

Clan Cultivation: I Transmigrated With My Smartphone

Chapter 9 - Tribute

So that was the case.

Lu Xuanji was enlightened. He had learned a lot.

At this moment, the Patriarch sensed something and opened the jade talisman. "The cultivators of the Dan Yang Sect are here to collect the family tribute. Are you interested in serving tea?"

"I don't dare to refuse the Patriarch's order!" Lu Xuanji said.

They left the library and went to the living room.

After serving tea, Lu Xuanji stood respectfully at the side.

The guest was a 15-year-old youth. He was extremely plain-looking, with only a pair of bright eyes that seemed extraordinary.

"Dan Yang Sect, Ye Taizhen. I hereby greet fellow Daoist." The youth smiled.

"So it's fellow Daoist Tai!" The Patriarch said. "The Lu clan has 23 Foundation Establishment cultivators and one Zifu disciple. Each year, the Foundation Establishment cultivator gets 100 stones, and the Zifu disciple gets 1,000 stones. In ten years, we have accumulated the spirit stones will be 33,000 spirit stones. Fellow Daoist, keep it well!"

As he spoke, he handed over a storage pouch.

Ye Taizhen took the storage pouch, opened it, and carefully inspected it. "The accounts are in order!"

"Farewell!" Ye Taizhen cupped his hands and said. Then, took his leave. Without even drinking tea, he left.

From the moment he appeared to the moment he left, less than ten breaths had passed.

"Does it hurt?" The Patriarch asked.

"It hurts!" Lu Xuanji said.

33,000 spirit stones... That was equivalent to three Foundation Establishment Pills.

A Qi Refinement stage cultivator's annual salary was 10 to 50 spirit stones

A Foundation Establishment stage cultivator's annual salary was only 100 to 500 spirit stones.

"My heart aches too. By spending money, we may not necessarily buy peace, but not spending money will definitely bring us chaos," the Patriarch said leisurely. "Leave!"

2

"Yes!" Lu Xuanji left respectfully.

Life was still the same, simple and repetitive.

At the same time, he was thinking about how to increase the yield of the White Yang Rice.

It was mainly used for farming, and it was also known as the spirit farmer.

Compared to alchemists who needed to burn money, blacksmiths needed talent, formation masters needed comprehension. Meanwhile, spirit farmers had the lowest requirement. They only needed spirit fields and seeds.

2

...

In the blink of an eye, four years had passed.

4

In a cavern, Lu Xuanji opened his eyes. Golden rays of light shot out from his eyes, and electricity was generated in the void space.

His body crackled as his bones and tendons resonated with the surrounding energy. The red light flickered and fluctuated, followed by an ever-changing green light. There was also yellow light, fluctuating up and down.

Finally, the green, yellow, and red lights alternated and rotated continuously.

1

The three-colored light fluctuated in the cave abode, and after an hour, Lu Xuanji retracted its aura and he returned to his normal appearance.

At this time, he was already at the third level of the Qi Refinement stage.

3

Originally, he estimated that he would need five years to cultivate the Green Lotus Creation Art derived from Fate Deduction. In four years, he would be able to step into the third level of Qi Refinement stage.

Feeling the aura on his body, Lu Xuanji felt extremely good.

1

Cultivating the three great attributes of fire, earth, and wood, not only did he take into account the characteristics of his own attributes, but he also perfectly matched them with his own body. His circulation was extremely smooth.

"I'm 18 years old!"

Lu Xuanji sighed.

In the cave abode, he immediately lit a fire, poured spiritual spring water into the copper cauldron, and poured in the White Yang Rice. Thus, he began to steam the rice.

The fire was the spiritual fire.

After a moment, the cauldron emitted waves of fragrance.

He opened the copper cauldron, used a wooden spoon to take out the White Yang Rice, and placed it into a wooden bowl. He took out another three bowls, which contained soup made from demon beast meat, dishes made from spiritual herbs, and a bowl of medicinal wine.

He began to eat.

The spirit rice felt warm in his stomach.

The spirit wine felt like it was on fire in his mouth.

The spirit meat was soft and had a chewy texture.

As he ate, his stomach slowly digested the food. The spiritual energy contained in the food was slowly refined by his body. It was delicate and gentle, nourishing his body.

The level of the food could determine the level of his life. The higher the level of life, the more exquisite the food was.

In the eyes of mortals, immortals were high and mighty. They thought that the immortals ate dew and clouds, breathing spiritual energy for a living. However, in reality, it was not the case. Cultivators also had to eat spirit rice, spirit herbs, and spirit pills.

Having a cave abode above the spiritual vein and absorbing spiritual energy to refine it into True Qi was a normal cultivation method for cultivators.

However, the spiritual energy in the spiritual vein was violent and restless. After absorbing it into the body, one had to circulate spiritual power to suppress it and continuously refine it to eliminate its violent and restless properties. After absorbing the spiritual energy and cultivating for a period of time, the cultivator had to rest and recuperate to avoid damaging the meridians.

The spirit rice grew on the spirit field. The spiritual energy contained within it was gentle and nourishing. After eating it, the cultivator would not damage the meridians. It could also nourish the body and increase the cultivation base.

There was a large number of spirit fields near the spirit vein. A large number of spirit rice was planted as food.

Spirit rice was a necessity for cultivators. Cultivators could live without eating spirit rice, but their cultivation would stagnate, and their progress would be much slower.

After eating and drinking his fill, Lu Xuanji lay on the bed to rest. At this time, the jade pendant in his arms rang, and a message came.

"Father is back!"

After receiving the message, Lu Xuanji left the cave abode and headed home.

At the foot of the mountain, in the courtyard, Lu Xuanji saw his father and mother.

"Mother, father... You're back!" Lu Xuanji said.

"We're back. We haven't seen each other for three years!" his father said.

"Son, come and give me a hug!" His mother went forward, but she realized that her son had already grown up. She hesitated.

1

"Son, this is the present I brought for you!" his father said as he took out some gifts from his storage bag.

Lu Xuanji saw a sword that was like autumn water, emitting a bright light. It was extremely sharp, and it danced in the air with a sizzling sound. Not only was it sharp,

but there were also many symbols combined together in the inner part of the spirit sword, turning into a large array of symbols. It attracted the spiritual power of heaven and earth, nourishing the sword.

The three-foot-long blade had a sword spike on the hilt. It was light and unique.

"This is the Autumn Water Sword, a tier-1 Magic Tool. Try it!"

The father pointed with his finger, and the spirit sword flew over.

Lu Xuanji took the spirit sword and held it in his hand. It only weighed about three tonnes, but it was abnormally sharp.

6

He dripped a little blood on the core runic array of the spirit sword and left a blood mark. He immediately felt that the spirit sword seemed to have turned into an extension of his arm. It was agile and fast.

Threads of True Qi entered the rune array, activating the array.

The True Qi was being consumed rapidly. After exhausting three layers of True Qi, the flying sword flashed and turned into a ray of light. Its speed was extremely fast, reaching three hundred meters per second. The void emitted a sizzling sound.

Whoosh!

It only lasted for three breaths before the True Qi was exhausted.

"What a good sword!" Lu Xuanji exclaimed.

"This is a tier-2 spirit talisman. One is an Earth Shield Talisman, which can form an earth shield and defend against an attack from an early Foundation Establishment stage cultivator. The other is a Fireball Talisman, which can unleash a fireball spell from a Foundation Establishment stage cultivator. The other is a Teleportation Talisman, which can send the users ten miles away," his father said as he took out three jade talismans.

After taking the three jade talismans, Lu Xuanji did not feel happy. Instead, he asked worriedly, "Father, what happened?"

According to the family's rules, before reaching the seventh level of Qi Refinement stage, most people would plant spirit herbs. Spirit rice was the main ingredient, and very few people would be sent out on missions. It seemed like these things were not needed.

However, these gifts were at least 200 spirit stones.

Father's cultivation was at the third level of Foundation Establishment stage, and his annual salary was only 400 spirit stones.

"Two years later, the once-in-a-hundred-year Beast Tide will arrive. At that time, I won't be able to take care of you. You have to be a little more alert," father said worriedly.

"The ancestral land has a tier-3 spirit formation. I won't have to worry about my safety here!" Lu Xuanji said.

"You don't understand. The Beast Tide is very terrifying!" his father said. "When the Beast Tide arrives, all sorts of low-grade monsters will appear in the skies and the earth, one after another. It's as though the Beast Tide is sweeping through everything, drowning everything."

"Don't even mention that you are merely at the third level of the Qi Refining stage. Even Foundation establishment cultivators, Zifu disciples, and even Golden Core stage cultivators might perish within it!"

"During the Beast Tide, some of the Zifu clan's protective spell formations would be broken through!"

"I remember that 200 years ago, one of the clan's protective spell formations was broken through by force. 3 Foundation Establishment cultivators, 25 Qi Refinement cultivators, and 100,000 mortals perished!"

Seemingly terrified, his father's expression was solemn as he said, "My son, when the time comes for the Beast Tide, don't think too much about anything else. Just protect yourself."

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Chapter 10: Father's Sacrifice

1

Once the Beast Tide was mentioned, his father could go on for hours.

"Father, how have you been?" Lu Xuanji asked.

"The same as always. I'm already 130 years old. If I don't have any major fortuitous encounters, it will be very hard for me to become a Zifu disciple. As for you, you have a very bright future!" His father laughed, filled with expectations for his son.

1

His father had awakened his Spiritual Roots at the age of six. His aptitude was Three Spiritual Roots, which was quite average. At the age of 53, he had stepped into the peak of the Qi Refinement stage. At that time, the clan happened to have an excess of Foundation Establishment pills. His father had spent contribution points to buy them and then consumed them to break through to the Foundation Establishment stage.

1

Unfortunately, he had failed to break through to the Foundation Establishment stage. After that, he entered a long and bitter life of paying off his debts.

After working hard for the clan for 20 years in a row, he had finally paid off his debts.

At the age of 70, his father, unwilling to give up, once again entered closed-door cultivation to break through to the Foundation Establishment stage. This time, he did not have Foundation Establishment pills, but through sheer force and willpower, he did the impossible, he transformed into a Foundation Establishment stage cultivator.

After becoming a Foundation Establishment cultivator, his father was in high spirits. He wanted to try to break through to become a Zifu disciple, but he was quickly slapped in the face by reality.

He spent 20 years to break through, but only achieved very little. Later on, he spent even more time.

At the time of his death, his father was only at the fifth level of the Foundation Establishment stage.

2

Seeing that there was no hope for the Zifu stage, his father placed his hopes on the next generation.

At the age of 100, he married a female cultivator of the Ye clan. In 30 years, he gave birth to three children.

Lu Xuanji's eldest brother did not have any Spiritual Roots. When he went to the mortal world, he married three wives and four concubines and went to live a carefree life.

His second sister had Five Spiritual Roots, but her future was limited. After living in the clan for ten years, she went to the mortal world to manage the clan's estate.

2

He had awakened Three Spiritual Roots, which was of the upper class. It was comparable to Two Spiritual Roots and had a chance of becoming a Zifu disciple.

His father had placed some of his hopes on Lu Xuanji.

For the sake of his son's future, there were some things that needed to be planned out in advance.

"Son, do you know how much a Foundation Establishment Pill is worth?" his father asked.

"A Foundation Establishment pill is roughly 10,000 spirit stones," Lu Xuanji said.

A Foundation Establishment Pill required all sorts of materials. The price was 3,000 spirit stones, but after refining it into a pill, the price was 10,000 spirit stones. The profit margin was 230%. It could be said to be a huge profit.

"10,000 spirit stones is only the market price!" Father sighed, "The actual price is at least 15,000 spirit stones."

"According to the rules of the clan, if you want to obtain the Foundation Establishment Pill, you must meet three conditions. One is to enter the peak of the Qi Refinement stage before the age of 60; one is to gather 10,000 spirit stones or contribution points; the other is to make a corresponding contribution in the clan."

"Son, if you want to buy the Foundation Establishment Pill before the age of 60, you must accumulate at least 10,000 spirit stones. My annual salary is 400 spirit stones. Excluding some necessary expenses, I can save 200 spirit stones a year. If you are thrifty, coupled with the contribution points you have saved in the past, you may be able to afford it. You could also borrow money from your friends."

"Father, if you're doing this for me, do you have enough spirit stones for yourself?" Lu Xuanji was worried. "Without spirit stones, how can you cultivate?"

If his father saved spirit stones, it meant that he would have very little money to spend. The speed of his cultivation would be very slow, and he might not even be able to make any progress.

In other words, in order to save money for him to buy Foundation Establishment Pills, his father had already given up on training.

"My future is limited. Whether I reach the fifth or seventh layer of the Foundation Establishment stage, the difference isn't too great. I won't be able to reach the Zifu stage. Why don't I support you instead?" his father said. His father had a carefree look, and his tone was an indescribable calmness as he said this.

"Father, you don't have to do this. Your sacrifice is too great!" Lu Xuanji exclaimed.

"The sacrifice is great, but for you, all of this is worth it. Without the sacrifice of the predecessors, how could the younger generation rise to power! If you can become a Zifu disciple Patriarch, my sacrifice will be worth it. Our generation isn't afraid of sacrifice. What we're afraid of is that our sacrifices are worthless! I've saved up spirit stones. You must work hard to reach the peak of the Qi Refinement stage before the age of 50."

Lu Xuanji sighed. "Father, I will work hard!"

1

The entire family gathered together, chatting and speaking intimately.

His mother had Five Spiritual Roots, and her aptitude was not very high. She was now in her fifties, but was only at the second level of the Qi Refinement stage. Most of the time, she would plant some spirit medicines near Mount Ziyang, or refine some White Yang Pills, earning a profit. His father was stationed at a mine and led some of the cultivators in his clan to excavate the spirit mines.

3

The difficulty of excavating spirit mines was high, and there were all kinds of dangers. Mortals could not participate in the excavations, so the cultivators had to go and excavate the spirit mines themselves.

His father was a Foundation Establishment cultivator, but he often personally went into the mines to excavate some spirit mines.

His father smiled and talked about some things that happened in the spirit mines. Not only did he have to guard against the Demon Insects that appeared in the mines, but he also had to guard against some rogue cultivators who tried to rob them.

According to his father's description, rogue cultivators were an unstable faction in the cultivation world. They would often kill people to steal treasures, rob spirit mines, rob merchants, and do other evil deeds. They had no morals, and they were extremely unscrupulous.

2

Lu Xuan listened attentively and also asked questions.

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After his father's three months of vacation were up, he left the house.

His father was indispensable to the spirit mine. It needed a Foundation Establishment stage cultivator to oversee it.

Not long after, the cultivators returned and gathered at Mount Ziyang.

The cultivators who were in seclusion walked out of their cave abodes one after another.

Ding dong ding dong!

A bell rang out nine times in succession.

The cultivators of the Lu clan gathered in the square, and the Lu clan's Zifu Patriarch also appeared.

When he appeared, the Lu clan Patriarch emitted a terrifying aura, everybody felt terrifying pressure. He was like a walking nuclear bomb, possessing destructive power.

"The once-in-a-hundred-year Beast Tide is about to appear, and we cultivators must protect the mortals. Although mortals are lowly, they are the foundation of cultivators. Without a large number of mortals as the foundation, how could cultivators be born? Today, we are saving an insignificant mortal. He might be the mother of a future Nascent Soul stage True Monarch! I order you to drive your Spirit Boats to bring the mortals into Mount Ziyang."

3

"Lu Tianyi is in charge of bringing the mortals to Danyang County."

"Lu Tianming is in charge of bringing the mortals to Beichen County."

"Lu Xuance is in charge of bringing the mortals to Qingshui County."

"Lu Yan 'an is in charge of bringing the mortals to Xuanwu County."

"Lu Yanping is in charge of bringing the mortals to Blackrock County!"

"Lu Wanli is in charge of bringing the mortals to Tianshui County!"

The Patriarch gave the order, and more than a dozen Foundation Establishment cultivators from the clan moved out to bring the mortals to the nearby counties.