

# LONGEVITY CHRONICLES

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

Terrified!

These three words perfectly describe the state of the many people on the dock at that moment.

Almost everyone's eyes were wide open with disbelief as they watched the scene unfold.

Among them was Tao Qian.

The "Cultivators" he had imagined were nothing like this.

The extremely horrifying scene had paralyzed many, leaving them frozen in place with fear.

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.

Immediately, he charged at the old man.

His speed dominated the field.

It wasn't phantom-like movements, but rather a sort of "Instantaneous Movement," "Flashing" from place to place.

While the other killers couldn't penetrate the defense, he could.

Each strike of his, though without sword light or sword gleam, carried a strange red light on his Soft Sword.

When struck, each hit left a mark on the old man's body.

Though not fatal, it brought unexpected excruciating pain.

The old man roared furiously, constantly trying to grasp the Daoist and smash him to death.

But the latter's speed was so great that the collateral damage affected the dock surface and other items and killers in the area.

It seemed, in order to compensate for the lost blood, the old man targeted the killers.

With each pounce, he produced minced meat and mangled corpses.

As time passed, the number of dead killers started to increase.

What terrified the onlookers even more was that the old man's eating actions became more frequent.

Initially only sucking blood, he later began tearing at the limbs of the captives, occasionally placing a hand or leg into his mouth to chew.

And as these terrifying scenes unfolded, the old man's body began to show extensive "mutated traits."

His skin split all over, but soon closed up again, densely packed with new flesh buds.

On the surface of his body, patches of purple-black "rotten spots" began to form.

All his hair turned white and started to fall out.

His spinal column twisted and curled backward, and sharp, bone-white spines pierced through the flesh like an external armor fully enclosing his vital organs area.

Two eyes, previously burst by the young Daoist's Soft Sword, blurred with blood, suddenly opened to reveal a pair of inhuman "Blood Eyes."

Even the onlookers could judge.

The power of the old man beast was increasing.

But at the same time, he seemed to be gradually losing "Mind."

Or perhaps, his humanity?

Although there were many killers, the rate of loss was astounding.

Accompanied by a "boom" sound, the dock trembled, and the last two Death Soldiers were simultaneously obliterated by a pair of flesh-and-blood giant fists to the ground.

The old man beast did not taste the smashed flesh; instead, his Blood Eyes locked onto the flashes of the young Daoist throughout the dock.

The mouth, now a gaping maw, slowly opened, stuttering in a colossal voice:

"Hu'er... you... can't kill me!"

Stuttering, yet loud enough for Tao Qian, who had hidden on the dock's edge, to hear.

Hu'er? Is that a relative?

Before Tao Qian could comprehend, he saw that the young Daoist had also stopped.

On his body was also a "mutated trait," a scar that crossed his face, inexplicably turning red, resembling a horrifying Blood Jade belt.

The old man's "Hu'er" made the Daoist laugh, but the laughter was eerie, like a blood-crying cuckoo bird.

While laughing, he said, "Of course, I know with this formation I can't kill you, I also know you've cultivated the Cao Gang's top-secret Lifebound Scripture 'Blood River Scripture,' and you've fully refined the 'Blood River Qi.' As long as a breath of Lifebound Origin Qi remains, you needn't worry about completely losing yourself."

"But, I happen to also know how to extinguish your Source Qi."



"Now you've transformed into a Blood Beast, and such a beast craves the blood and flesh of humans, especially the kind with a rich fragrance that it can't resist..."

Before finishing his sentence, the young Daoist made a shocking move.

With the Soft Sword, he sliced towards himself, resulting in two "hissing" sounds.

His left hand and left leg each lost a large chunk of flesh, which he then let drop with a couple of "plop" noises right by the old man's feet.

Then, chilling words spilled out of the Daoist's mouth.

His expression twisted madly as he grinned, speaking to the old man in a tone like coaxing a child:

"Eat, eat fast."

"Not only is this the flesh of a cultivator, but also the flesh and blood of your own son. With such fragrance, how can you, a flesh-devouring beast, refuse? Eat it now..."

"Ssss"

The sword light flashed again.

Several more pieces of fresh flesh were laid at the old man's feet.

Those near and far watching this scene felt as though they were going insane.

Although Tao Qian was almost going mad as well, he was similarly concerned about the information about transcendence and cultivation that the Daoist had leaked.

Lifebound Scripture... Blood River Scripture... Blood River Qi... Lifebound Origin Qi... In the blink of an eye, Tao Qian identified the key terms.

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.

As everyone was stunned by this, a piercing series of loud laughs echoed.

"Ha ha ha..."

"Mother, your son has finally avenged you."

"I originally wanted to end this old thing directly, but mother insisted on fulfilling a wish that the family be together, so I had to agree."

"But this old thing is too disgusting and revolting; I wouldn't want to touch its body directly, so I had to trouble mother to bind it for me."

These bewildering words gave everyone an ominous premonition.

Soon, the premonition came true.

The Daoist, who had carved out a great deal of his flesh and even dug out his heart, now seemed unharmed.

From his bosom, he took out a strange Green and Red Porcelain Bottle and bit off the stopper with his mouth.

In the next second, right in the bright daylight and under the blazing sun,

A faint, misty figure of a woman wafted from the bottle. After hearing the Daoist's words, she first scattered into mist, joyfully embracing the Daoist.

Then she drifted towards the monstrous old man, still consuming the flesh, and midway, the mist rolled and slowly condensed into a lifelike "mist rope," wrapping around the monster old man's neck with affection.

Oddly enough, the old man, who would attack any living thing that came close,

Did not resist the mist rope.

Once entwined, he became exceptionally obedient.

The other end of the mist rope gently fell into the Daoist's hands.

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.

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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..."