

## Chapter 7225

The moment this question flashed through Charlie's mind, he had an answer.

Although he didn't know exactly when the Dharma-ending Age began,

Based on Meng Changsheng's experience, he had already entered the Dharma-ending Age when he attained enlightenment.

Therefore, the cultivators who built this underground city must have been much earlier than the Linde era of the Tang Dynasty.

In that case, the history of this square pagoda must be even earlier than the Big Wild Goose Pagoda.

And according to what he saw when he traveled through Chang'an in his mind, the Big Wild Goose Pagoda at that time was built by Tang Xuanzang and countless cultivators for the sake of the Tang Dynasty.

So why would they build the Big Wild Goose Pagoda in the shape of this square pagoda?

Could it be a kind of replication, or a belief?

If this square pagoda was some kind of totem of cultivators before the Dharma-ending Age,

Then the motives of cultivators in the Dharma-ending Age, building an identical Big Wild Goose Pagoda in Chang'an, would be understandable.

As the Dharma-ending Age descends, the last batch of cultivators before its end will split into at least two factions.

One faction will choose to cultivate diligently during this era,

While the other will migrate to the Antarctic Continent, regarding it as the final gateway to ascension.

Alternatively, only the highest-ranking among the last batch of cultivators will be qualified to come here for a final struggle.

Those who remain are essentially abandoned.

Although they were abandoned by the last batch of cultivators striving for ascension, they did not give up on themselves.

They continued to cultivate diligently in the world of the Dharma-ending Age,

Even showing compassion for all living beings.

This is why they worked together to build the Great Wild Goose Pagoda and forge the Four Directions Treasure Pagoda,

A powerful feng shui artifact capable of influencing the fate of a nation.

Charlie leaped down from the cave entrance, landing slowly on the hundred-zhang-wide square plaza below.

Gazing up at the Four Directions Treasure Pagoda, he felt its solemn and majestic presence even more profound.

When Charlie reached the bottom of the square plaza, he discovered that the space was far more than just a square.

Hidden around it was an underground town, about five zhang high, extending at least three kilometers in depth, or nearly ten square kilometers in radius.

Various ancient houses and buildings stood there, meticulously planned, with four main roads leading to the plaza.

The Four-Sided Pagoda formed the central core of the entire plaza.

What Charlie couldn't understand was that this underground town was completely suspended in the rock layer,

And none of the buildings within his sight touched the ceiling.

Considering the geological and physical characteristics, building such a large underground city wasn't impossible,

But it required a sophisticated and extremely robust support system.

Like the underground parking garage of a large shopping mall, which requires numerous load-bearing columns to prevent the roof from collapsing, this underground space isn't like a building with a reinforced concrete floor, possessing strong integrity and stability, preventing breakage and collapse.

But here, it's all rock. Normally, without anchoring, the rock would gradually crumble and collapse.

Yet, without any support or anchoring protection, the entire rock structure remains perfectly supported—it's simply unbelievable.

Charlie speculated that even cultivators couldn't defy the laws of physics,

So there must be some kind of formation providing support and anchoring.

A nearly ten-square-kilometer underground city, according to modern engineering standards, would require at least 100,000 load-bearing columns, with a lifespan of only a few decades.

But here, a formation can replace 100,000 load-bearing columns and operate stably for over a thousand years.

The energy of this formation must be astronomical.

Charlie was incredibly shocked and instinctively wanted to explore this underground city, so he chose a main road and stepped forward.

Stepping out of the square and into the ancient streets, everything around him felt like he was in a meticulously crafted, modern film set.

Everything is so refined, exquisite, and even brand new, as if it had just been built.

Moreover, there was absolutely no trace of anyone having ever lived here.

Charlie cautiously tried to push open one of the courtyard gates.

The gate wasn't locked, and there wasn't even a lock; there wasn't even a simple bolt inside.

The courtyard was about two or three hundred square meters, not very large, but it lacked any living facilities.

There was no washing basin like in a typical farmhouse, no stone mill for grinding grain, no sheds for raising poultry, not even a well.

The courtyard was paved entirely with smooth, clean, and rustic bluestone bricks; nothing else.

Passing through the courtyard, there was a row of three rooms.

The main room had no tables or chairs, but was covered with exquisitely woven rattan mats.

On the mats were several round meditation cushions, seemingly for meditation.

Even stranger, the two side rooms weren't bedrooms in the traditional sense.

The left side room resembled a secluded training room, while the right side room contained a handmade crib and some handcrafted wooden toys.

Charlie speculated that almost everyone living here, except for newborns, had reached a high level of abstention from grains.

They didn't need to eat, drink, or use the toilet, so there wasn't even a kitchen or toilet in the courtyard.

Another very strange thing was that all the rooms had light sources created from spiritual energy, making it almost like daytime even without sunlight.

Unless you looked up at the ceiling, you wouldn't feel like you were underground.

It was as if the entire underground city operated on a powerful array, like a power plant supplying the city's energy needs.

Even stranger, there were no cultivation items in the rooms—no pills, no magical artifacts, and no visible cultivation techniques—far exceeding Brovnen's speculation.

Charlie visited several similar independent courtyards, with the same result: not only were there no pills, magical artifacts, or cultivation techniques, but he hadn't even found a box containing pills.

But he couldn't understand where everyone here had gone.

If those cultivators who failed to transcend the tribulation or did not survive to the time of transcending the tribulation died here, they couldn't possibly bury all their belongings together, could they?

Even if their descendants buried them and their belongings, what about the last group of cultivators?

Surely they wouldn't have the means to dispose of their own possessions?

Yet, there were no personal belongings used for cultivation anywhere, making it seem less like they had survived to the end and more like they had orderly evacuated.

After visiting several courtyards, Charlie sat down on a futon in one of the rooms, circulating his inner energy to purify it.

The continuous flow of spiritual energy from the outside world was astounding; for him alone, it was like having a car guarded by an inexhaustible oil field.

Cultivating in this environment would be dozens of times faster than in the outside world during the Dharma-ending Age.

Meng Changsheng only reached the Foundation Establishment level after a thousand years, but a child born here, with such powerful spiritual energy and the guidance of strong cultivators, could probably reach that level in just a few decades.

In this underground city, besides the courtyards of each household, there are institutions resembling schools and government offices, and even a place called the Medicine King Hall.

In the very center of the main hall of the Medicine King Hall, instead of a statue of a deity, there is an enormous alchemy furnace, over two zhang tall.

Charlie could sense that this furnace itself was a magical artifact.

This was the only magical artifact Charlie had discovered in the underground city so far.

So, while stroking the furnace, he tried to channel his spiritual energy into it.

This attempt was quite unexpected; it felt like throwing a pebble into a vast celestial pool—his spiritual energy couldn't perceive its immense power.

However, Charlie did sense that the furnace was an integral part of the entire Medicine King Hall, with an extremely grand internal array.

If he wanted to use it to refine pills, regardless of how powerful the resulting pills would be, the spiritual energy required to operate the furnace would likely be astronomical even for someone of his cultivation level.

If the medicinal cauldron he obtained from Hong Changqing was a two-kilowatt household rice cooker,

Then this alchemy furnace was a blast furnace for refining steel, completely beyond his size to operate.

Charlie even felt that this alchemy furnace was definitely not just a personal magical artifact for the local inhabitants,

But rather a production center for providing pills to the entire underground city.

Perhaps such a furnace would require dozens or even hundreds of top experts working simultaneously to operate!

Charlie walked alone through the spotless streets of this ancient city, his heart growing increasingly apprehensive with each sight he saw.

Given the city's size, it could easily house tens of thousands of people.

It was unimaginable that tens of thousands of cultivators had once lived in this single place; after all, even today, finding a few hundred cultivators wouldn't be easy.

Charlie wandered through the city, shocked and filled with regret.

Aside from the impossible-to-take alchemy furnace, there were none of the inexhaustible cultivation resources Brovnen had imagined.

No pills, no magic tools, no cultivation techniques—besides the spiritual energy contained within the city, there was nothing else helpful for cultivation.

Charlie couldn't help but wonder: if the cultivators here possessed such powerful cultivation levels, why hadn't they left behind any resources for cultivation?

Did they take everything with them when they left?

But that didn't seem reasonable either.

Such a vast city, and the spiritual energy sustaining it, far exceeded the resources needed for individual use.

They hadn't taken the city itself, nor had they dismantled its formations; why would they care about personal resources?

As Charlie pondered this question, a word suddenly flashed through his mind—a word that had been celebrated for a long time after the Cold War: utopia.

People at the time believed that utopia was the best social form humanity could imagine: beautiful, equal, without oppression, without crime—like a perfect paradise.

In reality, such a society is almost impossible to exist; it's more often used by cults to brainwash their followers.

But Charlie realized that the place he was in, to those cultivators back then, must have been a typical utopian society.

In this society, the abundant spiritual energy is completely shared.

Living here means having the best elixir quota, so there's naturally no need for any other elixirs to replenish spiritual energy.

As for elixirs with other effects, they are likely centrally refined and distributed by the cultivators here.

Each household probably doesn't even take their share home; they consume them immediately upon distribution, so naturally, there are no elixirs left behind.

The cultivators here are all working together towards the goal of ascension.

Since they can form such a society, they can certainly share cultivation resources.

Therefore, why would they need to hoard any cultivation techniques?

As for magical artifacts, needless to say, tens of thousands of high-level cultivators would be invincible in today's society.

In ancient times, they would have had no enemies, let alone in the barren Antarctic, where, apart from penguins, other creatures are scarce, making the danger to cultivators virtually zero.

If they could achieve a utopian state internally, with no external enemies and no internal conflicts, magical artifacts would naturally become useless.

The administrators here might even issue decrees prohibiting private possession of offensive magical artifacts, further preventing internal problems.

The more Charlie analyzed it, the more convinced he became that this was indeed the case, so he completely abandoned any thought of finding cultivation resources here.