

The Immortal Cultivation Game Has Come True

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Tang Xuanzang felt a deep sense of despair in his heart.

Just at this moment.

Clop-clop-clop- Clop-clop-clop.

The sound of horse hooves approach, as a group of more than ten people on horseback charged forward – among them was a guard, holding a golden imperial edict in his hand.

“Tang Xuanzang, receive the decree! By the order of Her Majesty the Empress, you are to go to the Black Wind City for trial immediately!” The guard read the decree out loud.

Meanwhile, the nearby soldiers exchanged glances, never expecting such an unassuming monk to attract the personal command of the Empress.

So...

A soldier stepped forward cautiously and said, “Please wait a moment, envoy. I will report to our leader.”

This commotion...

Attracted the attention of the other prisoners watching, all of them very surprised at the high profile of these two newcomers.

Tang Xuanzang almost wept for joy.

“Wukong, it seems that the people from Shimen are coming to save me,” Tang Xuanzang put down his work, tugging at Sun Wukong beside him as he spoke.

He was not a fool. He had sensed that his journey to fetch the scriptures might not be as simple as it seemed from the many times Guanyin had appeared to protect him.

Humph!

Sun Wukong rolled his eyes and ignored Tang Xuanzang. It hadn't been long since he had been forced to wear the golden hoop, and he was still quite upset about it.

After a while...

The manager of the construction camp arrived and, after confirming the authenticity of the decree, waved at Tang Xuanzang and Sun Wukong.

"Hey, you two monks come over here! Follow this envoy and the chiefs to the Black Wind Imperial City to meet your fate!"

Black Wind Imperial City.

In the study.

A chessboard was placed on a desk, the black and white pieces occupying the board. A man and a woman sat on either side of the board.

The woman wore a black dragon robe, her head adorned with a purple-gold crown, and there was a regal aura around her dignified appearance.

The man wore a Taoist robe and cloth shoes, his long black hair tied casually behind him, and a faintly glowing duster tied around his waist.

These two players, Xuanqing and his young disciple Qingwan, were immersed in their game.

Gazing at Qingxu, who vaguely resembled the young Fat Ya from the past...

For a moment...

Xuanqing was overwhelmed with a mix of emotions.

He hadn't expected that the little girl who used to run around with a runny nose, tugging at his sleeve asking about Peppa Pig, was now the prestigious Empress.

Time flies in cultivation, what used to be a blink of an eye has now turned into the ebb and flow of a lifetime.

The memories of the past with Fat Ya still lingered vividly in his mind, as if it all happened just yesterday.

“Sir... it’s your turn to play,” Qingwan reminded him.

Hmm?

Xuanqing snapped out of his reverie, shaking his head with a light chuckle.

Once people grow old, the sight of familiar faces and things from the past will inadvertently sink them into nostalgia.

“Fat Ya, in these years, I have been wholeheartedly practicing and have somewhat neglected you,” said Xuanqing, his voice filled with regret.

At those words...

Qingwan’s body shuddered.

Especially upon hearing the familiar name ‘Fat Ya’, which she hadn’t heard in a long, long time.

However...

As she had taken the position of Empress, she knew very well that what Xuanqing needed was a capable subordinate who could provide assistance, not a little girl who could only whine and act spoiled.

With this in mind...

Qingwan took a deep breath and lowered her head, murmuring: “Sir, don’t worry too much. Fat... Qingwan... I’m very happy to have found my own path too!”

Just as the atmosphere had become somewhat delicate...

“Report! Convict monk Tang Xuanzang of the Tang Dynasty and Sun Wukong have been brought here!” A guard’s voice rang out from outside the door.

“Cough-cough.”

Qingwan coughed lightly, waving her hand at the guard and commanding, “Let Tang Xuanzang and Sun Wukong in!”

Outside the imperial study...

Tang Xuanzang looked anxious, his fingers constantly rubbing his monk’s robe. He felt that the journey to fetch the scriptures was extremely difficult.

He had barely left the Tang Empire when he had encountered bandits and watched his disciple, bestowed by Guanyin, turn on him before being imprisoned by Black Wind City. It was like being born with no luck, only to face death head-on.

“Tang Xuanzang, Her Majesty the Empress summons you to meet her.” The guard who had been walking not far from the Imperial Study Room approached Tang Xuanzang and spoke.

Tang Xuanzang did not dare to delay and quickly pulled the sleeve of Sun Wukong, “Wukong, let’s go, don’t make Her Majesty wait too long.”

“Hehe-”

Sun Wukong chuckled softly and shrugged his shoulders without saying anything.

The two entered the room.

Before their eyes... was an Empress dressed in a black gold-trimmed dragon robe, wearing a purple-gold crown, looking dignified and noble, just like a Heavenly Emperor.

At the side of this noble empress was a young Taoist priest dressed in a Taoist robe, wearing cloth shoes, and with a glowing duster hanging from his waist.

“The poor monk...pays respects to Your Majesty.”

Tang Xuanzang’s attention was completely drawn by the aura of the Black Wind Empress. As soon as he saw her, he immediately knelt down and respectfully performed a grand ceremony.

According to the etiquette of the Tang Dynasty, in most cases, there was no need for a kowtow ceremony. Only the people of Shimen, who always claimed that all beings were equal, would perform such kowtow rituals time and time again, which could be considered extremely hypocritical.

On the other hand, Sun Wukong’s attention was entirely attracted by Xuanqing. He just felt that this Taoist priest... seemed somehow familiar.

“This Taoist priest...why do I feel like I’ve seen him somewhere before?”

Sun Wukong’s eyes rolled around, but inside his mind, he began to recall where he had seen this Taoist priest.

Suddenly.

His eyes widened, and he remembered.

“You are...the Taoist priest who was killed by those Jiedi decades ago?” Sun Wukong exclaimed, unable to contain his words.

As soon as his words came out.

Qingwan was first taken aback, then became furious.

This furry-faced monkey-like monk was not only ugly, but also dared to be rude to her master.

“How dare you, you furry-faced monkey-mouthed Sun Wukong, speak wildly against the Master of the Primordial Beginning? Or do you want to be suppressed again in the Black Wind Country for another five hundred years?”

Qingwan’s face was as cold as frost, and her voice was icy.

Seeing this.

Tang Xuanzang’s heart jumped, and he couldn’t help but curse inwardly at the monkey who had brought upon misfortune. It was bad enough that he was arrogant and reckless outside, but why did he have to act this way in front of Her Majesty?

Now it was over. He had angered the Empress, how could he continue fetching the scriptures?

“Wukong, don’t you quickly apologise to the...Master...” Tang Xuanzang scolded angrily but couldn’t recall the title of the Daoist master that the Empress had mentioned earlier.

“Hehe, Master, the Master of the Primordial Beginning!” Sun Wukong scratched his chest and reminded him with a smile.

“You...”

Tang Xuanzang pointed at Sun Wukong with trembling fingers, almost choking with anger.

At this moment.

Watching the farce in the Imperial Study Room.

Xuanqing seemed completely unconcerned, and he didn’t even glance at Tang Xuanzang and Sun Wukong. Instead, he looked towards the beams of the room.

“Master, this monkey is arrogant and unruly. In my opinion, perhaps we should...”

“Alright, what he said isn’t wrong. I was indeed killed by the Jiedi from Shimen...more than once.”

Xuanqing waved his hand, interrupting Qingwan’s words.

Then.

“Hehe-”

He gave a faint smile and bowed to the room beams, “The revered Future Buddha of Shimen, the Great Compassionate Guanyin, condescends to visit my humble Black Wind Country, why do you hide your head and show your tail?” Upon hearing this.

Uh??

Tang Xuanzang, who had been scolding his disobedient disciple, Qingwan, who was planning to deal with Sun Wukong, and even Sun Wukong himself, were all stunned, not understanding why the Master of the Primordial Beginning spoke such inexplicable words.

However.

Then they understood the meaning of the Master of the Primordial Beginning’s words.

Ommm-

A sacred Sanskrit chant sounded, accompanied by a golden lotus in the air...

Plop- The sound stopped abruptly!

The golden lotus that had just appeared shattered like a bubble, and the sacred Sanskrit chant disappeared instantaneously as if someone had pulled the plug.

“Plop-”

Xuanqing sneered and said indifferently, “Don’t bother with such theatrics in my presence.”

As his words fell.

A laughing Buddha appeared on the beam of the Imperial Study Room, wearing a loose golden kasaya, exposing his chest and sporting a big belly.

Following that.

Guanyin reluctantly revealed herself beside the Laughing Buddha.

Chapter 303: If I explode myself again, will you still be able to laugh?

“Paying respects to Master of the Primordial Beginning!”

“Paying respects to Master of the Primordial Beginning!”

Maitreya Buddha’s smile was a bit stiff, and Guanyin standing beside him looked extremely embarrassed.

When they revealed themselves just now, they subconsciously used some special effects according to Shimen’s way of making an entrance, only to find that the Master of the Primordial Beginning didn’t show them any respect.

At this moment.

Qingwan was incredibly surprised when she saw Maitreya Buddha and Guanyin. No wonder her Sir kept staring at the room beam earlier.

At the same time, she looked down on Shimen even more. Having stepped into the cultivation world for many years, she naturally knew the status of Maitreya Buddha and Guanyin in Shimen.

But she never expected that these two would have the nerve to hide up on the room beam after pleading their case earlier.

“Hahaha, that’s hilarious! I thought only thieves would climb up on the room beam, never imagined the Compassionate Guanyin Bodhisattva would too!”

Monkey King covered his stomach and rolled on the ground, his face full of ridicule.

Of all the people in Shimen, whom did he resent the most?

Besides Tathagata, who had suppressed him under the Five Finger Mountain for five hundred years, it was none other than the hypocritical and insincere Guanyin, who even forced the golden hoop on him.

Not too long ago, he successfully enraged Tang Xuanzang, the monk, and got himself kicked out of the sect. Just as he thought he could finally live a carefree life...

He was intercepted by Guanyin halfway through his flight and beaten up before having the golden hoop forcibly placed on his head.

Hearing Monkey King’s laughter,

Tang Xuanzang finally reacted. He knelt on the ground, shouting loudly, "Disciple Xuanzang, pays his respects to Maitreya Buddha and Guanyin Bodhisattva!"

"Hm~h~ " Monkey King glanced at Tang Xuanzang who was on the ground and sneered with disdain.

Leaving aside the drama between Tang Xuanzang, Maitreya Buddha, and the others.

At this moment,

Guanyin and Maitreya Buddha simply nodded their heads in response to Tang Xuanzang's salute, then shifted their gazes toward the Master of the Primordial Beginning.

Master of the Primordial Beginning, you must know that the matter of Journey to the West is of great importance. We hope that you can release Tang Xuanzang and his disciples, let them pass through the Black Wind Country, and continue their journey to the Western Heaven to worship the Buddha and fetch the Scriptures!"

Guanyin Bodhisattva said softly.

As soon as these words were spoken.

"Hehe!"

Xuanqing squinted his eyes, sizing up Guanyin, especially the broken lotus platform beneath her and the bamboo basket magic tool in her hand.

Guanyin, do you want to taste the blooming fireworks again?"

"You..."

Guanyin was slightly taken aback, recalling her last memory, her body shuddered involuntarily.

Off to the side,

Maitreya Buddha's expression didn't look too good either.

He had come to support Guanyin Bodhisattva on this trip, but the Master of the Primordial Beginning showed no respect at all.

With that in mind, he was blunt, not even addressing the Master of the Primordial Beginning, and directly called out his name.

“Daoist Xuanqing, detaining Tang Xuanzang in Black Wind Country is of no benefit to either Taoism or Buddhism. Why bother committing such a harmful and self-destructive act?” Maitreya Buddha said with a stiff smile.

However,

Before Xuanqing could speak,

Monkey King jumped out again, looking at Maitreya Buddha’s stiff smile and mocking him, “You chubby monk, if you can’t laugh, don’t force it. It looks so awful.”

“Pfft~”

At these words,

Xuanqing couldn’t help but laugh. His gaze towards Monkey King became much friendlier. As far as he was concerned, anyone who didn’t get along with Shimen was a friend of Xuanqing.

“You cheeky monkey- ”

Guanyin glanced at Maitreya Buddha, whose face was even stiffer, and immediately explained, “The Future Buddha Maitreya has a joyful image of all beings. He takes away the suffering of all beings. No matter what happens, he always looks like this.”

Upon hearing this,

Maitreya Buddha agreed and nodded. He practiced the Happy Laughing Face Path to always remain cheerful, no matter how much suffering he endured inside.

However... Xuanqing’s next words made Guanyin’s face even more embarrassed, and Maitreya Buddha’s smile stiffened even more.

“Maitreya Buddha, I’m curious, if you had to bear my self-detonation...”

Xuanqing raised his eyebrows and paused for a few seconds before continuing with great interest:

“I wonder if you would still be able to laugh?”

At these words,

Maitreya Buddha’s mouth twitched slightly as he touched his stomach. He then took a deep breath and said seriously:

“Daoist Xuanqing, I wonder what it would take for you...to let Tang Xuanzang continue his journey to the West to fetch the Scriptures?”

After hearing this,

Xuanqing didn't answer, but simply looked at Maitreya Buddha with a smile, just like the expression on the other's face.

To tell the truth,

Ever since he had fallen out with Guanyin and Shimen, he had been expecting this day to come.

Originally,

Xuanqing thought that if the other party spoke some soft words, he might not make things difficult for them, considering the situation with Journey to the West which involved not only Shimen but also Taoism and his own teacher.

However, these two came in with a high moral ground, even using public opinion to pressure him. This attitude was very unsettling. As the saying goes... asking for help should have a humble approach!

At this moment.

Seeing Daoist Xuanqing's expression,

Either Guanyin or Maitreya Buddha knew in their hearts that this matter could not be resolved through mere words; they must pay a practical price.

With this in mind,

Guanyin Bodhisattva began, “Master of the Primordial Beginning, it was indeed the poor monk who made a mistake in the matter before. I am willing to make compensation for this.”

Chapter 303: If I explode myself again, will you still be able to laugh?_2

Translator. 549690339

While speaking.

She took out several light groups with golden glows from her hand-held bamboo basket.

As soon as the light groups appeared.

In an instant.

A wave of divine thoughts of sentient beings filled the entire Imperial Study Room; these light groups were actually condensed and formed from concentrated incense, sharing an ingenious similarity to the Gathering Qi

Beads.

“These incenses... are ten times more than what I, the poor monk, gave you before. Isn’t it enough to represent my sincerity?”

Guanyin looked confident and said casually.

In her opinion, she had faced Daoist Xuanqing several times before; although she had suffered losses each time, they were resolved by compensating with some incense belief.

This time... the incense she compensated was ten times more than before; even if Daoist Xuanqing was greedy, he should be satisfied, right?

But, to her surprise, things often went against her wishes.

“That’s it?”

Xuanqing then shook his head with a faint smile.

These incense fires in the light group would have been a considerable sum for him in the past.

However, for him now... with a daily income of more than six hundred million, approaching seven hundred million, it’s not worth mentioning. Even if he threw it on the ground, he would be too lazy to pick it up.

What a pity that Guanyin was so confident; she acted as if these incenses were some kind of treasure.

Just this?

Hearing this...

Guanyin frowned slightly, but thinking about the Journey to the West, which was related to the rise of Buddhism, she was in charge of the entire journey.

So... she waved her right hand and took out several more light groups.

“Daoist Xuanqing, now... should it be enough?” Guanyin Bodhisattva said solemnly.

Upon hearing this

Xuanqing was speechless.

After thinking about it,

He whispered in his heart, “Exchange for one hundred million incense fire!”

[Ding...-IE Ingot]

As the ingots decreased, countless Gathering Qi Beads appeared in his game backpack. Each bead contained a dense and pure incense fire.

Whoosh ~

With a wave of Xuanqing’s right hand, he took out the one hundred million incenses from the game backpack and casually piled them on the ground.

“Guanyin Bodhisattva, if you need incense, I can lend you some.”

In that instant,

Guanyin was stunned.

Maitreya Buddha was also stunned.

Their eyes looked at the Gathering Qi Beads casually piled in the corner, feeling the rich and pure power of incense fire inside them...

???

This...this?

Guanyin’s face turned red, and she felt so embarrassed that she could dig a

Lingxiao Bao Hall with her toes.

The other party casually took out hundreds of millions of incense fires, while she searched for more than twenty million and regarded them as treasures.

Comparing the two, she seemed like a clown.

Under such circumstances,

Finally,

The smile on Maitreya Buddha's face froze. Although it was just a momentary change, everyone in the Imperial Study Room, except for Tang Xuanzang, a mortal, had extraordinary cultivation, and they all caught this subtle change.

Xuanqing showed a playful smile.

It seemed that there was no need to use a self-destruct on Maitreya Buddha; just such humiliation was enough to change his expression. Tsk, tsk...

No wonder Guanyin and Maitreya Buddha lost their composure.

You should know,

Since the ancient war, Shimen, which established the Buddha Court, has become the most significant force besides the Heavenly Court in the Three Realms.

In the Three Realms, only their Shimen bullied others; no one else has ever bullied their Shimen.

Such a sudden role switch, they couldn't adapt to it for a while, which was understandable.

"Huh-"

Guanyin took a deep breath, withdrew all the light groups back into the bamboo basket, and didn't mention the incense fire compensation anymore; otherwise, it would only humiliate herself further.

"Master of the Primordial Beginning, I'm at a loss this time. I don't know what

I should do so you would be willing to open up Black Wind Country and let Tang Xuanzang go on his Journey to the West to fetch the scriptures?"

As the old saying goes, those who understand the times are great men, or perhaps... one cannot help but bow when under someone else's roof. Faced with Daoist Xuanqing now, Guanyin has no choice but to compromise.

This moment.

Hearing Guanyin's words of compromise.

Tang Xuanzang and Monkey King were both astonished. They never expected that the high and mighty Guanyin Bodhisattva would actually have a day of compromise.

Especially Tang Xuanzang. In his heart, the great compassionate and merciful Guanyin Bodhisattva, who saves people from disasters and hardships, could never be wrong and could never compromise with anyone.

“It seems that the Master of the Primordial Beginning is quite an impressive personage,” Monkey King thought to himself, his eyes spinning around in their sockets.

After being suppressed for five hundred years, the Monkey King’s arrogance had subsided. He was no longer the ignorant and conceited person who thought he was second only to the sky and placed himself on the same level as it.

Now, though still proud at heart, his pride had settled down, and he had become quite cunning.

At this moment.

Daoist Xuanqing ponders for a brief moment.

He really didn’t know what demands to make right now.

After all.

In the impoverished land of the Journey to the West, even the top leaders of Shimen, such as the past Buddha Burning Lamp, the present Buddha Tathagata, and the Future Buddha Maitreya, had very few magic treasures in their hands.

Not to mention anything else.

just looking at Maitreya Buddha, his kasaya is plain and ordinary. Only his copper coins in his hand and the human seed bag around his waist are barely worth looking at, but they are not at the Chaos Level, not even Half-step Chaos Level.

In plain words...Shimen is too poor.

Daoist Xuanqing thought for a long time and finally came up with something that might be worth his attention.

“To be honest, you Shimen don’t have much that I, a humble Daoist, would be interested in, but the previous actions of Guanyin towards me can’t be ignored.”

“So... I ask you for a person. If you are willing to hand that person over to me, I will no longer block the Western Journey. If you don’t...”

“Hehe- ” Daoist Xuanqing chuckled coldly and said indifferently, “Then your Shimen may have to wait until eleven lifetimes later to fetch the Golden Cicada!”

Hearing these words.

Guanyin's heart skipped a beat, and she had a faint sense of unease.

As expected.

The other party's next words made her feel even worse.

"The person I am asking for is... the Third Prince of the West Sea, Ao Lie!"

Ao Lie?

"Impossible!"

Guanyin's face suddenly changed, and without hesitation rejected this demand, "Anything but that! Ao Lie is a predetermined force in the Western Journey. How can we give him to you?"

For Shimen, if they really gave Ao Lie away, the Journey to the West would not be able to continue, because Ao Lie was chosen by Heaven and Earth as a Doomsday Person, and even one of the main characters in the Journey to the West during the Doomsday.

So... giving Ao Lie away would mean no Journey to the West, but if they did not give him away, there is still a glimmer of hope if they wait until the eleventh life of the Golden Cicada.

Under such circumstances, the choice is clear!

However.

Guanyin quickly realized that since the other party had brought up the conditions, it meant that there was room for negotiation.

The reason for proposing Ao Lie was most likely an attempt to make an outlandish request, one that would be rejected, and then make a less outrageous request, making it easier to achieve their true goal.

With this thought in mind.

"Huff-"

Guanyin suppressed the anger in her heart and spoke in a melancholic tone, "Daoist Xuanqing, you are a smart man. Just say what your real intentions are!" For some reason.

Usually, no matter what happened, the Guanyin Bodhisattva, who could always accept it calmly, would always get so easily angered when facing Daoist Xuanqing, as if something was clouding her God Soul.

“Hehe-”

Daoist Xuanqing chuckled lightly again and said indifferently, “Alright, since it’s like that, this humble Daoist will no longer conceal his intentions.” “Ao Lie... This humble Daoist still wants him, but... after the Journey to the West is over, even the Heavenly Merit in his body can be extracted by you Shimen, then give him to me.”

As these words came out.

Guanyin still felt uncertain, so she looked at Maitreya Buddha standing beside her.

After all, in Shimen’s calculation, Ao Lie, who had been baptized by Heavenly Merit, had great potential. They planned to seal him in the Heavenly Dragon Eight Divisions and use him to guard the gates of Ling Mountain at the end.

However.

Compared to previously simply asking Ao Lie to be taken away, it didn’t seem as difficult to accept now.

Chapter 304: Wukong, would you like to listen to a story from me (Taoist)?

Tsk tsk~ As expected.

Sometimes, it can be more effective to first pose an excessive demand and then reveal one’s true purpose.

At this moment.

He noticed the questioning gaze from Guanyin.

Maitreya Buddha clasped his hands together, chanted a sutra, then slightly nodded to indicate the other party could agree.

Seeing this.

Guanyin finally breathed a sigh of relief and said in a deep voice to Xuanqing: “Master of the Primordial Beginning, on behalf of Shimen, I accept your request. After the Westward Journey is completed, I will hand over Ao Lie to you.”

“Hehe, good.”

Xuanqing laughed and nodded, then waved his hand to Qingwan, instructing

“My dear, now that Guanyin Bodhisattva and Maitreya Buddha from the Shimen have pleaded for mercy, you can remove the charges against Tang Xuanzang and Monkey King and set a date for their release.”

“However....”

Originally.

Upon hearing they were to be granted passage, Guanyin and Maitreya felt relieved, expecting a happy resolution, despite the turbulence they had faced.

But hearing the word “however” had their hearts hanging by a thread, cursing inwardly, wondering what tricks Xuanqing was playing now.

“However, while the lifetime of hard labor is spared, we cannot let them leave so easily; otherwise, where does it leave the laws of the Black Wind Country?” Xuanqing’s voice was calm.

Hearing this.

Guanyin couldn’t stand it anymore, saying: “Master of the Primordial

Beginning, are you reneging on your word?”

Xuanqing shook his head.

“I promised to let them pass, and I will let them pass, but... first, they must volunteer for five years in the Black Wind Country!”

Volunteer?

Guanyin paused lightly, what did he mean by that?

Immediately afterward,

she heard him continue: “By volunteer, I mean to voluntarily serve the people in order to do good deeds, and accumulate merits.”

Five years...

It cannot be denied.

This amount of time was just on the cusp of their acceptability. Any longer and they would never agree, however, it was exactly five years.

Guanyin showed hesitation on her face, not knowing if she should agree.

However,

just when she was hesitating, Tang Xuanzang took the initiative to step forward. He understood the predicaments facing his buddha and bodhisattva as their disciple, if there was something he could do, he should share their burden.

“Bodhisattva, the Buddha said: If it is able to transform the world, why don’t I go to hell... besides, it is a good thing...”

Tang Xuanzang’s clear eyes carried an air of purity, as he firmly said, “I am willing to be a volunteer in the Black Wind Country for five years.”

Alright then.

Seeing the main character himself speaking, what else could Guanyin and Maitreya Buddha say? They had no choice but to nod and agree to these terms.

However.

Guanyin still had a vague feeling of unease, but she simply warned him:

Tang Xuanzang, you have a wholehearted zeal for the Buddha, I hope you remember your responsibility to fetch the scriptures while you spend five years in the Black Wind Country!”

“Amitabha, I dare not forget your words of wisdom, Bodhisattva!” Tang Xuanzang bowed respectfully to Guanyin Bodhisattva, and then to Maitreya Buddha.

When Tang Xuanzang lifted his head again, he found that the Imperial Study

Room was empty of the bodhisattva and Maitreya Buddha, leaving only him and the Monkey King, as well as the Empress of the Black Wind Country and the Master of the Primordial Beginning.

Having concluded matters,

Xuanqing waved to Qingwan, instructing her, “Qingwan, regarding Tang

Xuanzang’s volunteering, you can leave it to Dao Xuan to handle.”

“Yes, sir,” Qingwan stood up, bowed, and then watched her own master leave.

The next day.

In a double-bed dormitory,

Tang Xuanzang woke up, groped his way to the toilet, and after taking care of his business, fully woke up.

“Master, you’re awake!”

Monkey King, however, was already up earlier. More precisely, he had never gone to sleep, as he did not need it.

Then,

He pulled open the curtain.

swoosh-

Bright sunlight streamed through the window, illuminating the simple single-room layout complete with a Simmons bed, a pressed wood wardrobe and other furnishings.

“Amitabha, people living in Black Wind Country are truly fortunate, I unknowingly slept till sunrise.”

Tang Xuanzang looked at the sky outside, clasped his hands together and muttered a few words in praise.

It was just too comfortable.

Previously, he had been detained in prison, sleeping on the cold cement floor, but now, he was sleeping on a soft Simmons bed.

“Hehe- If Master, you find it so comfortable, why not just stay in Black Wind country and be an ordinary citizen? Why bother fetching any scriptures?” The Monkey King scratched his chest, teasingly.

At this moment, he was in a very good mood, particularly considering Guanyin’s sour expression yesterday along with Maitreya’s frozen smile, making him even more cheerful.

“Wukong, there you go again with your absurd talks!”

Tang Xuanzang gave him a stem look, admonishing him absentmindedly.

“It’s no longer early, I wonder if there’s still breakfast. Wukong... go out and see if you can find something vegetarian for me.”

■Okay, stay here and don’t move. I will be back soon.” Monkey King nodded and then pushed the door to go out.

Even though the Monkey King was displeased with Shimen, he was straightforward... a monkey, by nature. Of course, he would not vent his anger on Tang Xuanzang.

Watching Monkey King’s departing figure,

Tang Xuanzang sat on the sofa, absent-mindedly caressing the soft materials. He pressed down lightly and the sofa gave away, once he released his hand, it bounced back immediately..

Chapter 304: Wukong, are you willing to listen to a story from me?_2

Apart from the prison, everything in the Black Wind Country made him feel curious. He couldn’t believe that there was such a magical country in this world.

“This disciple of mine, aside from being murderous, is quite decent.”

Tang Xuanzang laid on the sofa, thinking about how all this time, the Monkey King had been taking care of his meals and daily life, and he couldn’t help but sigh in retrospect.

It was at this moment.

Suddenly!

Knock-knock knock.

There was a knocking sound coming from the direction of the door.

“Is he back so soon? Or is there no food?”

He thought to himself.

Tang Xuanzang stood up and walked over to open the door, but the scene that greeted his eyes was not what he had imagined.

He saw a Taoist, wearing a Taoist robe, with a handsome face and clear, gem-like eyes, standing at the door.

“Monkey King... Eh... Sir Daoist, may I ask?” Tang Xuanzang initially thought it was his disciple, but then he reacted and hastily took back his words.

“Immeasurable Longevity and Fortune, you must be Tang Xuanzang, right?” Dao Xuan looked Tang Xuanzang up and down, especially at the other’s head. Although it was covered with a hat, one could tell at a glance that he was bald. For some reason.

When he saw Tang Xuanzang, his heart unexpectedly had a kind of... a very strange feeling, as if he had seen him somewhere before.

“Amitab... Uh, I am Tang Xuanzang, may I ask what you need me for?”

Tang Xuanzang instinctively wanted to chant a Buddhist name, but considering this was Black Wind Country, he hurriedly took back his words. “You are a monk?”

Dao Xuan was slightly taken aback.

He wasn’t stupid, and before becoming a Taoist, he had been a monk himself, and even a monk who went to the Western Heaven to fetch the scriptures.

Although the other party had just uttered the word “Amita”, combined with the deliberately wrapped and hidden bald head, the characteristics were very clear. This was a monk.

“I... I am a monk, I tell no lies. I come from the Eastern Great Tang, and I want to go to...”

“Go to Western Heaven to worship Buddha and seek scriptures?” Dao Xuan smiled slightly, interrupting Tang Xuanzang and directly saying the last part. “Ah... you?” Tang Xuanzang was confused, wondering how the Taoist knew that.

“Hehe!”

Dao Xuan chuckled lightly, but didn’t explain himself.

However.

In his heart, he roughly understood why his master had suddenly sent him a message yesterday, asking him to take care of two people called Tang Xuanzang and Monkey King.

It turned out...Tang Xuanzang was also the reincarnation of the Golden Cicada, and even the person designated by the Shimon to fetch the scriptures in his later life.

No wonder, no wonder that when he saw Tang Xuanzang for the first time, he felt a sense of familiarity, as if he had seen him before.

“Tang Xuanzang, I am the palace master of the Black Wind State Taoist Palace... Dao Xuan, responsible for the world’s Taoist practitioners’ training. Hmm... the Volunteer System also belongs to the Taoist Palace.”

“By the way, you should have another person with you, where is Monkey King?” Dao Xuan asked in a deep voice.

“My disciple went to...”

Click-

Just as Tang Xuanzang was about to explain, the door was pushed open again, and he saw Monkey King holding a bowl of porridge, coming in.

“Master, come to drink porridge!” Monkey King called out, and then saw Dao Xuan beside Tang Xuanzang.

He put the porridge on the table, and with a single leap, he landed between the two men, his eyes rolling around and scanning both of them repeatedly.

“Eyes of the Fire Golden Gaze!”

Monkey King’s eyes shone brightly as he carefully scrutinized Dao Xuan, walking around the two several times.

Upon seeing this.

Tang Xuanzang was confused by his disciple’s actions and couldn’t help but ask, “Wukong... what are you doing?”

“Hehe, Master, I didn’t expect you to have a relative in Black Wind Country who is a Taoist!” Monkey King scratched his head and cheek, grinning with a hehe. “Wukong, you’re talking nonsense again.”

Tang Xuanzang shook his head helplessly. It seemed that his disciple was not only murderous but also liked to talk nonsense.

He was too lazy to bother with Monkey King, and instead looked at Dao Xuan, introducing him:

“Palace Master, this is my disciple, Monkey King. What are we supposed to do next?”

“Nothing much, just fill in a form, so that I can know what the two of you can do, and then arrange for volunteer work.” Dao Xuan slightly bowed and took out two forms and two ink pens from his arms.

Upon hearing this.

Tang Xuanzang nodded, took the two forms, kept one for himself, and handed the other one to Sun Wukong beside him.

The man and the monkey began to read the information on their forms.

The content on the forms was quite straightforward, with fields such as name, gender, native place, hobbies, talents, etc.

The first part was easy, and both of them filled in the information truthfully according to themselves.

Name: Tang Xuanzang, male, fond of chanting scriptures and reading, good at... urn...

Tang Xuanzang got stuck at the 'good at' part. He originally wanted to write chanting scriptures and praying, but this was Black Wind Mountain, a place that extinguished Buddhism. Writing that here would be like rebelling, wouldn't it?

But besides chanting scriptures and prayers, he wasn't good at anything else.

Even his daily life required Sun Wukong's care.

It seemed that Dao Xuan could see Tang Xuanzang's embarrassment.

Dao Xuan advised, "Tang Xuanzang, if you don't have any particular skills, you can just put a cross in that column."

"Phew-"

Tang Xuanzang's face showed shame, and he silently recited Amitabha in his heart, but he had no choice. He couldn't think of any other talents besides being vegetarian and praying.

In the end, he could only put a cross in the 'good at' column on the form, as advised by the Taoist palace master.

While Tang Xuanzang was feeling embarrassed,

on the side,

Sun Wukong quickly filled out the form, although he also hesitated for a moment in the 'good at' column.

In the end, he remembered his first job... Stable Cleaner, so he wrote 'feeding horses' in the good at column.

At this moment,

Dao Xuan took a rough look at the forms of the two men and had a general idea of their situation. Then he said to them:

“You will stay here for two days. I will arrange the work for you according to the information you filled out.”

“Alright, thank you, Daoist Master Dao Xuan.”

Tang Xuanzang put his hands together in gratitude.

So,

Tang Xuanzang and his disciples stayed in the dormitory of Black Wind City Daoist Palace, waiting for Dao Xuan’s arrangement.

Not to mention... these Simmons beds and sofas, 24-hour constant temperature bathrooms, and readily available meals... It was indeed a life free of worries.

At night,

All things were quiet, and a wisp of moonlight shone through the window, casting a silver frost on the ground.

“Huhuhu-”

Tang Xuanzang slept peacefully on the Simmons spring bed with a pillow under his head.

On the side,

Sun Wukong couldn’t fall asleep, his hands placed behind his head, staring out the window with a dazed expression, not knowing what he was thinking. Suddenly,

His ears quivered slightly as if he had heard a secret message.

Looking at the sleeping Tang Xuanzang beside him, Sun Wukong got out of bed quietly, left the dormitory, and turned into a gust of wind, heading towards Black Wind Mountain.

Outside the Black Wind Mountain Taoist Temple,

Sun Wukong’s eyes turned around as he looked around cautiously.

“Come in!”

Upon hearing the voice in his mind, Sun Wukong immediately became spirited and stepped into the temple.

Entering the room,

The one who appeared before his eyes was the Master of the Primordial Beginning, who had made Guanyin suffer a setback, had Maitreya Buddha's smile frozen, and possessed immense dignity.

This Daoist Master Xuanqing was sitting cross-legged on a cushion with his eyes closed, with a sword emitting faint light hanging at his waist, emitting an ethereal aura that made people feel ashamed when they looked at it.

"I pay my respects to Master of the Primordial Beginning. May I ask why you have summoned me in the middle of the night?" Sun Wukong cupped his hands and asked curiously.

Upon hearing that,

Xuanqing opened his eyes and looked up and down at Sun Wukong.

"Wukong, would you like to listen to a story from me?"

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Tell a story?

Upon hearing this, Monkey King furrowed his brows even further as his confusion grew.

What kind of story was this fellow going to tell? Why did he have to call him alone to the mountain?

"I'm all ears." Monkey King gestured with his hands.

"In the East Sheng Divine Continent, there was a Spirit Stone nurtured by Heaven and Earth. Over countless years, it absorbed the essence of Heaven and Earth, gradually developing a spirituality..."

Xuanqing stood up, hands behind his back, gazing into the distance.

Following that, he combined various versions of Journey to the West and the actual situation in the Game World, telling the entire process of the Journey to the West with Monkey King as the main perspective.

At this moment, Monkey King's mouth gaped open, his eyes losing focus.

After hearing this explanation from the Master of the Primordial Beginning, he felt terrible. To think that, all along, he had been the clown, the fool that the whole Three Realms were laughing at.

The Shimen sect was like a puppet master for monkeys, and he was just a monkey being watched by the crowd. Yet, he had still proudly assumed the appearance of the Monkey King.

"I... in my view" Monkey King's lips trembled, trying to say something, but nothing came out.

After a long while, he said, "Thank you, Master of the Primordial Beginning."

Monkey King bowed deeply to him.

His heartfelt gratitude was genuine. Consider this: the whole Three Realms had been treating him like a monkey show, yet only the Master of the Primordial Beginning had informed him of the truth.

In such a situation, how could he not be grateful?

"There's no need to thank me. I quite admire your character when you charged into the Southern Heavenly Gate in a fit of anger, breaking the rules and bindings for freedom's sake."

"Moreover, Monkey King, although you have a mischievous disposition, you are loyal, upright, and grateful."

As he spoke, Xuanqing raised an eyebrow, interestedly asking, "I heard that not long ago, you killed several bandits and were expelled from the school by Tang Xuanzang. Is it to repay the kindness of the child who gave you the peach in the past?"

Upon hearing this, Monkey King gave an awkward smile, and, somewhat embarrassed, said, "Well, not entirely. I thought that by doing so, I could both repay the favor and return to Flower and Fruit Mountain to be carefree. It seemed to be the perfect arrangement."

"Hahaha, you're really the witty intelligent stone monkey!" Xuanqing laughed heartily, praising him.

Now, Monkey King might be arrogant and full of swagger, but he also had his wits about him. The only reason he had fallen into Tathagata's trap was because the entire Three Realms had been playing him from the start.

From the beginning, when the little monkeys urged him to become their king, to the passing of Old White Ape, to the monkeys urging him to wreak havoc in the East Sea, countless 'Oscar-worthy' actors had been taking part in this performance.

It was similar to the situation of the Truman Show. No matter how smart someone, they likely couldn't have done any better under these circumstances than Monkey King had.

After the laughter, Xuanqing's face suddenly turned serious, and he said, "Monkey King, I must say, I really admire you."

"If you were to join my Taichu Dao, I can guarantee that, in this world, none shall dare to humiliate you from Heaven to Earth. What do you say?"

Upon hearing this, most people would have been overjoyed to learn that the master of a Dao Court thought so highly of them, and eagerly agreed.

However, Monkey King fell silent.

Then, he suddenly asked a very interesting question.

"May I ask, Master of the Primordial Beginning, do you know who was my teacher, the Bodhi Ancestor, and whether he had any connection with the Shimen sect?"

As the intelligent stone monkey among the four great Monkey Gods, his combat power might not have been the strongest, but he was undoubtedly the smartest one.

Xuanqing hadn't mentioned the Bodhi Ancestor previously, but from the subtle clues he had given, Monkey King had already deduced that his master, who had taught him his skills, was not simply teaching him for the sake of teaching. There was a high likelihood that he was connected to the Shimen sect as well.

Upon hearing this, Xuanqing looked at Monkey King with some surprise.

However, being at his level, he did whatever he pleased and had no intention of hiding anything from Monkey King. Since Monkey King had asked about it, Xuanqing would tell him directly.

"Your master, the Bodhi Ancestor, is none other than one of the Two Saints of the Shimen sect, Primordial Lord." Xuanqing said blandly.

As soon as these words were spoken, Monkey King's body trembled.

Despite his suspicions from before, hearing the truth out loud was like having his heart torn apart by a knife.

Especially upon discovering that the entire Three Realms were making a mockery of him, he experienced a pain that words could not convey.

Perhaps, in Monkey King's heart, the only family he had in the whole world were the other monkeys on Flower and Fruit Mountain, aside from his divine teacher.

Silence filled the main hall.

After a moment, Monkey King lifted his head, his eyes slightly reddened, and said in a somber voice, "Thank you for your kindness, Master of the Primordial Beginning. I still intend to protect Tang Seng on the Western Journey to Fetch the Scriptures, so as to repay the grace of my teacher, Bodhi Ancestor."

Hearing this, Xuanqing laughed.

In fact, Monkey King's answer was both surprising and reasonable.

It was surprising that even after enduring so much, Monkey King was still willing to repay the favor of his education by slavishly protecting Tang Seng on the Western Journey to Fetch the Scriptures, knowing that his own teacher, Bodhi Ancestor, was part of the Shimen sect.

It was reasonable because, by nature, Monkey King was a person who repaid even the smallest kindness with overwhelming gratitude. The incident of killing the bandits to repay the child was already taking things to such an extreme..

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Afterwards.

Xuanqing stood up, walked to Sun Wukong's side, and openly showed admiration in his eyes.

"Well done, Sun Wukong, for repaying kindness with gratitude. Now, I must ask you again, would you be willing to join Taichu Dao after the Fetching the Scriptures is completed?"

"Hahaha, I am flattered by Master of the Primordial Beginning's high regard, and I am willing," said Sun Wukong, scratching his head and laughing a few times, readily agreeing.

His initial refusal was because he wanted to repay his debt, but he agreed now because he felt respected and equal from the Master of the Primordial Beginning.

“Good!”

Xuanqing smiled and nodded, then pointed to the Golden Hoop on Sun Wukong’s head and casually asked, “Do you want me to help you take this Golden Hoop off?”

“No need, if I take off this Golden Hoop, I’m afraid Guanyin will be uneasy,” said Sun Wukong indifferently.

Watching Sun Wukong leave.

Xuanqing looked leisurely.

Throughout the Journey to the West, he greatly appreciated the character Sun Wukong, and the sole reason he wanted Sun Wukong to join was purely because of this appreciation.

Next.

Xuanqing immersed himself in a routine.

Every once in a while, he would return to the Real World to harvest incense, convert it into Chaos Extreme Yin Pills, and then enter the Game World to practice.

Like this...again and again.

Time flies.

In the blink of an eye.

A few months had passed.

Black Wind City, East Suburb Precision Machinery Processing Factory.

Chirp- chirp-

The massive CNC machine was in operation, and the high-speed rotating file inside it was cutting a piece of metal, eventually forming a nut shape, which fell into an iron box below.

In front of the machine sat a handsome, bald man in overalls, staring intently at the machine.

“According to the book, the nut parameters should be... so the x-axis heart and y-axis heart should be adjusted to...”

The man looked dazed, but his mind was spinning at high speed, pondering the knowledge of the CNC machine tools.

After much thought.

Suddenly.

His eyes brightened, shining with a crystalline light.

“Got it!” The man slapped his thigh, looking extremely excited, and then began to adjust the parameters on the control interface of the machine.

A moment later.

“Success or failure... hinges on this.” The man whispered softly and pressed the restart button.

Chirp-chirp...

As the machine restarted, the mechanical friction sound echoed, and the entire precision machining machine began to operate.

A steel bar entered the conveyor, then passed through the self-checking channel, and finally reached the file part, where it was cut into a predetermined shape under the high-speed rotating file.

Zizi-

Under the high-speed rotating file that sprayed water on the side, a nut gradually formed and eventually fell into the iron box.

“Let’s measure it and see the accuracy.” The man pressed pause, opened the machine, and took the nut out from the iron box.

Then.

He used a vernier caliper.

The man held the vernier caliper with the nut in front of his eyes, squinting as if he was looking at a thermometer, and examined it carefully.

“Hiss...Amitabha... according to my parameters, the nut that I’ve turned out has improved in accuracy by at least 20%, which means productivity has also increased by 20%.”

Tang Xuanzang was so overjoyed that he almost recited Amitabha's name in excitement but stopped just in time. Otherwise, if his identity was exposed, it would be a bit troublesome.

That's right.

This man is Tang Xuanzang.

Originally, according to the requirements, he should have stayed in Black Wind Country as a volunteer, but as time went by, Tang Xuanzang wanted to take the opportunity to experience the life of ordinary people in the mortal world.

So, he applied to Dao Xuan if he could change from being a 'volunteer' to a 'worker'. Perhaps worried that Dao Xuan would disagree, he also stated that the wages earned from working, after deducting living expenses, would all be donated to charity.

Soon after.

Tang Xuanzang advanced to become a worker and eventually chose the industry with the most workers, the 'assembly line' of machine tools, and became an honorable nut lathe operator.

After entering the factory, Tang Xuanzang did not just idle around but worked very hard.

From being unfamiliar with the movements at first, and having only half the efficiency of others every day, and a low yield rate, to becoming skillful later, his actions became smooth and fast. Both in terms of efficiency and yield rate, he surpassed others, eventually even becoming the top performer in his group.

As the saying goes, love the profession you're in. If you are a monk for a day, you must ring the bell well for a day.

Tang Xuanzang not only worked hard in the factory, but after work, he also enrolled in an 'adult evening school' to learn 'machine tools' specifically.

The reason for this hard work

was also related to the impact he received during his time as a volunteer undergoing training.

Tang Xuanzang looked at the nut in front of him, but unconsciously thought of the summary Instructor Dao Xuan made when they graduated.

At that time, Instructor Dao Xuan was dressed in dark green clothing, with a cap engraved with the Black Wind Country flag on his head.

What was even more unforgettable was Instructor Dao Xuan's upright spine, his seemingly shining eyes, and the fiery love for the people, like a blazing flame.

"A perfect and fair system can control the good and evil of the people, but if you want to truly improve the living standards of the people, you still need to rely on production technology..."

"What we volunteers need to do is not to give money to the poor, but to teach them a skill, so that they can solve their poverty while also promoting the development of the entire society...."

The above words... were what Dao Xuan said to Tang Xuanzang.

Frankly speaking.

This was the first time Tang Xuanzang heard such words. In his past, besides Buddhism, the most he had heard were the teachings about heaven, earth, and teachers.

However... being the reincarnation of the Golden Cicada, his comprehension was absolutely impeccable, and he quickly developed his own approach.

That is... to learn production technology!

He wanted to see whether it was the production technology that could transform the people, making them happier, or whether Buddhism could make people live better.

So.

This led to Tang Xuanzang asking Dao Xuanzang to change his identity, not wanting to be a volunteer but instead wanting to be a production worker.

In the end... after obtaining the approval of his own Sir, Dao Xuan agreed to Tang Xuanzang's request and promised to change him from a volunteer to a worker.

"First, go find Director Tang, and quickly popularize these improved parameters throughout the factory!"

Tang Xuanzang whispered softly, then holding the nut in his hand, he quickly walked towards the office.

Not to mention the hardworking Tang Xuanzang.

On the other hand.

In a breeding ground in the western suburbs, hundreds of brownish-red horses were happily galloping in the grassland, led by a tall horse king with white spots on his head.

On the back of the spotted horse king lay a thin figure with a hairy face and Thunder God-like mouth, like a monkey.

“Hee haw-”

The Monkey King leaped down from the horse’s back in one step and came to a herdsman wearing a long robe and a cloth wrapped around his head.

“Hey, Zaxi, I’ve cured your horses.” He said, pointing his finger at the horses.

The herdsman was slightly startled and looked in the direction of the other’s finger.

The spotted horse king was full of energy, and the horses were all happily galloping, not showing any signs of their previous listlessness.

“Sigh... Mr. Sun is so skilled.” The herdsman praised and gave a thumbs up, then asked curiously:

“May I ask Mr. Sun, what kind of divine pill or medicine did you use that the other doctors couldn’t cure, and how did you cure our horses so quickly?”

Upon hearing this.

“Hehe~” The Monkey King let out a strange laugh, then patted the horse king’s neck with his hand and said softly, “This horse is a good one, but he has lost his freedom.”

“So, Mr. Sun, what should we do in the future?”

“No problem, just take them out for more walks.” The Monkey King waved his hand and left the horse farm without looking back.

“Eh... Mr.. Sun, you’ve helped us so much, won’t you stay for a meal?”

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I

Already at the door, the Monkey King paused for a moment, and then turned around.

However.

He didn’t stay for dinner, but instead instructed, “By the way, Zaxi, when you take the horses for a walk, remember to find a spacious place!”

Just as he reached the door to the dormitory.

The Monkey King heard a small tune, and after pushing open the door, he saw

Tang Xuanzang humming a song while playing with a crystal trophy.

“Hey, Master, what brought you joy today?”

“Amitabha, this poor monk has accumulated countless merits today, how kind, how kind,” Tang Xuanzang said with emotion, his face full of satisfaction.

Nowadays.

Only when he returned to the dormitory and was in front of the Monkey King could Tang Xuanzang truly be himself and recite his mantras openly.

“Master, let me see, what is this good thing?”

“Accepted- This was sent by the charity organization.

“Oh~”

The Monkey King took the transparent crystal cup, only to see seven golden characters engraved at the base of the cup.

‘Boundless Merits Tang Xuanzang!’

There was a small line below the seven big characters, indicating the issuing unit: the Poverty Alleviation and Difficulties Relief Charity Foundation under the jurisdiction of the Black Wind State Taoist Palace.

The so-called ‘Poverty Alleviation and Difficulties Relief Charity Foundation was a subsidiary unit of the Black Wind State Taoist Palace and belonged to a public institution.

As for the members of the Black Wind Country’s Taoist Door, even to graduate from the Taoist Palace and receive the Scriptures, they must go through various subordinate units of the Taoist Palace for experience.

The Volunteer Association and the Poverty Alleviation and Difficulties Relief Charity Foundation are subsidiary units of the Taoist Palace.

Seeing that Tang Xuanzang had received a trophy from the Poverty Alleviation and Difficulties Relief Charity Foundation.

The Monkey King couldn’t help but tease:

“Hehe- Master, with this trophy, I bet the Daoist Leader would immediately award you a scripture if you give up Buddhism for Daoism.”

At these words.

Tang Xuanzang rolled his eyes and said annoyedly, “Wukong, you’re talking nonsense again.”

After scolding the Monkey King, he seemed to think of something.

“Amitabha, may the Buddha not blame me...” Tang Xuanzang hastily closed his eyes, put his hands together, and continually recited the Buddha’s name.

“Hehe-”

The Monkey King glanced at Tang Xuanzang and smirked.

Since coming to the Black Wind Country, this cheap master’s mindset had seemingly changed.

To be honest.

The Monkey King was actually looking forward to seeing what his cheap master would become after spending five years in the Black Wind Country.

“Wukong, I have to go to night school later. Do you want to come?”

After finishing his recitation of the Buddha’s name, Tang Xuanzang looked at the Monkey King and asked.

“You’re really annoying, Master. How many times have I said it? I won’t go, I won’t go. That night school is so pointless.” The Monkey King waved his hand impatiently.

“You reckless monkey. Tonight, Instructor Dao Xuan is teaching a thought class. Are you sure you don’t want to go?” Tang Xuanzang said annoyedly.

Instructor Dao Xuan?

The Monkey King was taken aback and then his eyes spun around.

After hesitating for a moment.

Finally.

“Instructor Dao Xuan takes good care of us. Since he has a class tonight, we should go and show our support.” The Monkey King said solemnly.

At these words.

Tang Xuanzang shook his head and let out a bitter smile. Other people's thought classes with Instructor Dao Xuan were full of life philosophy lessons, sometimes making him feel as if it were more direct than Buddhism.

Others begged to attend Instructor Dao Xuan's classes, but when it came to this reckless monkey, it turned into paying respects to the instructor, leaving Tang Xuanzang speechless.

Tsk, Tsk-

In just half a year, the protagonist of Journey to the West, Tang Xuanzang, had undergone such a huge change in his thoughts.

If the people of Na Shi Gate saw this, they wouldn't know how to react. They might worry if this scripture-fetching group would come to a halt in the Black Wind Country.

In later generations, it was said that the most difficult of the Eighty-one hardships was the emotional barrier in the Women Country. However, with the current situation, the ideological liberation barrier of the Black Wind Country might be even more difficult.

In the blink of an eye.

Two years had passed.

Black Wind Sacred Mountain.

Xuanqing sat cross-legged, his eyes tightly shut. With each inhale and exhale, the surrounding space trembled.

It had been exactly 912 days since the captivity of Tang Xuanzang and his disciples, which amounted to exactly two and a half years.

In these two and a half years, he would return to the real world every once in a while to replenish incense, and then exchange it for elixirs, and finally return to the game world for his closed-door cultivation.

With such diligent and hardworking practice with elixirs.

Finally!

His Yin Space Rule cultivation progress had reached 99.5%.

"Whew-"

Xuanqing took a deep breath, and with a flick of his palm, he took out the last Chaos Extreme Yin Pill from his game backpack.

With his current progress of 99-5% in cultivating the Yin Space Rule, he only needed to take this last Chaos Extreme Yin Pill to successfully complete his cultivation.

Gulp-

He tilted his head back and swallowed.

In an instant.

The Yin Space Rule between heaven and earth appeared before him like a stripped beauty, revealing all its secrets.

Heaven and earth are divided into Yin and Yang, with space representing Yin and time representing Yang; space represents matter, and time represents the movement of matter.

So!

The essence of space is matter!

At this moment.

Xuanqing entered an extremely mysterious state, and everything in the world looked different in his eyes.

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Looking at the flower... it's not a flower... Looking at the grass, it's not grass. Looking at the rocks and hills, they're not rocks and hills either. Everything seemed to have become the basic form of matter, unfolding itself before him.

Moreover.

He had a feeling which seemed to suggest that he just needed to randomly alter the sequence of these material matters, and he could change their structures, giving them completely different characteristics.

“Open!”

Xuanqing pointed at a withered leaf with his right hand and gave a light shout.

In an instant.

The originally ordinary withered leaf underwent a massive change. An endless expanse of space, stretching tens of thousands of cubic meters, emerged from within it.

It was... creating space from thin air!!

With the perfection of the Yin rule, a flower, a grass, life, and death, a speck of dust, a world can open up space in any object.

This moment.

Xuanqing picked up the leaf in which he had opened space, holding it in his hand to examine it closely.

His spirit was out of his body.

He was now in the space inside the leaf.

What came into view was a void of desolation. There was no air, no moisture, and not even a glimmer of light.

Although this expanse of space was void of anything, it had an extraordinary characteristic – it was extremely stable.

Generally speaking, let alone the fact that this is just an ordinary withered leaf, even the Kongming Stone which has the ability to open up space, after creating a space, would dissipate at a speed visible to the naked eye, unless it possesses some treasure that can hold the space together.

However.

In Xuanqing's perception, the space he opened up within this leaf seemed to be as stable as an illusion. The speed of its dispersion and collapse was almost non-existent.

"No wonder both in Shimen and in Taoism, there's a saying that 'each flower forms a world'. Besides the microcosmic meaning, it must also have a connection with the rule of space."

Xuanqing couldn't help but praise.

Then.

He extended his finger again, lightly touching the void and desolate space.

Sizzling'

A sound, like that of hot oil on a pan, was heard.

In an instant.

The originally desolate and empty space, which had nothing in it, began to change visibly at a rapid pace. The first ray of light in this world was born.

With the appearance of this first ray of light, it was like a domino effect. Coloured lights were born in this space, intertwining and rotating around each other.

“Water!”

Xuanqing’s lips moved slightly.

Whoosh’

Like a world-ending flood, it stirred up monstrous waves within the entire space... sprinkling life’s source.

“Fire!”

“Earth!”

Next.

Just like a god of creation, after the appearance of each basic matter, chemical reactions started rapidly... leading to a massive explosion.

Boom- Boom.

After the explosion, the material that had formed like volcanic rock continued to erupt, interacting with the endless water, giving birth to the necessary ingredients of life.

After an unknowable amount of time.

The space inside this leaf, which was initially chaotic, gradually became peaceful, forming a world with land, light, heat, and seawater.

Somewhere at the bottom of a hot spring.

A single-celled organism made up of amino acids was freely floating under the force of the hot spring, constantly absorbing basic matter from its surroundings, evolving towards complexity.

Life... had been created.

All of this seemed like a miracle.

From a void space with nothing, to the appearance of the first ray of light, to the subsequent appearance of seawater, soil, etcetera, basic elements.

And the person who created all these miracles was none other than Xuanqing, who had achieved perfection in the Yin space.

This moment.

Seeing the formation of the world in the leaf and the eventual birth of life...

Breakthrough achieved!

Xuanqing's eyes glowed with the light of wisdom.

All the things about Yin-space and the laws of matter's movement played in his mind, from start to end, like a slideshow presentation.

"So... this is the Yin Rule. It's is not just about tearing space, or even about space travel... All material matters are derived from the Yin Rule."

Xuanqing's eyes seemed to emit light.

This breakthrough... was now thoroughly complete.

Then.

With a thought.

"Open Character Panel!" Xuanqing murmured in his mind.

[Name]: Xuanqing

[Physique]: Chaos Morality Holy Body.

[Grade]: Master of the Primordial Beginning

[Cultivation]: Yin-Yang Realms (Yin 100%, Yang 6.5%)

[Cultivation Method]: Unspecified

[Divine Ability]: Spatial Array Dao (Perfection), Fate Dragon Control Chapter

(x), Thirty-Six Heavenly Arts (Perfection),

[Ingot]: 17E

On the Character Panel.

The rest remains relatively unchanged, except for the cultivation progress, which went from a mere 30% in the Yin Rule to a staggering 100% now.

Furthermore, the 'Divine Ability' listed as Spatial Array Dao, as a bonus from the Yin Rule, has automatically been upgraded to a perfect state in line with the completion of the Yin Rule.

As for the Ingots, I still have 1.7 billion remaining, unconverted.

"Within two and a half years, I've managed to cultivate my Yin Rule progress from 30% to perfection."

"I speculate that ever since ancient times in the Three Realms, with the exception of the innate divine sanctities and the three thousand demon gods, no being has ever accomplished this."

Xuanqing's lips curled up slightly, he couldn't help but think so.

Now,

The Yin Rule within the Yin-Yang Realms has genuinely reached its completion.

Next,

I need to start cultivating the Yang Time Rule. Currently, there has been no progress; it remains at the initial cultivation stage of 6%.

"With a remaining 1.7 billion Ingots, I can only exchange for one Chaos Extreme Yang Pill. This is like using a cup of water on a burning cart of firewood when it comes to advancing my cultivation progress in the Yang Rule."

"Perfect timing, it's been months since I've returned to the Water Blue Star; perhaps I can first traveled to the Water Blue Star and harvest some incense fire."

"But... before that, let me check on Tang Xuanzang and the others."

Thinking to himself,

Xuanqing dispersed his soul.

In an instant,

He enveloped the entire domain of the Black Wind Country.

With his current level of cultivation, his soul intensity has increased as well. Even though the territory of the Black Wind Country has expanded considerably in these past two years, I could still easily encase it.

Subsequently,

Within the scenes he saw under the coverages of his soul...

Dao Xuan was seen giving a speech at a square, with Tang Xuanzang seriously noting down the content of the speech with a notebook in hand.

Afterwards,

Dao Xuan seemed to ask a question, and Tang Xuanzang even raised his hand to answer, sharing what he wrote down and his own opinions that received a round of applause from the audience.

And the content of the speech can be summarized as... "On the Relation between Economy and the Law."

Having caught a glimpse of this,

"Hehe~"

Xuanqing can't help but laugh out loud.

In his heart, he is extremely anticipatory, eager to see what Tang Xuanzang will morph into after being influenced by the more advanced thoughts of the Black Wind Country in five years.

There is probably not much to see about the Monkey King; maybe, for a non-human creature like him, Black Wind Country is just an interestingly unfamiliar place.

After checking on the paired Fetching the Scriptures,

Xuanqing withdrew his consciousness.

Following,

"Exit the Game!"

Qingping Mountain.

Xuanqing opened his eyes, and awoke from the game.

A little over half a year has passed since the last time I opened the Netherworld, during which I barely paused in the Real World.

I only ever returned to the Real World when my ingots were used up, hastily leaving after harvesting incense fire and exchanging them for ingots.

Honestly,

This intermittent cultivation... it feels like having constipation during a bowel movement. I always get cut off at crucial moments because I've depleted my elixirs.

"Calculated, it has been over a hundred days since I stayed in the Real World. Now that Yin Rule has been completed, I should handle some matters, and gather more Incense Fire Ingots by the side."

Xuanqing got up, gazing into the distance.

With chaos extreme yang pills and chaos extreme yin pills to aide, I am not foolish enough to consume thousands or even tens of thousands of years practicing with traditional methods.

So,

I plan to stay in the Real World for a while, handling the pending matters from before.

And wait until I have accumulated enough incense fire to cultivate 'Yang Time Rule' to perfection. Only then I'll retreat in the Game World and make a breakthrough in my cultivation in one go.

Chapter 390: 307: High School Student Zhao Xuan's Counterkill!

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"First, let's see how much incense has accumulated in this time."

Thinking this in his heart.

Xuanqing spreads his divine soul, enveloping the entire East Asia Continent, and then activates the authority of the Taoist temple lord.

"Incense...gather!"

In an instant.

The incense beliefs floating above the various Taoist temples were like iron attracted to a strong magnet, speeding towards Qingping Mountain.

After a moment.

The power of incense in the air above Qingping Mountain had become incredibly dense, with the central part even condensing into a liquid state.

When all the incense gathered.

The divine soul turned into a giant hand, scooping up this massive power of incense.

“Recharge!” Xuanqing softly shouted.

The next moment.

[Ding...+156E Ingots!]

One hundred and fifty-six billion ingots?

Listened to the prompt in his mind; Xuanqing pondered silently.

It has been more than nine days since the last time he returned to the real world to harvest incense, almost ten days.

In such a calculation, the daily increase of incense was 15.6 billion, close to 16 billion Ingots?

“I remember the last time I harvested incense, it was only 13 billion. In less than ten days, it has grown to 15 billion...close to 16 billion?”

Xuanqing was somewhat curious in his heart.

Last time he returned to the real world to harvest incense, he intended to make the Yin rule reach perfection by harvesting the final wave of incense, so he specifically calculated it.

Unexpectedly, in just less than ten days, his daily incense income jumped from 13 billion to over 15.6 billion, an increase of close to 3 billion.

Divine soul out of the body!

Xuanqing sat cross-legged, spreading his divine soul out.

Moreover.

This time, as he spread out his divine soul, it was not a rough collection for the purpose of harvesting incense like before but a very detailed sweep.

After the divine soul swept through in detail.

A massive amount of information from the entire East Asia Continent flowed into his mind like a flood.

Such a huge amount of information would be too much for ordinary Cultivators, even Golden Immortals, Taiyi Xuanxians, or even ordinary Yin- Yang Realm practitioners to bear.

But for Xuanqing, it was just business as usual, except that because there was too much information and miscellaneous, he felt somewhat cumbersome, without any discomfort.

There was no way.

Xuanqing had laid a strong foundation.

From the beginning of Qi Introduction, to the later stages of refining gods and returning to the void, and finally stepping onto the most promising Road to Fairyland.

Then, during the Three Flowers Gathering At The Top stage, his achievements were even more against Heaven!

When condensing the Qi Flower, he swallowed countless Ginseng Fruits, absorbing the Chaotic Qi within them, and touched the 'Chaos' level with just the Refining Void Realm.

When condensing the Essence Flower, it was even crazier. Before, he had only 'touched' the chaos level, but at this step...

With the help of Taishang Laojun, he extracted and refined the Chaos Energy from the Ginseng Fruits to make the Chaos Pill. After swallowing it, he transformed into a 'Chaos Morality Holy Body' and directly became a half-step Chaos creature.

It was not over yet.

When condensing the 'Divine's flower,' Xuanqing took advantage of the impurity-free nature of the Chaos Morality Holy Body to cheekily exploit the protagonist's status of the Primordial Human Race and their majestic Human Path Destiny to forcefully create a realm no one else could reach.

Later on.

As for the stage of the Five Qi Chaoyuan realm, it goes without saying that for any of the five elemental rules, they were all condensed from the most impressive things.

Going through all this.

It only then created today's Xuanqing, who seemed to have a cheat.

Of course...that's just parenthetical.

Speaking of Xuanqing's divine soul, after thoroughly scanning the entire East Asia Continent and obtaining an immensely vast amount of information.

"Filter!"

Xuanqing closed his eyes, using the power of the soul to remove irrelevant information from the vast amount of information.

Finally, he selected the most likely information related to the daily increase in incense income.

It seemed like a lot of effort, but the whole process was completed in a blink of an eye.

"Huh... interesting!"

Looking at a piece of information in his divine soul.

Xuanqing's mouth curled up slightly, revealing an interested look, and then focused on the place where the information came from.

Jiang City!

As an early Taoist holy land, the atmosphere of the Taoist temple has become more intense after Xuanqing's rise to prominence and the rapid development of the Taoist temple.

Everywhere you can see, Taoists dressed in Taoist Robes, walking on the streets, either shopping for supplies or providing free home treatments for incense guests who are too ill to move.

At this moment.

Xuanqing focused his attention here.

At the entrance of Fulu Road No. 3 Middle School in Jiang City, there were four or five stationery shops, but one of them was exceptionally lively.

A few workers were installing air conditioning units.

"Boss, on this street, you are the first one to install a nuclear energy air conditioner. You really have a good eye."

A young worker, with a cigarette in his mouth, squinting his eyes to work while making small talk.

“Hehe... I also decided to install it after seeing the advertisement. Speaking of which, is it true that your air conditioner can run for 24 hours with just one cent of electricity, as advertised?”

The boss was a middle-aged man, slightly plump, with the top of his head already balding into a Mediterranean hairstyle. He still asked somewhat incredulously.

He saw the ‘New energy air conditioner’ ad on TV a few days ago. In the ad, apart from one function, the other functions were not much different than those of ordinary air conditioners, but there was one that he could hardly believe.