Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 821 - 394: Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend, The Beginning of Breaking Rank and Crossing the Tribulation! (Part 2)

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If both are used simultaneously, in a great battle, imagine the horror. If encountering an Immortal City, it could even directly submerge it into the Yin Earth Ghost Qi.

As for the Yin Metal Ghost Qi, it can still drift in the air, unnoticed even by his Divine Sense.

Once it disperses, it easily covers hundreds, even thousands of miles.

Thinking of the cultivators who inhale the Yin Metal Ghost Qi having their meridians, organs, even their Foundation Establishment and Golden Core destroyed.

Wen Jiu fell silent.

As he often said—it’s getting more sinister!

Even the methods of the Demon Dao only come to this.

Then there are the Yin Wood Ghost Qi and the Yin Water Ghost Qi.

Wen Jiu tried releasing some extensions; the former could instantly age and kill a Tier Three creature.

As for the Yin Water Ghost Qi, it resembles Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi, causing those contaminated to leave no bones.

All possess rotting power.

With all the Yin Five Elements Ghost Qi unleashed, Wen Jiu can be sure that the great battle in the Four Domains could be rewritten by it.

What Demon Dao?

What True Demon?

All are considered nothing.

Separating the Five Ghosts, each possess unique ghost qi, equating to five Tier Three Peak ghost creatures.

"At this moment, as long as I let the Five Yin Ghosts don a disguise and join one side in the Four Domains' battle between righteousness and evil, that side will directly win." Wen Jiu smiled contentedly, though he did not plan to do so.

Following this, Wen Jiu focused on the most critical element—the power of the Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend.

That is the most powerful aspect of the Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend.

Just one glance, and Wen Jiu understood that although the Five Yin Ghosts didn't possess the Extreme Evil Blood Sea True Technique Divine Techniques like the East Spring Undying Bone, they could still challenge a Nascent Soul True Monarch.

Of course.

This wasn't the most pleasing aspect for him.

His greatest joy came knowing that the Five Yin Ghosts would be the strongest support for the East Spring Undying Bone during its crossing of the tribulation.

The Ghost Fiend power could also be transferred, transforming into Corpse Demon power.

And the total amount of Ghost Fiend power from the Five Yin Ghosts was still twice that of Corpse Demon power.

While a larger quantity doesn't necessarily mean stronger, for the East Spring Undying Bone, needing tribulation crossing, this was the strongest trump card!

...

Within the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

Wen Jiu briefly observed the feedback from East Spring Undying Bone's breakthrough to Tier Three before concentrating on preparing to break rank and cross the tribulation.

Even though this time the repeated enhancement was applied to the Undying Celestial Yin Golden Body, directly elevating it to Tier Three Late Stage and boosting the success rate of Golden Core Celestial Daoist Infant by half, Wen Jiu remained solely focused on the breaking rank and crossing the tribulation.

Transforming the External Golden Core into External Nascent Soul requires only two steps.

The first step.

Golden Core Infant.

The second step.

Cross the Nascent Soul Thunder Tribulation.

It seems simple, but the first step is very difficult because forming a Nascent Soul requires the same breaking and establishing process as Core Formation.

Shattering the Golden Core, merging Divine Sense and Divine Soul, transforming them into Nascent Soul.

From then on, the Nascent Soul becomes everything; the Divine Soul will also receive unprecedented enhancement. To attack the Divine Soul, one must first go through the Nascent Soul. And the Nascent Soul is the most fundamental aspect of a Nascent Soul True Monarch, making attacking the Divine Soul extremely difficult.

However, this also has a disadvantage: if the Nascent Soul is destroyed, it is complete obliteration, the Divine Soul disappears, with no chance to seize and rebuild.

But those are issues for later discussion.

Looking at the long river of history, for those Golden Core Perfection Cultivators, not to mention crossing the Thunder Tribulation, even the first step is extremely difficult.

Shattering the Golden Core, merging Divine Sense and Divine Soul, this step is simple to say, but unbelievably difficult to do.

Thus, a Nascent Soul Spiritual Object is needed.

The Nascent Soul Spiritual Object can make this process smoother and more controllable.

However, ultimately, it can only enhance some controllability.

Considering the bloodline of East Spring Undying Bone's Extreme Undying Corpse Demon, there is no unforeseen incident in this step.

It only needs a large amount of Corpse Qi, along with any usable Yin Qi, Evil Qi, etc., and with the presence of Nine Nether Qi, the first step for East Spring Undying Bone will have no unexpected issues, potentially making the Nascent Soul even stronger.

In the next moment.

Wen Jiu controlled East Spring Undying Bone to dive into Nine Nether Qi, with Golden Core Power beginning to impact the internal Undying Bone.

For East Spring Undying Bone, its Undying Bone is the Golden Core, so the first step is to shatter the Undying Bone.

Accompanied by a sky-shocking corpse roar, the Undying Bone began to shatter under the impact of Golden Core Power.

This corpse roar also crossed Nine Abyss Netherworld, landing like thunder on a black ship a thousand miles away.

Du Yueqing, Master Witch, and all the cultivators on the black ship were shocked, all feeling a far more terrifying oppressiveness than the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

"What happened?"

Gongyang Fu hurriedly ran out from the cabin in panic.

Master Witch and Du Yueqing gazed solemnly at the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

"Unknown, perhaps that senior encountered a thorny problem." Du Yueqing became particularly tense.

If such a thorny problem arises for that senior, wouldn't it mean certain death for them?

Did they escape the wolf's den only to fall into a tiger's mouth?

Master Witch and the others shared the same worries.

The Great Palace Master, worried, dared not speak, but secretly transmitted a message to Master Witch and another, excluding Du Yueqing.

"Should we contact those above, Daoists? The current situation has completely exceeded our imagination." ***freewebnovel.com***

Master Witch and the other Palace Master exchanged glances but didn't provide a definite response.

They were already wavering.

"Let's observe the changes." Master Witch finally responded after a moment, "If there's another anomaly, we will contact those above."

The Great Palace Master and the other nodded, agreeing with Master Witch's idea.

But as time slowly escaped, in a blink of an eye ten days passed, an overwhelmingly terrifying Nascent Soul aura spread across thousands of miles, impacting everyone on the black ship.

"Nascent Soul!"

Master Witch and the Great Palace Master swiftly arrived on deck, their Divine Sense spreading, ultimately focusing on the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

Du Yueqing and Yin Xuan's Divine Sense were slightly weaker but still struggled to sense the origin of the Nascent Soul aura.

"No, although this Nascent Soul aura is terrifying, it seems a bit different... It's like waterweed floating on water, continually changing." Master Witch first spotted an issue, prompting the Great Palace Master's attention to refocus.

However, Du Yueqing was the first to identify the problem.

Because he had seen it before.

He had encountered it once at the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion!

That incident was unforgettable for him his entire life.

About fifty years ago, his master invited him to witness a Golden Core Perfection cultivator attempt the Nascent Soul breakthrough.

At that time, he himself was only at Foundation Establishment Perfection, yet under his master's protection learned much.

Back then, when the senior shattered the Golden Core and transformed into Nascent Soul, it was this very situation, the Nascent Soul Power fluctuating greatly.

The reason was that the Nascent Soul hadn't fully formed yet, thus remaining unstable, ever on the brink of collapse.

And that senior, despite a month of perseverance, ultimately fell at this step, ending in death and Dao dissolution.

"Someone is shattering the Golden Core, transforming into Nascent Soul." Du Yueqing spoke gravely, "The aura source is in Nine Abyss Netherworld, could it be..."

Du Yueqing froze.

Suddenly remembered the terrifying roar ten days ago.

Could it be...

With this suspicion, Du Yueqing exerted effort, placing his Divine Sense just outside Nine Abyss Netherworld, closely watching any movement.

He recalled his teacher said those aiming for Nascent Soul Dao Fruit, out of every hundred, ninety-nine would fall at this step.

Shattering the core is easy.

Forming Nascent Soul is as hard as ascending to heaven.

A slight mistake would lead to death and Dao dissolution.

"Senior..."

Du Yueqing felt a mix of emotions for a moment.

If that senior dies and Dao dissolves, their fate of leaving is uncertain, even if they leave, life or death is unpredictable.

For even Nascent Soul is interested in the East Splendor Divine Palace, if they fall into the hands of the Demon Monarch, they might wish for death.

Even if back to Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion, life and death remain unpredictable.

For a Nascent Soul True Monarch, even the Late Stage of Golden Core is mere insignificant dust.

"Why did that senior suddenly rush to attempt Nascent Soul Dao Fruit?" Master Witch worriedly questioned, causing everyone on the black ship to change expression dramatically.

Because they all knew Nascent Soul Dao Fruit was as hard as ascending to heaven, if the senior failed, their end would be inevitable.

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Nine Abyss Netherworld.

As the Undying Bone slowly fractured, the Nine Abyss Netherworld was filled with Nine Nether Qi, like a boiling cauldron.

However, Wen Jiu had yet to harness the Nine Nether Qi, still merely overdrawing the Golden Core Power of the East Spring Undying Bone.

In a blink, half a month had passed, during which the process of fracturing the Undying Bone went smoothly, everything falling into place.

Wen Jiu more deeply understood the sheer value of the Extreme Undying Corpse Demon Bloodline.

When all the Undying Bones throughout his body had completely shattered into unique energy forms, the Golden Core Power of the East Spring Undying Bone also reached the point of exhaustion.

It could no longer summon even the slightest bit.

Next, Wen Jiu controlled the East Spring Undying Bone anew, forcibly severing his Divine Sense, a process that went smoothly without incident. As for pain, how could a dead thing like the East Spring Undying Bone feel pain?

But if a living person were to undergo this step, it might be so painful that his Divine Soul would tremble, even a Body Cultivator with terrifying endurance would feel the same.

Compared to the pain of severing the Divine Sense, the hardships of cultivation over the centuries might seem insignificant.

Hence the role of Nascent Soul Spiritual Object and Elixir Pills is highlighted.

Of course.

The Nascent Soul Spiritual Object and Elixir Pills also serve to suppress the third step, which is the pain of fusing the Divine Soul.

Therefore, even after gaining a tenfold chance for the Golden Core to morph into the Heaven-Reaching External Dao Nascent Soul, he would seek Elixir Pills.

And search for Nascent Soul Spiritual Objects.

Not for any other reason, purely to reduce some pain.

He already had the Nascent Soul Spiritual Object; Han Tianxing had hidden a piece, and at the time he let the East Spring Undying Bone retrieve it.

As for the Elixir Pills.

He didn't need Elixir Pills that increase the success rate of Nascent Soul formation.

So after the East Spring Undying Bone reaches the third tier, he can casually find a Tier Three Top-Grade Alchemist to refine some Tier Three Top-Grade Spirit Pills to alleviate pain.

Quelling his thoughts, Wen Jiu slowly continued to sever his Divine Sense; even without any action, the severed Divine Sense would burrow into the energy form summoned by the Undying Bone.

This process lasted about ten days, and when the Divine Sense completely fused with the energy form created by the Undying Bone, Wen Jiu continuously injected all his corpse qi from the East Spring Undying Bone as the resource for the Nascent Soul.

With vast amounts of Absolute Spirit Corpse Qi injected, that milky-white energy form gradually transformed into a spherical shape akin to a bubble, and under the nourishment of the Absolute Spirit Corpse Qi began to grow, actually forming into a baby-like figure.

But as it continued to grow, everything changed, the once pure white baby figure began to be corroded by the Absolute Spirit Corpse Qi.

Simultaneously, not only was the flesh evolving into a gray-black hue, but even the eyes beneath the eyelids gradually turned gray-black.

Like a stillborn.

Absolutely lifeless.

And as it continued to grow a little further, an unparalleled, yet very familiar force of karmic kill surged out like a flood bursting its banks.

Upon calculating at midnight, Wen Jiu finally understood the reason for these changes.

Due to the bloodline, due to the divine techniques of the Path of Extreme Evil, even without the infusion of the Extreme Undying Corpse Demon Power, the Nascent Soul still transformed into an Extreme Corpse Infant. But daily calculations did not reveal whether this was coincidental or inevitable.

Nor did it show what influence and changes the Extreme Corpse Infant would bring.

Perhaps only when the East Spring Undying Bone completes the Breaking Rank and Crossing the Tribulation to fully transform into an External Nascent Soul will this all be unveiled.

"I wonder if the Extreme Corpse Infant will, like the Heaven-Reaching External Dao Nascent Soul, increase the chance of advancing beyond the Nascent Soul."

Wen Jiu suddenly held some expectation.

After all, his goal was not merely the Nascent Soul, but higher realms, a true state of immortality and imperishability.

And not like the True Demon’s notion of immortality, pitiful and pathetic.

The True Demon’s unending life could still be killed by Soul Capturing Divine Techniques, and multiple rebirths suffering repeated torments in Purgatory bear no difference whatsoever.

True immortality is not only about an infinite lifespan, but invincibility, without any means capable of threatening his existence.

...

Several days later.

The Extreme Corpse Infant had completely grown into a baby form, successfully becoming a "Nascent Soul".

But a true Nascent Soul is not a baby, but an entity lacking physical form, yet possessing seven or eight parts of similarity like a miniature version of oneself.

A new energy vessel capable of accommodating tenfold, twentyfold, or even a hundredfold the corpse qi held during Golden Core Perfection.

"Next is the fusion of the Divine Soul."

Wen Jiu decisively began to extract the Corpse Soul from the East Spring Undying Bone, continuing to fuse it with the current Extreme Corpse Infant.

Simultaneously injecting Absolute Spirit Corpse Qi as nutrients for its growth.

Like before, this process was still extraordinarily smooth, lacking any pain whatsoever, only the consumption of Absolute Spirit Corpse Qi was exceedingly massive.

To fight against the Soul-Breaking Wave, ten days consuming thirty percent of the corpse qi was already terrifying, but nurturing the Extreme Corpse Infant could consume fifty percent in a single day.

Coupled with the previous consumption of ten percent, within a day, the East Spring Undying Bone's corpse qi would be completely depleted.

Though the Nine Nether Qi could still be used to continue nourishing the Extreme Corpse Infant, its consumption truly startled Wen Jiu.

Luckily, he had prepared well in advance. ***freewebnovel.com***

With the Five Yin Ghosts present, many Nine Nether Qi could now be spared, leaving the Nine Nether Qi to use during the final Crossing the Tribulation to form the Nascent Soul.

Half a day later, the corpse qi from the East Spring Undying Bone was exhausted, Wen Jiu immediately relied on the Five Yin Ghosts to take over.

The Three Thousand Blood Inks and Blood Demon Undying Bone joined in; as for his main body, Wen Jiu planned to keep it on standby for unforeseen situations.

After all, he also needed to consider his own safety, always leaving enough Yin Technique for Escape Techniques in the event of accidental emergencies.

Chapter 823 - 395: Extreme Corpse Infant, Demon Monarch Reveals Himself (2)

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Chapter 823 - 395: Extreme Corpse Infant, Demon Monarch Reveals Himself (2)

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As the Corpse Infant gradually grew, the Three Thousand Blood Inks, Blood Demon Undying Bone Corpse Qi, and Demon Corpse Qi were completely consumed within two hours.

The Five Yin Ghosts were slightly better, sustaining for four days before being drained dry. Wen Jiu originally planned to use the Nine Abyss Netherworld's Nine Nether Qi, but when the Five Yin Ghosts were drained, the fusion and growth were finally completely concluded.

The Nascent Soul had started to take shape!

Upon internal observation, the Extreme Corpse Infant had transformed into a miniature version of the East Spring Undying Bone.

It was also another East Spring Undying Bone, possessing both Divine Sense and Divine Soul, capable of incorporating all attributes of the East Spring Undying Bone, whether it be Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi or Corpse Demon Power.

The current East Spring Undying Bone seemed more like a simple shell, a vessel that could be discarded at any time.

The East Spring Undying Bone Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body, or just the Undying Bone, had become replaceable items.

If a more powerful corpse body were available, the current East Spring Undying Bone could change at a moment's notice.

Such a pity.

However, the Corpse Infant's corpse qi and karmic power are too heavy, preventing it from truly integrating into a human cultivator's physical body.

Once integrated, the hostile body would once again turn into a zombie due to the Corpse Infant's erosion.

Still, some new possibilities have emerged.

If the Extreme Corpse Infant were sent into a beast body that was once at Tier Four Peak, the East Spring Undying Bone could thereby transform into a corpse demon with a Tier Four Peak corpse body. Yet, this is only theoretical.

Whether it can bear the terrifying demonic power of a Tier Four Peak beast body and control it is not yet clear.

It is similar to the difficulty early-stage Golden Core cultivators have with controlling Tier Three High-grade Spiritual Artifacts.

Though Tier Four Peak might be impossible, but with Tier Four Middle Realm or even higher realms, the Extreme Corpse Infant has high potential for success.

"From today, as long as a suitable corpse body exists, or if I do not encounter superseding entities that can kill Nascent Souls, the East Spring Undying Bone will essentially stand on a ground of immortality."

Wen Jiu couldn't hide the joy in his heart.

As for the possibility of Nascent Soul being forcibly killed, truthfully, Wen Jiu isn't very concerned, as daily accounting shows the Nascent Soul can explode at many times its speed once separated from the physical body.

As long as he only engages with opponents of the same realm, there is no such possibility.

Middle Stage Nascent Soul?

No matter if he can win or not, he will not engage recklessly.

Everything awaits the time when absolute dominance can be ensured.

After all, time is plentiful.

"The initial formation of the Nascent Soul is complete; next comes crossing the tribulation... the real highlight is about to begin!" With that said, Wen Jiu controlled the East Spring Undying Bone to gaze upon the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

...

Meanwhile, Master Witch, Du Yueqing, and others, who had been waiting for over a month, became increasingly nervous and anxious.

"A month has passed, and as Master mentioned, the first step of the Golden Core Infant transformation should take roughly this time.

If the Nascent Soul's power doesn't dissipate and instead becomes increasingly stable, then there is only one possibility!" Du Yueqing's heart was full of joy.

Because the Nascent Soul's power she sensed was as stable as Mount Tai, without any fluctuations.

As several others, including Master Witch and the Great Palace Master, felt this, much of the tension and anxiety in their hearts instantly dissipated.

Especially upon hearing Du Yueqing's words, they were exceptionally delighted.

Master Witch exclaimed joyfully, "So, this senior already had a certain degree of confidence, no wonder he forbade us from contacting outsiders."

"Throughout the thousands of years of Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion's history, many have reached Golden Core Perfection, yet few truly step into Golden Core Infant transformation, and successful ones are rare."

The Great Palace Master also sighed repeatedly.

Though he is not of Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion, he knows that in the past millennia Yuanbao True Monarch was the only one to emerge from their ranks.

"If senior can survive the thunder tribulation, Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion will give birth to its second Nascent Soul True Monarch," Master Witch chimed in.

Du Yueqing's expression suddenly turned solemn.

Then, he will be under the Nascent Soul's command!

However, she didn't publicly express this thought but kept it buried within her heart.

But there were some words she found hard to hold back.

"In the lower Tongtian River, the righteous path has six major Nascent Soul powers, with Sea Suppressing Mountain exclusively ranking first with two True Monarchs.

The setup has remained unchanged for two to three millennia.

If senior successfully crosses the tribulation, then our Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion will also boast dual Nascent Souls, standing equal with Sea Suppressing Mountain!"

Dual Nascent Souls.

If such a grand spectacle should indeed occur, Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion will reach new heights for millennia to come!

Accompanying Du Yueqing's exclamation, Master Witch's entourage, including Gongyang Fu, displayed incomparable brilliance on their faces.

Yet inwardly, Gongyang Fu lamented, "Such a pity, if He Jiu wasn't dead and had cultivated the Medicinal Spirit Yin Pill, I would be able to steadily advance further, having credentials to cling to Master's thigh... What a pity indeed."

Not only Gongyang Fu felt this way, Du Yueqing also shared similar sentiments.

"If I could grasp this opportunity, my future would certainly be limitless; but if not..."

Du Yueqing spoke inwardly.

Simultaneously, a sense of crisis emerged, and in her heart, the thought of cultivating to the Late Stage of the Golden Core began to multiply boundlessly, fearing her own replacement.

But in the next moment, Master Witch suddenly cried out in surprise.

"Thunder clouds are forming!"

Upon hearing, Du Yueqing quickly looked, but with just a glance, she suddenly froze in place, "What's going on here?"

...

Lifeless Abyss.

Amidst seemingly endless gray-white Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes, a massive demon hall is situated at its core.

Below the demon hall, three black Flood Dragons, each possessing an aura reaching Tier Three Peak, are swimming in the Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes.

No matter how they swam, they never dared approach the demon hall, seemingly fearing something incredibly terrifying within.

Before long, several demon cultivators appeared in mid-air over the Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes, their cultivation evidently at Demon Pill Perfection.

They dared not near it.

Only kneeling down from ten thousand feet away.

"Reporting to Demon Monarch, Nascent Soul aura suddenly surged within the thirty thousand miles of Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes.

Our people have investigated for over half a month and discovered a hidden Nine Abysses entrance, from which the Nascent Soul aura emerged.

Just now as well, our people reported that the Nascent Soul aura has grown increasingly strong!" a Demon Pill Perfect demon cultivator quickly spoke.

Once those words fell.

Several breaths later, a chilling voice emanated from beyond the demon hall, "Increasingly interesting.

Behind the ones stealing the True Spirit Demon Tree Mother Tree lies a Nascent Soul cultivator mastering Celestial Secret Divine Techniques.

And now, someone inside the Nine Abysses is attempting to reach Nascent Soul.

The lower Tongtian River hasn't been this lively in hundreds of years."

The Demon Pill Perfect demon cultivator promptly inquired, "Demon Monarch, our people have already ventured into the Nine Abysses for investigation; news should soon arrive.

What should our next move be?

Destroy?

Or should we simply observe?"

"No need to rush; the initial step of Golden Core Infant transformation isn't easily successful, regardless of how powerful the Nascent Soul aura may seem.

For thousands of years, countless have tried to reach Nascent Soul, yet few succeed.

First, find the place where the Nascent Soul is being attempted; if it isn't of the Demon Dao, destroy his hopes no matter who he is." The chilling voice came again from within the demon hall, but seemed to regard the situation as insignificant.

Just as the few prepared to take action, the demon hall's voice arose once more.

"Should that person be fortunate enough to leave behind a whole corpse, remember to bring it back... Making the effort to strike Nascent Soul within the Nine Abysses, I am quite curious about his identity."

"Understood!"

Several Demon Pill Perfect demon cultivators immediately nodded.

Yet right as they nodded, their expressions abruptly altered, immediately speaking out in shock.

"Demon Monarch, we've just received a transmission informing us that our people have already discovered the place where the attempt for Nascent Soul is being made within the First Abyss.

But the thunder tribulation has appeared!

Moreover, there are ten thunder cloud types!"

As the Demon Pill Perfect cultivators cried out in astonishment, the originally calm Nascent Soul Demon Monarch within the demon hall couldn’t remain seated.

Instantly arriving before them.

"What did you say?

Ten thunder cloud types?"

Hidden within a mass of demonic qi, the Nascent Soul Demon Monarch couldn’t believe what they were hearing.

Chapter 824 - 396: Ten Thunders Gather, Welcoming the True Monarch?

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At the same time, Wen Jiu gazed up through the East Spring Undying Bone at the ten clusters of thunder clouds brewing over the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

Green, white, and black—there were a total of ten colors. Although individually the thunder clouds weren’t very vast, when combined they covered thousands of miles, creating a truly spectacular scale.

Though it’s unclear how extensive the thunder clouds are for other Nascent Soul cultivators during their Thunder Tribulation, the ten divine thunders brewing within these clouds are certainly unique.

Among them, there’s the familiar Red Sky Divine Thunder and the Jade Splendor Cyan Wood Divine Thunder.

"For the Heaven-Reaching River Basin’s widely recognized ten divine thunders to all appear, it’s truly outrageous.

Does the East Spring Undying Bone really defy the natural order?"

Wen Jiu smiled bitterly.

He glanced at the Five Yin Ghosts beside him and commanded them to frantically restore corpse qi, as much as possible.

Even if it causes great upheaval and engulfs the Land of Death beneath his feet, it is worth it.

Originally, I wanted to keep a low profile, but now it seems that securing the East Spring Undying Bone for Breaking Rank and Crossing the Tribulation is the priority.

As time slowly passed, the aura emanating from the ten divine thunders reached a terrifying intensity that could shake heaven and earth.

Whether it's Nine Nether Qi or the Nascent Soul aura from the East Spring Undying Bone, they are like Qi Cultivation crawling beneath the Golden Core.

Ants among ants.

Feeling such an overwhelming pressure, Wen Jiu couldn't help but shout in his heart.

"Heavens.

The East Spring Undying Bone is indeed excessively wicked, but its actions are not even comparable to the essence of those from the Demon Dao.

You are magnanimous, please have mercy!"

As soon as he finished speaking.

The familiar Red Sky Divine Thunder and Jade Splendor Cyan Wood Divine Thunder descended first, prompting Wen Jiu to immediately command the East Spring Undying Bone to utilize Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi and the Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body, employing the means found when transforming into the Extreme Undying Corpse Demon.

The black and red corpse thunder hidden within the Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body appeared, even though usually it appeared dark and fierce, lacking the solemnity and sacredness associated with thunder laws, resembling a venomous snake lurking in the shadows.

However, the corpse thunder serves two purposes: protecting the body and the soul. Currently, the corpse soul of the East Spring Undying Bone has merged with the Extreme Corpse Infant, so what it shields is the Corpse Infant.

Additionally, the corpse thunder has a counterattack effect and shares the same origin as divine thunder, which should help in facing the first wave of attacks more effectively.

The Nine Nether Qi was to be used later if possible.

With corpse thunder protecting his body, Wen Jiu immediately controlled the East Spring Undying Bone to rush out of the Nine Abyss Netherworld, meeting the divine thunders a thousand feet above the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

This was to prevent the divine thunders from directly striking the Nine Abyss Netherworld and unnecessarily depleting the Nine Nether Qi.

Boom—

Rumble—

As the First Abyss underwent a transformation in color, and the sky over a thousand miles turned into a two-color Thunder Pool, the corpse thunder of the East Spring Undying Bone began to disintegrate massively. Nonetheless, having evolved into the Extreme Undying Corpse Demon, this technique ensured that, despite the ferocity of the divine thunders, the corpse thunder fiercely safeguarded the East Spring Undying Corpse Body and the Extreme Corpse Infant.

Thus, time passed bit by bit, but after one hour, the two-color divine thunder unexpectedly transformed into a tri-color divine thunder.

Another divine thunder joined the fray.

When the tri-color divine thunder descended, the previously unbreakable defense of the corpse thunder finally showed signs of collapse.

In desperation, Wen Jiu had no choice but to immediately unleash vast amounts of Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi, spreading it wildly to engulf most of the Nine Abyss Netherworld while controlling the Extreme Corpse Infant and Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi to begin refining the Nine Nether Qi simultaneously.

With the support of Nine Nether Qi, the East Spring Undying Bone withstood the assault of the tri-color divine thunder steadily, without any pressure.

And under the thunder tribulation, the Nine Nether Qi began to fuse with the Extreme Corpse Infant and the Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body.

Wen Jiu knew that this was the life ascension during the Crossing of the Tribulation, the final step to reach the Nascent Soul.

If the East Spring Undying Bone truly withstands the full ten-color Thunder Tribulation, he dared not imagine how powerful the Tier Four East Spring Undying Bone will become.

In an instant, another ten hours passed.

The fourth, fifth, and even the sixth divine thunder descended in succession, but with the extensive support of the Nine Nether Qi, the corpse thunder and Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi continued unabated, rendering the roars of the six divine thunders ultimately futile.

And now, Du Yueqing, Master Witch, and others who had retreated another thousand miles were already dumbfounded, their minds were stirring with endless tides.

The ten divine thunders of the Heaven-Reaching River Basin, each one a deadly existence to Golden Core cultivators.

But that senior is currently enduring six, even though they've already retreated two thousand miles from the Nine Abyss Netherworld, the impacts brought by the thunder tribulation are still shocking. If a Golden Core Perfection cultivator were to stand within, they would likely be annihilated in an instant.

"The foundation of this senior is truly beyond imagination, it's been persevering for over ten hours now." Master Witch exclaimed.

Du Yueqing, having experienced a cultivator's ascension to Nascent Soul and always followed Duan Qianren, naturally understood more and joined in the exclamation.

"It's not just the foundation; to summon all ten divine thunders, this senior's Golden Core is likely beyond the upper-rank Golden Core.

My master once said, an upper-rank Golden Core that attempts to become a Nascent Soul would face a thunder tribulation from three kinds of divine thunder initially.

Even with just three, it's extremely difficult for a Golden Core Perfection cultivator of upper-rank Golden Core roots to withstand.

Now the senior is enduring six simultaneously, this senior is likely a Top-Grade Golden Core, possibly even the best among Top-Grade.

Because if it were merely a Top-Grade Golden Core, it couldn't possibly summon all divine thunders, only the best of Top-Grade could achieve this."

Du Yueqing sighed, and another kind of Golden Core surfaced in her mind, that is the legendary Undying Celestial Yin Golden Core.

Chapter 825 - 396: Ten Thunders Appear Together, Welcoming the True Monarch?

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Chapter 825 - 396: Ten Thunders Appear Together, Welcoming the True Monarch?

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But that thought flashed by and vanished, because the Undying Celestial Yin Golden Core only exists in legends; the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion simply cannot cultivate one.

Perhaps only the upper reaches of the Heaven-Reaching River, those transcendent Nascent Soul Major Influences with tens of thousands of years of accumulation at the drop of a hat, could possibly nurture such a thing.

"A Top-Grade Golden Core... no wonder I've never heard senior's name in the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion." Master Witch believed it almost completely.

Yet he still had one doubt—why was this senior attempting a Nascent Soul breakthrough without going back to the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion?

If True Monarch Yuanbao were guarding him, accidents would be much fewer.

After all, once Crossing the Tribulation fails, body and soul may both be annihilated; only with a True Monarch guarding you can you preserve a single life.

Though he had doubts, he didn't let his imagination run wild.

After all, this senior had already withstood six kinds of Divine Thunder head-on; he clearly had something to rely on, and the confidence to face the Tribulation alone.

"What a pity, we don't even know this senior's Dao title." The Great Palace Master sighed ruefully at the side. "If we knew his title, with such an experience, this old man could brag about it for the next few hundred years... Though I'll never hope to reach Golden Core Perfection in this life, at least I've seen the most震撼Nascent Soul Thunder Tribulation under heaven with my own eyes!"

It wasn't only the Great Palace Master who felt regret; Gongyang Fu, Yin Xuan and the others felt the same. After all, this kind of scene was something other people wouldn't see even if they lived several lifetimes.

Suddenly.

Du Yueqing spoke.

"The seventh kind of Divine Thunder has fallen."

...

Boom—

Above the Nine Abyss Netherworld, the six-colored Divine Thunder abruptly surged into seven-colored Divine Thunder.

Even with the Corpse Thunder backed by a vast amount of Nine Nether Qi, it finally couldn't withstand it; the Divine Thunder ultimately pierced through the Corpse Thunder, crashing down onto the Corpse Body and the Extreme Corpse Infant.

Fortunately, the Corpse Thunder had already shed the majority of the impact, so the shock borne by the Corpse Body and the Extreme Corpse Infant wasn't too great.

And in this way, it further accelerated the fusion and sublimation of the Nine Nether Qi with the Extreme Corpse Infant and the Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body.

But as time pushed forward again, the Heavenly Dao seemed truly angered by East Spring Undying Bone's ease.

After only an hour, the eighth kind of Divine Thunder came crashing down.

Heaven-shaking, earth-shattering.

It startled Wen Jiu quite a bit.

And made Du Yueqing and the others' hearts tremble.

When the eighth kind of Divine Thunder fell, the Corpse Thunder had completely lost its protective function and crumbled apart within the Thunder Sea.

The Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body and the Extreme Corpse Infant could only face the Thunder Tribulation directly, enduring the full impact of the eight-colored Divine Thunder.

Under such circumstances, the consumption of Nine Nether Qi began to soar; it burned through a full tenth in just one hour.

But after this there was still the ninth and the tenth kinds of Divine Thunder.

"In the end I still underestimated this Thunder Tribulation. Luckily I chose the Nine Abyss Netherworld, not a Tier Four Yin Vein.

If it were just a Tier Four Yin Vein, even if I drained it completely, it might still be impossible to endure eight-colored Divine Thunder."

Wen Jiu's gaze was fixed tightly on the situation in the Nine Abyss Netherworld; when the eight-colored Divine Thunder had persisted for an hour, the Nine Nether Qi consumption had already risen to thirty percent.

Luckily, another hour later, the ninth kind of Divine Thunder finally fell.

Though its terror once again escalated the consumption of Nine Nether Qi, devouring another twenty percent in just half an hour, at least it had arrived.

It did not play a drawn-out tug-of-war with him.

Yet even if the tenth kind of Divine Thunder never fell, these nine kinds alone would be enough to drain all the Nine Nether Qi in the Nine Abyss Netherworld in under two hours. At that point, he would be left only with Corpse Demon Origin Power.

Of course.

The Five Yin Ghosts could still step up.

But if ten kinds of Divine Thunder still weren't the end, then East Spring Undying Bone's attempt to unravel this Tribulation would be in grave danger.

"No wonder External Nascent Souls are so powerful, yet no one has ever successfully cultivated one; the Yinzhou Heterodox Record never caused much of a stir among Evil Cultivators either. This difficulty really is on a different level." Wen Jiu even began to suspect that when he charged toward Nascent Soul, his Thunder Tribulation hadn't been as ferocious as East Spring Undying Bone's.

"Forget it, man proposes, Heaven disposes. If ten kinds of Divine Thunder really aren't the end, then I...

Grandma's turtle egg.

I really don't want to accept that!

I've schemed for so long.

I really don't want all of it to go up in smoke at the last moment."

Even though Wen Jiu's mentality had long since been as calm as an ancient well, at this moment he couldn't help becoming like an ordinary mortal, starting to fret over gains and losses.

As expected.

In the past he could remain heart like still water only because he didn't care that much.

When you truly face something you care about, wanting your heart to remain unmoved like an ancient well is ultimately too hard.

...

At the same time.

Du Yueqing, Master Witch and the others already had their hearts lodged in their throats.

The Nine-Colored Thunder Pool had persisted for an entire hour, and that senior was still holding on.

But how much longer could he endure?

"Just a few kinds of Divine Thunder have already severed the path upward for ninety-nine percent of Golden Core Perfection Cultivators.

Now there are truly ten kinds.

Can senior really endure them?"

Master Witch's heart held a tangled mix of emotions, but mostly doubt and anticipation.

Du Yueqing clenched her fists tight, staring fixedly and with utmost focus at the Thunder Pool a thousand miles away, not daring to even breathe.

Yet when the tenth kind of Divine Thunder fell, Du Yueqing's heart still gave another violent tremor; she even forgot to breathe.

Looking over the thousands of years of history recorded by the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion, and all the intelligence they'd collected, there had never been a case of someone facing ten kinds of Divine Thunder when breaking through to Nascent Soul. Now, she was personally witnessing a historic moment.

But she dared not yet think whether this historic moment would be glorious, or, like all the others, end in failure and be lost to the long river of history.

From the bottom of her heart, she hoped for success.

But rationally, she knew very well that the chance of success was exceedingly slim.

...

Above the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

When all ten kinds of Divine Thunder had fallen, the consumption of Nine Nether Qi reached an unprecedented level.

In the span of just a quarter-hour, the Nine Nether Qi consumption soared by another twenty percent.

Yet the Nine Nether Qi within the Nine Abyss Netherworld was already down to a scant ten percent at most, only enough to support half an hour.

Once the Nine Nether Qi was exhausted, he would have no choice but to hold against it with Corpse Demon Origin Power.

In the end, the thing Wen Jiu least wanted to see still happened—the Nine Nether Qi in the Nine Abyss Netherworld was ultimately drained to nothing.

Even though Wen Jiu had already spread Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi over the entire Nine Abyss Netherworld, even going so far as to transform it into a Land of Absolute Spirit, the Yin Evil Qi accumulated over countless years could only let East Spring Undying Bone hold out for another hundred breaths.

After those hundred breaths, Wen Jiu could only activate the Origin Power of the Extreme Undying Corpse Demon to hold the line, while letting the Five Yin Ghosts replenish it continuously.

As time slowly moved on, after a quarter-hour had passed, East Spring Undying Bone’s Corpse Demon Power remained in a state of fullness.

But the Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend Origin Power of the Five Yin Ghosts had already been reduced by ten percent.

In other words, if the Thunder Tribulation did not escalate further, they could hold for at most six more quarter-hours.

Because the Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend Origin Power of the Five Yin Ghosts was double that of East Spring Undying Bone; ten percent of it equaled twenty percent for East Spring Undying Bone.

Of course.

Adding his Immortal Golden Core Power as well as all the corpse qi and ghost qi of the Three Corpses and Five Ghosts, they might be able to eke out another quarter-hour.

But that would be the absolute limit.

"Let’s hope there isn’t an even stronger Thunder Tribulation..."

Wen Jiu didn’t dare think further.

He only held his breath and spirit, staring fixedly at the passage of time.

A quarter-hour.

Another quarter-hour.

And when the Celestial Yin Ghost Fiend Origin Power of the Five Yin Ghosts was finally consumed completely, the thunderclouds at last began to diminish.

Seeing this.

Wen Jiu couldn’t help but feel a surge of joy.

The might of the Thunder Pool formed by ten kinds of Divine Thunder finally began to weaken.

Though he didn’t know how much longer it would last, East Spring Undying Bone’s Corpse Demon Origin Power was more than enough to see him perfectly through this Thunder Tribulation.

When Du Yueqing and the others a thousand miles away saw the thunderclouds finally starting to thin, the tension they’d been holding was completely released.

Because that senior had painfully endured to this step; now that the thunderclouds were receding, it would only become easier and easier to hold on from here.

"We’ve witnessed history."

Du Yueqing’s heart surged with emotion.

Even more exciting was that from this day on, she would have a Nascent Soul True Monarch as her backing.

And one who had passed through a Thunder Tribulation of ten kinds of Divine Thunder.

Perhaps his strength was still not comparable to those Nascent Soul True Monarchs who had lived for a thousand, even two or three thousand years.

But this senior was definitely the strongest existence among freshly formed Nascent Souls.

Without equal! ***freewebnovel.com***

"Quick, quick, tidy yourselves up properly and get ready to welcome True Monarch together with this old man!" Master Witch was even more wildly excited.

The entire ship shared his mood.

Those Qi Cultivation family members were so thrilled they were almost incoherent. What virtue or fortune did they have, to actually witness the birth of a Nascent Soul True Monarch with their own eyes?

However.

Just at this moment, as the dispersal of the thunderclouds gradually sped up, a new, powerful pressure broke through heaven and earth and slowly descended.

Chapter 826 - 397: The Nine Abysses, Yellow Springs, and the True Spirit Divine Tree Emerges

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That pressure did not resemble the Nine Abyss Netherworld, nor the aura of a Nascent Soul, and it certainly wasn’t the Celestial Dao Thunder Tribulation, but seemed to come from the entire Nine Abysses.

In the First Abyss, every inch of visible land surged with an immense pressure, coming from all directions, continuously gathering in the sky above the Nine Abyss Netherworld, rapidly accumulating into a thick, gray-white mist.

Within the mist, there was no sound of thunder, but instead, the deafening roar of waves crashing like the sea.

Just like the gigantic waves surging on the Heaven-Reaching River.

The sound of the waves echoed as if it were the roar of this piece of the Nine Abysses, pouring incessantly within the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

"What is this?"

Du Yueqing was bewildered.

She had never heard such a situation being mentioned by the cultivators of the Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion, nor had her master ever spoken of it.

"The Ten Thunder Tribulations have passed, why is there still more?" Master Witch and the others were also bewildered, watching the increasingly terrifying sound of waves above the Nine Abyss Netherworld; they had no choice but to order the black ship to retreat another thousand miles!

However.

The waves continued.

The feeling of closeness was truly as if the Nine Abysses were roaring.

"Could this be the reason why those predecessors never entered the Nine Abysses to attempt their breakthrough to a Nascent Soul?" Du Yueqing speculated while retreating, feeling a surge to contact the outside world.

The Ten Thunder Tribulations are not easy to endure; it is not something a Golden Core Perfection can withstand, and even enduring ten is as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

At this moment, they might be already exhausted, and if another tribulation comes, forget about breaking through to the Nascent Soul.

There is a danger of death and disappearance!

However. ***freewebnovel.com***

Just as Du Yueqing had this thought, her gaze landed on the corpse at the late stage of Golden Core on the black ship, which showed no signs of corpse energy.

Then, a reminder sounded, "All of you retreat with him, go as far as you can, it’s best to retreat out of the Nine Abysses and back to the Lifeless Abyss.

I will come to find you."

The voice came from that corpse devoid of corpse energy.

But it was the voice of that predecessor.

...

Thirty thousand li outside the Nine Abyss Netherworld, a black gleam suddenly pierced through the heavens and earth, falling among them.

At the place where the black gleam fell, thousands upon thousands of Demon Cultivators gathered, led by three Perfect Demon Cultivators.

When the three saw the black-gray demonic qi slowly emanating from the black gleam, they immediately knelt on one knee toward the vaguely visible person within, showing great respect.

Other Demon Cultivators did the same, their faces almost pressed against the barren soil of the First Abyss.

"Welcome Demon Monarch!"

"Welcome Demon Monarch!"

"Welcome Demon Monarch!"

The shouts shook the heavens.

But at this moment, they were immediately overshadowed by the roar of the waves in the First Abyss.

The black-gray demonic qi, from which only a vague human shadow could be seen, suddenly surged into the sky, and with a sweeping glance at the Nine Abyss Netherworld, accompanied by surging demonic qi, a tremendous pressure bore down upon thousands of Demon Cultivators, making them unable to stand upright.

A moment later, a weighty voice echoed from the black-gray demonic qi, "I never expected a cultivator with such evil nature to silently appear within the Heterodox Dao.

It is said that the Demon Dao alone is rejected by heaven and earth, yet even I only endured five divine thunders during my breakthrough to Nascent Soul.

But this person faced ten thunders during their breakthrough to Nascent Soul, rejected by the Heavenly Dao to such an extent, and they managed to withstand all ten.

No wonder heaven and earth do not accept him.

However, what I did not expect was that not only does the Heavenly Dao reject him, but even the Nine Abysses cannot tolerate his existence.

If I am not mistaken, that is the Yellow Springs from the Six Abysses, and it is continuously gathering after there.

When it pours down, the First Abyss, spanning millions of li, will probably be completely submerged, and the one at its center...

will likely perish and disappear.

His Divine Soul might even be imprisoned forever in the Nine Abysses, transforming into an Evil Spirit."

As the Demon Monarch spoke each word, thousands of Demon Cultivators were shaken to their core, unable to conceal their shock.

Even the numerous Perfect Demon Cultivators were momentarily speechless, unable to find words to describe their fear.

How evil must one be?

To be simultaneously rejected by the Heavenly Dao and the Nine Abysses.

Throughout the history of the Lifeless Abyss Demon Dao, such a situation has never occurred!

"Demon Monarch, what should we do next?" The Perfect Demon Cultivator, who had previously gone to report on the situation at the Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes, quickly inquired.

The Demon Monarch within the gray-black demonic qi did not immediately respond but continued to gaze into the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

Moments later, a murmur arose.

"Corpse...

Turns out it is the Corpse Dao.

The entire Heaven-Reaching River hasn’t produced such a terrifying Corpse Cultivator in millennia.

Interesting...

But it’s a pity.

What path is this person taking, and what kind of Golden Core have they formed, such that even the Nine Abysses do not accept them.

If it weren’t for the Nine Abysses rejecting him, this person might have become the most powerful Corpse Cultivator in millennia, even rivaling our Demon Dao."

As the Demon Monarch murmured, the thousands of Demon Cultivators below were even more horrified, not expecting that the Sacrificial Life Demon Monarch, who oversaw tens of millions of li in the lower Heaven-Reaching River, would speak so highly of this person.

When have the Heterodox Dao ever stood before the Demon Dao?

Yet the Demon Monarch said that even the Demon Dao would struggle to compete with him!

What a ridiculous Corpse Cultivator is this?

Just as they were in shock, the voice of the Sacrificial Life Demon Monarch fell once more, "Everyone, return immediately to the Lifeless Abyss; the Nine Abysses is no longer a place you can stay."

"Yes!"

Immediately, the Perfect Demon Cultivator nodded, not daring to waste a moment.

Because the Yellow Springs annihilate souls.

Including the Demon Soul!

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Once captured by it, there’s no possibility of rebuilding in another lifetime.

The other Demon Cultivators also responded one after another, transforming into birds and beasts and scattering away, not daring to delay in the slightest.

Only the Sacrificial Life Demon Monarch remained in the First Abyss, reluctantly watching this scene. As the sound of the waves grew increasingly heart-stirring, he could only choose to retreat.

"Such a pity.

Such a terrifying Corpse Cultivator must ultimately perish in the Nine Abysses.

Truly lamentable..."

With those words.

The Sacrificial Life Demon Monarch took a step forward, and black rays descended from the sky, bringing him back above the Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes.

However, upon returning to the Three Thousand Lifeless Lakes, the first thing he did was point his finger at the entire Demon Hall. Instantly, the hall resounded with thunderous noise, and dense secret texts flickered like starlight. Below, three Flood Dragons immediately spewed Demon Fire to reinforce the hall, followed closely by a surge of powerful Celestial Secret Divine Techniques aura.

The next moment.

The Sacrificial Life Demon Monarch used Life Technique Divine Techniques, divining the origin directly pointing to the Corpse Cultivator crossing the tribulation, yet the next moment he was taken aback.

The Celestial Secret aura was very familiar.

It was the person who took the True Spirit Demon Tree Mother Tree!

"So it’s his people!

Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion, oh Celestial Splendor Treasure Pavilion.

I should have thought, at the lower reaches of the Heaven-Reaching River, such beings could be cultivated only by none other than you.

Secretly cultivating a Nascent Soul True Monarch who, like me, grasps Celestial Secret Divine Techniques, and then producing such a Corpse Cultivator.

It seems these millennia of kindness and politeness are merely means to cover up a powerful ambition!"

...

Above the Nine Abyss Netherworld.

Wen Jiu felt the familiar Yellow Springs and the pressure pouring from the entire Nine Abysses, becoming somewhat silent.

Indeed, there was no Thunder Tribulation.

But the Yellow Springs came.

Blessing or curse.

It’s truly laughable.

Yet, if he does not resolve the tribulation in the Nine Abyss Netherworld, perhaps the Nine Abysses would not tolerate.

However, Wen Jiu does not regret it, after all, if not in the Nine Abyss Netherworld, then against the grand formation of ten thunders, even if he finds a Tier Four Yin Vein to resolve the tribulation, refining the entire vein would be far from enough.

The probability of enduring the ten thunders is extremely low.

"Now there’s quite a bit of Corpse Demon Power left, up to seventy percent, but to resist the Yellow Springs with seventy percent Corpse Demon Power is likely far from sufficient." Wen Jiu fell into contemplation; with the situation as it stands, he can only think of a solution first.

The next moment.

Wen Jiu thought of the Extreme Evil Blood Sea True Technique Divine Techniques.

"The divine killing momentum from the Extreme Evil Blood Sea True Technique Divine Techniques, in terms of combat power alone, is definitely stronger than the Corpse Demon Power.

Can only use it and give it a try!"

After Wen Jiu made up his mind, he stared fixedly at the accumulating Yellow Springs above, quietly waiting for its outpouring.

The next moment.

A gray-and-white fog suddenly got torn open, and the murky Yellow Springs immediately poured down, rushing toward the East Spring Undying Bone.

In an instant, the East Spring Undying Bone was pressed down a thousand feet, the weight of the Yellow Springs unimaginable, and as the Yellow Springs kept pouring down, the Thunder Spirit Demon Blood Body was immediately washed away at a visibly fast pace, heading toward dissolution.

Wen Jiu immediately unleashed the Corpse Demon power to block it; although it suppressed the washing away, the consumption of the Corpse Demon Power was terrifying.

A hundred breaths was one percent.

It’s not an exaggeration to say that if a real Nascent Soul Cultivator came, being washed away by the Yellow Springs, they might not last long.

And as a large amount of Yellow Springs flooded into the Nine Abyss Netherworld, it never washed away the Land of Absolute Spirit born of Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi, then Wen Jiu suddenly understood why he was not tolerated by the Nine Abysses.

The Nine Abysses continuously expand, aiming to annex the Lifeless Abyss. The Lifeless Abyss powerless to resist, and at this time appears Spirit-Extinguishing Corpse Qi, which can even devour the Nine Abysses, how could Nine Abysses tolerate him?

"So that’s why."

Wen Jiu didn’t know what to say anymore.

Watching the rapidly pouring Yellow Springs begin to submerge the First Abyss, Wen Jiu promptly used Extreme Evil Blood Sea True Technique Divine Techniques.

The divine killing momentum in the Blood Pool immediately infused into both arms, then peaked in the blood armor at his fingertips.

Using it to resist the Yellow Springs, the consumption of Corpse Demon Power was instantly alleviated, but the divine killing momentum began to be consumed rapidly.

But the good news is that the consumption of divine killing momentum wasn’t as fast as Corpse Demon Power, because the divine killing momentum in the Blood Pool was massive.

A thousand breaths only consumed half of it.

After all, this was the accumulation of karmic power from Soulless True Monarch over thousands of years.

However, the duration of the Yellow Springs was still unknown, so Wen Jiu didn’t rejoice too much; once the divine killing momentum was exhausted, the Corpse Demon Power was exhausted, he would truly be left with nothing.

Can’t possibly use karmic power from the Blood Pool, can he?

Karmic power isn’t divine killing momentum; its consumption is hard to recover, even Soulless True Monarch’s thousands of years only produced so much.

So, until the mountain runs out of options, it absolutely cannot be used.

Even if using the True Spirit Divine Tree to block, he wouldn’t want to consume karmic power, after all, the True Spirit Divine Tree can be cultivated in a short time.

The time needed will be merely the surface compared to the time needed for karmic power.

As time passed, the occurrence Wen Jiu least wanted to see finally happened; the Yellow Springs grew increasingly fierce.

Divine killing momentum's consumption accelerated, as did Corpse Demon Power's, soon within an hour, the East Spring Undying Bone would be utterly exhausted.

When the time comes, it could only rely on the True Spirit Divine Tree to sustain.

Though it would be nice if the True Spirit Divine Tree could truly support, but there's a fear it might not withstand the Yellow Springs.

"Nevertheless, I don't have other options now." Wen Jiu quietly awaited the relentless pouring of the Yellow Springs.

Watching the continuous consumption of divine killing momentum and Corpse Demon Power, an anxiety long absent quietly crept into his heart.

Finally.

An hour later, both divine killing momentum and Corpse Demon Power were exhausted, yet the Yellow Springs showed no sign of weakening.

Still pouring relentlessly.

"True Spirit Divine Tree, it's all on you now!" Wen Jiu couldn't afford to consider much, directly summoning the True Spirit Divine Tree from the East Spring Undying Bone.

The massive True Spirit Divine Tree appeared, and its form immediately began to swell, soon resembling a sky-covering umbrella blocking all the pouring Yellow Springs.

Seeing this, Wen Jiu couldn't help but be overjoyed.

And what happened next further astounded Wen Jiu, as the True Spirit Divine Tree began absorbing Yellow Springs.

The pouring Yellow Springs were being completely devoured by the True Spirit Divine Tree, not sparing even a single drop.

"The True Spirit Divine Tree can actually devour Yellow Springs!" Wen Jiu was delighted beyond measure; this way, the True Spirit Divine Tree wouldn't be consumed, and could even benefit from it.

This truly is blessing or curse!

With the True Spirit Divine Tree's frenzy in devouring, the Yellow Springs that had been surging within the First Abyss was forcibly pulled back.

Originally pouring crazily without pause, the Yellow Springs began getting drawn quickly by the True Spirit Divine Tree, while the tear in the gray-and-white fog was continuously widened by the tree's devouring power.

Observing this, Wen Jiu felt like the True Spirit Divine Tree was like a starving person, even disdaining the slow pouring of the Yellow Springs.

Eventually, under Wen Jiu's gaze, the True Spirit Divine Tree soared, directly plunging into the gray-and-white fog like a living creature.

"Is it intending to devour all the Yellow Springs within?" Wen Jiu was greatly shocked, but his suspended heart finally settled somewhat.

As long as the Nine Abysses no longer target him, the East Spring Undying Bone's tribulation crossing would be perfectly successful!

Although Corpse Demon Power and divine killing momentum were entirely consumed, these could resurface gradually.

With anticipation, Wen Jiu stared intently in the direction of the True Spirit Divine Tree, watching the Yellow Springs aura weaken significantly, Wen Jiu's heart was finally at ease.

Ultimately, there was no more!

The next moment.

The aura of East Spring Undying Bone started soaring, with the initially exhausted Corpse Demon Power and divine killing momentum rapidly regenerating; though not at the rate of consumption, it was indeed recovering—this is the sign of ascension!

The true breakthrough of East Spring Undying Bone begins!

To his surprise, what first transformed was the Avoidance Technique of Soul Capture of East Spring Undying Bone.

Originally Acquired Divine Power, the Avoidance Technique of Soul Capture began transmuting, while everything about it seemed innately fused into the Extreme Corpse Infant, as the fusion progressed, the Acquired Divine Power was even evolving into Innate Divine Power!

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse - Chapter 828 - 398: Supplementary Update in Progress...

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 828 - 398: Supplementary Update in Progress...

Chapter 828: Chapter 398: Supplementary Update in Progress...

[No additional updates today.

Suddenly started writing, got stuck on the text.

The following content is still a draft.

Sorry.]

Yang Ye asked curiously, "Guardian Envoy, why have I never heard of Kui Cultivators, Vein Gate Cultivators, Ghost Cultivators, or Talisman Cultivators?"

"Vein Gate Cultivators, you must have heard of them. You should know the Immortal Sect; everyone in the Immortal Sect is a Vein Gate Cultivator." Si Po was quite surprised by Yang Ye’s question.

Logically speaking, Yang Ye has made it this far and can kill someone at the Qi Cultivation Sixth Layer, so how is it possible that the Seven Powers of Celestial River County haven’t heard of him?

However, Si Po didn’t give it much thought.

Perhaps Yang Ye is an Ascetic.

Yang Ye nodded, "I know the Immortal Sect. It’s said that the lord of the Mountain City at the end of Cloud Mountain River is an outer disciple of the Immortal Sect."

Si Po nodded, "Vein Gate Cultivators cultivate the Vein Gate, and upon opening a Vein Gate, they enter the Profound Realm, using vein arts distinct from magic. As for Kui Cultivators..."

Si Po’s words were suddenly interrupted.

It was Yan Hu speaking.

"Since the Guardian Envoy has such leisure and elegance, I will take my leave now. Regarding the unrest caused by the Unemployed Race of Cloud Mountain Demon Cultivators, the Guardian Envoy can discuss it further at Cyan Cloud Temple."

Having spoken, Yan Hu immediately clasped his fists and prepared to leave.

Si Po quickly closed his mouth and did not continue explaining, merely advising Yang Ye, "Do not leave Qi Yun City. Although Si Minglan is not strong, he is not someone you can take lightly. If you refuse to join River God's Mansion, he will definitely kill you."

As he finished speaking, Si Po hurriedly called out to Yan Hu.

"Daoist Yan Hu, there's no need to be angry. Let us continue discussing the matter of the Unemployed Race of Cloud Mountain. Big matters are most important... Big matters are most important!"

Only then did Yan Hu stop in his tracks.

Seeing this, Yang Ye sensibly withdrew.

"Farewell, esteemed seniors!"

For if he stayed longer, it seemed certain that Daoist Yan Hu would become even more unhappy.

As for the matters related to Kui Cultivators and such, investigating outside would be the same, since these are general knowledge issues.

However, after Yang Ye left, Si Po softly said, "Daoist Yan Hu, what's the need. Yang Ye is not the same as before. Haven't you noticed that we can't see through his cultivation?"

"Hmm?"

Yan Hu was taken aback.

Actually, he hadn't used Divine Sense to examine Yang Ye's power, because he was aware that Yang Ye had previously wanted to squander his entire wealth to join Cyan Cloud Temple.

"He's stronger than Si Minglan... You'll understand in due time." Si Po maintained an attitude of keeping secrets without further comment.

Yan Hu responded mildly with a hint of defiance, "So what if he's stronger than Si Minglan, he still won't be able to escape from Si Minglan's grasp. Don't forget, Si Minglan

has an aide, a Gate of Non-Life Hundred Souls Realm Ghost Cultivator, whose strength now likely surpasses yours by a margin."

"Are you referring to Yan Xie?"

Si Po’s eyes suddenly narrowed.

...

In Qi Yun City.

After leaving the Guardian Department, Yang Ye found an inn.

In the inn, everyone was slightly tipsy and the conversation flowed smoothly, so asking questions generally yielded answers.

Thus, Yang Ye finally understood that the world has many cultivation methods, with seven prominent cultivation methods emerging.

They are the Divine Dao, Cultivators, Vein Gate lineage, Kui Cultivators, Ghost Cultivators, Talisman Cultivators, and finally Demon Cultivators, as Si Po mentioned.

The Divine Dao governs the world through the Divine Court.

In Celestial River County, the Divine Dao lineage is represented by the City God Temple lineage, becoming gods through incense offerings.

Cultivators make up the Cyan Cloud Temple lineage, practicing Qi Refining Cultivation.

Vein Gate is the Immortal Sect, opening vein gates and using vein arts.

Notably, the Immortal Sect doesn’t have a branch in Celestial River County, only a group of Immortal Sect disciples banded together.

Demon Cultivators are composed of the Unemployed Race of Cloud Mountain. They cultivate by bringing demon souls into their bodies, merging with the demon soul during battle. *freewebnovel.com*

Ghost Cultivators are from the Gate of Non-Life, but their cultivation methods are very cruel, using human essence, with very strict requirements.

Talisman Cultivators belong to the Hundred Crafts Sect, able to draw talismans and merge with them, similar to Demon Cultivation’s method of bringing demon souls into the body.

Kui Cultivators belong to the Bone Demon Sect. Kui Cultivators refine puppets, using them to kill enemies.

The seven major powers are equally matched in Celestial River County.

As for the Guardian Department, it includes all kinds of cultivators, belonging to the Divine Court, but unlike the City God Temple's job overseeing mortal affairs, the Guardian Department supervises all cultivators.

After delving into these matters, Yang Ye felt a sense of shock that was identical to what he felt when he first crossed over.

This world is truly fascinating.

If someone only had talent in the Martial Dao, they might never see the world clearly, possibly never even stepping out of their small corner.

Promptly, Yang Ye exchanged his remaining Incense Fire Pearls for some entry-level cultivation methods, excluding the Divine Dao.

He planned to let Tang Niu and the others choose their own paths when the time came.

Meanwhile, outside River God's Divine Mansion.

Hundreds of cultivators and demons had surrounded it, with Cloud Mountain River's River God's eldest son, Si Minglan, behind them.

"Elder Yan, are you sure Yang Ye's trail ended here?" Si Minglan's gaze fell upon the ordinary River God's Divine Mansion, finding it hard to believe.

The black-robed elder responded with certainty, "Rest assured, Young Master, my Blood Ghost won't make a mistake. Yang Ye's aura stopped right here."

"Bring him out!" Seeing the black-robed elder's certainty, Si Minglan did not hesitate and immediately ordered his men to rush inside.

Out of the hundreds of cultivators, over a dozen first-tier demons sprang forth, with auras comparable to the Qi Cultivation Third to Fourth Layer.

They roared as they charged toward the River God's Divine Mansion, preparing to break open the door with force.

Boom!

Boom!

The dozen or so demons collided with the door, but it remained unmoved, instead causing them to see stars.

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 829 - 398: Bonus Update in Progress..._2

Chapter 829: Chapter 398: Bonus Update in Progress..._2

At this moment, Yang Ye flashed back into the River God’s Divine Mansion.

As soon as he landed, a system pop-up appeared in front of him, followed by a loud noise coming from the main entrance of the River God’s Divine Mansion.

[Enemies are attacking the River God’s Divine Mansion!]

"Hmm?"

Yang Ye immediately spread out his Divine Sense.

At the same time, Tang Niu and Tang Xiaomei in the backyard also heard the loud noise and rushed to the main hall to check. Di Ting, who was sleeping in front of the River God’s statue, suddenly woke up, angrily glaring at the entrance.

Obviously, it was very angry about being disturbed from its sleep.

"Hmm?"

Si Minglan outside the River God’s Divine Mansion saw this scene and was momentarily stunned.

"Send more people."

Si Minglan ordered again, and a dozen cultivators eagerly charged towards the River God’s Divine Mansion, ready to even tear off the roof.

However, it was still to no avail.

The flying swords and magic that struck had no effect at all.

Seeing this, Yang Ye held back the furious Di Ting, "Wait a moment, let’s see what other tricks they have."

"Master, what should we do..." Although Tang Niu didn’t know what was happening, seeing Di Ting so angry, he guessed that someone must be attacking.

"It’s alright, continue with your tasks." Yang Ye calmly responded and continued to watch outside the River God’s Divine Mansion with his Divine Sense.

Due to the ineffective attack earlier, the black-robed elder beside Si Minglan also felt it strange. He cast his Divine Sense on the River God’s Divine Mansion and then said in a deep voice, "Young Master, let me try."

"Elder Yan, leave one alive," Si Minglan reminded.

Though surprised by the toughness of this house, he had great confidence in Yan Xie’s strength.

Because Yan Xie was a late-stage cultivator in the Hundred Souls Realm, with power comparable to, if not stronger than, a Qi Cultivation Ninth Level cultivator.

Not to mention a mere wooden house.

Even in the entire Celestial River County, there aren’t many stronger than him.

In the next moment, the black-robed elder surged forward with a mass of black mist, accompanied by the wails of ghosts and howls of wolves, crashing onto the door of the River God’s Divine Mansion.

Boom—

After a deafening sound.

The door of the River God’s Divine Mansion remained completely unmoved.

However, others in the River God’s Mansion did not witness this scene.

Because with that thunderous sound, a terrifying shockwave suddenly spread out, instantly sweeping them away. The riverbed and banks of Cloud Mountain River collapsed, and in an instant, a murky cloud that obscured visibility churned up.

But as the closest one, Yan Xie clearly saw the incredible scene in front of him.

"What?"

Yan Xie was stunned.

He had just used seventy percent of his strength, yet it shouldn’t be possible not to destroy a small house.

"Impossible." Yan Xie couldn’t believe it, and once again unleashed a series of punches at the River God’s Divine Mansion’s door with full force.

Boom—

Boom—

Accompanied by continuous roaring sounds, just as Yan Xie delivered another punch, the door of the River God’s Mansion suddenly opened quickly.

But it wasn’t his strength that opened it.

Because the moment it opened, the half-man-tall Di Ting darted out from inside at lightning speed and rushed towards Yan Xie.

Yan Xie was shocked and turned, attempting to retreat, but was immediately bitten by Di Ting on one foot, forcefully dragged into the River God’s Divine Mansion.

Bang—

The door closed once more.

Dragged into the River God’s Divine Mansion, Yan Xie was startled because he sensed an extremely terrifying aura from the Di Ting biting him.

There was an imposing divine aura.

There was an overwhelming demonic aura.

The coexistence of both — it was the legendary Divine Beast!

He always thought that Divine Beasts only existed in legends because he had never heard of a Divine Beast in Celestial River County.

"Blood Ghost!"

Yan Xie quickly shouted, and then a blood-colored evil soul surged out from his body, uttering a piercing declaration of war. It was instantly pounced on by Di Ting and swallowed whole, as if eating a bun.

Yan Xie was dumbfounded.

The Blood Ghost was his strongest trump card, with fighting power at least comparable to a Qi Cultivation Ninth Layer Perfection cultivator.

Yet now it had been eaten in one bite.

"Enough." Just as Di Ting was about to pounce on Yan Xie to devour him whole, Yang Ye spoke up to stop it.

Only then did Di Ting desist, but it bared its teeth and glared at Yan Xie, seemingly ready to pounce and bite him to death at any moment.

Yan Xie turned around, his gaze immediately landing on Yang Ye, who was wearing the River God's Divine Robe and exuding a majestic divine aura. Shocked, he blurted out two words.

"Yang Ye!"

As soon as he spoke, Yan Xie immediately realized something was wrong, hurriedly struggled to kneel, and with a loud thud, kowtowed to the ground, "Greetings, True God!"

The quick reaction left others speechless.

Yang Ye didn't say much, but instead shouted to Di Ting, "Eliminate the weeds by the roots!"

Since it has begun, there can be no survivors.

This is his consistent principle.

"By the way, remember to leave Si Minglan's body intact," Yang Ye reminded, after all, he promised to leave the body intact.

Di Ting nodded, then rammed open the doors of the River God's Divine Mansion and charged out.

At the same time, Si Minglan and the others had just regained their footing, and their Divine Sense spread immediately into the murky river water.

But as soon as the Divine Sense reached out, they felt a terrifying aura charging fiercely, scaring Si Minglan out of his wits.

Before having a chance to see what was attacking, he was knocked out by Di Ting with a strong impact, and then carried away like prey in its mouth.

...

Inside the River God’s Divine Mansion.

Yang Ye’s cold gaze fell on Yan Xie, frightening him into kowtowing desperately, only to plead for a chance at life.

"Enough."

Yang Ye glanced at the bloodstained floor tiles, unwilling to let them be further sullied, he had to stop Yan Xie from kowtowing.

Soon, Di Ting returned.

Still clutching the unconscious and barely alive Si Minglan in its mouth, and upon reaching Yang Ye, disdainfully spat him out.

Clearly, it had no interest in eating humans.

Yang Ye immediately pointed.

A burst of Divine Power directly pierced through Si Minglan’s head, sending him to the Underworld.

This scene startled Yan Xie, prompting an attempt to plead once more, but he was stopped by one sentence from Yang Ye.

"Find a spot in the river, dig a hole, and bury him."

Yan Xie was overjoyed.

Wasn’t this survival?

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Yan Xie hurriedly picked up Si Minglan, strolled out of the River God’s Divine Mansion, and dug a hole to bury him a hundred meters away.

Having done all this, he quickly returned.

As to why he didn’t escape?

Because Yang Ye was a True God, and he had a Divine Beast by his side; how could he escape?

After Yan Xie returned, Yang Ye did not kill him immediately, "From today onwards, you’ll help clean the Divine Mansion."

Si Minglan was of no use.

But Yan Xie was, after all, in the Hundred Souls Realm, his strength comparable to the Qi Cultivation Ninth Layer.

"Yes." Yan Xie nodded promptly.

At this moment, survival was enough.

As for how to live, he didn't care at all.

Because as long as he lived, there was a chance to escape.

Immediately, a pop-up appeared.

[Yan Xie]

[Ghost Cultivator]

[Identity: River God's Divine Mansion Servant]

[Loyalty: 35]

Seeing the loyalty level, Yang Ye wasn't surprised.

He didn't care either.

With Di Ting watching over the River God's Divine Mansion, nothing would come of it, even if the loyalty was zero.

"Follow me," Yang Ye commanded.

Yan Xie hurriedly followed.

Di Ting, satisfied, lay back beside the divine statue. ***freewebnovel.com***

After bringing Yan Xie to the backyard, Yang Ye spoke to Tang Niu, "From now on, the responsibility of cleaning the Divine Mansion is his, you focus on cultivating. If there's anything you don't understand, you can ask him, he will undoubtedly be forthcoming."

After speaking, Yang Ye's cold gaze fell upon Yan Xie.

Fearing he'd end up like Si Minglan if he didn't agree fully, Yan Xie quickly nodded, "Yes, yes, yes, if there's anything you don't understand you can ask this old man, this old man will surely tell all he knows without reservation!"

Tang Niu quickly bowed in gratitude, "Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Senior."

Tang Xiaomei beside him also bowed.

Yan Xie quickly shook his head, saying with fear, "It’s the right thing to do, it’s the right thing to do."

Yang Ye sat down in the courtyard, concealing the divine essence of the River God’s Divine Robe, and asked, "What method did you use to find me?"

"This old man had a Lifebound Ghost, extremely skilled in tracking auras, which the earlier Divine Beast senior swallowed in one gulp." Thinking of the heavy loss, Yan Xie’s heart ached, a deep, piercing pain.

But then he thought, at least he was still alive, which made him feel like laughing.

Hearing Yan Xie’s response, Yang Ye couldn’t help but be secretly surprised.

Ghost Cultivators, truly extraordinary.

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

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Chapter 830: Chapter 399: Supplemental Update in Progress...

[The following content is a draft.

Apologies.]

Immediately, Yang Ye’s gaze fell upon the Listener.

The Listener was skilled at discerning human hearts and could naturally distinguish the truth in Yan Xie’s words.

The next moment.

A Divine Sense Communication arrived.

Only four words—Gratitude is False!

Yang Ye's expression darkened, and with a wave of his hand, he performed the divine technique "Time Flies".

Although it only lasted a moment, it took away fifty years of Yan Xie's life.

In an instant, Yan Xie's back hunched even more, and his hands withered rapidly to a noticeable degree.

Yan Xie was shocked.

He felt his lifespan slipping away and his body aging, as if decades had passed in an instant.

Just as Yan Xie was panicking, Yang Ye's cold voice came, "This time it's fifty years. If you dare to speak nonsense again, all your lifespan will vanish."

Upon hearing this, Yan Xie promptly knelt down with a thud, filled with immense fear, even his very soul trembled at this moment.

Lifespan deprivation.

How could there be such a divine technique in the world!

Who exactly is this Yang Ye?

Isn't he just the Yang Family Patriarch?

"Senior, I dare not, I dare not!" Yan Xie spoke fearfully, kowtowing repeatedly, the sound echoing loudly.

Yang Ye spoke in a deep voice, "Every word you say next, if there's a single lie, I will bury you with Si Minglan."

Yan Xie nodded quickly, "Senior, please calm your anger. I indeed did not serve Cloud Mountain River's River God out of gratitude, but because I could not defeat him. I served him out of fear of death, until he emerges from seclusion."

Yang Ye glanced at the Listener, seeing no reaction, he continued, "Continue, regarding the Gate of Non-Life, and also about the River God's Mansion of Cloud Mountain River."

He was not afraid of that Cloud Mountain River River God, unless his lifespan exceeded a thousand years, otherwise, he could only die of old age in front of "Time Flies".

But he was still quite curious.

As for the Gate of Non-Life, Yang Ye was equally curious.

The powers that could rival the Guardian Department and Cyan Cloud Temple, just how strong they were. After all, as far as he knew, the temple's leader at Cyan Cloud Temple was at Qi Cultivation Great Perfection.

Yan Xie nodded, "Regarding the Gate of Non-Life, the most noteworthy is my master, Luo Wusheng, the master of the Gate of Non-Life, who is a powerhouse in the Realm of Hundred Souls Perfection. His Lifebound Ghost, Langpo, is so powerful that it could rival a cultivator of Qi Cultivation Perfection. It is no exaggeration to say, even the master of Cyan Cloud Temple at Qi Cultivation Great Perfection, and the Ninth Grade Peak City God of Celestial River County, may not be able to match my master. Under his command are three late-stage ghost cultivators of the Hundred Souls, comparable to cultivators at Qi Cultivation Eleventh Layer. In the entire Celestial River County, only the City God Temple of the Divine Court can surpass the Gate of Non-Life."

Speaking of this, a hint of pride appeared.

Yang Ye's gaze fell on the Listener.

The Listener still showed no reaction.

"This Gate of Non-Life is surprisingly strong," Yang Ye murmured to himself, slightly alarmed.

Yang Ye then asked, "And what about the strength of Cloud Mountain River's River God?"

Yan Xie responded, "The River God of Cloud Mountain River has been in seclusion at Du Ming Mountain for ten years and has not yet emerged, so the exact strength is unknown. But it is certain that if this seclusion is successful, he should be able to rival a cultivator at the Qi Cultivation Tenth Layer when he emerges. Of course, senior need not fear him, but you must be cautious of the City God Temple behind him. After all, the River God of Cloud Mountain River belongs to the City God Temple. If anything happens to Du Ming Mountain, the City God Temple will not stand idly by."

Upon finishing, though frightened, Yan Xie still cast a sidelong glance at Yang Ye's expression.

He wanted to see if Yang Ye would show worry or remain calm upon hearing the River God's potential to rival Qi Cultivation Tenth Layer Perfection.

What he saw was only calm.

This made him involuntarily astonished, just how powerful is this Yang Ye?

Yang Ye inquired, "And the City God of the City God Temple, how many years of lifespan?"

Yan Xie hesitated, somewhat puzzled, but suddenly remembered how Yang Ye had deprived him of fifty years of lifespan earlier and seemed to understand something.

"The City God's lifespan definitely does not exceed five hundred!"

Yang Ye nodded, asking no further questions.

Since it didn't exceed five hundred, there was nothing to worry about.

After briefly inquiring about the City God Temple's situation, Yang Ye shifted the topic.

Focusing on completing the task was still most urgent.

Everything else could be set aside for now.

After all, the River God of Cloud Mountain River at Du Ming Mountain had not yet emerged.

"In the entire Celestial River County, are there any Rootless among those cultivators with your level of strength?"

Yang Ye's goal remained clear, targeting those lone individuals, those Loose Cultivators, people he might have a chance to recruit.

Though Yan Xie didn't know why Yang Ye asked such a question, he answered honestly, "There are, but only two or three."

"Speak of them."

"To my knowledge, the City Lord Luo Hao of Luocheng is a Loose Cultivator, at the Qi Cultivation Ninth Layer, not affiliated with any power, but solely focused on business. There is also a Demon Cultivator who runs an Art Hall in the County City of Celestial River County. She used to be the most famous Singing Girl in the county, also at the Qi Cultivation Ninth Layer in strength, but a few days ago was crippled by a demon cultivator from the Unemployed Race, and probably doesn't have much time left."

Having finished speaking, Yan Xie fell into contemplation.

A moment later, he suddenly said, "Oh, and there's that one. The former General Guardian Envoy, Mo Jianhuan, hailing from the world-renowned Immortal Sect. He cultivated the pulse of the gate, at the late stage of the Profound Realm, even cultivators at the Qi Cultivation Tenth Layer could not contest him. But that was twenty years ago, now he is just a fisherman, spending his days fishing, disinterested in world affairs. It's said he was set up and lost his position as General Guardian Envoy, leading him to give up hope and become a mere fisherman."

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Yang Ye glanced at Tì Tīng, seeing no movement, he continued to ask, "Do you know where these three people are?"

Yan Xie nodded, "No, but it can be easily found out. After all, these three are not insignificant figures."

"After seven days, take me to see Mo Jianhuan." Just having used the divine technique 'Time Flies Like an Arrow', Yang Ye decided to stay at the Divine Mansion for seven days before leaving.

The reason for meeting Mo Jianhuan first was because his strength was slightly superior.

Choosing strength, Yang Ye did not want to choose the weaker one.

After all, the Circulation Envoy represents the River God, and if the strength is lacking, what's the use of recruiting such an envoy?

Yan Xie nodded, "Understood!"

"Wipe the blood off the floor." With that, Yang Ye returned to his room, and seeing that he had no more business, Tì Tīng also returned to the River God's statue.

Seeing this, Yan Xie immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Suddenly he slumped to the ground, and only then did he realize his back was drenched in cold sweat.

Overall, quite lucky, survived!

The feeling of being alive is wonderful!

I love being alive!

Meanwhile, the moment Yang Ye returned to his room.

A system popup appeared again before his eyes.

[Yan Xie]

[Ghost Cultivator]

[Role: River God's Divine Mansion Servant]

[Loyalty: 45]

Seeing the suddenly increased loyalty, Yang Ye was startled for a moment.

It actually increased by 10 points.

Why?

Could it be that Yan Xie is a masochist?

Otherwise, it's hard to explain why his loyalty increased suddenly.

Close the system interface.

Immediately, Yang Ye closed the door tightly.

This time, he did not practice divine power in the room, but opened the system to enter that supreme River of Time.

Because last time he left too hastily, some things he hadn't figured out, this time he wanted to go in and clarify.

The system previously said that the River of Time would grant him power, allowing him to bear the supreme Power of Time for a short period.

But how long is this short period?

At the same time, Yang Ye wanted to try if he could discover other uses for the Power of Time.

Because he couldn't be hiding for seven days every time he used 'Time Flies Like an Arrow', what if some unexpected or sudden situations occurred?

Upon reaching the River of Time, Yang Ye casually found a void place to use time acceleration, still at the flow rate of thousands of years per breath.

Ten breaths later, Yang Ye felt as if his body was about to tear apart, causing him to quickly stop, not daring to continue using the Power of Time.

Perhaps if he continued for another breath, his flesh would collapse. freewebnovel.com

"Ten breaths, a full ten breaths of time." Yang Ye let out a long breath in hindsight with a hint of satisfaction at the corner of his mouth.

"System, how can I increase the duration of bearing time?" Yang Ye quickly asked.

[The host can enhance the synergy between the Power of Time and the physical body by repeatedly using the Power of Time, but the process is slow. After all, the host's divine body is only a low-level River God Body. Once the host attains a body related to time, and subsequently, as the body improves, the duration the host can utilize the Power of Time will extend.]

"Right in my task rewards, there is a divine body related to time." Yang Ye felt a hint of anticipation but soon realized a problem, "System, if an outlying great power appears in the River of Time and I can't drive them away, will there be a penalty?"

This question is crucial.

It's more important than how long he can withstand the Power of Time.

[Yes, after failing to expel, the host's Master of Time status will be revoked. To be precise, the River of Time will actively strip the host of the Master of Time status. As for whether the Divine Domain can be reopened subsequently to become the Master of Time again, it depends on the host's luck.]

"One time and it's revoked!" Yang Ye was startled, "Then I better complete the task quickly. If an outlying great power with a lifespan of ten billion, a hundred billion years emerged, then my one breath of thousands of years' time flow rate definitely won't scare them away."

With these words, Yang Ye hurriedly attempted to explore other methods of utilizing the Power of Time.

As soon as he could develop other usage methods, he would immediately return to Cloud Mountain River to complete the task.

However, the moment he used the Power of Time, his flesh transmitted an excruciating tearing pain, scaring him into quickly stopping.

"Looks like I need to rest for a while." Yang Ye felt quite helpless, but he had no choice but to exit the River of Time.

In the following days, Yang Ye would enter the River of Time once every day, but every time he used the Power of Time for a moment, a tearing sensation would ensue.

Until the fifth day, the tearing pain sensation was finally gone.

...

Meanwhile, in Celestial Water County, an astounding news spread rapidly, the River God's eldest son from Cloud Mountain River, Si Minglan, mysteriously disappeared.

All of a sudden, River God's Mansion again became the topic of discussion among many cultivators in Celestial Water County's leisure times, everyone was curious about who could dare to harm the eldest son of Cloud Mountain River's River God.

However, few people would associate Si Minglan's disappearance with Yang Ye, after all, Yang Ye was just the Patriarch of Yang Family.

Even if relying on a surge of exertion turning River God's Mansion into a laughing stock, in the end, he was merely one of the lowest-level cultivators.

But when Si Po, who resided in Qi Yun City, received this news, his thoughts were completely different from everyone else's.

Because the last time Yang Ye disappeared, Fu Ran also went missing.

No matter how hard River God's Mansion tried to find him, he couldn't be located.

Thus, he boldly predicted that Yang Ye certainly killed the other party because he couldn't discern Yang Ye's strength completely.

This time, Yang Ye disappeared again.

And closely following disappearance was Si Minglan.

How could it be so coincidental?

However, the ghost cultivator follower from Gate of Non-Life also vanished, making Si Po hesitant to jump to conclusions.

After all, although Yan Xie's name was not prominent in Celestial Water County, he knew clearly that the opponent's strength was exceptionally formidable.

Even an ordinary cultivator at the Qi Cultivation Ninth Level couldn't do anything against Yan Xie, and this included himself, which was one of the reasons why Cyan Cloud Temple's Yan Hu said Yan Xie's strength now surpassed him slightly.

Such a strong person, could Yang Ye have killed him too?

Impossible.

"It seems that only upon meeting Yang Ye again can everything be clarified." Si Po murmured a sentence, planting a seed of doubt in his heart.

This seed urgently needed the truth to be watered!

...

The River God's Divine Mansion.

When Yang Ye could use the divine technique 'Time Flies Like an Arrow', he immediately left the River of Time.

Even though he hadn't developed any other usage methods for the Power of Time, he ultimately figured out a bit.

Leaving the room, Yang Ye walked leisurely towards the courtyard, his eyes falling upon Yan Xie, who was sitting on a stone stool and scolding Tang Niu.

"Brat, what's good about cultivating immortality? If you chose the Ghost Dao, I'd teach you everything I know without reservation." Yan Xie showed a look of exasperation at Tang Niu not living up to expectations, but upon seeing Yang Ye coming out, he immediately turned obedient like a rabbit, falling to his knees with a thud.

"Senior!"

Bong!

With a loud knock, he banged his head on the ground.

Tang Niu and Tang Xiaoye also quickly paid respect.

Yang Ye nodded, "You both chose immortal cultivation?"

Tang Niu and Tang Xiaoye nodded in succession, then after a glance at Yan Xie, asked, "But this senior keeps emphasizing that ghost cultivation is the strongest cultivation method under the sky. Should we switch to the Ghost Dao then?"

"Ghost Dao is the strongest, you really dare to say that." Yang Ye's gaze immediately fell on Yan Xie, scaring Yan Xie into quickly acknowledging his mistake.

Tang Niu and Tang Xiaoye instantly understood.

"So you've been tricking us all along, Ghost Cultivation isn't strong at all, no wonder you couldn't even beat my master and can only do menial chores!"

Tang Niu spoke up, leaving Yan Xie on the verge of tears.

He desperately wanted to explain loudly.

It’s not the Ghost Cultivation isn’t strong.

It’s that your master is too strong!

Moreover, the Ghost Dao, while not exactly number one, can at least stand alongside other cultivation methods as number one, calling it number one is not wrong.

But seeing Yang Ye’s cold eyes, he could only obediently shut his mouth.

"Take me to find Mo Jianhuan." Yang Ye spoke.

Yan Xie briskly stood up, and quickly said, "As far as I know, Mo Jianhuan has been staying at Yan City in recent years, but precisely where, I’m afraid it’s necessary to enter Yan City to inquire about it. Just as the Gate of Non-Life has a branch in Yan City, the junior was going there..."

Upon saying ’there’, Yan Xie suddenly realized something was amiss.

Oh no.

If this senior misunderstood that he was trying to play tricks, wouldn’t he be doomed?

Yang Ye nodded, "Ask all you want, don’t mention me."

Yan Xie nodded.

Instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, this senior didn’t misunderstand!

And what happened next, also let Yan Xie understand, why this senior didn’t misunderstand.

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Chapter 832 - 400: Supplemental Update in Progress...

Chapter 832: Chapter 400: Supplemental Update in Progress...

[The following content is a discarded draft.

Apologies]

"Have you got brain damage?"

An old man in a green robe, white hair flowing, sat quietly cross-legged on the meditation cushion, his cold gaze falling on the little Daoist standing there respectfully.

The little Daoist hurriedly said, "Master, that Yang Family patriarch is willing to hand over his entire fortune, as long as you're willing to take him as your Disciple."

The Yang Family.

Lord of Changsha City.

Wealth piled mountain-high, money that could never be counted to the end.

And the Yang Family patriarch's entire fortune had to be at least a hundred-something thousand taels of silver.

One hundred taels of silver is enough for an ordinary person to live out a prosperous lifetime, while a hundred-something thousand taels of silver is something ordinary people wouldn't dare dream of, even in their wildest dreams.

The old man in green sneered, "Is this Yang Family patriarch treating our Cyan Cloud Temple like some martial hall? Pay money, get accepted? Mortals are mortals, only know how to use that crude worldly set of tricks to solve problems, truly ridiculous."

Really think everyone loves money?

Cyan Cloud Temple is the number one Daoist Temple within five hundred li; if we open this precedent today, how will Cyan Cloud Temple maintain the demeanor of an Immortal Family?

Even if we accept anyone, aptitude must come first.

The little Daoist hurriedly said, "Master, then I'll go and refuse him."

The old man in green asked in a deep voice, "What is this Yang Family patriarch's aptitude like?"

"Ordinary aptitude, a shoddy Low-Grade Spirit Root." The little Daoist spoke truthfully.

The old man in green snorted in disdain, "Send him away, and from this day forth he is never again allowed to enter Cyan Cloud Temple."

A dignified Cyan Cloud Temple, if it were to accept a shoddy Spirit Root for the sake of money, if word spread wouldn't people laugh their teeth out?

He could not afford to lose that face.

"Yes, Master." The little Daoist didn't dare say another word, bowed respectfully, and then slowly withdrew from the room.

Very quickly, the little Daoist arrived outside Cyan Cloud Temple.

At this moment there was a spirited, vigorous white-haired old man standing outside the temple. He looked quite advanced in years, but his eyes were extremely firm and bright.

This was precisely the Yang Family patriarch, Yang Ye!

He was already one hundred and thirty years old this year.

After the little Daoist came to the gate, he coldly refused, "From now on, do not come to Cyan Cloud Temple again."

"This..."

Yang Ye's face hardened.

When you just took my five thousand taels in silver notes you didn't have that expression.

Now you change just like that.

Even professional face-changers aren't as good at changing faces as you.

But Yang Ye didn't dare say what was in his heart aloud, because he had come to Cyan Cloud Temple this time with a request.

He was already one hundred and thirty.

He had stood at the end of the Martial Dao, in the Grandmaster Realm, for thirty years now; if he wanted to take another step forward he had to pursue Qi Cultivation.

Yet within a radius of five hundred li, there was only this one Cyan Cloud Temple that had a Cultivator.

If he could not cultivate Qi, he would only be able to sit and wait for death.

To be honest, he wasn’t willing to simply grow old and die like this, just as he hadn’t been willing to remain a fishmonger when he had first transmigrated.

"Immortal Master, this old man has ten thousand taels of silver here. All you have to do is go back inside and pass along one sentence for me, and it will be yours. Besides, this old man will also prepare a courtyard for you in Changsha City, as well as ten beautiful wives and concubines."

Hearing this, the little Daoist’s expression instantly tightened, a look of painful struggle flashing in his eyes, yet in the end he could only sigh and say, "Please forgive this little Daoist’s incompetence, Master truly does not wish to see you."

Truth be told.

He was very tempted.

But he was even more afraid of being expelled from Cyan Cloud Temple.

In Cyan Cloud Temple, even if he remained stuck at Qi Cultivation First Layer his whole life, he was still a high-and-mighty Immortal Master standing upon the clouds.

Outside Cyan Cloud Temple, any random Martial Dao Grandmaster could take his life.

Finished speaking, the little Daoist turned around and hurriedly shut the gate.

Out of sight, out of temptation!

Seeing this, Yang Ye unwillingly took a few steps forward, intending to use sheer willpower to knock on Cyan Cloud Temple’s Immortal Ascension Gate.

However, suddenly his vision went black.

When light returned, he found that he was already at the foot of Cyan Cloud Temple, and only by lifting his head as high as possible could he see the temple in the clouds.

Yang Ye was unwilling to leave just like that, and charged Cyan Cloud Temple again.

However, after just a few breaths he would be sent back down.

After this cycle repeated three to five times, Yang Ye recognized reality—or rather, he accepted this bloody reality.

"If I can’t knock open this Immortal Ascension Gate, then to seek immortal fate I must travel five hundred li outward. But that road teems with monsters and devils, and even Immortal Masters may not be able to protect themselves. If I go, it will be nine deaths and one life!" Yang Ye let out a difficult sigh.

Yet Yang Ye still decided to go.

Because he was unwilling to simply wait for death.

Even if he died, he wanted to die on the road seeking immortal fate.

Only thus would he not disgrace the name of transmigrator; if he just sat and waited to die, how would later transmigrators look at him?

Most importantly, it would smear the face of Hunan folk, because Changsha City was named by him. People of this world don't understand, but Earthlings do.

...

Seven days later.

Yang Ye finally arrived at the tranquil, breeze-cooled banks of Cloud Mountain River.

Cloud Mountain River begins in Cloud Mountain, runs a hundred li to reach this place, and then extends another five hundred li downstream until Mountain City.

And the immortal fate he sought lay in Mountain City.

The lord of Mountain City was said to be an Outer Disciple of the world-renowned Immortal Sect, with a Cultivation utterly unfathomable. People often saw him flying through the sky in broad daylight, like an immortal god. Just hearing of such methods was enough to strike terror into the heart.

If on this trip he could win that man's favor, step upon the path of immortal ascension, what would be so bad about acknowledging him as foster father?

A true man can bend and stretch; though he was now the Yang Family patriarch, he was still the fishmonger from a hundred years ago.

That had never changed!

[Congratulations to the host on successfully transmigrating, the Godhood System is activating...]

[Detected that host is by the water, Godhood System will be modified into River God System. Once activated, host will become the River God of this Cloud Mountain River.]

"Congratulations on my successful transmigration?"

Wasn't that something from a hundred years ago?

System.

What the hell are you doing?

I transmigrated a hundred years ago, and you only show up now.

"I knew it, all those seniors before have already proven to me that transmigration must come with a cheat, how could I possibly not have one."

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It turns out I was a hundred years late.

[River God System activated successfully.]

[Note: Once the host departs from the identity of the River God, the system will automatically detach.]

[Additionally, congratulations again on your cross-world travel. This world is named the Divine Realm, as the name suggests, it is a world where immortals and gods exist. However, the immortals and gods in the Divine Realm are all conferred by the Divine Court and are not recognized by the power of heaven and earth, nor the will of the Heavenly Dao. Therefore, the host will become the only True God recognized by the power of heaven and earth and the will of the Heavenly Dao—the River God!]

[Yang Ye]

[Age: 130]

[Divine Position: River God]

[God Rank: Ninth Grade (not inherited)]

Tianfu stared at the system panel in a daze, feeling a surge of excitement, "Couldn't enter the Immortal Ascension Gate, yet became a River God, such is fate."

The name of the River God was not unfamiliar to him.

The Earth is not lacking in stories about River Gods, some positive, some negative, but regardless of the stories.

River God is always a god!

Being a god is quite good.

"System, what level of strength does this Ninth Grade equate to?"

With a sense of wonder, Tianfu's gaze fell upon the Ninth Grade divine position.

[Currently, the host's Ninth Grade progress is 0, which equates to the Qi Cultivation First and Second Layers of a cultivator. However, as the River God, the host's power in Cloud Mountain River will be greatly enhanced, making it immeasurable.]

The next moment, a popup window appeared before his eyes.

In the system space, there was a golden seal.

[River God Divine Seal]

[Status: Unrecognized (blood recognition required)]

[Possessing this seal allows you to mobilize all the power of heaven and earth within the Cloud Mountain River's divine domain, revealing the true body of the River God.]

[Effect: Counteracts all evil energy]

"First, recognize it with blood."

Yang Ye immediately took out the fist-sized River God golden seal and made a cut on his wrist.

Why cut the wrist?

Because Yang Ye had trained his palms and arms to be as hard as black iron, ordinary blades and swords could not pierce his skin.

So he could only cut his wrist.

Currently, only his wrist was not yet trained.

.....

Blood dripped onto the divine seal, awakening it, and it emitted a dazzling golden light, causing the previously calm Cloud Mountain River to suddenly surge with waves.

The waves crashing against the muddy banks roared unceasingly, as if welcoming the arrival of the River God.

A moment later, the divine seal successfully recognized its master.

With a flash of golden light, the divine seal transformed into golden light, drilling into Yang Ye's chest.

[Yang Ye]

[Age: 130]

[Lifespan: 20 years]

[Divine Position: River God]

[God Rank: Ninth Grade (progress 0, ascends to Eighth Grade when incense value or wish force reaches 100,000)]

[Divine Domain: Cloud Mountain River (unlock progress 0, next divine domain can be unlocked when incense value or wish force reaches 100,000.)]

[Incense Value: 0 (Each household burns incense once daily, gaining one incense value)]

[Wish Force: 0 (Gains one incense value whenever someone makes a positive prayer)]

Yang Ye studied the system panel carefully, falling into deep thought.

Cloud Mountain River stretches five hundred miles, with over a million mortals living along its banks.

One hundred thousand incense value, should not be difficult.

The challenge is, how to make them offer worship to him.

After all, there are cultivators in this world, so there is an understanding of power. Although respected, it is not blind reverence.

Suddenly.

A new system panel broke his contemplation.

[Main Quest Released]

[River God’s Divine Mansion]

[As the god of a river, even as the lowest-tier divine officer, how can you not have your own divine mansion? If word got out, wouldn’t people ridicule?]

[Please enter the Cloud Mountain River and choose the location for constructing your divine mansion.]

[Quest Reward: River God’s Divine Robe]

Seeing there was a quest, Yang Ye hurriedly dove into the water, the previously turbulent Cloud Mountain River instantly becoming calm.

It seemed that with the River God present, it dared not act rashly.

At this moment, the Cloud Mountain River was as gentle as a child.

As expected, as the River God, breathing in water came naturally, and the originally dark riverbed became very bright upon entering his vision.

Fish, shrimp, crabs, and all aquatic creatures, sensing the arrival of the River God, gathered around, offering respectful gazes.

"Greetings, River God lord!"

"Greetings, River God lord!"

"Greetings, River God lord!"

Their voices rose and fell like waves.

Of course.

It’s not that they could speak.

But Yang Ye could understand their language.

Even a single blade of water grass, they too have body language.

"Disperse now." After driving them away, Yang Ye chose the location for the Divine Mansion at the very bottom of the Cloud Mountain River.

A hundred zhang below!

[River God’s Divine Mansion under construction...]

[Time required: 24 hours]

Soon, twenty-four hours quietly elapsed.

While the River God’s Divine Mansion was being constructed, Yang Ye found the nearest town and sent a letter home to the Yang Family.

After all, the Yang Family people are descendants by blood in this world, so Yang Ye naturally couldn’t let them be worried about him all the time.

The contents of the letter were simple.

Have ascended to the Immortal Sect, do not worry!

Just as Yang Ye was about to return to the Cloud Mountain River, a few people in straw capes and fish clothes approached, constantly discussing the Cloud Mountain River.

"Have you heard, Old Li from Xiaowang Village was killed."

"Huh? Wasn’t he just drinking with us a few days ago? How did he suddenly get killed?"

"Unlucky, encountered a Fish Demon in the Cloud Mountain River, even the boat was snapped in half by the Fish Demon, and Old Li along with his two sons were killed by the Fish Demon."

"What a world we live in."

"You can say that again."

The people in straw capes and fish clothes sighed continuously.

Yang Ye was stunned.

Fish Demon?

There’s actually a Fish Demon in his Cloud Mountain River.

And it’s a Fish Demon causing havoc. *freewebnovel.com*

"Then I will deal with you!" Yang Ye angrily returned to the Cloud Mountain River.

The River God has a power, with just a thought, the number of aquatic creatures in the Cloud Mountain River, and the position of any fish, shrimp, or crab can be determined.

Not knowing doesn’t mean it’s harmless, but upon seeing it, it’s quite shocking.

Within a fifty-li range, there are three demons.

One Fish Demon.

One Crab Spirit.

And one Shrimp Demon.

[Fish Demon Bao Lian]

[Bloodline: Tiger Fish Bloodline (Low)]

[Strength: Qi Cultivation Third Layer]

[Sin Value: 37 (One sin value for each innocent person killed)]

"Goodness, causing havoc and killed thirty-seven people." As the River God, Yang Ye could not tolerate it any longer.

He then took another look at the other two demons.

[Crab Spirit Yu]

[Bloodline: Giant Legged Crab Bloodline (Low)]

[Strength: Qi Cultivation Third Layer]

[Sin Value: 0]

...

[Shrimp Demon Xiao Yao]

[Bloodline: Five-Colored Shrimp Bloodline (Low)]

[Strength: Qi Cultivation Third Layer]

[Sin Value: 0]

"These two demons, with a sin value of 0, might be useful to me, while I can also test my current strength."

With these words, Yang Ye immediately headed towards the location of the Crab Spirit.

The Crab Spirit’s location was in a stone cave at the riverbed, very hidden. As Yang Ye appeared at the entrance, an angry voice echoed in his mind.

"Human, don’t court death!"

Clearly, although this Crab Spirit did not harm the innocent, it was definitely not a good-tempered creature.

No words wasted.

Yang Ye instantly manifested the true form of the River God, his entire body emitting a golden light, and with a raise of his hand, a golden divine power pressure bore down upon the Crab Spirit in the cave, pinning it in place. Yang Ye had a feeling that just a bit more force and it would be crushed to death.

This gave Yang Ye a clear understanding of his power, knowing that when he manifests the true form of the River God, his strength exceeds that of Qi Cultivation Third Layer.

Comparable to Qi Cultivation Fourth or Fifth Layers.

"Spare me, River God!" the Crab Spirit’s pleading voice followed immediately.

How could it not realize the River God was present?

Several hours ago, it had received Divine Sense Communication in its mind that the Cloud Mountain River had attained a River God from today onwards.

But it thought it was just some cultivator messing around, unexpectedly it was real.

Yang Ye asked in a deep voice, "Would you be willing to serve under my command and work for me?"

The Crab Spirit rejoiced, "Willing, willing."

It thought the River God came to kill him.

After all, it was a demon.

Those cultivators on the shore regarded slaughtering demons as their duty.

Because they believed that if it was a demon, it must be evil, so it had always secluded itself for cultivation at the riverbed, never surfacing.

But unexpectedly, this River God wanted to recruit it. Being able to serve under a True God and work for it was a great opportunity.

"Come out quickly." Yang Ye immediately withdrew his divine power, but did not retract the true form of the River God.

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

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Chapter 834: Chapter 401: In the Process of Making Up Updates...

[The following content is a discarded draft.

Apologies]

The cold wind ran wild.

Like a pack of wolves howling towards the sky.

Snowfalls heavily.

As if white clouds have fallen and shattered into pieces.

The world is covered in snow, drowning mountains, submerging peaks, yet when it falls into the valley within Lianwu Mountain, it is wiped away by an invisible force, and not a single snowflake can pass through that forbidden snow-covered area.

Thus, outside the valley, the blizzard rages, but inside the valley, the scenery resembles spring, like two worlds altogether.

At this moment, on the border between deep snow and shallow grass blue flowers, the newly reborn Wen Jiu quietly stands, as if appreciating the tall walls of snow, yet also seemingly waiting for something.

After a few breaths, Wen Jiu can’t help but marvel, his words filled with delight, "The Cultivation Realm truly lives up to its legendary status, a typical winter snowstorm can blanket ten-foot tall trees overnight, leaving only their treetops visible."

Saying that, Wen Jiu extends his hand.

From spring to winter.

Plunging one inch into the snow.

The chill instantly travels through his fingers across his whole body, bone-chilling cold, freezing to the heart.

After a few breaths, Wen Jiu quickly pulls back, and hurriedly breathes on his hands to warm them, his face still brimming with amazement.

A feeling of seeing the world for the first time.

No way around it.

The first day after rebirth witnessing the Cultivation Realm’s snowstorm.

How can one not be thrilled?

How can one not be excited?

Especially since he is someone from the south who hadn’t seen snow in ten years.

At this moment, a woman steps out leisurely from a row of good houses behind him, her face delicate, her appearance pleasing, but as she walks toward Wen Jiu, each step seems cautious, as if afraid her footsteps would disturb him.

If you look closely, you will find that when she gazes at Wen Jiu, there is a trace of fear in her clear eyes.

Like a sheep seeing a wolf.

"Master... Steward Li has arrived." The woman spoke in a low voice, very respectful.

Wen Jiu turned around, gazing at the woman who was particularly respectful in front of him, yet trembling, not daring to look him straight in the eye, he couldn’t help but shake his head with helplessness.

The woman’s name is Yun Ping.

She used to be a disciple of a sect, but apart from her, over three hundred people from the sect lost their lives in the chaos of war.

To survive, she fled to the Independent Practitioner Market at Lianwu Mountain to escape the war, but due to her weak power and lack of Spirit Stones to pay for the market’s dwelling fee, she could only end up as a Blood Contracted Maid.

After being bought by the original body practicing Hehuan Technique, she was used as a cultivation tool, subjected to torment. If it were only this, maybe she could endure.

But the original body had a strong tendency towards violence, often venting his frustrations on her after receiving grievances outside.

Whipping and insulting were common matters.

That’s why Yun Ping is so afraid of him.

Although Wen Jiu does not consider himself a good person, he cannot stand seeing women treated like livestock.

"Don’t call me Master anymore."

He has no such preference.

Yun Ping’s eyes instantly revealed a fearful look, and she knelt on the ground with a thud, begging, "Master... Did I do something to displease you? I will change, I promise I will!"

Seeing this, hundreds of similar scenes flashed through Wen Jiu’s mind, according to past scenarios, in the next moment the original body would drag Yun Ping into the good house, then start whipping and tormenting her.

Recalling these memories, Wen Jiu’s heart was filled with anger - what a beast you are!

Perhaps such behavior is not unusual in the Cultivation Realm where life is as cheap as grass, but he cannot accept it.

Wen Jiu hurriedly shook his head, "No, you haven’t displeased me, I just don’t like this title."

Saying so.

Wen Jiu tried to help Yun Ping up.

But at the moment he touched her, Yun Ping’s body trembled violently, and she couldn’t stop shivering.

When Wen Jiu helped her up without the usual incidents occurring afterward, Yun Ping was momentarily stunned in place.

Without having time to react.

Wen Jiu spoke again.

"Where is Steward Li?"

Yun Ping quickly replied, "He’s next door!"

Wen Jiu acknowledged and walked over confidently.

Steward Li.

Full name unknown.

Background unknown.

But he is responsible for collecting rent, representing the owner of the Independent Practitioner Market.

This visit must be for rent collection.

So Wen Jiu dared not slack off, nor hesitate because if he missed the once-a-month rent collection by Steward Li, paying the rent later would not just involve three Low-grade Spirit Stones.

Arriving outside the good house.

The fifty-something-year-old Steward Li was approaching leisurely, his expression indifferent, seeming above all.

Wen Jiu didn’t mind.

Because in his memory, this Steward Li was not only a cultivator of the Middle Stage of Qi Cultivation, but also a relative of the owner of the Independent Practitioner Market.

Disregarding the truth of his background, his cultivation level in the Middle Stage Qi Cultivation was quite significant within the Independent Practitioner Market. Facing him, someone in the Qi Cultivation Second Layer and an Early-stage Cultivator, it’s normal not to see a good face.

If he approached him with a smile first, then there would be a big problem.

"Rent." Steward Li said indifferently.

As if unwilling to linger even for a breath longer.

Wen Jiu quickly retrieved the only three Low-grade Spirit Stones from his embrace according to his memory, "Steward Li, these are for this month."

"Next month’s rent will increase by one stone."

After taking the Spirit Stones, Steward Li left a message and was about to leave.

Wen Jiu’s expression changed, becoming quite unpleasant.

Because according to the original body’s memory, going out hunting monsters for a month only earns about five Low-grade Spirit Stones.

Previously, the rent required only three, leaving about two stones to sustain daily life and cultivation. But if the rent increases, relying on one Low-grade Spirit Stone, sustaining daily life will be tough, let alone cultivating.

What’s more difficult is that after winter, low-level cultivators like him will find it increasingly challenging to hunt monsters for Spirit Stones, making it almost impossible to maintain a monthly income of five Low-grade Spirit Stones.

Not to mention earning more.

Yet he didn’t ask why the rent increased, nor did he plead with the other party to not raise the rent for now.

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Because it’s pointless.

Although Wen Jiu didn’t ask, the white-bearded old Taoist who came out from the good house to pay rent did speak up.

"Steward Li, why did the rent suddenly increase? Didn’t you say before that the rent at the outskirts of the market wouldn’t go up?"

Steward Li’s face turned cold, "Old fool, stay if you want to stay, leave if you don’t. Now that the war troubles outside Lianwu Mountain are becoming more frequent and the demon beasts causing havoc are increasing, why shouldn’t the rent change?"

The white-bearded old Taoist was left speechless, not daring to speak again since he was only at Qi Cultivation Third Layer. If he really angered Steward Li and got kicked out of the market, it would cost him dearly.

Helpless, he could only sigh. He glanced at Wen Jiu and then turned to go inside, "Snowfalls are heavy; the moment the snow doesn't melt, the ways to make money decrease. And now the rent has gone up... how are we supposed to live?"

Wen Jiu withdrew his gaze, turning back to look at the high walls of white snow behind him.

At this moment, the snow he used to long for no longer seemed so beautiful or delightful.

He turned around.

Yun Ping stood behind him.

Cautiously hiding by the wall, not daring to approach Wen Jiu, seemingly worried that Wen Jiu would vent his life pressures on her again.

Wen Jiu glanced at her and left a sentence before turning back into the house.

"From today onwards, you're free to go wherever you want... you're free..."

The rent increased.

Earning money has become difficult again.

Additionally, at Qi Cultivation Second Layer, it's not possible to completely avoid eating, so it's unnecessary to keep another mouth to feed.

Although Yun Ping didn't eat much, if she ate two or three more meals, he'd have to eat one less meal himself.

"Master..."

Seeing Wen Jiu didn't impose difficulties on her.

Seeing Wen Jiu return to the house unusually.

Yun Ping stood there in a daze.

At a loss.

Master.

What’s this about?

No matter what.

Yun Ping still didn’t dare to leave.

Instead, she stepped forward to catch up, fearing she might fall behind.

Because she feared Wen Jiu was doing it on purpose, and that if she stepped outside, he would only torment her even more.

Such things had happened before.

Seeing Yun Ping follow him into the house, Wen Jiu hastily stopped her, realizing, "I forgot about your blood contract."

With that said.

Wen Jiu retrieved the blood contract from his storage bag according to his memory and tore it up in front of Yun Ping.

If he were to sell Yun Ping to someone else, he might have gotten two or three Low-grade Spirit Stones. *freewebnovel.com*

After all, she was a Qi Cultivation First Layer Female Cultivator.

Her looks and figure were also exceptional.

But he couldn’t do it, couldn’t push a woman who had been tormented for three years by his predecessor back into the fire.

Alas.

In the end.

He still didn’t have the potential to be a bad person.

His heart wasn’t ruthless enough.

However, Wen Jiu also reminded himself silently, as this is a chaotic Cultivation Realm where lives are treated like grass.

"Just this once!"

Upon entering the house and seeing this, Yun Ping’s eyes filled with shock because this was something she never dared to dream about.

The blood contract was destroyed, meaning she was now free.

As long as she could earn enough Spirit Stones to rent a good house, she could once again become a true Loose Cultivator.

"Am I dreaming?" Yun Ping pinched her own face, unable to believe that the perverted Wen Jiu would really let her leave, "Mas...ter, are you really willing to give me my freedom?"

Wen Ping nodded slightly.

Not offering much explanation.

He couldn't help but sigh to himself.

How much suffering and despair must Yun Ping have endured day by day to the point where even when hope arrived, she couldn't believe it was true?

Alas.

Indeed, life in the Cultivation Realm is as worthless as grass.

But now wasn't the time to pity her; he himself didn't even have a plan for next month's rent.

If he couldn't pay the four Low-grade Spirit Stones for rent next month, Steward Li would surely kick him out of the market.

What if he encountered a ruthless Loose Cultivator who would capture him and force him to become a Blood Contracted Male Servant?

He didn't dare to think about it.

He really didn't dare to think about it.

After all, where there are perverted male cultivators, there surely are perverted female cultivators.

After seeing Yun Ping off, who was overwhelmed with gratitude and repeatedly thanking him, the white-bearded old Taoist from the good house suddenly came out, stunned, "Hehuan Thief, you of all people gave the maid her freedom?"

Wen Jiu ignored the old Taoist.

The old Taoist's name was Qi Muli, at Qi Cultivation Third Layer, higher than him by one layer. Before the Cultivation Realm's war broke out, he was already a Loose Cultivator.

When the war started, he quickly hid in the Wushan Market, and it has been five years since.

In memory, their relationship wasn't deep. Because of hunting demons together outside, they did share some camaraderie.

However, Qi Muli was very pragmatic with people; he only remembered you when he needed you, and when he didn't, he merely glanced at you. A year ago, after entering Qi Cultivation Third Layer, he never paid attention to Wen Jiu again.

The predecessor of Wen Jiu tried to please him by offering gifts, but Qi Muli accepted them without reciprocating, nor did he take him along to hunt demons again. For someone like him, Wen Jiu couldn't be bothered anymore.

But this time it was different; the white-bearded old Taoist, seeing Wen Jiu unresponsive, initially intended to leave directly but stopped after a few steps.

This time, he intended to hunt demons outside the market to earn Spirit Stones, but after the snowfall, it was difficult to find even traces of demon beasts. The snow also made hunting demons at least fifty percent more challenging, so having a helper was best.

Wen Jiu, although lecherous and somewhat perverted, was like him, just an ordinary Qi Refining Cultivator without any other skills than earning money. Therefore, inviting him along was more easily successful than asking others.

"Hehuan Thief, old Taoist, I'm planning to help you make some money this time. How about going out to hunt demons with me? You find the demons, I kill them. The spoils are split thirty-seventy, you share thirty, I take seventy!"

"No."

Wen Jiu said and turned back into the house.

Hunting demons is risky, especially after the snowfall.

Whatever the white-bearded old Taoist was planning, even without experiencing everything in the Cultivation Realm firsthand, Wen Jiu could guess it.

Isn't it just finding a helper?

Or to put it bluntly.

He wants someone to cover his back in case of real danger.

Otherwise, why not find a cultivator of the same level?

But after returning to the house, Wen Jiu was troubled. If he didn’t go out and hunt demons, where would the Spirit Stones come from?

In the market, there was no work that allowed an ordinary Qi Cultivation Second Layer cultivator to earn four to five Low-grade Spirit Stones a month.

"Do I really have to go out and risk my life in adventure?"

In the memories of the predecessor, hunting demons could earn Spirit Stones but was also very dangerous.

Low-level Qi Cultivation Cultivators often died at the mouths of demon beasts every now and then.

Meanwhile, outside, the white-bearded old Taoist looked shocked, clearly not expecting Wen Jiu to refuse.

Wen Jiu earned significantly less Spirit Stones than he did monthly, and now with the rent increased by one Low-grade Spirit Stone, how could he bear it?

In such a situation, Wen Jiu still refused him?

"Why is this guy acting like a changed person today?" the white-bearded old Taoist sighed, initially intending to find someone as bait to lure the demon beasts.

After sighing, the white-bearded old Taoist couldn’t help but glance at Yun Ping, feeling even more puzzled.

Wen Jiu, a Joyful Wanderer.

Without Spirit Stones, without Spirit Veins to support, the Blood Contracted Maid was his only chance to improve his cultivation.

Yet, Wen Jiu actually set the Blood Contracted Maid free.

"Could it be... this guy got hit on the head by that Mid-stage Qi Cultivation Cultivator a few days ago?"

He murmured a line before leaving.

Yun Ping also deeply gazed at the good house that haunted her nightmares daily, yet didn’t leave as quickly as the Taoist.

...

Inside the good house.

Wen Jiu fell into contemplation, thinking about ways to make money while taking out everything from the storage bag.

One Low-grade Spirit Stone Fragment.

Three pieces of inferior demon skin yellow paper.

One inferior talisman brush.

And half a jar of Demon Beast Essence Blood.

Total value not exceeding one Low-grade Spirit Stone.

But at the instant Wen Jiu picked up the silver-white talisman brush, a message window suddenly appeared before his eyes.

[Wen Jiu]

[Age: Thirty-three]

[Spirit Root: Low-Grade Spirit Root (7/50)]

[Gold Attribute Spiritual Sensitivity: 1]

[Wood Attribute Spiritual Sensitivity: 3]

[Water Attribute Spiritual Sensitivity: 1]

[Fire Attribute Spiritual Sensitivity: 1]

[Earth Attribute Spiritual Sensitivity: 1]

[Current Main Profession: Cultivator lv2 (cannot switch, current experience 55/200)]

[Basic Profession Skills: Level 2 Hehuan Technique (68/100), Level 1 Fire Bullet Technique (11/50), Level 2 Fire Snake Technique (5/100)]

[Special Skill Points: 0]

[Special Attribute Points: 0]

[Current Available Sub-profession Slot: 1]

[Upon contact with talisman painting tools, automatically acquire sub-profession—Talisman Master]

[Would you like to activate the sub-profession?]

"Activate!"

Wen Jiu was overjoyed.

Web novel authors.

Truly not deceiving me!

There’s always a golden finger with transmigration.

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[The following content is a draft.

Sorry.]

[Current Secondary Profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (0/100)]

[Profession Basic Skill: Lv0 Demon-Seeking Talisman (0/50)]

[Profession Special Ability: Divine Pen Lv0 (0/10) (Every time a talisman is drawn, it proceeds as if divinely aided, with a very high success rate when creating non-tier Spirit Talismans.)]

[PS: The level of a Talisman Master only increases with successful talisman creation. Each success adds one experience point, but the basic skill gains one experience point for every attempt, whether successful or not.]

[PS: At the current level, increasing the secondary profession level or the basic skill will grant special attribute points and special skill points. The former enhances the five-element affinity of primary profession spirit root, while the latter enhances secondary profession special abilities.]

Wen Jiu stared intently at the secondary profession panel.

His heart was overjoyed!

The so-called Lvo Talisman Master corresponds to a Talisman Master Apprentice in the Cultivation Realm, one who cannot yet create Tier One Spirit Talismans.

According to the notes on the secondary profession panel, one only needs to successfully create one hundred talismans to reach Level One.

Level One.

Is almost certainly a true Tier One Talisman Master!

As far as he knew, over ten thousand people lived in the outskirts of the Independent Practitioner Market.

The number of Tier One Talisman Masters certainly did not exceed ten, and they were all Tier One Lower Grade Talisman Masters.

Yet even as lower grade, their status in the Independent Practitioner Market was extremely high.

This is because the Spirit Talismans they create are extremely important to low-level Qi Cultivation cultivators, and even middle-stage Qi Cultivation cultivators need them.

Although they casually sell for one or two low-grade Spirit Stones each, they are always in short supply.

There are many reasons,

The simplest being that low-level Qi Cultivation cultivators have limited dantian magical power and can only cast spells a few times, making Tier One Lower Grade attack Spirit Talismans perfect substitutes.

Thus.

Amidst the throngs of low-level Qi Cultivation cultivators in the outskirts of the Independent Practitioner Market, Tier One Talisman Masters are among the wealthiest cultivators.

At this moment.

Wen Jiu was full of hope for the future.

"If I can become a Tier One Talisman Master, then my future life will be secure. I can earn Spirit Stones by drawing talismans and enhance my cultivation."

As for the original body's Hehuan Cultivation Technique, Wen Jiu disliked it.

It's not that he disliked dual cultivation.

But he didn't like relying on others for cultivation.

Moreover, in the original body's memory, the Hehuan Cultivation Technique had significant limitations.

For instance: upon reaching Qi Cultivation Third Layer, Yun Ping could no longer aid in improving cultivation.

After reaching Qi Cultivation Third Layer, to go further, one must find a female cultivator of the Qi Cultivation Second or Third Layer for dual cultivation.

Whether this is difficult to find aside,

the security issue alone is not trivial.

Immediately after.

Wen Jiu further studied the Lvo Demon-Seeking Talisman and prepared demon skin yellow paper, a talisman brush, and demon beast essence blood.

He was going to draw talismans!

To test the special ability of Divine Pen, to see how much it can increase the success rate.

Previously, the original body wasted over a hundred sheets of demon skin yellow paper in a year, worth almost four low-grade Spirit Stones.

Yet not a single Demon-Seeking Talisman was completed.

Wen Jiu took a deep breath, picked up the talisman brush.

Then, relying on memory, he began to draw snakes and dragons on the demon skin yellow paper, every stroke careful.

But he proceeded smoothly.

No feeling of unfamiliarity.

No interruptions.

As the dantian magical power fused with the demon beast essence blood to draw the talismanic pattern, it went very smoothly.

"Is this the Divine Pen?"

Wen Jiu was delighted.

However, the first Demon-Seeking Talisman still failed.

But the experience for the Demon-Seeking Talisman increased.

[Lvo Demon-Seeking Talisman (1/50)]

Wen Jiu was overjoyed.

Picked up the pen again.

The second one.

Still failed!

The power transfer faltered at the last stroke, causing the talismanic pattern to fail.

But the experience still increased.

[Lvo Demon-Seeking Talisman (2/50)]

After a hundred breaths of rest.

Wen Jiu continued to draw!

With the last sheet of demon skin yellow paper laid out, Wen Jiu became extremely cautious this time.

The process was very smooth.

This time, as the dantian magical power was nearly depleted, Wen Jiu successfully completed the final stroke.

One non-tier Demon-Seeking Talisman completed!

"This 'Divine Pen' special ability is truly extraordinary. The original body couldn't complete a single one out of over a hundred attempts, and I succeeded on the third try."

Although a non-tier one isn't very valuable on its own, ten can sell for one low-grade Spirit Stone.

If this success rate can be maintained, the cost of talisman paper and demon beast essence blood will be covered.

Not losing money.

is a perfect start!

There's only a fine line to profit!

And can keep gaining experience!

"As expected, it's great to have a cheat code!" freewebnovel.com

With anticipation and joy, Wen Jiu began to sit cross-legged, regulating qi to replenish his dantian's magical power.

But due to being on the edge of the market's spirit vein, the concentration of spiritual qi was no different from outside.

Thus, it took Wen Jiu two hours to replenish the dantian's depleted magical power.

...

By noon.

Wen Jiu originally intended to go out and buy some demon skin yellow paper to make talisman paper, to continue drawing talismans.

But unexpectedly, before he could go out.

There was a knock at the door.

Upon opening it, Yun Ping was sealed in her abilities, slumped weakly like cargo over someone's shoulder.

The person mocked, "Brother Wen, have you perhaps weakened from too much dual cultivation, passed out? Your blood-contracted maid ran off and you didn't even know! Luckily, I happened upon her, or you'd have to dual cultivate with your little hand!"

Upon hearing this.

Wen Jiu was speechless.

Familiar memories came to him.

The visitor was a friend of the original body.

Named Chen Liu.

They were quite close.

They had gone demon hunting together every month for the past three years.

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But that's not the highlight of the memory. The main point is that Chen Liu was a prince who killed at will in the mortal world. After becoming a loose cultivator in the Cultivation Realm, he became even more notorious.

Although like me, he is only at the Qi Cultivation Second Layer, the number of Qi Refining Cultivators who died at his hands is no less than twenty.

If he knew I let Yun Ping go free, he would certainly seize Yun Ping and sell her for Spirit Stones.

"Didn't expect... Even trying to be a good person is impossible." Wen Jiu sighed helplessly in his heart.

The next moment.

Wen Jiu pretended to be angry.

"Dare to escape while I'm resting!"

Chen Liu chuckled, "Brother Wen, your dual cultivation technique isn't working, she still has the strength to escape."

Wen Jiu didn't respond, he just clasped his fists in thanks, "Thanks, Brother Chen, I'll definitely treat you to a drink someday."

"Forget the drink, such things befuddle one's mind, frighten hearts, I prefer Spirit Stones." Chen Liu changed the topic, revealing his true intent for this visit, "Brother Wen, I've formed a gang with several loose cultivator friends, named Pursuing Immortal, we already have over thirty people, and I've reserved a hall master position for you!"

"Pursuing Immortal..."

The name is quite unique.

But he didn't want to join.

Not that he disliked grouping for warmth, but because Chen Liu is an ambitious person.

Also a person of aspirations.

The creation of Pursuing Immortal will surely spark conflicts and disputes due to interests, casualties are inevitable.

If there were no career panel, joining might be an option.

After all, if he can't pay next month's rent, he would be kicked out of the Market, which is no different from joining Pursuing Immortal.

But now with a career panel.

Wen Jiu naturally wouldn't join.

Stability.

Safeness.

And silent development is the main line.

"Thank you for Brother Chen Liu's kind offer, but I have recently felt that I may have a breakthrough, so I won't join for now."

Wen Jiu politely refused.

"Breakthrough?"

"Really?"

Chen Liu seemed surprised.

And a bit pleased.

Because if Wen Jiu can step into the Qi Cultivation Third Layer, Pursuing Immortal could have another vice gang leader.

The success rate of hunting demons outdoors would greatly increase, and they could more aggressively seize others' demon-hunting results.

Seeing Chen Liu's inquiring look, Wen Jiu nodded.

Chen Liu rejoiced, "Alright, then wait until you break through to the Qi Cultivation Third Layer, if you can, there will definitely be a vice gang leader position in Pursuing Immortal for you! You and I will be equals in Pursuing Immortal!"

"Thank you, Brother Chen Liu!"

Wen Jiu clasped his fists.

He did not directly refuse Chen Liu, leaving a bit of leeway.

Just because Chen Liu is not easy to deal with, direct refusal might make him harbor a killing intent towards him.

"You're welcome."

Chen Liu smiled happily.

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Chen Liu left satisfied, not displeased by Wen Jiu's refusal.

Once Chen Liu left, Wen Jiu's gaze fell on Yun Ping, curled up in the corner, and he couldn't help but shake his head helplessly.

"Come in first."

Since he chose not to reveal the truth to Chen Liu, Wen Jiu naturally wouldn't drive Yun Ping away again.

Perhaps leaving again.

If not encountering Chen Liu.

She might meet Chen Buliu.

Or Chen Sanliu.

"Thank you."

Yun Ping quickly followed Wen Jiu into the house.

After the fear dissipated.

What remained was despair.

Wen Jiu poured her a cup of hot tea, and said, "You can stay for two days, until you find a place to go."

"Place to go..."

Yun Ping fell silent.

A place to go?

Where is there a place to go?

She thought that after gaining freedom, she would be truly free.

However, in the Independent Practitioner Market, someone at Qi Cultivation First Layer like her has no place to stand.

No Spirit Stones.

No friends.

Unable to leave the Independent Practitioner Market.

After a moment of inner struggle, Yun Ping made a decision, "Master, I want to come back and serve you."

She saw Wen Jiu's change in temperament with her own eyes.

So she wanted to gamble once more.

If she loses the bet.

It wouldn't matter.

It would just be the same as before.

"Don't call me master, and I don't need anyone to serve me," Wen Jiu quickly refused.

However, in the next moment, Yun Ping suddenly leaned over, and before he could react, she sat in Wen Jiu's lap.

A fragrant scent filled his nose.

A softness pressed onto his chest.

Seduction!

Goodness!

You have indeed struck my weakness with a knife!

Now that I have the means to draw talismans, survival will surely not be an issue, having another mouth to feed doesn't seem impossible?

Yun Ping is young, with good looks and figure.

Not for dual cultivation, but just to have as a bed warmer maid might not be bad.

"Alas."

Wen Jiu sighed softly.

Yun Ping then kissed him.

And began to undress.

Instantly revealing a sheet of snow-white skin.

...

The next day.

Wen Jiu decided to let Yun Ping stay.

As for her status.

Temporarily determined as a maid.

Responsible for cooking a meal, doing laundry, and other household chores daily.

"Young master, you have changed... you have become gentle, learned to cherish people."

Yun Ping smiled gracefully, and her gaze at Wen Jiu no longer held fear. Though there was no love, there was a hint of tenderness.

The suddenly transformed Wen Jiu.

She quite liked it!

Wen Jiu shook his head with a smile.

Strolled away.

After passing through the area where the loose cultivators lived in good houses, Wen Jiu went straight to the closest trading market.

Planning to sell the Demon-Seeking Talisman to make a comeback.

But unexpectedly, the non-ranked Demon-Seeking Talismans were not popular, and Wen Jiu sat at his stall for half a day without any inquiries.

Upon inquiring for the reason, he found out that the non-ranked Demon-Seeking Talismans were challenging to trace the demon's tracks in the snow.

Therefore, more low-level Qi Cultivation cultivators chose to expend their dantian magical power to perform the Demon-Seeking Technique.

Or find a Qi Refining Cultivator who knows the Demon-Seeking Technique to hunt demons together outside the market.

However, that Demon-Seeking Talisman eventually got sold.

After all, not everyone understood the Demon-Seeking Technique.

Nor could everyone hire a cultivator proficient in the Demon-Seeking Technique to accompany them.

A non-ranked Demon-Seeking Talisman sold for one Spirit Stone Fragment, worth one-tenth of a Low-grade Spirit Stone.

Not much, indeed.

But it undeniably represented a survival skill.

Immediately, Wen Jiu wandered around the trading market again to see which non-ranked spirit talismans were the most popular. After all, there were not many Talisman Master Apprentices in the Independent Practitioner Market who could draw non-ranked spirit talismans.

Even if they were popular, they could not produce a large number of spirit talismans to meet the demand, so this might be his opportunity.

However.

After walking around.

He explored some popular spirit talismans.

For example, the Qi Gathering Talisman, which could gather Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and increase the cultivation speed, though not as effective as a spirit vein, was better than nothing.

The price was the same as the Demon-Seeking Talisman.

Ten Qi Gathering Talismans valued at one Low-grade Spirit Stone.

There was also the Ganlin Talisman, a talisman used by spirit farmers, specifically for assisting in planting crops like Spirit Rice.

The rest were Tracking Talismans, Sound Insulation Talismans, etc., mostly auxiliary spirit talismans for demon hunting.

But a new problem also arose, which was the extremely high cost of the crafting methods for such spirit talismans.

Wen Jiu struggled to find a stall to ask a question, and the answer he got was five Low-grade Spirit Stones.

There wasn't even a pirated version available.

Because there was a rule in the trading market that techniques could not be easily passed on, once a Talisman Dao reseller was discovered, Talisman Masters would personally intervene to kill. Both the seller and the buyer would not end well!

Moreover, Talisman Masters would often send people to entrap violators.

So even if there were bold ones wanting to be resellers, no one dared to buy.

Fearful of being tricked and meeting their doom.

"Why is there a monopoly on knowledge everywhere."

Wen Jiu sighed.

It seemed he still had to focus on the Demon-Seeking Talisman first.

After spending two Spirit Stone Fragments to buy six pieces of non-ranked Demon Skin Yellow Paper, Wen Jiu returned to the good house.

When drawing talismans, Wen Jiu would have Yun Ping leave.

Yun Ping was sensible.

Knew what she should and shouldn't see.

So, by the second time, she closed the door and left voluntarily.

Throughout the day, two out of six talisman papers were successful, maintaining a stable success rate of 31%.

Perfectly achieving a zero-loss operation!

The Demon-Seeking Talisman experience also reached eight points.

Talisman Master experience reached three points.

[Current Sub-profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (3/100)]

[Profession Basic Skills: Level 0 Demon-Seeking Talisman (8/50)]

After selling the two Demon-Seeking Talismans.

Wen Jiu continued drawing.

In seven days, assured by an almost divine steadiness while drawing, maintaining a high success rate of 31%.

This was extremely rare among Talisman Master Apprentices.

A typical Talisman Master Apprentice would need at least ten years to reach this level.

In other words, it would take ten years to ensure they didn't lose money drawing talismans, which was one reason for the scarcity of Talisman Masters.

After all, how many loose cultivators could keep losing money drawing talismans?

A year or two was bearable.

But ten years or eight years.

Who could withstand it?

Back to drawing talismans, at a 31% success rate, Wen Jiu could successfully draw two talismans every six pieces of Demon Skin Yellow Paper.

Over the seven days.

Successfully created ten talismans.

Thirty attempts at drawing.

Just 12 points short of the Demon-Seeking Talisman experience being full.

[Current Sub-profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (13/100)]

[Profession Basic Skills: Level 0 Demon-Seeking Talisman (38/50)]

Wen Jiu was very much looking forward to it.

What would happen once the experience was full.

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[The following content is a previous draft.

Apologies.]

In the next two or three days, Wen Jiu spent all day at the market stall selling Demon-Seeking Talismans.

Although the efficiency of selling talismans wasn't high, they were eventually all sold.

A total of one Low-grade Spirit Stone was credited.

This time, Wen Jiu used the entire Low-grade Spirit Stone to purchase Demon Skin Yellow Paper, totaling twenty-seven sheets.

Just two or three days ago.

One Low-grade Spirit Stone could still purchase around thirty sheets of non-tier Demon Skin Yellow Paper, perhaps even more.

But in just two or three days, the price of Demon Skin Yellow Paper increased.

To ensure he wasn't cheated, Wen Jiu inquired at several stalls, and the prices were quite similar.

Clearly.

The heavy snow brought more than just cold.

It also caused the price at the Independent Practitioner Market to start rising slowly.

But that wasn't the most critical factor; the most critical factor was that the price of Demon-Seeking Talismans hadn't increased. Because the difficulty of hunting demons rose, more people chose to hunt demons with Loose Cultivators using the Demon-Seeking Technique.

The situation of individual or small teams of two or three people hunting demons became rarer; perhaps this was also the reason Chen Liu created Pursuing Immortal.

At the same time, this meant that continuing to maintain a thirty-percent success rate in drawing talismans would result in losses.

Not much, but once the number of talisman drawings increased, the accumulated amount was not insignificant.

"Now I can only rely on whether skill progression, once maxed, will bring some change."

After muttering to himself, Wen Jiu quickly returned to the Good House, casually ate something, and began drawing talismans.

Drawing nine talismans a day.

Success in three.

The success rate of drawing talismans remained unchanged.

Soon.

Early the next morning, Wen Jiu successfully maxed out the proficiency at fifty-two percent.

[Current Sub-profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (16/100)]

[Basic Skill of Profession: 0-level Demon-Seeking Talisman (50/50)] *freewebnovel.com*

Following that.

A popup appeared.

[Successfully maxed out the experience of a Talisman Master level 0 Demon-Seeking Talisman, receiving a reward — special skill point.]

[PS: Can be used to enhance special abilities of the profession]

"It didn't upgrade."

Wen Jiu felt a little disappointed.

In fact, he was hoping the 0-level Demon-Seeking Talisman would upgrade, as the value of Cultivation Techniques in Talisman Dao is quite high.

Even a non-tier Talismanic Technique requires five Low-grade Spirit Stones, which he currently cannot afford.

"What a pity."

Wen Jiu sighed.

But the special skill point as a reward dispersed that small feeling of disappointment in his heart.

Without much thought.

Wen Jiu directly added it to Inspired Touch.

[Special Ability of Profession: Inspired Touch Lv0 (1/10)]

"Still missing nine points, and Inspired Touch can upgrade."

As he whispered.

Wen Jiu was filled with anticipation.

Perhaps.

Level 1 Inspired Touch could allow the success rate of drawing talismans to reach one hundred percent.

As he knew, even an experienced Tier One Talisman Master couldn't achieve a one hundred percent success rate in drawing non-tier Spirit Talismans.

With anticipation, Wen Jiu continued drawing talismans.

What Wen Jiu didn't expect was that the first Demon-Seeking Talisman was successfully drawn as smoothly as could be.

The second one was also the same.

Upon trying the third Demon-Seeking Talisman, it succeeded again!

Could it be...

A thought instantly flashed in his mind.

Next, Wen Jiu consecutively drew five talismans.

Sure enough.

All succeeded!

The success rate of drawing Demon-Seeking Talismans reached one hundred percent!

"Could it be because the experience value was maxed out?"

Wen Jiu was delighted; if that's true, it wouldn't matter much if the level of the Demon-Seeking Talisman didn't increase.

Because succeeding in drawing Demon-Seeking Talismans, the experience gain for the Talisman Master was real, and was not reduced.

Just now consecutively succeeding in five, the Talisman Master experience already increased by five points, reaching twenty-one.

It only needs a small further progress to max out level 0 Talisman Master experience!

[Current Sub-profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (21/100)]

After drawing all seven remaining sheets of Demon Skin Yellow Paper into Demon-Seeking Talismans, the Talisman Master experience increased by seven points.

[Current Sub-profession: Talisman Master Lv0 (28/100)]

Looking at the gradually rising experience.

Wen Jiu's mood was indescribably joyful.

...

After tidying up the table, the door was softly knocked at this moment.

"Master, the Spirit Rice Porridge is ready."

Wen Jiu opened the door.

Yun Ping immediately entered the room holding a bowl of steaming hot and enticingly aromatic white porridge.

Seeing Wen Jiu’s smiling face, Yun Ping couldn’t help but ask after placing the Spirit Rice Porridge in front of Wen Jiu: "Master, is there some good news?"

In the past.

She wouldn’t dare ask.

But in recent days, Wen Jiu treated her kindly, without hitting or scolding.

Though he was her master, he didn’t treat her as a lowly servant, so she dared to ask this question.

"Indeed, there is some good news." Wen Jiu nodded without elaborating.

Wen Jiu didn’t elaborate, and Yun Ping sensibly didn’t ask further.

She knew very well what should not be asked.

What should be asked.

Immediately, Yun Ping stood up and set the door latch, then lightly paced back to sit next to Wen Jiu, gently poured tea for him, her slightly fragrant body pressing close.

Wen Jiu was stunned.

A soft feeling immediately came from his shoulder.

Without waiting for Wen Jiu to speak, Yun Ping knelt down.

"Master..."

As the words fell.

A numbing sensation surged.

...

After a short day’s rest.

Early the next morning, Wen Jiu brought seventeen Demon-Seeking Talismans back to the market.

Outside the Market, the snow was still falling.

Showing no signs of weakening.

The treetops were long gone, as were the mountain peaks.

This heavy snow, no one knew when it would stop.

After spending half a day at the market stall, Wen Jiu found that the demand for Demon-Seeking Talismans was gradually decreasing.

The efficiency of selling talismans became slower.

After half a day, only three Demon-Seeking Talismans were sold.

But as long as there were still buyers, Wen Jiu wasn't in a hurry. Because now, his success rate in drawing Demon-Seeking Talismans was one hundred percent.

If they couldn't sell, just offer a discount.

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Presumably, no peer would harbor resentment against him for selling non-tier Demon-Seeking Talismans at a discount.

But a new problem has emerged.

The half-jar of Demon Beast Essence Blood that was purchased by the original body is quickly nearing its end, only enough for about ten Demon-Seeking Talismans.

Upon inquiring at a shop selling Demon Beast Essence Blood, the price for a jar, originally half a Spirit Stone, has risen to a whole Low-grade Spirit Stone.

The reason remains that the snow has made demon hunting difficult.

"Back on Blue Star, as a southerner, I dreamt of seeing snow. But upon arriving in the Cultivation Realm and facing real snowfall, I can’t wait for it to pass quickly."

Reflecting on this, Wen Jiu sighed and finally spent a Low-grade Spirit Stone to purchase a jar of essence.

"Customer, won’t you buy two more jars for storage?" The shop owner inquired, then offered a reminder, "Even if the snow stops tonight, the snow won’t melt immediately; the difficulty of demon hunting remains, and the price of Demon Beast Essence Blood will surely keep rising for the next two or three months."

Immediately after, the shop owner spoke again, without finishing his sentence, "If this snow doesn’t stop..."

Although he didn’t finish his words.

Wen Jiu understood his meaning.

But Wen Jiu didn’t believe him.

Can a merchant’s words be trusted?

They’re unlikely to stock up at every opportunity.

How could they kindly suggest you buy more in advance?

Nevertheless, the shop owner did provide a reminder, it seems the pace of learning new Spirit Talismans needs to quicken.

Otherwise, if the snow makes demon hunting increasingly difficult, the value of Demon-Seeking Talismans will only decrease.

It’s best to learn the drawing method for the Ganlin Talisman.

Because the Ganlin Talisman is a necessity for Spirit Farmers.

Regardless of whether they are a low-level Qi Cultivation Cultivator or a Mid-stage Qi Cultivation Cultivator, they cannot avoid consuming Spirit Rice grown by Spirit Farmers for sustenance.

Therefore, Spirit Rice is also a necessity for Qi Cultivation Cultivators.

Under the protection of these two necessities, coupled with the infinite rise in demon hunting difficulty, the price of the Ganlin Talisman will only soar.

The Era of Yonghao.

Year 3250, early spring.

Light rain falls with the wind deep into the night, silently awakening all creation.

And at such a wonderful season, a surprising earth-shattering news spread swiftly throughout the Qing Kingdom.

Within three days, it circulated through half of Qing Kingdom.

One of the three ancestors of Wuji Daoist Sect has become a sect traitor, not only did he betray the sect, but also assassinated the current Sect Leader.

The entire Qing Kingdom was in an uproar.

Wuji Daoist Sect, being the number one sect in Qing Kingdom, has always been a sacred land for cultivating, beloved by cultivators from all around.

The three ancestors of Wuji Daoist Sect were role models of the peak righteous cultivators, akin to mountains in their hearts.

Who would have thought that one of the three ancestors would become a traitor?

If the news hadn’t come from within Wuji Daoist Sect, they’d rather believe their own child is not biological.

Meanwhile, on a bustling street, an elder cloaked in a face-covering black robe, with a hunched back, paused in front of the notice board.

He stared blankly at the "Condemnation Decree" on the notice board, silently reciting the enumerated crimes, lingered long.

Gradually, curses arose around him.

"You never truly know a person, thought I would eventually be able to enter the righteous path under his guidance. Who would have thought it was a complete absurdity."

"Damn it, that dog is actually a Demon Sect mole, last time I kowtowed three times to him!"

"He was originally an ordinary person. Without Wuji Daoist Sect, how would he have today’s achievement? It’s one thing for him not to be grateful, but he went and became a Demon Sect mole that not even my dog ranks low as."

Listening to the increasingly angry curses around, he didn’t join the cursing, but angrily gasped under the mask.

Then cursed inwardly, "These nauseating people, not only wanting to kill you but trying to ruin your reputation forever."

He seemed to be in conversation with himself.

Who is this person?

He is one of the three ancestors of Wuji Daoist Sect—Tianfu!

No.

To be precise, he is not the previous Tianfu.

The current him is merely an extraterrestrial login from Blue Star.

The real Tianfu, one of the three ancestors of Wuji Daoist Sect, died at the hands of the sect members five days ago.

Because his lifespan was nearing its end, the current Sect Leader of Wuji Daoist Sect and another one of the three ancestors intended to refine him into a Human Puppet to guard the sect, thereby ensuring Wuji Daoist Sect's absolute leadership in the righteous faction of Qing Kingdom.

Soon, Tianfu arrived at a roadside tea stall and sat down, growing more furious as he thought.

Perhaps sensing Tianfu's anger, the tea stall owner wisely didn't approach.

The next moment.

A system panel appeared before Tianfu.

[Sect Traitor System]

[Host: Tianfu]

[Age: 337 years old (Dying)]

[Lifespan: 30 days]

[Realm: Peak of Profound Realm (Still declining...)]

[Exchange Panel]

[Current Hatred Points: 0 (One point is earned when ten thousand people hold hatred towards host continuously for seven days)]

[So far, three million seven hundred seventy-five thousand six hundred thirty-two righteous cultivators have harbored hatred towards the host continuously for three days.]

[Currently redeemable item: One-year lifespan (Cost: one Hatred Point) Note: No limit on redemption quantity]

[Disciple Panel]

[Currently no auspicious disciple, unable to trigger infinite feedback]

[Can use one scanning function to detect if there is an auspicious disciple within a five-hundred-mile radius and obtain their precise coordinates.]

Tianfu's gaze fell on the Exchange Panel, "Old man, you dedicated your entire life to Wuji Daoist Sect, ultimately leading to dying at your own people's hand... Since they call you a traitor, I'll play the role for you!"

Hypocritical righteous path, better not to stay!

Claim I'm a Demon Sect mole?

Ha ha.

I'll just join the Demon Sect, become the ancestor of Demon Dao.

Fulfill your wish!

I have the system, why should I fear you?

Watch how long Wuji Daoist Sect can withstand!

"In four days, I'll receive three hundred seventy-seven Hatred Points, converting directly into lifespan would mean three hundred seventy-seven days."

An immediate boost of three hundred seventy-seven days of lifespan, enough to bid farewell to the current dying body state.

Not expecting to return to the peak, at least it ensures no further decline in realm.

As long as the realm of Peak of Profound remains upheld, none will be an opponent unless the remaining two ancestors of Wuji Daoist Sect arrive in person.

Subsequently, Tianfu's gaze fell on the Disciple Panel, "Furthermore, I can rely on accepting auspicious disciples to become stronger. Wuji Daoist Sect, bullying the honest old man, let me show you how terrifying the fury of an honest person can be!"

After closing the system, Tianfu instantly rose.

While rising, he couldn’t help but glance aside at the tea stall guests and owner who were still verbalizing slander towards him.

The reason for the slander is due to his killing of the current Sect Leader of Wuji Daoist Sect.

As the current Sect Leader of Wuji Daoist Sect held a towering positive image in the minds of the people: slaying demons and exterminating demon cultivators, saving the living beings of the world and so forth. *freewebnovel.com*

Tianfu killed him, naturally making him a villain!

A demon path!

Listening to these words, Tianfu mused within, "I am Tianfu; Tianfu is me. The current Sect Leader of Wuji Daoist Sect was also among those involved in my attempt to kill, he tried to kill me, shouldn’t I fight back?"

Though angry, Tianfu didn’t plan to explain.

Firstly, explanations are useless.

Secondly, he needs them to continue harboring hatred towards him.

The more they hate, the longer his lifespan extends.

Besides, he fundamentally doesn’t belong to this world by principle.

Moreover, the malicious slandering won’t subtract a chunk of his flesh, instead, it extends his lifespan longer.

Tianfu then spoke immediately.

"Keep cursing."

"Keep cursing."

"Remember, curse for seven full days!"

After all, only a full seven days earn him Hatred Points.

After speaking, Tianfu swiftly departed the tea stall, leaving several puzzled individuals behind.

After leaving the tea stall, Tianfu found a brothel located in the city center and settled there.

For it's impossible anyone would think a person who just fled from Wuji Daoist Sect's clutches, bringing with him a dying body and severely wounded, would leisurely visit a brothel in a thriving county city only a thousand miles away from Wuji Daoist Sect.

To avoid attracting attention.

Tianfu hired three exceptionally graceful young ladies simultaneously, indulged in drinking and pleasure, feigning great joy.

Following this, Tianfu crafted a plan for the days ahead.

First, hide for several days.

First, fully redeem lifespan, ensuring the body no longer remains in a dying state.

As for joining the Demon Sect.

No rush for now.

Wuji Daoist Sect isn't benevolent, the Demon Sect notorious for reckless slaughter and evil is certainly not a good option either.

To avoid repeating a similar fate, one must possess the absolute capability to protect oneself first.

Peak of Profound Realm is insufficient.

Even if the count of those in Profound Realm throughout Qing Kingdom does not exceed five hundred, the numbers for Peak of Profound Realm further

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[Chapters 378/379 have already been revised

Still scrapped drafts.

Sorry.]

The smile on Tu Luo's face froze in an instant.

He pressed down his wife's hand with one hand, while the other reached for the sword hanging from the pillar beside him.

The roof was covered with thick glazed tiles; no stray cats or dogs could possibly crush them, so there was only one possibility.

Someone was on the roof!

Tu Luo drew his sword and burst out of the room. Just as he was about to look outside to see what was going on, a whistling sound swept past his ear.

A fist smashed toward his temple, coming in fast, clearly not intending to give Tu Luo any time to react.

Fortunately, Tu Luo had already been mentally prepared. At the instant the fist came, he immediately stepped aside. After pulling open a bit of distance, the sword in his hand thrust straight toward the man throwing the punch.

As the sword came in, the other party had no choice but to pull his fist back.

Taking advantage of this, Tu Luo quickly shifted to the side to open up space, his gaze locking onto the intruder.

"Feng Jianran!"

No matter how Feng Jianran had disguised himself, Tu Luo still saw through his true identity at a glance.

Once exposed, Feng Jianran no longer bothered to pretend. He tore off the fur cloak on his body and flung it aside, both fists clenching tight as he strode in to kill Tu Luo, not wasting a single word—every move was meant to kill.

"You've got guts!" A surge of anger rose in Tu Luo's heart.

This was the Tu Family's estate.

To be blunt, in the Tu Family's eyes, the Feng Family wasn't even worth looking at. If not for the Liang Family backing them, the Feng Family wouldn't even have the chance to raise their heads before the Tu Family. And now Feng Jianran had actually infiltrated the Tu Family to launch a sneak attack on him.

As the words left his mouth, Feng Jianran's fist was already upon him.

Tu Luo raised his sword, unleashing lethal Sword Techniques to meet the attack. Sword light danced as the two of them were immediately entangled in fierce combat.

After a few breaths, Tu Luo's Sword Techniques grew faster and faster, sharp, invisible Sword Qi cleaving down toward Feng Jianran again and again along the sword edge. Yet Feng Jianran did not retreat even a single step, taking the Sword Qi head-on with his fists.

After hard-blocking the Sword Qi, Feng Jianran's fists kept hammering toward Tu Luo, each punch fiercer than the last. Within a few breaths, blows that had barely hurt before became brutally heavy.

Sometimes Tu Luo managed to dodge; other times he could only rely on his sword to block. But even when the sword took the brunt, Feng Jianran's fists still drove him back several steps.

Tu Luo had actually fought Feng Jianran more than once before, but Feng Jianran's punches had never been this vicious.

"Feng Jianran, what's the rush? You think you can kill me, or you think you can get out of my Tu Family alive?" The sword in Tu Luo's hand sped up as well, Sword Qi swirling through the courtyard like a storm of falling leaves.

After several exchanges, the walls collapsed, and Tu Luo's room crumbled under their collisions. At the same time, shouts were rising one after another all around, along with the successive crashes of houses collapsing.

Hearing all this commotion, a smug gleam flashed across Feng Jianran's face. He said, "Don't count on anyone coming to help you. I'm not the only one who came to the Tu Family tonight, and as for the Tu Family's guards—they've got more pressing matters to handle right now."

Just as Feng Jianran finished speaking, towering flames suddenly erupted on all four sides of the Tu Family, lighting up half the sky.

Tu Luo's expression changed at once.

Of the four directions, one was where the Tu Family Grain Storehouse was; another was the Tu Family Martial Arts Storage Tower; the other two were warehouse depots for their stock. The Feng Family had actually scouted all this out—this night's raid was clearly long in the planning.

"Feng Jianran, don't celebrate too soon. Did you really think we hadn't prepared at all for your shameless arson tricks? We've had firefighting water stored up for a long time.

These fires can be put out in less than half the time it takes to burn an incense stick. When that happens, you'll all be turtles in a jar."

That was what Tu Luo said, but inside he was still anxious. Since the Feng Family was here, the Liang Family was likely here as well. With both clans striking at once, they definitely had the advantage in numbers.

In the span of half an incense stick, a lot could happen!

Feng Jianran didn't look the least bit surprised. Instead, he wore a "I knew that already" smile. "So what? Even if we only manage to kill you tonight, it's still worth it. Oh, and there's something I think you'll be very interested in."

"Killing you is my greatest interest right now!" Tu Luo's sword hacked down viciously.

A smug smile tugged at the corner of Feng Jianran's lips as he snatched up a broken stone slab nearby and smashed it forward.

Blocking that sword stroke, Feng Jianran laughed and said, "Your son is already in our hands. Now that should interest you quite a lot."

"Longevity!"

Lu Xiuchun, who had been hiding in the distance, cried out in alarm.

Hearing his wife's shout, Tu Luo's face turned ugly at once.

Their one and only son had actually fallen into the Feng Family's hands?

Feng Jianran kept up his vicious grin as his fists hammered fiercely at Tu Luo, driving the distracted Tu Luo back again and again. One of the punches landed squarely on Tu Luo's chest, blasting him several zhang away.

"Quite the surprise, isn't it?" This was exactly the effect Feng Jianran wanted. Tu Luo could no longer focus on the fight at all; losing was only a matter of time. If Feng Jianran seized the right moment, there was every chance he could kill Tu Luo.

Tu Luo clenched his teeth, using his sword to fend off Feng Jianran's onslaught, then cursed in fury, "If anything happens to my son—if there's even the slightest mishap—I, Tu Luo, will drag your entire Feng Family into the grave with him!"

"No, no, no, we'd never bear to kill him. At least not before you're dead. Come to think of it, your son is actually quite interesting. While you were hiding all your juniors away at home, he had the balls to stroll down Brocade Street at the crack of dawn. Got to say, he's got guts—shame we happened to run right into him."

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After speaking, Feng Jianran punched Tu Luo in the chest, sending him flying again, nearly causing him to stumble and fall.

Dealing with Tu Luo, who couldn’t concentrate at all, was really too easy.

With his current sword skills, even a blind person could dodge them.

However, Feng Jianran didn’t notice that in the distance, Lu Xiuchun’s expression was becoming particularly angry.

"My son just fell asleep not long ago, and you’re lying without even thinking! Old Luo, this guy is deceiving us."

Tu Luo was taken aback.

He belatedly recalled what Feng Jianran said just now.

They ran into each other during the day?

But just now his wife had just taken a walk around Longevity’s residence.

"Feng Jianran, I didn’t expect you’d resort to such a dirty trick, lying to me, I’ll let you lie!" Tu Luo, furious, gathered momentum with his sword, instantly fully opening the power of his six veins.

Tu Family’s Three Extremes Sword, the first sword, Certain Death!

Swish!

Tu Luo’s sword slashed through the sky like a meteor, taking Tu Luo with it and disappearing from where he stood.

Feng Jianran was dumbfounded at that moment.

When did he lie?

Seeing the Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword had begun, there was no time to think, he immediately dodged to the side.

Every sword of the Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword was enough to make the Tu Family undefeatable among those in the same realm, beyond his ability to withstand.

The main reason the Tu Family firmly held the throne as the top family in Wind and Snow City was largely because of the Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword.

Swish!

Tu Luo's sword flashed past Feng Jianran's ear like lightning.

After dodging, Feng Jianran retreated over ten steps, immediately covering his left ear with one hand.

But the gap between his fingers was too large to stop the blood from flowing out.

Tu Luo stepped up and kicked Feng Jianran's left ear, saying with a satisfied grin, "Someone's gonna be a one-eared person in the future."

Feng Jianran's anger surged from within, releasing his hand to let the blood flow freely, no longer covering his ear.

He knew the Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword was extremely fast, but he hadn't expected to lose an ear while dodging with all his might.

His gaze immediately fell on Lu Xiuchun in the distance.

Since he'd lost an ear, he wanted Tu Luo to experience the loss of a wife.

"I'll take your life!"

Feng Jianran stomped the ground, launching himself like a human beast towards Lu Xiuchun, dozens of meters away.

Tu Luo immediately chased after him with his sword, "We're in a fight, and you're still distracted? Aren't you underestimating me too much?"

The Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword.

The second sword—Merciless!

After a few steps, Tu Luo's sword started to whirl violently, and the Sword Qi, like a dancing horde of demons, continuously swept towards Feng Jianran who was heading for

Lu Xiuchun. In one breath, seven or eight paths of Sword Qi rushed directly to Feng Jianran's back, forcing him to stop and evade.

But Feng Jianran was determined to kill Lu Xiuchun and naturally wouldn't stop just because of Tu Luo's obstruction. After dodging the first wave of Sword Qi, he immediately dashed into the pile of ruins, attempting to use the debris of houses and walls to block Tu Luo's Sword Qi.

"Xiuchun, you go first." Even though Tu Luo had confidence, he dared not gamble his wife's life on his confidence.

Wherever Feng Jianran passed, whether it was the ruins of houses or walls, they were directly shattered by Tu Luo's Sword Qi, which danced like a horde of demons.

The destructive power was so strong that Feng Jianran had to be doubly cautious.

He didn't want to lose another ear.

However, the destruction caused by the Sword Qi was significant, but after being blocked by the debris, the Sword Qi that should have landed on Feng Jianran's back could only chop beams and cleave stones, utterly incapable of halting Feng Jianran's steps.

There was no choice, Tu Luo had to use the third move.

The Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword, the third sword—Startled Swan!

Tu Luo quickly clutched the sword hilt, then the sword in his hand was thrust out, transformed into a startled swan in the night, aiming at Feng Jianran.

This sword was rarely used because the cost was too high.

If this sword killed the opponent directly, it was fine, but if not, then the weapon in hand would be lost.

However, Tu Luo believed that with Feng Jianran's speed, he couldn't dodge this sword!
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"Finally brought it out!" However, Feng Jianran suddenly stopped, no longer obsessing over charging at Lu Xiuchun.

At his waist, the Soft Sword was instantly drawn, and within a moment initiated Sword Techniques, meeting the approaching Startled Swan.

One flick!

Feng Jianran’s sword instantly slipped from his grip, blood flowing from his tiger’s mouth, but the inevitable Startled Swan was flicked away.

"Sword hidden at the waist!" Tu Luo’s face suddenly changed.

Feng Jianran leapt up, grasping both swords, and continued to pursue the already running Lu Xiuchun.

Tu Luo’s expression immediately became quite unsightly.

"Feng Jianran!"

"Feng Jianran, you stop there, damn it!"

But all Tu Luo could do was shout at this point.

With thirty meters or so between them, Tu Luo couldn’t possibly catch up again.

"To wait for you to use Startled Swan, I’ve trained with the concealed sword at my waist for five years, hiding it for five years. Today, say goodbye to your wife!" Feng Jianran lifted a fist high, gathering energy in midair; one could imagine the devastation if that punch were to land.

Tu Luo might be able to stop it.

But how could Lu Xiuchun, being a woman, possibly block it?

"Five years? You’ve hidden it well." With these words, Tu Qingchang slowly stepped out from behind a tree.

With a swift kick aimed at the belly.

Unable to stop in time, Feng Jianran could only let his belly collide with Tu Qingchang’s right foot.

Bam!

Feng Jianran’s eyebrows twitched, and he was sent flying backward.

"Second Brother, well done!" Tu Luo’s face immediately lit up with delight, and he rushed towards Feng Jianran, who had been kicked by Longevity.

Feng Jianran lay in the grass, clutching his belly, unable to stand, unable to close his mouth, as drool oozed continuously. This pitiful state gave Tu Luo a great sense of satisfaction; he walked over and drew a dagger from under his clothes, stabbing it into the muddled Feng Jianran.

One stab directly into the chest!

Even in death, Feng Jianran grasped Tu Luo’s clothes tightly, waking up suddenly with dismay, then looked unwillingly at Tu Qingchang.

Only now did Feng Jianran realize that while he could hide a sword at his waist for five years, the Tu Family could hide much more.

Like Tu Qingchang!

It turned out he wasn’t incapable of cultivating.

This kind of strength had actually been cultivated in secrecy from the Feng and Liang families.

Laughably, the entire city thought Tu Qingchang couldn’t cultivate!

With these thoughts, Feng Jianran unwillingly closed his eyes.

Tu Luo pushed the dead Feng Jianran backward, then turned to Tu Qingchang, "Second Brother, you came just in time."

Tu Qingchang asked, "Are you two okay?"

Tu Luo shook his head, then looked at his wife.

Lu Xiuchun also shook her head, "Second Brother, Feng Jianran just said that he wasn’t the only one coming tonight."

Tu Qingchang responded, "You go find Longevity, take him somewhere to hide... Fifth Brother, go support the others."

Tu Qingchang listened to the sounds of battle in the distance, his face extremely serious.

He could feel that there were still six more, all with their six veins open.

It had to be a joint attack from the Feng and Liang families.

"Second Brother, you and I will each support a place, leave the other to Eldest Brother." Tu Luo said this and then ran towards the east, "Xiuchun, quickly find Longevity and hide together, do not come out until everything is over."

Lu Xiuchun nodded, immediately running to Longevity’s residence.

However, Tu Qingchang didn’t move.

In truth, he did not plan to support any location.

The fire was about to be extinguished, by which time the guards would naturally support the fourth, sixth, and seventh brothers.

Feng Jianran was dead.

But this was not the end.

His appetite wasn't that small.

Meanwhile, on the treetop a hundred meters away, Longevity quietly watched as Tu Qingchang and the others left.

With Tu Qingchang's current strength, he didn't need to intervene.

Now, Tu Qingchang possessed a power Longevity couldn't even imagine, repelling the invading enemies wouldn't be difficult.

So Longevity couldn't be bothered to find something to do, only silently protecting Tu Luo and Lu Xiuchun as a couple.

Then, Longevity jumped down from the tree, seeking a taller building with a better view, but spotted Tu Qingchang running towards the outskirts of the Tu Family compound.

Where was Tu Qingchang going?

Why run outside when there's help needed at the Tu Family?

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Chapter 842: Chapter 405: Extra Update in Progress...

[Update in progress....

The following content is still a draft.

Apologies.]

At the same time, when Tu Luo reached Old Six of the Tu Family, the two Feng Family members who had been overpowering Old Six were stunned.

"Qifeng, Fifth Brother is here!"

Tu Luo plunged into the midst of the three with one sword strike, lifting another person's attack aimed at Old Six of the Tu Family, Tu Qifeng, thus breaking their offensive. Then Tu Luo directly executed the second move of the Three Extremes Sword - Ruthless!

As the sword qi danced chaotically, the Feng Family's Six-Meridian expert was forced to retreat.

This retreat opened up a distance with Tu Qifeng, and he was then forced to confront Tu Luo instead.

With one less opponent, Old Six of the Tu Family, Tu Qifeng, instantly breathed a sigh of relief.

Fighting two, he was completely overpowered, without even a chance to catch his breath.

But against one, he truly wasn't afraid of the Feng Family people.

"Fifth Brother, you have no idea, just now I was suffocating! These two bastards, recklessly attacking me, crazed to kill me," Tu Qifeng immediately counterattacked, his sword continually slashing towards the Feng Family's Six-Meridian expert.

Though Tu Qifeng hadn't mastered the final sword of the Three Extremes Sword, the second move had long reached Great Success.

Accompanied by Tu Luo's offensive, Tu Qifeng's sword danced wildly, the sword qi promptly crisscrossing the scene, forcing the Feng Family's Six-Meridian expert to temporarily defend. After all, the sword qi of the Tu Family's Three Extremes Sword wasn't something everyone dared to directly withstand.

Tu Luo's voice echoed again.

"Qifeng, guess who just died under my blade?"

"Who?"

"The second of Feng Family, Feng Jianran. Hahaha—"

"Fifth Brother, beautifully done!" Tu Qifeng shouted in extreme satisfaction.

"Having killed Feng Jianran, we can’t let these two get away either."

"Alright!"

With their verbal exchange, the two Feng Family’s Six-Meridian experts were suddenly thrown into panic.

Had Second Brother really been killed by Tu Luo?

They initially didn’t believe it.

Since, within such a short time, they both couldn’t even injure Tu Qifeng while being two against one.

How could Tu Luo, with his level of strength, kill Second Brother Feng Jianran?

But Tu Luo had indeed arrived to support Tu Qifeng, an undeniable fact.

Even if Second Brother wasn’t dead, he was likely in grave danger.

The two Feng Family’s Six-Meridian experts exchanged a look of retreat in their hearts.

"Go!"

One of them shouted a move to defense while beginning to retreat.

The other followed suit, pulling something from his chest and directly launching it, a red firework shooting into the sky. Meanwhile, the other took out a round object from his chest and smashed it to the ground.

Bang!

A puff of white smoke rose swiftly, enveloping the two instantly.

When the smoke dissipated, the two Feng Family’s Six-Meridian experts were nowhere to be seen.

Tu Luo cursed angrily and immediately pursued the faintly fading presence of the two, "Qifeng, let’s pursue them!"

The two immediately vaulted over the wall, chasing in the direction the Feng Family members had escaped.

Meanwhile, others from the Liang Family saw the retreat signal flare and stopped lingering in battle, pulling away gradually before sprinting out of the Tu Family’s premises.

The Tu Family’s men instinctively chased after without a second thought.

...

The deep night in Wind and Snow City was now bustling, as lively as during the day.

Ordinary people were shocked one by one after seeing the commotion and the blaze coming from the Tu Family.

Because, in their eyes, the Tu Family is the number one major family in Wind and Snow City, almost controlling everything, and now something had actually happened!

Other families subtly guessed as they watched.

There was a high probability it was the work of the Feng and Liang families.

"They first attacked the Tu Family’s Market, and now the Tu Mansion, looks like the Feng and Liang families couldn’t wait any longer."

"I estimate it won’t be long before the three big families have a reshuffle. But whether it’s the Tu Family’s demise or the Feng and Liang families’ failure, it’s hard to say right now."

The patriarchs of the neutral families stood high, looking toward the Tu Family’s direction with a hint of anticipation.

Who among the three big families will emerge victorious?

Meanwhile, Tu Qingchang knocked on the door of the Li Family in Wind and Snow City.

The Li Family was not as influential as the Feng and Liang families, much less compared to the Tu Family.

Even the strongest person in the family had just opened the Six Meridians, so whether the Tu Family or the Feng and Liang families approached him, the Li Family kept neutral.

Offending neither side.

"Master Tu the Second!"

The doorman was startled to see Tu Qingchang after opening the door.

Tu Qingchang coldly said, "Go notify your master that I am here. If he won’t see me, he’ll end up like this one."

Pa!

Tu Qingchang threw the human head, which he had been wrapping in cloth, out.

Although merely a minor character, the doorkeeper had seen all the notable figures in the city.

When he saw Feng Jianran's decapitated head, his face turned pale instantly.

The second master of the Feng Family was indeed dead!

Seeing the doorman running inside hastily, Tu Qingchang picked up the head from the ground and wrapped it back up in cloth.

Before long, the Li Family Patriarch rushed to greet him.

Upon entering the room, Tu Qingchang got straight to the point, "Li Shan, how much are you willing to pay for the entire Wind Bell Street?"

Wind Bell Street was governed by the Feng Family.

The majority of businesses on this street belonged to the Feng Family, and to conduct business here, the Li Family not only had to pay a portion to the City Lord's Mansion, but also to the Feng Family. In other words, the Feng Family controlled everything on Wind Bell Street, outside of the City Lord's reach.

More than half of the Li Family's business was on this street.

Hearing this, Li Shan forced a smile, his glance inadvertently landing on the human head placed on the table. freewebnovel.com

"After tonight, the Feng and Liang families will be barely hanging on. My Tu Family has no interest in Wind Bell Street. Name your price, and we'll hand it to you! But there's one condition: the Li Family must now enter Wind Bell Street and leave no Feng Family member who doesn't surrender alive!"

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Tu Qingchang spoke coldly about his thoughts, startling Li Mountain.

But one cannot deny, what Tu Qingchang said was extremely tempting.

Opportunity!

This is an opportunity!

In reality... Li Mountain isn't truly that fond of neutrality.

After a moment, Li Mountain whispered, "I can only offer 300,000 taels!"

Tu Qingchang smiled, "Bold, deal! I'll come for the money another day. Tonight I have other places to visit."

Li Mountain personally saw Tu Qingchang out the door.

He knew what Tu Qingchang intended to do.

Tu Qingchang wanted to gather everyone and swallow up the Feng and Liang Families.

"The long-hidden Tu Family, now exposed by the attack from the Feng and Liang Families, is finally revealing its terrifying true face." Li Mountain felt cold as he watched Tu Qingchang's retreating figure.

Who would have thought Tu Qingchang could hide for so many years.

Today, revealing true power, he boldly flaunts Feng Family's second head roaming Wind and Snow City's streets.

Once the doors shut, Li Mountain suddenly shouted, "Summon all Li Family who have opened their veins immediately!"

At this moment, upon leaving the Li Family, Tu Qingchang saw fireworks rising from the direction of the Tu Family.

Without delay, he rushed to several other houses.

Every time Tu Qingchang tossed out Feng Jianran's head, the hesitant patriarchs reached an agreement with him.

The truth proved that no one truly wants neutrality.

Only forced by circumstances did they choose neutrality.

When opportunity arises, these people seize it without hesitation.

When everyone saw Tu Qingchang out the door, they were all very emotional. The entire Wind and Snow City thought Tu Qingchang couldn't cultivate.

After so many years hidden, the Tu Family, truly provoked tonight, is revealing their real strength.

In the next fifteen minutes, the Feng and Liang Families, four streets, eight markets, were sold by Tu Qingchang for 2 million taels to eight families!

After completing all this, Tu Qingchang circled back to Brocade Street.

Looking at Feng Jianran's head in his hand, Tu Qingchang coldly said, "Your last value is gone."

Casually throwing the now useless Feng Jianran's head away, Tu Qingchang returned home immediately.

After discussing the terms settled outside, the Tu family's several siblings, fruitlessly chasing before, slammed the table in excitement, leading the Tu family out of their gates en masse!

Wind and Snow City Lord's Mansion.

The dispute among the three families did not go unnoticed by the people of the City Lord's Mansion.

As the City Lord, Xue Linding stood atop Wind and Snow City's highest point, watching this scene unfold, yet he had no intention of intervening. He also wanted to see how the three families, contending for years, would conclude tonight.

Originally, he had a rough idea in mind: he thought the Tu Family would lose because their strength couldn't match the two families.

But when the news of Tu Qingchang arrived from his subordinates, he was somewhat surprised.

Tu Qingchang lobbying with the head of Feng Jianran, showcasing boldness and ruthlessness, made Xue Linding find it very odd.

He didn't believe Tu Qingchang was such a hidden person. His grievance, his nagging, is hard to feign; it's a quirky character and bad temper slowly nurtured from years of disappointment. If relying on pretense, at most he could feign appearance.

Yet, regardless of disbelief, Tu Qingchang already stands on Wind and Snow City's three-family stage, showing his capability.

As for Tu Qingchang’s strength, Xue Linding chose to remain observant.

How strong he truly is, Xue Linding felt he would soon find out.

Just then, Xue Linding saw a person from the Tu Family’s direction elegantly traversing the rooftops, finally standing atop a high building in Wind and Snow City, like him, quietly watching everything in the night.

"Who is this person?"

Xue Linding immediately felt puzzled.

Instinct told him the person isn’t solely here to watch the spectacle.

But they were too far apart; although he could see the figure in the night, he couldn’t perceive the person’s aura.

Xue Linding instantly leapt from his position, following the rooftops in the direction of the person.

Who is this person?

Of course, it is Longevity.

Sitting on the top of the tallest building, Longevity was watching like a movie.

Honestly, this is more thrilling than watching a movie.

...

Feng Family.

"What is going on?"

"Can someone tell me, the plan just started, why did the third disappear during the day, and the second get killed by Tu Luo?"

Feng Family Patriarch Feng Ye angrily slammed the table.

Clearly, the plan was to raid the Tu Family at night, with eight people from the Feng and Liang Families holding off four from the Tu Family, potentially killing them or at least allowing the second phase of the night raid plan to proceed smoothly. But just the first step, the night raid plan was thwarted.

The third disappeared.

The second was killed by Tu Luo!

In this night raid, the Tu Family suffered little loss, yet the Feng Family bled heavily.

Facing Feng Ye's table slam, the Feng Family's other two six-vein strongmen could only keep their heads down, silent.

As Feng Ye ranted, the Liang Family Patriarch Liang Jiangchen was pacing the hall with a stern expression.

He also couldn't fathom why the night raid plan would fail so quickly.

What went wrong in the plan?

"Brother Feng, don't rush. This is suspicious, we must investigate carefully," Liang Jiangchen didn't believe Tu Luo could kill Feng Jianran.

Nor did he believe the Tu Family's third would disappear without reason!

"Find him, first find the third. Why disappeared at the critical moment? If not for him, Jianran wouldn't have died, and our night raid plan wouldn't have failed." Feng Ye was livid, all the mishaps began when the third went missing.

Why hadn't he noticed before that the third was so unreliable?

Bam!

At this moment, a panicked servant crashed outside the hall door.

"The Tu Family... the Tu Family has attacked!"

The eight people inside the hall jumped up, then rushed out.

They just wanted to check the situation when the door burst open with a roar.

Tu Luo and others appeared instantly in their view.

"Tu Luo!"

Feng Ye shouted angrily.

Tu Luo coldly smiled, waved his hand, "Kill!"

With one command, a hundred Tu Family guards instantly rushed into the Feng Family, hacking down the dozen or so blockers.

"You even dare come after us, Tu Luo, do you really think your Tu Family can defeat us two families?" Liang Jiangchen coldly locked eyes on Tu Luo, with four six-vein strongmen charging out to repel the advancing Tu Family guards.

But a voice from the crowd stopped them.

"Why not?"

From the crowd, Tu Qingchang slowly emerged.

Three knives sheathed at his waist, strikingly visible.

Tu Luo immediately said, "Second brother, Liang Jiangchen is yours."

Tu Qingchang nodded, "Feng Ye is yours!"

These two sentences sounded quite harsh.

Yet Feng Ye and Liang Jiangchen weren’t idiots.

Seeing Tu Qingchang appear at that moment, both suddenly realized.

No wonder the night raid plan failed!

Tu Qingchang actually hid this deep!

"Tu Qingchang, you hid deeply," Liang Jiangchen coldly stared at Tu Qingchang. Who could have imagined, the weakest person in the Tu Family was pretending all along.

Pretending for so many years.

The Tu Family, with considerable ambition.

Tu Qingchang smiled, "Pretend? No, I didn’t pretend. But even telling you is useless because I don’t plan on giving you a chance to meet that person."

Tu Qingchang wasn’t naive enough to think that Black Street Merchant only traded with the Tu Family.

Since he appeared in Wind and Snow City.

Anyone could be his customer.

"That person?" Liang Jiangchen furrowed his brow, but before he could think further, Tu Luo had already charged at Feng Ye.

His sword immediately unleashed the second move of the Three Extremes Sword, the rampaging Sword Qi instantly forcing the Liang Family's four back.

Feng Ye furiously shouted, "Feng Family, kill!"

Even if Tu Qingchang had seven-vein strength, so what? freewebnovel.com

This is the Feng Family!

Seven veins can fight ten or twenty, but can it fight over a hundred?

"Big brother, let me handle this." Seeing over a hundred charging forward, Tu Qingchang immediately had the idea to try his hand.

Three knives are drawn.

One in each hand.

Open readable version

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 844 - 406: Supplemental Update in Progress...

Chapter 844: Chapter 406: Supplemental Update in Progress...

[The following content is a draft.

Sorry]

"Get down!"

With the words from a Purple Robed Immortal, a thousand ordinary people disembarked from the back of the giant whale at the harbor one after another.

There were men and women.

There were young, but no elderly.

As everyone glanced around, their eyes shone with light, and a burning anticipation as intense as fire.

It was because this place was called Feiyu Island, an overseas Immortal Island from the legendary myths a thousand years ago, thousands of miles away from Hidden Dragon Continent.

Ordinary people came here.

They could seek immortality and enlightenment.

They could become immortals!

To be immortal means to achieve longevity.

To have the capability to move mountains and fill seas.

To possess a body that does not age.

To master the art of flying in the sky and vanishing into the ground.

Such feats inevitably make one's heart race and soul yearn.

Now, having arrived at the Immortal Island, with the path to immortality right in sight, how could one not be excited, how could one not dream?

In the crowd.

Wen Jiu was unlike ordinary people, his eyes were aglow with a strong desire, but he did not lose composure.

He did not act like others.

Either exclaiming in awe.

Or laughing loudly.

Or bowing fervently.

Because Wen Jiu is a reincarnator.

But reincarnation was not the reason. Having lived two decades in rebirth, touring different nations, leaving countless legendary poems all over Hidden Dragon Continent, witnessing the myriads in the human world, that was the real reason.

"Follow in an orderly manner, do not wander. Next, we will proceed to the Path to Immortality, your first trial on the path to becoming an immortal starts there."

"If you reach the summit."

"You may become part of our Feiyu Island and seek immortality and enlightenment."

"If you fail."

"The great whale will take you back to Hidden Dragon, returning you to the Mortal Realm."

Every word from the Purple Robed Immortal was not loud, yet they pounded on everyone's hearts like heavy drums.

Return to Hidden Dragon?

Be ordinary again?

That would be a fate worse than death and even more unbearable.

Having glimpsed immortality, how can one return?

The body may return, but the heart may not!

...

Marching forward.

A thousand people followed closely.

Some worried.

Some encouraged themselves.

Beside Wen Jiu was a stunningly beautiful woman in a sky-blue dress, walking step by step with him.

"Brother Wen, it's said that the Path to Immortality tests one's determined heart in seeking the Way. Without a steadfast heart, one cannot reach the summit."

This woman was named Su Qin.

A member of the Celestial Li Su Clan, the Imperial Princess.

She had an esteemed status.

After boarding the whale, knowing that Wen Jiu was the Human World Poet Immortal who had traveled various lands, she frequently cast flirtatious glances at him along the way.

Yet, since before boarding the whale, Wen Jiu had a dedicated heart for seeking the Way, although he appreciated beauty, he did not wish to partake in it.

Reborn in Hidden Dragon, his goal was to travel.

To see the wonders of another world, with no regrets even in death.

Upon learning of the immortals, his goal became to achieve immortality.

Since then, apart from seeking immortality and enlightenment, he had no other distractions.

Indulging in carnal pleasures would only slow his Foundation Establishment progress.

However, not accepting Su Qin’s unspoken affection did not mean Wen Jiu would keep her at a distance.

Because he deeply understood the difficulties of the road to cultivation.

Having more friends means having more paths.

"May you and I both reach the summit," Wen Jiu calmly replied, lifting his gaze to see the Path to Immortality just ahead.

The so-called Path to Immortality.

Was not grand on the surface.

At first glance, it appeared to be just a stone staircase up a mountain.

But when the first person set foot on the first step, suddenly laughing loudly and starting to disrobe, Wen Jiu realized it was not simple.

Then subsequently more people went up, with some becoming terror-stricken after a few steps, some stopping midway to cry with faces covered.

Hundreds ascended the Path to Immortality.

Seventy percent couldn’t make it halfway!

Those who didn’t make it halfway were swept aside by a Blue-robed Immortal, and soon taken away.

As Wen Jiu turned back, they were already on the way back to the harbor.

Many cried for another chance, but were ruthlessly knocked unconscious, perhaps when they awoke next they would be back in Hidden Dragon. freewebnovel.com

The journey to the Immortal Island, for them, might have just been like a fleeting but beautiful dream.

For the rest of their life.

They might often reminisce.

But this memory could only accompany them to the grave.

"Brother Wen..." Su Qin beside him also noticed the scene, thus wore a face of fear.

Wen Jiu remained silent.

For he did not know what to say.

The path of immortality is ruthless.

And it has already begun.

At this moment, a simple-minded youth on the other side suddenly hugged Wen Jiu's arm, "Brother Wen, I am scared!"

The youth's name was Li Er.

A genuine villager.

His becoming an Immortal Seed and being sent to the great whale by his nation was purely due to exceptionally good luck.

Exactly how good this luck was, Li Er did not say, but after boarding the whale, he distanced himself from everyone out of inferiority. For on the whale, among a thousand people, at least seventy percent came from the royal family, prestigious families, and influential clans.

As a villager, Li Er's claim of not feeling inferior was false, as even the clothes he wore were donated by others.

Of course.

He did attempt to converse with others.

But others had their cliques of three or five, no one was willing to engage with him.

Wen Jiu alone was willing to chat with him in the corner, hence Li Er had been sticking with Wen Jiu along the way.

Over time they became friends.

Seeing Li Er tightly clinging to his arm, Wen Jiu helplessly said, "You're scared, so be it, why are you clinging to me."

"Brother Wen, I don't want to return to the village... I want to be immortal!" Li Er's fear was mingled with determination.

Wen Jiu joked, "Then you should grab onto those immortals' arms, holding mine will only get you a fall into the mortal realm."

Seeing Wen Jiu raise his hand.

Li Er had to quickly let go.

Soon after.

It was their turn.

Wen Jiu stepped forward, moving with determination.

In this life, he had only one goal — to become immortal!

This path to immortality.

Could not stop him!

Step by step, Wen Jiu walked with confidence, treating all the illusions along the way as non-existent.

Su Qin and Li Er quickly followed suit.

Surprisingly, Li Er's pace was not slow, walking twice as fast as Su Qin.

Only second to Wen Jiu.

Su Qin, on the other hand, walked slowly.

When Li Er reached halfway, she was only at one-third.

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

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Chapter 845: Chapter 406: Supplemental Update in Progress..._2

At any moment, he might stop.

But at this moment, just a step away from the end of the Path to Immortality, Wen Jiu stopped.

A wall blocked his way.

No matter how hard Wen Jiu tried, he couldn’t move forward an inch.

Then, he heard the sigh of the Purple Robed Immortal beside his ear, "This child’s will and heart for the Dao rank in the top three among thousands, a promising seed. But I didn’t expect him to be blocked at the last step of the Path to Immortality."

"Such a pity... Even if it’s just a Low-Grade Spirit Root, one can cultivate with such a heart for the Dao and will, the achievements would not be ordinary," another Blue-robed Immortal spoke with regret.

The next moment.

The Blue-robed Immortal waved his hand.

Wen Jiu found himself on a stone platform beside.

Though no one came to immediately escort him away, sooner or later, he had to leave.

Watching Li Er casually ascend to the top.

Watching Su Qin, though slow, being exclaimed for her Top-Grade Spirit Root.

Wen Jiu stood alone on top of the stone platform.

Falling into a long silence.

Didn’t cry.

Didn’t make a fuss.

After everyone ascended to the top, Wen Jiu was also escorted away from the stone platform.

The destination was the giant whale.

In front of the giant whale, Li Er and Su Qin hurriedly came.

Because they never thought, that Brother Wen, known as the Human World Poet Immortal, would actually fail the Path to Immortality.

This departure.

Is a farewell forever.

From now on, immortals and mortals are separated.

So the two came to see him off.

"Brother Wen..."

Wen Jiu was silent, staring at the two with different destinies who were about to start their cultivation journey, clasped his hands and spoke.

"Wishing you both... everlasting immortality."

After speaking.

Wen Jiu turned around.

Su Qin and Li Er both had tears in their eyes.

A moment later.

Su Qin and the others were forced to leave.

In front of the giant whale, hundreds of people stood with vacant eyes.

Some regretful.

Some sighed.

But more people were gazing at the Path to Immortality.

Looking towards the Immortal World beyond the Path to Immortality.

Everyone knew that this departure meant that they would never again have the chance to return to the Immortal Island, let alone pursue immortality or the Dao.

They could only become mortals.

Wasting away their lives.

And then be taken away by illness. freewebnovel.com

End their lives abruptly.

"Brother Wen... I am truly unwilling!" Beside Wen Jiu, a young man in brocade clothing looked at the Path to Immortality, gritting his teeth and spoke.

The young man’s name was Chen Qing.

He was the Crown Prince of the Yan Kingdom on the Hidden Dragon Continent.

This journey was to abandon the throne and come here, with only one purpose, which was to become immortal.

Logically, being willing to give up even the throne, such a heart for the Dao should be resolute enough, right?

But still failed due to having no Spirit Root.

Like Chen Qing, he was also unwilling, unwilling to just leave like that.

If he hadn’t seen immortals.

He wouldn’t have thought about becoming immortal.

Living a carefree life would still be desirable.

But having seen immortals.

How could he convince himself to go back to living a mortal life?

"Brother Wen, let’s go beg those Immortals, even if it’s just to serve them tea, I want to stay!" Chen Qing’s eyes were filled with determination, "Don’t think I’m crazy, actually..."

Chen Qing knew that as long as he stayed, there would be a chance.

The so-called inability to cultivate without a Spirit Root was just a perspective problem seen through mortal eyes by those Immortals.

In the Cultivation Realm, there is no absolute claim that one cannot cultivate without a Spirit Root.

According to the former Immortal Master ancestor of the Yan Kingdom, Spirit Roots are divided into low, middle, high, and top four grades.

They represent your sensitivity to Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, the higher the grade of the Spirit Root, the higher the sensitivity, and the faster the absorption of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, thus the faster the cultivation speed in Qi Refining.

No Spirit Root actually can also sense Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, but the sensitivity is so very low that it's almost impossible to draw Qi for cultivation, but the ancestor once said there's something in the Cultivation Realm.

Named—Spirit Stone.

Each Spirit Stone contains a large amount of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, unlike the ethereal Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

Cultivators of any Spirit Root quality can absorb and cultivate, including those with supposedly no Spirit Root.

Although the ancestor also said that Spirit Stones are very expensive, and he didn't have many on him, it was his only chance.

If he didn't fight, he wouldn't be reconciled to die!

When Wen Jiu learned of this, his heart was filled with joy.

Soon.

The number of people with the same thought as Chen Qing gradually increased.

The voices became louder and louder.

When the Purple Robed Immortal reappeared, there were a few more people beside him. He didn't have the Immortal elegance of the Purple Robed Immortal but more like a mortal.

Seeing this scene, everyone was happy.

It turned out mortals could also stay on the Immortal Island!

The Purple Robed Immortal spoke, "The old man knows what you all want. If you wish to stay, you may naturally stay. But I advise you, on Immortal Island, mortals can only remain by becoming servants. And as servants, it takes ten years just to earn one Spirit Stone... Perhaps by the time you've saved enough Spirit Stones to buy Cultivation Techniques or for Qi Refining Cultivation, your lifespan would be nearly over... Whether it's worth it to spend what could have been a life of luxury for a hope that's so ethereal, you decide for yourselves."

After speaking.

Everyone fell into silence.

They pondered whether it was worth it or not.

Because among them, most were disciples from noble families and royalty; returning to the Hidden Dragon Continent, they would still be elevated "lords."

But staying, they could only be servants.

Faced with this.

Wen Jiu didn't even think, he directly spoke loudly, squeezing out of the crowd, "Immortals above, I am willing to stay."

Staying meant having a chance.

Leaving meant it was truly over.

As they say again.

After seeing immortals.

He could no longer go back.

Seeing this, determination flashed across Chen Qing's face as well, squeezing out of the crowd, standing beside Wen Jiu, "I, Chen Qing, voluntarily stay!"

As the one who informed Wen Jiu about the situation with no Spirit Root, he naturally couldn't be scared back by the Purple Robed Immortal's words.

He had already abandoned the position of Crown Prince.

What does he have left to fear doing?

As Wen Jiu and Chen Qing spoke up, people gradually stood out one after another.

However, not more than a hundred.

More people couldn’t accept being servants.

Because they could choose to be high and mighty.

Soon.

Those who stood up.

Were taken away one by one by the people beside the Purple Robed Immortal.

Those who didn’t stand up were taken away by the giant whale.

From then on, immortals and mortals were separated.

...

A moment later.

Wen Jiu was taken to one side of the Immortal Island.

As far as the eye could see, there were simple wooden huts, and the people coming and going were all mortals.

However, there was no worldly smoke, nor the mundane bustling city life typical of mortals.

There were only mortals who were busy and hustling here.

"Today you can rest, but from tomorrow onwards, you will begin a life of a servant that feels like a year in a day," the steward emphasized again, "No matter how painful and grueling it gets, always remember three points, or you’ll have no chance of survival—as servants, always remember your status! When Immortals speak to you, do not look up! Do not refuse an Immortal’s orders!"

After the reminder, the steward left.

Chen Qing was silent.

For him, not being allowed to look up while speaking felt like an enormous humiliation.

But Chen Qing did not complain, he turned and entered the room.

Wen Jiu also followed him inside.

The wooden hut was small.

Only enough space for one bed.

But it could allow a brief rest to relieve recent fatigue.

But just as Wen Jiu lay down, a pop-up window appeared before him.

[You, new to the Immortal Island, are very fatigued; the upcoming life of a servant will feel like years in a day. So... in the time to come, every day you rest in bed will equal a year of rest.]

[Current Year-in-a-Day Event—Resting.]

[Do you want to empower this event?]

[PS: Usable once every seven days.]

Wen Jiu rejoiced greatly.

It turned out that year-in-a-day could be understood this way!

"System, introduce yourself."

"Hello?"

"Little Sys, Little Sys?"

However.

There was no response.

It was certain this was not an AI system.

It seemed the specific function needed to be explored by himself.

Thinking of this, Wen Jiu began to analyze the information before him closely, paying special attention to the word "event," and then tried walking around.

[Current Year-in-a-Day Event—Walking, every day you walk, you gain the physical ability enhancement equivalent to a year.]

[Do you want to empower this event?]

[PS: Usable once every seven days.]

"No!"

Wen Jiu quickly refused.

After all, it could only be used once every seven days.

It couldn’t be used carelessly.

In the Cultivation World, the physical enhancement gained from walking fast for a year was of minimal use.

Following that.

Wen Jiu once again fell into contemplation.

If it was Qi Refining Cultivation.

Could it also be year-in-a-day?

Wouldn’t a day of cultivation be equivalent to a year of cultivation?

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse - Chapter 846 - 407: Updating...

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 846 - 407: Updating...

Chapter 846: Chapter 407: Updating...

[380 has been modified

The following content is still a draft

Sorry]

The next day.

Just at dawn.

Everyone was gathered by the steward, crossing the wooden huts and passing through a stone arch straight to the realm of cultivators.

Different from where ordinary laborers lived, the realm of cultivators was bustling and lively at first glance.

There were Sword Cultivators, practicing Sword Flight.

Free and carefree.

There were Beast Tamers, riding and guarding as they moved.

Mighty indeed.

But they, as servants, could only look from afar at the edge of the open ground with envy.

A stone gate.

Two worlds.

One of mortals.

One of immortals.

Truly a cause for reflection.

"Look if you must, but don’t step forward," the steward warned, as if it was a matter of life and death.

Upon hearing this.

No one dared take a step forward.

Very soon.

Several cultivators strolled over leisurely.

Five men and one woman.

With extraordinary and refined temperaments, compared to ordinary people, they seemed like heavenly immortals.

"Stand out if you’ve reached more than halfway on the path to immortality... Don’t stand randomly, if discovered, beware of your life," the leading middle-aged cultivator stood with hands behind, eyes scanning the over three hundred present.

Wen Jiu didn’t hesitate and chose to step out.

Seeing this, Chen Qing quickly followed.

Soon, more than a hundred stepped out one after another.

The middle-aged cultivator spoke to the steward, "Take the others away, those who couldn’t even make it halfway on the path to immortality, their hearts for seeking the way are fragile indeed, let alone enduring until earning a Spirit Stone, they probably can’t even last a year or two."

The steward nodded.

Quickly led the two hundred people away.

Wen Jiu quietly watched this scene, though he didn’t know what servants needed to do, but the words suggested it was not simple. Could it be true as the Purple Robed Immortal said, ten years to earn one Spirit Stone?

Seeing Wen Jiu in deep thought, Chen Qing beside him spoke softly to explain, "Brother Wen, servants are also divided into different levels. The farther you go on the path to immortality, the harder the work, the more you earn naturally... Brother Wen, you’re just one step from the top, surely you’ll get a good money-making job."

Harder means more money?

He’s not afraid of hardship.

Only afraid of not earning money.

Only afraid it might really take ten years to earn a Spirit Stone.

With this golden opportunity of living like years, as long as given a chance to earn, he could seize it to climb up.

Before Wen Jiu could speak, the middle-aged cultivator took out a piece of paper, "Those whose names are called, follow me."

"Wen Jiu, Chen Qing, Li Nian..."

The middle-aged cultivator announced ten names in sequence.

Chen Qing, beside Wen Jiu, seeing his name together with Wen Jiu’s, couldn’t help but break into a smile.

Being with Wen Jiu proved it was a good money-making job!

Moreover, staying more with Wen Jiu, their relationship could grow daily, after all, among those left on Immortal Island, Wen Jiu went the farthest on the path to immortality, most likely to become a cultivator in the future.

"Brother Wen, let’s go!"

Chen Qing quickly followed the middle-aged cultivator’s steps.

Wen Jiu glanced around, then followed.

He naturally saw through Chen Qing’s intentions, as it’s natural for those in hardship to stick together.

Chen Qing was willing to give up being Crown Prince to pursue immortality.

Indeed a resolute person.

Such a person is worth befriending.

But those in high positions have many thoughts, not suitable for deep friendships.

This is a conclusion from over twenty years of roaming the Hidden Dragon Continent because those at the top always weigh interests.

Let them really be your friends?

Let them be tearful at farewell like Li Er?

Impossible.

...

Moments later.

Wen Jiu and the ten followed the middle-aged cultivator across a small path in the hills.

During the journey, the middle-aged cultivator particularly noted Wen Jiu, "Heard you never paused on the path to immortality and almost reached the top?"

Wen Jiu nodded.

"What a pity... such a resolute heart for the Dao, unaffected by illusions, if you had Spiritual Roots, your future would be limitless," the middle-aged cultivator lamented regretfully, "but you really shouldn’t stay."

"Immortal Master, why do you say that?" Wen Jiu inquired.

Calling him Immortal Master made the middle-aged cultivator's heart glad, he explained with a smile, "It's true that with a cultivation technique, one can use Spirit Stones to step into Qi Cultivation... But that's the limit for those without Spiritual Roots, wanting further requires exponentially more Spirit Stones, but an ordinary person's lifespan won't hold long enough. So over a century on Feiyu Island, among nearly one hundred thousand ordinary servants, only three reached Qi Cultivation Second or Third Layer."

"Thank you for the reminder, Immortal Master, but I still want to try. If I can't cultivate immortality, I think even in death I won't rest in peace."

Wen Jiu expressed gratitude.

The middle-aged cultivator shook his head with a chuckle, "No wonder you were just a step from the top, such a resolute heart for the Dao... Hope you won't have your Dao Heart worn away by the years as a servant."

Afterwards.

The middle-aged cultivator reminded again.

"Also, don't call me Immortal Master in front of others, just call me Steward Li. I'm merely a cultivator myself, only at Qi Cultivation Third Layer, not worthy of the title Immortal Master."

"Understood, Immortal Master!" Wen Jiu responded.

The middle-aged cultivator shook his head with a smile.

Spoke no more.

Because he liked being called Immortal Master!

Soon.

The ten were taken to a fishing port.

The fishing port was quite large, with hundreds of large and small boats docked on both sides, a spectacular sight.

Before Wen Jiu and the others could take more than a glance, Steward Li brought them to a large shed filled with a mix of blood and fishy smell, and gave everyone a knife.

A bright and sharp fish-cleaning knife.

Steward Li spoke, "Your task is to dismantle Spirit Fish in the shed, for every fish dismantled, you can earn ten taels. Killing enough of a thousand fish gives you one

hundred thousand taels, just enough to exchange for one Low-grade Spirit Stone. Ordinary Qi Cultivation entry-level techniques also cost exactly one Low-grade Spirit Stone."

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse - Chapter 847 - 407: Making Up for Missed Updates (2)

Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 847 - 407: Making Up for Missed Updates (2)

Chapter 847: Chapter 407: Making Up for Missed Updates (2)

After speaking, Steward Li added, "Generally, a servant can dissect five Spirit Fish a day, which is fifty taels."

Wen Jiu’s expression stiffened upon hearing this.

Fifty taels a day.

Only one thousand five hundred taels a month.

Less than twenty thousand taels a year.

One hundred thousand taels would take at least five years.

It’s good news that it doesn’t take ten years to earn a Low-grade Spirit Stone.

Time and such.

He doesn’t mind.

Since the moment he set his heart on cultivation, he was already prepared.

He doesn’t seek quick success.

But seeks stability.

If it’s five years, then five years.

As long as he can earn Spirit Stones.

The path to immortality is long, he doesn’t rush for a short term gain.

Moreover, he has the golden finger of days passing like years to help him, using it once every seven days may not even take five years.

"Thank you, Immortal Master!" Wen Jiu cupped his fists and bowed to Steward Li, after all, this opportunity to make money was given by him.

Seeing this, Chen Qing hurriedly followed suit.

Five years.

As long as it’s not ten years!

Steward Li nodded, his gaze swept over the other individuals whose faces were still full of worry, and he nodded in satisfaction, "Not bad temperament, but remember to be cautious. Dissecting Spirit Fish is profitable, but also poses a life risk. After all, Spirit Fish are fundamentally different species, with many toxic parts on their bodies, which are trivial to a cultivator but deadly to mortals."

"Thank you for the advice, Immortal Master." Wen Jiu thanked him again, and asked, "May I ask, Immortal Master, what should I be mindful of?"

Having encountered a kind cultivator willing to share some knowledge, Wen Jiu naturally would not let the opportunity slip by.

It’s always right to ask more questions.

Steward Li replied, "Just don’t be hasty and always stay vigilant, besides that, practice makes perfect."

"Thank you, Immortal Master."

Wen Jiu thanked him again.

Soon.

Steward Li left.

Wen Jiu and the others were taken into a large tent, where massive blood-stained stone platforms came into view.

On many of the stone platforms, Spirit Fish at least twice the size of a human were placed, each shaped differently.

But there was one thing common.

No matter if it was the dead Spirit Fish or the living ones, they all gave Wen Jiu a strong sense of pressure. This pressure spread through the air, making one's scalp tingle and spine chill.

After Wen Jiu and his group entered, many of the fish cutters raised their heads, their gaze scanning the group.

Their eyes were indifferent.

And cold.

As if they were prisoners locked in a cage for many years, rather than people seeking the path of immortality on the Immortal Island.

Wen Jiu now understood why that Steward Li hoped his Dao Heart wouldn't be worn down by the seemingly endless drudgery of being a servant.

A cultivator guard spoke up, "Gather around, I'm only demonstrating once, whether you can learn it or not depends on yourselves."

With those words.

The guard picked up a knife.

With one hand, he grabbed a dead Spirit Fish weighing a thousand pounds, dragged it onto the stone platform, raised the knife, and first dissected the fish's head. But when he chopped off its head, the knife struck the fish bones, giving Wen Jiu the impression it was like striking steel.

Clanging sounds rang out loudly.

No.

It felt even harder than steel.

After all, this guard could easily drag a thousand-pound Spirit Fish; chopping steel should be a piece of cake.

But it still took him seven or eight strikes to cut through the fishbone.

"Remove the gills from the fish head, then extract the brain. The Spirit Fish brain is a great supplement, consuming it can replenish a cultivator's Divine Sense," said the guard as he placed the fish head horizontally, then the knife tip sunk three inches into the fish head.

Swish——

The blade swept across, slicing the fish head open, extracting the white gelatinous fish brain and placing it into a wooden barrel beside the stone platform.

"After extracting the fish brain, it's time to dissect the body. Be cautious not to let the fishbones prick your hand, as they contain toxins. To cultivators, it's no big deal, but for you, it's directly lethal!"

The guard continued to raise and drop the knife, beginning to slit the fish body.

A quarter-hour passed.

A Spirit Fish was fully dissected.

Fish bones, fish meat, fish skin, etc., all went into their respective containers. Once finished, the guard immediately used a cleaning Yellow Talisman to remove all the fish blood, fish stench, and such from his body, unwilling to bear the fishy smell a moment longer than necessary.

"Alright, get busy now, how many you can dissect in a day is up to your own skill."

Leaving these words, the guard quickly stepped out of the tent, wearing a look of disdain.

Wen Jiu immediately stepped forward, imitating the procedure. freewebnovel.com

But his speed was much slower than the guard's.

Just splitting open the fish's head was no easy task, with issues like lack of strength and speed arising one after another.

After exhausting himself, carefully avoiding the fishbones, it took two hours to dissect one Spirit Fish.

Chen Qing encountered the same problems as Wen Jiu.

Issues like lack of strength and speed, taking a lot of time just to chop through a fishbone, and it even made his hands go numb.

Forget dissecting four or five.

After one.

He was already spent.

"Brother Wen, this... Forget four or five a day, we'd be lucky to dissect two," said the Crown Prince. Although he practiced martial arts from a young age, it was only a shallow cultivation.

Engaging in prolonged physical work like this was really hard on him.

During this time, he almost got pricked by the fishbones at least ten or eight times, giving him cold sweats down his back.

Wen Jiu replied, "If you have some success in martial arts, this work should become a lot easier."

As they spoke.

A robust man among the ten burst into laughter.

"This job is practically tailored for me! Once I get the hang of it, at least ten a day is the bare minimum for me."

The one laughing was Ye Kui, one of the Martial Arts Grandmasters of the Liang Kingdom.

Also the only Martial Arts Grandmaster among the ten.

Wen Jiu had seen him once before.

But Ye Kui was a person who killed indiscriminately, extremely fond of currying favor with the powerful and bullying the common folk, so Wen Jiu disdained to associate with him.

After Ye Kui spoke, everyone cast envious looks.

If they had known.

They would have practiced martial arts on the Hidden Dragon Continent.

"Brother Wen, do you think it's too late if I start practicing martial arts now?" Chen Qing asked bitterly.

Wen Jiu replied, "It's never too late."

"Then I'll start practicing martial arts tonight!" Chen Qing asked again, "Brother Wen, do you know martial arts?"

"No."

Wen Jiu shook his head.

And then he fell into deep thought.

Currently unable to practice cultivation, and unable to afford a Cultivation Technique, it seems feasible to start with martial arts to enhance strength. If he could reach the level of a Martial Arts Grandmaster like Ye Kui, dissecting ten Spirit Fish a day would undoubtedly accelerate the earning rate.

Most importantly, having a skill would mean he wouldn't be utterly defenseless, helpless when danger arrives.

Forewarned is forearmed.

Only then can one endure long.

Looks like I'll need to acquire some Martial Arts Secret Manuals, I suppose in the Cultivation Realm, Martial Arts Secret Manuals that are considered treasures on the Hidden Dragon Continent shouldn't be rare commodities.

Putting his thoughts away, Wen Jiu continued to add the task of dissecting Spirit Fish to the list of days passing like years, ignoring Chen Qing.

[Current Days Passing Like Years Task—Dissecting Spirit Fish, by dissecting Spirit Fish for a day, you will receive a year's worth of experience, strength, and other enhancements.]

The next time he wielded the knife.

Within moments, Wen Jiu felt his strength and proficiency in technique increase significantly, and the sense of fatigue had also lessened greatly.

And this growth was continuous.

When he finished dissecting the second Spirit Fish, he realized the speed was much faster than before, saving at least half an hour. Although still exhausted, Wen Jiu felt his strength had increased quite a bit.

Previously, the knife felt heavy, but now it felt much lighter in his hand.

To not waste the days passing like years' time, Wen Jiu took only a brief rest before continuing with the knife.

To the outsiders, Wen Jiu seemed too driven.

"Brother Wen, you should take a breather before starting again." Chen Qing, who had sat down to rest midway through his second dissection, quickly reminded.

Wen Jiu responded, "Every moment spent resting delays the time it takes to earn Spirit Stones. Over the course of a year, who knows how much more delay that could mean."

These weren’t empty words.

Even without the golden finger of days passing like years, he would still do the same.

Everything for early cultivation!

Chen Qing was rendered speechless, stopped resting, stood up, and continued, "Brother Wen, what you say makes a lot of sense!"

...

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Corpse Burier: I Can Nourish Corpse

Chapter 848 - 408: Catching Up on Updates...

Chapter 848: Chapter 408: Catching Up on Updates...

[The following content is discarded draft.

Apologies]

Midnight.

All is silent.

Steward Li intended to inspect briefly, confirm the number of Spirit Fish, and then go back to rest. But as he passed by the shed, he saw the Celestial Star Stone still lit up inside, accompanied by the continuous sound of bones being chopped.

"Who’s still inside?"

Steward Li asked a question.

The guard responded respectfully, "It’s Wen Jiu, who is just one step away from reaching the top. I’ve persuaded him several times, yet he still won’t leave."

"Decomposing Spirit Fish is a tough task; ordinary people can’t endure even half a day, and even regular Martial Arts Grandmasters find it challenging. This guy can keep going until now?" Steward Li glanced inside.

Under the Celestial Star Stone.

Wen Jiu wielded the knife fiercely.

No sign of fatigue at all.

The guard chuckled lightly, "He’s unwilling, obviously. Why else? After all, he’s only one step away from the top. But it won’t be long before he faces reality. Never reaching the top of the Path to Immortality means destined to have no fate with cultivation, and no matter how hard he tries, it’s meaningless. Even the most resolute heart for seeking the Dao will eventually wear out."

The guard’s words had hidden implications.

But he didn’t elaborate.

Steward Li clearly understood the unspoken meaning, yet silently agreed with the statement.

In truth, mortal cultivation is far from just needing a Qi Cultivation Technique and several Spirit Stones.

On Feiyu Island over the past century, for a mortal servant to successfully step into being a Qi Cultivator, at the very least, it took a dozen Low-grade Spirit Stones.

A dozen, meaning a Martial Arts Grandmaster earns one in three years, and if completely not eating or drinking, it takes a full thirty years.

And that’s just the minimum; others have spent dozens, reaching the Qi Cultivation First Layer at around sixty or seventy years old.

But these facts can’t be spoken out loud.

Once they’re spoken.

The number of willing mortals staying would decrease.

The fewer mortals, the fewer people to do the dirty and exhausting tasks.

"Let him continue to struggle; once tired, he'll naturally go back to rest." Steward Li sighed and walked away leisurely.

...

A night of fish slaughter.

Once the day feels like a year buff disappeared again, fatigue followed.

Though very tired.

The gains were plentiful.

A day equaling a year, now he only needs an hour to decompose a normal Spirit Fish.

Over the night, Wen Jiu decomposed another five Spirit Fish, and along with the four during the day, a total of nine.

Earnings: ninety taels.

Thereafter, Wen Jiu continued slaughtering fish every day until midnight, leaving himself only three hours to sleep.

After a whole day, he can steadily decompose eight Spirit Fish, setting a new record as the most from novice fish slaughterers in nearly a decade.

Wen Jiu hence earned a nickname—Fish Slaughter King.

But after six days, Wen Jiu amassed only four hundred ninety taels, far from the hundred thousand taels target, still seemingly ten thousand eight thousand miles away.

Thus, after the sixth day was completed, Wen Jiu brought his savings to the Mortal District Market, preparing to buy Martial Arts Secret Manuals.

He must first become a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Not merely needing a skill to rely on.

But also because in recent days he's seen Immortal Masters bringing Martial Arts Grandmaster servants when setting out to sea.

Going out to sea can earn more.

Of course.

This also means more danger.

Thus, Wen Jiu's learning of martial arts isn't for setting out to sea.

But for more possibilities.

Those Immortal Masters need Martial Arts Grandmaster servants to accompany them at sea, which means they need them for other tasks, and as long as there are those tasks, he's got a chance.

With this in mind, Wen Jiu casually entered a shop.

"Boss, do you sell Martial Arts Secret Manuals?" Wen Jiu asked.

The shop owner just replied blandly seeing someone wanting to buy Martial Arts Secret Manuals, "New here, aren't you?"

"Mm-hmm."

Wen Jiu nodded.

Yet also became curious.

Is it true only newcomers buy Martial Arts Secret Manuals?

The shop owner chuckled, "Curious, huh? It's just right to be curious. Not afraid to tell you, anyone who's been on Feiyu Island for over a year knows learning martial arts now is like dreaming fool's dreams, exhausted to the point of collapse earning money doing servant work each day, what strength is left to cultivate martial arts? Even if there's energy to cultivate martial arts, it'd take twenty or thirty years to reach the Grandmaster Realm. With that time, they could've earned two or three Spirit Stones."

"I see." Wen Jiu realized, but still persisted, fortunately having an incredible ability. "Boss, but I want to buy Martial Arts Secret Manuals."

"If you buy, I'll surely sell."

Speaking, the shop owner stood up, took out a dozen Martial Arts Secret Manuals from the shelf behind him, all leading straight to the Grandmaster Realm.

If placed on Hidden Dragon Continent.

These would be clan treasures.

Sect artifacts!

But on Feiyu Island, they are unnoticed, covered in dust.

"If you want them, a hundred taels I'll give you all." The shop owner stated plainly.

Upon hearing the price, Wen Jiu's inner reseller instinct almost awakened.

If he could take them to sell on Hidden Dragon Continent.

He'd be the richest man on Hidden Dragon Continent.

Wen Jiu collected his thoughts, picked up a few manuals, and glanced at them.

Ultimately choosing three.

Physique.

Body Technique.

And hidden weapons.

Physique, able to withstand beatings, increasing survival chances.

Body Technique, good for dodging, likewise increasing survival chances.

Hidden weapons, able to kill enemies from a distance, a great skill far superior to barehanded fighting. freewebnovel.com

Wen Jiu prepared to practice all three.

Due to his incredible ability.

"Three manuals, thirty taels." The shop owner said calmly.

Wen Jiu nodded, paid and left with the Martial Arts Secret Manuals.

Upon returning to the wooden cabin, the first practice was the Martial Arts Secret Manual-on strengthening physique—"Golden Yuan Body."

Golden Yuan Body divides into three layers.

First layer, skin glistens golden.

Second layer, flesh turns to gold,

Third layer, bones consolidate to gold, reaching the Grandmaster Realm, being impervious to guns and knives, resistant to ordinary water and fire.

To Wen Jiu's surprise, the end of Golden Yuan Body had an extra line—Should bones consolidate to gold, one's full strength could withstand a Qi Cultivation First Layer cultivator's spell attack once.

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Although it can only block once, it made Wen Jiu's mind spin rapidly, greatly delighting him.

Once is enough.

It's definitely better than shattering on contact.

As long as it can block once, he will have a chance to escape.

Or even counterstrike.

As far as he knows, the Qi Cultivation First Layer doesn't involve Body Refining; there's no defensive Talisman or Magical Treasure.

With this in mind, Wen Jiu didn't hesitate and started cultivating the Golden Yuan Body.

For the next two consecutive months, Wen Jiu endured a grueling existence eight times, forcefully gaining eight years' cultivation of the Golden Yuan Body.

And successfully stepped into the Second Layer.

Body Transforming into Gold!

Afterward, Wen Jiu spent another three months, enduring twelve grueling experiences, and successfully stepped into the Third Layer of the Golden Yuan Body.

Iron Bones Condensing into Gold!

Entering the Grandmaster Realm!

When nothing more could be improved, Wen Jiu paused, turning his focus to cultivating Body Technique—Mist Trace Step.

Again, he spent five months.

Mist Trace Step entered the Grandmaster Realm!

A hundred zhang in just ten breaths!

Just like that, winter came in the blink of an eye.

Counting the time, it’s been ten months since arriving on the island.

The nickname Wen Jiu Killer of Fish is no longer just shared among acquaintances, and his reputation has gradually spread.

Because, after the Golden Yuan Body entered the Grandmaster Realm, Wen Jiu’s speed in killing fish grew faster and faster; a base of twelve fish a day.

Among the thirty servants in the entire greenhouse,

Not one is his match.

As for Ye Kui,

Not to mention a base of ten fish a day, he hasn’t even reached eight yet.

But for some reason, Chen Qing has started to hang around with him.

Often disappearing after work.

And on this day,

"Brother Wen!"

Pushing open the door, there stood Chen Qing, who had aged more since arriving on the island ten months ago.

The youthful refinement of a Crown Prince was long gone.

Wen Jiu responded, "What’s up?"

"Brother Wen, I saw Li Er today. He was very pleased to learn that we're staying on Immortal Island and wants to invite us for a catch-up talk." Chen Qing spoke excitedly, clearly looking forward to the reunion.

Wen Jiu understood.

After all, they were now mere mortal servants.

Whereas Li Er was an Immortal Master on Feiyu Island.

If they could establish a good rapport with him,

The future would certainly be brighter.

The fact that Li Er still remembers them proves he hasn't changed.

"When?" Wen Jiu naturally wouldn't refuse, and he also wanted to use the reunion to gather some information.

As a mortal servant, his perspective was limited.

Some things are known only to cultivators.

Over the past ten months, he saved thirty thousand taels.

But it's still far from enough to buy a Spirit Stone.

Now, with both his body and technique entering the Grandmaster Realm, if he could leverage Li Er to land a better job,

It would undoubtedly be a significant boost.

Chen Qing excitedly replied, "One month from now, Li Er said, by then, Su Qin is very likely to come as well."

"Then we'll talk about it later."

Wen Jiu responded.

Though he did not show too much excitement,

he was filled with anticipation.

Su Qin possesses the best Top-Grade Spirit Root, surely holding an extraordinary position on Feiyu Island now.

The willingness to reminisce with him was undoubtedly a cause for joy.

In cultivation, spirit roots are important.

But human connections are equally important.

Especially to him.

Just as Wen Jiu was about to return to his room, Chen Qing suddenly expressed his gratitude, "Thank you so much, Brother Wen, for your recommendation!"

"Hmm?"

"If it weren't for you, Li Er and Su Qin wouldn't think of reminiscing with me, after all, we had only met a few times."

To this, Wen Jiu remained silent.

He merely looked Chen Qing up and down.

There was a faint killing intent emanating from Chen Qing.

This was something Chen Qing didn't have before.

Ordinary people couldn't detect this killing intent.

But a Martial Arts Grandmaster could.

This couldn't come from killing fish.

It could only come from killing people.

...

After a few pleasantries, Wen Jiu returned to his room.

He no longer thought about Chen Qing's matters.

Everyone has their own path.

The next morning.

Wen Jiu, as usual, went to the dock to kill fish.

But this time, Steward Li suddenly called him, and also summoned Ye Kui and several other Martial Arts Grandmasters.

"There is a job better than killing fish that requires three people; the reward is thirty thousand taels, but it's not without danger. Who wants to go?" Steward Li's gaze first fell on Wen Jiu, who had cultivated the Golden Yuan Body.

Wen Jiu had only revealed to the outside world that he had entered the Grandmaster Realm with the Golden Yuan Body, so Steward Li's gaze first turned to him.

The spirit of man is good, but the corporeal soul is evil. The spirit of man is intelligent, but the corporeal soul is foolish. The corporeal soul dominates the human body. When the spirit leaves the body, it becomes a terrifying zombie.

1. The first level is the "White Zombie," when the corpse enters a nurturing ground, after a month, its whole body begins to grow fluffy white hair. These zombies move slowly and are very easy to deal with; they are extremely afraid of sunlight, fire, water, chickens, dogs, and even more so of humans;

afraid of fire, water, chickens, dogs, and even more so of humans;

2.

The second level is the "Black Zombie." If a White Zombie feasts on cow or sheep blood, after several years, the white hair sheds and is replaced by a few inches of black hair. At this time, it still fears sunlight and fierce fire, moves slowly, but begins to not fear chickens and dogs. Generally, Black Zombies will avoid humans and do not dare to fight directly, often feeding on human blood only when people are asleep (Black Zombies and White Zombies are collectively known as "Black and White Zombie Fiends"). There have been tens of thousands of reported incidents worldwide of 'unknown bloodsucking creatures' attacking livestock, and some even believe

that the "wild man" is a Black Zombie);

/3. The third level is the "Hopping Zombie." After absorbing yin and blood for decades, the Black Zombie's hair sheds, and movement starts to be characterized by hopping. The leaps are fast and far, they fear sunlight, and they no longer fear humans or any livestock (even dogs that usually bark a lot won't make a sound when they encounter 'Black Zombies' or 'Hopping Zombies,' but cats will wail when they see zombies);

4. The fourth level is the "Flying Corpse," evolved from the Hopping Zombie by absorbing the moon's essence. Flying Corpses are often zombies that are a hundred years or even several hundred years old, agile, leaping over roofs and into trees, flying with great agility, absorbing spirits without leaving external injuries; freewebnovel.com

The fifth level of zombies is nearly demonic, called "Drought Demon," also known as "Fire Drought," "Dry Drought." After Flying Zombies absorb spirits for hundreds of years, their appearance becomes even more terrifying, described as cyan-faced with fangs devouring humans like Rakshasa, they can even change their form and appearance to confuse people,

able to slaughter dragons and summon plague gods. Droughts and plagues arise from this (in ancient times, if a plague spread with a drought, people firmly believed it was caused by a Drought Demon);

The last and most terrifying level of zombies, should no longer be called a "corpse," but a Demon King, named "Hou." It possesses terrifying power to confront gods, with thousands or even millions of years of cultivation. Yuan Mei's "Continued Words" states zombies may transform into Hou: "In Changzhou, Magistrate Jiang said: The lion and elephant ridden by the Buddha are known, but the Hou ridden by the Buddha is unknown. The Hou is transformed from a zombie." When a zombie transforms, it emits strange wailing, leaps and bounds three times, then turns into a beast-like form and leaves. Hence, it is said: a corpse first transforms into a Drought Demon, then into a Hou. The Hou has divine techniques, spits fire, and can battle dragons, hence the Buddha rides it to suppress it.

The Fur Zombie grows hair on its body and is famously known for its Copper Skin Iron Bone. The higher its cultivation, the more solid its body becomes. Agile in movement, leaping over roofs and into trees, it no longer fears mundane fire or sunlight.

The Flying Corpse is a well-cultivated thousand-year zombie that appeared in Zhili Anzhou. Flying Corpses are adept with magic, their bodies unsullied, and because they can fly, they are called Flying Corpses.

Undying Bone, when a person dies, certain parts of their body are spiritually infused, causing those parts not to decay. For example, a grain carrier who always uses his shoulders might find the area around his shoulders is undecayed after death, and this undecayed part is called the Undying Bone. If the Undying Bone is later infused with the essence of the sun and moon, it will cause trouble.

Shadow Corpse refers to millennials' undecaying corpses, immovable, essentially a complete whole surrounded by Undying Bone; over time, absorbing the essence of the sun and moon, they will gradually transform into Wandering Corpses.

Wandering Corpse migrates with the lunar energy and seasons, having no fixed abode, ultimately transforming into a Flying Yaksha over time.

The Drought Demon.

This type of zombie has nearly become demonic, known as "Drought Demon," also referred to as "Fire Drought," "Dry Drought." After absorbing the essence of spirits for hundreds of years, its appearance becomes more and more ferocious, described as cyan-faced and fanged, devouring humans like Rakshasa, capable of transforming its shape and appearance to confuse others, able to slaughter dragons above and summon plague gods below. Drought and plague arise from this (in ancient times, if a plague spread with a drought, people unconditionally believed it was the doing of a Drought Demon);

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Chapter 850: Chapter 409: Supplementary Update in Progress...

[The following content is a rough draft.

Apologies.]

"Online novels really are fictional!"

"What's the point of rebirth without any golden fingers!"

Three days.

He had already been reborn into this world for a full three days.

In these three days, he nurtured his wounds while waiting for hope to arrive, but the reality was that nothing did.

"What's the point of this damn rebirth? To make me suffer the same exhaustion-induced death in a different world, and the hardship isn't even over yet?"

In his original world, he was a struggling 9-to-5 worker, nearing thirty without money, a house, or a girlfriend. He did have a Geely car bought on loan, but the loan wasn't going to be paid off for another five years.

He thought rebirth would allow him to live differently, to live a life less ordinary, but he never expected the original body to be in an even tougher spot in the Cultivation Realm.

On Blue Star, if one can't achieve stability by thirty, at least they could live peacefully and safely, but in the Cultivation Realm, being Qi Cultivation First Layer at thirty means even survival is tough, let alone understanding life by forty or fate by fifty.

What understanding or fate? At Qi Cultivation First Layer like the original body, living to forty is already challenging.

Because in this Cultivation Realm, it’s rampant with demons. A person like the original body, once they leave Black Water Town, would be dead without a doubt.

And staying in Black Water Town is perilous nonetheless.

As for making an effort.

Sorry.

One might succeed late on Blue Star.

But in the Cultivation Realm, being at Qi Cultivation First Layer at thirty is essentially a death sentence.

The end of this life most likely stops at Qi Cultivation Second Layer.

Because the path of cultivation places great importance on talent, family background, and is equally reliant on opportunities and blessings.

The original body, at thirty, being at Qi Cultivation First Layer clearly has none of these.

How can one succeed late?

How can one accumulate and release less but achieve more?

"Indeed, the ordinary is the norm. Being reborn and becoming the protagonist is merely the fantasy of a frustrated writer."

Wen Jiu sighed deeply.

His heart was filled with endless emotion.

...

Just at that moment.

A voice outside the door impatiently interrupted Wen Jiu’s thoughts.

"Big Dog, dead yet? If not, hurry and open the door, it’s time to pay the rent for the Good House and rental fee for the Exorcism Talisman!"

Recognizing that familiar voice, Wen Jiu couldn’t help but feel a deep sense of fear in his heart.

A memory of hearing that voice and hiding in the room, not daring to breathe a word or respond, flashed through his mind.

Seeing this memory, Wen Jiu understood why he instinctually felt fear.

Because the original body often couldn’t afford the rent and rental fee for the talisman.

The rent for the Good House is two Low-grade Spirit Stones a month, and renting the talisman requires an additional Low-grade Spirit Stone, totaling three Low-grade Spirit Stones a month.

And the original body could barely earn three Low-grade Spirit Stones a month.

If he couldn’t afford these two rent payments, at best he was beaten, at worst he was kicked out of the Good House.

Once kicked out of this Good House, he had nowhere to live in all of Black Water Town, not even a chance to find a corner to sleep on the ground. Simply because, once night falls, demons and evils appear in Black Water Town.

Demons eat people and are very difficult to deal with, only by hiding indoors and hanging an Exorcism Talisman under the eaves can one be safe.

Thus.

Whether it’s the Good House.

Or the Exorcism Talisman, they must be rented.

Thinking of this, Wen Jiu quickly rummaged for Spirit Stones and after finding thirty-one pieces of Spiritual Sand in the storage bag, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Ten pieces of Spiritual Sand are equal to one Low-grade Spirit Stone.

Thirty pieces of Spiritual Sand are equivalent to three Low-grade Spirit Stones.

Just enough to pay next month’s rent.

Then, the urging voice outside the door sounded again, full of impatience, "Hurry up, Big Dog, I know you’re alive. If you don’t open the door, I just won’t collect it, and later you beg me and I still won’t take it!"

Wen Jiu immediately went forward to open the door.

Upon seeing the plump middle-aged man, memories also came to him.

The man’s name is Li Yan.

The rental steward under the masters of Black Water Town.

Forty years old, Qi Cultivation Fourth Layer.

Compared to him, worlds apart.

"Steward Li."

After opening the door, Wen Jiu handed over thirty pieces of Spiritual Sand.

Li Yan seemed to overlook Wen Jiu’s foot injury, took the Spiritual Sand, grabbed Wen Jiu’s shoulder and pinched it hard, causing Wen Jiu to almost cry out in pain, and a wave of anger began to brew.

But Wen Jiu held it in.

Because anger would only complicate things.

This is something the original body encountered multiple times, the way to handle it was—encountering Li Yan’s shoulder pinch, quickly kneel down.

And shout "Brother Li, spare me," followed by some sycophantic words.

Thus, Li Yan wouldn’t be too harsh on him.

But this was something Wen Jiu admitted he couldn’t learn.

He could only endure.

"Why are you always forgetting, opening the door slower than others?" Li Yan pointed at the couple in the neighboring Good House, angrily saying, "Look at others, I haven’t even knocked and they’re already waiting."

"Steward Li, I’ll be quick next time!"

Enduring the pain, suppressing the anger, Wen Jiu quickly agreed.

Just then, the middle-aged cultivator in the neighboring Good House opened his mouth to flatter, stopping Li Yan, "Congratulations, Steward Li, I’ve heard you’re about to break through to Qi Cultivation Fifth Layer? No wonder you’re so impressive!"

"Fellow Daoist Li flatteringly praises, just accumulated strength and breakthrough." Releasing Wen Jiu, Li Yan sauntered over to the middle-aged cultivator.

His demeanor compared to before was entirely different.

In Wen Jiu’s view, it was only natural.

Because the middle-aged cultivator named Li Fu, not only was he related to Li Yan by family, but also a Loose Cultivator at Qi Cultivation Third Layer.

"Farewell, Steward Li." Wen Jiu endured the pain, his expression ordinary as he paid his respects, but secretly noted it in his mind.

After Li Yan left.

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