

## The Immortal Cultivation Game Has Come True

11 Chapter 10: Journalist's Visit.

Back to the cave mansion.

Xuanqing took out the two porcelain bottles and removed the cork.

Boar~

Suddenly, a rich medicinal fragrance filled the entire cave.

As the fragrance entered his nostrils, Xuanqing felt invigorated, and the Qi in his Dantian was slightly trembling.

One of the porcelain bottles contained nine Blood Enhancer Pills, which were bright red in color. The tempting fragrance was emanating from these pills.

He swallowed one!

Gurgle~

As the Blood Enhancer Pill went down his belly, a wave of heat immediately surged from within.

Xuanqing quickly held his breath and focused, sitting cross-legged with his five centers facing the sky, and began to fully refine the medicinal power of the pill.

A moment later.

The medicinal power of the Blood Enhancer Pill was completely refined.

“Phew~”

Xuanqing opened his eyes and exhaled a turbid breath. The refinement of this pill had saved him about four to five days of hard cultivation.

There were three bottles of Blood Enhancer Pills in total, each containing nine pills. Including the one already refined, he had twenty-six pills left.

With this many pills, he would have enough for some time, especially since there was also a more powerful Solid Foundation and Nourishing Origin Pill.

“I’ll refine all these pills first!” Xuanqing thought to himself.

After that.

He entered the dull and boring closed-door cultivation.

Furthermore.

Due to the difference in the flow of time between the two worlds, he had to leave the game after a week of cultivation at most in Black Wind Mountain to deal with his real-world physical needs of eating, drinking, and so on.

...

A month passed quietly.

All the Blood Enhancer Pills were consumed, and more than half of the Solid Foundation and Nourishing Origin Pills were also taken.

Today.

He once again swallowed a Solid Foundation and Nourishing Origin Pill, and, as before, held his breath and concentrated on breathing exercises to refine the pill's medicinal power.

Suddenly, thunder-like explosive sounds emanated from within Xuanqing's body.

Rumble~

The Qi in his Dantian became thick and viscous, changing from its original misty state to become more condensed. Its quantity also multiplied several times.

With a thought.

“Open Character Panel!”

[Name]: Xuanqing

[Grade]: Taiji Palace Selected Scholar of Five Thunder Court, Right Judge, Conjoined with Thunder Administration Affairs (9th Rank)

[Cultivation]: Qi Introduction (Intermediate)

[Cultivation Method]: Basic Breathing Method (Passive)

[Ingot]: 0

In just one month, with the help of the pills, his cultivation had broken through from the early stage of Qi Introduction to the intermediate stage of Qi Introduction.

The breakthrough in cultivation not only increased the mana in his Dantian but also strengthened his body to a certain extent.

For example, his five senses became more acute, and his aura became increasingly elegant.

Just as he was about to verify the results of his breakthrough!

Suddenly.

A prompt sounded in his mind.

[Warm Reminder: There is a disturbance in the real world, do you wish to exit the game?]

??

Xuanqing was slightly startled.

What does the disturbance in the real world mean?

However, since the game had already prompted him, he decided to exit the game and see what was going on.

“Exit the game!”

...

In reality.

At the entrance of Qingping Temple.

Two men and a woman were standing outside the gate of the Taoist temple.

One of the men was wearing a blue work uniform, carrying a bag and tools. He seemed to be a technician.

The other man was carrying a camera while the girl with a ponytail was holding a wireless microphone. They were whispering to each other as they looked at the temple.

The two groups weren't together. The man in the blue work uniform was there to install broadband for the temple, while the man and woman were reporters from a local television station.

In an era where choking on water or tripping while walking can make the news, the opening of a Taoist temple was enough to attract some attention.

“What’s going on? No one answers after knocking for so long, and we can’t reach them by phone!” The man with the camera complained.

They waited a little longer.

As time passed, the man with the camera grew increasingly impatient. He turned to the man installing the broadband and asked, “Hey, did your telecom company get the date wrong? Are you sure they scheduled the installation for today?”

Click~

The man in work uniform took out a cigarette, lit it and took a deep puff, “I wouldn’t know, buddy. I come when they tell me to come.”

“Brother Zhao, don’t worry. Let’s wait a bit more. Maybe the priest is in the toilet,” the ponytailed girl consoled.

As they waited anxiously,

Creak~

The temple gate opened.

“Wishing you immeasurable longevity and fortune!” Daoist priest Xuanqing slightly bowed.

Seeing a Taoist wearing a robe and walking with a gait, exuding an ancient and tranquil aura, the three people immediately felt affection.

“Are you Daoist priest Xuanqing? I’m from the telecom company, here to install your broadband,” the man in the work uniform put out his cigarette and greeted.

Xuanqing suddenly realized.

After experiencing the events in the Journey to the West World, his mind was deeply shocked, causing him to completely forget about the scheduled broadband installation.

“My apologies, please come in!”

Xuanqing directed the man in work uniform.

Next,

He looked curiously at the other man and woman, carrying a camera and holding a microphone.

The girl with the ponytail quickly stepped forward with a smile, "Hello, master, we're reporters from Qingping TV Station. Here's my press pass."

As she spoke, the girl handed over her credential from around her neck.

"Qingping TV Station intern journalist Yang Ying...Miss Yang Ying, may I ask what brings you here...?" Xuanqing glanced at the press pass and continued to ask.

Before the girl with the ponytail could speak, the man holding the camera blurted out his complaints.

"Of course we're here for an interview! Don't tell me we came all the way to this god-forsaken place just to sightsee?"action

From the county to Qingping Temple, cars could only reach the town. The whole way, he had carried the heavy camera, feeling utterly exhausted.

Furthermore, the path up the mountain was not only narrow but also extremely difficult, covered with just a one-meter-wide stone stairway.

Upon hearing the words of the man with the camera,

Xuanqing frowned slightly.

The words were quite unpleasant – did he owe them something?

"I'm sorry, but this is a place for Daoist cultivation, and I cannot accept any interviews. Please leave!"

Xuanqing waved his sleeve and calmly said.

Taoist cultivation seeks spiritual clarity and doesn't follow the Buddhist principle of repaying grievances with virtue. If you're rude to me, I won't indulge you either.

"You..." The man was taken aback, disbelief written all over his face.

Usually, showing their identity as television staff was enough to receive warm hospitality wherever they went. Thus, they had developed an air of superiority.

"I'm really sorry, Daoist priest. Brother Zhao was too tired from the journey, so his words were a little... I apologize on his behalf. Can you please let us in for an interview?"

The girl with the ponytail was getting a bit anxious.

As an intern, her first assignment was to interview the Taoist temple. If she screwed up, Brother Zhao, her cameraman colleague, would be fine, but she would get a black mark on her internship report.

After the girl's apology,

Xuanqing didn't bother with the man's rude remarks anymore. He instructed the girl, "No need for an apology. Just don't take random shots once you're inside."

In the end, Xuanqing glanced at the man with the camera, the meaning all too clear.

12 Chapter 11: Divination by Yarrow Milfoil and Geomancy are Sciences!

The man holding the camera, having been glared at, was obviously a little unconvinced. As he was about to say something, he saw the pleading look in the girl's eyes and immediately fell silent.

Everyone entered the Taoist temple.

The middle-aged man responsible for installing broadband began to get busy after entering the temple, using various tools for measurements and the like.

Meanwhile.

The two people from Qingping TV Station were curiously looking around at the various facilities inside the Taoist temple.

Nowadays in Yan Country, there are Buddhist temples everywhere. Hence, for the people of Yan Country, Taoist temples are undoubtedly very mysterious.

Upon entering the Taoist temple, the girl turned to the man accompanying her and said, "Brother Zhao, you can turn on the camera now. Let's start from here."

The camera was turned on.

"Good day to our viewers. I'm Yang Ying, a reporter from Qingping TV Station."

The girl smoothly recited her opening line, followed by an introduction, "Today, we are here at Qingping Temple in the Qingping Mountain Range. Qingping Temple was built in..."

She looked directly into the camera, and went over the construction times of Qingping Temple, as well as the general development history of Taoism.

It's worth mentioning that.

In this process, she also gave a detailed introduction to several large halls in the Taoist temple. It seemed that she had done a lot of homework on Taoism before the interview.

Daoist priest Xuanqing saw all this and couldn't help but give an imperceptible nod of approval.

....

Time moved forward to the afternoon.

Due to outsiders in the Taoist temple, Xuanqing didn't stay in the game for long, only sparing some time to deal with his game character's food needs.

After practicing for such a long period of time, the character in the Journey to the West World could go hungry for a few days and still not starve to death.

In the afternoon, as per usual, he needed to recite "Lingbao Salvation Miracle Sutra," "Yuan Shi Says Ascending to Heaven and Attaining Tao," and "The Supreme Yellow Emperor's Book of the Sacred Treasure" in front of the Three Pure Ancestors Statue.

Inside the main hall.

Xuanqing sat cross-legged on a cushion, his eyes tightly closed. He held a wooden fish in his hand, and his lips moved constantly, reciting the daily rituals.

"Good men, good women, rely on fasting and other religious practices. That is the bridge for all actions to move towards the path of truth...."

The mysterious scripture, coupled with the crisp and melodious sound of the wooden fish, seemed to wash away the troubles of the mundane world, inducing a sense of quiet calm in people.

At the entrance of the main hall.

The camera recorded all this.

Standing outside the main hall with a microphone, Yang Ying had intended to interview Xuanqing, but after hearing the mesmerizing sounds, she stopped involuntarily.

She simply stood there, quietly absorbed in the recitation of the mystifying scripture.

This lasted until the recitation ended.

Only then did Yang Ying seem to awaken from a dream.

Seeing Yang Ying and the man holding the camera outside the hall, Xuanqing stood up, put the wooden fish aside, and gently greeted them, "Have you finished recording?"

Given that both of them quietly listened to the completion of the Taoist scriptures, and the girl had done her homework before interviewing, Xuanqing's attitude toward them had definitely changed for the better.

"Daoist priest Xuanqing, we have mostly finished recording. We would now like to conduct an audio interview with you. Is that convenient for you?"

It seemed as if stars were twinkling in Yang Ying's eyes, her face full of anticipation as she asked.

An audio interview?

To tell the truth.

Xuanqing did not like to be in the public eye, but if it was just an audio interview, that wouldn't be a problem.

"Go ahead," Xuanqing gave a slight nod.

Yang Ying made a note of a burst of energy, and then asked, "May I ask priest Xuanqing, why did you hit the wooden fish when you were reciting the scripture? Isn't this something that is done in Buddhism?"

"The origin of the wooden fish has always been controversial, but according to the Taoist records, it was first used during the Six Dynasties."

There was a slight pause from Xuanqing, then he continued, "In 'Yiyuan' Volume 2, it is said that you can take paulownia wood from Sichuan, carve it into the shape of a fish, and when you hit it, it sounds like a fish. This proves it."

"Moreover, this is only the earliest document that has been passed down. It does not represent the first time the wooden fish appeared. Perhaps the actual time is even earlier."

"Nowadays, there are fewer and fewer Taoist temples, and more and more Buddhist temples. People only see monks hitting wooden fish, and gradually they think that this is exclusively a Buddhist tool. In fact, that's a misperception."

...

With Xuanqing's explanation,



Yang Ying's eyes grew brighter and she couldn't help thinking that this trip had been well worth it.

It's really different coming from a professional Taoist college, they know so much.

"Thank you, Daoist priest Xuanqing for clearing my doubts. Are there other things like the wooden fish that people have misunderstood?" Yang Ying continued to ask.

Xuanqing slightly nodded, "There are many such misunderstandings, for example, the term 'abbot' was originally a Taoist title, and after being adopted by Buddhism..."

"Take the term 'temple' for example, in fact, it has two separate meanings. 'Si' refers to Buddhism, while 'miao' refers to Taoism, such as the Earth God Temple, General Temple, Dragon King Temple, and so on."

...

Accompanied by Xuanqing's explanation,

Whether it was Yang Ying or the man holding the camera, they both felt like they had been enlightened.

They didn't realize that all these familiar terms were originally from Taoism. After Yan Country converted to Buddhism, these terms were quoted and were even mistaken as exclusively Buddhist."

"I would like to ask, Daoist priest Xuanqing, in Taoism, there is the practice of refining external alchemy and divination through geomancy, the latter of which sometimes seems contrary to scientific principles. What's the truth behind these practices?"

Upon hearing these words,

Xuanqing was slightly startled.

Having already cultivated mana, he naturally felt that geomancy could not be more real, but after the founding of the nation, only cultural heritage was allowed, not superstition or any talk of animals becoming spirits.

Therefore,

"You can regard geomancy and divination as Taoist research into psychology and natural laws. It is a technique that aligns with modern science."action

"The most direct examples are celestial disasters. In the Gengzi Year, when there is heavy rain, it will lead to a plague, and after the plague, there will be a drought."

...

Listening to Daoist priest Xuanqing's informative talk,

Yang Ying nodded as if she understood, but also as if she didn't.

"That... Priest, can I make a presumptuous request?" Yang Ying said hesitantly.

"What request?"

Xuanqing frowned slightly, asking seriously.

Since she thought it was presumptuous, why would she ask if she could?

However,

Considering this young girl's decent appearance and polite manners, it would be alright to ask first. As long as it wasn't anything too outrageous, fulfilling her request wouldn't be a problem.

"My family has been pressuring me to get married. Can the priest divine a gua for me to see when I will meet the one I like?" Yang Ying bit her lip and said somewhat shyly.

Upon hearing these words,

The man holding the camera immediately perked his ears up. Apparently, he had some special ideas about this newly graduated girl.

"I can try, but I can't guarantee whether the result will be accurate or not!" Xuanqing nodded slightly, agreeing to the girl's request.

Perfect.

He could also try to see if anything different would happen when he uses mana while divining with milfoil. If he would really be able to predict something.

"If you want to calculate your marriage fate, I will need to know your birth date and time according to the eight characters. Please tell me, Miss Yang Ying!"

13 Chapter 12: The Power of the Body Protection Talisman.

"It was at some point after 1 o'clock on July 15th, 1996, but I'm not sure exactly how many minutes past." Yang Ying tilted her head, pondering as she spoke.

Xuanqing gave a slight nod.

He took out a turtle shell and then put four ancient coins inside it.

Clatter clatter~

The coins made noise in the turtle shell. These coins were Xuanyuan Tongbao, considered antiques. The four of them had cost Xuanqing a semester's living expenses.action

"Try using mana."

Xuanqing thought to himself, then controlled the mana in his Dantian, pouring it into the turtle shell and the Tongbao coins.

Hum hum~

An invisible wave of energy radiated out.

The Tongbao coins in the turtle shell also underwent an indescribable change under this special wave of energy.

Clatter~

The copper coins fell on the table.

Yang Ying looked expectantly at Xuanqing, wanting to know what this meant.

At this moment.

"Huh... Why is this marriage line blank?" Xuanqing frowned slightly.

However, after examining the divination and silently calculating in his heart, he understood why this kind of situation occurred.

It was a sign of disaster, a great danger that could lead to death.

With death, it made sense for the marriage line to be blank.

Moreover, this 'omen' was supposed to happen in Qingping Mountain.

Xuanqing was slightly silent; as a Taoist priest, he should respect people's destiny, but if something happened to this girl in the Taoist temple, he was afraid he would also be in some trouble.

With this in mind.

“Miss Yang Ying, I couldn’t figure out your marriage, but I have a Body Protection Talisman here. I hope you can accept it!”

As soon as these words came out.

Doubt appeared on Yang Ying’s face.

The man holding the camera by the side also had an expression of suspicion.

Was this young Daoist Priest trying to cheat them with this so-called Body Protection Talisman after all?

“Daoist Priest...How much does it cost?”

Yang Ying looked troubled and hesitated for a moment before carefully saying, “I can... At most, I can donate 200 yuan to the temple.”

Although working for the Television Station was a state-owned enterprise, she had just graduated and was in her internship period; her monthly living expenses were just enough to cover her expenses, and she didn’t have any extra money.

“Oh? Donating two hundred yuan would indeed work!”

Xuanqing was slightly startled; he had originally planned to give it for free, but since the girl was willing to pay, he wouldn’t refuse.

He handed over the Body Protection Talisman.

Yang Ying took the talisman and looked around, but couldn’t find a merit box in the Taoist temple.

“Excuse me, Daoist Priest, where is the merit box?”

“Hehe, merit boxes are only found in Buddhist temples. A proper Taoist temple wouldn’t have one.” Xuanqing laughed and shook his head.

Taoists didn’t set up merit boxes because they preferred to provide services for free, though they would charge wealthy and powerful individuals a high service fee instead of focusing on ordinary people.

Eventually.

The two added each other as friends, and then Yang Ying directly sent a red envelope with two hundred yuan.

During this process.

The man holding the camera was constantly tugging at Yang Ying's sleeve, as if reminding her of something. In his view, while Taoist culture was worth confirming, divination and selling talismans were taxes on people's intelligence.

...

As the sky gradually darkened and the two obtained enough information to report back with, they decided to leave the Taoist temple.

"Thank you for your hospitality today, Daoist Priest Xuanqing. It's getting late, so we won't disturb you any longer." Yang Ying bowed slightly.

"Okay!"

Xuanqing nodded, watching the two leave. As he looked at Yang Ying's departing figure, an indescribable expression was hidden in his eyes.

.....

Qingping Mountain.

The path down the mountain was a winding, seemingly endless path.

Yang Ying and the camera man carefully walked down the less than one meter wide stone ladder road.

Those with experience knew that going uphill was tiring, but going downhill was even more dangerous, with the risk of falling if one wasn't careful.

At some point, it started.

The air had become a bit damp, and a dark cloud appeared in plain sight, drifting over from the distance.

Yang Ying wiped the water droplets from her forehead.

Drip~

The summer rain was as sudden as a flash, coming without warning and pouring down heavily in no time.

The narrow path, less than a meter wide, became even more difficult to trek.

Although there were no cliffs on either side of the path, it was surrounded by dense thorny bushes and jagged rocks, and a careless fall would undoubtedly leave one severely injured.

Suddenly.

The danger occurred.

Rainwater blurred Yang Ying's vision, and as she was stepping down, she accidentally stepped on a small shattered rock the size of a glass bead.

In an instant.

Her body lost balance, and she fell violently towards the bushes at the side.

The slope was six meters high, covered with thorny bushes, and many protruding rocks at the bottom. If she were to fall, she might be crippled or disfigured.

"Ah~"

Yang Ying let out a scream, her hands flailing wildly, attempting to grasp something to save her life.

A fortuity occurred.

A vine growing on the edge of the slope hooked onto her clothes, and during her fall, it wrapped around her, stopping her descent completely.

Just like that.

Yang Ying's whole body was entangled by the vine, suspended in mid-air, just a meter above a sharp stone.

It's not hard to imagine.

If it weren't for the vine, what a tragic end she would have met falling onto that sharp stone.

"Yang Ying!"

The man holding the camera's face changed drastically, and he finally reacted, rushing over to where Yang Ying had fallen.

He grabbed the vine, carefully pulling her up until she was back on the ground, finally exhaling in relief.

Back on the ground, Yang Ying collapsed there.

Luckily!

If it weren't for the vine wrapping around her, she would have been done for.

Yang Ying's face turned pale, and her chest heaved violently, clearly shaken by the ordeal.

"Are you... alright?"

"Whew~" Yang Ying took a deep breath, shook her head, and with both hands supporting her body, she stood up with great effort.

After checking herself.

Aside from her clothes being slightly damaged and dirty, she miraculously had no injuries or bruises.

"Could it be..."

As if realizing something.

Yang Ying's pupils suddenly contracted.

She reached into her pocket as if to take something out, only to find a handful of ashes.

The Body Protection Talisman... surprisingly had self-ignited, turning to ashes.

Seeing this.

"Hiss~" The camera man shuddered.

Backing away, he tripped, breathing in a mouthful of cold air.

Both faced each other, their hearts extremely shaken.

Composing themselves.

With her lips trembling, Yang Ying, who had escaped death, felt immense gratitude and admiration for Daoist priest Xuanqing.

"Brother Zhao, you go down first. I want to go up the mountain to thank the Daoist priest for saving my life."

"I'll go with you!" The camera man said after calming down.

And so.

The two changed directions, heading back to Qingping Temple on the mountain.

.....

Qingping Temple.

Xuanqing suddenly opened his eyes.

Just now, he felt that the Body Protection Talisman he had made had been activated.

More importantly.

At the moment the Body Protection Talisman was activated, an invisible, intangible special energy could be felt swirling around him.

“What is this...?”

14 Chapter 13: Human Merit!

Could it be....

A thought flashed through Xuanqing's mind.

He gently touched the mysterious energy with his fingertips.

In an instant.

Mana in his Dantian surged, creating a strong suction force that absorbed the mysterious energy into his mind.

At that moment, Xuanqing realized the truth.

Merits!

This energy was Human Merit.

In the records of Daoism, those with a large amount of Human Merit are immune to disasters and the suffering of Hell, and if they cultivate, they can avoid tribulations and inner demons.

“Could it be that saving people can obtain Human Merit?”

“In that case, why not go to Journey to the West World, where many people are starving and persecuted by the Devil Race? If they were saved, wouldn't that grant a lot of Human Merit?”

“If that's not feasible, in reality, going to Hei Province to rescue those like Ode Biao would also yield a large amount of Merit!”



These thoughts ran through Xuanqing's mind.

However.

Things shouldn't be that simple.

With his current cultivation, he definitely wouldn't be able to withstand bullets, so he couldn't act recklessly abroad.

As for Journey to the West World, it was also hard to say.

After all, the cultivators in Journey to the West World weren't fools.

If they really could easily save human civilians and obtain such wonderful things as Human Merit, those gods, immortals, and cultivators wouldn't miss such a good opportunity.

In order to find the concrete result, he could only go to Journey to the West World and give it a try.

Suddenly.

Knock~ Knock Knock

There was a knock on the door.

Xuanqing smiled faintly, picked up an umbrella, and went to the courtyard to open the door. Without thinking, he knew that it was the intern journalist Yang Ying who had come back.

Creak~ Opening the courtyard door.

As he expected.

He saw a dirty Yang Ying, standing nervously at the door, and behind her was a grinning male colleague with a camera.

"Daoist Priest, I just..." Yang Ying's eyes reddened as she tried to say something.

Before she could finish her words, Xuanqing interrupted her.

"Miss Yang Ying, there's no need to say more, I understand!" Xuanqing waved his hand and said indifferently.

"Th...Thank you, Daoist Priest!" Yang Ying bowed slightly, looked at him with complicated eyes, tried to say something else, but couldn't utter any words.

....

Qingping Temple wasn't large.

Although there were several extra rooms, they were covered in dust and had not been cleaned out yet.

Therefore.

Xuanqing didn't let the two of them stay. After the drenched girl dried her clothes, he had them both leave the mountain.

As soon as they left.

He couldn't wait to enter the Game World to recharge his Merit and see how many Ingots he could get.

He took out his phone.

With the time ratio between the two worlds, more than half a day had passed in reality, which equated to six or seven days in the game.

With a thought.

"Enter the game!"

....

Game World.

In a cave at the edge of the Black Wind Mountain Range.

Xuanqing opened his eyes.

Although his character had been unconscious for five or six days, he didn't feel hungry due to having mana in his body and being at the Intermediate stage of Qi Introduction.

"Recharge Ingots!"

[Ding~ You can currently recharge 60 Ingots, do you want to exchange them all for Ingots?]

"Exchange them all!"

[Ingots +60]

Hearing the Ingots' arrival prompt, Xuanqing thoughtfully considered it.

In this Immortal Cultivation Game, each Ingot could be used to idle for a day, and 60 Ingots would be enough to idle for two whole months.

“Open Character Panel!”

[Name]: Xuanqing

[Grade]: Taiji Palace selected Scholar of Five Thunder Court, Right Judge, Conjoined with Thunder Administration Affairs (9th Rank)

[Cultivation]: Qi Introduction (Intermediate)

[Cultivation Method]: Basic Breathing Method (Passive)

[Ingot]: 60

“Although the game world has sixty days, if you stay in the real world, you will only have six days.”

“It's better to try it now, save those who are about to die in this Journey to the West World, and see if you can get some merit.”

Xuanqing thought the same in his heart.

Then.

He stood up, left Black Wind Mountain, and went to the small town below the mountain.

...

Arriving at the town.

The bustling streets were quite lively.

However, behind this bustle, countless tragic events were hidden.

Even in the Tang Dynasty, there were people who were under extreme poverty and facing starvation, let alone the border between the two countries.

Just asked around for a bit.

Xuanqing found a suburban slum outside the town.

The decaying door and cracked earthen walls made these houses in the civilian cave virtually without any cold resistance function.

When winter comes, I don't know how many people could survive it.

He found the most dilapidated house.

Knocking ~ knocking

Knocking on the door!

"Is anyone there? I, the poor Daoist, have come to ask for a bowl of water to drink!"

No one responded.

"Huh, there is clearly someone inside, why isn't anyone opening the door?" Xuanqing wondered in his heart.

After cultivating, his senses of Qi would be enhanced, he could clearly sense that there should be someone inside the room.

After a while.

Just when Xuanqing was about to leave, the door was pushed open.

It squeaked~

What came into view was a ragged, short child who was too thin to even distinguish if it was a boy or a girl from the appearance.

He could only perceive from the aura that this was a little girl.

"Big brother, are you thirsty?" The weak girl tilted her head and asked in a sticky sweet manner.

"I am going down the mountain to practice, and I am passing by this place, I want to ask for a bowl of water to drink!" Xuanqing slightly bowed his hand in salute.

"Oh, big brother, please come in!"

The girl was smiling with an innocent and charming smile, inviting Xuanqing, the guest.

Entering the room!

Xuanqing looked around, this room was about twenty square meters in size, but it seemed very spacious, because there was nothing else in it except for a mat on the ground and a cold stove.

What's worth mentioning is.

On the mat, there was a stooped figure, with both eyes tightly closed, lying on it, and even the presence of an extra person in the room did not get any reaction.

From the aura that seemed to drift away from his breathing, it was not hard to see that the other party's life was about to come to an end, and there was not much time left for living.

"Big brother, give it, drink it quickly, it will all leak out in a while!" The girl carefully held the bowl, blocking the broken hole below.

"Thank you!"

Xuanqing drank the water in one gulp.

The water did not taste good, and had a sour and astringent taste, it was fortunate that he was a cultivator, otherwise, he would certainly have a stomachache from drinking it.

"Who is this?" Xuanqing looked at the still, curled-up figure on the mat.

"This is my mother, she sleeps too much, has been asleep for a long time!" The girl stuck her tongue out and said somewhat embarrassedly.

Xuanqing sighed in his heart and said solemnly, "I, the poor Daoist, received your kindness from a bowl of water, and now I will return it to you!"

For Daoists, everything has its own fate trajectory, and they will only intervene when their own fate is connected.

That's why Xuanqing asked for a bowl of water to drink before intending to earn merit.

"What is big brother talking about? I don't understand!" The girl tilted her head, confused.action

Xuanqing smiled and shook his head, without giving an explanation.

He came to the side of the mat, opened the quilt, and placed his right hand on the old woman's wrist.

Dry, a bit stiff, even not looking like a living person's wrist.

Buzz~

Xuanqing mobilized the mana in his Dantian, first kept the old woman's life hanging, and sorted out the badly damaged meridians by the way!

The girl standing by seemed to understand something, her eyes were sparkling with stars, looking forward to the big brother in front of her with great anticipation.

15 Chapter 14: Adopted a child.

Just as Xuanqing was about to take action.

An accident occurred.

Hum~

In the air.

A sudden and unique fluctuation emerged, then spread out in all directions like a halo.

"Daoist Priest, hold on!"

Accompanied by an old voice.

The next moment.

The originally solid ground seemed to turn into a swamp, and an old man wearing a fortune and longevity hat, and with a long beard, crawled out from it.

Huh??

Xuanqing looked over.

This old man had white hair and beard, a ruddy complexion, yet his body presented a bizarre and illusory state. He also held a walking stick in his hand.

This image... instantly made people think of Tudi Gong!

"Daoist Priest, all living things in Heaven and Earth have a predetermined life span. This old woman's life span has come to an end. If you save her, I'm afraid it will bring disaster~"

The Earth Deity cupped his hands together and said solemnly.

Hearing these words.

Xuanqing's eyebrows were tightly furrowed.

It is well known that the great Dao is fifty, and the way of Heaven is forty-nine, but there is still a ray of life left.

Before this, the old woman's forehead was shrouded in deathly black, and her fate line had indeed ended.

However, after Xuanqing drank the water given by the little girl, everything changed. This old woman should live, both by reason and by emotion.

"This old woman's death energy on her forehead has already dissipated. Why can't I save her?" Xuanqing asked.

"Cannot save, cannot save!" The Earth God said with a bitter expression.

"Although this old woman's fate has changed due to the Daoist Priest, as long as the life and death record in Hell hasn't changed, when she should die, she will die."

Having said that.

The Earth Deity paused slightly, looking at the weak old woman on the ground with complicated eyes.

After a moment.

He continued, "The little god has been serving as the Earth Deity here for more than a hundred years, and this old woman is actually the cousin of my younger generation."

"Yama allows people to die at three, no one can live until five, unless the Seven Star Lamp can be ignited, and the Life Lord in heaven is prayed for to add life to them!"

"Please forgive me, Daoist Priest, do not embarrass the little god!"

After finishing, the Earth Deity bowed slightly.

At this moment.

Xuanqing's face did not look good.

From the words of this Earth Deity, the so-called 'life span' in this Journey to the West World was not the real life span, but the 'life span' set by Hell or the gods in Heaven.

Although the death energy on the old woman had clearly dissipated, she still couldn't escape the fate of death.

This was completely different from the real world.

In the real world, after he gave the Body Protection Talisman to the intern journalist at the television station, he genuinely changed her fate and allowed her to survive through death.

“Hoo~” Xuanqing took a deep breath.

It seemed that the water in this Journey to the West World was much deeper than he had imagined.

It appeared that the human race was flourishing throughout the primordial world, but in fact, everything was arranged by the gods.

“Alright, I won’t give the Earth Deity a hard time. However, this girl is destined to be with me, and I intend to take her as my disciple. Do you have anything to say?”

Xuanqing said with a serious expression.

By drinking the bowl of water from the little girl, a good fate was established. Since he couldn’t save the old woman, this cause and effect would naturally fall on the little girl.

Hearing Xuanqing’s words, the Earth Deity breathed a sigh of relief.

Although the Earth Deity and Xuanqing both came from the Nine-Grade Immortal Records, their status was completely different.

That’s why the Earth Deity was so polite and even respectful to Xuanqing.

“No problem, no problem. It’s her good fortune to be with the Daoist Priest!”

“The little god will not disturb you any more. Farewell!”

Shoo shoo~action

This Earth Deity came quickly and left quickly as well. After he finished speaking, his cane hit the ground, and his whole body sank.

.....

Xuanqing watched the Earth Deity leave.

After a moment.

He finally turned his gaze to the little girl who had been bowing her head in silence.



“What’s your name?”

“I...I don’t have a name!” The little girl’s bony fingers fidgeted nervously, an inexplicable sense of inferiority surging up in her young heart.

Upon hearing this.

Xuanqing looked up and down the little girl; beneath her dirty face were a pair of big eyes, but her overly thin cheeks made her look not at all adorable.

“Too skinny isn’t good looking, from now on you shall be called Fat Ya!” Xuanqing gently said, not minding the dirtiness of Fat Ya’s hair and lightly patting her head.

Fat Ya seemed to vaguely understand and nodded. She did not know why the brother in front of her was giving her a name, but she faintly felt that her life seemed to be changing.

“Fat Ya, call me Sir in the future, understand?”

“Sir...Sir!” Fat Ya lowered her head and timidly called out.

.....

Just like that.

Xuanqing now had a skinny little girl by his side.

And it wasn’t until the next day that he brought Fat Ya back up the mountain.

As for the old woman, he used some silver to buy a coffin and buried her by the chaotic graves in the town.

Returning to the cave.

Faced with the unfamiliar environment, Fat Ya bit her fingertips, fear filled her eyes.

“Fat Ya, come here!”

Xuanqing waved at her.

Other than destiny being the reason he took in this girl, he indeed needed someone to do odd jobs in this world.

“Sir!” Fat Ya obediently walked over.

Xuanqing nodded slightly, then motioned for her to sit down cross-legged. He was going to help Fat Ya sort out her fragile meridians.

As immortals touched my head, I vowed to live forever.

Under the sorting of the pure mana, the damaged meridians, which were originally broken due to long-term hunger, were all repaired.

Fat Ya squinted her eyes and felt warm and comfortable all over.

“Fat Ya, I shall keep you for twelve years. After twelve years, you can choose whether to go down the mountain and enter the world or continue to live in seclusion and cultivate!” Xuanqing withdrew his mana and said indifferently.

“Fat Ya doesn’t know, it’s all up to Sir’s arrangements.” Fat Ya muttered softly, somewhat confused.

Seeing this.

Xuanqing couldn’t help but laugh.

After all, where would a six-year-old child understand any of this.

“Alright, you eat something first, and later you’ll learn to recognize characters with me!” Xuanqing smiled slightly and said softly.

Considering the current situation.

It seemed that in order to gain merits, he still had to start from the real world. It was almost impossible to gain merits in a world where myriad gods and Buddhas ruled both heaven and earth.

....

Time flies in cultivation.

Two months passed in a blink of an eye.

During this time, Xuanqing, besides cultivating and teaching Fat Ya the basics, had also cultivated an acre of Ling Tian and planted some fast-maturing spiritual grains and Ling Cai.

As a cultivator, always eating worldly food would be very disadvantageous for cultivation; the lower the cultivation, the bigger the impact.

Therefore.

He planned to achieve self-sufficiency in food production.

After being nurtured with good food for two months, Fat Ya had transformed from a bony skeleton to a true 'Fat Girl'.

Her chubby, round face and big, starry eyes made her incredibly adorable.

Of course.

Xuanqing wasn't the kind of person who would raise someone without having them work. After getting Fat Ya's body back in shape, he arranged for her to do some housekeeping tasks within her capabilities.

For example, she would cook, fertilize and water the Ling Tian outside the cave, and weed the fields.

"Fat Ya, I'll be in closed-door cultivation for more than a month. Just stay nearby and don't wander around." Xuanqing commanded.

"Yes, Sir!" Fat Ya nodded solemnly.

There was some dried meat stored in the cave, and Ling Cai had been planted in the Ling Tian. He didn't need to worry about her going hungry.

Though the taste of the food wasn't great, it was much better than her earlier days of hunger.

....

After giving instructions.

Xuanqing turned and entered the bedroom he had carved out in the cave.

According to the weather forecast in the real world, there was going to be a thunderstorm in two days. He wanted to take this opportunity to make some Thunderstruck Peach Wood to exchange for cultivation resources.

Sitting cross-legged on the stone bed.

With a thought.

[Exit Game!]

16 Chapter 15: The Astonishing Effects of Hang-up Cultivation.

Real World.

Qingping Temple.

Xuanqing opened his eyes.

“Huh~”

He spent a full two months in the Journey to the West World, while in real life, it had only been six days.

“Activate Hang-up Cultivation!”

[Ding~ Hang-up Cultivation activated successfully!]

[Friendly reminder: During Hang-up Cultivation, 1 Ingot will be consumed per game day. If the balance is insufficient, the function will be automatically exited.]

Even when back in reality, he could still receive prompts from the system in his mind.

The picture on the phone also began to change.

On the screen.

Originally sitting cross-legged on a stone bed, the character woke up from a coma and immediately entered a state of serenity.

In an instant.

The mana in his Dantian was growing at a visible speed.

“Hiss~”

Xuanqing was astonished.

Why using Hang-up Cultivation had such a terrifying effect? The cultivation speed was almost close to his own twenty times the speed.

“According to the time flow of the two worlds, why is it twenty times?”

At the same time as being shocked, he was also puzzled.

Hanging up in the real world for a minute, the character in the game practiced for ten minutes, which should only be ten times by any calculation.

Xuanqing’s eyes were fixed on the character in the game.

After careful observation for a long time.

Finally.

He found the problem.

It turned out that after using the Hang-up Cultivation feature, the game character, under the control of the system, would practice in a manner most compatible with the physical body.

In this state, the speed at which the game character absorbs and transforms Spiritual Qi would greatly increase, reaching twice the speed of daily practice, which is reasonable.

After figuring this out.

Xuanqing couldn't help but contemplate.

It seems that when closing the door for cultivation in the future, try to return to reality and then activate the [Hang-up Cultivation] function.

This not only allows him to escape from the dull practice, but also the cultivation speed is twice as much as normal practice.

Hang-up cultivation requires consumption of ingots, and obtaining ingots requires recharging merits.

"After making the Thunderstruck wood this time and exchanging for some resources, I need to find a way to get Human Merit. If it doesn't work, I'll go down the mountain and travel, I can't just stay in the Taoist temple."

Xuanqing felt the rapidly growing mana and had already made a decision in his heart.

.....

After watching the character in the game hanging up for a while.

Xuanqing started getting busy.

First, he put the extra lightning rods in the Taoist temple into the game backpack, and then headed towards the top of Qingping Mountain.

Upon reaching the summit!

A shovel appeared in Xuanqing's hand.

Swish, swish~

With the blessing of mana, he turned into a merciless excavator, easily digging up the soil around him.

Soon, an elliptical pit with a diameter of two meters was dug.

After digging the pit, he did not stop, but continued to dig two slightly smaller pits next to it.

This time.

He spent a long time searching on Black Wind Mountain and found one thousand-year peach wood and two six to seven hundred years old peach wood.

In the Journey to the West World, due to the environment, trees that are thousands of years old are more likely to develop spiritual senses and become spirits.

This is also the reason why the thousand-year thunderstruck wood is precious. The 'thousands of years without becoming a spirit' is hard to come by, let alone being 'thunderstruck,' which makes it even more precious.

With a thought.

Opening the game backpack.

He took out the three peach wood.

And at the top of each peach wood, a lightning rod was tied to maximize the probability of attracting lightning in the upcoming thunderstorms.

"One thousand-year, two six to seven hundred-year, all made into thunderstruck wood, I wonder how many cultivation resources can be exchanged in the Journey to the West World?"

Xuanqing felt a little expectant in his heart.

He had already trimmed the massive roots of the three peach trees, and since they would eventually be struck by lightning, he didn't need to worry about whether the injuries were severe or not. If they could survive a few days until the thunderstorm, it would be enough.

It took him the whole afternoon to finish all the work.

.....

The next day.

The gloomy sky made people feel extremely depressed, indicating that a thunderstorm was about to arrive.

It has to be said.

With the advancement of technology, the weather forecasts are now very accurate. Although they cannot precisely calculate the rainfall, they can correctly predict whether it will be a sunny or rainy day.

“Go and watch the thunderstruck wood!”

Xuanqing looked at the sky and whispered softly.

Although he had already witnessed the birth of thunderstruck wood once, watching this kind of thing was never boring to Xuanqing.

Before leaving the Taoist temple, he locked the door. This was not to prevent thieves in the wild mountains, but to avoid being damaged by the upcoming storm.

Arriving at the summit.

Whoosh~

The fierce wind howled.

If it weren't for the reinforcement, the three peach trees might have been knocked down by the wind before the lightning struck.action

At this moment.

Xuanqing stood dozens of meters away from the peach trees, quietly watching them with anticipation, waiting for the arrival of the thunderstorm.

.....

.....

On the other side!

At the foot of the mountain.

A girl in a tracksuit, carrying a backpack, and wearing a ponytail carefully walked on the narrow stone steps.

“Sigh, it's so hard to get a leave, and it's approved on such a rainy day!” Yang Ying sighed with a worried expression.

That's right.

This girl who returned to Qingping Mountain was none other than the intern journalist Yang Ying who had been here before!

Ever since Xuanqing's talisman saved her life, she had always wanted to return the favor.

Her grandmother had taught her that although one should not seek to repay hatred with kindness, they must know to repay kindness with kindness and show gratitude with their actions.

"I hope Daoist Priest Xuanqing accepts these 50,000!" Yang Ying touched the backpack behind her, thinking like this.

The recent graduate didn't have such an amount of money, so she had to scrape it together and overdraft from a borrowing app.

Drip~

A drop of water fell from the sky.

Yang Ying took a raincoat out of her backpack and put it on.

Although wearing a raincoat might not be very comfortable, it was much safer than an umbrella in the mountains with strong crosswinds.

Rainy day and strong winds!

Yang Ying walked slowly, taking more than two and a half hours to reach the Qingping Temple on the hillside.

However.

The main gate of the Taoist temple was locked, and it was locked from the outside, which clearly meant that Daoist Priest Xuanqing was not inside.

Seeing this scene.

Yang Ying's mouth twitched slightly.

Before coming to the temple, she did send a message to Daoist Priest Xuanqing, but she never received a reply. So she came here in person to try her luck, but she didn't expect this.

For a moment.



Yang Ying was a bit at a loss.

....

Afterward.

She waited for two hours at the entrance of the Qingping Temple but still didn't see Xuanqing come back.

Just as Yang Ying prepared to leave.

Suddenly.

A voice as gentle as jade sounded behind her.

"Miss Yang Ying?"

17 Chapter 16: Almost Swallowed My Tongue

Yang Ying turned around, her previously disappointed expression immediately became excited.

"Daoist priest Xuanqing!"

"Let's go in and talk!" Xuanqing nodded slightly, although he was puzzled, but as it was raining heavily outside, it was not the place to talk.

...

They entered the house.

Yang Ying explained her purpose for coming to the Taoist temple.

"Daoist priest Xuanqing, last time I was saved by your talisman, I couldn't sleep when I went back, so this time...."

Of course.

As for the origin of the fifty thousand yuan, she simply brushed over it and did not tell the truth, mainly for fear that the other party would not accept it.

By the end of the conversation.

Yang Ying opened her mountaineering bag and took out a pocket from it, and inside the pocket were five bundles of hundred-yuan bills.

"I hope the priest won't dislike it, please accept it!"

Upon hearing this.

Xuanqing felt a warmth in his heart.

Although he didn't expect anything in return, the fifty thousand yuan was of no use to him.

But he greatly appreciated the way she did things.

"I appreciate your kindness, but please take back the fifty thousand yuan. If I accept it, I'm afraid your wealth star will change and cause some trouble!"

Xuanqing shook his head with a smile.

Of course, since he had calculated fortune for the girl before, he knew that it was probably borrowed and would not accept the fifty thousand yuan.

"Daoist priest, I..." Yang Ying bit her lip, not knowing what to say.

"That's enough, let's put this matter to rest. You wait here for a moment, I'm going to cook, you eat some too!"

After saying that.

Xuanqing did not wait for her answer and left the main hall, heading for the kitchen.

How could he not see through this girl's thoughts, who wanted to repay his kindness, without considering the trouble that might arise after giving away the fifty thousand yuan.

...action

Meanwhile.

Xuanqing arrived at the kitchen.

Just now, he had dug out three pieces of thunderstruck peach wood on the mountain, which had consumed a lot of physical strength and mana, and now he was very hungry.

With a thought.

A cloth bag appeared in his hand, filled with spiritual rice.

The spiritual rice in the cloth bag, including the seeds planted in the spiritual field of Black Wind Mountain, was all from Daoist Bai She.

As for that Black Bear Essence, it didn't know how to cultivate and on weekdays relied on picking wild fruits or eating honey from the peach tree forest in Black Wind Mountain.

The Taoist temple didn't have natural gas.

He lit the firewood.

After boiling the well water, he poured the spiritual rice from the jade bottle into it.

At first.

These spiritual rice grains were only the size of sesame seeds.

But as the water boiled, the sesame-sized spiritual rice began to expand, eventually becoming the size of corn kernels, with a plump and round shape.

A unique fresh fragrance filled the air.

...

Qingping Temple was not large.

The fragrance of the spiritual rice from the kitchen quickly spread throughout the house.

Yang Ying, who was playing with her phone, paused for a moment, then took a deep breath.

Suddenly.

Her whole body shuddered.

"It smells so good~"

This fragrance was not the traditional spicy, but an extremely unique flavor.

It was like a person who had been smelling car exhaust in a cement-filled city for decades and suddenly went to the deep mountains and forests to feel the breath of nature.

Yang Ying's eyes were filled with curiosity.

What kind of dinner was Daoist priest Xuanqing making that was so fragrant?

Soon enough.

She would know the answer.

About ten minutes later.

Daoist priest Xuanqing was seen carrying a tray with two porcelain bowls on it, one large and one small, as he walked into the room.

“It’s just a simple meal, so please make do and don’t force yourself if you can’t finish it,” Xuanqing handed over the slightly smaller porcelain bowl.

Can’t finish?

Yang Ying was slightly taken aback.

How could she not finish such a small bowl, not even the size of a palm, filled with food?

She took the porcelain bowl, looking curiously at its contents.

Inside, each grain of rice was clear and translucent like crystal, each the size of a corn kernel, and exuding a special, refreshing fragrance.

Gurgle~

She couldn’t help but swallow saliva.

If she didn’t know that Xuanqing was a true expert, she might worry that there was some kind of technology or harsh chemicals involved.

After all, this rice looked strange, and its smell was a bit too delicious.

“Miss Yang Ying, aren’t you eating?”

Hearing Xuanqing’s voice, she finally snapped out of it and didn’t hesitate any longer, using chopsticks to eat a mouthful of this special white rice.

It was soft when it entered her mouth, and as she chewed, an unparalleled fragrance exploded in her mouth.

What’s more, after swallowing, a warm current surged through her abdomen, making her feel like she was in a hot spring.

“Ah~”

Yang Ying couldn’t help making a strange noise.

Her face flushed visibly at a rapid speed, and she was so embarrassed that she wished she could hide in a crack in the ground.

She carefully glanced at Daoist priest Xuanqing, and only after noticing that he hadn't noticed her did she feel relieved.

She ate another few bites.

Soon, a feeling of fullness came from her stomach.

Yang Ying was stunned.

No wonder the Daoist priest had warned her not to eat too much earlier; she'd eaten only about half of the rice in the bowl.

"This... Daoist priest, I... I can't eat anymore!" Yang Ying said shyly.

Upon hearing, Xuanqing finished the last bite in his bowl and casually waved his hand, "Don't force yourself if you can't finish. This leftover rice will be eaten tomorrow morning."

Yang Ying nodded vigorously, knowing that advocating frugality is a virtue, especially for something as good as this.

"By the way, Daoist priest, the footage from our last interview has already been posted on the official Duoyin account of our television station. It has over 200,000 views and thousands of likes, with many people commenting that they want to come to your temple to offer incense!"

Yang Ying held her head slightly high, with a hint of pride, like she was seeking praise.

However, she had indeed worked hard on this project, carefully considering every aspect, from the copywriting to the editing of the video content.

"Oh? People will come to the temple to offer incense?"

Xuanqing was slightly moved.

He had originally planned to obtain Human Merit or Faith Merit after making three Thunderstruck Wood and exchanging them for cultivation resources.

Seeing the surprise on the Daoist priest's face, Yang Ying felt a strong sense of accomplishment and took out her phone to open Duoyin. She found the video from the television station.

The video began with an aerial view of the landscape taken by a drone, which zoomed out before finally entering Qingping Temple.

The background music for the video was also a carefully chosen classical pure instrumental piece.

Just from the opening, you could tell that this video had been crafted with care.

However, the most exciting part was Xuanqing reciting Taoist Scriptures in the Great Hall. Just the sight of his back gave off a unique aura.

The moment Xuanqing began reciting the first line.

Instantly, a thrilling sensation surged through the listener.

The sound of his voice seemed magical, making one want to keep listening once they heard it.

“Look at what these people have to say!” Xuanqing grinned slightly, then clicked on the comment section of the video.

18 Chapter 17: Loose Cultivator Trade Fair.

After opening the comment section.

Most of them praised his pleasant voice and his elegant presence just from his silhouette, among which many comments expressed their desire to visit the Taoist temple to offer incense.

After reading the comments,

Xuanqing felt reassured.

It seemed that in the near future, this remote Taoist temple would welcome its first batch of incense guests. He wondered if he could meet some people of destiny then, so he could earn some human merit.

“The video is well-made; you’ve put in a lot of effort!” Xuanqing nodded appreciatively and returned the phone to her.

Receiving Xuanqing’s praise, Yang Ying was overjoyed.

For her, Daoist priest Xuanqing was not only her lifesaver but also a highly skilled expert with real Daoist magic.

“Thank you for your praise, Sir. It’s my duty.” Yang Ying shook her head with a smile and then said, “It’s getting late; I have to go down the mountain.”

Xuanqing looked at the dark sky and the damp surface. It was not a good choice to go down the mountain at this time.

“Why not stay for the night and go down the mountain tomorrow morning?”

“Thank you for your kindness, Sir, but my vacation is over, and I have to go back!” Yang Ying pursed her lips and said.

As an intern journalist, she had only one opportunity to ask for leave every month. If she’s late or absent without permission, not only would her salary be deducted, but her record would also be tainted.

Seeing this,

Xuanqing didn’t insist further.

He sent Yang Ying to the gate of the Taoist temple and reminded her once again to be careful on the slippery road in the dark before he closed the temple gate.

...

After returning to his bedroom,

Xuanqing couldn’t help but marvel at how useful the auto-training feature was, as he watched his game character with closed eyes practicing on his phone screen.

The next moment!

“Enter the game!”

...

Journey to the West World.

In a cave on Black Wind Mountain.

Xuanqing, who had been cultivating with his eyes closed, suddenly opened them and exhaled a long turbid breath.

“Open personal panel!”

[Name]: Xuanqing

[Grade]: Taiji Palace Chosen Scholar: Right Magistrate of the Five Thunder Court,  
Conjoined with Thunder Administration Affairs (9th Rank)

[Cultivation]: Qi Introduction (Intermediate)

[Cultivation Method]: Basic Breathing Method (Passive)

[Ingot]: 51

Xuanqing checked his character panel – only 51 Ingots were left from the original 60.

After nearly ten days of cultivation, plus the assistance of elixirs, although there was still some distance to break through, his mana had increased considerably.

“This auto-training feature is really useful; I should use it more often in the future!”  
Xuanqing thought, feeling the surging mana in his Dantian.

While using the auto-training feature, his talents were fully displayed, and his cultivation speed was twice as fast as usual.

Afterwards,

he walked out of the stone door.

Before even stepping outside, he smelt a tempting aroma of cumin mixed with chili powder from the roast, and then saw Fat Ya grilling a rabbit at the entrance of the cave.

Here,

When Fat Ya heard the noise, he found out that his master had left his retreat and hurriedly put down what he was holding, excitedly rushing over.

“Sir, you’ve finished your cultivation!”

“I wondered why it smelled so good; it turned out that Fat Ya was grilling. Have you been cultivating diligently these days?” Xuanqing smiled and patted Fat Ya on the head.

Fat Ya shyly stuck out his tongue and then replied, “Fat Ya didn’t slack off. This rabbit was sent by a pitch-black uncle, who said he was your friend!”

A pitch-black uncle?

The first thing that came to Xuanqing’s mind was the Black Bear Essence, as it was the only one on Black Wind Mountain that had such a dark appearance.

“So Fellow Daoist Black Bear has been here before, did he leave any messages?”



“Yes, he said that after Sir comes out of seclusion, go to Black Wind Cave, there’s important business to discuss!” Fat Ya blinked her big eyes.

“Alright, you watch the cave mansion, I’ll go to Black Wind Cave!”

Having said that, Xuanqing left the cave mansion, leaving Fat Ya behind, pitifully biting her fingertips.

.....

On the other side.

Inside the Black Wind Cave.

In front of the stone table, the two demons Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She were drinking honey wine and talking about the Gathering of Cultivators that took place every five years.

“Little Brother Bai She, Fellow Daoist Xuanqing is mysterious with a deep background. Do you think he could be interested in our miserable Loose Cultivator Trade Fair?”

With a lack of confidence in his words, Black Bear Essence took a sip of wine and raised his head.

At his words.

Gentleman Bai She chuckled and shook his head.

“Not at all, not at all. A while ago, Fellow Daoist Xuanqing came to me and traded a Thunderstruck Wood for...”

“In my opinion, Daoist Xuanqing’s previous life might have been the reincarnation of some great power, but in this life, he is poor and destitute.”

Gentleman Bai She paused slightly, took a sip of the fragrant sweet honey wine, narrowed his eyes, and continued:

“Now is the best time for us to grab onto his thigh. Big Brother, don’t you want to join Buddhism and Taoism and have an official identity? This task... I’m afraid it falls on Daoist Xuanqing!”

Hearing these words.

Black Bear Essence abruptly stood up, his eyes flashing with an uncertain gleam.

Upon analysis, it was indeed possible that Daoist Xuanqing could be a great power reincarnated from Taoism. If there came a day... wouldn't he have a chance to get Taoist acknowledgment?

At this moment.

Suddenly.

There was a knock outside the cave.

"It must be Fellow Daoist Xuanqing who has come out of seclusion. I'll go greet him!" Black Bear Essence muttered, hurrying to the cave entrance.

Gentleman Bai She at his side also hastily stood up and went to welcome him together.

....

Outside Black Wind Cave.

When the two demons saw Xuanqing, their eyes lit up.

It had only been a little over two months, but they found that Xuanqing's cultivation level had improved significantly, without any hint of being unsteady.

"Haha, long time no see, Fellow Daoist Xuanqing, your cultivation has increased!" Black Bear Essence laughed heartily, greeting warmly.

Xuanqing cupped his hands and said, "It's all thanks to the elixirs I got from Fellow Daoist Bai She!"

After exchanging greetings.

One human and two demons entered the cave and sat down at the stone table.

Black Bear Essence added another wine cup and enthusiastically filled it with honey wine for Xuanqing, "Fellow Daoist Xuanqing, please have a taste of the honey wine I brewed!"

Xuanqing took a sip and found it sweet and refreshing, full of fragrance, truly a lingering aftertaste.

He didn't expect that this seemingly rough Black Bear Essence would have such a superb brewing technique, truly a case of appearances being deceptive.

"Great wine, great wine~" Xuanqing gave a thumbs up.

Black Bear Essence chuckled, "As long as Fellow Daoist Xuanqing likes it."

After exchanging pleasantries, they got to the point.action

"Fellow Daoist Xuanqing, the reason I gathered you here is to inform you of something."

"The Loose Cultivator Trade Fair, which takes place every five years, is in three months. At that time, loose cultivators from thousands of miles around will gather, sharing what they have. I wonder if Fellow Daoist Xuanqing would like to go together?" Black Bear Essence spoke solemnly.

A Loose Cultivator Trade Fair?

Xuanqing was slightly stunned.

It was like a pillow being sent just as he started to feel sleepy; he was just thinking about exchanging the three Thunderstruck Peach Wood in his backpack for cultivation resources when the trade fair was announced.

19 Chapter 18: Faith Incense Fire.

"I shall go to the Loose Cultivator Trade Fair with the two of you!" Xuanqing smiled faintly and cupped his hands in greeting.

Upon hearing this.

Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She exchanged a glance.

As expected, although Daoist Xuanqing is said to have a profound background, he should not have much cultivation resources on him; otherwise, he wouldn't be interested in the Loose Cultivator Trade Fair.

Gentleman Bai She seemed to be struck by a thought, "By the way, Xuanqing, have you used up those elixirs from the other day?"

"If you have, I still have some Solid Foundation and Nourishing Origin Pills left, you can take them first!"

After saying this, Gentleman Bai She pulled out several small porcelain bottles, containing Solid Foundation and Nourishing Origin Pills, which were superior to the Blood Enhancer Pills.

Seeing this.

Xuanqing smiled faintly, "Speaking of coincidence, I happened to come across a 600-year-old Thunderstruck Peach Wood some days ago, and I exchanged it with Dellow Daoist Bai She for these elixirs!"

600-year-old Thunderstruck Peach Wood?

Upon hearing this, the two demons were shocked.

In such a short period, Daoist Xuanqing had once again brought out thunderstruck wood, undoubtedly making them even more convinced of his identity as the reincarnation of a great ability.

"That's fine, I'll gladly take the 600-year-old Thunderstruck Peach Wood."

Although Gentleman Bai She had already exchanged a 700-year-old Thunderstruck Peach Wood, this type of wood has a wide range of uses, and even if he doesn't need it, he can trade it with others for materials.

After chatting for a while, Xuanqing proposed to take his leave.

The two demons immediately stood up to see him off.

"See you in three months, my friends!"

"Haha, take care, take care~"

....

Returning to his own cave mansion.

Xuanqing's life returned to being peaceful.

He practiced in the morning, read scriptures at noon, and gave guidance to Fat Ya's cultivation in the afternoon.

Every couple of weeks, he had to exit the Game and return to the real world to deal with his physical body's needs, leading an enriching life.

Just like that.

Two months went by in a blink of an eye.

On this day.

Xuanqing, as usual, was seated in meditation, practicing the technique of breathing and nurturing Qi.

Suddenly.

A familiar mechanical prompt sounded in his mind.

[Warm Reminder: There is a disturbance in the real world. Do you want to exit the game?]

“Huh?”

Xuanqing was slightly startled.

Could it be that someone had come to the Taoist temple in the real world?

“Exit the game!”

...

Real world.

Foot of Qingping Mountain.

A middle-aged man with a moustache and beard, leading five or six young men dressed in mountaineering clothes, chatted and laughed as they walked up the mountain.

They were members of the local mountaineering club, who, after watching Yang Ying's video, felt a strong desire to come and offer incense.

Of course.

More importantly, they were particularly interested in the ‘Mysterious Taoist’ of Qingping Temple.

Although Duoyin's video only had the voice and background of the ‘Mysterious Taoist,’ it gave people a feeling of a celestial and Daoist air.

“Do you think we can meet the Daoist Priest?”

“Who cares, this Taoist temple isn't like a monastery where we need to ask for luck. If we don't see the mysterious Taoist, we can just treat it as a sightseeing trip~”

“That's right. After watching the video, I realized that temples and monasteries are different; monasteries are for monks, and temples are for gods.”

...

The members of the mountaineering team chatted idly as they continued their journey.

In no time.

Everyone arrived at the Taoist temple door.

Looking at the closed temple door, everyone looked at each other, wondering if they had just had the bad luck to come when the temple wasn't open?

Just as they started worrying.

Giggle~

The door of the Taoist temple opened.

What appeared before their eyes was a young Taoist priest with a hairpin, dressed in a dark blue robe, with a gentle and elegant face.

What's more, this young Taoist priest exuded a mysterious Daoist charm all over his body, which made people feel refreshed and calm at first glance.

They had never seen anyone with such a magical temperament before.

Even the mountaineering team members who had traveled all over the world and climbed numerous mountains couldn't help but be stunned.

"Immeasurable Longevity and Fortune. Fellow laymen, have you come to the Taoist temple to offer incense?" Xuanqing asked with a kindly smile and a slight bow.

After hearing the voice that was almost the same as in the video with Duoyin.

Everyone seemed to wake up from a dream.

"Uh, yes, we've come to offer incense!"

The bearded mountain-climbing team leader hurriedly bowed and smiled.

For some reason.

In front of this young and unassuming Daoist Priest, the bearded team leader felt a mysterious sense of shame, which was really strange.

"Please come in!"

Xuanqing smiled and nodded, making a gesture of invitation.

It had only been a few days since Yang Ying's last visit to the mountain when there were really laymen coming to the Taoist temple to offer incense, it seemed that the video effect was quite good.

It is said that people compete for their breath, and Buddhas accept incense for thirty minutes. It's a good opportunity to see if the real world can give birth to Faith Merit.

Just like that.

Xuanqing walked unhurriedly ahead.

The mountaineering team members, on the other hand, followed cautiously behind him.

Like the bearded captain, they always felt a sense of self-conscious shame in front of Xuanqing, which was why they showed such an attitude.

In fact.

It's not surprising that this situation occurs.

As the saying goes, "the power of God is like a prison, and the grace of God is like an ocean." Xuanqing, who already has mana, is fundamentally different from mortals in some ways.

Entering the main hall.

Xuanqing pointed to the table in the corner, "The incense on the table is two yuan a bunch. Give three sticks of incense to the gods, and nine sticks to the Three Pure Ones. Don't get it wrong!"

Upon hearing this, everyone couldn't help but feel surprised.

In this day and age, a big bunch of incense is sold for only two yuan, which is even cheaper than buying it at a convenience store.

The bearded captain couldn't help but think of the time when he went to a real monk temple and spent two hundred yuan to buy a stick of incense.

"Our Daoist School is really honest!" The bearded team leader sighed with emotion.

Afterward.

The mountaineering team members bought several bundles of incense, each taking out nine sticks, and finally knelt on the cushion in front of the Three Pure Ones.

"Great Three Pure Ones, please bless me...uh...bless me with great wealth."

“Great Three Pure Ones above...”

...

Just as the mountaineering team members were burning incense and praying.

Xuanqing’s gaze was fixed on the statue of the Three Pure Ones.

After a while.

When most of the young mountaineers had finished offering incense, there was still no sign of any abnormality on the statue of the Three Pure Ones.

Just as Xuanqing was wondering if it was impossible for faith incense fire to be born in modern society.

The bearded middle-aged mountaineering team leader offered incense.

As he saw the bearded middle-aged man, with both hands holding incense, respectfully kneeling down in front of the Three Pure Ones.

One bow~

Two bows~

It was not until the ninth bow.

A wisp of faint white smoke emerged from the top of the bearded middle-aged man’s head, mixed with the smoke burning from the incense in his hand.

Seeing this scene.

Xuanqing’s spirit was lifted.

With his mana, he could clearly sense that this wisp of faint white smoke contained a strange power.

This...should be faith incense fire.

20 Chapter 19: The Non-mainstream Girl with Her Grandma!

This strand of faith incense fire, after it sprouted from the top of the bearded man’s head, split into three parts and drifted towards the divine statue of the three Pure Ancestors.

Having seen this scene.



Something stirred in Xuanqing's heart.

"I apologize to ancestor master. I'm not trying to steal your incense fire, I'm only testing something."

Then.

He manipulated the mana within his body, conjuring an unseen phantom hand, reaching towards the faith incense fire in a single swipe.

Hmm... he swiped at nothing.

At this moment.

All the members of the mountaineering team had finished lighting their incense and paying respect.

"Daoist Priest, we have finished lighting our incense. We're leaving, Bye~"

The bearded middle-aged man, leading the mountaineering team before their departure, waved at Xuanqing and bid him farewell.

Xuanqing nodded his head slightly, watching the entire mountaineering team leave.

....

After all of them are gone.

Xuanqing took a step moving to the side of the Three Pure Ones statue. He gazed at the faith incense fire floating in the air, pondering how to absorb it.

"According to the legend, living people can't endure the power of incense fire. Could this be the reason?"

"Or maybe this faith incense fire isn't meant for me, so I can't absorb it?"

Judging from the current situation, there are only these two possibilities.

If it's the former, then there's no solution. He can't commit suicide for this faith incense fire.

But if it's the latter, it's quite easy to solve.

He was the "Taiji Palace Chosen Scholar: Right Magistrate of the Five Thunder Court" in the Journey to the West World.

In the real world, he was the left judge of the Five Thunder Court, a celestial official of the regular ninth rank.

At this grade, he doesn't qualify to place a divine statue, but he can set up an ancestral tablet. It just needs to be worshippingable by people.

"Make two tablets first, use whichever proves useful!"

With a thought.

A piece of wood materialized in Xuanqing's hands.

This was a piece he had broken off from the thousand-year thunderstruck peachwood. This wood contained the power of the thunderbolt, making it most appropriate to make a god tablet for the Five Thunder Court.

With the mana flowing from his Dantian.

Xuanqing pointed like a sword and began to carve into the wood.

Swish~Swish!

Chips of wood flew everywhere.

Shortly, a tablet half a meter high, engraved with the words 'Taiji Palace Chosen Scholar: Right Magistrate of the Five Thunder Court...' was completed.

After finishing this tablet, he didn't stop. He took another piece of thunderstruck peachwood and carved a tablet for the "Left Magistrate of the Five Thunder Court".

Looking at the two half-meter high tablets, both smooth and rounded.

Xuanqing nodded approvingly.

Next.

He placed these two god tablets in a conspicuous position to the bottom right of the Three Pure Ones.

"When the next incumbent comes to offer incense, let them also bow down to me!" Xuanqing's mouth was slightly upturned as he thought to himself.

....action

Time slowly passed by.

By the afternoon.

The Taoist temple received two more incense guests.

One of them was a fifteen or sixteen year old girl in jeans and a long-sleeved shirt.

Her red and green streaked hair, along with the words 'Ji Fu' printed on her shirt indisputably proved that this was a non-mainstream girl.

What was surprising was.

The hand of the non-mainstream girl, was holding an elderly woman's hand, whose temples were white, and had a rosy complexion.

"Grandma, look, this is the Taoist temple. I'm telling you, the temple.. no, the monk in the temple is of no use, you should believe in the Taoist from now on."

Her voice was like a silver bell, pleasant to hear – if only her eccentric outfit didn't spoil the effect.

Hearing the girl's words.

The old woman just smiled and shook her head, looking at the girl with affection. She didn't agree or deny the girl's statement.

The two arrived at the Taoist temple entrance.

The non-mainstream girl ran ahead, her eyes rolling around. She then tiptoed to the door of the Taoist temple and tried to peek inside.

Creak~

Who would have known.

Before the girl could make a move, the front gate abruptly opened, startling the non-mainstream girl.

"Oh!.." The girl's face turned slightly red, her head bowed bashfully.

The old woman stepped forward, first sizing up Xuanqing up and down.

A fine, Daoist-like little priest.

"Little priest, excuse my interruption, this child has been restless since she was very young. We came here to offer incense, should that be okay?" The old woman said, chuckling.

“May you have immeasurable longevity and fortune, please enter, respected laypeople!” Xuanqing said with a small smile.

Just like before.

After showing them to the main hall, he pointed towards the table in the corner where the incense and candles were placed, “Two yuan for a bundle of incense, remember to offer it to the Three Pure Ones....”

“Two yuan a bundle?”

Both the girl and the old woman were surprised by this low price.

After paying.

Both of them lit the incense and knelt in front of the statue of the Three Pure Ones.

“May my granddaughter be safe and healthy..” The old woman reverently bowed nine times, then placed the incense in the censer.

“May my grandmother stay healthy, and may I never be bullied again.” The girl murmured sincerely.

At the side.

Xuanqing observed that there was no reaction from the old woman, but a thread of pure incense fire was born from the non-mainstream girl.

Click click~

Unexpectedly, among the granddaughter and grandmother, it was the little girl who turned out to be more devout.

“Respected laypeople, these are the Left and Right judges of the Five Thunder Court, the main gods of this Taoist temple. They are responsible for the duties of good and evil retribution and they are extraordinarily responsive. You may wish to pay your respects!”

These self-praising words caused his face to turn slightly red.

“Very effective?”

“Ahem, yes, very effective.” Xuanqing coughed lightly.

The old woman paused.

For people of their age, it didn't matter what god you are or how much power you have, what's more important is how responsive you are.

After hearing Xuanqing's 'very effective', she immediately became interested.

"Good girl, come over here and pay respects to this... this judge!" The old woman immediately waved to her granddaughter.

At this moment.

The non-mainstream girl was dazedly looking at Xuanqing. Upon hearing her grandmother's voice, she came back to senses and quickly complied.

"Coming, coming."

The two of them, each holding three incense sticks, knelt respectfully in front of the ancestral tablets, then put the incense into the censer.

The old woman continued to show no sign of any incense fire above her head.

However, from the non-mainstream girl's head, a wisp of faith power, slightly weaker than before, floated out, dividing into two and hovering over the two ancestral tablets.

Upon seeing this.

Xuanqing was slightly surprised.

The two ancestral tablets were able to bear the power of the incense fire?

.....

A moment later.

The girl left the temple with her grandmother.

Before leaving, the girl asked Xuanqing for an autograph. She left happily once she got it.

It was only when they both left the Taoist temple.

That Xuanqing came to his own ancestral tablet.

With a thought in mind.

The mana from his Dantian initiated, turning into a pair of ghostly large hands, reaching out towards the two ancestral tablets.

The faith incense on Left Judge (standard ninth grade) ancestral tablet was unmoved.

But from the ancestral tablet of the Right Judge (ninth rank) from Journey to the West World, the incense fire floating above was easily caught.

The next moment.

[Ding~ You can currently recharge 0.5 ingots, would you like to convert it all into ingots?]

A mechanical prompt sounded in his mind.

“Don’t convert.”

Xuanqing’s mouth curled slightly.

Just as he pulled the weak faith incense fire close for closer inspection.

Suddenly.

An unexpected change occurred.