

Eternal Life Begins with Taking a Wife - Chapter 1 -

Chapter 1: Accept His Fate and Get a Wife

“Ping’er, your foundation is average. I’m afraid that you won’t be able to reach Foundation Establishment in this lifetime. The clan has limited resources and can’t provide for every clan member. After the discussion of the elders, they’re going to send you to the Cloudy Mountain Swamp to explore with the Golden Sun Sect. Perhaps you’ll encounter your own immortal encounter there.”

In the dark and damp wooden house, the lights were like beans. Shen Ping leaned on the table and looked at the half-crippled talisman. He sighed deeply.

The exploration of the Golden Sun Sect required a large number of cultivators. He had four impure spiritual roots and ordinary aptitude. It was normal for the family to exchange him for resources.

However, twenty years have passed.

Not only did he not encounter the so-called immortal encounter, but because he was contaminated with the venom of demon beasts, his body became ill. Every day, he had to use his spiritual energy to suppress the poison. His cultivation, which was already growing slowly, was completely stagnant.

Even though he was in his forties, he was still at the third level of Qi Refinement. It was simply unspeakable.

As a true transmigrator, he could be said to be a classic bad example. But there was nothing he could do. Without the golden finger, his cultivation for the past twenty years was like walking on thin ice. He deeply understood the difficulty of cultivating at the bottom.

Boom! Crack!

As lightning flashed, rolling thunder shook the sky.

Shen Ping stood up and walked to the wooden window. He opened it and the sound of the rain entered his ears. Looking at the purple lightning in the sky, he said self-deprecatingly, “I wonder which mighty person is transcending the tribulation. Unfortunately, I’m afraid I won’t have such a chance in my life.

“Forget it, I’ve wasted twenty years. It’s time to accept my fate!”

As a transmigrator, he had always believed that his fate was in his own hands. Even though he had four impure spiritual roots, he had never given up on cultivating diligently. After all, there were countless examples of seniors with even worse aptitudes succeeding in cultivating.

He did not have a cheat code. But since he was lucky enough to transmigrate to the supernatural world, his luck should not be low. However, things didn't go as he wished. The cruel reality taught him an unforgettable lesson.

No matter how hard he tried, no matter how hard he worked, without aptitude and opportunities, it was ultimately futile. There was no hope.

He closed the wooden window.

That night, Shen Ping did not work hard to draw talismans anymore. Instead, he relaxed and slept.

The rain stopped the next day.

The road outside the house was muddy, and the rainwater gathered into small streams that flowed along the gullies formed by the impact. He stepped on the puddles of water and passed through seven or eight winding alleys before arriving at the main road paved with limestone slabs. There were many cultivators here, and there were rows of vendors on both sides of the road. It looked very lively.

Following the main road, he quickly walked into a shop.

"Yo, isn't this Fellow Daoist Shen? What a rare guest!" The enchanting female cultivator in the shop had loose skin and a pile of makeup on her face. Waves of fragrance surged into Shen Ping's nose.

"Fellow Daoist Ceng, I want to ask you—"

Before he could finish speaking, the female cultivator chuckled and interrupted, "Don't worry, I guarantee that I'll find you a beautiful and fair young lady. Didn't you come to my place to get married? Fellow Daoist Shen, I've already advised you. Since there's no hope of reaching Foundation Establishment, you have to focus on nurturing the next generation. If you had thought things through earlier, your children might have already reached Foundation Establishment!"

Shen Ping sighed and said, "Fellow Daoist Ceng is right!" As he spoke, he handed Matchmaker Ceng a heavy cloth bag.

Matchmaker Ceng opened it and glanced at it. The smile on her face became even brighter. "Fellow Daoist Shen is indeed a Talisman Master. You're so generous."

Ten spirit stones were definitely not a small sum.

It was not easy for Shen Ping to accumulate wealth. Since he had accepted his fate this time, he wanted to find a wife that he liked. It would be best if she had the aptitude for spiritual roots. There was a high chance that the child she gave birth to would have spiritual roots.

He stated his conditions.

Matchmaker Ceng hesitated for a moment and said, "Fellow Daoist Shen, I'm afraid it's difficult to find one with spiritual root aptitude. Even the lowest pseudo spiritual root can't meet the demand. The Dao companion they choose is also at the intermediate stage of Qi Refinement. The lowest requirement of those with some beauty is the late stage of Qi Refinement."

Shen Ping also knew that it was very difficult to find a Dao companion with spiritual roots. His strength was too low. Although he knew how to make talismans, his methods of making talismans were relatively crude. Until now, he was only a low-level talisman master. His conditions were too poor.

"Fellow Daoist Ceng, try your best. If you really can't find her, then I'll settle for a mortal woman."

Matchmaker Ceng smiled and said, "Our Cloud Mountain Parlour doesn't have many other things. But we have countless slender and beautiful mortal women who are the descendants of cultivators and don't have spiritual roots. You can choose as much as you want. Fellow Daoist Shen, don't worry. I will definitely find a woman who can easily give birth to spiritual roots for you!"

Shen Ping cupped his hands and said, "Then I'll have to trouble Fellow Daoist Ceng!"

He left the shop. He did not stay long and returned home.

Cloud Mountain Parlour was a marketplace established by the Golden Sun Sect. Over the past 20 years, its safety has been guaranteed. However, the area he was in belonged to the periphery of the marketplace, and there were often cases of people killing and stealing treasures. As he was relatively poor and did not have any good magic tools on him, coupled with his usual cautiousness, he had been relatively safe over the years.

Dozens of days passed. There was news from Matchmaker Ceng. He came to the shop again.

When he arrived at the second floor of the shop, he saw a delicate little girl fidgeting with her skirt. She was about twenty-eight years old, and her skin was fair and tender.

Although her appearance could not be said to be gorgeous, she was delicate and beautiful.

Matchmaker Ceng smiled and said, "How is it? Her appearance and figure are not bad, right? Her name is Wang Yun. Her father is a cultivator at the fifth level of Qi Refinement. Some time ago, he was targeted when he went out and died. He left her behind and no one took care of her. Although she doesn't have a spiritual root, her body can sense spiritual energy. If she cultivates mortal martial arts, she can easily break through to the Connate Realm. Most importantly, she's very obedient."

Hearing the last sentence, Shen Ping immediately made a decision. "It's her!"

Matchmaker Ceng beamed with joy. "Alright, five spirit stones. She's yours, Fellow Daoist Shen. When the wedding banquet is held tomorrow, you have to let me have a few drinks!"

Shen Ping took out another five low-grade spirit stones and left the shop with the little girl. Two days later, the wedding banquet was held. Invitations were sent out to all the neighbors.

Most of the people living around his house were at the intermediate and lower levels of Qi Refinement. Seeing that he was a Talisman Master, they all gave him face and came to eat on the day of the wedding banquet.

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At night, there were a few more candles in the room, and it was much brighter than usual.

Although there were specialized lighting crystal lamps sold in the market, they were relatively expensive. Shen Ping had been saving as much as he could over the years and did not dare to buy crystal lamps extravagantly.

Wang Yun sat on the edge of the bed. Her body under the red veil was tense. Her father had died. She did not have any spiritual roots and had no freedom in Cloud Mountain Parlour. She only hoped that this cultivator would treat her well.

She heard footsteps approaching, and became even more nervous. When the red veil was lifted, she lowered her head shyly, not daring to look up at her husband.

Shen Ping could not help but feel a little nervous. Although he had watched countless films in his previous life, it was all limited to theory and had never been used in actual combat. Fortunately, as a cultivator in this life, even if his strength was low, it was not a problem for him to marry. "Yun'er, we should rest." He reached out and placed his hand on Wang Yun's shoulder.

“Husband, please take good care of me.”

Phew.

Waves of wind blew past. The candle went out.

Soon, Shen Ping finally shed the immaturity in his heart and became a real man.

The next day, the sky had just brightened.

Shen Ping woke up from his deep sleep. Feeling his wife curled up like a kitten in his arms, he could not help but reveal a trace of disappointment.

From today onwards, he would completely abandon his unrealistic expectations and obediently accumulate resources for his descendants. If his descendants did not have spiritual roots, he would live an ordinary life.

[Obtained talisman crafting experience +10.]

[Bonus: 0]

[Talisman Master: Level One, Low Level (1,005/1,000). Can break through.]

Just as he was about to get up, he suddenly noticed a virtual panel that suddenly appeared from the corner of his eye. There were four lines of golden words on it. Shen Ping could not help but rub his eyes. Seeing that the virtual interface was still there, he was sure that he was not hallucinating from overwork.

“Could this be a cheat?” He gradually became excited, but he did not show it. Instead, he asked his wife beside him. “Yun’er, is there anything in front of you?”

“No!” Wang Yun replied and said shyly, “Husband, I overslept. I’ll get up and cook for you now.”

However, Shen Ping turned around. “It’s still early. Let’s sleep for a while more.”

He couldn’t care less about his wife. He wanted to confirm if this was a cheat.

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Chapter 2: Breakthrough

Shen Ping stared at the virtual interface at the corner of his eye. Golden words slowly appeared on it.

[Obtained talisman crafting experience +2.]

[Talisman Master: Level One, Low Level (1,007/1,000). Can break through.]

Goldfinger! This was definitely his golden finger!

Shen Ping was extremely excited. He had never thought that he would activate his golden finger after wasting more than 20 years in the cultivation world, was about to accept his fate and married a wife. "I thought that I didn't have a cheat code, but I didn't expect that the way I opened it was wrong!"

He straightened up and took a deep breath. He suppressed his excitement. Although the cheat was late, Shen Ping had no regrets or complaints. No matter what, he finally had the cheat, and his future cultivation was once again ignited with hope.

"Husband, husband, I'm not feeling well. It's really difficult for me to get up."

Hearing Wang Yun's words, Shen Ping hurriedly interrupted, "Yun'er, it's all my fault for not knowing how to cherish you and causing you to hurt your body. Lie down in peace and I'll get up to cook for you."

As he spoke, he quickly dressed and washed up. Then, he started a fire to cook. His wife's favorability should be related to the effect of dual cultivation. Previously, he did not care about anything else in order to test it. Now that he knew this, he had to take good care of his wife in the future.

A moment later, the fragrant spirit rice porridge was ready. He carried it to the edge of the bed and carefully fed it to his wife.

After finishing the porridge, Shen Ping used his spiritual energy to nourish his wife's body.

Wang Yun's face turned from worry to joy. She was also very touched. When Shen Ping forced himself on her, she thought that she had met a cultivator who did not know how to cherish her. She was afraid that she would have to suffer in the future. In the end, her husband was so attentive and even personally cooked to take care of her.

It was rare to see such a compassionate cultivator. It had to be known that she was a mortal. It was already very good that she was not treated as a slave by cultivators.

[Current wife's favorability: 80]

[Bonus: 2]

He saw the changes in the virtual interface. Shen Ping was overjoyed, but he resisted the urge to continue having sex with his wife. He said gently, "Yun'er, you've just become a woman. Rest well and wait until you've fully recovered before getting out of bed."

Wang Yun said gently, "I'll listen to you."

After cleaning up the dishes, he eagerly walked to a small cubicle in the wooden house. This was the place where he made talismans. He would stay here most of the time. The income from living and cultivation also came from here. He completed the series of procedures before refining the talisman with incomparable familiarity.

Then, Shen Ping opened the virtual interface and chanted in his heart, Breakthrough!

Boom.

The virtual frame shook slightly.

[Talisman Master: Level One, Mid-Grade (7/10,000)]

Almost at the same time, he seemed to have some kind of comprehension of the Dao of Talismans. He immediately dipped the talisman brush in spirit beast blood and began to draw spirit patterns on the talisman paper.

Not long after, a low-level talisman was completed in one go.

However, Shen Ping's expression was very calm. Although he was a level-one low-grade Talisman Master previously, his proficiency in talisman crafting was very high. Usually, his success rate was more than 30%. It was common for him to make talismans as smoothly as flowing water just now.

Next, he changed the materials and prepared to make a mid-grade talisman. In the marketplace, such talismans could be sold for six low-grade spirit stones each. However, the chances of him making them were very low. Occasionally, he would succeed.

As the talisman brush drew on the special beast skin material, spiritual runes that seemed to be alive appeared on the paper. Compared to low-grade talismans, this mid-grade talisman required more than 30 spiritual runes to be drawn on it. There couldn't be any mistakes or pauses in between.

With his cultivation at the third level of Qi Refinement, he had to expend a lot of mental and physical strength.

Time passed slowly.

Shen Ping's forehead was covered in a thin layer of sweat. He was fully focused on drawing the spiritual runes. When he drew the last stroke, his entire mind was extremely tense.

A moment later, the talisman brush stopped. The spiritual runes of the talisman were completed.

Shen Ping took a deep breath and looked at the successful talisman with joy on his face.

A mid-grade Talisman Master!

Only a mid-grade Talisman Master could make a mid-grade talisman in one go.

"If I can make mid-grade talismans often, the speed at which I can accumulate spirit stones will greatly increase. At that time, I can buy high-grade Poison Dispelling Pills to neutralize the demonic beast poison in my body!" His eyes were filled with anticipation and hope for the future.

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In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed. During this period, Shen Ping took care of his wife with all his heart and was very loving. He opened the virtual panel.

[Current wife's favorability: 100]

[Bonus: 4]

[Talisman Master: Mid-Grade Level One (607/10,000)]

The four points of bonus was the limit of favorability. Every time he obtained 2 points, after four times, it would be 8 points.

The change in his hard work was that his success rate in making mid-grade talismans soared. It even caught up to his success rate in making low-grade talismans. On average, three sets of materials could steadily make a talisman.

This made Shen Ping very excited. After all, the success rate of making mid-grade talismans was so high, which meant that he could quickly accumulate wealth.

"Yun'er, stay at home. Remember not to go out. I'm going to the market."

He stayed at home for half a month. Shen Ping had no choice but to go out because the talisman-making materials in his inventory had been completely consumed. There was also the spiritual rice and meat that had been almost consumed. If he did not have

nutrition supplements for his dual cultivation every day, even a cultivator like him would feel his legs go weak and his waist hurt.

Moreover, Wang Yun also felt that she could not take it anymore. Her mental state had decreased greatly.

“Husband, you must be careful when you go out!” When she heard that Shen Ping was going to the market, worry appeared on Wang Yun’s face. Although Cloud Mountain Parlour was relatively safe, there were always accidents. In a situation where one’s strength was low, every time one went out, it was a life and death test.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of myself.” Shen Ping pushed open the door and walked out. When he stepped onto the potholed alley again, his spirit and appearance were completely different. His eyes were shining, and he was no longer like a walking corpse.

“Fellow Daoist Shen, you’re finally willing to go out.”

“You’ve married a beautiful wife. If it were me, I would also be reluctant to leave.”

“Fellow Daoist Shen, you’ve really gotten over it!”

On the way, he bumped into familiar neighbors and they teased him. Shen Ping laughed dryly and did not respond. He walked along the alley and made many turns before arriving at the main road. Then, he saw two cultivators walking towards him.

“Fellow Daoist Gong. Fellow Daoist Su.” He hurriedly greeted him respectfully.

These two cultivators were a pair of cousins. Their cultivation levels were not low. Among them, Fellow Daoist Gong was the only late-stage Qi Refinement cultivator who lived in Red Willow Alley. It was all thanks to Fellow Daoist Gong’s intimidation that Red Willow Alley had been relatively safe over the years. His cousin, Fellow Daoist Su, was beautiful and tall. She was admired by many cultivators.

Fellow Daoist Gong nodded and left with his sister. In their eyes, Shen Ping was just a low-level Talisman Master. He was not worthy of their attention at all. They could only reply to him because they lived in the same alley.

Shen Ping did not mind. After all, he was at the late-stage of the Qi Refinement Realm. It was normal for him to have the attitude of an expert. When he reached the main road, it became lively. The hawkers on both sides of the street shouted louder and louder.

He did not stop but followed the main road all the way to the end. A tall stone door stood tall with the words ‘Cloud Mountain Parlour’ written on it. It was said that this plaque was personally written by a Golden Core expert. Low-level cultivators could not stare at it as they would feel dizzy.

He entered the stone door.

A sense of security rose in Shen Ping's heart. Very few cultivators dared to cause trouble in this market. Ever since it was established, there had only been three or four safety incidents where cultivators were killed.

When he first came to Cloud Mountain Swamp, he lived in Cloud Mountain Parlour. Unfortunately, his body was injured later, and his daily expenses soared. So he moved to Red Willow Alley outside the market. However, even in Red Willow Alley, the rent price had been rising in recent years.

Originally, he planned to move again in a few years, but there was no need for that now.

There were shops on both sides of the main road of the market. The decorations were much more grand. More than half of them had spirit gathering, defense, and other array formations.

Shen Ping stopped in front of a shop that mainly sold talismans and magic tools. Then, he walked in.

"What do you want to buy, Fellow Daoist?"

The shopkeeper's cultivation level was at the seventh level of Qi Refinement. When he saw a low-level Qi Refinement cultivator like Shen Ping, his attitude was not cold. He still welcomed him with a warm smile.

"Shopkeeper, do you accept talismans here?"

"I do."

"What's the price of a mid-grade talisman?" As Shen Ping spoke, he took out a talisman that he had refined.

The shopkeeper glanced at it and said with a smile, "My shop is honest. We'll buy it at the market price of six low-grade spirit stones. If you have any more talismans in the future, you can sell them to me. I can buy them no matter how many you have!"

Defensive talismans like amulets had always been in high demand. If he rented a stall outside to sell them, he could sell them for eight or even ten low-grade spirit stones each.

However, for safety and stability, Shen Ping specially came to the shop in the market to sell. He took out five amulets and handed them to the shopkeeper.

He left the shop.

Not only did Shen Ping not have any more spirit stones in his storage bag, but he also lost thirty low-grade spirit stones. The reason was that he had bought sixty sets of materials to make the amulets. Each set of materials required one low-grade spirit stone. Then, he went to other shops and bought a month's worth of spirit rice, meat, and other nourishing ingredients.

His storage bag was almost empty, leaving only the spirit stones that he needed to suppress the poison daily.

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Chapter 3: Alchemist Visit

Less than an hour after leaving the house, Shen Ping came back, mainly because he was short of money and did not dare to shop too much. He pushed open the door.

Seeing the joy on his wife's face, he smiled. The death of Wang Yun's father had left a shadow in her heart, so she was too worried about his safety.

However, Red Willow Alley was not too far from the market. As long as one did not reveal their wealth and was cautious, they would not encounter robbers under normal circumstances.

Moreover, his body was injured and he needed to suppress the poison every day. The news that his cultivation had stagnated had long spread throughout the surrounding alleys. Most cultivators knew that he was a poor man and did not have much savings on him. Taking the risk to kill him was purely a thankless task.

That night, his wife made a sumptuous meal.

"Husband, you've been tired for days. You need to nourish yourself." Wang Yun blushed. She was a new woman. They had a lot of sex, and she enjoyed it while worrying that it would affect her husband's cultivation.

Shen Ping smiled and took out a book from his storage bag. "Yun'er, this is a martial arts cultivation technique. It has the effect of nourishing one's health and strengthening one's body. You don't have a spiritual root, so you can cultivate such a mortal cultivation technique. If you can break through to the Connate Realm, you can extend your lifespan in the future."

Wang Yun nodded. She took the manual and looked at it. She could not help but feel sad. Without spiritual roots, she could not cultivate. After she was more than fifty years old, her face would turn yellow. At that time, her husband would not take care of her so meticulously. Fortunately, her husband's aptitude was ordinary. He probably had no hope of advancing to Foundation Establishment in this life. Perhaps they could work together for the rest of their lives.

At night, Shen Ping was energetic and vigorous after eating supplementary food. He continuously obtained experience in the Dao of Talismans.

However, after this night, he changed his plan and reduced the dual cultivation of five times a day to three times. Although it would reduce the gain of experience, he had to do this in order not to lose his foundation in cultivation. Moreover, he had to take care of his wife's mental state.

"When I have enough savings, I have to buy a suitable Dual Cultivation Secret Technique to assist in my cultivation." Shen Ping pondered in his heart.

His golden finger was related to dual cultivation, so the dual cultivation secret technique was a necessity. Only then could he obtain experience healthily and sustainably without damaging his blood essence.

Next, he would create talismans, dual cultivate, and suppress the poison. His days were fulfilling and blissful.

In particular, as his experience in the Dao of Talismans continued to increase, his success rate in making amulets increased again. He could successfully make one out of almost every two sets of materials.

Ten days later, there was a knock on the door. Shen Ping opened the door and saw an unfamiliar cultivator. He could not help but be vigilant.

"Fellow Daoist Shen, I'm He Qin, a cultivator who just moved to the nearby area. I've specially come to pay you a visit. This is a small token of my appreciation. Please accept it." As he spoke, Cultivator He handed over an exquisite jade bottle.

Shen Ping took a glance and revealed a look of surprise. "Fellow Daoist He, you're an alchemist?"

Inside the exquisite jade bottle were Spirit Concentration Pills. Although these pills were low-grade pills, they were not cheap either. They cost two low-grade spirit stones each. There were three in the jade bottle, which was worth six low-grade spirit stones.

It was just a visit, but he was already so generous. Without a doubt, He Qin was most likely an alchemist.

"I am indeed an alchemist, but I can only refine low-grade pills." He Qin smiled and said with a hint of pride in his tone.

There are hundreds of arts in the cultivation of immortality, of which, there were pills, weapons, talisman, and arrays. The status of an alchemist was higher than that of an Artifact Master, a Talisman Master, or an Array Master.

After all, pills were a very important resource for cultivators. It could quickly increase one's realm and magic power. Dharma artifacts, talismans, and formations were only supplementary means to increase the combat power of cultivators.

"Pardon my disrespect. Fellow Daoist He, please come in." Shen Ping said politely. He Qin put on a self-righteous expression and entered the room. "This is my wife."

Shen Ping introduced Wang Yun. After learning that Wang Yun did not have spiritual roots, He Qin stopped looking at her at all. Even if a mortal was beautiful, she could not attract the attention of a cultivator. If she could not cultivate, she would just be a pink skeleton after a hundred years.

He poured a cup of tea.

The two of them started chatting. After a while, He Qin stood up and bade farewell.

Shen Ping sent him out and gave him an amulet. The reason why it was a mid-grade talisman was mainly to show off his strength. In the future, if the other party advanced to a middle-grade alchemist, it would be convenient for him to ask him to refine pills.

"Yun'er, how's your cultivation?" Shen Ping asked after he closed the door.

Wang Yun replied, "I've already cultivated inner energy."

"Not bad. The progress is very fast. When Yun'er breaks through to the first-rate level, we can continue to work hard and strive to give birth to more children!" Shen Ping teased.

Wang Yun blushed shyly. "I'll listen to you, husband. I'll work hard to cultivate and break through to the first-rate level as soon as possible."

He Yin's visit was just a small interlude. Shen Ping quickly resumed his fulfilling cultivation life. Another ten days passed. He became more and more proficient in making amulets, and his efficiency increased. In just twenty days, he had used up the sixty sets of talisman-making materials he had bought. "Thirty-six amulets! My wife is my lucky charm!"

He was in a very good mood.

Originally, according to the previous success rate, it was already not bad if he could make twenty-four or twenty-five amulets with the materials he bought. Now that he had ten more, it meant that his income had increased.

There was no hesitation. After lunch that day, Shen Ping went out and came to the market again.

Spring Embroidery Pavilion.

It was the same shop as before. The name was a little delicate. The owner of this shop was most likely a powerful female cultivator. The shopkeeper's surname was Chen. When he saw Shen Ping, a standard smile appeared on his face.

Shen Ping did not dawdle. He directly took out fifteen amulets and handed them to the shopkeeper.

Although he had made thirty six amulets, the other party knew how many sets of materials he had bought. With a simple calculation, he could tell his success rate. With such a high success rate, it was inevitable that he would have some thoughts, whether it was to rope him in or anything else. Shen Ping did not want such troubles.

Fifteen was not too conspicuous.

"Fellow Daoist Shen, as usual, these are ninety low-grade spirit stones. If you need any materials, you can buy them from the store." Shopkeeper Chen smiled warmly. At the same time, he raised his opinion of Shen Ping, who was a low-level Qi Refinement cultivator in front of him. To be able to continuously make amulets, Shen Ping should be a mid-grade Talisman Master.

"I need Fire Talismans, Earth Trap Talismans, Light Body Talismans... and other materials." Shen Ping listed the materials required for some mid-grade talismans. He was prepared to try making other talismans.

Soon, he spent all the ninety low-grade spirit stones he had just obtained.

Shopkeeper Chen warmly sent Shen Ping out of the shop. After that, Shen Ping went to two other shops and sold the remaining twenty one amulets. He only bought some ingredients with the spirit stones he earned and left them in his storage bag.

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Days passed.

While maintaining his dual cultivation three times a day, his experience in the Dao of Talisman steadily increased, and his proficiency in making talismans also continuously

increased. Other than the amulets, the success rate of the other talismans, such as the fire talismans and light body talismans, increased one after another.

However, Shen Ping knew the importance of being cautious. If he went out too many times, he might be noticed by his neighbors or other cultivators living in the alley. Therefore, even though he had used up all the talisman-making materials, he endured it and did not go out to sell them. Instead, he waited until the daily ingredients were exhausted before he went out to buy ingredients and secretly went to the shop to sell them.

Half a year later.

[Current wife's favorability: 100]

[Duo Cultivation Bonus: 4]

[Talisman Master: Mid-Grade Level One (5,455/10,000)]

He looked at the virtual interface. Excitement rose in Shen Ping's heart. Under normal circumstances, it would take him at least decades to accumulate and break through by continuously creating talismans.

But now, it had only taken him more than half a year and he was not far from becoming a High-grade Level One Talisman Master.

This was the terror of having a golden finger.

In addition to the increase in his experience of the Dao of Talisman, he had also accumulated more than 500 low-grade spirit stones, which was equivalent to five medium-grade spirit stones. This kind of accumulation speed was simply unimaginable in the past.

However, Shen Ping was clear that for a Talisman Master who was close to a high-grade Talisman Master, such a speed of earning money was not strange.

"At this rate, my cultivation realm will soon reach a limit."

Through dual cultivation with his wife in the past six months, his experience in the Dao of Talisman had increased rapidly. The success rate of making various mid-grade talismans had increased day by day. Even some mid-grade Talisman Masters from cultivation families were inferior to him.

However, making mid-grade talismans at the third level of Qi Refinement was already the limit. If one wanted to make high-grade talismans, there was a requirement for one's spiritual energy. At the very least, one had to be at the mid-stage of Qi Refinement.

“A bottle of high-grade Poison Dispelling Pills costs 20 mid-grade spirit stones. Soon, it’ll be soon. I’ll be able to accumulate them in another two to three years!”

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Chapter 4: Unexpected News

The Golden Sun Sect’s pioneered Cloudy Mountain Swamp was located in the western region of the Wei Kingdom. It was extremely cold here every winter, and snow would fall for dozens of days in a month. However, the harsh weather was still unable to stop the bustling market.

After all, when a cultivator reached the middle and late stages of Qi Refinement, they would basically be immune to cold and heat. Although the spiritual energy in a low-stage cultivator’s body could not resist the cold, they could buy a cold-repelling talisman and stick it on their body. Those who were slightly rich could buy a robe and were not afraid of the cold at all.

On this day, snowflakes fluttered outside the house. Shen Ping went out again and brought the mid-grade talismans that he had made along the winding alley to the Spring Embroidery Pavilion in the market.

“Fellow Daoist Shen is here!” Shopkeeper Chen greeted him with a smile.

In the past six months, Shen Ping did not go to the shop many times. However, cultivators had a very good memory. Moreover, Fellow Daoist Shen’s number of amulets was constantly increasing. Occasionally, he would sell Fire Talismans and Light Body Talismans. Clearly, he was already a more proficient and stable mid-grade Level One Talisman Master.

Maintaining a good relationship with a mid-grade Talisman Master was a compulsory course as a shopkeeper.

Shen Ping nodded and took out twenty five amulets and six fire talismans from his storage bag. He handed them to the shopkeeper and said, “As usual, sixty sets of amulet’s materials, thirty sets of fire talisman’s materials, and twenty sets of light body’s materials.”

The price of the materials he needed happened to be the income from selling the amulets and fire talismans. It was the same every time. He almost did not earn many spirit stones from the Spring Embroidery Pavilion.

However, Shopkeeper Chen said, "Fellow Cultivator Shen, the price of these materials is 214 low-grade spirit stones. You still need to pay an additional forty low-grade spirit stones!"

Shen Ping frowned. "Shopkeeper Chen, what do you mean?" Was he going to rip off his regular customers?

Shopkeeper Chen hurriedly explained, "It's like this. Recently, the price of talisman ingredients has increased slightly. However, Fellow Daoist Shen, you don't have to worry. In a few days, the price of various talismans will also increase. If you don't want to sell them this time, you can store them in my shop first. When the next price increases, I will settle the price according to the increase. As for the ingredients, you can use them first. Treat the talismans as collateral. What do you think?"

Shen Ping thought for a moment and knew that Shopkeeper Chen was expressing goodwill.

"Sure." He agreed. When Shopkeeper Chen took out the ingredients, he asked calmly, "Shopkeeper Chen, the price of the talisman has always been stable. Why did it suddenly increase? Did something happen?"

Shopkeeper Chen handed the ingredients to Shen Ping and looked outside the shop. He said in a low voice, "Recently, the Golden Sun Sect has accidentally discovered a huge mineral vein in the depths of the Cloudy Mountain Swamp. It's not a spirit stone mine, but a flame gold mine that refines dharma artifacts and dharma treasures. There are also other derivative ores.

"The terrain in the depths of the Cloudy Mountain Swamp is complicated. There are many demonic beasts and poisonous fog that blocks one's divine sense all year round. Therefore, the Golden Sun Sect needs a large number of cultivators to open up a path."

Shen Ping immediately understood.

No wonder the price of talisman materials and talismans had increased. Back then, when he came here to explore, he was inexperienced and did not prepare a large number of talismans. That was why he was accidentally corroded by the venom of a demon beast.

Now that a mineral vein had been discovered in the depths of the Cloudy Mountain Swamp, the Golden Sun Sect would definitely allow freelance cultivators to explore it with great interest, paving the way for the mining of the mineral vein.

If nothing unexpected happens, the price of medicinal pills, dharma artifacts, and other materials would also rise. In particular, cultivators would definitely fight to buy a necessary item like the Poison Dispelling Pill.

And the high-grade Level One Poison Dispelling Pill was the most effective. It could remove more than seventy percent of the venom of demonic beasts in Cloud Mountain Swamp. The effects of middle-grade were average and the price was also cheap. He hurriedly asked Shopkeeper Chen.

Indeed, the price of the high-grade Poison Dispelling Pill had also increased. One bottle had increased to twenty five medium-grade spirit stones!

This was obviously not good news for Shen Ping. However, the increase in the price of the talisman could be considered a consolation. If the increase was relatively large, it would still be beneficial overall.

It was a pity that his wealth was too low. Otherwise, he could rely on this news to buy medicinal pills, talismans, dharma artifacts, and so on. He could sell them after the price rose and earn a huge difference.

However, since Shopkeeper Chen was able to tell this news, the entire market probably knew about it. He left the Spring Embroidery Pavilion. He did not go to other shops to sell them. After all, the price of talismans would increase in the future. It would be a loss to sell them now.

He bought spirit rice, meat, and other ingredients, and returned to Red Willow Alley.

At night, there was a knock on the door. He opened it warily. He was surprised to see that it was Fellow Daoist Gong. This was a rare guest among rare guests.

“Fellow Daoist Shen, I heard from Fellow Daoist He that you can make mid-grade talismans?” Fellow Daoist Gong went straight to the point.

Shen Ping hesitated for a moment and said with a smile, “That’s right. I was lucky to have some comprehension in the Dao of Talismans and broke through to become a mid-grade Talisman Master.”

Fellow Daoist Gong was overjoyed and said gently, “It’s like this. Next month, I have a lot of requirements for mid-grade talismans such as amulets, fire talismans, and freezing talismans. Therefore, I hope that Fellow Daoist Shen can help me make some. Don’t worry, I’ll buy them at the market price!”

Shen Ping hesitated and said, “Fellow Daoist Gong, I heard that the price of talismans will increase next month...”

Fellow Daoist Gong was stunned for a moment and couldn’t help but size up Shen Ping. Although this news had almost spread throughout the market, the people who knew were basically all late-stage Qi Refinement cultivators and some mid-stage Qi Refinement cultivators with wide connections.

He did not expect a low-level cultivator like Shen Ping to know about it. It seemed that the other party had broken through to become a mid-grade Talisman Master earlier than he had imagined.

“Fellow Daoist Shen is quite well-informed. The price of talismans will indeed increase next month. At that time, I will buy them at the price of the market. What do you think?” Fellow Daoist Gong said slowly.

Shen Ping readily agreed. After all, he was the only late-stage Qi Refinement cultivator in Red Willow Alley. If he rejected him, it would be an invisible offense. He might not be able to survive in Red Willow Alley in the future.

...

At the end of the month, most of the cultivators in the market and the periphery knew about the news.

The prices of medicinal pills, talismans, and dharma artifacts began to rise, especially the Poison Dispelling Pill, which was affected the most. It could be said to have soared like a rocket. Even the price of the mid-grade Poison Dispelling Pill kept increasing, making Shen Ping feel a toothache.

However, there was nothing he could do.

More than half of the demonic beasts in Cloud Mountain Swamp were poisonous. Fortunately, they were scattered, and the demonic beasts in the depths might not be strong. Therefore, if they formed a team at the mid-state of Qi Refinement, they could take the risk.

As a result, the number of cultivators who came to Red Willow Alley to pray for the amulets gradually increased. Everyone knew that in a few days, the supply of amulets in the marketplace would definitely not be able to meet the demand.

Fortunately, these cultivators were only at the mid-stage of Qi Refinement. Shen Ping directly said that he had already promised Fellow Daoist Gong, which could be considered as blocking them.

In the blink of an eye, twenty days passed.

The price of the amulet had risen to twelve low-grade spirit stones, and the Fire Talisman had also risen to eight low-grade spirit stones. All the shops in the market were out of stock. Shopkeeper Chen had sent a message to Shen Ping, saying that he had already sold the amulets that he had stored and would settle the bill at the current price.

At the same time, Shopkeeper Chen expressed his desire to buy it. Shen Ping expressed that he couldn't help even if he wanted to, and he told him about Fellow Daoist Gong's visit.

Shopkeeper Chen understood and did not mention it again.

At this moment, the Golden Sun Sect officially announced the discovery of a large-scale Flame Gold Mine in the Cloud Mountain Swamp. At the same time, they gathered a large number of cultivators to explore the area. They gave a lot of benefits and stimulation. Among them, the Foundation Establishment Pill was the most attractive to cultivators.

Shen Ping was a little tempted. For cultivators with ordinary spiritual roots, Foundation Establishment Pills were almost a must for them to break through to Foundation Establishment.

"Be careful, I must be careful. Now that I have a golden finger, I don't have to take the risk." He kept shouting in his heart, only then did he suppress this urge.

The next day, Fellow Daoist Gong came again.

"Here are twenty amulets and ten fire talismans. They're all I have."

Fellow Daoist Gong smiled. "That's enough!"

After the transaction was done, Shen Ping received more than three hundred spirit stones. In the afternoon, there was a knock on the door just as he was about to bury his head in making the talismans.

"Fellow Cultivator Shen, congratulations on becoming a mid-grade Talisman Master."

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Chapter 5: Grasped

It was Matchmaker Ceng.

After more than half a year, she came to visit again. Her face was filled with a standard enthusiastic smile, and her body was filled with a unique smell of rouge. All the cultivators at the bottom of the nearby alley knew Matchmaker Ceng.

“So it’s Fellow Daoist Ceng. Please come in.” Shen Ping greeted her warmly. It was all thanks to her that he was able to activate the golden finger.

Matchmaker Ceng sashayed into the hut. She saw Wang Yun sitting on the edge of the bed and said with a smile, “It seems that Sister Yun’er is doing well here with Fellow Daoist Shen.”

Wang Yun quickly stood up and poured spirit tea for Matchmaker Ceng. She said respectfully, “Senior Ceng, please have some tea.”

Matchmaker Ceng took the spirit tea and sat on a wooden chair at the side. She sized up Wang Yun. “Fellow Daoist Shen, Sister Yun’er has been married to you for more than half a year. She doesn’t seem to be pregnant. You have to work hard and give birth to more bloodlines to continue the family.”

Wang Yun subconsciously touched her stomach and looked a little dejected. After working hard every day for so long, under normal circumstances, she should have been pregnant. But there was no sign of it. Although she did not say it, she was still anxious. If she could not give birth to a bloodline for her husband, then her existence would be worthless.

Shen Ping smiled and said, “It’s only half a year. It’s still early. There’s no hurry.”

Matchmaker Ceng shook her head repeatedly. “Fellow Daoist Shen, you’re wrong. The earlier you have a bloodline, the earlier you can nurture it. Otherwise, when you are old, even if your descendants are outstanding, it will be very difficult for you to enjoy the afterglow.”

Shen Ping was speechless, but he understood the purpose of Matchmaker Ceng’s visit. “Fellow Daoist Ceng, if you have something to say, just say it.”

Matchmaker Ceng didn’t beat around the bush. She smiled and said, “Recently, there have been many cultivators who want to adventure in Cloud Mountain Swamp. There have also been more killings and battles. Many cultivators are afraid that they will die, so they asked me to take care of their descendants. The best way for women is to find a cultivator they can rely on to protect them.

“Now that Fellow Cultivator Shen has broken through to become a mid-grade Talisman Master, your status is naturally different. How about it? Do you want to consider marrying another one? This time, I guarantee that I can find a Dao companion with spiritual roots for you, Fellow Daoist Shen!”

Wang Yun’s face instantly turned pale. If her husband had a Dao companion, how would she, a mortal, get along?

Shen Ping did not immediately refuse. In fact, it was not that he had not considered this question for more than half a year. After all, the golden finger was related to dual cultivation. The more people he dual-cultivated with, the more experience he could obtain in the Dao of Talismans.

However, his Dao of Talisman had improved too quickly, so he needed to settle down and hide it. That was why he had endured it.

Seeing that her husband didn't say anything, Wang Yun's heart was filled with sorrow. Over the past six months, her husband had been caring and taking care of her meticulously. She had treated her husband as her only support and emotional sustenance.

However, cultivators and mortals were ultimately two different worlds.

"Husband, Senior Ceng's suggestion is not unreasonable. If you can have a Dao companion with a spiritual root, the chances of you producing a child with a spiritual root in the future will also be high." She spoke against her will.

Matchmaker Ceng quickly praised her, "Sister Yun'er is so open-minded. You can see so far ahead." As she spoke, she looked at Shen Ping and said, "Fellow Daoist Shen, girls with spiritual root aptitude are very popular. Now, I can find a girl as obedient and sensible as Sister Yun'er for Fellow Daoist Shen, but it might not be the case in the future!"

Matchmaker Ceng emphasized the word 'obedient'.

Shen Ping coughed a few times. "Fellow Daoist Ceng, I've been rather busy recently and need to speed up the production of talismans. I really don't have time. Let's talk about it in a few days."

He was afraid that talking about marrying a dao companion in front of his wife would reduce his good impression of her.

When Matchmaker Ceng heard this, she knew that there was a chance. She stood up and chuckled. "Alright, I won't disturb Fellow Daoist Shen anymore." He sent her out. Matchmaker Ceng lowered her voice and said, "Fellow Daoist Shen, don't worry. I'll leave you an obedient and sensible one!"

After saying that, she walked towards the next family.

Shen Ping's mouth twitched. He turned around and saw his wife's resentful gaze.

"Yun'er, I..."

Wang Yun said softly, "Husband, I understand. I only hope that you will have a Dao companion in the future. Don't forget Yun'er's service these days."

Shen Ping quickly opened the virtual interface. Seeing that her favorable impression of him did not decrease, he heaved a sigh of relief. He closed the door and walked to his wife. He said gently, "Yun'er, don't worry. Even if I have a Dao Companion, I will still treat Yun'er as usual. Moreover, you are my first woman and my wife."

Hearing this, a smile appeared on Wang Yun's face again. Whether it was true or not, at least it meant that her husband still had her in his heart.

A moment later, two hot bodies swayed on the bed. Shen Ping used his actions to prove himself.

After the pleasure, his wife curled up in his arms docilely like a kitten.

Shen Ping looked at the experience in the Dao of Talisman on the virtual interface and thought to himself that at this speed, he would be able to break through to become an high-grade Talisman Master in half a year.

Mid-grade Talisman Masters were more commonly seen in the marketplace. However, high-grade ones were much rarer. The lowest price of a high-grade Level One talisman was more than three mid-grade spirit stones.

"Now that the price of talismans is rising, I have to make the best use of my time to earn spirit stones. I'll try to buy a high-grade Poison Dispelling Pill within a year."

The poison in his body had been contaminated for too long. He needed a bottle to get rid of the poison in his body. As long as he got rid of it, he could take a pill to increase his spiritual energy.

Another dozens of days passed. The first batch of cultivators recruited by the Golden Sun Sect set off for the Cloudy Mountain Swamp. They followed the main road to the edge of the market. More than 1,000 cultivators could be seen stepping on dharma artifacts and turning into rainbows that disappeared into the sky.

Most of these cultivators were freelance cultivators in the marketplace. The lowest was at the mid-stage of Qi Refinement. But who knew how many of them would be able to return after entering the Cloud Mountain Swamp.

Back then, although Shen Ping had been corroded by the venom of the demonic beasts, his luck was still considered good. He did not encounter the demonic beasts directly. Otherwise, he would have become a pile of fertilizer in the Cloud Mountain Swamp.

He returned to the market.

Shen Ping walked straight into the Spring Embroidery Pavilion. The materials he bought last time were all used up. Other than the ones he sold to Fellow Daoist Gong, he still had twelve amulets, six fire talismans, and three light body talismans.

Shopkeeper Chen welcomed him warmly. Now that the price of mid-grade talismans had increased, a Talisman Master like Shen Ping was also quite popular. Moreover, Shen Ping's production efficiency was higher than other mid-grade Talisman Masters.

"Fellow Daoist Shen, here are the remaining 134 low-grade spirit stones from the last time you deposited the talismans."

The price of the amulets and fire talisman had both doubled. This was the amount he had left after deducting the cost of materials.

Shen Ping took out a mid-grade talisman from his storage bag. Shopkeeper Chen did not know how much he had traded with Fellow Daoist Gong, so he was not worried that the other party would see through his success rate.

Besides, he could also go to other shops to buy materials.

When he saw the talismans, the smile on Shopkeeper Chen's face grew wider. All the stores in the market had long since sold out. Whoever had a talisman would be swarmed in by the cultivators.

Although one batch had just left, the Golden Sun Sect had just started recruiting the next batch. The main focus of this recruitment was the cultivation clans. They even recruited from the main sects. After all, although large-scale flame gold mines weren't spirit stone mines, they were still very precious.

Dharma artifacts and dharma treasure materials had always been expensive. If the Golden Sun Sect could mine as much as they wanted, the entire sect's financial resources would increase greatly.

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Chapter 6: Kindred Spirits

Red Willow Alley.

Back at the cottage.

Shen Ping took out the spirit stones in his storage bag and counted that he had already accumulated eight medium-grade spirit stones. In the past month alone, the net profit had reached three spirit stones.

"I can't miss this opportunity! Furthermore, as long as the Golden Sun Sect continues to develop the Flame Gold Mine, the price of talismans and Poison Dispelling Pills will not decrease."

Although he had earned a lot, the price of the Poison Dispelling Pill had risen very rapidly. He predicted that when the results of the first batch of cultivators taking the risk to open up a path were out, the price of talismans and Poison Dispelling Pills would probably continue to rise.

Wang Yun, who was tidying up the house, saw that her husband had returned and went to the talisman-making cubicle again. She could not help but advise, "Husband, don't be too tired."

Shen Ping smiled and said, "It's fine. I'll add more meat when I cook later."

Wang Yun nodded and said, "Husband, I'm not far from first-rate martial arts. I'll be able to break through in two to three months."

Shen Ping could not help but reveal a look of joy when he heard this. Once Wang Yun had broken through to the first-rate level, their daily pleasures might increase once. "Yun'er, go for it!" He clenched his fists.

Wang Yun did not know what this meant at first, but after Shen Ping's explanation, she realized that it was meant to encourage her. "Husband, too." She returned the gesture with a clenched fist. Her fair and tender appearance, coupled with her actions, made her look rather cute.

Every time, Shen Ping had the urge to pinch her face.

At night, it was a huge meal.

There was a knock on the door. Ever since Shen Ping broke through to become a mid-grade Talisman Master, more and more cultivators came to visit him. In the past, it was normal not to see cultivators for a year.

"Fellow Daoist He?" Shen Ping revealed a trace of surprise. Apart from the first time he moved nearby and paid a visit, He Qin did not come again.

The other party was an alchemist. He had more connections than a Talisman Master like Shen Ping. However, He Qin looked a little disheveled today. He had lost his robe.

"Fellow Daoist Shen, can I borrow 20 low-grade spirit stones?" He Qin said awkwardly.

Shen Ping was quite surprised. “Fellow Daoist He, you’re an alchemist. You don’t have to borrow 20 low-grade spirit stones!”

He Qin sighed and looked around. Then, he lowered his voice and said, “Recently, I’ve been infatuated with a female cultivator from the Heavenly Sound Pavilion in the market. I’ve spent a lot of money. I had no choice but to borrow some spirit stones from you, Fellow Daoist Shen. I saw that you married such a young beautiful concubine. I think you’re also a kindred spirit. Let me tell you, that female cultivator from the Heavenly Sound Pavilion is all beautiful. Especially in that aspect, she’s simply, simply...”

He Qin smiled at the end of his sentence, looking a little wretched.

Shen Ping’s face darkened. The Heavenly Sound Pavilion was a brothel. Most of the female cultivators inside had cultivated charm and sex techniques, and some of them were demonic cultivators.

However, the fact that it could open a shop in the market meant that its background was not small. And that kind of place had a high consumption rate. It was a famous money-squandering cave in the market.

Many cultivators who had no hope for the future would enjoy themselves. Soon, they would use up their savings. But that wasn’t the point.

Most importantly, how did he become a kindred spirit!

Shallow!

He advised, “Fellow Daoist He, you should go to the Heavenly Sound Pavilion less. Here are 20 low-grade spirit stones. On account that we’re neighbors, I’ll lend them to you. It’s just that my money is tight, so I don’t have any more!”

When Fellow Daoist He saw the spirit stone, his eyes lit up. “Understood.” He turned around and left.

As he looked at his back, Shen Ping shook his head slightly. For an alchemist to be in such a state, he had to admit that the female cultivator from the Heavenly Sound Pavilion was really powerful. “I wonder if I can gain experience in the Dao of Talisman by cultivating with these women?”

He could not help but have this thought. However, he quickly cut it off. Those female cultivators were knocking on his bones and sucking his marrow. If his will was not firm, he would not resist the temptation.

To him, Fellow Daoist He's matter was just a small interlude. After he closed the door, Shen Ping sat cross-legged and calmly absorbed the spiritual energy of the spirit stones to suppress the corrosion of the poison in his body.

However, to his surprise, He Qin came to borrow money again in less than two days. This time, Shen Ping firmly refused to lend it to him and blocked the other party outside the house. Not long after, He Qin left.

The female cultivator next door pushed open the door and looked in the direction He Qin had left. She said with disgust, "Fellow Daoist Shen, you shouldn't have lent money to a cultivator who is obsessed with the Heavenly Sound Pavilion. That's like a meat bun hitting a dog and never returning."

Shen Ping understood why this neighbor hated him. The other party's Dao Companion was a typical example. "Fellow Daoist Yu is right. At that time, I only lent it out on account that we're neighbors and because he was an alchemist. Sigh..."

They chatted for a while before he closed the door again.

...

Winter passed and spring came. Another year passed quietly. Shen Ping had already entered the age of 43. At this age, he was still at the third level of Qi Refinement. There was no hope of Foundation Establishment at all.

However, he had strong expectations for the future.

On this day, he came to the shop in the market that sold all kinds of cultivation techniques and spells.

Cultivation techniques and spells were the foundation of a cultivator. However, if one wanted to buy high-level items, not only did they need a huge amount of wealth, but they also needed connections. It was impossible to buy them in such a market.

He was not here to buy cultivation techniques.

"Shopkeeper, do you have any sex techniques?"

The shopkeeper smiled. "Yes, of course." Soon, he took out more than ten books and placed them on the counter. "All of these are it. If Fellow Daoist wants to buy dual cultivation techniques, I have them too. It's just that they're a little expensive."

Shen Ping shook his head. "Forget about dual cultivation. I can't afford it."

Even the lowest-level Dual Cultivation Technique was more expensive than a high-rank Poison Dispelling Pill. He flipped through it carefully. He chose a book called Pleasure in the Room. "I'll take this one!"

The shopkeeper immediately said, "Two mid-grade spirit stones."

"It's too expensive!" Shen Ping frowned.

The shopkeeper smiled and said, "Fellow Daoist, I'm the only one selling this kind of book in the market. Every book is obtained through special channels. It's very risky. It's normal for it to be more expensive."

"Furthermore, the demand for these books is very high. If you don't buy them now, they will be gone in a few days. These books have all been processed before, so there's no way to copy them."

Shen Ping was speechless. However, he knew that the shopkeeper was telling the truth. There were indeed a lot of such needs.

Although cultivators could rely on various nourishing medicinal herbs and food to maintain their bodies, if it was too frequent, it would also cause their qi and blood to deplete and damage their foundation.

These books could not be compared to the Dual Cultivation Technique, but they could stop damage and seal blood when they were having fun.

Of course, it was not omnipotent and could only reduce deficits. In reality, even the high-grade dual cultivation techniques of demonic cultivators could not allow cultivators to have unlimited sex.

It was not that Shen Ping felt that he had accumulated too much money this time, but that his wife was not far from breaking through to the first-rate level of martial arts. In addition, Matchmaker Ceng had been urging him. He felt that it was time to develop his golden finger.

He gritted his teeth and bought a book.

He left the shop. He also bought a lot of supplementary medicinal herbs and meat, as well as spirit rice, spirit tea, and other necessities. In the past, he did not dare to consume these things continuously.

"Twelve mid-grade spirit stones!"

Back home, he habitually checked his storage pouch. In the past two months, his net income had reached six mid-grade spirit stones. The price of mid-grade talismans in the marketplace had not decreased, but it had not increased again.

However, the price of the high-rank Poison Dispelling Pill was slowly increasing. Currently, it required 27 mid-grade spirit stones, and it was in demand. It could not be bought in the major shops that sold medicinal pills.

It was the same for the Spring Embroidery Pavilion.

It was already in a state of shortage.

According to Shopkeeper Chen, the main reason was that some of the ingredients for the Poison Dispelling Pill were in short supply. Currently, the Golden Sun Sect had already applied for dispatch from the main sect.

“I have to stay at home for a while. I can’t sell talismans anymore!”

He had gone to the market a little too many times in the past two to three months. He had yet to discover any cultivators following him, but he could avoid some dangers.

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Chapter 7: Delivering Herself

Most of the cultivators’ lives were relatively dull. They either cultivated in seclusion, learned various techniques, or were practicing in casting spells. There was very little time for them to take risks. Some cultivators rarely went out to sharpen themselves.

For example, ever since Shen Ping’s body was corroded by the poison, he had basically never left the market.

Low-level cultivators had no bottlenecks in their cultivation, only a lack of resources. Even with the innate talent of the five-elements pseudo spiritual root, if the resources could keep up, there was still a possibility of building a foundation.

[You have dual cultivated with your wife once. You have received +2 Experience in Dao of Talisman.]

[Current wife’s favorability: 100]

[Duo Cultivation Bonus: 4]

[Talisman Master: Level One Mid-Grade (8,044/10,000)]

Shen Ping looked at the virtual interface. In the past half a month, he had returned to his habit of exercising five times. With the sex techniques he bought, he could reduce his losses. Coupled with the nutritious ingredients he ate every day, it was not a problem to increase the number of times.

However, considering Wang Yun's condition, he only maintained it five times. It was mainly because the special movements recorded in the secret manual consumed a lot of stamina and mental strength.

"With my current speed, I'll be able to reach the requirements for a breakthrough in another two months. It's a pity that my cultivation level is too low. Even if I break through, I won't be able to make high-grade talismans!"

Thinking of this, he could not help but sigh. His accumulation of wealth was still too slow. However, for his own safety, he would rather slow down than take the slightest risk.

"Husband, why are you sighing? Did Yun'er not serve you well?" The young and tender skin of his wife in his arms was rosy. She looked at her husband uneasily.

During this period of time, there was still no movement in her stomach, and she could not help but feel anxious. The only thing she could do now was to please her husband. If she could not even do this well, she couldn't even raise her head.

Shen Ping pinched his wife's face and said with a smile, "Yun'er, don't think too much. I just remembered some things."

Wang Yun heaved a sigh of relief. "Husband, I think you should agree to it since Senior Ceng came again last time. I also want to have an elder sister so that we can serve you together." She had completely gotten over it.

Since it was unavoidable for her husband to marry a Dao Companion, she could only take the initiative to accept it. Moreover, she mentioned serving him together because she wanted to increase the value of her existence.

If mortals wanted to survive among cultivators, they had to try to change themselves. This was the philosophy of survival that her father had always taught her.

Shen Ping's heart warmed when he heard that. His wife was really considerate and obedient. "There's no hurry. I have to think about it."

The next day, the two of them were about to eat when there was a light knock on the door. He opened it.

Matchmaker Ceng's standard enthusiastic smile came into view. Beside her stood a girl in a green dress, her watery eyes surging with uneasiness. Shen Ping's face twitched. If this matchmaker did not do business well, the heavens would not tolerate it!

"Come in!"

When Matchmaker Ceng and the girl in the green dress entered the house, he quickly glanced around and closed the door when he saw that no one was around. When Wang Yun saw the girl, she was stunned for a moment before she understood what was going on. She went forward enthusiastically and greeted, "Senior Ceng, please take a seat."

As she spoke, she went to pour spirit tea for Matchmaker Ceng.

"Yo, Sister Yun'er is getting more and more lively. Your days are getting better and better. This sumptuous dinner is probably worth two spirit stones. Even a mid-stage Qi Refinement cultivator can't bear to part with it!" Matchmaker Ceng looked at the table full of meat, spirit rice, and various dishes. Her eyes could not help but flash with envy. Two spirit stones for a meal? It was too extravagant!

The girl in the green dress standing beside her could not help but swallow. She secretly sized up Wang Yun, who was busy pouring tea, from the corner of her eye. She was filled with envy.

She followed her brother to the periphery of the market. Every day, she would save as much as she could. Usually, she couldn't even bear to buy spirit rice, let alone all kinds of meat and expensive vegetables that contained spiritual energy.

"Is this the life of a mid-grade Talisman Master?" Her eyes were filled with yearning.

Shen Ping coughed a few times. "Fellow Daoist Ceng, why are you here this time?"

Matchmaker Ceng reached out and pulled the girl in the green dress in front of her. "Fellow Daoist Shen, we're old acquaintances. I won't beat around the bush. I've always kept this girl for you. She's obedient and sensible. If you ask her to go west, she definitely won't go east! Several cultivators are interested. If we delay any longer, I really can't guarantee that she can stay."

Shen Ping rolled his eyes in his heart. Who would believe you! If she was really popular, Matchmaker Zeng would have given her away long ago. He had sensed it just now.

This girl in the green dress had a very low cultivation level. She was only at the first level of Qi Refinement.

Her appearance was sweet and pleasant, and there was an indescribable tenacity in her body. She should have suffered often, but her spiritual root aptitude at this age was definitely very poor.

Many cultivators married concubines based on their aptitude. For example, it was basically impossible to nurture a pseudo spiritual root aptitude. Marrying her was completely a fertility tool.

If the previous market was good, such a girl did not lack cultivators' needs.

But now, most of the cultivators in the market wanted to go to the Cloudy Mountain Swamp and become rich. How could they marry? After all, it was unknown whether they would live or die if they took the risk to explore. If they were to die after marrying someone, then this wife and concubine might become someone else's.

Therefore, Shen Ping guessed that the girl in front of him had most likely fallen into the hands of Matchmaker Ceng.

Seeing that Shen Ping did not say anything, Matchmaker Ceng kicked the girl in the green dress. The girl's body trembled slightly as she hurriedly said, "Senior... Senior Shen, I know everything. Please take me!"

Shen Ping shuddered. This voice was crisp and soft, and it was not a coquestish voice. In his previous life, there was a long line of people rushing to deliver the money. He immediately made a decision.

However, he pretended to frown and said, "Fellow Daoist Ceng, is there no one with a higher cultivation level?"

Actually, with his current strength, it was more suitable to marry someone at the first level of Qi Refinement. If her strength was high, he might lose both his life and wealth.

Matchmaker Ceng chuckled and said, "Yes, of course. For example, the widow living alone opposite Fellow Daoist Shen. If you like her, I'll matchmake you."

Shen Ping had no intention of marrying a widow. He said awkwardly, "Alright, she'll do. If the price is too high, Fellow Daoist Ceng should look for other cultivators."

Matchmaker Ceng had originally planned to ask for more, but considering that they might continue to cooperate in the future, she could not help but grit her teeth and say, "How about this? One mid-grade spirit stone and she's yours!"

A moment later, Shen Ping sent Matchmaker Ceng out. Before she left, Matchmaker Ceng smiled and said, "Fellow Daoist Shen, don't forget to invite me to the banquet!"

Shen Ping shook his head. "Given the current situation, there's no need for a banquet."

Matchmaker Ceng didn't mind. She swayed her hips and left. As he looked at her back, Shen Ping thought to himself. This matchmaker dared to bring a low-level female cultivator out at night. She was definitely a ruthless person. However, when he thought

about it, it made sense. If she did not have any tricks up her sleeve, she would have long been targeted by the robbers.

After he closed the door, the darkness was immediately blocked out. Under the light of the crystal lamp, the room was brightly lit.

In the past, he was poor and could not bear to buy crystal lamps. However, now that he had become a mid-grade Talisman Master, there was no need to save such a small amount of money.

Although Shen Ping was careful with his life, he was very willing to spend money in some aspects.

“What’s your name?”

“Senior Shen, my name is Bai Yuying.”

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Chapter 8: Dao Companion

Shen Ping nodded and said with a smile, “Yun’er is right. Fellow Daoist Bai, since you’ve entered my family, you’ll be taken care of by me in the future. However, there’s something I have to tell you first.” The girl in the dress was restless.

She was even more nervous than Wang Yun back then. Because she was a cultivator, Matchmaker Ceng spent a lot on her. There were restrictions. As long as she dared to disobey, Shen Ping could easily destroy her.

Not to mention that there was a cultivation gap between the two of them.

“Fellow Daoist Bai, let’s eat first!”

Cultivators also needed to eat grains. Usually, they would only take fasting pills before they went into seclusion. Bai Yuying looked at the sumptuous delicacies on the table, her taste buds squirming.

Wang Yun said gently, “Senior White, you don’t have to be so reserved. From now on, we’re family.”

“Yun’er is the wife, and you are the concubine. No matter what the difference in cultivation level is in the future, I hope you can always remember this.”

Wang Yun’s eyes were instantly filled with affection and tears. She knew very well what her husband meant. Bai Yuying did not expect Shen Ping to value a mortal woman so much. This made her feel a little more at ease. She quickly said, “Senior Shen, I will definitely remember this.”

“Alright, if you don’t eat now, the food will get cold.”

After dinner, Shen Ping was not in a hurry to develop his golden finger. Instead, he entered the cubicle and focused on creating talismans. Daytime exercise was a waste of time. He had to make up for it tonight.

Dual cultivation and earning money had to be considered at the same time. He could not afford to lose sight of one thing. After Wang Yun and Bai Yuying cleaned up the dishes, they sat on the edge of the bed and chatted.

As she gradually gained a rough understanding of Shen Ping, Bai Yuying’s face was flushed with embarrassment. She did not expect Senior Shen, who was a mid-grade Talisman Master, to be so vigorous in that aspect.

Oh god. How did Sister Yun’er withstand it? She didn’t dare to imagine.

Around nine in the evening, Shen Ping finished making the talismans. He sat down cross-legged and absorbed the spirit stones to suppress the poison in his body. By the time he was done, it was already the end of the night.

It was late at night. When she saw her husband walk out of the cubicle, Wang Yun skillfully massaged Shen Ping’s shoulders. “Husband, it’s getting late. It’s time to rest. Don’t keep Sister Yuying waiting.”

Shen Ping glanced at the outline under the blanket and gently held his wife’s wrist. “Yun’er, it’ll be hard on you tonight.”

There was only one bed in the room. Today was Bai Yuying’s first time, and Wang Yun could not share the same bed.

“Husband, go quickly.” Wang Yun said with a smile.

A moment later, Shen Ping could feel the warm body under the blanket. There were no words. Bai Yuying officially became Shen Ping’s concubine.

Shen Ping eagerly opened the virtual interface. There were golden words flashing on it.

[Metal-type spiritual root aptitude+2, Wood-type spiritual root aptitude+2.]

[Current Dao Companion Favorability: 60]

[Bonus: 0]

[Metal Spiritual Root: Low-grade (324/1,000)]

[Wood Spiritual Root: Low-grade (218/1,000)]

Seeing this, his eyes widened. It could actually increase one's spiritual root aptitude! This cheat was too awesome!

One had to know that cultivators' spiritual root talent determined the upper limit of their cultivation. In theory, his four-element impure spiritual root could at most cultivate to the mid-stage of Qi Refinement. Without medicinal pills, it would remain stagnant.

Even if he had the qualifications, when he reached Foundation Establishment in the future, he would not be able to advance further. Unless there was a huge opportunity.

But now, he could actually improve his spiritual roots by dual cultivating with a concubine. This meant that as long as he continued to accumulate, his metal and wood spiritual roots were very likely to reach the top-grade in the future.

Top-grade Spiritual Root!

This was pitifully rare in the entire Wei Country. Even though he had other types of spiritual roots, he was still extremely talented and his cultivation speed would continue to increase.

It could be said that the improvement of his spiritual root aptitude would completely change his future limit.

Shen Ping took a deep breath. He forcefully suppressed the excitement in his heart.

Steam rose inside the brocade quilt until dawn.

Shen Ping looked at her sweet face and said, "Yuying, from today onwards, you are my dao companion."

Bai Yuying nodded shyly. As expected of a cultivator. Even though she was only at the first level of Qi Refinement, the strength of her body was not something Wang Yun could compare to back then.

They got out of bed, went to a corner and washed their bodies with spells. Only then did they put on their clothes.

Wang Yun had slept in the kitchen last night. When she heard the commotion, she opened her eyes and yawned. "Husband, you're awake." After saying that, she realized that she was not in bed and could not help but laugh.

Shen Ping smiled and went forward. "Yun'er, you've worked hard. I'll cook today. Take Yuying out for a walk and familiarize yourself with the surroundings. Remember not to go too far."

...

The days of gentleness always passed quickly. In the blink of an eye, another month passed. Bai Yuying gradually integrated into this small family.

It was now April. The spring breeze blew. The dried leaves of the jujube tree outside the door had sprouted. In the distance, the barren mountain peak was filled with greenery, making people feel comfortable.

In the past, Shen Ping had never paid attention to such trivial matters. But now the future is in sight. His gaze was filled with admiration for the world.

Crash.

Just as he was feeling the spring breeze, the neighbor next door splashed a basin of bath water in the wind and joked with a smile, "Fellow Daoist Shen is now beaming with joy. You've married two wives and concubines in a row. Your life is very comfortable!"

Shen Ping hurriedly said, "Fellow Daoist Yu, you must be joking. I'm just taking a break from my busy schedule. As for my two wives and concubines, it's only to continue the family. Sigh, after all, there's no hope of building a foundation!"

Fellow Daoist Yu immediately stopped talking about this topic. "Fellow Daoist Shen, you often make talismans in your room. I'm afraid you don't know the news outside. Our Fellow Daoist Gong from Red Willow Alley has died!"

Shen Ping was shocked. "Fellow Daoist Gong died?"

Fellow Daoist Gong was the only late-stage Qi Refinement cultivator in Red Willow Alley. The impact of his death was not small. First of all, the safety of Red Willow Alley would become a problem.

All these years, the main reason why robbers didn't often keep an eye on Red Willow Alley was because Fellow Daoist Gong, a rather righteous cultivator, intimidated them.

"Is the news true?" He hurriedly asked.

Fellow Daoist Yu nodded. "It's been spreading around recently. His cousin, Fellow Daoist Su, moved out of Red Willow Alley overnight. I heard that she went to live in the market!

"Not only that, more than half of the first batch of cultivators who went to Cloud Mountain Swamp died. This had shocked many people. Now, many of the third batch of cultivators are retreating.

"However, the price of talismans in the market has increased again!" As she spoke, she sighed. "The days ahead will be difficult. Fellow Daoist Shen, you're a mid-grade Talisman Master. You have to be careful."

Shen Ping replied casually and returned to the house. He opened the Communication Talisman. This was Shopkeeper Chen of the Spring Embroidery Pavilion. After asking about the Cloud Mountain Swamp, it was indeed similar to what Fellow Daoist Yu had said.

More than half of the cultivators who had risked their lives to open the way had died. However, the Golden Sun Sect had increased the benefits. In particular, the number of Foundation Establishment Pills had increased to three.

"No wonder the price of talismans kept rising!" Shen Ping's expression was solemn.

Most cultivators had an adventurous spirit in their bones. Pursuing opportunities to break through their bodies had long become a deeply ingrained concept.

If you're afraid of death even though you're not talented enough, then don't expect to build your foundation and don't expect to live forever.

Now that the Golden Sun Sect had taken out three Foundation Establishment Pills to stimulate them, most cultivators would still risk their lives to go forward even if they knew that it was dangerous.

"With the stimulation of the Golden Sun Sect, the late-stage Qi Refinement realm cultivators in the market will definitely take a gamble. Those robbers won't keep an eye on the remaining low-level cultivators in the market for the time being. But I can't be careless. I have to be more careful when I go out in the future."

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Chapter 9: Spiritual Root Breakthrough

In the next few days, Shen Ping's life was the same as before, but his heart was anxious and restless. The success rate of making talismans had clearly decreased. Only when he was dual-cultivating with his wife and concubine and looking at the flickering words on the virtual interface would he feel a sense of security.

As a low-level cultivator, the reason why he was able to survive in Red Willow Alley for so long without any mishaps was because of his cautiousness. Other cultivators would occasionally go to the wilderness to sharpen themselves or practice spells to increase their combat strength, but he had never been there.

After all, the chances of encountering robbers in the wild were very high. As a cultivator at the third level of Qi Refinement, no matter how proficient he was in spells and how agile his reactions were, he could not defeat those robbers who often fought and killed.

More importantly, if he succeeded in killing once, he might become addicted. No wealth could accumulate faster than plundering. This was the so-called gold belt for murder and arson! Once, twice... if the number of times increased, it would become more and more like a gamble. In the end, he would die tragically.

Unless he could guarantee that he would win all the time.

However, cultivators themselves defied the heavens and fought for their lives. If they did not fight and snatch opportunities, it was impossible for them to reach the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Shen Ping was also aware of this, but deep down, he did not like to take risks and kill. Now that he had the Golden Finger, he could continuously improve. He had no intention of taking the risk.

"I have to go out. While it's relatively safe outside the market, I should buy more spirit rice, meat, and other daily necessities. There are also talisman materials."

He couldn't calm down. Shen Ping simply walked out of the house and walked along the winding path towards the market.

He was very vigilant along the way. He held the Fire Talisman, the Earth Trap Talisman, the Freezing Talisman, and so on in his hand. As long as anyone dared to block his path, he would activate the talisman without hesitation and greet them with it.

From Red Willow Alley to the main road, he had to pass through six or seven alleys. Every alley had a large number of houses. The closer he was to the main road, the more expensive the rental price of the houses would be. Those who could afford to live in them were all middle and high-level cultivators.

However, there were very few people in these alleys now. More than 60% of them were in the first batch. The second batch of cultivators had gone to Cloud Mountain Swamp several times, but he had not encountered any danger.

It was the same this time, but his mentality was different. He stepped onto the main road. Shen Ping heaved a sigh of relief and casually walked to a stall selling talismans. "Fellow Daoist, how much is the amulet?"

"Sixteen low-grade spirit stones, no bargaining!" The cultivator said calmly, full of confidence.

"What about the Fire Talisman?"

"Ten low-grade spirit stones... Are you buying it or not?" After asking a few questions, the cultivator became impatient. Shen Ping left immediately. A scolding voice came from behind. "Poor bastard!"

He did not take it to heart at all. He followed the main road into the market and went straight to the Spring Embroidery Pavilion.

When Shopkeeper Chen saw that Shen Ping had arrived, he walked out of the counter enthusiastically to welcome him. "Fellow Daoist Shen, you're finally here. Let me tell you, the price of talismans is soaring now. It's very popular!"

Without another word, Shen Ping took out a stack of talismans from his storage bag. These were half of his achievements in the past two months. Among them, there were thirty amulets, sixteen fire talismans, and ten freezing talismans.

Shopkeeper Chen's eyes lit up. "As expected of Fellow Daoist Shen, you have some on you!"

Shen Ping smiled. "Shopkeeper Chen, are there enough talisman materials?"

"Don't worry. How much do you want?" Shopkeeper Chen said with a smile.

"100 sets of amulet materials, 50 sets of fire talisman materials, and 30 sets of freezing talisman materials." Shen Ping reported the materials he needed.

Shopkeeper Chen hurriedly said, "Now, the materials for the amulet in the market have increased to two low-grade spirit stones each, and the Fire Talisman is one low-grade spirit stone. A total of 274 low-grade spirit stones have been spent on the materials, and Fellow Daoist Shen's talismans are a total of 670 low-grade spirit stones."

As he spoke, he took out four crystal-clear mid-grade spirit stones. Shen Ping did not take it. Instead, he said, "Shopkeeper Chen, the amulet outside has increased to 16 low-grade spirit stones. You gave me 15."

Shopkeeper Chen laughed dryly. “You also know that the stalls outside are definitely higher than the market.” Seeing that Shen Ping was unmoved, he gritted his teeth and said, “Alright, we’ll go with 16.” He took out another twenty-six pieces.

A smile appeared on Shen Ping’s face. To the shops in the marketplace, the flow of customers was the most important. If he made a name for himself, he could earn a huge sum by selling a few dharma artifacts or high-grade medicinal pills.

Before leaving the shop, Shopkeeper Chen reminded, “Fellow Daoist Shen, hurry up and make talismans. We’re very short of goods now!”

He ignored him and walked around the market, buying a large amount of spirit rice and meat. Then, he went to the other shops to sell talismans. Just as Shopkeeper Chen had said, the various shops were very short of goods. The shopkeeper was even more excited to see talismans than dharma tools.

On the way back, Shen Ping became nervous again, but he was still fine. His entire body relaxed completely when he closed the door.

This house was built by the Golden Sun Sect. Anyone who destroyed it without permission would be provoking the Golden Sun Sect. Every half a year, an outer sect deacon would come to inspect the house. Even those arrogant robbers did not dare to destroy the house.

“The net profit from the hard work of making talismans for nearly two months this time is one more mid-grade spirit stone than before. However, because I bought what I needed for four months of living, the net profit hasn’t changed much.

“I’ve accumulated 17 medium-grade Spiritual Stones. I have to work hard!” Shen Ping calculated in his heart. He was getting closer and closer to purchasing the high-rank Poison Dispelling Pill. The next time he went out, he would be able to escape the bitter days of being corroded by the venom of demon beasts.

“Husband, you’re back.”

“The meal is ready. Hurry up and eat.”

His wife and concubine had not eaten and had been waiting at home.

Shen Ping looked at the table full of sumptuous dishes and said, “You guys sit down too.”

...

Late at night, it was as warm as spring inside the blanket. Although the house was small, his wife and concubines were very satisfied with life. Shen Ping hugged his wife and concubine on both sides and opened the virtual interface.

[Obtained Dao of Talisman Experience +2]

[Current wife's favorability: 100]

[Bonus: 4]

[Talisman Master: Level One Mid-Grade (9,612/10,000)]

...

[Received metal-type spiritual root aptitude+2, wood-type spiritual root aptitude+2.]

[Current Dao Companion Favorability: 80]

[Metal Spiritual Root: Low-grade (1,108/1,000). Can be broken through.]

[Wood Spiritual Root: Low-grade (1,002/1,000). Can be broken through.]

This is the result of nearly two months of hard work.

Among them, the metal-element spiritual root could break through a few days ago, but he had been enduring it. He planned to break through together after the wood-elemental spiritual root reached the standard.

He touched Bai Yuying's shoulder. Shen Ping shook his head in his heart. Cultivators were still different from mortals. For example, if he treated his wife, Wang Yun, a little better, the returns would be very obvious.

In response, he expressed his understanding.

After all, cultivators wouldn't trust others wholeheartedly, even if they were intimate dao companions. Moreover, low level cultivators lacked a sense of security. Although he was a medium-grade Talisman Master, his strength was too low. Who knew when he might die outside.

Under such circumstances, how could Bai Yuying place all her hopes on him?

Of course, it might also be because the time was too short.

The next day, when his wife and concubine went to empty the urinal, Shen Ping calmed down and looked at the breakthrough on the virtual interface. He chanted "break through" in his heart.

Boom.

An invisible force poured down.

His body was in intense pain as if it was being torn apart. This pain passed very quickly. The moment it disappeared, the surrounding spiritual energy of heaven and earth quickly surged into his meridians.

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Chapter 10: Too Timid

A moment later, Shen Ping could not help but reveal a look of joy on his face. Just now, he had tried to cultivate a cultivation method, and the speed at which his spiritual energy circulated through his meridians had actually increased by several times!

According to this situation, as long as he kept improving his Spiritual Root, he might not even need to get rid of the poison and his cultivation would break through to the intermediate stage of Qi Refinement.

“The future is promising, the future is promising!” He danced with excitement. He looked like a child in his forties. However, when he heard the hurried footsteps outside, he quickly calmed down.

His wife and concubine had returned.

Wang Yun’s face was filled with panic.

“What happened?” Shen Ping asked subconsciously.

Bai Yuying said, “A cultivator’s corpse has appeared in the Red Stone River. It’s dripping with blood and has been stripped naked. It must be the work of a robber cultivator.”

Shen Ping frowned when he heard that.

The Red Stone River was not far from Red Willow Alley. It was the only river to the north of the main road of the marketplace. Usually, low-level cultivators would go to this river to wash up. Even high-level cultivators would occasionally go there to wash up. Moreover, there were two alleys to the north where many cultivators lived.

Therefore, corpses rarely appeared in the Red Stone River. Robber cultivators would not leave their corpses in the Red Stone River even if they killed and stole treasures.

“Don’t panic. This might just be a coincidence. In the future, try your best to follow the other female cultivators when you go out during the day.” Shen Ping reminded them.

Cultivators would inevitably produce all kinds of physiological waste when they ate grains. Only when they reached the late stage of Qi Refinement and had a strong spiritual energy in their bodies would this situation gradually decrease.

As for the houses on the outskirts of the market, the Golden Sun Sect did not consider the problem of cultivators’ daily necessities when they built them. Therefore, it was inevitable for them to fetch water, wash clothes, and pee.

The widow living alone next door would often pour bath water on the streets. Some cultivators would even pour their urine on the streets. Every summer, when it was hot, the smell would be unpleasant and there would be mosquitoes.

Shen Ping was already used to this. Wang Yun and Bai Yuying nodded. However, less than two days later, a corpse of a cultivator appeared in the Red Stone River again. Furthermore, it was a female cultivator. She died in a miserable manner. She had even been tortured when she was alive, and her lower body was extremely mangled.

“I heard it’s a widow living alone in Red Stone Alley.”

Shen Ping bumped into Fellow Daoist Yu outside the door. She scolded, “Which damn cultivator did such an immoral thing? If he wants to kill someone, so be it. Why does he keep throwing them into the river? Don’t let me catch him!”

Shen Ping hurriedly said, “Fellow Daoist Yu, keep quiet in case you get into trouble!”

Yu Yan was also a widow living alone, but her cultivation level was at the fifth level of Qi Refinement, so she was not afraid. She said disdainfully, “Fellow Daoist Shen, you’re really as timid as a mouse. What’s there to be afraid of? Hmph, to be able to do this, his cultivation level must not be high. He just wants to use the tragic state of a cultivator’s corpse to cause everyone to panic and fish in troubled waters!”

Shen Ping nodded repeatedly and agreed with this guess in his heart.

If a high-level robber cultivator took action, it would basically be clean and efficient. After that, they would also use corrosive poison or fireball spells to deal with the corpses. If they did not manage to deal with them in time, they would throw them far away. It was impossible to deliberately throw them in the Red Stone River.

“Fellow Daoist Shen, do you still have an amulet?” Yu Yan suddenly asked.

Shen Ping was stunned. He looked at Yu Yan. "Fellow Daoist Yu, what are you doing? Don't tell me you're planning to find that robber cultivator!"

Yu Yan pursed her lips and said, "Do you?"

Shen Ping was speechless. "Yes, but Fellow Daoist Yu, you have to think twice. It's very dangerous to fight with a robber cultivator. If you're not careful—"

Yu Yan interrupted him. "I want all the amulets you have."

In the past few days, Shen Ping made five amulets, so he took them all out. After thinking about it, he took out two Earth Trap Talismans and Freezing Talismans. These two talismans were not as expensive as the amulets and Fire Talismans in the marketplace. They were also more complicated to make, so they were sold less in the marketplace.

However, the two talismans were very useful in battle.

Yu Yan's eyes lit up. "Fellow Daoist Shen, I didn't expect your talisman skills to reach such a level. You can even make Earth Trap Talismans and Freezing Talismans. It's been so long, and I'm looking at you in a different light!"

Fellow Daoist Shen hurriedly waved his hand. "Fellow Daoist Yu must be joking. I've only broken through to become a mid-grade Talisman Master less than a year ago. It's not easy to make an amulet, so how can I make an Earth Trap and Freezing Talismans? I bought this in the market as a backup."

Yu Yan suddenly understood. She did not doubt his words. After all, she had been neighbors with Fellow Daoist Shen for several years. He had always been cautious and could stay in the house for months. It was normal for him to buy talismans to save his life.

"Let's follow the market price." She took out a spirit stone from her storage bag and handed it to Shen Ping before returning to her room.

Another half a month passed. The corpses of cultivators appeared in the Red Stone River again. The cultivators in the surrounding alleys, especially the widows who lived alone, were all in danger. They rarely went out during the day.

Shen Ping was worried that something would happen to his wife and concubine, so he accompanied them to throw the pee during the day.

Late at night the next day. He had just finished exercising with his wife and concubine when he heard hurried footsteps outside the house. His heart immediately skipped a beat.

There was a formation in the house. There were also many mid-grade talismans. If they really fought, a mid-stage Qi Refinement cultivator might not have the advantage. However, the footsteps quickly passed through the door and stopped at the door next door. In the blink of an eye, the commotion disappeared.

There was an amplifying talisman pasted on the door of his house. As long as someone was within three meters of the house, he would be able to hear everything. He would not be affected by the Soundproof Talisman.

“Could it be Fellow Daoist Yu? What’s she doing out in the middle of the night? Don’t tell me she’s really looking for that robber cultivator?” Shen Ping was dumbfounded.

For the next four to five days, he could hear footsteps outside the house in the middle of the night.

On this day, while accompanying his wife and concubines to throw the pee, he saw many cultivators surrounding the Red Stone River. “Someone died?” He frowned but did not go over to watch. When he returned, he heard the cultivators discussing.

“That’s great. That robber cultivator has gotten his retribution!”

“I wonder which senior killed it!”

“How satisfying!”

Shen Ping’s heart skipped a beat. Could it be that Fellow Daoist Yu killed him? He let his wife and concubine return to the house while he admired the date tree outside.

Not long after, Yu Yan went out to splash the bath water. Cultivators usually knew basic spells like the Cleansing Technique. Those who never cultivated could use the low-level Cleansing Talisman to wash away the dirt on their bodies. However, Fellow Daoist Yu had always liked to bathe. She would pour bath water every two days, never changing.

“Yo, Fellow Daoist Shen, are you waiting for me to splash the bathwater on you?” Yu Yan saw that Shen Ping was absent-mindedly admiring the date tree. From time to time, he would glance at her house from the corner of his eye. She teased, “Does it smell good? How does it taste compared to your two wives and concubines?”

Shen Ping’s face twitched as he probed, “Fellow Daoist Yu, I heard that the robber cultivator who harmed the widow cultivators died.”

Yu Yan said indifferently, “So what if he’s dead? I say, Fellow Daoist Shen, you don’t think I killed him, do you? I don’t have that ability!” As she spoke, she turned around and returned to her room.

Shen Ping shook his head. Then, he could not help but laugh at his concern for this matter. No matter who killed him, it had nothing to do with him. After returning to the house, he looked at the virtual interface. The Dao of Talisman's experience had already exceeded the breakthrough requirements.

"High Grade Talisman Master. Other Talisman Daoists, even if they are talented, will need dozens of years of hard work to accumulate. However, I've only activated the Goldfinger for a little more than a year, but I've gone from low-grade to high-grade."

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