

Forty Millenniums of Cultivation

Chapter 21: Dividing Four By Zero

Geoffrey_, Lancelot

The depths of his mind had only produced half a thought when his sternum felt like it was fiercely rammed by a high-speed crystal train. All of a sudden, he was flying seven to eight meters away. The wall went “Bang!” as he crashed into it and sent seven to eight straw mats flying. All of a sudden, straw reeds were flying in the air!

Li Yao fell heavily to the ground. His eyes, his nose, his mouth — all sorts of liquids squirted from his orifices. He lost feeling in his entire chest. The numbing sensation was like a lightning fast virus spreading within his body; he felt his entire body freezing up!

“Too, too fast. I couldn’t even see if it was his fist or his foot. What kind of person is this bastard? He has this much strength, yet he still cultivates in this hobbyist gym. So that’s why if I endure three minutes I can make 10,000 credits!” Li Yao’s brain was just a sheet of blankness. Only after gasping half a day’s worth of air was he able to barely support himself against the wall and stand up.

Li Yao’s pair of legs were completely shaking. When he looked at the clock that hung on the opposing side of the wall... he saw that only five seconds had passed. Why did it feel like five minutes had passed instead!?

The smiling clown stood lightly 10 meters away. He was a bit surprised and frowned when he asked, “Your defensive power doesn’t seem to be that strong. If you can’t keep going, it would be better to call it off. There’s no need to struggle.”

“Who says I can’t keep going!? I wasn’t ready just then. Again, come again!” Li Yao took a deep breath. He swallowed a ball of liquid pain back down his throat. His eyes gradually began to emit a red glow. His brain was filled completely with thoughts of “Three minutes, 10,000 credits”!

10,000 credits can buy a dozen or so strengthening drugs; or 3,500 cans of the Giant Creature of Starry Skies meat; or an entire set of Cultivator Glyphs with high scalability made from special materials; or 10 banquets at the Little Border of Hidden Lake restaurant!

In the Artifact Grave, he was called by others to be the “vulture who values money more than life”. When faced with this enormous sum of money, how could he abandon it so easily? That’s simply a joke!

“Come! Come then!” Li Yao stood firm and adopted a defensive stance. He stared unwaveringly at his opponent’s two feet. He beckoned at the smiling clown by curling his finger, and his opponent nodded his head in response without a hint of courtesy.

“Swoosh!” The smiling clown disappeared once again!

“How can this be!? It’s still not visible! I can’t see the trajectory of his movement!” Li Yao’s eyes were wide open. He strived to find the smiling clown’s trail, but he ended up with nothing. His eyeballs were fundamentally unable to keep up with his opponent’s speed. He could only rely on his instinctive reaction to danger to withstand the attack.

“Bang!” It was as if a giant python viciously rammed itself into Li Yao’s right side. Somehow, he managed to defend himself this time. He moved sideways with great difficulty. The strengthened ceramic sheet inserted on his right shoulder disintegrated with a shattering sound. Even the inner iron plate was hit into ringing echoes of “bang bang”.

“This strength is too terrifying!” Li Yao’s head was covered in sweat. In a single move, his opponent had smashed the armor on his shoulder into pieces. Yet, the smiling clown had not the least bit intention of stopping. The clown attacked in a tricky manner at unfathomable angles. It was like a shower of gales that enveloped him in a flash!

Suddenly, the sounds of “pow pow pow pow pow” came from his body as strengthened ceramic sheets ruptured. “Bang bang bang bang bang” could be heard as well as the iron plate warped.

“Can’t see him. Can’t see him. I completely can’t see him! If these attacks keep coming, it won’t even be a minute before my armor all explosively turns to mush. I won’t have any protective gear. This monster only needs half-a-minute to send me flat on the ground!” A scene of new 10,000 credit bills stuck on the wings of birds flying away with “quack quack” sounds emerged from the depths of his mind. A trace vicious malice gradually appeared on Li Yao’s face.

“I need to think of a method quickly. I must see through his attack pattern!”

Li Yao felt like his body was being crushed underfoot by a crystal rail train coming and going. He was in so much pain that he wished to be dead.

To his astonishment, he was surprised that he knew this type of painful feeling knew quite well and was quite familiar with it. Memory fragments like wisp of debris once again emerged from the depths of his mind.

From within the sea of his mind, memory fragments collided, smashed, conformed, and reorganized, ultimately forming a warped scene.

He suddenly was able to think back to the dream of grandeur, to when he was still a low-level worker at the Hundred Smelting Guild, to when he was being persecuted day and night by the titan with giant iron hammers. It was at this time when he was unable to see through any of the attacks, that an old companion who he had hung out with all around the world told him:

“Ou Yeming. Do you feel that the titan’s iron hammers come at you way too quickly, that you can’t see them clearly? Come, give your next month’s worth of fish fins to this uncle to eat. This uncle will teach you a unique skill! What unique skill you ask? It’s simple... If you can’t see clearly with your eyes facing directly, then tilt them as much as possible to the limit. Use your peripheral vision to see. Your peripheral vision can capture clearer scenes than your direct vision!”

Using one’s peripheral vision?

Li Yao’s thoughts coursed with electricity. He did not have time to think it over, so he squinted his eyes and consciously used his peripheral vision to gaze over his surroundings.

Li Yao saw him!

The smiling clown’s entire body was curled up into a ball. He looked like a lethargic house cat. Right now, he was ducked behind Li Yao’s right rear. All of a sudden, he let loose, and in a flash, the lethargic house cat turned into the embodiment of a malevolent python. A simple strike of a whipping leg swept across at Li Yao’s right tibia!

This strike was like an explosive jet taking off. Not only would the strengthened ceramic sheets on his right leg completely burst, even the bones of his right leg would receive serious effects. Li Yao’s speed would be reduced by at least half. It was possible that he would lose support in his leg entirely!

“That 10,000 credits is mine for sure!” Li Yao bit down on his mushy lips. He mustered nearly every single moving cell in his body. His right calf was like a folded blade. “Swoosh” it had folded up to the inner side of his thigh!

The smiling clown’s attack all of a sudden failed, causing his entire body to lose balance in a flash. The clown had to continue moving half a step forward. This was the first time the clown’s figure was forced into the open.

The offense that was like flowing quicksilver was broken forcibly. It was like the super-fast tempo of a song was forced to come to an end spontaneously.

Li Yao took a step and twisted. He originally wanted to take advantage of his bent leg and give his opponent a hidden kick.

The smiling clown seemed to be able to predict such matters. A strike could not be made since the clown had dodged seven to eight meters away in a flash. The clown looked at Li Yao with a smile that was not quite a smile. The clown's eyes displayed a hint of astonishment and praise, "In a short 57 seconds, you were able to see through my attack trajectories? Like hidden dragons and crouching tigers, the Underground Ghost Market really does have concealed talent!"

"That... that goes without saying. Do you or do you not want to know which method I used in the end, to be able to see through your attack? It was spoken by my master. It was twenty years ago on a stormy rainy night..." Li Yao breathed heavily like an ox. He was trying with all his might to stall for time.

"Don't want to!"

The smiling clown cut off the conversation in a completely straightforward manner. Once again he disappeared from where he was standing. This time Li Yao caught sight of the clown's attack trajectory in the same way. What was weird was that the smiling clown seemed to transform into two separate people. They pounced at Li Yao from both left and right sides simultaneously!

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Within the tea room, the bald tattooed man leisurely drank sorghum liquor, gnawed on chicken wings, and hummed to military songs.

A man with a spideresque design on his face suddenly knocked on the door, entering in soon after.

His build was short and stocky with a form that greatly resembled a wall.

"And you are?" The bald tattooed man fixed his gaze onto the stocky man, as he held a chicken wing midair. The chicken bone shook and shook.

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In the sparring room, two minutes and thirty seconds had passed already!

Li Yao was like a small fishing boat that was being flipped up and down in the raging waves of a stormy seas. One after another, he was hit ruthlessly by an earth-shattering wave, smashing into the abyss. Yet somehow, he was able to once again float back up to the surface after a short moment each time!

Li Yao's body. He had received Ou Yeming's powerful spiritual purification and flood of training. Every single muscle fiber, every single cell was incomparably tough and

durable. Even though every punch he received gave him a feeling of pain down to his marrow, he still did the utmost to persevere. It was a perseverance of complete insanity. It was only because...

“Dear god. I’ve already been hit by this bastard for a full two and a half minutes with six hundred and twenty fists! If I give up now, wouldn’t all this beating have been in vain?”

Two minutes thirty-one seconds, Two minutes thirty-two seconds...

When every second passed, Li Yao’s conviction to persevere increased firmly by a measure. What was even crazier was that he felt his opponent’s super high speed assault during this time had decreased in speed and strength by a negligible strand. Perhaps, the clown would soon expose some mistakes.

In this two and a half minute interval, he was not just taking a beating like a sandbag. He was paying complete attention, observing his opponent. Even though the smiling clown’s speed was strangely fast at incomparable speeds, he discovered that there was an utterly small habituary pattern in his movements. Every time the clown attacked from the right side, he left leg first would bend slightly once.

This unnecessary movement approximately caused the smiling clown’s speed to be slower by 0.1 seconds.

Li Yao was waiting exactly for this opening!

He was not a buddhist practitioner who would never raise a hand and only take beatings. The strength of his opponent clearly was much much higher, just landing a fist of air would be fine!

Nevertheless, now was not the time. At this time, the opponent still had strength. He was still vigilant, he was still smiling.

It’s fine. Li Yao could wait. He was like a vulture waiting for the most opportune moment to hunt. Living in the Artifact Graveyard for over a dozen years had taught him how to conceal his claws and the importance of patience.

While he was being knocked about, while he ducked his head scampering like a rat, while he wailed like a ghost and howled like a wolf, all this time, Li Yao’s brain still maintained a calloused tranquility. Memory fragments whirled at lightning speeds in the depths of his mind. The scene of the full potential of the Hundred-and-Eight-Hands Chaos Gale Hammer Technique as unleashed by the titan condensed once more in his mind. It had turned clear from fuzziness.

The first move... The second move...

He searched at lightning speed within the weapons storehouse of his memories for the most suitable of “weapons” for this situation.

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In the tea room.

The bald tattooed man suddenly stood up, spilling the sorghum liquor onto his body, “You are the ‘Iron Turtle’?”

“Of course I’m the Iron Turtle. Didn’t we get in touch just a while ago? It was you who told me to wear the spider-esque design and come. Is there a problem?” the short stocky man frowned his brows, feeling at a loss.

“If you are the Iron Turtle, then who the hell is the guy in the sparring room?” the bold tattooed man’s expression turned incomparably strange. He was distracted for a short time, then all of a sudden, he pushed the Iron Turtle aside. With two or three steps, he crossed over to the sparring room’s entrance and turned the handle to the big door.

“Hey Hai! Quickly stay your hand!”

“Three minutes are up!” At practically the same time, Li Yao, with blood all over his face, let out an ear-piercing shriek.

The two had not intended to yell at the same time. It caused the smiling clown’s offensive that was like the moving clouds and flowing water to abruptly stop. The clown subconsciously looked up gazing towards the wall. He discovered that actually only...

Two minutes and fifty-nine seconds had past!

“The time is now!”

Li Yao let out a low roar. He loosened his body, advancing. His right hand stabbed the void. His left fist was concealed behind his body. His fingers pinched causing his bones to produce a chaotic ringing of “ka ka” as his joints protruded, giving a mace-like appearance. Right after, he used his left heel as a pivot point and his entire body rotated 90 degrees at lightning speed. Borrowing an enormous amount of centrifugal force, he took his left fist and threw it out swinging furiously!

“Pow pow pow pow pow pow!” The fist’s spear-like tip had unexpectedly punctured the air, emitting a series of sonic booms! Li Yao’s clenched fist was like a whistling iron hammer as it directly pounded towards the smiling clown!

“Chaos Gale Hammer Technique, The 94th Hand, Murderous Hammering Tornado!”

“Please let him off easy!”

The howling of the bald tattooed man was somewhat mournful when it came from the entrance. However, Li Yao was unable to stay his hand. His clenched fist was at the tip of the smiling clown's nose. There was approximately a hair-width of distance between his fist and the clown.

Then, the smiling clown changed.

He was still the same person. His eyelashes hadn't even shook half a brow. 36,000 pores on his entire body seemed to spurt out in a flash a dense air. His aura seemed to contain actual substance. It was like he donned a layer of solid armour. His entire person swelled up a level. From a common martial arts practitioner, he transformed into an exceptional expert!

Li Yao realized at this time that the words "Please let him off easy" was not meant for him.

0.01 seconds later, he had no idea how but his clenched fist changed directions and fiercely smashed upon his own nose, sending him flying over a dozen meters. He was still in mid air without even the time to scream half a shriek, when he completely passed out!

The absolute air that curled around the smiling clown only persisted for half a second before fading without a trace. He changed completely back into the domesticated harmless commoner.

He walked leisurely to Li Yao's side. Half squatting down, he checked out Li Yao's breath.

"How is he? It's nothing right?" the bald tattooed man had ran over without delay, asking somewhat nervously.

"He's passed out. It appears to be serious, an overtaxing of his strength. It should be fine if we immediately replenish his strength with a strengthening drug." Fiend Blade Peng Hai felt Li Yao's nose. He said somewhat surprisingly, "This bastard is quite amazing. He actually made me break my baseline. I exploded out to 4% of my strength."