

God of Thunder

Book 9 - Chapter 8 – The Cruel Cold

Lei Xinfeng nodded. “Okay, so three Ancient Yin Rings total...that’s not a lot.” He gave Fengying an Ancient Yin Ring, and two to Shihu, saying, “Take this chance and ascend! If it’s not enough, talk to me...I still have a lot, haha.”

Jin Daya knew about Ancient Yin Rings. It was much more powerful than the Yin Rings that modern Monarchs create. After thousands of years, the Yin energy preserved in it is extremely pure. He had long given up ascending, only relying on Yin Rings to preserve his life. Since Ancient Yin Rings are much more powerful than normal Yin Rings, the effect on his longevity is similarly substantial. However, nobody will be willing to give such precious objects just to extend an old man’s life.

Lei Xinfeng saw Jin Daya’s pained expression and guessed his thoughts. “Uncle Jin, you take one too. Test it out the effects.”

Jin Daya laughed. At a crucial moment, this was extremely precious. He could still find normal Yin Rings, but he’d never even seen an Ancient Yin Ring before, only heard of it. He thanked Lei Xinfeng.

Lei Xinfeng smiled. “Uncle Jin, from now on, we’re family. Don’t be stiff!”

For the first time, Jin Daya felt something stir inside. Emotions welled up in him.

Xin Zhaolun smiled. “Ah Feng, I can’t just ask something from you, so how about we trade five for one?”

“No need to trade, I’ll give you two as a gift,” Lei Xinfeng replied, taking out two more.

From the pile of beast pelts, Miaolin stuck out her head. “Younger brother, I want some too!”

Lei Xinfeng got quite the fright. “Elder sister, how are you here?” He didn’t even see her. She was so afraid of the cold that she spent the entire time so far under a pile of pelts so she would be a little less cold. Since Hongjie kept pinching her under the covers, she heard everything about the Ancient Yin Rings. Naturally, she popped out

to ask for some too.

Lei Xinfeng wasn't stingy, so he said, "Okay. I'll give you two as well, but I can't give any more. I didn't gather that much in the first place." He didn't dare be too generous. It's not that he couldn't afford to, but because he also had a bunch of subordinates that needed them as well. If he didn't have enough when it was them for them to ascend, then there will be trouble.

Miaolin laughed. "Two? That's great! Yay!" She personally thought that she wouldn't even get one. Hongjie was also full of smiles. She was Miaolin's head guard and managed a bunch of her own subordinates. That kind of item will definitely come in handy.

Now wasn't the time to create his Lightning Stamp, nor could Lei Xinfeng cultivate, so he could only take out a big copper pot to cook more food.

Soon, a copper pot hung above every brazier. After putting in water and meat, steam rose and filled the entire room. "I put the lid on already. If I keep cooking, we won't be able to see anything," Lei Xinfeng said.

Xin Zhaolun said, "This isn't good. We have to put pipes into the air holes, or we won't last past tomorrow."

The air holes were curved holes in the ice wall that allowed outside air to enter. If they didn't exist, everyone inside will suffocate. Now that there's so much steam, it was easy for the holes to get clogged up by the steam that freeze into ice. That's why they outfit the holes with pipes. When the pipes froze shut, they could just change the pipes.

"Open some more holes," Lei Xinfeng suggested.

Since there was so many people, and so many fires were burning, they needed a lot of oxygen. If a pipe failed without them noticing, it could quickly snowball into a large problem. Even if they didn't freeze, they'd suffocate to death. It's better to prepare in advance.

On the second day, the coldest day finally came. Lei Xinfeng finally realized just how cold Hanya Castle could really be. Even the house made of ice began to creak in the cold, as if it was shattering. It filled Lei Xinfeng with anxiety. White fog began entering the room, freezing the pelts solid.

A brazier, enveloped by the fog, instantly went out.

It startled Jin Daya so much that he summoned a ball of fire and lit a few sticks of oil wood, causing flames to rise up with a roar and disperse the white fog.

Lei Xinfeng pointed at a wall. "There!" The fog was drifting out from a corner in the room.

Chuizi grabbed a pelt and threw it toward the leak. It touched the fog midair, and when the soft pelt hit the floor, it made the sound of a hard object colliding with another hard object. It made hair of everyone present stand on end. The pelt was already frozen hard as rock. If a living being were to be enveloped, they'll lose consciousness instantly.

Oil wood was piled on top of the braziers. The flames rose, dispersing the white fog.

"What the hell, that's terrifying," Lei Xinfeng said, stunned.

"If it weren't for that, there will be a lot more people here. This kind of cold can only be stopped by Monarchs. Even we Ninth Ring Sages must try our best to avoid it," Xin Zhaolun said.

"Did it kill any Ninth Ring Sages?" Lei Xinfeng asked.

"Of course. Plenty, in fact."

"Because they were overconfident," Fengying said. "They wouldn't listen. Every year, there's a few idiots that believe that with their strength, they can definitely withstand the cold. Haha, one by one, they drop like flies, believing to their last breath that they'll be fine."

"Do they die in their rooms?" Lei Xinfeng asked.

"Because they didn't prepare sufficiently, the walls cracked. You know how terrifying this fog is, right? They can't even hide anywhere, so they could only die," Jin Daya said.

Lei Xinfeng was speechless. Even Ninth Ring Sages will freeze to death, just like that. He couldn't believe it.

"Some cracks can be fixed with pelts, while others need water. Prepare in advance," Xin Zhaolun commanded.

Suddenly, Shihu's body made a crackling sound. "Not bad, Old Hu ascended!" Xin Zhaolun said.

Following close after him was Miaolin and Xiao Diya. Fengying grimaced. "I'll

cultivate too.” He was worried about Lei Xinfeng, so he didn’t cultivate.”

“I’ll guard, you cultivate,” Jin Daya said.

Meanwhile, Hongjie was reassuring Miaolin. “Don’t be impatient, keep cultivating. Calm down and don’t worry, I’m here, so you won’t be in any danger.”

Miaolin only made a small sound like a cat, since she was so cold. But the speed of her cultivation was so fast, welling up like boiling water. Not even half a day since she started, she already ascended.

Lei Xinfeng didn’t dare cultivate. He knew that if he did, he’d ascend instantly, but he hadn’t finished his Lightning Stamp. He could only concentrate on the fire in the braziers, and the cracking sounds coming from all directions. If even ice could freeze until it cracked, then the temperature was truly terrifying.

Jin Daya and Xin Zhaolun both held beast pelts, ready to plug in any holes. Chuizi and Futou were both visibly nervous. They knew more than anyone the terror of the cold here. They were used to hiding underground with the rest of their clansmen, but this time, they were too late, so they could only hide here with Xin Zhaolun.

Except for the cultivating people, Lei Xinfeng, Xin Zhaolun, Jin Daya, Chuizi, Futou, and Hongjie, were all on guard. They couldn’t sleep, and they must keep the fire going. And if they discovered a leak, they must fill it in immediately.

Lei Xinfeng was in charge of preparing a massive amount of food to fill everyone’s stomach.

While there was nothing to do, the six of them began to chat.

Chuizi had a large bowl in his hands filled with soup, eating loudly. “The harshest cold I’ve ever seen... that time, several clans were wiped out. None of them survived. It was so terrifying,” he said, spittle flying.

“No way. You all live underground. How can they all just die like that?” Lei Xinfeng asked.

“I’m not lying, it’s true!” Chuizi insisted.

“But the underground. How is it possible?”

Chuizi drank another mouthful of soup and answered after a while. “Why isn’t it possible? The air froze into liquid and ran underground. Anything is possible.”

Lei Xinfeng couldn't think of a reply. "Wha... the air turned to liquid? Heavens." To himself, he thought, "Could it be liquid nitrogen? What is this, below absolute zero?"

But Xin Zhaolun had heard of the story. "I know of this. That time, only two of ten people in the entire Hanya Castle survived. The others all died. I heard that even a Monarch almost died. He was quick and forced open a gate to escape, but he still sustained massive damage.

"Fortunately, this is rather rare. If such a thing happened, then our luck is bad. Our skill and preparations will be irrelevant, and there is only fate."

"That's too scary. I hope that doesn't happen often," Lei Xinzhao said.

"Happen often?" Xin Zhaolun scoffed. "The last time that happened, for almost no one came here for decades. Everyone was too afraid."

"How long has it been since the last time?" Lei Xinfeng asked.

Chuizi laughed. "A long time, back when I was still small. Around maybe seventy or eighty years? It's been less cold these past few years, so we shouldn't have any problems. This is also the reason I'm still here. If not, then I'd be long gone underground."

"Elder brother, how much materials do you need to prepare for your ascension?" Lei Xinfeng asked Xin Zhaolun.

He sighed. "A lot. So much you can't imagine. Ah Feng, you should start preparing now. Don't wait like me and start when the time is almost upon you. Too much effort that way."

"What do I need to prepare?"

Xin Zhaolun answered. "You can ask Master for a Star Python Record. Everyone is different, and because our attributes are different, we need different materials as well."

Lei Xinfeng nodded. "Then, maybe some commonly used materials..." He didn't even finish when he heard a loud cracking sound as something broke apart. Everyone went white in the face with fear.

I think the author is either not very good at physics, or just abandoning it for Rule of Cool.