

Lucky Bride 468

468 Immortal Meat Origin (Part 2)

After Xia Hongyuan gave the order, he left the place in a fit of anger.

Liu Shun gritted his teeth and muttered to himself. "Stupid Crown Prince! Liu Sanniang is seriously injured but he let her go just like that."

Sooner or later, Xia Hongyuan would regret letting Liu Sanniang go today.

When Liu Sanniang and Chu Yan returned home, he held Liu Sanniang's hand tightly, giving her endless power. He did not say anything and did not let go even after sending her back to her room. He sat down by the bed and took out a handkerchief to wipe the blood from the corner of her mouth.

"Go to sleep. I'm here with you."

Chu Yan's voice was gentle.

Liu Sanniang closed her eyes in relief. She had yet to fully absorb Hui Zhen's power, so her body and mind were in great discomfort.

At this moment, with Chu Yan by her side, she could focus her mind in turning Hui Zhen's power into her own.

This power carried Hui Zhen's obsession with the Immortal Meat, and Liu Sanniang could see the origin of it with her eyes.

Hui Zhen's memory was full of hunger and poverty. The sect she was in was filled with a rotten smell and enveloped in a heavy death aura.

Everything that could be eaten had already been eaten. In despair, people started to chew away the bark.

In the sect, everyone was starving. Hui Zhen was a direct disciple of the Xuanzhen Sect. She did not understand why this Heavenly Punishment had been meted out to her sect. This Heavenly Punishment would last for a thousand days. The path down the mountain was filled with thick fog, making it impossible to leave.

She saw her mother frowning and asked. "Mother, why? What did the Xuanzhen Sect do wrong? Why does the heavens have to punish us like this?"

It was a question without an answer. Everyone was enduring and waiting for a thousand days to pass.

Every day, the sect master would personally leave a mark on the wall at the gate to record the days.

It had only been 300 days and there was nothing left to eat in the sect. How were they going to survive the remaining 700 days?

One day, everyone smelled a rich fragrance. This fragrance was undoubtedly irresistible to those who had been starving. Everyone went crazy.

It was the same for Hui Zhen. She was eight years old back then, and together with the others, they headed towards the source of the fragrance like a pack of hungry wolves. In the sect's main hall, there was a pot with a lid on. The fragrance was emitted from that spot. Hui Zhen saw her mother standing by the pot with a cold expression. "Half a bowl for everyone. This pot can last us for a month."

There were only a few dozen people in the sect. Half a bowl per person was very little, but it was better than nothing.

Hui Zhen had never drunk such a delicious soup before. The rich fragrance smelled like meat, but it also didn't seem to be meat. There was also a faint spiritual aura. It was really good stuff.

With this pot of soup, the sect disciples could continue to hang in there. With the nourishment of the spiritual aura, everyone looked much healthier.

One day, Hui Zhen heard them discussing how great it would be if they could become immortal. Once they were an immortal, they would be able to escape the suffering of the human world.

No one knew why the sect was cursed to suffer Heavenly Punishment. They only knew that the entire Xuanzhen Sect was shrouded by a thick fog and no one could leave the place. In the face of a disaster, survival was the only pursuit. As for the reason, if they could eventually escape, they might find out.

The pot of soup started off with a rich fragrance, but in the end, it became fainter and fainter. On the thirtieth day, it was as bland as water. The people began to be dissatisfied. Hui Zhen licked the corners of her mouth, feeling very uncomfortable from hunger.

Her mother was the sect master, so she had the final say. Her mother said that if she wanted to live, she had to be obedient.

During this long period of Heavenly Punishment, they all lived in hell.

A cycle of thirty days came and went. Every pot would start off smelling fragrant, but eventually, it would become bland and tasteless by the thirtieth day.

Everyone was numb as they waited for a thousand days to pass. Hui Zhen drank the soup and sat in the backyard in a daze as usual, looking at the fog that could not be dispersed. How long had it been since the sun shone on the Xuanzhen Sect?

Why didn't the other sects come to save them?

A faint footstep came from behind. Hui Zhen looked up at her mother. "Mother."

The woman sat down and reached out to stroke Hui Zhen's hair. "It will pass. When the time comes, you have to revive the sect and pray for the people who died. This is a debt I owe."

Hui Zhen leaned against the woman. "Yes, Mother, I will remember it."

Hui Zhen was once told that her mother had killed many people for a man. The reason why the Xuanzhen Sect was punished was because of this. They said that the man was her father.

Hui Zhen had never seen the man before, but this was a debt that her mother owed. As long as the Heavenly Punishment was over and she survived, she would pray and chant for the deceased.

Many thirty days passed.

Hui Zhen finally realized that something was wrong. The sect had lost a lot of people. After more than 900 days, only the children were left.

Where did everyone go?

Another 30 days passed. That night, the children did not go to sleep and had been hiding in the hall. They wanted to know how this pot of soup came about and why it tasted so rich and fragrant.

They saw several adults enter the hall. Their heads were shaved, and they wore only a thin robe. Their eyes were dull, and they seemed to have made up their minds to do something.

The heavy lid was removed, and the adults jumped in.

Terrified, the children all screamed.

The sect master covered the pot again and walked over to where the children were hiding. She said with tears in her eyes, "Come out. It's almost over."

Hui Zhen and the others turned pale. "Mother, why do you have to do this? Why do you let us eat people? Boohoo..."

The woman's face was pale. "If we don't eat people, how can we live? Just pretend that you didn't see it and treat it as immortal meat. We're doing this to let you live. You're the hope of the sect."

As children, they finally understood what they had been consuming all along.

The entire sect was shrouded in a heavy aura of death. Even if there were still people alive, they were no different from dead.

When the thousand days finally arrived, they stood outside the sect and waited for the thick fog to dissipate. They waited and waited...

From dawn to dusk, the fog was still shrouding the sect. Not even a ray of sunlight could break in. Everyone's heart was in their throat. Hui Zhen heard her mother mutter to herself. "How could this be? How could this be..."