

A Snake 591

Chapter 591: You Actually Didn't Kill Him

True to expectation, within three minutes.

The three unconscious people all came to.

"How did you guys crash into the bamboo forest?" Chen Ahmao asked his two companions, puzzled.

The two companions were also dazed, "We felt cold all over, as if someone was blowing air behind our ears, and then we crashed into the bamboo forest."

"You three, leave the village immediately."

I made a quick decision, not allowing innocent people to get involved, "Chen Ahmao, lend me your motorcycle."

"You... want to borrow a motorcycle?"

Chen Ahmao's eyes bulged, his gaze fierce, "Master Yang has only one arm, he can't ride a motorcycle, could it be... you... will drive?"

"Afraid I'll wreck it? I'll compensate at market price if it breaks," I rolled my eyes at Chen Ahmao.

"How could that be, Sister Yuan, I'd give it to you as a gift."

Chen Ahmao's head shook like a rattle, giving a thumbs up, "True to form, Sister Yuan, riding a bike with a big belly, and having to carry... an eight-foot tall man, I'm so impressed, I'm kneeling!"

"Quit your blabbering, if you want to live, get moving."

I couldn't be bothered with Chen Ahmao's babbling mouth, watching the three spiky-haired guys get on two motorcycles and drive away.

Afterward, I rode the motorcycle and took Master Yang to his house.

On the way, I gave Master Yang a few instructions.

In the deadly silence of the deep night, the entire village was shrouded in darkness.

You couldn't see even a speck of light; if I didn't have the Spiritual Eye which allowed me to see at night, I probably couldn't have made it to Master Yang's house.

The door to Master Yang's house wasn't locked, it was ajar.

Peering through the crack in the door, it was pitch black inside, not a hint of light to be seen.

I could clearly feel that the whole house was filled with the ominous presence emanating from the Gu Insects.

"You're back? Su Wan, no, Chen Yuanyuan, did you kill her?" a voice as deep and hoarse as if it had come from a rotting Yin Well floated out.

On hearing this voice, my eyebrows tightened slightly, and I momentarily took refuge in a blind spot to the side.

Master Yang's body suddenly shuddered, and he slowly pushed the door open and walked in, "I... I've done as you said, I've killed... killed Chen Yuanyuan, you should... you should keep your promise, and give them the antidote..."

Before the word "antidote" could be spoken, Master Yang's neck was abruptly seized by a ghastly white hand, gripping him tightly, silencing any sound he could make.

A rage-filled voice burst forth from the darkness, "You're lying!! With your skills as a lousy cook, could you kill the Gu Speaker??"

"I ambushed her, deceived her... deceived her into letting me in, and then I stabbed her to death from behind!!!"

As the man loosened his grip slightly, Master Yang finally caught his breath and tremulously explained.

The man had immense strength, slowly lifting Master Yang off the ground, "Su Wan, I know you are nearby, come out."

"I'm a distinguished guest of the Ten Thousand Poison Hall; you should treat your guests with some respect." Tired of hiding, I pulled open the door and walked in.

At this moment, there was no need to hide and watch from the corner; the man's appearance was clear at a glance.

He wore a heavy cloak, with a hood pulled down hiding half of his face, revealing only a glimpse of two pale lips, as thin as cicada wings, "You... you know about our Ten Thousand Poison Hall? You wretch... you didn't kill this Yang... you even cured him of the poison, you... you actually didn't die, hehehe, befitting the Gu Speaker."

"With what you're saying, it seems I've figured out one thing."

From his words, I seemed to deduce a cause and effect; if I had killed Master Yang, it seems that would have been the end for me too, "

Chapter 592: I Just Didn't Climb Steadily

"The Spider Mark on Master Yang's face is a type of rebounding Curse Technique?"

As my words fell, heavy and distinct.

Vapors of black qi began to emit from the cloaked man's body, his lips curling to the position of his ears, "The Spider Spirit Curse is a secret technique of my sect. You actually know of it? I underestimated you!"

The man's mouth was truly wide, filled with ghastly white teeth.

It was frightening to behold, like a monster that eats children.

No wonder he wore a cloak over his face; he must be extraordinarily ugly.

"I don't recognize the Spider Spirit Curse. I am merely not as you anticipated, relying on some Mysterious Art to kill the innocent," I replied.

Without hesitation, I took off the hairpin stuck in my hair, and my strands of hair fell loose, gently fluttering in the indoor draft.

At this moment, a chill seeped into my heart. Although I had never heard of the Spider Spirit Curse,

I was certain that this man intended for Master Yang to attack me, convincing himself that I would then kill Master Yang, only to be killed in turn by the Spider Spirit Curse's rebound.

The cloaked man laughed ominously, unconcerned, "It's all the same in the end. I had two plans in place: either you die under the Spider Spirit Curse, or you come to Zhuji Village to meet your demise."

At this moment, incessant insect chirps could be heard from the sleeves of the man's clothes, and black threads, finer than hair.

Slithered from his sleeves like snakes, meandering across the floor towards me.

"It can only be said that you people from Ten Thousand Poison Hall are too arrogant," I retorted, pulling out a pottery jar from my Miao Embroidery bag and opening it in an instant.

Pure white cold air shot vertically from the jar, and frost instantly spread from the ceiling to the walls, "Who dies is not yet certain."

The frost from the walls reached the floor, those deadly black spider threads.

Were instantly frozen, then shattered.

"Ice... Ice Silkworm Gu." The man's voice permeated with immense fear,

At the same time, silken threads filled his sleeves entirely.

The threads formed a giant arrow and charged toward me, heedlessly aiming to pierce my body.

I flicked my finger against the pottery jar, producing a crisp sound, and spoke to the Ice Silkworm Gu, "Help me, and I shall fulfill your wish to return to the Kunlun Snow Mountain."

"Using me to deal with such riffraff is like using a Green Dragon Crescent Blade to shave your head. What's the difference?" came a lazy voice from within the jar,

A pale blue Little Fatty, too chubby to crawl properly, strained to climb to the mouth of the jar.

But it was too fat; the suckers on its body did not adhere well.

With a clang, it fell back into the jar.

My heart skipped a beat. Big brother, have you been inactive for too long?

So much so that even climbing out of a jar could put your back out?

Even the cloaked man stumbled in disbelief, "Can Ice Silkworm Gu be this useless? A fake or knockoff?"

"It's you who's the knockoff. Your whole family is knockoff," retorted the Ice Silkworm Gu.

Having regained its composure, Little Fatty twisted its body and climbed out again.

This time, its air of sluggish weightiness suddenly intensified.

Standing tall and formidable like a snow-capped mountain, it appeared suddenly within the room.

Exhaling a breath of cold that surpassed the freezing point by countless degrees, it froze all the silken threads, "I just didn't climb steadily."

I have to say, sometimes my luck is quite good. With Xiao Li and Beichen returning to their hometown in Z city, the Ice Silkworm Gu was left in my care, and I was to make them a Combined Silk Garment.

Talisman paper and Yin Yang Embroidery are powerless against Gu Art.

The only thing that can contend with a gu is another gu.

Coming to Zhuji Village, infested with Spider Gu, without bringing a gu is akin to a lamb walking into a tiger's den.

Xiao Honghong was seriously injured and sleeping; before coming here, I had communicated with the Ice Silkworm Gu and reached an agreement for a short-term collaboration.

"How did you manage to foster two Mother Gus at the same time, Su Wan? What exactly did you do?" the man exclaimed, trapped and cornered, as frost formed on his clothing and the hood that covered his face sprang open, revealing a long slit that split open between his eyebrows.

Chapter 593: Awesome, My Little Fatty

The man's brow had a deep seam, through which the white of his skull was visible.

A pure red spider crawled out, its back carrying an eerie human face, "Master, what are your orders?"

"Kill," the man uttered coldly, voicing only one word.

With red wings sprouting from its back, the human-faced spider levitated mid-air, "Kill!"

The sound it made didn't come from its own mouthparts but from the human face on its back.

That face was not just a simple pattern; it also exuded the unique Corpse Qi present in human corpses.

At the same time, countless bright red spider threads burst from the body of the red spider.

These threads were stained with human blood and melted as soon as they touched the ice.

The ice in the room dissolved into water, crisscrossed by spider threads that densely occupied most of the space.

The threads effortlessly destroyed the cold aura that protected the Ice Silkworm's body and attacked its true form.

"Be careful, Little Fatty," I shouted its nickname in haste.

The Ice Silkworm Gu turned its head sharply, glaring at me, "Who's Little Fatty? Do I look fat to you?"

"Uh, whether you're fat or not isn't the point, the point is..." aren't you done for?

I was ready at any moment to throw out the handkerchief woven from Mysterious Silk.

Such silk had extremely strong tensile strength and could act as a temporary barrier for protection.

Just as the terrifying red threads were about to pierce through the chubby body of the Ice Silkworm, it sighed, "I'm so benevolent; I really don't want to kill too much. Why must you force me to act?"

Then, it spat out a strand of Ice Silkworm Silk.

There was only a single strand, yet it pierced through the thick layers of red threads.

Dissolving the red threads into nothingness, it quickly penetrated the air and jabbed right into the center of the human face on the back of the red spider, "Boring."

"Ah... no... I won't die, I've lived a thousand years, I can't die!!"

The eyes on the human face of the spider widened in a futile roar, and it vomited a mouthful of red-black blood with its dying breath, "Bitch... you wait..."

After struggling a few times,

It deflated like a punctured balloon, reduced to a mere layer of skin.

Incredibly, countless human-formed black Qi floated up from its body, drifting slowly in the chilly room towards the outside world.

Gradually, little by little, all of it floated out of the window, heading toward the bright, full moon.

But the cloaked man didn't even have a chance to cough up blood, his body staggering without his Life-bound Gu, instantly frozen by the chill into ice, collapsing to the ground with a dull thud.

"Su Wan." The Ice Silkworm Gu lifted its neck, as if yawning.

I stared dumbfounded at the man frozen on the ground and, upon hearing the Ice Silkworm Gu's words, snapped back to reality, "Here, is there... anything you wish to command?"

You can't fault the Ice Silkworm Gu I bought for hundreds of thousands; impressive, my Little Fatty!!

"Little Fatty, I like this name. I'll take it," declared the Ice Silkworm Gu.

My mouth twitched, "Eh, yes, yes, aren't you going back into the jar?"

"The jar is too stuffy," the Ice Silkworm Gu ordered imperiously, "Take me to that bastard-man's side."

"But out here it's too cold, freezing to death, literally," I said, holding the jar containing the Ice Silkworm and walking toward the man on the ground.

Since the lid was off, the cold air escaped, numbing my hands completely.

The Ice Silkworm Gu glanced at my hands, now turning blue from the cold, "My apologies."

The white cold Qi it had been releasing ceased for a moment, and the chill in the air dissipated suddenly.

Perhaps because of the temperature difference,

when the warmth of the world of the living returned, I actually found the air pleasantly warm, "Little Fatty, why did you come over to this man? Do you know him?"

So it turns out the Ice Silkworm can control whether or not to release its cold Qi; the few times it froze the outside world were all Little Fatty's doing on purpose.

"Don't know him, I just... am hungry. Slurp~ It's been so long since I had human flesh." Little Fatty made a slurping sound, squirming, and dropped down like a cotton candy onto the frozen cloaked man.

Chapter 594: Deep Purple, Youth Preserving Robe

Little Fatty spoke clearly, without a hint of muddiness.

With its head buried in a gnaw, the man lost a chunk of flesh.

And it gnawed quickly...

I scooped up Little Fatty from the man's body into the palm of my hands, "Stop, don't eat him."

"Is it because you think he's handsome that you're tempted? But that's a dead body, your taste..." Little Fatty, good-natured as ever, didn't get angry, only looked at me with disdain, "Is he that heavy??"

I didn't mind Little Fatty's teasing, instead, I was glad for its easy-going nature, "Is he good-looking?"

Glimpsing over, the man's hood had fallen off.

A face thinly veiled by frost, well-proportioned and quite handsome, unaffected by his gaping mouth.

The thin frost covering his face made him look more like a sleeping beauty.

From the limbs revealed under the cloak, the skin was fine, and the body proportion looked good too.

All in all, he was a knockout.

A rare sight of a beautiful man.

"Indeed, he's quite handsome." I stared at the male corpse for a while and noticed a purple garment under his cloak.

Offhandedly, I peeled back the cloak, revealing a purple robe.

The purple robe was delicately embroidered with dragons amidst auspicious clouds and even carried a special spiritual power.

This was... the Su Family's Yin Yang Life and Death Embroidery.

And of all the Life and Death Embroideries, it was the most sinister, known as the Youth Preserving Robe.

Strange, how did the Su family's life and death embroidery end up on someone from the Ten Thousand Poison Hall?

Little Fatty, looking away, "You're... starting to undress him?? Don't tell me you're going to... you know... here??"

"No no no, that's not it, I'm not interested in him, don't look at me like I'm a pervert."

I shook my hands with a head full of cold sweat, "I just think that eating human flesh will make your strength impure, how about you hold off, and I'll buy you some beef to eat?"

"Beef? I can eat a whole cow in one bite." Little Fatty gave me a look as if to ask if I could really afford to feed it.

I nodded vigorously, "No matter how much you eat, I'll provide, you saved my life after all."

I stroked Little Fatty's cool little head.

I asked it to help with Gu Removal for Master Yang's family.

Without a word, Little Fatty landed on the back of the hand of a little girl lying in the bed, poisoned and unconscious, and began drawing blood to detoxify her.

Little Fatty had told me before that it wasn't usually so easy to talk to.

It had been alone for too long before, in Kunlun, where not even birds would shit, there was only it.

Latterly brought out, it was always kept in jars.

Others wanted to use it as a Life-bound Gu, but all were tortured to death by it during the bonding process.

I am the only person Little Fatty could communicate with in its entire life.

In the room, I had started a charcoal basin.

I supported the frozen, fainted Master Yang onto the recliner to warm him by the fire and, before long, he awoke, "Where am I... cough cough cough..."

"You're at your own home, don't worry, the Ice Silkworm Gu is curing your family." I got a thin blanket just in time, covering Master Yang with it.

The Spider Mark on his face was still there, even darker in color.

Anyway, I was not capable of removing curses.

If Beichen were here, he might have a solution.

This thing, I am uncertain whether it's a blessing or a curse; in the future, if anyone dares to harm Master Yang,

The assailant will suffer the same injuries.

Master Yang, listless, took a moment after hearing what I said to realize what I meant, and was overwhelmed with excitement, "Really? They're all alright?"

"Although the Spider Gu is malicious, it's quite common and not too difficult to counter." I gave Master Yang a reassuring look, "Have a good sleep tonight; we can talk more tomorrow."

Chapter 595: Pearl Cloud Silk

Master Yang had two young daughters and an eldest son.

He also had a kind and capable wife, whom I called Eldest Sister Yang.

After they were cured of the poison, I burned the spider silk and the corpses of the Spider Gu in the house with a fire charm while I chatted with them briefly.

Having discussed the gist of the matter, I made do for the night in the guest room at Master Yang's house.

The next morning, I was woken up by the delicious aroma of millet porridge from the kitchen, which left me quite surprised.

With the Yang Family having faced such a calamity, could they really be up early making breakfast?

I got out of bed and sneaked a peek into the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen were only Master Yang and his wife, Eldest Sister Yang.

Eldest Sister Yang was frying little river fish until they were golden and crispy. "Yuanyuan is pregnant, would it be too greasy for her to eat?"

"She's a foodie, not picky at all, but you could make a few more dishes to ensure she eats well," Master Yang, who knew my tastes well, replied with a gentle look in his eyes. "Thank goodness she was there, or you and the children would have been in trouble."

"It's just your arm, broken like this..." Eldest Sister Yang put down the bamboo basket she used for frying the fish and tenderly touched Master Yang's severed arm.

Master Yang also frowned, "Missing an arm affects my ability to cook. I wonder if the boss will hold it against me, but... being alive is already good enough... Eh, Yuanyuan, what are you doing in the kitchen? Are you hungry?"

I was awkwardly caught by the sharp-eyed Master Yang and scratched my head, "Not really hungry, I just came to discuss what to do with the male corpse."

Last night was simply too late for anyone to deal with the dead body of the man in the cloak.

I had covered it with a white cloth temporarily to avoid frightening the children.

"Male... male corpse." Eldest Sister Yang, timid by nature, immediately turned pale.

Master Yang lit a cigarette, glanced at my stomach, and pinched it, "What should we do with it? You tell me, I'll follow your arrangements."

As he spoke, he seemed to be a bit scared and worried, his brows furrowing.

"I reckon that man's identity is not simple, and he might have companions in the village," I said gravely, "My suggestion is to bury him secretly in the cellar, not letting anyone find out, and definitely not tell anyone."

In the South, where humidity is high, almost every household has a moisture-proof cellar.

The Yang Family naturally had one too, a double-layered old cellar.

"I'll go bury him right away." Upon hearing this, Master Yang went to take care of it without hesitation.

In Zhuji Village, that everyone was raising Spider Gu was too bizarre of an affair.

It could very well be a plot by Ten Thousand Poison Hall, so since I was here, there was no reason to stand idly by.

After lunch, I had Master Yang take me to see the spider net frame in the backyard he had half completed.

The human-faced spiders that everyone in the village was raising were called Heavenly Spiders.

The Pearl Cloud Silk produced by the Heavenly Spiders, woven into fabric, shone brilliantly and brought high economic benefits to everyone.

The spider net frame was the only place where the Heavenly Spiders could reside and spin their silk, and the primary material for the net frame was Ghost Bamboo.

You start by shaving the Ghost Bamboo into strips, then weave them into a spider net frame.

"No wonder there's so much Ghost Bamboo entering the village," I pondered, rubbing my chin and gently caressing a spider net frame that had once housed Heavenly Spiders.

But with just one touch, my finger stung and turned deep purple.

In the blink of an eye, a little blue figure lounged on my finger, sucking out the poison, "The net frame is poisoned with spider toxin; don't touch it carelessly."

There was a coolness on the tip of my finger, without any pain.

There was also a refreshing sensation, as if my entire body was invigorated and comfortable.

After the Ice Silkworm Gu finished sucking out the poisoned blood, there wasn't even a mark left on my finger.

In fact, I had discovered the spider toxin and thought it was no big deal, since the villagers encountered more toxins than I did while raising spiders.

Yet seeing the Ice Silkworm Gu take it so seriously, I couldn't help but feel touched, "Thank you."

"Master Yang, with so many Heavenly Spiders, what do they usually eat to grow?"

I thanked Little Fatty and turned to ask Master Yang, but his face suddenly turned ashen, fluctuating between shades of green and white.

Chapter 596: The Tyrant of Spring Wind Town

A short while later, Master Yang's eyes softened, and he spoke softly, "Sometimes human blood, but most of the time... it's... pig blood, duck blood, and cow blood..."

"So you're saying that the Heavenly Spider needs a small amount of the Breeder's blood?" My mind was a chaotic mess, the fact that such sinister practices occurred in a village, or even several villages, without question.

No one seemed to question it.

Master Yang's face grew solemn, and he nodded, "Twice a month."

Suddenly, he vomited with a "wa" sound.

What he threw up was all his breakfast, none of it digested.

Other people's vomit usually smells of stomach acid, but Master Yang's was oddly clean.

"Could it be... he's lost the ability to digest." The thought made my pupils dilate.

If I could take pulses like Yu Longting, I wouldn't be left guessing; all I knew was that there was something seriously wrong with Master Yang vomiting this way.

But I didn't know the reason, let alone have the means to treat it!

The Ice Silkworm Gu spoke faintly, "The aftermath of the Spider Spirit Curse is the inability to eat."

Eh?

This Ice Silkworm knew about curses??

Maybe it recognized them since all Evil Arts seemed to come from the same source.

Great, Little Fatty could not only defeat formidable enemies but also help with curses.

"Humans have to eat, not eating will lead to death." My mind was even more in disarray, I thought Master Yang would be fine after the Gu Removal.

Who knew that from the start, the man in the cloak meant to take Master Yang's life, "Do you have any way to deal with this?"

"I'm just a Gu Insect, I only know how to remove Gu and cast Gu, and oh, I can fight," The Ice Silkworm Gu's body wiggled slightly as it spoke lazily.

It didn't like sunlight, so it burrowed into my sleeve to cool off.

Right now, my heart especially longed for Yu Longting and Beichen, if they were here, this minor curse would be no issue at all, I said to my sleeve, "Got it, does Master Yang have any other symptoms besides not being able to eat?"

Sss~ The little guy is so cool, truly chilling to the bone when it first touched the skin of my wrist...

"No more." The muffled voice of the Ice Silkworm Gu came from the sleeve.

At this moment, Master Yang's wife, Eldest Sister Yang, ran out and supported her husband who was staggering after vomiting, "Yuanyuan, what's wrong with him? Why did he suddenly start vomiting?"

"He... can't eat for now, or he'll vomit whatever he eats."

I hesitated for a moment, originally wanting to lie, but in the end, I chose to tell the truth, "Help him inside to rest first."

Seeing their father like this, Master Yang's twin daughters were frantic, tilting their little heads as they asked, "Dad, are you okay? Why did you vomit, was breakfast not tasty?"

"What do you want to eat? We'll go buy it for you."

Hearing their sweet childish voices made me feel troubled.

I needed to investigate and understand the matter of the Heavenly Spider Cultivation in the village quickly, and to lift the curse on Master Yang, otherwise broken families wouldn't just be Master Yang's.

"Little sisters, your dad needs to rest. Stay by his side and take good care of him," I gently told the two little girls, then said to Eldest Sister Yang, "The matter of the Heavenly Spider is strange, I will go investigate outside."

"You're not familiar with the village, let Ah Xi accompany you," Eldest Sister Yang said while she gave water to Master Yang, who had settled down to sit, and she looked around for her eldest son, "Strange, where has that child gone so suddenly, have you two seen your brother?"

The bright and lively twin girls both shook their heads, "Don't know where big brother went, he might have gone to work in the fields."

"Or maybe he's gone to buy us some treats."

Master Yang's eldest son was extremely introverted; I had only seen him twice since I was at the Yang Family.

Last night he had just woken up from detoxifying, and we had a brief encounter.

This morning at breakfast, he hurriedly ate a few bites before leaving the table.

I frowned, confused about why he would suddenly disappear after a close escape from death at the Yang Family, "No worries, I can go by myself."

This kid... hadn't gone down the wrong path, had he...

As I was leaving the courtyard, I suddenly heard a young man scream in pain, "Ow, you little stinker, who are you to twist my ear? I'm the boss of Spring Wind Town. Everybody walks around me, and here you are, daring enough to mess with me, have you eaten the heart of a bear and the courage of a leopard?"

Chapter 597: The Exorbitant Spider Silk

"Spring Wind Town bully? Never heard of it. I only heard from my dad about the nuisance of Spring Wind Town, Chen Ahmao."

Master Yang's son, Yang Xi, was twisting the ear of a young man with dyed purple hair and wearing ripped jeans in the freezing weather, topped with a nouveau-riche-style leather jacket. "Sister Yuanyuan, this guy has been sneaking peeks in the yard since just now, all sneaky! Do you think he could be in cahoots with the man who harmed our family?"

I was startled to see Chen Ahmao, who should have gone home last evening, suddenly appear before me. "It shouldn't be, last night, when dealing with a large number of Spider Gu, Chen Ahmao was a big help and even escorted me and Master Yang back to the village."

I was wrong about Yang Xi. I had just assumed that his sudden disappearance was to attend to some unspeakable matter.

"Hear that, you brat? I'm your dad's lifesaver, and you still don't call me your benefactor!" Chen Ahmao, feeling grievously wronged, yelled indignantly.

Yang Xi and I exchanged glances, and he let go of Chen Ahmao's ear. "Sister Yuanyuan, are you sure you're not mistaken? This guy... he's not a good person."

"No mistake, Ahmao's nature isn't bad."

I gave Yang Xi a serious look, then turned to question Chen Ahmao. "What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you to go home last night?"

"I was worried about your safety, Sister Yuan," said Chen Ahmao, shrinking his neck but looking earnest.

After getting to know Chen Ahmao better, I understood his character too well. "Worried about me? I think you're just too curious."

Chen Ahmao protested his innocence. "I do want to protect your safety, but as for curiosity, that's just a little bit."

"Curiosity killed the cat. You'd better go. You can't even protect yourself, let alone me." I had gathered Spider Gu from every household and could feel this place was like a lair of Ten Thousand Poison Hall.

Even if it wasn't the main lair, it was probably a branch.

I ventured into the village alone to investigate the truth.

Apart from wanting to eradicate the harm for the people, it was more so for revenge.

For that bit of curiosity, it really wasn't worth putting oneself in danger.

Chen Ahmao looked at me deeply, turned around reluctantly, and walked towards the village entrance, muttering, "I... want to be your disciple."

The kid had no foundation in Mysterious Art whatsoever.

And he was talking about becoming my disciple.

He was the only son at home; if something went wrong, his parents would skin me alive.

"Gathering spider silk, collecting spider silk." Just then, a white-haired old lady, jingling a bell, was going house to house to collect spider silk.

The neighbors were delighted, selling the silk spun by the Heavenly Spiders in their homes.

The old lady was dressed in rags but was very generous, paying two thousand yuan for just a couple strands of spider silk.

Chen Ahmao loved to watch the excitement and soon joined in as well.

While the people were trading, they saw that Chen Ahmao looked unfamiliar and began inquiring about who he was.

I worried that his identity might be suspected and he might encounter danger.

I gave Yang Xi a look. "Ah Xi, please help him out of the encirclement."

"Got it."

Yang Xi nodded gravely.

"Granny, he's the son of a friend of my dad's, here to visit me," Yang Xi stepped in to help Chen Ahmao out of the predicament.

The old lady collecting the silk seemed quite astute, with a sharpness in her eyes that belied her age. "It's okay for a friend to visit, but the village is worshipping the gods today. People coming and going could offend the deities, so let him leave in the afternoon."

"Why do I have to leave only in the afternoon?" Chen Ahmao scratched his spiky hairstyle, looking simple and naive.

The old lady probably didn't suspect him due to his foolish appearance and scoffed in contempt, "The temple fair ends in the afternoon. It's the rule of our village that no one is allowed in or out during the fair. It disrupts the local energy."

"Oh oh oh, got it, old, no, Granny. I'll follow the village rules," said Chen Ahmao, feigning humility, his acting terribly awkward.

Next, the old lady was busy collecting the silk and left for other places on her tricycle.

Chen Ahmao, happily hopping back, wore an expression of 'it's not that I want to stay, it's that the village won't let me leave.' "Sister Yuan, I'm back and can't leave now. How about... you take me in for half a day?"

Chapter 598: The Blind Elder

"All right, as soon as the temple fair ends, you leave."

I reluctantly agreed, "Yang Xi, let's walk around."

"Okay, Sister Yuanyuan." Yang Xi was a young man of eighteen or nineteen, resembling a young Master Yang.

His face wasn't as handsome as the cloaked man who had died last night, but he was still quite fair-looking and was considered one of the better-looking ones in the village.

Much better than Chen Ahmao with his bulky, rough-looking ruggedness.

Along the way, almost every household had their doors wide open, facilitating the entry of newly chopped bamboo.

This, in turn, made it easier for me to check out the situation.

Women usually handled the task of shaving bamboo strips, and nearly every household had a woman doing so.

The spider net frames made of bamboo strips were placed in the yards.

In each compartment of the spider net frame, there was a human-faced spider spinning silk.

You could see men of the family chopping bamboo while the women wove the spider net frames.

The children in the family were responsible for cutting the bloody beef to feed the human-faced spiders in the compartments of the spider net frames.

There were even children who, under the watchful eyes of the elders at home,

cut open their own fingers, crying as they fed these human-faced spiders with fresh blood.

Seeing this made my heart involuntarily clench, and I turned my head away from such scenes, "Yang Xi, when did the village start cultivating Heavenly Spiders, and why do they do it?"

"Sorry, Sister Yuanyuan, I... am not very clear," Yang Xi said with embarrassed discomfort, "All I know is that a year ago, everyone suddenly started cultivating Heavenly Spiders. Others did it, so my family followed."

Heavenly Spider Cultivation required Ghost Bamboo and also needed human blood for feeding.

Even if the price for the spider silk was high, there should have been some objections.

"Damn! With so many spiders, what about those who have arachnophobia?" Chen Ahmao looked around and saw spiders crawling densely on the spider net frames of every household, a look of creepiness on his face.

My mind kept pondering the reason behind the whole village raising spiders.

Suddenly, I saw an elderly blind man in one of the houses.

Unlike others, who bled on the compartments, he placed his entire palm on the spider net frame,

letting the spiders bite through his hand to suck the blood directly.

I paused in my steps and walked in.

Yang Xi jumped in fright and urgently tried to stop me, "Sister Yuanyuan, don't go in, that's Grandpa De's home. He's highly respected in the village."

"Grandpa De, I am Chen Yuanyuan from the village next door." I completely disregarded Yang Xi's words and straightforwardly started conversing with the elder, "Our village also wants to cultivate Heavenly Spiders to earn money, but for some reason, the Heavenly Spiders don't survive in our village."

"You're from Niuyan Village, right? You refuse to believe in the Five Passages God, how could the Divine Oracle reach your unclean land?" The elder said disdainfully, his face filled with hostility.

But my heart leaped with joy, and I bowed my head, squatting in front of the elder, "Yes, I am from Niuyan Village. All the people in our village have come to an understanding and decided to believe in the Five Passages God, but... what is the Divine Oracle? Has the deity ever bestowed a Divine Oracle upon you?"

I put all my effort into speaking in the most sincere tone I had ever used in my life to this elder.

Perhaps my sincerity moved him, as the disdain and hostility on his face faded, replaced by a sense of recognition.

"One year ago, the Five Passages God bestowed a Divine Oracle,"

said the elder, his face devout and proud as he spoke of the Divine Oracle, "He commanded everyone to cultivate Heavenly Spiders, which are sacred insects descended from the Immortal Realm! Not only can they make us wealthy, but they can also bring us good luck, hmph, the people of your village are just too ignorant, only now coming to realize their error."

Chapter 599: Five Gods Moving Wealth

The Five Passages God is an Evil God worshipped by the people in the southeastern regions, not a righteous deity.

Legend has it that the five brothers had a record of villainy, seizing people's wives, daughters, and properties.

The reason it is so popular among the common folk is because everyone is afraid of being haunted by the Five Passages God and incurring misfortune.

But some people worship it to gain ill-gotten wealth.

After all, such wealth can make one's fortune grow faster.

The saying "Five Gods Moving Wealth" has been widely circulated since ancient times.

To think that there are not a few who devoutly believe in it like this old man.

I frowned and asked, "The temple fair held in the village today is for the Five Passages God, isn't it?"

"Naturally, who else could it be for?" the old man replied as if it was to be expected.

Suddenly, his entire arm shuddered.

He grunted in pain and pulled out the arm that had been gnawed on, covered with bloody wounds.

After losing blood, the old man's complexion turned deathly pale.

Panting hard, his forehead was covered in fine beads of sweat.

He looked completely drained, like a piece of wind-dried cured meat, and it seemed like one of his feet was already in the coffin.

With a heavy heart, I asked, "Are you... all right?"

"It's fine, this is my blessing, the spider silk raised by my family is of the highest quality..." The old man grinned, an expression of getting more than his money's worth.

I was utterly speechless and narrowed my eyes.

Taking Yang Xi and Chen Ahmao with me, we left the vicinity.

After walking a distance, the pent-up Chen Ahmao exclaimed, "That old man must be crazy, looking like an old casket filler, and his laughter was more terrifying than a dried corpse's, making it seem like a horror movie."

"You should talk less and not raise suspicions," I said in a low voice, noticing the increasingly bustling streets and a dedicated band beating drums and gongs, warning Chen Ahmao.

Chen Ahmao obediently pinched his mouth and made a mumbling noise, "Got it, where are we going now?"

"To the Five Passages God Temple," I said casually, having made up my mind.

Yang Xi reacted strangely, with a look of shock on his face, "You... how do you know where the Five Passages God Temple is?"

Ever since I entered that old man's house and coaxed the information out of him.

This kid's been acting off, and now he seemed even more reluctant to let me go to the temple.

"They will carry the deity statues out from the main hall during the temple fair, setting off firecrackers along the way, and scattering paper money and colored paper," I said, glancing down at the trail made on the ground, while stealthily observing Yang Xi out of the corner of my eye.

With my nature, it is hard for me to question a companion.

I've always trusted my teammates completely, leaving myself vulnerable without any guard.

This is the first time.

Yang Xi's actions are just too strange.

Chen Ahmao, ever the blunderer, said, "Then we might not get to see what the Five Passages God looks like."

"There are a total of five statues. If we continue forward, we should encounter the procession at the back," I said as I led the way, but suddenly stopped in my tracks.

Up ahead, several sturdy young men were carrying a statue with faces brimming with joy.

The villagers followed along, setting off firecrackers and scattering paper money.

The statue was vibrantly colored, but what caught the eye most was the clothes on it that reflected light.

The fabric of the clothes, outshining those sewn with the Yin Yang Life and Death Embroidery and with added special effects, shone even more brilliantly.

It was like the rosy clouds of the Heavenly Palace, diffracting a kind of ethereal aura of Immortality that doesn't exist in this world.

Every thread was filled with a flowing light effect and did not have the tackiness of gold-threaded garments.

It was beyond words to describe how good-looking the clothes were.

"This clothes look like computer special effects, like something out of a fantasy drama," Chen Ahmao exclaimed in admiration.

A joyous child beside us, looking down on us like country bumpkins, said scornfully, "Are you foreigners? Uneducated, right? This is fabric woven from Pearl Cloud Silk, it's not something those low-quality fantasy dramas can compare to."

Chapter 600 Protector Zi Shan

The child mocked Ahmao with a sentence and ran away, pulling a face.

Ahmao was fuming with anger, "Damn it, even a little brat dares to ridicule me, a bully."

Good, Ahmao had a very accurate perception of himself.

He even knew he was a bully.

"The Pearl Cloud Silk really does look beautiful, almost otherworldly indeed," I wondered to myself.

When chatting earlier, I felt that the old man was deluding himself.

But at this moment, even I began to feel that the garment woven from spider silk must be the work of the Immortal Clan.

Upon reaching the Temple of the Five Passages God, compared to the bustle in the streets, this place was much quieter.

Two people clad in black stood at the entrance, faces hidden behind painted masks.

Even without seeing their expressions, one could sense an ominous and unapproachable aura radiating from them.

The source of this ominous aura was the killings they had been involved in, along with the Life-bound Gu on them.

The Five Passages God had no connection with the Gu Seedlings, so why would there be two Gu Raisers standing like door guardians at the entrance of the grand hall?

"You two stand here, I'll go over and take a look," I instructed, before heading over alone.

To my surprise, the two of them pulled out Miao Knives with sheaths from their backs and barred my way, "How audacious! The uninvited may not enter the grand hall."

"Then who may enter? Could it be that I... particularly adore the Five Passes Divine Monarch and wish to go in for a visit?" I said nervously, my face turning pale with fright as I twisted the hem of my clothes, not daring to look directly at the two peoples' faces, "Those people from the temple fair earlier, they were all able to go in and carry out the deity's statues."

The two looked at me as if I was a clown, and burst out laughing in unison, "Don't tell me you're a pregnant woman. It's bad luck to enter temples when expecting. Even we need a missive from Protector Zi Shan to enter."

"Those who carried the statues, each had permission with a written missive, acknowledged by the divine, not as simple as you think."

Protector Zi Shan...

Was this so-called Protector Zi Shan a subordinate of the Five Passages God?

Or a member of the Ten Thousand Poison Hall?

I was at a loss, my head bowed as my eyes slowly moved, pondering, "That Protector Zi Shan... When might his excellency... have some free time?"

"Too talkative for your own good, blurting out the name of Protector Zi Shan," one of them said, suddenly wary when I mentioned the name of Protector Zi Shan.

The other, however, didn't mind, "What's there to fear? Just a naïve young woman, swollen with child, coming to worship. Big chest... dimwit. Forget it."

"..."

Although I was deliberately pretending to be simple-minded, I couldn't help but twitch at the corner of my mouth upon hearing this.

Dear brothers, beware, for complacency may lead to great loss.

Suddenly, an idea struck me, "I know Protector Zi Shan. He wears a purple robe under his gown, adorned with flowing, radiant patterns, featuring auspicious clouds and lotus flowers."

If I'm wrong, I'll just be laughed at.

But I strongly felt my guess was close to the mark. That man dressed in the Youth Preserving Robe, I always felt he held a high position within the Ten Thousand Poison Hall.

That's why, to prevent the Yang Family from getting into trouble, I had Master Yang secretly bury him, concealing the news of this man's death.

Now, hearing the title of Protector Zi Shan, I thought it aligned exceedingly well with that identity.

"You... you really know... Protector Zi Shan?"

The frivolous smiles on their faces vanished, as their expressions turned stern and cold.

I clenched my fist, feeling somewhat conflicted, and then, gritting my teeth, I said, "Whether or not I know Protector Zi Shan, you'll find out soon enough."

A way to easily enter the grand hall had taken shape in my mind.

However, it might put Ahmao in danger, truly going against my original intention of not involving anyone...