

# God of Thunder

## Book 9 - Chapter 11 – Torment

“It’s hardly just a little breeze,” complained Chuizi. “A little longer and ‘that’ will have fallen off from the cold.”

Xin Zhaolun waved him off. “Alright, let’s move from this topic. How filthy. I just hope the smell doesn’t drift here,” he said, grimacing while shaking his head.

“It’s not that bad. You’ve never seen what real filth is,” Song Qiao said.

“Real filth?” Lei Xinfeng asked.

Song Qiao nodded. “That’s right, a place of real filth. It’s a place where people cultivating the attribute of darkness goes. Of course, you don’t need to go there. You’re of the Lightning attribute, right? You are the counter to that place...but if you go there, you’ll probably die after everyone in the place gets a shot in on you.”

“I didn’t say I wanted to go,” Lei Xinfeng muttered.

“Of course, Lightning is a rare attribute. The places that Lightning practitioners can go to cultivate is numerous,” Song Qiao said.

In this world, ninety percent of practitioners are of four main elements: fire, metal, earth, and ice. Others are a mix of two, three, or more elements of various kinds. The others are extremely rare. It’s no wonder Song Qiao praises it so much.

In just half a day, the frosty days will be over. After enduring for three whole days, everyone’s nerves were strained. Although for the past three days, they did nothing but take turns sleeping, eating, watch the fire, chat, and other such relaxing business, they were all tired and each wished for the cold to be over.

Lei Xinfeng was wrapped into a big ball of fur like Miaolin, with only his head popping out. “After the frost, how long does it take for it to get warm?” he asked.

Chuizi was also dressed in heavy clothes, but it was visibly less what what the others

wore. As expected of the constitution of natives. “After the frost, it will immediately become turn warm. It’s also when Hanya Castle is at its rowdiest.”

Lei Xinfeng was surprised. “Eh? Is it because a lot of people come at this time?”

“They can’t come at this time. No matter what Hidden Door it is, none of them can open to here right now. This world experiences such cold only once a year. In the two months prior to this is the golden time to come to this world,” Song Qiao explained. “After the frost, no one can go out and no one can come in until those two months come by again. Only by enduring the extreme frost here can anyone harvest the valuable materials here. At that time, you can go look for resources, or hunt Ice Beasts.”

“So even Hidden Doors are not almighty,” Lei Xinfeng said.

“Of course not. No matter what world it is, one does not simply go in and out as they please. There is a very specific time. If you force open a door at an inopportune time, you will destroy your gate. You must know what a set of Hidden Doors is created using a massive amount of expensive materials. Not all monarchs have one,” Song Qiao said.

Lei Xinfeng grimaced. He originally thought that as long as one can attain the level of Monarch, they’d be able to open Hidden Doors at will. Now he knew that Hidden Doors must be manufactured, and wasn’t pulled from thin air.

“How can a Monarch not have a Hidden Door? Monarchs are powerful, so they can easily gather materials, right?” he asked.

Song Qiao shook his head. “Impossible. The materials of a secret door is not found in only one world. Think...if you did not have a Hidden Door, who will you go to another world? You simply cannot find so much materials.”

Lei Xinfeng shook his head disbelievingly.

“I believe it,” Xin Zhaolun said. “Most Monarchs with Hidden Doors also have Hidden Spaces, passed down generation after generation. If someone attained Monarch with their own power, it’s possible that they might not have a Hidden door.”

“Do you have a Hidden Door, Senior Song?” Lei Xinfeng asked.

“Of course I have one! If not, how would I have gotten here?” Song Qiao replied.

“Then did you come here to gather materials? Why not have a disciple come instead?” Lei Xinfeng asked, thinking back to what Xin Zhaolun said.

Song Qiao scoffed. “I could care less about disciples. I live freedom, and I hate being shackled down. After I obtained a Hidden Door, I became addicted to running around the various worlds. You don’t know the feeling,” he said.

Lei Xinfeng’s eyes betrayed a bit of jealousy and envy. he wanted this kind of life without responsibility, living only for himself. However, he knew that he will never have that kind of life. He already have too many responsibilities weighing him down. “It’s a good decision.”

Song Qiao was surprised. He was used to being judged for his decision, and precious few people agreed with his life style. His mood instantly improved. “Yes. This lifestyle without burden and responsibility is truly relaxing. I don’t have to care about a bunch of useless things. I can go where I wish, stay where I wish, kill what I wish, and burn what I wish...” he began rambling on while everyone laughed.

“Yeah, you can do whatever you want!”

“But what about your inheritance?” whispered Xin Zhaolun.

“Inheritance?” Song Qiao snorted. “Who cares? After I die, I will have no inheritance. Besides, even if I take disciples, I won’t know what will happen after I die. I won’t leave an inheritance, and neither will I take a disciple. When I die, I’ll just close my eyes and die without a single connection to leave behind. Why is that not good?”

Everyone was speechless. This man here was a strange piece of work.

Song Qiao smiled. “My way of life is superior. Even if I have no sect, and no disciple, I have innumerable friends. If I have something I need done, I can just ask them, and pay them back accordingly. They’re both ways to attain a goal, so what’s the difference? I’m living very comfortably.”

Lei Xinfeng then understood everything. No wonder he was grouped with a bunch of idiots, living together under a fragile shelter. If Song Qiao had disciples, they’d never screw up so badly. This person was a lone wolf through and through, and Lei Xinfeng knew that associating with such a person had both good and bad things.

He decided to switch a topic. “Senior Song Senpai, did you create this Chaos Wheel?”

Song Qiao laughed. “Heh heh, why? Do you think I made made it?”

“Is it not you?” Lei Xinfeng questioned.

“Well, that’s one way to put it,” Song Qiao said. “I obtained it by chance...well, to tell

the truth, I stole it. Some fellows found an Ancient Hidden Lun space and emptied it. I came a step too late, so I grabbed them and made them cough up everything they had. I got the Chaos Wheel from that time, and then modified it after.”

Lei Xinfeng felt a sudden chill. He'd originally thought that Song Qiao was a good person, but now he realized he wasn't anyone kind. Of course, this is where he was troubled. The standards of his previous world often came into conflict with the values here. This kind of robbing was all too normal in this world.

In this world, Song Qiao was already an extremely good person.

After a while, he asked, “Did you kill them?”

Song Qiao shook his finger. “They gave me so much stuff, so why would I kill them? I let them all go; they're not a threat to me anyways.”

“If they were part of a secret sect, I guess you wouldn't have let them go,” Xin Zhaolun said.

Song Qiao was very straightforward. “Of course. What am I going to do, let their master find me? Even if I'm not afraid, it's so troublesome. If I kill them, I would save myself so much time and effort.” It was simple and logical, and utterly true to his style of living.

Lei Xinfeng smiled. This was a Monarch, with the strength of a Monarch. He envied him; this was the kind of life he wanted.

“Is the Chaos Wheel suitable for me?” he asked.

“Very suitable,” Song Qiao answered while laughing. “This is a Lightning attributed weapon. When I first obtained it, I tried to modify it to fit myself, but after some refining, I discovered that it was more suited for Lightning users. If it wasn't for this reason, I'd never have taken it out. You must know that it was truly hard to find a suitable weapon. Even now, I do not have a weapon that's perfectly matched for me.”

“You didn't break the special powers of the Chaos Wheel while modifying, did you?” Lei Xinfeng asked.

“Of course not. This is an ancient weapon with functions even I don't understand. My modifications didn't really change anything, only added some extra functions. If you merged with it, you might even be able to use some Fire attributed attacks.”

Lei Xinfeng sighed in relief. “I see. I'll have to check when I attain my sixth Ring Body.”

“If I wasn’t in need of some Purple Crystals, I’d never had traded with you. You gained much!” Song Qiao added.

Lei Xinfeng was stunned at the stinginess of Song Qiao. He was the elder! Couldn’t he be more gracious?

Thankfully, he still had Xin Zhaolun on his side. “It’s a fair trade. No one benefited more than the other,” Xin Zhaolun said, putting in a word for Lei Xinfeng.

Song Qiao laughed. “True. Fair is fair. There’s no such thing as gaining more than the other as long as both parties have their needs met!”

Suddenly, Chuizi interrupted their conversation. “Attention! The frost is ending!”

Xin Zhaolun, Jin Daya, Futou, and Fengying all stood up in an instant. Song Qiao also had a look of concern on his face. Lei Xinfeng didn’t understand.

“The frost is ending...so what? What’s there to be nervous about?” he asked.

Song Qiao explained. “Little fellow, right before the frost is over, the temperature will drop to its lowest point. As long as we survive this small time frame, we’ll be fine. But right now, this shelter is at its limit. We must prepare so that if the wall cracks, we can block the gaps in time.”

Lei Xinfeng couldn’t just sit, but he was too weak, and he would be of no help.

Xin Zhaolun had a few Eighth Ring Sages prepare with him. They all held beast pelts, the best available for blocking leaks along with water.

They spread out to stand at each corner of the room, waiting for the frost to pass.

Then, the sound of the flute-like wind suddenly increased in pitch, whistling.

There was a small cracking sound, growing increasingly clear.

Crack! Crack!

Cracking sounds came from all directions, causing hearts to tremor. Lei Xinfeng could not come down, and he looked here and there, but the cracks came from everywhere, offering no assurances.

I’m sorry... They’re going to be here for the rest of the year? I did not sign up for this! Just kidding. It seems to be picking up. At least the titles of the next few chapters

looks interesting. I have no idea though.