

Eternal Life 751

Chapter 751 - Blood Taisui (1)

Blood Taisui (1)

Ten days later, the Abbey Dean of the Changling Temple had returned. Martial Uncle Ling Wu brought Shen Ping and the two Daoist children out to welcome them. The temple master of Changling Temple had white hair and a youthful face. He was wearing a Daoist robe with two rows of flying cranes. Behind him were the other disciples. The group of people had solemn expressions.

They exchanged a few pleasantries. Temple Master Chang Ling's gaze landed on Shen Ping. "You must be Ling Zhen."

Shen Ping hurriedly bowed and said, "Disciple Ling Zhen greets Master."

After bowing, he followed closely behind the Abbey Dean and Martial Uncle. They arrived at the Ancestral Hall.

The Temple Master of Changling first offered incense and kowtowed. After paying his respects, he sat on the armchair and sighed. "Junior Brother Ling Wu, I brought the disciples of the temple to the capital this time and received bad news. I heard that the Imperial Preceptor of Great Zhao had told the Emperor that there were too many Daoist temples in the world and it would affect the dragon blessing of the dynasty. Therefore, from next year onwards, every Daoist temple has to receive a letter of appointment from the dynasty before they can continue to be passed down.

"If one wants to obtain the document, they have to get into the top 50 in next year's Daoist temple competition. My Changling Temple has been established for less than 200 years. There are less than 10 disciples in the temple, and the highest cultivation is only 100 years. How can we enter the top 50?

"Changling Temple was passed down to me, and its end is also in my hands. I've let the founder down."

When Martial Uncle Ling Wu heard this, he frowned. "The Imperial Preceptor is simply a devil. He actually proposed such a remonstrance. Isn't he afraid that the Daoist temples in the world will suppress him?"

The Temple Master of Changling shook his head, "The most powerful factions did not step forward. It's useless for the other Daoist temples to object. There must be something fishy about this matter. I'm worried that even if we really enter the top 50, we might not be able to obtain the letter of appointment. It's the Great Zhao's misfortune to have such an Imperial Preceptor."

Martial Uncle Ling Wu nodded. "I think we should discuss this with the Ancestral Masters."

The Temple Master of Changling hesitated for a moment before saying, "Alright, I'll personally enter the Nether Division to discuss with the Ancestral Master when the auspicious day is chosen. However, at this juncture, I'm afraid that there will be a storm in Great Zhao. Next, we have to increase the strength of the disciples in the temple and recruit new disciples to strengthen the foundation of the Changling Temple. I'll leave this to you, Junior Brother."

Martial Uncle Ling Wu hurriedly said, "Yes, Senior Brother. By the way, the new Ling Zhen hasn't been tested yet. I'll have to trouble Senior Brother tonight."

At night, Shen Ping stood in front of the patriarch statue. As the temple master chanted, the eyes of the patriarch statue suddenly lit up. Immediately after, an invisible pressure enveloped Shen Ping.

Not long after, the Dao bone test was over.

"Ling Zhen, your Dao bone belongs to the Yin category. It's obvious that you can't cultivate the Five Elements Technique. I'll teach you the 'Great Yin Talisman Scripture'. Although this technique doesn't belong to my Changling Orthodoxy, if you can master it, you'll be able to make a name for yourself in the field of talismans in the future." The ruddy-faced Abbey Dean said slowly.

Shen Ping thanked him and asked, "Master, other than meditating and comprehending the Dao every day, is there any other way to cultivate?"

The Temple Master of Chang Ling laughed. He was not surprised at all. Most of the disciples who had just embarked on the path of cultivation could not wait to possess profound cultivation. Unfortunately, there were no shortcuts to cultivation.

"Ling Zhen, since you are an Elementary Scholar, you should know that the sea of learning is boundless. It's the same for cultivation. You have to take things one step at a time. Don't be impatient."

Shen Ping did not give up and came to Uncle-Master Ling Wu's room again. He did not forget that the Abbey Dean had said that he had to increase the strength of the disciples in the temple as soon as possible.

"What your master said is correct. Of course, other than daily cultivation, there are indeed other ways in the world to quickly improve your cultivation. One of them is to slay demons and devils. As the saying goes, saving a life is better than building a seven-story pagoda. Every time you slay a demon or a ghost, it will bring benefits to all living beings in the world. The dragon blessing of the dynasty will protect you and speed up your cultivation. The second is the Vitality Pill. Different Vitality Pills have different effects. If you can find natural treasures and other strange items, the effect of the Vitality Pill will be extremely high."

Martial Uncle Ling Wu pondered and said, "These two methods are known. There's another method which is relatively rare. It's said that there's a strange thing called the Blood Taisui in this world. Its blood contains all kinds of wonders. If you can obtain it, you will become a genius of the Dao Bone in a short period of time. Your cultivation speed will be extremely fast, and you won't have any bottleneck in absorbing vitality."

Shen Ping couldn't help but mutter, "Blood Taisui."

Smack. Martial Uncle Ling Wu flicked his head. "Ling Zhen, even your Martial Uncle and the Patriarch have never seen such a strange thing. Don't think too

much. Just cultivate obediently. Also, don't think about killing demons. Without the cultivation of a naturalized Daoist priest, your small body is not enough to fill the gaps between those demons' teeth."

Shen Ping scratched his head. "Yes, Martial Uncle. I will remember your teachings."

Next, he stayed in Changling Temple and focused on cultivating the "Great Yin Talisman Scripture". This technique sounded very profound, but in fact, the spells recorded in it were relatively basic. For example, paper effigies, incantations, soul-stirring spells, and so on. The most powerful ones were soul-settling charms.

However, even basic spells required a lot of time to master. But with Shen Ping's attainments in talismans, he had completely mastered all the spells in just two months. Moreover, he had even created powerful spells such as the Five Elements Talisman and the Yin-Yang Talisman through the spells inside.

It could be said that in just half a year of cultivation, although his cultivation was less than a year, his combat strength was comparable to those Daoist disciples who had cultivated for decades. In fact, in a real fight, with his True Spirit and self-created spells, even the Eldest Senior Brother of Changling Temple, who had more than a hundred years of cultivation, was not his match..

Chapter 752 - Blood Taisui (2)

Blood Taisui (2)

The most important part of cultivation was the enhancement of various techniques, such as spells. The power of a newly cultivated Daoist disciple was worlds apart from a hundred years of cultivation.

However, if one was not good at learning or did not have much experience in fighting, they might fall into someone else's trap. This was also the reason why many Daoist priests who had become naturalized Daoist priests did not dare to rashly fight demons and ghosts.

In the backyard of the Daoist temple, the Temple Master of Changling and Martial Uncle Ling Wu looked at Shen Ping's Body-stabilizing Spell with slightly stunned expressions. They did not expect this disciple who had just entered the sect for more than half a year to actually have such talent in charms.

The Body-stabilizing Spell was the most difficult spell to master among all the spells. Even the disciples of the famous Daoist temples would need at least 20 to 30 years of research before they could learn it.

“Senior Brother, it seems that Ling Zhen's talent in talismans is not low. The Great Yin Talisman Scripture is one of the inheritances of Ling Yin Temple. Although our Changling Temple is part of the Ling Yin Temple, we can't cultivate all the spells in the Great Yin Talisman Scripture. Why don't you make a trip and send Ling Zhen to the Ling Yin Temple?”

The Temple Master of Chang Ling shook his head. “Junior Brother, you don't know. Recently, Ling Yin Temple has also produced a genius in talismans. If it was before, it wouldn't be a big deal for me to risk my face to send Ling Zhen over. However, sending him over now will only harm him. As for the subsequent spells, I'll think of a way. If it really doesn't work, I'll get the patriarch to appear.”

Ling Wu came to a realization. There was competition between Daoist temples, especially after the advice of the Great Zhao Imperial Preceptor. The competition between Daoist temples became even more intense, even if they were from the same lineage.

“Recently, there are suspected to be some ghosts in Shanyang County. The City God wants us to go over and help. Bring Ling Zhen down the mountain to train.”

“Yes, Senior Brother.”

On the official road leading to Shanyang County, Martial Uncle Ling Wu brought Shen Ping to a five-kilometer-long pavilion to rest for a while. “Ling Zhen, let me test you. Since you have mastered many spells, do you know which spell is most effective against Yin Ghosts?”

Shen Ping replied without hesitation, "Five-Elemental Lightning Curse. However, ordinary Yin Ghosts are also afraid of the Fire Curse. We'll first use the Fire Net Curse to trap them, then use the Lightning Curse to kill them. If we encounter stronger ghosts, we can use the Body-stabilizing Spell to help." The corner of Martial Uncle Ling Wu's mouth twitched. This was indeed the best way to deal with it, but it was too extravagant. Not to mention the Body-stabilizing Spell, just the Fire Net Curse alone would consume more than half of his magic power, so he began to teach it earnestly.

However, he did not know Shen Ping's magic power was several times higher than those of the same level. He was only slightly inferior to those disciples who had been in the sect for a long time in terms of absorbing vitality. "Martial Uncle, Shanyang County has the City God. How can our Changling Temple help?" Shen Ping asked him.

Martial Uncle Ling Wu pondered for a moment and said, "The ghost constables of the City God's Nether Division can deal with ordinary ghosts. If they encounter ghosts with cultivation, they will need the help of the Daoist temple. And the City God of a county needs to guard the Nether Division and won't take action easily. Shanyang County is under the jurisdiction of my Changling Temple. If they encounter some trouble, they will naturally seek help. This is also a sign of trust in my Changling Temple."

There was something else he did not say. It was that one could obtain a lot of money by dealing with Yin Ghosts and demons. Moreover, Changling Temple would also be worshiped by the commoners. The City God of Shanyang County was on good terms with Changling Temple, so such a convenient matter would naturally be given to Changling Temple.

They arrived at the county city.

Constable Song had already led a group of constables to welcome them. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he led Shen Ping and Martial Uncle Ling Wu to a courtyard.

“This house is frequently haunted. Several residents nearby have died.” Shen Ping was stunned. This house was clearly the house that Xi Lengyan and the others had rented previously. Could it be that they had left behind a hidden hand?

Martial Uncle Ling Wu looked around the courtyard briefly and finally stood at the well in the backyard. “This place is where the evil spirits gather, and there’s a large amount of resentment in the well. I think a ghost must have used some method to specially nurture the evil ghosts here. “Ling Zhen, stick the fire talisman nearby. We’ll come back tonight.”

On the same day, the two of them stayed in the house.

Seeing that Shen Ping could not sit still, Ling Wu smiled and said, “That ghost’s methods are not powerful. With the fire talisman spell, I can easily deal with it alone. You cultivated halfway and your mortal heart is not complete. Go out and play.”

Shen Ping hurriedly said, “Thankyou for your understanding, Martial Uncle.” Soon, he left the courtyard and went to the inn where he had stayed previously. As expected, he saw the maidservant, Chunxiang.

“Were you the ones who created the ghosts in Shanyang County?”

Shen Ping went straight to the point.

Chunxiang nodded. “I did it. M-Miss was taken away. Before she left, she entrusted me to look for you. She said that you might be at Changling Temple on Mount Daliang near Shanyang County. That’s why I used ghosts to attract the Daoist priests of Changling Temple. I didn’ t expect you to come too. It saved me a lot of effort.”

Shen Ping frowned. “Who captured Miss Xi? Where is she now?” Chunxiang was in low spirits. “You don’t need to know the details. Even if you did, you won’t be able to help much. If it weren’t for Miss’s entrustment, I would have left with Miss long ago.”

She carefully took out a piece of blood jade from her body. "This is the Blood Taisui. It's an extremely precious treasure in the world. You should know that Miss and I are ghosts. We left without saying goodbye because there were forces chasing after us. Their goal was this Blood Taisui. I'll give it to you now. If you use it, you'll become a Dao Bone genius. I hope you can avenge me and the young lady in the future."

Shen Ping was stunned. He stared at the blood jade and sensed a familiar aura from it. It was either origin blood or blood that was similar to origin blood. So this was the Blood Taisui.

"Young Master Shen, don't resist." As Chunxiang spoke, her nails suddenly became sharp. Then, she cut open Shen Ping's palm and placed the blood jade on it. The blood jade quickly fused into his blood.

Immediately after, the blood in Shen Ping's entire body became boiling hot. Waves of strange hot energy surged into his Dao bone. In just a few breaths, his Dao bone transformed continuously and turned into a golden Dao bone. Layers of special patterns appeared on the surface, and these patterns seemed to be traces of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

Sensing the increase in Shen Ping's aura, Chunxiang smiled. "Young Master Shen, my mission is completed. I'm going to look for my young lady now. You have to live well."

Whoosh. Her figure disappeared from the spot. Shen Ping came back to his senses and hurriedly asked, "Chunxiang, where should I look for you?" "Mount Futu, Rebirth Hall."

The voice echoed in his ears and slowly dissipated. Shen Ping was silent for a moment. He did not expect to obtain the Blood Taisui from Chunxiang as soon as he learned about it. This was too much of a coincidence.

"Could it be because of the green bracelet?"

He could not help but guess.

After leaving the inn and walking around the City God Temple a few times, he returned to the courtyard and suppressed the matter of Chunxiang in his heart. At night, miserable ghosts and vengeful spirits kept echoing in the well. They wanted to rush out of the well, but they were burned to ashes by the fire talisman incantation. They could only quickly retreat.

Martial Uncle Ling Wu directly rushed into the well and cleaned up the gathered vengeful spirits. The process was very smooth.

“Ling Zhen, continue to set up the fire talisman spell. Wait a few more days. If there are no ghosts condensing, this matter will be resolved.”

“Yes, Martial Uncle.”

Shen Ping’s mind was no longer on the ghosts. After using the Blood Taisui, his Dao bone had transformed and he could vaguely sense the laws of the Great Dao in the world. However, it was still a little difficult to comprehend and activate it. It was mainly because his magic power and spirit were too weak, but there was no limit to absorbing all kinds of vitality.

Apart from that, the origin blood contained in the Blood Taisui allowed him to finally activate his strange beast talent. This was the key. With these talents he could grow quickly in this world.

“Mount Fulu, Rebirth Hall... Miss Xi, just you wait. Whether it’s the sex or the favor of the Blood Taisui, I won’t let you die.”

He knew that as long as Xi Lengyan did not hand over the Blood Taisui, the forces that captured her would not harm her life.

The next morning, while Martial Uncle Ling Wu was meditating to absorb the wisp of purple qi vitality from the sunrise, Shen Ping found an excuse to slip out and directly used his strange beast talent.

Swoosh.

In the blink of an eye, he had arrived at Mount Daliang. He sat down cross-legged, looked up at the rising sun, and activated his talent, Devour.

Chapter 753 - Knocking On The Door

Knocking On The Door

Boom.

Almost instantly, the vitality of the entire world became restless. The purple qi surged into Shen Ping's body from all directions and gathered in his Dao bone along his meridians. Before obtaining the Blood Taisui, he could only absorb a wisp of purple qi every day while meditating. Now that his Dao bone had transformed, coupled with his devouring talent, he had absorbed more than thirty wisps of purple qi in less than ten breaths.

His skin was like a blower that was being blown by a large amount of purple qi. Five minutes later, the purple qi of vitality born from the rising sun disappeared.

The phenomenon around Shen Ping also dissipated. He immersed his True Spirit into his body and looked at the patterns on the surface of the Dao Bone that were condensed from vitality. It had already increased by one circle. This meant that in just five minutes, his cultivation had increased by a year.

His cultivation speed increased by more than a hundred times. If it was just the Blood Taisui, it would not be able to achieve such an effect. Most of it was caused by the Devouring talent. If the news was leaked, the entire Daoist sects in the world would be in an uproar. The Daoist temples in the famous mountains and rivers would fight for it crazily.

However, regarding this, Shen Ping was not interested at all. He did not come to this world to become a genius. Activating his teleportation talent, he returned to the Shanyang County residence.

“According to the records of the Daoist temple, only those with 500 years of cultivation can be conferred the title of Perfected Person. Even without the imperial court's conferment, those with 1,000 years of cultivation can self-

proclaim themselves as Perfected Lords. Those with more than 1,000 years of cultivation can go to famous mountains and rivers to establish sects.

“With my current cultivation speed, I should be able to reach the Perfected Lord Realm in three to four years. Hmm, I’ll settle down in the Temple of Changling for a period of time. When I have the strength of a Perfected Lord, I’ll go out and travel and ask about Mount Futu.”

He was deep in thought.

The matter of going to Mount Futu to save Xi Lengyan could not be rushed. He believed that since Xi Lengyan could obtain the Blood Taisui and escape all the way to Shanyang County, her strength and background were definitely not simple. She would not die so easily.

Three days later, the baleful aura in the ancient well in the courtyard became thin. However, Martial Uncle Ling Wu was not in a hurry to leave. He stayed for another two days and received incense money from the county office before leaving with Shen Ping in satisfaction.

The so-called wealth, companionship, law, and land, no matter what world or cultivation system, could not be separated from money and currency. The Daoist temple was no exception. Only when the incense offerings were vigorous could the Daoist temple have the foundation to nurture disciples and inherit the Dao meridians.

Back at Changling Temple, the days became boring again. Every day, besides meditating and cultivating, he did all sorts of miscellaneous things. In Martial Uncle Ling Wu’s words, this was called tempering one’s state of mind.

However, the other disciples were led by their Martial Uncle to various places in the Mount Daliang to slay demons and devils. It was obvious that they were speeding up the training of the temple’s disciples.

Therefore, most of the time, the Daoist temple was empty, and the Abbey Dean was often absent.

Shen Ping did not dare to be careless and use his devouring talent to cultivate in the Daoist temple, though. He did not forget that the Daoist temple still had an ancestor. The past ancestor statues in the Ancestral Hall were not only the target of worship every day, but also the true foundation of the Daoist temple.

As early as the first day he entered Changling Temple, his true spirit had already sensed a huge Yin Qi enveloping the Founding Ancestor. That should be the blessed land mentioned in the ancient books.

In the blink of an eye, half a year passed.

The Imperial Preceptor of Great Zhao's remonstrance of the competition between the Dao sects in the world became more and more heated in the court. More than half of the Dao sects objected. Even the two powerful Dao sects stood up, making the Great Zhao's Emperor hesitate and not make a final decision.

However, everyone could see that the competition for the Daoist temple was only a matter of time. After all, there were too many Daoist sects. From the 30-odd Daoist sects in the founding of Great Zhao, there were now more than 200. The number of naturalized Daoist priests exceeded 10,000. As long as they were naturalized Daoist priests, they could enjoy the salary of the imperial court and had various tax exemptions, causing the revenue of the national treasury to decrease year after year.

Shen Ping and the other disciples gathered in Changling Temple's Ancestral Hall. In the past six months, the temple had taken in two new disciples and five Daoist children. They shared a lot of chores, making Shen Ping feel much more relaxed.

Same old rules.

The Abbey Dean first led his junior brother, Ling Wu, and his disciples to pay their respects to the Patriarch before getting down to business.

“Recently, the number of demons and ghosts in Shanyang County and the villages near Mount Daliang has increased, endangering the people. As the Daoist branch of this place, our Changling Temple has the responsibility and duty to kill demons and contribute to the world. From today onwards, Martial Uncle Ling Wu will lead a team and split into three teams to head to Mount Daliang and Shanyang County.”

Then, the Temple Master of Changling began to distribute the members, as well as the spells, swords, and other things that they needed.

Shen Ping frowned. More than half a year ago, the disciples of the temple had been busy everywhere. Why did the number of demons and ghosts increase after half a year?

“Ling Zhen, you’re good at spells and have followed Ling Wu to exorcize evil spirits. This time, you’ll lead the team and bring the two new disciples to Shanyang County.”

“Yes, Master.”

Before he left, the Temple Master of Chang Ling reminded him, “Ling Zhen, when you reach Shanyang County, you have to be steady. You can’t be too hasty. If you encounter troublesome ghosts, you have to protect your junior brothers and sisters.”

Even Martial Uncle Ling Wu reminded him in a low voice, “Put your own safety first in everything. Don’t show off. Also, remember the rules of my Changling Temple.”

Shen Ping agreed repeatedly, but he was thinking in his heart. He was afraid that slaying demons was not simple. Changling Temple had the responsibility to protect Shanyang County. Although the Daoist temple might not take the safety of the people as its responsibility, it was obvious that there was an inside story..

Chapter 754 - Knocking on the Door (2)

Knocking on the Door (2)

“Could it have something to do with the debate in the court?”

He could not help but guess.

That day, he packed up briefly and brought his two junior brothers and sisters to Shanyang County. With the support of the Divine Strider Talisman, the three of them arrived at the county city in only an hour.

Before they entered the city gate, they met the funeral procession. Paper money scattered on the road and fell with the wind. When they arrived in the city, what they saw was bleak and dilapidated. Other than the paper money floating on the street, there were only a few hurried passers-by.

Half a year ago, Shanyang County was still very prosperous and lively. In just half a year, it had become as such.

Shen Ping stopped the passerby. Just as he asked a few questions, the passerby shook his head repeatedly and kept saying that he didn't know. Seeing this, he could only bring his junior brothers and sisters towards the county office.

They arrived at the street of the county office and finally saw some liveliness.

“Constable Song.”

“Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, you're finally here.”

When Constable Song saw Shen Ping and the other two, he quickly welcomed them into the county office as if he had found a life-saving straw. Then, he called for the constable to deliver good food and drinks. Without needing Shen Ping to ask, he told them about the situation in the county city.

“I don't know what's been going on in the past two to three months. People have been dying in the county one after another. I thought it was an ordinary murder case, but later on, I found out that it was haunted. And it's not just one or two.

These few days, it's even more frequent. Even the Liu family in the county is in trouble, and the Liu family has a Daoist priest guarding them."

Constable Song sighed. "If it was an ordinary case, we would have to solve it even if we had to risk our lives. However, we have no way to deal with evil spirits and ghosts. We can only ask Changling Temple. However, I heard from your Abbey Dean that Mount Daliang is not peaceful either. There are many demons. Now, the Daoist priest has finally arrived.

"Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, you must help our county office. The county magistrate is still in the Liu family and can't welcome you personally."

Shen Ping waved his hand. "It's fine, Constable Song. Why don't we go to the Liu family now?"

Constable Song was overjoyed. "Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, let me lead the way."

The Liu family was a wealthy family in Shanyang County and could influence the decisions of the county magistrate. If something happened in the residence, it would definitely be more important than the other families. Shen Ping naturally understood the meaning behind Constable Song's words.

"Senior Brother Ling Zhen, can you really exorcize ghosts?"

The beautiful junior sister behind him asked nervously. She and another disciple of the temple had just entered the sect not long ago and had only learned how to use ordinary talismans. If they encountered ghosts, they would also be helpless.

Shen Ping said casually, "It depends on the situation. It's fine if it's an ordinary ghost, but if it's a stronger one, we should run faster."

"Huh?"

His junior sister's stunned look was quite adorable. It was just that she was too flat. The junior brother at the side did not even take a few more glances at her.

They went all the way to the Liu family. There was a white cloth hanging on the door of the residence. As soon as he entered the threshold, he heard a series of cries. It seemed that someone had just died in the house.

“It’s the third son of the Liu family’s master.” Constable Song said in a low voice and brought Shen Ping to the hall. “County Lord, Old Master Liu, Daoist Priest Ling Zhen of Changling Temple is here.”

When Old Master Liu, who was in grief, heard that it was Changling Temple, he hurriedly stood up and walked to Shen Ping. “Daoist Ling Zhen, you have to avenge my third son. Kill that evil spirit. No matter how much incense money it is, I will give it to you.”

It was obvious that Old Master Liu doted on his third son.

The county magistrate of Shanyang County also said, “Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, please exorcise ghosts and subdue demons as soon as possible and return peace to the people of Shanyang.”

Shen Ping hurriedly said, “County Lord, Old Master Liu, don’t worry. Ling Zhen will definitely do his best.”

At this moment, a Daoist priest in a Daoist robe walked out from the corner. He snorted coldly and said, “Why did the Changling Temple send three brats here? Do you think you three Daoist disciples can exorcise ghosts?”

He faced Old Master Liu and the county magistrate. “In my opinion, we should go to the prefecture capital as soon as possible and invite a Perfected Person over.”

Constable Song took a few steps forward. “Daoist Priest Ling Zhen once followed Daoist Priest Ling Wu to exorcise ghosts half a year ago.”

When Old Master Liu heard this, he said, “I trust Daoist Ling Zhen. As for going to the prefecture capital, well talk about it later.”

The Daoist priest could hear the dissatisfaction in Old Master Liu's words, so he did not say anything else. He looked at Shen Ping and turned to leave the hall.

"Butler Wang, bring Daoist Ling Zhen and Constable Song to the room to rest. Then, tell Daoist Ling Zhen about the situation in the residence in detail."

"Yes, my lord." Butler Wang immediately made an inviting gesture. "Daoist Ling Zhen, Constable Song, please follow me."

After arriving at the room, Butler Wang first asked the maidservant to serve tea and then said, "It's like this. A few days ago, Third Young Master brought back a dancer who had yet to be served in the Yi Hong Courtyard. In the end, that dancer died that night. After Third Young Master got his servants to bury her, something happened."

"Priest Lin, who is in charge of the residence, personally fought with that evil spirit, but the outcome was not decided. The evil spirit has been coming every night for the past two days, disturbing the entire residence."

After hearing this, Shen Ping asked, "In that case, that evil spirit was a dancer when it was alive?"

"Yes. According to Daoist Lin, that evil spirit is indeed a dancer brought back by Third Young Master. Daoist Ling Zhen, don't be careless. Daoist Lin still has some ability, yet he can't do anything to the evil spirit."

Shen Ping nodded. He guessed that Butler Wang must be hiding something. Otherwise, even if a dancer who had just died had turned into a ghost, it was impossible for her to be so powerful. Just now in the hall, he had used his true spirit to check Daoist Lin's cultivation. Although Daoist Lin's cultivation was less than a hundred years, he still had fifty to sixty years of cultivation. It was not a problem for him to deal with ordinary ghosts.

"Daoist Ling Zhen, let me know if you need anything."

After Butler Wang finished speaking, he left the servants in the residence and left.

On the other hand, Shen Ping began to use his magic power to create spell incantations, mainly fire incantations and lightning incantations. Ordinary Daoist priests with lower cultivation had to use special paper and ink to carry the spell incantations. If their cultivation exceeded 300 years, they could directly use their magic power to instantly condense the spell incantations.

In the past six months, he had relied on his devouring talent to cultivate every day. Up until now, he had only reached 200 years of cultivation.

The sky had just darkened when a woman's cry sounded in the Liu residence.

"It's here, the evil spirit is here!"

Old Master Liu and his concubines trembled in fear and hurriedly hid behind Shen Ping.

Constable Song and the others were also terrified. Only Daoist Lin sneered and crossed his arms, waiting to see the joke. He had fought with the evil spirit before and knew its strength very well.

Shen Ping calmly took out the spell incantation and formed a hand seal with the "Great Yin Talisman Sutra". The runes on the spell incantation flickered and lit up. Then, they flew out quickly and landed above the lotus pond in the backyard of the residence.

"Lightning, Fire Spell Curse, suppress!"

Dozens of spells formed a hexagram, suppressing the invisible air.

Soon, a shrill scream came from below the spell. Then, a huge amount of Yin Qi burst out from the ghost's body and instantly destroyed the spell.

"Stupid Daoist, you're colluding with the Liu family. Die!"

The evil spirit transformed into a ferocious figure and charged towards Shen Ping. However, Shen Ping did not care. He turned around and stared at one of

Old Master Liu's concubines behind him. He said indifferently, "It has such strength in just a few days. Tell me, what power is behind you?"

The concubine had a bitter expression on her face. "Da-Daoist priest, what are you talking about?"

The talisman sword slashed down. The concubine's expression changed drastically. With a bang, she transformed into a large lump of foul-smelling pus, but her body had already flown out.

Shen Ping casually threw out a few spells to suppress the hall. "Constable Song, protect Old Master Liu and the others. Don't leave this hall."

He left behind a sentence and followed closely behind and arrived outside the county in ten minutes.

"Damn Daoist, you're quite bold to chase after me." The ghost turned around with a charming face. She was only wearing a translucent gauze dress. Under the night wind, one could vaguely see her figure.

"A ghost that can condense a Yin body has at least a hundred years of cultivation. What's your purpose in pretending to be a dancer to harm the Liu residence?" Shen Ping asked calmly.

The ghost smiled and said, "Naturally, it's to lure out you, Daoist Priest Ling Zhen."

"Oh, what do you mean by that?"

"Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, it seems like you have a bad memory. Half a year ago, you met Ghost Concubine's maid, Chunxiang, right? She gave you the Blood Taisui.."

Chapter 755 - You're the Evil Ghost (1)

You're the Evil Ghost (1)

If Shen Ping was really a down-and-out Elementary Scholar in the past, his expression would definitely change when he heard that the secret of the Blood Taisui was exposed. However, as a Tribulation Transcendence expert who had cultivated for thousands of years, his temperament and perseverance were extremely strong. At this moment, he looked at the ghost in front of him without any emotions.

“Blood Taisui? I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The dancer snorted coldly. “Stop pretending. That hussy Chunxiang has already spit out everything. I advise you to be sensible and quickly hand over the Blood Taisui. Otherwise, not only you, but even the entire Shanyang County will become a ghost realm.”

Shen Ping smiled and said, “Shanyang County is protected by Changling Temple. Not to mention an evil ghost with a hundred years of cultivation, even a ghost general with five hundred years of cultivation would not dare to say such boastful words!”

The dancer sneered. “The Changling Temple? Pfft, you hypocritical Daoist priests are even more ruthless than us ghosts. If Shanyang County becomes a ghost territory, not only will the Changling Temple and the Ling Yin Temple behind it not appear to protect it, but they will also be secretly happy.”

Shen Ping narrowed his eyes and continued, “In that case, other than you, are there other ghosts with Dao cultivation in Shanyang County?”

“You don’t have to pry. To tell you the truth, I’m the only one who knows the exact whereabouts of the Blood Taisui. Those idiots won’t be able to find it even if they were given a year.” The dancer said proudly and impatiently, “Alright, cut the crap and hand it over quickly. Otherwise, if I attack, you will die a tragic death!”

Shen Ping smiled. “So you’re the only one.”

“I alone am enough—”

Before she could finish speaking, the dancer saw the spell that appeared in Shen Ping's palm. The word "stabilize" appeared on the spell.

Boom.

It was as if the sky had covered it, the dancer immediately sensed that the surrounding spiritual qi had condensed into a prison. No matter how hard she tried to circulate the Yin qi in her body, she could not move at all.

"S-Stabilize Body Curse... Impossible. Y-You've only been a Daoist disciple for a year. How can you master the Stabilize Body Curse!" It roared, its voice sharp and mournful. But soon, the dancer's eyes widened again. A Heavenly Lightning Spell slowly floated up. "No, no!"

If the Stabilize Body Curse could trap it, then this Heavenly Lightning Curse could definitely kill it. At this moment, the dancer completely panicked. "You can't kill me. I'm the subordinate of the Ghost King of the Netherworld. If you kill me, you'll definitely alarm the Ghost King of the Netherworld. The secret of the Blood Taisui will also be exposed. At that time, you'll be doomed."

Shen Ping took a few steps towards the dancer. "If you want to live, it's simple. Tell me everything you know, including Ghost Concubine's identity and Mount Futu's forces."

The dancer hurriedly told him everything. These things were not considered secrets.

"Daoist Priest Ling Zhen, I promise I won't leak the news that you have the Blood Taisui."

"No, you can't promise."

He did not use the Heavenly Lightning Spell Incantation. Instead, he raised his hand and activated his talent Devour. A powerful suction immediately surged out of his palm. Under this suction, the hundred years of cultivation accumulated in the body of the dancer ghost surged out crazily.

“W-What are you doing?”

Shen Ping grinned. “I’ll eat you, of course.”

Under the dancer’s fearful gaze, the Yin qi in its body quickly dissipated like a deflated ball. “Ahhh, y-you’re not human, you’re an evil spirit!!”

After a while, the dancer disappeared completely from head to toe.

Shen Ping stretched and sat cross-legged on the spot to circulate the Dao Wheel Technique to absorb and digest it. After ten minutes, the patterns of his Dao bones increased by half a circle, which meant that his cultivation had increased by fifty years.

“It’s still faster to improve like this. However, if it’s a ghost with high cultivation, the effects of the Stabilize Body Curse and the Heavenly Lightning Curse won’t be so strong.”

The Great Yin Talisman Scripture that the Temple Master of Changling had given him only recorded a portion of the incantations. If he wanted to cultivate a profound incantation, he had to go to the Ling Yin Temple. However, that was only for ordinary cultivators. Shen Ping himself had very high attainments in talismans. Through the Stabilize Body Incantation, the Invited Divine Incantation, and other spells, he had basically figured out the patterns of the incantations. Therefore, even without the subsequent incantations, he could still create them himself.

When he returned to the county city, he couldn’t help but fall into deep thought. From what the dancer had said, Ghost Concubine Xi Lengyan was the number one Ghost General of the Ghost King Tuo Luo of the Netherworld. She had a cultivation of more than a thousand years, while Mount Futu was another powerful faction. Not only were there Ghost Kings, but there were also demon kings and demonic creatures. Both factions were searching for the Blood Taisui, but in the end, Ghost Concubine obtained it and accidentally formed Shen Ping’s Dao bone.

With these two forces, they would be able to find him sooner or later. At that time, he would not only face a ghost with a hundred years of cultivation.

“I have to use this time to increase my strength as soon as possible. I have to reach at least 500 years of cultivation.”

With 500 years of cultivation, he could cast some powerful spells and Dao sect's divine powers. At that time, relying on his unique beast talent, he would be able to deal with them with ease.

Liu residence.

Constable Song and the others huddled together, not daring to breathe loudly. Even though Shen Ping and the ghost had long disappeared, they did not dare to leave the range of the spell's protection.

When Shen Ping returned, Constable Song hurriedly went up to him. “Daoist Ling Zhen, has the evil spirit been eliminated?”

Old Master Liu and his concubines looked at Shen Ping one after another. They were filled with nervousness, fear, and anticipation.

“Everyone, don't worry. The evil spirit has been eliminated.”

Hearing this, Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Old Master Liu straightened his fat body and forced a smile. “Daoist Priest Ling Zhen is indeed an expert of the Changling Temple. You dealt with the evil spirit and resolved the huge problem in my Liu residence. Come, Butler Wang, hand over the incense money..”

Chapter 756 - You're the Evil Ghost (2)

You're the Evil Ghost (2)

Butler Wang hurriedly took out the incense money he had prepared.

Shen Ping took a look. There were a thousand taels of silver notes. As expected of a wealthy family, they were generous. When he followed Martial Uncle Ling Wu to deal with the ghosts, he had only obtained fifty taels of incense money from the government office.

Constable Song's eyes widened. However, no matter how tempted he was, he did not dare to do anything inappropriate. Priest Lin appeared out of nowhere. "Has the ghost really been eliminated? Could it be that he's lying to cheat us of our incense money?"

Shen Ping said casually, "I'll stay in the residence for the next few days. If that evil spirit appears again, I'll return the incense money."

Old Master Liu hurriedly said, "What are you talking about? It's just some incense money. It's nothing."

After saying that, he glared at Daoist Lin.

For the next five to six days, the evil ghosts did not attack the Liu residence again. Old Master Liu was finally relieved. Shen Ping also took advantage of this period of time to briefly investigate the situation in Shanyang County. Other than the dancer ghost, the other ghosts were very ordinary. The strongest was an evil ghost with twenty years of cultivation.

Of course, in the eyes of Ling Wu and Temple Master Chang Ling, an evil spirit with twenty years of cultivation was not something Shen Ping could deal with. "Although there are many ghosts, with the strength of the City God's Nether Division, it can definitely be dealt with. Why didn't the City God make a move?" This made him puzzled. The more prosperous the county was and the more incense offerings there were, the stronger the City God's Nether Division would be. Logically speaking, it was impossible for the Shanyang City God to sit back and watch the county be destroyed by ghosts.

He thought about what the dancer ghost had said.

Shen Ping guessed that it was very likely that the City God's Nether Division had also participated in the battle in the royal court. Even if not, he was probably involved.

"Under the general trend, no one can escape. Unfortunately, the commoners are the ones suffering." Standing on the city wall, looking at the desolate streets, he could not help but shake his head and sigh.

The two junior sisters and junior brothers walked over. "Senior Brother, the fire and lightning incantations, as well as the array flags, have been set up in key locations in the city according to your instructions."

"Very well. You guys did well. Go and rest. When night comes, just go to the place where the spell is set up and guard it. Remember what I said before. Every time you accept a ghost, you have to go to the county office to collect incense money. Do you understand?"

"Understood."

Against ordinary ghosts, Shen Ping did not need to make a move at all. Even evil ghosts with twenty years of cultivation would not be able to resist the spell he made.

Two months passed in the blink of an eye. He and his junior brothers and sisters continued to stay in Shanyang County. Every few days, they would deal with a ghost. This made the originally enthusiastic county magistrate and constable's attitude become cold and even disgusted.

"Priest Ling Zhen, the county's finances are difficult, and the people's livelihood is declining. You saw it yourself. We really can't fork out the incense money. As for ghosts, I hope Daoist Ling Zhen will prioritize the people of the world." The county magistrate said expressionlessly.

Over the past two months, the incense money had exceeded a thousand taels. Although there was still a surplus in the finances, he had long seen that something was wrong. Coupled with the news from the prefecture, he

immediately understood and refused to give the incense money anymore. Shen Ping already had an excuse. "County Lord, dealing with ghosts consumes a lot of energy. Without the supply of incense money, I can't do anything." The magistrate picked up his tea and took a sip. "There's nothing I can do." Shen Ping sighed and said, "In that case, I can only return to Changling Temple. In the future, if ghosts appear in the Liu Manor again, County Lord, you should find someone else."

The county magistrate's expression turned a little ugly. He could ignore the lives of the people in the county, but the rich and powerful were completely different from the squires. If he did not do anything, they could go to the prefecture capital to snitch or not cooperate in other aspects.

"Priest Ling Zhen, the ghosts in the county are wreaking havoc. I believe you know what's going on. Changling Temple enjoys the incense offerings of the common people all year round. Do you really not care about the common people of Shanyang?"

He could not help but scold angrily.

Shen Ping was silent for a moment. In two months, he had long found out the reason why ghosts kept appearing. The source was that the City God's Nether Division had opened the gates of hell in Shanyang County, causing yin qi to spread, causing the ghosts to be endless.

Even if he made a move, it would be useless without the help of the Nether Division's ghost constables. All he could do was maintain the number of ghosts in an extremely small range.

"County Lord, I'm only a Daoist disciple in Changling Temple. We can reduce the incense money, but we can't do without it."

He left behind a sentence and left with his junior brothers and sisters. Looking at the backs of Shen Ping and the other two, the county magistrate gritted his teeth in anger. "These Daoist priests will bring chaos to the imperial court sooner or later."

Yongzhou.

Great Zhao Capital.

In the imperial study of the palace.

Emperor Rende flipped through the memorials piled up on the table and kept shaking his head and sighing. Ever since the Imperial Preceptor proposed to reduce the number of naturalized Daoist priests and Perfected Persons in the Daoist temples in the world and admonished them to compete for the letter of appointment in the arena rankings, calamities had been happening in various provinces, prefectures, counties, and villages. They were either haunted or wreaked havoc by demons. Such incidents had actually happened several times in Great Zhao.

It was nothing more than those opposing forces stirring up trouble. Knowing was one thing, but dealing with it was very troublesome.

“Your Majesty, these Daoists are too despicable. Just because they have some strength, they don’t take you and the world seriously.” The eunuch beside him said.

Emperor Rende threw the memorial on the table. “It’s not just a day or two that they’re despicable. However, back then, when the Imperial Ancestor raised the Dragon’s Vein and the weapons, these Daoists did indeed contribute a lot behind the scenes. It’s just that we can’t get rid of these tails now. It’s really giving me a headache. Call the Imperial Preceptor.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Not long after, the imperial preceptor in a Daoist robe stood in the hall. He was tall and sturdy and didn’t look like a Daoist priest. Instead, he looked like General Weiwu.

“Imperial Preceptor, I’ve asked you more than once. If all the Daoist temples in the world gather together, what should we do? Have you thought of a countermeasure?”

His voice echoed in the hall.

The Imperial Preceptor said calmly, "Although there are many Daoist temples in the world, only powerful Daoist sects like Tianshan, Kunlun, and Emei can affect the dynasty. As long as they don't move, the others are nothing to worry about. Now, the prefectures and counties seem to be in a mess, but in fact, they are not harmful to the dynasty at all."

The emperor frowned. "Imperial Preceptor, the people of the prefectures and counties are frequently attacked by demons and ghosts, causing financial difficulties. The people are struggling to survive, so how can there be no harm?"

The Imperial Preceptor shook his head. "This is just a temporary appearance. I already have a way to deal with it. I believe that it won't be long before those who disregard the world for their own selfishness will suffer the consequences."

"Oh?" The emperor's brows relaxed. "Then I'll wait for the good news. But let me make it clear first. If it doesn't improve this time, I have no choice but to slow down the plan. When the time comes, the imperial preceptor will have to suffer a little."

The Imperial Preceptor nodded. "I understand."

What grievance? He was just making him take the blame. This was completely within his expectations.

In the blessed land of the Ancestral Hall of Changling Temple, the Temple Master of Chang Ling bowed respectfully, "I am the 20th descendant of the Changling Dao Sect. Greetings, Patriarchs."

The six surviving patriarchs nodded one after another.

"What's the situation outside?"

"It's still the same. There's no compromise from the Imperial Court." The Temple Master of Changling replied.

“Does that mean that the Imperial Court intends to continue this stalemate?” “If this continues, I’m afraid they won’t be able to stop.”

“That’s right. When the gates of the City God’s Nether Division open, it will definitely cause Yin and Yang to clash over time. It’s easy to breed demonic creatures.”

The six patriarchs said one after another.

The Temple Master of Changling said, “Ancestral Masters, it’s still early and it’s hard to decide. Moreover, it has always lasted for at most a year. In the end, it all ended with the compromise of the Imperial Court. It will definitely be the same this time. As long as it’s controlled well, it won’t be a big deal.

“No matter what happens to the other Daoist temples, our Changling Temple will definitely patrol at all times to prevent the growth of demons. In addition, Disciple Ling Zhen has already controlled the ghosts in Shanyang County. I believe there won’t be any trouble.”

When they heard that, the six patriarchs nodded slowly.

“That Ling Zhen was ordinary when he first entered the sect. I didn’t expect him to be so talented in spells. Now that he can take charge of matters, I think we can focus on nurturing him.”

“Yes, Ancestral Master. I understand.”

Chapter 757 - Round and Beautiful (1)

Round and Beautiful (1)

The chirping of cicadas entered the summer, the northern geese only know autumn.

Shanyang County, in the residence arranged by the Liu Residence, the leaves of the parasol tree fell layer by layer. As the autumn wind swept past, the leaves fluttered. In this bleak summer and autumn, Shen Ping sat cross-legged on the

stone platform like an old monk in meditation. He did not move and allowed the leaves to fall on his body.

Until the sun rose, the condensed vitality on his body slowly dissipated like fog.

He opened his eyes. He could not help but spit out a rising Inner Breath from his mouth. Then, his True Spirit entered his body and circled around the Dao bone to check the patterns. He saw that there were already more than 300 circles of patterns, as if artistic carvings had gathered on the surface of the Dao bone.

“Ever since I started cultivating, I’ve had more than 370 years of cultivation in a year and a half. This cultivation speed is not bad.”

If it were those cultivation geniuses in those powerful Dao Sects, such speed would definitely shock the entire world. However, Shen Ping appeared very calm. With many advantages, he was nothing in his eyes.

He put his fingers together. As the vitality and magic power surged, his fingertips quickly drew the word “Stabilize” in the air. Instantly, the surrounding air froze.

“Not bad, I can finally casually cast the Stabilize Body Spell. Furthermore, with my cultivation, the power of this spell is not weak. Demons and ghosts below 400 years of cultivation can’t break free.”

Shen Ping’s eyes revealed a trace of satisfaction. Although the Stabilize Body Incantation was not a very profound spell, it was very practical. Many Daoists would use this method when facing enemies. Some Daoists even treated it as their specialty.

Then, he took out two talismans from his pocket and pinched them into the shape of a paper crane. He waved his sleeve and injected vitality in his body. The paper crane suddenly became vivid and lifelike.

This was one of the Daoist communication methods, the crane messenger. It was low-level and could be easily destroyed halfway. The real way to send a message was through a talisman sword or even an immortal sword. It was said

that an earth immortal could send a letter thousands of miles away with just a wooden sword.

He could also make a talisman sword now, but once he was far away, the magic power attached to it would disappear. Only a Perfected Person with 500 years of cultivation could use the vitality in his body to maintain his magic power.

“The strongest person in Changling Temple is a Perfected Person. If I cultivate for another four months, I’ll be able to catch up to the cultivation of the previous patriarchs.”

He shook his head and got up slowly. There were many Daoist temples in the world. Daoist temples like Changling Temple were very small. If not for the fact that the ancestors of the past were Perfected Persons, even the small Shanyang County would not offer incense to them.

“Senior Brother, Martial Uncle Ling Wu is here.”

As soon as he heard the sound, Shen Ping sensed Martial Uncle Ling Wu walking over from the entrance of the courtyard and quickly went up to him.

Daoist Ling Wu carried a wooden sword on his back with a solemn expression.

“Disciple Ling Zhen greets Martial Uncle.”

After bowing, Ling Wu said, “Ling Zhen, you’ve been in Shanyang for more than four months. You’ve done a good job on the errand that Senior Brother gave you. Even the Ancestral Master praised you.”

Shen Ping hurriedly said, “This is my duty.”

Ling Wu nodded and continued, “This time, I’m mainly here for the Little Lotus Seed Mountain. There’s news from Shanyang City God. Recently, the Yin qi around the Little Lotus Seed Mountain has been abnormal. Past merchants have often encountered mishaps. You should have heard of this, right?”

Little Lotus Seed Mountain was the desolate mountain where Shen Ping had first descended. This mountain was not tall, but its range was very wide. It was half the size of Mount Daliang. In addition, every summer and autumn, merchants would pass by this mountain. As time passed, merchants would fund the construction of the Mountain God Temple and gather incense, allowing Little Lotus Seed Mountain to have a Mountain God.

Naturally, he had heard about what happened to the merchants recently. However, the Little Lotus Seed Mountain was not under the jurisdiction of Changling Temple, but the Ling Yin Temple. Therefore, he did not investigate too much.

Now that he heard his Martial Uncle mention it, He could not help but ask in confusion, "Senior Uncle, shouldn't the Ling Yin Temple send someone over?"

Martial Uncle Ling Wu sighed. "The Ling Yin Temple has also sent someone. It's just that to be safe, they informed my Changling Temple."

Shen Ping came to a realization. It turned out that the Ling Yin Temple wanted Changling Temple to take the lead.

"Alright, get ready. Come with me. I'll get the City God to take care of Shanyang County. Your two junior sisters and junior brothers will stay in Shanyang County."

"Yes, Martial Uncle."

He simply packed his bag and followed Martial Uncle Ling Wu to the Mountain God Temple on the Little Lotus Seed Mountain.

There was only one abandoned ancient temple in the entire mountain range, but compared to the last time Shen Ping descended, this mountain temple was even more dilapidated. The roof was covered in weeds, and the pillars in the temple had collapsed, but the mountain statue was not damaged at all. It looked dignified.

Shen Ping knew that this mountain statue was not simple. It had the protection of the mountain god.

Boom! Crack!

As soon as he stepped into the Mountain God Temple, the sky darkened and thunder rumbled.

“Where’s the mountain god?” Martial Uncle Ling Wu shouted in a low voice, his voice carrying a penetrating force. He called out a few times, but there was no response.

“Martial Uncle, will the Mountain God listen to the orders of our Daoist temple?” Shen Ping asked.

Ling Wu smiled and said, “The Mountain God, the River God, and the Dragon God of the river are mostly conferred by the imperial court. A small number of them are naturally condensed by absorbing the incense and power of the people. However, no matter what kind of deity position it is, it is born from the dragon vein of heaven and earth. The Dao cultivated by my Dao Sect is superior to the dragon vein Qi. Therefore, any deity position facing my Dao Sect will give some face..”

Chapter 758 - Round and Beautiful (2)

Round and Beautiful (2)

“This mountain god of the Little Lotus Seed Mountain is naturally condensed. His cultivation is not high, and he is within the range of the Ling Yin Temple. He should naturally listen to ours instructions.” Speaking of this, he said proudly, “Moreover, there’s a divine power technique in my Dao sect. It’s a divine capture technique. This technique can capture any god.” Shen Ping nodded as if he had understood something. The so-called Binding Technique was actually similar to the principle of the Stabilize Body Curse. However, one had to be at least at the Perfected Lord level to use this divine art. His uncle-master was clearly not qualified, so it was normal for the mountain god of Little Lotus Seed Mountain to ignore him.

“Where’s the Mountain God?!” He shouted again. There’s still no response. Ling Wu frowned, “It seems that something has happened to the mountain god here.”

“Martial Uncle, what should we do?”

“Without the help of the Mountain God, it will be much more difficult to find out the specific changes in the Yin Qi. How about this, Ling Zhen, you make some Five Elements Spell Incantations first. Tonight, we will rest in the temple and discuss it when the people from Ling Yin Temple come.

A moment later, footsteps came from outside the temple. Soon, five people came in. The leader was wearing a special Daoist robe from Ling Yin Temple. He had a jade sword tied to his back and a jade pendant hanging from his waist. He looked like a sage.

“Daoist Priest Yin Zhu, I didn’t expect the Ling Yin Temple to send you this time.” Ling Wu hurriedly went forward and said warmly.

Daoist Master Yin Zhu said indifferently, “The temple is busy now, and many senior brothers and sisters can’t leave, so they asked me to come over.” He turned around and said to a beautiful female Daoist priest, “Yin Shu, why aren’t you coming over to pay your respects to Martial Uncle Ling Wu of Changhng Temple?”

Holding the same jade sword, Yin Shu bowed to Ling Wu. As for the other three behind him, Yin Zhu gave a simple introduction.

“Daoist Priest Yin Zhu, this is my new disciple, Ling Zhen. He’s quite talented in spells. He mastered the Stabilize Body Incantation after cultivating for a year.” As Ling Wu introduced, he asked Shen Ping to bow.

Daoist Master Yin Zhu sized up Shen Ping in surprise. To be able to master the Stabilize Body Curse in a year, such talent was indeed outstanding. “Changhng Temple has such an outstanding disciple. They have a successor.” “It can’t compare to the Ling Yin Temple. It’s said that two years ago, that disciple of the Ling Yin Temple only cultivated for 20 years before reaching too years of cultivation?”

The two Daoist priests humbly asked each other about the situation. Then, he talked about the Little Lotus Seed Mountain.

“Where’s the mountain god?” Yin Zhu shouted.

As soon as he finished speaking, the eyeballs of the statue moved. Then, a middle-aged man in a long robe appeared in the temple. “Greetings, Daoist priests.”

Ling Wu’s expression was ugly. Previously, he had shouted a few times, but the mountain god did not respond. In the end, when Daoist Priest Yin Zhu of Ling Yin Temple shouted, the other party immediately appeared. It was obvious that he did not take him and the Changling Temple seriously.

“Mountain God, let me ask you, why are there so many attacks on the merchants of Little Lotus Seed Mountain?” Yin Zhu said arrogantly.

The Little Lotus Seed Mountain God did not have the reckless power he had when he dealt with Xi Lengyan. He lowered his Yin Body and said, “Every summer and autumn, there will be mountain bandits on Little Lotus Seed Mountain. Those merchants should have been attacked by mountain bandits.” “Hmph, ridiculous. Do you think I’m deaf and blind? If it’s really a mountain bandit, why can’t we find the corpses of the merchants? This mountain is filled with Yin Qi and baleful aura. Don’t tell me that you can’t sense it?” Yin Zhu said coldly.

The other Daoist priests stared at the mountain god. The Mountain God looked troubled. In the end, he sighed helplessly. “Sigh, Daoist priests, you don’t know this. A ferocious tiger demon came to my mountain. It was powerful and committed crimes on Little Lotus Seed Mountain. It harmed passing merchants. I tried to stop it, but my cultivation was weak and I was almost eaten by it. Even this Mountain God Temple was ruined.”

Yin Zhu was unmoved and asked, “Since that’s the case, why don’t you visit the nearby villagers in dreams and ask them to find our Ling Yin Temple to subdue the demons?”

The Mountain God hesitated and said, "I've never interacted with the Daoist priests before. I'm a-afraid..."

He stammered and didn't say anything.

On the other hand, Yin Zhu and Ling Wu understood what he meant. Most of the mountain gods and river gods would absorb the Yin and Yang Qi and Five Elements Qi of the world. Although their growth was slow, after accumulating for a long time, it was very huge.

This was a huge temptation for some Daoists with bad morals who liked to take advantage of opportunities.

"Hmph! My Ling Yin Temple is one of the 32 Dao Sects in the world, so how could I covet your little bit of accumulation? Quickly tell me where that tiger demon resides."

"Yes, yes. I'll personally lead the way."

Little Lotus Seed Mountain God immediately led the group of Daoists into the depths of the mountain.

Shen Ping and Ling Wu walked behind.

"Martial Uncle, you have to be careful. There's something wrong with this mountain god."

When the Mountain God attacked Xi Lengyan, it was with the help of the wolf demon. Moreover, its might was definitely comparable to a Daoist with 300 years of cultivation. No matter how powerful the tiger demon was, it could not occupy the mountain and become the king.

Ling Wu nodded.

They came to the depths of the forest. The sky was already dark, and the rain was falling. The lightning that flashed from time to time gave the forest a strange feeling.

Daoist Master Yin Zhu, who was walking at the front, waved his hand casually. A few spells floated in the air, and light quickly shone from them to dispel the darkness.

Twenty minutes later, everyone stood in front of a deep cave.

“That tiger demon resides here.” The Mountain God said.

Daoist Master Yin Zhu flicked his finger, and a floating spell quickly entered the cave. Not long after, a shocking tiger roar sounded. His expression changed slightly. “This tiger demon probably has the strength of nearly 300 years of cultivation. Daoist Ling Wu, follow me in. The rest of you, stay at the entrance of the cave and set up the demon trapping spell.” Then, he looked at the Mountain God. “I hope the Mountain God can stay here and help.” Little Lotus Seed Mountain God hurriedly said, “I’ll listen to Daoist priest s instructions.”

Ling Wu gave Shen Ping a look, meaning to escape if anything happened. After the two Daoists entered the cave, the only woman among them, Yin Shu, immediately called for the other Daoist priests to set up spells. After a while, yhe sound of fighting could be heard in the cave, and a large number of rolling stones fell from the mountain.

“Ah...”

At this moment, there was a sudden exclamation beside him. In the darkness, snake-like vines jumped out from the ground and wrapped around one of the Daoist priests of Ling Yin Temple at lightning speed.

“Senior Sister, help, help!”

Yin Shu hurriedly urged the jade sword to quickly slash at the vines, but the jade sword was bound by a black aura. In the next moment, the Daoist priest was dragged away by the vines.

A large number of vines emerged from the ground and held back Yin Shu and the other Daoist masters.

Shen Ping could easily save these disciples of the Ling Yin Temple, but if he did so, his strength would be exposed. Therefore, he struggled briefly and allowed the vines to pull him underground.

He wanted to see what was causing trouble behind this.

The ground below extended in all directions. The vines were extremely fast. In just a few dozen breaths, they dragged Shen Ping and the others into an empty cave hall.

“Haha, you stinky Daoist priests are usually sanctimonious. Now, I’ll let you have a taste of having your vitality sucked out!”

In front of the hall, there was a huge tree stump. On this tree stump, there was a black aura surrounding it. This black aura condensed into the face of the mountain god.

It waved its roots and vines to tear the Daoist priest’s clothes apart. Then, like a tube, it stabbed into the Daoist priest’s flesh and blood, crazily devouring his flesh and magic power.

However, Yin Shu was protected by a spell that formed a barrier around her body, struggling to hold on. She glared at the middle-aged mountain god that was slowly materializing. “You despicable mountain god, how dare you attack us from behind? When my martial uncle destroy that tiger demon, he will definitely destroy you.”

Little Lotus Seed Mountain God laughed out loud. “Stop dreaming. Your uncle-master will also die here. Not only him, but your Ling Yin Temple will also be destroyed soon.”

As she spoke, a large number of roots completely sucked the other three Daoist priests into dried corpses.

“Junior Brother!!”

Yin Shu was extremely sad.

Slash!

However, under the attack of the roots, the barrier on her body gradually couldn't hold on anymore. Her clothes were torn apart by the roots, and her fair skin was exposed to the air. Her round and smooth figure couldn't be concealed, and her legs were pulled apart by the roots in a very embarrassing posture.

Chapter 759 - Reincarnation of an Immortal (1)

Reincarnation of an Immortal (1)

“Truly a tender body. You Daoists talk about the common people in the world, but when it comes to your own interests, you don't care about the lives of the common people. Still, I have to thank you. If it weren't for the opening of the Ghost Gate, I wouldn't have had the chance to obtain the Black Demon Baleful Qi to transform into a demon body.”

The Mountain God laughed wantonly. The roots of the tree stump slowly climbed up to Yin Shu's fair skin. It raised its front end like a snake and looked down at this naked body. It seemed to be admiring it. “The human body is really wonderful. But now, obediently give me all of it!”

Chi! Chi! Chi!

The roots suddenly stabbed into her skin.

Just as the Black Demon Baleful Qi attached to the roots touched her skin, a magical incantation catalog vaguely appeared on Yin Shu's back. In an instant, golden light overflowed and burned the roots that wrapped around her.

Bang!

Yin Shu fell to the ground. She couldn't care less about her shame. She grabbed the jade sword beside her and slashed at the huge tree stump. The jade sword slashed down fiercely, but unfortunately, it could not even break through the roots of the tree stump.

Bam! Bam!

As the burning roots recovered, Yin Shu was once again tied up in midair. However, the Little Lotus Seed Mountain God did not continue. Instead, he stared at Yin Shu's body in amazement. "Companion Spell Incantation. Haha, I didn't expect you to be the reincarnation of an immortal. After devouring you, I can completely transform into a demon and even plunder all the Dao Fruits of your previous life. Let me guess. In the entire Blessed Enclave of the Dao Sects in the world, there aren't many people who have the means of reincarnation. Is it Tianshan or Kunlun?"

Yin Shu said angrily, "What reincarnation? If you want to kill me, then do it. Even if you transform into a demon, you will be destroyed by our Ling Yin Temple."

Little Lotus Seed Mountain God was unhurried. "Little girl, are you in such a hurry to die? Or do you want me to activate the companion spell in your body to escape?"

A hint of panic flashed across Yin Shu's face. That was indeed what she thought.

"Don't worry. I'll do as you wish. Although I can't break your Companion Spell Curse with my current strength, there's a way to easily resolve it. As long as you lose your virgin primordial yin, the power of the Companion Spell Curse will naturally decrease."

Little Lotus Seed Mountain God turned in another direction. The place where the roots were wrapped was gradually emitting a weak spell fluorescence. "A mere Daoist disciple of Changling Temple who has cultivated for less than two years has actually reached such a level in spells. I've really broadened my horizons today."

Only then did Yin Shu notice Shen Ping. She did not expect him to be alive. "What are you doing?!"

Little Lotus Seed Mountain God laughed and said, "Of course it's to let this Daoist disciple break your companion spell."

The roots wrapped around Shen Ping dispersed, revealing Shen Ping's face.

“Little Daoist, if you can help me break this little girl's companion spell, I can spare your life!”

Yin Shu immediately shouted, “J-Junior Brother Ling Zhen, don't listen to it. It definitely won't let us off. Hang in there. Uncle-Master will definitely come and save us... Mmph.”

Before she could finish speaking, her mouth was blocked by roots.

“Little Daoist, do you want to enjoy a delicate beauty at your mercy, or do you want to die immediately? You have to think carefully!”

Shen Ping looked at the naked Yin Shu, then looked at the Mountain God and asked, “What is the Black Demon Baleful Qi?”

The Mountain God was stunned and said angrily, “Are you tired of living? I told you to choose!”

Shen Ping shook his head. “Looks like you won't say it. Senior Sister Yin Shu, do you know?”

Yin Shu did not know what the Daoist disciple of Changling Temple was thinking. At a time like this, he was still asking for answers. Could there be something wrong with his brain? She thought so in her heart, but she still said, “The Black Demon Baleful Qi is a kind of extremely destructive Baleful Qi in the Netherworld Region. Once you are infected, your mind will be corroded and you will become a Baleful Qi Demon.

“This mountain god is willing to degrade himself and transform into a demon. Sooner or later, he will suffer a backlash.”

Shen Ping came to a realization. No wonder when he tried to absorb some of the Black Demon Baleful Qi with his Devouring talent just now, the magic power in his body was rapidly corroded. He could only use all his strength to suppress

and expel it with the vitality Qi. It was precisely because of this that he wasted some time.

Since he could not absorb it, there was no point in staying here.

“Little Daoist, didn’t you hear me?! If you dawdle any longer, I’ll kill you first.”

The Black Demon Baleful Qi that lingered around the huge tree stump rolled, and roots surrounded Shen Ping.

“I don’t have the fortune to enjoy the grace of a beauty, so I choose... to destroy you.”

The mountain god looked at Shen Ping as if he was looking at a fool. “Do you smelly Daoist priests not have brains—”

Before he could finish speaking, he stopped abruptly. Its eyes were fixed on the Little Daoist in front of it, and its pupils reflected a spell.

“Stabilize Body Curse!”

The Mountain God spat out word by word. It was not unfamiliar with this kind of spell and was not afraid of it either. As a mountain god, and a mountain god that was about to transform into a demon, ordinary immobilization spells had no effect on it. However, the immobilization spell in front of it was instantly drawn out by the young Daoist priest with magic power.

There were no talismans or black ink.

Stabilize! As Shen Ping spoke, the Body-stabilizing Spell immediately emitted a light that enveloped the huge tree stump.

Time and space seemed to freeze.

Unable to move, the Mountain God frantically activated the Black Demon Baleful Qi. Unfortunately, it was useless. Although the Black Demon Baleful Qi was very strong, it could not make up for the difference in cultivation strength..

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“Sword, come!”

Then, Shen Ping closed his fingers, and all the vitality contained in the Dao bone gathered at his fingertips. He quickly drew a talisman sword in midair and slashed down fiercely at the huge tree stump.

Boom.

Facing the talisman sword condensed from more than 300 years of cultivation, the Black Demon Baleful Qi resisted stubbornly, but it was still worn down bit ' by bit. The moment the effect of the Stabilize Body Curse disappeared, there was not much Black Demon Baleful Qi left on the surface of the tree stump. “No, no!! I can't accept this!!” The Mountain God roared crazily and rushed towards Shen Ping, wanting to fight to the death.

“Junior Brother Ling Zhen, be careful!”

Yin Shu also broke free from her restraints and stabbed over with the jade sword. Without the protection of the Black Demon Baleful Qi, the mountain god could not block the power of the jade sword at all. When it was half a foot away from Shen Ping, it was torn apart by the jade sword.

“I can't accept this.”

The talisman sword had completely fallen and cut the tree stump into pieces.

The mountain god looked down at the jade sword on his body in a daze. His Yin body slowly dissipated. Ever since the incense was condensed into a deity position, he had experienced five hundred years of cold and heat. During this period, he had protected the merchants and travelers of Little Lotus Seed Mountain conscientiously and protected the people of the mountain from the infection of demons and ghosts, causing the wind and rain around the mountain range to be smooth. Yet in the end, he could not even obtain a proper imperial court conferment.

Now, all his efforts were in vain.

“In the end, it was all for nothing.”

With his remaining remnant consciousness, the Mountain God completely disappeared from the world.

Yin Shu heaved a sigh of relief and quickly walked forward. She asked worriedly, “Junior Brother Ling Zhen, are... are you alright?” Shen Ping waved his hand. “I’m fine, but how are Senior Sister Yin Shu’s injuries?”

Only then did Yin Shu realize that she was still naked, and her delicate face turned extremely red. “Junior Brother Ling Zhen, quickly turn around. Don’t look.”

The corners of Shen Ping’s mouth twitched. He thought to himself that he had seen everything he needed to see. He could even see the most secretive place. What was the use of being shy now? However, he still turned around and took off his Daoist robe before throwing it to Yin Shu. “Put it on.”

He went not far away and took off the Daoist robes of the other Ling Yin Temple disciples to change into.

Yin Shu put on her Daoist robe and lowered her head. “Junior Brother Ling Zhen, you, you...”

Shen Ping said casually, “I didn’t see anything just now. As for my strength, please keep it a secret for me.”

Yin Shu blushed and nodded. “Junior Brother Ling Zhen, I promise you that I won’t tell anyone. This is a secret between us.”

Shen Ping smiled. He was actually not worried that the other party would tell anyone. With more than 300 years of cultivation and the talent of a strange beast, he was not afraid of anyone coveting him. “I wonder how Martial Uncle is doing. Let’s go over and take a look.”

“Yes, yes, Martial Uncle.”

Upon hearing this, Yin Shu ignored the corpses of her fellow disciples and ran down the tunnel to the ground.

When the two of them arrived at the entrance of the Tiger Demon Cave, they saw Yin Zhu and Ling Wu lying on the ground. The cave entrance had also collapsed. Not far away, there was the corpse of a twenty-foot-tall tiger. “Martial Uncle, Martial Uncle!”

Yin Shu quickly ran to Yin Zhu’s side. When she saw that his skin was charred black, tears immediately flowed down her face.

Shen Ping came to Ling Wu’s side and stretched out his hand. His aura was thin, and he immediately injected vitality. After dozens of breaths, Ling Wu’s aura stabilized, but he was still unconscious. Furthermore, there were traces of black demonic aura corroding his body.

He expelled it, then he walked over to Yin Zhu.

“Junior Brother Ling Zhen, please save my Martial Uncle.” Yin Shu pleaded. Shen Ping placed his palm on Yin Zhu’s body. The other party’s aura was completely gone, but under the inspection of his true spirit, he could sense a trace of weak vitality in his Dao bone. If it was an ordinary mortal, they would basically be powerless to reverse the situation. However, Yin Zhu was a Daoist with 300 years of cultivation. As long as there was still a trace of vitality, he would be able to survive.

Without hesitation, he replenished his vitality.

Five minutes later, the vitality of Yin Zhu’s Dao Bone circulated on its own, and the withered magic power in its body gradually recovered. A wisp of aura slowly rose under his nose.

“Martial Uncle!”

Yin Shu cried tears of joy.

Shen Ping said, "Senior Sister, Martial Uncle Yin Zhu's injuries are extremely serious. You should quickly bring him back to the temple to recuperate. Don't delay."

Yin Shu nodded repeatedly. She carried Yin Zhu on her back and looked at Shen Ping. "Junior Brother Ling Zhen, it's all thanks to you this time. Otherwise, it would have been difficult for me and Martial Uncle to survive. Yin Shu will not forget this favor."

She handed the jade sword to Shen Ping. "This is a jade sword Dharma artifact bestowed by my master. Take it. If you come to the Ling Yin Temple in the future, you can look for me anytime." She took a few steps. She then turned around and said, "By the way, I won't forget the secret between us. I'll use the excuse of the Companion Spell in regards to the Mountain God."

He looked at the receding shadow.

Shen Ping's eyes narrowed slightly. He did not expect this delicate female Daoist priest to be the reincarnation of an immortal. To be able to do this, she must have been at least an Earth Immortal in this world in her previous life, and an Earth Immortal should have grasped a trace of the Great Dao laws of heaven and earth.

If I have sex with her, I wonder if I can obtain the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth?"

The round pearl and smooth jade that he had seen before subconsciously appeared in his mind. He shook his head suppressed his distracting thoughts He brought Martial Uncle Ling Wu back to the Daoist temple.

A few days later, the six patriarchs had solemn expressions in the blessed land below the Ancestral Hall.

"I've checked. It's indeed Black Demon Baleful Qi. How can such a sinister thing appear in a small Lotus Seed Mountain? Even in the Netherworld Region, Black Demon Baleful Qi is very rare."

“Fortunately, Ling Yin Temple sent Yin Zhu. Otherwise, Ling Wu would have been doomed this time.”

“Although there might be some unexpected situations when the gates of hell open, it’s impossible for there to be any Black Demon Baleful Qi. There must be a mastermind behind this matter, and it might even be related to the struggle in the imperial court.”

“It’s a matter of great importance. I think we should discuss it with the Patriarch of the Ling Yin Temple.”

“That should be the case. However, before that, let’s inform the Shanyang City God to temporarily close the Gates of Hell.”

Just as Changling Temple was about to inform the City God, Shanyang City God’s Nether Division was destroyed by a faction in the Netherworld. The City God Temple collapsed, and the City God and the Nether Division were all destroyed.

This made the Patriarch of Changling Temple sense danger. He immediately ordered the mountain to be sealed and all disciples to return to the temple. They were not allowed to go out unless there was something important.

Almost at the same time, the prefecture capital and other county cities under the jurisdiction of Ling Yin Temple were all attacked. Other than the City God in the prefecture capital who survived, the remaining county cities were all destroyed. For a moment, the Ghost Gate was completely opened. Yin qi soared into the sky, and even the ghosts in the day did not dissipate.

“Troubled times, troubled times!” Inside the temple, Ling Wu, who had woken up, briefly asked about the situation that day and sighed repeatedly. “Now that the City God’s Nether Division has been destroyed, it’s difficult for the dead ghosts to enter the Netherworld. It’s very easy for them to condense their Yin bodies and become evil ghosts. If we don’t send people to clean them up, it will cause irreparable consequences.”

The Temple Master of Chang Ling said helplessly, "How could I not know? But the Patriarch is worried that this is just a trap. The other party's true goal is our Changling Temple. At this juncture, we can only endure it."

Don't worry. Ling Yin Temple has other Daoist temples. They have a strong foundation and are not easy to deal with. They will definitely have a way to deal with it. Let's wait for the opportunity."

Another four months passed just like that.

Mount Daliang, where the Changling Temple was located, was filled with Yin Qi. Every night, the roars of demons could be heard across the mountain range. Ghosts and wolves wailed in all directions. However, the Daoist temple was isolated by spells, making it difficult for demons and ghosts to approach.

In the herb garden wooden house, after the purple qi that rose from the east disappeared, Shen Ping ended his daily morning cultivation. His true spirit checked his Dao bone. There were already 500 circles of patterns on it. This meant that he had officially stepped into the level of 500 years of cultivation. If he applied to the Imperial Court, he would be conferred the title of a Perfected Person. Not only would he enjoy his salary, but he would also be exempt from taxes.

"After descending to this world for nearly two years, I finally have a certain level of self-preservation."

A Perfected Person with 500 years of cultivation was enough to build a Daoist temple on a small mountain range and recruit disciples. If they traveled, they would be welcomed in any Daoist temple. Mountain Gods, River Gods, Dragon Gods, and others would also welcome them warmly.

"Junior Brother Ling Zhen, Junior Brother Ling Zhen, hurry to the Ancestral Hall."

"On my way."

The herb garden was not in the Daoist temple. This was also the reason why Shen Ping was willing to come here to guard it. Without being under the Ancestral Master's nose, he could use his talent to devour and cultivate.

He tidied up. He quickly walked to the ancestral hall of the Daoist temple. Just as he crossed the threshold, he saw a familiar figure. It was the delicate and pretty Yin Shu.