

CULTIVATION SYSTEM: STRONGER WITH AGE

Chapter 31 - 28 The Big Shot of Forty-Two Lanes, The Remarkable Effects of Turtle Jelly (Please Follow)

Lin Xuankong was deep in thought when footsteps were heard outside. It was Steward Gu Beicheng leading the Martial Cultivators who had passed the test into the Martial Arts Hall.

After everyone entered, they stood near the Martial Arts Arena. Some had nervous expressions as they looked at the bloodstains on the arena, while most wore complex expressions directed at Lin Xuankong.

Clearly, everyone had guessed something since Lin Xuankong was summoned to the Martial Arts Hall alone!

Gu Beicheng, having heard about Lin Xuankong from Steward Ma, adjusted his robe and cupped his hands towards Lin Xuankong, saying, "Congratulations to Senior Brother Lin on being personally appointed as Chief Steward by Chief Steward Jiang. I was previously disrespectful at the branch's announcement area. I hope Senior Brother can forgive me!"

Lin Xuankong, seeing his politeness, couldn't help but cup his hands in return. "Although I have been appointed as a Steward, I am not very familiar with the duties required. I will inevitably need to consult you in the future and may even have to trouble you!"

"No problem, no problem!" Gu Beicheng laughed. "Once things settle down in a couple of days, I will definitely treat Steward Lin to a fine meal by way of apology!"

The Martial Cultivators surrounding the Martial Arts Arena were all astonished upon hearing their conversation.

"A Chief Steward... He's actually been appointed Chief Steward?"

"Not a Deputy Steward, but a Chief Steward! And personally appointed by Grand Steward Jiang at that!"

"Alas, the disparity between one person and another is truly greater than that between a human and a dog!"

Many people began to whisper among themselves. The man who had been appointed Deputy Steward, Li Er, touched his bald head and chuckled, "The Great Thousand Worlds are truly full of wonders! This time, I, Li Er, am utterly astounded!"

Luu Guanqi, his long face pale, glanced around. He noticed that many Martial Cultivators seemed to recall how he had previously mocked Lin Xuankong. They all wore expressions of schadenfreude as they looked at him, causing Luu Guanqi's face to become extremely unsightly. He gritted his teeth, frowned in thought for a moment, then unexpectedly addressed Gu Beicheng, "I apologize, but I will no longer participate in the martial competition." With that, he left the Martial Arts Hall, his expression desolate.

The crowd of Martial Cultivators watched Luu Guanqi's solitary figure exit the Martial Arts Hall. They couldn't help but recall how, just over two hours ago, Lin Xuankong had been the one standing alone, subjected to their discussions and Luu Guanqi's ridicule. They couldn't help but sigh inwardly, marveling at how worldly affairs were so fickle and unpredictable. In the blink of an eye, fortunes could be reversed—some rising to prominence while others met their downfall.

Luu Guanqi walked out of the Martial Arts Hall and stood alone on the Martial Arts Arena. He looked back at Lin Xuankong, who was now the subject of everyone's envy. Luu Guanqi's eyes were filled with resentment, yet his heart churned with utter helplessness.

How could I have guessed that this damned old man could actually light up four marks? And then be appointed Chief Steward by a high-ranking Grand Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect... If I had known, only a fool would have mocked him! Now that he's a Chief Steward, how can I, as a disciple in the Yin Talisman Sect, expect to have a good time...

「Inside the Martial Arts Hall,」

Under Steward Gu Beicheng's organization, the Martial Cultivators who had passed the first round of testing soon began the martial competition.

The participants, vying for a prestigious Steward position, held nothing back, leading to extremely fierce bouts. Even with Steward Ma observing from the side, ready to intervene at any moment, most Martial Cultivators ended up seriously injured after dozens of matches.

During the competition, a Martial Cultivator named Guo Yun wielded a pair of Short Halberds with great skill. However, in his eagerness to strike his enemy, he made a careless mistake and was hit in the abdomen by a hammer, nearly dying on the spot. Yang Mountain was also unfortunately defeated. The Spear Technique he executed with his Red Tassel Spear carried the imposing might of a Battle Array formation. Unfortunately, the opponent he faced was at the Early Stage of the Second Layer Realm.

After several rounds of competition, even the four Martial Cultivators who ultimately emerged victorious were all severely injured. One had a broken arm; another's clothes were torn, their thigh dripping with blood. Yet, these four had, in the end, fought their way to a Deputy Steward position.

The other Martial Cultivators, also injured, could only begin as ordinary disciples and slowly work their way up.

In contrast, Lin Xuankong, the one everyone had initially mocked, became the only person more at ease than Steward Gu Beicheng. Furthermore, everyone else had fought desperately in the competition, vying for positions that were merely Deputy Steward roles. Yet Lin Xuankong, who had simply sat to one side drinking tea and clapping, had obtained the esteemed position of Chief Steward!

Next came the inauguration ceremony for the six new Stewards and Deputy Stewards, organized by Steward Ma. Over a thousand disciples from the Mule Street Branch of the Yin Talisman Sect, along with various Stewards, welcomed and congratulated these individuals.

Once the ceremony concluded, Steward Ma meticulously explained the regulations they needed to be aware of and the affairs they would be responsible for managing, making all necessary arrangements. Lin Xuankong, as a newly appointed Chief Steward, could not formally begin Cultivation of the Yin Talisman Technique until he completed three tasks specific to his role. Nevertheless, he was entitled to all the perquisites of a Chief Steward without exception.

These primarily included: a Steward Daoist Robe; a Steward Token crafted from sandalwood; a monthly salary in silver taels; ingredients for the Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup; and a Chief Steward's residence.

For Lin Xuankong, the other benefits were of little concern; he cared most about the medicinal ingredients!

In terms of subordinates, due to the Yin Talisman Sect's frequent clashes with the Demon People Race and the recent major battle against the Black Tiger Gang, Lin Xuankong was assigned only forty-eight disciples.

This was a Chief Steward, a position equivalent in status to a Deputy Steward of the Black Tiger Gang, yet he had so few men... Fewer than even a common Leader in the Black Tiger Gang. The Yin Talisman Sect had indeed declined in power!

However, Lin Xuankong was quite satisfied that the newly initiated Yang Mountain, Guo Yun, and about six or seven others, including Bald Li Er, were all assigned under him. These individuals possessed excellent Martial Skills and could all be considered elites.

Chapter 32 - 28: Leader of Forty-Two Lanes, The Miraculous Effects of Turtle Lingzhi (Seeking Follow-Up Reads)_2

Additionally, the territory Steward Ma assigned to Lin Xuankong was very much to his liking. It included Wutong Village, Cow and Horse Street, Yangchang Street, and the Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes—right near Lin Xuankong's home!

Being the 'big boss' of the Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes near his own home was certainly a good thing!

After finishing his errands, the sky had already grown somewhat dark. Lin Xuankong arranged with Bald Li Er, Yang Mountain, Guo Yun, and others to meet the next day at his Steward station on Cow and Horse Street. Then, he carried a

wooden box containing a new Daoist Robe, a Sandalwood Token, medicinal herbs, and other items, and headed towards Wutong Village.

At the street entrance, he looked up and saw Old Zhang, who sold leek pies, still busy. He walked over and said, "Give me eight leek pies."

Seeing it was Lin Xuankong, Old Zhang's expression changed. "Brother Lin, you didn't get into trouble? Today you were recklessly saying you wanted to join the Yin Talisman Sect; I was really worried you'd get into trouble!"

Old Zhang had no idea that not only had Lin Xuankong avoided trouble, but he had also become the big boss of the Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes. The Martial Cultivators and Yin Talisman Disciples, whom Old Zhang usually held in high regard, would now have to respectfully call him 'Steward Lin' when they saw him!

Lin Xuankong, however, had no interest in showing off in front of this poor pie seller. He smiled and said, "Nothing happened! But it's getting late. Why are you still working, Younger Brother Zhang?"

Old Zhang scrutinized him for a moment. Seeing that Lin Xuankong was indeed fine, he sighed and said, "I have no choice! After my son was devoured by a Demon, only my wife, daughter-in-law, and two little grandsons were left at home. If I don't earn some extra money, how can I support them all?"

Lin Xuankong was somewhat surprised. "Younger Brother Zhang, you live in the Outer City? How could you encounter a Demon there?"

He had never heard of any Demons near Wutong Village!

Old Zhang sighed. "I live on Sishui Street in the West City. We'd never encountered Demons before! My son was a fisherman, usually safe working on the Sishui River. Who could have thought that a Fish Demon would sneak in with the current a while ago? Sigh!"

Lin Xuankong's heart skipped a beat. Yangchang Street, under his jurisdiction, was not far from Sishui Street and near the Sishui River...

"What happened next? Did they catch that Fish Demon?"

Old Zhang shook his head, a trace of hatred in his eyes, and lowered his voice. "Sishui Street is Black Tiger Gang territory. They sent people to search haphazardly once and didn't catch the Fish Demon. It hasn't appeared again, so they've given up. But my son and the other fishermen lost their lives in vain! Sigh, let's not talk about this. Brother Lin, your pies are ready!"

As Lin Xuankong took the pies, he thought to himself, Since the Fish Demon hasn't appeared again, it must have escaped the city! And it's impossible for me to be so unlucky that I'd encounter the Fish Demon just after becoming the Steward of Yangchang Street!

「When he arrived at his wooden house」

He set aside his worries, and a smile of anticipation appeared on his face. *I've joined the Yin Talisman Sect as I wished and was the only one among over a hundred Martial Cultivators to be promoted to Chief Steward. I wonder if my little foodie will be happy with this news?*

He pushed open the wooden door, entered the outer room, and looked up to the second floor. "I'm back!"

The second floor was silent.

Lin Xuankong, somewhat surprised, went up to the second floor. He pushed the door open and found that Lii Xiaolan wasn't in the room. Looking around the backyard, he saw the Old Willow Tree swaying in the wind, but the yard was empty!

Where did this little foodie run off to?

Lin Xuankong frowned and headed towards the staircase. He stopped in his tracks when he saw an oil lamp lit on the table in the outer room. The Young Lady was standing there watching him, with eight meat dishes spread out on the table, including steamed carp and braised pork...

"Chief Steward Lin, you're taking office tomorrow, and yet you didn't think to treat me, your lady master? Hmph, these eight dishes cost three taels and four maces of silver, all on your tab!"

Lii Xiaolan, standing by the oil lamp, pouted, looking very dissatisfied. However, when Lin Xuankong looked at the dishes in surprise, she couldn't stifle a chuckle and burst out laughing.

Seeing the Young Lady's beaming smile, Lin Xuankong felt a little proud. "You knew already?"

Lii Xiaolan gave him a sidelong glance. "Don't be conceited. If I had gone, I could probably have gotten a Steward or even Grand Chief Steward position!"

"Maybe," Lin Xuankong said, thinking of the Young Lady's formidable martial prowess.

At that moment, a trace of tenderness appeared in Lii Xiaolan's eyes as she looked at him closely. "Last time I came back from Demon hunting, you prepared so much food! This time, I bought these. Do they suit your taste?"

Lin Xuankong replied decisively, "As long as you prepared it, I'll love eating it!"

"Liar! Don't just stand there. Start eating, I'm starving!"

"Alright!"

"This braised chicken from Piaoxiang Tower really tastes good!"

"Wasn't this prepared for me? Can you at least leave me a drumstick?"

Watching the Young Lady happily gnawing on the chicken drumstick, and then at the table full of dishes, a smile appeared on Lin Xuankong's lips.

Life is gradually getting better! In the past, there were never eight hearty dishes on this table. Not only were there no eight hearty dishes, we didn't even buy eight leek-stuffed pies!

I just don't know if, when I take up my post tomorrow, those forty-odd senior disciples who have been at the Entry Level for years will obediently follow the orders of me, this aged and newly appointed Steward.

Also, I need to complete three tasks before I can officially start cultivating the Yin Talisman Technique. I wonder when those three tasks will be assigned and whether they will be dangerous.

Thinking of this, Lin Xuankong furrowed his brow.

But, when he looked at the smooth, plump skin of his own hands, a wave of boldness rose in his heart. *With my "Vigorous in Old Age" Life Plate, my Cultivation Speed is much faster than others. Now there's no need to worry about medicinal materials; reaching the Late Stage of the Second Layer is just around the corner! Other Cultivators of the Yin Talisman Sect can firmly hold the position of Steward, so why should I be so worried!*

Why couldn't Lin Xuankong be the master of these Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes!

「...」

After dining with the Young Lady, Lin Xuankong told her about the illusions he encountered during the tests, trying to see if she knew what was going on.

But despite Lii Xiaolan being much stronger than him, she clearly had never encountered such a situation before. Her little face was full of surprise and confusion!

Lin Xuankong had to suppress his doubts and see if he could subtly inquire about it from other Yin Talisman Disciples in the future.

However, Lii Xiaolan had heard of the Turtle-Poria Elixir from the Yin Talisman Sect.

According to her, the Turtle-Poria Elixir was produced only by the Yin Talisman Sect and was extremely famous in the dozens of cities within the Great Marsh Prefecture. Taking one pill could continuously replenish Qi Blood for dozens of days and was highly sought after by Martial Cultivators! Occasionally, if one made its way to the outside world, it often fetched over a thousand taels or more at auctions. It was highly rare; often, a single Elixir was hard to find!

After Lii Xiaolan finished speaking, she rubbed her full little belly, suddenly thought of something, and gave Lin Xuankong a sideways glance. "Humph, the Daoist Nun Chief Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect gave you such a precious Elixir upon your first meeting? She must be quite charming, right?"

Lin Xuankong, happy about the value of the Turtle-Poria Elixir, responded casually, "Charming? Her looks are just average! Actually, I was quite surprised when she gave me the Elixir!"

Just average?

Lii Xiaolan scrutinized him for a while. Seeing his innocent expression, she finally curled her lips into a smile.

"This Turtle-Poria Elixir is so miraculous. Young Lady, would you like to try some? How about we split it equally?" Lin Xuankong suggested.

Lii Xiaolan stared at the Turtle-Poria Elixir. "Humph, not interested! You eat it yourself. Just don't choke on the little Daoist nun's Elixir!"

Lin Xuankong was bewildered.

「Back in his little room」

Lin Xuankong carefully sniffed the fragrance of the Elixir, then quickly tossed the Turtle-Poria Elixir, worth several thousand taels, into his mouth.

The Elixir melted immediately upon entering his mouth, quickly transforming into a warm stream. This stream settled in Lin Xuankong's lower abdomen and then gradually spread to his limbs and bones, nourishing every corner of his body, even warming the roots of his hair!

Soon, Lin Xuankong felt his Qi Blood gradually replenishing.

He thought to himself, *According to the Young Lady, taking one pill is equivalent to taking a daily dose of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup, and the effect lasts for dozens of days. If I could get a few more pills, I wouldn't need to worry about medicinal materials!*

But if this Elixir is worth several thousand taels, its cost-effectiveness isn't very high! TSK TSK, several thousand taels could buy a thousand doses of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup!

Just as he thought of this, he suddenly noticed that the two lines representing Lifespan and Qi Blood on his Life Plate were rapidly changing!

Lin Xuankong's face lit up with joy. *This Turtle-Poria Elixir not only replenishes Qi Blood, allowing me to cultivate without worries... could it also truly extend the user's Lifespan?*

Elated, he carefully sensed the changes in his remaining Lifespan!

Chapter 33 - 29: Taking Office Immediately, Rapid Promotion

About an hour later, after finishing a round of the Pine Heart Method while seated cross-legged on the bed, Lin Xuankong felt his whole body lighten, as if he were about to ascend to the heavens.

Such a sudden sensation of the body becoming lighter was very much like the feeling when the Pine Skill advanced in Realm and subsequently extended one's Lifespan!

He carefully looked at his Life Plate.

[Lin Xuankong: Remaining Lifespan fifteen years and seventy-two days]

[Transcendent Qi Blood: 736/100,000]

Seeing the changes in the Life Plate, I'm overjoyed! This medicine is incredible; the Charming Daoist Nun has treated me well! Lin Xuankong thought.

The Transcendent Qi Blood had already increased by nearly twenty points. A bowl of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup would only increase the Qi Blood Amount by about thirty-odd points... Moreover, the Qi Blood was still slowly increasing!

The most important effect was the increase in Lifespan from the Turtle-Poria Elixir.

To others, this effect might seem elusive. After all, others might feel some bodily changes but wouldn't be certain if their Lifespan had increased, or by how much.

However, relying on my Life Plate, I can see it clearly and precisely, down to the day! Just a single Turtle-Poria Elixir has increased my Lifespan by three years! With such a miraculous medicinal effect... if I took ten or eight pills, even if resistance developed, it would probably extend my life by at least ten or twenty years. What if I took hundreds, or thousands of pills?! I just wonder what kind of merit I would need to achieve in the Yin Talisman Sect to obtain more Turtle-Poria Elixirs... But, since I'm now a Chief Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect, I'll have opportunities in the future!

Lin Xuankong's eyes revealed a touch of anticipation. *Joining the Yin Talisman Sect was indeed the right choice. For me, there are daily medicinal supplies to claim, opportunities to learn Yin Talisman Thunder, and elixirs from the Charming Chief Steward... so many benefits!*

「Early the next day,」

Lin Xuankong finished his cultivation early, then washed up, put on his Steward Daoist Robe, and hung the Sandalwood Token for his office around his waist.

Just as he was about to leave, Lii Xiaolan's clear, pleasant voice came from behind, "Now that you're a Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect, you should tie a Daoist topknot to look the part!"

Lin Xuankong was taken aback. "I don't know how to tie a Daoist topknot!"

Usually when I go out selling pancakes, I just tie my hair casually. A poor family like mine has no such demands, nor the energy to bother with hairstyles!

Lii Xiaolan glanced at him and said helplessly, "Sit down, I'll help you with your hair!"

After Lii Xiaolan carefully gathered his silver hair and tied it into a Daoist topknot, the young lady couldn't help but laugh at the sight of Lin Xuankong in his brand-new Steward Daoist Robe, with his Daoist topknot.

Lin Xuankong asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"With your current appearance, if you had an Iron Trigram Divine Calculation flag, you'd look just like a charlatan!"

"Charlatan? This is an immortal demeanor!" Lin Xuankong replied, looking displeased.

However, as he walked out of the wooden building, he couldn't help but smile when he recalled the moment the young lady had carefully tied his hair for him.

By this time, many early-rising neighbors were already on the streets.

Seeing his Yin Talisman Sect Daoist robe, everyone was visibly surprised and hurriedly moved to the side of the road, bowing respectfully.

These neighbors couldn't have imagined that Old Lin, who was selling pancakes just a few days ago, could suddenly become a member of the Yin Talisman Sect!

After Lin Xuankong walked away, the neighbors quickly gathered and started buzzing with chatter!

They didn't know the significance of the Sandalwood Token on Lin Xuankong's waist, nor that he had become the master of the Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes. If they did, their expressions would be even more remarkable!

As Lin Xuankong stepped onto Cow and Horse Street, not far from the Steward's residence, several burly men approached quickly.

Leading them were Bald Li Er, Double Halberd Guo Yun, and Long Spear Yang Mountain. These three, wearing Yin Talisman Sect Daoist robes, bowed from a distance. "Steward!" "Steward!"

The other martial cultivators who had joined the Yin Talisman Sect yesterday had also changed into Daoist robes and followed behind, bowing as well.

Seeing everyone so respectful, Lin Xuankong felt a wave of emotion. *A few days ago, when I saw Yin Talisman Sect Daoists, I would avoid them from afar, stepping to the side of the road. Now, things have changed drastically.*

Lin Xuankong said, "No need for formalities, everyone. Let's return to the residence together! Our residence was newly established, and everything is in its initial stages. We'll likely have a lot of hard work ahead!"

The group walked towards the Steward's residence together.

Upon entering the several-acre residence, Lin Xuankong stood before the Steward's Tower, with its flying eaves and ornate tiles, looking at the forty Daoists assembled in the courtyard.

These forty Daoists were 'old' disciples who had cultivated in the Yin Talisman Sect for many years. All had practiced the Yin Talisman Technique, and most had their strength at the Early or Mid-grade of the First Layer of Transcendence.

The Daoist leading them, his face solemn, bowed without arrogance or submission. "Subordinate Ma Rusong, current Deputy Steward, leading thirty-nine disciples of the Cow and Horse Street residence, respectfully welcome Steward Lin!"

All the Daoists bowed in unison, shouting, "Respectfully welcome, Steward Lin!"

The voices of the forty people sounded as if from one person, orderly and synchronized!

Moreover, these forty men, each with a solemn expression, stood tall and imposing, their attire and weapons neatly uniform.

Lin Xuankong thought to himself: *As the Chief Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect, the number of men at my command is pitifully small. It's incomparable to someone like Zhang Wu, a Deputy Steward of the Black Tiger Gang. It doesn't even match the number of subordinates under a Leader of the Black Tiger Gang. Nonetheless, these disciples are exceptionally elite! The sheer presence of these sect disciples is a stark contrast to the slovenly Black Tiger Gang members, who are always posturing and trying to look fierce, as if wishing 'intimidation' was etched on their faces! Although the Yin Talisman Sect has fallen from a Major Sect a thousand years ago to a small sect that even the Black Tiger Gang can provoke, it still possesses the heritage of a thousand-year-old Major Sect. It doesn't have the nouveau riche aura of the Black Tiger Gang!*

Besides, I'm somewhat surprised that the scene I anticipated, where old Yin Talisman Sect disciples would give newcomers a hard time, didn't occur! Although Deputy Steward Ma Rusong didn't rush out from the residence to greet me from afar like Li Er and the others, and Ma Rusong has a modest yet unflinching demeanor and isn't trying to get close to me... his conduct is still proper. At least everyone is acting peacefully, so I don't have to make a vigorous show of authority as the new Steward.

After completing the formalities for welcoming the new Steward, the next step was to arrange the various affairs of the Cow and Horse Street residence. This included managing the Yin Talisman Sect's properties such as restaurants, gambling halls, wine shops, entertainment houses, and brothels. It also involved organizing the disciples' duties, patrols, street cleaning fee collection, daily cultivation, and preparation for battle.

Cow and Horse Street and the surrounding Five Streets and Forty-Two Lanes were adjacent to the Black Tiger Gang's territory and were not very stable. However, Lin Xuankong had highly skilled individuals under his command like Li Er and Ma Rusong, who were no weaker than him; both were masters at the Early Stage of the Second Layer. He also had talents like Yang Mountain and Guo Yun, who had achieved Perfection in the First Layer, as well as many new and old disciples. Therefore, while the threat from the Black Tiger Gang to the Cow and Horse Street residence made him somewhat vigilant, he wasn't overly worried.

After roughly arranging all the affairs, Lin Xuankong assigned personnel to various industries and leisurely returned home!

I'm very clear in my mind that joining the Yin Talisman Sect wasn't to climb the ladder, get rich, or find a new wife. Of course not! I joined for the herbs, for cultivation, for the Yin Talisman Technique! Now that I have the herbs, cultivation is obviously the most important... That Bearded Martial Cultivator from the Black

Tiger Gang put a lot of pressure on me. I naturally hope to advance to the Late Stage as soon as possible and become that kind of invulnerable, formidable expert!

「In an instant, ten days had passed.」

This morning, Lin Xuankong was practicing the Cangsong Posture in the courtyard when he suddenly felt that the Transcendent Qi Blood in his body was rapidly decreasing.

The speed at which it decreased was like an uncontrollable torrent.

His eyes flickered, and he quickly looked at the Life Plate in his mind.

The amount of Qi Blood in the Life Plate, originally replenished by the Turtle-Poria Elixir and the Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup, had become extremely abundant but was now rapidly decreasing.

[Transcendent Qi Blood: 1,217/100,000]

In a blink, it changed to [Transcendent Qi Blood: 1,187/100,000], and it continued to decrease!

Lin Xuankong's face suddenly showed joy.

I know that after more than ten days of cultivation, I've finally made pleasing progress! This rapid decrease in Qi Blood isn't its disappearance but rather its condensation. It's akin to cotton becoming wood, and wood becoming steel; the quantity decreases, but the quality rapidly increases!

After nearly a cup of tea's time, Lin Xuankong stopped the Cangsong Posture movements, feeling the extremely condensed Qi Blood in his body, then looked at the Life Plate information.

[Realm: Second Layer Mid-grade Transcendence]

[Second Layer Mid-grade Qi Blood: 568/100,000]

[Cultivation Technique: Pine Crane Longevity Technique: Integration 48/150]

Just as I expected! Lin Xuankong couldn't help but excitedly clench his fists.

In a total of eleven days, the progress of the Pine Crane Longevity Technique had reached about one-third. At this rate, it would likely only take another ten days or so to reach the invulnerable realm of that Bearded Martial Cultivator!

My original Transcendent Qi Blood, after many days of cultivation, has finally undergone a qualitative change. The quantity has decreased by more than half, condensing into Second Layer Mid-grade Qi Blood!

He stood still, silently invigorating the Second Layer Mid-grade Qi Blood. In the next moment, warm sensations arose in his internal organs, his chest, and his back.

Gradually, his breathing became extremely deep, and his heartbeat grew steady and powerful. His stomach and intestines moved like millstones grinding beans. He seemed to feel the food inside being ground into powder and rapidly absorbed by his body...

These wonderful sensations deeply fascinated Lin Xuankong.

It was only after more than half an hour that he roused himself from observing the changes in his torso and internal organs. Suddenly, he felt an itch in his throat and spat out a large lump of condensed blackish-red substance, which fell to the ground with a SPLAT.

Lin Xuankong immediately felt an unparalleled freshness and lightness within his torso, as if all his organs had been replaced with new, stronger ones! *I'm sure that now, if I urinated with full force, I might shoot twenty feet high...*

At that moment, Lin Xuankong's pupils contracted. He suddenly felt something terrifying approaching from behind. A WHOOSHING sound of displaced air instantly reached the vicinity of his back!

Black Tiger Gang members? A demon? ... This is definitely a formidable expert, to have snuck into my home so silently!

No time to think.

No time to turn around.

He fiercely dashed forward and to the side, trying to dodge the sneak attack, simultaneously channeling the Second Layer Mid-grade Qi Blood to his back!

Chapter 34 - 30: Steward's Task, Raid on Marsh Python People

The sound of something whistling through the air brushed past Lin Xuankong's back.

In that horrifying moment, the hairs on the back of Lin Xuankong's neck stood on end.

With a Spiritual Crane Pounce, he leaped over ten feet. His eyes, filled with intense killing intent, fixed on the ambusher. Then, he couldn't help but be stunned.

He saw his Young Lady wielding an Iron Rod as thick as a bowl, looking at him with a face full of excitement.

"Just now, on the second floor, I saw you expelling impurities from your body. I didn't expect you to advance to the mid-grade of the Second Layer so quickly... so my hands were itching to test you, and I couldn't resist!

"Your reaction is quite fast, but I wonder how many of my attacks you can dodge?

"Remember, when you can't evade, circulate your Qi Blood to the spot hit by the Iron Rod! I will suppress my strength to the mid-grade of the Second Layer. At that realm, you should be able to easily withstand a full-force strike from this rod!"

Before her words faded, she had already swung the Iron Rod and pounced.

In the backyard of the wooden house, the sound of whistling air immediately tore through the quiet again.

Lii Xiaolan employed the Spiritual Crane Finger attack patterns. Her movements during the assault were light and graceful, yet swift as a crane's beak striking at grain, and her power was terrifyingly immense. Within three breaths, she had launched dozens of strikes...

At one point, one of her strikes landed on a large bluestone, and the man-high boulder actually exploded into hundreds of pieces. This sight made Lin Xuankong, who was continuously dodging, break out in a cold sweat!

After he dodged over a hundred moves, Lii Xiaolan said while continuing her assault, "Remember, when the Iron Rod hits you, you absolutely must circulate your Qi Blood to that spot!"

Lin Xuankong, still dodging repeatedly, was about to respond when he saw Lii Xiaolan's figure flash, a finger stabbing towards his forehead. He nimbly dodged to the right, only to realize her finger strike was a feint; the Iron Rod swinging towards his right abdomen was already upon him!

It was too late to dodge again, so he hastily circulated his Qi Blood, concentrating it in his abdomen.

BANG! With a deafening sound, the Iron Rod slammed heavily into the right side of his abdomen!

That ferocious, terrifying power... Lin Xuankong was absolutely certain. If it had been him from over ten days ago, such a blow would have shattered his internal organs, broken his bones, and snapped his tendons. He would have collapsed instantly, and the neighbors in Wutong Village would have had a feast to attend that night!

However, under the protection of his extremely condensed and powerful Qi Blood at the mid-grade of the Second Layer, he was merely knocked back several steps, leaving a series of deep footprints on the ground.

His internal organs were unharmed; even the muscles and skin of his abdomen were undamaged!

He touched his right abdomen in astonishment, silently marveling at the wonders of the Martial Dao. That huge bluestone had been smashed to smithereens, yet he was completely unscathed!

In just another ten days, when I advance to the Second Layer Late Stage, the realm that bearded Martial Cultivator had reached, how much stronger will my defenses become? Will every part of my body be as hard as thrice-refined steel?

Lii Xiaolan observed him carefully for a few moments, then waved the now bow-shaped thick Iron Rod.

"Congratulations, congratulations! Reaching the mid-grade of the Second Layer so quickly! Hmm, such a joyous occasion definitely calls for extra dishes. Ten dishes tonight?"

As she spoke, she patted her small stomach.

Lin Xuankong was speechless. *Is there any justice in this world? She thrashes me with an iron rod and then expects me to buy her dinner? That last strike felt terrifyingly strong... Was the Young Lady jealous of my cultivation speed? No, that can't be it!*

...

The Young Lady was genuinely happy for him and had even specifically tested his strength. However, she can't be allowed to make a habit of this. An Iron Rod isn't something to be swung around casually!

Therefore, Lin Xuankong ruthlessly cut the ten dishes down to six...

After the two of them had demolished the dishes sent over from PiaoXiang Tower,

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. The sound of knocking came from the main outer door.

Lin Xuankong rose and opened the door to find Yang Mountain standing outside, holding a Red Tassel Spear. He bowed respectfully. "Steward Lin, the Hall Master has assigned this month's first mission! Deputy Steward Li, Deputy Steward Ma, and the other disciples are waiting at the Cow and Horse Street post."

Lin Xuankong's eyes lit up. After waiting for some ten days, the first of the three primary tasks for his new role as Steward had finally arrived. *The qualification for cultivating the Yin Talisman Technique was now within sight!*

"Good, I'll head to the Cow and Horse Street post immediately!"

「Moments later,」

Lin Xuankong walked into the Steward's Tower at the Cow and Horse Street post, where numerous disciples awaited him. They all rose and saluted. Lin Xuankong walked directly to the head seat.

He looked at the somewhat grave faces of Li Er and Ma Rusong. "What is the mission assigned to the post by the Hall Master?"

Bald Li Er raised his eyebrows. "Steward, it's a mission to aid the Outer City. It's quite a challenging one!"

Beside him, Ma Rusong wore a solemn expression. "Reporting to the Steward, it's a rescue mission, and the danger level is not low!"

Rescue the Outer City? Lin Xuankong took the document Ma Rusong handed him and began to read it carefully.

"Hall Master's Order:

Recently, Outer City Steward Han Lu was besieged in Xunhe Town by over a hundred members of the Marsh Python Liao Race. A report from a Flying Eagle courier—it's extremely urgent!

Therefore, Lin Xuankong is ordered to lead the disciples of Cow and Horse Street and set out before a quarter past Noon today. Head to Xunhe Town, rendezvous with Han Lu, and repel the Demon People Race besieging Xunhe Town. Success will be heavily rewarded!

---- Seal of Xu Zhenhuan, Great Marsh Hall."

Going to Xunhe Town in the Outer City to deal with the Demon People Race!

Lin Xuankong couldn't help but frown slightly. Since beginning his Martial Cultivation, his strength had advanced by leaps and bounds, but he had never before dealt with members of a Demon People Race controlled by demons!

Deputy Steward Ma Rusong said solemnly, "Steward, according to the returning reports, Steward Han Lu is leading over thirty disciples and several thousand townspeople, relying on the town walls to resist.

"However, among the Demon People Race besieging Xunhe Town, there are four Tier Two early-stage leaders. Most of the others are formidable Tier One mid-grade to late-stage Demon People. This is equivalent to four Second Layer early-stage and one hundred First Layer mid-grade to late-stage Martial Cultivators. This will undoubtedly be a hard-fought battle!"

Bald Li Er rolled his neck. "But I've heard that Marsh Python People have White Scales on their foreheads. Those White Scales are quite precious, one of the key materials for crafting high-priced Exorcism Equipment!"

Deputy Steward Ma Rusong's eye twitched. "White Scales are indeed extremely precious, but you must have also heard how terrifying the giant tails of Marsh

Python People are. If our forty-odd members don't fight well, we'll just be feeding the flames!"

Hearing this, Bald Li Er vigorously scratched his bald head. He offered no rebuttal and turned to look at Lin Xuankong.

The surrounding disciples couldn't help but grip their Longswords tightly, their expressions subtly shifting. These disciples had clearly fought against the Demon People Race before and knew the dangers involved.

After listening to Ma Rusong, Lin Xuankong's brows, which had been tightly furrowed at the prospect of facing the Demon People Race, gradually relaxed.

Members of the Marsh Python Liao Race at Tier One mid-grade are equivalent to First Layer mid-grade Martial Cultivators, and Tier Two early-stage members are equivalent to Second Layer early-stage Martial Cultivators? ...If it had been me some ten days ago, encountering a Second Layer early-stage opponent, it might have taken a fierce battle to decide life and death! But now I've advanced to the Second Layer mid-grade. My speed, power, and Explosive Power are far beyond what they were, especially my defense... As I am now, I can easily fight and defeat a Second Layer early-stage opponent! Besides, I have trump cards like the Twin Vine Demon Pearl and the Manluo Demon Pearl... Four Second Layer early-stage threats aren't that significant! It's just that this Demon People Race, controlled by demons, will be different from ordinary Martial Cultivators. I absolutely have to understand the characteristics of this Demon People Race in detail!

Lin Xuankong swept his gaze over the crowd. "Since it is an order from the Hall Master, everyone go and prepare. Inform your families, pack sufficient food and

medicine, get an extra weapon from the post's warehouse, and assemble at the gathering ground before Noon!"

Although the disciples were extremely apprehensive, the Steward had spoken. They could only cup their hands in acknowledgment and file out of the building.

Lin Xuankong called out to Yang Mountain, "Go to the warehouse at once and bring me all information related to the Marsh Python Liao Race."

"Yes!" Yang Mountain acknowledged the order and departed.

Ma Rusong, who had been standing to one side, couldn't help but speak after the other disciples had left:

"The activities of the Demon People Race have been extremely frequent recently. I heard from fellow disciples that two days ago, the East Second Street post went to aid West Mountain Town. Of the more than sixty fellow disciples who went, over thirty died. Even their Steward was seriously injured and lost an arm!

"Yesterday, the South Main Street post aided Yangshan Town. Over twenty died, Steward Hua was killed on the spot, and the remaining two Deputy Stewards failed to complete the mission and had to retreat with their men!

"Steward Lin, even if we join forces with Steward Han, our numbers will only be just over seventy. Facing more than a hundred members of the Demon People Race is too dangerous; annihilation is a real possibility!

"Furthermore, your talent is Four Seals, just like Steward Gu Beicheng of North City. Steward Gu Beicheng's post has never been assigned such a dangerous mission. If you go and see Grand Steward Jiang and the others who favor you, perhaps this mission will be reassigned!

"Even if you don't go to Grand Steward Jiang, you should at least see Steward Ma and ask if some manpower can be reassigned to us!"

Lin Xuankong remained silent for a moment, then nodded and said, "I'll first understand the situation with the Marsh Python Liao Race... As for borrowing more manpower from Steward Ma, I will consider it!"

Upon hearing this, Ma Rusong's expression turned somewhat unsightly. He snorted coldly and departed with a flick of his sleeve.

He thought to himself, Departing at a quarter past Noon... Time is so tight! At a time like this, seeking out Grand Steward Jiang to reassign the mission or going to Steward Ma for more men is what's needed! What's the point of looking at information about the damn Demon People Race! This Lin Xuankong is old, his Qi Blood declining; his strength is surely far inferior to Li Er's and my own—probably only at the First Layer Late Stage at best! If the forty-odd of us really go, relying only on myself and Li Er to hold the line, it will undoubtedly be a disaster, with a seventy to eighty percent chance of complete annihilation! No, I must find any way possible to withdraw from this mission, to get away from this old fool Lin

Xuankong. If that old bag of bones wants to die, let him! How can I throw my life away with this feeble old man!

Chapter 35 - 31: The Enemy is a Treasure, Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand

Ma Rusong had just left when Yang Mountain hurriedly entered the Steward's Tower. "Steward Lin, the Thousand Fangs Atlas is here. It contains detailed information about the Marsh Python Liao Race."

This Yang Mountain is quite efficient!

Lin Xuankong took the atlas and looked at Yang Mountain. "Everyone seems apprehensive about this task. What are your thoughts?"

Yang Mountain decisively cupped his hands and said, "Disciple has been consuming the Yin Talisman Sect's medicinal herbs and receiving the monthly wage. Especially since Steward Lin allowed me to manage the dining hall and inns, which have brought considerable profit. Having received so many benefits, I must exert some effort!"

"Aren't you afraid of dying in battle?" Lin Xuankong asked.

Yang Mountain laughed freely. "Of course, I'm afraid, but Martial Cultivators cultivate the skills of killing enemies and surviving. We live on the edge of danger, licking blood from the knife's blade. Moreover, during the entry-level martial competition, I had an epiphany and broke through my bottleneck. I advanced to the Early Stage of the Second Layer two days ago. My chances of surviving this task should be higher!"

Lin Xuankong was slightly surprised. "You've already advanced to the Early Stage of the Second Layer? So fast!"

Yang Mountain said, "I possess a family-inherited Martial Dao. I started laying the foundation at six years old. At eighteen, I reached the First Layer. Now, at twenty-four, it has taken me a full six years to advance from the First Layer to the Early Stage of the Second Layer. This Cultivation Speed is decent among Independent Martial Cultivators, but it's far behind talented disciples like Gu Beicheng Steward, who reportedly reached the Late Stage of the First Layer in just six years of Martial Cultivation!"

Lin Xuankong smiled. "Advancing to the Second Layer is good. Our settlement has gained another tiger general! Go back and prepare well. When we return victorious, we shall celebrate together!"

After Yang Mountain left, Lin Xuankong couldn't help but shake his head. Gu Beicheng, labeled as Four Seals, is a rare genius in the Yin Talisman Sect, his Talent second only to Jiang Yuran's. Yet, his cultivation is so slow? He actually spent six whole years to reach the Late Stage of the First Layer... It took me only a little over a month to reach the Late Stage of the First Layer! Accustomed to my own rapid Cultivation Speed, it's only today I've realized how difficult Martial Cultivation is for others. You truly don't know until you compare—the difference is shocking!

After sighing to himself, Lin Xuankong began to study the contents of the atlas carefully.

"Marsh Python Liao Race:

A Human Race polluted by a Python Demon using Demon Qi and demonic incantations. White Scales grow at the center of their foreheads, their eyes have vertical pupils, and their mouths are wide, capable of expanding to several times their normal size.

They enjoy eating rodents, frogs, and reptiles. They are quite intelligent and take pleasure in massacring humans and destroying cities.

Due to being tainted by Demon Qi, the Marsh Python Liao Race possess tails over a zhang in length.

They use their tails to throw objects as attacks. In close combat, they utilize their tails to whip and entangle opponents. They possess some of the Demonic Power of Marsh Pythons. For instance, when injured, contact with water allows them to recover with extreme speed. Unless the White Scale on their forehead is destroyed, they can instantly regain their combat strength.

Their rank is distinguished by the color and number of White Scales on their foreheads. Those with one pure White Scale possess power comparable to Martial Cultivators at the Late Stage of the First Layer of Transcendence. Those with two Scales...

The White Scales on the foreheads of the Marsh Python Liao Race are crucial materials for crafting Exorcism Armor, Exorcism Soft Armor, Exorcism Gloves, Exorcism Weapons, and other such equipment; they are quite precious."

After flipping through the atlas and its detailed descriptions, Lin Xuankong began to ponder.

There's no need to worry too much about the attack methods of the Marsh Python Liao Race. Even if their tails can whip and entangle, as long as they're not at the Late Stage of Tier Two, they surely can't be more formidable than our Young Lady's Iron Rod! What's truly concerning is their powerful recovery ability. Contact with water allows them to rapidly heal their injuries—that's outrageous! The destination for this task is Xunhe Town, which has abundant water sources and numerous streams... Surely, those Marsh Python Liao Race members aren't foolish. When attacking Xunhe Town, they'll likely carry water bags or pouches! If they carry a large quantity of water, won't they become practically unkillable? Our Martial Cultivators will be incapacitated if severely injured, while they just need to touch water to be back at full strength instantly! The only way to kill them is to destroy the White Scale on their foreheads... The problem is that this Forehead Scale is extremely sturdy and is a crucial material for crafting Exorcism Equipment. My Flying Locust Stone would probably just make a clang if it hit one?

Lin Xuankong frowned, contemplating how to deal with this Marsh Python Liao Race...

A moment later, footsteps sounded outside the Steward's Tower.

Lin Xuankong looked out and saw Steward Ma, who had presided over the martial competition, walking in.

This Steward Ma Jiang was now his direct superior, his cultivation at the Third Layer of Transcendence. In the Yin Talisman Sect, one had to reach at least the Early Stage of the Third Layer of Transcendence to qualify as a Steward!

"Steward Ma," Lin Xuankong said, rising to greet him.

Steward Ma nodded slightly. "Are you worried that this task is too difficult and dangerous?"

Lin Xuankong replied, "Although the Marsh Python Liao Race is extremely troublesome, I have several Second Layer experts on my side. Steward Han Lu also has strong fighters. With proper arrangements, we might not necessarily lose. Of course, more manpower would improve our chances of winning!"

Steward Ma was fiddling with several White Jade dice in his hand.

"It's somewhat comforting that you think this way! However, don't even think about getting additional manpower. I myself have to go to other territories to deal with the Demon People Race. Not just me; even Grand Steward Jiang and the three Grand Chief Stewards have already gone to the Outer City to confront powerful Demons!"

Lin Xuankong was somewhat surprised. "Even Grand Steward Jiang has joined the battle?"

Steward Ma said, "Recently, the Demon People Race has really stirred up trouble with our Yin Talisman Sect. More than ten of their Clans are targeting our territories. But no matter what, we must persevere. By early June, things should take a turn for the better!"

He paused, then continued, "Your task this time is indeed extremely difficult. Near the assembly grounds, I saw many of your disciples in the nearby houses writing farewell letters to their families."

Lin Xuankong fell silent at his words.

Steward Ma suddenly squeezed the dice in his hand, causing them to make a CRACKLING sound.

"I came here because I have some bad news for you! Your Deputy Steward, Ma Rusong, spent a hefty sum and pulled some major strings to get transferred to Gu

Beicheng's station. That means he won't be going with you to Xunyang Town to fight. For this task, not only will you not get additional manpower, but you'll also be short one Early Stage Second Layer expert!"

Hearing this, a flicker of disgust crossed Lin Xuankong's eyes. "The Hall Master's order has already been issued, yet he still managed to get transferred. He really must have pulled some major strings!"

Lin Xuankong hadn't placed his hopes on others for this task, much less on Ma Rusong. But Ma Rusong's actions were worse than those of many ordinary disciples; he truly felt disgusted!

Steward Ma frowned. "For him to request a transfer at a time like this, I'm furious. If our Sect is filled with people like him—who appear righteous but cower like timid turtles when faced with real trouble—how can we ever hope to grow stronger!"

"Enough about him. Steward Ma, do you have any good news?" Lin Xuankong asked.

Steward Ma let out a heavy breath.

"To be honest, to deal with over a hundred Marsh Python Liao Race members, in the past, the Sect would have dispatched at least two hundred disciples. Their combat prowess isn't top-tier, but their recovery ability is a real headache! So,

when I learned about your task, I went straight to the Thousand Treasures Pavilion, intending to request a piece of Exorcism Equipment for you. Unfortunately, there's not much Exorcism Equipment in the Sect. Grand Steward Jiang took two pieces, and the other Grand Chief Stewards took the rest!"

He reached into his robes, pulled out a glove covered in shimmering White Scales, his expression one of reluctance.

"I thought long and hard, and finally decided to give you one of my pair of Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hands! The Demon People Race has strong defenses and is suffused with Demon Qi, which can drain the Qi Blood of Martial Cultivators. With this Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand, not only will your power in battle greatly increase, but it will also shield you from their Demon Qi! Of course, this Exorcism Glove is quite heavy. If you feel your own strength is insufficient to wield it effectively, you can give it to Li Er. Make sure it's used to its fullest potential! However, every piece of Exorcism Equipment is immensely valuable; even our Yin Talisman Sect's Thousand Treasures Pavilion doesn't have many! It took me over twenty years of gambling with these dice to win enough silver taels to buy this Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand. You absolutely must cherish it!"

Lin Xuankong stared at the glove for several moments, his heart stirring.

This Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand looks extraordinary; it must be incredibly valuable... The White Scales on it are identical to the ones depicted in the atlas. They must be the Forehead Scales of the Marsh Python Liao Race! Forehead Scales of the Demon People! The Marsh Python Liao Race are indeed walking treasure troves!

He looked at Steward Ma. "Steward Ma, aren't you afraid that if I lead the men there and we fail, this priceless Exorcism Hand will be lost?"

Steward Ma squeezed the dice, frowned, and said, "Of course, I'm aware of that possibility. I've even prepared for your failure!"

Lin Xuankong was rather speechless. *Is it really appropriate for a superior to say such disheartening things directly to his subordinate?*

Just then, Steward Ma, still fiddling with his dice, said, "But I also know that no matter how precious equipment is, it's not worth more than the lives of our disciples! So, if you all truly perish in Xunhe Town and lose the Exorcism Glove, I'll just have to accept it as a lost bet... But my luck in gambling has always been quite good!"

With that, he strode out.

"The Hall Master asked me to relay a message: he has designated the Turtle-Poria Elixir and other items as your potential battle rewards! So, you absolutely must return victorious! Otherwise, it would be a terrible loss for you, and I'd lose all confidence in my gambling luck!"

Turtle-Poria Elixir? Lin Xuankong's eyes instantly lit up. "Steward Ma, take care!"

If we're victorious, there's the Turtle-Poria Elixir and other battle rewards. And by killing enemies, there's a chance to obtain precious materials like the Forehead Scales of the Demon People. Furthermore, completing this first of three tasks will be a huge step towards being able to cultivate the Yin Talisman Technique! This task is a golden opportunity!

He looked down at the Dragon Roaming Exorcism Hand, covered with White Scales, lying on the table. *I wonder what effects this supposedly priceless piece of Exorcism Equipment will have when activated by Qi Blood?*

Chapter 36 - 32: Divine Soldiers Obtained, Flames Soar into the Sky

Lin Xuankong curiously reached out to the Dragon Roaming Exorcism Hand, intending to pick it up from the table. The moment he touched it, his eyes flickered; the glove's weight was astonishingly heavy!

This small glove alone weighed more than twice as much as a hundred jin of steamed buns, tipping the scales at nearly three hundred jin!

Such an incredibly heavy glove, worn on the right hand... An ordinary strongman would probably throw out his back on the spot. Even a Martial Cultivator at the First Layer of the Transcendence Realm wouldn't be able to perform agile and quick strikes as usual while wearing this glove! If I hadn't already advanced to the Second Layer, I might have genuinely struggled to control this glove. No wonder Steward Ma Jiang said that if I felt my strength was insufficient, I could give it to Li Er to use!

Placing the Dragon Roaming Exorcism Hand onto his right hand, he covertly circulated his Qi Blood.

Instantly, some of his Mid-grade Second Layer Qi Blood was consumed. The glove's myriad overlapping White Scales began to writhe, continually extending until they covered his entire right arm!

The gleaming White Scales covering his right arm fit seamlessly and perfectly, making it appear as if his right arm had transformed into the limb of a Divine Dragon—graceful and fluid, yet exuding a terrifying might!

A flicker of excitement appeared in Lin Xuankong's eyes as he carefully stroked his right arm.

Now, with this right arm weighing several hundred jin, whether I throw a punch, unleash a palm strike, or extend a finger, its power will surely increase more than tenfold! It's a simple principle: if a thirty-jin young woman and a three-hundred-jin young woman were to suddenly plop down on you, which one would cause more pain? Now, this right arm of mine weighs over three hundred jin on its own. If I were to channel my Qi Blood and all my bodily strength to execute the 'Designate the Central Plains' technique... Unfortunately, the large bluestone in my courtyard has already 'perished'. Otherwise, I would definitely test it... I reckon with a single finger-point, I could plunge my entire arm right into it!

He stroked his right arm, unable to put the glove down, marveling again and again at the miraculous power of such Exorcism Equipment. *With gear like this, I feel like I could punch right through the earth beneath my feet!*

Of course, this Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand was not only formidably powerful but also prevented Demon Qi contamination, guarded against the depletion of Qi Blood by Demon Qi, and protected one's Heart Spirit from disturbance!

After a moment of profound feeling, Lin Xuankong put away the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand and briskly walked outside. *This mission offers many benefits, and now that I possess such a Divine Weapon, how could I not return victorious!*

...

In the outer hall of the wooden house, Lii Xiaolan looked at him with worry. "Are you going to the Outer City to fight? Although Xunyang Town is a garrison town of Great Marsh Prefecture City and isn't too far, Demons occasionally appear in those towns!"

The Young Lady was well aware of his Mid-grade Second Layer strength, so she wasn't worried that he would be troubled by the Marsh Python Liao Race.

"The Grand Chief Stewards of the Yin Talisman Sect are all out expelling Demons! Besides, I'm already at the Mid-grade Second Layer. With the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand given to me by the Steward, along with the Twin Vine Demon Pearl and the Manluo Demon Pearl, I can definitely protect myself if I encounter Low-Tier Demons!" Lin Xuankong said.

Lii Xiaolan stared in astonishment at the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand he produced.

"Exorcism Armor! It really is Exorcism Armor! This type of armor is incredibly difficult to refine, making its value comparable to a Demon Pearl. It's practically unobtainable in Great Marsh Prefecture City. I heard a set only occasionally appears at the Liang City auction, and each time, it incites those Martial Cultivators to bid desperately! Even if that Steward holds a respected position and has a monthly salary several times yours, he could hardly afford such precious Exorcism Armor!"

Lin Xuankong thought for a moment. "He said he had good luck and won it playing dice!"

"And you believed him? It must have taken generations of accumulation for his family to obtain such a piece! Hmm, wait, was it that Charming Chief Steward who let you use it?"

"...Absolutely not!"

"Hmph!"

"Really not! Well, I'll pack up and then I'll be off!"

Lii Xiaolan frowned. "I'm going with you!"

Lin Xuankong shook his head. "You had an insight during your last trip out. You're at a critical moment for a breakthrough, so you should focus on your cultivation and achieve it soon! Just remember to prepare a grand feast for me when I return victorious—eight meat dishes and eight vegetarian dishes, all of them substantial!"

Seeing his determined expression, Lii Xiaolan's eyes glinted mischievously as she nodded. "Alright, I'll have those restaurants prepare in advance, but you'll have to give me the silver. I'm out of money!"

"In that case, never mind. Just prepare eight dishes!"

After Lin Xuankong finished packing and left the wooden house, Lii Xiaolan leaned against the second-floor window, watching him walk away into the distance.

Then, the corners of her lips curled up. *My legs are attached to me; did you think you could just leave me behind? Big deal! I'll just cultivate while traveling!*

...

「At the Cow and Horse Street outpost.」

Lin Xuankong looked at the sun, then toward the over forty people already lined up in the assembly area.

He looked at Guo Yun, whose face was etched with worry amidst the crowd, and asked, "How are the preparations?"

The dark-skinned Guo Yun respectfully cupped his hands. "Steward, the food, medicine, and weapons are all ready."

"And your family?" Lin Xuankong asked.

Guo Yun's expression faltered, then he forced a smile. "It's just one trip. I didn't tell my family!"

The expressions of many surrounding disciples shifted; they had all personally seen Guo Yun writing a farewell letter to his family... These disciples couldn't help but lower their heads, their faces etched with complex emotions.

Lin Xuankong silently swept his gaze over everyone, then suddenly announced in a resonant voice, "This mission is both a crisis and an opportunity! I, Lin Xuankong, cannot guarantee I'll bring every single one of you back, but I can absolutely guarantee that this expedition to Xunyang Town will end in a resounding victory! We will annihilate the Marsh Python Liao Race outside Xunyang Town! When that time comes, you will all have merits, and the sect will naturally reward you!"

A resounding victory? All the disciples looked at Lin Xuankong with doubt, their hearts completely devoid of confidence.

Even Li Er shook his bald head, thinking to himself: *If Steward Lin had said there was a chance of winning, of repulsing the Demon People Race, that would be somewhat believable. But a resounding victory, annihilating the Marsh Python Liao Race... I doubt even Steward Ma, at the Third Layer of the Transcendence Realm, would dare make such a claim if he were leading!*

Among the many disciples, only Yang Mountain gripped his long spear tightly, looking at Lin Xuankong with admiration.

Truthfully, I'm not confident either, but I deeply admire our Steward's bold spirit! I don't understand many grand principles, but I do know one thing: when two armies clash, the valiant emerge victorious!

...

Xunyang Town, one of the towns in the Outer City, was not excessively far from Great Marsh Prefecture City—just over one hundred and forty li. Of course, this 'not excessively far' was relative to Martial Cultivators, who possessed incredible foot-speed.

For an ordinary person on foot, such a distance would likely take five or six days, and they'd end up with massive blood blisters on both feet!

The disciples from the Cow and Horse Street outpost, the weakest of whom had already been at the Early Stage of the First Layer of Transcendence for over a year, moved as swiftly as a gale. By nightfall, the group had arrived outside Xunyang Town, stopping on a small, densely forested hill.

The disciples stood on the hill and looked towards Xunyang Town, their expressions changing.

At that moment, continuous blazes raged upon the city walls surrounding Xunyang Town. Most sections of the several-li-long wall were alight, with flames leaping over a zhang high, burning incessantly. The conflagration was so intense it seemed to turn half the sky crimson!

By the light of the fires, the group could clearly see that more than twenty zhang outside Xunyang Town's main gate, hundreds of thick wooden stakes, each over a zhang in length, had been erected.

Many of the wooden stakes had human bodies impaled on them. Most of those impaled on the thick wooden stakes were already dead; a few were still twitching faintly, but with their bodies impaled by such massive wooden poles, survival was impossible; it was merely the throes of death!

"Such a huge fire... Don't tell me we're too late, that the town has already been breached!" someone said, looking at the towering flames with a complicated expression.

"Those corpses... I wonder if they're the bodies of the garrison!" a disciple muttered, swallowing hard as he gazed at the gruesome sight in the distance.

The others also looked extremely grim, clearly shaken by the brutal and horrific scene before them. Even Yang Mountain, already in the Second Layer, couldn't help but grip his long spear tighter upon witnessing this.

Standing at the forefront, Lin Xuankong shook his head slightly.

"This fire is burning too uniformly, and there are no ignition points within the city. It must have been lit by the garrison inside the town," Lin Xuankong explained. "The Marsh Python People are born of water and have a natural

aversion to fire. With such a massive blaze, even after it dies down, the embers will last through the night! With embers covering the city walls, no matter how fierce the Marsh Python People are, they won't dare to launch a surprise attack on Xunyang Town tonight. This way, the garrison can also get some proper rest!"

Hearing his analysis, the disciples were all taken aback. Although they had fought the Demon People Race before, it was evident this was their first encounter with the Marsh Python People.

Bald Li Er exclaimed in admiration, "Steward Lin, it seems you came well-prepared and have truly done your homework! Since you understand the Marsh Python People so thoroughly and still speak of victory... well, now I'm starting to feel a bit more confident!"

Lin Xuankong stated boldly, "It's not about being able to achieve victory; it's about achieving a resounding victory!"

Hearing this, the disciples couldn't help but look at their Steward with a sense of helplessness. *We're about to face the ferocious Demon People Race, how can Steward Lin still be so stubborn!*

Just then, a savage howl erupted from the dense forest outside the city gate. Immediately after, several squads of grotesque figures, each nearly two meters tall with long, dragging tails, leaped out from the trees.

These grotesque figures had bulging leather pouches hanging from their waists and were clad in tattered strips of cloth. Their exposed, bulging muscles seemed packed with explosive power. Their skin was a deathly grayish-white, and the White Scales on their foreheads pulsed with an ominous light!

Each figure clutched two humans—young people, old people, women, and children!

These hundred-odd Marsh Python People ran towards the area outside the city, each positioning themselves near a wooden stake.

The next moment, three of the Demon People leaped up and slammed the six men they held directly onto the sharp tips of the wooden stakes. Instantly, the six men were impaled, their screams merging into a horrifying chorus... Even from two li away, the inhuman cries of those six men reached the disciples, causing their faces to drain of color.

"They're using this cruel and shameless tactic to force the city's defenders to come out and fight them!" Yang Shan watched, his eyes wide with fury, wishing he could charge over immediately.

The other disciples now understood as well, but a question lingered in each of their hearts: *Will the defending disciples come out? Should they?*

"Two hundred and twenty people: over seventy men, more than eighty children, and over sixty women... Sigh, the city's defenders probably won't come out.

Judging by the number of bodies, the enemy has likely done this before," someone said in a low, grave voice.

"Beasts!" A furious roar suddenly erupted from the city wall, as dozens of Yin Talisman Sect disciples appeared atop the main gate.

The Martial Cultivator at the very front bellowed, "You were once human! You possess intelligence now, yet you willingly allow yourselves to be controlled by Demons, to slaughter your own kind! Damn it, you're nothing but depraved, soulless beasts! I, Han Lu, can't stand this any longer!"

Several disciples around him were clearly anxious, reaching out to hold him back. Unfortunately, their strength was insufficient, and they failed to stop the Martial Cultivator.

Han Lu leaped, plummeting from the gate several zhang high and crashing to the ground with a tremendous THUD.

Then, brandishing his longsword, he charged towards the Demon People's position. Of the disciples remaining on the gate, a dozen or so leaped down to follow him, while the rest drew their longbows and ignited the oil-soaked tips of their arrows.

"It's Steward Han! Silence! Let's get closer!" Lin Xuankong took the lead, moving swiftly. The other disciples' expressions flickered, but they all gritted their teeth and followed.

Chapter 37 - 33 The Earth-Shaking Mad Dragon, Lin Xuankong, and the Bizarre Black Crystal

As Lin Xuankong led his men to stealthily approach, among the more than a hundred **Demon People**, a tall **Demon People Leader** carried two women out of the group to meet Han Lu. The **Leader** swung its tail, making a **CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!** sound that even caused the ground to tremble slightly.

"The **Human Race** is inferior and will perish. If you surrender to the **Holy Race**, you can gain great **Power**, honor, and immortality! Those who understand the times are wise; I can give you a chance to meet the **Holy Python**!"

This **Demon People Leader** was indeed a human who had transformed into a **Demon**. Though its voice was strange and its mouth was widened to its ears, its speech was coherent.

After speaking, it cast aside the women it was holding. It grabbed seven or eight wet, **SQUEAKING** fat rats from a pouch around its waist and threw them into its mouth one by one, chewing them. Instantly, blood and saliva overflowed from

its mouth and spilled onto its body, making it look filthy, disgusting, and terrifying.

"Just an **Evil** Python **Demon**! How dare it call itself holy! It would be more fitting to call it a damn insect!"

Han Lu's face twisted with rage, his beard and hair standing on end. He had long been infuriated to the extreme by the **Demon People's** brutal acts!

Before he even finished speaking, lightning surged around the **longsword** in his hand, slashing towards the tall **Demon People Leader** in front of him.

This Han Lu was indeed a **Martial Cultivator** with outstanding **Talent** from the **Yin Talisman Sect**. He had even cultivated the **Power** of lightning. The lightning he summoned was almost as thick as a pinky finger, constantly radiating around and making **CRACKLING** sounds, exuding unparalleled might!

In terms of lightning or techniques, he far surpassed Gu Beicheng. He was a true **Early Stage Second Layer** master from the **Yin Talisman Sect**!

The man and the **Demon** immediately began to fight...

The disciples guarding the city, along with those lurking from the **Cow and Horse Street** base, all watched the duel with concern.

To everyone's delight, Han Lu, an exceptionally talented **Early Stage** master, managed to suppress the ferocious **Demon People Leader** with his formidable lightning and intricate techniques. Within a few breaths, the man and the **Demon** had already exchanged dozens of moves. The terrifying lightning continuously struck the **Demon People Leader**, causing its body to stiffen and preventing it from using its powerful physical strength to its full potential.

After a hundred moves, Han Lu seized an opening, swiftly slashing at the **Demon People Leader's** left shoulder.

Although the **Demon People Leader's** body swerved to avoid the **longsword** aimed at its left shoulder, Han Lu's **longsword** pivoted and pierced its chest! The blade, charged with lightning, deeply penetrated its chest and reached the heart, electrocuting it to its core!

A stab through the heart!

After pulling out the sword, the **Demon People Leader** collapsed to the ground with a **THUD**, motionless!

The disciples guarding the city cheered immediately. They were immensely pleased to see their **Steward** so fierce.

Han Lu then turned to help the two women, urging them, "Quick, get to the city gate!"

Unfortunately, in his eagerness to rescue, combined with the dim light, Han Lu failed to notice the liquid gathering at the wound on the **Demon People Leader's** chest. The flesh was wriggling, the heart regenerating, and the wound closing in an instant...

The next moment, a loud **SNAP!** was heard.

The two women Han Lu was holding were hit by a giant tail, their bodies crushed into a bloody mist!

Although Han Lu reacted swiftly, he only managed to retreat one step back in haste. He was still struck on his right thigh by the **Demon People Leader**. The force broke his leg bone instantly, bending it into an odd shape!

He groaned, retreating several steps on one leg, almost toppling over. The lightning on his **longsword** weakened considerably.

Han Lu stared at the **Demon People Leader**, now standing again, in shock and confusion. He knew well of the **Marsh Python People's** frightening **Recovery**

Power** but never expected it to regenerate so quickly with its heart charred and without water!

The next moment, his eyes fell on the rat bloodstains on the **Demon's** chest. A realization suddenly dawned on him. The **Demon People Leader** chewing numerous rats wasn't to satisfy its hunger. It had planned to feign death after being stabbed, using the blood to heal its wound. Then, by using the women to distract him, it could easily deliver a devastating blow! This cunning **Demon**...

"Despicable scum!" Han Lu stood on one leg, gripping his sword with one hand, continuously mustering **Qi Blood** to counter the invading **Demon Qi**.

The **Demon People Leader** opposite him sneered with its giant mouth. "Foolish **Human Race**!"

Han Lu's face turned pale. Clutching his **longsword**, he glanced toward **Great Marsh Prefecture City**. It has been a day since they sent the **Flying Eagle Letter**. Why haven't the reinforcements arrived yet? After my death, all the disciples in **Xunyang Town** will be slaughtered, and thousands of townsfolk will be massacred. Perhaps only a few dozen talented individuals will be left, corrupted into **Demon People**...

The **Demon People Leader** coldly smirked at Han Lu's efforts to dispel the **Demon Qi**. "I can give you one last opportunity; the **Holy Race** welcomes strong warriors like you!"

「Hundreds of zhang away」

The people from the **Cow and Horse Street** base hid in darkness.

Seeing the mighty **Steward Han Lu** instantly defeated left them all breathless. The ferocity and cunning of the **Marsh Python People**, along with their terrifying **Recovery Power**, weighed heavily on the hearts of every disciple present!

Even Yang Mountain, who hated the **Demon People's** cruel actions the most, started to wonder if Han Lu should have stayed guarding the walls instead of rushing down to die...

"You all immediately go ambush the forest over there. When the **Demon People** retreat, ensure you stop them outside the forest. There's the sound of water in the forest, so there must be abundant water sources. If they get inside, they'll be undefeatable!" Lin Xuankong whispered.

Upon hearing Lin Xuankong's words, the disciples hesitated. They doubted their ears!

Guo Yun anxiously stared at Lin Xuankong. Has **Steward Lin** lost his mind? The vicious **Marsh Python Liao Race** members just defeated the talented **Steward Han Lu** instantly... Yet **Steward Lin** claims they will retreat? And says if they retreat inside, they'll be invincible... These **Demon People** are

already practically invincible right now; they're about to storm the town! How could they possibly retreat?

"What are you standing there for? Go! Remember to stop every retreating ****Demon****. Leaving such vile things alive soils our eyes!" Lin Xuankong frowned at them and whispered again.

Li Er sighed. Praising ****Steward Lin**** might have been a mistake! But with no choice at the moment, he couldn't defy orders! Shaking his bald head vigorously, he led the way toward the forest. The others, seeing this, were also confused and headed towards the dense forest.

Yang Mountain looked worriedly at Lin Xuankong. "****Steward Lin****, what about you?"

"Of course, I'm going to fight! Otherwise, how can we make them retreat!" Lin Xuankong leaped up and quickly headed towards the wooden stakes.

Yang Mountain felt this statement made sense, but he couldn't understand it at all...

After everyone had set up their ambush near the dense forest and looked towards the wooden stakes, they saw Lin Xuankong running fast in the dark night, almost reaching them.

"**Vice Steward Li**, you had your **Entry Level** with **Steward Lin**. Is he very powerful? Can he drive away hundreds of **Demon People** alone?" a disciple asked boldly, making a guess he himself couldn't quite believe.

"How is that possible! Even a **Martial Cultivator** at the Third Layer like **Steward Ma** can't kill so many **Demon People**. They all have **Demon Qi**, which can quickly consume a **Martial Cultivator's Qi Blood**!" Li Er didn't bother to look back at the disciple making wild guesses, showing him the back of his bald head.

Everyone discussed in low voices, utterly bewildered.

「...」

At this moment, those **Marsh Python People** had already noticed Lin Xuankong running towards them, instantly turning their vertical pupils towards him.

The **Demon People Leader** who was originally staring at Han Lu also turned its head to look at Lin Xuankong.

Han Lu and those **Outer City** disciples also noticed him. But seeing only one person coming, and definitely not one of the strong experts like a **Steward** or **Grand Chief Steward** they knew, their faces involuntarily showed confusion!

"Is this person coming to aid us? Alone?" a disciple hesitantly asked.

"He's just asking for death!"

The **Demon People Leader** grinned, turning its large body and swinging its long tail as it rushed towards the approaching Lin Xuankong.

This **Marsh Python Demon** was nearly two meters tall, with a broad body and swollen muscles. As it swung its long tail while running, the ground echoed with **THUMP! THUMP!** sounds, appearing extremely fierce.

Lin Xuankong, running towards it, had a head of silver hair. His footsteps were almost silent, making him seem extremely weak in comparison.

Very quickly, the man and the **Demon** approached each other.

The **Demon Leader** hissed strange calls. Its giant tail swirled, making **WHOOSH! WHOOSH!** sounds as it aimed to whip Lin Xuankong in half!

Its giant tail's **Power** was terrifying; it had easily whipped two women and Han Lu's thighs to pieces just moments before...

Seeing this while running, Lin Xuankong's feet suddenly made a **BOOM!** sound.

The ground slightly sank as his figure accelerated sharply, and he crashed directly into the **Demon Leader's** embrace. His three hundred **jin Wandering Dragon Arm** stretched out like a long spear, aiming at the **Demon Leader's** chest.

With a **CHH!** sound, the unprepared **Demon Leader's** face changed. Its broad, solid, muscle-swollen chest, which seemed indestructible, was directly pierced through by Lin Xuankong's right arm.

Lin Xuankong's right fingers and palm burst out from the **Demon Leader's** back, bringing with them a spray of heart fragments and blood mist!

Not only that, but the immense **Power** from the full-force sprint of a **Transcendence Second Layer Mid-grade** cultivator, coupled with the terrifying weight of the **Exorcism Hand**, allowed Lin Xuankong to actually push the **Demon Leader's** tall body. He crashed more than ten **zhang** directly into the **Demon People** ranks!

Numerous **Demon People** howled instantaneously, throwing down the common folk they held and preparing to attack Lin Xuankong!

Only then did Lin Xuankong pull back his arm.

The **Demon Leader**, its heart shattered, staggered a few times and fell backward powerlessly. But it believed that with its powerful **Recovery Power** and the rat blood, it could recover its shattered heart and chest within half a breath!

However, just as this thought arose in its mind, it suddenly saw Lin Xuankong forcefully swing his right arm, delivering a punch to its head!

That was the last sight it saw before dying completely...

At this time, the surrounding **Demon People** were about to rush over.

Lin Xuankong had already activated his most violent **Qi Blood**, swinging the hundreds of **jin Wandering Dragon Arm** and smashing it directly onto the **Demon Leader's** head on the ground.

This punch exploded with a sound like the heavens collapsing and the earth shattering. The ground burst open into a large hole, with countless dust and numerous spiderweb-like cracks spreading rapidly.

The **Demon People Leader's** entire head, along with half of its body, was obliterated by this violent force. The ground shook violently, causing the nearby **Marsh Python People's** footsteps to wobble and their faces to change!

At this moment, Lin Xuankong, who had smashed the ground within a radius of hundreds of **zhang** into fierce vibrations, seemed to have transformed into an earth-shaking dragon!

Feeling the ground's vibration, he pulled out his arm, which had been lodged deep into the ground, and conveniently placed the **White Scale** he had taken at his waist.

On the ground, the thoroughly dead **Demon Leader's** remaining half-body gradually shrank, quickly reverting to the size of an ordinary human.

Near the corpse, a peculiar black crystal was condensing, emitting a flickering and eerie light amidst the towering flames of **Xunyang Town**!

Lin Xuankong seemed surprised. He casually picked it up and looked at it closely. At this moment, he completely ignored the hundreds of fierce **Marsh Python People** approaching him!

What is this black crystal? Lin Xuankong raised his eyebrows slightly.

Chapter 38 - 34: The Blustering Old Man, Three Steps, Twelve Grins

A voice with a somewhat strange tone suddenly rang out, "Attack together, crush him!"

It was the tallest of the remaining three Liao Race Leaders of the Marsh Python Liao Race who issued the command. The three Leaders positioned themselves at three different angles, standing behind three groups of Demon People Race members, and slowly closed in. Those who heard the command opened their massive jaws, whipped their giant tails, and charged madly towards Lin Xuankong!

The battle instantly became intensely fierce. Dozens of Demon People Race members swung their giant tails, lifting every object that could be used as a weapon, and flung them towards Lin Xuankong.

Countless stones, wooden stakes, and other objects whistled through the air, smashing towards Lin Xuankong. Around him, more than ten Marsh Python Liao Race members lashed their giant tails at his head, body, and legs!

In that instant, countless attacks, like an inescapable net, completely engulfed Lin Xuankong!

Any Martial Cultivator who saw this scene turned pale with fright. Whether it was Han Lu and the others defending the city or the disciples on Cow and Horse Street, their hearts instantly clenched.

They hadn't even had time to be astonished and joyful at Lin Xuankong's instant killing of the Liao Race Leader, as they could no longer find his figure amidst the overwhelming attacks!

Almost no one believed that Lin Xuankong could survive such a terrifying onslaught!

However, just as their hearts tightened, a figure burst out from the center of the overwhelming attacks, crashing into the group of Demon People.

He withstood the stones, wooden stakes, and the giant tails of the Demon People—capable of smashing any living being—took a step forward, and crashed into the body of a Demon Person!

His Mid-grade Realm of the Second Layer, combined with his massive Qi Blood, allowed him to easily saturate every inch of his body with condensed Qi Blood from the Mid-grade Second Layer. The attacks of stones, wooden stakes, and giant tails struck his body with constant booming sounds but didn't harm him in the slightest, nor could they stop his charge!

This old man, wildly charging through the attacks of a hundred Demon People, this elder surging through the night, firelight, and blood, took his first step. He knocked a Demon Person flying, his right arm darting out like lightning to tap the forehead of the "flying" Demon Person, whose skull instantly exploded!

At the same time, he grabbed the giant tail that had whipped his chest and pulled it hard, dragging the Demon Person who had whipped it towards him. An uppercut smashed into its jaw, shattering it from the jaw to the forehead and sending its White Scale flying!

His left hand tapped the temple of the Demon Person beside him, entering from the left and exiting from the right.

Then, he took the second step, colliding with five Demon People in front. Within two breaths, the five fell to the ground, unable to rise!

He took the third step, reached out, and grabbed the heads of two Demon People, smashing them together with force, producing a CRACK sound.

After taking these three big steps, he was already standing in front of a Liao Race Leader approaching stealthily.

The Liao Race Leader let out a strange cry. Its giant tail whipped the air violently, aiming at Lin Xuankong's waist, while its legs retreated rapidly!

The instantaneous death of the first Liao Race Leader made this one extremely wary.

The Marsh Python Liao Race Leaders were not without intelligence; they were extremely cunning. How could they possibly risk a direct confrontation with Lin Xuankong!

The Marsh Python's favorite strategy was to engage in a slow battle, relying on their incredibly resilient healing abilities to gradually wear down their opponent!

However, Lin Xuankong did not give it the chance for a slow battle. He allowed its tail, which could crush giant rocks, to whip his waist, then hugged the giant tail with both hands, dragging the creature towards him!

HISSS! The Liao Race Leader let out another strange cry, frantically clawing at the ground with its feet.

Its surrounding Marsh Python Liao Race subordinates ferociously whipped Lin Xuankong's arms, legs, head, and body with their tails.

Unfortunately, those ferocious Marsh Python Liao Race members found that this seemingly frail, silver-haired old man was even more solid than iron. Their tails, capable of smashing giant rocks, only made him frown and shake his hair.

The Liao Race Leader, in disbelief, found that its strength was far inferior to this old man. It struggled desperately, its feet carving two deep grooves in the ground, but it was still dragged inch by inch towards Lin Xuankong—towards the abyss of death!

A quarter of a breath later, this Liao Race Leader's head exploded, and it fell to the ground, dead!

Standing still, Lin Xuankong, having withstood so many attacks from the Demon People, was now shrouded in a dark mist of Demon Qi.

This Demon Qi continually eroded his Qi Blood, forming strange sounds in his ears and causing illusions of scantily clad women to appear before his eyes—illusions of Jiang Yuran, a woman from his past life, and Lii Xiaolan.

But supported by the massive Qi Blood in his Life Plate, the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand continuously emitted strands of white energy. These strands swirled around his body like wandering dragons, quickly dissipating the Demon Qi!

Seeing all the Demon Qi being expelled by Lin Xuankong, the surrounding Demon People who were rushing over stopped in fear, their massive jaws agape in shock!

If the first Liao Race Leader died due to carelessness, the death of the second Leader made them fully aware of the terrifying power of this human. This human didn't defend at all and fought ruthlessly, only aiming for the head, only tearing off the White Scale, giving no chance for recovery.

But this wasn't enough to instill fear in them! What scared them was this human's seemingly endless Qi Blood, which had completely dissipated the massive amount of Demon Qi that invaded him!

The remaining two Liao Race Leaders exchanged glances, seeing the suspicion in each other's eyes.

Amidst such dense and prolonged attacks from countless tribesmen, under the invasion of so much Demon Qi, he could still continue to fight. How much Qi Blood does he have? Is he even human? How could a human Martial Cultivator possess such a terrifying Qi Blood Amount?

Seeing Lin Xuankong kill twelve Demon People in three steps, Han Lu finally snapped out of his continuous astonishment. His heart surged with emotion as he leaped forward on one leg, charging towards the Demon People. At the same time, he roared, "Kill!"

The dozen disciples behind him immediately rushed in with their swords. On the nearby city walls, the Yin Talisman Sect disciples drawing the Nine-Stone Great Bows fired Flaming Arrows one after another!

On the battlefield, the fight instantly turned from Lin Xuankong fighting alone into a chaotic melee.

Yet, amidst the crowd, Lin Xuankong remained the most eye-catching!

When others fought the Marsh Python Liao Race, even if they wounded them, as long as the Marsh Python Liao Race members touched their claws to their water pouches, massive amounts of water would flow along their arms to their wounds. In an instant, those wounds would heal, and their speed and Power would temporarily nearly double.

But Lin Xuankong, with his endless Qi Blood enhancing the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand, was different. His punches and finger strikes were terrifyingly powerful. In close combat, if they touched him, they died; if they grazed him, they were sent flying. It was as if a rampaging dragon was bullying dozens of little chicks, chasing the Demon People until they scattered in disarray!

Of course, in his eyes, these Marsh Python Liao Race members were not little chicks, but running Silver Yuanbao!

「Half a Cup of Tea Time later,」

Having exhausted their water pouches and left behind more than forty corpses, the Demon People Race finally retreated! Two Liao Race Leaders led over fifty Demon People in a desperate escape towards the dense forest.

There were streams and lakes there. If they could just reach the water, their battle power would double continuously, and they would be nearly invincible!

The Demon People Race had been ferocious and seemingly unstoppable upon arrival, but now they retreated in panic like defeated dogs.

"They finally retreated!" Han Lu, fighting on one leg and covered in blood, panted heavily, feeling as though his entire skeleton was about to fall apart! The dozen injured disciples behind him were equally excited, feeling as though they had just walked back from the Ghost Gate!

But before they could cheer, they saw Lin Xuankong, his white hair flowing, already pursuing the "Silver Yuanbao."

The numerous disciples of Xunyang Town were stunned. Han Lu frowned and shouted, "Fellow disciple, don't pursue a desperate enemy! There are streams and lakes over there. In the water, they're not only nearly invincible but their combat Power will also surge. It's too dangerous! Come back quickly!"

The fleeing Marsh Python Liao Race members had eyes glinting with ferocity and hatred. They firmly believed that once they reached the streams and lakes, it would be time to slaughter this white-haired human—their moment for a counterattack!

Chapter 39 - 35: Surprised Young Lady, Mysterious Crystal

However, what surprised the Marsh Python People was that when the Demon People Leader running at the front reached the edge of the dense forest, Yang Yun's Red Tassel Spear, like a Poison Dragon, emerged from the bushes and stabbed straight at its forehead, almost causing its head to explode on the spot.

Another Demon People Leader was also intercepted by Bald Li Er, who wielded his dual axes in a fierce battle.

The rest of the Demon People Race were completely blocked outside the dense forest by the more than forty disciples of Cow and Horse Street, whose morale had soared!

At this moment, the Marsh Python People, who had been ready to counterattack and finish off Lin Xuankong, were furious beyond measure. How cunning and insidious humans were, to actually have an ambush...

「After the time it takes to drink a cup of tea,」

Lin Xuankong had scraped off the ninety-sixth White Scale.

He had harvested the most White Scales in this battle, roughly ten times the total gathered by others!

He was the one who killed a huge number of Demon People. Of course, it wasn't that others didn't want to kill the Marsh Python People; it was simply that their recovery ability was too strong!

Li Er had chopped at one of the Demon People Leaders with his axe one hundred and twenty times, aiming for the head, the ears, and the neck with every strike, fighting fiercely. But in the end, not only did he fail to kill the Tier Two Leader, Li Er was nearly killed by the opponent's giant tail swipe!

Yang Mountain faced a similar situation. He had stabbed nearly two hundred times with his spear. These were blows from an Early Stage Second Layer Martial Cultivator, powerful enough to turn a steel man into a sieve. But he still couldn't defeat the Tier Two Leader. In the end, it was only with the powerful thunder and lightning support from Steward Han Lu that Yang Yun managed to explode the opponent's head with a single shot, his spearhead flashing to pierce off two White Scales!

Occasionally, when other disciples managed to kill a Marsh Python People, it always required at least two people working together!

When the last Marsh Python People had just recovered from its injuries and was hammered to death by Lin Xuankong's punch, the battlefield finally fell completely silent.

Only dozens of disciples from the Yin Talisman Sect were continuously invigorating their Qi and blood to expel the evil Demon Qi invading their bodies!

Once everyone had expelled the Demon Qi and their Qi and blood were nearly exhausted, they looked at the still-energetic Lin Xuankong with faces full of confusion, astonishment, and awe...

"I thought coming to Xunyang Town this time would mean certain death! I never expected that..."

A disciple looked at Lin Xuankong, who had been fighting effortlessly for the time it takes to drink two cups of tea, and couldn't find the words to say!

"I thought only a Steward who had advanced to the Third Layer could complete today's task smoothly under the protection of the full Exorcism Armor! I always misjudge when it comes to Steward Lin!" Li Er shook the bloodstains off his axe and shook his bald head vigorously.

"I thought..." Steward Han Lu stood on one leg and spoke.

"Alright, Steward Han, enough with the 'I thoughts.' Let's clean up the battlefield, and then shouldn't we be having dinner? I'm starving!" Lin Xuankong said. After he spoke, he suddenly froze. *Huh, it seemed he had caught the hunger bug from the Young Lady!*

"Hahaha, we must have a good meal! The siege of Xunyang Town has been lifted, our dozens of disciples survived, and thousands of townspeople in Xunyang Town survived, all thanks to Steward Lin!"

...

Thousands of townspeople lit bonfires at night, cheering and dancing to celebrate their escape from death.

Some of the pretty girls in Xunyang Town were discussing the name that echoed throughout the town that night: Lin Xuankong. Many girls felt a touch of regret that he was an old man; otherwise... Of course, many others thought, what was wrong with being an old man? He was a highly respected Steward of the Yin Talisman Sect and so heroic!

In the Yin Talisman Sect's residence in Xunyang Town, Yang Mountain held a wine cup, looking at Lin Xuankong with admiration. "Steward, you're actually at the Mid-grade of the Second Layer! And at such an age, your Qi and blood are so abundant it's beyond imagination. You fought from beginning to end, and all that

Demon Qi had no effect on you. Truly worthy of being a Four Seals natural talent! I drink to you!"

After speaking, he downed a full bowl of wine in one gulp.

If previously Yang Mountain had been slightly proud of advancing to the Early Stage of the Second Layer, after witnessing Lin Xuankong's terrifying combat skills and strength today, that pride vanished entirely, leaving only genuine admiration for his superior.

The many disciples at the nearby tables, looking their way, were also filled with emotion. They realized that Steward Lin's earlier talk of a great victory wasn't an exaggeration. It was genuine humility, for this battle was far more than a great victory; it was the complete annihilation of the invading Marsh Python Liao Race!

-----Little did they know, Lin Xuankong had not even used the trump cards he had prepared, such as the Flying Stone Steel Balls from the pouch at his waist, the powerful Twin Vine Demon Pearl, and the Manluo Demon Pearl!

-----If he had revealed these trump cards, killing these hundred or so members of the Demon People Race tonight would have been as easy as crushing chicks for Lin Xuankong!

Seeing Yang Mountain start to offer toasts, the disciples rushed to their feet, each coming over to toast.

Since Steward Lin had arrived at the Cow and Horse Street outpost, many of the older disciples hadn't taken the aging Lin Xuankong very seriously. However, from this moment on, there was no one who wasn't amazed and respectful!

Lin Xuankong sipped the fine wine lightly, chatting and laughing with everyone.

After everyone had finished toasting, he looked at the White Scales beside his hand.

There were a total of one hundred and eight thumb-sized, yet extremely heavy, White Scales. Ninety-six of them were his, and the other twelve had been given to him by Steward Han Lu and a few other disciples during the toasts.

According to them, without Lin Xuankong, it would have been impossible to annihilate the Demon People Race, let alone survive, so these White Scales had to go to Lin Xuankong!

One hundred and eight... Lin Xuankong had once counted that his Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand required about two hundred Marsh Python White Scales.

And he had collected half the required White Scale Material in just one battle! These one hundred and eight pieces of material, if sold, would be worth about

thirty to forty taels each. One hundred and eight pieces would fetch a full three to four thousand taels of silver. How many flatbreads could that buy?

If he relied solely on his monthly stipend, it would probably take him ten years of saving, without eating or drinking, to accumulate so much silver!

However, he wasn't considering selling this material at all. Collecting White Scale Material seemed so easy... Once he collected enough White Scale Material and found the other precious materials, he too would seek out an Artifact Refiner to craft a pair of Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hands!

...

Late at night, after the banquet ended, Lin Xuankong sat at the table, looking at the luxurious decorations in the room and smelling the faint fragrance in the air, feeling a bit emotional.

Han Lu, the Outer City Steward, was almost like a Warlord here, living in extreme luxury. If it weren't for his relatively good character, he might have ruined this town!

Of course, Han Lu, while good-natured, wasn't too foolish... Just now, he had very thoughtfully sent three beauties to Lin Xuankong, saying they greatly admired Lin Xuankong's heroic deeds and wished to chat with him all night!

Though Lin Xuankong didn't dislike 'chatting,' he felt something was off.

Perhaps it was because he had grown accustomed to Lii Xiaolan's unparalleled beauty. These three women, though pretty, seemed inferior by comparison in looks, temperament, and figure. Consequently, Lin Xuankong declined, stating he didn't enjoy chatting and needed to cultivate!

He sighed and thought to himself: *My taste has indeed become picky!*

Just as he was about to return to his room to cultivate, a clear and pleasant voice suddenly sounded behind him, "Do you really not like chatting?"

Lin Xuankong turned around to see, in the flickering candlelight, the beautiful Young Lady with bright eyes and white teeth, looking at him thoughtfully.

"Hmm? Why are you here?"

Lii Xiaolan sat down beside him, her lips curling up. "Why can't I be here? I was bored at home, so I came out for a stroll!"

Lin Xuankong looked at her helplessly, then suddenly remembered something.

He reached into his waist pouch and placed a black crystal, glinting with an eerie light, on the table.

"I found this black crystal near the body of a Demon People Leader. I don't know what it is or what it's used for! Since I've never heard of such a thing, I quietly kept it without asking Han Lu, Li Er, and the others, planning to ask you when I got home! Have you ever seen this before, Young Lady?"

Lii Xiaolan was somewhat surprised and looked intently at the black crystal. She frowned and pondered for a moment, then, as if remembering something, her expression changed, revealing a clear touch of delight!

Lin Xuankong couldn't help but be surprised. "What's wrong? What is it?"

Lii Xiaolan, however, ignored him, her attention seemingly completely absorbed by the black crystal.

She stared at the black crystal for a long while before finally looking up at Lin Xuankong with emotion. "I didn't expect that you're not only a natural talent with a Cultivation Speed far surpassing others, but also an incredibly lucky guy!"

Chapter 40 - 36: Demon People's Essence, The Hall Master's Generous Reward

When Lin Xuankong heard her actually claim he had incredible luck, he couldn't help but become even more curious. "So, what exactly is this black crystal?"

Lii Xiaolan's expression had gradually calmed by this point. Seeing his curious look, she couldn't help but smirk. "Oh my, we've run so far; I'm rather thirsty!"

Lin Xuankong quietly circulated his Qi Blood, suppressing the urge to give this mischievous girl a spanking. He then placed the black crystal into his bosom. "I'm a bit tired. Why don't you tell me tomorrow instead!"

After saying this, he leisurely walked towards the inner room.

Lii Xiaolan immediately felt a little frustrated. She glared at Lin Xuankong. "Alright, I'll tell you then! Do you know why Exorcism Equipment is so expensive?"

Lin Xuankong's heart skipped a beat. "Could it be because the Forehead Scales of the Demon People are rare, or is it related to this black crystal?"

Lii Xiaolan nodded. "The number of Marsh Python People isn't that large, and the Forehead Scales of the Python Demon People are indeed considered rare and precious. However, for powerful Martial Cultivators, they are materials obtainable by killing Low-tier Demon People, so they aren't extremely rare. You can even buy some with silver! But the most crucial material for crafting Exorcism Equipment, the Demon People's Essence you're holding, is extremely, extremely rare! It's feared that only one Demon People Leader out of dozens, or even hundreds, will occasionally form a Demon People's Essence upon death. Those capable of forming an essence are, without exception, elite Leaders among the Demon People, and ones who are particularly attuned to Demon Qi!"

Lin Xuankong's eyes lit up. "So this is the Demon People's Essence... If the chances of forming this essence are so low, then my luck tonight was truly phenomenal! However, the first Demon People Leader I killed was indeed the strongest among the four Leaders, which likely accounts for this!"

Lii Xiaolan beamed. "It's more than just good luck! If the Yin Talisman Sect hadn't dispatched several Grand Steward Level experts to attack the Demons, giving them quite a headache, those Marsh Pythons and Ghost Lizards probably wouldn't have deployed their subordinate Demon People to attack the Yin Talisman Sect's many towns in this 'besiege Wei to save Zhao' gambit! Under normal circumstances, the Demon People Race gathers in groups of hundreds or even thousands; killing them isn't so easy!"

Lin Xuankong exclaimed joyfully, "To think I actually obtained a piece of the most crucial and rarest material for crafting Exorcism Equipment! If I can gather another hundred or so Forehead Scales, wouldn't I be able to ask someone to make me a pair of Exorcism Gloves!"

Lii Xiaolan showed an expression of 'exasperation at his failure to aim higher.'
"What Exorcism Gloves? You wasteful old man! You're not the Yin Talisman Sect

Leader or the Black Tiger Gang Leader, commanding thousands or tens of thousands. Do you think you'll be able to get another Demon People's Essence next time? A Demon People's Essence is incredibly precious, comparable to a Demon Pearl! How could you use it to make Exorcism Gloves? Of course, you should save up for Eight Hundred Forehead Scales and craft Exorcism Armor! Then, when you activate your Qi Blood, your entire body will be covered in Forehead Scales, impervious to Demon Qi, and your attack power will increase more than tenfold!"

Lin Xuankong paused. *Eight Hundred Forehead Scales... Exorcism Armor!*

In tonight's battle, the Exorcism Gloves had allowed him to quickly dispel Demon Qi and further aided him in displaying his might, sweeping through the Marsh Python People. He could certainly imagine how terrifying the augmented power in every move would be if his whole body were covered in Forehead Scales. He could probably tunnel through a small mountain just by running into it at full speed! He could likely create a meteor crater by sitting down with all his might... he would completely transform into a human-shaped Divine Dragon! Crucially, he would be completely impervious to Demon Qi. Even when facing Demons possessing strange Demonic Powers, his combat strength would be amplified several times over!

"Take good care of it!" Lii Xiaolan laughed. "From now on, besides your Cultivation, your most important task is to save money and collect Forehead Scales. Once you have all the materials and the armor is made, remember to let me... this wife-and-master of yours, try it on!" She glanced outside at the sky. "Well, I'm done wandering around. I'm going back to the Great Marsh Prefecture!"

Before her voice even faded, her figure flickered and vanished out the window!

Lin Xuankong couldn't help but smile. *Wandering? This Young Lady must have been worried about me and came over... Her words are tough, but she clearly dares to act but not admit it!*

He walked into the inner room, lay down comfortably on the bed, and carefully examined the Demon People's Essence, which was comparable in value to a Demon Pearl. After indulging in these fantasies for a while, he slowly closed his eyes.

But just as he closed his eyes, he seemed to suddenly think of something. He then sat up, his face full of joy. He recalled the fleeting image of the Young Lady as she left, his eyes shining. *In the past, when the Young Lady left in front of me, I couldn't even perceive her movements. Just now, when she left, I could actually see her afterimage as she moved quickly. It seemed that as his strength grew, he had gradually closed the distance between himself and the Young Lady, even if just a little! This was indeed something to be happy about!*

「Early the next morning.」

"Has Steward Lin woken up?" Han Lu's voice sounded from outside the door.

Lin Xuankong opened his eyes, ending his Cultivation session, and walked to the door. "Steward Han, you're here so early. Is something the matter?"

Han Lu, leaning on his cane, smiled. "Of course, there is! It's great news!"

Lin Xuankong already had a good idea, so he smiled. "Come in and tell me!"

But Han Lu couldn't wait and said from the doorway, "Last night, when I returned to town, I immediately sent a Flying Eagle Letter to report the great victory to the Hall. Early this morning, a message came back! The message said that the Hall Master was overjoyed upon hearing the news. He repeatedly praised it as the most unexpected major victory since the recent war against the Demon People Race began. His original hope was for us to merely hold off or repel the Demon People Race; who would have thought we could annihilate them completely! The Hall Master immediately decided to disseminate the news of this great victory to all cities, towns, and garrisons to boost morale. Furthermore, he more than doubled the previously determined rewards. The Hall Master's reward for you, Steward Lin, was originally one Turtle-Poria Elixir and forty portions of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup. To recognize your great contributions, he specifically increased the number of Turtle-Poria Elixirs to three and the Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup ingredients to one hundred portions! The other disciples, who were each to receive six portions of ingredients, also had their rewards increased to twelve portions!"

Three Turtle-Poria Elixirs and one hundred portions of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup ingredients! Even though Lin Xuankong had anticipated something, he never imagined the reward would be so generous. Especially the Turtle-Poria Elixirs! Each one was equivalent to more than thirty portions of Nine Revolutions Qi Replenishing Soup and could even forcibly increase one's Lifespan by more than three years... *Three of them! Three times three... how much was that again?* For a moment, his heart was filled with joy.

"With this, Steward Lin, your name will be known by everyone in the sect!" Steward Han said with a smile. "'Mighty General Lin Xuankong, at the Second-Layer Cultivation, swept through over a hundred Demon People!' Such a battle record will likely astound all sect members who hear of it!"

Fame is secondary; the ingredients are key! Lin Xuankong nodded slightly.

Steward Han took out a document from his bosom and continued, "There is one more matter. The Hall Master has issued a special order: because the war with the Demon People Race will continue, for the next half-month, you and I, Steward Lin, will jointly guard Xunyang Town. We must ensure the complete protection of this grain-producing town. This is your second task, Steward Lin!"

Upon hearing this, Lin Xuankong's joy deepened. *The second task? Does this mean that after completing the fifteen-day task of guarding Xunyang Town, I'll only have one task left before I can start cultivating Yin Talisman Thunder!*

Thinking of Han Lu's lightning, thick as a little finger, wreathed around his longsword during last night's battle, and recalling the feeling of having the chance to light up all the marks during the test, he couldn't help but muse, *My physique is definitely compatible with Yin Talisman Thunder, and with the 'Vigorous in Old Age' Life Plate... If I can also start cultivating Yin Talisman Thunder, I will surely master a Thunderbolt Technique! Spiritual Crane Finger combined with Wandering Dragon Exorcism Hand, all encased in formidable lightning... A human-shaped thunder dragon?*

He eagerly took the document and quickly read through it. Seeing that the document indeed stated what Steward Han had said, his anticipation grew even stronger. He wished time would fly by, bringing him to fifteen days later so he could accept the third task!

「In the blink of an eye, ten days had passed.」

During this period, Han Lu continuously received news: among the twenty-nine towns of the Yin Talisman Gate Outer City, several other towns were repeatedly attacked by the Demon People. Minor incidents resulted in casualties, while severe ones saw city defenses breached and large numbers of townspeople abducted! Xunxi Town, the neighboring major grain-producing town, guarded by no fewer than a hundred elite disciples, was suddenly attacked and overrun by over one hundred and fifty Marsh Python People...

However, Chief Steward Jiang and the Grand Chief Steward remained outside, battling Demons, and had not returned to provide reinforcements, showing their determination to slay the Demon leaders!

As for Xunyang Town, ever since the annihilation of over a hundred Marsh Python People, no further Demon People incursions had been seen. Of course, Han Lu remained very vigilant, daily sending disciples out for dozens of miles on patrol. After all, Xunxi Town, barely a hundred miles away, now lay in ruins. He couldn't help but be tense. Who knew if the Marsh Python People Race was trying to lull Xunyang Town into a false sense of security before launching a major, vicious attack!

Lin Xuankong, on the other hand, was somewhat regretful that the 'Silver Yuanbao' hadn't been delivered to his doorstep. But his primary goal was Cultivation, so he wasn't too troubled. After all, as long as his strength reached a certain level, even if he didn't get another chance to hunt Marsh Python People, he could find other ways to earn silver and then buy some Marsh Python Forehead Scales!

Furthermore, he had estimated: with his Cultivation at the late stage of the Second Layer, wearing a full suit of Exorcism Armor weighing nearly two thousand jin... Although he could unleash terrifying combat strength, he definitely couldn't bring out the full potential of the Battle Armor. Only when his strength increased further could the might of the Wandering Dragon Exorcism Armor be displayed to its fullest!

「This morning.」

Lin Xuankong sat by the table, glancing at the blood-stained Hundred-refined Steel Saber on it, then looked down at the cut on his right arm. During these past few days of Cultivation, he could feel his Qi Blood growing increasingly condensed, approaching a threshold of Metamorphosis. Overjoyed, he took the Hundred-refined Steel Saber and, channeling his full strength, dragged it across his right arm. The result... although his Qi Blood's protection meant it only opened a shallow wound, it still broke the skin and drew blood!

His eyes showed a trace of excitement as he mused to himself, *I felt like my Qi Blood was on the verge of another Metamorphosis yesterday. I wonder if it will happen today? If I can reach the Late Stage today, I'll cut myself a few more times to test it out—thigh, neck, face, waist—give them all a slash, a stab!*

He recalled the scene of the Bearded Martial Cultivator intimidating dozens of experts. He remembered the Young Lady casually letting him try to slash her neck with the Hundred-refined Steel Saber. Thinking that the late stage of the Second Layer was so close, his anticipation grew even more palpable. *If I could reach the late stage of the Second Layer, even if I encountered an expert at the early stage of the Third Layer, I could withstand dozens, even hundreds, of their attacks... After all, Second Layer Martial Cultivators specialize in defense; at the Late Stage, their bodies become like Vajra! Then, when facing Martial Cultivators at the same Realm as that Bearded Martial Cultivator, even without using the Heaven-Covering Flying*

Locusts, or the Twin Vine Demon Pearl and Manluo Demon Pearl, I could deal with them easily, without any more worries!

With that thought, he calmed his Heart Spirit, immersed himself in his various insights, and carefully resumed his Cultivation.

After completing two cycles of the Pine Heart Method and three repetitions of the Spiritual Crane Finger, he once again assumed the Cangsong Posture. By now, his Cangsong Posture had changed considerably from before...