

## **CULTIVATION SYSTEM: STRONGER WITH AGE**

### **Chapter 5: After Revision - 4 You Embroider and I Sell Cakes, Fatal Crisis**

Time flies, and another ten-odd days had passed.

This morning, after finishing his Cultivation, Lin Xuankong went into the kitchen. He filled two willow baskets with sorghum cakes, covered them with a white cloth Lii Xiaolan had washed clean, and after crouching slightly, he effortlessly lifted the nearly hundred-pound load onto his shoulders.

[Pine Crane Longevity Technique: Not at Entry Level 58/60]

[Transcendent Qi Blood: 118/100,000]

Over the past ten-odd days, his progress in the Pine Skill had steadily increased. He had long since cultivated the second strand of Transcendent Qi Blood, and his physical body was becoming stronger under its nourishment.

Three or four days ago, in the dead of night, he had tested his speed on the street. He could run a distance of one hundred steps in a little over three breaths, which

was almost equivalent to covering one hundred meters in ten seconds. This kind of explosive power was already incredibly close to the hundred-meter world record of his previous life.

Due to his abundant Qi Blood, his endurance far surpassed that of ordinary people. Carrying a load of a hundred pounds, he shouted his wares along the way. Even after walking for more than two hours, he did not feel any fatigue!

What was most astonishing was that the one possessing such a physique was a fifty-nine-year-old man...

The profoundness of the Pine Crane Longevity Technique and the magic of being "Vigorous in Old Age" were fully displayed in him!

Of course, not all news was good.

In the past two days, he found that the growth of his strength had become extremely slow. It was obvious that his body had reached the limits of an ordinary human. The next step was to cultivate the third strand of Transcendent Qi Blood and break through the bottleneck to continue improving!

Additionally, in the past few days, during the evenings, he would occasionally experience inexplicable dazes, losing consciousness for several breaths. When sleeping, he would also occasionally feel an extreme tightness in his chest. This situation felt as if something was wrong with his body, and a major problem could

occur at any time... According to his Life Plate, he only had three days of Lifespan left!

Through the fifty-times Cultivation Speed and the matter of his Life Plate, Lin Xuankong knew that even though he was as strong as an ox now, he would likely die suddenly when his Lifespan ran out. After all, although his body was strong, it didn't mean that all the hidden injuries from years of hard work and illness had completely disappeared!

However, Lin Xuankong wasn't overly worried. With so many days of cultivation and the progress of the Pine Skill, he had gained many new insights into the Heart Method of the Pine Crane Longevity Technique.

He was very confident that after tomorrow, he would have a high chance of reaching the Entry Level. This would nourish his body's hidden injuries, significantly increase his strength, and extend his Lifespan by about three years!

Putting his worries aside, he shouldered his load, preparing to go out and sell sorghum cakes to earn money as usual. Suddenly, Lii Xiaolan's voice came from behind him, "I've embroidered a dozen more handkerchiefs these past two days. Take them to Wang's Clothing Shop!"

*Why does the Young Lady always like to pop up from behind?* Lin Xuankong felt quite helpless.

He took the embroidered handkerchiefs. Lii Xiaolan then took another handkerchief from her sleeve and handed it to him. "This handkerchief is one of the better-embroidered ones from the batch. It's for you!"

A warmth spread through Lin Xuankong's heart. He gently accepted the handkerchief and then said with a serious expression, "Such a fine embroidered handkerchief... I don't have anything suitable to give you in return... How about I give you a sorghum cake?"

The next moment, the Young Lady, upon receiving the sorghum cake, had a look of utter bewilderment on her small face, appearing quite flustered.

Lin Xuankong then pushed open the wooden door and walked out onto the dirt road with light steps.

「Almost an hour later,」

After passing several streets and selling more than half of his sorghum cakes, a boy of about fourteen or fifteen, carrying a basket, approached him. The boy glanced at the handkerchief tucked into Lin Xuankong's waist and smiled.

"Uncle Lin, Young Aunty has embroidered more pretty handkerchiefs, huh? Tsk tsk, Young Aunty's embroidered handkerchiefs earn more money than your sorghum cakes! I don't know how Uncle Lin got so lucky to marry such a good Young Aunty!"

Lin Xuankong reached out and ruffled the boy's messy hair. "What 'Young Aunty'? Aunty is Aunty, and a young married woman is a young married woman!"

This boy was Li Xiaohu, the son of his neighbor Li Dahu. He often sold various fruits like melons and peaches on the street.

When he couldn't sell all his fruits, he would bring a few to the Lin Family. He would also occasionally scrounge a meal at their home. Over time, the two families had developed a rather good relationship.

Moreover, Li Dahu and Li Xiaohu, unlike other neighbors, never gossiped about Lin Xuankong or mocked him, saying he wouldn't live long after marrying a young wife.

Little Hu looked left and right, then suddenly leaned closer and whispered, "Elder Lin, let me tell you something. Yesterday, while you were selling sorghum cakes along the street, I saw Ma Xiong and his men secretly following you for a long time. I don't know what they're planning!"

Hearing this, Lin Xuankong's brow furrowed. Ma Xiong was a member of the Black Tiger Gang. It was said that he was close to the Transcendence Realm and quite powerful, being Boss Zhang Wu's right-hand man.

*He's secretly following me? Black Tiger Gang members usually just focus on their pleasures; why would they follow me for no reason?*

*Is he acting on Zhang Wu's orders?*

*Although I despise Zhang Wu and his thugs for their tyrannical behavior, I've never shown it. Besides, after Lan intimidated him last time, Zhang Wu shouldn't have the guts to covet her again, right?*

*No, that's not right!*

*Zhang Wu can't handle Lan, but in his eyes, I'm just a decrepit old man.*

*He could easily kill someone like me without anyone noticing. If I die, Lan becomes a widow, and then he'll have his chance... That must be it!*

*HISS... It's not the theft one fears, but the thief who constantly schemes!*

A cold glint flashed in Lin Xuankong's eyes. He glanced around, then took several sorghum cakes from his willow basket. "Don't tell anyone else what you told me today!"

Little Hu took the sorghum cakes and nodded vigorously. "Don't worry, Elder Lin, my lips are sealed. But you have to be careful!"

Lin Xuankong pondered for a moment, then decided not to take his usual route home. He specifically chose a street bustling with pedestrians and walked quickly.

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Inside Hongyun Tavern, on the second floor, dozens of Black Tiger Gang members were boisterously drinking and feasting. At a table by the window, Zhang Wu stared at the crowds passing by on Qingshui Street, while Ma Xiong respectfully poured him a cup of wine. "Fifth Brother, don't worry. It's just a matter of dealing with a sixty-year-old codger!"

Zhang Wu nodded. "It must be done cleanly, with no loose ends. Absolutely no word of this can get out! Also, what's the progress with Wang's Clothing Shop, the one that sells colored threads and handkerchiefs?"

Ma Xiong grinned. "Wang Po from the clothing shop is an old hand at this. Don't you know her methods? Over these past twenty-odd days, because Miss Lin has gone to buy colored threads a few times, Wang Po has already become quite familiar with her. She's figured out all of the Young Lady's preferences!"

"Once Old Lin is dead, with Wang Po pulling strings and scheming, it'll be a piece of cake for Fifth Brother to win over that beautiful Young Lady!"

Zhang Wu drained his cup in one gulp. "Well done! After we seize Qingshui Street from those scoundrels from the Yin Talisman Sect, Ma Xiong, you'll be the boss of Qingshui Street!"

Ma Xiong immediately cupped his hands. "Thank you, Fifth Brother! That beautiful Young Lady definitely won't escape your grasp."

Zhang Wu grinned. *Of course, Miss Lin's stunning beauty makes one's heart itch. However, my patient scheming isn't just for her looks.*

*If I could get such a surprisingly powerful Young Lady on my side, how could I remain merely a Leader in the Black Tiger Gang?*

*As for Lin Xuankong, that worthless old man with no power or background, how is he worthy of such a Young Lady? Damn him!*