

Refining 341

Chapter 341 – Vomit, Just Vomit

When a nation began to move, it could always erupt with a strength far surpassing one's imagination. Overnight, an extremely costly transmission array was built that connected the competition field with the capital city. After a rigorous test was conducted to ensure that there was nothing wrong, the official responsible respectfully reported to the royal family special envoy and received an enormous reward.

"Young friends, the transmission array has been prepared and we will immediately be headed to the capital city. Because this is a newly opened transmission route and we have yet to complete a full adjustment, there will inevitably be some turbulence during transmission. So, I ask that you all be patient. After we reach the capital city, you will feel comfortable." The special envoy smiled, his fat moon-like face warm and gentle. It was easy to develop a favorable impression of him.

Shua –

Space twisted and the three Blue Sea super powerhouses of Yun Yilan, Ming Siyuan, and Yuan Tiangang appeared. The Lord Envoy ran over and groveled in greeting, his courtesy so respectful that it left one feeling a little greasy.

Yun Yilan's eyes flashed with a bit of disgust but he didn't say much. He only lightly responded, "Open the transmission array." He turned and gestured, "Revered Ming, Revered Yuan, please."

"Exalted Yun, please."

The three of them stepped into the transmission array.

The special envoy didn't seem angered by the cold reception at all; his face was still full of smiles. Then, he arranged for the 13 young cultivators standing in front of him to enter the array formation in turn.

There should originally only have been 10 people who had the qualifications to go to the capital city. But with a buffer of a night's time, there was room for many things to change. Thus, the original quota of 10 people had been temporarily increased to 13.

"Hold on!" Several cultivators cried in anxious voices and ran over. The middle-aged man in the lead had a pale complexion. He clenched his teeth and said, "We agree to Lord Envoy's request; please allow our child to go."

To his side, a young cultivator in loose blue robes had a face flushed red with blood due to his excitement.

The special envoy laughed, "Patriarch Nandong, it's really embarrassing to say, but the number of people has already been settled and cannot be further changed. If possible, please apply next time."

These words almost caused the Nandong Family to spout out a mouthful of blood. What the hell do you mean next time? If they missed out on the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill this time, who knew how many years it would be until it next occurred!

Patriarch Nandong took a deep breath and squeezed out a smile. "I ask Lord Envoy to stretch the rules a little. We are willing to pay extra..."

The special envoy interrupted him with a wave of the hand. "The transmission array has already been opened. I have important matters to attend to, so I won't delay any further. Goodbye."

He turned and moved towards the array formation.

How could the young man from the Nandong Family endure this? To watch helplessly as his good fortune flew away? He clenched his jaws and cursed, "Just who do you think you are? You are just a eunu-..."

He was unable to complete his sentence, because the special envoy had turned his head and lightly looked at him.

Ka –

Ka –

This was the sound of his teeth chattering.

Patriarch Nandong's complexion changed. "Special envoy, please show mercy!"

Yun Yilan coldly said, "Wushang, you have done something so repulsive that you have ruined my appetite. I cannot forgive you."

The special envoy hurriedly retracted his eyes. He smiled humbly and said, "Of course, everything is at the order of the Exalted One."

He quickly stepped onto the transmission array as if nothing had occurred just now. But the moment he entered the transmission array, the young man from the Nandong Family suddenly slumped to the floor. His body began to twitch as thick and dirty black blood started to spew out from his every orifice. It was like his inner organs had already rotted away.

Patriarch Nandong trembled but didn't dare to say anything. He cried out loud and brought his only remaining son away.

The 13 young cultivators within the transmission array all had shocked expressions. They never thought that this smiling, genial, and breeze-like Lord Envoy would actually be such a ruthless and merciless person.

Today, they had learnt another lesson in what it meant to not judge a person by their appearance. They reminded themselves to be more cautious and respectful in front of this Lord Envoy in the future.

Hum –

A brilliant light shot into the skies and space began to twist. In the blink of an eye, everyone's figures vanished from the transmission array.

Although the Lord Envoy had already reminded them that there would be turbulence during the transmission process, it was still hard to withstand. Soon, the kaleidoscope of colors around them vanished. Qin Yu took a deep breath to suppress the tumbling in his chest, not paying much attention right now to the scenery of the capital city around him.

Urgh –

Out of the 13 young cultivators, a young girl tried hard to endure it but finally ended up gagging and barfing onto the ground. As she vomited, she served as the catalyst that broke everyone's resistance. For a time, the sound of billowing regurgitation and the sour stench of vomit filled the air.

Qin Yu originally wanted to endure it, however it was unknown just what the fellow named Wuyuan next to him had eaten that morning, but the scent of the yellow liquid was simply unbearable. Thus, he turned his head and vomited along with everyone, vomiting to his heart's content.

The complexions of the three Blue Sea super powerhouses didn't change. They stepped out of the transmission array, allowing the juniors behind them to heave their guts out. The special envoy had a guilty expression. He ran about, patting this person's back, patting that person's back, seemingly full of care for everyone.

Unfortunately, when they saw this special envoy's face, they couldn't help but think of the young cultivator from the Nandong Family and his head that spewed out rotten blood...thus, the more the Lord Envoy tried to help, the more everyone vomited.

After a long time, the vomiting youths finally stopped. They stepped down from the transmission array with disturbed and embarrassed expressions. Fortunately, they seemed to have been overthinking things. Although there was an extremely high level reception team awaiting them, this wasn't particularly related to them. The Southshine Nation's capital city was where all the elites within the nation were gathered. Still, the arrival of three Blue Sea super powerhouses was enough to have them keep their heads lowered.

Revered Yun, Yuan, and Ming were respectfully greeted. Luxurious cars had already been prepared and waiting for them for a long time. It could be foreseen that an opulent banquet was being prepared to entertain these three Blue Seas.

As for the juniors, although there was private transportation waiting for them, it was parked in a distant corner, and was an ordinary-looking bus that could hold 20 people.

Mm...the name of a bus was indeed strange, but everyone in the Land of Divinity and Demons called it this, thus the Southshine Nation naturally followed suit.

Although the interior of this bus was also comfortable, when compared to the treatment that the three Blue Seas received, the disparity was far too great. Within the bus, the desolate expressions of the three officials also caused the atmosphere to be heavy and dreary.

The reason was simple. It was because these three officials were all Divine Soul masters.

Proud elites of heaven were called proud elites of heaven because they represented future hopes and achievements.

Within this, the word 'future' was the key point.

Out of ten proud elites of heaven, at most three or four would be able to break into Divine Soul. And out of those three or four people, those that could take another step further and reach Blue Sea...according to strict statistical probabilities, the chances of that occurring were so small that it was nearly negligible.

Thus, when these Divine Soul officials faced these 13 young elites from the Youth Alchemy Competition, they didn't need to feel any awe or reverence at all, leading to the current dull atmosphere.

However, there were always exceptions. For instance Qin Yu received a level of treatment completely different from his 12 companions.

"Fellow daoist Ning Qin, please sit here." The official who spoke smiled kindly. "These four seats were specially customized. It will be a moment until we arrive, so sitting here will be more comfortable."

Qin Yu expressed his thanks. He took a seat beside the three Divine Soul officials.

"Fellow daoist Ning Qin, how are you feeling now? I heard that the transmission was a bit too turbulent. Come, drink this bottle of iced sour plum juice. You will feel much better." As the official spoke he took out a jade bottle and removed the wrapping. Opening it, a light sweet and sour scent wafted out. Just taking a sniff made one's mind feel better.

Gudong –

It was unknown who gulped first, but in this heavy atmosphere it was especially loud.

Qin Yu glanced at White Fengfeng's flushed face. She was trying hard to maintain a calm expression, and glanced back at him indifferently as if trying to say, 'what are you looking at?' He smiled and handed over the bottle of plum juice, saying, "You should drink this. I don't feel too bad."

White Fengfeng had a thankful expression. She thought that her Big Brother Baoyu really did care for her. As she received the bottle she drank it with gusto. She glanced around, smugly smiling as people glanced enviously towards her.

"Hoho, I was being too neglectful and forgot to give Miss White a bottle. Fellow daoist Ning Qin, please take a drink." As the official spoke he took out another bottle.

Unfortunately, the others still didn't have a share.

The disdain in this performance was too obvious. The young cultivators in the bus all came from relatively great backgrounds, and those people who had a grudge against White Fengfeng or Qin Yu found this sight particularly hard to endure. For instance, the originally extremely injured and near death Zhao Jiutian who managed to somehow go from half-dead to bursting with energy in just one night.

He coughed. Although it wasn't loud, everyone on the bus could still hear him. The official who took out the two bottles of plum juice glanced at him, not saying anything. However, everyone soon realized that even if he didn't say anything, that didn't mean he wasn't thinking anything.

The bus came to a stop. They had arrived in a residential area with beautiful dwellings located in the southeast area of the capital city. The three Divine Soul officials stepped down first. One of them said, "During your stay in the capital city, you will be temporarily living here. I will assign you your dwellings."

Qin Yu's housing was naturally the best. It was located near a small lake lined with trees. A light refreshing breeze drifted on the wind, causing one's spirits to blossom.

White Fengfeng was next. Although her place was in the back, it was also quite good.

Then came that fellow Wuyuan with the extremely soul-stirring scented vomit. From his expression, he was also satisfied with his dwelling.

Following that was a series of distributions based on their connections. Black Beibei also obtained an ordinary single courtyard.

Zhao Jiutian couldn't restrain himself. This was because he still hadn't been assigned a place, and all the good dwellings in sight had already been taken up.

To a cultivator, although it didn't really matter where they lived, they still needed to take things like face and honor into consideration. In particular, this young schoolmate Zhao Jiutian came from a prominent background. While his results in the competition had been ruined, the upper fifth-grade Child and Mother Yinyang Pill was still something to be proud of.

He coughed out loud. "Excuse me, may I ask you three where I will be staying?"

The plum juice official had a faint expression. "Fellow daoist Zhao Jiutian, the dwellings here have all been occupied. I will have to trouble you with living across from this area."

As Zhao Jiutian followed the official's eyes over, what he saw nearly caused him to faint from lack of breathing. His complexion paled like an elephant that had swallowed an overly large fly.

The other juniors sighed inwardly. These people were indeed worthy of being cultivators from the capital city. They didn't even give face to Cleansing Temple and were overbearing in their attitudes.

Where the official had looked was a place across the small lake. Although it was also quiet and peaceful, the residences were on completely different levels, and it was a separation of more than one level. The low and narrow courtyards were clearly prepared for some insignificant people.

Chapter 342 – The Good Fortune Tablet

Though he was filled with righteous anger, Zhao Jiutian didn't dare to lash out. This was because he could feel a glimmer of eager excitement from the eyes of the three Divine Soul cultivators. It was clear that if he decided to erupt with rage at them, these three would clearly be happy.

Seeing that this young schoolmate Zhao realized they were egging him on, the three Divine Soul cultivators didn't dawdle around. They said they had some matters to attend to and quickly left. After the turbulence of the transmission array, all of the youths were somewhat dispirited. When they learned that they would be specially informed once further arrangements were made, they bid their farewells and left to their respective dwellings.

Qin Yu pushed open the door and walked in. There was no maid waiting in the courtyard, and he was satisfied with this. He took a circle around, sweeping through the area with his divine sense. When he discovered nothing was wrong, he relaxed. Then again, if the solemn and dignified Southshine Nation had to use such underhanded methods to deal with juniors, then that really would be looked down upon by others.

But out of caution, Qin Yu still laid out an array formation. He also took out Ninth Province and allowed it to help isolate spying senses outside. Then he swallowed a pill. However, a long time had passed since

he refined the initial batch of pills and there weren't many left. He needed to find some spare time to refine more.

As for materials, there was a great deal left in his storage ring. There was no need to purchase any for now.

The next day, before the officials notified him about anything, an acquaintance actually came to visit.

"Aunty Hong?" As he saw the person on the other side of the door and the eyes that shined beneath her hood, Qin Yu's thoughts stirred and he moved to the side to let her in.

Aunty Hong swept her eyes around. Qin Yu knew what she meant, so he smiled and said, "It's fine, this place is safe."

"That's good then." Aunty Hong pulled back her hood and let out a breath of relief. Then she quickly said, "Mister Qin, after you obtained first place in the competition, we tried to contact you but were continuously pushed back by the Southshine Nation officials. It was only after we heard about the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill restarting that we felt relieved."

This explained why the inn had been silent for so long. Although Qin Yu didn't care much about it, he still felt a bit better in his heart. "Aunty Hong, what did you come here for today?"

Aunty Hong was skilled at reading a person's mood. When she saw that he didn't hold any unhappiness in his heart, she relaxed and her gaze warmed. "I came, of course, to congratulate Mister Qin for winning the championship of the competition. The young master has already learned of this, but he is busy right now and cannot leave at the moment. So, I was asked to visit Mister Qin and deliver this congratulatory gift."

As she spoke, she cautiously took out a wooden box.

Qin Yu received it. The wood was light and there was nothing strange on the surface. But after opening it, a dignified light lit up his face. He was silent for several breaths of time before saying, "This gift is too valuable."

Aunty Hong smiled. "The young master said that this is what Mister Qin earned. The inn has already gained a great deal of harvests from you."

Qin Yu thought for a moment and nodded. "Alright. Then I will have to ask Aunty Hong to help express my thanks later."

The young master was the true owner of the inn and his background was extremely mysterious. Since Aunty Hong didn't deliberate further, he didn't ask.

Aunty Hong relaxed. "I'm glad you accepted it. I feared that Mister Qin wouldn't want it. If so, that would really give me a headache."

Qin Yu couldn't help but shake his head. "With this sort of treasure, I could modestly decline it at first, but I would find it too hard to give up."

Aunty Hong laughed. "That's good then. I had to take some risks in coming here, so I won't be staying much longer. I wish Mister Qin good luck in smoothly refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill."

She bid farewell and left. Just before she did, she gave Qin Yu a jade slip with information concerning the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

Qin Yu's smile brightened. What he hated the most was dealing with the unknown.

In this, the inn had helped him considerably.

However, Qin Yu wasn't too hurried to look at the information in the jade slip. Rather, he picked up the wooden box once more. Inside was a verdant green branch the size and thickness of a finger. It was as if it had just been cut from a tree this morning. The cut off area was still fresh and upon touching it, also slightly wet.

This looked like an ordinary branch, but it wasn't ordinary at all. Qin Yu could clearly feel the immense amount of energy contained within.

Once this energy was activated, the protection it triggered was something that not even an ordinary Blue Sea super master would be able to break in one strike. This was why Qin Yu had said it was far too valuable for him.

And that was the truth.

However, Qin Yu didn't feel too burdened accepting it. He had indeed helped the inn a great deal and both sides could be said to have benefitted. He put away the wooden box; this branch would be able to save his life in a critical moment. Then, he picked up the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

A moment later, the jade slip cracked and disintegrated into powder, sprinkling through his fingers. Qin Yu opened his eyes, a deep solemnity shining in his pupils. The refining of this Revival Good Fortune Pill was truly uncommon.

At noon, the Southshine Nation officials arrived. Qin Yu pushed open the door and walked out. The other young cultivators chosen had almost all arrived. The person who came last was Zhao Jiutian, but who could blame this Cleansing Temple direct descendant for living so far away.

The one who visited today was not the three people who brought them here yesterday, but the Lord Envoy. Seeing his familiar smiling visage, even the dissatisfied Zhao Jiutian felt uncomfortable in his heart. He quickly hid his dreary expression.

"Young friends, I fear you will have to live in the capital city for a period of time. Allow me to introduce myself so that we may all get along better in the future." The Lord Envoy smiled, "My surname is Qin, my full name Qin Wushang. I am the chief steward of the royal palace. I don't have a specific position and mostly deal with miscellaneous tasks. I follow His Majesty's will and go where he needs me to be."

The 13 young cultivators all bowed once more.

Chief Steward Qin laughed and waved his hand. "All you young friends are proud elites of heaven. Your achievements will be without limit in the future, so I don't dare to pull rank with you. You may simply treat me as an equal."

Of course, those words sounded nice, but if anyone really tried that then they really would have no idea what death or danger were.

“Alright. The reason I came today was to invite all you young friends to observe and meditate on the Good Fortune Tablet. It’s already early, so let’s leave early.”

The people were different from yesterday, but the vehicle was still the bus. Qin Yu chose a position to sit in and nodded at White Fengfeng before closing his eyes in meditation. His actions left the young schoolmate Zhao Jiutian, who had ill intent and wanted to provoke Qin Yu, with resentment boiling in his chest and no way to vent it.

But luckily, this young schoolmate Zhao Jiutian was skilled in regulating his mood. As he thought about refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill, he vowed he would definitely stomp Ning Qin beneath his feet!

Just when he thought he won the competition, he had suddenly ended up the loser and his weakness was also grasped by the Great Desolate Lake. If it weren’t for the Southshine Nation suddenly restarting the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill, his fate would surely be miserable. And the one who caused all of this was Qin Yu. It was within reason for Zhao Jiutian to hate him.

The bus ride was peaceful. An hour later, they arrived outside a heavily guarded four-sided construction. After stepping out, what they saw behind them was a completely straight and wide road. But the road was incomparably lonely. Glancing through, there wasn’t even a single shadow.

With Chief Steward Qin personally appearing, everything proceeded smoothly. After the guards verified their identities, the thick iron doors opened. Someone was already waiting inside.

“Greetings, Lord Chief Steward.” Wei Ziqing respectfully bowed. He didn’t have a good impression of this chief steward in front of him. He was greedy, cruel, merciless, violent, and numerous other things. But, if this person was able to steadily occupy the position of the royal palace’s chief steward for so many years, this alone was enough to earn his respect.

Chief Steward Qin smiled warmly. “There is no need for Lord Wei to be so polite. I am following orders today and bringing these 13 little friends here. As for everything that follows, I will have to bother you with taking care of them.” He turned and continued to say, “I will be waiting here for you little friends to come out. This is only the first day so there is nothing to worry about. As long as you can adapt yourselves, that will be good.”

Wei Ziqing stood up. “Lord Chief Steward, please wait here a moment. After I finish processing all the arrangements, I will return to entertain you. Yesterday, I just happened to obtain a turtle. I knew the chief steward would be coming today so I had it slaughtered and cooked last night. In just a moment you will be able to enjoy it.”

Chief Steward Qin’s eyes brightened. “Then I’ll have to bother Lord Wei.”

After parting ways, Wei Ziqing and four cultivators behind him led the 13 young cultivators into the depths of the four-sided construction. When conversing with the Lord Chief Steward, Wei Ziqing had a warm and caring expression. But as soon as he left, he became as cold and sullen as a stone. Every pore on his body seemed to be emitting a cold and gloomy aura. As for the four people behind him, they were silent and pale white, like corpses that had been buried in ice all year round. Their eyes were so cold that they left one’s heart shivering.

They crossed through a long passageway. The torches flickering on both sides of the walls illuminated everyone's dark and uncertain faces, creating a spooky and macabre atmosphere. The passageway was very long, and what lay at the end was a thick black door. The black door seemed to be one with the black rock around it. With a single glance, one could feel its powerful defensive capabilities.

Wei Ziqing took out a token. A beam of light fell down from his head and swept over the token. With two light tapping sounds, the black door quietly swung open. But in front of this door, there seemed to be some sort of unimaginable strength that caused space to twist, making it impossible to see what was inside.

"The Good Fortune Tablet is within. These four people will be standing guard here. In 12 hours, regardless of whether you have harvests or not, you must leave." After he finished coldly speaking, he turned and left, simple and neat.

The four guards stood outside the black door, their faces expressionless. The feeling they gave off was of four gate guardians with facial paralysis. Although these four people hadn't released any kind of powerful aura, there was one point that was without doubt: they were extremely dangerous.

No one thought that it would be so easy for them to approach the Good Fortune Tablet. The Southshine Nation officials hadn't sent anyone to follow them. Weren't they afraid that they might damage the stone tablet?

Zhao Jiutian coldly sneered. "Stop dreaming. The Good Fortune Tablet is a rare treasure of the heavens and earth. Not even a Blue Sea supreme elder is able to destroy even a bit of it." As he spoke, he was the first through door.

The young cultivators came to a sudden realization. They thought that Zhao Jiutian was truly worthy of being a direct descendant of Cleansing Temple; he actually knew such secrets. But just as this thought appeared, they cursed him inwardly for being despicable. They quickly followed, for fear that if they were left behind they wouldn't be able to make out the appearance of refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

Qin Yu wasn't in a hurry. Rather, he looked around for a moment. Soon the only ones left outside the door were him, White Fengfeng, and Black Beibei. The four guards were expressionless; there was no intent from them to urge him in. It was like their only responsibility was to act as human-shaped alarm clocks and remind them to leave in 12 hours.

White Fengfeng blinked her eyes. "Ning...fellow daoist Ning Qin, is there anything wrong?"

Qin Yu's eyes flashed with a bit of awkwardness. There wasn't anything wrong; he just wanted to delay for a bit more time. He shook his head and said, "It's fine. Let's enter."

As he spoke, he walked in first.

Only a single step separated the outside from the inside, but it actually seemed like two entirely different worlds. A dark golden light fell down. It wasn't dazzling and bright, and was actually a little quiet and heavy. Bathed in this light, one could feel the richness of the years in the air.

This should be a naturally formed cave. Up above their heads, there was a strange formation of rocks caused by the erosion of years. Within the golden light it seemed to be covered with a mysterious color.

And the source of this dark golden light was a stone tablet standing tall in the center of the cave. The tablet was around 10 feet high. It wasn't too large, but as long as anyone looked at it, they would feel that it was impossibly tall, as if it had stood there through the eons, supporting the heavens and earth for all this time.

This was a marvelous feeling. Yet, no one doubted it at all. This was because this was the Southshine Nation's legendary supreme treasure – the Good Fortune Tablet!

Chapter 343 – A Decaying Smell

Concerning this stone tablet, the jade slip the inn had given him had some baseless rumors recorded on it. But, since these rumors were recorded down through the generations, even if they were without evidence, there should still be some tiny amount of credibility to them. The general idea was as follows:

100,000 years ago, the great vault of heaven shattered and a large stone tablet arrived from the nothingness. After a fierce battle, it was obtained by the Hulun Clan. Then over the thousands and tens of thousands of years, as their people slowly grew, they finally established the Southshine Nation. Their legacy continued for dozens and hundreds of generations without perishing, and they eventually became one of the royal families within the Land of Divinity and Demons with the deepest backgrounds.

The large stone tablet mentioned was this Good Fortune Tablet. Although there were many differing opinions, all of them were approximately the same: the reason why the Hulun Family remained prosperous all the way until now was because of this stone tablet.

No one knew what the truth was. But, the Good Fortune Tablet possessed an unimaginable degree of prestige and energy. This was an indisputable fact.

But, the ways in which this power could be unfolded were a bit out of the ordinary.

Cultivators, and only those who were younger than a hundred years of age, had a chance of perceiving a mysterious pill recipe when facing the stone tablet. And the pill refined was the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

This pill recipe existed within the soul. It was like a gift from the will of the heavens and earth. It could not be described nor could it be explained to anyone. Only the one who perceived and meditated upon it could control it. But, there was a point that was confirmed through countless instances of the Revival Good Fortune Pill being refined. And it was that every pill recipe that a cultivator perceived was different.

But through these differences, they all shared one thing. That was that the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill caused a cultivator to lose their lifespan.

Lifespan was an illusory and ephemeral concept. But for a cultivator, it was actually something they could accurately sense – an important existence that no one could neglect. After all, ultimately speaking, all things that had the will to cultivate did so in order to transform their life, to become more perfect, to become more formidable, and to also live for a longer period of time...objectively speaking, the last point was the most crucial one.

Thus, to damage one's lifespan to refine a pill was an incomparably ghastly and chilling idea. If it weren't for the fact that after refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill one could then offer it as a sacrifice to the

Good Fortune Tablet and receive rich rewards in return, then there was no one who would have the least bit of interest in this pill.

That's right. After refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill, it had to be offered to the Good Fortune Tablet. There were even some people who made an extremely bold extrapolation based on this – the Good Fortune Tablet was alive, and it was a life form completely beyond anyone's cognition.

It accepted the sacrifice in order to absorb the lifespan of the cultivator making the sacrifice. Like this, it could continue living longer. Thus, the rewards that the Good Fortune Tablet gave a person were more like a sort of transaction.

Qin Yu originally didn't believe these rumors. After all, this was nothing but a stone tablet. No matter how much power it contained, how could it possibly be alive? But right now as he truly stood in front of the Good Fortune Tablet, he discovered that he had been mistaken all along.

The surface of the Good Fortune Tablet had no words written upon it. There were only dark golden textures and lines that wove together like a pile of chaotic weeds. Yet, it seemed to contain the highest, most supreme mysteries of the world. The dark golden light it emitted was vast and dignified, the powerful aura emanating without end. It was as if the slightest tremble of it would cause the world to shake along with it.

It was mysterious and formidable!

But at this time, Qin Yu could see through the incomparably dazzling surface of the Good Fortune Tablet and see something hidden within. This thing could be called old, weak, and even decayed.

That's right, this was a feeling Qin Yu clearly felt after seeing the Good Fortune Tablet. He knew this was an inconceivable ability he obtained after he and the little blue lamp thoroughly fused together and he became the ruler of that spatial fragment in the distant nothingness.

None of this was false!

What the Good Fortune Tablet revealed this time was actually false.

Qin Yu took a deep breath and suppressed his shaking heart. He forcefully restrained his expression and put on a calm demeanor. After seeing through to the Good Fortune Tablet's true situation, he seemed to vaguely smell the revoltingly decaying smell it emitted. This smell was comparable to a corpse that had been buried beneath the hot ground for months. No, it was at least ten times, or even a hundred times richer and worse.

But besides him, Zhao Jiutian, White Fengfeng, and the others seemed to be enjoying it. After approaching the Good Fortune Tablet, they took in deep breaths, as if they were absorbing the most amazing energy in the world.

At this time, Qin Yu's hairs rose on end. He finally understood why Wei Ziqing had turned and left without hesitation, and why they could only stay here for 12 hours at most. Perhaps that was the limit they could withstand while remaining relatively safe.

The decaying scent that lingered around his nose became increasingly heavy. Even if he held his breath, he still couldn't prevent it from invading his body. Qin Yu could only shift his attention somewhere else.

He no longer looked at the Good Fortune Tablet itself, but focused on the dark golden textures on its surface. Soon enough, that decaying scent vanished.

At this point, all of the youths who entered the cave, besides Qin Yu, had already approached the stone tablet and sat down somewhere nearby. Repressing their excitement, they started to carefully meditate upon the golden markings with a fervent mentality.

This was because countless cultivators who had obtained good fortune from the Good Fortune Tablet all said that the only way to obtain the pill recipe was through these textures.

Zhao Jiutian sat down cross-legged. He forcefully suppressed his shivering heart. Right now, he was sitting near the stone tablet, bathing in its dark golden light. His entire body felt warm and even his magic power and divine sense seemed to become increasingly lively. Indistinctly, some places within his cultivation that were locked up also began to loosen.

This was truly worthy of being the Southshine Nation's legendary supreme treasure! Zhao Jiutian's heart heated up even more and he felt an ever greater anticipation towards the Good Fortune Tablet. Of course, the premise behind this was that he could perceive the pill recipe and then smoothly refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

His eyes swept around. The young cultivators from other factions were beginning to meditate. Qin Yu's lone figure in the back was particularly conspicuous. Sensing his silence, Zhao Jiutian coldly sneered. This person really hadn't seen the wider world yet. Just by seeing the Good Fortune Tablet his mind had fallen to illusion.

Someone with such a shallow character wanted to refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill? Dream on!

Ning Qin, this time I will certainly stomp you beneath my feet and return all the humiliation and shame I received twice over! A look of powerful self-confidence lit up Zhao Jiutian's eyes as he looked around. Seeing no one paying attention to him, he turned his hand and took out a pill.

While perceiving the Revival Good Fortune Pill's pill recipe mainly depended on the cultivator themselves, there were various other supporting conditions that could be raised to increase his chances of success.

Revered Yuan had personally given him this pill the night before they left, saying that it would be greatly beneficial in helping him perceive the Good Fortune Tablet. With Revered Yuan's status, there was no need to lie, thus Zhao Jiutian held a great deal of anticipation towards this pill.

After swallowing it, Zhao Jiutian's eyes widened. This was because he discovered that the Good Fortune Tablet in front of him became incomparably clear. The dark golden textures seemed perfectly engraved into his vision, as if he could sense every tiny twist and turn.

There was a faint dimness within his consciousness, as if a light mist covered his thoughts. Then, the dark golden textures began to twist, as if wanting to form certain markings.

Zhao Jiutian screamed inwardly with joy. He had heard of such a scene before. Without accident, this was the beginning sign of the pill recipe appearing. Really, the pill that Revered Yuan gave him possessed an inconceivable strength. He, Zhao Jiutian, would be the first to perceive this pill recipe!

He looked around towards those people that were still deep in bitter meditation. Zhao Jiutian's chest puffed out with pride. He thought these people hadn't even obtained any knowledge and yet he had already crossed the threshold. He wanted all these people to know that within the Southshine Nation, he, Zhao Jiutian, was the strongest young alchemist of all!

As his heart was soaring with heroic vigor, Zhao Jiutian suddenly noticed a pair of eyes that were looking at him, filled with shock.

It was Ning Qin!

This attention fully satisfied this schoolmate Zhao Jiutian's exhibitionist desire for attention. Moreover, he felt even more cheerful that it was the Ning Qin whom he hated the most.

Hahaha! Ning Qin, do you see? I have already run in front of you.

With a face full of smug satisfaction, he left behind one last cold and taunting look before turning back and starting to perceive with all his strength. Every second seemed to give him enormous harvests. His face gradually flushed red as endless excitement emanated from him.

Qin Yu was indeed looking at the shivering and delusional schoolmate Zhao Jiutian with shock. This was because he had inadvertently seen Zhao Jiutian swallow down a pill, and as he was curious as to what he was doing, he saw the following sight:

The ghastly rotting stench that flooded the entire cave and the rich scent of decay that was so thick that it left one struggling to breathe, was suddenly pulled somewhere by an invisible strength. After a short period of time, it started to gather without warning, forming a nearly pitch black fog that covered Zhao Jiutian. Every time he took a deep breath, he would suck in a vast amount of this rotten, decayed aura. Every pore on his body also opened and sucked it in, and his face revealed a look of incomparable joy and ecstasy. It was like with every deep breath he took, he obtained a great harvest.

Qin Yu's chest tumbled. Luckily, with the experience of the transmission array fresh in his mind, he was barely able to suppress the desire to vomit. He hurriedly turned away, no longer daring to look. But in his heart, he became keenly aware of something. Those cultivators sitting in front of the Good Fortune Tablet should be obtaining the pill recipe to the Revival Good Fortune Pill by absorbing that horrific decaying aura.

He glanced around towards the vacant-eyed but also somewhat excited White Fengfeng. Qin Yu had the sudden impulse to warn her, but in the end remained silent. He couldn't take any risks. Any mistake could result in a consequence that left him beyond redemption. Moreover, since there was an established time limit of 12 hours, she shouldn't suffer any irrevocable injuries.

He apologized inwardly and sat down. He put on a respectful and solemn expression, and then...blankly stared on.

Yes, Qin Yu was only blankly staring on right now. This was because after coming to understand and realize the essence of the Revival Good Fortune Pill, it was no longer possible for him to refine it on his own initiative, even if it would bring him rich rewards. This was because he had no idea what sort of consequences would result from refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill and offering it to this increasingly spooky and strange Good Fortune Tablet.

Qin Yu was now considering how to delay for more time. It was best if he didn't refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill until the world killing tribulation arrived...but, this didn't seem too realistic. After all, only by pulling close to the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor would he be able to survive.

If he didn't refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill and didn't obtain the attention of the Old Ancestor, then he wouldn't be able to approach him. This was a difficult problem with no obvious solution.

Qin Yu suppressed these questions that gave him a headache. He just thought to drag things out for as long as he could.

As for this Good Fortune Tablet, he really was wary of it and didn't want to approach.

Chapter 344 – The Greatest Person of All

12 hours wasn't a long time, but it wasn't a short time either. After staring in a blank daze for so long, it was inevitable that one would feel bored. Cultivating was certainly the best way to pass his time, but to cultivate here wasn't a good choice at all.

Qin Yu's eyes couldn't help but slowly fall onto the surface of the stone tablet and the dark golden textures that were weaving together. At first he only wanted to pass time. After all, these textures in themselves were very beautiful.

But after a long time, his whole mind seemed immersed in this, as if there was nothing else in the entire world but him and these dark golden lines.

In this trance-like state, even the Good Fortune Tablet itself was ignored. All that remained were those gorgeous lines that became increasingly clear, branding themselves upon his mind, no longer able to be erased.

The dark golden lines started to twist. In his eyes, they became countless strips, similar to meridians, with an unknown material flowing within. The only problem was that most of these dark golden lines had stopped and withered. There were many breakage points, making it no longer capable of smoothly flowing.

When Qin Yu's attention was focused on one of the blocked dark golden lines, he seemed to hear pained and repressed gasps in his ears, as well as hope. This hope entered his mind, transforming into information that only Qin Yu could sense...a throbbing feeling gushed out from the depths of his soul. Qin Yu unexpectedly awakened, his eyes filled with shock.

This...this...this was a pill recipe...

At almost the same time, deep within the Southshine Nation's royal palace, in a deep underground altar, nine oil lamps formed a circle. The flickering aquamarine light illuminated a cross-legged figure sitting on the floor, his body like a sack of bones. Suddenly this figure opened his eyes, and two bolts of lightning instantly tore through the darkness.

On the first day, someone had managed to perceive the pill recipe for the Revival Good Fortune Pill; this was a completely unprecedented matter. Could this junior Ning Qing really be the turning point he needed to change his destiny and retrieve a new life?

The bone-thin figure lifted a hand, and a finger as withered as a piece of dried wood pointed into the void. Just this slight motion seemed as if it would cause the finger to break, but an incomparably powerful strength spouted forth from the fingertip. This strength passed through nothingness, crossing a tremendous distance to fall on the edge of the capital city, and landed on a heavily guarded four-sided building.

Within a great hall, a dust-laden bell suddenly started to ring without warning. It was low and deep with a powerful penetrating sound, instantly spreading out in all directions. At this time, Chief Steward Qin who was eating and laughing to his heart's content suddenly stood up, his eyes bursting with light as he shouted, "Lord Wei?"

Wei Ziqing had already stood up. The slightly inebriated expression on his face had already vanished from sight. He said, "Chief Steward Qin, please wait a moment, I will immediately go!"

Once he left, Qin Wushang couldn't wait any longer. After a moment of hesitation he followed behind.

"Hahahaha! I found it! This is the pill recipe, this is the pill recipe!" Zhao Jiutian reared back his head and laughed, his excited voice ringing through the walls and awakening everyone from their meditative stupor.

The youths were stunned. Their first thought was that this was impossible. In just a single day, he had managed to adapt to the Good Fortune Tablet's aura and perceive the pill recipe?

But after that, all of their assumptions were thoroughly smashed apart.

The black door quietly opened and Wei Ziqing strode in. Behind him followed a cheerful Chief Steward Qin.

"Who perceived the pill recipe?"

Zhao Jiutian stood up and bowed. "Lord Wei, Chief Steward Qin, it is this junior."

A bright smile bloomed on Wei Ziqing's face. "So it was little friend Zhao Jiutian. You truly are a young proud son of heaven."

His face was full of praise.

Chief Steward silently furrowed his eyebrows. He looked around and glanced at the unprepared Qin Yu; it actually wasn't him, and this was unexpected. But even if it weren't Ning Qin, it was still a good deed that someone was able to smoothly perceive the pill recipe on the first day!

"Little friend Zhao Jiutian is indeed worthy of being a direct descendant of Cleansing Temple. You were actually able to perceive the pill recipe in a single day. Ever since the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill began, this is the first time this has happened." Chief Steward Qin turned and smiled. "Lord Wei, following this, I'll have to bother you with looking after little friend Zhao here. You must satisfy all of his requests so that he can try and refine the pill as soon as possible."

Wei Ziqing laughed. "Of course! Little friend Zhao, from today forwards you will no longer need to rush back and forth. You can stay here and ask for whatever it is you desire."

Zhao Jiutian was overjoyed. "Thank you Lord Wei, Chief Steward Qin." He swept his eyes around, trying to maintain his calm demeanor. But, the arrogant pride in his eyes was still clear for all to see. He glanced around at the young cultivators who had lowered their heads. Although they didn't want to acknowledge it, Zhao Jiutian's performance had far surpassed their own.

Finally, his gaze stopped on Qin Yu. After discovering his stunned expression, his heart was even more carefree. Ning Qin, oh Ning Qin, today is the day I scrub myself clean of all shame and rise once more into the sun!

The high-spirited Zhao Jiutian was brought away by Wei Ziqing and Chief Steward Qin. It could be seen that he would obtain the best treatment from now on. After this interruption, the other young cultivators didn't have the mindset to continue meditating on the Good Fortune Tablet. So, today ended ahead of time and everyone left.

The bus ride back was gloomy and grim, with no one speaking. Originally they had all arrived together, but by the time they left, one of them had already taken a step forward and had obtained the right to stay behind. All of these youths were prideful and driven individuals. Even though they had lowered their heads in acknowledgement, they still weren't convinced in their hearts. They were beginning to fill with energy as flames of passion ignited in their hearts.

White Fengfeng felt something was strange. She looked at Qin Yu and saw that he was deep in meditation right now. There was no difference in his current attitude compared to when he had first arrived. Could it be that he didn't feel any loss in his heart? As soon as she thought of this, she believed it to be true. This was her Big Brother Baoyu's attitude. Even though he had fallen behind momentarily, there was always time to catch back up.

Hum hum! Her Big Brother Baoyu was truly the best!

However, what this little girl didn't know was that her best Big Brother Baoyu was not only not sad, but was so happy that he wanted to shout three times into the skies.

Oh schoolmate Zhao Jiutian, you are a good person, a good person, the best person of all! If it weren't for Zhao Jiutian also perceiving the pill recipe at a similar time, then Qin Yu would likely have been placed in a difficult situation right now. He might even have been forced to begin the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

And most importantly, once he started to refine the pill, even if Qin Yu didn't want to successfully refine it, he wouldn't have dared to do anything to the refining process to ruin it!

This was because every time there was a failure in refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill, the alchemist would also lose their lifespan!

This point alone was far too terrifying.

So if possible, Qin Yu really wanted to give this schoolmate Zhao Jiutian a great award trophy.

The inscription would be: The Greatest Person of All.

The bus silently returned to the dwelling. After White Fengfeng stepped down, she turned and said, "Ning Qin, you can definitely do it. I'm cheering for you!"

The little girl decided to give her Big Brother Baoyu some mental support. But, she also ignored the pressure these words could bring.

The people that were parting ways suddenly stopped. They turned and looked at Qin Yu. As the first place champion of the competition and also someone valued by the Southshine Nation officials, he actually allowed Zhao Jiutian to make the first move and perceive the pill recipe for the Revival Good Fortune Pill. Out of everyone here, he should be feeling the most pressure. As soon as everyone thought of this, they felt the irritation in their chests disappear and even their breathing became smoother.

Humans were vulgar creatures and youths like this particularly liked to compare themselves. When they discovered that someone was in an even more difficult situation, they would subconsciously relax, thinking: oh, at least someone is still doing worse than me.

White Fengfeng sensed the atmosphere had changed. She saw how some people were looking at her Big Brother Baoyu and was extremely unhappy with them. But, she didn't care if he was mad at her, she just wanted to explain to her Big Brother Baoyu that she hadn't done this intentionally. However, the more she spoke the more she found herself at a loss for words. Her anxious face flushed red and she was on the verge of tears.

Qin Yu smiled and comforted her with a look that said she didn't need to worry. "I'm also cheering for you!" His voice was calm and steady. Instead of anger and shame, he seemed rather indifferent. This actually caused the other young cultivators to feel awkward. They lowered their heads and hurried away, because Qin Yu's actions caused them to feel that their mentality and psychological states were too poor.

Without saying anything more, Qin Yu nodded and left.

The next day, the bus arrived punctually on time. Chief Steward Qin's round smiling face appeared in front of everyone once more. "Little friends, I was surprised by yesterday's harvests and I hope that today you can also put in your best efforts." His smiling eyes swept towards Qin Yu, nodded in greetings, and then he took a seat up front.

At the four-sided building, an imposing and regal youth stood behind Wei Ziqing; it was Zhao Jiutian. He looked over the arriving group, and as soon as he saw Qin Yu, his lips curved up in a tiny arc.

Chief Steward laughed and asked, "Little friend Zhao, did you have a good rest last night?"

Zhao Jiutian respectfully bowed. "The incense that chief steward sent is truly top quality. This junior had a dreamless sleep and my spirit has been fully restored."

After hearing this, the youths behind the chief steward couldn't help but feel a bit of envy.

Wei Ziqing smiled and said, "Little friend Zhao has decided to continue perceiving for one day, and after carefully considering it, start refining."

Chief Steward Qin nodded. "As it should be. After all, the refinement of the Revival Good Fortune Pill is no minor matter." His eyes were full of praise and encouragement. "Little friend Zhao is so cautious. It's a rare quality to be free from arrogance and recklessness. I believe that you will be able to successfully refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill in the shortest time possible."

Zhao Jiutian cupped his hands together. "This junior will try his best. I will definitely not leave Chief Steward Qin and Lord Wei disappointed."

Wei Ziqing smiled. "Alright, I will bring little friend Zhao in first. Chief steward, please wait here a moment and we will continue enjoying ourselves where we left off yesterday. I still have half a jug of old wine."

Yesterday, because Zhao Jiutian's matter of perceiving the pill recipe was so significant, Qin Wushang had violated rules to rush into the room. These words served as a warning to him.

Chief Steward Qin smiled and nodded as if he didn't sense anything. "Very good. Lord Wei, please go quickly and return quickly. If I end up drinking all the wine, don't blame me for doing so."

Wei Ziqing laughed and left.

After walking through the passageway, the black door came into sight. Wei Ziqing whispered to Zhao Jiutian several times and patted his shoulder. Then he turned and left.

Zhao Jiutian straightened himself. He didn't conceal the iciness in his eyes. "Ning Qin, you must hurry up and not fall behind me too much. Otherwise it will be too boring." His taunting and disdainful words were mixed with a sense of haughtiness, and couldn't be described with 'arrogance' alone. Moreover, after this schoolmate Zhao said that, he flicked his sleeves and entered the cave, simply not caring for Qin Yu's response. His actions seemed proud and carefree.

This time, several other young cultivators finally couldn't repress their mindsets and a deep sense of gloating shined in their eyes. That's right, while we don't have the qualifications to mock you, fellow daoist Zhao Jiutian does! Unfortunately, Qin Yu's faint expression caused them to not be able to enjoy the happiness in their hearts to their fullest.

Chapter 345 – Rules

White Fengfeng indignantly said, "What's so great about it? Weren't you just lucky and managed to get a step ahead? It's still unknown who will refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill first!"

These words lifted up the hearts of the other young cultivators. While they didn't dare to say this in such a straightforward manner, they were actually thinking of it. They didn't bother wasting time taunting Ning Qin anymore and walked into the cave.

Qin Yu smiled at White Fengfeng and walked into the cave. Contrary to everyone's imaginations, after luckily managing to make it out safely yesterday, he had made a decision; he absolutely wouldn't meditate on the Good Fortune Tablet's dark golden textures for the next few days at least.

However, he wasn't prepared to waste the next 12 hours like this. He closed his eyes as if he was focused on perceiving, but his divine sense had actually quietly entered his sealed dimension ring. There was a familiar feeling of his divine sense being wrapped in a strange transmission, and then his divine sense appeared in that distant spatial fragment.

His divine sense fused into the blood in front of him, transforming into his divine sense form. Qin Yu took a deep breath, a feeling of unprecedented relaxation coming from deep in his heart.

This was because this was a world that belonged to him!

On the distant horizon where the ends of the spatial fragment were, the space cracks still existed. But, the frequency with which they appeared had reduced by a great deal. The earth still had a barren and ruptured appearance, but Qin Yu could keenly sense that it was in the process of recovering. Those terrifying abyss-like fissures which snaked across the land were slowly shrinking; it was just that the difference was so little. If it weren't for the fact that Qin Yu could sense everything in this spatial fragment, he would never have realized it.

Faint traces of weak spiritual strength drilled out from the earth, fusing into the air. Although it was incomparably thin, this was still an extremely noticeable improvement. Perhaps, as time passed, this space would be restored to its initial appearance, maybe even becoming stronger and steadier than before.

This was because this spatial fragment was no longer how it originally was. With the little blue lamp supporting it, any miracle was possible.

With a thought, Qin Yu grasped out his hand, searching through the void. Then, a green grass appeared in front of him; this was the only remaining life in this space now. After the spatial fragment received a new life, it began to display powerful survival instincts. The faint traces of spiritual strength in the air were constantly swallowed into its thin body.

And maybe because its previous life had been too arduous, just this thin and weak spiritual strength was enough to let it live well. Its branches and leaves were almost twice the size as before.

Although this was only a single green grass, if it could be the only surviving life in this spatial fragment that had undergone a cataclysmic disaster, that alone proved it was extraordinary. If he could bring it out of this spatial fragment and allow it to come into contact with the terrifyingly rich spiritual strength of the Land of Divinity and Demons, it would likely grow in a short period of time and appear in its fully terrifying form.

When this thought first popped into Qin Yu's mind, he felt the green grass gently shiver, as if it were immensely afraid. His eyes flashed and he slowly asked, "You don't want to leave here?"

The green grass' delicate leaves gently swayed about. It was apparently nodding.

Qin Yu fell silent for a moment and then smiled. "Alright. If you don't want to go out, then stay here." Letting go, the green grass vanished, returning to where it originally was.

He stepped forward. An invisible set of stairs seemed to form in the void, holding onto Qin Yu and allowing him to walk into the skies. Strong winds howled up in the air, but they weren't able to touch even the hem of his robes. The winds scattered a hundred feet behind and then reformed a hundred feet ahead. He looked down from above at this spatial fragment that was a full hundred miles in size. His eyes shined and he raised his hand, gently caressing it.

In the distant earth, there was suddenly a loud rumble. Countless bits of soil and shattered stones were drawn somewhere far away by a powerful impulsion force, flowing towards there. Wherever this invisible wave passed, it erased all scars, turning the earth smooth again. At the base of a shattered mountain, the stones that buried the dried riverbed began to fly away one at a time. They flew onto the banks of the riverbed, making it seem deeper. The broken and slightly bent mountain peak began to

shake and roar. As if grasped by the hands of gods and demons, it slowly straightened a little at a time, until it stood high and straight above the land.

The natural recovery rate of this space was just too slow. Since Qin Yu possessed the strength to control the space, he could naturally speed up the process. Unfortunately, he could only handle superficial repairs. The stability of the spatial fragment, the deficient spiritual strength, the waning vitality – all of this needed a long time to fully recover.

At this time, Qin Yu seemed to truly become the incarnation of the legendary divine god who created the heavens and earth. Wherever he looked, everything would change according to his will. The earth healed and smoothed over, the river was rebuilt, the mountains lifted high and straightened...it was like a miracle that left Qin Yu shaking with excitement. But as time passed, this excitement would eventually fade. Then, he began to grow curious. He wanted to know – why did he have this strength to control all?

Of course, he knew that this was the right that the little blue lamp had entrusted him with. But why? Or rather, what did the little blue lamp give him that allowed him to accomplish his?

Qin Yu's thoughts stirred and he transmitted his question through the spatial fragment. Then, countless vague phantoms appeared around him. These phantoms were mostly broken and dilapidated, and many of them had been cut in half. They were in an incomparably broken state. Even so, Qin Yu could feel an immense prestige and energy coming from these broken phantoms. It was as if they contained all things, capable of enveloping all...completely irresistible!

Suddenly, these phantoms between the heavens and earth faintly trembled and disappeared. Qin Yu became aware of something. It was that with this spatial fragment's current condition, it couldn't support allowing them to truly appear.

He looked up towards the brilliant sun that was releasing endless warm light. When Qin Yu thought he wouldn't receive a response, the little blue lamp emitted a clear fluctuation, "Rules..."

As this word spread into his mind, it created enormous crashing waves. Qin Yu's pupils shrank and he finally realized what those blurry phantoms had been.

Rules! They were actually rules!

This was completely beyond Qin Yu's expectations. In his initial understanding, something like rules were things that existed in idea only; they were mysterious and untouchable. After all, only when a cultivator entered the Divine Soul realm and opened their soul space, and then enhanced their soul until it was powerful enough would they then have the qualifications to sense the existence of the rules.

However, he never thought he would be able to see the rules with his own bare eyes. He even had a faint intuition that he could directly reach out and touch these rules with his hands!

The little blue lamp didn't lie. So, it was obvious that what Qin Yu saw just now was the true shape of the rules. But, a cultivator's cultivation needed to reach a certain powerful realm before he had the qualifications to touch them. Qin Yu was still far from being qualified, however, with the existence of the little blue lamp, within this spatial fragment he had gained the ability to grasp them ahead of time.

In his eyes, those countless blurry phantoms flooded the world once more. A deep throbbing feeling gushed out from the depths of Qin Yu's heart. This throbbing didn't mean fear or dread, but was an

intense feeling of excitement. He could feel as if he was missing something, and this thing played an incomparably vital role.

What was it?

Qin Yu frowned, wracking his mind until his thoughts were all a mess. As he was lost, a bolt of lightning seemed to race through the fog in his mind and directly strike his soul. Then, a feeling of enlightenment appeared and he finally thought of something.

As a person started to cultivate and began refining energy all the way until they reached Nascent Soul, their lifespan would be lengthened and they would become stronger. This could all be regarded as a cultivator tempering themselves. However, starting from the Divine Soul realm when a person opened up their soul space, this was the same as a cultivator obtaining the qualifications to spy upon the world. By using their soul to sense the rules and blending themselves together with the world, they could produce a link that allowed them to step into a new world of cultivation.

Upon reaching this step, the most important thing for a cultivator was to perceive the rules, sense them, and become able to control them, to gain a more powerful strength.

And the rules were omnipresent and intangible. They hid within the heavens and earth and a cultivator could only perceive them a bit at a time. The speed of this was slow and the requirements mind-bogglingly high. It required a person to enjoy the vicissitudes of the years and for their mind to gain insight into the world and those living within it. Their soul and will needed to be tenacious and potent...thus, the threshold that divided Nascent Soul from Divine Soul was able to block 90% of cultivators. As for Divine Soul stepping further into Blue Sea, that step blocked 99% of cultivators. And as for even higher realms, the number was so small that it couldn't be calculated with probability alone. One could only say that one needed heaven-defying talent and dreadful lucky chances that shook the world. Only when all sorts of factors coincided through destiny could something above a Blue Sea appear.

However, Qin Yu seemed to have discovered a cultivation shortcut. Although he didn't fully verify it, even a mere 10% chance of it being true was enough to leave him shaken with excitement.

The shortcut was the spatial fragment he was in.

This was because this place also possessed the rules, and within the spatial fragment, Qin Yu possessed the right to control all. No matter how complex it was to perceive the rules, once they clearly appeared in front of him, he could still control them.

If he could truly accomplish this, then once Qin Yu stepped into the Divine Soul realm, his cultivation speed would be completely different from other cultivators'. Not only would he not be hindered, he would grow at an even more astonishing speed.

Of course, the premise of this was that this spatial fragment could truly condense the rules, and not these blurry broken phantoms.

Originally the world within this pure spatial fragment was incomplete, so that meant it was impossible for the complete rules to be here. This was also a major reason why most spatial fragments limited a

person's cultivation, because once a strength surpassing its bearing limits entered, it would cause the spatial fragment to disintegrate.

However, the existence of the little blue lamp was the greatest variable.

It was mysterious and formidable. The naked annihilating intent displayed by the world only further proved how abnormal it was. Since the little blue lamp had chosen to fuse together with this space, then this incomplete spatial fragment might have a chance of producing the complete rules here.

Alright, that was an extremely long-winded and complex explanation. To put it simply: Qin Yu was fully confident in the little blue lamp.

This was because it had never disappointed him!

Qin Yu drew in a deep breath, a smile appearing on his lips. He suddenly had an endless sense of confidence towards his future road of cultivation...someday he would be able to control his own destiny!

The second day of perceiving the Good Fortune Tablet came to an end, but a surprise similar to yesterday didn't appear. The youths sighed. The pill recipe of the Revival Good Fortune Pill was indeed not easy to obtain. As they gazed upon Zhao Jiutian who strolled away with his arms behind his back, they subconsciously felt a deeper awe towards him.

To respect powerhouses was one of the greatest instincts within a cultivator's heart. But fortunately, no one obtained any harvests today, so many people felt pleased by this.

But this situation didn't continue forever. On the sixth day a youth named Wuyuan, who happened to be from the land of Wuyuan, suddenly opened his eyes and smiled. He had been patiently enduring for all this time, not wanting to make too big of a stir, but at this time his heart surged with joy and he laughed exuberantly.

The hearts of countless people shook. They glanced over at him with envy.

The black door soon opened. Wei Ziqing and Chief Steward Qin appeared, both of them sincerely congratulating Wuyuan.

The second person to perceive the pill recipe had appeared.

Zhao Jiutian's success on the first day had surpassed everyone's expectations, so they considered him an outlier. But Wuyuan's success placed a tremendous pressure on everyone's shoulders.

Beneath this pressure, they would either buckle to their knees or rise up.

On the 8th day, Black Beibei became the third person to perceive the pill recipe. His success caused more youths to clench their fists and nearly bit through their lips.

On the 10th day, two more cultivators found success in just a single hour: South Xiang's Fang Zinan and Water Cove's Yue Mingqing.

On the 13th day, another person succeeded.

On the 27th day, White Fengfeng's face lit up with a pleasant expression. But, she suddenly revealed a worried look as she glanced at Qin Yu. This was because even until today, after almost an entire month, her best Big Brother Baoyu still didn't have any harvests.

The black door opened and the facial paralysis guards outside coldly said, "Time's up."

Chapter 346 – Slap

Wei Ziqing came in and brought White Fengfeng away. Opposed to the worried expression he had towards this little girl, Lord Wei didn't even spare a glance at Qin Yu.

The bus trip back was quiet. Out of the original 13 people, nine of them were staying behind in that sternly guarded four-sided building. Ten days ago, Chief Steward Qin had started to focus his efforts on making sure the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill continued. Two other people were assigned to transport the remainders. These two were also familiar faces. They were two of the three Divine Soul cultivators that had originally brought them to their residences.

However, the attitudes of these two Divine Souls were now extremely cold. They sat at the front of the bus with closed eyes, showing none of the previous warmth and intimacy they gave Qin Yu before.

The next day finished with no miracle.

In the blink of an eye, it was the 29th day.

Today, the atmosphere on the bus was astonishingly depressed and strained. Besides Qin Yu, the three other young cultivators all had pallid expressions. Their eye sockets were deep and hollow; it was clear they didn't get a wink of sleep last night.

The bus stopped outside the four-sided building. The two Divine Soul cultivators sat still as they watched the four cultivators step out. Then, one of them suddenly said, "This Ning Qin, his breathing technique is actually quite good."

The other person sneered. "So what? If he can't perceive the pill recipe then he's trash. After tomorrow, he will naturally go wherever he is going." He shook his head and cursed beneath his breath, "Those two bottles of plum juice I initially let him drink were actually quite expensive. Now it seems I was completely mistaken. I was fooled by that boy!"

The first cultivator who spoke shook his head, not saying much. He felt that this junior Ning Qin was strangely quiet this entire time. Could there be something he could still take advantage of?

Passing through the passageway, Wei Ziqing opened the door without expression. He was the one responsible for opening the door first every day. This task couldn't be passed to anyone else, so this had remained the same for all this time.

As the door opened, Lord Wei turned and left. Today, Zhao Jiutian was refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill. He naturally didn't have the mindset to waste his time here at such a critical point.

The Good Fortune Tablet was still as brilliant and dazzling as it was at the start. Qin Yu sat down and looked at those dark golden textures, sighing inwardly.

There was a time limit for perceiving the Good Fortune Tablet. One month was all the time one was allowed. If one couldn't perceive the pill recipe even now, then even if they were given ten years they still wouldn't accomplish anything.

Thus, today could be called the final chance. This was because tomorrow, everyone would experience tremendous mental pressure. It would be impossible for someone to calm their mind, much less perceive anything through meditation.

Qin Yu naturally felt no sense of urgency. It was just that even after waiting for a month, the world killing tribulation had yet to arrive. This left him feeling uneasy. This didn't mean that the world's will had decided to spare him and let him go this time. Rather, the only explanation was that it was gathering its strength, preparing for a single titanic strike.

This was different from what Qin Yu first sensed. But, he had approximately guessed the reason for it. The little blue lamp had fused together with that distant spatial fragment, borrowing the power of nihility to sever all perception. Perhaps this was the last time that the world's will would be able to easily lock onto him. If so, then it would take this chance incredibly seriously.

To Qin Yu, this was not something good. Yet he couldn't find a solution to resolve this dilemma. Worry surged in his heart and he couldn't help but sigh. In the deathly silence of the cave, this sigh was incomparably clear. The concentration of the three others was broken and flames of anger immediately ignited within them.

"Ning Qin! Even today, you are still putting on a calm appearance as if none of this matters to you? I don't believe you are actually so composed in your heart!" Zheng Shaoguan had lost his usual handsome and gentlemanly style. His clothes and hair were messed up and a cold smile lit up his face.

Yan Mingxin, who had a good relationship with him, also had a cold and dark expression. "I have long been sick of fellow daoist Ning Qin's disgusting attitude. Defeat is defeat, so why do you try so hard to act calm? Is it possible that fellow daoist will believe that your mental state passes some sort of test and they will regard you highly for that?"

The last young cultivator mockingly said, "Even if he can remain calm without batting an eye if the world collapsed around him, what use is that? If you can't perceive the pill recipe, nothing matters!"

Qin Yu frowned. These three people shouldn't have such aggressive and combative personalities, but thinking about it, the pressure must be too great, causing their mental states to be twisted, and they were also influenced by the Good Fortune Tablet's decaying aura. Even so, this didn't mean he had to endure their words, especially since his mood wasn't so great right now.

Zheng Shaoguan's heart was rolling with emotions and he wanted to continue venting, but he suddenly found that silent person looking up, and that person's ice gold gaze caused his body to freeze. An instinctual fear rose within him, and he found he couldn't find the words to say.

Luckily, the black door opened at this moment, saving Zheng Shaoguan's honor. As he let out a breath of relief, he was also curious as to what just happened.

Zhao Jiutian walked in with his head held high. After not seeing him for almost 20 days, he was clearly much weaker than before. There were even several strands of white in his originally black hair. He must

have suffered considerable hardship while refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill. But at this time, with his proud expression, he actually emanated a somewhat heroic and dashing aura.

Zheng Shaoguan's heart shook. He wasn't an idiot. After not seeing Zhao Jiutian for almost 20 days and then for him to suddenly arrive now, he knew what this represented. Zhao Jiutian had refined the Revival Good Fortune Pill!

For a time, all of his anger and disdain vanished. All that was left behind was anguish and lament. Compared to Zhao Jiutian, the four people in this cave were all complete losers.

Zhao Jiutian walked in with great strides. Without blinking, he completely ignored everyone else and arrived 30 feet away from the Good Fortune Tablet. A dark golden halo of light suddenly appeared. It seemed that this light originally prevented anyone from coming closer. But as this dark golden light touched Zhao Jiutian's figure, it dispersed, allowing him to enter and then wrapping around him.

Then, there was no more arrogance.

Several envious sighs echoed in the cave. Qin Yu's eyes locked tightly onto Zhao Jiutian, not missing a moment of this. He wanted to know – just what sort of change would there be once the Good Fortune Tablet obtained a Revival Good Fortune Pill?

Zhao Jiutian took a deep breath and brought out a pitch black jade bottle from his chest. The jade bottle simply couldn't be clearly seen at all. Then, dark golden light erupted from the Good Fortune Tablet, whirling away the jade bottle.

Several breaths of time later, a dark golden light appearance once more, covering him. This process didn't continue for long before a gentle strength sent him floating 30 feet away again.

Zhao Jiutian's eyes were closed. His body shivered and he couldn't restrain the ecstasy on his face. One could imagine that he must have obtained some unimaginable advantage from the Good Fortune Tablet.

A trace of disappointment appeared in Qin Yu's eyes. He was originally hoping to see something, but it seems his hopes had been for nothing. It appeared he would have to offer up a pill of his own before he could draw a conclusion on what would occur.

Shua –

Zhao Jiutian's eyes opened and a divine light sparkling within them. After being covered by the dark golden light for several breaths of time, although he still had strands of white hair, his spirit was fully restored. A strange light flashed in his eyes and he suddenly turned around, looking at Qin Yu. At the same time, he also saw the disappointment in Qin Yu's eyes.

Disappointment?

He was startled for a moment before a cold sneer covered his face. Even now, you are still playing tricks? Ning Qin, oh Ning Qin, just what qualifications do you have to express disappointment at me!?

He smirked. Then, with a faintly cold tone that was overflowing with arrogance, he said, "Ning Qin, I warned you on the second day to not fall too far behind, but it seems you didn't hear me at all. I'm disappointed in you."

He took several steps forward and arrived in front of Qin Yu. He lowered his voice, "In the competition, you ruined my plans, nearly severing my future hopes. But I bet you never imagined there would be a day like today. If you cannot perceive the pill recipe, then you are useless to the Southshine Nation. I guarantee that you will suffer miserably in the future."

Hearing the hushed whispers, a trace of pleasure appeared in Zheng Shaogaun's eyes. Today, Zhao Jiutian came after refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill. Even if Ning Qin had a hundred methods to use, he would still be humiliated!

As for Yan Mingxin and the other young cultivator, they both had sneers on their faces.

As they thought, Qin Yu took a step back and lowered his head. He must be feeling so much grief and indignation that he had no choice but to cower and back down. The three young cultivators were all anticipating an even more splendid play to occur. But what followed caused the sneers on their faces to freeze and their eyes to widen even as their bodies turned ice cold.

Pa –

The sound was simple and could appear in many ways. But, the most classic way was the close contact of a person's five-fingered hand to another person's face.

Qin Yu slowly drew his hand back, his complexion calm. He lightly said, "In my life, what I hate most is being threatened openly. So, I normally strike back. If I offended you, I apologize very much...but next time, I will also strike you."

Zhao Jiutian's face rapidly turned red and a clear five-fingered palm print appeared on his cheek. He trembled with anger for a moment but then calmed down, hatred thick in his eyes. "Good, very good! Since you want to die, let me help you along."

After being slapped to the ground, Zhao Jiutian slowly stood up and brushed off the dust from his robes. He turned to the black door and bowed, "Lord Wei, Chief Steward Qin, please uphold justice for me!"

No one expected that after Zhao Jiutian was slapped to the ground, he wouldn't viciously attack back but would instead choose to file a complaint.

Zheng Shaoguan was stunned for a moment before he quietly praised this move. A real man was capable of adapting to the current situation. Although these words seemed simple, there weren't many people that could actually accomplish it. Zhao Jiutian's actions might appear weak, but it was actually the best option he could take. With the lowest price possible, he would borrow the hand of the officials to destroy Qin Yu! Today, he had completed the sacrifice of the Revival Good Fortune Pill and was held in high regard by the Southshine Nation officials. Ning Qin's slap might have vented his anger, but it also placed him in a desperate situation.

Hum hum! You were acting so calm just now, so how come you were so impulsive all of a sudden? Let's see how you clean up this mess!

Wei Ziqing and Qin Wushang suddenly walked through the black door shoulder to shoulder. Their complexions were grim and gloomy. Originally, the Southshine Nation officials had paid enormous attention towards Ning Qing who had such an astonishing performance in the competition. But now reality showed that the results of the competition didn't represent anything.

Zhao Jiutian had perceived the pill recipe on the first day and had even managed to refine it within a month. There was even the possibility that he could refine a second Revival Good Fortune Pill. They were prepared to recklessly win him over, but Ning Qin had actually dared to slap him. They would have to deal with this matter in a way that satisfied Zhao Jiutian. Only then could they persuade him to continue and refine another Revival Good Fortune Pill.

As for Ning Qin...since he was no longer useful, there was no longer any need to consider him.

Wei Ziqing and Qin Wushan didn't speak, but one could guess their thoughts from their dark expressions.

Zhao Jiutian revealed a cold jeer from a corner of his lips. Since Ning Qin dared to slap him, he must be prepared for the devastating consequences!

Ning Qin, this time no one can save you.

Chief Steward had no expression. His eyes were low and hooded. With his status, it wasn't appropriate for him to do anything at this time.

Wei Ziqing coldly said, "Ning Qin, you dare to attack someone in front of the Good Fortune Tablet? You are simply reckless beyond belief! Do you have no reverence towards the holy object of my Southshine Nation? Men, take Ning Qin away and throw him in the dungeon!"

"Hold on." Qin Yu paused for a moment, a smile spreading on his face. "The slap just now felt so relaxing that it opened my mind. It seems I also perceived the pill recipe."

To mention the pill recipe at this time and place, there was nothing it could be but the one from the Good Fortune Tablet.

Chapter 347 – Refining the Pill

Zheng Shaoguan, Yan Mingxin, and the others who were looking forward to the following scene were all shocked. They shouted out together, "That's impossible!"

Zhao Jiutian's complexion stiffened and the derision on his face deepened. "Ning Qin, have you been scared silly? You can even spout such ignorant words. Just because you said you perceived the pill recipe doesn't mean you have perceived it. You also need the ringing of the bell to verify your claims. Since it's quiet, your lies have collapsed in on themselves!"

Qin Yu smiled. "Is this the bell that fellow daoist Zhao is referring to?"

He pointed a finger up.

Om –

The distant ring of a bell passed through countless barriers, and by the time it arrived here, it was already faint. If it weren't for the door being opened, it would have been impossible to hear it in this cave.

But it did exist. The sound of this bell could not be faked.

Zhao Jiutian's eyes flashed with deep unwillingness and resentment. Today, his plan to borrow someone's knife to murder had already failed; he wouldn't even have the chance to attack Qin Yu himself. The Southshine Nation officials wouldn't allow him to injure Ning Qin who had perceived the pill recipe!

Qin Yu's eyes flashed. As he looked at everyone's shocked expressions, an idea suddenly formed in his mind. He quickly deliberated on it and once he determined its feasibility, he immediately resolved it.

Then today, he would allow himself to bathe in the limelight a little. He would teach these people that to him, a pill recipe was an extremely simple matter.

Thus, in Zhao Jiutian's unwilling gaze, Qin Yu lifted his hand and pointed up once more.

Om –

The bell rang a second time.

Wei Ziqing's eyes widened, his complexion shaken.

It was unknown when, but Qin Wushang had looked up, a sharp light shining in his eyes.

But this wasn't the end.

He lifted a hand, the third finger falling.

Om –

The bell rang again!

White Fengfeng had a sad expression. She was together with Black Beibei right now, selecting materials with a Southshine Nation official to refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill. At this moment, the first bell ring sounded out. White Fengfeng was startled. She suddenly looked up, saying, "It's Ning Qin, it must be him. I know it's him!"

She could no longer care about choosing medicinal materials. White Fengfeng turned and ran, headed straight towards where the Good Fortune Tablet was.

Black Beibei revealed a relaxed expression. He hurriedly followed, leaving behind the dazed official.

Om –

When the second bell ring came, White Fengfeng and Black Beibei were halfway through the passageway. They revealed expressions of surprise. He never thought that multiple people would make breakthroughs at the end. If so, then there was a higher chance that one of them was Ning Qin. With this thought in mind, their smiles widened.

But when the third bell ring came, the two realized that something wasn't right. They had never heard of three people successively perceiving a pill recipe before. A bit of curiosity rose in their hearts. Their steps quickened as they wanted to know just what happened.

Then, as they were hurrying along, the bell rang a fourth time, fifth time, sixth time...after that, the two of them no longer bothered to count. Their jaws subconsciously fell open as the ringing sound echoed in their ears. And along the way, all the officials they met also had speechless expressions.

Everyone was left bewildered. Was there a problem with the bell? Yes, there definitely had to be a problem with the bell!

White Fengfeng passed through the passageway and arrived in front of the cave door. When she entered, what she saw was everyone standing in a blank haze like wooden chickens. Qin Yu stood tall and straight in the middle of the crowd. One could see that he was slowly lifting his finger again and again, and every time he pointed it, the bell would ring in response.

Even the naive schoolmate White Fengfeng who always had confidence in Ning Qin couldn't help but freeze in place at this moment. She felt as if she were in some sort of fantastical dream.

At this moment, Qin Yu saw her. He smiled and nodded in greetings. Then, perhaps because he thought that if he continued like this everyone's eyes would pop out, he took his hand back down and faintly smiled, "Zhao Jiutian, does this prove that I have perceived the pill recipe?"

Zhao Jiutian's cheeks twitched and his lips moved, but he couldn't come up with any words. He cried out in his heart. This was fake, definitely fake! Or there was some problem with the bell, or maybe Ning Qin had even somehow tampered with it! But, his reasoning told him that it was best not to say anything, otherwise there would be trouble, a great deal of trouble!

Because at this time, the eyes of Wei Ziqing and Qin Wushang were already as bright as miniature stars. The burning heat in their eyes was almost hot enough to melt iron!

"Little friend Ning Qin, you concealing things has really left this old man miserable. If it weren't for today's situation, would it still have been necessary to keep hiding it?" Chief Steward Qin bitterly smiled and walked up. "These past days I have been focusing on refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill so I have neglected little friend Ning Qin. I hope you don't mind."

Wei Ziqing was all smiles. "I knew that since little friend Ning Qin was the champion of the competition, there would surely be a day when he would amaze the world with a single brilliant feat! Sure enough, I was right!"

Qin Yu thought he had underestimated just how thick the skin of these people was. For them to change their attitudes so quickly and smoothly, it really left him praising their skills. However, this was the effect he wanted to begin with, so he smiled and said, "Today this junior couldn't hold back and came into conflict with fellow daoist Zhao Jiutian. I really do feel guilty."

Chief Steward Qin dismissively waved his hand. "What do you mean conflict? You two are just young juniors so it's normal for there to be minor disputes at times. I definitely believe that little friend Zhao doesn't care, right?"

Zhao Jiutian's eyes twitched. At this time, half of his face was still swollen. What kind of ridiculous dispute did he mean? It was clearly this bastard Ning Qin who had slapped him across the face! He slapped him! But as soon as he wanted to say this, he realized he absolutely could not. He clenched his jaws and then squeezed out a smile. "Of course, this junior doesn't mind at all."

Chief Steward Qin smiled in satisfaction. “Little friend Ning Qin, did you hear that? This was only a misunderstanding. But, I am curious about something. Just how many pill recipes did little friend perceive?”

Wei Ziqing suddenly said, “Lord Chief Steward, little friend Ning Qin might be tired today. Let’s let him rest up first. It’s not too late to discuss these things later.”

Qin Wushang nodded in realization. “Yes, it was me who was confused.”

Qin Yu smiled at White Fengfeng and then followed the two of them away. As for Zhao Jiutian, no one cared for him anymore, even if he had just offered up the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

It was hard to imagine that there was such a luxurious room within the sternly guarded four-sided building. Every inch was flooded with a regal atmosphere.

“Little friend Ning Qin, are you satisfied with your new residence? If you don’t like it then feel free to speak up.” Wei Ziqing said, smiling.

Qin Yu cupped his hands together. “This junior likes it very much. I thank Lord Wei.”

“I’m glad you like it.” Wei Ziqing’s eyes flashed. “Little friend Ning Qin, the matter about the pill recipes...?”

Qin Yu thought for a moment. “Obtaining a pill recipe isn’t difficult. What is difficult is how to repair the condition of the Good Fortune Tablet. After meditating for half a month, I think I have some clues.”

Repairing the Good Fortune Tablet?

Qin Wushang’s complexion changed. “Is little friend Ning Qin confident?”

Qin Yu shook his head. “I cannot guarantee anything, but I will try my best.”

Qin Wushang’s voice deepened. “If little friend is in need of anything, feel free to ask. If you truly can repair the Good Fortune Tablet, my entire Southshine Nation will be deeply grateful to you.”

Without staying for too long, the two bid their farewells. After they left, Qin Wushang said, “Lord Wei, I hope you can look after little friend Ning Qin. I need to immediately return to the royal palace.”

Wei Ziqing cupped his hands together, “Lord Chief Steward, please rest assured!”

Qin Wushan quickly left. He rode a private car and soared towards the royal palace at the fastest speed possible.

He traveled unimpeded. Some time later he arrived at the royal palace’s parking lot. Qin Wushang pushed open the door and rushed out.

Soon, he arrived outside a pitch black hall that was as dark as ink. He showed the ice guards his token before he was allowed to enter.

Hum –

Within the hall, a transmission array shined. Qin Wushang vanished and reappeared in another hall. The air was filled with a light scent of decay.

Stepping off the transmission array, Qin Wushang fell to his knees and respectfully said, "Wushang greets the Old Ancestor."

At the center of the hall, there was an altar with nine oil lamps surrounding it. There was a figure within, as thin and skeletal as a bag of bones. The figure's eyes opened and a sharp light exploded from within. "What happened?" The voice was hoarse and low, containing an irrefutable momentum.

Qin Wushang respectfully narrated today's events without altering or redacting anything at all.

After a long silence, the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor suddenly laughed out loud. "Ning Qin? I knew he would be the turning point for me to break through my shackles and change my destiny! He really hasn't left me disappointed!"

Qin Wushang bowed deeply, his head touching the floor. "Congratulations to the Old Ancestor!"

Beneath the dim light of the oil lamps, the Old Ancestor's withered, corpse-like face was illuminated. His smile made his visage seem even more ghastly and terrifying. But soon, that smiling expression vanished and a thoughtful look replaced it. "Ning Qin may have perceived 29 pill recipes, but according to your description, he might have concealed more. Could he have already seen the true situation of the Good Fortune Tablet?"

Qin Wushang kept silent. He knew that the Old Ancestor was only thinking aloud to himself. There was no need for him to say anything.

Indeed, a cold intent flashed in the Old Ancestor's eyes. "Tell Ning Qin that I am very satisfied with his performance. Have him immediately begin refining a Revival Good Fortune Pill. After offering a sacrifice, the Good Fortune Tablet might give him some hints."

Qin Wushang respectfully bowed and then carefully crawled up from the ground. After taking several steps back, he turned and walked into the transmission array.

...

Qin Wushang returned to the hall aboveground and quickly walked out. At the same time, he praised the Old Ancestor's sharp and swift methods in his mind. With just one move he could grasp Qin Yu. As long as he sacrificed a Revival Good Fortune Pill, he could forget any idea of escaping from the Old Ancestor's reach.

The bell had rung 29 times. To Qin Yu, this was as easy as flipping his hand. After seeing through the dark golden textures of the Good Fortune Tablet, it was easy to perceive the pill recipes. He had intentionally done this to shock the Southshine Nation officials and to buy himself more time. If he could be valued by the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor without having to refine the Revival Good Fortune Pill, this would be the best outcome for Qin Yu.

But as he saw the warm and amiable expression of Qin Wushang as well as the light in his eyes that brooked no refusal, he could only bitterly smile. He knew that his own small tricks were far too naive in the face of that monstrously ancient Old Ancestor. At the same time, he was sure that there was another secret behind sacrificing a Revival Good Fortune Pill!

But even if he knew all of this, Qin Yu couldn't refuse. Otherwise he would arouse suspicion, and this suspicion would lead to unpredictable consequences. So, beneath Qin Wushang's casual gaze, Qin Yu furrowed his eyebrows and nodded, slowly saying, "What the Old Ancestor said is reasonable. It was this junior who was mistaken. I will begin refining the pill tomorrow."

Qin Wushang laughed out loud. "Great! If little friend needs anything, give me the list of materials and I will immediately prepare them!"

Qin Yu nodded. After creating a list, he passed the jade slip to Qin Wushang. Then, Qin Wushang bid goodbye and left.

Qin Yu sat down, unmoving. After a long time he let out a deep breath. He had already decided that he absolutely could not complete the refining of the pill tomorrow. Even if he had to waste some of his lifespan, he needed to drag things out further.

The night continued without event. The next day, Qin Wushang personally knocked on his door and brought Qin Yu to a brand new alchemy room.

"Little friend Qin Yu, the materials are within this storage ring. Since you obtained the treasure furnace from the competition, I haven't prepared a pill furnace for you." Chief Steward Qin smiled. "The Old Ancestor says he believes little friend will be able to refine the pill today."

Qin Yu felt his heart chill. He wryly smiled, "The Old Ancestor holds this junior in too high regard. I don't have full confidence yet."

Chief Steward Qin smiled and didn't say anything further. He turned and left.

Chapter 348 – Recognizing a Master

Qin Yu's expression turned cold. These words were obviously spoken to him as a warning. It looked as though he could only deliberately fail once or twice in the refining process, otherwise things would become troublesome.

At most, he would be able to delay for another half month...that damned world killing tribulation, when was it going to come!?

Qin Yu cursed inwardly. After a long moment he took a deep breath and suppressed his tumbling emotions. Then, he took out the Ninth Province as well as the necessary materials from his storage ring.

When failing in the refinement of the Revival Good Fortune Pill, the most obvious sign was the loss of a cultivator's vitality and lifespan. So he really needed to start refining it to at least appear like he was trying.

The 'pill recipe' appeared in his mind. Although it was called a pill recipe, the truth was that this wasn't too accurate. To be more precise, it was pure mental fluctuations. Only the cultivator that perceived this to begin with could genuinely understand it and the countless myriad meanings behind it. Otherwise, even if he were to repeat the 'pill recipe' again and again until he got sick of it, he still wouldn't be able to teach someone the method of refining it. This was because a person's consciousness was the hardest thing to control. Just the slightest error, the tiniest mistake, would lead to failure of refinement.

With these thoughts flowing through Qin Yu's mind, he didn't even need to think about it before his body moved on its own, already completely aware of how to refine the pill.

Igniting the fire and adding in the materials, the entire process proceeded with an incomparable level of smoothness. It was like Qin Yu had already attempted to refine the pill countless times before. His movements were steady and stable, and even his consciousness seemed to become hazy, as if he were watching all of this from the detached viewpoint of an observer.

If someone were to see Qin Yu's eyes at this time, they would discover that his pupils had enlarged, nearly occupying his whole eyes.

His entire body was black; it was spooky to the extreme!

After an unknown period of time, Qin Yu finally slapped Ninth Province and the furnace hole flew up. Then, a pill the size of a knuckle flew out. The pill emitted an unexpectedly shrill scream and then split open like a giant mouth, biting down on Qin Yu's finger.

Gudong –

Gudong –

A trace of fear exploded in his heart, forcefully breaking apart Qin Yu's indifferent mood. His originally pitch black eyes revealed struggle. His consciousness was shaken, as if everything he had experienced just now was a dream, and just when he awoke from his dream, the refining of the Revival Good Fortune Pill was nearly completed. A deep and sour stabbing seemed to emit from every inch of his flesh and blood, and even his soul seemed to gently tremble.

This was because the pill was not just swallowing his blood, but also his lifespan!

In just this brief moment, Qin Yu could feel that at least five years of his lifespan had been taken away!

He couldn't allow it to smoothly condense...

Qin Yu drew in a deep breath. Just as he was prepared to forcefully sever the flow of lifespan and ruin the refinement of the pill, an inexplicable fear drilled out from his heart, raising every alarm within him.

At this moment, his body froze and hairs rose up on his cold damp back. Fear, endless fear, covered his heart and mind, drowning him.

The Revival Good Fortune Pill that was swallowing Qin Yu's blood and lifespan also seemed to sense this new aura. It emitted an even sharper scream and the rate at which it plundered his lifespan actually rose drastically.

Exhaustion appeared on Qin Yu's face. The majority of the sheen and gloss on his face vanished, and strands of black hair on his head started to turn gray at a speed visible to the naked eye. This sort of gray was not pure gray, but gave off a sense of absolute loneliness and despair.

10 years.

20 years.

50 years.

Qin Yu could clearly feel his lifespan flowing away, but he didn't stop it because just now he finally felt the aura of the world killing tribulation.

It would finally arrive soon!

And just a trace of this aura was enough to make him feel as if he had died. The might of this world killing tribulation must have reached an absurdly horrifying level.

Qin Yu needed the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor to value him ten times more, a hundred times more! Only then would he be willing to recklessly shelter him against the upcoming world killing tribulation.

So Qin Yu needed to not only refine this Revival Good Fortune Pill, but he needed to do so in a way that surpassed everyone's expectations.

70 years.

90 years.

100 years!

When all of Qin Yu's hair turned a mottled gray color, the Revival Good Fortune Pill that was biting down on his finger finally let go. It floated in midair, countless textures appeared on its surface and weaving together into a blood red flower.

That's right, this was a flower Qin Yu had never seen before. But just by looking at it, he could hear countless mournful wails echoing in his ears.

Every petal was extremely exquisite, so lifelike it appeared real, as if it had truly grown on the surface of the Revival Good Fortune Pill.

Qin Yu staggered, forcefully enduring the empty feeling within that nearly caused him to collapse. He took out a specially prepared jade bottle and placed the pill inside.

After this, he was no longer able to withstand the weariness. His eyes closed and he fell unconscious.

Qin Yu was in a nightmare. He dreamed that a flower suddenly bloomed on his body, drawing out all of his blood and life. He could only look on helplessly as vines entangled him and he finally withered away into bones.

"Ahh!" With a loud cry, Qin Yu opened his eyes. At some unknown time, he had already returned to his residence. Although his body still ached, he had recovered most of his strength.

Despite knowing that what he experienced just now was only a dream, it felt incomparably real. His heart turned cold and he forcefully suppressed his thoughts.

The door to his room was pushed open and a beautiful maid walked in. As she saw that Qin Yu was awake, she was pleasantly surprised and immediately bowed before hurrying out.

Soon, Chief Steward Qin came scurrying in. But, he simply walked in, glanced at Qin Yu, and then stepped to the side, respectfully bowing.

An old man walked in behind him. This old man's body was thin but his eyes were bright and warm. A kind smile hung on his lips.

Qin Yu's eyes widened. He turned himself and tried to stand up, but he was stopped with a gesture. "In order to save my Southshine Nation's holy object, little friend has used up a great deal of energy. I am also touched by this and gratified, so there is no need to bow to me."

Seeing the smiling old man, Qin Yu's heart shook. He never thought that such an honored individual would actually come here personally.

This old man was an incarnation of the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor. He had seen him before at the competition field.

"Old Ancestor...this junior is truly frightened, I simply have no idea what to say." Qin Yu's thoughts raced. It seemed he had already achieved his goal. He hardened himself and fully expressed the awe and reverence that a junior of his age should have.

The Old Ancestor smiled, seemingly satisfied with Qin Yu's response. "You have lost a great deal of your lifespan. Although I have ordered you to be treated with the most valuable medicines, they cannot actually restore it. But, I guarantee that for the price you paid, I will surely compensate you double."

Chief Steward Qin lightly said, "Ning Qin, in order to help you recover as soon as possible, the Old Ancestor had personally taken action. You must not hold any grudges in your heart."

Qin Yu nervously shook his head. He earnestly said, "Everything was because of this junior's own will, otherwise the Revival Good Fortune Pill would not have been able to draw out so much of my life force."

Even though his face was calm and sincere, his heart was dark and gloomy. To the current Qin Yu, a price of a hundred years of life was a steep price. But in the face of the world killing tribulation, this was the only choice he could make to continue living.

Chief Steward Qin spouted out some words of praise, tossing so many laurels to Qin Yu that he seemed like a basket of flowers. And after Qin Yu showed an excited expression, he dove into the main topic. "Ning Qin, the Old Ancestor's time is valuable. But in order to save you, he has already spent a great deal of time and effort. When do you think you can offer the pill as a sacrifice? The Old Ancestor is looking forward to what effects there will be with great anticipation."

The Old Ancestor smiled until his eyes creased, remaining silent.

Qin Yu cursed inwardly. He quickly said, "I can do so immediately!"

He struggled to stand. There was no need for acting this time; his light-headed condition caused him to sway on his feet.

Chief Steward Qin helped him stand, "Ning Qin, can you do this?"

Qin Yu's heart turned increasingly cold. He smiled and nodded. Luckily, after moving for some time, warmth began to spread through his limbs and body.

Today, this vast building that housed the stone tablet seemed to have been emptied of people. They didn't meet a single person along the way.

Qin Yu was supported and lifted almost all the way to the great black door. The Old Ancestor flicked his sleeve and the door opened as he stepped in first.

Chief Steward Qin let go, "Ning Qin, begin."

Qin Yu walked up to the stone tablet. Behind him, the Old Ancestor was calmly waiting. But, the air around him had become much heavier and more dignified.

30 feet away, the dark golden halo of light appeared. However, it didn't stop Qin Yu at all, but impatiently clung to him, pulling him near.

The Old Ancestor's eyes erupted with a divine light. There was a trace of vivid excitement in them.

The rich dark golden light enveloped Qin Yu. A fluctuation of will sounded out in his heart, asking him whether or not he was willing to offer the sacrifice.

With his heart tense and worried, Qin Yu took a deep breath and firmly made his choice.

The jade bottle in his hand that contained the Revival Good Fortune Pill slowly rose up until it disappeared into that dark golden light. He could feel an invisible strength disintegrating the jade bottle. Then, the pill that contained a hundred years of his life fell into the stone tablet like a drop of water into a sea.

In Qin Yu's eyes, the dark golden textures suddenly erupted with light beyond his imagination. Vast sections of the blocked areas rapidly melted away, vanishing from sight. The withered and shrunk channels were unexpectedly restored to their original state in just several breaths of time. In his ears, he seemed to hear the dark golden textures emit excited cheers. He could even sense that the ruined edges had obtained a new life!

The Old Ancestor's face suddenly flushed with blood and the floor beneath his feet quietly broke into powder. As his eyes fell on Qin Yu's back, a burning heat blazed within them.

Indeed, he hadn't been wrong. This junior was his greatest lucky chance!

As for Qin Yu who was regarded as the greatest lucky chance by the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor, his tense expression suddenly shook with surprise. He never thought that he would encounter this sort of situation.

Perhaps it was because the Revival Good Fortune Pill contained too much of Qin Yu's lifespan, but after the stone tablet absorbed his blood and repaired some of the dark golden textures, there was actually some left remaining. And it was this surplus amount that caused Qin Yu's blood in the pill to remain intact. And he didn't know why, but it seemed that this blood was being absorbed by the stone tablet itself, forming a faint bloodline connection between them.

Recognizing a master...

Qin Yu never would have thought that the pill he feared to sacrifice so much would actually produce such a result and the stone tablet in front of him would become his possession. No, that wasn't right...there was only a faint bloodline connection between him and the stone tablet; he hadn't actually refined it. If it really were to recognize him as its master, it would require far more blood.

But even so, through this connection, Qin Yu finally understood why the Southshine Nation took the Good Fortune Tablet as their holy object.

And why the Old Ancestor valued the Revival Good Fortune Pill so much.

A cold light flashed in the depths of his eyes. Qin Yu had to expend a great deal of effort to forcefully suppress his trembling heart. His thoughts raced because he discovered that he seemed to have a chance to reverse his position and gain the initiative. However, to do so he would have to pay even more of his lifespan.

But did he need to do this? As Qin Yu was engaged in a mental struggle, the Old Ancestor smiled with gratitude and joy. At this moment, it seemed as if he had made a very important decision.

Chapter 349 – Treasury

Suddenly, the Good Fortune Tablet gently trembled and its small body emitted an endless momentum, as if it were an ancient god that supported the heavens and earth. Then, bathed beneath the dark golden rays of light, Qin Yu's thoughts were interrupted. His eyes widened in shock.

This was because at this time, an incredibly pure and potent magic power was pouring into his body using the dark golden light as a medium. Although this was a vast and boundless amount of magic power, it didn't place any pressure on Qin Yu. He felt as if he were soaked in a warm bath, so comfortable that he could almost fall asleep.

But now, Qin Yu had no intention of sleeping. His entire mind was flooded with disbelief and elation. The magic power rushing into his body seemed as if it were his own strength. He absorbed it without any hindrance at all, and it gathered into his dantian sea where it was then absorbed by his Five Element Nascent Souls.

Qin Yu could hear the vivid cheers of his Nascent Souls. They wildly absorbed the magic power that raged in, and he could feel his cultivation rising at a dramatic speed.

Nascent Soul, fifth level.

Nascent Soul, sixth level.

Nascent Soul, seventh level.

Nascent Soul, eighth level.

In the beginning Qin Yu was a bit worried. If his cultivation rose so fast, would it cause his foundation to become unsteady and affect his future training? But he soon discovered that these worries were all for nothing. The magic power that came from the Good Fortune Tablet seemed as if it had been tempered countless times and thoroughly solidified before it transformed into Qin Yu's own cultivation. Thus, not only were there no impurities left in his foundation, but after absorbing this magic power, it had become even more stable than before!

At the end, when the dark golden light dissipated, Qin Yu's cultivation broke through one more level, reaching the early ninth level of Nascent Soul. In just several moments he had leapt from the middle fourth level of Nascent Soul to the early ninth level of Nascent Soul. This was an almost five level increase in cultivation; it was inconceivable!

Cultivating was like climbing up a mountain that became increasingly steep the higher one went. If Qin Yu wanted to gradually train, this nearly five level increase in cultivation would take at least two years. Moreover, that would be with a massive amount of pills sustaining him in a situation where he experienced no interruptions. Only then could he barely achieve this.

Then, a gentle strength sent Qin Yu back out.

The Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor smiled. "Ning Qin, are you satisfied with what my nation's holy object gave back to you?"

Qin Yu respectfully bowed. "This junior is satisfied!"

To consume a hundred years of life to obtain three points of the Good Fortune Tablet and also reach the ninth level of Nascent Soul, he really had no idea if this transaction had been worth it or not.

Of course, he couldn't express this dilemma at all.

The Old Ancestor laughed. "Ning Qin, I have high hopes for you. Continue working hard!"

He looked deeply at him and then left.

Chief Steward Qin's eyes flashed. He had followed the Old Ancestor for many years, so he could discern any meaning in his words.

Qin Yu returned to his residence, a dignified expression showing on his face. If Qin Wushang could hear the meaning behind the Old Ancestor's words, then he could also understand a little of it.

But what should he do now?

His complexion was overcast for a long time. Then, he clenched his teeth and came to a decision.

Within his expectations, Chief Steward Qin came to pay him a visit. There was no small talk; he directly stated his reason for coming. "Little friend Ning Qin, the Old Ancestor is extremely satisfied with the Revival Good Fortune Pill you refined. He hopes that you can refine one more."

Qin Yu revealed an awkward expression but he coldly sneered in his heart. If that old freak could live for a few dozen more years then of course he would be incomparably satisfied!

This was because the so-called Southshine Nation's holy object was in essence the Southshine Nation's Old Ancestor!

100,000 years ago, the Hulun Clan experienced countless casualties and losses as they finally managed to seize the stone tablet that fell from the heavens. The tribe's Great Elder spent a hundred years before he was finally able to perceive some of its mysteries. He then blended his own vitality with it, borrowing the power of the stone tablet to become a nearly undying being.

This life had lasted for 100,000 years!

That's right, today's Southshine Nation Old Ancestor was the same Hulun Clan Great Elder of the past!

This could be called the Southshine Nation's greatest secret. Those that had the qualifications to know this could be counted on a single hand. Qin Yu only learned of this through his connection with the Good Fortune Tablet.

Although he had already decided on a plan, Qin Yu remained silent, allowing Qin Wushang to set forth his conditions.

As he thought, Chief Steward Qin continued to say, "The Old Ancestor knows that you lost a great deal of your lifespan refining the pill, so he asked me to give you a special promise. If you agree to refine the pill once more, then you can go to the Southshine Nation's treasury and choose any treasure you wish."

Qin Yu's eyes brightened as if he were moved. But, there was also the slightest hint of hesitation.

Qin Wushang didn't seem surprised by this. This was the treasury of an entire great nation! The temptation of that could be imagined. He smirked and said, "Little friend Ning Qin, so what if you lose some of your lifespan? You are already at the ninth level of Nascent Soul; the day you break through to Divine Soul is inevitable. At that time, you will regain your lost lifespan. With interest."

As if moved, Qin Yu clenched his teeth and said, "This junior may agree, but I would like to take a few more treasures."

Qin Wushang said, "Alright."

He was just a little Nascent Soul junior. Even if he were to enter the treasury, how much would he dare to take? It had to be known that any casual item within was priceless.

However, Chief Steward Qin didn't know that Qin Yu was aware of how important refining the Revival Good Fortune Pill was to the Old Ancestor. So, the following experience was bound to be a sad one for him.

They left together. Qin Yu rode in Chief Steward Qin's private car all the way to the royal palace. As he looked out the window during the drive, he finally understood for the first time how lively and vast the capital city was.

It was truly extraordinary!

At the parking lot, Chief Steward Qin pushed open the door. Since he had already phoned in, there were people respectfully waiting for them.

"Little friend Ning Qin, let's walk."

The Southshine Nation's treasury was as expected. It was built deep in the royal palace and naturally there was no need to mention how sternly guarded it was. But, what left Qin Yu particularly surprised was an invisible perception that spread through the area, covering this part of the world. If anything out of the ordinary occurred, it was bound to meet a destructive attack.

Chief Steward Qin's eyes flashed. He had purposefully arranged for all of this in order to overawe Qin Yu's heart and make it so that he wouldn't dare to be too insolent. With a carefree expression he waved his hand and said, "Little friend Ning Qin, please."

The treasury had nine doors and each door had a different method of opening. Even if Chief Steward Qin came here with a token and decree, the entire process was tedious and cumbersome.

After the ninth door opened, Chief Steward Qin let out a light breath and said, "Welcome to my nation's treasury."

At first glance, Qin Yu was shaken by the brilliance of the treasures that soared to the heavens. Luckily, he was already prepared for this and it only took him a few deep breaths to calm himself.

This sight was caught by Chief Steward Qin. He smiled in self-satisfaction. "My Southshine Nation has stood upon this land for over 100,000 years and we have an inheritance spanning over ten generations. We are the highest Blue Sea nation, and this treasury collects valuables from all over the world. In terms of items alone, there are over 100,000." He turned and said, "If little friend Ning Qin has need for anything in particular, feel free to tell me. I am very familiar with the treasury so I can help save you time."

Qin Yu took a deep breath. "Then I'll have to bother Chief Steward Qin. I am looking for some treasures that can enhance a person's talent."

Chief Steward Qin's eyes flashed before returning to how they were in the beginning. "Little friend has good judgment. Talent-increasing treasures, whether it is value or effect, are all top of the line. Please follow me."

As they walked through the treasury, Qin Yu's eyes were caught by the various flashing treasures, all of them with divine lights so bright that they almost blinded his eyes. The Lord Chief Steward finally stopped and turned, pointing and saying, "These air bubbles are all especially refined to preserve treasures and lock in the medicinal efficacy so that it isn't lost. Okay, little friend Ning Qin, please feel free to choose."

Heaven seizing grass.

Nine nether vine.

Buddha insight fruit.

Good fortune nectar.

Ground essence jade juice.

Looking around, all of these were first class treasures. If any one of them were placed outside, it could be sold for a sky high price.

Qin Yu wished he could grab all these treasures and carry them away. At that time, even if he were to eat one and lose one, just from pure quantity alone they could form a cultivating genius.

But this was only a fantastical thought. He would truly have to be crazy to really dare to mention this.

Walking forwards, he perused the various items. All of them were good things that he didn't want to miss out on. Qin Yu soon discovered that there was no way for him to pick one up, so he turned and asked, "Lord Chief Steward, how do I take one?"

Chief Steward Qin smiled. "If you have chosen one, just tell me."

"Oh. Then, I'd like to ask chief steward to help this junior select the nine nether vine."

Chief Steward Qin nodded. He took out his token and swung it around. The nine nether vine and the air bubble it was wrapped in suddenly flew over. "Little friend, take this together with the air bubble, and when you are ready to use it, you can simply break it open." The Lord Chief Steward sighed and said, "In order to seal away these heavenly materials, the Old Ancestor commissioned ten sealing array grandmasters to manufacture these air bubbles. Just in terms of value, these air bubbles are worth 100,000 spirit stones each." From his words, he was clearly telling Qin Yu just how valuable the item he chose was. This brat, he had best know when to quit while he was ahead!

Qin Yu had on an appreciative look as if he had learnt a great lesson. He carefully received the nine nether vine and pointed again, saying, "And also that buddha insight fruit."

Chief Steward's smile stiffened. He brought over the Buddha insight fruit.

"Mm. And also that nine heavens thunder juice."

Chief Steward Qin already wanted to cry. As he saw Qin Yu put away those three air bubbles and place them in his storage ring, he could feel his heart bleeding and twitching.

"Cough cough. Little friend Ning Qin, is there anything else you need?"

With heaven and earth as his witness, he was purely trying to make small talk. In Qin Wushang's eyes, the three talent-increasing treasures that Qin Yu chose had already overstepped his limits.

But the response he received caused his field of vision to flash black.

Qin Yu smiled in embarrassment. "This junior would also like to look at treasures that can strengthen the soul. I'm losing too much of my lifespan so I'm in a hurry to enter the Divine Soul realm."

After a moment, Chief Steward Qin cursed inwardly. Hey, you brat, why don't you take a good look at the atmosphere? You're still choosing? You actually dare to keep choosing!?

He watched helplessly as Qin Yu chose a star spiritual essence, sea soul flower, spiritual god grass, and cloud reversal fruit, four different kinds of soul treasures. If it weren't for the Old Ancestor ordering him to fulfill Qin Yu's every desire, he would have already smashed this greedy young bastard into pieces!

It's just a hundred years of your lifespan! You bastard, do you really think a single second of your life is worth an inch of gold? Ah, you scumbag, it's like you're playing games with me!"

Chief Steward Qin sucked in a deep breath and squeezed out a smile. "Ning Qin, we should leave."

Qin Yu looked up, a startled expression on his face as if he had never thought of this. Chief Steward Qin nearly erupted in an apoplectic rage.

Luckily, the brat seemed to know he couldn't push things too far. He nodded quickly.

Chief Steward Qin turned to leave, his footsteps much faster than when he first arrived. He wished he could grab onto Qin Yu and toss him right out of the treasury.

This bastard, what was he glancing left and right for? Could it be that he still dared to open his mouth? Did he take this old man as some clay to be pinched!?

“Cough cough. Lord Chief Steward, please wait a moment.”

Chapter 350 – Everything Is Fair and Just

Another hour passed before Chief Steward Qin stumbled out from the treasury in a daze. The events from just now began to replay in his mind. What he was most surprised by was how he managed to hold himself back from tearing this Ning Qin to pieces!

This bastard!

Clenching his jaws, just as he was about to curse out loud, Chief Steward Qin looked around to discover that Qin Yu had already vanished.

“That bast...where did Ning Qin go?”

Several surrounding subordinates were frightened. This was the first time they had seen Chief Steward Qin angered to such an extent before. They quickly reported that Ning Qin had seen an unhappy expression from him just now and decided to leave on his own initiative.

He actually ran so fast!

Chief Steward Qin rubbed his temples with some strength, feeling the veins bulging on his forehead. He took a deep breath and forcefully calmed himself, afraid that he would rupture a blood vessel from anger.

He then turned and walked away, his pace gradually quickening. He needed to report this matter to the Old Ancestor!

In the pitch black hall, a pallid Chief Steward Qin stepped into the transmission array. With a flash of light, he appeared in a dark underground temple.

He fell to his knees and said through clenched teeth. “Old Ancestor, this servant has just sent Ning Qin away!”

Within the nine flickering oil lamps, the Southshine Nation’s Old Ancestor said, “To make even you so angry, it seems that Ning Qin has a great appetite.”

If it weren’t for the regal Old Ancestor in front of him who allowed no affront to his dignity, Qin Wushang would have already cursed out loud. The bastard’s actions, how could they be described as merely being a ‘great appetite’?

Restraining his anger, Chief Steward Qin ruthlessly reported Ning Qin’s ‘villainous behaviors’ one by one.

“Old Ancestor, from the treasury, Ning Qin took three talent-enhancing treasures...

“He took four soul-strengthening treasures, they are...

“He took a set of rare and precious spirit plant seeds...

“He took a soul-protecting treasure...

“...An ancient divine sword...”

When the normally calm and patient Old Ancestor heard just half of these items, his eyes had already widened with shock and anger.

Not mentioning anything else, just those rare spirit plant seeds had taken the Southshine Nation an immense amount of effort and time throughout the years to gather from all around the world. Some of them had already vanished from the Land of Divinity and Demons and were absolutely uniquely singular items! Among the list, there were even some things he had prepared for his breakthrough into the Calamity Immortal realm.

But soon, this angry mood vanished without a trace. A thoughtful look crossed the Old Ancestor’s face. He glanced at Qin Wushang, saying, “You want to caution me that Ning Qin might have detected something?”

Chief Steward Qin respectfully bowed. “This servant does not dare to recklessly speak. It was just that Ning Qin’s behavior crossed the limit somewhat.”

The Old Ancestor nodded. “Good. These past years of comfort and ease haven’t worn down your vigilance.”

Chief Steward Qin maintained a humble demeanor. “What does this servant need to do?”

The Old Ancestor smiled. “There is no need. If Ning Qin can refine such an astonishing number of pill recipes and also refine such an incomparably potent Revival Good Fortune Pill, then it isn’t strange that he sensed something. But, what he knows is only superficial, otherwise why would he dare to offer a sacrifice to the Good Fortune Tablet?” His complexion returned to serenity. “Fulfill every one of Ning Qin’s requests. Do you understand what I am saying?”

Chief Steward Qin bowed to the floor. “This servant understands.”

He crawled back up and stepped back, the restlessness in his heart disappearing.

Since the Old Ancestor was so calm, it was clear that Ning Qin was within his grasp. If so, then there was definitely no problem.

Even if he used up all the treasures, they would still eventually be the Old Ancestor’s things.

Qin Yu returned to his dwelling within the four-sided building. Once Ninth Province isolated out any perceptions, a cold sneer appeared on his lips. Did you really think that your things were yours and that my things are yours too? Keep on dreaming!

These things could all be considered advance interest he collected for the hundred years of life he lost. The collection for the main principle was still behind.

A trace of anticipation appeared in Qin Yu’s eyes as he immediately started to train. He was looking forward to the effects of the three talent-enhancing treasures. He flipped his hand and took out a jade box. Opening it, one could see a dark vine within. It seemed to contain an absolutely low temperature, slowly emitting a chilling cold.

Nine nether vine!

Qin Yu lifted his hand and touched it with a finger. After fusing his own aura into it, the nine nether vine voluntarily flew above his head and started to circle around...

12 hours later, there was a light cracking sound and the Buddha insight fruit thoroughly disintegrated. Qin Yu's eyelids trembled and he slowly opened his eyes.

Without stopping, Qin Yu took out an Essence Juncture Pill and swallowed it down. After a moment he opened his eyes. There was a brief flash of joy that soon turned to helplessness.

Using the nine level crystal pagoda as the standard, Qin Yu's initial talent had been first level. After he used the blue crystal lotus and nirvana lotus seed in the Dao Arena, he had reached the peak of first level talent. Now today, after refining the nine nether vine, nine heavens thunder juice, and Buddha insight fruit, his talent has just barely managed to reach the third level.

Within the Land of Divinity and Demons, anyone below a fourth level talent was unworthy of being raised. But while a third level talent was still as bad as mud, from Qin Yu's viewpoint, it was amazing progress.

This was why he felt joy.

But as he thought about how even a cultivator with ordinary talent could use these three treasures to become a rare cultivating genius, he couldn't help but bitterly smile.

These were rare treasures from the Southshine Nation's treasury. If it weren't for him grabbing onto the Old Ancestor's weakness, he never would have had such a chance.

It seemed like his road of raising his talent was destined to be a long one!

He shook his head, scattering these thoughts. Then, he stood up and walked into the bathroom. He soaked in a comfortable hot bath and changed into a set of clean white bathrobes. Then, as he stood in front of a mirror that nearly occupied an entire wall, Qin Yu could see his gray hair and he frowned for a moment before composing himself.

The world was fair and just. There were gains and losses.

If he wanted to survive the world killing tribulation, if he wanted to obtain a greater good fortune, if he wanted to pave his own road of cultivation, then he naturally had to pay a price. To exchange a hundred years of his life for the current situation...of course, right now it seemed that a hundred years wasn't enough, but this transaction was still worth it. Moreover, he had already chosen his road, so why keep worrying? Besides making himself uneasy, there was no other benefit.

He put on a black robe. This was the Demon God Armor that had taken the form of a long robe. It had an automatic self-cleaning function that saved him the trouble of changing clothes. Moreover, it could change into whatever design he liked. Unfortunately Qin Yu preferred casual clothes and didn't like to be too flashy, so he wasted this effect of the Demon God Armor.

He pushed open the door and sat down. After organizing the things he obtained from the Southshine Nation's treasury, he thought for a moment and decided not to continue refining anything from there. He took out some pills and swallowed them.

The world killing tribulation would arrive soon. Even if he was confident that the Old Ancestor wouldn't hesitate to pay a price to protect him, this didn't mean he would be safe. In these uncertain times, increasing his cultivation was the most important thing. Even if he had just a little bit more strength, that might save his life in a perilous situation.

Five days later, Qin Yu decided to refine the pill again because he didn't have much time remaining.

Chief Steward Qin personally brought him to the alchemy room. He earnestly said, "Ning Qin, what the Old Ancestor needs is a Revival Good Fortune Pill that is the same as the first one. Do you understand?"

Ning Qin nodded. "This junior understands. I ask chief steward to rest assured." He strode into the alchemy room, a sneer appearing on his lips. Even if they didn't make him do this, he was also thinking of coming here early and taking that Good Fortune Tablet into his hands sooner.

The first Revival Good Fortune Pill had only changed and absorbed a hundred years of his life because it had sensed the world killing tribulation. If he wished to refine a Revival Good Fortune Pill that was the same, he couldn't accomplish it himself. He could only rely on the aura of the world killing tribulation once more.

As for the little blue lamp...the basis of the Revival Good Fortune Pill was Qin Yu's own lifespan. No matter how heaven-defying the little blue lamp was, it was helpless in this situation.

Luckily, Qin Yu seemed to already expect this. Without accident, he would be able to replicate that Revival Good Fortune Pill.

He lit the furnace and began. Another pill recipe, a fluctuation of consciousness, was activated within his mind. This time, Qin Yu gave up control of his mortal body on his own initiative.

In a situation where he was prepared and maintained a glimmer of his consciousness, Qin Yu found that he couldn't help but feel a cold shiver pass through him as he observed his body.

The Good Fortune Tablet was truly incomparably terrifying. Just a consciousness was able to produce such a massive influence. But as he thought about how this Good Fortune Tablet would soon become his, Qin Yu's mood brightened.

The refinement process proceeded smoothly. When the Revival Good Fortune Pill flew out from Ninth Province and bit down on his fingertip, small wave-like fluctuations began to appear in his pitch black eyes. His other hand rose and his five fingers rose up. The phantom of a great sun shrank countless times over suddenly appeared, and deep within this sun phantom was a thumb-sized lantern.

In the next moment, a heart-shaking fear descended. Qin Yu coughed and his face paled. The sun phantom between his fingers seemed to withstand a powerful invisible pressure before it shattered with a crack.

The Revival Good Fortune Pill emitted a shrill scream and the speed at which it plundered his lifespan increased. Qin Yu's body shook and a bit of relief and fear flashed through his heart.

The relief came because his judgment was correct and there would be no problems with the Revival Good Fortune Pill. As for the fear, that was because the world killing heavenly tribulation was already very, very, very close.

Within seven days, it was sure to arrive.

Moreover, Qin Yu had an intuition that if he summoned the phantom of the little blue lamp again, the world killing tribulation would directly descend!

Perhaps it was because he had already experienced his lifespan being crazily taken away, or perhaps it was because his cultivation had risen to the ninth level of Nascent Soul, but his resistance had increased and he didn't fall unconscious this time. Rather, he dragged his sweat-soaked body over the ground and opened the door to the alchemy room.

He met Qin Wushang's eyes and nodded. Seeing the smile on the man's face, he revealed a bit of reluctance.

Chief Steward Qin only assumed that Qin Yu wasn't feeling well and didn't think much of it. He warmly said, "Men, bring little friend Ning Qin to rest."

Qin Yu waved his hand. "This junior can still persist, so it's better to complete the sacrifice first."

Qin Wushang had no opinion on this. He pretended to worry about Qin Yu's condition and then after a moment of pushing back, agreed to let him do as he wished.

He clapped his hand and the four frozen-faced guards that stood outside the cave door suddenly appeared, lifting a soft sedan between them. "Little friend, please."

Qin Yu smiled and nodded, but he cursed this bastard for being such a liar. He had already prepared a sedan just for him and yet he was telling him to resist earlier.

As he thought, the facial skin of these old things couldn't be underestimated. He needed to prepare himself more in the future.

The group continued quietly. Qin Yu closed his eyes in meditation and when he opened them, he was already outside the black door.

Wei Ziqing was already waiting here. He took out a token and opened the door. Then, he turned to Qin Yu and said, "For little friend to refine two Revival Good Fortune Pills in such a short time is truly worthy of praise."

Following behind him were two people. They were White Fengfeng and Black Beibei.

Seeing Qin Yu glance over, Wei Ziqing smiled and explained, "Little friend Black has just completed the sacrifice. He is also a wonderful young man."

Qin Yu's tense heart loosened. It seemed this brat White Fengfeng hadn't completed the refinement yet. If he had time he should look for a chance to warn her.

As for Black Beibei and how he fared in the future, that would depend on his luck.

Qin Yu smiled at White Fengfeng. "After a moment come to my place for a visit. I have something to say to you."

There wasn't a need to be too secretive. The two of them were relatively close, so there wasn't any reason to conceal it.

White Fengfeng glanced at Qin Yu. As she saw his full head of gray hair, her eyes blushed red a little. She quickly nodded.

Without further delay, Chief Steward Qin brought Qin Yu inside. As for Wei Ziqing, he remained outside.

The black door closed, isolating all staring eyes outside.