

# **Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone**

## **Chapter 11 - Attack of the Beast Tide (1)**

### **Chapter 11: Attack of the Beast Tide (1)**

With Mount Ziyang as the center, the counties were spread out in an area of 3,000 miles, with a population of more than two million. Among these two million, more than one million people belonged to the Lu clan.

After 1,000 years of reproduction, the descendants of the Lu clan had grown to as many as one million. Due to the chaos of Demon Beasts, evil cultivators, or natural disasters, there was a great loss of population. Otherwise, the population of the Lu clan would be even greater.

As for the remaining millions of people, they were mainly foreign people. They relied on the protection of the Lu clan to survive in the world.

It was difficult for mortals to survive. If they did not have the protection of cultivators, they might be reduced to the food of Demon Beasts or be sacrificed by demonic cultivators.

Those villages and towns that did not have the protection of cultivators would be destroyed in less than ten days.

The towns would be guarded by early-stage Qi Refinement cultivators, while the county towns were guarded by late-stage Qi Refinement cultivators. A county would definitely be guarded by a Zifu disciple.

Without the existence of powerful cultivators, it would be impossible to protect those mortals.

Cultivators were also willing to protect those mortals. It was not that cultivators were kind-hearted, but that mortals were the foundation of cultivators. The more mortals there were, the more cultivators would be born.

...

The flying boat was flying at a fast speed, reaching a speed of 100 meters per second. At a height of 300 meters, it was flying rapidly toward a nearby village.

The village was located in the middle of the mountains, in a small river valley.

The village was built on a small hill.

In the river valley, there were patches of farmland. The crops were green and lush. There were also some farmers walking among them, using hoes to remove weeds.

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At the entrance of the village, a group of children was playing. The mountain village appeared quiet and peaceful.

When they arrived, the entire village was shocked.

Lu Xuanji walked into the village, found the village chief, and greeted the villagers.

In less than two hours, more than 500 villagers boarded the flying boat. Some were unwilling to leave their homes.

However, under the orders of the 'Immortal Leaders', they had no choice but to board the flying boat.

The flying boat moved forward. After about three hours, when it reached the foot of Mount Ziyang, the villagers came down one after another.

Some cultivators of the Lu clan came forward and began to guide the villagers.

Lu Xuanji took the flying boat and left again. He went to another village to fetch more people.

In just one day, he went back and forth five or six times, transporting about 3,000 people.

Back and forth, countless airships landed near Mount Ziyang, transporting ordinary people. Over time, people gradually gathered near Mount Ziyang, and the population grew larger and larger. With the Lu clan's cultivators guiding and maintaining order, there was no big mess.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

As the airships moved forward, Lu Xuanji stopped in front of a village and began to greet the people. More people boarded the airships.

The flying boat set off towards the Lu clan.

The flying boat was actually extremely simple and crude. A regular flying boat had a defensive formation, an offensive formation, and an extremely fast speed. It had a terrifying defensive power and could be said to be a weapon of war.

However, the flying boat that Lu Xuanji used to transport the people was an extremely simple flying boat.

The defensive power of such a flying boat was weak. It could be split open by a flying sword and was an easy target in the air. Its flying speed was also slow. It was only 100 meters per second. Even a Foundation Establishment cultivator riding a flying sword could fly faster than this boat. As for its offensive weapons, there were almost none. To cultivators, they were practically useless.

However, such an airboat was cheap. A single one was only ten spirit stones, but it could transport a large number of civilians.

Just like that, the task of transporting civilians ended in about a month's time.

About 2.5 million people gathered in an area of less than ten square kilometers near Mount Ziyang. It was too crowded, but under the arrangement of the Lu clan cultivators, they were distributed in an orderly manner.

Standing at the entrance of the cave abode, Lu Xuanji felt his heart go numb as he looked at the densely packed Mount Ziyang.

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In the meeting hall of the Lu clan.

23 Foundation Establishment cultivators were sitting on chairs, with Lu Fuming sitting in the center.

The Patriarch of the Zifu clan said, "The Dan Yang Sect has issued a summoning order, and the Beast Tide is about to arrive. A passive defense approach will only lead to the loss of defense everywhere. It's best to take the initiative to attack and stop the high-level Dmon Beasts at Iron Ridge Pass. According to the old rules, the clan will send half of its cultivators, which are 12 Foundation Establishment cultivators. I myself will go to the front line."

"As for who will be sent, it will be decided by drawing lots. Life and death will be decided by fate, and wealth and honor will be decided by the heavens!"

As the Zifu Patriarch spoke, he took out a cylinder and placed 23 straws inside.

"Everyone, you may inspect the apparatus."

The cultivators went forward to check on the drawing apparatus. After confirming that there was nothing fishy about it, they began to draw straws one after another.

"Go down and prepare!" the Zifu Patriarch said.

"After half a day of preparation, let's go to Iron Ridge Pass!"

The cultivators agreed in unison.

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Soon, a flying boat appeared in the air.

The flying boat was ten meters long and three meters wide. It did not look very big on the whole, but it was made of black iron and was emitting a black light. On it, there were mysterious formation patterns. A layer of faint light appeared outside the flying boat. On the boat, there were three Rune Cannons.

This was the Grade 3 flying boat, it was called 'Flood Dragon'.

Flood Dragon could activate a defensive formation and turn into a Rune Light Shield to block attacks from peak-level Zifu disciples. On the boat, there were three Rune Cannons. Their attacks were comparable to an attack from an early-stage Golden Core cultivator. At its fastest speed, it was comparable to an early-stage Golden Core cultivator's escape technique.

On the flying ship stood Zifu Patriarch Lu Fuming, as well as 12 Foundation Establishment cultivators from the Lu clan.

Whoosh!

The flying ship flashed and flew out of Mount Ziyang, disappearing into the distance.

"Mother, where did the Patriarch go?" Lu Xuanji asked.

"The Beast Tide is about to arrive. It's just a passive defense. Relying on Mount Ziyang's Great Protective Formation isn't good enough. If we defend for too long, we'll definitely lose. Only by taking the initiative to attack can we alleviate some of the pressure... The Dan Yang Sect has summoned the cultivators of the various great clans to head to the defensive line to defend against the great demons!" Ye Xinlan said, her expression somewhat worried.

Every time the Beast Tide attacked, there would always be Zifu disciples dying, and there might even be Golden Core cultivators dying on the battlefield.

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Dong dong dong!

A loud sound rang out, and with the sound, many Demon Beasts appeared on the distant horizon. There were Cat Demon Beasts, Pig Demon Beasts, Rat Demon Beasts,

Goat Demon Beasts, Wolf Demon Beasts, and so on. They came densely like a tide, drowning everything.

The Demon Beasts that formed the Beast Tide mainly had low-level bloodlines. They were mainly first-level Demon Beasts. Many of them had just been born with shallow intelligence. They were in a muddle-headed state, but they were the most brutal.

Lu Xuanji watched this scene and felt his scalp go numb.

A single Demon Beast was very weak. A cultivator at the first level of Qi Refinement stage could kill it with a single sword strike.

However, when tens of millions, hundreds of millions, or even billions of them gathered together, the Beast Tide was enough to drown everything.

No need to mention Foundation Establishment cultivators, even Zifu disciples would be overwhelmed. If there were too many ants, they could bite an elephant to death.

Moreover, within the Beast Tide, there were also some tier-2 and tier-3 Demon Beasts hidden within them, ready to ambush humans at any time.

Wherever the Beast Tide passed, it was like a flood that submerged everything, destroying villages, cities, and spirit fields. Many spiritual herbs and spirit grains were all looted, and spirit fields were destroyed.

Many villages were submerged by the Beast Tide, and a moment later, they were reduced to ruins.

Some human civilians did not have the time to hide in Mount Ziyang, and were attacked by the Beast Tide. They were instantly submerged, and when they reappeared, only skeletons remained.

There were also some itinerant cultivators who did not have enough time to hide. Under the overwhelming attack of the Beast Tide, they could only hold on for a short while before losing their life force.

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## **Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone Chapter 12 - Attack of the Beast Tide (2)**

### **Chapter 12: Attack of the Beast Tide (2)**

Bang bang!

The Beast Tide trampled the ground as they stared at Mount Ziyang.

Roar!

The Demon Beasts roared and began to attack Mount Ziyang.

A Windroar Wolf roared and spat out a wind blade towards the formation.

The Lightning Rabbit opened its mouth and spat out a bolt of lightning towards the formation.

The Tusk Boar spat out another black water arrow towards the formation.

Groups of Demon Beasts stared at the Great Protective Formation and attacked. The attacks of each Demon Beast were very weak, but when tens of thousands of Demon Beasts joined forces to attack, they had an earth-shaking power.

Mount Ziyang was trembling. The formation was shaking as if it was about to collapse.

Boom boom boom!

The Demon Beasts continued to attack, and a series of spells bombarded the formation. The formation looked as if it was about to break.

However, the purple light flashed, neutralizing all the attacks.

Lu Xuanji watched this scene, and his mind wavered.

Once the protection formation was broken, the two million mortals and more than a thousand cultivators of Mount Ziyang would all be reduced to the Demon Beasts' food.

"Cultivators of the clan, guard the formation's core and prevent any unexpected occurrences!"

The First Elder's cold and cruel voice rang out. "Without the clan's orders, do not act rashly!"

Lu Xuanji returned to his cave abode and sat upright on a Dao platform, circulating his True Qi.

On Mount Ziyang, every cave abode was a node of the formation. Normally, the spiritual vein would supply the cultivator with spiritual energy to cultivate. However, at this

moment, it turned into an endless stream of spiritual energy to support the operation of the formation. The level three great formation of the Ziyang was currently in operation.

As the array formation operated, a purple light barrier rose and surrounded Mount Ziyang. Numerous runes flickered and changed, blocking the impact of the Demon Beasts.

Bang bang!

The array formation emitted an intense sound.

Lu Xuanji was perturbed and worried.

The Beast Tide, which happened once every hundred years, was almost unavoidable.

In the eyes of the Demon Beasts, humans were the supreme delicacy. Eating humans could awaken their intelligence and speed up their cultivation. It could be considered a supreme medicine. Every time the Demon Beast Tide opened, it was the supreme holy feast of the Demon Beasts. It was also the time to gather for a meal.

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Seven days later, the formation could not be broken.

Some Demon Beasts dispersed and went to attack other weak areas to search for 'blood food'.

Sensing that the number of Demon Beasts outside was decreasing, Lu Xuanji heaved a sigh of relief.

Mount Ziyang was temporarily safe.

However, it was not really safe. It was not that the Demon Beasts at the foot of Mount Ziyang were unable to break through Mount Ziyang. Rather, they would have to pay an enormous price to break through Mount Ziyang.

Rather than wasting time here, it would be better to attack some of the weaker spirit mountains.

However, they still needed to be prepared for the Demon Beasts to make a comeback.

"The Beast Tide is truly terrifying. I wonder how many loose cultivators and Foundation Establishment clans have been destroyed by the Beast Tide this time!"

Lu Xuanji was nervous. He was worried about the Zifu disciples and Foundation Establishment cultivators who had set off for battle. He was also worried about his father who had participated in the battle.

Mount Ziyang had a tier-3 formation that could block the attacks of Zifu disciples. Even a Golden Core stage Patriarch would need to spend some time attacking to break the protective formation.

However, to maintain the operation of the Grand Ziyang Formation, one would need to expend the energy of the spirit vein.

If the grand formation was to be operated for a long period of time, the spirit vein would be exhausted, or even destroyed.

If one was to hide within the spirit mountain and passively defend, one would slowly die.

During each Beast Tide, the Dan Yang Sect would lead Zifu disciples and Foundation Establishment cultivators to intercept high-level Demon Beasts. Those high-level cultivators would intercept a large number of high-level Demon Beasts, forcing the Beast Tide to be dominated by low-level Demon Beasts.

Fortunately, mid-level and high-level Demon Beasts were rare, which gave humans a fighting chance to defend themselves within the spirit mountains.

After a month, the Beast Tide began to recede.

Some Foundation Establishment cultivators went to investigate. The Beast Tide had already retreated ten thousand miles away.

About ten days later, the Demon Beasts all retreated back to the mountains.

The Beast Tide had ended.

However, the land was full of devastation. Many towns, spirit mountains, and other places had suffered devastating damage. Countless humans had been reduced to blood food, and many cultivators had died.

Under the command of the First Elder, Mount Ziyang began to guide the two million mortals in an orderly manner. The two million mortals left and returned to their original places of residence.

One after another, flying ships rose up and escorted the mortals away.

Many cultivators heaved a sigh of relief. The Beast Tide had finally ended, and they had endured it.



In the midst of the dilapidated state, the earth began to recuperate, and some human cities and towns regained their vitality.

Returning to his cave abode, Lu Xuanji sensed the Spirit Cave. There was almost no spiritual energy leaking out of the Spirit Cave.

In order to maintain the operation of the Great Protective Formation, the spirit vein on Mount Ziyang was severely damaged, and it needed to enter a state of recuperation. Due to this, the clan did not need to think about cultivating for the next five years.

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Ten days later, the Flood Dragon appeared in mid-air.

However, Flood Dragon was somewhat damaged and swaying.

Some of the familiar faces were missing from the flying ship.

During the expedition, there was a Zifu Patriarch and 12 Foundation Establishment cultivators. However, upon returning, there were only 5 Foundation Establishment cultivators left. Lu Fuming's face was pale. All he did was greet them. Then, he hurriedly left.

In the middle of the crowd, he saw his father.

"Father!"

"Son!"

Seeing his father, Lu Xuanji felt a pleasant surprise.

His father also smiled, but he could see from his expression that he was very tired.

They could hear exclamations from all around them.

"My son is dead! Impossible!"

"My father died on the battlefield?!"

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"Husband, sob, sob, sob!"

Lu Xuanji heard the cries of some of his clansmen. Their loved ones had died in the Beast Tide.

The greater the power, the greater the responsibility.

In the clan, in order to provide for a Foundation Establishment cultivator, many low-level and middle-level cultivators had to sacrifice, they had to live frugally for the sake of the Foundation Establishment cultivators. Foundation Establishment cultivators enjoyed supreme power. However, when the clan was in danger, Foundation Establishment cultivators also had to charge forward.

Just like this Beast Tide attack, mortals and low-level cultivators could hide on the mountain and hide behind the Great Protective Formation, but Foundation Establishment cultivators could not.

Foundation Establishment cultivators had to charge into battle.

At the front line, they had to intercept high-level Demon Beasts and lighten the burden of the spirit mountain.

Father didn't say anything and immediately returned to the courtyard.

Mother began to cook.

After a moment, five dishes and three bowls of spirit rice were ready.

Eating the spirit rice, father said, "At the front line, the Demon Beasts' attacks were endless. There were Zifu Demon Beasts and Golden Core Demon Beasts. It was a very difficult time..."

His father rambled on, talking about the front lines and the war.

People would die in war.

At the front lines, the Lu clan lost five Foundation Establishment cultivators, while the rest of the Foundation Establishment cultivators were all injured. However, comparatively speaking, quite a few of the Demon Beasts had died as well.

"Father, can we not fight? Can there be peace? Can we not farm peacefully and just run our businesses?" Lu Xuanji asked, a hint of worry flashing through his eyes.

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"No one likes to fight in war. On the battlefield, if a few Foundation Establishment cultivators die, the clan will lose their vitality. Even if they are injured on the battlefield, they will need to rest for a few years to recover their vitality... We have to fight."

His father's expression was somewhat gloomy. "Resources are limited. In order to fight for resources, the demon race must fight with the human race."

"The demon race must use the human race as blood food to awaken their intelligence, increase their origin, and accelerate their evolution."

"The human race also needs to hunt Demon Beasts and use their inner cores to make Foundation Establishment Pills. The skin and fur of Demon Beasts can be used to make talismans. The bones of Demon Beasts can be used to make Magic Artifacts."

## **Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone**

### **Chapter 13 - The Patriarch Was Seriously Injured**

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"The internal conflicts of the demon race are more severe than that of humans. The Cat Demon Beast and the Rat Demon Beast are natural enemies, while the Tiger Demon Beast and the Deer Demon Beast are natural enemies. They fight each other fiercely. The internal conflicts of the other Demon Beasts are also more severe. In order to alleviate the internal conflicts of the Demon Beasts, those Demon Emperors have to create enemies even if they don't have any enemies. Only by facing the outside world together can they alleviate the internal conflicts of the demon race."

His father continued, "The White Tiger Demon Emperor launched the Beast Tide. Firstly, it used up the excess low-level monsters. Secondly, it used up the potential of the human race during the war. Thirdly, it used the war to train soldiers and nurture the younger generation of the demon race."

Lu Xuanji said, "Is the patriarch's injuries serious?"

"Very serious!" His father said worriedly. "The patriarch was already very old, already 350 years old. This time, he was heavily injured, and his lifespan is decreasing. The elders of the clan are planning to purchase Healing Pills for the Patriarch!"

Zifu disciples had a theoretical lifespan of 480 years. However, because a Zifu disciple took a pill, the pill poison would leave a trace in their body, which would affect their lifespan. In battle, they would lose vital energy, which would also reduce their lifespan. When they were circulating their Cultivation Methods, their cultivation techniques would go awry. If their meridians were damaged, their lifespan would also be damaged.

Many Zifu disciples would not be able to live to their theoretical lifespan. Most of them would pass away at the age of 400.

Lu Fuming's lifespan was 350 years, which was equivalent to 70 years of age for mortals. He had already reached the end of his lifespan.

After the Patriarch was injured in this great battle, his lifespan was running out.

If the Patriarch died in meditation, the clan would not have any Zifu disciples to guard it. If the enemies were to make a move, it would be a very bad situation.

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Not long after, the three Foundation Establishment cultivators left Mount Ziyang, heading to the market to buy a Grade 3 pill, the Origin-returning Pill.

The Origin-returning Pill was a Supreme Healing Holy Pill. It was also very beneficial to Zifu disciples.

The three elders left in a hurry. After walking for a month, they arrived at the Green Lotus Market.

There was once a tier-4 Flood Dragon with the bloodline of the Azure Dragon guarding this place. Later, it was killed by a loose cultivator of the Golden Core stage. They built spirit veins here, opened a market, created spirit fields, and so on.

After a hundred years of construction, this place was quite prosperous and developed in commerce.

There was a mixture of people here. There were itinerant cultivators, cultivators, bandits, some demonic cultivators, and other shady characters who settled here one after another. Some planted spirit fields, some hunted Demon Beasts outside, some searched for spirit herbs, some refined medicinal pills, and so on. They lived and worked here in peace and contentment.

After entering the market, the three elders went to the inn to stay.

"About ten days later, there will be a trade fair. At the trade fair, the Origin-returning Pill will appear. We have to be careful," Third Elder Lu Changping said.

"We understand!"

Fifth Elder Lu Changan said, "I hope this trip goes smoothly!"

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Sixth Elder Lu Wanli did not say anything, but was also extremely depressed.

In order to buy the treasure pills, he used the clan's 20,000 spirit stones and hurried all the way here, avoiding all the spies. However, it was still somewhat dangerous.

The only hope was that this trip would go smoothly.

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In the night, they were in a hurry. One by one, black-clothed men appeared and gathered in a courtyard.

These black-clothed men emitted traces of powerful aura. The weakest was at the ninth level of the Qi Refinement stage, and many of them emitted the aura of the Foundation Establishment stage.

Among the crowd, one of the men in black was the strongest. He stood there like an abyss, emitting a cold aura.

"Is everyone here?" The man in black asked, his voice somewhat hoarse.

A moment later, he said, "Second Brother, there are still six people who haven't arrived. There might be an accident!"

"There's no need to wait for them!" the man in black said calmly, without the slightest fluctuation of emotion.

People died every day in the world of cultivators. Those six people did not attend the gathering, so they might have died on the way.

The man in black said, "In the Beast Tide, Lu Fuming, the Patriarch of the Lu family, was seriously injured and urgently needed the Origin-returning Pill to heal his wounds. The Lu family sent three elders to the Green Lotus Market to buy the pills. This is our chance. On the way, we intercepted and killed three elders of the Lu family. As long as they don't have the treasure pills, that old fart of the Lu Clan will definitely die."

"When we attacked the Lu Clan's West River Spirit Mine, we were ambushed by the Lu Clan and suffered heavy losses!" A female cultivator in black angrily said, "During that battle, my Daoist partner was killed by a Lu Clan cultivator."

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"My son fought with the Lu Clan and died at their hands!" a black-clothed old man said.

"My daughter fell into the hands of the Lu Clan and was tortured to death!" another black-clothed cultivator said.

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One after another, cultivators began to speak about the sins of the Lu Clan.

In order to compete for the mineral veins, the spiritual fields, and other resources in Qingshui Prefecture, the Lu Clan fought with some itinerant cultivators and some cultivation clans. In the process, countless people were killed and countless clans were exterminated.

They completed the accumulation of capital and established the Lu Clan's hegemony in Qingshui Prefecture.

During this process, because of various reasons, they gradually became acquainted with some cultivators and formed a grudge.

There were also some black-clothed people who were silent and did not say anything.

These cultivators did not have a grudge with the Lu Clan. However, when they heard that the Lu Clan's Patriarch was seriously injured and his life was in danger, and the Lu Clan's situation was unstable, they were like hyenas. They smelled the smell of blood and wanted to pounce on the Lu Clan.

If cultivators wanted to improve, they needed resources. As long as they had enough resources, they could reach the Foundation Establishment stage even if they had Five Spiritual Roots.

However, in Qingshui County, most of the resources were occupied by the Dan Yang Sect, and a few were occupied by large cultivation clans. What was left for itinerant cultivators were only leftovers.

They had no choice but to rob for resources. They fought and plundered all kinds of medicinal pills and spiritual herbs to increase their cultivation speed.

If they did not plunder, they could only go to the Hundred Thousand Mountains to hunt Demon Beasts and obtain resources.

However, Demon Beasts were never easy to hunt. Weak Demon Beasts flocked in groups, and powerful Demonic Beasts walked alone. No matter which type they were, they were not easy to deal with.

Comparatively speaking, it was still better to plunder some cultivators and cultivation clans. Resources came quickly, but the danger was also small.

"Could it be a scheme? What if they ambush us on the way?" a black-robed cultivator asked.

"No, it's true that the old Lu Elder didn't die and was seriously injured. Many people in Iron Ridge Pass saw this scene. Suddenly, the three elders of the Lu Clan left without

delay. They went to Green Lotus Market to buy medicinal pills and concealed their identities... It was only by chance that I learned some inside information!" the middle-aged cultivator said.

"If you don't want to do anything to the Lu Clan this time, then you can leave. All you need to do is swear a blood oath not to leak any information!"

A moment later, some cultivators stepped forward and swore a blood oath not to leak any of the information.

Another group of cultivators left.

In the end, only six cultivators remained. They planned to kill the Lu Clan cultivators and plunder their belongings.

If they could obtain 30,000 spirit stones, it was more than enough for them to spend for decades.

## **Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone**

### **Chapter 14 - 11-20 Years**

## **Chapter 14: 11-20 Years**

Ten days later, the trade fair opened. At the trade fair, everyone was wearing masks, concealing their identities.

The trade fair went smoothly, and the Lu Clan got their wish, buying the Origin-returning Pill with 25,000 spirit stones.

After buying the Origin-returning Pill, the three elders left silently.

Whoosh whoosh!

The three elders were walking in the mountain range when suddenly, a flying sword sped towards them.

Third Elder Lu Changping activated his Magic Treasure, and a golden shield appeared to block the flying sword. However, under the impact of the huge force, his blood Qi surged, and his mind wavered.

At the same time, the other two elders were attacked,

Bang bang!

The Magic Treasures and spells collided, and the two sides clashed.

The battle quickly began, and it entered the stage of a bloodbath.

The three elders of the Lu Clan were besieged, and they were obviously no match for the six black-clothed cultivators.

In just a dozen breaths, someone was injured.

"Old man, go to hell!"

At this moment, a black-clothed man urged his spirit sword, and rays of light flashed, turning into 13 sword shadows that stabbed at the Third Elder.

"Not good, my life is over. It's a pity that the pill can't be delivered to the Patriarch!" the Third Elder said in despair.

Suddenly, a soft sigh could be heard. It was like a sigh of sorrow.

A spirit sword appeared. This spirit sword was forged from spirit wood, and it had the veins of a tree, flickering with a green light.

Slash!

The spirit sword stabbed into the black-clothed man's body, and the sword broke through the True Essence barrier, dying on the spot.

An old man appeared in front of them. He had an imposing bearing, and he gave off a trace of an aura of destruction. It was the Lu family patriarch, Lu Fuming.

This Zifu Patriarch had actually stealthily followed them.

The remaining black-robed cultivators were astonished. They split up and fled for their lives.

Zifu cultivators were too powerful. Foundation Establishment cultivators did not stand a chance.

Lu Fuming chased in a certain direction. His spirit sword flickered, transforming into a green flying sword that flew towards them. The black-robed cultivator managed to dodge and block seven of the sword Qi blades. However, at the moment of the eighth sword Qi, he was stabbed and died on the spot.



After another round of pursuit, three Foundation Establishment cultivators died one after another.

The remaining three black-clothed cultivators fled for their lives.

"Patriarch, Why are you here?! If you attack before your injuries recover, your injuries will worsen!" the Third Elder said with worry.

"It doesn't matter. I'm heavily injured, but killing a few Foundation Establishment cultivators is still a piece of cake!" Lu Fuming said calmly.

"I have caused you trouble, Patriarch!" the Third Elder said.

"Unfortunately, I was planning to catch a big fish, but I only managed to catch a few little fellows!" Lu Fuming said, feeling somewhat regretful.

He had sent the three Lu Clan Elders to the Green Lotus Market in order to lure the snake out of its hole and attract some of his enemies to make a move. This would be the perfect opportunity to eliminate the enemies and sweep away the Lu Clan's troubles. However, he did not expect those enemies to be so patient.

Retracting his thoughts, Lu Fuming took the three elders and left.

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After the Lu Clan's patriarch left, about six hours later.

On the ground, the earth rumbled. A gray-robed man appeared from the ground like a groundhog.

"Old dog of the Lu Clan. Amazing..."

The gray-robed man said, "As expected of an expert at the eighth level of the Zifu stage. Even if he is heavily injured, he isn't someone I can provoke, although I am a cultivator at the third level of the Zifu stage. If I were to meet him, I might be killed within 20 moves. However, he is an old man after all. Even if his injuries are completely healed, his lifespan will not exceed 20 years."

"Time, stand on my side! When you pass away, it will be the time for me to destroy the Lu Clan!"

He gritted his teeth as he spoke, hatred seeping into his bones.

In the past, he was only a loose cultivator. He had accidentally entered the senior's estate and began to rise to prominence.

One time, he entered the Lu Clan's market and bought some items. The moment he walked out of the market, he was robbed by a Lu Clan cultivator.

He brazenly killed the Lu Clan cultivator.

However, this also stirred up a hornet's nest. The Lu Clan cultivators continued to pursue him. He also continued to fight fiercely and killed a Lu Clan Foundation Establishment cultivator in the midst of the fierce battle.

The entire Lu Clan was furious and issued an arrest warrant.

The gray-robed cultivator could only flee from Qingshui Prefecture. At the moment of his escape, he was intercepted by the Lu Clan. He narrowly escaped with his life, but his Dao partner died at the hands of the Lu Clan.

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Back then, he swore to destroy the Lu Clan, even if it cost his life.

After bitterly cultivating for a hundred years, he returned to Clearwater Prefecture. He was already at the third level of the Zifu realm, but he still couldn't defeat the Lu clan's Patriarch, Lu Fuming.

Fortunately, the heavens rewarded him. Lu Clan's Patriarch was old and heavily injured. At most, he would pass away in 20 years.

This time, by instigating the bandit cultivators to kill the three Lu Clan Elders, he was testing out the Lu Clan's background.

If they really succeeded in killing the elders, then it was good. However, if they failed, it would not have much of an impact.

At the moment he attacked, Lu Fuming had successfully killed three Foundation Establishment cultivators. However, he had also exposed his own weakness. It was clear that he could not hold on for much longer.

"I can wait 20 years!" The gray-robed man laughed coldly, then disappeared.

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Cough cough!

Along the way, Lu Fuming maintained his calm and collected demeanor, as if he had not been injured. However, when he entered the Immortal's cave abode, he could not hold on any longer. He immediately coughed up blood, and his aura became sluggish.

Along the way, he forced himself to pull himself together. He opened the pill bottle and took out the pill.

He used a sort of special Pill Coating on the Origin-returning Pill, locking the efficacy, and reducing the loss of efficacy.

If there is no Pill Coating, the Origin-returning Pill can only be stored for more than a year. After that, the pill's efficacy would start to disperse.

With a Pill Coating, it would be able to last at least 30 years.

Lu Fuming peeled off the coating, and the pill exuded a green aura, which indicated that it was rich in vitality.

Lu Fuming consumed the pill and the medicinal efficacy began to spread.

Whew whew whew!

Holding the pill formula and refining the medicinal efficacy of the pill, traces of mild medicinal efficacy began to spread, healing his injured body.

About ten days later, the medicinal efficacy was completely refined.

However, Lu Fuming was not happy. Instead, he was melancholic. "The injuries are more serious than I imagined. At most, I have ten more years. After ten years, I will pass away... How can I accept this!"

1

His face was somewhat distorted, and his expression was gloomy and cold. It was as if there was a black aura over his head. He was filled with a baleful aura, as if he was a devil from hell.

"After ten years, once I pass away in meditation, the Lu Clan will be besieged by tigers and wolves... How can I accept this!"

"If not for the Beast Tide, I would still have 70 years of lifespan, enough to step into the ninth layer of the Zifu stage. I might even have a chance to break through to the Golden Core stage... How can I accept this!"

"Ten years later, I'm going to die. I'm going to turn into an ice-cold corpse and be buried underground. How can I accept this!!"

The Lu Clan Patriarch roared crazily, venting the unwillingness in his heart.

After a long while, he sat down dejectedly. "For now, that's all I can do... I'm sorry..."

# **Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone**

## **Chapter 15 - Five Crimes, Unpardonable**

### **Chapter 15: Five Crimes, Unpardonable**

Dang dang dang dang.

On this very day, the bell rang.

The bell rang three times in a row. Following the sound of the bell, the cultivators on Mount Ziyang headed to the conference hall one after another.

After half a day, other than the cultivators on missions outside, most of them gathered here.

In the conference hall, the Lu Clan's Patriarch sat in the center, and many Foundation Establishment elders sat on the chairs on both sides.

As for the Qi Refinement stage cultivators, they stood on both sides without seats.

Lu Fuming sat up straight and said, "I want to enter closed-door cultivation to heal my injuries and try to cheat death. If I succeed, I'll borrow another 50 years of life from heaven. If I fail, I'll just turn into ashes. Regardless of whether I succeed or fail, I can open my Immortal's cave 20 years later. Before entering closed-door cultivation, I'll have to give a few reminders."

"First, the clan still has 18 Foundation Establishment cultivators. Re-rank them and arrange their positions."

"Second, review some of the contracts of the clan's businesses. Some of the benefits of the marketplace should be handed over to the Wu Clan, Ye Clan, Qian Clan, Sun Clan, and so on."

"Third, the choice of the clan leader."

"Fourth, restate the clan rules."

Lu Fuming stood up, emitting a terrifying aura that suppressed everyone in the hall.

"Good times never last forever. Don't even mention our Lu Clan being a Zifu clan, even a Golden Core clan, and Nascent Soul clan have experienced prosperity, decline, and destruction. Each successful clan has its own glory and failures."

"Whether it is an elder's unfair handling, the internal chaos of the clan, a deathly plague, clan disciples who offended powerful enemies, bringing disaster to the clan..."

"The main reason why our Lu Clan can last for a hundred years is due to the strict rules of the clan. We don't do anything that offends others, and we have a moral bottom line when we do things... As long as we maintain the clan's bottom line, we will always appear reasonable... However, there are some people who are extremely vicious. I am sick of it."

2

Lu Fuming said, "I am not sure if I will survive this ordeal, but I want to help the Lu Clan clear out some of the vermin."

1

"Lu Xuance, you manage the market and the shop in the clan, but you don't follow the rules. After the customers left the market, you went out many times to hunt them down, kill them, steal their treasures, and tarnish the clan's reputation. At the eighth level of Qi Refinement stage, you assassinated 8 customers. At the ninth level of Qi Refinement stage, you assassinated 12 customers. By killing the customers, you accumulated Foundation Establishment Pills and entered the Foundation Establishment stage."

3

"After entering the Foundation Establishment stage, you killed many more guests."

"You are very shrewd. First of all, the members of the cultivation clans in Qingshui Prefecture did not react. You didn't move against those powerful cultivators and only focused on wandering cultivators, hunting those who didn't have any background... When you hunted guests, you didn't go out and assassinate them directly. Instead, you followed them for three days, and only after they were quite far away from the marketplace did you assassinate them."

"Lu Xuance, do you understand your crime?" The Zifu Patriarch spoke out in a fierce voice, his killing intent soaring as a terrifying aura of power came pressing down.

Lu Xuance walked out, trembling. "Patriarch, I understand my crime."

He immediately knelt down on the ground.

"If you know of your crime, then just commit suicide, lest I make a move." Lu Fuming said coldly, "According to the clan rules, anyone who colludes with the demon race will die. Anyone who becomes a demonic cultivator will die. Anyone who kills their clansmen will die. Anyone who kills the customers of the marketplace will die. Anyone who betrays the clan will die."

"The five deadly crimes can not be pardoned. Even a Foundation Establishment cultivator must be killed."

"Just commit suicide." As he spoke, he threw a sword.

"Forefather, I know my crime, but I don't accept it." Lu Xuance said stubbornly, "Back then, my father died for the clan, and that is a great service. Back then, I stepped into the peak of the Qi Refinement stage at the age of 49 and was qualified to receive the Foundation Establishment Pill. It was my right to receive the Foundation Establishment Pill from the clan, but in the end, I gave it to Tianming."

2

"At that time, I was already 50 years old. The clan did not have my Foundation Establishment Pill, so I could only rely on myself."

"Over the years, I have made contributions to the clan, and I was injured many times. All I did was kill a few rogue cultivators. What was the big deal? Could it be that the death of a few rogue cultivators would affect the clan's business? It's impossible. For the sake of a few itinerant cultivators, if the Patriarch insisted on killing me, I would admit my crime, but I wouldn't accept it."

"Patriarch, Xuance is guilty, but his crime doesn't warrant death. I beg for mercy." Lu Tianyi spoke up to persuade him. "Xuance should be sent to the border and severely punished."

"When the Lu Clan does things, we have to be proper and upright. What did you do? You just intercept and kill the guests. If you break the rules, you have to be killed. Since you're not willing to commit suicide, I will kill you myself," Lu Fuming said coldly, holding the spirit sword in his hand. He was radiating with killing intent.

"Patriarch, you are ruthless." Lu Xuance said, "I don't accept it."

"You don't accept..." Lu Fuming sneered, "I don't need you to accept anything. I just need to be worthy of my ancestors. As for you, you are just a little person who is arrogant. Today you can intercept and kill the guest for a few spirit stones, tomorrow you can sell your clansmen for a Foundation Establishment Pill, and the day after tomorrow you can sell your entire clan for a Ziyang Jade."

"I'm going to kill you, and I will use your death as a warning."

Slash.

A destructive sword Qi tore apart Lu Xuance's body. The Foundation Establishment cultivator died on the spot.

"Men, expel all of Lu Xuance's descendants from the mountain within three generations. Within nine generations, they are not allowed to test their Spiritual Roots. They are not allowed to become officials in the mortal world."

Seeing this scene, everyone felt a chill in their hearts. Lu Xuanji also felt his heart tremble.

"Lu Yanping, during a fortuitous encounter, you obtained a Demonic Cultivation Method called the 'Six Desires Unity Technique'. It can be used to harvest female cultivators to become cauldrons to increase your cultivation."

1

"Over the years, you have captured 30 Qi Refinement and 2 Foundation Establishment female cultivators and kept them in the manor. You have drained these female cultivators of their life force, and they all died. However, you have obtained great benefits."

"You're 120 years old, but you're already at the fifth level of the Foundation Establishment stage. Your progress is fast, but you've entered the Demonic Path, so you should be killed."

"I will kill you now. Do you accept?"

Lu Fuming said again as he looked at a clan cultivator.

"Patriarch, please spare my life," Lu Yanping knelt on the ground and said with a trembling voice.

"Haha, you dare to do evil, but you can't live with it?" Lu Fuming laughed coldly as he slashed down with his sword.

Lu Yanping's head was shattered and he died on the spot.

"Lu Xiuqin, you are in charge of the family business, but over the years, you have been colluding with the demon race. They have been selling White Yang Rice to the demons, selling all kinds of pills, Magic Treasures, cultivation books, and so on, earning high profits from the demons. However, the materials you sell to the demons will strengthen the Demon Beasts and bring danger to the humans."

"Do you understand your crime?"

"Patriarch, I know of my crime." Lu Xiuqin said calmly, "I don't need Patriarch to do anything. I will kill myself."

As she spoke, she activated her True Qi and her meridians were broken. She died on the spot.