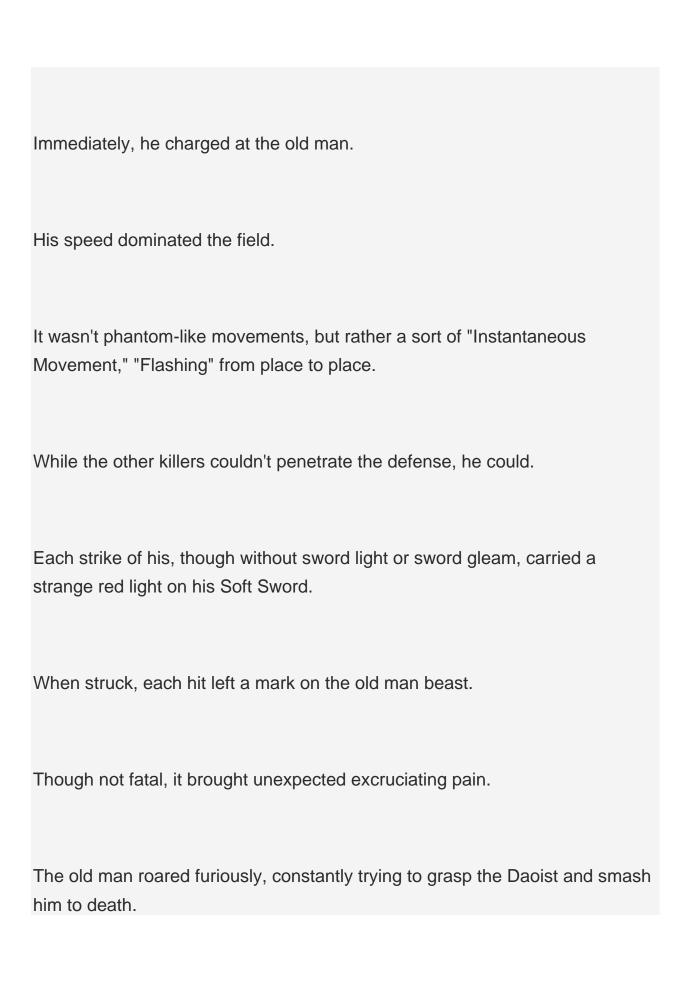
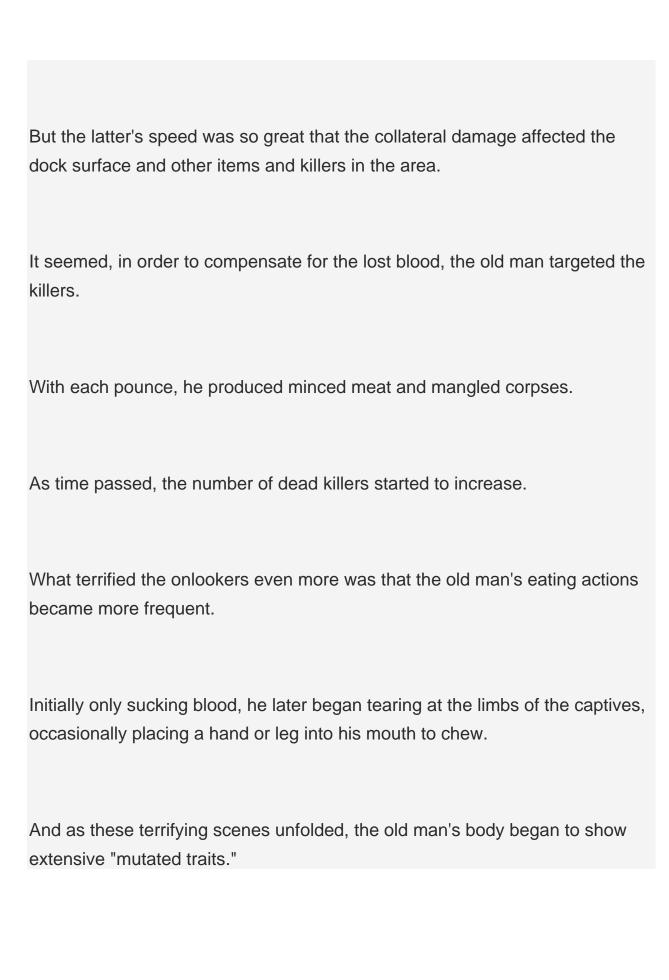
LONGEVITY CHRONICLES

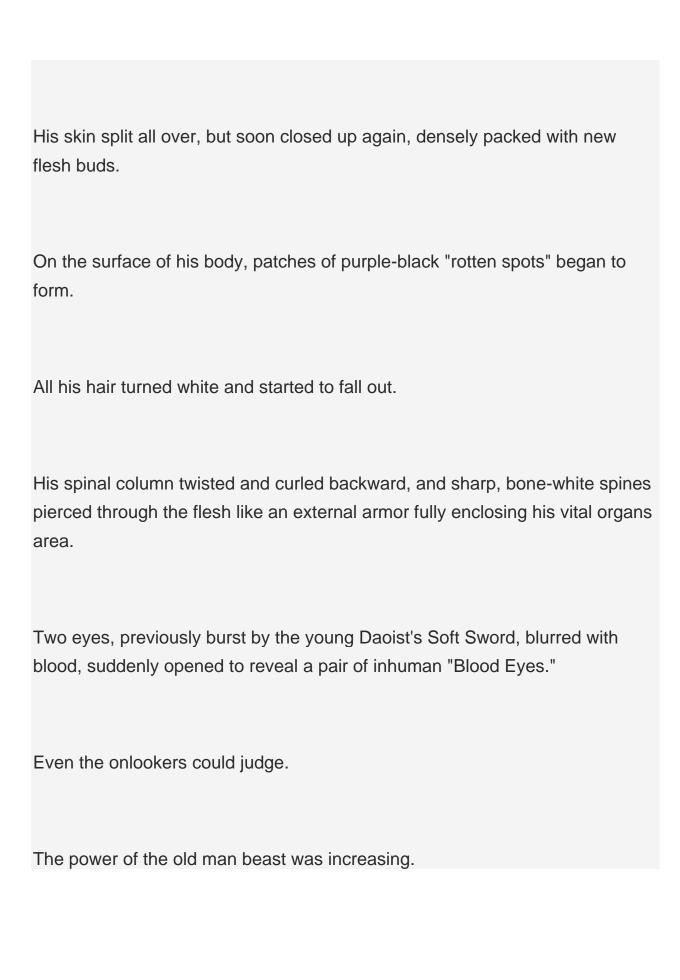
Chapter 10 9: A Nation on the Verge of Collapse Must Have Devils

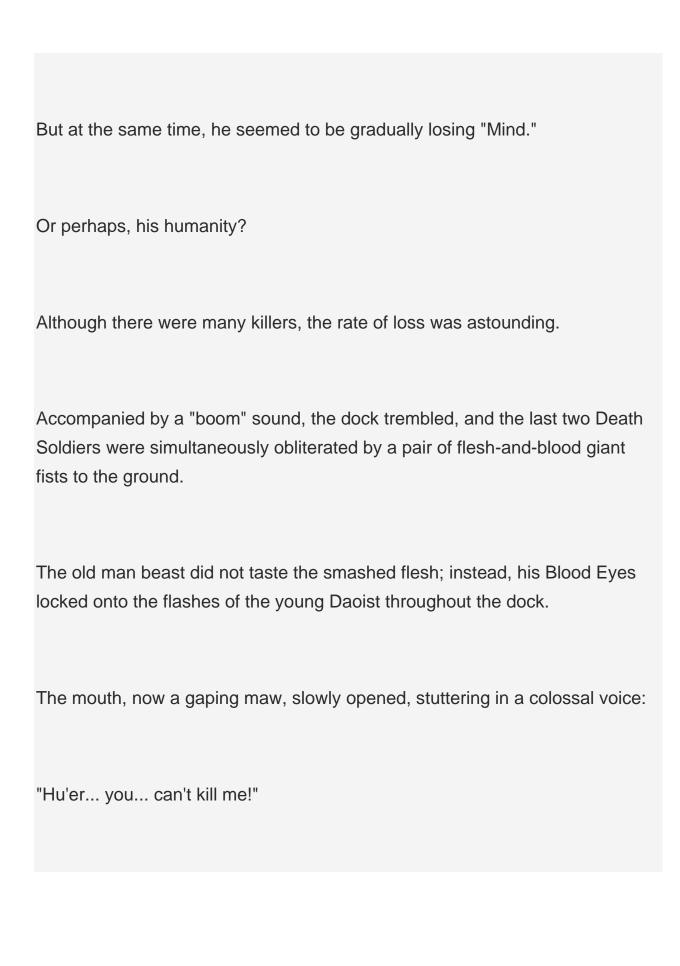
Naturally, the combatants paid no heed to anything else.
The killers died one after another, showing no fear; the next second they displayed the prowess of Martial Arts experts.
Each one drew a thin sword, their bodies flashing ghost-like, and visible Sword Qi began to form a network, wreaking havoc in the area.
Almost everything passed by the sword light—be it buildings, piled goods, or the petrified crowd—
was reduced to rubble.
The only exception was the old man.
Now, no one cared about his identity anymore, unanimously deciding he was not a human at all, but a brutal, insane Demon.

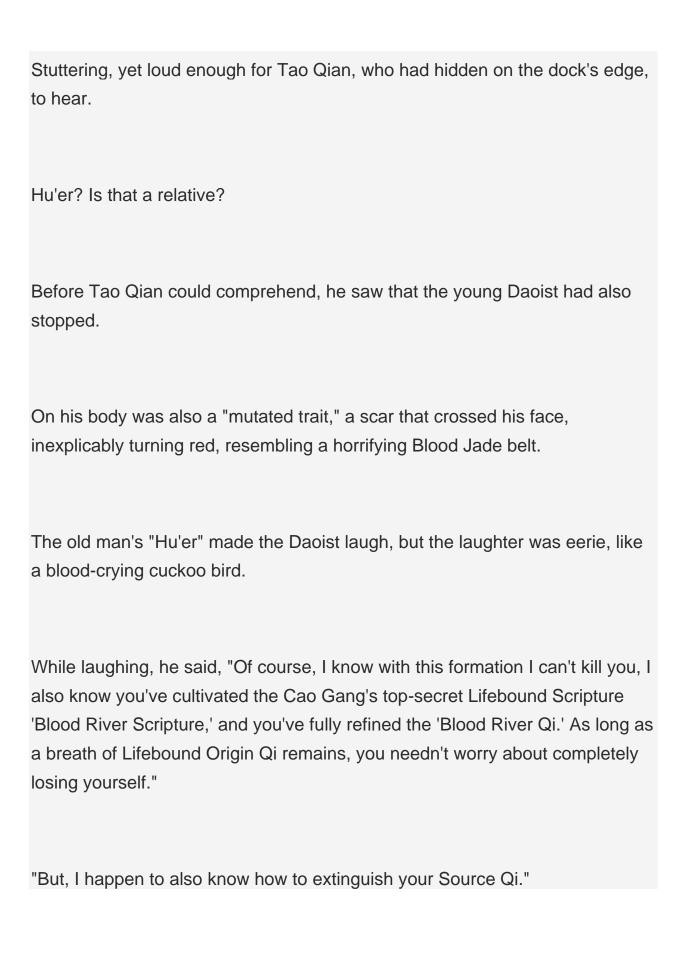
The old man's next actions confirmed everyone's suspicions.
After draining the blood from the killers, his body began to swell, elevating to two meters in a blink.
His muscle, revealing a garish crimson color, ripped through his clothes and, in the blink of an eye, he transformed into a true beast, resisting the terrible sword lights as he rampaged through the area.
Although the killers exhibited the prowess one would only see in Martial Arts experts in films and TV dramas of Tao Qian's past life:
facing such a monster, they were all powerless.
However, there was also that young Daoist among the killers.
Though the Daoist didn't give Tao Qian the same sense of trepidation as the old man, he was, indeed, a genuine Cultivator.
He drew a Soft Sword from his loosely hanging belt.

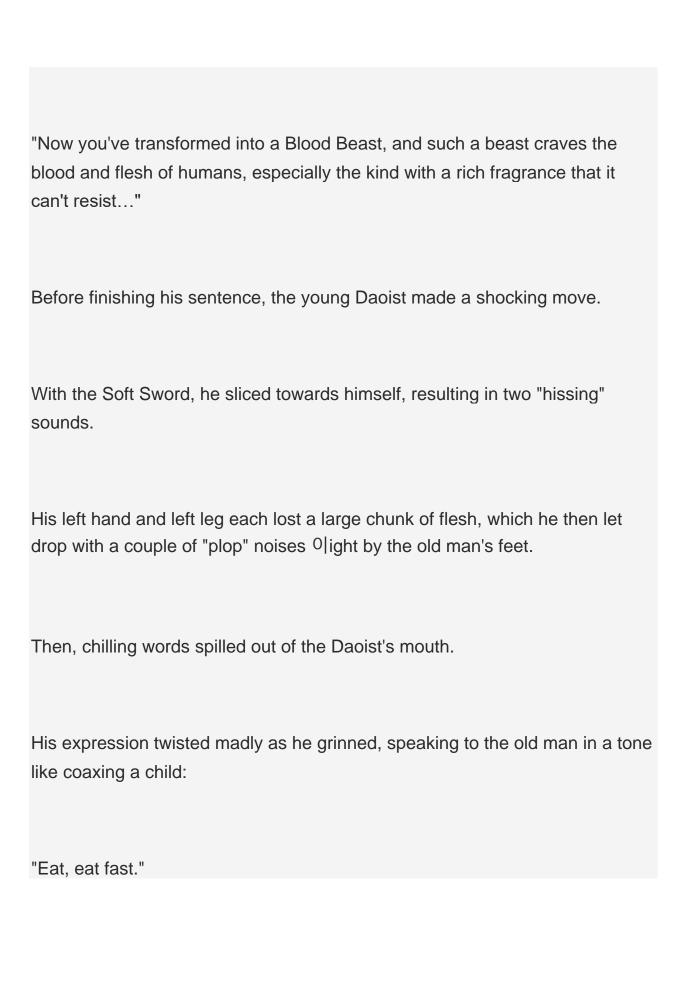


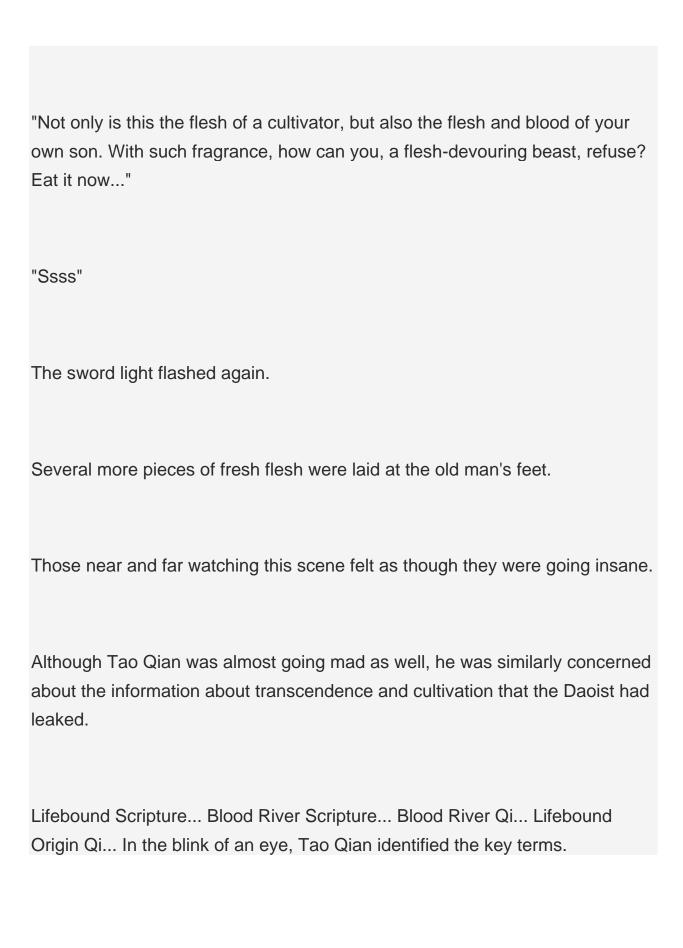








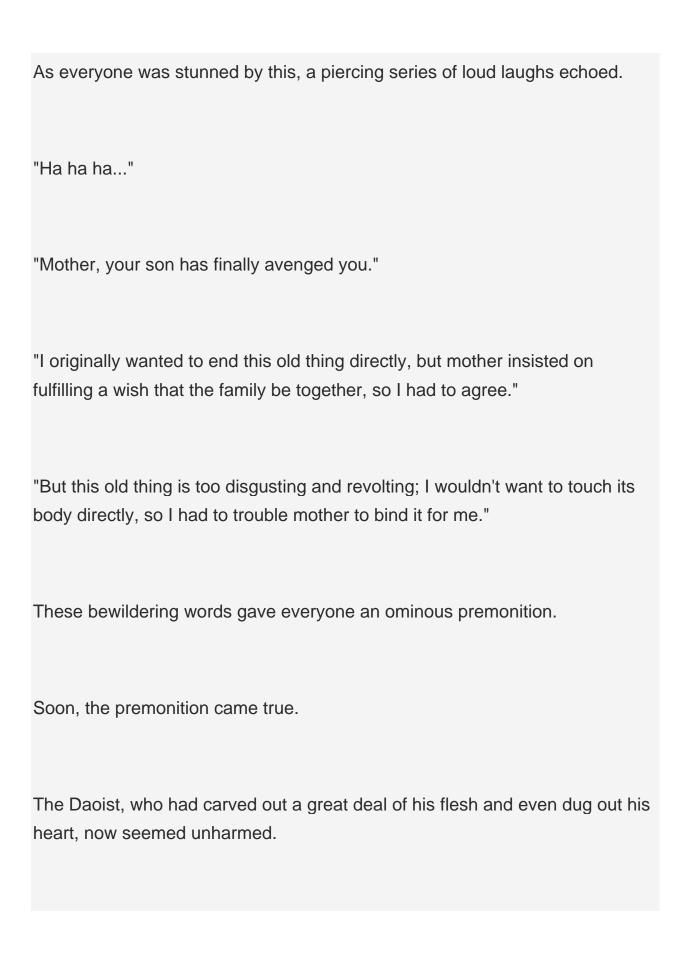


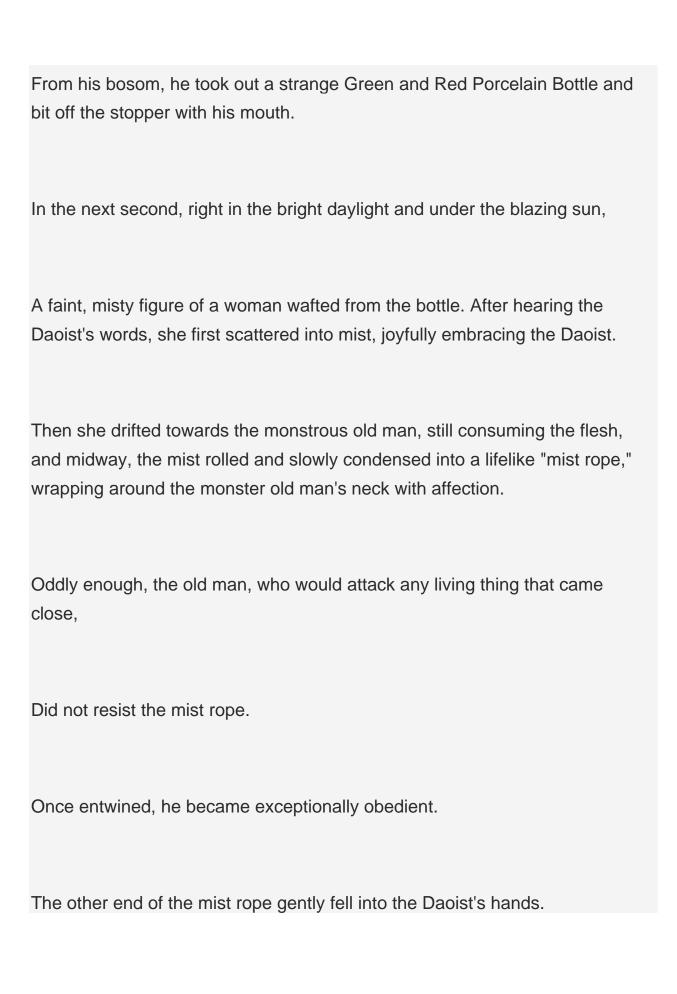


But before he could ponder further, an unimaginable transformation occurred in the arena.
The monstrous old man had clearly not expected the Daoist to be so mad. Although he had previously been consuming greedily, now, faced with fresh flesh, he seemed to encountered the most terrifying thing in the world, retreating while shaking.
"No"
The monster let out a complex roar from its mouth.
Desiring yet fearing.
In its Blood Eyes, the humanity and beastliness were entangling.
But soon, the beastliness prevailed.

The last straw came from the Daoist again.
He undid his loose Daoist robe with one hand, revealing a chest full of scars, and then did something utterly insane.
Ssss!
His hand turned into a claw, his fingertips like sharp knives, piercing hard into his own chest.
Then, with a violent tug, a still-beating, crimson "heart" was held in his hands.
With all his might, he threw it towards the old man.
Everyone's eyes were drawn to the heart, still twitching in mid-air.
Even a faint exotic fragrance filled with the scent of blood began to spread around the area.

The old man, who had initially been retreating and even planning to flee, went completely mad upon seeing the heart.
In his eyes, it wasn't just a heart but a "Blood Flesh Immortal Fruit" that could potentially elevate him to immortality and sainthood.
"Roar"
In his howling, he lost control.
Like a true wild beast, an irrational mad dog, he leaped forward violently.
Still unsatisfied, he directly crouched down.
Out of his mouth, no human language could be produced anymore.
Everyone knew, in a certain sense, the old man was gone, leaving only a crazed Blood Beast.





Next, the Daoist laughed creepily, his face with Blood Jade, disheveled hair, Daoist robe open, revealing a body of blurred flesh and a large hole in the chest.
He did not even glance at the crowd, as if he had never acknowledged the presence of others.
He, like a madman, led the transformed Blood Beast of the old man, laughing loudly as he left the dock and ran wildly towards the outskirts of Seeking Immortal City.
No one knew how much time had passed before the crowd finally came to their senses.
They finally realized: it was over, the nightmarish scene was over.

Many were so frightened that they wet themselves, yet they still stood rigidly on the spot, not daring to move.
Some people ran back towards the city, occasionally loudly wailing and crying out.
The rest hurried back to the dock to rescue people.
Although there were heavy casualties, there were still many survivors, wailing in various parts of the ruins.
Tao Qian also turned back, witnessing a scene at the dock akin to purgatory in the human world.
In a certain ruin, a well-dressed scholar with a scholar's hat, but his lower body crushed, seemed to go mad from severe pain or other stimuli.
Raising his hands towards the sky, he screamed out:

"A husband eats his wife, a son offers his flesh, father and son butcher each other, humans turned into blood beasts."

"Heavens, a nation on the brink of destruction must have demons; these are all omens, these are all signs..."