

The Immortal Cultivation Game Has Come True

Chapter 61: Chapter 60: Cultivation Reaches the Upper Limit Once Again.

The tailor's shop for custom-made orders is located in the county town.

Under the temptation of money, the shop's speed was beyond imagination. In just over half an hour, they tailored two Taoist robes.

"The little friend turned out to be a boy, he looks so cute in the Taoist robe!"

The tailor girl first praised Huai Qingyun, then said to Xuanqing:

"Daoist Priest, here's your change, the twenty thousand yuan. If you have any other requests in the future, just contact me via WeChat, and we can deliver the goods to your door-"

"Thank you!"

Xuanqing nodded slightly and led Huai Qingyun on their way back.

Time passed, and it was now the afternoon.

In the Main Hall.

Yang Ying's throat was a bit hoarse.

However, when she saw a few more people crowding the entrance of the main hall, she couldn't help but continue to speak: "All the incense guests, please scan the QR code for incense on the side. The main god worshiped by our temple is..."

Hearing her voice, the incense guests woke up as if from a dream, and their eyes showed disbelief.

At this moment.

A little Taoist boy, five or six years old, wearing a Taoist robe, suddenly ran into the main hall.

"Sister Yang Ying, I've come to get the wooden fish. Sir said he's going to start chanting." Huai Qingyun said with a stern face and a slight bow.

In the main hall.

The incense guests saw Huai Qingyun in his Taoist robe and looked at him curiously.

This adorable child, wearing a Taoist robe, could it be Daoist Priest Xuanqing's child?

When they heard that 'the Daoist Priest is going to chant,' they all became excited. To be more precise, most of them came here for the priest's lecture.

So.

After burning incense and offering prayers, they all rushed to the courtyard outside.

Front yard.

Under the huge locust tree.

Xuanqing looked up at the treetop.

He saw that the branch he used to sit on before had grown into a round disc shape just big enough to fit a cushion.

Without thinking, he knew.

The reason for this change must be Huai Qingyun's doing.

He didn't expect that this kid, who looked silly on the surface, was actually quite thoughtful and considerate – a really good, caring attendant.

At this moment.

The youthful Huai Qingyun came running out of the main hall, holding a wooden fish in his hands.

"Sir, here's your wooden fish!" Huai Qingyun blinked his eyes.

Xuanqing nodded, took the wooden fish, and with one leap, jumped onto the branches and landed on the spot grown by Huai Qingyun into a round disc.

He sat cross-legged, holding the wooden fish.

As a "dong" sound rang out, the originally bustling courtyard suddenly quieted down. Everyone's attention was drawn to the sound, and they looked up at the sitting Daoist Priest.

Then,

Mysterious scriptures began to resound.

Everyone had a look of intoxication on their faces, their eyes tightly closed, as if they were in a trance.

Those who had come here once before and had experience, had already put their phones in their pockets.

As for those inexperienced or unbelieving incense guests, the sound of their phones falling to the ground could be heard, and the screens of the unlucky ones shattered on the spot.

At the same time.

A stronger power of incense fire emerged from these guests' heads, fluttering towards Xuanqing, who was reciting the scriptures.

"I want it so much-" Huai Qingyun's eyes gleamed, and he couldn't help swallowing his saliva.

However,

He knew that this incense fire belonged to his master and was not for him to enjoy, so he could only stare at them being collected by his master using the Gathering Qi Bead.

Up on the treetop.

Seeing the longing look on his attendant's face,

Xuanqing showed a smile.

With a thought in mind.

Mana within the body transformed into a pair of illusory giant hands, grabbing a handful of incense fire that drifted over, and then threw it at Huai Qingyun under the tree.

After that, the illusory giant hands also lightly touched the child's head.

At this moment.

Huai Qingyun, who was drooling, was suddenly struck by a warm current, and then felt as if he had been gently patted on the head.

He looked up at the tree and saw the old man smiling at him.

Huai Qingyun grinned and quickly knelt on the ground, kowtowing to Sir to show his loyalty.

In the evening.

The Taoist temple regained its usual tranquility.

Xuanqing was in a good mood and even cooked a pot of Spiritual Rice in the kitchen.

It's worth mentioning that,

Huai Qingyun, a little fellow who was obviously a plant, unexpectedly liked to eat Spiritual Rice too, which was really an alarming case of self-devouring.

Yang Ying also enjoyed the meal thoroughly, feeling extremely comfortable, her belly bulged, and she slumped in her chair, not moving an inch.

Having eaten and drunk to their fill,

It was time to talk business.

"Yang Ying, from now on, you don't have to handle the reception of incense guests in the Taoist temple."

Upon hearing this,

Yang Ying was shocked, she didn't care about her swollen belly and quickly stood up. Her face looked panic-stricken.

"Daoist Priest, did...did I do something wrong? Please give me another chance, I'll... I'll change."

Now Yang Ying had already understood that following the Daoist Priest, the benefits were not only that twenty thousand yuan monthly wage.

Aside from that, just the two jade talismans the daoist priest had given her were invaluable. If she were to sell them, she fears that even if the bidding price was one million, there would be buyers.

Therefore,

She didn't want to leave the Daoist Priest's side, nor did she wish to lose this job. She could only stare pitifully at the Daoist Priest, nearly letting her tears fall.

"You don't have to be like this. I'm not trying to fire you!"

Xuanqing shook his head and then said, "I've thought about it. As for the reception of incense guests, we can let Huai Qingyun handle it."

“As for you, the main focus should be on developing the scale of the Taoist temple, researching how to attract more incense guests, and even setting up branches in the future.”

“If you do well, I’ll give you a raise.”

After hearing these words,

Yang Ying thought to herself how she only wanted to stay by the Daoist Priest’s side, but when she met his eyes, she opened her mouth and didn’t dare to say it out loud.

After a moment of silence,

“Daoist Priest... I... I’ll work hard!”

“Hmm, do well, and what I can give you is not just a salary!” Xuanqing encouraged her once again.

Just like that.

The person in charge of receiving incense guests became the little Taoist boy, Huai Qingyun.

And Yang Ying, after being liberated, did not idle around, she specially handled the worldly affairs of the Taoist temple, such as managing the official website, handling procedures, and hiring construction teams.

As such,

After the road construction documents were approved by the government office, Yang Ying immediately hired a road construction team to come to the foot of Qingping Mountain.

Because they didn’t want to delay the visitors’ incense offering, the construction team started building up from the side of the small path, bit by bit.

Time slowly passed.

There was no concept of time in cultivation.

In the blink of an eye, ten days had gone by.

After continuously practicing drawing jade talismans for this period, Xuanqing’s “Five Elements Formation” had made great progress.

He had advanced from the ‘entry-level’ stage to the minor success stage.

Now, even if he didn't activate Absolute Holiness Abandonment of Wisdom, he would have a one hundred percent chance of successfully refining the jade talisman, only slightly slower.

"Next, I'm going to attempt to refine compound jade talismans, as well as set up talisman arrays with different jade talismans!"

A glint flashed in Xuanqing's eyes.

Just as he was about to make a move,

The prompt that appeared in his mind canceled his original cultivation plan.

"Beep! Player's cultivation has reached the limit, standby mode for cultivation stops; continue to activate standby after a breakthrough!"

The Immortal Cultivation Game Has Come True

Chapter 62: Chapter 61: Finally, no surprise appeared!

The sudden voice startled him somewhat.

"It was not long ago that I had just broken through, and now only ten days have passed, yet I am breaking through again?" Xuanqing's eyes were filled with surprise and doubt.

However.

Upon further thought, it seemed that Guanyin had plotted against him, turning some of the temples into cave heavens and blessed lands. Under such circumstances, it was only reasonable for his cultivation to progress faster.

Nothing was more important to Xuanqing than the improvement of his cultivation.

Moreover.

Xuanqing had a feeling that this breakthrough might take some time.

Therefore.

He first hung a sign reading 'In Closed-door Cultivation, do not disturb' on his room door.

Then he informed Huai Qingyun to watch over the Taoist temple and to not let anyone pass through the main hall into the inner courtyard.

Having done all of this, Xuanqing sat down cross-legged.

With a thought, he started,

“Enter the game!”

Journey to the West World.

Five Thunder Court Left Judge Temple.

In the Main Hall.

Xuanqing opened his eyes.

“Huh?”

He found that the spiritual qi formed by the innate energy in the temple had dissipated, and the level of spiritual qi had returned to its original state.

“Well, it’s been more than a hundred days in the Journey to the West World, although it’s only been more than ten days in the Real World, so it’s normal for the spiritual qi to dissipate.”

Xuanqing sighed.

It seemed that it would not be so easy to improve his cultivation quickly in the future, after all, there won’t always be Guanyin sisters that give him treasures like the Bodhisattva.

Just as he was deep in thought,

“Sir!” A voice pulled Xuanqing’s mind back.

Seeing the Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She, who had sensed their master’s breakthrough, they hurried over, their eyes fixed on him.

Xuanqing then remembered.

Last time, after Guanyin interrupted them while he was giving two demons Receiving Scriptures, he had promised to give the demons Receiving Scriptures again after coming out of his closed-door meditation. However, half a year had passed since then.

He couldn’t help but feel a bit embarrassed.

“Ahem, Black Bear and White Snake, both of you go prepare the items. I will give you the Receiving Scriptures today!” Xuanqing cleared his throat, pretending as if nothing had happened.

“Alright, thank you, Sir. We’ve been ready for a long time.”

The Black Bear Essence excitedly pointed to the ritual altar nearby.

Upon looking,

All kinds of tools were neatly arranged on the altar. Clearly, they had been prepared in advance, waiting for Xuanqing to perform the Receiving Scriptures ritual.

Xuanqing nodded slightly.

Then,

He stepped up to the altar, and as he did last time, instructed the two demons, “Black Bear, hold the hammer and strike, White Snake, hold the talisman and pass the vessels!”

“We obey your orders, Sir!” The two demons were excited, acting swiftly and skillfully. Judging from their swift moves, they might have practiced many times in private.

Bang-

The Black Bear Essence struck the Law Hammer hard, producing a dull sound.

On the side, Gentleman Bai She quickly handed over the cotton cloth for writing the decree.

“I, Xuanqing, hereby write to the East Emperor with this paper. Black Bear, White Snake, you are admitted to Taiji Palace, Five Thunder Court, and serve as the Left Judge under the command of Xuanqing, the Thunder Lord...”

Xuanqing’s pen danced on the cotton cloth like a dragon as he wrote the decree.

This time,

There were no more accidents.

The process went smoothly, with the decree being burned on a candlestick, gradually rising into the sky, and successfully completing the Receiving Scriptures ceremony.

After the ceremony was completed,

Two invisible beams of light descended from the sky and entered the bodies of the Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She.

The two demons trembled.

They knew that they now had the title of 'Quasi Secondary Ninth Rank' from the Heavenly Court, and by following Sir, they might be able to be promoted to the Standard Ninth Grade, or even higher Immortal Official positions.

"From now on, you will serve under my command, taking the role of Taoist boys in the Five Thunder Court's Judge Temple and managing temple affairs, as well as entertaining incense guests!"

Xuanqing said indifferently.

Hearing this,

the two demons immediately knelt down and knocked their heads three times, shouting in unison, "Thank you, Sir! We will surely serve Sir faithfully."

No wonder the two demons were so excited.

It should be known that although they were now only Taoist boys and held the rank of Quasi Secondary Ninth Rank, even the Mountain Gods and Earth Gods would treat them with great courtesy.

Of course,

even without this status, the Mountain Gods and Earth Gods would still not dare to provoke them. But now, with this identity alone, they could achieve this level of respect.

With this 'Taoist boy' status, they no longer had to worry about being skinned and tortured by those self-righteous cultivators to extract their Devil Cores.

Apart from this,

they could also enjoy the blessing of luck brought by the Heavenly Court's external Daoist registers, which would give them priority in cultivation and overcoming tribulations in the future.

Of course,

these were all side notes.

On Xuanqing's end,

after completing the process of conferring the two demons, he prepared to break through his current cultivation realm, so that he could continue with his Hang-up Cultivation.

“Tonight, I will break through to the period of refining qi into divine soul.

Black Bear and White Snake, you will guard me during my practice!” Xuanqing commanded.

“Yes, Sir!”

The two demons immediately shouted loudly, their eyes filled with determination.

At a time like this, if someone came to disturb Xuanqing’s cultivation, the two demons would definitely do their best to stop them, even if it meant risking their lives, as long as their souls didn’t immediately disperse.

Refining Qi into God.

The cultivation at this realm, as mentioned before, mainly focuses on the strengthening of the divine soul.

Being able to leave the physical body is the Early Stage of Turning Qi into God.

When the divine soul can resist the erosion of moonlight and reach the realm of Spirit Night Travel, it is considered the Period of Refining Qi into Divine Soul.

Therefore,

if you want to break through your cultivation,

you must choose the evening during the day, otherwise your divine soul, just as it leaves the physical body, might be burned away by the blazing sun.

Time passed, and it was now night.

Moonlight penetrated the temple windows, illuminating the long shadow of the Left Judge Divine Statue on the altar in the main hall.

In the center of the main hall,

Xuanqing sat cross-legged on a cushion.

With a thought,

he took out a Serenity Jade Talisman and a Soul-calming Jade Talisman from his Game Backpack and infused them with mana to activate their effects.

“Begin cultivation!”

Hum, hum-

There were ripples in the air, as if a stone had been dropped into calm water, causing tiny ripples to spread.

An invisible figure slowly floated out of Xuanqing’s body.

At this moment,

his soul power had reached the limit that the refining Qi into God realm could withstand.

To further increase his soul power, he had to break through to the Spirit Night Travel realm, which is the Period of Refining Qi into Divine Soul.

“Activate One Hour Unparalleled Intelligence!”

In the divine soul state,

Xuanqing muttered silently in his heart.

[beep- Ingot – 3600]

As his ingot count decreased, his soul consciousness instantly became incredibly clear, and his enlightenment greatly enhanced..

Chapter 63: Chapter 62: The Mysterious City God.

A feeling of “Blessings from the heart” swept through his spiritual consciousness.

He did not resist this feeling but followed it, putting his soul in a semi-drowsy, semi-awake state.

Power of the soul.

It was increasing bit by bit.

As this process progressed, Xuanqing felt an inexplicable pulling force from the ground beneath his feet, as if it was trying to drag his soul down.

It sank down.

The soul plunged into the ground, diving deeper and deeper.

Deeper and deeper, it went.

A wave of dizziness came over him.

When he woke up again.

Xuanqing found himself in a peculiar space.

Cold, desolate, and extremely yin!

These words were not enough to describe this place, as all the colors in the entire world had disappeared, leaving only a despairing, silent gray.

As he surveyed his surroundings.

Suddenly.

A majestic voice resounded.

“Ha hah a-hah a”

“I was initially puzzled why the main hall was suddenly filled with auspiciousness, but it turns out it was Daoist Xuanqing who graced us with his presence!”

He saw a tall, nine-foot man with an official hat, wearing a blood-red cloak, with a long beard, and emanating an air of elegance.

City God?

Xuanqing hesitated for a moment and then slightly bowed, giving a salute, “I, Xuanqing, greet City God!”

According to the ranks, City God was a seventh-rank Yin God, which was higher than his standard ninth-rank Immortal Officer status.

“No need for such formalities, Daoist friend. You must be wondering in your heart how you ended up in this Netherworld?” City God said with a smile.

Xuanqing nodded slightly.

Indeed.

He was practicing in his temple and suddenly appeared in the Netherworld.

“Judging from your current state, I guess it must have been Spirit Night Travel, and you must have entered a profound insight, unknowingly flowing into the Netherworld along the Yin Qi.”

“What a great opportunity, you are truly blessed!” City God stroked his beard and said, with a hint of envy in his eyes.

Upon hearing this.

Xuanqing curiously asked, “What do you mean by saying that me entering the Netherworld in soul form is an opportunity?”

“Hahaha, don’t panic, Daoist friend.” City God laughed heartily, and then pointed at the surroundings, “This desolate place is not a place for conversation. How about you follow me to City God Hall, and we can talk in detail there?”

Indeed.

As Xuanqing looked around, apart from the bare gray stones, there was just the endless wasteland, not a place for conversation.

“Then I will gratefully comply!”

“Very well, I am going to use a magic, do not resist.”

With that said.

The City God seized his red cloak with his right hand and swung it twice.

The next moment.

Xuanqing felt a pulling force enveloping his soul. Hearing City God’s words, he did not resist.

Vaguely.

He saw that there seemed to be a hole in the City God’s cloak, with traces of stitching.

But before he could get a clear look, another wave of dizziness struck.

The scene in front of him changed once more.

Not far away.

A gloomy city stood tall, near the entrance of the city gate was a two-meter-high stone stele, engraved with three characters.

Minglang City!

“Minglang City?”

Xuanqing felt a sense of familiarity when he saw the words on the stele, as if he had heard it somewhere before.

City God on one side seemed to notice Xuanqing’s confusion and explained, “This place is the Netherworld reflection of the human world’s Bright Town.”

“That’s right, in the human world it should now be called Black Wind Town!”

Upon hearing these words.

Xuanqing suddenly understood.

No wonder he felt familiar with this ‘Minglang City.’

He remembered back when he had died at Five Elements Mountain and chose to return to the city and resurrect, he appeared in Black Wind Town.

Back then, when he stopped an old man to ask about the place’s name, the old man said, ‘It used to be called Bright Town, but later changed its name to Black Wind Town.’

“Let’s go and discuss it in the city.”

“Alright!”

Xuanqing nodded.

Entering the Netherworld’s Minglang City.

The scene in the city was shocking to those who saw it.

Looking around.

The streets were empty, and not a single ghost could be seen. Even the houses on both sides of the streets were gray and emitting an air of decay.

After a while of walking.

Finally.

They arrived at a main hall with a plaque hanging outside that read 'City God Mansion'.

More importantly, at the entrance of the City God Mansion, they finally saw two soldiers wearing armor.

"Your subordinate pays respect to Sir City God and greets Immortal Xuanqing!"

These two soldiers at the entrance of the City God Mansion immediately knelt down on one knee and shouted respectfully when they saw the City God and Xuanqing.

"You may rise."

The City God waved at the two soldiers, then commanded, "You two go get my Netherworld Tea and serve it to Daoist Friend Xuanqing!"

Netherworld Tea?

The two soldiers shuddered.

One of the soldiers opened his mouth slightly, seemingly wanting to say something, but ultimately did not speak. He could only keep silent and fetch the Netherworld Tea.

"Daoist Friend, please come in!"

"City God, after you!"

Xuanqing slightly bowed his hands.

For some reason, he always felt that the Netherworld was filled with strangeness everywhere. It seemed... the situation was quite extraordinary.

Stepping inside the mansion.

Despite the mansion's spaciousness, it was empty except for some tables and chairs. There were no other objects, nor any servants.

Seeing this,

Xuanqing finally understood why he felt that the place was full of strangeness.

The strangeness lay in two words:

Poverty!

Yes, poverty.

In such a large city, there were no ghost figures, dilapidated houses, and even the City God Mansion was the same.

Only at the entrance of the City God Mansion were there two Yin Soldiers on guard.

Even.

From when the City God called those two Yin Soldiers to fetch him the so-called Netherworld Tea, one could see.

It is possible that in this vast 'Minglang City', there might only be the City God and those two Yin Soldiers.

"Please sit, my humble dwelling is rather shabby, I hope Daoist Friend won't mind!" The City God looked somewhat embarrassed, pointing with his hand at a chair which was missing a leg.

Xuanqing's mouth twitched slightly.

Moments later,

Two Yin Soldiers brought a teapot with green smoke wafting from it, "City God, Immortal, the Netherworld Tea is ready!"

Seeing the Netherworld Tea,

The City God's face regained some confidence, and he laughed twice before saying, "Daoist Friend, this Netherworld Tea is a very good thing. Please, have some tea!"

Upon witnessing this scene,

Xuanqing frowned.

He picked up the teacup and took a sniff, suddenly feeling an invigorating surge through his mind. Just by smelling it, his Spiritual Soul Power seemed to strengthen a bit.

This Netherworld Tea was indeed a good thing, as the City God had said.

But because of this,

Xuanqing's heart was even more puzzled.

Even though he didn't know why a dignified Seventh-Rank Yin God would be so poor,

Under such circumstances, the City God still used his Netherworld Tea, a good thing, to treat him.

If one were to say that it was just pure friendship and hospitality, he would absolutely not believe it a thousand percent.

With these thoughts in mind,

Xuanqing put down the teacup.

"I have always preferred straightforwardness.. If City God has any plans, please let me know in advance!"

Chapter 64: Chapter 63: The Situation in Black Wind Town (Seeking tracking)

As soon as these words were spoken.

"Sigh!"

With a bitter face, the City God let out a long sigh.

"Alright, I'll tell the truth. In another year or so, my City Temple might disappear along with the whole Netherworld Minglang City."

"As you know, you are the Left Judge of the Five Thunder Court, governing the reward and punishment of living people, while I am a Yin God City Deity of the Netherworld, responsible for the reincarnation of the dead."

"We can say that we're two peas in a pod."

"I have noticed that since you took up the position of Left Judge here, haven't you ever found the incense here to be pitifully scarce?" asked the City God in a solemn tone.

Incense is pitifully scarce?

Xuanqing was slightly startled.

He had never noticed this issue.

After all,

His main source of incense was on Earth, so he hadn't paid much attention to the incense in this Journey to the West World.

Furthermore, as a living person, the scarcity or richness of incense wouldn't affect his existence. At most, it would mean that he would gain fewer Ingots as a result.

"I do not care about the incense offerings from the mortal world!" Xuanqing said indifferently.

"This..."

The City God was taken aback.

He remembered that the person before him was not an ordinary Immortal Official but a Daoist Immortal Officer with a physical body.

"Sigh!" The City God sighed once again.

At first, he thought his destiny had changed, but who could have thought his new colleague was an indifferent person?

It seemed... he was going to be finished, disappearing along with the Netherworld-

Upon seeing this,

Xuanqing's furrowed his brow deeply, feeling somewhat annoyed.

"City God, can you explain everything clearly? I have always hated enigmatic people!"

Upon hearing his words,

The City God waved his hand, picked up the teacup on the table, and drank it down in one gulp. He then rubbed his cheeks.

"Since you want to know, let me start from the beginning."

"More than four hundred years ago, this place was a large frontier city called Minglang City. Suddenly, one day, a... caused a major earthquake... countless deaths and injuries, and the city became a town."

"That would have been fine, as long as I had enough time to recuperate I could have restored everything."

"But somehow, in Bright Town, a Guanyin Zen Temple appeared. Inside it, there was an Elder Jinchi who was very skilled at manipulating people's hearts and attracting believers."

"As you know, for a local god like myself, I normally rely on guiding the souls of the dead to earn a little merit."

"Originally, the common people of the town would become netherworld souls after death, and I would then guide them to reincarnation, earning a bit of merit to survive."

“But now, whenever a person in the town dies, they are all guided by those monks, avoiding the Netherworld and directly going to the Western Paradise... Sigh!”

“This way, as time goes on, I have become like I am now.”

The City God gave a miserable smile and opened his cloak. “I’m not afraid to tell you that the last time I guided a soul to reincarnation was a year ago when an old woman died in town.”

“The old woman who died was a descendant of the Black Wind Town’s Earth Deity, who secretly left her soul to me because he didn’t want his family to be sent to the Westernmost Land.”

At this tragic scene,

Xuanqing drew in a breath of cold air.

This City God was too miserable, losing both incense and the qualifications to earn low protection by guiding souls to reincarnation, all snatched away by Buddhism.

Wait... a year ago?

An old woman died... a descendant of the town’s Earth Deity... all these clues combined, isn’t this just Fat Ya’s (Pang Ya) grandmother?

In an instant.

Xuanqing couldn’t help but recall his memories of when he first came to the town, trying to earn Human Merit, and ultimately feeling a connection with Fat Ya, taking him as his disciple.

It turns out that the incident back then had such a deep story behind it.

At this moment.

After explaining everything.

The City God stared directly at Xuanqing.

In his eyes, a glimmer of hope arose again, because for him, the appearance of this daoist immortal officer was his last chance.

However.

To the City God’s disappointment, he couldn’t see any intention from the daoist’s eyes to take responsibility for this matter.

On second thought, the daoist couldn't be blamed. Instead, the City God could only blame his destiny for having this calamity.

After all, behind Guanyin Zen Temple stood the powerful Buddhism. Who would dare to offend the Guanyin Bodhisattva, a great figure in Buddhism, for the sake of a small City God?

"Forget it, as the soul disperses like a lamp going out, I will burn the last of my strength to help you on your divine journey to the Netherworld," the City God said with a look of despair.

His words were sincere and genuine, without any ulterior motives, because as a Yin God of incense, he had no concept of reincarnation. Once he was dispersed, he would truly be gone.

As the saying goes, people speak kindly when they are about to die, and as a Yin God about to disperse, why not shine one last time? At least making this daoist a little stronger would disgust the one responsible for his own demise.

Having said that.

Without waiting for a response.

The City God waved his right hand.

His patched-up cloak seemed to be blown by an unknown wind, fluttering continuously.

Immediately after.

The entire Netherworld was filled with surging winds and clouds, as an immense amount of Netherworld Qi came pouring towards the City Temple from all directions.

All of this happened in a flash.

When Xuanqing reacted, he found his surroundings shrouded in a gray mist.

Just when he thought the City God was about to fight him out of anger for his indifference and that he would have to die and resurrect again.

He discovered.

The power of his soul was increasing at an incredibly terrifying speed.

In just a few seconds, his soul power had increased by more than 20%, and it was still continuously rising.

Half an hour later.

The surrounding Netherworld Qi had vanished, and everything had returned to its previous state.

“Phew-” Xuanqing opened his eyes and took a deep breath. The look in his eyes towards the City God had changed slightly.

However.

The City God did not notice it yet, and only spoke with a mournful tone:

“Daoist friend Xuanqing, after this move, I’m afraid I only have half a year left to live. I don’t expect you to confront Guanyin Zen Temple, I just hope...”

His words paused for a moment.

The City God turned his head and glanced at the two Yin Soldiers standing beside him.

“I just hope that you can save these two children and send them to another city. Whether they choose to reincarnate or find a job elsewhere, it would be better than dying here with me!”

Having said that.

The City God surprisingly bowed deeply to Xuanqing.

For the City God about to be extinguished, dignity no longer held any meaning. Now, his only hope was to save the soldiers that had been with him all along.

Chapter 65: Chapter 64: The Secret of Human Merit (Please continue reading)

This moment!

Looking at the City God, who was bowing deeply.

Xuanqing did not respond, but asked again, “City God, I wonder if you can use that technique again?”

“Sigh, as long as there is sufficient power of incense fire, or the innate merit of guiding reincarnation can all be done, but now that I’m about to dissipate... I have no way!” exclaimed the City God mournfully.

“In that case, I’ll lend you a hand!”

Xuanqing said blandly, "Although I am not sure whether I can get rid of the Guanyin Zen Temple, it is easy for me to ensure your safety as the City God." With a slight uncertainty in his voice, he asked, "Is... Is this for real? Do you know who that is? The famous Guanyin Bodhisattva?"

"Hehe!"

Xuanqing chuckled lightly.

He didn't explain, but with a wave of his right hand, he took out the Gathering Qi Bead containing the power of incense fire from his game backpack.

Gathering Qi Bead?

The City God's eyes widened as he felt the thick power of incense fire inside. His shock was beyond words.

It's clear that Xuanqing, as the new Left Judge of the Five Thunder Court, and even in a place like Black Wind Town, how could he have so much incense fire?

However.

Those are not the points, the important thing is that it seems... he is saved!

"Are you willing to give this power of incense fire to me?"

Exclaimed the City God excitedly.

"Since you gathered the Qi of the Netherworld to help me improve my cultivation, I'll give you this incense fire as a token of my gratitude."

When he finished speaking.

Xuanqing tossed the Gathering Qi Bead in his hand over.

"Ah!"

The City God hurriedly caught it.

Even though he knew this Gathering Qi Bead couldn't be so frail, faced with something that concerned his own life, he still unconsciously reacted this way. "Daoist friend Xuanqing, with this power of incense fire, I feel I can live for at least a hundred years," the City God said, full of vitality.

Immediately after.

He heard the City God say, "There's a way to deal with the Guanyin Zen Temple."

"Oh? What's the plan?" asked a curious Xuanqing.

"Humph-" The City God squinted his eyes, lightly stroking his beard, and spoke leisurely, "In the Guanyin Zen Temple, the Elder Jinchi possesses some skills and specializes in bewitching people's minds."

"But even so, it can't change the fact that he is a mortal. My 'Book of Life and Death' records clearly that in another 60 years, he will die a natural death." "Therefore, I plan to..."

"So, you plan to wait for others to die of old age?" Xuanqing frowned slightly, somewhat displeased. "I thought the City God had a good plan, but it turns out to be like this., it's a bit of a shame. You're hardly a standard Seventh Rank Yin God City God."

"Enough, let's stop talking about the Guanyin Zen Temple. I have my own plans."

Xuanqing waved his hand, stopping the City God who was about to speak again.

In reality.

He clearly understood what the City God was thinking. He claimed to fear Elder Jinchi, but he was actually worried about retaliation from Guanyin.

However.

For him, a cultivator with unlimited resurrection and no losses, it doesn't matter if it is Guanyin Bodhisattva, or even the Tathagata Buddha himself, he won't flinch.

In this Game World.

Probably only the Three Pure Ones would be respected by Xuanqing. As he is a Taoist himself, naturally he would have to respect the founders of Taoism.

He didn't react to the City God's pitiful plea before because his heart is set on pursuing the Great Dao and he didn't want to get involved in these trivial matters.

"Speaking of it, I've had dealings with that Guanyin Bodhisattva, but it was an unfortunate one." Xuanqing said pensively.

"An unfortunate one?"

The City God was slightly startled, and didn't quite believe it in his heart.

Who is Guanyin Bodhisattva?

Her great compassion and mercy are hailed across the Three Realms, and her cultivation level reaches the heavens and pierces the earth, making her top-tier even within Buddhism.

In this context, although being a Standard Ninth Grade Daoist Immortal Official is pretty good, compared to Guanyin Bodhisattva, it's like the difference between heaven and earth.

Noticing the expression of the City God.

Xuanqing doesn't mind, nor does he feel the need to explain anything.

The reason why he saved the City God was not only because he felt that he was somewhat of a Daoist god, but also because this Land of Darkness could help his soul cultivation.

The City God awkwardly smiled, then he opened his mouth and said:

"Daoist Friend Xuanqing, your soul power has suddenly increased. Why not consolidate it here in the City God Temple, what do you think?"

Upon hearing this.

Xuanqing closed his eyes, feeling the state of his soul.

Indeed, as the City God had said, because it had been abruptly upgraded too much, it was somewhat bloated and needed to be digested properly.

"Sure, I will solidify it here." Xuanqing nodded.

Then.

As if he suddenly remembered something, he said, "By the way, there is another matter I want to consult with the City God."

"Oh? Please do tell, Daoist Friend."

Xuanqing collected his thoughts, then asked, "When I first came to Black Wind Town, I tried to save an old lady, but the Earth God told me the old lady's lifespan had already run out...."

"However, according to my observation, when that old lady encountered me, there was a hint of life in her destiny. It was entirely possible to save her. I wonder why..."

Upon hearing this.

The City God fell into deep thought.

“The old woman you mentioned, I believe it’s someone who I helped pass on a year ago.”

“To be honest, that Earth God didn’t really deceive you, he just withheld some information.”

Upon hearing these words.

Xuanqing was even more puzzled.

The City God stood up, his hands behind his back, and looked out at the grey sky outside the hall, “All living things in the world have their destined lifespan, no doubt about it.”

“But as a Daoist Immortal Official, even if you forcibly saved her, there won’t be any consequences, nor will there be any ‘Yama commanding death untimely’.” “The Earth God hindered you, probably because he didn’t want his kin to be sent to the Westernmost Land, that’s why he chose to withhold some information.”

At this moment.

Xuanqing finally realized.

Looking at the state of this City God, if he hadn’t guided the old woman’s soul, he probably would have vanished into thin air by now.

Once the Netherworld City God is gone from Black Wind Town, the townspeople, upon death, would have no choice but to be guided by monks to the Western Paradise.

At that time.

Even if the old woman was saved by him, her life would eventually come to an end, and she would ultimately be guided by the monks.

“Daoist Friend Xuanqing, were you planning to save that old woman because you wanted to earn some Human Merit?” The City God asked tentatively.

Xuanqing nodded.

After this length of time.

Ever since he saved Yang Ying and obtained some Human Merit, he had not come across any Human Merit after that.

“If you’re expecting to earn Human Merit, I’m afraid you’re going about it the wrong way.”

“Can you explain?”

Xuanqing was intrigued.

Ever since he entered the Journey to the West World,

he’s been feeling his way through every situation. The people around him are either low-level immortals like the Earth God or independent cultivators like the two demons.

The highest-ranking person he has met was the Guanyin, and they were in a confrontational relationship.

Now that he’s met a ‘City God’, an old experienced hand, he can finally get a clearer understanding.

PS: I’ve added some settings, filling in the gaps from before. Rest assured, dear readers, I’ll try to avoid dialogue-heavy plot explanations in the future.

Monday ~ Wednesday, PK Three Rivers, I beg all of you, definitely check out the latest chapter content on these three days.

I beg of you.... I beg and roll around on the ground for it!!

Chapter 66: Chapter 65: Mo Ke Jiedi’s Little Trick! (Please Follow)

City God smiled and then began to explain:

“Daoist friend, merits are divided into Human Merits, Innate Merits, and Heavenly Merits.”

“Among them, Human Merits refer to helping all creatures overcome catastrophes. But this does not include the exhaustion of life span and the decline of heaven and human beings.”

“If you save a living being from decline of heaven and humans, not only will you not gain Human Merits, but you will also be tainted by worldly karma, which is not worth the loss.”

“The story of Buddha cutting off his flesh to feed the eagle has spread throughout the Three Realms. It is to help the pigeon overcome the catastrophe, as well as the eagle,

because once the eagle eats the pigeon, the master behind the pigeon will certainly kill the eagle for revenge.”

“And the so-called Innate...”

With the explanation of the City God,

Xuanqing gradually understood the sources of the three types of merits in this world.

Human Merits: Obtained by helping all creatures overcome catastrophes. If it involves the exhaustion of lifespan, there will be no merits, but karma instead.

Innate Merits: Merits that exist within oneself, as the sun nourishes all living things, or Emperor Haotian governing the Three Realms, maintaining peace among them.

As for the higher 'Heavenly Merits,' the City God stated that he was not too clear about it, perhaps only the top leaders know.

It is worth mentioning that,

Once someone registers in the Heavenly Court, they will be granted a certain amount of Innate Merits as their salary based on their rank.

Of course, the City God's Yin God is under the jurisdiction of Hell. His salary does not come from the Heavenly Court, but rather from guiding the Yin souls in the reincarnation and earning merits.

At the same time,

Xuanqing understood why everyone valued the “Daoist Immortal Officer” after entering the Game World.

That's because the Daoist Immortal Officer can not only gain the power of incense fire faith, but also participate in the affairs of the human world, seek merits, and be registered as an immortal, getting a share of the Heavenly Court's Innate Merit Salary.

Tsk, tsk-

Power of incense fire, Human Merits, Innate Merits, apart from the mysterious Heavenly Merits, it's like sweeping them all in a net.

No wonder everyone values and admires the identity of the Daoist Immortal Officer. With so many benefits, who wouldn't be envious?

“Daoist friend, do you have any questions?” asked the City God.

Xuanqing shook his head, "City God, I will return to the human world after you gather a piece of dense Netherworld land and I consolidate it!"

"Alright!"

City God nodded.

With a wave of his right hand, the wind rose and clouds surged again, condensing the Netherworld energy into a small cushion.

This time, the action was obviously smaller than last time.

The reason for doing this is that after obtaining the incense fire in the Gathering Qi Bead, the City God has the hope of life and can even outlive Elder Jinchi.

Naturally, he is reluctant to wildly mobilize the source of the Netherworld as he did before, regardless of the consequences.

Leaving Xuanqing who is consolidating his cultivation in the Netherworld,

The scene switches to Black Wind Town.

There is a temple called Guanyin Zen Temple in the southern part of the small town, mainly dedicated to Guanyin Bodhisattva.

At this moment,

The Guanyin Zen Temple is very lively.

Dozens of strong men are carrying a three-meter-tall divine statue, red-faced and thick-necked, carrying it to the Main Hall.

The image of this divine statue is a bald monk with bare arms. Its surface is covered with a layer of gold powder, shining dazzlingly under sunlight.

"Amitabha, please slow down, all of you. If any harm comes to the statue, do not blame this old monk for not giving you wages," said an elderly voice.

It was an old monk with white hair and beard, wearing a gorgeous kasaya, holding a gem-encrusted tin staff, and very good in appearance.

The old monk's dharma name is Jinchi, and he is the abbot of the Guanyin Zen Temple.

Upon hearing Elder Jinchi's voice, the strong men's faces showed an uncomfortable expression.

But since ancient times, those who have done the work of “porters” don’t have much status. Although they’re upset, they didn’t dare to show it.

“One, two, -three, heave!”

With a strong and powerful shout, the statue of the bare-armed, bald monk was placed on the altar.

“It’s finished-”

Everyone was grinning from ear to ear.

This job was not easy, as they relied on overworking their bodies in exchange for their rewards, and they might die of illness and pain by the age of forty.

But for these porters, if they didn’t do the job, they might starve to death before they reached forty. Solving their immediate needs was the key.

“Elder Jinchi, can you give us our rewards now?”

The leading porter, gasping for breath, climbed up from the ground, ran to Elder Jinchi’s side, and expectedly asked.

Elder Jinchi nodded, but instead of immediately taking out the money, he commanded a young novice monk beside him:

“Huiming, go and check if there are any scratches or dents on the Golden Body of Venerable Mo Ke Jiedi.”

“Yes, Abbot!”

The young novice monk walked up to the statue and carefully inspected the base. When he found no problems, he immediately gestured to the abbot that everything was fine.

Seeing this,

Elder Jinchi nodded with satisfaction.

Just as he was about to take out the money to settle the payment for these porters,

Suddenly,

A majestic and sacred voice rang in his mind.

“Jinchi, change the position of my Golden Body with Muzha Lingtong, who is by the side of the Bodhisattva.”

Hearing the sacred voice in his mind,

Elder Jinchi was first stunned, then quickly knelt, kowtowed to the statue of Mo Ke Jiedi, and shouted loudly, "Disciple obeys the command of the Venerable Mo Ke Jiedi!"

When he stood up, he said to the porters sitting and resting under the eaves, "Gentlemen, you need to switch the order of the two Golden Body Buddha Statues."

As soon as these words came out,

The porters looked at each other.

"Elder, you can't do this, we have already..."

"Amitabha, temple construction and lifting the Gods are all for accumulating merits. If you want to receive your wages, you must finish the job first!"

Elder Jinchi put his hands together, his face full of compassion.

Inside the temple, the porters sighed, but they had no choice because they were lowly porters, while the old monk in front of them was the renowned Elder Jinchi in town.

Above the Guanyin Zen Temple,

A golden Buddha cloud floated, and on the cloud, there stood a bare-armed, bald monk.

Upon closer inspection, it would be found that the appearance of the bald monk was exactly the same as the Mo Ke Jiedi Buddha statue in the temple below.

"Jinchi is quite good. It's worth cultivating!" Mo Ke Jiedi's face showed satisfaction.

He was ordered by Guanyin Bodhisattva to deliver the 'Shimen Soul Calming Tablet' to Jinchi, to help him continue to grow and develop the Guanyin Zen Temple, and to squeeze the faith of the Earth God as well.

In fact,

For many years, Buddhism has been doing this, and the more they went towards the Westernmost Land, the more obvious this phenomenon became.

At this point,

Seeing that in the Guanyin Zen Temple, the position of his own gold Buddhist statue had been switched with that annoying Muzha,

Mo Ke Jiedi had a smile on his face.

He hated the likes of Muzha—though their skills were few, they looked down on them because they were Bodhisattva's servants, which was close to the water tower.

After pondering,

Before Mo Ke Jiedi left on his cloud,

He glanced at Elder Jinchi in the temple and commanded:

'For every believer who comes to the temple to burn incense, after worshipping the Bodhisattva, they must kowtow to my golden body before kowtowing to that Muzha.'

Chapter 67: Chapter 66: Wrongly Accused Black Wind Town's Earth Deity? (Seeking Follow-up)

The story splits into two parts.

The Netherworld beneath Black Wind Town.

The City God's Temple.

A Daoist sits cross-legged on a cushion, his half-transparent body shrouded in gray fog.

Suddenly.

The Daoist opens his eyes.

"My spirit has completely stabilized. Next, I just need to return to the real world and start Hang-up Cultivation. Then, it will be a matter of course to practice to reach the peak of Spirit Night Travel."

Xuanqing senses the state of his spirit.

Of course.

Before returning to the real world to start Hang-up Cultivation, he intends to see if he can deal with Elder Jinchi first.

"How do you feel, Daoist friend?"

A clear voice rings in his ear, the voice of the City God.

Xuanqing looks up.

This City God has changed a lot compared to before. His soul has become more solid, and his aura is more abundant. He finally has the feeling of a proper Seventh-grade Yin God.

"You look great, Lord City God!" Xuanqing praises.

"Where, where, it's all thanks to the incense you gave me, Daoist friend. Your kindness is too much for me to handle. If you ever need anything, I will do my best to help you."

The City God says happily.

After everything is done.

He takes out a token from his body and hands it over, explaining, "This is the

Ghost Gate Pass Order for Black Wind Town."

"The holder of the order can command Yin soldiers and Yin generals, and it can also be used as a pass between the human world and the Netherworld."

"But as you know the situation in the Netherworld, I'm afraid... for Daoist friend, it can only be used as a blessed land for cultivation."

"That's enough!"

Xuanqing takes the token and speaks calmly.

To be honest.

With the current situation of the City God, he doesn't expect anything else. The main goal is to keep this place for cultivation.

He has tried.

With his current state of Spirit Night Travel, practicing in the City God's Temple with the help of the Netherworld's Qi is several times more effective than in the human world.

If he starts Hang-up Cultivation, the speed of cultivation will double again. Such a treasure land, if lost, would be a pity.

Even if he breaks through to Spirit Day Travel later, he can let his apprentice also cultivate in the Netherworld.

"Lord City God, rest well. I will go first to deal with things, and then come back to the Netherworld for closed-door cultivation!"

Xuanqing cups his hands in greeting.

Then.

He takes out the token given by the City God, ready to try the Ghost Gate Pass Order. When holding the token, he automatically knows how to use it.

“Order!”

With a command, he is enveloped by a refreshing Qi. His entire spirit, like a hydrogen balloon, breaks free from gravity and flies into the sky.

At this moment!

The City God looks at the direction Xuanqing is heading and feels a deep sense of emotion.

Actually.

Before Xuanqing entered the Netherworld, he knew that a Daoist with divine light was approaching.

At that time, his heart was filled with an inexplicable feeling that his fate might lie with this Daoist.

“Tsk tsk- He doesn’t even know the basics, yet he has the identity of a Daoist Immortal Officer!”

“This Xuanqing Daoist...is really mysterious. Could it be that he’s some kind of big shot...hiss!”

The City God mumbles unconsciously.

Suddenly, he thinks of something, and his heart is in shock, as he inhales a breath of Netherworld Qi.

Black Wind Town.

The Five Thunder Institute Left Judge Temple.

Inside the main hall.

A half-transparent and illusory figure enters the body of the Daoist sitting cross-legged on the cushion.

In the blink of an eye.

The spirit returns to its place.

“Congratulations, Sir, on your great progress in cultivation!”

“Sir, Fat Ya has missed you-”

Several voices ring out in the main hall.

Xuanqing opened his eyes and saw a chubby Fat Ya coming towards him.

A doting look appeared on his face.

Everyone has their preferences, for Xuanqing, his favorite were these chubby human cubs, extremely adorable.

So, fate works in mysterious ways.

“Black Bear, White Snake, you’ve worked hard.”

“Once this year’s Heavenly Court salary is distributed, I will reward you with a portion.”
Xuanqing said to the Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She.

Now.

The two demons were merely Taoist boys, with Daoist status but not yet Immortal Officers, so naturally, they couldn’t receive any salary.

Upon hearing this,

The two demons exchanged glances.

n

Sir, is the Heavenly Court’s salary that Innate Merit?” Gentleman Bai She asked curiously.

“Correct!”

“Heavenly Court governs the Three Realms, is responsible for natural phenomena such as wind, fire, thunder, water, and earth in the world, gains Heaven and Earth’s approval. Once gaining Daoist Immortal status, naturally, one can receive a portion of the Innate Merit salary!”

Xuanqing nodded and explained.

All this information was learned from the City God. The so-called Innate Merit refers to the existence of living beings themselves. Those who gain Heaven and Earth's approval for their contributions can obtain Innate Merit.

At this moment,

Now that their master had confirmed it,

The two demons were extremely excited in their hearts.

It is important to know that,

They have just recently joined their master, and have already received actual rewards.

It is rumored that Innate Merit is very useful, whether it is for refining magic treasures, absorbing cultivation, or as protection during catastrophe crossing, it is very handy.

"Thank you, Sir, for your reward!" The Black Bear Essence and Gentleman Bai She bowed to show their gratitude.

"Hmm!"

Xuanqing nodded slightly and then commanded, "Black Bear, go and call the Black Wind Town's Land God here!"

n

Yes!

H

The Black Bear Essence responded in a deep voice.

After leaving the temple, he summoned a demonic wind and headed towards Black Wind Town.

A moment later,

The Land God of Black Wind Town was brought back to the temple by the Black Bear Essence.

"This little god pays respects to the superior immortal, may I ask what instructions do you have for calling upon me?" The Land God of Black Wind Town respectfully bowed.

"The reason I called you here is to ask you about something."

Xuanqing approached the Earth God with his hands behind his back.

“Since I took office as the Left Magistrate of the Five Thunder Court to reward good and punish evil, I have never exercised my divine authority. Today, I want to test if this Penalty of Evil Thunder is useful!”

“Do you know who in Black Wind Town is a great evil?” Xuanqing’s eyes were deep, and a cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Upon hearing this,

The Black Wind Town’s Land God trembled.

Vaguely,

He had a guess in his heart, but because the matter was so important, he didn’t dare to be certain at the moment.

“In response to the superior immortal, Zhang Yuanwai of the town’s rice shop is a great evil person. A few years ago, he hoarded grain and raised prices regardless of the disaster, resulting in countless people starving to death.”

“Besides, Miss Yang of Yichun Pavilion is also a great evil, setting up traps together with the town’s casino, forcing good people into prostitution, and causing families to break and people to die.”

“The casino’s...”

“And there’s that ranger Yan Peng, who collaborates with ...robbers and thieves...”

As the Land God of Black Wind Town narrated,

Xuanqing frowned.

He hadn’t expected that such a small Black Wind Town could harbor so many evil forces.

At the same time,

He felt somewhat dissatisfied with the Land God of Black Wind Town.

As the Earth God during human towns, since he enjoyed the incense offerings of the people, besides managing leylines and adjusting the water and atmosphere, he should be protecting the people.

“As the Black Wind Town’s Land God, why do you let these great evils wreak havoc?” Xuanqing’s eyes were cold.

“I have been wronged, superior immortal!”

Thud-

The Land God of Black Wind Town suddenly knelt on the ground, with a wronged expression on his face..

Chapter 68: Chapter 67: Rewarding the Good and Punishing the Evil, Five Thunders Bombing (Extra Update!)

“I’ve been wronged-” cried the Earth God.

Following his wail, he began to explain: “The superior immortal might not know this, but it’s not that I’m indifferent to the people. I’m just powerless.”

Ah, the wicked ones—every year, they donated a huge amount of money to the

Guanyin Zen Monastery. Therefore, they are enveloped by Buddha’s light.”

“Even that ranger has laid down his butcher knife and converted to Buddhism. As an insignificant deity, I really can’t do anything against these people.”

As he spoke...

The Earth God kept sighing.

Though he was slightly better off than the secluded Earth Gods of Black Wind Mountain and Azure Dragon Mountain, the presence of the Guanyin Zen Monastery wasn’t doing him any favors.

After listening to these words...

Xuanqing’s eyes narrowed.

He had been worrying about how to deal with Guanyin Zen Monastery. And now, he heard such news—it was as if someone had delivered a pillow to him as he fell asleep.

“List all the names of these wicked people for me!” Xuanqing commanded.

He wanted to see if the Buddha’s light could withstand the punishment of the Five Thunders on these wicked people!

As the left judge of the Five Thunder Court, who rewards the good and punishes the evil and controls the Yin-Thunder among the five, he could execute his divine authority if the others indeed did immense evil.

“Yes, sir. I will present it to you immediately!”

The Earth Deity’s face flashed with excitement. He then used his divine power to condense a list of names and handed it to his mighty leader.

Doing grassroot-level work is not easy, especially when dealing with wicked people backed by high powers. Only someone like a superior immortal, who had an even higher background, could deal with them.

Nighttime.

The bustling Black Wind Town was quieter than usual.

Still, there were a few special places that remained brightly lit.

Inside the casino, the croupier was still shaking the dice forcefully, and in the Yichun Building, the old madam was also energetically promoting their products.

Even in places like the grain shop, there was a lamp burning in the study. Boss Zhang, the grain shop owner, was flipping through the account book with a scheming smile.

However.

They all had one thing in common. They were all extremely wicked people and their karma would suffice to condemn them to hell.

It was late at night.

People fell into deep sleep.

Yet, surprisingly, in their dreams, they entered into a strange dream world.

In the dream.

A lofty deity stared into the distance with cold eyes. Even though he wasn’t looking directly at them, it still gave people the chills and they didn’t dare to meet his gaze, feeling oppressed by the aura emanating from him.

A deity.

This was a deity.

Furthermore.

Everyone in the dream, upon seeing this deity, instinctively understood this deity's name.

Taiji Palace selected Scholar, Left Judge of Wulei Institute, and concurrently Officer of Thunderbolt Department!

He rewards the kind and punishes the wicked; he is the Left Judge who administers the Five Thunders!

“Zhang Youfu, born in Wude...hoarding grain to jack up prices in disaster, committed great evil, punish with Five Thunders Bombing!”

With the cold and mighty voice ringing, a picture was projected in the dream.

A middle-aged man with a black mole at the corner of his mouth, skinny as a bamboo pole, and always wearing a sneaky smile appeared.

It was Boss Zhang from the grain shop, counting money with a sneaky smile.

“It's Boss Zhang!”

“Damn this scheming merchant! The rice he sold to my family last time was mixed with sand.”

“Good punishment, this Zhang took advantage of other grain merchants, sold grain at high prices, and harmed the people. He is utterly wicked. I ask Left Judge Grand Lord for justice!”

Perhaps because they were in a dream, or perhaps because they were under the gaze of the deity.

In short, people were no longer worried, and they cursed Boss Zhang in the picture.

However.

The god in the sky remained expressionless. The coldness in his eyes grew even colder.

“Yang Bizhen, born in...forced good women into prostitution, causing the destruction of nineteen families. A great evil, punish with Five Thunders Bombing!”

“Old Wang Five, born in...”

One by one, the images were projected.

Their crimes were also listed and made public.

“Just fulfilling my responsibilities as the Left Judge of the Five Thunder Court and executing the duty of rewarding the good and punishing the evil!”

“Thunderbolt!”

Buzz-

The oppressive air became more intense. Dark clouds engulfed this dream world. The humming sounded like the prelude to a storm.

At last.

Boom-

Accompanied by a flash of light.

Immediately after is a great thunderous roar shaking heaven and earth.

One could see arm-thick bolts of thunder, falling from the clouds as if they were free, in a dense drop.

The target of these thunders.

Were the great evildoers in the scene.

In the small town.

In a small house, a few straw mats were laid out, each with a robust man sleeping on top of it.

Suddenly.

One of the men's bodies trembled, then his eyes opened, panting heavily, his heart unable to calm down for a long time.

He had a dream.

In his dream, Left Judge Grand Lord from the new temple built in the town summoned numerous heavenly thunders, striking down the evil people in the town.

The dream was so real.

Even.

He could clearly remember the charred body of Zhang Yuanwai, the abhorrent owner of the grain boutique, under the thunderstrike.

Could it be that there are really immortals in this world, then why have these villains been able to run free for so many years?"

The man leaned on his own arm, his gaze passing through a window, looking at the clear sky outside, where there was no trace of thunder.

He chuckled self-mockingly.

Where are the immortals, where is the reward for goodness and punishment for evil, it must have been just a nightmare, how deluded was he.

However.

A rustling sound.

In the room, the other strong men also woke up one by one.

ii

Eh, Old Bull, you woke up too?"

"I had a dream, a strange dream."

"Dream?"

"Little Brother also had a dream, did you all dream of the Left Judge Grand Lord?"

As they talked.

Everyone was horrified.

They didn't expect that everyone had the same dream, judging by the current situation, this definitely wasn't a simple dream.

At that moment.

A shrill scream echoed.

"All-"

The sound came from a luxurious residence in the center of the town, which was extraordinarily apparent in this silent night.

On the previously quiet streets.

Countless townspeople, cloaked in outer garments, all looked incredibly shocked. When they found out that everyone had the same dream, they all ran to the courtyard where the protagonist of the dream resided.

“Boss Zhang...is dead!”

“Miss Yang is dead!”

“They’re all dead, they’re all dead, oh Great Lord of the Blue Sky-”

“Five Thunder Institute Left Judge Grand Lord, our Black Wind Town has a clear sky now!”

Just as the townspeople were cheering and jumping for joy.

Inside the Five Thunders Temple.

In the Divine Realm.

The Black Bear Essence, Gentleman Bai She, Black Wind Town’s Land God, Azure Dragon Mountain’s Land God, Black Wind Mountain’s Land God, Black Dragon Pool’s Water God.

They all gathered inside this main hall.

Yet their gazes, were all unanimously focused on the strapping figure on the god platform.

Xuanqing’s eyes were gleaming with a cold light.

Through the Divine Realm, he watched the scenes in the small town clearly, this performance naturally being the result of him using his divine authority.

However.

Even though these great evildoers had died, he knew that the matter was not over yet.

Because.

Behind all these evils, the culprits, Elder Jinchi in Guanyin Zen temple and his band of monks, still hadn’t been dealt with.

“Black Bear, White Snake, Four Little Gods, accompany me to Guanyin Zen temple!”

Chapter 69: Chapter 68: Special Measures!

The furthest south-

Guanyin Zen Temple.

In the front yard, the crowd surged, and all the monks gathered there, their faces revealing worry.

Their gazes were fixed on the gate, as if waiting for some news.

Suddenly.

A young monk stumbled in.

“All...”

“All dead, Merit Incense Masters... all dead!” The monk’s face was full of horror, panting heavily while gesturing to the other monks.

“Roasted, charred!”

With those words.

It immediately caused a huge commotion. The monks’ faces turned pale, full of despair.

“What to do, the things in the dream were true, it’s over!”

“Bodhisattva, please bless me. I have been offering you my sincere devotion for many years, please protect me.”

“It’s over. Master, should we run?”

At this moment.

Facing the chaos of the monks.

Elder Jinchi remained calm and composed.

Unlike these ordinary monks, he knew more about the world and even received the grace of Guanyin Bodhisattva.

He was very clear.

There are gods, demons, and ghosts in this world.

But even among the immortals, demons, and ghosts, there was still division of strength.

Mo Ke Jiedi had told him that the Soul Calming Plaque bestowed by Guanyin Bodhisattva could not only be used to attract believers but also as a Body Protection Talisman.

“Ahem!”

Elder Jinchi coughed lightly and struck the ground twice with his cane.

Seeing that the abbot was about to speak, everyone stopped talking and looked at him with expectant eyes.

“Amitabha, it’s unbecoming of monks to be so noisy and disruptive!”

Elder Jinchi first scolded them, then continued slowly: “With the Bodhisattva here and the venerable here, the sky... can’t collapse!”

As soon as his words finished.

He saw that the fear in his underlings’ eyes became even more intense.

Even.

A monk with a scar on his face directly collapsed on the ground. He remembered that this monk used to be a ranger before he became a monk, but couldn’t remember his name.

“Amitabha, if you want to continue like this, don’t blame the old monk for deducting your merits!”

“Hmph!” Elder Jinchi snorted coldly.

However.

He found that the deduction of merits, once a surefire method, failed to bring the monks back to their senses, and their expressions turned even more fearful.

And their gaze seemed strange... Why... were they looking at his head?

Elder Jinchi looked up instinctively.

In an instant!

“All! Amitabha...” Elder Jinchi was startled, his heart full of fear. However, after he touched the jade brand in his chest, he relaxed a little.

He saw.

A Taoist in a daoist robe, with a gait and foot tread of a Lucky cloud floating in the air.

Next to the Taoist, there was a young man in white and four semi-transparent, short old men with long beards.

“Zhu Gaofeng, born in Wude... Killing and robbing, shielding Yang Bizhen, Old Wang Five, Zhang Youfu... extremely sinful, deserve the Five Thunders Bombing!”

Daoist Xuanqing said calmly, recounting Jinchi Elder’s sins.

All in all.

Among all the people in Black Wind Town, except for the grain merchant, the amount of negative energy on Elder Jinchi was the highest. Were it not for the Buddha’s light protecting him, he would have returned to the Pure Land long ago.

“Yan Peng, born in Wude... Killing and robbing, bullying the market, extremely evil, deserve the Five Thunders Bombing!”

Plop-

“Don’t, don’t kill me, I’ve already laid down the butcher’s knife, the abbot said...said that laying down the butcher’s knife can turn me into a Buddha immediately, don’t...”

The monk with a scar on his face slumped to the ground, staring at his legs incessantly, and the roots of his robe were already wet.

Dark clouds began to gather in the sky.

The monks discovered that the scene in their dream had turned into reality at this moment.

However.

They felt relieved because, from the words of the immortals in the sky, this so-called Five Thunders Bombing was obviously directed at the abbot, the monk Hui De.

It is worth mentioning that Monk Hui De was none other than the murderous bully and swindler Ranger.

Humming-‘

The friction between the dark clouds produced a depressing and dull sound, like the prelude to death, echoing in everyone's hearts.

Seeing such a formation.

Elder Jinchi's face could not help but reveal his panic.

Although he had seen a lot and was knowledgeable, he was after all just a mortal, so how could he not be afraid when facing this divine majesty?

"Blessed by the Bodhisattva!"

Elder Jinchi took out the jade brand from his bosom and murmured: "Venerable Mo Ke Jiedi, this disciple is in great trouble, please save me!"

"Disciple...Disciple has already followed the venerable's instructions and exchanged your golden body with Muzha Spirit Child, please save this disciple!"

the next moment.

The Jade brand shined.

A dozen feet tall, bald monk with bare arms emerged from the jade brand, exuding a sacred and overwhelming aura.

Rescued!

Elder Jinchi's heart was overjoyed, and he knelt down on the ground promptly, "Disciple pays respects to Venerable Mo Ke Jiedi!"

Upon seeing this.

One by one, the monks all knelt down, their faces filled with excitement, shouting, 'Disciple pays respects to Venerable Mo Ke Jiedi!'

High in the sky.

Seeing the figure of Mo Ke Jiedi below, Daoist Xuanqing showed a smile on his lips.

In fact.

The reason why the heavenly thunder had not fallen wasn't that it needed to brew, but because he had deliberately put pressure on Elder Jinchi, and then attracted the other party to use the last resort.

He had originally thought that the backup plan was left by Guanyin since this place was the Guanyin Zen Temple, but he didn't expect it to be just a Mo Ke Jiedi.

Daoist Xuanqing turned his head and gave Gentleman Bai She a signal with his eyes.

Upon seeing this.

Gentleman Bai She hurriedly took out a transparent crystal ball from his bosom and poured mana into the crystal ball.

This crystal ball was not a powerful magic treasure. It was called Stay in the Picture Crystal, as the name suggests, it was used for recording images.

That's right.

Daoist Xuanqing had done all this to record the scene.

As the thinking mode of a modern person, whether it's helping old ladies or fighting with others, one can never escape the existence of surveillance.

Of course.

Recording the scene of Mo Ke Jiedi protecting Elder Jinchi is not to help them seek redress since no one would seek justice in a world where the weak are preyed upon by the strong.

The main purpose is for later use to undermine the faith in Buddhism.

For example... later, let Black Bear Essence circulate the recorded images throughout the villages under Black Wind Town so that the common people can see if this so-called Merciful Buddha Gate is worth their faith!

Down below.

This towering illusion is not the true body of Mo Ke Jiedi, but a wisp of divine thought he left behind.

Soon.

This illusion of Mo Ke Jiedi quickly figured out the current situation, and sneered as he stood in front of Elder Jinchi, shouting at Daoist Xuanqing on the lucky cloud above:

"It's you, Daoist Xuanqing! Jinchi is a person of the Buddha, it's not your place as a Taoist to interfere!"

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The words fell.

Mo Ke Jiedi immediately sprinkled his divine thoughts with golden light, firmly protecting Elder Jinchi.

This moment.

Above the lucky cloud.

Xuanqing, however, ignored Mo Ke Jiedi and turned his head again, nodding at the Black Wind Town's Land God behind him.

Seeing this.

Black Wind Mountain's Land God gritted his teeth and then came to the side of Mo Ke Jiedi's illusion, while silently thinking in his heart that he was just an outsider and to mind his own business!

"Lord Mo Ke Jiedi, I am the Land God of Black Wind Town."

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In the 596th year of Wude, a merchant team entered Black Wind Town and was attacked by Jinchi in collusion with Master Huiming, all of whom were killed, and their bones buried in this courtyard."

"In the 599th year of Wude, Jinchi helped the evil Zhang Yuanwai and killed forty starving ghosts."

"In the 601st year of Wude, Jinchi had an affair with the Old Procurer of Yichun Pavilion and helped her kill eight ghosts who were forced into prostitution and died."

"Wude..."

As the Land God of Black Wind Town disclosed Jinchi's evil deeds one by one.

Even the monks in the courtyard were shocked, thinking that their abbot was just stingy and unscrupulous, but they never expected that he was such a terrible demon.

However, in the face of all this.

Mo Ke Jiedi had no reaction whatsoever.

Or rather.

In his view, the things Jinchi did hardly mattered, whether it was the killing of ghosts or the attacking of merchant teams, they could all be explained by 'deliverance.'

As for the 'adultery' issue, it was even more non-existent, as this was clearly cultivation, and it was the righteous Buddhist path of 'blissful meditation!'

So.

Mo Ke Jiedi directly said impatiently, "You little Earth Deity, dare to be presumptuous in front of the deity, get out!"

As he waved his hand, he suppressed the Land God of Black Wind Town.

Although he just blew it away, he did not act recklessly and kill it.

Then.

Mo Ke Jiedi turned his gaze to Xuanqing on the lucky cloud.

"You little Taoist, so bold and reckless. Don't think that just because you've entered the immortal roll, the deity won't dare to kill you!"

"Even if Jinchi has done some evil deeds, don't you naively think that there are laws in this world to restrain Buddhism!"

"Today, I won't kill you, just shatter your cultivation as a lesson for your sharp tongue!"

Saying this.

Mo Ke Jiedi opened his mouth wide with divine thoughts and fiercely sucked the incense from his own golden Buddha statue in the main hall.

That was not enough, so he also sucked away the incense from Muzha Spirit Child's golden Buddha statue next to him. After all, they were all Buddhist disciples, and they should help each other.

After these actions.

Mo Ke Jiedi's divine thoughts suddenly attacked the air, aiming at Xuanqing on the lucky cloud.

Facing the approaching Mo Ke Jiedi.

A smile appeared at the corner of Xuanqing's mouth.

Even.

He casually asked Gentleman Bai She who was next to him, "Have you recorded it all?"

Hearing that.

Gentleman Bai She nodded, his eyes full of excitement. He never expected the venerable person of Buddhism to be so foolish.

With just a few words from the Earth Deity, his true nature was provoked.

Bai She's heart was already looking forward to the waves that would be caused by the dissemination of this Stay in the Picture Crystal image.

At the same time, he was incredibly impressed with the wisdom of his own master.

Everyone only saw the Liu Liuying Crystal as a way to pass on cultivation techniques and methods, but only his own master could think of such a novel use.

At this moment.

Mo Ke Jiedi had already arrived at the side of the lucky cloud.

Just as he was about to shatter all the cultivation of this annoying Daoist Xuanqing.

Suddenly.

A dark figure burst out of the equally dark thundercloud, and it was the Black Bear Essence who had been lying in ambush.

"Haha, eat my Old Black's punch!"

Looking at the fist the size of a basin and feeling the power attached to it.

Mo Ke Jiedi's face changed suddenly.

What the fuck... there's an ambush?

That was the last thought in his mind, followed by the translucent illusion constantly shaking and distorting.

The golden faith incense fire contained in the divine thoughts exploded before it could be used, like a huge firework, illuminating the entire Guanyin Zen Temple!

Fireworks!

Such beautiful fireworks-

One punch!

Just with one punch, Mo Ke Jiedi was shattered.

The reason for such effect was that the cultivation of Black Bear Essence itself was not bad, moreover it was hidden within the Thunder Tribulation dark clouds.

Whether it was Black Bear Essence or the Thunder Tribulation, both were pitch black, and the aura of the Thunder Tribulation could perfectly conceal the demonic aura of Black Bear Essence.

Hence,

that instant kill effect was achieved.

In the front yard of the Zen Temple,

faced with these gorgeous fireworks,

the monks did not have the slightest interest in appreciating them.

Elder Jinchi and Monk Huiming were even more terrified, their hearts trembling, their lips shivering, and only fear remaining in their eyes.

Thump-

Both monks slumped to the ground.

High above the auspicious cloud

Daoist Xuanqing looked at all this coldly, his face expressionless, just gently uttering two words:

“Thunder Penalty!”

The next moment.

The thunder’s power contained in the dark clouds, as if having received some calling, surged out wildly like a bout of diarrhea.

Boom-

Crack, crack-

Thunderbolts filled the sky, surrounding the entire Guanyin Zen Temple, and all the monks were enveloped in thunderbolt.

Of course,

It didn't kill all the monks, but according to the size of their karma, they endured different levels of thunderbolt's power.

Among the most tragic ones.

naturally, it was Elder Jinchi and Monk Huiming, the ranger.

The moment the thunderbolt struck, both turned into charcoal instantaneously.

It wasn't too bad for the other monks, most of them were left with disabilities, and only a very few were just slightly injured under the thunderbolt.

Such power of Heaven and Earth,

came quickly and left quickly, too.

Over!

No,

The matter was far from over.

This Five Thunders Bombing was the power of divine authority, but it was not the real heavenly thunder that could obliterate a person's soul.

Therefore,

at this moment, in Guanyin Zen Temple,

apart from the monks who were wailing and crying, there were also two ghostly and ephemeral souls lingering.

These two souls were naturally 'Elder Jinchi' and the 'Monk Huiming', the ranger.

Whoosh-

A cold wind swept through,

and the ground began to wriggle, as if something was about to break through the earth.

Two Yin Soldiers, wearing armor and surrounded by black mist, slowly floated up from the ground, holding chains in their hands.

They are Yin Soldiers from the Land of Darkness!

“Hee-hee, these two damned monks finally fell into our hands!” one of the Yin Soldiers let out a creepy laugh.

Another Yin Soldier could not help but laugh loudly, “We haven’t received our salary for a whole hundred years, all because of these two monks. After taking them back to the Netherworld, we must torture them well!”

At this scene,

the monks didn’t dare to wail, gritting their teeth and laying their heads on the ground, fearing that any noise would draw the Yin Soldiers’ attention.

At this moment,

the souls of Elder Jinchi and Monk Huiming were already scared silly. Seeing the Yin Soldiers, they were not only unafraid, but also revealed foolish smiles.

However,

the Netherworld had no shortage of means to restore their minds, and it was believed that the City God would not hesitate to use them to restore these two, so they could be properly tortured later!

It’s a hundred years of grudge!

Above the auspicious clouds,

Xuanqing nodded in satisfaction.

Daoist Xuanqing was a person who saw things through from beginning to end, always managing the killing, burying, and even the reincarnation!