider. Otherwise, with the Qing

Mao Mountain's rich and heavy soil, how can a cave like this form? Brother, you don't have to conceal it anymore.

The Flower Wine Monk died here so there's definitely his Thousand Li Earthwolf spider here!" Henry Fang frowned even more deeply, feeling a sense of discomfort, his gaze grim, "Yes, there are no other exits here.

The Thousand Li Earthwolf spider is massive, he would not have been able to squeeze out from the crack we just walked through.

However, there is a possibility that the Thousand Li Earthwolf was plotted against and killed by the 4th generation.

Seeing that image wall, even when the Flower Wine Monk was fighting he did not summon the Thousand Li Earthwolf spider." "That makes the situation even more peculiar.

This cave is not formed naturally, thus it has to be created by the Flower Wine Monk. Without the Thousand Li Earthwolf spider, could there be any other methods?" Jia Jin Sheng looked at Henry Fang suspiciously.

Henry Fang's frown swelled into a knot as he felt more and more uncertain.

From Jia Jin Sheng's information, he found out something: it appears as if there was a crucial point that he had missed out.

He could not help but fall into deep thoughts. Jia Jin Sheng was thinking too, the image wall was no longer enough for him. Once he confirmed that the situation was real, he wanted to dig out the Flower Wine Monk's inheritance from Henry Fang.

But at this time, something unexpected to the two of them happened! The image wall which was playing endlessly, suddenly changed its image.

A gravely injured, pale bald Fu master replaced the original video and appeared on the wall.

He weakly sprawled on the ground, his back facing the wall.

His chest and limbs were deeply cut, but the strange thing was that his wounds did not bleed, as if his entire body's blood had been drained out.

"I am the Flower Wine Monk." The bald Fu master laughed, his expression distorted with madness, "Future person, no matter who you are, to endure this video and let it play for nearly one hundred days, it proves that you have no good will towards the Spring family. Very well, you shall be my successor! My entire inheritance is yours, but I have a condition. You must exterminate the Spring clan for me. Murder the entire clan and leave no one alive!" Jia Jin Sheng was stunned on the spot, his face frozen with shock.

"A Rank five powerhouse, the Flower Wine Monk's inheritance!" He was stunned, and for a moment his brains were churning and thinking.

"My god! A Rank five powerhouse, what does that mean? Rank three is a family elder, Rank four is a village lord, and a Rank five is a mountain lord, able to rule over a mountain and do as he pleases! To think that in this tiny place, there is a Rank five Fu master's power inheritance." "Wait, Flower Wine Monk is a demonic cultivator, so if I inherit his powers, is it inappropriate? No, strength has nothing to do with good or evil.

The Flower Wine Monk wants his successor to destroy the Spring clan, but do I really have to? He's already dead, I just have to take his inheritance and ignore those issues." "This is a godsend opportunity.

Even with my D grade talent, if I inherit the Flower Wine Monk's inheritance, I might be able to improve my talent.

Those rare talent-raising Fu worms, they might be part of the inheritance.

If I inherit this fortune and become a Rank four or five Fu master, I'd be able to contest with Jia Fu!" "Wait! I almost forgot, there's an outsider, what should I do?" "Should I split the inheritance with him? No, kill him! Only by killing him can I protect this secret. Yes, I should calm him down first, and lie that we're going to split the treasure. Getting rid of his guard, then assaulting him and killing him here.

This place is so hidden, it's great.

Even if I kill him, nobody would know." Although he thought of all these, it was merely a moment in real life.

Having a plan, he squinted and revealed a fake smile.

He slowly turned around and faced Henry Fang but just as he was about to speak, he saw two blue moonblades flying towards him.

His pupils dilated into the size of a pin; the distance was too small, he could not respond in time! "You....." His voice came to a halt.

The moonblade aimed accurately for his neck, and in an instant, his skull flew into the air, fresh blood pouring out like a fountain.

After two seconds, his corpse plopped on the ground.

The scalding blood poured on the mountain walls, dyeing the withering vines red.

"Don't think so much when killing people." Henry Fang looked at the corpse plainly and then shifted his gaze towards the image wall.

"To think there was such a twist here.

How interesting," He muttered as his eyes emitted an eerie glow. 千里地狼蛛 – Thousand Li Earthwolf Spider, the Li here is chinese mile.

A thousand li is 500 kilometers.

## 47 Jia Jin Sheng, I actually did not want to kill you Reverend Insanity

Chapter 47: Jia Jin Sheng, I actually did not want to kill you The rain crashed down heavily. Grey clouds covered the sky, and the continuous mountains far away blended into a mass of black ink.

The rain curtain interwove the heavens and earth together. Crack! The sky flashed bright abruptly, and a bolt of lightning cut across the sky like a silver snake, then in an instant it was gone.

Summer was approaching, and the end of spring's heavy rain seemed to bring about a trace of the warmth of summer. On Qing Mao Mountain, huge expanses of jade green spear bamboo stood tall and straight, resisting the winds and rain, the bodies of the bamboo straight like a spear as ever, the tips of the bamboo pointing towards the blue sky dome.

In the Spring village, row upon row of innumerable tall-pillared houses endured against the great rain's washing. Outside the village, the caravan had already set out on their journey once again.

“The rain is heavy, take note of the pavement.” “Don’t fall behind, Fu Masters better pull your Fu properly, especially the fat beetle, don’t block the mountain road anymore!” “You bunch of mortal martial fighters, better open your eyes wide and pay careful attention. Lose a single thing and you’ll be paying for that!” There was an endless stream of shouts rising and falling in succession from the merchant caravans.

After stopping over at the Spring village for three days, it was time for this merchant caravan to leave the place and follow the mountain path through Qing Mao Mountain and head for their next destination.

The heavy rain cleansed the heaven and earth, and the roads surrounding the village were paved with cobblestone, this was still alright.

However after around five hundred meters the roads would turn into a muddy and narrow mountain path.

The head of the proud ostrich chicken was drooping, its colourful rainbow feathers soaking wet under the rain, sticking into clumps, becoming the example of a drenched and bedraggled chicken.

The fat beetle worm moved its fat huge body, walking extremely slow forward.

The rainwater beat upon its black armor, forming streams of water flow, sliding down both sides of its body onto the earth.

The shaggy mountain spider was also drenched, and its green-black coloured fur were adhered together. On the contrary, the toad Fu were happily calling out, carrying out the load and Fu Masters, hopping forward on the mountain.

And the winged snake had already put away its wings, the thick snake’s body cheerfully travelling on the muddy water.

To protect the goods and prevent them from getting drenched wet by the rainwater, the Fu Masters were showing their magical abilities at the moment. On a few enormous fat beetles stood Fu Masters in the middle.

Their two hands were raised high, each of them having a One-stretch Golden Light Worm floating in midair one inch away from their palms.

The green copper primeval essence was like stream evaporating as it concentrated into the One-stretch Golden Light Worm’s bodies.

The entire Fu flashed like a golden bean, acting as the heart, supporting a tremendous faint gold coloured bubble dome.

The hemisphere-shaped bubble dome had a rather huge scope.

It was able to completely cover one fat beetle worm and still have some leftover space.

As the rain smashed upon the bubble dome, it would bounce away, just like hitting on an umbrella.

However this sort of One-stretch Golden Light Worm continuously consumed primeval essence, and in the long run the Rank one Fu Masters would not be able to take it anymore.

As expected, after a while, a Fu master shouted: "No more, my primeval essence is almost exhausted, who can take over?" "I can!" Almost simultaneously, a Fu master rushed forward and replaced his position.

A few Fu Masters pulling the carriages or riding the mountain spiders activated the Green Silk Fu in their bodies.

Under its influence, their hair started to grow furiously.

A normal person's hair had at least one hundred thousand strands.

A hundred thousand strands of hair, each being five to six metres, intertwining and covering the Fu master's body along with the steed, formed an impenetrable hair raincoat.

The Green Silk Fu was a Rank one Fu worm, often used for defense.

It uses 30% of green copper primeval essence to activate, and was not a continuous expenditure type like the One-stretch Golden Light Worm.

This Green Silk Fu can be combined with the Rank one Black Boar Fu to become the Rank two Black Mane Fu.

The Black Mane Fu when activated would not only involve hair on the head, but also hair on all the pores. Within a few seconds, the Fu master's body would gain a black mane protective armor.

The Black Mane Fu's advancement path was the Rank three famous Fu, Steel Mane Fu. Other than the One-stretch Golden Light Worm and Green Silk Fu, many of the caravan Fu Masters also chose the Water Spider Fu.

It can be seen that there was a thin layer of blue raincoat on their bodies. On the raincoat's surface, the water circulated randomly.

As the raindrops hit onto the raincoat, it would immediately become part of the raincoat.

Since the Fu Masters were continuously soaking under the rain, the raincoat on their bodies would grow thicker.

Every now and then the Fu Masters would have to urge the Water Spider Fu and discharge away the excess water.

At this moment the thick raincoats would be reduced to the original thin layer.

As for those mortal warriors, they were constantly on the move, watching over the goods on the muddy road. Most of them wore raincoats made of straw, but in their rush and confusion the straw raincoats had limited effect from avoiding the rain, so they were already drenched wet by the rainwater.

"This accursed weather!" The warriors cursed in their hearts.

In the rainy weather, the mountain trail becomes even harder to walk on.

Under this weather, martial artists might be strong physically but they are still mortals. Once their bodies are drenched by rain and coupled with intensive labour, they would easily catch a cold. Getting a serious illness was the lightest consequence, perhaps they might catch repercussions, and if they catch a certain tough disease, it might cause them to get gravely ill and abandoned on the trip itself.

If they encounter slippery roads on the mountain trails, or encounter wild beasts and Fu worms' attacks, they might lose their lives.

The caravan may be big, and have many Fu Masters.

But every time they went on a journey, there would always be a great decrease in numbers. Mortal martial artists die the most, while Fu Masters also have injuries and casualties.



If the caravan was unlucky enough to encounter large-scale migrating beasts, they might even get wiped out completely. Other than natural disasters, there were also human-caused problems.

Among the villages, there might be those who do not welcome the caravan.

Some villages like to rob the outsiders.

“We’re leaving, see you next year!” Some of the Fu Masters sat on the Fu worms and turned their bodies to bid farewell.

At the entrance of the village, many people gathered as they sent the caravan off with their gazes.

“You must come again next year!” Reluctant to see them depart, the children shouted loudly.

The adults had more complicated expressions.

“The road ahead is unforeseen.

In these hard times, for those who are able to come to the village next year, how many would still be familiar faces?” “Be it at the merchant caravan or in the village, it is not easy to earn a living.” As the caravan left further and further, as the crowd dispersed.

The cheerful and lighthearted market atmosphere had also subsequently disappeared.

The original spot that had erected tents and shops was left now with a huge mess.

The grass turf had been walked upon continuously by the crowd, grassroots and mud soil trampled out.

The rainwater hit on its surface, immediately forming mud and numerous little pot-holes that collected muddy water.

In addition to that, there was a lot of garbage left over.

Henry Fang stood on a secluded hillside, watching the merchant caravan from far away alone.

The merchant caravan was like a fat and colourful flower python, snaking through the narrow mountain road under the grey heavy rain, slowly entering the dense mountain forest.

“Ah, the heavens are sending their blessings...” Henry Fang sighed lightly.

He held a butter yellow paper umbrella, quietly standing in the rain.

Henry Fang wore the most plain flax cloth garment, his body slim, his skin bringing about the pale whiteness of a fifteen year old teenager, a settled clump of clean and short black hair atop his head.

The ends of his hair trembled slightly in the wind under his umbrella. While others curse the weather, he was lamenting the timely appearance of the rain.

He killed Jia Jin Sheng last night and cleaned up the scene, but because it happened so unexpectedly, there was bound to be areas of neglect.

Especially with the bloody smell, because the cave is not ventilated, the smell could not disperse easily. With this rain, it cleaned up the air and environment, greatly reducing the chances of getting exposed by smell tracking methods.

The crack was bound to have a small cascade of water flowing down, and once the fresh water vapour diluted the air, he would not be exposed for the short time being. Of course, once time passes, the chance of getting exposed increases.

In this world there were all sorts of Fu worms, and investigative methods were abundant, even Henry Fang only knew a portion of them.

The rain produced pitter patter sounds as it hit on the yellow umbrella.

Then following the shape of the umbrella, streams of water flowed down onto the limestones beneath Henry Fang's feet, hitting and creating splashes.

Seeing the caravan curve into a corner, completely disappearing into the forests, Henry Fang did not show a sign of relief, but instead looked grim.

“Although Jia Jin Sheng's cultivation was weak and had little talent, he had a special status.

The caravan's people are all busy with business, thus no one found out that he's missing.

But once some time passes, it'd definitely be found out.

By then, Jia Fu would return to investigate, and the real challenge would be then." "The Jia family head intentionally arranged Jia Jin Sheng and Jia Fu to be on the same caravan, he had deep intentions.

In terms of cultivation, they are worlds apart.

In terms of cunningness, they're also incomparable.

Such an arrangement is to inflict a blow to Jia Jin Sheng and let him be clear of reality, and live life peacefully.

At the same time he is testing Jia Fu's nature, for if he is too overbearing on Jia Jin Sheng, how can he hand the position of clan head to him?" "Jia Jin Sheng never truly understood his father's intentions.

Although he had some intelligence, he only managed to scratch the surface of a merchant's wits, what a pity.

A pity of such a good pawn piece." Henry Fang felt regrettable in his heart. With five hundred years of experience, he could easily see past the surface and understand the true nature of the situation. When he saw the dispute between the two that night, he could tell the complicated relationship between Jia Jin Sheng and Jia Fu, and thus he had a vague plan formed in his heart from then on.

In his plan, Jia Jin Sheng was a very suitable pawn.

His cultivation was weak but he held a high position in the caravan, and although he had some wits, he had little experience, thus Henry Fang could easily manipulate him. Once controlled, this pawn would be extremely useful.

For one, he could build a strong network of smuggling through his relationship, preparing up for usurping treasures from future killings.

Secondly, Henry Fang could hide in the background and use the image wall to stir up conflict among the Qing Mao mountain's three families, causing a civil war and enabling him to be able to reap the rewards.

Thirdly, Henry Fang could rely on him to make his way into the Jia family interior.

The future Jia family dispute caused a large scale Fu fighting competition, it will be a huge affair with lots of benefits to gain.

Henry Fang could make use of this to acquire the greatest reward for himself.

“My cultivation is still too low, restraining me greatly in doing things.

If there was a pawn for me to use, I can do some things that I cannot attempt myself, it is not only convenient but also lowers the risk of doing so.

If I get exposed, I can simply discard the pawn and stay safe myself.” “The surrounding people know the situation well and are loyal to the family, thus they aren’t good to manipulate. Only an outsider like Jia Jin Sheng can be used more efficiently to execute my plans.

Unfortunately, I did not expect the Flower Wine Monk to leave behind his power inheritance.” The Flower Wine Monk is a Rank five Fu master, his inheritance is definitely more valuable than this pawn. Of course, it’d be good if he could get the best of both worlds, but in face of such treasure, Jia Jin Sheng could not longer be controlled, thus he had to be discarded.

“Nothing will go smoothly forever in this world.” Henry Fang sighed and shook his head.

The Flower Wine Monk’s inheritance appeared and disrupted Henry Fang’s original plans.

In addition, after the changes to the image wall, the videos and images were all gone, only showing a line written in blood, telling Henry Fang to destroy the image wall and reveal a cavern entrance.

Following the trail, he would be able to get the inheritance.

The blood writing only appeared for a few breaths before vanishing, and the image wall also turned back into the most ordinary mountain wall.

Henry Fang spent the entire night cleaning up the murder scene, and had no time to break the wall.

“Killing Jia Jin Sheng in a hurry, this would leave many problems for me in the future, and I am but only temporarily safe.

Although I succeeded in getting rid of the evidence, there is bound to be trouble coming for me in the future.

In this case, I would have to change my way of exposing the Liquor worm.

I cannot go to the secret cave behind the wall crack either.

I have to stay in the mountain village for some time to anticipate investigation in the near future.” Henry Fang turned around and held his umbrella, walking in the rain towards the village.

“But this is fine too.

I can spend a large amount of primeval stones during this period to refine to middle stage primeval essence.

Using it, I can nurture my aperture and break through into the middle stage. Once I reached the middle stage, my power will double, allowing me to get the inheritance more easily and with greater confidence.” A demonic cultivator’s inheritance was not as mild and gentle as a righteous cultivator’s, for there was often dangerous tests and tasks, and if one cannot get through, they’d have to pay the price with their life.

“The world is hard to predict, but it is precisely this that makes it interesting.” Henry Fang smiled coldly.

The green mountain beneath the heavy rain extended continuously and unending, its green mixed with grey, appearing stifling and heavy.

A gust of wind blew, and the raindrops inclined a little, hitting onto Henry Fang’s shoulder and attacking him with a burst of chilliness.

He thought about Jia Jin Sheng again.

Sighing in his heart, he thought, “Jia Jin Sheng, actually I... did not want to kill you.” What a waste of a good pawn.

## 48 A little cute Reverend Insanity

Chapter 48: A little cute It rained for four days before stopping.

The sun rose high into the sky, tearing away the rain curtain, seemingly like it was unveiling summer itself.

The breath of summer had faintly started to come around.

The weather became increasingly sunny and cloudless, sweeping away the sentimental breath of spring, and the temperatures slowly rose.

In the night of spring, the lively Dragonpill crickets had retreated, cowering away into the deep ground to lay eggs.

The green spear bamboo specially found on Qing Mao Mountain had started to grow wildly, and nearly everyday it would show an obvious increase in height.

The grass and the trees began to change from emerald green into a dark green colour.

The neverending green mountains started to look even more verdant and lush.

The weather was clear for thousands of miles, blue like a crystal.

Bang, bang, bang.

At the training grounds in the academy, sounds of punches and kicks could be heard.

After exchanging over ten blows, Spring Mo Bei was kicked in the abdomen by Henry Fang, taking five to six steps backwards, leaving the designated circle drawn in the arena.

The martial arts instructor stood before the stage and evaluated the situation.

Seeing this, he immediately declared, "Spring Mo Bei has exited the stage, Spring Henry Fang wins for the 33rd consecutive time!" "Hmph, I lost to you again."

Spring Mo Bei gritted his teeth, his eyes staring right at Henry Fang, "But don't be arrogant. One day, I will defeat you.

I can already feel it, that day is nearing!" Henry Fang looked at him expressionlessly, and then his eyelids drooped downwards. "That kick earlier caused you to have internal bleeding.

I'd advise you to treat that injury first."

"This small injury is nothing!" Spring Mo Bei was retorting halfway, when suddenly his expression changed and his throat gulped, vomiting a mouthful of blood.

His face was pale, this was the first time he suffered this level of injury! His eyes could not help but show signs of fear.

The martial arts instructor hurried over and pacified him. "Don't worry about this level of injury, you just need to rest for a few days. Just stop practising your punches and do not do vigorous exercises during this period."

The moment he finished saying so, two healing Fu Masters who were waiting outside rushed over and meticulously helped Spring Mo Bei out. Spring Mo Bei did not dare to say anything else, but he looked at Henry Fang deeply in his eyes, filled with anger, hatred, regret and indignance. "Mo Bei has good martial techniques, but he couldn't beat Henry Fang."

"Henry Fang is too good, basically no one can beat him!" "Mo Bei actually vomited blood, how scary.

I don't want to fight a guy like this."

"Sigh, but the instructor said today is practice combat, up on the arena! Each of us needs to go up and fight once."

The students stood outside the arena, some looking towards Henry Fang in fear, some sighing non-stop, some were pale while others felt trepidation.

Among them, some were injured.

A few held their bruised faces, some held their limbs, gasping for breath. Others laid on the ground, rubbing their thigh. "Next!" Seeing that there were no challengers coming up, the instructor yelled.

However, no one answered.

Usually those who were courageous to challenge Henry Fang were only Spring Mo Bei, Spring Chi Chen and Spring Sam Fang.

But these three were already beaten.

Silence swept across the students as others even retracted their steps slightly.

The instructor frowned on seeing their fearful expression.

He could not help but think of the academy elder's words: "These days, Henry Fang has gotten too dominant, we have to suppress him."

The other students cannot even raise their heads under his pressure, and if this goes on, the courage in their hearts will be simmered. Our academy nurtures courageous tigers and wolves to fight enemies, not fearful sheep and lambs."

"What's wrong with all of you? No matter how strong he is, Henry Fang is only fifteen years old, he's one of your peers! He has the same age as you, eats the same food as you and drinks the same water."

He does not have three heads or six arms, he's not a monster! Pluck up your courage and show me the pride of the Spring clan within you!" The instructor yelled, trying his best to motivate the students. "But he is too strong, we cannot beat him."

"The classmates who fought him are in such a pitiful state. Mo Bei got beaten until he vomited blood."

"Henry Fang is getting more ruthless with his strikes, instructor, we do not dare to fight him."

The students spoke softly, weakly retorting.

The instructor was stomping with anger.

These ignorant youngsters! He was clear as a bystander.

Henry Fang had gone through thirty-three consecutive fights without any rest in the middle.

Although he was constantly adjusting his breathing, his stamina had already depleted.

Henry Fang's attacks getting merciless proves this fact even further: He could no longer take it easy like before, he is losing control of his strength and the situation.

If someone tries harder, his fatigue will be revealed. With just a few more people, he could be defeated on the stage! Once Henry Fang is beaten, his dominating presence will be reduced sharply, the students courage ignited and the motive to suppress Henry Fang achieved.

But now, the students were deterred by Henry Fang's tough front.



At times, what defeats a person is not a strong enemy but one's own heart.

The instructor was anxious in his thoughts, and continued to motivate them.

But he was not good with his words.

In the beginning he said these same words to ignite the hot-bloodedness in the youngsters and stirred up some challengers.

But now that he had said this so many times, the youngsters are all numb already.

Henry Fang folded his arms and stared at this coldly.

Although he was standing in the center of the stage, he was acting like a complete bystander.

The instructor encouraged for ages but the students were still looking at each others, not one had moved.

The martial instructor could not help but be angry and helpless.

He turned to Henry Fang, unhappily chiding, "Henry Fang, you're also at fault. Your blows are getting more vicious among classmates, you should be more gentle and friendly, how can you deal such vicious blows? Be careful from now on and attack carefully.

www.onlinefreenovels.com

If you cause another classmate to vomit blood, I will declare your loss and evict you from the stage!" "Instructor, you are wrong."

Henry Fang snorted, his gaze not showing any weakness, looking right at the instructor, "Practising and fighting, we naturally have to give it our all, otherwise how can it achieve the aim of training? Don't tell me that when we are in battle, we also have to request our enemies to be more gentle and friendly?" The instructor flew into a rage, "Hmph, your attacks are vicious, you are harming your classmates and you dare to use twisted logic!" "Instructor, you're wrong again."

Henry Fang laughed coldly, "You arranged this practice match and raised the winning prize to twenty primeval stones. Without your encouragement, would these people have gotten hurt?" "bast\*rd!" The martial arts instructor was not good with words, and he pointed at Henry Fang and scowled, "Do you still want the prize or not? If you argue any further, even if you get first place, I will declare you a loser! You are so uncooperative and antisocial, and you dare to argue with your teachers, you have no rights to claim the

twenty primeval stones as reward!" Henry Fang laughed heartily. "It is but a competition that merely gives twenty primeval stones, do you think I give a damn?" Saying so, he turned around and left.

Under the class' distraught gaze, he walked out of the center of arena.

Although he did not manage to sell the image wall, Henry Fang still had several hundreds of primeval stones in his possession.

Furthermore, his aim this time was not primeval stones. "You!" Seeing Henry Fang really walking down the stage, the instructor was stunned without words, showing an expression of shock and confusion.

A fifteen year old teenager, shouldn't he be competitive and full of vigor? Henry Fang having such fighting talents, shouldn't his character be even more so? How could he just back out of the competition like this? Furthermore, Henry Fang has no background, he should be tight on primeval stones. Why was the twenty primeval stones unable to attract him? At this point, the martial arts instructor stood on the spot, unsure of what to do.

Henry Fang did not step into the trap, but left the stage immediately.

The instructor suddenly realized: There was nothing he could do to Henry Fang. With his status, he could not find problems with Henry Fang directly, and force him onto the stage right? The surrounding students retreated, maintaining a distance away from Henry Fang.

Henry Fang stood on the grounds, with no one around him. With him as the center, the radius of five steps around him became a vacuum. What a pity.

If they were beside Henry Fang, they would hear Henry Fang's panting sound. "My stamina is depleted," Henry Fang sighed.

Although he showed an energetic outward appearance, under his clothes, his body was slightly shivering.

After all, he was only fifteen years old and had no relevant Fu worm as support.

After thirty-three matches, he was close to his limits.

Although he had his rich fighting experience from his past life, during this time, the other youngsters' combat abilities had improved significantly.

From them, Henry Fang could already feel a strengthening sense of pressure.

This kind of pressure reflected in Henry Fang's attacks.

His attacks got tougher as he gradually lost control of his strength. Compared to the past, when they were still too weak and he could defeat them easily, the youngsters would only end up in minor injuries.

But now, his control over the arena was getting weaker, thus he had to strike harder to maintain his image. "Experience is, after all, not omnipotent.

Any thoughts or technique require a body with sufficient foundation before the value can be apparent."

Henry Fang narrowed his eyes.

In actuality he had long seen through the martial instructor's thoughts.

Henry Fang was not surprised, as if he had expected this from the start, the academy elder's pressure on him.

After he killed Gao Wan, the people who dared to challenge him diminished. When he extorted them, even more people oppressed by Henry Fang's dominance did not dare resist, and they obediently handed over their primeval stones.

After a long period, Henry Fang's unbeatable image would be formed.

This would leave some psychological trauma in the youngsters and make them unconfident in their martial arts techniques.

This was what the academy elder did not want to see.

He needed Henry Fang to motivate and force the students to improve, not to completely extinguish their passion for battle.

He wanted to see Henry Fang's defeat. Once Henry Fang was defeated, the image of invincibility that he had erected would be instantly destroyed.

At the same time, it would awaken the students' fighting spirit.

After some setbacks, it would mould their wills to be indomitable.

But to Henry Fang, he needed this form of pressure so that he could extort primeval stones with greater ease.

If he was defeated, the youngsters would realize his weakness and attack together at once.

Although Henry Fang had ample of primeval stones in his hands, extortion was his main source of income. Without this source, he would be digging into his reserves.

Thus, Henry Fang's appearance in the arena and thirty-three consecutive victories was merely to maintain his deterrence towards the students, and not for the twenty primeval stones reward.

If he avoided combat from the start, it would show his weakness, and if it raged on, he would expose his weakness. "What are you all waiting for, why is nobody getting up on the stage, go on! The first prize is twenty primeval stones, you all don't want it anymore?" The instructor yelled after snapping out of his thoughts.

The rest of the students began to get motivated.

Henry Fang had already left the stage, and to them, it was a huge rock off their minds. "I'll go!" "I'll come!" Two youngsters squeezed their way up the stage and began to spar. "Sigh, if I had known this, I would have waited and not rushed up the stage.

Then I would not have been throw off the stage by Henry Fang."

"What a pity, to think Henry Fang left."

"He's really daring, see even the instructor is at a lost for what to do with him."

Hearing their whispers, the instructor felt his reputation crumbling.

He was extremely agitated in his heart and wanted to punish Henry Fang thoroughly.

However, Henry Fang had done nothing wrong, and leaving the stage on his own accord was allowed.

The instructor was both helpless and moody.

Finally he looked at Henry Fang and stared angrily at the latter.

Henry Fang's lips slightly curled up into an angle as he thought, "Such boorish methods, this instructor is a little cute."

## 49 Not afraid of Henry Fang breaking out of their grasp Reverend Insanity

Chapter 49: Not afraid of Henry Fang breaking out of their grasp A pair of solemn eyes were staring at the faraway training grounds.

The academy elder stood at the window of the third storey, looking at everything that had transpired at the arena.

He frowned deeply.

The instant Henry Fang left the stage, he felt a sense of peculiarity in his heart, not expecting Henry Fang to do this. "This lad, he is rather hard to catch.

He is proficient in the academy's rules, and normally will not commit any wrongdoings.

Although he sleeps in class, once he is asked a question he can answer properly, leaving others with no flaws to pick on.

Trying to get ahold of a weakness of his to suppress his dominance is going to be difficult."

www.onlinefreenovels.com

The academy elder could not help but develop a faint sense of loathing towards Henry Fang.

As a teacher, he naturally liked obedient and smart students, and hated those naughty students who did not obey the rules.

But being the academy elder for so many years, his experience was extremely rich, he had seen many different types of students.

Among them he had seen extremely obedient ones who followed orders without question.

There were also those who caused problems day and night, constantly breaking the rules.

His heart had already become still as water, impartial to all.

At the same time, he carved the phrase “as a teacher, one must treat all students fairly” onto the right corner of his desk, treating it as his motto.

He had never felt such disgust for a student.

Feeling that sense of detest in his heart, the academy elder was also slightly shocked.

In previous years, even towards the most naughty students, he was able to handle it with a big heart, tolerating their actions.

But when it came to Henry Fang, why did he lose this sense of impartialness? He thought about it again and again, and finally realized the reason.

This lad called Henry Fang, he had a form of arrogance in his blood! It seemed from the fundamentals that Henry Fang did not respect his teachers for their status.

Towards the martial arts instructor earlier, he not only disobeyed him, but even rebuked him in public.

Actually, such cases of retorting against teachers were commonly seen in previous years.

However, those kids always had an agitated state of mind.

They were either rebellious, furious or stubborn, etc.

The academy elder was clear that the more agitated the youngsters were, the more it implied that they were fearful in their hearts.

But Henry Fang was not.

He had no fear in his heart at all, as if he had seen through the tricks of the academy.

His expression was aloof, and even after he left the stage, his expression showed no signs of changing, as if he had done something insignificant. Yes, he treated the matter of disobeying his teachers as a trivial matter that was insignificant! In simple terms —— He was not afraid.

It was just this point that caused the academy elder to already feel unhappy, developing a sense of disgust for him.

The academy elder could endure a student more rebellious than Henry Fang, or a teenager ten times naughtier than him.

That was because these students knew fear and were moving based on their agitated emotions.

As long as they were fearful, as long as they were impulsive, they would be easily manipulated and will not go out of control.

But Henry Fang was not.

He was calm and uncaring, not treating his teachers with reverence.

He was not respectful! Someone who has no reverence for the clan, even if they are nurtured, how can they be useful for the clan? "Once they appear, this sort of person, they have to be suppressed, they must be suppressed! Otherwise, his existence will create a sense of irresistibility in the students.

In the long run, it will affect the others, causing them to lose their reverence for their teachers, and as the academy, how else are we going to manage the students?" The academy elder squinted his eyes, making up the decision in his mind.

But then, his face showed a troubled expression very quickly.

How was he going to suppress Henry Fang? Henry Fang had done nothing wrong, there was no weakness that he could exploit.

Henry Fang's cunning demeanour gave him a sense of helplessness.

He had never met a student like this, one who was so familiar with the academy's rules and regulations.

As the academy elder, he was always impartial to all students.

He could not be like a slum gangster and purposely find trouble with a youngster like Henry Fang.

He had placed his hopes on the martial arts instructor, but now he was deeply disappointed. "It seems that to suppress Henry Fang's domination, we can only wait until all the other students advance to Rank one middle stage."

A Fu master's advancement is mostly influenced by their talents. With his rich experience as the academy elder, he had calculated before in his heart: the ones who had the greatest chance to advance first are Spring Sam Fang, Chi Chen and Mo Bei.

They were an A rank and two B grades respectively, and with their elders' help behind them, they had no lack of primeval stones. No matter which one of the three, they were mostly likely to be the first to advance to Rank one middle stage cultivation. "Spring Sam Fang, Chi Chen and Mo Bei, these three are our hopeful seeds this season."

The academy elder looked at the arena and sighed. With his experienced gaze, he could tell: in the arena, although the students seem to be standing casually, they had subtly already split into three factions.

In one circle was Spring Chi Chen and a bunch of similarly-aged clansmen, all crowding around him.

The second circle's core was Spring Sam Fang, and the clan leader's faction's younger generation were subtly supporting this A grade talent genius.

The third circle was led by Spring Mo Bei.

He had already been treated of his internal injury and stood on the arena with a pale face.

The classmates beside him were asking him about his condition. "This is the meaning of letting them compete with each other."

Seeing the three factions, the academy elder was overjoyed and laughed.

Allowing the students free reign to compete, this was not just to nurture their battle senses, but also to prematurely choose the leader-type characters.

In past seasons, they had to wait until the end of the year to have the capacity to develop their own circles.

But in this year, because of Henry Fang's appearance, his extortion had brought forth the divergence much faster.



Against Henry Fang, the only ones who dared to compete against him were Sam Fang, Mo Bei and Chi Chen.

After a long time under imperceptible influence, the other youngsters would automatically regard these three as the leaders.

As long as there were no mishaps, these three social circles would be the layout of the future family's higher-ups. "But these factions are still not stable. Within them, there are still students moving around. Once the three take the lead and advance to the middle stage first, I will give them the positions of class chairman and vice chairman. With that differentiation, they would gain authority, and this will strengthen their social circles," the academy elder thought. Of course, there was someone not within either factions. Just one person, and that was Henry Fang. Getting close to stronger people is human nature.

In fact, although Henry Fang extorted the students and acted against the students, there were a number of youngsters who wanted to attach themselves to him.

However, they were rejected by Henry Fang.

To him, only those who were useful were pawns, and these youngsters had too little value.

This was also another reason the academy elder hated Henry Fang.

He was too antisocial, not willing to integrate into the team.

To such people like him, the clan's control over them was not as much as the other youngsters.

The academy elder's gaze once again shot towards Henry Fang in the arena.

Henry Fang stood alone at one corner with his hands behind his back, his eyelids slightly closed, allowing the students to fight for their prize.

Even with the heated competition, his expression did not change the slightest.

His surrounding was vacant, no youngster was willing to stand with him. Very evidently, he also did not wish for these people to be near him.

Henry Fang stood there alone, enshrouded in loneliness.

He floated outside the factions. "But I don't have to be too worried.

This Henry Fang is still young and can be changed slowly."

The academy elder's gaze shone and he thought deeply. "Next up will be the establishment of the class chairman and vice chairman.

A year later, we will split into groups, creating team leaders and assistant leaders.

Every academic year also has all sorts of honor and rewards, like the Small Redflower Award, Blue Neckcloth Prize and Five Outstanding Student Prize.

He wants to cultivate so he needs resources, thus he has to compete for these positions and prizes.

As time passes, with interaction among the students, he is bound to have kinship, friendship and love as his restraints.

I don't have to worry about him going beyond the clan's control."

These years, the academy elder had gradually understood something. When a new clan member is born, they would be brainwashed by the clan.

First, they would be taught the clan's utmost value system. Next they would go into moral education and learn about the beauty and importance of kinship, friendship, love.

After that, they would be taught honor, and in the process of growing up, many resources such as prizes would be used to attract them.

Using the family's assigned roles, they would choose and recruit the most loyal clansmen into their factions.

Do not look down on the small roles like chairman or vice chairman, for once they become one of these roles, they would be part of the clan's administration.

Under such a system with constant influence, on one hand it brings about the benefits of having authority and the sweetness of power, while on the other hand, it brings the problem of detaching from the system.

A carrot in hand and a stick in the other, who can break away from this system? Even the wildest of people or the most lonesome ones would gradually become a part of the

family. One without loyalty would also be nurtured into one with loyalty. Without kinship, friendship or love, they would still be developed.

This is the power of the system.

This is the power of rules.

This is the clan's way of survival!

## 50 Middle Stage! Reverend Insanity

Chapter 50: Middle Stage! Nightfall arrived.

The moon was like a silver plate, appearing among the clouds.

The thinly spread stars decorated the surroundings. Spring Mo Bei stood in the courtyard, raising his head up, his eyes glistening under the reflection of the moon. "Little brother, I heard you got injured today."

Behind him, his sister Spring Mo Yan's voice resounded. "Sister, you are worried that after being beaten till I vomited blood today, I would have long lasting trauma?" Mo bei turned around and curled his lips.

Seeing her brother laughing, Mo Yan's heart felt at ease.

Although she had truly worried, she said instead, "No way, big sis here understands you best. Good brother, you have an indomitable will, the future head of our Mo family.

How can you be frightened off by such a small injury?" "Hehehe, I knew sister doted on me the most," Mo Bei scratched the back of his head as he laughed sheepishly. "You know what, sister?" Under the glow of the moonlight, this fifteen year old teenager's eyes radiated brightly. "Although I failed this time, I heard Henry Fang panting during the match.

Back then he easily beaten me in two or three strikes with an calm and composed manner.

But his gasping already revealed his weakness.

He is definitely not as strong as everyone else thinks. One day, I will defeat him fair and square."

“Good, as expected of a good man from my Mo bloodline!” Mo Yan laughed, patting her brother’s head, showing concern on her face, “However, you suffered internal injuries, so please don’t practise your martial arts these few days.”

“Don’t touch my head sister, I am already old enough.”

Mo Bei shrugged his head, using an unhappy tone, “I understand what you are saying, I have a plan.

These few days, I’m going to nurture my aperture walls.

To completely breakthrough from initial stage to middle stage and obtain the position of class chairman, and suppress Henry Fang’s dominance.

I’ll let him know that, what truly matters to a Fu master’s cultivation is still talent!” “I’m glad you can think this way.

I was only a vice chairman last time.

If you manage to become chairman, it will fulfill my regrets too.”

“Don’t worry sister.

The position of chairman, I certainly must obtain it!” At the same time, in the Chi family.

Inside the secret room, there was only one torch, attached to an opening in the limestone walls.

The flame burned on, illuminating this small room. One of the two elders in power, Spring Chi Lian, was sitting facing his grandson, Spring Chi Cheng.

The two sat on a praying mat with their shadows projected on the ground, wavering with the flickering of the flame. Spring Chi Lian stretched out his hand, using his palm to touch Chi Cheng’s abdomen area. Spring Chi Chen’s face was full of anxiety, his mind entering his aperture, suppressing the ripples in his primeval sea with all his concentration.

In this world, there are no two identical tree leaves.

Similarly to Fu Masters, there is no identical primeval essence as well. Once primeval essence from an external source enters the aperture, it will result in the natural resistance of the original primeval essence in the aperture.

If Spring Chi Cheng does not suppress it, and instead allows the his primeval essence to resist, it will result in a clash between the essences.

Such intensive reaction can cause great damage to the aperture.

The aperture's primeval sea is the foundation and roots of a Fu master's cultivation, and is of utmost importance. Once the aperture is damaged, at the very least one's cultivation may lower, but if it is severe, their latent talent may be lowered as well. Once the aperture is completely shattered, the Fu master would die immediately.

After a while, Spring Chi Lian gradually stopped transmitting his primeval essence, slowly taking back his hand. Spring Chi Cheng took a deep breath of relief, his tense body relaxing. "Thank you Grandfather, for nurturing my aperture and transfusing primeval essence to me every three days.

It has been hard on you!" Spring Chi Lian's forehead was full of sweat, and he sighed and said, "This is inevitable. Your talent is only C grade, so if we rely on your ability alone to rise to middle stage, it'll take a long time.

The time will usually be twice of a B grade, and four times of an A grade.

In such a situation, your talent will be exposed.

Thus, even if this method is dangerous, we have to use it."

"Grandson understands grandfather's intentions."

"As long as you understand."

The old man sighed, "This method also has another sequela.

After your aperture has been nurtured by my silver primeval essence, although the silver primeval essence has a greater effect, it is still an external source of primeval essence to you.

Henceforth, even if your aperture walls change from a light wall to a water wall, it would still be mixed with my energy.

The more external energy there is, the more impure your aperture will be, and this will stifle your talent, limiting your development in the future.”

Spring Chi Cheng bit his lips, “Grandfather, for the future of the Chi family, I am willing to sacrifice my future prospects!” Spring Chi Lian was pleased, stroking his beard. “It is good that you have such thoughts.

But the heavens always leave a glimmer of hope for you, for you are not hopeless yet.

If we can find the Cleansing Water Fu, it will be able to cleanse your aperture walls and flush out all the external energies in your aperture sea, removing this sequela.”

“In addition, I have also used my relationships to search for a Liquor worm for you.

This worm is able to help a Rank one Fu master refine their primeval essence and raise it by one small realm.

In this way the primeval essence that is refined will be your body’s own primeval essence and not an external one.

Using this way to nurture your aperture leaves no repercussions and risks, it is a much better nurturing effect!” Spring Chi Lian was overjoyed. “Thank you grandfather!” “However, the Liquor worm is hard to find.

Among the Rank one Fu worms, the Liquor worm, boar Fu, and Bookworm etc, are all extremely rare Fu. Once they appear in the market they would be snatched up immediately. Of course, there are also some Fu in this world that are rumored to change a Fu master’s talent.

But at this age, grandfather has never seen one, only hearing occasional rumors about them.”

The old man explained.

The night winds blew in gently from the windows and into the room. Spring Sam Fang sat on his bed with his eyes shut, holding a primeval stone in both hands.

The green copper primeval sea was raging without any winds, the waves crashing towards the white aperture walls.

He has A grade rank talent, and his primeval essence occupied 80% of the aperture.

His natural rate of recovery was twice of Henry Fang! With such godblessed advantage, he is already close to Rank one middle stage. Phew.

A while later, Spring Sam Fang puffed out a breath of air and opened his eyes.

The moon was bright and stars sparse outside the window, the bluish green bamboo houses arranged in a line.

A scene of peace and harmony. "Time always flies when cultivating.

In the blink of an eye, it is already late into the night," Sam Fang muttered softly.

He slowly opened his hands, and two piles of rock powder fell onto the floor in front of his bed.

After a primeval stone's essence had been fully retrieved, it would turn into a pile of powder. Looking at the powder pile, Sam Fang frowned.

He took out his money bag; it was already close to empty. Opening it, he saw three primeval stones left inside.

Sam Fang would retrieve three pieces every seven days from the academy as resources, but since Henry Fang would snatch a piece from him, he only had two left every week.

Uncle and Aunt would also give him living expenses, but it was also three stones every seven days. Just with these primeval stones, how is it enough? Sam Fang was determined to surpass his brother Henry Fang, thus he took the initiative to approach his uncle and aunt multiple times to beg for some primeval stones.

After many times, his aunt would look for him to have a heart-to-heart chat, telling him about how poor the family was, and how they had cash flow difficulties, having no spare money left.

Since then, Sam Fang did not have the desire to continue asking. "Father and mother are already doing all they can to support my cultivation.

I cannot make things difficult for them and ask for more primeval stones.

I only have three left.

I can only be more thrifty.

If I use one piece a day, I'll have enough for three days.”

“I have a feeling that in three or four days, I will definitely advance to middle stage! The only thing is, what is big brother's progress now?” Thinking so, Sam Fang subconsciously looked towards to academy living quarters. “I have A grade talent, while big brother only has C grade talent.

His speed is definitely slower than me.

Big brother is not my match this time! Big brother, I will let you know the true power of an A grade talent!” Thinking of this, Sam Fang clenched his fists. ....

Academy dormitory.

Henry Fang's door was shut tight.

In the darkness, he was not asleep, but sitting on his bed.

A Fu master's cultivation cannot replace sleep. Normally at this time, Henry Fang would already have fallen asleep.

But in cultivating earlier today, he already felt that he was just one step away from middle stage. “I might as well not sleep tonight, I'll rush straight for middle stage!” His eyes shone with determination.

Soon after, he shut his eyes and his mind went into the aperture. 44% of green copper primeval sea. Just a moment ago, they were all refined into pale green coloured middle stage primeval essence by the liquor worm. “Rise.”

With a thought, the peaceful green copper primeval sea began to stir.

The commotion got larger and larger, until waves were formed.

Splash, splash, splash...

The tides raced against each other, rushing towards the surrounding aperture walls. Like crashing on a reef, most of the primeval essence would break into emerald ripples and fuse back into the sea.



A small amount of primeval essence was expended, turning into a small hint of invisible energy, penetrating into the white coloured light aperture wall. "Rise again," Henry Fang thought as the emerald ripples became larger in scale.

The waves earlier were like rabbits and dogs, but now they were like troops of horses, marching towards the aperture walls.

A horse-like dragon, the waves like the heavens! The primeval essence was expended quickly, and the water level fell sharply.

Splash, splash, splash...

The waves struck relentlessly, finally resulting in a change.

The white coloured wall shook suddenly, the originally mild white colour radiating an eye-piercing brilliance.

Seeing this scene, Henry Fang was overjoyed as he knew that the crucial part had arrived, and he quickly activated all of his primeval essence to rush at the walls.

The white light grew brighter, the light rays distorted and tangling together, giving people a feeling of thickness.

After more than ten breaths, white strips of light bands appeared on the light wall, and the strips collided with each other like water flowing nonstop.

In the process of collision, they continued to combine and merge, forming a white flowing light.

Finally, the flowing light gathered into one piece and completely covered the light wall.

The white light dimmed, and the original white light wall of the aperture was gone, replaced by a layer of spherical shaped white water wall.

The light wall's surface was smooth with no impurities.

The water wall however, was thicker than the light wall, the ripples of light flowing and flickering on it.

The primeval sea regained its peace, the aperture still having 20% primeval essence left. "I advanced to middle stage!" Henry Fang laughed heartily, opening his eyes.

The bright sunlight crept in through the openings in the curtains.

Unknowingly, the night had passed, and it was already morning.

