

CULTIVATION SYSTEM: STRONGER WITH AGE

Chapter 9 - 8 The Marvelous Life Plate, The Sting on the Wasp's Tail

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

On this day, nearing noon, after Lin Xuankong finished cultivating the Cangsong Posture and Spiritual Crane Finger, he drank the medicinal soup Lii Xiaolan had brought over. He then sat upright on the edge of the bed, silently circulating his Heart Method.

During these days, his Cangsong Posture movements had become extremely precise, faintly exuding a vigorous and grand aura. Although it still wasn't as aesthetically pleasing as the Young Lady's movements, the effect of refining his muscles and skin was becoming increasingly strong!

As for the Spiritual Crane Finger, his routines had become quite familiar. Compared to the Young Lady's execution of the Spiritual Crane Finger, the difference was no longer like that between raw, hairy pork and braised lion's head, but had progressed to something like medium-rare pork versus braised lion's head!

Half an hour later, Lin Xuankong, having finished his cultivation, opened his eyes and looked at the empty medicinal bowl on the table.

My Young Lady's medicinal soup is truly miraculous! It was over ten times more potent in nourishing Qi Blood than the concoctions he had consumed before Transcendence!

He looked at the Qi Blood displayed in his Life Plate: [Transcendent Qi Blood: 210/100,000].

Logically, the Body Refining Technique he practiced daily should consume a vast amount of Qi Blood. However, during these ten days of cultivation, every time he took the medicinal soup, it replenished a great deal of his Qi Blood. Not only was the consumed Qi Blood rapidly replenished, but after each day's cultivation, there was even some to spare, accumulating to a full 210 points!

Additionally, normally, the flesh and blood of this body could only contain around thirty to forty points of Qi Blood... but his 'Vigorous in Old Age' Life Plate actually had the ability to store surplus Qi Blood—it was truly marvelous!

Of course, he could accumulate so much Qi Blood thanks to the Young Lady's medicinal soup. Without it, forget about accumulating Qi Blood; he probably wouldn't even be able to complete one round of the Cangsong Posture daily!

He just didn't know how this medicinal soup was prepared, nor the value of the medicinal herbs used. As an old husband, he hadn't brought much improvement to the Young Lady's life, yet he consumed her medicinal soup every day... But, in a family, there should be no need to distinguish between yours and mine!

Just as the thought of being a kept old man, living off his wife, crossed his mind, a knocking sound came from the front door.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

"Is Lan at home?" a gentle and amiable woman's voice sounded.

Lin Xuankong was a bit surprised. Since the Young Lady had married him, apart from going out to fetch medicinal herbs and buy silk threads for handkerchiefs, she hardly interacted with the other young wives and matrons on the street. Why would someone come specifically to see her?

Footsteps descended from the stairs, soon reaching the front door. Lii Xiaolan's crisp voice sounded, "Aunt Wang, what brings you to my home today?"

Aunt Wang... Wang Po?

Lin Xuankong's eyes flickered. *The Young Lady embroidered floral handkerchiefs every day and sold them at Wang Po's clothing shop.*

This Wang Po's Martial Arts Cultivation wasn't particularly high, reportedly at the first level of Transcendence. However, she was remarkably adept at dealing with people and possessed considerable business acumen, having opened a total of eight clothing shops, with one even located in the inner city.

All things considered, this Wang Po could be deemed a prominent figure; likely more than half the people in Great Marsh Prefecture City knew of her Wang's Clothing Shop!

"Of course, it's good news! Here, these are candied dates from the Ancient River District. I bought a few pounds while passing through there and brought you two pounds to enjoy!" Wang Po's voice carried a smile.

Lii Xiaolan welcomed Wang Po into the outer room. "Aunt Wang, you're too kind. Please sit down; I'll pour you a cup of water."

Wang Po glanced around. "Brother Lin isn't home?"

Lii Xiaolan replied, "He was a bit tired, so he went to his room to rest!"

Wang Po nodded. "Young Lady, I've come this time to ask for your help! Over the past few days, several customers have come to the shop asking for embroidered handkerchiefs, but you haven't sent any over these days! Those clients are all quite wealthy and are set on your embroidered handkerchiefs. They want to preorder

some, offering one tael of silver per piece! It's my fault for being greedy and agreeing to it all!"

Lii Xiaolan had other plans for making money. But hearing Wang Po say this, she hesitated. *One tael of silver for a handkerchief... I can embroider several in a day!*

Wang Po continued, "Those are rare, wealthy patrons. If the Young Lady can embroider fifty handkerchiefs, that would be fifty taels!"

She sighed. "It's a pity my eyesight is failing now. In my youth, the floral handkerchiefs I embroidered were also renowned in Great Marsh Prefecture! Of course, they couldn't compare to the Young Lady's skill—embroidering flowers that attract butterflies and grass that gathers dewdrops!"

In the inner room, listening to their conversation, Lin Xuankong was astonished. *A single handkerchief for nearly one tael? Is my Young Lady's craftsmanship that exceptional? One tael of silver... ordinary folk would probably need a month to earn that! Those wealthy and influential ladies in Great Marsh Prefecture truly spend money like water!*

He touched his waist and pulled out a handkerchief the Young Lady had given him some days ago. He had been using this handkerchief to wipe his nose and such for many days. Since it was washed daily, the colors had faded somewhat, but the embroidered peony was still visible; its stitches were delicate and remarkably lifelike...

At this moment, in the outer room, Lii Xiaolan had already agreed to help Wang Po embroider the handkerchiefs, and the two began to chat idly.

"Oh my, the Young Lady is such a diligent person. Although this house is a bit old, it's very tidy! This table is polished so brightly that a fly landing on it would likely slip and fall flat on its back!" Wang Po said with a laugh.

Lii Xiaolan felt a bit embarrassed by the praise.

Wang Po continued, "What a pity, those Huang Family people have no discernment! They actually drove the Young Lady out and even forced her to marry a poor old man with one foot in the grave. Such a destitute old fellow, even a sixty-year-old widow would probably turn her nose up at him... Oh, dear me, listen to my blabbering mouth!"

Lii Xiaolan had been about to pour her a cup of water. Hearing this, her brows furrowed, and she set the kettle aside.

Wang Po lightly slapped her own mouth and whispered, "It's all my fault, for bringing up such a sore subject! Young Lady, rest assured. I can read faces, and your features show you are no ordinary person. Your luck will definitely turn, and you'll meet a worthy man in the future!"

After saying this, she secretly glanced at Lii Xiaolan, then stood up. "Alright, I should be heading back! Young Lady, remember to quickly embroider those handkerchiefs for me. It would be best if you deliver a few each day!"

After Wang Po left, Lii Xiaolan frowned and went upstairs. In the inner room, Lin Xuankong also furrowed his brows.

Wang Po coming by to drum up business wasn't an issue, but that old hag's tongue is too venomous; it's truly like a wasp's sting! What did she mean by 'one foot in the grave, even a sixty-year-old widow would turn her nose up at him'? What did she mean by 'your luck will turn, and you'll meet a worthy man'? Why doesn't she just try to play matchmaker right in front of me! If that old hag hadn't left so quickly, I'd have given her a few slaps!

Walking into the outer room, Lin Xuankong frowned and looked towards the second floor, wondering what his Young Lady was thinking at this moment...

TAP. TAP. The sound of knocking on the door echoed.

Lin Xuankong's face darkened, and he quickly walked towards the wooden door.

Has that old hag returned? Perfect timing to teach her a lesson!

Opening the door, he found it was Little Hu, the son of their neighbor Li Dahu.

Lin Xuankong's expression softened slightly, and he let Little Hu inside. "You little glutton, you're early. I haven't had time to cook yet today!"

Little Hu chuckled, scratching his head. He closed the wooden door and sat down at the table. "Elder Lin, you underestimate me! Am I the kind of person who freeloards meals? I call it sharing good fortune!"

He looked upstairs and whispered, "Elder Lin, why did Wang Po come over just now? What did she want?"

Lin Xuankong's face darkened slightly at the mention of Wang Po. "That old woman came to ask your aunt to embroider some handkerchiefs!"

Little Hu was taken aback and whispered, "Elder Lin, it's best to have your aunt avoid Wang's Clothing Shop in the future. That Wang Po is not a good person! On the surface, she runs a clothing shop and occasionally performs acts of charity. But in reality, she has committed countless evil deeds in secret!"

Lin Xuankong was somewhat surprised. "She doesn't strike me as a good person either, but you say she's done many evil deeds..."

Little Hu said, "It was some little beggars I know who told me this a few days ago. They said the young ladies who often work for Wang's Clothing Shop either disappear, are sold to brothels or pleasure houses, or their families meet ruin! Although they haven't personally seen Wang Po lay a hand on them, how could things be so coincidental? It's always the young ladies working for her who encounter misfortune!"

Lin Xuankong thought to himself, my Young Lady's strength is unfathomable, so she wouldn't fear Wang Po trying to harm her. But while an open attack is easy to dodge, a hidden arrow is hard to defend against... Besides, if that Wang Po constantly badmouthed me in my Young Lady's ear, it would be utterly repulsive. He just didn't know what his Young Lady thought about it.

Rubbing Little Hu's messy hair, Lin Xuankong said, "Alright, I understand!"

After Little Hu left, Lin Xuankong sat at the table, pondering how to broach the subject with his wife. Suddenly, Lii Xiaolan's clear voice sounded beside him, "What are you thinking about? I'm a bit hungry!"

Lin Xuankong turned to Lii Xiaolan. "About that Wang Po... You should have heard what Little Hu said. I've known Little Hu for over ten years; he definitely wouldn't deceive me!"

Lii Xiaolan's brows furrowed. "Even without what Little Hu said, I wasn't planning to embroider handkerchiefs for her anymore! Hmph, how can I let someone slander my husband!"

Hearing her say this, Lin Xuankong felt a warmth spread through his heart.

When he looked at Lii Xiaolan again, he found her more and more endearing... Such an adorable wife! I must take good care of her, ensure she's well-fed, healthy, and happy!

He smiled and said, "Alright, it's settled then! I'll go make a meal for my wife right away!"

Hearing that sweet "wife," Lii Xiaolan's cheeks reddened slightly. She lowered her head in silence for a moment, then huffed, "Don't push your luck! I can call you husband, but when there are no outsiders present, you can't just call me 'wife'!"

Lin Xuankong was speechless. *The Young Lady is still so thin-skinned! We'll eventually be sharing the same blanket; why be so formal!*

He was about to turn towards the back kitchen when Lii Xiaolan called out to him again, "Come sit down first. I have something important to tell you!"

Lin Xuankong frowned, feigning displeasure. "What in this world could possibly be more important than my Young Lady having her meal!"

Lii Xiaolan couldn't help but laugh at his earnest nonsense. "There really is something important."

With that, she took out a glowing, walnut-sized bead from the pouch at her waist. "Have you ever seen this kind of bead before?"

Lin Xuankong was somewhat surprised, so he focused his gaze on the bead.

Suddenly, he felt an inexplicable chill wash over him, and the hairs all over his body involuntarily stood on end, as if he had been targeted by some powerful and evil Demon!

Why would this small bead make him feel this way?