

# **Seeking Fortune and Avoiding Evil in the Cultivation World**

## **#Chapter 1: Life Chart and Great Blessings Equal to Heaven - Read Seeking Fortune and Avoiding Evil in the Cultivation World Chapter 1: Life Chart and Great Blessings Equal to Heaven**

### **Chapter 1 - 1: Life Chart and Great Blessings Equal to Heaven**

Wei Kingdom, Yunze Prefecture, Tonghe County, Osmanthus Village.

A tile-bricked house with weathered exterior walls, built with mud bricks, topped with gray tiles, containing three bedrooms and two halls inside.

Approximately over a hundred square meters.

Similar old tile-bricked houses were everywhere in Osmanthus Village.

Yet even so, this was a house the Jiang Family of fishermen had spent several generations building.

"Home is bare as four walls."

Jiang Fan looked at his family's tile-bricked house. Besides the bed, table, and stools, there was not much furniture, the poverty steady as ever. He couldn't help but sigh.

A few days ago, after a high fever, he awakened memories of his previous life. Back then, he was a bit disbelieving, thinking he couldn't have transmigrated from Earth to another world.

But after observing for several days, he had no choice but to believe he indeed transmigrated to a strange world.

And it was through fetal transmigration.

It was just because of the fetal fog that his previous life's memories were only now restored.

In his previous life, Jiang Fan was young and promising, graduating with a bachelor's degree, an annual salary of sixty thousand, working in education and training, ambitious, with limitless prospects. To earn more money, he drove DiDi at night, occasionally working as a driver for hire, like an indefatigable workhorse.

Unfortunately, unforeseen events occurred, and the entire industry was swept away, leading to his unemployment on the spot.

Even his boss switched careers to drive DiDi.

Worse yet, to establish himself in a big city, he gritted his teeth and bought a house, not expecting it to be one of Heng Tai's unfinished buildings, and also invested in a bank's oil investment product, resulting in bankruptcy.

The money earned was little, and the debts incurred could not be repaid in several lifetimes.

Eventually, he drank himself into a stupor, and upon awakening, found himself in another world.

Honestly, he regretted listening to a certain magnate's words that "Tsinghua and Peking University can't compare to having the courage to take risks."

The result was the magnate became wealthy, while he ended up bankrupt.

"But this life seems worse,"

Jiang Fan thought of the various memories in his mind.

The place he was in was called the Wei Kingdom, a feudal dynasty.

Nearby was the eight-hundred-mile Yunmeng Lake, supporting thousands of fishermen.

And he was one of the many fishermen of Yunmeng Lake.

Spring fishing, autumn capturing, summer breeding, winter fighting, it seemed like this profession was not bad.

If one could catch big fish, one could earn quite a bit each month.

But fuel, rice, oil, salt—all cost money, and fishing taxes were heavier than agricultural taxes.

Besides that, fishermen faced various harsh levies and fees, and even gang oppression.

If there was a fishing boat, docking at the pier required paying docking fees.

If sickness struck, it would be a catastrophic disaster.

In his previous life, due to a developed society and advanced technology, even if indebted, as long as one didn't want to die, they could still survive.

But in this world, there was no need to say it.

He didn't know how to survive in this world.

"Brother Jiang."

At this moment, a girl of about fifteen or sixteen years old walked out from outside the house, wearing a linen headscarf, with a pure and charming appearance. Her big eyes seemed to speak, sparkling, with skin as fair as porcelain.

She could be described as naturally beautiful and hard to abandon.

Even though she wore a heavy Ruqun, it did not conceal her curvaceous, voluptuous figure.

Though only fifteen or sixteen, she possessed a hint of mature charm, her eyes carrying a spring-like allure.

She struggled to carry a wooden bucket filled with water inside.

She was Jiang Fan's child bride, Su Weiwei.

"Why didn't you call me for such heavy work?"

Seeing this scene, Jiang Fan reached out to take the bucket and gently placed it on the ground.

He looked at the girl with a face full of affection.

During his illness, he relied entirely on this girl's careful care.

If not for her, he probably wouldn't have made it through.

"It's nothing; Brother Jiang, you've just recovered from a serious illness. I can handle such a small matter."

"Besides, it's just the two of us left in the house now."

Su Weiwei wiped the sweat from her forehead, looking at Jiang Fan with tender eyes filled with affection, revealing a hint of sweetness and attachment on her face.

She was born as a child bride for the Jiang Family, sold by her parents as a child.

She grew up with Jiang Fan as childhood sweethearts.

However, the Jiang Family did not maltreat her; instead, they treated her as their own.

Thus, life with the Jiang Family was rather happy.

Unfortunately, several months ago, Father Jiang and Jiang's Mother passed away one after another from exhaustion-induced illness.

Now, it was just Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei supporting each other.

So, even though Su Weiwei was only sixteen, she started shouldering the family responsibilities.

She was responsible for washing clothes, cooking, and cleaning the house.

But she didn't feel it was hard; she felt that as long as such an ordinary life continued, it seemed pretty good.

Unfortunately, in today's world, even if an ordinary person wishes to maintain an ordinary life, simply wanting to survive might be as difficult as reaching the heavens.

"Is there still rice at home?"

Feeling his stomach growling, Jiang Fan was already famished and couldn't help but ask.

He hadn't known the feeling of being full for a long time.

"Yes, there's a little rice left at home; it can last for three days."

"But I heard the Dragon King Gang is going to raise the monthly salary by thirty percent again."

"The village is full of complaints."

"If we pay this monthly salary, we'll really be impoverished."

Su Weiwei clenched her small fists, unwilling.

She didn't want to pay the monthly salary.

Hearing this, Jiang Fan's face grew somber. The Dragon King Gang was the local large gang, the black force of this area, dominating over a dozen fishing villages' fish cages nearby.

If one wanted to fish in Yunmeng Lake, they had to pay the monthly salary to them.

To some extent, they were the local government.

No one dared to defy their orders.

Originally, the monthly salary was already a heavy burden for fishermen.

Now they were raising it by thirty percent, leaving no way for people to live.

He wondered how many fishermen could make it through this winter.

"There's no way. Paying can sustain us for a while."

"If we don't pay, it might mean losing everything instantly."

Jiang Fan said helplessly. Naturally, he didn't want to pay the monthly salary either.

But he knew the terror of the Dragon King Gang; they regarded human life as worthless and were numerous.

If he offended them, he would undoubtedly die.

Without the power to resist, he could only obediently follow their rules.

"Hmm?!"

At this moment, Jiang Fan's gaze fell on the wooden bucket. The clear water reflected his face.

The surface of the water rippled.

Suddenly, a golden light flickered between his brows, and an influx of information instantly submerged into the depths of his consciousness.

[Life Chart—Great Blessings Equal to Heaven]

[Attribute: Survive great calamities, and there will be fortune thereafter]

"Life Chart?!"

Jiang Fan was stunned. He knew everyone has a destiny, and sometimes the life chart determined a person's life; born noble, ordinary, or dying on the street.

Different people had different life charts.

And his life chart seemed extraordinary, even among many life charts, it was the Top.

The question was, he had been unlucky in both lives, never encountering any luck.

They said Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, but he seemed like a nine-life unlucky person.

Could this life chart bring a change to his fate?

Before Jiang Fan could study what this life chart meant, he was interrupted by a sudden rush of footsteps and cursing from outside the house.

## **Chapter 2 - 2 Eighth-Grade Opportunity**

"The people from the Dragon King Gang are here."

Hearing this voice, Su Weiwei's face changed, and she instantly knew what had happened.

After all, the people from the Dragon King Gang came almost every month.

She couldn't possibly not be familiar with them.

"You go back inside."

Jiang Fan said to Su Weiwei. He knew that everyone in the Dragon King Gang was dangerous, and if they saw Su Weiwei, who knew what might happen.

The ancient saying "Beauty brings calamity" remains eternally true.

"Okay."

Su Weiwei nodded. Without hesitation, she obediently hid inside the room.

Originally, paying the monthly tribute was handled by Father Jiang and Jiang's Mother. But since they had passed away, it naturally fell to Jiang Fan to deal with it.

Bang!

The slightly ajar wooden door of the tiled house was unceremoniously kicked open, displaying utter arrogance and dominance.

Then, a middle-aged man around thirty, with a burly build and full beard, walked in, followed by three equally large men.

Their eyes were filled with a murderous aura, having blood on their hands.

Each was robust, far beyond what an average fisherman could compare to.

"Kid, you've got guts."

"Knowing I'm coming, you still dare to close the door."

"Could it be you don't want to pay the monthly tribute?"

The middle-aged man glared at Jiang Fan, emanating a faint sense of malice.

It seemed as though if Jiang Fan dared to argue, he'd receive a brutal beating.

He was a leader from the Dragon King Gang, named Zheng Wenbing, nicknamed Lord Bing.

He was in charge of collecting the Osmanthus Village villagers' monthly tribute and was notorious for it.

Many fishermen had suffered beatings at his hands.

"Lord Bing, how would I dare not to pay the tribute?"

"I just recovered from a serious illness and couldn't come out to greet you."

"The tribute is all ready. Please accept it with a smile, Lord Bing."

Jiang Fan took a deep breath and pulled out a cloth bag full of copper coins.

This was the tribute for the month.

It was basically all the money left in the house.

Even if grudgingly, he could only bring it out to avoid this disaster.

"Oh, so straightforward?"

"I heard your parents died a few months ago, and the funeral cost a lot of money."

"Yet you can still pay the tribute. Did you perhaps catch a Treasure Fish and make a fortune?"

Zheng Wenbing squinted slightly, suspiciously looking at Jiang Fan.

The so-called Treasure Fish were special fish from Yunmeng Lake, full of valuables.

A single Treasure Fish could sell for at least ten taels of silver.

If a fisherman caught a Treasure Fish, they wouldn't have to work for the rest of the year.

Unfortunately, Treasure Fish were extremely rare, practically impossible to find.

"How could that be?"

"With my skills, even if I really encountered a Treasure Fish, I probably couldn't catch it."

"The little money I have left was saved from years of frugal living."

"If I had truly caught a Treasure Fish, I'd certainly sell it to the Dragon King Gang right away and never hide it."

Jiang Fan pretended to be full of fear and respect.

He knew this world wasn't simple, not an ordinary feudal dynasty.

In this world, there were martial artists with Extraordinary Power.

It's said these martial artists could scale walls, wield immense strength, impervious to weapons.

The top martial artists could defeat thousands, enter armies and emerge unscathed.

Not to mention the nearby.

Zheng Wenbing was a martial artist, reportedly invincible to dozens at close range.

Even his three subordinates could fight ten each.

He once wanted to learn martial arts.

Sadly, even the most basic tuition for martial arts schools exceeded ten taels of silver, unaffordable for a poor fishing family.

"Not bad, you know the times."

"This eighty-li Yunmeng Lake belongs to our Dragon King Gang."

"The Mortal Fish and Treasure Fish inside can only be sold to us."

"If you dare hide Treasure Fish, it's a capital offense."

"I doubt you dare hide Treasure Fish."

Zheng Wenbing examined Jiang Fan and looked around the bare-bones house, easing his suspicion.

If Treasure Fish were easy to get, they wouldn't be so pricey.

Plus, the kid's a youngster with worse fishing skills than veteran fishers.

The odds of getting a Treasure Fish were too low.

He was being overly suspicious.

"Of course, the fish we catch can only be sold to the Dragon King Gang."

Jiang Fan nodded.

Unquestionably, this was the overbearing nature of the Dragon King Gang, dominating Yunmeng Lake.

All fishermen at Yunmeng Lake had to pay taxes to the Dragon King Gang and their monthly tribute.

Even the prices of the fish were suppressed by them.

It was seven or eight times exploited.

What fishermen actually received was minimal.

"Hmm."

"If everyone knew the rules like you, our job would be easier."

"If anyone at Yunmeng Lake bullies you, feel free to mention my name."

Zheng Wenbing patted Jiang Fan's shoulder, quite satisfied, giving a verbal promise.

Hearing this, Jiang Fan sneered. The Dragon King Gang was quick to collect money, but if trouble happened, they'd run faster than rabbits.

Relying on the Dragon King Gang for help was as unlikely as fish jumping onto his boat on their own.

Of course, he didn't show any emotion.

Dealing with such rough characters, even a slight hint of dissatisfaction might result in a brutal beating.

At Yunmeng Lake, the Dragon King Gang was the law; no one could help you.

After saying this, Zheng Wenbing waved his hand and left with his three subordinates. After all, he was busy collecting tributes from other fishermen.

Hearing Zheng Wenbing's footsteps gradually disappear, Su Weiwei cautiously came out from another room and carefully asked, "Brother Jiang, have those bad guys left?"

"They're all gone."

Jiang Fan nodded.

Honestly, being bullied like this made him very angry, filled with fury.

Even in his past life, he was never bullied like this, and it was frustrating.

Although he tolerated it to survive, he would always remember this grievance and never forget.

Eventually, he would retaliate.

"What do we do now? After giving that tribute, the home really has no money left."

Su Weiwei said mournfully, not knowing what to do.

The rice at home could only last three days.

If there was no income, they'd starve to death.

Bang!

Jiang Fan was about to speak when suddenly a message came from the depths of his consciousness: "You voluntarily paid the tribute, greatly satisfying the small leader Zheng Wenbing of the Dragon King Gang, who saw you as no threat, a good citizen, dodging a calamity. You acquired an Eighth-Grade Opportunity and one hundred Luck Points."

What?!

Upon receiving this message, Jiang Fan was internally shaken to the core. He recalled his Life Chart, Great Blessings Equal to Heaven. Thus, when you survive a great disaster, fortune follows? Is this what it means?

As long as he avoided disaster, he would inevitably gain opportunities.

But what exactly was this Eighth-Grade Opportunity, and what were the uses of Luck Points?

### **Chapter 3 - 3: Better to Be a Peaceful Dog**

At this moment, Jiang Fan sensed a light spot deep within his sea of consciousness. He gently moved and touched this spot with his mind, then a stream of information flowed into his sea of consciousness again.

"At midnight, go to the Osmanthus Village entrance, 300 meters beneath an Osmanthus tree, and dig the soil there. You can obtain an Eighth-Grade Opportunity without risk."

Jiang Fan immediately realized what this was all about. As long as he could overcome calamities, his Life Chart could help him gain various opportunities without risk.

The time is set at midnight. If he doesn't go at this time, it might be dangerous. Perhaps he'll be discovered by other villagers, bringing unexpected risks.

So even though he was eager to excavate the Eighth-Grade Opportunity now, he could only wait until midnight.

As for Luck Points, he hasn't discovered their use yet.

"Is this what they mean by surviving a great disaster brings fortune?"

Jiang Fan took a deep breath, sensing the power of this Life Chart.

It's known that in this world, hard work doesn't necessarily yield results. Misfortune isn't always followed by blessing.

Sometimes, being unlucky leads to even more bad luck. When it rains, it pours.

His past experiences already proved this point, that bad luck has no limits.

If overcoming calamities always meant rewards, he wouldn't have been so miserable in his past life.

At least there would have been a day to rise again.

He just didn't know what this Eighth-Grade Opportunity was.

Could it help him change his current fate?

"Ah!"

Just then, a sharp scream suddenly echoed from afar, accompanied by fierce clashes and cries for mercy, chilling people to the bone.

"What happened?"

Upon hearing this, Su Weiwei's face revealed a hint of terror, and she couldn't help but look at her only support, Jiang Fan.

"Stay here, I'll go out and see what's happening."

Jiang Fan said to Su Weiwei, then left the house.

At this moment, the neighbors seemed to have heard the sound too, and they came out of their homes one after another.

"Uncle Fugui, Uncle Ziqiang."

"Do you know what happened?"

Jiang Fan greeted the neighbors one by one. They were all Osmanthus Village villagers and quite familiar with each other.

"Alas, something happened to the Old Meng Family."

"It's said that the Dragon King Gang wanted to increase the monthly salary by thirty percent. Although Old Meng didn't plan on refusing, he complained a bit."

"As a result, he was beaten violently by those beasts from the Dragon King Gang."

"Even the valuables in his house were robbed."

The speaker was a fisherman named Song Fugui, aged forty, with a dark appearance. Having weathered the storms of life, he couldn't help but feel a sense of mourning seeing the tragic state of his neighbor Meng Da.

"Shut up, who told you to speak!"

"If that gang hears this, they might beat you up too."

Next to him, Song Fugui's wife Liu Zhuzhu immediately grabbed him, keeping him quiet. She looked anxious, afraid that Song Fugui's words might be overheard by the Dragon King Gang.

If Song Fugui's words reached the ears of the Dragon King Gang, he might be beaten up.

Even the money and assets at home might be robbed.

Such things have happened before.

Hearing this, Song Fugui immediately fell silent, looking around. Seeing that those from the Dragon King Gang had already left and didn't hear his words, he finally relaxed.

"This."

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan's heart felt a chill, making him shiver.

Just complaining a little resulted in being beaten half to death, showing how ruthless the Dragon King Gang is.

Perhaps Zheng Wenbing and others planned this demonstration in Osmanthus Village.

After all, suddenly increasing the monthly salary by thirty percent made Osmanthus Village filled with complaints.

To solve this problem, Zheng Wenbing and others naturally needed to demonstrate power, even killing chickens to frighten monkeys.

If he hadn't been cautious earlier and promptly paid the monthly salary, perhaps he would have been that chicken.

While the Old Meng Family didn't understand this point, their complaints immediately triggered trouble.

They were used as objects of demonstration.

Thus they faced this disaster.

At this moment, Jiang Fan looked afar and immediately saw the situation at the Old Meng Family's house.

The front door was wide open, and inside was a complete mess.

Tables and chairs were shattered everywhere, and various pots and pans were smashed on the ground.

Even the wooden door was kicked and ruined.

The forty-something Uncle Meng lay on the ground moaning in pain, blood streaming from his eyes, mouth, and nose. He curled up like a boiled lobster.

His twenty-year-old son Meng Tie also lay on the ground, having been beaten too, with a broken arm.

Only Uncle Meng's wife was there, crying softly, her face showing red marks, as if slapped.

The villagers all showed sympathy but had no way to help.

They couldn't even lend a hand.

However, it's not the villagers' fault. Every household has no surplus grain.

The Dragon King Gang's monthly salary was already plenty, suffocating every fisherman.

Now with an added thirty percent, it's simply driving people to death.

If they helped Uncle Meng, they might starve to death.

Kindness is a luxury only available to the wealthy.

In these cannibalistic times, not committing evil already makes one a good person.

"But why did the Dragon King Gang add more salary?"

"The monthly salary was already a lot; why exactly is this?"

Jiang Fan asked.

He believed that while the Dragon King Gang was domineering, they weren't a gang that would fish to exhaustion. They sought money, not to drive fishermen to death.

Something must have happened.

"It's said to be because of the Emperor's alchemy."

"In order to refine the Immortal Pill for eternal life, the Emperor is collecting herbs nationwide, raising taxes indiscriminately."

"It's sheer exploitation."

"Since the Emperor wants to raise taxes, local officials exacerbate it, fleecing more from the people."

"The Dragon King Gang also took the opportunity to add more salary."

"Layer upon layer, our burden has become heavier."

The speaker was neighbor Zhao Ziqiang, aged thirty-eight, the carpenter of Osmanthus Village.

Although most villagers were fishermen, they needed to repair boats and make furniture, so Zhao Ziqiang lived decently in Osmanthus Village.

After all, carpentry was a skilled trade, earning decently, managing to pay the monthly salary.

Additionally, compared to other villagers, he was more informed and had some ties to Tonghe County.

"Yes, our northern lands of the Wei Kingdom have been suffering droughts for consecutive years, resulting in poor harvests and a large number of disaster victims."

"I've heard many disaster victims are headed south, seeking survival."

"The Emperor did not provide relief; instead, he raised taxes even more, practically driving us to death."

"It's said there have been several rebellions attempting to overthrow the Court."

"It's uncertain when they might reach our Yunmeng Lake."

Song Fugui said, full of worry.

It's said that one should rather be a dog in peaceful times than a human in chaotic times.

Once chaos arrives, for ordinary citizens, it's the most suffering, with even their lives uncertain.

#### **Chapter 4 - 4: Obtaining Treasure**

"Is it already the end of the dynasty?"

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan was instantly stunned.

After all, he hadn't yet awakened memories of his past life; he was just an ordinary villager living in Osmanthus Village.

How could he know what was happening in the outside world?

He didn't even take the initiative to pay attention.

Naturally, the news was not as well-informed as Uncle Fugui, Uncle Ziqiang, and other seasoned old hands.

Perhaps Father Jiang and Jiang's Mother also knew about this, but they hadn't told Jiang Fan.

However, according to the history books he had read, this indeed resembled the signs of the dynasty's end.

If some Righteous Army were to come to Yunmeng Lake, these small fishing villages might turn into scorched earth.

At that time, no one would know how many would die or be injured.

Leaving Osmanthus Village was also impossible.

To be honest, small fishing villages like Osmanthus Village were already quite good; at least there were countless big fish in Yunmeng Lake.

There was water, there were fish.

Surviving is relatively easy.

If you head to the northern lands, there is drought year after year, poor harvests, dried-up rivers; that is truly miserable.

It's possible you might encounter tragic scenes of cannibalism and using bones for firewood.

So even though the Dragon King Gang increased the monthly salary, making life very difficult, the fishermen had no plans to leave.

Thinking of this, Jiang Fan stopped watching.

Although Uncle Meng's family was very tragic, given his current situation, even if he wanted to help, he was powerless to do so.

After all, the grain for his family only lasted three days, how could he care about so much?

He returned home.

"Brother Jiang, Uncle Meng's family isn't in any trouble, right?"

At this moment, Su Weiwei also knew that the incident involved Meng Da's family, but she wasn't sure about their specific situation.

"It's nothing serious, just got beaten up, no life-threatening danger."

"But I guess it'll be at least half a month before they can get out of bed."

Jiang Fan shook his head.

For Meng Da's family, it was undoubtedly a disaster.

If they have to stay in bed for a month, then they can't go fishing, which means sitting idly and depleting resources.

If there is no leftover grain, they might starve to death next month.

This is the reality of being a fisherman in this era: one slight mistake leads to a catastrophe.

"Luckily, we also paid the monthly salary, otherwise, we might also follow Uncle Meng's family's footsteps."

Su Weiwei showed a fearful expression.

She hadn't expected the people from the Dragon King Gang to be so tyrannical.

Once you make the wrong choice, it's family destruction.

"Don't worry, as long as I'm here, everything will be alright."

Jiang Fan comforted her, reaching out to pat her small head.

"Mm."

Feeling his warm hand, Su Weiwei's face blushed, her beautiful eyes looked watery at Jiang Fan. For some reason, even knowing the outside was chaotic, she felt a lot more secure inside, having a man at home felt very safe.

Gurgle~~

At this moment, Jiang Fan's stomach suddenly made a noise.

Hearing the sound, Su Weiwei giggled, coquettishly said, "With that sound, Brother Jiang, you must be hungry too, let me make you something."

Then she ran to the kitchen, started getting busy.

"Let me help you."

Jiang Fan went over.

"No need, the kitchen is our women's territory, you're not allowed in."

Su Weiwei reached out and pushed Jiang Fan out of the kitchen.

Not much longer, she started busily on her own, lighting the fire and cooking.

Under the sunlight, her exquisite and pure face, proud figure, looked particularly enchanting.

Watching Su Weiwei busying herself, Jiang Fan felt a lot of emotion; if it were in his past life, he estimated that no matter what, he would not be able to marry such a woman.

Not long after, Su Weiwei finished her work.

On the black wooden table, there was a cooked snakehead, steaming and particularly fragrant.

Besides that were wild vegetable porridge and sorghum cakes; nothing more.

Luckily this was a fisherman's home, eating fish was rather easy.

For farmers, they could only eat wild vegetables and cakes, that is considered quite sumptuous.

"It really doesn't taste good."

Jiang Fan took a bite, aside from the snakehead, the other dishes were hard to swallow.

Even though Su Weiwei's cooking skills were quite good.

But the ingredients weren't good, so no matter how she cooked, it was hard to taste good.

Eating these, the wild vegetables choked his throat a bit, didn't have much flavor, it was just to keep hunger at bay.

For someone from a world rich in materials, this was indeed unpleasant.

When had he ever eaten such hard-to-swallow rice, which in his past life was typically used to feed chickens.

But in this era, it was the mainstream food for ordinary people.

However, humans are incredibly adaptable creatures.

He had gotten used to these foods several days after awakening memories of his past life.

After all, even if you're not used to it, there's no choice; this is the food for the poor, if you don't eat, you'll starve to death.

...

Time flew by, in the blink of an eye it was late at night, at the third watch.

Su Weiwei was already asleep.

The entire Osmanthus Village was like this, utterly silent, only the sound of insects and birds could be heard.

Everywhere was pitch black, you couldn't see your hand before your face.

In this era, there weren't electric bulbs, the poor couldn't afford candles.

Basically went to sleep around seven in the evening.

Jiang Fan got out of bed, picked up a spade, and carefully walked out from home.

Following the light point directions from the depths of his consciousness, he reached a spot a hundred meters from the village head of Osmanthus Village, where he quickly found a sweet osmanthus tree.

But this osmanthus tree wasn't different from others, it showed no signs of anything unusual.

Holding the spade, he began digging underneath.

Soon, Jiang Fan felt his spade hit something hard underground.

"Is there really a treasure beneath?"

Jiang Fan was immediately delighted; he was half-suspicious about the messages from his consciousness, but now he had found something concrete, which meant it was real.

Thinking this, he was filled with motivation, frantically digging through the soil.

In just a few breaths, he uncovered a rustic wooden box from beneath the soil.

Originally there was a lock on the box, but it had rusted over time.

With just a gentle tug, it came off.

Then he eagerly opened the rustic wooden box.

"No way, there's actually money inside? A full twenty taels of silver."

Jiang Fan instantly saw the silver inside the box and was utterly jubilant.

He knew what twenty taels of silver meant; it was a small fortune.

A fisherman's family wouldn't know how many years it would take to accumulate twenty taels.

If used only for daily expenses, twenty taels would be enough for two to three years, and they wouldn't need to fish in the lake personally.

If this amount was discovered by others, who knows how much trouble it could attract.

It might even lead to deadly peril, not an impossible situation.

Originally he wondered how to make money, but these twenty taels completely solved his urgent problem.

"Hmm? There's a book here?"

Jiang Fan immediately stored the twenty taels of silver, then noticed a book inside the wooden box, perhaps the true treasure within, with the silver merely an extra.

## **Chapter 5 - 5: Soaring Snake Technique**

"This."

Just by flipping through it, Jiang Fan was immediately bewildered because he couldn't understand it at all.

The characters inside looked like ghostly scribbles to him.

In his past life, he at least had a bachelor's degree and worked as an education trainer, teaching students.

But in this world, he had become illiterate.

He could only recognize his own name.

It wasn't his fault either.

In this world, where do poor people have the opportunity to learn to read?

Only those in high places, the children of noble families, have the chance to learn literacy.

As for farmers and fishermen, these bottom-tier professions exhaust all their energy just to keep themselves fed.

Even if they wanted to learn, they wouldn't find a way.

Layers of obstacles ensure that poor people can only remain poor all their lives.

There's no way to climb upwards.

Boom~~

At this moment, Jiang Fan unconsciously gave the book a light tap with his hand, and a golden glow emerged from him, instantly enveloping the book.

The next second, countless characters and images inside the book seemed to come alive, instantly merging into the depths of his consciousness. Then, the book turned to ash and vanished.

Immediately, he sensed a golden dot appearing deep in his consciousness, and he lightly tapped it.

Suddenly, a light screen appeared in front of him.

[Name: Jiang Fan]

[Life Chart: Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, Attribute: Surviving Great Calamities Leads to Fortune]

[Lifespan: 48]

[Luck Points: 100]

[Cultivation Technique: Soaring Snake Technique (Incomplete), Beginner (+)]

[Skills: Fishing (Beginner (+))]

[Realm: None]

Seeing this information, Jiang Fan immediately realized that this was a built-in ability of his Life Chart, enabling him to understand his current situation better.

"I can only live to forty-eight?"

Jiang Fan was speechless. Even though he might not live to a ripe old age, he expected at least to reach seventy or eighty.

But now it seems he overestimated his physical condition.

As a fisherman's child, he was malnourished from a young age, never having enough to eat or warm clothes, facing all kinds of harsh weather; his body must have countless hidden problems already.

It's just that these issues haven't fully surfaced because he's still young.

His parents were like this, worked hard, got sick, and passed away.

If things continue like this, he might follow in his parents' footsteps.

"If I want to solve this problem, I probably have to practice martial arts."

Jiang Fan clenched his fist.

Undoubtedly, this martial arts technique, Soaring Snake Technique, is his biggest gain this time, one of the top martial arts techniques in this world.

Soaring Snake is a legendary Divine Beast, capable of cloud riding, all-powerful.

This martial arts technique was created by mimicking the Soaring Snake.

Once mastered, its power is profound and astonishing.

However, this technique is incomplete, not whole.

If it were complete, it would be more than just an Eighth-Grade Opportunity.

"This technique is truly precious."

Jiang Fan was very excited, knowing how valuable martial arts techniques are in this world.

Generally, only noble families and martial halls possess them.

For ordinary people, even touching one is practically impossible.

Even if someone joins a martial hall, they'll have to spend a lot of silver taels and serve the master faithfully for decades to get a glimpse of the true teachings.

Joining a noble family requires becoming a servant or slave to learn martial arts techniques.

The existence of martial arts techniques restricts countless ordinary people's possibilities of advancing further.

If this technique were leaked, it would undoubtedly bring about a catastrophe, one he couldn't withstand.

Fortunately, the mysterious energy surging from himself turned this secret manual to ash just now.

This way, other than himself, no one else can find this technique anymore.

And gaining such enlightenment allowed him to instantly learn the world's language.

Although not very proficient, he's no longer illiterate.

"Now I have two abilities to improve."

"One is the Soaring Snake Technique, and the other is the skill of fishing."

"And they all have plus signs, meaning I can improve them using luck points."

"So that's the purpose of luck points?"

Jiang Fan clenched his fist.

He finally knew the purpose of luck points, which is to spend them to elevate cultivation techniques and improve the skills on himself; it's truly profound.

While others need to practice diligently to improve, he just needs to use luck points.

The benefits are enormous.

After all, his Life Chart gives him Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, lacking nothing but destiny.

"But destiny is not so easily obtained."

"The saying 'surviving great calamities leads to fortune' means that only through overcoming tribulations can one gain destiny."

"If you don't overcome them, you may end up dead and gone."

"But once you do, destiny blesses you, leading to opportunities."

"Living in turbulent times now, there are plenty of tribulations."

Jiang Fan thought his way to obtaining luck points was simple: just staying alive peacefully, as ordinary people in this world find it incredibly hard, facing tribulations everywhere.

Simply surviving is an arduous task.

"So, as long as I act low-key and cautiously, I can naturally overcome many tribulations and collect luck points."

"Then use the mysterious energy of luck points to enhance my power."

"Earlier, I survived a killing from the Dragon King Gang and acquired a hundred luck points."

"These luck points can enhance many of my abilities."

Jiang Fan pondered on how to enhance his abilities.

If he improves his fishing skills, he can increase his fishing techniques, catch more fish, earn money, and become the leading fisherman in Osmanthus Village.

If he can catch Treasure Fish, he won't worry about food and drink.

But after witnessing today's events, he knows that in chaotic times, martial prowess is paramount.

Even as the best fisherman, he'd still be exploited by the Dragon King Gang.

All his hard-caught fish would not be kept, but instead, become gifts for others.

With absolute martial strength, how would those from the Dragon King Gang dare to harm him?!

If they dared to attack, he could just strike back and kill them.

Without strength, he can only endure, humble, and submissive.

So his choice has always been one, to elevate his martial power.

"In that case, no more words are needed."

"Soaring Snake Technique, time for entry."

Jiang Fan took a deep breath and tapped the plus sign next to the Soaring Snake Technique.

Suddenly, all the luck points on the screen disappeared, one hundred luck points completely consumed.