

God of Thunder

Book 2 - Chapter 11: Recasting a Lightning Stamp

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Xin Feng watched stupefied as Grandpa flew up, a bright electric glow shining from his body, leaving the surface slowly. At first he ascended very slowly, but after a few seconds his speed suddenly increased, and, like a lightning bolt, he sharply pierced the clouds.

Xin Yao was in the pannier, her two small arms wrapped around Xin Feng's neck, and was similarly looking up to the skies dumbfounded. "G-grandpa flew...."

Xin Feng swore. This was his first time seeing someone, without the use of anything, flying up to the skies. This was absolutely unbelievable. He suddenly understood that perhaps someday, he, like grandpa, could fly. At that moment, an excited expression appeared on his face. He smiled. "Yeah, he flew!"

The old man charged directly into the clouds. He was like a humongous lightning attracting machine, with countless bolts of lightning cleaving towards him.

Instantly, Xin Feng and Xin Yao saw a giant flashing ball, followed by an earth shaking boom of thunder.

Xin Yao covered her ears. This explosive lightning sound scared her. Not only the little lady was scared, but even Xin Feng's heartbeat increased. That was a natural reaction— any life form would fear lightning.

"Brother, let's go back to the tree hole..."

Xin Feng nodded. "Okay. Don't be afraid."

Xin Yao held tightly to Xin Feng's neck, and said softly, "What a scary sound!"

Xin Feng had already decided on a giant tree. Normally, giant trees would be a short distance from each other. Here, there were about 10 ancient trees in each area. They quickly reached the tree Xin Feng had chosen and climbed it. Actually, he understood that it was dangerous to be in trees during thunderstorms. Luckily, it wasn't a rainy day but a snowy one. He quickly found a small tree hole and placed the pannier into it.

The old man flew through the clouds absorbing countless bolts of electricity.

Xin Feng sat in front of the tree hole staring up into the skies.

A huge ball with a silver glow suddenly appeared in the skies. When that glow appeared the ground was dyed silver, the snow reflecting the bundle of light from the skies. However, the sky itself was black. The sky had lightning bolts spread across it which were speedily linking together, causing the bundle of light to grow, and pushing the large clouds away.

Gradually, the bundle of light expanded to form a spot of light. This light spot was like a blurred silhouette looming in the intermittent lightning.

Xin Feng looked up at the skies and said softly, "What is this?"

A small head appeared from under his arm and said, "What Brother? What did you say?"

Xin Feng pointed to the skies and answered, "Look."

Xin Yao burrowed into Xin Feng's embrace, looked up, and said, shocked, "Wa, how pretty. What is it?"

As they spoke that patterned spot of light expanded again followed by countless lightning bolts striking above it. That spot was like a lightning rod, becoming brighter as the lightning struck it.

Suddenly, an especially thick lightning bolt flashed over, piercing the spot of light. It was accompanied by an earth shaking roar that sounded as if a giant drum had been hit. The sound went from North to South. Xin Yao retracted her head and said, scared, "How scary, eh, that...that lightning stayed up there!"

That thick lightning bolt actually stayed securely on the spot of light. Seemingly very scary, the whole spot of light emitted a bright light. Countless thin lightning bolts stayed on the spot of light. After about 10 minutes, the spot of light had been completely surrounded by countless lightning bolts.

Xin Feng widened his eyes. He finally caught up to what was going on: the appearance

of the lightning bolts on the spot of light was very similar to the Lightning Stamp that he had once received. He doubted in his heart...was Grandpa trying to condense a Lightning Stamp?

The old man was very excited. He speedily condensed his own Lightning Stamp in the clouds. One must know that before he had been injured, he had already condensed a Lightning Stamp. Making that Lightning Stamp had taken him over 30 years. Using his own Lei Lunli he had formed it bit by bit. This time it was different, in less than 20 minutes, he had already shaped a Lightning Stamp prototype, and, with near infinite lightning, slowly formed it.

Without thinking, the only man already knew that this time's attempt to condense a Lightning Stamp was a few times better than his last. A kind of violent strength had been sealed into the lightning stamp bit by bit. That feeling intoxicated him.

“Brother, it moved. That thing moved!”

“Amazing!” said Xin Feng.

That spot of light had already expanded to a radius of a few hundred meters, enough to light up the whole sky. This gigantic spot of light started to move along with all the clouds in the sky, re-igniting the large amount of lightning, which was absorbed and was fixed to the spot of light.

As the countless lightning bolts were produced and fixed on the spot of light, not only did the spot of light not expand, but it shrank, from 500+ meters to only 100+ meters.

At this point of time, Xin Feng was sure that this must be Grandpa condensing a Lightning Stamp. This whole process gave him a special experience. Once he trained to Grandpa's level and decided to condense a Lightning Stamp, he would have the experience to do so.

The old man was overjoyed. He did not expect to receive such a big effect during this attempt of condensing a Lightning Stamp. Sealing natural lightning to form a Lightning Stamp was something he had great expectations for.

The Lightning Stamp reduced another 10 meters. This storm's strength was something even the old man feared. He controlled it to his best ability and slowly distanced himself from the clouds, bringing the incomplete Lightning Stamp with him on his way to the ground.

On top of him was a 6 meter Lightning Stamp. The old man gradually arrived 10 meters from the forest floor and stopped there, the Lightning Stamp still receiving lightning strikes occasionally.

The old man carefully absorbed the Lightning Stamp. The stored lightning power caused the trees below to turn to ash, shocking Xin Feng, who looked from afar. This is the real form of lightning; he was far from reaching that level.

Xin Feng pondered silently, “Perhaps this time Grandpa can recover fully.”

Pointing to the far away lightning stamp, Xin Yao said, shocked, “That....that is Grandpa?”

The Lightning Stamp gave off an eye piercing glow, and, as continuous lightning bolts struck it it, it gave off a strange appearance. The old man below was extremely calm. He had already gained complete control over the Lightning Stamp. As long as the absorption process was successful, not only would he recover but he would also gain a huge boost to his power.

Xin Feng answered, “Yes, that’s grandpa.”

Xin Yao said worriedly, “Is he in danger?”

Xin Feng laughed. “He isn’t. Grandpa is very powerful, he would not be in danger.”

In the old man’s body was a large amount of Lei Yinli. Yinli was a high grade power, much powerful than Lunli or Lun Yinli. Once the Lightning stamp had been condensed, it became a container for extra Lun Yinli while one was practicing, and could be taken out for use during a fight. Between an expert with a Stamp condensed and an expert without one, the expert with one would win even if they had a huge difference in strength.

However, Stamps were extremely hard to condense. Anyone who had reached this realm would want to condense a stamp of their attribute. For example, a fire attribute practitioner would want to condense a fire stamp, whereas a light attribute would want to make a light stamp. Both of these needed a great amount of time to insert one’s power into the stamp bit by bit. This process was extremely difficult, one where many had lost their lives after painstaking hard work. When it is about to condense successfully, it would fall apart.

However, stamps had a special feature. Even though they crumple into tiny pieces, the process could be repeated. Perhaps your first or second attempt would end in failure, but, if you persevered, you could succeed eventually. Of course, a stamp made by the normal condensing method has a success rate which meant that it would take 10 years to complete at the earliest, or 30 years if the practitioner spent a bit longer than average to condense the Stamp. However, only confident people would normally attempt to take 30 years to condense a stamp.

The old man had once used 30 years to condense a Lightning Stamp and managed to successfully do so. After he had been injured, his lightning stamp had never gotten a chance to be used, but had only been given to Xin Feng. He had been forced to wait till he had recovered to condense a new Lightning Stamp.

Combining his new insight with previous experiences and methods, he was able to successfully condense his second Lightning Stamp, which surprised the old man.

The Lightning Stamp gradually shrank, reaching about 1 meter long while the radiance it emitted shrank as well, and became something similar to a black hole with countless dancing sparks. The clouds in the skies scattered and, for a few moments, sunlight leaked out and the snow stopped.

As if the sky's energy had been depleted, the raging snow storm, the lightning, and the thunder all disappeared.

Only the old man remained hovering in the skies, doing who knows what with visible sparks bursting from his body, connected to the glow of the lightning stamp.

Xin Feng stared at the old man and the Lightning Stamp. He knew that grandpa had reached a crucial moment. Everything depended on this moment.

Xiu!

Suddenly, the old man took a deep breath, and the Lightning Stamp became a bundle of silver light and entered his mouth.

Following this was a shining radiance which shot from the old man's body, but then disappeared after a moment. With a shout the old man flew a full circle in the sky, then flew towards the giant tree Xin Feng resided in and gently dropped down.

Xin Yao let go of her arms and clapped. "Grandpa is amazing!"

Xin Feng stood up, let Xin Yao down from his arms and smiled. "Grandpa, have you fully recovered?"
