

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse - Chapter 1: Daily Settlement[1,358 words]

Chapter 1: Daily Settlement

Great Cang Calendar.

The year 13,772, March.

Spring begins.

The grass barely covers the horse's hooves, and the dead wood meets spring anew.

However.

What should have been a prosperous plain in the mountains was instead a scene of devastation. The cold aura of blood pervaded for miles, with various dismembered corpses scattered everywhere.

On the bloodied mud dyed red by blood, a group of robust young men carefully dragged the broken corpses through the aura of blood and yin, slowly loading them onto the black-red carts.

Before long, the cart was filled.

Wen Jiu was among them, with his face wrapped in torn clothes, as he tossed a broken arm with two fingers exposed, down to the white bone, onto the cart.

Splat!

"Huff—"

Wen Jiu exhaled deeply.

He tightened his mask.

Yet the stench of blood continued to fill his nostrils, making him want to retch, but his stomach had already run dry of anything but bile.

"This is just the first day. How am I going to endure the next ten years... I was reborn at such a bad time."

Rebirth into the Cultivation Realm.

Good news!

But the bad news was, he was a low-level corpse burier responsible for post-battle corpse disposal in a sect, tasked with moving corpses in this land of death for ten years.

And today was just day one!

In his past life, though his job in 896 was tiring, at least the work environment was tolerable. His boss was a bit of an idiot, and all his colleagues were male, but that was manageable. He could even make a decent salary after working a month, at least living for himself.

But as a corpse burier, he was essentially sold; there was no option to change jobs and he had to continue working for ten full years to finish.

The most annoying thing was.

This dog of a body signed a servitude contract yesterday.

Then he died.

Leaving the reincarnator to do the work!

"You should have died a day earlier." Wen Jiu was speechless. When signing the servitude contract, it was still possible to choose to be a servant.

As he sighed.

Suddenly, he heard a shout of abuse.

Wen Jiu turned in the direction of the sound and saw a young man faint beside the cart from inhaling too much corpse aura and yin gas, while a supervising steward nearby cursed loudly without hesitation.

Cursing wasn't enough, he even drew a beast hide whip from his waist and snapped it with a loud bang.

Splat!

The second strike landed on the fainted youth.

Splat!

"Ah—"

The young man screamed in pain, his back suddenly split and bleeding.

The burly, bear-like middle-aged steward snapped the whip and cursed, "Today's task is to clean up and bury all the corpses in this area. If you don't finish, I'll kill you! As long as you're not dead, you'd better work quickly for me!"

"I'll move them... I'll move them right away!"

The youth, with his back split open, struggled to his feet, not daring to hesitate. He gritted his teeth against the burning pain in his back and immediately began digging and moving bodies.

Seeing this, all the corpse buriers were furious but could not say a word and quickly averted their gaze to continue working.

This was their station as corpse buriers.

Even a random servant steward from Deadman Peak could decide their life and death.

The whip was just a minor punishment.

Killing was not just empty talk.

If not for the need for manpower in corpse disposal, people like them, who signed servitude contracts, were no different from livestock raised in the Cultivation Realm.

The original host couldn't stand being treated this way, so they cursed once and were killed instantly by a steward's palm.

"Get moving faster! This area must be cleared today. If the corpses rot in two days and emit a lot of death and resentment aura... If you don't want to die, you'd better move quickly!"

The middle-aged steward barked a few more commands, put away his whip, and strolled back to his resting place.

Over a hundred corpse buriers hung their heads low, their hands and feet moving even faster.

It was at this moment that the young man who had been whipped seemed to falter from pain and stumbled back into the blood-drenched mud.

Everyone quickly turned to look.

They saw him struggling to get up, terrified, begging for mercy, and hurriedly continuing to load bodies onto the cart.

He didn't even have time to spit out the blood-soaked mud in his mouth.

Wen Jiu couldn't help but sigh.

Deadman Peak was the only Immortal Mountain within a five hundred li radius, home to tens of thousands of cultivators and ten thousand mortals.

Among them, corpse buriers held the lowest status, even lower than the menial servants. They also had to sign servitude contracts. Although working for ten years would allow them to become apprentice disciples of Deadman Peak, overtaking the servants in status.

But ten years would not be easy to endure.

First, the pay for ten years of work was three taels a month with no breaks, although it was more than one could earn in the mortal cities.

Life here was also expensive.

Three taels barely covered basic living needs.

If it was just about enduring, one might manage.

The hardest part was the abundant presence of the aura of yin, blood, death, and corpses in this land filled with war dead.

If any one of these four invaded the body too much, it could take a life within ten to twenty years.

Even if one survived ten years and became an apprentice disciple, they were likely to have little time left due to the corrosive effects of these four auras.

One might as well be a servant at Deadman Peak for life.

Wen Jiu sighed inwardly, "Don't novels on the web proclaim that reincarnation comes with a golden finger?"

It's been a day since rebirth.

Where's the "ding" sound?

Damned!

Those web novel authors are liars!

Delete the books!

If I can be reborn again, I must delete those books!

Setting aside his thoughts.

Wen Jiu dared not delay, continuing to endure the discomfort and move corpses.

Just like that, he busied himself until 7:00 PM before he could rest.

Returning to the wooden hut, Wen Jiu was starving. Even with a cow in front of him, he might just eat it whole. Yet the foul smell swirling in his body made it impossible to swallow a single bite.

Reluctantly.

Wen Jiu was forced to gulp down a few mouthfuls of cold water and lie on the wooden bed to rest.

Too tired.

Utterly exhausted.

"Damn it, it's only the first day!"

Wen Jiu cursed to himself.

Then he slipped into a deep sleep.

At midnight, Wen Jiu was suddenly awakened by a voice.

[Daily Settlement Panel Lv1 (1/100)]

[Daily Settlement!]

[Moved corpses for eight hours in the Land of Death, continuously inhaling corpse aura and death aura. Panel experience +1, corpse aura +8, death aura +8]

[Wen Jiu]

[Age: Twenty-three]

[Lifespan: 23/73]

[Level 1 Corpse Nurturer (0/100)]

[A Corpse Nurturer is immune to the corruption of death aura and corpse aura; these deadly substances instead become nourishment for a Corpse Nurturer.]

[Death Aura Surplus: 8 (can be added to cultivation after starting practice)]

[Corpse Aura Surplus: 8 (can be applied to a corpse after starting corpse nourishment)]

[Secret Technique: Mutated Corpse (Lv1 Corpse Nurturer Secret Technique, upon execution, can transform any corpse into a zombie quickly and simply. No need for corpse selection, suspending corpses, corpse bathing, selecting a corpse nourishing land, corpse refining, or spirit communication—currently can transform 1 mutated corpse)]

[PS: Please continue to strive tomorrow! Keep it up!]

"Daily Settlement Panel!"

"Corpse Nurturer!"

"Mutated Corpse!"

Web novel authors.

They did not deceive me!

Indeed, crossing over comes with a golden finger!

What ten years as a corpse burier?

What promotion to apprentice disciple?

Heh heh.

With the Daily Settlement Panel.

I'm going to become an immortal!

I'm going to achieve longevity!