

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Blood of the Four Yins

Yang Ye.

The name of that Immortal Steward.

After his sister left, Wen Jiu secretly memorized this name.

In the following days, due to the increasingly heavy Yin Qi in the Land of Death, the middle-aged steward didn't let the many Corpse Buriers work too long, though they still worked about six hours each day.

Depart at sunrise.

Return at sunset.

Perhaps because the sister brought low-grade Spirit Rice and Demon Beast Flesh, each day during calculations, there was a bit more new experience. A bowl of low-grade Spirit Rice and a piece of Demon Beast Flesh could give Wen Jiu a 0.1 Body Refining experience point boost.

But to reach the Body Refining First Layer, he needed 1000 experience points.

One could only say it's better than nothing.

Better than having none.

After all, the spirit and strength consumed each day, Spirit Rice and Demon Beast Flesh helped him fully recover steadily.

Five days passed in the blink of an eye.

The day for the corpse to transform into a stiff was today.

When midnight arrived.

The daily calculation began.

[Daily Calculation Panel Lv1 (18/100)]

[Today's Calculation!]

[Practiced Yinzhou Corpse Nourishing Technique for two hours, panel experience +1, Yinzhou Corpse Nourishing Technique experience +2]

[Buried corpses in the Land of Death for six hours, continuously absorbing Corpse Qi and Death Qi, panel experience +1, Corpse Qi +6, Death Qi +6]

[Nurtured corpses in the Extremely Yin Land for twelve hours, panel experience +1, Mutated Corpse experience +12, Corpse Nurturer experience +1]

[Used one bowl of low-grade Spirit Rice and one piece of Non-tiered Demon Beast Flesh, Body Refining experience +0.1]

Then.

Wen Jiu immediately opened his personal information panel.

Yesterday, the Mutated Corpse experience was only 8 points short, and today, he gained 12 points in one go.

The mutation should have succeeded.

Sure enough.

When looking at the Corpse Nurturer panel again, the Mutated Corpse experience had changed.

[White Corpse - In Corpse Nourishing (0/200)]

However, the excess 4 experience points did not add up, which was within Wen Jiu's expectations.

Because once a corpse transforms into a stiff, it's a completely different stage, unable to grow in a short time merely by absorbing Yin Qi, as recorded in the Yinzhou Corpse Nurturing Record.

The corpse transforms into a stiff.

After transforming into a White Corpse, it proceeds to evolve into a Black Corpse. This process requires the Corpse Nurturer to chant the Corpse Nourishing Spell at 9:00 PM daily in the Corpse Nourishing Land, attracting Earthly Evil Yin Qi to nourish the White Corpse.

This process is called Spirit Communication.

Earthly Evil Yin Qi nurtures the Corpse Spirit, and once a Corpse Spirit is nurtured, the Corpse Nurturer can communicate with the stiff, controlling it as desired.

However, nurturing a Corpse Spirit is just the first step to becoming a Black Corpse, and the corpse body must also be nurtured.

According to the Yinzhou Corpse Nurturing Record, at least a hundred drops of human blood need to be placed in the White Corpse's nurturing ground each day for it to consume, and this blood can't be just ordinary human blood, it must adhere to the rule of being born in a Yin year, month, day, and hour.

In this way, a corpse body invulnerable to swords, spears, and magic can be nurtured, but as for how long it takes.

There's no conclusion.

If you find more blood, then it will be quick.

If there are only a hundred drops of blood each day, then it can't be said for sure.

"Where can I find the blood of a person with all four Yin elements? Can't possibly kill someone for it, right?" Wen Jiu sank into contemplation, understanding why heterodox practices were not favored. Just becoming a Black Corpse required human blood, what about later?

Immediately after.

Wen Jiu calculated his own birth date and time.

With this calculation, he just happened to belong to a four-Yin person.

Using his own blood was feasible.

But he still needed to bury corpses daily and perform physical work. If he donated a hundred drops of fresh blood each day, wouldn't he eventually die from exhaustion?

"I wonder if the blood of cultivators could be a substitute?" Although the blood of a four-Yin person is special and important, the blood of a cultivator is not bad either. If it could be substituted, he would move the White Corpse back to the Land of Death.

The Land of Death was already drenched with fresh blood beneath the ground.

It could absorb freely.

...

The next morning.

His sister Wen Ya routinely brought a bowl of Spirit Rice and a piece of Demon Beast Flesh.

Wen Jiu naturally consumed them all.

Since the last time he asked for the Immortal Steward's name, Wen Jiu no longer asked more questions because asking more wouldn't solve the problem.

Rather, it would make his sister feel even worse.

After his sister left, Wen Jiu returned to the burial site in the Land of Death, but just as he was about to start, the middle-aged steward stopped everyone and unusually introduced himself to everyone.

"My name is Wang Nian, you little rascals, remember it!"

Wang Nian glared at everyone with angry eyes.

Then he added, "According to the rules, I manage not only your burial work but also your cultivation. Some things should have been said on the day you went to the Dharma Transmission Tower, but I was in a bad mood at the time."

Wen Jiu was at a loss for words.

This steward was indeed straightforward.

What was he going to say next?

As Wen Jiu anticipated, Wang Nian continued, "First, I need to tell you that before you came to Deadman Peak, your Spirit Roots had been tested. Except for three people, the rest of you have low-grade Spirit Roots, which are among the worst; hard cultivation is your only path."

"Normally, if you persist in hard cultivation, with low-grade Spirit Roots, it will take three years to enter the Qi Cultivation First Layer."

"If you maintain this pace, the ever-increasing Yin Qi won't damage your foundation too much."

"But if anyone slacks off and disrupts this cultivation rhythm, don't blame me for dealing with you early... After all, if you get your foundation damaged by the Yin Qi, you won't go far, nor live long."

Every word from Wang Nian was heavy, like a warning before killing, but to Wen Jiu, it sounded different.

The man spoke without politeness.

But every word was for their good.

He seemed to be a person with a cold exterior but warm interior.

"Wait!"

Wen Jiu suddenly realized something.

Most Corpse Buriers had low-grade Spirit Roots, but three did not?

They didn't need to take as long as low-grade Spirit Roots, three years, to step into the Qi Cultivation First Layer.

Wouldn't the top three in cultivation after a year be occupied by those three?

Why did it sound so dubious?

Exactly three people.

And there were only three spots in a year.

"A cover-up... Damn."

Wen Jiu was speechless.

Then quickly looked around and saw in the corner of the crowd, three people were huddled together with slightly imperceptible, smug smiles on their lips.

One of them had given him a disdainful eye at the outside of Dharma Transmission Tower upon seeing the Yinzhou Corpse Nurturing Record.

It seemed.

Most likely, it was these three!

Wen Jiu could not help but look back at Wang Nian, feeling this fierce steward was not the same as usual, "Steward Wang Nian had subtly revealed this in front of everyone, suggesting he was very dissatisfied."

...

Quickly.

Dusk approached.

Wang Nian left, and everyone gradually dispersed.

Wen Jiu, however, found an excuse to return to the burial site and dug up the White Corpse.

Upon seeing the male cultivator's corpse again, it was not only covered with white fur, but its eyes had turned red, resembling blood pearls. Its claws extended an inch long, as sharp as knives. What terrified Wen Jiu the most were those two fangs.

Just like in Uncle Ying's movies, they were piercingly white and bloody, ghastly and terrifying— should one get bitten.

"Jump in yourself."

Though the White Corpse had not developed a spirit, it could still follow simple commands.

Thus it could move autonomously.

Moments later.

The White Corpse jumped into the Land of Death.

Wen Jiu set it to keep watch while he found a spot where the blood mud was thickest and dug a pit.

"Get in yourself."

Once the White Corpse lay in the pit, Wen Jiu immediately covered it with blood mud. As the 9:00 PM hour approached, he went to the burial site under the cover of night and chanted the Corpse Nourishing Spell for an hour—if not for the company of the White Corpse, he wouldn't dare to come at such a late hour.

Who could tell if there were ghosts?

Having finished chanting the Corpse Nourishing Spell, Wen Jiu quickly left.

Awaiting only the daily calculation.

If experience increases.

That would mean the blood of cultivators could replace the blood of the four-Yin person.

That would undoubtedly be great news for him, for the Land of Death lacked nothing but cultivators' blood.

[Thanks to all the fellow Daoists following along.

Thank you so much.

I love you all!

The daily update time is fixed at 5:00 PM and 8:00 PM in the evening.

Normally it's two updates.

Occasionally, there will be extra updates.]

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