

Seeking Fortune and Avoiding Evil in the Cultivation World

Chapter 36 - 36: Ninth-Grade Opportunity, Lifespan 80

Upon this thought, Jiang Fan felt a movement in his heart and opened the virtual panel on his body.

[Name: Jiang Fan]

[Life Chart: Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, Attribute: Great disaster will not kill, good fortune will follow]

[Lifespan: 80]

[Luck Points: 40]

[Cultivation Technique: Soaring Snake Technique (Incomplete), Third Layer]

[Skills: Fishing: Skilled]

[Disguise Technique: Skilled][Cao's Poison Scripture: Mastery][Aurora Swordsmanship: Beginner]

[Realm: Strong Sinew Realm (10%)]

"Has my lifespan increased to eighty years?"

Seeing the data above, Jiang Fan felt very satisfied. As his cultivation advanced, his lifespan increased more and more. If he can live to eighty years old, then he can be considered a long-lived person.

After all, in such chaotic times, the average lifespan of ordinary people is only thirty or forty years.

That's why many people marry and have children at the age of fifteen or sixteen, just to quickly leave behind descendants.

"To advance to the Bone Forging Realm, at least five hundred Luck Points are needed."

Jiang Fan rubbed his chin, sensing the Luck Points needed to advance to the next realm.

Although the number of Luck Points is not small, as long as he accumulates them for a while, they will certainly be enough.

Having reached the Strong Sinew Realm, he felt considerably safer in this world.

As long as he doesn't offend those powerful forces, he can handle bandits with his strength and protect himself well, at least not dying by accident.

Of course, this only means a little more safety.

If facing the Dragon King Gang, this level of strength is far from enough.

He needs at least to reach the Bone Forging Realm, even the Refining Organ Realm Martial Artist level, or even become a Grandmaster Martial Artist.

This is just the first step.

"Forty Luck Points remain."

"Looks like my hard cultivation in daily life is quite correct."

"If I can improve my cultivation progress, I can also save Luck Points."

Seeing that he still had forty Luck Points left, Jiang Fan felt it was not bad.

His efforts these days had not been in vain.

But he was more curious about what the Ninth-Grade Opportunity he obtained was.

His heart moved and he gently clicked on the Ninth-Grade Opportunity light spot.

Boom~~

Suddenly, a message instantly entered the depths of his consciousness: "Three days later, at 11:45 AM, head to the northeast direction twenty miles from Osmanthus Village's dock to cast a net for fishing and you can obtain the Ninth-Grade Opportunity."

Fishing? Could it be possible to catch Treasure Fish?

Jiang Fan was pleasantly surprised. He very much missed the taste of Red-Scaled Treasure Fish.

However, catching Treasure Fish is usually too difficult.

After all, they are hidden deep in Yunmeng Lake and never reveal themselves actively.

Encountering them basically depends on luck.

But with the power of luck, he could make these Treasure Fish willingly take the bait.

"Husband."

"Why did you get up all of a sudden?"

At this moment, Su Weiwei, who was still sleeping soundly inside the house, seemed to wake up. She walked over wearing a belly band, rubbed her eyes, and looked at Jiang Fan curiously, not knowing why her husband got up in the middle of the night.

"It's nothing, just needed to relieve myself."

Jiang Fan naturally wouldn't tell Su Weiwei what had happened just now to avoid making her overly worried. He looked at Su Weiwei's charming and fiery figure, with her skin as white as jade.

Instantly, the blood in his body started to boil.

After advancing to the Strong Sinew Realm, it seemed his blood was more vigorous.

Perhaps that's a minor side effect of the Soaring Snake Technique.

Thinking of this, he could not hold back any longer and lifted Su Weiwei up, walking into the bedroom.

"You rogue."

Su Weiwei rolled her eyes at Jiang Fan.

Soon, inside the bedroom, the bed swayed, and creaked.

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Meanwhile, time quickly turned to daylight.

A group of refugees was gathered in a cave not far from Osmanthus Village.

They were dressed in tattered clothes, with yellow and skinny faces, looking like they couldn't get enough food or clothing.

"Leader, Zhao the Fifth and the others haven't returned all night."

"Did they encounter an accident?"

A refugee said nervously.

Because Zhao the Fifth and others are part of their partners.

After all, such a long absence suggests that Zhao the Fifth and his crew are likely dead.

"Humph, there is inevitably water underfoot by the river."

"Zhao the Fifth and others didn't listen and went to steal from villages."

"Failed to steal, they even killed a villager's family; it's simply a disgrace."

"Robbing the poor is no skill, go rob the rich if you have the guts."

A middle-aged man dressed in burlap laughed coldly, having long displeased with Zhao the Fifth and others, who were bullies only daring to strike poor people.

Now the other side has fallen, which isn't necessarily a bad thing for him.

This also means that unstable elements in the team have disappeared entirely.

"Leader, Zhao the Fifth and others' strength is not simple."

"Even facing Skin Tempering Realm Martial Artists, they have a fighting chance."

"But last night, there didn't seem to be any commotion from Osmanthus Village."

"That means Zhao the Fifth and others were killed instantly, without any struggle."

"It appears Osmanthus Village hid Martial Artists, at least those above the Refining Flesh Realm."

Another refugee said solemnly.

He was quite experienced and knew from this incident that Osmanthus Village was full of hidden dangers.

"It seems this place is not where we can stay."

"Zhao the Fifth and others acted so indecently that they implicated us."

"If Martial Artists from Osmanthus Village know of our existence, they might strike at us."

"We might be slaughtered to the last person, which wouldn't be strange."

Many refugees displayed a trace of panic on their faces.

"Leader, given this, what should we do?"

Quite a few looked at the burlap-clad middle-aged man.

"Is there any need to ask? What other path do we have now? We can only join the Red Eyebrow Army."

"After all, if it's death, might as well fight those Noble Families."

"From what I know, the Red Eyebrow Army plans to strike at Tonghe County soon."

"If we can follow them and attack Tonghe County successfully, then we can also enter Tonghe County and plunder the granaries of the wealthy families, then we can at least eat well; it's better than staying here consuming dirt."

This straightforwardly declared the middle-aged man.

Originally, he did not wish to join the Red Eyebrow Army, but recent experiences made him determined.

Since the damned Court doesn't want them to live, they should completely rebel.

"Leader, we all listen to you."

Everyone nodded, believing this was the best course.

If the Red Eyebrow Army wins, then they all would have food to eat.

At least they wouldn't starve to death.

"Better move quickly."

"Before Martial Artists from Osmanthus Village find us; it'll be hard to leave then."

The middle-aged man thought it was unsafe to stay.

Immediately, many refugees were frightened by the death of Zhao the Fifth and hurriedly left this place.

Chapter 37 - 37 Moral Blackmail

Without a doubt, as the refugees left, the security in Osmanthus Village improved significantly.

At least there wouldn't be any thefts at night.

This gradually restored the village to its former tranquility.

However, many villagers didn't let down their guard.

Because refugees from the north keep coming, who knows if there will be more arriving.

If the chaos doesn't end, it's likely the security won't be good.

But for Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei, life went on as usual.

They didn't worry too much about the chaos outside.

Three days later, at 11:45 AM.

Jiang Fan, steering the Upturned Boat, appeared at the location where the Ninth-Grade Opportunity was revealed. He cast his fishing net onto the lake, quietly waiting for time to pass.

Boom~~

In an instant, the lake surface started to churn, with numerous fish seemingly rushing towards the distance, full of vitality.

Among them was a Treasure Fish with blue scales, its body radiating azure brilliance.

Appearing extraordinarily magical.

Witnessing this scene, Jiang Fan didn't hesitate and immediately tightened his fishing net.

In just a moment's effort, numerous fish entered the net, including the Treasure Fish.

Thud!

In the next second, Jiang Fan lightly waved, effortlessly pulling the net out of the water because, for a Strong Sinews Realm Martial Artist, this was child's play.

Instantly, a multitude of fish crashed heavily onto the deck, splashing water everywhere.

They kept jumping lively.

"This is the Blue-Scaled Treasure Fish, its value is no less than the Red-Scaled Treasure Fish."

"And it's at least fifteen pounds, this is a real fortune."

Jiang Fan's eyes lit up instantly, filled with excitement.

If he sold this Treasure Fish, it would be worth at least over a hundred taels of silver.

For a fisherman's family, it's truly a chance to change their fate.

Of course, he wouldn't sell this Treasure Fish.

Such a good item is naturally kept for himself to eat.

After all, Treasure Fish not only benefits him but also greatly benefits his wife Su Weiwei.

It can improve Su Weiwei's physique, enhance her strength.

Can't say if it can make her a Martial Artist, but at least it can ensure she won't get sick.

Honestly, for a poor family, this is quite remarkable.

Not getting sick is the greatest blessing for a family.

"Didn't expect to catch so many fish."

"But if sold at the Fish Cage, it would definitely be severely exploited."

"So it's better to keep them for ourselves, making dried fish would preserve them for a long time."

Jiang Fan decided not to sell these fish to the Fish Cage.

Rather than letting those bloodsuckers take advantage, it's better to consume them himself.

After all, since reaching the Strong Sinews Realm, his appetite has drastically increased.

So these fish completely meet his daily needs.

More importantly, he acquired a Space Ring, allowing him to store these fish inside it.

That way, the Dragon King Gang won't know how many fish he actually caught.

For a fisherman, it's impossible to have a harvest every day.

Often there's nothing at all.

Hence, the Dragon King Gang won't suspect anything.

An hour passed.

After storing all the fish in the Space Ring, Jiang Fan returned home.

Only upon reaching the doorstep, he saw Su Weiwei chatting with a middle-aged woman in coarse clothing, Su Weiwei's face full of distress.

Jiang Fan also recognized the middle-aged woman as Aunt Liu.

She was a villager from Osmanthus Village.

Considered a neighbor, but they weren't very familiar. He wondered why she suddenly visited.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

Jiang Fan approached, asking.

"Husband."

Seeing Jiang Fan return, Su Weiwei seemed to find a lifeline, immediately coming forward: "Aunt Liu came to us to borrow grain."

Borrow grain?!

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan frowned.

Honestly, in these times, borrowing grain and money is the same, typically a case of meat buns hitting a dog, gone with no return.

If lent out, recovering it is almost impossible.

Even if returned, there wouldn't be any benefit, no interest involved.

It would only be reclaiming the original amount lent.

"Xiaojiang, you finally returned."

"I believe you know how chaotic things have been lately, with grain prices surging."

"My good-for-nothing, working hard, but caught barely any fish."

"There are five or six mouths at home that need feeding."

"I'm desperate, so I came to you for help."

Seeing Jiang Fan appear, Aunt Liu immediately started to wail, playing the sympathy card.

She spoke of how difficult things were for her family.

Hoping Jiang Fan would offer some grain on account of them being fellow villagers.

But Jiang Fan also knew that if he helped now, more villagers might come to borrow grain successively.

Then everyone would say that his family has surplus grain, perhaps treating him as an easy mark.

More importantly, his family's grain is barely enough to last.

If lent to them, there'd be little left for themselves.

And the likelihood of repayment was slim.

"Aunt Liu, I understand your family's situation."

"But honestly, my family also has no surplus grain."

"We can barely meet daily sustenance."

"Even if I want to lend it to you, it's just impossible."

Jiang Fan said helplessly.

"Xiaojiang, don't deceive Aunt Liu anymore."

"Who in the village doesn't know your family cooks three times daily."

"No other family here is as well-off as yours."

"Can't you even spare a little grain for Aunt Liu?"

"Have you forgotten the years of friendship between our families?"

Aunt Liu said angrily.

Without a doubt, she has begun morally blackmailing.

If he doesn't lend grain, his reputation might sour by the next day.

He might even bear the stigma of being ungrateful.

But inside, Jiang Fan sneered, for there had been no favor.

When he was sick and couldn't fish, Su Weiwei had also tried borrowing grain from neighbors.

Sadly, no one was willing to lend, Aunt Liu included.

In critical moments, no villager was reliable.

Now they claimed he was ungrateful.

However, Jiang Fan knew directly falling out wouldn't benefit him and might harm his reputation: "If Aunt Liu doesn't believe, feel free to visit my home; we really don't have much grain left, merely living off the reserves."

He boldly invited her to examine his home.

If she saw his destitute condition, she might be too embarrassed to ask for grain.

What?!

Upon hearing this, Aunt Liu hesitated, not expecting him to make such a decision. Could his family really be out of grain, with not a single grain of rice left?

The problem is, these days, his family seems to be cooking daily, how could they be out of grain?

Chapter 38 - 38: I Am the Poor One, Why Not Lend Me Some Grain

At Jiang Fan's invitation, Aunt Liu, half-believing and half-doubting, also entered the house.

Of course, Jiang Fan went ahead of Aunt Liu, entering the house first, then heading to the kitchen, cellar, and other places, putting all the food in the Space Ring.

In this way, even if Aunt Liu entered his home, she wouldn't find any food.

"This."

After Aunt Liu entered the house, she glanced around the kitchen and also looked at the cellar, but indeed found not a single grain of food, so poor that not even a mouse could be found, which could be described as barren.

To be honest, although her family was indeed struggling, compared to Jiang Fan's home, she didn't know how much wealthier they were, at least they had food.

Under these circumstances, this boy was so poor that he could only eat dirt.

"Aunt Liu, I believe you've also seen the situation at my house."

"There truly isn't a single grain of rice left at home."

"These days, I haven't had a good haul, not catching a single fish."

"In fact, I was planning to borrow food from the neighbors."

"Since Aunt Liu is here, Aunt Liu also knows the situation at my house."

"I hope Aunt Liu can lend me a few pounds of grain to help me through this tough time, and I'll surely repay double in the future."

Jiang Fan said sincerely.

What?!

Upon hearing this, Aunt Liu's face turned green. She originally intended to come to Jiang Fan's house to take advantage, borrowing some food.

Now, not only did she not get any food, she was expected to give some away.

Who could endure such a thing?

If she really lent it, her husband would tear her apart.

"Ahem, Xiaojiang, I know your family is in a tough spot."

"But Aunt Liu's house is also struggling, with seven or eight people and no food at home."

"Oh, I suddenly remembered there's something unfinished at home, I won't disturb you further."

Aunt Liu quickly made an excuse and wasn't planning to exchange pleasantries with Jiang Fan, directly running away, as if afraid Jiang Fan would come to her house to borrow food.

Seeing Aunt Liu's fleeing figure, Su Weiwei looked at Jiang Fan with astonishment, because she clearly remembered the kitchen and cellar at home were stocked full of food.

But in the blink of an eye, these foods disappeared completely, what kind of trick did her husband play?

"It's a secret, you'll know in the future."

Jiang Fan smiled slightly, not intending to reveal the Space Ring's secret for now.

After all, for Su Weiwei, this was an immortal's method.

If Su Weiwei knew, she probably wouldn't be able to sleep well day and night.

It might be revealed at any time.

So it's better to wait until his ability advances further to tell Su Weiwei.

By then he would have the ability to protect himself and Su Weiwei, even if exposed, it wouldn't be too much of a problem.

"Mhm."

Su Weiwei nodded very obediently.

Although she had a lot of doubts now, since her husband said it was a secret, she didn't need to pursue it too much, after all, her husband wouldn't harm her.

"But we do start the fire too many times every day."

"Starting the fire three times a day makes the villagers think we have a lot of food."

"Although we do have a lot of food, we can't sustain lending it."

"In the future, we'll only start the fire once a day, making all the food for the day in one go."

Jiang Fan said solemnly.

He had realized this loophole.

In the countryside, you can hide anything except the number of times you start the fire.

Every time you cook, you need to burn wood, the smoke is conspicuous, and anyone with a discerning eye will notice.

Especially in this difficult time, an average household starts the fire once a day, which is already significant.

If you start it three times, the household must be wealthy, storing a lot of food.

Because nowadays, fishermen eat twice a day or even once.

If they eat three times, it must be a rich family.

"Husband, I understand."

Su Weiwei nodded.

She also felt she'd been living too comfortably, being able to eat full meals every day.

But she'd forgotten that others in the village were still going hungry.

Some people couldn't even have one meal a day.

Now it could be said that their family was one of the wealthiest in Osmanthus Village.

"I'll go out to borrow food later."

"I believe by then, no one will come to me to borrow food."

Jiang Fan said, as the saying goes, be the first to strike to gain the upper hand.

To maintain his poor persona, he needed to go from house to house to borrow food.

In this way, he would appear so poor that no one would dare come to him to borrow food.

It could be said that this also created an indestructible image for himself.

As long as he was poor and barren, no one would dare to ask him for money.

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An hour later.

The entire Osmanthus Village knew about Jiang Fan going around borrowing food.

But each villager had a difficult look and rejected Jiang Fan's request.

After all, their families were also struggling, and they had no spare food to lend.

"No way, is Xiaojiang really borrowing food all over?"

"Didn't they start the fire two or three times a day before? The family was quite well-off."

"How did they end up having to borrow food?"

Many villagers felt surprised, not expecting Jiang Fan to be this poor.

"Sigh, that was just putting on airs."

"Youngsters don't know how to plan, and eat a lot every day."

"Eating away all their stored food long ago."

"I went to Xiaojiang's house before, it was utterly barren, not even a grain of rice."

"Even mice aren't willing to roam around his house."

"He even tried to borrow food from my house, but with our seven or eight people, how would we have extra food."

"If this continues, his wife might run away."

Aunt Liu was a big mouth, immediately talking about what she had seen at Jiang Fan's house.

She despised Jiang Fan.

A young man, with hands and feet, yet living in such a manner.

"Alas, after Old Jiang died, who knew the Jiang Family would end up like this."

"There's no help, the young man's fishing skills are still lacking, without a catch, wouldn't he just eat away his reserves?"

"If this continues, he might starve to death."

"Isn't it? I've heard grain prices have risen another 30%, at this rate, who can afford it."

"Plus, the Dragon King Gang plans to raise the monthly salary, practically trying to kill us."

"If we truly can't survive, we'll join the Red Eyebrow Army, opposing the government."

"Shut up, that's rebellion, not something you just do."

The villagers discussed among themselves.

Each sighed, faces full of worry, not knowing what to do.

In the following days, Jiang Fan became like a plague in Osmanthus Village; everyone quickly left upon seeing Jiang Fan, fearing he'd ask to borrow food.

This led to Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei being completely isolated.

But for Jiang Fan, this wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

After all, in such chaotic times, emotions were the least needed.

If the relationship was too good, and something happened to the other party, would you help?

If you did, you might get involved yourself.

In times of poverty, you should tend to your own needs; in times of wealth, assist the world.

In such a time, being able to keep your family safe was already quite commendable.

Where would there be energy to care for others?

Chapter 39 - 39: Betrayal

Dong!

At this moment, Jiang Fan felt a stir in his heart, and a message emerged from the depths of his sea of consciousness: "You refused Aunt Liu's request for a grain loan, avoiding becoming a target for all and successfully overcoming a survival crisis, gaining eighty Luck Points."

What?!

Perceiving this message, Jiang Fan was somewhat surprised; he hadn't expected to gain Luck Points this way.

Although he didn't gain any fortune, obtaining Luck Points was quite good.

After all, Luck Points had a significant role.

Whether to enhance his cultivation or improve his skills, they had remarkable effects.

Clearly, as long as he made choices favorable for survival, his luck would keep rising.

This is the mystery of the Life Chart: Great Blessings Equal to Heaven.

"If that's the case, perhaps I can use it to increase the proficiency of the Aurora Swordsmanship."

Jiang Fan thought that accumulating five hundred Luck Points wouldn't be something achievable overnight.

This meant that if he wanted to enhance his combat power in a short period, he had to increase the proficiency of the Aurora Swordsmanship.

After all, if this top-tier sword technique could reach a proficient level, it would at least double his combat power.

The difference between Beginner Swordsmanship and Skilled Swordsmanship was vast.

Thinking of this, Jiang Fan didn't hesitate and immediately spent fifty Luck Points on the Aurora Swordsmanship.

Bang~~

Instantly, he sensed his soul seemingly enter an illusory space where a figure was practicing the Aurora Swordsmanship, painstakingly studying it for twenty years.

The other person had performed this sword technique to a proficient level; every move and style were executed with precision and ease.

Dong!

Immediately, this memory of practicing the Aurora Swordsmanship was like a divine revelation, directly infused into the depths of his consciousness, even integrating into every muscle of his body, forming muscle memory.

It was as if he had trained in this sword technique for twenty years.

With a clang, Jiang Fan immediately took out the Chengying Sword from the Space Ring, and in the air appeared sword lights filled with terrifying killing intent, making one shudder.

It seemed as though every strike could easily pierce through the enemy's physique.

If it were the Beginner Level of Aurora Swordsmanship, it would merely be about fast sword speed.

But when facing a Sword Dao expert, they would find such a sword approach direct, without any flexibility.

It would be easy to predict the trajectory of the sword technique.

Thus, it could easily be parried.

But the Skilled Level of the Aurora Swordsmanship was not just about fast sword speed; the angles of the strikes became incredibly tricky, like the horns of an antelope, leaving no trace.

Often when a strike comes, the opponent won't know when you attack or from where you slice.

This increased the threat level of each strike by several folds.

Reaching this level is what makes one a Sword Dao expert.

[Name: Jiang Fan]

[Life Chart: Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, Attribute: Great troubles do not kill, must have subsequent blessings]

[Lifespan: 80]

[Luck Points: 70]

[Cultivation Technique: Soaring Snake Technique (Incomplete), Third Layer]

[Skills: Fishing: Skilled]

[Disguise Technique: Skilled][Cao's Poison Scripture: Mastery][Aurora Swordsmanship: Skilled]

[Realm: Strong Sinew Realm (20%)]

"I am much stronger than before now."

Jiang Fan tightly gripped the Chengying Sword in his hand; he felt like he was a swordsman who had trained arduously for twenty years.

Previously, he had the strength and speed of the Strong Sinew Realm but had no idea how to use his strength.

But after reaching the Beginner Level of the Aurora Swordsmanship, the situation changed drastically.

He became acutely aware of every strand of strength in his body.

Knew when to attack and when to retreat.

Like a rookie martial artist becoming an elite martial arts family member.

"Husband, come bathe quickly."

"The water in the tub is already heated."

At this moment, Su Weiwei's charming voice came through, her hot body hidden in the tub.

A pair of beautiful eyes exuded infinite allure.

She seemed to become increasingly mature and beautiful.

This woman was simply an elf.

Hearing this, Jiang Fan felt the blood and chi within him boil even more, as if he was living a luxurious life in this chaotic world, almost like a king in troubled times.

But being a young man, he couldn't resist and immediately walked over.

...

In the following month.

Jiang Fan's life was very ordinary and happy, unaffected by the chaos outside.

He rarely went anywhere else, mostly staying home practicing martial arts, cultivating the Aurora Swordsmanship and Soaring Snake Technique, continuing to increase his cultivation.

After all, he had stored up a lot of grain and acquired a Treasure Fish.

There was no need to go anywhere else.

Even if he sat idly and consumed everything, it would at least last a year or so.

Also, the vicinity of Tonghe County was in chaos, with vagrants running wild and bandits rampant, not suitable for going elsewhere.

For him, the most important thing was still improving his martial arts strength.

Only with absolute strength could he survive in troubled times.

Of course, more importantly, there was an elf at home, making it impossible for him to move his steps.

Bang Bang Bang Bang!!

One day, the entire Osmanthus Village suddenly resounded with the sound of gongs and drums.

The sound was very urgent.

It felt like a storm was approaching.

Hearing this sound, Jiang Fan directly walked out the door to find out what was happening.

Of course, it wasn't just Jiang Fan; the villagers throughout the village were all the same, coming out from their homes one after another.

Only to see in the village square, about twenty people from the Dragon King Gang had arrived.

Their leader was none other than the Dragon King Gang elder Luo Zheng.

But more horrifying was the sight of two or three corpses lying on the ground.

They were villagers from Osmanthus Village.

And they bore numerous wounds, clearly having suffered inhuman torture before death.

Now dead, they were relieved instead.

"This."

Jiang Fan's pupils constricted; he immediately recognized these villagers as people who had followed Song Fugui in big business deals, unexpectedly captured and killed by the Dragon King Gang so soon. Had the business dealings been exposed?

"Everyone, these three are villagers of Osmanthus Village, and they betrayed us."

"They violated the rules of our Dragon King Gang, secretly selling fish from Yunmeng Lake to Tonghe County."

"This is plainly eating the meat of our Dragon King Gang, drinking our blood."

"Without a doubt, this is an unforgivable act."

"So now they are dead."

"No matter how much they begged for mercy, they died."

"This is the fate of betraying our Dragon King Gang."

"I hope you will take this as a warning."

The Dragon King Gang elder Luo Zheng said grimly, glancing over the many villagers.

Clearly, this time the Dragon King Gang was going to kill the chicken to scare the monkeys.

Using these people's blood to warn the fishermen.

The Dragon King Gang was the overlord of Yunmeng Lake.

Without the Dragon King Gang's permission, no fisherman was allowed to sell any fish.

Anyone who dared to defy the Dragon King Gang's orders would meet a dead end.

Chapter 40 - 40: Bullying Too Much!

"This."

Seeing this scene, many fishermen shivered, clearly frightened by the Dragon King Gang's ruthless methods.

Honestly, as life became more difficult, the fishermen were indeed tempted to escape from the Dragon King Gang, this intermediary, and sell their catch elsewhere.

In this way, the price they earn would at least double.

But the Dragon King Gang is truly too ruthless.

Once the matter is exposed, it's a death sentence.

So no one dares to provoke the bad luck of the Dragon King Gang.

Seeing the death of these young fishermen, each fisherman showed an expression of empathy.

Because these people did nothing wrong.

They simply wanted to live a little better and have a full meal.

Yet even such a simple wish is not allowed by the Dragon King Gang.

Now their hearts are filled with rage.

"However, these three are just accomplices and not the main culprits."

"The real mastermind is your Osmanthus Village resident, Song Fugui."

"But this guy got wind of the news in advance, knowing we Dragon King Gang were going to take action."

"He actually ran away with his entire family ahead of time."

"But a monk can run, yet the temple can't escape."

"You, as Song Fugui's fellow villagers, are guilty too, for not reporting the information."

"Therefore, starting this month, each of your monthly salaries will be doubled."

At this moment, Luo Zheng revealed his plans, announcing the decision of the Dragon King Gang to everyone.

Ran away?

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan was a bit surprised; he originally thought Song Fugui wouldn't escape, but who knew he was so smart and could slip away ahead.

Not only did he make a lot of money, but he also managed to escape unscathed, which is quite remarkable.

After all, how many people can take advantage of the Dragon King Gang?

However, he didn't think Song Fugui's fate would be good.

After all, now is a chaotic era, disasters are everywhere.

Song Fugui's family doesn't have much strength, but carries huge wealth.

If discovered by criminals, they'd become a fat sheep awaiting slaughter.

If they stayed in Tonghe County, it's still fine, as it's a familiar place with friends and relatives.

If they went to other places, where they aren't familiar, anything could happen.

So although he knew the Dragon King Gang was brutal, he stayed and endured.

Because besides Osmanthus Village, other places aren't much better.

Only by mastering absolute power can one travel anywhere in this vast world.

Otherwise, even with money, one is just a fat sheep, making wedding clothes for others.

What?!

With these words, many fishermen's faces changed dramatically; the original monthly salary was already a heavy burden, and now it's doubled, it's simply extracting their bone marrow, not wanting them to live at all.

"This is too much, it's only Song Fugui's fault, what does it have to do with us."

"That's right, the monthly salary was already too much, and now it's doubled, this wants us dead."

"Even if the Dragon King Gang is strong, this is too unreasonable."

"Right, why should we bear Song Fugui's mistakes."

Many fishermen expressed their dissatisfaction.

"Shut up."

At this moment, Luo Zheng roared, "Who is bargaining with you, if dissatisfied, you will end up like these three."

He took out a Tiger-Head Saber, his muscles tensing like a small giant, exuding terrifying Evil Qi, like a fierce tiger coming out of the mountain, roaring through the forest.

Instantly, the villagers were scared into silence, not daring to say anything more.

Guess that just saying half a word more might lead to becoming souls under the blade.

For a moment, everyone was silent.

"Three days."

"I give you only three days to come up with the salary."

"If anyone doesn't have enough money, the Dragon King Gang will take action and capture you all."

"Sold to Slave Camp, to serve as cannon fodder for the army."

Luo Zheng sneered, sweeping over the crowd with disdainful eyes.

In his view, under his threats, these villagers would surely surrender tamely like sheep.

Of course, even if they resist, he's not afraid.

As a Strong Sinew Realm Martial Artist, these ordinary people are nothing but ants, he could slaughter countless with just a wave of his hand.

If he really started killing, no amount of villagers would suffice for him to kill.

But there's no need for this.

If all these fishermen were killed, who would help the Dragon King Gang catch fish in the future?

These noble martial artists couldn't possibly toil under the sun and rain, just to catch some meager fish.

With that time, it'd be better to enjoy life.

Thus, unless absolutely necessary, the Dragon King Gang wouldn't open a killing spree.

They already regarded these fishermen as their property.

"This."

The villagers were silent, each with a bleak expression, unable to say a word.

"You kid named Jiang Fan?"

At this moment, Luo Zheng seemed to notice Jiang Fan, walking straight up to him, looking down: "It's said that last time my son Luo Chang came to Osmanthus Village, he had a conflict with you?"

"Indeed had some quarrel."

Jiang Fan was suddenly shocked; he thought perhaps his killing Luo Chang had been exposed, leading them to come for him.

But it seemed not the case now.

Yet even so, Luo Zheng seems a narrow-minded person.

Even though he had some quarrel with Luo Chang before, it seems Luo Zheng does not plan to let him off.

"Ha ha, daring to have a quarrel with my son, you've got guts."

"You clearly are an unruly person."

"If left unmonitored, perhaps you'd become the next Song Fugui."

"Others only need to pay double salary, but you need to pay triple."

"If you can't pay, then go to the Slave Camp."

Luo Zheng sneered and looked at Jiang Fan indifferently.

He didn't believe this young fisherman Jiang Fan could be the murderer of his son.

Mere fishermen, how could they possibly kill his son.

But even so, he found this kid annoying.

As a superior, as a strong person, killing a regular person needed no reason.

If in a bad mood, one could do it.

No need for any reasoning.

"This."

Jiang Fan's pupils shrank, unconsciously clenching his fists, an urge of killing intent rising within.

Held weapon, killing intent arises.

If he were weak, he'd have to swallow his anger.

But now as a Strong Sinews Realm Martial Artist, wielding a Divine Blade, killing peers is as simple as killing a chicken.

This is very hard to endure.

But now is not the time to act.

After all, under the watchful eyes, if he killed Luo Zheng, he might not be able to stay in Osmanthus Village anymore.

Moreover, behind him was the giant Dragon King Gang.

However, if he dared to continue oppressing, then he'll just slaughter him.

Anyway, in this chaotic time, one or two Dragon King Gang Elders dying is normal.

As long as he leaves Tonghe County, even Dragon King Gang can't do anything to him.

Even Song Fugui could run, there's no reason he couldn't.