

Fortune 134

Chapter 134: Promotion to Lower Grade Talisman Master_2

Compared to this, the wooden house's environment is actually quite good.

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At the same time, Fan Wei also returned to his home.

"You old fool, you're finally back."

His wife, Li Zhou, sighed in relief upon seeing Fan Wei return.

She was also a Cultivator at the Third-Layer Qi Cultivation.

So, she naturally knew how dangerous the wild could be.

Carelessness could easily lead to a fatal end.

Not only do they have to face monsters like Demon Beasts and Demons, but they might also encounter Tribulation Cultivators.

In short, there wasn't a single safe place.

But for their livelihood and the future, her husband still needed to venture out.

Otherwise, they couldn't even afford the rent for the shantytown.

"I almost didn't make it back this time."

"Luckily, I met a kind person."

Fan Wei sighed and recounted his entire experience this time.

"You heartless one."

"I told you not to take risks, but you just had to."

"After being cautious all my life, just one adventure and I almost died."

Upon hearing this, his wife Li Zhou's eyes turned red.

She couldn't imagine what she would do if her husband died.

"There's no other way for Cultivators like us with low-grade Spirit Root Talent."

"If we don't fight for it, there's no hope in this life."

Fan Wei said helplessly.

"Haven't you resigned yourself to fate yet?"

"With our talents, it's impossible to succeed in Foundation Establishment."

His wife Li Zhou said helplessly.

She had long since accepted her fate.

After all, in the Cultivation Realm, talent almost decides everything.

At first, she didn't believe it, but over time, harsh reality hit her hard.

This also made her realize she was just a mortal.

Compared to real geniuses, she was far behind.

"How could I not resign to fate? I accepted it long ago."

"I'm doing all of this for our children."

"We may not succeed, but that doesn't mean our children can't."

Fan Wei looked at the two children sleeping soundly in the bedroom, one five years old, the other three.

A gentle expression unconsciously appeared on his face.

"Alas."

After hearing this, his wife Li Zhou sighed, at a loss for words.

"Although it was indeed dangerous this time, I got two Purple Spirit Fruits."

"I gave one to the benefactor who saved my life."

"But I still have one left."

"If I consume this Purple Spirit Fruit, even with a low-grade Spirit Root, I can still advance to the Fourth-Layer Qi Cultivation."

"By then, my strength will greatly increase, enabling me to earn more Spirit Stones."

Fan Wei's face unwittingly showed a hopeful expression.

He felt there was some hope for the future.

At least it wasn't as bleak as before.

"Who exactly was the person who saved you?"

His wife Li Zhou asked.

"His name is Jiang Fan, and his background is very mysterious."

"Very likely, he's a Noble Descendant who ran away from home."

"In short, we must befriend him, not antagonize him."

Fan Wei reminded.

"As if you need to say that."

"Even with ordinary Cultivators, we wouldn't antagonize them."

His wife Li Zhou said in a disgruntled manner.

This was the life of Loose Cultivators in the shantytown — cautious and friendly with everyone.

Fearing to offend others and attract disaster.

After all, those living here weren't ordinary people, they were Cultivators.

Each one mastered the art of killing.

Who knows what trump card the other party might have.

Better to make friends than enemies; that's the well-known truth among all Loose Cultivators.

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Another day passed.

Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei also completely settled down in the shantytown of Cyan Forest Market.

The two also took the opportunity to learn about the situation with their surrounding neighbors.

As the saying goes, "Know yourself and your enemies, and you'll never lose."

The neighbor to the east was Yao Luxian, a Low Grade Talisman Master, forty-seven years old, in the Fourth-Layer Qi Cultivation, with a low-grade spirit root talent, but his talisman-making skills were so poor that he was constantly spending more than he earned.

And he often frequented brothels, truly a standard womanizer.

Perhaps his constant poverty had something to do with his daily visits to brothels.

His money had long been drained by those demon girls.

The neighbor to the west was Liang Bin, a Low Grade Alchemist, fifty years old, in the Fifth-Layer Qi Cultivation, with a low-grade spirit root talent.

Though he claimed to be a Low Grade Alchemist, the elixirs he could refine were basically just aphrodisiac pills.

Specifically to enhance the night-time abilities of male cultivators.

Other than that, he couldn't refine many elixirs.

After all, if he really had more potential, he would have moved into the Cyan Forest Market long ago, why stay in the shantytown.

But even so, he earned quite a bit of money by refining aphrodisiac pills.

Sadly, he liked to gamble.

The money from selling aphrodisiac pills was often lost in a single bet.

So he constantly borrowed money from other Cultivators, hoping for one lucky break to become rich overnight.

The neighbor to the north was Du Yu, forty-five years old, in the Sixth-Layer Qi Cultivation, with a middle-grade spirit root talent.

A hunter who specialized in hunting Demon Beasts, with extremely rich combat experience.

In the shantytown, he was quite well-known.

However, since he often ventured deep into the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range to hunt Demon Beasts, he seldom stayed at home.

The neighbor to the south was Mei Jingya, thirty-three years old, in the Fifth-Layer Qi Cultivation, with a low-grade spirit root talent, an employee at the brothel, quite attractive with lasting charm.

It's said she mastered the Hehuan Skill, and many male Cultivators in the shantytown were captivated by her.

Men entering her house were often an endless stream.

Besides that, there were many Loose Cultivators, each with their own characteristics.

It was practically a mixed bag of people.

Due to the complex terrain of the shantytown, once nightfall came, there might be Tribulation Cultivators appearing.