

# God of Thunder

## Book 9 - Chapter 7 – The Cruel Cold

There were three holes the width of a finger on the silver-white bone, along with six smaller ones. They were organized according to some law that Lei Xinfeng himself did not understand. He was just following the instructions on the Star Python Records.

Connecting the nine holes created a strange and exquisite pattern. Sometimes, a spark of electricity ran over it; because this bone was originally from a Lightning attributed beast, it could absorb power of the Lightning attribute.

Of course, this was only half the product, if that. It was just the frame, but nonetheless, it was the most important part of the core. Once this was finished, the refining afterwards will become much easier. He just had to further refine various materials according to the instructions and complete it without mistakes. It didn't need him to put any thought into it, so it shouldn't be that hard.

The hardest part of creating this Lightning stamp was to gather the materials, especially for the core frame he just created. Lei Xinfeng had good luck, and managed to pick up the bone. If he didn't, who knew how long he'd be searching for a suitable material?

Fengying and Shihu both looked at it excitedly. "It's a pity I didn't have such good luck when I was just a Fifth Ring," Fengying commented.

Shihu snorted. "Even if you did, where will you find so much materials? We started using Lun and Lun Yin Rings to cultivate ever since we attained the rank of Sage, and now Yin Rings. We're utterly different from Ah Feng. See, Ah Feng already reached Fifth Ring under just his own power, and he'd almost reached Sixth. Ah, one shouldn't compare people with others, or the feelings of envy just keeps mounting."

Fengying said, "Why're you talking so much? If we didn't enter this secret sect, we'd at most attain Third or Fourth Ring. There's nothing to regret."

The two of them are at the threshold of reaching their ninth Ring Body. With only a few Yin or Ancient Yin Rings from Lei Xinfeng to clear that last hurdle, they will

receive a tremendous boost in power. Besides, this place was great for cultivation, so both of them were in very high spirits, joking with each other.

Fengying gave the core back to Lei Xinfeng. “Ah Feng, will you rest a bit, or continue creating the Stamp?”

“I will cultivate a little. I spent a large amount of energy, so I will continue when I recover.” Although he was excited and wish to continue, he knew that he must keep at top condition, so he must cultivate a little.

After cultivating for half a day, Lei Xinfeng said, “After we eat a little, we’ll continue.” There was nothing to do about the fact they had to eat so much in this place. The cold sapped their energy, and the food they ate vanished quickly.

“Agreed. We just sat for half a day, yet we’re already hungry,” Fengying said.

At that time, Jin Daya walked in. “Is it time to eat yet?”

The three of them began laughing at the same time.

Jin Daya didn’t understand. “What..did I say something wrong? What are you all laughing at?”

“We were just talking about eating when you came in,” Fengying explained.

Jin Daya understood. “Well, I like the food Ah Feng makes, haha.”

Ah Feng began making the food. After a while, after each of them filled their stomach, Lei Xinfeng asked, “Uncle Jin, I’m going to start refining something. Will you cultivate here or go back?”

Jin Daya smiled. “From now on, I’m one of your guards, so of course I’m staying here.”

Lei Xinfeng didn’t argue and nodded. “Okay, then stay here.”

Jin Daya took out his own beast pelt and put it on the floor, sitting down with his legs crossed. “Finally, there’s someone telling me what to do,” he said, a little emotionally. Ever since he became a Sixth Ring Sage, he was considered an elder. Generally, he was the one to order people around, not the other way around. Now that he was old and in a secret sect, it felt as if he wasn’t going to get to rest his bones.

Fengying laughed. “Don’t worry. It’s better than being a lone ghost like before.”

Jin Daya nodded and closed his eyes, cultivating.

Lei Xinfeng began the next round of refining.

After working the Red Gold, it had immense ductility, and can be stretched into thin threads. Using the methods from the Star Python Records, he began to pull. These threads had to be of high standards. They must have the width of silk, and each had to have the length of at least nine hundred meters. He needed nine of those threads.

He relied completely on Lun Yin energy, refining the Red Gold bit by bit, until after the third day, Lei Xinfeng finally produced an acceptable thread.

A good point of Red Gold was that it was reusable. Even if he’d ruined it, he could still melt it, then start again.

It took him seven days to finish spinning the nine gold threads. He wound the thread on a thin steel pole. Then he took out a liquid that he obtained from Xin Zhaolun. It was created from the fluids of various Star Beasts, a precious material. He put the steel stick into the liquid, submerging the threads. After ten minutes, he took out the submerged threads, finally completing the second step.

“What the hell is this,” Lei Xinfeng complained, wiping away sweat.

Fengying smiled. “I’m so cold I’m shivering, but you’re wiping sweat?”

“I’m not hot! I’m just nervous,” Lei Xinfeng snapped. “This is much harder than creating the frame.”

There was a time when the thread kept breaking. Once, he had reached eight hundred meters, but suddenly, it snapped. Lei Xinfeng almost went crazy. If one wanted to create such a thin and long thread, it needed superhuman concentration, superhuman patience, and superhuman dexterity, or one wouldn’t be able to succeed.

But Lei Xinfeng was determined to get his Lightning Stamp, so he persevered. He successfully created nine Red Gold threads, each over nine hundred meters long. Three even exceeded a thousand meters.

Jin Daya opened his eyes. “Done?”

“With one step. There’s many after it... what a torturous method.”

“You gain what you put in. Continue,” Jin Daya said.

“How long until those coldest days?” Lei Xinfeng asked.

Fengying said, “Only a few more days, but you shouldn’t go out anymore. Everyone is already hiding in their rooms. Even if I was the one to leave, I probably wouldn’t be able to last ten minutes.”

“Then let’s continue for a few more days...and after...”

There are already people who had experience with surviving those few coldest days. As long as they gathered and light a few more braziers, eating non stop, surviving shouldn’t be an issue.

Lei Xinfeng continued his Lightning Stamp creation.

The Red Gold thread must be wound around the frame, requiring significant concentration and precise manipulation of Lun Yin energy. The lines must go through the holes with very complex patterns. It simply wasn’t possible for non-practitioners. Of course, the method to accomplish this was in the Star Python Records.

After testing it a few times, Lei Xinfeng finally began to thread the Red Gold through the holes on the core frame.

Of the nine holes, there were three big ones. He completed the first in one day, while the second took half a day, and the third two hours.

As he got used to the process, his speed increased.

Finally, as the coldest days were upon him, he finally succeeded in putting all the thread in the core. Where there was originally a few white holes on the silver-white bones, now the holes glowed faintly in red. Lightning arced from the holes occasionally, giving viewers a sense of wonder.

His mental energy spent, Lei Xinfeng gathered some thick pelts and went to sleep without even eating.

Lei Xinfeng was woken by rustling sounds in the room, along with the rumbling of hungry stomachs. Waking up, he looked around, and saw that his room was filled with people. “Hm? Why is everyone here?”

Chuizi replied. “The coldest days are almost here, so after a discussion, we decided to all come here. Your room is the biggest, and the breathing holes are also the clearest.”

The room had a total of nine braziers, but the air was so cold that the warmth of the

braziers could barely be felt, if at all. The floor of the room was covered with pelts, and some were ever draped over the ice walls.

Xin Zhaolun, Xiao Diya, Jin Daya, Fengying, Shihu, Miaolin and her two bodyguards, Chuizi and Futou, and finally Lei Xinfeng. Altogether, there was eleven people here. Except Chuizi and Futou, all of them were practitioners. Even though there were so many people, and there was so much fire, the temperature of the room was still extremely low.

“So what should we do?” Lei Xinfeng asked, rubbing his eyes.

“Not much. Except for eating, there’s only cultivation. These few days, the effect of cultivation is the best it will be, so take the chance,” Xin Zhaolun said.

Lei Xinfeng grimaced. “I can’t cultivate. I only need a little more before I ascend, so I do not dare cultivate. Oh right, Uncle Ying, Uncle Hu, you’re both about to ascend, right? How many Yin Rings do you need?”

Fengying said, “Six Yin Rings, but only one Ancient Yin Ring.”

Shihu said, “I need a bit more. At least nine Yin Rings, maybe ten, but if I use Ancient Yin Rings, I only need two.”

Jin Daya’s ears perked up. “Ancient Yin Ring?”

Xin Zhaolun sighed. “What a lucky guy.”

Lei Xinfeng nodded. “Yeah, I have some Ancient Yin Rings from an Ancient Hidden Space.”

Jin Daya could not help but gasp. “Really?”

Fengying rolled his eyes. “Why would Ah Feng lie.”

Brace yourselves, winter is coming! Also, I finally broke the one hour mark. It took me 59 minutes to translate this. Serious though, this arc is so... \*dies\*.