

Reverend Insanity Novel Chapter 36 To 40

36 Gifting a disseminated corpse! Reverend Insanity

Chapter 36: Gifting a disseminated corpse! “Did you guys hear? Henry Fang killed someone!” A student whispered to his classmate beside him. “I heard it too, he really killed somebody.”

The classmate clenched his chest with a pale face. “There were many guards who saw him do it.

Henry Fang was chasing after that man.

That guy tried to beg for mercy but Henry Fang paid him no heed and decapitated him immediately!” “That’s not all.

After killing him, Henry Fang didn’t even spare his headless corpse.

He dragged it back to the hostel and chopped it into a meat paste.”

“Are you for real?” “I’m serious beyond belief.

I came early this morning and I could still see the bloodstains left between the cracks of the green rock.”

“Oh man, why would I lie to you? Earlier, the Academy Elder called Henry Fang over for this matter.”

The youths in the Academy did not pay attention to class as they held their little conversations.

To this group of 15 year olds, the concept of killing was too foreign and too scary.

They had been under the protection of the clan since a young age and had at most experienced organized sparring or simply killing chickens and dogs.

As for killing a person, it was still beyond them. “Who did Henry Fang kill?” “I heard it was a family servant of the Mo branch family.”

“Yup, I’m the clearest about this matter. Yesterday, I personally saw the Mo Family’s Mo Yan bring a bunch of family servants to find trouble with Henry Fang.”

“The Mo family, that’s not good. Mo Bei is in trouble now.”

A number of the youths turned to look at Spring Mo Bei. Mo Bei sat on his seat with a pale face – he had only heard about the news of Henry Fang killing someone this morning.

Additionally, it was the Gao Wan that Mo Bei was familiar with.

As one of the more energetic family servants, Gao Wan was good at boot licking and had also put effort into his fighting skills.

He was an able lackey.

A long while ago, Gao Wan had even sparred with Mo Bei for a bit.

To think that he was simply killed by Henry Fang! It was precisely because of this that Mo Bei felt astonished.

He was full of disbelief and felt twice the shock compared to the others.

However, compared to his shock, he felt a greater sense of worry and fear.

Facing a murderer like Henry Fang, it would be a lie if Mo Bei said that he was not afraid.

Actually, it was not just him – the other youngsters were afraid too. When Henry Fang had robbed them twice previously, all of them had gotten physical with him. “I actually fought with such a ruthless murderer? To think that I’m actually still alive.”

Many of them patted their chest, feeling a lingering fear.

Henry Fang killing someone was still somewhat acceptable but the crux was that he even dissected the corpse and chopped the body into meat paste.

That was way too cruel! The truth of such a horrifying crime had a strong impact on all of the youths' pure and innocent minds. _____ Within the room, there was only the Academy Elder and Henry Fang.

The Academy Elder sat while Henry Fang stood. Neither of them spoke a word, causing the atmosphere to be extremely tense.

The Academy Elder silently looked at Henry Fang and a hint of complication flashed in his eyes.

In the morning, the guards had reported to him about Henry Fang's murder incident.

This news had made him feel both shocked and suspicious.

He was a Rank three Fu master and was in charge of the Academy.

He obviously knew the fighting strength of a Rank one initial stage Fu master.

Henry Fang being able to kill Gao Wan was like the weak defeating the strong.

In truth, some guards had already reported to him that Mo Yan had trapped Henry Fang within the Academy by barging in the previous night.

Back then, he had not paid attention to the matter and had not stopped them.

He was the Academy Elder – his objective was to nurture future Fu Masters, not to protect them.

As long as there were no deaths among the students, he encouraged hidden conflicts. Mo Yan coming to find trouble with Henry Fang was something that he was happy to see.

For one, he knew that regardless of whether the fight was won or lost, it would be beneficial to Henry Fang's growth.

Secondly, he wanted to suppress Henry Fang's influence.

Henry Fang had consecutively blocked the Academy's gates and robbed the other students.

His influence was too great; it had to be suppressed.

However, he hadn't expected that Mo Yan would return fruitlessly and that the family servant that she had left behind would be unable to beat Henry Fang. Gao Wan even got killed by him! In this world, strength was above all else. Killing someone was not something peculiar.

Especially to a Fu master, it was something very common.

But it was not so simple when it was a 15 year old's first kill.

The Academy Elder vividly remembered his first killing scene.

Back then, he was already a Rank two Fu master.

At the age of 19, he had killed a Fu master from the Bao clan's village in a conflict.

After killing the person, he vomited profusely and panicked in his heart.

For a few days, he had no mood to eat and had no appetite.

He could not even find peace in his sleep.

The moment he shut his eyes, he would see the dead person staring angrily at him.

But looking at Henry Fang now, his face was calm as ice. Where was the fluster? Not to mention that he had no uneasy feelings.

It was almost like he had slept perfectly well last night, as if the person who killed a man was not him at all! Especially when the Academy Elder heard more about the matter.

After Henry Fang had killed the servant, he did not spare the corpse and had even dragged it back to the dormitory to chop it into meat paste in his rage.

Such vicious methods, even hearing about it was a kind of terror! Thus, at this point, the Academy Elder looked at Henry Fang with complicated emotions. On one hand, he was amazed at Henry Fang's indifference towards life, his attitude was as steady and as cold as ice. On the other hand, he was appreciative of the fact that Henry Fang was a born battle-freak.

After familiarizing himself with the Moonlight Fu for a few days, he had managed to kill someone with it.

An ordinary teenager—even those A grade talents—may not be able to achieve this.

This was a talent for battle! If he was well-nurtured and fought for the clan, it would be all of their enemies' nightmare. Lastly, he felt worry and distressed. Worry because after this incident, Henry Fang's reputation was sure to rise and it would be impossible to suppress him.

Henry Fang was way too daring; not only did he disobey the clan rules by using his Fu in the Academy, he even killed someone with it.

There was a need to suppress his influence. Otherwise, how would the Elder be able to manage this Academy anymore? Distress was because he did not know how to perfectly resolve this issue.

After all, it involved the Mo family's side. "Henry Fang, do you know why I called you here to meet me?" The Academy Elder used a solemn and deep voice to break the silence in the room. "I know."

Henry Fang nodded and replied, "I used the Moonlight Fu in the Academy, breaking the clan rules.

According to the rules, as it is my first offense, I should compensate thirty pieces of primeval stones as punishment."

He evaded the crucial point and did not mention Gao Wan's death.

The Academy Elder was stunned for a second, he had not expected that Henry Fang would answer like this.

His expression darkened as he coldly snapped, "Don't try to blur things in front of me! I'll ask you, what was the matter with Gao Wan's death?" Henry Fang squinted his eyes and said, "Hmph, this Gao Wan went against his superiors, his intentions were vicious. Last night, not only did he block my room door, he even tried to kill me.

In self-defense, I was forced to use the Moonlight Fu.

Fortunately, I managed to kill this traitor.

I suspect that there is a high possibility of him being a spy of the other mountain villages, I implore the elders to investigate this thoroughly!" Upon hearing this, the Academy Elder frowned and became at a lost for words. Now that Gao Wan was dead, Henry Fang could say whatever he wanted.

After all, Gao Wan was just an outsider, not a member of the clan.

Even if he was dead, it would not matter to the Academy Elder.

However, he was worried about the Mo family's reaction. Gao Wan was their servant and he had died within the academy.

The Academy Elder was in charge of the academy and had to give the Mo family an explanation.

Thinking for a bit, the Academy Elder stared at Henry Fang and questioned, "Then let me ask you. Gao Wan's corpse, how did you deal with it?" Henry Fang's lips curled, revealing a cruel smile. "I diced Gao Wan's corpse and put it inside a wooden box. When morning came, I put it at the Mo family's back door."

"What?!" The Academy Elder was stunned beyond words as he almost jumped from his seat. Not only did Henry Fang kill their family servant, he had even chopped up the corpse and placed it at the Mo family's back door.

This was blatant provocation! To the Academy Elder who was trying to resolve this peacefully, it was a true nightmare.

Henry Fang was just a small Rank one Fu master, how would the large Mo family react? Thinking of this, the Academy Elder felt a headache as the matter had already developed out of his control.

This Henry Fang was a true troublemaker. "Sigh, since it has already happened, there's no point in saying anymore. Leave first, the punishment will come within these few days, you should get mentally prepared."

The Academy Elder was terribly upset.

He waved his hand and signaled for Henry Fang to leave; he needed to think through this calmly to come up with a solution.

37 Both a compromise and a threa Reverend Insanity

Chapter 37: Both a compromise and a threat Meanwhile, at the Mo family. "What were my instructions to you? See what you did!" In the study room, Spring Mo Chen slammed the table, exploding with a rage. Mo Yan stood opposite this old man, her head lowered.

Her eyes were full of shock and rage.

She had also just gotten the news that Gao Wan had been killed by Henry Fang! That 15 year old teenager, to think he had such methods and determination. Gao Wan was the proud servant of her Mo family and Henry Fang's act of killing him was a blatant showing of disrespect towards them! "Grandpa, you don't have to be so angry.

This Gao Wan was only a servant, his death is of no concern.

He isn't a Spring clan member anyways.

But that Henry Fang, he is too daring, you have to 'look at the owner before you beat the dog'. Not only did he beat our dog but he even beat it to death!" Mo Yan said indignantly. Spring Mo Chen furiously scowled, "You still have the cheeks to say that! Have your wings grown so tough now that you don't even put my words to heart, hmm? What I told you before, you have forgotten all about it!" "Your granddaughter dares not!" Mo Yan jumped in shock.

She knew now that her grandfather was really angry and quickly kneeled down. Spring Mo Chen pointed his finger out the window and scolded, "Hmph, so what if that servant died.

But now you are still showing hostility towards Henry Fang, this is really a matter of you being short sighted and unclear of the implications! Do you know the significance of your actions? The fight among juniors is their own business.

As elders, we should not interfere.

These are the rules! Now that you went to find trouble with Henry Fang, it means you are breaking the rules.

I can't tell how many people are out there now, looking at this disgrace of our Mo family!" "Grandpa, please calm down, anger will harm your body.

It's Mo Yan fault, I burdened the Mo family. Whatever Grandpa tells Mo Yan to do, Mo Yan will do it! But your granddaughter really cannot take this lying down, that Henry Fang is too despicable, too shameless.

First, he lied to me and entered the academy. Next, he hid in the dormitory and no matter how much I scolded him, he would not come out. Once I left, he went ahead and killed Gao Wan.

He is extremely sinister and despicable!" Mo Yan reported. "Oh, is that so?" Spring Mo Chen frowned.

This was the first time he had heard this information and a bright light shone across his eyes.

He took in a deep breath, suppressing his rage and he stroked his beard while saying, "I've heard stories about this Henry Fang.

In his early years, he was able to make poems and songs, showing early intelligence.

But to think that he only had C grade talent.

It was difficult for him to have a good future and thus I gave up on recruiting him.

But now it seems that it's slightly interesting."

Pausing for a second, Spring Mo Chen knocked on the table and ordered, "Someone, bring that box over here."

The servant outside the door quickly obeyed.

Soon, he brought in a box.

The box was neither too big nor too small but it was slightly heavy.

The servant used both hands to carry it and stood beside the study table. "Grandpa, what is this?" Mo Yan stared at the wooden box and asked doubtfully. "Why don't you open it and take a look?" Spring Mo Chen squinted his eyes and said in a complicated tone. Mo Yan stood up, flipped over the wooden lid and looked inside.

Immediately, her facial expression changed and her pupils shrunk to a needle-like size.

She could not help but take a step back and let loose an unsuppressed scream.

The wooden lid in her hand also fell to the ground. Without the wooden lid, the thing kept within the wooden box was shown to everyone present.

It was actually a pile of flesh and blood! The bloody flesh was obviously sliced off piece by piece and placed into the box.

Bright scarlet blood had accumulated inside.

There was some pale skin and flesh, while some were long strands of intestines, mixed in with a few pieces of bones, either leg bones or the ribs.

In the pool of blood at a corner, there were also two fingers and half a toe floating in it.

Blech... Mo Yan beautiful face changed color as she took another step backwards, her stomach turning as she almost vomited on the spot.

She was Rank two Fu master and had gone out to gain experience before.

Despite that, this was the first time that she had seen such a disgusting and twisted scene even though she had killed people before.

The flesh and blood in this box were obviously the corpse of a person after being minced into pieces and stuffed in.

The scent of blood burst into the air and rapidly permeated the air immediately, filling the entire study room.

Both of the family servant's hands shook as he carried the box, his complexion pale.

Although he had seen the box earlier and vomited before, he could still feel waves of palpitation and disgust as he held it now.

Among the three people in the study room, only the family elder Spring Mo Chen was unfazed.

He lightly looked at the contents of the box for a moment and said to Mo Yan slowly: "This box was what Henry Fang had placed at our family's back door this morning."

"What, it's really him?!" Mo Yan was extremely shocked as images of Henry Fang showed up in her mind.

The first time she saw Henry Fang, it was at the inn.

At that time, Henry Fang sat near the window, quietly eating his meal.

His facial features were bland and both of his eyes were dark and gloomy.

His body was thin and his skin had the special paleness of a teenager.

He looked like such a normal and quiet youth.

To think that he had done such a twisted and insane act! After her initial shock came a furious rage. Mo Yan yelled, "This Henry Fang is too outrageous, who gave him the guts to do so! To dare to do such a thing, this is a provocation towards our Mo family! I will go ahead now and bring him here to question him for his crimes!" After she said this, she headed towards the exit. "You scoundrel, stop right there!" Spring Mo Chen was angrier than she was as he grabbed an ink slab on his study desk and threw it over.

The hard and heavy ink slab hit Mo Yan's shoulder and with a 'bang' it fell to the ground. "Grandpa!" Mo Yan held her shoulder as she called out in alarm. Spring Mo Chen stood up, his finger pointing at his granddaughter as he spoke with an extremely agitated tone, "It seems like all these years of training were in vain. You have disappointed me greatly! Against a small Rank one initial stage Fu master, not to mention you involving so many people, but even getting led by the nose by the other party.

Now that you've let your rage get the better of you, at this point, do you still not understand the meaning behind Henry Fang's actions?" "What meaning?" Mo Yan was puzzled. Spring Mo Chen snorted, "If Henry Fang wanted to provoke us, he would have blown up this matter, so why did he place this box at the secluded back door instead of placing it at the front door where there are many people walking around?" "Maybe he wants to reconcile with us? No, if he wanted to reconcile, wouldn't it be better to apologise face to face? Why must he send us this box of minced corpse, this is definitely a provocation!" Mo Yan said.

Spring Mo Chen shook his head, then nodded. "He wants to reconcile, but at the same time, he is also provoking us. Placing the wooden box at the back door is his intention to reconcile. Placing the corpse inside the box, that is a provocation."

"You see," The old man pointed at the box, and spoke, "This wooden box is not big, and it cannot hold a complete corpse.

Therefore there can only be a portion of the corpse inside.

He is trying to tell us that he does not wish to blow up this matter and wants to settle this amicably.

But if our Mo Family wants to pursue this matter, he will place the remainder of the corpse at our main entrance, thoroughly blowing up the issue.

By that time, it would be a losing situation for both sides.

The entire clan knows that our Mo family broke the rules first, and to our Mo Family's future head, this would be seen as him being so weak since he actually required his elder's doting and protection."

Upon hearing these words, Mo Yan was momentarily dumbfounded.

She had never expected that Henry Fang's actions would have such profound meaning. "His method is really wise," Spring Mo Chen said with admiration, "With just one action, he exercised both toughness and softness, capable of advancing and retreating safely.

This is just a simple wooden box but it not only expresses Henry Fang's intention to compromise but also his ability to pose a threat to our Mo family.

And it so happens that he does hold onto the weakness of our Mo family.

If the Mo family's reputation is tarnished, what follows after will be the Chi family's attack as well as the assault from the clan leader's side."

Mo Yan found it unbelievable. "Grandpa, aren't you thinking too highly of him? Are you sure that he's capable of this? He is only 15 years old."

"Too highly?" Mo Chen looked at his granddaughter unhappily. "Looks like you've had too smooth a life in these past few years.

Fostering your arrogant attitude, you are unable to clearly see the reality.

This Henry Fang was unfazed towards danger and deceived you to enter the school. Next, he used his wisdom in the face of danger and hid within the dormitory to avoid trouble. No matter what insult you threw at him he did not respond, this is his ability to calmly endure.

After you left, he killed Gao Wan immediately, this is his bravery and courage. Now he sent this box, clearly showing his wisdom and planning ability. Can you still say that I thought of him too highly?" Mo Yan listened with wide eyes as she had not expected her grandfather to praise Henry Fang so highly.

Immediately she said indignantly, "Grandpa, he only has a C grade talent."

Spring Mo Chen sighed deeply, "Yes, he is only a C grade.

Having such wisdom and yet only C grade talent, it really is a pity.

As long as his talent was higher, even if it was just a B grade, he would certainly become an influential member of our Spring clan. What a pity, he is only a C grade.”

The old man’s sigh was full of emotion.

His sigh held both regret and at the same time rejoice. Mo Yan was silent and in her mind, Henry Fang’s image appeared once again.

Under her psychological influence, Henry Fang’s frail expression was shrouded by a layer of mysterious and vicious shadow. “This problem was created by you single-handedly.

How are you going to settle it?” Spring Mo Chen broke the silence as he started to test Mo Yan. Mo Yan pondered for a while before she replied in a cold and aloof tone, “Gao Wan was just a servant, so there are no implications even if he dies.

Henry Fang is just a C grade, so he is also a small matter. What’s important is maintaining my Mo family’s reputation.

To appease this matter, we might as well kill Gao Wan’s entire family to show the entire clan our attitude to protect the rules and regulations.”

“Mmm, you’re able to think of the big picture.

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Setting aside your personal emotions to defend the interests of family, this is very good.

However, your method is still flawed.”

Spring Mo Chen analyzed her response. “Please enlighten me, Grandpa,” Mo Yan implored. Spring Mo Chen said solemnly, “This matter was instigated by you, so I shall punish you with seven days of confinement.

From now on, do not find trouble with Henry Fang again. Gao Wan defied his superiors – a servant who dares to offend his master deserves death, so he should have been executed for his crimes! Because he is a servant of the Mo family, we are responsible for our inability to educate our subordinate and thus we shall compensate that Henry Fang with thirty primeval stones.

As for Gao Wan’s family members, give them fifty primeval stones as compensation and expel them from the clan.”

After a short pause, he continued, "For the next seven days, rest well at home, do not go out.

At the same time, think about the profound meaning of why Grandpa chose to handle the matter this way."

"Yes, Grandpa."

38 Demon walking in the light Reverend Insanity

Chapter 38: Demon walking in the light From the layers of dark clouds in the sky, the spring rain fell.

The raindrops were thin like hair.

As they fell, they enveloped Qing Mao Mountain in a layer of fine mist.

The dining hall on the first floor of the inn was rather empty.

There were only four tables of guests.

Henry Fang sat at a seat by the window.

A gust of wind blew, bringing with it a poetic atmosphere and the scent of flowers. "The light rain from the sky is sleek and crisp, the color of grass is seen from afar but disappears when close."

Henry Fang looked outside through a window and quoted a poem lightly before he turned his sights back to the inn.

Before him was a table filled with good wine and dishes.

The color, smell and taste were all top notch.

Especially the green bamboo wine which oozed with the fragrance of alcohol along with a hint of freshness.

The dark green colored liquor sat quietly in the bamboo cup.

From his angle, it shone with an amber-like luster.

A grandfather and his grandson were sitting at the table nearest to him.

Being mortal humans, they wore modest clothes.

The grandfather sipped his rice wine while looking enviously at Henry Fang.

He was evidently attracted to the green bamboo wine but could not afford it.

The grandson ate his braised beans, a crunching sound emitting from his mouth as he chewed.

At the same time, he pestered his grandfather, shaking his arm. "Grandpa, grandpa, tell me about the story of Ren Zu.

If you don't tell me, I'll report to grandma that you secretly came out to drink!" "Sigh, I can't even drink in peace."

The grandfather sighed but his face showed a doting expression towards the child. With his twig-like arm, he patted the boy's head, "Then let me tell you the story of Ren Zu who gave his heart to the Hope Fu, escaping his predicament of being captured..."

Ren Zu's story was the most popular and widespread tale in this world, as well as the most ancient legend.

The old man's story was something like this.

The story mentioned that Ren Zu was able to escape his predicament because of hope.

But eventually he grew old and without Strength and Wisdom, he could no longer continue to hunt.

Even his teeth fell off, making him unable to chew many wild fruits and vegetables. Ren Zu felt death slowly approaching.

At this time, the Hope Fu said to him, "Human, you must not die.

If you die, your heart will be lost and I will lose my only place of residence."

Ren Zu was helpless. "Who wishes to die? But if the heavens and earth want me dead, I have no choice."

The Hope Fu said, "There's always hope in everything."

As long as you can catch a Longevity Fu, you will be able to increase your lifespan."

Ren Zu had heard of the existence of the Longevity Fu long ago but he waved his hand helplessly. "When the Longevity Fu stays still, nobody can detect it and when it flies, it is faster than light."

How can I possibly catch it? It's too hard!" The Hope Fu then told Ren Zu a secret, "Human, don't give up hope no matter what. Let me tell you, on the northwest corner of this continent, there is a huge mountain. On the mountain, there is a cave and in that cave, there is a pair of round and square Fu worms."

As long as you can subdue them, there is no Fu in this world that you cannot catch, including the Longevity Fu!" Ren Zu had no choice, this was his last remaining hope.

He braved all difficulties and finally found the mountain.

He then risked his life and ventured through countless dangers to ascend the mountain. On the mountain top, near the cave entrance, he used his last remaining strength to slowly make his way in.

The inside of the cave was completely dark and one would not be able to even see their own fingers. Ren Zu walked in the darkness.

Sometimes, he would bump into things not knowing what they were.

This caused himself to get injured and wounded all over.

At times, he felt that this dark cave was huge beyond words as if this was a world of its own.

He felt as if he was the only person in the area.

He spent a lot of time but he could not walk out of the darkness. Not to mention subduing the two Fu worms. Just when he was at a loss about what to do, two voices spoke to him from the darkness. One voice said, "Human, you're here to catch us? Go back, for even if you had the Strength Fu, it would be impossible."

The other said, "Human, go back, we will not take your life.

Even if you had the Wisdom Fu to help you, you may not be able to find us. Ren Zu laid exhausted on the ground, panting. "The Strength and Wisdom Fu had left me long ago and I do not have much lifespan left so I'm at my wits end.

But as long as there's hope in my heart, I will not give up!" Hearing Ren Zu's words, the two voices went silent.

After a while, one of the Fu said, "I understand, human, you have already given your heart to the Hope Fu. You will not give up no matter what."

The other continued, "In that case, we shall give you a chance.

As long as you can say our name, we will allow you to use us."

Ren Zu was stunned.

To find their names among all the words in the world, it was akin to finding a needle in a haystack.

Furthermore, he did not even know how many words were in their names. Ren Zu quickly asked the Hope Fu, but it did not know either. Ren Zu had no alternatives and had no choice but to randomly guess their names.

He said many many names and wasted a lot of time but the darkness did not respond to him so evidently he was wrong.

Eventually, Ren Zu's breath got weaker as he turned from an old man into a dying man.

It was like the scene of the evening's setting sun.

The sun that would slowly descending had already been lowered halfway across the horizon, becoming a sunset.

The food he had brought was gradually reduced, his brain becoming slower and he barely had any energy to speak anymore.

The voice in the darkness urged, "Human, you are almost dead, so we will let you go.

Using your remaining time, you can climb out of the cave and take a final look at the world.

But you have offended us, and as punishment, the Hope Fu shall stay here as our companion.”

Ren Zu clenched his heart and rejected, “Even if I die, I will not give up hope!” The Hope Fu was very touched and answered Ren Zu’s call enthusiastically, emitting a bright light.

At Ren Zu’s chest area, a light began to shine.

But this light was too weak, it could not illuminate the darkness.

In fact, it could not even cover Ren Zu’s entire body, but only engulfed his chest area. Yet Ren Zu could feel a renewed surge of energy gushing into his body from the Hope Fu.

He continued to speak, shouting out names.

But he was already muddled.

A lot of names had already been said but he could not remember that and repeated them, wasting a lot of effort in the process.

As time continued to flow, Ren Zu’s lifespan was almost over.

Finally, when he was on his final day, he said out the word ‘Regulation’.

A sigh came from the darkness as a voice spoke, “Human, I admire your perseverance. You have said my name, so from today onwards, I will obey your commands.

But only with my brother can I aid you in capturing all the Fu in the world. Otherwise, with my ability alone, it is impossible.

Thus, you should give up. You’re almost dead, you might as well use this chance to take a final look at the world.”

Ren Zu was determined and shook his head, he made use of all his time to continue saying out names as he tried to guess the other Fu worm’s name.

Seconds and minutes went by and soon he only had one hour left.

But at this time, he unknowingly said the word 'Rule'.

Immediately, the darkness dissipated.

The two Gus appeared before him.

As the Hope Fu had said, one was cubic, called 'Regulations'.

The other was spherical, called 'Rules'.

Together, they made up 'Rules and Regulations'.

The two Fu said together, "No matter who it is, as long as they know our names, we will listen to them.

Human, since you know our names already, we will be at your service.

But you must remember, it is important to not let others know of our names.

The more people that know our names, the more people we have to obey them. Now that you are the first to subdue us, tell us your request."

Ren Zu was overjoyed. "Then I order you both, go and catch me a Longevity Fu."

The Rules and Regulations Fu worked together and captured an eighty-year Longevity Fu. Ren Zu was already a hundred years old but after consuming this Fu, the wrinkles on his face vanished and his frail limbs became muscular again.

A vibrant aura of youth oozed from him. With a belly flop, he jumped up onto his feet.

He ecstatically looked at his body, knowing that he had regained the body of a twenty year old! ————— "That's all for today, let's go home, grandson."

The old man, having completed the story, finished his wine as well. "Grandpa, continue telling me, what happens to Ren Zu after?" The grandson was unyielding as he shook his grandfather's arm. "Let's go, I'll tell you when there's another chance."

The old man wore his straw hat and jacket, then gave his grandson another set that was a smaller size.

The two walked out of the inn, stepping into the rain and slowly vanishing from sight.
“Rules and Regulations...”

Henry Fang’s gaze was dark as he twirled his wine cup, looking at the liquor in his cup.

His heart was touched. Ren Zu’s legend was widespread throughout this world and there were almost no people who did not know of him.

Henry Fang had naturally heard of him too.

But no matter if it was a legend or a story, it was dependant on the knowledge of the reader.

The grandfather and grandson earlier merely treated it as a story, but Henry Fang could understand the deeper meaning. Just like that Ren Zu. When he did not know the rules and regulations, he explored in the dark.

Sometimes he bumped into things, knocking into others, causing himself to get injured and look like a mess.

And at times within a wider area, he got lost and confused, moving without a sense of direction or purpose.

This darkness was not purely black or the absence of light.

Strength, wisdom and hope could not oppose it. Only when Ren Zu knew of the rules and regulations and said their names did the darkness dissipate and invite light into Ren Zu’s life.

The darkness was the darkness of the rules and regulations and the light was also the light of the rules and regulations.

Henry Fang switched his gaze from his cup and looked outside through the window.

He saw that outside the window, the sky was still dark, the greenery abundant and the pelting rain flying by like mist. Close by, the bamboo tall-houses were lined up in a row, extending far out. On the road, several people walked, their feet stained with the mud from the rain.

Some of them wore grayish green straw coats, while others carried yellow oiled cloth umbrellas.

Henry Fang concluded, "This world's heaven and earth is like a huge chess board.

All lifeforms are chess pieces, acting in accordance with their rules and regulations.

The four seasons have their own rules and regulations, rotating between spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

The flow of water has its own rules and regulations, flowing from high ground to low ground.

Hot air has its own rules and regulations, floating upwards.

Humans naturally also have their own rules and regulations."

"Everybody has their own standpoints, desires, and principles.

For example, in the Fu Yu village, the servants lives are cheap while their master's lives are noble.

This is a part of rules and regulations.

Because of this, Lana Shen who wants to get close to the rich and affluent is doing her best to try and escape her servant status. Gao Wan tried all means and methods to please his master, using their authorities for himself."

"As for Uncle and Aunt, they gave in to greed, wanting to hoard my parent's inheritance.

The Academy Elder wants to nurture Fu masters to maintain his position in the Academy."

"Everyone has their own rules and regulations, every profession has its own rules and regulations, and every society and group also have their own rules and regulations. Only by understanding the rules and regulations can we see the situation clearly from the side. Gone with the darkness and embrace the light, moving around the rules with much to spare."

Henry Fang thought about his own situation, his heart already clear. "To the Mo family's head Spring Mo Chen, it is to protect his family branch's prosperity and benefits. Mo Yan found trouble with me and that would be considered spoiling the rules, so for the sake of his family honor, he will not do anything to me.

In fact, he might even compensate me.”

“Actually the Mo family has great influence, so if they risk their reputation and are bent on punishing me, there is nothing I can do to resist them.

However, Spring Mo Chen is afraid.

He is not afraid of himself breaking the rules, but he is afraid that others will follow in his footsteps.

In a junior’s scuffle, if the elders interfere, it would aggravate the situation.

If it involved the higher ups, it’d pose a threat to the entire mountain village. Spring Mo Chen’s fear lied here. What if in future conflicts, others laid their hands on his grandson Spring Mo Bei? In his entire family line there’s only one male, so what would happen if he died? This kind of fear, maybe he doesn’t realize it himself.

He is only subconsciously protecting the rules.”

Henry Fang’s eyes were clear as he had the perfect grasp and understanding of the matter from start till the end. Gao Wan’s surname was not Spring.

Instead, he was an outsider, a servant.

The master executing a servant was nothing to be alarmed about.

In this world, it was normal.

In the case of Henry Fang killing Gao Wan, Gao Wan’s death was not crucial.

The crucial part was his master, the Mo family behind him. “However Spring Mo Chen should be able to understand my intention of compromise and threat from the time I sent a box of a minced corpse to them.

This is also what I want him to think.

If I’m not wrong, the Mo family will not pursue Gao Wan’s death. Of course, if I had better talent and was at least a B grade, the Mo family would feel threatened.

Even with the loss of their reputation, they would want to suppress a future threat such as myself,” Henry Fang snickered in his heart.

Strength can be relied on but weakness can also be used as an advantage.

Although Henry Fang was in the game of chess as a pawn, he was clear of the rules and regulations, thus he already had the mentality of a player.

An ordinary character would at most be like Spring Mo Chen or the Academy Elder, also knowing their own rules and regulations but unsure of their non-expertise.

Being like Henry Fang, who had a clear view of the big picture and was clear of rules and regulations was extremely difficult! To understand rules and regulations, one has to be like Ren Zu, stumbling around in the dark and wandering about aimlessly.

At this point, strength, wisdom, and hope would be useless. One must spend a lot of time going through it themselves and gaining the experience.

For Ren Zu to be able to say out the names of the Rules and Regulations Fu, this was after spending time.

Under the threat of death, he had tried countless of times.

Henry Fang was an expert in rules and regulations due to his five hundred years of experience in from past life.

After his rebirth, he believed that he could create a brilliant future. Not because of the Spring and Autumn Cicada, not because he knew many secret troves and treasures, not because he knew what the future held.

But because of the five hundred years of experience that he had gained as a person. Just like how Ren Zu controlled the Rules and Regulations Fu and was able to easily capture all the Fu in the world! And Henry Fang was so familiar with rules and regulations, thus he was able to look down upon the world and see through its truths and lies.

Being meticulous and precise, or getting right to the heart of the matter.

I proudly laugh as I stand on top of the world, coldly looking at the people in the world who behaved like pawns, obeying their respective rules and regulations, living their lives in a straightforward manner.

The rules and regulations of the darkness is darkness, and the rules and regulations of the light is light.

But the reborn demon had stepped foot under the path of light.

39 Toad Caravan Merchant Reverend Insanity

Chapter 39: Toad Caravan Merchant The month of May was a transition between spring and summer.

The fragrance of flowers filled the air, the huge mountains evergreen and the sunlight began to gradually release its ardent side.

Under the clear azure skies, the white clouds drifted like cotton. On Qing Mao Mountain, the bamboo forest was straight like spears as always, pointing towards the blue sky. Weeds grew wildly everywhere, and unknown varieties of wild flowers dotted the grass thicket.

As the light breeze blew, the wild grass moved to and fro, the heavy fragrance of flower pollen and the smell of green grass assailing visitors.

Halfway up the mountain was a huge number of terraced fields. Layer by layer, step by step, the soft green wheat sprouts were planted down.

From afar, it looked like a verdant green sea. On the terraced fields were numerous farmers busily working away.

There were some farmers cleaning the canal for the channeling of water to irrigate the fields, while some farmers were rolling up their trousers, standing in the fields and planting sprouts.

These people were naturally all mortal outsiders as the Spring clansmen would never have do these lowly jobs. Ring, ring...

The sound of camel bells could be faintly heard in the spring breeze.

The farmers straightened their bodies as they headed down the mountain, only to see a caravan moving like a colorful worm from the mountain side, slowly showing its head. "It's the merchant caravan!" "Yes, it's already May, it is about time for the caravan to come."

The adults caught on the situation at once, and the children stopped playing with the water and clay in their hands.

Together, they energetically approached the caravan.

The Southern Borders had a hundred thousand mountains – Qing Mao Mountain was just one of them. On every mountain, there were villages after villages, which were maintained by everyone through their blood relationships and kinships.

In between the mountains, the forests were deep and ominous, the cliffs steep and full of the dangerous falling rocks.

Additionally, in the complex surroundings of the forest dwelled a large number of ferocious beasts and peculiar Fu worms. Mortals could not pass through at all.

It was difficult to get past these obstacles alone, one had to at least be a Rank three Fu master.

Because of the poor economy, trading was difficult.

Thus, the most important form of trading was through the caravan merchants. Only by organizing a merchant group in such a large scale could Fu Masters come together with the power to help each other, conquering the difficulties in the traveling routes and traversing from one mountain to another.

The merchant caravan's arrival was like a bowl of boiling water that poured into the peaceful and serene Qing Mao Mountain.

“All these past years they would come in April, but this year they only arrived in May.

At least they're here now.”

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The owner of the inn let out a deep breath upon hearing the news.

The inn's business was poor in the other months, so only when the caravan came could he earn enough profit to last the year.

At the same time, there was some green bamboo wine within his storage that he could sell to the caravan merchants.

Besides the inn, the business at the tavern would also boom as a result.

The caravan merchants entered the Spring mountain village one by one, lead by a Treasure Brass Toad.

This toad was two and a half meters tall, its entire body orange-yellow in color.

The back of the toad was thick and full of warts and knots.

It was like the lumps of bronze nails on ancient city gates. On the Treasure Brass Toad's back, thick ropes were tied around plenty of goods.

At a glance, it seemed like the toad was carrying a giant backpack.

A middle-aged man with a circular face full of pockmarks sat cross-legged atop the toad.

He was fat and had a large belly.

Both of his eyes formed into slits when smiling.

He cupped his fists as he greeted the surrounding Spring villagers.

This man's name was Fu of the Jia clan.

His cultivation was at Rank four and he was the leader of the merchant caravan this time.

The treasure toad hopped slightly as it moved forward but Jia Fu who was sitting on its head was stable and steady. When the toad hopped, his height would level with the windows on the second floor of a building.

Even when he was back on the ground, he was at a height greater than the first level of the bamboo buildings.

The originally spacious streets were suddenly rather packed and narrow.

The Treasure Brass Toad was like a beast that intruded into the midst of a great number of bamboo houses.

After the treasure toad was a huge fat worm.

It had two eyes that were similar to multi-colored glass windows, the colors bright and gorgeous.

The worm was fifteen meters long, its body shape resembling a silkworm.

However, the surface of the worm was covered in a thick layer of black porcelain-like leather armor. On the armor was another abundant pile of goods and merchandise, a hemp rope tied around it.

In between the gaps and intervals of the goods, Fu Masters sat one by one, some old and some young.

There were also mortals who were robust and sturdy martial warriors, slowly moving forward on the ground following after a fat black beetle.

After the fat beetle, there were ostriches with brightly colored feathers, hairy mountain spiders, winged snakes with two pairs of feathered wings and so on.

However, these were in small numbers, most of the creatures were toads.

These toads were all similar to the Treasure Brass Toad, but they were smaller in size and had the build of cows and horses.

The toads were carrying merchandise and people, their bellies bulging as they hopped forward.

The merchant caravan wound deep into the village. Children on the road would look on curiously with wide eyes, calling out in joy or exclaiming in surprise.

The windows on the second stories opened one after another, the mountain villagers observing the merchants from a short distance.

Some had eyes that flashed with fear and some others waved their hands to express a warm welcome.

“Old brother Jia, you came a little late this year, you must have had a hard journey.” Approaching with the identity of a clan head, Spring Bo came out himself to greet the leader of this year’s merchant caravan.

As Jia Fu had the status of a Rank four Fu master, if a Rank three elder were to be in charge of receiving him, it would be undoubtedly be seen as a kind of negligence and scorn. Jia Fu cupped his fists and sighed, “This year’s road was rather unfavorable. On the way we bumped into a group of Secluded Blood Bats and we lost quite a few good men.

Then on Jue Bi Mountain we ran into a mountain fog, and we didn’t dare to continue traveling at all.

So we were delayed for quite a lot of time, and caused Brother Spring to wait for quite awhile." As they spoke, their tones were very polite.

The Spring village needed the merchant caravans every year to come and trade, and the merchant caravan also needed business to make money.

"Heh heh heh, it's good enough that you are able to come. Please, the clan has prepared food and wine, let me host a welcoming dinner for you, old brother," Spring Bo stretched out his hand and said invitingly.

"Clan head is polite, too polite." Jia Fu was flattered.

The merchant caravan arrived at the boundaries of the Qing Mao Mountain in the early morning, and by afternoon they were stationed in the Spring Village. When it was dusk, the surroundings of the village had formed into a widespread area of temporary shops and stores.

All kinds of red, blue, yellow and green lofty tents were built and every inch between the tents was squeezed with numerous little street stalls.

The night was descending, yet it was still brightly lit in the area.

An endless stream of pedestrians spilled into the area from the village.

There were mortals as well as Fu Masters.

The little children hopped around in high spirits, and the adults showed an expression of joy akin to celebrating a festival.

Henry Fang moved along with the crowd, walking alone.

The crowd was bustling with activity, groups of people either surrounding the stalls or endlessly pouring in and out of the entrance of the tents.

The surroundings were filled with the shouts of merchants hawking their wares.

"Come, come, take a look.

Top notch Blue Sea Cloud tea brick, drinking this tea makes one as cheerful as a fairy! Even if it's not a person drinking, it can be used for feeding and raising tea Fu, it is a cheaply priced item for its value. One piece only costs five primeval stones!" "Brute

Force Longhorn Beetle Fu, a Fu master who uses this Fu will be able to burst out with the strength of a cow. You can walk away, but don't regret it!" "Intimate Grass, high quality Intimate Grass.

Everyone look at this quality, it's as fresh as if a newly picked one. One catty for two pieces of primeval stones, very cheap price..." As Henry Fang heard this, his footsteps paused slightly, then he followed the sound and walked over.

He saw an ostrich pulling a handcart with two wheels. On the handcart was a heap of pastel green herbs.

Every blade of grass was a meter in length, slender and long.

Their average width was around that of a fingernail. On some of the pointed tips of the grass grew red heart-shaped flower buds.

The Intimate Grass was one of a Fu worm's supplementary food type, its worth was stemmed from the fact that it could be used to pair up with a few other foods to feed a Fu worm.

For example, Henry Fang needed to give two pieces of flower petals every meal to the Moonlight Fu when feeding it.

If he mixed in a blade of Intimate Grass, the Moonlight Fu would be full just from eating one petal.

The Intimate Grass only costs two pieces of primeval stones per catty, while the moon orchid petal cost a primeval stone for every ten pieces. With a simple calculation, one would know that mixing the Intimate Grass in to feed the Fu would be more cost-effective.

"Half a month ago, because I used the Moonlight Fu in the academy to kill Gao Wan, I was fined thirty primeval stones.

However the Mo family paid me thirty primeval stones later as compensation, so I didn't really take any losses.

In recent days I have robbed twice, my total number of stones amounts to 118.

However, recently I continuously spent essence to refine middle stage primeval essence and nurture the four walls of my aperture, and I would use up three pieces of stones every day.

Adding on the costs of feeding Fu, my own daily expenses and successively buying green bamboo wine, I have ninety-eight pieces at hand right now.” Ever since Henry Fang killed a person, the cruel and callous image had deeply rooted itself into the hearts of the students and for a time no one dared to challenge him.

This led to his plundering becoming much easier, as every time only a very small number would dare to resist.

Henry Fang calculated in his heart, then he moved his line of sight and continued walking deeper into the heart of the setup of temporary stores.

The Intimate Grass stall was surrounded by a group of people.

They were all either Fu Masters or students, holding primeval stones in their hands as they shouted and rushed to buy it.

It was not that Henry Fang lacked the money to buy Intimate Grass, but he had no time.

“If memory serves, that Mudskin Toad should be in that store.

In my previous life there was a Fu master who got it from gambling on the first night, hence he earned big time.

I must hurry, I cannot lose a great deal through trying to save a little.”

40 Toad Fu Slumbering Within the Purple Gold Rock Reverend Insanity

Chapter 40: Toad Fu Slumbering Within the Purple Gold Rock The further one walked, the more flourishing and prosperous it was.

Small street vendors lessened while large tents increased in number.

There were all sorts of large tents to be seen – red, blue, green, yellow, in different shapes and sizes, several being a cylindrical shape.

Some erected two door pillars at the entrance of their tents, while others hung large red lanterns instead.

Inside, some tents had vibrant lights, whereas others were dim and dark.

Henry Fang observed his surroundings as he walked, finally stopping near a grey-coloured tent. "It's here," he evaluated while looking at the tent; it had two pillars at the entrance, and there were carvings on the pillars, two lines of antithetical couplet(1).

The left side wrote, "Small display of courage, obtain good fortune during the four seasons." The right side wrote, " Large display of skills, obtain good prosperity in all four directions." In the middle there was still another line: "Luck changes with time." That's right, this is a gambling den.

This gambling den took around one mu(2) of land; it was considered a large-sized tent.

Henry Fang walked inside.

Inside of the tent, there was three rows of counters on a side. On the counter were pieces of amber or fossils.

Some were as big as a palm, others were as big as a face.

There were also others which were even bigger; those were as tall as a person.

It obviously could not fit on the counter, thus it was directly placed on the ground.

Different from the other tent shops, it was silent in here.

Several Fu masters stood before the counters, some meticulously observing rocks on the display counter while others took the fossils and rubbed it in their hand to get a feel of it.

There were some that were discussing quietly with their companions, and some were discussing the price with their shop clerks.

But no matter what they discussed, they spoke softly, doing their best not to disturb others.

This was a rock gambling den.

In the Fu world, there were all types of Fu, coming with different shapes and sizes and all sorts of effects. Fu worms have their respective food to consume. Without food, they can only last a short amount of time before dying.

But nature, towards lifeforms, was both uncaring and benevolent.

If they lacked food, the Fu worms still have a chance of survival.

That was to hibernate, undergoing self-sealing.

For example, if the Moonlight Fu did not have Moon Orchid petals to consume, it may undergo self-sealing.

It will try to maximise the conservation of its strength, like winter hibernation, falling into a deep slumber.

At this time, not only would the blue glow on its body dissipate, it would also turn from a transparent crystal state into a grey rock, covered in a layer of rock shell.

Eventually, the rock crust will get thicker and turn into a boulder.

Or for example the Liquor Worm, if it underwent self-sealing, it would form a white cocoon around it, curling its body and falling into a deep sleep within the cocoon. Of course this situation of sealing and hibernating may not happen to every Fu worm.

It has a small chance of occurrence, and in most cases, the Fu worm will not fall into hibernation but instead starve to death. Only a small number of Fu worms may, under specific situations, undergo self-sealing.

A few Fu Masters who accidentally obtain these sealed Fu worms' rocks or cocoons would awaken the Fu worms that were slumbering within.

Thus they would have a stroke of fortune.

Some of the Fu masters became successful due to this, it being a turning point in their lives.

These situations happen frequently in the Fu master world, often being fake or real rumors, giving people hopes and dreams.

The source of the idea behind this rock gambling den originated from these rumours. Of course, these rocks all looked alike on the outside. Only after opening them can one determine if there really is a Fu worm hidden inside. "In a small-sized rock gambling den like this, nine out of ten rocks are solid core, having no Fu worms inside.

Even if there are Fu worms inside the rock, they may not be living worms, most of them are dead Fu.

But once someone hits the jackpot of a live Fu, under most situations, one would be able to earn a huge fortune.

If the Fu worm is a rare species, they either become a successful person in life or get murdered and robbed of their fortune.”

Henry Fang was clear about this in his heart, being very familiar with the situation beyond these doors.

In his past life, he had participated in a merchant caravan before, being a clerk in the rock gambling den.

Some time later, he even operated his own rock gambling den, even larger than this one; it was a medium-sized rock gambling den.

He managed to con some gamblers, and also misjudged at times, allowing other gamblers to win a precious Fu worm.

Henry Fang stood at the door for a while, taking a glance around him before slowly walking to the counter on the left side.

Behind the counter, there was a shop assistant every few metres, both males and females. On their waist hung a green coloured belt, showing that they were not ordinary people but Rank one Fu masters. Most were initial stages, while a selected few were middle stages.

Seeing Henry Fang before a counter, a female Fu master who was nearest by walked towards him and smiled, softly saying, “Young master, what Fu worm do you need? Every rock on this counter is sold at ten primeval stones each.

If this is your first try, just for the sake of it, why don't you go to the right counter, the rocks there are sold at only five primeval stones.

If you are seeking thrills, you can go to the high-end counter at the middle, the rocks sold there are at twenty primeval stones each.” This was an experienced female Fu master, having worked at the rock gambling den for quite some time already.

She looked at Henry Fang who entered, and determined that he was a student from his appearance, age and height etc.

Those that came to gamble were all Fu Masters.

Students were only considered second-rate Fu Masters, just starting their cultivation.

Because they're often tight on finance due to feeding their Fu worms, where would they find the money to come and gamble rocks? Students like this, normally they just came to take a look and to get an eye-opening experience, satisfying their curiosity. Most were only window shoppers, though if some had well to do families, they might attempt to buy one to try.

But most only bought the cheapest fossil.

Thus, the female Fu master had no expectations towards how many rocks Henry Fang could buy. "Let me look around first."

Henry Fang nodded at her expressionlessly, then started to look seriously into the pile.

In his memory, it should be at this counter in this particular rock gambling den.

But it had been 500 years, it's been too long. Many things were vague to him already, especially when 500 years of memory was a huge capacity, so to be honest Henry Fang could not remember distinctly.

He could only vaguely recall, that during this year on the first night the caravan arrived, a lucky bird spent ten primeval stones to buy a fossil with purple gold lustre.

After he opened it on the spot, he obtained a Mudskin Toad.

Afterwards this toad Fu was bought by another person, thus causing him to earn a small fortune of primeval stones.

Henry Fang frowned after observing for a while. On this counter, fossils with a purple gold glow numbered up to twenty.

In which rock was there a hidden Mudskin Toad? Every rock here was sold at ten primeval stones each. Right now Henry Fang had ninety-eight primeval stones with him, and he could buy up to a maximum of nine pieces.

But realistically, he could not count like this.

In any sort of risk and gamble, one had to consider the consequences.

Henry Fang was no longer a greenhorn, like those gamblers who thought they were blessed by heaven.

Those who thought they were blessed by fate were usually those who fell under the mischief of fate itself. "I am alone, with no relatives or friends that can help me.

I have to save some primeval stones to survive, as well as to buy food for my Fu worms."

He counted and under the most basic reservation, he could buy at most seven pieces of fossils. "This rock, the purple gold is dotted like the stars, but it's flat as a pancake, there's definitely no mudskin toad inside."

"This piece has striking purple gold colour, but it is only fist sized.

If there really is a mudskin toad inside, the rock should be at least 30% larger."

"This purple gold fossil, well it's big, but the surface is extremely smooth, while the mudskin toad's skin is supposed to be rough and uneven, this is evidently not the one....."

Henry Fang continued to observe and evaluate, using the method of cancellation. When Fu worms hibernate after self sealing, they would form into a natural fossil, being undetectable from most of the world's detection methods.

The remaining detecting methods were too rough, and once used, it would instantly kill the Fu worm within that is barely alive.

Thus, when Fu Masters choose rocks, they could only rely on their guessing, experience and luck, sometimes relying on a little bit of instinct. Otherwise, this would not be called gambling. Of course, in this wide wide world, there are countless wonders, and one cannot exclude the fact that a detection method which is extremely gentle exists, allowing a Fu master to know if the rock contains a Fu worm.

Henry Fang had heard of such rumors in his past life, but after experimenting, found that it was all lies.

Henry Fang assumed privately, "If such a method really exists, it has to be a hidden legacy, controlled in the hands of a small number of mysterious people, having no impact on the gambling business." It was still tame around the Qing Mao mountain region, but the more one moves east, the more prosperous gambling dens become.

At the Bao Tou(3) mountain region, every family village had its own gambling den.

In some large-sized forts, there were even large-sized gambling dens built.

The three villages that were famous for their rock gambling were Pan Shi (4) Village, Fu Mu (5) Village and Cang Jing (6) Village, where there were even mega-sized gambling dens.

These three mega-sized gambling dens each had a thousand years of history. Currently, their business was still blooming, with an endless number of gamblers.

There had never been a situation of clean sweep by anyone. Currently, the tent that Henry Fang was in can only be barely qualified as a small-sized gambling den.

If it was any other 15 year old who came, they would definitely be confused by all the different fossils, and even if they chose it, it would be by random guessing.

But Henry Fang was different.

Firstly, he already knew a portion of the answer from the start, thus his search range shrunk to less than thirty pieces. Of course, to find that one rock out of these twenty odd pieces was extremely difficult as well.

But using his 500 years of experience as backing, with such a rich pool of information he picked out six pieces of purple gold fossils that best fit the criteria after observing for a while.

