

# **The Rich Cultivator**

## **#Chapter 9 - 8.**

### **White Auction Hall - Read The Rich Cultivator Chapter 9 - 8. White Auction Hall**

#### **Chapter 9 - 8. White Auction Hall**

At the beginning of the practice, one must refine one's own essence and eliminate impurities in the body.

The average person starts to cultivate at the age of twelve. If they are younger than twelve years old, their essence and qi are insufficient, and the meridians in the body have not fully grown, so they cannot cultivate.

The best time to build a foundation is before the age of forty.

After the age of forty, the function of the physical body begins to decline, and the possibility of building a foundation gradually decreases. Until the age of sixty, the hope of building a foundation is basically lost.

This is why Tyler is trying to speed run cultivation. But it took an Year to reach stage one.

The Qi-refining period is the beginning of cultivation and is subdivided into nine layers, the first, second, and third layers are the initial stage, the fourth, fifth, and sixth layers are the middle stage, and the seventh, eighth, and ninth layers are the late stage of Qi refining.

"Steamed buns, warm and fluffy..."

"Top quality rouge, more fragrant than flowers and sweeter than honey..."

The sound of peddling rang out from the surrounding area, Tyler and Priscilla walking on a crowded plaza that was extremely lively and bustling where they sell unusual mortal and cultivation products. They are talking about Appraisers.

An appraiser should be skilled in identifying and evaluating rare treasures, artefacts, magical items, and cultivation techniques. They might possess profound knowledge of ancient lore, mystical symbols, and magical properties, allowing them to discern the true value and potential of various objects.

To start an Auction Hall, an Appraiser is very much needed. To test the authenticity of the product. Tyler White has spent more money just to hire one temporarily.

"You still didn't get an appraiser?" Priscilla asked.

"I am looking for someone with good experience." Tyler replied.

As they were talking about it, they entered a hall. The furnishings in the hall were quite luxurious, and the ground was paved with beautiful dark red bricks, while several massive and intricately crafted palace lanterns were hanging from the ceiling.

There were also many gemstones embedded into the walls, but even with the palace lanterns and gemstones acting as light sources, the area was still rather dim. There were several dozen large chairs crafted from precious wooden materials in the hall.

In front of these chairs was a short stone platform, upon which was placed a rectangular table, and behind the table were three empty chairs.

"Wow, fancy." Priscilla said.

"Of course I borrowed some money." Tyler said. But it was a lie as he recalled a certain memory.

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"Another bag of spirit stones! Another bag of spirit stones!" Tyler happily put a bag of spirit stones inside the copper pot and took out the copies one by one with delight.

A few hours later

The room was filled with bags of spirit stones and in the centre, Tyler with a bored expression like a puppet he copied more bags of spirit stones.

"Another one... Wow, I am Rich... Haaaa" He couldn't help but yawn.

"It's damn boring."

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"Junior brother, there are some Appraiser masters in our sect. If you want I can recommend some." Priscilla told proudly.

Tyler thanked her. Her smugness got bigger, she didn't notice that sly old Tyler was smirking because if he wanted an Inner disciple as a worker, only another Inner disciple like Priscilla could bring one. So he intentionally led her to that topic.

Just like that, in a day, a disciple from the inner sect arrived. He looked like he was in his thirties but he is definitely older than he looks.

"Fellow brother, Xie" Priscilla welcomed him and told him about the job. He agreed easily, because he got paid immediately.

"Hello Mr.Xie." Tyler greeted him. After some words of some random topics. Mr.Xie asked him about the auction things.

Tyler hesitated to say something, but before he could say anything Priscilla led him to the treasure room, which Tyler pointed to her earlier. She didn't go inside before, but now she is eager to check. They entered the treasure room, but there was no treasure at all.

"Where is the treasure?" Priscilla asked in confusion.

"\*cough\* Since it's new auction house yet to be opened. It is still under negotiation." Tyler said with an embarrassed expression.

Priscilla and Mr. Xie's mouth twitched. This guy perfectly has everything that is needed for an auction house like workers and hosts. But not the treasure. They were dumbfounded.

"Trust me, trust me. I will be back with treasures today. " He said and ran out.

"My junior brother is too clumsy." She sighed and Mr.Xie chuckled.

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"Hello. Remember we talked about the auction?" Tyler entered a shop and talked to the worker.

The worker greeted him and led him to the owner inside.

"Welcome, my friend. It seems you really started the auction house." A fat man who was wearing a bright gold and blue dress sitting on the couch while eating fruits looked at him and said,

"That's my plan from the beginning." Tyler replied and he sat on the opposite.

The fat man nodded like he didn't care and signalled his servant. The servant went inside and brought two cups of spirit tea and left it on the table and left quietly.

After that the fat man looked at the tea for a while and gulped.

"You can drink the tea." Tyler said slowly after noticing the fat man expression.

"Thank you. Thank you." The fat man thanked him and drank it happily.

"That's yours.. I am the guest here." Tyler mumbled to himself in a low voice. It looked like the role had reversed.

The servant then brought a big rectangular box. Tyler opened it and saw 4 bells in it tied up in a small shrine-like holder.

He swept a sleeve through the air to release a gentle breeze, which swept over the pavilion, causing all of the 4 bells on the holder to sway and chime.

The sound was very pleasing to the ears initially, but Tyler quickly noticed that something wasn't quite right.

"It is not even doing anything." Tyler said.

"This is the only most valuable treasure I have. It is a nascent level treasure. But the problem is the original set is 24 bells." The fat man said with a smile.

"So it's an incomplete treasure." Tyler said.

"Sorry that's all I can do." Fat man replied without a smile on his face.

Still Tyler bought the bells and left the place. After he left another man entered the room.

"Thank you sir." That man said,

The fat man waved his hand and said, "Well I really hope that you will buy many things from my shop. That new auction house is gonna become a laughing stock soon. Your auction house will prosper."

The man is none other than the competitor for Tyler's auction house. He used his connection and asked all the shops in the 'Immortal Gathering Point' not to give anything good to the newly emerged auction house.

Meanwhile Tyler came back and without even looking at his senior sister and others he ran to his office and closed the door and started the restriction.

He took his copper pot out. The fist size copper pot expanded into football size. He then removed the bells from the holder and placed them inside the copper pot.

" $4 \times 6 = 24$ " He mumbled and made 44 copies. He then kept the 24 for himself and took the remaining 20 copies + 4 original and went to the treasure room.

"Mr.Xie please appraise this." He placed 24 bells on the table.

"Nascent level treasure." After a few minutes, Mr.Xie blurred out.

Both Priscilla and Mr. Xie's mouths gaped at the sight of the nascent-level treasure. Their junior brother had just stepped out for a moment, and he brought back a nascent-level treasure? Are nascent-level treasures something that can be bought like onions in the street?

"Junior brother. Where did you get these?" Priscilla asked.

"Sorry senior. The customer said not to reveal his identity." Tyler replied with an apologetic smile.

She nodded in understanding expression and was not offended. It was normal for people doesn't want to share their identity when revealing treasure like this.

"How does it work?" Priscilla asked. As she flickered her finger, the bells floated and shook.

"No wai-" Before both boys could stop her the 24 bells rang.

All Tyler can remember was beautiful music of bells to ear before he fainted. Because he is the one with lowest cultivation he couldn't withstand even a tiny bit of power of the treasure.

The chiming of the bells should've gradually subsided over time, but instead, it was only growing louder and louder, until eventually, each strike was as loud as the strike of a gong, striking everyone with a sense of dizziness and disorientation.

It seems that these 24 bells are a set of spiritually disruptive treasure.

"Oh no, Junior Brother Tyler!" She shouted loudly and picked him up in panic.

Tyler woke up in a few hours. His senior sister is looking down with guilt. But Tyler didn't mind, he is looking forward to the auction.

But sadly not even one customer attended the auction.

## **Chapter 10 - 9. Mysterious Man**

A thin young man brought the three of them fresh cups of spirit tea, then extended a respectful bow before departing from the room.

Tyler has no mood to drink the tea, in his mind thousands of grass mud horses crazily galloped across. But Mr. Xie and Priscilla took the tea cup and tasted it.

"There wasn't a single cultivator in the world who didn't love treasures, and it was clear that this is an extraordinary treasure. Am I right senior sister?" Tyler asked while looking at the roof with a dazed expression.

"Right Right." His Senior sister just replied nonchalantly.

"At Least there should be people that are curious and should have attended the auction, right?"

"Right Right."

"You are a Buffon right?"

"Right Ri- what?"

"Hahaha nothing."

As they were bickering, Mr. Xie slowly placed the teacup down and said, "It looks like someone pulled strings from the dark."

"Yeah. But all we need is to successfully run one auction. The enemy is probably scared of competition. Junior brother, fight on!!" Priscilla replied as she encouraged him.

"The only way to get more people is...." Tyler's eyes shined as he shared his half-naked plan.

"I am not doing it," Priscilla shook her head.

"No audience, no auction, no money, no salary, no job for you," Tyler simply said.

"Alright, alright," Priscilla surrendered.

"Don't go back on your word later."

"I'm not someone who goes back on their words. Once I say something, not even a hundred horses, no, not even a thousand horses can chase me!" Priscilla staunchly said, then immediately turned bitter.

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Near the Immortal Gathering Point is full of shops and bustling streets. Today a group of qi gathering level cultivators are walking down the alley.

Abruptly, a figure cloaked in black robes, obscuring their entire body from head to toe, strode toward them. Though they made their way, the individual intentionally collided with the cultivators. The impact was so forceful that the cultivators felt as if they had been struck by a speeding bull, causing them to tumble to the ground.

"How dare you hit me?" A strange voice came from the black robed man as he released the foundation establishment level pressure.

The Cultivators couldn't even speak because of pressure.

"Alright, I'll forgive you ants," said the black-robed figure, "but only if you tell me if you've seen a beautiful, pretty Priscilla around here." Upon hearing this, Tyler, who was hiding in the corner, nearly tripped over himself.

The Black robed person is actually Priscilla in disguise. He hadn't expected her to display such narcissistic behaviour.

Feeling embarrassed, he wished he could dig a hole and hide his entire body. Despite finding his senior sister's behaviour cringeworthy, he knew business was business. Gritting his teeth, he stepped forward to confront her according to the script.

"Stop Evil Cultivator. How dare you attack the innocents." Tyler shouted.

The Cultivators on the ground had some hope lit in their eyes before dimming down.

"First Level of Qi refining realm Ant. Mind your business" Priscilla said.

"Taste this 24 soul serving Bells." He swiped his hands 24 little bells surrounding Priscilla. The one who is actually controlling the bell is Mr.Xie who is lurking in the shadows.

The bells rang. Except for Tyler, Priscilla and Mr.Xie who already used a talisman to avoid getting injured, everyone in the street felt dizzy.

"OH NO... A Nascent level treasure! Impossible! From what I know, the new White Auction Hall is set to auction it this evening. How could you have it?" She shouted loudly before turning and running away. Her voice echoed through the alley, reaching everyone within earshot and even those on the nearby street.

Actually they skipped a lot of steps because of his senior sister's cringe worthy performance.

In the evening, amidst the chiming of bells, a multitude of items were auctioned off. Prior to the auctions, Tyler diligently made copies of each item, regardless of their perceived utility or significance.

Time is a priceless commodity; whether one is willing or not, it inexorably marches on, consuming each passing moment. Tyler had already squandered forty years of his life before delving into the world of cultivation. Even with the consumption of immortal pills, his cultivation would not easily ascend. Thus, he sought out extreme treasures, unique formations, and other rarities to aid his progression.

He resolved to build more auction houses and try his luck in the hopes of finding the treasures and artefacts needed to enhance his cultivation further.

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Somewhere in the Southern Zi continent.

There were three Southern people making their way down a bluestone path that was overgrown with weeds in a set of severely ravaged palatial ruins, and all of them were looking quite weary.

As they conversed about various topics, a green jade flying carriage suddenly streaked across the sky, circling around before coming to a stop above them. Perched on the carriage was a tall, refined middle-aged man, gracefully playing a white jade flute.

Behind him stood two men dressed in golden armour, their wooden expressions and lifeless auras indicating that they were nothing more than a pair of puppets.

The three Southerners cast a wary glance at the man on the flying carriage, a hint of apprehension flashing in their eyes. However, upon sensing that the man's cultivation was merely at the Golden Core Realm, they felt somewhat reassured.

"Greetings, fellow daoists. Have any of you seen this Guy ?" the middle-aged man asked with a friendly smile on his face. He showed a picture of a young man.

"No," the thin elderly man replied.

"I'll be on my way then," the middle-aged man said, then flew away atop his flying carriage.

As he flew away into the distance, the burly man turned to the elderly man and asked, "What now?"

"I wasn't able to notice anything amiss with my spirit eye ability, so he should be a genuine Late stage Golden core cultivator," the elderly man mused as he habitually stroked his own goatee.

"If I'm not mistaken, that flying carriage he's using is quite a fine treasure," the dark-skinned woman suddenly said.

A hint of a smile appeared on the faces of both of the two men upon hearing this.

"Setting aside his storage tools, I want that piece of jade that he was holding," the burly man chuckled.

"I'm taking that robe of his," the thin elderly man declared.



Ultimately, the three of them were unable to suppress their greed, and they were planning to use their numbers advantage to hunt down the middle-aged man and take all of his treasures.

The world of cultivation was indeed a cruel one.

Due to their extraordinary power, it was difficult for these formidable cultivators to be bound by the laws of the mortal world.

The only things that could restrain a cultivator were the virtues, morals and humanity he held in his heart. Once these morals and ethics were shattered and self-control was lost, then the cultivator could stoop to doing anything.

Genocide, violence, oppression – viewing human lives as straws of grass, to be ravaged at his whims and fancy... So on and so forth. This pretty much summed up the viciousness and cruelty of the cultivator's world.

The flying carriage continued to fly through the sky at a leisurely pace several dozen kilometres away, and the smile on the middle-aged man's face remained unchanged as he murmured to himself, "Throwing your lives away over a moment of greed... How unfortunate..."

As soon as his voice trailed off, three streaks of light appeared in front of his flying carriage in a flash.

"Could it be that you've recalled the whereabouts of this man, fellow daoists? If you could point me in the right direction, I would be extremely grateful," the middle-aged man said with a smile.

For some reason, a sense of foreboding welled up in the elderly man's heart at the sight of the smile on the middle-aged man's face, and he immediately decided that he would abandon his two companions and run away should things go awry.

Meanwhile, the burly man and the dark-skinned woman exchanged a glance, and the two of them quickly summoned a black stone axe and a silver longsword, respectively.

As for the thin elderly man, he summoned a seven-story golden pagoda that released a golden light barrier, which instantly swelled to countless times its original size to encompass himself, his two companions, and the middle-aged man.

"You think something that can't even count as a pseudo domain can trap me?"

A cold look suddenly appeared on the middle-aged man's face as he tightened his grip around the flute and blew it towards them. A Beam of light flew towards them.

The trio of Southerns faltered slightly upon seeing this, yet before they had a chance to do anything, a burst of tremendous power suddenly converged toward them from all directions, instantly destroying everything.

Immediately thereafter, their bodies were completely pulverised by this burst of power.

Their heads remained completely unscathed, but their bodies had already been crushed into mangled masses of flesh, blood, and bones.

All of this had taken place in the blink of an eye!

The middle-aged man made a casual grabbing motion upon seeing this, and an enormous semi-transparent hand appeared out of thin air, causing the entire space around it to crease and fold as it grabbed onto the trio of nascent souls.

"Please spare us, Senior! It's not worth dirtying your hands putting an end to our pathetic lives!" the nascent soul of the elderly man pleaded.

The middle-aged man ignored their desperate pleas as he cast his gaze toward the trio of nascent souls with a peculiar gleam in his eyes.

After a brief moment of observation, he crushed the three nascent souls into nothingness as he mused to himself, "It looks like they weren't lying, they really don't know where this guy is."

He said as he looked at the picture. It is a picture of Young Tyler.