

Forty Millenniums of Cultivation

Chapter 22: Fed Until Satisfaction

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In the depths of the Militant Wolf Slayers Cultivation Gym.

A recovery pod towered over two meters high within the Gym leader's private medical treatment room. Looking through the transparent glass observation panel, one could see Li Yao's naked body submerged in a great quantity of strengthening drugs. His pair of eyes were closed as he bobbed up and down. A large quantity of bubbles curled around his body.

The bald tattooed man and Fiend Blade Peng Hai were standing right in front of the recovery pod. They stared with great interest at the unconscious and unwakeable Li Yao floating within the green liquid drug.

Fiend Blade Peng Hai seemed to have just eaten to satisfaction. His entire face radiated with perfect content as he said, "Old Instructor, this bastard is truly worthy of being called a gold medal sparring partner. Not only did he withstand 3 minutes of my storm-like gale of attacks while I used 3% of my strength, he also surprisingly had enough energy left over to launch a counter-attack at the end. It was really unexpected! I originally thought I could perfectly suppress my strength down to 3%. I never thought that under this bastard's surprise attack, I would still fail at the end. I was forced to explode out with 1% more power!"

He paused for a moment. Peng Hai still had some words he still wished to express. He licked his lips and said, "This 10,000 credits spent really is way too worth it! Old Instructor, ask for me later to see if he has time tomorrow night. I want three more minutes with him!"

The bald tattooed man scratched and scratched his head. He hesitated for a long time before he replied with an expression of loss on his entire face, "Hey Hai, earlier I wanted to tell you this, but this youngster is not the gold medal sparring partner, Iron Turtle, that I had arranged for you."

Fiend Blade Peng Hai's eyebrows jumped up, "He's not the Iron Turtle? Then who is he? There's still such an amazing expert in Old Instructor's gym? That's not bad!"

The bald tattooed man's expression turned gloomy as he said, "That's the problem. This youth is not a member of my gym. I simply don't know where the hell this guy spawned

from. Oh, that's right. He was wearing the school trousers of your high school. Who knows, he could be a school mate."

Having said that, the bald tattooed man brought Li Yao's trouser over and pointed at the school's crest for Peng Hai to see.

This time, even Fiend Blade Peng Hai was astonished to the point of jumping. With shock, he said, "It can't be. When I was sparring with this youngster, I could clearly feel out that even though his combat strength wasn't especially strong, his combat sense was extremely good. He had plenty of combat experience. In that final moment, he brought forth a smell that was violently and imposingly sharp. It was as if he had experienced several thousand years of life or death slaughter, sharpening himself on a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood! Crimson Nimbus Second. When did they produce such a fierce person? How could I not know?!"

Fiend Blade Peng Hai thought back to the time when he saw the students of the Important Class. Although there were a few who had pretty good strength, all of them were flowers grown in greenhouses. Not one of them had endured the onslaught of rain and wind, of trials and tribulations. This youngster with an imposingly sharp air was completely different from them.

Could it be that he was one of the elite graduates of recent years?

"Do you want me to use the special lotion to wash off the spideresque design off his face? Then we can see his appearance and find out his identity," asked the bald tattooed man somewhat worryingly.

Fiend Blade Peng Hai muttered himself for a moment before shaking his head, "He applied the Pattern Mask Glyph. That means he doesn't want other people to know his identity. I did not feel any sort of hostility emanating off of this youngster's body. Even if he was one of my hated enemies, he wouldn't have assumed this kind of bastard role to come find me. I think there must have been some sort of misunderstanding. Let's wait till he awakens. Then we can ask him clearly."

In the Underground Ghost Market, removing someone's guise without their permission was an extraordinary rash action, with the potential of breeding a kind of unceasing and undying hate. Fiend Blade Peng Hai did not fear making enemies, but he also did not want to disrespect the customs of the Underground Ghost Market.

"I don't know when this youngster will wake up. For a typical person, staying in the recovery pod for an hour should be enough for them to regain their consciousness. It's been exactly half-an-hour since this youngster has been in here, yet he's still snoring loudly in deep sleep!" The tattooed bald man glanced an eye at Li Yao, having suddenly discovered this very strange thing.

The color of the strengthening drug in the recovery pod became diluted quite a bit just a moment ago. Originally, the deep green colored liquid drug churned along with Li Yao's body, producing a great quantity of bubbles. At lightning speeds, it turned to a light green color, then to a sky cyan color, then finally it became almost transparent.

The tattooed bald man stared distracted. He walked in front of the recovery pod and brought up a hologram. "Pa Pa" he went on the hologram. After a few taps in rapid succession, a string of digits appeared before his eyes.

"The strengthening drug's concentration changed from 33% to 14%. It continues to decrease at a lightning fast speed of 1% every minute!"

"That's enough strengthening drug to restore three to five buff guys that were beaten black and blue back to their original condition. Within an interval of 30 minutes, this youngster surprisingly engulfed it all? That's impossible!" the bald tattooed man involuntarily cried out in alarm.

From the depth's of Fiend Blade Peng Hai eyes bubbled forth a radiance that was serene and profound. He muttered saying, "It's like this youngster's body had been starved for far too long. Anytime there's the opportunity, his body would impatiently devour ravishingly any nourishments, fully absorbing an entire pod's worth of strengthening drugs to process! I did not expect this. He surprisingly dragged this type of starved hunger with his body to come spar with me! If his body could 'eat its fill', what would he become?"

After muttering to himself for a moment, Fiend Blade Peng Hai wrote down names and dosages of several dozen strengthening drugs on top of the hologram while saying, "Old Instructor, follow the prescription that I am writing here. Recalibrate three standard doses of this blend of strengthening drugs. Add it to the recovery pod."

The bald tattooed man glanced at his writing with an eye. He frowned, saying, "If I follow this prescription, one standard dosage would cost at least 50,000 credits. And looking at his absorption rate, he may consume three to five doses every time I give him his medication. That's a hundred-ninety to two-hundred grand. No matter how I look at him, he looks to be the type of person without money!"

Fiend Blade Peng Hai laughed with ha ha's. He said with the least bit of concern, "It doesn't matter. I will pay the costs."

"Oi Hai, what you're doing is..." The bald tattooed man did not understand.

Fiend Blade Peng Hai shrugged his shoulders and said, "Old Instructor, wait till the youngster wakes up. You ask him whether, for a month starting this day, he would be willing to come every night to this place to spar 3 minutes with me? If he is willing, I can sign a contract with him. The reward is 10,000 credits a day. Also, he will be supplied strengthening drugs in sufficient quantities!"

The bald tattooed man said, "The reward is a small matter. But after a month of this, the costs in strengthening drugs would not be a small amount of money. It might cost several million!"

Fiend Blade Peng Hai laughed lightly, "I have a premonition. This youngster is absolutely a monster. If I spar with him, my 'strength precision control' cultivation will be completed very quickly for certain. I will be able to stand firm in the high levels of the Building Foundation Stage!" What is several million credits worth in comparison? Going to the Demon Beast Wasteland and hunting the head of a high-stage Demon Beast would make that money back!"

"Ding!"

The bald tattooed man's portable processor rang out a pleasant sound.

Fiend Blade Peng Hai put on his military jacket and walked out to the exit as he said, "Old Instructor, I just transferred 5 million credits to your bank account. Have it pay the costs of the strengthening drugs. Use however much money is needed to feed this youngster until he's full. Tonight, I still need to go the Crimson Nimbus Second to give a few of the top students in the Important Class a course lecture on 'Night-time Raiding'. I will come spar with this youngster tomorrow night!"

He reflected on the three minutes just a moment ago, when he was filled to his heart's content. Fiend Blade Peng Hai all of a sudden felt that the course he will be lecturing in a moment later would be somewhat dull. No matter how strong the top students of the important class were, they would never peak his interest.

This was because their bodies were missing a sort of air — the murderous air of bloodshed!

When he walked to the entrance, Fiend Blade Peng Hai could not help but cast a glance back.

Within the recovery pod, Li Yao's 36,000 pores were entirely spread open. They were absorbing nutrients in a thoroughly famous and extremely vicious manner from the strengthening drugs. A wisp of strange luster surfaced on his ashy white skin with each undulation of his sternum. Each bundle of muscle fiber and each blood-filled vein gradually floated and surfaced, like a once hibernating Fiend Dragon sleeping in the abyss. They sketched a strong physique that was heart-shaking.

Fiend Blade Peng Hai laughed lightly as he turned around and left.

He was brimming with anticipation towards the three minutes of tomorrow night!

