
Chapter 1: The heart of a demon never has regret even in death

Fang Yuan, quietly hand over the Spring Autumn Cicada and I'll give you a quick death!"

"Old bastard Fang, stop attempting to resist anymore, today all of the major factions of justice have combined together just to destroy your devil lair. This place is already covered in inescapable nets, this time you will definitely be decapitated!"

"Fang Yuan you damn demon, just because you wanted to cultivate the Spring Autumn Cicada, you've gone and killed thousands of people. You've committed too many unforgivable, heinous sins!"

"Demon, 300 years ago you insulted me, took away my body's purity, killed my entire family and executed my nine generations. From that moment onwards, I hated you with a burning passion! Today, I want you to die!"

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Fang Yuan was in deep green robes that had been torn to shreds. His hair was disheveled and his entire body was covered in blood. He looked around.

The bloody robes waved lightly in the mountain breeze like a war flag.

Fresh blood flowed from the numerous wounds on the body. Just by standing there for a short while, Fang Yuan had already accumulated a large pool of blood beneath his feet.

Enemies surrounded him all around; there was already no way out.

It was a forgone conclusion that he would die here.

Fang Yuan understood his situation clearly, but even in the face of death his expression did not change, it was calm.

His gaze was quiet, his eyes like deep pools of water in a well, so deep that there seemed to be no end.

The major factions of justice that had surrounded him were not just the experienced elders, but also young and talented heroes. Around the heavily surrounded Fang Yuan, some were roaring, some were sneering; there were eyes that were gleaming with light, some holding onto their wounds while looking on fearfully.

They did not move; everyone was wary of Fang Yuan's final attack.

For 6 hours this tense moment went on until the evening came, the sun casting its rays upon the side of the mountain. In that moment, it was as if the place was on fire.

Fang Yuan, who had been silent as a sculpture the entire time, slowly turned his body.

The group of warriors was suddenly alerted and they all took a big step backwards.

By now the gray mountain rock beneath Fang Yuan's feet had long been stained a deep red. Due to losing too much blood, his face had become deathly pale; in the afterglow of the sunset, it suddenly had a brilliant luster upon it.

Looking at the setting sun, Fang Yuan lightly laughed. "The sun sets above the blue mountain, the autumn moon with the wind of spring. The morning is fine like hair and night is like snow, whether you succeed or fail when you look back there's nothing left."

As he said this, memories of his previous life on Earth emerged before his eyes.

He was originally a Chinese scholar on Earth who chanced upon this world. He endured a hard life for 300 years and went through another 200 years; about over 500 years of his life flew by in the blink of an eye.

So many memories that were buried deep inside the heart begun to relive themselves, sprouting into life before his eyes.

"I failed in the end." Fang Yuan sighed in his heart emotionally, yet there were no regrets.

This end result was something he had foreseen. When he made his decision in the beginning, he had prepared himself for this.

To be a demon is to be merciless and cruel, a murderer and destroyer. There is no place in heaven or earth for such a thing – turning into an enemy to the world, still having to face the consequences.

“If the Spring Autumn Cicada that I have just cultivated is effective, I shall still be a demon in my next life!” With this thought, Fang Yuan couldn’t help but let out a big laugh.

“Wicked demon, what are you laughing about?”

“Be careful everyone, the demon is going to attack before his final moments!”

“Hurry up and surrender the Spring Autumn Cicada!!”

The group of warlords surged forward; at this moment, with a loud bang, Fang Yuan was engulfed in a blinding surge of energy.

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The spring rain quietly rained down on Qing Mao Mountain.

It was already late in the night, a slight breeze blowing with the light rain.

Yet Qing Mao Mountain was not covered in darkness; from the side down to the foot of the mountain, dozens of tiny lights shone like a bright band.

These lights shone from tall buildings, even though it could not be said to match up to ten thousand lights, yet it was still a few thousand in number.

Situated on the mountain was Gu Yue(1) Village, giving the vast lonely mountain a rich touch of human civilization.

In the middle of the Gu Yue Village was a magnificent pavilion. A grand ceremony was being held at this moment, and the lights were even brighter than ever, radiating with glory.

"Ancestors, please bless us! We pray that this ceremony will bring many young men of outstanding talent and intelligence, bringing their families new blood and hopes!" The head of the Gu Yue clan had a middle-aged appearance, his sideburns were graying and he was clothed in ceremonial white robes, kneeling on the brownish yellow floor. His body was straight with his hands held together, eyes tightly shut as he prayed sincerely.

He was facing a tall black case; there were three layers on the case, all housing memorial tablets of ancestors. On both sides of the tablets was copper incense, the smoke rising.

Behind him were over 10 people kneeling in a similar fashion as him. They wore loose white ceremonial garments, and were all the clan's elders, important members, and those who had much authority.

After finishing prayers, the Gu Yue clan head bent his waist with his two hands pressing against the floor and kowtowed. As the forehead knocked against the brownish yellow floor, light thuds could be heard.

Behind him, the elders and important clan members solemnly and quietly followed suit.

With this, the hall was filled with light thuds as the heads knocked against the floor.

When the ceremony was over, the crowd of people slowly got up from the ground and silently walked out of the sacred temple.

In the hallway, sighs of reliefs were heard from the crowd of elders and the atmosphere loosened up. The noise of discussion slowly rose.

"Time flies too quickly, in the blink of an eye, a year has gone by."

"The previous ceremony feels like it just happened yesterday, I can still recall it vividly."

"Tomorrow is the opening of the annual grand ceremony, I wonder what new clan blood will show up this year?"

"Ah, I hope that some highly talented youths will appear. The Gu Yue clan hasn't seen a genius emerge for three years now."

"Agreed. The Bai Village, Xiong Village these few years all had some talented geniuses appear. Especially that Bai Ning Bing from the Bai clan, his natural talent is quite terrifying."

It was unclear who had brought up the name Bai Ning Bing, but the faces of the elders started to show worry.

The boy's qualifications were splendid; in just a short period of two years worth of training, he had already reached the level of a level three Gu Master.

In the younger generation, he could be said as the most outstanding one. It was to the point that even the older generation could feel pressured from the promising youth.

In time, he would inevitably become the pillar of the Bai clan. At the very least he would also be an independently strong warrior. No one ever doubted this fact.

"But for this year's youths that will be participating in the ceremony, not all hope is lost."

"You're right, Fang Zhi's side has appeared a young genius. Able to start talking after three months, able to walk after four. At five years of age he was able to recite poetry, seems exceptionally intelligent, especially talented. What a pity that his parents died early, now he is being raised by his uncle and aunt."

"Yes, this one has wisdom at a young age, also harboring big ambitions. In the recent years I have heard his creations 'Jiang Jing Jiu', 'Yong Mei' and 'Jiang Cheng Zi', what a genius!"

The Gu Yue clan head was the last to walk out of the ancestral temple. After slowly closing the door, he heard the discussions that were going on in the corridor among the clan elders.

He knew at once that the elders were discussing about the youth known as Gu Yue Fang Yuan at that moment.

As the head of the clan, it is natural to pay attention to the outstanding and prominent young ones. And it so happens that Gu Yue Fang Yuan was the most eye-catching one amongst the juniors.

Experience has shown that those who have photographic memory at a young age, or those who possess strength that could rival an adult, or had other great inborn talents, all had outstanding cultivation qualifications.

“If this child shows A grade potential, with great care he could even compete against Bai Ning Bing. Even if it is B grade, in future he could also become a banner of the Gu Yue Clan. But with this sort of early intelligence, the percentage of B grade is not that big, but highly possible to be an A grade.” With this thought, the Gu Yue clan head curled up his lips slowly into a smile.

At once, with a cough he faced the clan elders and said, “Everyone, the hour is late, for tomorrow’s opening ceremony you should all rest well tonight and take care of your energy levels.”

At his words, the elders looked startled. They looked at each other with a hint of caution in their eyes.

The clan head’s words meant well, but everyone knew what he was aiming to convey.

Every year to compete for these young geniuses, the elders would fight among themselves to the point of reddened ears and bleeding heads.

They should stay well rested and replenish themselves until tomorrow comes where the competition begins.

Especially with that Gu Yue Fang Yuan, whose A grade potential was extremely huge. Not counting the fact that both his parents were deceased, and also that he was one of the two only descendants of Fang Zhi’s bloodline left. If one was able to get their hands on and bring him into their own family line, with great care and training, one could secure himself a hundred years of prosperity!

"However, I'm going to go ahead and say what needs to be said first. When you compete, do it fair and square; no tricks and conspiracies are allowed, or damage to the clan's unity. Please keep this in mind, all of you!" The clan head strictly instructed.

"We wouldn't dare, we wouldn't dare."

"We'll keep it in mind."

"Then this is good night, please take care."

The clan elders slowly dispersed with deep thoughts.

Not long after that, the long corridor became quiet. The wind from the spring rain breezed through the window, and the clan head lightly walked towards the window.

Immediately, he breathed in the fresh moist air of the mountain, how refreshing it felt.

This was the third floor of the garret; the clan head looked out of the window. He could see half of the entire Gu Yue Village.

Even if it was late in the night, most of the homes in the village still had lights on, which was unusual.

Tomorrow is the opening ceremony, and it affects everyone's best interests. A kind of excited yet tense atmosphere had enveloped the hearts of the people of the clan, and thus naturally many people could not sleep well.

"This is the hopes for the clan's future." With the many lights dancing in his eyes, the clan head sighed.

At the very same moment, a pair of clear eyes quietly looked at the same lights sparkling in the night, full of complex feelings inside.

"Gu Yue Village, this is 500 years ago?! Looks like the Spring Autumn Cicada really worked..." Fang Yuan quietly gazed, standing by the window, letting the rain from the wind hit his body.

The use of the Spring Autumn Cicada is to reverse time. In the Ten Big Mystical Gu rankings, the Spring Autumn Cicada managed to be ranked seven, naturally it was no mere creature.

In short, it is the ability to be reborn.

"With the use of the Spring Autumn Cicada I have been reborn, going back to the time of 500 years ago!" Fang Yuan stretched out his hand, his sight fixated on his own young and soft, pale palms, then slowly clenched them, embracing the truth of this reality with all his might.

The sound of the drizzling rain hitting softly against the window sill filling his ears, he slowly closed his eyes, opening them after a long while. He sighed, "500 years of experience, it really feels like a dream."

But he knew it clearly: This was definitely not a dream.