

God of Thunder

Book 9 - Chapter 10 – The Monarch: Song Qiao

Chuizi answered without hesitation. “Food! I want those vegetables and dried mushrooms...and salt!”

Lei Xinfeng already predicted that they will want food, and nodded. “No problem. How much do you want?”

Food was practically worthless to Lei Xinfeng. Plus, he had the habit of hoarding food. For that reason, food took a large portion of his Hidden Lun space. A good thing that came with being a Fifth Ring Sage was that even with several hundred tons of food, there was still a large amount of space remaining.

Chuizi quickly gave a number, and Lei Xinfeng accepted easily. It wasn't a large amount at all. He turned to Song Qiao. “Senior Song, after I get Chuizi's message badge, does it count as one more chance to call you?”

Song Qiao smiled. “Of course it counts. I look only at badges, and not the person carrying the badge! Haha!”

Lei Xinfeng was happy. He liked that logic, to only care about the badge and not the person. That meant he could give others the badge if he wanted to.

Xin Zhaolun rubbed his own head awkwardly. “Little brother reacts fast, haha.” He didn't contest Lei Xinfeng's claim. After all, he was the elder brother, so he should give the little brother a chance every so often.

Lei Xinfeng squirreled both message boards into his Hidden Lun space. “After a few more days, I'll give you your food. Even if I gave it to you now, you don't have anywhere to put it.”

The natives didn't have Hidden Lun spaces, so they had to transport things like ordinary people: with manpower or by cart.

Chuizi agreed. “Okay! When we can go outside again, I’ll find some clansmen to help us carry it.”

Song Qiao then sat by the fire. “Is there anything to eat? I’m starving!”

“I’m hungry too,” Lei Xinfeng said. “Wait a little, I’ll go cook right now.” In the light of such a fortunate turn of events, he didn’t mind cooking one more time.

Song Qiao saw that both Chuizi and Futou’s eyes had turned a rabid red. “Does he make good food?” he asked.

Chuizi and Futou’s heads were like weapons, swinging wildly. Chuizi didn’t even manage to speak since he was drooling so much, while Futou was slightly better. “It’s really, really good, very good...it’s the best I’ve ever eaten, the best...” he trailed off since no matter what line of thought he went, he always ended up at very good, and very tasty.

Song Qiao nodded. “It seems that this will be decent. I suppose my bad luck has come to an end.”

“Have you not eaten well these past few days?” Xin Zhaolun asked.

Song Qiao began his rant again. “That group of idiots who live under a bloody rock! When they built the shelter, they actually slacked off! They only used a few steel poles to build the frame. Lazy, every one of them, and even worse at cooking at that!

“If I knew that this will happen beforehand, I’d have come here... Those bastards almost killed me! They were so stupid they killed themselves! If I wasn’t quick... fuck, I don’t want to think about it.”

Lei Xinfeng and Xin Zhaolun both hid their smiles. A harried Monarch was a sight to behold.

Luckily, Song Qiao’s temper wasn’t bad, and he reached out to smack Lei Xinfeng’s head. “What’s so funny! Those idiot...urgh, I don’t even know where to start. What I don’t understand is how they managed to attain such a high level of cultivation. Every one of them were Eighth Ring Sages, and they’re so stupid!”

Lei Xinfeng shrank back. “They didn’t find any natives?”

“They found one, and then chased them away, saying they ate too much.”

Fengying sighed. “Another group of people who came utterly without preparation. It’s

normal. These Eighth, Ninth Ring Sages are used to being able to find food no matter where they were, but if they didn't understand the circumstances here, they will find themselves with the short end of the stick."

"More than that. You mean death," Song Qiao said.

Fengying replied, "Aye, death."

To be honest, everyone present was more than a little ticked off. Originally, they weren't in any danger, but this bastard broke the wall of the corridor and forced his way in, almost killing them all. Now, if this room was compromised, they couldn't just go to another one. This wasn't an issue before.

But no one dared to go pointing fingers at the Monarch. The difference in strength was too large.

Because of the extreme cold, even the oil wood fire felt weak and needed to be stoked every so often. The steam from the boiling water froze into little droplets almost as soon as they were formed, landing on the floor.

"Someone check the air holes and make sure they're not blocked," Lei Xinfeng said.

A few people quickly obliged. Two were indeed blocked, but luckily, there were many fire users. No matter who went, they could blow open blockages with a fireball.

Lei Xinfeng slowly tossed various materials into the boiling water, and a delicious smelling aroma wafted out.

Song Qiao sniffed the air. "It smells good! Hehe, I can't wait!"

"Eat with your own knife, but you have to be fast, or it will turn to ice before it reached your mouth," Lei Xinfeng said.

Everyone took the advice to heart they gathered around the brazier to eat. Soon, the entire pot of meat was gone, so Lei Xinfeng put meat in once again.

Like that, ate the day away. After they finished a pot, they made another one, and so on, for an entire day.

It wasn't until then that they discovered a very important problem. Eating wasn't a problem, and neither was keeping the fire alive. However, after eating so much, releasing why they was a very big problem. When the first person began to holding their stomach, urgently needing to go, they discovered that the door was blocked. Originally, they were going to sacrifice someone's room, but now, they only had one

room total.

Xin Zhaolun couldn't think of a solution. "Everyone, let's discuss. How should we solve this?"

"We can blow a hole in a wall that adjacent to another room, then block that room's door. However, we can't. Only Senior Song has the powerful."

Only a Monarch can survive for a short time outside. No one else could. If they went outside, they'll turn into ice statues instantly.

As for the adjacent room, even if there was some fog, it was still better than the corridor. As long as someone entered and blocked the door, they could disperse the fog with oil wood fire.

Although Song Qiao was a Monarch, even Monarchs needed to go, so he was in the same situation as the rest of them. He nodded. "I will go. However, you must help me. Indeed, we should build the wall first. I will put it in my Hidden Lun space, and when I'm at the door, I can block the door instantly."

After a brief discussion, Xin Zhaolun immediately set about making a wall about the size of the doorway. When the time came, some water will seal the entire structure.

It was easy to blow a hole in the wall, however, the issue was that in the room beyond, with the exception of Song Qiao, everyone else will freeze to death shortly after entering.

The most dangerous part of the plan was that after opening the hole, the frosty air will drift in, and someone might freeze to death. However, even if there was a risk, no one was willing to die holding in nature's call. Their honor as practitioners wouldn't allow it.

It would be fine if they were all men, but they just had to have a few ladies here too.

"After I break in, cover the hole with pelts immediately. Tell me when you're ready!" Song Qiao said.

Xin Zhaolun nodded. "After I finish."

A few people quickly set up the steel frame and then filled it in to create the ice wall. "Senior, here's the wall."

Song Qiao only had to look at it to take the wall into his Hidden lun space. "Alright, alright. Let me confirm. There's definitely a room on the other side, right? If it's the

outside, then we have problems.”

“It’s definitely a room. I built it myself,” Xin Zhaolun said.

“I hope so. Everybody read?” Song Qiao asked.

Jin Daya and Xin Zhaolun held up a wide sheet of beast pelt, standing right behind Song Qiao. “Ready, Senior,” Xin Zhaolun said.

Song Qiao immediately smashed his head into the wall and ran in, leaving a hole behind. Jin Daya and Xin Zhaolun followed close behind, blocked the hole with beast pelt.

A little fog still entered, and a nearby brazier sputtered out, as if splashed on by water. “Quick! Build up the fires!” Lei Xinfeng called.

Suddenly, there was a spark from the room nearby, along with Song Qiao’s voice. “Hold on a little longer! I’m almost done!” After smashing into the room, the first thing he did was stick the ice wall chunk in the doorway to seal the hole. Then he piled oil wood in the center of the room and shot out a spurt of flame. The oil wood caught fire, and began to quickly disperse the frost.

After a few more minutes later, Song Qiao’s voice came again. “Done, you can come in now.”

Jin Daya and Xin Zhaolun ripped off the pelt. Following the light, Lei Xinfeng entered the room. “Wow, that’s a lot of oil wood!”

A pile of oil wood burned brightly in the center, completely erasing the frosty air from the room. In the meantime, Song Qiao stood in the corner relieving himself. “I’m almost dead from holding it in myself,” he commented.

After solving the problem of excretion, everyone managed to relax.

Lei Xinfeng had never thought about how uncomfortable it would be to be all squeezed into a single small room, constantly burning wood. The air inside was extremely dirty, and with the addition of all the cooking they did, the oily water rose as steam, then immediately fell all over the place. The whole place was oily, and there was no way to take a bath.

Lei Xinfeng gave a long sigh. “No wonder nobody comes here. It’s hell living here, not the mention the cold breeze on your butt!”

As everyone laughed, Miaolin couldn’t help but blush. “You’re all idiots!”

“We should build the wall first” – Song Qiao.