

Stranger 351

Chapter 351: The Yin Token of Forgettance

In a dark, secluded alleyway, Ye Qing was shambling behind an old woman with glassy, unfocused eyes.

The old woman was carrying a dim oil lamp, its flame swaying hypnotically in the darkness. There was an ancient face behind her skull that was staring fixatedly at Ye Qing with murky eyes.

Crackle!

Suddenly, the oil lamp in the old womans hands crackled audibly and scattered a ton of sparks. Sparks burst out of the flame and bounced everywhere within the glass.

The spark flickered unnaturally like it was alive. In fact, a translucent silhouette was reflected within each spark. Ye Qings voice could be heard from one of the sparks.

Ill sell you the Yin Token, Granny Lampflower!

Is that so? But I dont feel like buying anymore. Granny Lampflower stopped in her tracks and looked down on the oil lamp.

No, I mean Im going to give it to you for free! All I ask is that you let me go! Ye Qings panicked voice echoed inside the lamp.

Its fine. I prefer taking what I want with my own hands, Granny Lampflower replied unhurriedly.

I I Ill do anything as long as you let me go. Please! Ye Qings voice grew increasingly fearful.

Instead of answering, Granny Lampflower slowly bent down until she was staring directly into the sparks. Her lips slowly split open into a kind smile as she answered, Youre welcome, but I prefer reaping the fruits of my own labor!

Ye Qing was silent for a moment before asking in a dejected voice, At least tell me one thing before you kill me. What on earth is that Yin Token, and why is everyone fighting for it?

No. Granny Lampflower said slowly, I loathe monologues and the consequences it brings, you see.

Granny Lampflower slowly extended her thin, withered hand toward Ye Qing. When her fingers made contact with his chest, it actually went right through like her hand was intangible. There was no mistaking the sensation of her hand closing around his heart, however. Granny Lampflower loved eating a persons insides, but she usually did it without harming their exterior. It was her unique ability. Barring exceptional circumstances, most of her victims looked fine on the outside even though their insides were completely gone.

You cant win them all, I suppose.

Ye Qing suddenly let out a sigh, but it wasnt one of resignation. It was more like an annoyed, I cannot believe you dont appreciate my world class acting sigh.

A hint of unease suddenly struck Granny Lampflower. She didnt hesitate to tighten her grip and attempt to pull out Ye Qings heart.

Ba-thump!

Ye Qings heart beat once, and Granny Lampflowers hand was struck by a white hot sensation. She felt like she was clutching a chunk of red hot iron, not a human heart.

She was a ghost. She wasnt supposed to be able to feel anything, but she did. A terrible cry of pain escaped Granny Lampflowers lips as she hurriedly withdrew her hand, but she failed to do so in time before Ye Qings whole body turned into a furnace, and her forearm disintegrated into ash.

At the same time, her oil lamp abruptly exploded into smithereens. Sparks scattered everywhere, and the wails of countless yin souls could be heard from them. They were all trapped within the lamp until now.

Argh! Granny Lampflower let out a bloodcurdling scream, though it was impossible to say if it was physical, mental, or both. She immediately glided away from Ye Qing at a speed that didnt fit her apparent age.

Snap!

Suddenly, she heard a sound that sounded like someone snapping their fingers. Her consciousness abruptly grew disjointed, and she froze in her tracks. By the time she recovered, she saw a fist growing larger and larger while a fiery, unstoppable force spread like wildfire inside her body.

Just like that, she burned away into nothingness like paper.

After killing Granny Lampflower with one punch, Ye Qing took one step to the side and struck a Stranger that had suddenly appeared behind him with his right elbow. When he looked, he saw a face that was contorted in fury.

One look at the face was enough to make him indescribably livid. He felt like the only way he might vent his anger was to slaughter anyone and everyone.

Thankfully, the sudden emotion lasted only an instant. The demonic lotus absorbed it almost as soon as it invaded its headspace.

The Angry Ghost? No wonder! Ye Qing exclaimed in realization.

The Angry Ghost didnt have a body, but its face could draw out the fury in ones heart. That was most likely why the yin guard had suddenly attacked Loud earlier.

When the yin guard suddenly attacked Loud, Granny Lampflower immediately seized the opportunity to draw his mind into her oil lamp. He could have broken free from the unnatural force, but he wanted to figure out why these ghosts were so intent on getting their hands on his Yin Token. That was why he allowed her to kidnap his mind and lead his body into a secluded alleyway.

He was confident he would be able to trick Granny Lampflower into divulging everything she knew about the Yin Token, but unfortunately, she was a woman of little words. He had no choice but to kill her.

As for why he didnt leave her half-dead for interrogation, his reasons were simple. One, Granny Lampflower was hardly a weak ghost. If she escaped, he would be in a world of trouble. Two, he was a man of few words as well.

Back to the present, Ye Qing closed his distance with the Angry Ghost in the blink of an eye and locked the space around it with his left palm. Try as the Angry Ghost might, it was unable to break free before Ye Qing grabbed it and burned it into nothing with the Netherflame.

With that done, Ye Qing immediately got ready to leave. Although he wasn't afraid of trouble, he was hardly a trouble seeker. He didn't want to run into another ghost or be caught by the Yin Guard or Loud. The sooner he could get the hell away from here, the better. He could always look into his Yin Token elsewhere.

Hmm?

He had just taken a few steps when he suddenly sensed something and looked behind him. He saw a woman sitting on a wall not far away from him.

The woman was dressed in red and wearing an exquisitely crafted black mask. She was twirling a red oil-paper umbrella and kicking her slender legs gently. A pair of bells were tied around her bare feet, and they made crisp, melodious rings as she kicked her legs.

A dark night, a red umbrella, a beautiful woman. She reminded Ye Qing of an other shore flower in hell: demonic, dangerous, and beautiful. Yes, she was wearing a mask, but every fiber in his body told him that she was beautiful beyond imagination and just as dangerous.

She was dangerous because he hadn't sensed her arrival. Besides that, he couldn't see her cultivation level. What he was seeing was just the tip of an iceberg. It was impossible to say just how deep her powers went.

Hell, he couldn't tell if she was human or ghost.

Who are you? When did you show up? Ye Qing asked slowly while narrowing his eyes. His body language was relaxed, but he was going to attack the woman the second she showed the slightest opening or hostility.

When did I show up? The woman continued to kick her legs while echoing his question with a voice that sounded as ephemeral as smoke. When you revealed your true strength and killed Granny Lampflower, I suppose.

You are a bold man, scion. Not many people would dare to kill a ghost in the Yin Market. The Yin Guards would throw you in the Eighteen Hells if they discovered your crime.

Who are you? Ye Qing asked grimly while spreading his demonic thought and probing the woman for openings.

The woman replied while toying with her umbrella, It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that you stay where you are. I'm easily frightened, you see. If I don't like what you're doing, I might just cry for help from a Yin Guard or a vile ghost.

When Ye Qing continued to watch her seriously, the woman suddenly broke into a giggle and said, Well, I guess I should stop teasing you. I mean you no harm, scion.

Ye Qing didn't say anything.

Seeing that Ye Qing was still on guard against her, the woman's voice turned a little sad. You don't believe me? You break my heart, scion. I'm just a weak little woman.

Liar, Ye Qing replied bluntly. She was a woman, sure, but weak? Who was she kidding?

Hahaha! You're a funny man, scion. She giggled. If you must know why I'm following you, it's because I saw a cute little idiot foolishly showing off his Yin Token of Forgettance in public. It was so cute I couldn't help but want to follow him and protect him.

He could believe the first half of her sentence, but the second half? Heh. If he was weak, then he was almost certain that this would be a very different conversation.

What is the Yin Token of Forgettance, Miss?

You really dont know? You really are a cute little idiot. Are you lucky, or are you foolish? The woman said teasingly while shaking her head. When she noticed Ye Qings cold, unfeeling gaze, she smirked. Im going to fall in love with you if you keep staring at me like that.

Nani? I have no idea I have such electrifying eyes! I must stare at her until shes hopelessly in love with me!

Ye Qing widened his eyes a little and continued staring at her. A few breaths later, the woman finally sighed. What a wooden man you are. Fine, Ill tell you.

The Yin Token of Forgettance is the item that allows you to enter the inner market.

The inner market? Do they do segregation in the yin world too?

The Yin Market of Fengdu is split into the outer market and the inner market. The woman explained slowly, The outer market is set up for the small fries in both the yin world and the yang world. Anything you might find in the outer market is either ordinary or worthless.

The inner market is the opposite. The inner market is set up for the big shots. Anyone who possesses the qualifications to enter the inner market is either an official deity in Fengdu, a bigshot in the yang world, or people who are incredibly blessed so to speak. Youll find that the items featured in Fengdu are incredibly precious and rare as well.

In fact, one might say that the inner market is the true Yin Market of Fengdu. The outer market only exists to fool and swindle the ordinary folk.

The woman continued, You need the Yin Token of Forgettance to enter the inner market. Naturally, the inner market represents an opportunity of a lifetime for both humans and ghosts.

You have no idea about the value of the Yin Token, and yet youre showing it off in public. On top of that, your strength is average at best. Of course the yin guard, Granny Lamp and more are targeting you.

Even if you havent drawn their attention, its only a matter of time before someone else sets their sight on you.

Chapter 352: River of Forgettance

I see! Ye Qing exclaimed in realization. He finally understood just how valuable the Yin Token of Forgettance was. A short silence later, he asked, Generally speaking, what kind of people would receive a Yin Token of Forgettance?

Considering how precious the Yin Token of Forgettance was, he couldnt believe that it would be given away willy-nilly. In reality, he had received one practically by accident. It was unusual to put it mildly.

The woman answered, The Yin Token of Forgettance is automatically created by the Life Death Brazier. The Life Death Brazier is a godly artifact that possesses the power to evaluate ones good fortune and reverse life and death, yin and yang. Anyone who receives a Yin Token of Forgettance

be it human or Stranger generally falls under three categories: the incredibly strong, the exceptionally gifted, and the extraordinarily blessed.

You probably fall under the third category.

The woman waved her bamboo umbrella a little while smirking. For obvious reasons, you dont fall under the first category. As for the exceptionally gifted, most of them hail from powerful clans or sects and do not need a weak little woman like me to tell them what its for. More importantly, they wouldnt be stupid enough to show it off in public.

That is why you must belong in the third category though I suppose you could fall in the fourth category known as the dogshit lucky category.

Ye Qing grunted, Never say the word dogshit again, and this conversation might still end in an amiable fashion.

We will see. The woman giggled.

Where is the inner market, and how can I join it? Ye Qing asked.

You want to enter the Yin Market? I thought you dont believe me? Arent you afraid I might send you off to a death trap instead? The woman teased him.

You would never! Ye Qing declared with a straight face. Im the foolish one who thought you would trick me. A beautiful and kind-hearted woman like you would never send an innocent man to his death, would you?

You certainly have a sweet mouth, scion! The woman couldnt stop giggling. Its very easy to enter the inner market, but youll have to do me a small favor. Would you accept my request, scion?

Why are you looking at me like that?

The womans expression turned a little unfriendly. I risked my life hiding your murder of Fengdus citizens, answering your questions, and even offering you knowledge that would prevent you from tripping yourself in your future endeavors, and now you would spurn my little request? Surely youre not that ungrateful? You wound me deeply with your stone cold heart, scion.

Ye Qing was unmoved, however. He said, Why dont you tell me what your request is, and Ill tell you your answer afterward?

The woman made him sound like an ingrate, but anyone could tell the threat behind her words.

Relax. I wont ask you for your Yin Token of Forgettance. I already have my own. She produced her Yin Token of Forgettance and gave a little wave. My request is very simple. I want you to join me in the inner market.

And why would you want that? Ye Qing asked doubtfully.

Im a weak woman trying to navigate the dangerous waters of the Yin Market, you see. The outer market is already plenty dangerous, and the inner market even more so. If I enter the inner market without sufficient preparation, it is very likely that I wont walk away alive. That is why I want you to accompany me.

Is that it? Ye Qing raised an eyebrow. The womans request wasnt difficult. On the contrary, it was ludicrously easy, so easy that he found it suspicious.

Yes? Do you want me to make you an impossible request? The woman countered. Surely you wont turn me down, scion?

Very well. I will accept your request. Ye Qing nodded after a moment of silence. It wasnt like he had the option to refuse anyway.

You are most kind and magnanimous, scion! I knew you wouldnt spurn me! The woman beamed at him like a flower. Ill be counting on you to protect me, scion.

Youre welcome. You scratch my back, I scratch yours. Ye Qing saluted her before asking, But can I speak with my companions first before I go with you? They would be worried if I disappeared without telling them.

But of course! I shall come with you, scion. The woman giggled and jumped off the wall. Despite being barefooted, not a speck of dust clung to her sole. Seemingly unguarded, she walked up to him like a fairy, hugged his arm as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and breathed gently, Lets go, husband.

Ye Qing stiffened, and not because her curves were wholesome. Before he could pull free, the woman whispered, A yin guard is coming our way. You dont want him to see you, do you?

Ye Qing froze right before a couple of yin guards strode into the alleyway. One of them was none other than the yin guard who tried to buy his Yin Token of Forgettance.

The yin guard was accompanied by three other yin guards, and one of them were dressed differently from the others. He was short, fat, and wearing black robes. What made him stand out among his fellow yin guards was the tall hat he was wearing. The words Peace For All were sewn into the hat.

Strangely, the yin guards couldnt seem to see him or the woman even though they were standing right in front of them.

Dont speak, husband. That Impermanence would hear you if you do, the woman whispered into his ear. Ye Qing turned away because her warm breath made him feel uncomfortable, not to mention that she was anything but his wife despite her words.

He was going to pull away from her again when the woman held him in place and said, You must stay within Red Dust, or they will detect you.

The woman didnt explain what Red Dust was, but Ye Qing instinctively looked at the red umbrella covering their heads. He didnt know that it possessed such magical qualities.

Are you sure that human is carrying the Yin Token of Forgettance, Cheng Yi? The Impermanence the short, fat yin guard to be exact asked.

I am certain, my lord, the yin guard who tried to purchase Ye Qings Yin Token of Forgettance answered.

The Impermanence nodded. If I can obtain that Yin Token, then I will overlook your crime of committing violence in the Yin Market and disrupting the order.

Thank you for your generosity, my lord, Cheng Yi replied in a hurry.

Strange. I can sense the human and Granny Lampflowers presence in this alley, but where are they? The Impermanence muttered while walking past Ye Qing and the woman. They were just ten or so centimeters from each other, but still the yin guards couldnt sense him.

After the Impermanence reached the spot where Ye Qing had fought against Granny Lampflower, a long, long tongue stretched out of his mouth and swung around the air for a bit.

Its not just Granny Lampflower. I sense the Angry Ghosts presence as well. But again, where is it?

Did you find them, my lord? Cheng Yi asked.

No. Its like they had suddenly vanished into thin air, the Impermanence replied darkly while withdrawing its tongue. His skin was already pitch black, but now he looked even blacker.

Maybe Granny Lampflower killed that human and escaped? Cheng Yi suggested cautiously.

Its possible. The Impermanence grunted with displeasure. Find her. Find her and get the Yin Token of Impermanence. I had waited decades to get my hands on one, and for once, luck is on my side. Its not everyday you encounter an idiot who doesnt recognize the value of the Yin Token of Impermanence, so I must grasp this opportunity no matter what.

At once, my lord. The yin guards disappeared in a gust of yin wind after saying that.

Beside him, the woman giggled behind her hand. Calm down, husband. Let us leave already.

Thats your fault. You didnt tell me your name, so how else can I address you? The woman replied smilingly.

Bluehill Ye? Hahaha The woman giggled charmingly. What a coincidence! My name is Greenlake Bai. Arent we a perfect match?

Now that were done, lets go, husband. The woman started pulling him toward the exit.

Why are you still calling me that? I already told you my name! Ye Qing gritted his teeth.

Husband sounds better than Bluehill. Greenlake giggled. Also, why do you care when I, an unwed maiden, don't?

Im an unwed man myself, you know! Not that telling you that is going to make me look good!

Why are you bringing me here? Ye Qing gulped as he stared at the massive river in front of him.

After locating Lin Yuhuai, Chu Nianjiu and Qi Xuanyun, he informed them that he was going somewhere with Greenwater Bai using his demonic thought. He didnt show himself because he was afraid that a yin guard or other Strangers might be keeping an eye on his companions. After that, Greenwater led him through a series of dizzying twists and turns until they finally arrived at this river.

The river was so vast he couldnt see the other side of the shore. The water was a murky, bloody yellow, and thick white fog floated above its surface wherever he looked. The waters were also extremely rapid, turbulent and smelly. What really scared him though was the fact that there were countless bodies floating on the river surface and even more unfortunate souls howling beneath the river.

I-Is this the River of Forgettance? Ye Qing stuttered.

It is. Youre a smart man, husband, Greenwater smiled brightly.

Youre not going to tell me that the inner market is past the River of Forgettance, are you? Ye Qing asked nervously. He couldnt care less about how she addressed him right now.

What do you think? Greenwater asked.

I think not! Ye Qing shook his head in a hurry.

It was said that after a human died, their soul must pass through the Gates of Hell and tread the Yellow Spring Road. What lay between the Yellow Spring Road and Fengdu was the River of Forgettance. Infinitely long and flowing toward the southeast, it was a filthy, dangerous place that anyone in their right mind would stay far, far away from. It was because those who fell inside would be stuck for eternity, never to enter the cycle of reincarnation and be reborn. Forget escaping, they couldnt even die. It was the worst form of immortality.

Unfortunately, you are wrong, husband. Greenlake smiled gently. Why do you think the Yin Token is called the Yin Token of Forgettance? Are you scared?

Im glad to hear that. Theres nothing to worry about anyway. With the Yin Token of Forgettance, you would probably be fine, Greenlake consoled him.

Well, there is a small chance you might die a horrible, hopeless death. Greenlake giggled.

Youre terrible at consoling others, Ye Qing uttered bitterly. You know what, I suddenly recall theres something I need to speak with my friends about. Ill be back in a moment.

Im afraid youre too late, husband Greenlakes smile widened. The ferryman is already here.

Chapter 353: Money Makes The World Go Round

As soon as Greenlake finished, Ye Qing saw a small boat sailing out of the fog.

The River of Forgettance was rapid, turbulent, and full of deadly souls who wanted nothing more than to drag a foolish soul into the river so that they could partake in their eternal misery. But the boat was cutting right through the waters so steadily it outright defied physics—not that there were many things in this world that obeyed the physics Ye Qing knew of, of course. Wherever the boat traveled, the wave disintegrated, the smelly wind dissipated, and the ghosts hurried out of its way. It was in every sense of the word, untouchable.

When the boat came closer, Ye Qing realized with a start that it was a paper boat. A simple lantern was hung on the front end of the mast, and its orange light cast a warm glow on the boat.

The ferryman was a hunch-backed man covered in black robes. His whole face except his eyes were covered from view. This was probably the ferryman Greenlake was talking about. He was holding a setting pole made from bones and pushing the boat ever closer toward the shore.

His movements looked relaxed, and the boat seemed to be moving at a leisurely pace as well. In reality, it reached the duo in just the blink of an eye.

After the boat had reached the shore, the ferryman slowly turned his head and stared at Ye Qing, eyes glowing like dark green orbs in the darkness.

“Let’s go, husband.”

Ye Qing swallowed, but it was too late for regrets. He had no choice but to harden his resolve and step toward the ferryman.

The ferryman extended a bony arm toward Ye Qing—literally, as not a speck of flesh could be found under the man’s sleeve—and Ye Qing handed him the Yin Token of Forgettance. The

ferryman rubbed its bony fingers across the token before handing it back to Ye Qing and stepping out of the way.

“Do you have any yin gold with you, husband? If you do, you should give the ferryman some yin gold,” Greenlake suddenly whispered beside Ye Qing’s ear.

“Why?” Ye Qing asked.

Greenlake replied mysteriously, “Ever heard that money makes the world go round? Don’t worry. I’m not trying to trick you or anything.”

Ye Qing mulled over her suggestion for a moment before producing a gold ingot from his Nature’s Shell. A moment of hesitation later, he produced another two gold ingots from his Nature’s Shell and handed it all to the ferryman.

It was a cultural tradition to burn paper offerings to provide one’s ancestors with the means to enjoy the comforts of what they once had when they were alive, and fake money was of course one of them. However, yin gold wasn’t made of paper. It was actual gold or silver that had been placed inside a coffin for a full night and one of the more valuable currencies in the yin world.

Ye Qing wasn’t sure if he wasn’t imagining it, but the ferryman’s attitude seemed to grow a tad warmer after he handed him the ingot.

“Always sit at the center of the boat...”

“Do not waver when crossing the river...”

“Never look back after you left the boat...”

A low, deep voice suddenly came from behind Ye Qing, prompting him to look back at the ferryman. However, the ferryman wasn’t looking at him. In fact, it looked like he hadn’t spoken at all.

“Thank you.” Ye Qing saluted him regardless before boarding the boat. On the way, he asked Greenlake in a small voice, “What did he mean by that?”

Greenlake replied, “It’s exactly what it sounds like. You should always sit at the center of the boat, you mustn’t allow anything to affect you when crossing the river, and you must never look back after getting off the boat.”

“And why’s that? The rules must exist for a reason, right?” Ye Qing asked.

“I can’t tell you. Just remember to follow the rules. Otherwise...” Greenlake shot him a mysterious smile but didn’t continue.

Smartass. Also, why didn’t she just tell me the rules when she already knew them? Could’ve saved me a few gold ingots.

Miffed he might be, he didn’t voice his complaints of course. It wasn’t like he could ask the ferryman to give back his gold.

“Why aren’t we moving?” Ye Qing asked after sitting at the center of the boat and waiting for ten minutes or so. Greenlake was sitting next to him.

“There are probably others who wish to cross the river as well!” Greenlake answered.

As if on cue, several people emerged from the distance. They reached the boat very quickly.

“Oh hells, it stinks like shit!” A man wearing a boy mask suddenly exclaimed loudly. Despite the mask, it was clear from his attire and bald, shiny head that he was a monk.

“For the good of the people, die, you smelly thing!”

“Mighty Sky Dragon, World Revered Kṣitigarbha, Great Celestial Spell, Prajna of the Buddhas!”

The monk yelled what sounded like an incantation before shining like the sun. The golden light of the Buddha shone brightly as he attacked a black-robed man[1] next to him like an angry Vajrapani.

Boom!

Caught off guard, the black-robed man was sent flying across the air. His black robes ripped apart to reveal a middle-aged man who resembled a rotting corpse. His face was scarred, his flesh was rotting, and his whole body was giving off a putrid, rotten stench.

“Are you sick, Jing Xin?” The black-robed man glared angrily at the monk after catching himself.

“You’re the one who’s sick, monster! No, what am I talking about? You are sick. Not only did you kill your whole family, you killed countless innocents as well! If you aren’t sick, then who is?”

The monk named Jing Xin roared and charged toward the black-robed man again, “But don’t worry! I shall send you to the Buddha this instant!”

“Why won’t you stop harassing me? Do you think I avoided you because I’m scared of you, Jing Xin?!” The black-robed man tried to threaten the monk.

“If you’re not scared, then why did you run away every time? Fight me if you’re a man, bitch! If I run, then I give you permission to call me your grandson! Come on! Fight me!”

Jing Xin caught up to the black-robed man in just a few steps and brought down his massive palm on him.

“Mighty Sky Dragon, World Revered Kṣitigarbha...”

The black-robed man crossed his arms in front of him defensively and surrounded himself in thick corpse qi. At the same time, his arms turned greenish black.

Bang!

The black-robed man grunted and flew another ten meters. This time though, he accidentally slammed into a group of people.

“Enough, you crazy monk!”

A newcomer wearing a God of Longevity mask caught the black-robed man and rebuked the monk. His index and middle fingers pressed together, he fired a beam of sword qi at him.

Unfortunately, his sword qi was easily shredded by the Buddha light surrounding Jing Xin.

“You think you can stop me? I knew at first glance that you are a villain just like that bastard! It’s fine though. Today is the day I send you both to the Buddha!”

“At least choose a better time and place to go crazy, Crazy Monk! If we miss the boat, it’ll be all your fault!” The guy wearing the God of Longevity mask hid his hand under his sleeve. It was because his fingers were shaking.

A young man—the only person in the group who wasn’t wearing a mask—declared arrogantly, “Fight to the death if you want. Just don’t get in my way.”

He then looked at the fair, shapely woman standing next to him and said in a much gentler voice, “Let’s get on the boat, Ruyan.”

“Will do, Scion Fu,” the woman replied in a sweet voice.

A wide smile immediately spread on his face.

Jing Xin glared at them angrily. “Hmph! Every single one of you is a cold, selfish, heartless person who doesn’t know right from wrong! I swear I’ll enlighten you all one day[2]!”

Everyone in the group immediately scoffed in disdain. A well-dressed man hugging two beauties and wearing a silver mask immediately taunted, “I thought you want to eliminate us villains, monk? Are you backing down just because we outnumber you? Your Buddha will be so disappointed if he sees you like this.”

“Amitabha, are you stupid! The Buddha himself said that enlightenment cannot be achieved in a single day. Slow and steady is the path to success!” Jing Xin retorted with even greater disdain. “Judging from your behavior, you’re probably a bad person as well! I’ve remembered your face. One day, I will enlighten you!”

I’m crazy, not stupid. Do you really think I’ll charge into a battle I’m sure to lose?

“The show’s over, it seems. What a shame. Let’s go, girls!” The well-dressed man shrugged and walked toward the boat.

The well-dressed man tossed his Yin Token of Forgettance in the ferryman’s direction and leisurely stepped onto the boat. However, the ferryman raised a hand and blocked his way before he could take another step.

“What is the meaning of this?” The well-dressed man asked in a lazy voice.

Instead of replying, the ferryman pointed at the two women he was hugging.

“Oh, I see!” The well-dressed man caressed the women’s faces lovingly and sighed. “Well, it’s not that I don’t want to bring you with me, beauties. It’s the ferryman who won’t allow you passage. If you must blame someone, blame him!”

Pop! Pop!

The next moment, he popped their heads like watermelons and spilled blood and brain fluid everywhere.

The guy wasn’t disgusted, however. He even licked the blood with an intoxicated expression and said, “What a shame I couldn’t keep my queens of flowers[3]! What a shame, hehehe...”

They’re real?

On the boat, Ye Qing watched the sudden tragedy with a small frown. He had thought that those two were just paper dolls. He didn’t think that they were actually real.

Even Jing Xin was looking down on the floor and chanting, “Amitabha, the Buddha says to keep calm always, for no one can replace you if you blow your own top. It’s okay if the villain is too strong for now, you will kick his ass eventually...”

“That man is called Song Qingyu. He’s a disciple of the demonic sect called ‘Between Flowers’, and he practices a cultivation art called the ‘Flower Ripping Scripture’. It is a cultivation art that transforms the practitioner into a heartless, merciless warrior through constant exposure and desensitization. He might look like a romantic on the outside, but he doesn’t have a heart on the inside. It’s why they call him the ‘Flower Ripper’. You might want to be careful around him.”

Greenlake had moved closer to him and whispered, “The crazy monk’s Dharma name is Jing Xin. He is the disciple of master Yuhai, a venerated monk in Gold Mountain Temple. It is said that he has a screw loose in his head because he once caught a grave illness when he was a boy. He is hot-tempered, violently righteous, and quite insane. Hence, people call him ‘Crazy Monk’.”

“The corpse man? His moniker is ‘Corpse Vulture’. It is said that he cultivated the ancient Corpse King Sect’s ‘Supreme Nether Corpse Yin Solution’, but he’s so untalented that he turned into this. He looks scary, but he’s average at best.”

“I don’t recognize the other three people, but the one wearing the God of Longevity mask seems to be using a martial art called the ‘Sword of One’. In Tian Yong, the only one who practiced it is ‘Sword of One’ Lu Hui. He’s strong, but he’s more known for his treachery and deceit.”

“As for the last two people, I have no idea. But I would suggest that you keep an eye on the woman.”

“Why’s that? She looks like an ordinary person,” Ye Qing asked via sound transmission.

“She’s an ordinary person who has a Yin Token of Forgettance and the courage to enter the inner market. If she doesn’t deserve our caution, who does?” Greenlake countered.

Ye Qing had to agree with that logic.

While they were conversing, the group had already boarded the boat. However, they didn’t pay the ferryman his due, so the ferryman didn’t say anything either. He reminded Ye Qing of a lucky cat who only knew how to wave its forelimb.

“Careful, husband. Here comes trouble.”

Ye Qing was thinking about nothing in particular when Greenlake’s voice entered his ears. At the same time, he felt a shadow towering over him. Someone was standing right in front of him.

Chapter 354: I’m Scared Too

Brother Fu, Ruyan is timid. Ruyan doesn’t want to sit here.

A sweet voice entered Ye Qing’s ears before he could look up.

Fine, we won’t be sitting there, an arrogant voice cooed before ordering imperiously, Hey you! Get up and give us your seat!

Ye Qing looked up. As expected, the young man who hadn’t worn a mask was looking down on him from above. He turned away after a disinterested glance.

The boat wasn’t big, and Ye Qing and Greenlake were sitting in the middle of the boat. Since the rest of the seats were close to the sides of the boat, one could say that they were occupying the best seats. It wasn’t surprising that someone would have funny ideas.

Hey, I’m talking to you! Are you deaf? The arrogant man frowned when he saw that Ye Qing was ignoring him.

Are you talking to me? Ye Qing finally responded.

What do you think? Who else could I be talking to if not you? A ghost? The man harrumphed.

Oh, sorry. I thought it was the barking of a dog of someone who forgot to keep their dog on a leash, Ye Qing replied uncaringly.

There’s a dog at this place? Where? Why can’t I see it? Jing Xin, the monk immediately looked left and right as if he was actually searching for a dog.

The young man’s complexion turned ugly. Do you know who I am, boy? How dare you insult me!

Oh, you’re the dog! But aren’t you a human? Jing Xin exclaimed in mock realization before Ye Qing could answer.

The young man flushed red and roared at Jing Xin, Shut up, Crazy Monk!

My mouth is my own. Why should I shut my mouth because you say so? Jing Xin scratched the back of his head. Also, I’m not wrong. You’re not a dog, are you? Unless you’re secretly a Stranger wearing human skin?

Before the young man could react, Jing Xin abruptly launched an attack at him, Audacious Stranger! How dare you try to infiltrate our ranks! I shall smite you with my Mighty Sky Dragon!

You really are crazy! The young man was able to block the sudden attack, but he staggered a few steps backward due to how powerful it was. Are you planning to kill us all? Just how insane are you to fight someone on the River of Forgettance?

He then remembered something and hurriedly added, Also, Im human! Im not a Stranger!

Dont fight on the boat, you crazy bastard! Everyone else was stunned and glaring at Jing Xin as well. For obvious reasons, no one expected a fight to break out on the boat. After all, they were all going to die if the boat capsized. Crazy Monk was even crazier than they thought, however.

If youre not a Stranger, then why the fuck are you kicking up a fuss? Stop wasting my energy, fool.

Thankfully, Jing Xin was just crazy, not stupid. He knew it was a bad idea to fight on the boat as well. He sat back down after rebuking the young man.

Calm down, Brother Fu. Its my fault you were in trouble. Lets forget about this, shall we? Ruyan said meekly while pulling at the young mans sleeves.

Its fine. Its not your fault, Ruyan.

After consoling the girl, the young man sucked in a deep breath and forced himself to speak in an amiable tone, I am Fu Hengcong of the Fu Clan of Tian Yong. Can you give me face, brother?

I do not know a Fu Clan or Fu Hengcong, Ye Qing replied indifferently. It was the truth.

You dont know the Fu Clan of Qing He[1]? Tsk tsk the Fu Clan and the prestigious Cui Clan are known as the Two Jades of Qing He, and Scion Fu is a direct descendant. He is known as the Romantic Warrior, and he once spent tens of thousands of gold just to ransom a lady of a brothel. He is a model example we should all strive toward!

The woman ducked behind Fu Hengcong as if embarrassed, and Fu Hengcong harrumphed, I dont need you to tell me that!

He ignored the guy and turned his attention back to Ye Qing. Im willing to pay for the seat. How much do you want?

Ye Qing replied indifferently, My apologies, but Im pretty wealthy myself.

You He exhaled deeply before continuing, Is there anything I can give you that will convince you to give up your seat?

At the same time, he released a hint of aura as a threat.

Ye Qing replied, Theres no need. Ill relinquish the seat when we get to the inner market. You are free to use my seat for as long as you want then.

You dare make fun of me? Fu Hengcongs eyes flashed silver.

So what if I am? Ye Qing sneered as his own eyes turned as black as ink. A tiny black lotus could be seen swaying behind his pupils.

An invisible, formless energy spread out in the sky, and Fu Hengcong suddenly let out a muffled grunt. The blood on his face abruptly drained away, and an iron taste suddenly filled his throat. He gulped down the blood while doing his best to hide his shock.

Just now, he had employed a mental art that was passed down within his family, the Supreme Yin Soul Slaying Arrow, to attack Ye Qing. It was one of their ultimate techniques and could annihilate a persons Six Souls without a trace. It was as invisible as it was deadly.

In his senses, Ye Qing was just an early-stage Spirit Purifier. That was why he was confident he could eliminate his Six Souls with a sudden attack. Even if he failed, he was certain it would deal a grievous blow and teach Ye Qing to never cross him again.

In reality, not only did he lose the exchange, he was this close from losing his life. The Supreme Yin Soul Slaying Arrow had vanished immediately after it invaded Ye Qings headspace, and right after that, he felt a deadly power that caused every hair on his body to stand on end.

The only reason he survived Ye Qings counterattack was because the mental imprint his father had left in his headspace had triggered at the last moment. Despite this, he still took some damage from the attack.

Its fine, Brother Fu. Dont be angry. Ruyan consoled Fu Hengcong before turning to Ye Qing, This is all my fault, mister. Im sorry. All I ask is that you dont get angry with Brother Fu.

Tsk tsk, a womans crying for you, Scion Fu. How can a member of the Fu Clan or any man for the matter let such a beauty cry? Song Qingyu interrupted before Fu Hengcong could say anything, I can step up on your behalf if this is too much for you to handle!

Silence, you cur! Fu Hengcong glared at Song Qingyu. He was going to beat a hasty retreat after Ye Qing dealt him a severe blow, but now he could no longer do it without completely embarrassing himself.

Meanwhile, something flinty flickered in Ye Qings eyes. On the surface, it sounded like Song Qingyu was just making a casual remark. In reality, the fucker had been fanning the flames since the moment he opened his mouth.

The woman named Ruyan was no naive lady either. Fu Hengcong himself couldnt see it, but it was obvious that she had him completely under his thumb. Not only that, she most likely incited this whole conflict because she knew that his and Greenlakes seat were the safest, proving that Greenlakes intuition was correct.

Fu Hengcong might have the word Cong (meaning Intelligent) in his name, but he was as dumb as a pig.

I dont like your tone, villain. It has treachery and malice riddled all over it, Jing Xin spoke up suddenly.

What are you talking about, monk? I just dont like seeing a woman cry is all. Song Yushu shrugged.

Shut your trap, monk! Fu Hengcong turned around and glared at Jing Xin.

Im trying to help you, you idiot. Its obvious that this guy is the type of bastard who enjoys stealing another mans woman. But luckily for you, your woman isnt a good person either. After all, what

kind of good person would demand another person to give up their seat as soon as they got on a boat? If you ask me, you should let her go before she cucks you.

Jing Xin chanted an Amitabha before continuing, The Buddha says that one should perform a good deed everyday. No need to thank me, benefactor.

Why the fuck I would thank you? You're the cuckold! Your whole family are cuckolds! Fu Hengcong was so angry he could catch a stroke, but then again, what was the point of arguing with a madman, especially one he couldn't beat?

Ruyan was sobbing quietly and acting like she might burst into tears at any moment.

Honestly, he didn't feel like clashing against anyone at the moment, and if this was anywhere else, he would've just given up the seat and walked away. However, he couldn't ignore the ferryman's words, not to mention that Fu Hengcong's attitude was loathsome. That was why he didn't give up the seat.

He wasn't afraid of being recognized either. He was wearing a mask right now. Unless he revealed his own face like an idiot, the guy would never find out his true identity!

Enough. The boats about to take off.

It was at this moment Lu Hui interrupted the conversation coldly. He said this because the ferryman was boarding the boat as well.

The ferryman paid no attention to the group after boarding the boat. He walked up to the front end of the mast and lit another lantern.

The two lanterns lit the boat as bright as day, though the light it gave off felt cold and unsettling.

That's the Human Skin Lantern and the Corpse Oil Candle. Greenlake whispered when she noticed Ye Qing examining the lanterns curiously. The reason he lit one lantern when he came over and two lanterns when he's about to head back is a sort of prayer to guarantee safe passage.

After the second lantern was lit, the ferryman pushed off the shore with his bony setting pole. The boat immediately shot toward the center like a loose arrow.

The second the boat drifted away from the shore, every ghost in the River of Forgettance immediately swam over like sharks who smelled the scent of blood. As they gathered, they formed several huge waves that only grew bigger as time passed. Each and every ghost was howling on top of their lungs and reaching out toward the passengers with ethereal hands. This was just the beginning, and already it looked like the apocalypse was upon them.

Bro Brother Fu, I'm scared Ruyan grabbed Fu Hengcong's arm tightly and buried her face into his chest, shaking.

If I die, at least we'll die together.

Chapter 355: Sinner of Ten Lifetimes

Everyone on the board was scared and afraid. The only person who didn't panic was the ferryman himself. Right before the giant wave would hit them, he raised the bony setting pole and drew a circle in the air like a master painter.

For a time, time froze like heaven and earth was split in half. Then, there was a pure ringing sound that sounded like it came from a jade bell, and the giant waves abruptly froze in mid-air. The ghastly wails of the ghosts were frozen as well.

Cracks appeared from the center of the circle and spread outward. When it had spread across every wave surrounding them, the waves abruptly fell vertically and crashed back into the river.

Boom!

The river was already pretty turbulent to begin with, but the crashing waves caused the boat to be tossed high, high into the air. Still shocked by what just happened, Jing Xin, Lu Hui and Corpse Vulture were completely unprepared when they were abruptly flung out of the starboard.

Ye Qing was the fastest out of everyone to react, and he was able to catch Jing Xins hand before he was completely out of reach. Jing Xin grabbed Lu Huis hand, and Lu Hui grabbed Corpse Vultures hand. It was like they were playing a game or something.

Ye Qing then exerted his strength and tried to pull them back into the boat, but to his surprise, the line of bodies didnt budge at all. It was like someone was pulling on them from the other end.

Something is grabbing my feet! Save me! Corpse Vulture screamed.

Ye Qing looked and saw that Corpse Vultures legs had already sunk into the river. A bunch of filthy, rotten hands were clutching to his legs, and even more ghosts were climbing up his body like ants.

Pull us back now! Lu Hui and Jing Xin blanched and cried in panic.

Save me! Save me! Corpse Vultures scream grew even louder as the ghosts rapidly crawled up his body.

I can use some help here! Ye Qing shouted at Song Qingyu, Fu Hengcong and Ruyan. Unlike the others, the trio only fell on their butts because they were lucky enough to be sitting on the port side of the boat.

Song Qingyu reacted quickly and launched a palm strike that crushed the palms grabbing onto Corpse Vultures legs. However, Fu Hengcong and Ruyan only hugged each other and shivered like leaves. It was like they hadnt heard Ye Qings yell at all.

Ye Qing exhaled and added a little more strength into his limbs. He had to be careful since he was on a boat after all. The boat sank an inch, and this time, he was able to pull the trio back to the boat.

Phew thank goodness Im a very lucky monk. I was this close to joining the Buddha! Jing Xin patted his chest repeatedly while venting his fear.

Lu Hui was voicing his thanks to Ye Qing and Song Qingyu as well.

But Corpse Vulture

Save me save me

The group turned toward the source of the cry and saw Corpse Vulture still struggling on the surface of the River of Forgettance. Countless hands were dragging him slowly but surely into the bottom. There was a problem though.

Ye Qing hadn't screwed up. He had pulled everyone who was tossed overboard back into the boat. However, it was a fact that there was a second Corpse Vulture struggling to stay afloat in the River of Forgettance. What was going on here?

Save me please save me glug

The moment of indecision was all the ghosts needed to pull the second Corpse Vulture into the river. He was gone just like that.

Except for the ferryman, even the most hardened person on the boat couldn't resist a shiver and clutched the boat with both hands. No one wanted to follow in Corpse Vulture's footsteps. It wasn't long before the boat left the area, and the river turned relatively calm once more. If they didn't know better, if Corpse Vulture's corpse wasn't right there with them, they could've believed that it was just a fever dream.

Oh. Oh! Now I remember. The one in the river is Corpse Vulture's soul. His soul was separated from his corpse!

Jing Hui abruptly slapped his bald head in realization. Anyone who falls into the River of Forgettance of Fengdu will have their body and soul separated. Their body would feed the worms, and the soul would remain in the river forever. That is why we saw two Corpse Vultures just now.

You could've said it sooner, monk! Song Qingyu regained his cool and chided him in a lazy tone. Amitabha, I can't say what I don't remember. Jing Xin shrugged. There was no way we could've saved the guy anyway. Only a Sage possesses the power to wrestle a soul from the River of Forgettance, and even if I do possess the power to save him, I wasn't going to do it.

Tsk tsk, that's not something a Buddhist should say. Didn't your Buddha say that saving a life is more meritorious than building a seven-floor pagoda?

So what? That's what the Buddha thinks, not me.

Jing Xin stared at Song Qingyu like he was an idiot. Also, my master told me that the Buddha said that line specifically to trick idiots like you. You just confirmed that you're an idiot.

Personally, I only believe that virtue begets reward, and evil its retribution. If you catch an irredeemable villain, you should always kill them dead so that they can never commit another evil. Corpse Vulture killed countless innocents just because he could, so he absolutely fell under this category. If you hadn't stopped me earlier, I would've killed him myself, so his death only pleases me, hehehe

Heh. Did you realize that your temperament fits that of a demonic sect very well? Would you like to join us? Song Qingyu asked in a lazy tone. If someone were to expose his face right now, they would realize that his eyes were glowing an eerie light that could draw someone away from the right path.

If you join my sect, you'll be able to kill anyone you want, do whatever you want, and live however you like. That would be great, don't you agree?

Song Qingyu couldnt say anything for a time. Why did he feel like Master Yu Hai was a greater demon than him, a warrior of the Dark Ways? What kind of Buddhist teaches their disciple like that?

Song Qingyu sighed. Just now, he tried to use a secret art called Heart Seed to plant a dark seed in Jing Xins heart. It could probe a chink in a persons mental defense and tempt them into the Dark Ways without a trace. More importantly, it allowed him to use his victims as incubators.

Unfortunately, Crazy Monks mind and way of thinking were different from others. Try as he might, he did not succeed.

It didnt matter though. It wasnt like it cost him anything.

No one said anything after that. In fact, the atmosphere was fairly tense. They were all clutching the sides of the boat with a death grip to avoid a random wave damning them to a torturous eternity in the River of Forgettance.

The same couldnt be said for Ye Qing and Greenlake. As they were sitting in the middle of the boat, they were the least likely to fall off the boat unless it capsized.

Tsk tsk, you sure picked a good spot!, brother! Song Qingyu uttered with jealousy when he noticed Ye Qings casual appearance.

What do you think, husband? Your money is well spent, right? Greenlake whispered beside his ear.

Yes, you were right. Ye Qing didnt hesitate to give her a thumbs-up. He finally understood what the ferryman meant when he said, Always sit at the center of the boat.

At first, everyone was nervous and prepared for anything. However, they eventually realized that what they encountered at the beginning was just an unfortunate accident, and the boat wasnt going to be assaulted by gigantic waves of ghosts all the time. They all let out a sigh of relief.

The shore grew smaller and smaller behind them. The boat felt like an ant that had sailed head first into the maws of an impossibly huge monster.

When the boat sailed into the fog, everyones vision became extremely limited. They could only see ten or so meters away from the boat.

Suddenly, Ruyan let out a cry of surprise and pointed toward the distance. Ah! Brother Fu! What is that?

When they looked, they saw a massive, upside down mountain. Literally, the bottom of the mountain was narrow, and the top looked like it had blotted out the entire sky. Ye Qing was immediately reminded of the snail Stranger he encountered back in the Demons Tomb.

This mountain wasnt the snail Stranger though. In fact, it wasnt even a real mountain. It was made up of millions and millions of ghosts. Yes, it was a literal mountain of ghosts.

Even scarier was the fact that the mountain was moving ever so slowly. When the boat got closer, they realized that there was a man at the bottom of the mountain. He was carrying the mountain and moving somewhere.

His back was bent almost ninety degrees. Countless ghosts were climbing out of the river and onto the mountain, constantly adding to his burden. As if that wasnt enough, all sorts of vermin were clinging to his flesh and biting chunks from time to time.

Is he alive? Fu Hengcong gulped audibly and asked.

Are you stupid? This is the River of Forgettance! Use your brain for once, for Buddhas sake! Jing Xin rebuked him before answering, Thats the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes.

Whats a Sinner of Ten Lifetimes? Fu Hengcong asked. He was so stunned by the inhuman sight he forgot he wasnt on good terms with Jing Xin.

According to the Lotus Sutra[1], there exists vile men and women in this world whom even the Buddha found difficult to enlighten. It is because they carry ten lifetimes worth of sin on their backs. These people may never reincarnate after they die, and they are damned to suffer an eternity of tribulations in the River of Forgettance. That is why they are called the Sinners of Ten Lifetimes.

Jing Xin explained, To put it in simpler terms, a Sinner of Ten Lifetimes is the ghost of a vile person who committed unthinkable atrocities for ten lifetimes straight. Due to how sinful they are, they are unable to join the cycle of reincarnation and start a new life. The Great Emperor of Fengdu himself sentenced them to an eternity in the River of Forgettance. He also made them carry millions of ghosts and suffer countless vermin to serve as a warning to all others who might entertain the idea of living a life of sin.

That said, it is not impossible for a Sinner of Ten Lifetimes to escape their predicament. Legend says that if the ghosts and vermin could consume all of the sins on the sinners person, then they might yet rejoin the cycle of reincarnation and be reborn.

They should've seen this coming. When the boat was passing through the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes, the ghost suddenly looked in their direction. Its crimson eyes looked like a pair of fiery torches, and when they looked into his eyes, the desire to do harm suddenly sprung in everyones heart. Their pupils gradually turned crimson, and they began eyeing each other with clear malice in their eyes.

It was at this moment a grand, dignified voice entered everyones ears. The unnatural crimson in Fu Hengcong, Song Qingyu and more peoples eyes began fading until they returned to normal.

At the same time, they realized that Jing Xin was clasping his hands together in a prayer and chanting a sutra. Golden lotuses were raining around him.

Its the Great Compassion Dharani Sutra Huh. Who wouldve thought that Crazy Monk had it in him to act like a proper monk?

Chapter 356: The Strange Sights of the River of Forgettance

A moment later, Jing Xin opened his eyes and eyed the passengers on the boat scornfully.

See? I know you guys arent good people. One look from the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes, and you villains nearly lost to your own dark desires. Amitabha

It was at this moment Jing Xin noticed that Ye Qing still had his eyes closed. He exclaimed in surprise, Hmm? Why hasnt he awakened? Is my sutra not effective against him?

As if on cue, Ye Qing opened his eyes. A pulse of spirit washed out of his body, and his eyes shone like stars at dawn.

Realization struck Jing Xin. Did you achieve a breakthrough, benefactor?

It's a small one, but yes. Ye Qing smiled. It is all thanks to your sutra, master. Thank you very much for your assistance.

Hahaha! If your conscience is clear, and you are true to your heart, then you may meet Tathagata himself! You are extremely gifted, benefactor. I can tell you are destined with the Buddha[1]. Jing Xin laughed boisterously before shooting the others a scornful look. Unlike some filthy and treacherous scumbags.

Ye Qing ignored them all and engaged Jing Xin in small talk. From time to time, he would glance at the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes almost as if he wanted the Stranger to look at them again.

In fact, he did. Contrary to his claim, his breakthrough had nothing to do with Jing Xin whatsoever. It was all because the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes had looked at them.

As expected of the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes who, if the legends were to be trusted, committed at least ten lifetimes worth of sins, one look was enough to draw out their malice, desire, greed, anger, Five Poisons and more. However, he had the demonic lotus. It had absorbed it all like a sponge and grew stronger.

He had used a golden rune prior to entering the Yin Market, so he was one step away from fully blooming the demonic lotus second petal. This unexpected boon was just what he needed to enter the middle-stage of the Spirit Purification Realm.

If the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes shot him a couple more glances, he was sure his cultivation of the Paranirmitavaavartin Heavenly Demon Sutra would advance considerably. Unfortunately, the Stranger couldn't care less about him. He eventually and his mountain of ghosts eventually vanished into the fog.

It was at this moment Greenlake's sound transmission entered his head. Husband, your breakthrough has nothing to do with Crazy Monk, am I right?

In any case, the encounter was a wakeup call for everyone. They realized that they weren't completely immune to danger even if they stayed firmly inside the boat.

As the boat sailed deeper into the fog, the things they saw grew increasingly strange, beautiful, and dangerous.

They saw a fake Tathagata who was half-glass and half-bone, half-Buddha and half-Mara. The good people saw the dark side of the Buddha, and the bad people saw the good side. It was trying to tempt everyone into straying off their chosen path, and it almost succeeded.

They encountered a gigantic baby who was sleeping on the river surface, and its dreams were visible for all to see. When it slept, it dreamed of beautiful, everchanging humanity. When it awoke, the dream world was annihilated like it was struck by a comet. Some of them almost got pulled into the dream, so that would've been bad to put it mildly.

They saw a great serpent over thousands of meters long and covered in eyeballs swimming at the bottom of the river. Every time it opened or closed its eyes, the waters of the River of Forgettance would turn clear or murky.

They saw a giant lady with a bulging stomach that gave her the impression of a pregnant lady, and a giant ox with a human head. Both were guzzling down the waters of the River of Forgettance and causing a massive whirlpool as a result.

They also saw a giant, colorful butterfly flying across the river. When it flapped its wings, countless ghosts wailed like it was the end of the world.

As bizarre, gorgeous, and anomalous these creatures were, no one could deny that it was an eye-opening experience. It was also one that tested the heart. As they ventured deeper still into the River of Forgettance, the smell of blood grew thicker, and they started experiencing all kinds of hallucinations. Their temper had become unnaturally short as well.

This illuminated Ye Qing on what the ferryman meant by, Do not waver when crossing the river. There existed all kinds of anomalies and temptations within the River of Forgettance. He could easily die or go insane if he didnt steady himself.

Ruyan was pressed up against Fu Hengcongs chest and sobbing uncontrollably, Uwah Im scared, Brother Fu. Im scared. Are we going to die here? Uwahhh!

If the group was confident that nothing could threaten them before, now that confidence was nowhere to be seen. No one knew what was going to happen next, or if they were going to die here.

Hey Does this happen every time someone wants to travel to the inner market? Ye Qing glanced at Greenlake. He would never have agreed to come here if he knew the journey would be such a thrilling experience.

I told you that the Yin Market is a place for champions and geniuses. Anyone who couldnt even overcome such a small obstacle does not deserve to enter the inner market, Greenlake replied softly. Honestly, this has been a fairly easy journey so far.

Youre such a cute boy, husband. Im loving you more and more.

Greenlake laughed at his reaction. Did you notice? Except for the attack at the beginning, none of the Strangers we encountered so far had tried to attack us. At most, we were affected by the wisps of energies they released by nature or by accident. All we need to do is to steady our mind to overcome them. If this isnt easy, then what is?

You are right, Ye Qing agreed reluctantly after thinking back on what had happened to them so far.

Why are you so quiet, Brother Fu?

Meanwhile, Ruyan finally looked up from Fu Hengcongs chest after sobbing for a bit and failing to elicit any response from her man whatsoever. This was strange considering Fu Hengcong prided himself as Ruyans lapdog. It was at this moment she noticed that his eyes were glazed, and he was staring into the river with an odd smile on his face.

Realizing that something was wrong with Fu Hengcong, Ruyan shook him urgently, Brother Fu? Brother Fu! Whats wrong? Dont scare me, Brother Fu!

Hehe Fu Hengcong abruptly raised his hand in a girly fashion and let out a girlish giggle.

Something is not right! Song Qingyu immediately pulled Ruyan away from him.

Ye Qing and Jing Xin too noticed that something was off with Fu Hengcong, but the danger wasnt apparent at first glance. Fu Hengcong was staring straight into the river and acting like a weirdo, but besides that, he wasnt dying or anything. They couldnt see anything but red and yellow when they looked into the river themselves.

Strange. There's nothing down there. What is that idiot looking at? Jing Xin scratched his head in puzzlement before grabbing Fu Hengcong's shoulder with his right hand. Hey you. What are you looking at?

In response, Fu Hengcong slowly turned toward Jing Xin and made a feminine hand gesture. He then let out a feminine giggle and asked coquettishly, Hehe do I look beautiful?

By the Buddha! Why is he acting like a girl all of a sudden? Even Jing Xin, the Crazy Monk couldn't handle such a drastic transformation.

Ye Qing frowned deeply as he scanned Fu Hengcong with his demonic thoughts. However, he couldn't sense any anomalous energy from the young man. What happened to him?

Brother Fu! What's gotten into you? Please don't scare Ruyan! Ruyan sobbed loudly. Please save Brother Fu, someone! Please!

My dear aunt, don't get angry.

Please listen to what I have to say.

Su Baotong rebelled against the law,

And my husband, the emperor's son-in-law, went to the battlefield.

Knowing our son's reckless nature,

We locked him in the study with a stone lock.

But our son is fiery and wilful,

So he smashed the stone lock and went fishing at Golden Water Bridge

Fu Hengcong was dancing and singing like he was an opera actor. Not only that, he was playing the famous To Kill Qin Ying[2].

Fu Hengcong was a tall, handsome, and masculine man, but right now he looked prettier than even a songstress in a theater or brothel in every sense of the word. His dance moves were sexier than a young woman in her prime, and his timbre and intonation were even more seductive than a famous actor.

By the Buddha, his singing is better than the Dans[3] of famous troupes. He would be world famous if the world were to discover his talent.

There was only one man on the boat who could say something that ruined the eerie atmosphere so thoroughly, and he was of course the Crazy Monk, Jing Xin.

Maybe he's secretly a girl in disguise? Let's see!

Jing Xin actually made a grab for Fu Hengcong's chest after saying this.

Everyone: ...

Are you serious, monk? Whatever's going on with Fu Hengcong, it clearly isn't ordinary. Are you so eager to commit suicide?

Also, there are countless ways to check someones gender. Why must you grab his boobs? And judging from how practiced your movements are, you must have done this plenty of times in the past, havent you? Are you a fake monk?

Ye Qing agreed with Jing Xins action, however. He looked like he was acting reckless and crazy as usual, but in reality, he was holding the lion mudra with his left hand. The lion mudra represented self-control and the intent to suppress evils, so Jing Xin was really checking to see if he could awaken Fu Hengcong with the lion mudra. Even if the young man suddenly attacked him, he would be able to respond at first notice.

The young man froze for a second when Jing Xins hands made contact with his chest. Just when everyone thought he was cured, he started singing again and even caressing Jing Xins face like he was his lover.

By the Buddhas! Jing Xin flinched back with disgust. He hurriedly took a few steps away from Fu Hengcong and said, I tried everything. I leave it to you guys to find a way?

Everyone exchanged glances with each other. No one was feeling particularly confident when even a Buddhist monk had failed.

Ill give it a go, Song Qingyu started, but before he could even make a move, Jing Xins eyes abruptly glazed over like he was possessed by something. Just like Fu Hengcong, he let out a silly chuckle before beginning to sing with a loud, powerful voice. The monk was surprisingly talented considering his martial arts usually involved a lot of shouting.

Jing Xin fell for it too?

Everyone subconsciously pulled away from Jing Xin. Jing Xin was fine right up till the point he touched Fu Hengcong, meaning that physical contact could cause the condition to spread. Until they found out exactly what the hell was going on here, it was best not to make contact with the patients anymore.

Unfortunately, the boat was only so big, not to mention that they were in the middle of the River of Forgettance. There was literally nowhere they could go.

The good news was Jing Xin and Fu Hengcong werent trying to infect them or anything. They just kept singing to themselves. In fact, the singing was pretty amazing. If the situation wasnt so abnormal, Ye Qing wouldnt mind returning to his seat and enjoying the show.

As they continued, the two suddenly-opera-actors stopped singing their own songs anymore. They came together and performed a two-man show where Fu Hengcong played the female lead, and Jing Xin the male lead. They looked so absorbed in the act they looked like they could do this forever.

What what do we do? Ruyan stuttered.

You said you wanted to give it a go? What are you waiting for? Ye Qing looked at Song Qingyu.

Er how about we just toss them into the river and forget this ever happened? Song Qingyu was going to try and save Fu Hengcong with his mental art, but he changed his mind after what happened to Jingxin.

I believe thats a good idea. Ye Qing nodded in agreement.

You can't do this! Please save Brother Fu and Master Jing Xin! Ruyan begged loudly when she heard this.

It's just a joke. Ye Qing waved her off. Of course he wouldn't do that unless he had no other option.

But how was he going to wake them from their stupor?

Why don't we observe this for a little while longer, Lu Hui suggested.

Why not? Song Qingyu didn't really care.

Sounds like a plan. It was getting a little boring. Ye Qing shrugged.

If he was alone, he could try asking the Annon Sutra for a solution. But he was surrounded by both humans and ghosts right now, so the only option now was to wait and see what happened next.

At first, things were relatively normal if you pretended that two people suddenly singing and dancing in the middle of the River of Forgetfulness was normal that was but eventually, inevitably, things took a turn for the sinister. The duo weren't performing lively, cheerful-sounding operas anymore. No, they were performing operas that could only be described as fit for a ghost; dark and sinister.

Chapter 357: Ghost Opera

"What the heck are they playing? It's giving me the goosebumps!" Song Qingyu rubbed his arms firmly.

"A Ghost Opera! It has to be a Ghost Opera!" Suddenly, Lu Hui exclaimed in realization and fear.

"Ghost Opera?" Ye Qing's brows raised visibly. He too recognized the term.

"Wha... What's a Ghost Opera, senior?" Ruyan stuttered.

Lu Hui said seriously, "It is what it sounds like. A Ghost Opera is an opera that is sung by ghosts for ghosts. It is not meant to be enjoyed by the living. That is why their performance makes us feel cold and uncomfortable."

"Will... Will there be any danger?" Ruyan asked.

"If ghosts start singing, away away the living must be, lest it blind the heart and confound the soul."

Ye Qing chimed in, "What this means is that it's okay to listen to a ghost opera in the short term, but any longer than that, and you would begin to lose focus, and the stability of your soul would weaken considerably. The likelihood that you might encounter some sort of evil would become much higher, and the slightest scare could cause your soul to leave your body."

"Of course, this isn't a big problem for us warriors. The big problem is that a Ghost Opera is highly attractive to ghosts. Look."

Ye Qing pointed at the river, and Ruyan followed his finger. She immediately saw that rings and rings of ghosts had surrounded the boat. Even now, more ghosts were swimming over from every direction.

“Ahhh!” Ruyan was so frightened that she accidentally slipped on her feet. She was about to fall into the river when Song Qingyu stepped forward and caught her in his embrace. He said in a soothing and gentle voice, “Don’t worry, beauty. I am here.”

He then looked at Ye Qing and Lu Hui and asked, “What should we do now, my friends?”

“You said you are here, aren’t you? You do something about it.” Ye Qing side-eyed the flirt. *If you’re going to save your princess right in front of our faces, then you can fight the bloody dragon as well!*

“Let me think. I have no idea what is possessing these two, and physical contact seems to spread the condition. In other words, they are already lost to this world.”

The corners of Song Qingyu’s lips curled into a devilish smirk. “In that case, the best thing to do is to toss them into a river. Our conundrum should solve itself as well.”

“No! You can’t do that! I beg you, please save Brother Fu!” Ruyan struggled free from Song Qingyu’s embrace and begged with teary eyes, “I’ll give you anything if you can save Brother Fu!”

“Anything?” Song Qingyu’s smile widened. “Does that include you?”

“You...” Ruyan bit her bottom lip, hesitating. “If you can save Brother Fu, then... yes.”

“Good, good! They all say that prostitutes are heartless, and actors are faithless[1]. But you are clearly neither! You have my respect!”

Song Qingyu praised before shaking her head. “It’s too bad...”

“Too bad, what?” Ruyan asked in a hurry.

“It’s too bad I don’t know how to save your man.” Song Qingyu shrugged.

Everyone: “...” *Then why the fuck did you act like you do? What a waste of time this is!*

“Senior, warrior, do you have a solution? Please?” Ruyan looked at Lu Hui and Ye Qing and begged.

Lu Hui was frowning deeply and not saying anything.

Ye Qing’s bangs were covering his eyes. He seemed to be contemplating something.

“Give it up, beauty. There is no saving them.” Song Qingyu smiled. “But don’t worry. Your Brother Fu may be gone, but you still have a Brother Song. I promise I’ll take good care of you.”

Ruyan’s eyes dimmed as if she had lost her soul. She was even swaying on her feet like she might collapse at any moment.

“So? Who’s going to do it? Me or you?” Song Qingyu asked Ye Qing and Lu Hui. When both men remained silent, Song Qingyu chuckled. “I guess you wouldn’t want to dirty your hands. I’ll do it then.”

Right before he would send a gust of force at the duo, Ye Qing suddenly called out, “Wait.”

“What? Are you going to stop me?” Song Qingyu’s tone turned a little cold.

“Calm. I have a plan I’d like to try.” Ye Qing paid his tone no heed.

“You think you can save them?” Both Song Qingyu and Lu Hui looked at Ye Qing in unison. If Lu Hui’s eyes were suspicious, then Song Qingyu’s eyes were outright scornful. Neither men believed Ye Qing could do it.

“Like I said, I’m just giving it a try,” Ye Qing replied smilingly. Then, to their surprise, Ye Qing walked straight toward the ferryman.

What is he doing? The thought crossed everyone’s mind.

Ye Qing bowed to the ferryman first. Then he muttered a little something and handed him five yin gold.

The trio’s eyes widened when they saw the ferryman accepting the yin gold and even nodding to Ye Qing. They honestly thought he was just a puppet since he did nothing besides inspecting the Yin Token, sailing the boat, and protecting it from danger.

The next moment, the ferryman raised his bony setting pole and tapped the river surface lightly, causing the surrounding ghosts to scatter in every direction. At the same time, a massive shadow appeared right underneath their boat.

It was a man—or more accurately, a ghost—wearing an opera outfit and opera makeup. He was floating face-up on the river and clinging to the bottom of the boat. His lips were moving as if he was reciting lines, and he was wearing an odd smile on his face.

“The Ghost Actor?!” Lu Hui exclaimed in shock and gulped audibly.

Before Lu Hui could say anything else, the ferryman raised his setting pole again and tapped the end on Ghost Actor’s forehead. The Ghost Actor immediately started fading like he was a mirage. After that, a mournful, eerie singing spread across the river, and the two men who had been singing and dancing this whole time abruptly collapsed to the floor like puppets whose strings were cut.

The good news was that they were just exhausted. Their lives weren’t in danger.

Ye Qing thanked the ferryman for his service and turned back toward the trio. He beamed at them. “It’s done.”

“What did you do? Why would the ferryman help us?” Lu Hui asked.

“I just paid him some yin gold and asked him for help, that’s all,” Ye Qing explained.

“You can do that?” Song Qingyu exclaimed in surprise.

“Why not? Haven’t you heard that money makes the world go round, much less a ghost?” Ye Qing shrugged.

“Yes, but seriously?” Lu Hui and Song Qingyu exchanged glances with each other.

“But of course!” Ye Qing replied affirmatively.

Did he know for certain that the ferryman could save the duo? Of course not. It was just a moment of inspiration. Thankfully, it worked.

“Are you suggesting that we can just... pay the ferryman to resolve whatever danger we might encounter on the river?”

“I believe so.” Ye Qing rubbed his nose. Lu Hui was asking too many questions, but his sentiment was understandable.

“Heavens above! All this time we did our damndest to resist the anomalies and influences of the River of Forgettance, and you’re telling me that we could’ve saved all that pain and effort by bribing the ferryman? Come on!”

Song Qingyu complained loudly before looking at Ye Qing. “But wait, how did you know it’s possible to bribe the ferryman with yin gold?”

“I *didn’t* know. I was just giving it a try,” Ye Qing lied. Of course he wasn’t going to tell Song Qingyu that he had bribed the ferryman from the beginning.

“Is that so?” Song Qingyu didn’t look like he believed him, but he didn’t press further.

“Brother Fu, you’re awake!” It was at this moment Ruyan exclaimed joyously. “Are you alright?”

Both Fu Hengcong and Jing Xin had awakened at more or less the same time.

“I’m... fine? What’s wrong?” Fu Hengcong shook his head lightly. His mind felt blank and a little painful for some reason. He then noticed that his voice was raspy. “Why do I sound like this?”

“Because you used it for too long,” Song Qingyu replied lazily. It would be stranger if the guy’s voice was fine after he sang multiple difficult tunes for so long.

“Huh? Did I heal you after all? Wait, no, I’m sure I failed. In fact, I felt like I fell for the same evil as well. But why can’t I remember it? And why does my head feel a little confused?” Jing Xin said while slapping his own head repeatedly.

“Stop it.” Ye Qing grabbed Jing Xin’s hand before he could hit himself any further. The monk didn’t look very smart in the first place. If he kept this up, he was going to be even stupider and crazier than he already was.

“It’s like this...” Ye Qing proceeded to tell them what just happened.

“Oh, I see. You saved my life again, benefactor,” Jing Xin said gratefully after listening to the full story. “This is the second time I owe you a life debt. From now on, if you ever need me to burn a house or take a life, please don’t hesitate to seek me out!”

“Haha... sure.” Ye Qing replied a little stiffly. *Burn a house? Take a life? And you call yourself a monk, bro?*

Fu Hengcong also thanked Ye Qing for his help after hearing the whole story, but his attitude was as annoying as ever. He made it sound like it was Ye Qing’s honor to be able to save his life.

“Hehe, no need to thank me. Just pay me my due, and we’re square,” Ye Qing said smilingly. If his impression of Jing Xin was good because he was a good person despite his somewhat insane behavior, then his impression of Fu Hengcong could only be described as loathsome.

And what do you do when you have no choice but to interact with people you loathe? You add cash to dilute the taste, of course.

“How much do you want?” Fu Hengcong asked arrogantly.

“Five hundred yin gold,” Ye Qing replied indifferently.

“Cough! Cough! Cough...” Lu Hui immediately started coughing uncontrollably.

Song Qingyu spat out the water he just drank.

We all heard that you paid the ferryman five yin gold, and now you’re demanding one hundred times the price?! Where is your shame, brother?

“That many?” Even Fu Hengcong was taken aback a little.

“Do you think your life isn’t worth five hundred yin gold?” Ye Qing countered.

“Hmph! It’s just five hundred yin gold. Here.” Fu Hengcong harrumphed and tossed a bag of yin gold into Ye Qing’s hands.

Of course, Fu Hengcong was really bleeding on the inside even though he pretended that it was nothing. Five hundred yin gold wasn’t a small number even for him. However, he had already promised that he would pay Ye Qing for saving his life. He would look bad if he went back against his own word, and to Fu Hengcong, nothing was more important than looking good. So, he swallowed the loss like the real man he was.

Lu Hui and Song Qingyu shook their heads but said nothing. They had no interest in getting involved in the first place, and Fu Hengcong’s act made them even less interested to help him. Only a total fool would tell a rich person to save his money.

Ruyan opened her mouth to say something, but she quickly closed it when she saw Ye Qing shooting her a smile that didn’t reach the eye.

Phew, I got back everything I lost and more! Ye Qing put away the five hundred yin gold, grinning.

Chapter 358: Don’t Look Back

After putting away the yin gold, Ye Qing once again surprised everyone by walking toward the ferryman. A salute later, he handed half of the yin gold he received to the Stranger.

Didn't he want to keep the five hundred yin gold to himself? Of course he did. But objectively speaking, the ferryman was the one who did all of the work. More importantly, he was still on the boat and the River of Forgettance right now. Dare he risk the ferryman's ire in his territory? Not at all.

This was why he decided to give up half of the yin gold. It was still a massive profit all things considered.

The ferryman looked at the bag of yin gold in silence. In the end, he decided not to assassinate Ye Qing and take all of the yin gold for himself. Ye Qing's worries had been spot on.

He's a good guy, and I did all the hard work. I definitely deserve this yin gold. The ferryman accepted his pay with a clear conscience.

At the same time, another idea entered the ferryman's mind. *This feels like a long-term strategy to make money. Should I discuss this with the other ferrymen? Yes, I think I should.*

Ye Qing had no idea that he had unwittingly inspired the ferryman, of course. All he knew was that the unsettling feeling that had been plaguing him since receiving the five hundred yin gold was gone, and that was all he wanted.

When he returned to his seat, he was met with Song Qingyu and Lu Hui's impressed faces, and Fu Hengcong and Jing Xin's confused looks.

"What was that about?" Fu Hengcong frowned deeply.

"Paying the ferryman his due," Ye Qing answered matter-of-factly. "I asked him to do me a favor, and he did. Shouldn't I thank him for his troubles?"

At this point, Fu Hengcong figured out that he had been scammed by Ye Qing. However, it was far too late to get back his money, not to mention that he couldn't possibly bring himself to do such a shameful thing.

So, Fu Hengcong could only glare impotently at Ye Qing to convey his dissatisfaction.

"Hehe..." Ye Qing could sense Fu Hengcong's dissatisfaction and malice, of course. A devious idea suddenly occurred to him, and he didn't hesitate to set it in motion immediately. "Say, Scion Fu. The ferryman is the one who really saved your life. Shouldn't you show him your sincerity?"

Ye Qing glanced at the ferryman and winked. *Here comes money, brother.*

The ferryman was so stunned that his movements paused for a brief moment. *You can do that? He's a fucking genius!*

The ferryman then realized that Ye Qing was hinting at him to take action and stared straight at Fu Hengcong.

"You...!"

Fu Hengcong wanted to rip Ye Qing to shreds. This was a level of shamelessness beyond anything he had ever experienced. But when he sensed the ferryman's death stare, he had no choice but to swallow his words. He had witnessed time and again just how powerful the ferryman was. He might be arrogant and stupid, but he wasn't so stupid that he couldn't recognize the folly of antagonizing someone way stronger than him.

"Of course, of course," Fu Hengcong forced himself to spit out while enduring anger and the pain of loss in his heart.

As he walked up to the ferryman and produced him a yin gold, Ye Qing's voice came again like a curse. "Best not be stingy, Scion Fu. I'm just the lackey, but the ferryman is the one who did all of the hard work."

"You mother—" Fu Hengcong stumbled on his feet. He was this close from bursting into a loud, angry tirade. He was going to pay only three or five yin gold since he already forked five hundred, but now he had to pay at least a hundred yin gold to thank the ferryman. Otherwise, he would lose face *and* offend the ferryman.

"Thank you *so much* for the reminder," Fu Hengcong uttered through gritted teeth.

"You're welcome. We cultivate one hundred years of good karma to share a boat journey with someone[1], don't we? It's all destiny." Ye Qing chuckled. *I scammed him in his face and even made him thank me for it. Good karma indeed!*

Song Qingyu and the others barely suppressed a shiver. *Destiny? I would rather be single forever if this is the kind of destiny I get!*

Fu Hengcong sucked in a deep breath to suppress the urge to vomit blood on the spot. Then, he reluctantly produced one hundred yin gold from his Nature's Shell and handed it to the ferryman.

The ferryman didn't accept the yin gold or say anything, however. He simply watched Fu Hengcong in silence. It was because Ye Qing had shown him the light.

You gave him five hundred yin gold just because he flapped his mouth, while I'm the one who actually saved your life. Aren't you embarrassed with yourself? Or do you think I'm a beggar?

Truly, the ferryman had been enlightened. If you wanna make money, then you gotta be shameless. That was a universal truth.

Fu Hengcong felt a shiver as the wordless stare bore into his body and soul. Realizing what the ferryman wanted, he shakily produced another four hundred yin gold from his Nature's Shell and practically sobbed, "T-Thank you very much f-for saving my life, senior."

Please, senior, please! I only have so much money!

Thankfully, the ferryman didn't press further. He accepted the yin gold and nodded at Ye Qing. He never even looked at Fu Hengcong.

Fu Hengcong felt like tearing his hair out. *The money you received was all mine, but you're thanking the bastard who scammed me? Are you even human?*

Fuck, he isn't human.

Jing Xin scratched his bald head as Fu Hengcong stomped his way back to his seat. "The ferryman also saved me. Should I pay him as a show of thanks? But I'm a monk. I have no money."

"Oh right! Benefactor Fu, you seem like a wealthy man. Can you give me a couple hundred yin gold so I can thank my savior properly?"

"Get lost!" Fu Hengcong screamed. *Does he think I'm a pushover? And where the fuck am I going to get you that money when I have nothing myself?*

"Amitabha, you don't need to get that angry. Just say you don't want to help me."

Jing Xin rubbed his head in confusion. "Also, I technically count as your savior as well. Sure, I failed to save you, but the Buddha said that as long as you've tried, then it's fine. I don't mind that you don't want to help me, but why did you scream at me? The word ingrate suits you perfectly. I knew you weren't a good person from the start."

Fu Hengcong narrowed his eyes at Ye Qing and Jing Xin. *Very good. You both think I'm easy to bully, is that it? Just you wait.*

"He has a screw loose in his head, doesn't he?" Jing Xin complained to Ye Qing when he saw that Fu Hengcong wasn't answering.

"The better question is, why split hairs over a sick man? Just leave him to his misery," Ye Qing advised.

"Yes, you are absolutely right. Amitabha..."

Fu Hengcong: "... *I feel like murdering someone. What should I do?*

Maybe it was because the ferryman earned a lot of money today, but the next part of the journey was perfectly smooth and without trouble. It wasn't long before they passed through the fog and saw the distant shore and a small city. It had to be the inner market.

"We're here."

"We're finally here."

Everyone rejoiced when they saw the city. After all, it meant that they no longer had to be on their toes anymore.

After the ferryman parked the boat at the ferry point, he waved a wooden plank that connected the railing and the shore into existence. Then, he waved again to motion for his passengers to get off the boat.

Suddenly Ye Qing warned, "Don't look back when you get off the boat, people."

"Why?" Someone asked in confusion.

"Don't ask. Just do as I say." Ye Qing didn't explain himself.

"Heh. And why should we listen to your words?" Fu Hengcong glared at him.

“You don’t have to listen to me. You’re free to do whatever you want. Goodbye.” Ye Qing smirked before getting off the boat with Greenlake.

Everyone still on the boat thought to themselves, *Hmph. What a pretentious man.*

Ding ding!

Dong dong!

Chiang chiang!

As it turned out, their tribulation wasn’t over yet. The moment they set foot on the wooden plank, the group suddenly heard a bunch of drumming, ringing and gong noises from behind. At the same time, their surroundings suddenly became impossibly dark, and the wooden plank beneath their feet became impossibly long. The shore was still in front of them, but it felt like they would never reach it.

Ye Qing swore inside his head, *I fucking knew there was going to be one last bullshit. I really shouldn’t have come here.*

After he made the ferryman a lot of money, he could feel the Stranger sneaking glances at him from time to time. It didn’t feel normal or altruistic either.

His senses told him that the ferryman was plotting to entrap him somehow and turn him into his money tree. That was why he was in such a hurry to leave the boat. Unfortunately, he wasn’t fast enough.

Ding ding dong dong qiang qiang bam!

The instrumental sound grew louder and louder, but strangely, it wasn’t annoying. On the contrary, it possessed some sort of strange quality that made them want to look back and check out what was going on.

“Don’t look back!”

Ye Qing forced down the unnatural desire and growled another warning. He didn’t know if the others had heard him, but he was hardly going to look back and check. He continued forward.

Strangely, the instrumental sound actually grew louder, clearer, and more tempting the further he progressed along the plank.

“Ye Qing...”

“Joyless...”

“Ye Qing...”

“Joyless...”

At the same time, he heard people whispering his name repeatedly in order to draw his attention, and the voices traveled into his ears and all the way into his heart. It was as if someone was tickling the insides of his heart with a feather. The desire to respond or look back grew bigger and bigger as time passed.

Wait, this is a form of desire... which is good for me, isn’t it?

Suddenly, Ye Qing's eyes lit up. As if on cue, the demonic lotus in his headspace stirred to life like a butterfly who caught the scent of honey. Excited beyond words, it quickly absorbed the impulse and desire entangling around his heart.

Give me more! More!

Suddenly, Ye Qing wasn't in such a hurry to leave anymore. He was forced to miss the Sinner of Ten Lifetimes earlier, and there was nothing he could do about it. This time though, he wasn't going to let the opportunity slip through his grasp.

But as soon as he stopped in his tracks, Fu Hengcong's voice came urgent and shivering, "Hey you... why are you stopping? Keep going! Are you trying to kill us?!"

"Benefactor, why are you stopping?" Even Jing Xin was urging him.

Ye Qing: "... *Fuck my life. I just want a moment to cultivate is all. Is that too much to ask for?*

He couldn't help but resent his past self. *You idiot! Why did you leave the boat first? Why? It's all the ferryman's fault. If he isn't lusting after me, I would not have gotten off the boat first, would I?*

Also, you couldn't make your walking plank a little wider? There's barely enough for a single person to walk through!

"Come on, man! Go!" Fu Hengcong urged again. He was deathly afraid for his life as a matter of course. The whispers in his ears felt like they possessed a tangible form. They kept muddying his mind and tempting him to look behind him. If it wasn't for Ye Qing's earlier warning and the mental protection his father left inside his head, he would've lost control a long time ago.

"Brother... stay... stay away... I didn't want to kill you... I had no choice!"

Lu Hui was the last person in the line. He suddenly closed his ears and screamed like he had gone insane, "Hahaha! It was your fault! All your fault! Why must the good things all go to you? Why must you be smarter and more capable than I am in every way? Why must father and mother favor you? Even Rou'er, the love of my life chose you over me! If I must live in your shadow my whole life, then I would rather you die!"

"Father... mother... I didn't kill you on purpose... I swear I didn't..."

"No... No... It's not my fault... It's your fault, you hear me? All your fault! We are both your children, so why did big brother always get the best gifts? Why did he get to wear new clothes, while I can only wear his leftovers? Why did he get to eat meat, while I can only eat buns? Why is he always right, and why am I always wrong? Why is there nothing I can do to please you? Why can you never say anything good about me?!"

"Don't blame me for killing you... You deserve to die, you all deserve to die..."

Chapter 359: The Coffin

"This isn't right. This isn't right! You're already dead!"

Lu Hui suddenly came back to his senses and let out a furious roar. Astral qi washed out of his body as he eyes grew bloodshot. “Who the fuck is pretending to be my family and making me hear all these? Show yourself!”

Lu Hui abruptly turned around and looked behind him, but neither his father, mother and brother were there. There was only the fog.

Ding ding dong dong chiang chiang bam!

Suddenly, the familiar noise of instruments came from the fog. A bunch of imps stepped into the open. Some of them were beating the drum, some were hitting the gong, and some were dancing a strange dance that Lu Hui didn’t recognize.

Behind the imps were another group of imps, but these ones were blue-faced, long-fanged, and extremely muscular. They were carrying a coffin that was much bigger than your usual coffin, and it was constantly changing shape as if it was made of fog.

When Lu Hui looked at the coffin, many faces suddenly appeared on its surface. They were all wearing a wide, contorted grin on their faces, but he still recognized them as his parents, his brother, his sister-in-law, his nephew, and his niece. Every single face was a family member he had killed with his own hands.

“Come to your father, Hui’er. Come to me.”

“It’s been so long since I saw you, Hui’er. Show mother how big you’ve grown.”

“Uncle... Uncle... Ying’er really missed you!”

“Brother Lu, I thought we’re going for a drink at Ruyi? Come on, man!”

The faces kept calling out to him. Lu Hui was snarling, but his eyes were full of fear. “No... No... You’re all dead. You’re already dead. I’m not scared of you! I’m not scared of you!”

Creak!

Suddenly, the coffin lid was pushed away with a creak, and an arm covered in white hair reached out from within. As soon as the arm appeared, Lu Hui felt as if he was dunked in a pool of ice. Fear flooded every part of his body, and he wanted to turn around and run as far away from the arm as possible. He found himself frozen in place, however. He couldn’t move a muscle.

The hairy hand pointed a finger at him, and his vision abruptly turned pitch black. When next he opened his eyes, he found himself lying inside a small, narrow, airtight space.

“Am... Am I inside a coffin?” Lu Hui touched his surroundings until the horrifying truth dawned upon him. “I am inside a coffin. Am I inside that coffin?!”

Lu Hui pushed the coffin lid with all his might, but it didn’t budge in the slightest.

“Phew...”

He sucked in a deep breath and attempted to cut the coffin in half with his sword qi, but all he did was cut the surrounding fog in half. The coffin itself remained perfectly intact.

“Ah! It hurts!”

“It hurts so bad... so bad...”

“Why did you attack us, Hui’er?”

The next moment, a bunch of faces appeared on the coffin. It was his father, mother, brother, sister-in-law, family and more.

“You... You.. No... Let me out! Let me out of here!”

Lu Hui’s face turned deathly pale as he swung his fingers all over the place. His sword qi cut the faces into pieces, but it only took a moment for them to reform.

“Why did you kill us, Hui’er?”

“Why do you want to leave? Don’t you want to be together with your friends and family?”

“Yeah! Stay with us!”

“Stay with us...”

“Stay with us...”

The faces smiled from ear to ear before pouncing toward Lu Hui.

“Stay away! Stay away!!!”

Forgive me! Forgive me! No... no...”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

.....

“I... I can’t hear anything anymore. Is he...?”

At the front, Fu Hengcong gulped audibly and stuttered out a question.

“Who knows? Do you want to take a look?” Song Qingyu taunted.

“Hmph. You can take a look yourself!” Fu Hengcong grunted. If he was suspicious of Ye Qing’s words before, now those suspicions had fully evaporated.

“Brother... Brother Fu... Let’s not talk and keep going, please?” Ruyan hugged Fu Hengcong tightly with her eyes closed.

“Of course, of course. Don’t worry. It will be fine,” Fu Hengcong consoled her before looking at Ye Qing and asking, “Hey you. If you know we shouldn’t look back when we’re getting off the boat, you must know how we can leave this place, right?”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but I have no idea.” Ye Qing shrugged. In fact, he didn’t want to leave the boat so quickly. He wanted to stay for another eight to ten hours.

“You... You’re not lying to us, are you? Trying to kill us all before going off on your own?” Fu Hengcong couldn’t help but question.

“Kill you?” Ye Qing let out a cold chuckle. “If that was the plan, I wouldn’t have warned you earlier. Use your brain for once.”

“What... What should we do then?” Fu Hengcong stuttered with pale lips.

“Amitabha, you are dumb as shit. He already said he doesn’t know where the exit is. Why do you think he can answer that question?”

Jing Xin chanted “Amitabha” under his breath before adding, “Stop shaking! You’re shaking the piss out of my bladder! Be a man, will you?”

“But I’m scared!” Fu Hengcong argued.

“Coward!” Jing Xin rebuked him before declaring, “I’m scared too! So keep moving!”

In the end, they had no choice but to suppress their fear and temptation and keep walking forward.

An indefinite amount of time later, just when everyone thought that they were stuck in this hopeless place for eternity, their surroundings suddenly brightened considerably. The fog faded, the ferry point and city came into view, and the deathly whispers and instrumental noises ringing in their ears were gone.

“We... We’re safe?” Fu Hengcong exclaimed with unbridled joy and relief.

“Phew... Buddha be praised! I knew I’m a lucky monk.” Jing Xin was laughing loudly as well.

Out of everyone, Ye Qing was the only one who hid a sigh of disappointment. *Dammit, that’s too fast!*

“Lu Hui is gone!” Greenlake walked up to Ye Qing and whispered into his ear.

“He’s gone?” Ye Qing looked back. Of course, he only did it because he knew it was safe now.

Both the boat and the ferryman were nowhere to be seen. The River of Forgettance had also returned to its normal appearance: turbulent, smelly, and covered in fog. So long as he didn’t set foot into the river himself, its dangers could no longer touch him. It was almost as if everything had returned to normal.

It wasn’t though. Corpse Vulture was taken by the River of Forgettance, and Lu Hui had vanished into thin air. He at least knew what happened to Corpse Vulture, but he had no idea what happened to Lu Hui. One moment he was screaming about his dead family, and the next, there was nothing. The man hadn’t even left behind a body. It was scary to say the least.

Speaking of which, I don’t see Corpse Vulture’s body anywhere... is it still on the boat? Ye Qing rubbed his nose thoughtfully. He had a feeling that the ferryman was plotting to do something with the body.

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At the River of Forgettance, the ferryman wasn't standing in front of the boat and pushing the boat forward as usual. Instead, he was sitting crosslegged on the bow with his setting pole placed on top of his legs.

Right now, the ferryman was tilting his head and looking at Corpse Vulture's body quietly. Only he knew what he was thinking about.

The ferryman muttered to himself. "What a shame I couldn't trap that cunning boy. Otherwise, he could've made me so much money. What a shame!"

He regretted being stupid enough to tell the boy the rules of the River of Forgettance. If not for that, the boy might've died, and he could've exploited his soul for his own use.

"Stupid mouth, stupid mouth, stupid mouth..."

The ferryman grew so frustrated he slapped his own mouth again and again.

"Wait a second. I might not have the boy, but I can find someone else to play his role!"

Suddenly, the ferryman's eyes burned much brighter. "Yeah! I can find someone to beg for my help when the real passengers are in danger. They'll pretend to pay me and prod the others to do the same."

"This way, I'll be able to earn money much faster without having to break the rules! It's killing two birds with one stone!"

"Yes, I'll do that. I'm a fucking genius, hahaha!"

The ferryman extended a bony hand, grabbed a soul from the River of Forgettance, and tossed it into Corpse Vulture's body. A few breaths later, Corpse Vulture suddenly opened his eyes and wobbled to his feet. He thanked the ferryman profusely, "Thank you, my lord! Thank you for saving me! Thank you!"

"Save it. I have things I need you to help me with. If you perform well, I can send you to the cycle of reincarnation sooner. If not, I'll leave you to rot forever in the River of Forgettance. Understand?"

"Yes, yes. Whatever you say, my lord!" Corpse Vulture answered in a hurry.

"Now, I want you to do this... and that... and then... Did you get everything?"

"You idiot! I'll repeat one more time. Like this... and this... no, not like that!"

"Do you get it now? Good, good. Without further ado, let's go make some money!"

"Hahaha... I'm a fucking genius[1]..."

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"What do we do now?"

After they entered the city, Fu Hengcong, Song Qingyu, Jingxin and Ruyan said their goodbyes and left, and unlike the outer market, the inner market seemed as dead as a dodo. That was why Ye Qing looked to Greenlake for directions.

“No worries. Follow me.” Greenlake smiled mysteriously before walking up to a stone lion beside the street. Then, she held out a hand toward Ye Qing and said,

“Give me a yin gold please, husband.”

“Why do you need it?” Ye Qing asked with a frown. *Are you so poor you couldn't even afford a yin gold?*

“You'll find out in a moment.” Greenlake smiled seductively at him.

Despite his annoyance, Ye Qing still handed Greenlake a yin gold. She put it inside the stone lion's mouth, and—

Crack!

Ye Qing watched in shock as the stone lion abruptly opened its tightly shut eyes and crushed the yin gold between its teeth. After swallowing the ingot in one gulp, it boomed in a cold, stiff and thunderous voice,

“Ask away!”

“It... what the fuck... it can speak?!” Ye Qing blinked rapidly. His senses were telling him that the stone lion was one hundred percent an inanimate object, and yet it somehow swallowed his yin gold and spoke out loud. Just how was this possible?

“What shops are open in the inner market tonight?” Greenlake asked.

“Ten yin gold,” The stone replied.

Greenlake looked at Ye Qing, and Ye Qing looked at his poor wallet. *Why me?*

His mind was rebelling, but his body was honest. He took ten yin gold from his wallet and placed it in the stone lion's mouth.

Crack! Crack!

Ye Qing was honestly impressed. The yin gold were metal ingots, and the stone lion was made of stone. Despite this, it was chewing through the metal like it was chicken, crunchy and delicious.

When the stone lion was done, it answered Greenlake's question dutifully, “A total of thirty six shops are open in the inner market tonight. They are the Yin Lifespan Gambling House, Ruyi Haunt, Ghost Tower, Pawn Shop No. 8[2], Bank of Heaven and Earth, Feng Park...”

Chapter 360: Ghost Tower

“Pawn Shop No. 8?”

Ye Qing's eyes widened when he heard the familiar name. *I thought Fang Xiaoman shot the crap out of Pawn Shop No. 8 and its owner? How the heck does it still exist?*

“You know about Pawn Shop No. 8, husband?” Greenlake seemed surprised by this.

Are you looking down on me? Not only do I know about it, I’ve visited it before. And not only have I visited it before, I’m the one who orchestrated its downfall, even though it was by complete accident! Are you impressed?

Of course, Ye Qing didn’t actually voice those thoughts. Instead, he asked, “Are there multiple Pawn Shop No. 8s? I first heard about it at the Strange Market.”

Greenlake didn’t suspect his words. “There is only one true Pawn Shop No. 8, but it has many projections. No one knows where the true Pawn Shop No. 8 is, only that it is eternal and imperishable.”

“Legend says that Pawn Shop No. 8 is born from all the human desires in the world. Unless the world is unified, and humanity has lost its desires completely, or Pawn Shop No. 8 will never go away.”

So, what Fang Xiaoman destroyed was just a projection of Pawn Shop No. 8, Ye Qing thought.

“You seem pretty interested in Pawn Shop No. 8, husband. Would you like to pay it a visit? Supposedly, you can realize any wish in that shop, and I personally haven’t visited it yet.” Greenlake looked at Ye Qing, giggling.

“Haha, forget it. What’s so interesting about that place? Plus, its claims are obviously fake,” Ye Qing hurriedly rejected the suggestion. He was probably on Pawn Shop No. 8’s blacklist due to what he did. It would be suicide to visit the place.

“As you wish, husband.” Greenlake smiled meaningfully almost as if she could see through his thoughts. “So, where would you like to go, husband?”

Ye Qing rubbed his nose. “Er... tell me about the other shops.”

Greenlake answered dutifully, “Yin Lifespan Gambling House is, as the name implies, a gambling house. But instead of wagering money, the participants wager their yin lifespan.”

“Ruyi House is a brothel. Yes, it’s no different from a brothel in the yang world.”

“There are brothels in the yin world?” Ye Qing was quite surprised to hear this.

“Of course it has. Lust doesn’t disappear just because you’ve become a ghost.”

Greenlake chuckled. “In fact, one might say that a female ghost knows a few tricks that a human woman could never pull off. There are a lot of humans who love female ghosts because of their ability to transform and bend their body beyond human comprehension. Would you like to give it a try, husband?”

“Ahem...” Ye Qing coughed and rubbed his nose furiously. *I’m a prim and proper gentleman! Don’t tempt me!*

“What’s the price to enter the Ruyi House? I’m just curious, of course. I’m not actually interested in visiting the place. Trust me.”

The corners of Greenlake's lips slowly turned upward. "You don't need to pay any yin gold to use the Ruyi House."

"Really? It's free?" Ye Qing's eyes lit up. *What are we waiting for? Let's go!*

"I never said it's free. Instead of yin gold, they accept lifespan." Greenlake's smirk grew positively devious. "But you're a warrior, so a few years off your total lifespan may as well be nothing. Would you like to pay it a visit, husband? I don't mind."

Ye Qing immediately declared in a righteous tone, "Do I look like that type of person? I've never visited a brothel in my life[1]!" *Dammit, I knew it couldn't be easy to become a ghost rider[2]!*

"I know you wouldn't visit such a place, husband. You're a moral man after all."

Greenlake giggled before resuming her explanation, "Ghost Tower is said to be the establishment of a bigshot in Fengdu. They mostly trade all kinds of strange items, precious treasures, and unusual ghosts. That is why it is named Ghost Tower."

"You've probably heard of the Bank of Heaven and Earth. It is a bank that you can find and use anywhere, anytime. That is why it is given its name. It's mainly used to store or exchange money. For example, if you urgently need some yin gold right now, you can trade them certain goods and receive an equal number of yin gold. You can even trade yourself to the Bank of Heaven and Earth if you want to."

"If you bought some items in the inner market but do not feel safe enough to carry it on your person, then you can store it in the Bank of Heaven and Earth as well. Once you're safe, you can retrieve them from any branch."

Ye Qing nodded. He did know about the Bank of Heaven and Earth. It was an immensely powerful bank that could be found throughout the world. Its origins were a mystery, however.

"As for the Feng Park, it is a recreational area where the bigshots of Fengdu went to play and relax. It is said that the Feng Park is filled with incredible and unique flora and fauna, and every step you take shows you a new scenery. The bigshots also love to debate and discuss their understanding of Way in the Feng Park. You are free to listen if you're lucky enough to happen upon such a debate," Greenlake explained.

"Really?" No wonder she said that the inner market was where the real opportunities lay. This was exactly the kind of discussion that could enlighten a warrior and put them on the right path.

"I bet it's not easy to enter the Feng Park though, is it?" Ye Qing asked. There were no free lunches in the world after all.

"You're wrong, actually. You only need to pay a hundred yin gold to enter the Feng Park," Greenlake corrected him. "The question is, are you lucky enough to encounter

such a discussion while you're there? It's not like it's happening twenty-four seven, and not every champion enjoys such recreational activities."

"Bah! I knew it was a scam," Ye Qing's interest declined drastically as he muttered under his breath. To put it simply, it was up to luck.

Greenlake introduced the rest of the shops[3] before asking, "Have you decided where you want to go, husband?"

"Let's head to the Ghost Tower first," Ye Qing answered after a moment's thought. The main reason he entered the Yin Market was to obtain the Duckweed Flower. He couldn't enter Pawn Shop No. 8 as a matter of course, Ruyi House wouldn't help him in that regard, the Bank of Heaven and Earth only offered money, and the Feng Park sold a chance to learn from a bigshot. No matter how he thought about it, the Ghost Tower was the best place to look for his item.

If he still had time after he bought his stuff, then he might visit the Feng Park. His luck was better than most after all.

"As you wish, husband," Greenlake agreed.

Ye Qing couldn't help but squint at her a little. Greenlake couldn't have entered the inner market just to act as his tour guide, but so far, she hadn't displayed any malice. In fact, she had been very helpful on multiple occasions. That was why he couldn't figure out what her objective was.

On the way, Ye Qing suddenly recalled something he had been wanting to ask about. "Is that stone lion a kind of Stranger?"

"It is a Stranger, or more accurately, a part of a Stranger," Greenlake answered.

"What do you mean?" Ye Qing's curiosity was piqued.

Greenlake explained, "It is said that there exists a guest Stranger in the Bank of Heaven and Earth called the Earth Listener. It has a pair of ears that are as big as fans, and it can hear anything that's happening in the yang world, the yin world, and the heavens. The stone lion we saw is a strand of hair of the Earth Listener, and you can see them in every branch of the Bank of Heaven and Earth. While the stone lion isn't nearly as omniscient as the Earth Listener is, it is still an excellent eavesdropper and information gatherer."

"Buying concrete information from the Earth Listener's avatar saves much more time and effort than walking around aimlessly, is it not?"

"The Earth Listener? I can't believe it," Ye Qing exclaimed in shock. He had heard of the legendary Earth Listener, of course. It was said to be the bloodline descendant of the ancient Stranger, Diting, which was why it inherited a portion of its power. The Diting could supposedly listen in on anything and everything that was happening in all three worlds *and* the Six Paths[4].

However, he heard that the Earth Listener was a proud Stranger that rarely showed itself in the mortal coil. He never imagined that one of its kind would work for a bank and act as its ears, literally. *How far have you fallen, Earth Listener?*

Meanwhile, the duo finally arrived at the Ghost Tower. The Ghost Tower, as its name implied, was a tower, and Ye Qing had imagined it to be tall, big, glamorous and unique. In reality, it was the opposite. The doors looked like they had seen better days, the windows were mottled, the paint was fading, and there were dust and cobwebs everywhere. Even the signboard was slanted and looked like it could fall at any moment.

Whoosh whoosh!

As if that wasn't bad enough, cold yin wind would blow across the building from time to time, threatening the signboard's integrity and causing the doors and windows to creak ominously. He even saw ghosts flitting here and there inside the building and letting out eerie, spine-chilling cackles.

If it wasn't for the two words "Ghost Tower" etched into the signboard, Ye Qing would never have believed that this was the place that supposedly sold countless treasures and ghosts.

"This is the Ghost Tower?" *It looks more like a haunted house that's been abandoned for decades!*

"Yes. It lives up to its name, doesn't it?" Greenlake smirked.

"Are we going in?" Ye Qing licked his lips nervously. No matter how he looked at it, this was the last place you wanted to conduct any sort of business.

"We're already here, so why not?" Greenlake grabbed Ye Qing's arm and gently led him toward the entrance.

As soon as they stepped through the shabby door, a yin wind and a gloomy voice brushed against their bodies. "Do you need anything, customers?"

Ye Qing turned around and saw a man wearing a rotten face and hem garments shooting them a friendly smile. He shouldn't be able to tell that the ghost was smiling considering that his face was completely rotten, and yet he did for some reason.

"I am Ghost Six. Please tell me if you need anything. I will make sure to perform it up to your satisfaction," the ghost said humbly while giving them a deep bow.

Oh heavens, your eyeballs are falling off your eye sockets. Pick them up, you maniac! Also, can you stop smiling? Your flesh is literally falling off your face because of the strain. Do you know how disgusting that is?

Ye Qing couldn't stop ranting inside his head. At the same time, he wondered if the owner of the Ghost Tower had a screw loose. The building was already shabby enough, but the servants looked horrific as well. Surely a pretty female ghost or two would attract more customers than a rotting corpse?

“Why don’t you start by telling us what the Ghost Tower offers?” Greenlake asked normally as if she didn’t notice the abnormalities.

“Of course! For starters, the first floor sells all sorts of ghosts. This way, please.”

Ghost Six led Ye Qing and Greenlake to an antique rack and said, “This is the Hundred Ghosts Rack, and the items are all placed on the rack. Please, have a look.”

Hundred Ghosts Rack? I thought it was someone’s discarded furniture! Ye Qing mentally rolled his eyes when he saw the dusty, cobweb-covered rack. His eyes widened when he saw the goods, however.