

Longevity 291

Chapter 291 Western Tricks, the Three Corpses of Taiyin

Above the auspicious cloud, Tao Qian did not immediately set foot in Demon City.

Instead, with a touch of helplessness, he summoned a Spirit Mirror with a wave of his hand.

First, he examined his Buddha-like ears, then opened his mouth to check his remarkably unique, uneven teeth.

Originally, Tao Qian was not known for his appearance, his true body could only be described as delicate.

However, as his cultivation deepened, and he continuously acquired the Innate Dao Seed, No-leak Body, and Immortal Spiritual Qi among others, his demeanor and poise became incomparable to the Mortal Human Race.

If Tao Qian were to appear directly in the bustling streets of Demon City without any disguise, even if no one knew what the Spirit Treasure Sect was, they would instinctively know that he was no mortal, and must be a True Practitioner, someone among the immortals.

Now, however, he was spared the effort of using Divine Powers to conceal himself.

Because these two "Abnormalities", while making him appear bizarre and laughable, also inexplicably reduced his extraordinary poise by a great deal.

Now, Tao Qian looked like a slightly odd, mortal human youth.

"To cultivate the Third Method brings such abnormalities, my Master must have known it was impossible."

"Deliberately holding back and not stating it, could he be using the Returning Immortal Mirror right now to spy on his disciple's embarrassing moment?"

Tao Qian deliberately spoke, his words were rhetorical.

But his tone was certain.

No matter if it was true or not that he had guessed his inexpensive Master's intentions, he nonetheless silently noted it down in his heart.

"Just now, this Sublime Dharma automatically activated and induced two types of abnormalities in my body."

"Combined with the previous reminders from my inexpensive master's calculation, it means, after setting foot in Demon City, there is both an opportunity and a troublesome tribulation waiting for me, likely intertwined."

"Fortune and misfortune go hand in hand, quite usual indeed."

With this thought settled, Tao Qian did not delay any further.

Waving his hand to disperse the light of the mirror, he then formally looked towards the famous and yet extremely complex Demon City.

A long time ago, the Three Immortal Treasures had guided him back to the sect, passing by this place, and many strange and rare scenes he saw then were still clear in his mind.

At that time, the aura of Demon City was enough mixed.

But compared to this moment, it was like a witch seeing a sorceress.

Although Tao Qian was not proficient in the Qi Observation Skill, his abnormal soul was extremely sensitive to Qi.

Thus, after glimpsing it now, his expression immediately froze, a very ominous feeling arising.

He saw before him a sight as if a hundred thousand dye vats had overturned, with numerous rich colors mixed together, layered and overlapping, dispersing and gathering, with Qi belonging to the Human Clan, and also to the Non-human Clan, with immortals, demons, devils, and Buddhas... The Qi entangled, their strengths unclear, but the sense of crisis was very real.

Having seen it once, Tao Qian made a vague judgment in his heart:

"In this territory, there are many who could harm me, and some who could kill me."

"Indeed, as my inexpensive Master said, the Mortal World today is far more dangerous than inside the Mountain Gate."

"Right now, I could fight a cultivator of the Cavernous Mystery Realm, yet in this Demon City, I've developed a premonition."

"One is my destined tribulation, and the other also signifies the peril of this place."

The subconscious thought made Tao Qian's heart tremble, then he looked towards three small ones who were examining his earlobes with their gazes.

"It seems that this Sublime Dharma has reduced my poise and induced abnormalities, thereby serving as a disguise for me."

"But the three of you also need to change a bit."

Hearing Tao Qian's words, Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu began to show off.

The former two believed they had learned some Cultivation Techniques, while Shan Jiu had too many treasures.

However, it was quick for Tao Qian to see the three changes, and he couldn't help but hold his forehead.

Little Age made a carefree call, rolled on the spot, and as spores and aura burst out, a chubby child clutching a longevity peach and wearing top-tied braids with cheeks covered in rouge emerged.

Lian Jing'er then produced mechanical clicks from his body, following by the sound of gold and iron mingling, he turned into a bronze tree man holding and thoughtfully lighting a candelabra.

Shan Jiu's transformation was even more outrageous; he somehow obtained a thin veil, threw it over himself, his many treasure lights and auras magically concealed, appearing to be very effective.

Only that, this caused his original Qi to leak out, revealing surges of green light, vibrant vitality, and significantly glaring.

Tao Qian was dazzled by his green light, feeling panic and gloom.

Looking at the three who were showing off their merits, Tao Qian silently operated his Primordial Spirit, and in the vast Great Book within the depths of his crammed mind, started to browse.

Before long, he found a suitable Divine Spell from the "Earth Evil Chapter."

This skill was called the "Spirit Treasure Point Transformation Technique," a single touch could change everything.

Not only could it turn stone into gold, but it could also allow one to change appearance and face.

If cultivated deeply enough, it could even enlighten one's mind and reveal the divine spirit.

Like when Tao Qian once casually used it on a being known as "Jiao'er" from the Alien Demon Race.

Had he known this Magic Technique then, a single touch, although it couldn't have made Jiao'er's cultivation soar, would have effortlessly allowed it to acquire a human form.

Having unearthed this spell, relying on his extraordinary talent, as well as the domineering nature of the Spirit Treasure Returning Immortal Technique.

Learn by doing!

He flicked three points in succession, landing on the chubby child, the bronze tree man, and the green leek, respectively.

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Demon City, City God Temple.

On a bustling street, four country bumpkins who had come to the city to broaden their horizons appeared.

Led by a peculiar youth with unusually large and long earlobes, alongside two half-sized youngsters, one serious and the other simple-minded, and an incredibly cute small child.

The four of them blended into the crowded throng without any obstruction, no one finding them strange, as it was common in those days for young men from the countryside to come to the city to make a living.

Those long earlobes, accompanied by buck teeth, belonged to none other than Master Tao, who had just descended from an auspicious cloud. He sniffed the overwhelming mundane aura of the mortal world and still found it somewhat unfamiliar.

However, having lived a previous life, he looked at the mortals around him, listened to their shouts, observed the stalls selling dough sticks, rice balls, big pancakes, tofu brains, and an old man creating sugar figures...

Just a few glances made the already scarce "Immortal Qi" on Tao Qian's body vanish completely, becoming imperceptible to others.

This initial exposure merely pulled Tao Qian back to the realm of mortals. He then closely inspected the neon signs, Western-style brass street lamps, and towering clock towers.

He observed gold and silver-lined billboards featuring beautiful and glamorous women, and buildings named Demon City Royal Bank, Hundred Beasts Restaurant, Ultimate Happiness Stage, and Great Bright Cinema...

Moments later, Tao Qian felt no discomfort whatsoever.

His aura completely blended with this territory, even adapting to this era.

Yet, it didn't change the fact that he was still unsophisticated. He led Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu, following the directions of the Cultivation Tribulation Technique, heading towards a particular area.

Along the way, what Tao Qian saw and heard was eye-opening.

In the City God Temple area, besides many commoners, there were performers from various places, including some from the West.

A dozen blond, blue-eyed Westerners occupied a large corner, performing two types of acts.

One was called "Soul Language," where they first used cameras to take pictures of passersby. In the blink of an eye, as the photos were developed and placed in exquisite frames, the people in the photos surprisingly began to talk.

Although the photos fell silent after a demonstration, it was still astonishing for the common folk.

The crowd immediately erupted into surprised and fearful discussions.

"It's Devil Arts, these are soul-hooking Devil Techniques."

"These Western Barbarians are always adept at such bizarre tricks, too indecent to behold."

"Don't go forward to try it; being ensnared by these deceitful objects will surely bring you severe illness upon returning."

"Humph, it's only Lai Gouzi who's gone crazy with poverty, acting as a stooge for these barbarians."

Although most people were too fearful to approach, many trendy folks stepped forward.

Even if not for the intriguing act itself, it was worth exchanging a few silver coins for a beautiful photograph.

Compared to this, another act called "Magic Secret Medicine" was immensely popular.

The medicines the Westerners offered weren't Elixir and Powdered Medicine.

Instead, they contained magical medicines of various colors in crystal-clear glass bottles.

The marketer, a scantily clad red-haired Western beauty, described the medicines with a perfect Demon City dialect.

She claimed she was the sole successor of the Western Illusionary Dream Secret Medicine School. Her secret medicines had many uses: reviving the dead, regrowing limbs, alleviating sickness, and more—all effortlessly achieved.

To prove their effectiveness, several patients were also arranged.

Though suspicions of collusion remained, the open demonstration and the visible effects induced many to try them.

And indeed, they all worked.

Suddenly, various cries of overwhelming joy rang out:

"My leg, it's healed."

"My eyes, I can see again, it's a divine medicine."

"I can lift it again, lift it again, woohoo..."

Perhaps disliking how the Western Barbarians were stealing the show, soon, in the opposite area and accompanied by shouts, seven or eight individuals, who looked like Heterodox Practitioners both young and old, male and female, started demonstrating their own magical Spells.

Some had animals speaking human language, others summoned Heavenly Girls, and some performed tricks with so-called Sky-reaching Rope and Immortal Rope.

For a while, it was a tough competition that reached a stalemate.

Tao Qian, observing the bustling scene, activated his Dharma Eye and instantly understood the intricacies of both parties.

"Indeed, neither are mundane. Both sides possess some Extraordinary Power and could be considered lower-level heterodox practitioners and demons from both the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty locals and the West."

"Some of their techniques resemble those I witnessed in Seeking Immortal County from Ruan Du'er and Zheng Dabiao."

"The difference lies in their actions. Where Ruan Du'er engaged in criminal acts, letting their beastly nature override their humanity and commit acts of cannibalism."

"Whereas these individuals are merely making a living in the territory of Demon City, which is a far better cause."

As the thought passed, Tao Qian continued leading the three simpletons onward.

After walking a few more streets, Tao Qian gradually noticed many anomalies within Demon City and sensed an uneasy aura hovering over the city.

An unexpectedly high number of Cultivators!

Moreover, their numbers kept increasing, with Cultivators from the pathways of Dao, Buddha, Demon, and various side doors, all seemingly converging here.

Initially, Tao Qian mostly saw low-level Cultivators from the Energy Introduction and Qi Refining Realms.

However, he gradually began to spot Great Cultivators.

Even more so, when he passed through a civilian area called General's City, he discovered it secretly housed hundreds of Cultivators.

Judging by their aura, all were Heterodox practitioners, or simply Evil Demons and Devils.

The leader was a burly, pale-faced middle-aged strongman.

Though he attempted to conceal it, he couldn't fool Tao Qian's Dharma Eye.

Just glimpsing the foul, icy viscous Corpse Qi surging skyward, its source being that strongman.

Under broad daylight, he was holding a large black umbrella, standing atop the city, gazing towards the center of Demon City.

Despite some distance, Tao Qian's current Cultivation and Divine Skills were extraordinary, and his sight was exceptionally keen.

"A zombie that has attained Tao, practicing the 'Taiyin Three Corpses Scripture,' and has reached the Cavernous Mystery Realm."

Realizing some details about the Corpse Cultivator, Tao Qian also grew curious.

Something significant seemed to be happening in Demon City?

Chapter 292: Heterodox All Techniques, A Sight in Demon City

Across a bustling street, Tao Qian gazed from afar at the dense, stacked shack-houses and the surging crowd within the fortress.

The term "General" exuded sheer might; yet, this place was known within Demon City as a notorious slum, attracting folks from all around, teeming with dragons and snakes—scarce was there a person of true good nature.

Anyone genuinely kind who entered it was like a piece of white cloth cast into a dye vat, usurped by countless colors.

This place was famed in Demon City for many tales, two of which were most astonishing.

The first was a collective resistance to taxes, an instance when even the deployment of armed forces by Zhou Zhenghai, the governing official of Demon City who was once dubbed "Skinflint Zhou," couldn't quell the obstinate defiance of the villagers, leading to an impasse.

The second involved a feud with the local major gang, the axe gang, who one night infiltrated the fortress only to have over a thousand of their men annihilated, ultimately weakening them.

Tao Qian, of course, was unaware of these events. Now, with a pair of Dharma Eyes and the perception of his unusual Soul, a few sweeps were enough to roughly discern the intricacies within the fortress.

Aside from the leading Cavernous Mystery Realm Corpse Cultivator, the other hundred-plus Cultivators varied not only in realms but also in the Cultivation Techniques they practiced.

There were those who practiced Daoist Skills like the "Demonic Art of Yin with Du Seal Script," and those refining Buddhist Law like "White Bone Temple." A fair number of Demon Cultivators practiced the "Five Lusters Fat Demon Skill," and there were many Magicians following the Ghost Path practicing skills like "Nine Sons Ghost Mother."

Few were in the Energy-Introducing Realm; most were either Foundation Establishment or Transcend Mortality Cultivators.

Concealing themselves with Magic Skills, they masqueraded as rickshaw pullers, barbers, foot masseurs, and effortlessly merged into secular life.

Yet they couldn't fully escape the scrutiny of Tao Qian, a Spirit Treasure True Practitioner with a pair of eyes suffused with Immortal Spiritual Qi, revealing their true nature unknowingly.

"What a sight, a veritable dance of a group of demons!"

"All this effort, hardly seems like they're here to experience the mundane life of Mortals."

As these thoughts crossed his mind, Tao Qian recalled the vast knowledge imparted by Xiao Hua Daoist during their Cultivation learning days.

Before long, he speculated on the allegiance of General's Fortress.

"Within Da Ji Province of the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty, there's a powerful Heterodox Sect known as the All Techniques Sect."

"Despite the sect's grandiose name, which suggests it's a legitimate major Cultivation Sect,"

"in truth, it's aligned with the Heterodox and even leans toward the Demon Path."

"The sect proclaims an indiscriminate teaching philosophy akin to that of the Spirit Treasure Sect's, an open-door policy to all beings and methods, inviting all comers."

"Regrettably, it has devolved into an unrecognizable mishmash, indiscriminately accepting all sorts of individuals, which means Evil Cultivators can join too. With their interference, even the Righteous Path is prone to descent into the Evil Path."

"The All Techniques Sect was acceptable at the outset, but over time it deteriorated and mutated, and in recent years, it's on the brink of being expelled from the Sect alliance. Many in the Cultivation World have already acknowledged that the sect is bound to join the Demon Path."

"This fortress here, disarrayed with a group of demons, diverse in practice yet orderly in conduct, is likely one of the All Techniques Sect's footholds in the secular world."

"According to Xiao Hua Daoist, those of the All Techniques Sect are opportunists who rise early for profit. With so many Cultivators infiltrating Demon City, they must have set their sights on something."

"Earlier, when sensing Qi patterns, it seemed that there were more locations like 'General's Fortress'."

"Could this be the stage for the impending turbulence in Demon City?"

Tao Qian pondered, yet he had no intention of acting rashly.

In all matters, one should plan thoroughly before acting.

Having just arrived in Demon City mere hours before, he had but a fraction of insight into local affairs, and any impulsive action would likely not end well.

With this thought, Tao Qian stepped forward to cross the street, continuing to follow the guidance of the tribulation energy within him, seeking the one—be it person or object—who could unravel the situation at hand.

Yet it was at this moment that an all too familiar scene appeared, triggering many memories in Tao Qian's mind.

First, groups of newspaper boys were waving their papers, shouting as they moved along the street.

"Extra, extra! Massive chaos in Fengtian Province; bandit turned leader Zhang Mazi, having consecutively defeated seventy-two large bandit groups, has occupied the provincial city and is now in a standoff with the Twenty-Fifth Prince."

"Extra! Major chaos in Ancient Shu; seventeen warlord bandits are in a sprawling melee."

"Shocking news! Three princes of the Taiping Army have joined forces, and just a day ago, they completely overran Jing Chu Province. The court has already dispatched troops to quell the rebellion."

"Big news! One of the leading figures of the Devil God Army, the Female Demon Hong Fu, has taken over several towns in Qilu Province and is currently steamrolling toward the provincial city. The court has responded by sending troops to suppress her forces."

"Extra, extra! An ancient capital city was unearthed near Golden City. Ten thousand buried citizens emerged and claimed the city as soon as they saw daylight, declaring that their goddess would soon be resurrected. The court... has yet to comment."

"Major news! An Alien Clan coalition has crossed the snow-capped mountains, aiming to invade the Western Regions. They were met by the Great Freedom Temple monks and the court's troops. The Emperor has issued an Imperial Edict lavishing accolades on the Free Temple and inviting several high monks to the Imperial City to teach scriptures."

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These cries of the newspaper boys simply made Tao Qian excited for a moment, then he grew curious to listen intently for the rest of the news.

But soon, a greater commotion arose from behind.

Before Tao Qian could turn to look, several nearby rickshaw pullers waiting for customers suddenly chuckled and said:

"Here it comes, another sight in today's Demon City."

"The student protests carry a lot of passion. They just lack support and aren't all that effective, are they?"

"Don't say that; those kids have good intentions."

"What good are intentions? Demon City now belongs to the Ninth Prince, and he's been acting strange lately. He's showing the temperament of a tyrant before even becoming Emperor. I heard the other day several kind officials tried to advise him to rein in his demon soldiers, only to be ordered caught and thrown into the sea to feed the fish and crabs."

"Sigh, those soldiers are not human; they're as cruel as demons, with strength enough to tear apart tigers and leopards. What chance do we lowly mortals have?"

"Why don't you try learning how to Cultivate being an Immortal? The son of my neighbor left home for thirteen years and returned a few days ago having learned some impressive Daoist Skills, especially that Wall Penetration Technique. Really seems like he's an Immortal or something."

Before the rickshaw pullers could finish their conversation—

Tao Qian seemed to sense something and looked toward the other end of the street.

Indeed, accompanied by a wave of loud noise, a parade composed mostly of young men and women dressed in student attire came shouting slogans and waving various flags as they marched down the street.

Tao Qian didn't need to listen carefully to make out the many slogans that entered his ears.

"Ninth Prince is tyrannical! We request the court to strip him of his imperial status!"

"The Western Barbarians are ambitious and should prompt the Ninth Prince to divorce his wife and send her back."

"The Demon Army under the Ninth Prince is like a group of evil objects, repeatedly invading the common people, and should be punished."

"When demons enter the world and slaughter the common folk, the court should invite Daoist and Buddhist Sects to establish academies in each province to provide Cultivation Techniques, so everyone can become as dragons, to resist the demons."

With each slogan he heard, Tao Qian's eyebrows inadvertently twitched.

He was surprised by the audacity of these students, but doubts also arose in his heart.

These slogans, they were rather fierce.

It was as if they were openly cursing the ruler of Demon City, the current Ninth Prince.

Considering how things had turned out, the fact that the parade was still proceeding peacefully seemed odd.

With Tao Qian's cursory knowledge of the Ninth Prince, he immediately sensed something amiss.

"I heard from the Returning Immortal Mirror before that the Ninth Prince is actually a descendant of the Taishang Demon Sect."

"Practicing the 'Six Desires Heavenly Demon Scripture,' a Great Method that is comparable in status to the 'All Heavens Secret Demon Scripture.'"

"Plus, with his imperial family status, he became the Grand Admiral at a young age and has significant military achievements, such as defeating the Western Alliance Army. He truly is a favored child of heaven."

"How could such an entity tolerate the insults of a bunch of student children?"

"If it were me, the parade wouldn't have happened at all... So, did the Ninth Prince do it on purpose?"

Due to insufficient information, Tao Qian could only come to this conclusion.

However, that last slogan did catch Tao Qian's eye.

Everyone as dragons, only then can they resist demons!

There was something worth considering in this statement.

If it were indeed possible to completely command the Cultivation World, to establish academies in each province providing resources, allowing a large number of mortals to step into Cultivation, a vast Cultivator selection mechanism could be established.

The Longevity Heavenly Dynasty could become powerful in a short time, not only resisting demon invasions but also treating demons as financial and material resources.

At that point, it would no longer be called a mere mundane court, but could be adorned with fancier names like "Longevity Immortal Dynasty" or "Longevity Divine Dynasty."

"Alas, it's such a pity that upon careful consideration, it's clear that this is an impossible task."

"At the very least, the Imperial Family of the current Longevity Heavenly Dynasty is absolutely incapable of achieving such a grand feat."

"Not to mention commanding the entire Daoist and Buddhist community. Even any one of their Great Sects would hardly pay heed to the will of the Imperial Family."

"Great Sects like Spirit Treasure Sect or Taishang Dao wouldn't even bother to give them a second glance."

"Being weak is the original sin."

After a sigh, Tao Qian shook his head, losing interest.

He continued on his way, walking through streets and alleys, his large earlobes swinging, occasionally flashing a smile, eliciting exclamations from passersby: "This young fellow sure has a unique look."

Before long, Tao Qian finally came to a stop at a certain location.

The Cultivation Tribulation Technique within him directed him to enter the peculiar building in front of him.

The Dharma given by Duobao Daoist was indeed miraculous, not only alerting him to impending disasters, generating abnormalities, but also actively guiding him to find people or things related to the tribulation.

As soon as he came into contact with that person or object, he would directly enter the calamity.

The Dharma would automatically operate, beginning the refining process.

After it was completed, whether it was Magical Treasures, Divine Skills, or other gains, he would have them all.

Of course, Tao Qian could choose to avoid it and not make contact.

But by doing so, tribulation energy would surely accumulate.

Over time, the disaster would not only arrive uninvited but would also become exceptionally terrifying.

This reminded Tao Qian of the task systems commonly seen in online games from his previous life.

"I am quite fond of completing tasks, but how can I, Tao Master, a proper Spirit Treasure Cultivator, venture into such places upon entering the world?"

"It's beneath my dignity!"

With a sigh to this effect, Tao Qian faced a neon-flashing building emanating an air of enervation and bone-corroding allure.

Then, he entered it quite adroitly.

The huge sign above and the drawings of voluptuous Dancing Girls, even from several streets away, were plainly visible.

A place of joy for men within Demon City.

The Sleepless City Dance Hall!

Chapter 293: The Warlord's Hostage, Jiangzhu Fairy

Demon City, after all, frequently interacts with the Western countries, and unavoidably, some places exhibit a Western flair.

Take this dance hall, for instance, which is an imported concept, along with those fancy revolving doors, eiderdown carpets, flashing neon lights, the row of automobiles outside, and the doormen from Tianzhu; all these scenes were once unseen in the bygone Longevity Heavenly Dynasty, inevitably causing folks to pause and marvel in wonder.

Tao Qian's current appearance made it clear he was not a wealthy man.

So it was perfectly logical that when he tried to lead three bumpkins into the hall, two uniformed doormen from Tianzhu, both around thirty years of age, immediately reached out to block them.

Out came the Demon City vernacular, heavily accented with curry but still intelligible, conveying a simple message:

The poor have no place inside!

But indeed, this territory was not one where the poor ventured.

You should know that even just to watch the show, let alone dance, one had to pay for tea and refreshments—at least three silver coins, to say nothing of needing extra silver dimes to tip the pages and waiters, and so on.

And if a guest wanted to invite a lady to dance, the close-contact kind, the costs could skyrocket.

It wasn't much at a hundred yuan, but there were many who freely spent a thousand yuan, even tens of thousands, in a single night.

However, today was a bit more special, not just for poor souls like Tao Qian who were refused entry, but also for the usual rich folk.

After the two doormen pointed to the shiny notice next to them, many turned away in disappointment.

On it was written some incredibly extravagant and ironically contradictory notice compared to what the doormen had just said:

"The Renowned Jiangzhu Fairy of Demon City!"

"Performing her final dance today, a charity performance to raise funds for disaster relief."

"We hope generous souls will open their purses to contribute to this fine cause."

Following that were phrases like resonating for three days, heavenly music, a fairy descending from the Heavenly Palace, and other such adjectives.

Marked in smaller print was: Entrance fee starts at a thousand yuan.

Ho!

The title Jiangzhu Fairy certainly carried weight.

Tao Qian pondered briefly and, upon hearing the familiar currency unit, immediately recalled days long past.

Just reborn into the first person that was "Tao Scholar," Master Tao often worried about making money, even stooping to against his original wishes—selling illicit literature and featuring magazine girls.

But it was not like he could be blamed; at that time, Tao Qian was but a mortal.

Without money, one couldn't afford to eat.

Although those hard times didn't last many days, once he stepped into the Cultivation World, he no longer had to worry about silver coins, silver dimes, copper coins, or banknotes.

Being reminded by the two Tianzhu doormen, Tao Qian suddenly thought of the time he ambushed the "Four Beasts of She County" and incidentally robbed quite a sum of money.

Reaching into his robe and with a thought, he pulled out a stack of banknotes from the Treasure Bag Holy Embryo Bag.

He flashed the notes at the two thirty-year-old children and then led Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu into this highly famed dance hall in Demon City.

As soon as he entered, Tao Qian's eyes were met with many suggestive scenes, lights, music, and numerous beautiful, scantily clad dancing girls. There were women from the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty, as well as many Western foreigners, all of whom would be considered great beauties by the ordinary mortal standard.

But to Tao Qian they held no attraction.

This place indeed was a haven for men, but what kind of man was he, Tao Qian?

He had already withstood the trials of the Joyful Pavilion Market in Southern Yue, a place where the pleasures were catered to Cultivators, truly beyond imagination.

Compared to that, this so-called dance hall was but dust, offering no allure to a Cultivator.

Moreover, should Tao Qian truly wish to indulge, with but a thought he could summon any number of Joyful Demons, those curvaceous, exquisite beings well-versed in bedroom arts; wouldn't they be far more thrilling?

Equally uninterested were the three youngsters with him.

The entertainments of the mortal Human Clan seemed utterly dull to them.

But at this moment!

Including Tao Qian, the four had just settled when their gaze was immediately drawn to a frail figure on the stage.

Tao Qian was led there by the Sublime Dharma.

Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu, on the other hand, were simply drawn by the sense of Transcendent power.

There, on the stage, stood a woman of extreme beauty, yet thin as a willow, exuding a sickly aura, occasionally panting delicately, her body drenched in fragrant sweat that made everyone present, regardless of age or sex, feel a sense of pity.

Tao Qian took one look and realized that this woman was the one he'd been sent to lead in tribulation.

At the same time, a realization dawned upon him:

"This woman seems to be some kind of Special Ability dharma body, a Taoist Body, cherished by spiritual energy, capable of involuntarily releasing some special powers without any training."

"But it's odd, such a woman, if nurtured in seclusion since youth, might indeed go unnoticed; yet now, seemingly performing here, how could she not have been..."

Just as this thought arose in Tao Qian's mind, his late perception kicked in.

Affected by the Extraordinary Power from the woman's body, he had only now noticed that in the corners of the dance hall, many Cultivators were hidden.

Judging by their aura, they all seemed like Demon Cultivators.

And their Cultivation levels did not seem weak, with an air that seemed to protectively surround the stage and the sickly woman.

Fortunately, his concealment was flawless; no one could tell that this distinctive young man and three half-grown children were all beyond the common mortal kin.

Pretending to be wide-eyed adventurers, they followed the usher to their seats.

It was only then that Tao Qian realized the audience was surprisingly large and quiet, filled with many figures dressed like wealthy merchants and other luminaries of the city.

Guided by the Sublime Dharma within him, Tao Qian's eyes suddenly revealed surprise.

The strange woman on stage was his person of tribulation—that was to be expected.

But beyond her, there was another in the audience who was also designated as such.

"I've been prompted to notice two anomalies, indicating there are indeed two individuals leading my tribulation."

"This third method also does not understand how to cherish us, the disciples of Spirit Treasure," Tao Qian muttered in his heart.

Beside the sick girl on the stage, a middle-aged beauty with charm to spare, revealing two slender, long, white legs, and a heavy chest, suddenly lent on the microphone and began to speak:

"Thank you, everyone, for coming to support my daughter. Today we meet again, or perhaps it's a farewell."

"Don't cry, don't cry, my daughter is going to live the good life in the mansion of the Ninth Prince. As her mother, I should be happy."

"I originally advised my daughter to just enjoy the blessings of life, but upon hearing of the magic disaster in the neighboring province, which produced hundreds of thousands of refugees, she stubbornly insisted on raising a million silver coins for relief."

"Ladies and gentlemen of Demon City's elite, I suppose a mere million yuan is nothing to talk about."

"This is my daughter's last dance offering. You all are fortunate enough to witness this wonderful event."

To put it frankly, these few sentences from the beautiful woman.

To a normal person, they would feel offended.

Arrogance, coercive donations... they tick all the boxes.

However, what's strange is that upon hearing her words, everyone in the crowd, businessmen, government officials, scholars, all nod in agreement.

Some, more impulsive, even directly command their attendants to summon the boy in charge of keeping records.

The scene indicates that they are already beginning to throw their money.

Among them, one person is who Tao Qian was paying close attention to, the second Tribulation Leader.

It turns out to be a young, handsome military officer in a new-style uniform, with an impressive build, but something indecisive in his eyes.

Around him are many people, attendants, businessmen, scholars, and portly officials; they all accompany him, including a few at the Foundation Establishment Realm and one at the Transcend Mortality Realm.

And this officer himself is also a cultivator.

But for some reason, although he seems to hold the highest status, his cultivation is extremely weak, only at the Energy-Introducing Realm, in the Destiny Defining Fetus Stage.

This officer not only makes a grand gesture by donating half a million yuan directly.

At the same time, his gaze towards the sick girl on the stage is full of eagerness, and his energy is ready to surge.

Even those not adept at discerning expressions can vaguely perceive.

This guy!

Is he planning to snatch someone?

Clearly, the hidden Demon Cultivator guards also sense this.

Immediately, a cold snort is heard.

The snort leaves the military officer feeling his blood churning, and a voice, audible only to the officer and the cultivators around him, echoes.

Of course, Tao Qian eavesdrops too.

"Zhang Baisui!"

"This is the first and last warning, have no further improper thoughts about Lady Mei; she belongs to the Ninth Prince, how could she be someone you can touch?"

"If it wasn't for your father's sake, you would already be a dead man."

"You few foolish dogs, keep an eye on your idiotic master, or don't blame us for being ruthless."

As these words are spoken, the faces of the cultivators who apparently cultivated some Daoist techniques change in unison, hastily advising the young officer in low voices.

Tao Qian eavesdrops quietly and quickly learns the details of the officer.

"Zhang Baisui, a second-generation with a significant reputation within Demon City, whose father is the warlord of Ancient Qin Province who now holds power, Zhang Jiudeng."

"Zhang Jiudeng had some dealings with the Ninth Prince, or perhaps has other plans, and sent his only son, Zhang Baisui, to Demon City early to take up a sinecure under the Ninth Prince."

"Is this guy being used as... a hostage?"

"He seems unaware of it, intending to snatch the master's treat, no wonder he received a warning," Tao Qian mused after listening for a moment.

At that moment, on the stage, the woman known as "Jiangzhu Fairy" suddenly moved.

Anyone, including Tao Qian, couldn't help but fix their gaze on her, and in a trance, the world changed.

Everything around them seemed to vanish as mist filled the air, fragrances flourished, and all manner of palaces and pavilions that should only exist in the heavens appeared before their eyes, as did numerous immortals, Immortal Wine, Dragon Liver Phoenix Marrow, and other wonders.

For a moment, everyone felt like a lucky individual invited to a banquet in the Heavenly Palace.

Before their eyes, not only were there divine dishes but dancing fairies aiding the festivities as well.

Wasn't the fairy leading the dance the Jiangzhu Fairy herself?

If it were only for these "scenes," it might not have been a big deal.

Perhaps, they are all illusions.

But what truly astounded was that while the crowd enjoyed the immortal dance and indulged in food and drink, they genuinely experienced feedback.

Drinking Immortal Wine, they gained clarity of heart and mind.

Eating the Immortal Peach, their lifespan extended.

Swallowing Dragon Liver, their bodies strengthened.

Feasting on Phoenix Marrow, their hearing and eyesight improved.

What should have been a smog-filled dancehall now seemed like the Heavenly Palace descended to the mortal world—magnificent and unbelievable.

Everyone was immersed, unable to extricate themselves.

Only Tao Qian and his three companions were viewing the scene with astonished eyes.

Especially Tao Qian, with his high spiritual vision, wide-eyed and unable to completely hide his shock at the scenes unfolding before him.

Chapter 294 Lady Mei is a Demon Pill Spiritual Material, Jade Toad Wishes to Reincarnate and Recultivate

The dance hall in Sleepless City, notorious for its intoxicating extravagance and soul-consuming pleasures, had today become a place reminiscent of an Immortal Realm.

The ambiguous lights, dense fragrances mixed with odd stench, and seductive melodies had all vanished without a trace. The wealthy elite seated around felt as though they were part of a celestial banquet in the Heavenly Palace.

This experience was indeed extraordinary.

Even the Joyful Pavilion Market couldn't compare, after all, they could neither invite nor acquire the source of this atmosphere, the woman known as "Lady Mei."

Nonetheless, among the guests, there were those who were sober, like Tao Qian.

In his eyes, reflected unintentionally, was the truth of the stage:

There, to say Lady Mei was performing a dance or writhing might both be accurate.

But she no longer bore the appearance of a Human Clan maiden. Her body had swollen to a height of eight or nine meters, draped in an exceptionally soft, vividly colored light veil. While her upper torso still resembled that of the Human Clan, her head and lower body had transformed dramatically.

Her head had become smooth, round, and covered with a layer of shiny skin without eyes, nose, or ears, leaving only a vertical slit.

As she tilted her head slightly, a thick honey-like liquid, fragrant and smelling sweetly, poured out from the slit, tinkling as it fell to the floor—quickly forming a pond wafting with a thick mist of immortality on the surface.

A light breeze blew inexplicably.

Her body began to sway and shake in a bizarre manner, the light veil wrinkled, and the watery tinkling sounds continued. Thick, white, soft tendrils emerged from the bottom of the pond, clinging to the liquid, piercing the mist, and slowly approached the audience. Then, with a 'hiss,' they sprayed a sweetly sickening, sweet-smelling vapor.

These wealthy nobles were already drunk and indulgent like ancient scholars who behaved recklessly.

After being sprayed by the mist of Immortal Honey, they became even more so.

Tao Qian and his three companions were similarly sprayed.

Surprisingly, Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu all produced excellent feedback.

"Wow, that's so sweet."

"Experiencing an attack by an alien... analyzing... this substance is a kind of essential oil and honey liquid, suitable for lubrication..."

"Eh, is she of the same kind? This miss's true form must be a kind of Immortal Grass, a pity she's not a sister from Wild Man Mountain."

With the three youths reacting this way, Tao Qian couldn't help but become intrigued.

While allowing the honey mist to spray over, he also made a seemingly inadvertent motion, suddenly swinging his hands forward, lightly touching one of the soft tendrils.

Such scenes occurred more than once among the audience.

Thus, neither the Demon Cultivators lurking in the dark nor Lady Mei on the stage noticed anything.

In Tao Qian's mind, a Record immediately burst forth:

[Name: Lady Mei.]

[Record Type: Alien Species.]

[Record: This woman is an Alien Life created from the corpse of a Human Clan girl combined with a Jiangzhu Immortal Grass. A few days ago, this woman died and was resurrected with Extraordinary Power, sold to the dance hall in Sleepless City by her parents. After dancing for two days, her unique ability was discovered by the Demon Cultivators under the Ninth Prince, who then forcefully demanded the dance hall surrender her. The backstage boss of the dance hall did not dare to oppose and had to comply.]

[Note 1: The woman has been branded with a Heavenly Demon Seal and is regarded by the Ninth Prince as an important spiritual material. She is to be refined with other materials into a "Six Desires Demon Pill."]

[Note 2: Not only can the Six Desires Demon Pill restore unseen injuries on the Ninth Prince, but it can also cause his Cultivation to surge dramatically. He plans to begin the Alchemy process in ten days.]

[Note 3: Despite subconsciously sensing her pitiful fate, the woman insists on performing to aid disaster relief. To ensure the medicinal properties of the Immortal Grass remain intact, the Ninth Prince had no

choice but to meet her demands. However, he has arranged for a group of Demon Cultivators to guard her, preventing others from coming into contact.]

Note 4: Although this girl has not practiced cultivation, she can already use some of the powers of the Jiangzhu Immortal Grass. She can secrete Immortal Honey into mist, allowing people to gain certain benefits.

...

Secret revelations surfaced one by one, yet Tao Qian felt little surprise after understanding them.

"Long ago when I passed by Demon City, the Returning Immortal Mirror had told me that this place was ruled by the Ninth Prince, and that the Ninth Prince was the successor of the Taishang Demon Sect."

"When I left the sect, my Master asked me to make a trip here, it's clear that my tribulation and opportunity are to be fulfilled, inevitably entwining with the Ninth Prince."

"So, it's normal that Lady Mei and Zhang Baisui are my Tribulation Leaders."

"But still, I do not know what the great benefit that my Master spoke of actually is."

As Tao Qian's mind stirred, the performance within the ballroom also came to an end.

The feast in the Immortal Palace, like passing shadows, faded away.

Onstage, only a frail woman remained, panting softly, her body covered in sweat, yet still extraordinarily beautiful.

"Bravo!"

Zhang Baisui, the second-generation warlord, unsurprisingly took the lead in starting the applause.

He even began arranging for donations soon after. Although many socialites looked down upon this second-generation figure, they had just experienced something extraordinary and received Lady Mei's kindness; how could they not open their wallets in charity?

Even Tao Qian easily waved his hand, donating the now useless silver coin banknotes he had with him.

In the face of Zhang Baisui's hopping up and down, those sent by the Ninth Prince felt somewhat disgusted by him, but indeed they could find no fault with what he was doing.

Among the demon cultivators, the leader was a man with a waxen face and lascivious eyes, sporting a goatee.

His aura revealed that his cultivation had reached the realm of Perfect Transcend Mortality.

Mysteriously appearing on the stage, he bowed to Lady Mei, then said with a smile that did not reach his eyes:

"Lady Mei, your wish has been granted. Now, follow this old man back to the mansion."

"Rest assured, all the charity raised will certainly be converted into rice and distributed among the many disaster victims."

Having said that, the old man swirled his sleeve, ready to use his Divine Skills to take Lady Mei away.

The latter did not resist but revealed a hint of sorrow and reluctance.

That look instantly broke the hearts of many in the audience.

Yet, no one made a move.

Indeed, among this gathering of wealthy merchants, influential figures, and officials—many of whom were cultivators themselves or had cultivators as bodyguards—like Zhang Baisui, they too held a fondness for Lady Mei and wanted desperately to rescue her.

Unfortunately, they could not do so.

In such a vast Demon City, indeed no one dared to offend the Ninth Prince.

Even if they joined forces, they would not match up to even one of his fingers.

Zhang Baisui, eager to act and about to curse aloud, also thought of intervening. However, he was swiftly and deftly blocked by his bodyguard, leaving him to whine and whimper helplessly below the stage, unable to do anything.

At that moment, at a secluded table,

Tao Qian, who pretended to drink wine, was in fact taking out his Demon Gourd, carefully selecting from within.

He quickly made his choice.

Clutching the Demon Gourd and giving it a shake, a sphere of red light poured out and rolled on the ground, transforming into a small female ghost with a distinctive appearance.

This little ghost wore red clothes and her hair was done up in buns.

Her round face seemed to flush with redness.

Her looks were so charming and adorable that anyone who saw her would find her captivating, not to mention the soft, bright red little horns on her forehead that made people want to play with them.

But as she opened her mouth, one could instantly see the rows of crimson, sharp teeth.

Drool trailed from her mouth, both silly and ferocious.

However, since she came from the "Demon Gourd," her origins evidently needed no further explanation, an Outer Realm Demon for sure.

And indeed it was so!

This Demon was called the Red Horned Demon, also known by the nickname Red Lady Demon.

Her rarity was on a par with that of the Decree Demon.

If Tao Qian hadn't been adept at summoning demons, controlling demons, and moreover possessed a Demon Pill as bait, he would never have been able to capture her.

The Red Lady excelled at stealth, even more so than Invisibility Demons.

Although the latter was convenient to command, it had a high likelihood of being exposed in the presence of highly cultivated individuals or in places protected by Forbidden Techniques.

The Red Lady was different; she was skilled in various stealth methods and could even silently attach herself inside the body of a life form.

As long as she did not reveal herself, not even the most powerful cultivators could detect her presence.

There was just one thing that had to be specified in advance.

"Red Lady, I command you to hide inside that woman's body. Do not act rashly until I summon you,"

"Oh, and you mustn't eat her. Not even a bit of her, no part at all."

As expected, Tao Qian added the last sentence.

The Red Lady, who had been playing dumb, immediately bared her teeth and growled in an adorable voice:

"Why not? At most, I won't touch her Primordial Spirit, just a few nibbles of her heart, or maybe her brain matter."

"Despicable Human Clan Cultivator, don't think I'm intimidated by calling you master. It's absolutely unacceptable to command me without proper benefits. If you push the Red Lady too hard, I might just self-consume."

Hearing this, Tao Qian couldn't help but be speechless.

He had perfected his Summoning Demon Technique and had commanded a vast number of demons of various types.

Most demons, once in his hands, had to obey his command and couldn't resist.

But occasionally, there were exceptions.

Like this Red Lady Demon, who had a method called "self-consumption."

As the name suggests, she could eat herself from head to toe.

Though she would be essentially dead as a result,

the process was painless, and after self-consuming, her essence would return to the Outer Realm and be reborn in another way.

Because of this, Tao Qian's threats to the Red Lady Demon weren't very compelling.

Fortunately, besides intimidation, Tao Qian could also resort to bribery.

"One Demon Pill!"

The condition given, the Red Lady's eyes immediately lit up.

"Two Demon Pills!"

"Deal!"

"Damn, I was tricked."

Seeing Tao Qian agree so readily, the Red Lady felt cheated, throwing a tantrum on the ground and crying loudly.

Seeing this scene made Tao Qian feel a bit better immediately.

"Be grateful, in the past when I, your master, used the Star Zha Demon and Substitute Demon, the reward was always one Demon Pill."

"Pah, how can that be the same? Look at the Ten Thousand Demon List, master. I, the Red Lady, am a whole grade higher than those useless snacks. Only giving two Demon Pills, just wait until I return to the Outer Realm. Master, don't blame me for broadcasting everywhere about your stinginess, making it so that next time you summon a demon, you won't be able to summon even one."

"Heh, every demon I've summoned has said the same. Yet, I've never seen you carry through with that. I reckon you, the Red Lady, won't do such a self-destructive thing that also benefits other demons."

"Enough nonsense, get lost, get lost."

Tao Qian chuckled at the Red Lady and then flicked his finger.

Caught off-guard, the Red Lady let out a muffled grunt as she was flicked away.

A red light, invisible to the naked eye, shot across the dance hall, and without anyone noticing, entered the body of Lady Mei.

Almost immediately after Tao Qian had set this covert plan in motion,

Lady Mei was led away by a group of Demon Cultivators. With the main character gone, the dance hall emptied, including Zhang Baisui and other distinguished guests.

Despite having some opportunities and reasons, Tao Qian did not immediately engage with Zhang Baisui, the second Tribulation Leader.

The reason was simple.

"One must plan thoroughly before acting. It's my first time in Demon City, and there are many unknowns. I must not act rashly."

"According to the Record, Lady Mei's life will be in jeopardy in ten days, so it's best to plant a demon first and observe the changes."

"As for that warlord's heir, Zhang Baisui, and the Ninth Prince... Both of them come from extraordinary backgrounds and are tied to some threatening omens. I will set them aside for now, until I have a clear understanding of what's happening within Demon City. Then it will not be too late to make plans."

"Having learned from the lesson of Southern Yue, how could I, Tao Qian, rashly stumble into tribulation again?"

Outside the dance hall, Tao Qian was feeling quite pleased with himself, while also pondering where to go next to hear some secret and detailed news.

But just at that moment, there was a disturbance inside the Holy Embryo Bag he was using as a "Storage Treasure Bag" in his bosom.

A familiar voice reached his ear.

"Nephew Tao, the time has come."

"A few miles east of here, a suitable Reincarnation Body for your uncle is being born. Hurry there, whether I can reincarnate depends on you now."

Chapter 295: Human World Purgatory, Pregnant Woman Gives Birth

Tao Qian left his sect to enter the world, primarily for the Third Method and for cultivation.

But at the same time, he had some other objectives, one of which was to find a reincarnation body for his uncle, one of the Spirit Treasure Eight Immortals, Master Jade Toad.

The convenience lay in the fact that he didn't have to search laboriously himself.

As soon as he entered the Mortal World, Master Jade Toad's True Spirit would naturally sense it, but what Tao Qian hadn't expected was.

On the first day he entered this world!

Had Uncle Jade Toad already chosen a reincarnation body?

And so coincidentally, within the boundaries of Demon City.

Although quite surprised, Tao Qian still had to shoulder the responsibility.

Following the guidance of Uncle Jade Toad, Tao Qian led three youngsters, crossing streets and alleys, quickly traversing those several miles.

"Is it here?"

Tao Qian frowned slightly as he looked at a large slum in front of him.

Indeed, within the territories of Demon City, aside from the freakishly flourishing, even extravagant districts, there were also many slums.

It hadn't always been so numerous; the situation had worsened as the dozens of provinces under the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty fell into great disarray, with warfare everywhere and various disasters and calamities seeming to never cease, naturally giving rise to a large number of poor. Although most died in their own lands, many had made their way to Demon City.

The ruler of Demon City, the Ninth Prince of the current dynasty, had recently become brutal and cruel.

In the past, however, he had been quite protective of his reputation.

Not only did he not drive away or slaughter the refugees, but he also built many shelters and distributed food and porridge.

Compared with the "General's City," the countless ramshackle wooden huts before Tao Qian could truly be considered slums.

A mix of dragons and snakes?

No, this place was akin to purgatory.

As the four people stepped into it, an extremely complex, filthy stench hit them in the face. They could barely find a good spot to set foot on, as it seemed to have rained heavily the night before. The many crisscrossed paths were very muddy, and scattered heaps of golden towers were visible.

Mud mixed with excrement made a thin, slippery soup, steaming with the stench of urine and feces.

Although Tao Qian had seen even filthier scenes at the Fragrant Meat Collection, the shock brought to him by this place was greater.

For besides the feces and urine, there were no demons here, only humans, one after another, all thin and sallow, their eyes emitting a murky yellow or green light.

Men, women, children, and the elderly were all present.

But it seemed as if they had no life, no hope left.

They existed like walking corpses, and only occasionally did Tao Qian catch glimpses of a glimmer of instinctual desire to survive in their eyes.

Tao Qian moved forward, silent.

Along the way, voices from inside the ramshackle huts, sounding weak, were clearly heard by Tao Qian:

"Mom, Gou Dan is probably beyond hope. You and dad should exchange me for something. I heard Heiwa say that a child my size can be traded for three kilos of meat at the market."

"Sha Zhu, listen to dad, don't become a Medicine Person. Dad is giving up, you are the last seedling of the Liu Family. Dad can't let anything happen to you, dad will go to see your mother first, take good care of yourself..."

"Big brother, Erni is so hungry, so hungry, I think I see dad and mom, they've come to get me..."

"Wife! Are you still alive... no breath? Dead? Good if you're dead, then you don't have to suffer with me. Rest assured, I'll be right there, I dragged you into fleeing the famine, I can't abandon you now; I'll be right there."

"Woman, listen, the couple from next door, Heiwa and his wife seem gone, we can make our move now, you guard the door."

...

The last sentence entered his ears just as Tao Qian was proceeding forward when he suddenly stopped.

At the same time, he saw a couple of starving husband and wife sneak out of a shabby wooden shelter.

Behind their door, the figures of two children, a boy, and a girl, flashed by.

The middle-aged man held a blood-stained firewood knife in his hand, while the woman's cheeks were hollow, her eyes emitting a green light, and she was crouching, ready to sneak into the neighbor's house.

But abruptly, they saw Tao Qian and the other three.

It was odd, neither of them screamed, they just both froze for a moment, and then, because of the number and stature of Tao Qian and his companions, a wary look appeared in their eyes.

But neither of them backed down, the man gripping the firewood knife even tighter, exchanging glances with his wife, and then he looked at Tao Qian, pursed his lips, with a hoarse voice said,

"Half?"

After uttering these two words, he added a few more sentences.

"We want Heiwa's wife, Heiwa is for you."

"There may be more of you, but I have a knife, and I'm not afraid of you."

These sentences entered his ears, and Tao Qian's face suddenly turned sour.

Although the middle-aged man's speech was not very coherent, it was easy to understand.

He was divvying up flesh.

Tao Qian still remembered the last time he had experienced something similar, it was at the Iron Buddha Temple, within the Fragrant Meat Concentration.

At that time, those who wanted to share the meat with him were Evil Cultivators and not ordinary members of the Human Clan.

Tao Qian looked at the middle-aged man before him, thin and sallow, holding a firewood knife, pursing his lips, determined and unyielding.

On the surface, his body showed no abnormalities, but at that moment, inside Tao Qian was a tempestuous stir.

The Infinite Tribulation Method given to him by his Master was operating on its own, the life force drawing, causing the Human Dao Fortune to surge again, a strong, silent urge reverberating within Tao Qian's mind.

Vaguely, Tao Qian sensed both calamity and opportunity.

Not because of this unexpected incident in front of him.

This issue concerning the starving husband and wife was extremely easy to resolve.

For them, Tao Qian's Divine Power was almost indistinguishable from the "Immortals" of myth.

What truly stirred Tao Qian's heart, prompting him to start seriously contemplating, was the entire slum.

And the tens of thousands, or even over a hundred thousand, starving people here.

Equally perceptive to the unfolding events was someone who had now awakened:

One of the Spirit Treasure Eight Immortals, Uncle Jade Toad's True Spirit.

He had been observing from the side and, sensing Tao Qian's thoughts, his True Spirit within the Toad Pearl immediately began scratching its head and lamenting incessantly.

After hesitating for just a moment, he finally spoke up with a psychic message:

"Nephew Tao, do not act rashly. If you now follow your heart and attempt to help the disaster victims in this slum, once you begin to take action, it means you have entered into tribulation, and it is a completely new tribulation at that."

"If you can overcome it, you will surely gain great benefits, perhaps a new Divine Power or an Exotic Treasure."

"However, there are tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of refugees in this slum. The life-and-death matters of so many people create an immeasurably vast cause and effect."

"With your abilities, you may solve hunger for a meal, or perhaps a day, but what about after that?"

"Can your slight frame withstand the backlash that follows?"

"To act and fail to see it through could also drag others down with you, possibly making things even worse. Isn't that creating more karma?"

"Human affairs require human methods to resolve... Attempting to solve it with your own mana is tantamount to a Tribulation Immortal stepping in, who will sooner or later also meet the fate of death and Dao dissipation."

Uncle Jade Toad's earnest entreaties enlightened Tao Qian somewhat, yet they did not sway his emotions.

But just as he was about to take action, a sudden change occurred.

The Sublime Dharma within him suddenly fell silent, and his Human Dao Fortune relayed a blurry vision.

Tao Qian was first taken aback, then his expression turned contemplative.

Then, to the starving couple in front of him, he said:

"Dead bodies carry disease; even if you eat and fill your stomachs, you won't live more than a few days."

"Wait just a bit longer, and there will be people coming to provide disaster relief, distributing rice, flour, porridge, and big steamed buns, along with some work that pays."

"If you go now and line up, you can take a good spot."

Having said those words, Tao Qian then continued to lead the three children deeper into the slum.

The middle-aged husband and wife, after being stunned for a moment:

Bizarrely, actually believed Tao Qian.

"Go back and look after Erni and the elder child, I'll go see."

The man shoved the firewood knife into his wife's hand, then trudged through the dung and yellow mud, heading for the outskirts of the slum.

Not long after, the wife inside the house suddenly heard a commotion of gongs and drums along with the constables' loud announcements.

"Dang dang dang!"

"Good news, good news, His Highness the Ninth Prince is matchlessly kind and is opening the granary to provide aid for three consecutive days."

"Rice, flour, porridge, big steamed buns, we have it all, hurry and come to collect."

"Those with able-bodied people at home can also take on some work; wages will be paid."

"Long live His Highness the Ninth Prince, long live, long live forever."

Hearing this, the wife holding her children tightly and gripping the firewood knife:

Froze, then murmured to herself:

"Can it be true?"

"That damned Ninth Prince, he's really providing aid?"

...

While the entire slum was boiling over with excitement due to the Ninth Prince's grand aid gesture:

Tao Qian had arrived at a larger but even more dilapidated shack, where seven or eight half-grown kids were holding kitchen knives, wooden sticks, stones, branches, and the like, guarding the door.

Inside the shack, the cries of two girls, filled with sadness and panic, could be continuously heard.

"Wuu wuu wuu, big brother, mama is gone, mama has stopped breathing."

"What do we do, big brother? It's been 15 minutes, mama has died, and our tenth brother hasn't been born yet but is already dead."

The young lad taking charge outside looked to be about fourteen or fifteen.

Though he still had the appearance of a child and was skin and bones, upon hearing the terrible news from inside, he couldn't help but have reddened eyes, yet he still tried his hardest to hold it together.

Through the decrepit wooden door, he shouted with clenched teeth:

"Cut it out!"

"We were all picked up by mama. She did everything possible to feed us. Her only wish was to give birth to the bloodline of the Chen Family."

"Our tenth brother must not be dead yet, third sister, sixth sister, hurry up and do it, mama won't blame you, as long as you can save our tenth brother's life, mama's spirit in heaven will definitely be happy... "

As the young boy was shouting, suddenly, several of his younger brothers cried out a warning from behind him.

He swiftly turned his head and immediately saw Tao Qian and the three children approaching.

The three little ones didn't matter to him, but Tao Qian's tall figure immediately put him on alert.

Clenching the kitchen knife tightly, he directed it at Tao Qian with an extremely fierce and twisted expression, trying to intimidate Tao Qian:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"Get out of here, or we will fight to the death."

"Freeze!"

Tao Qian had no time to deal with these half-grown kids who were about to attack, so he calmed their spirits and immobilized their bodies with Spirit Sound.

In an instant, he teleported directly inside the shack.

Before he could even see the pregnant woman and the fetus, Uncle Jade Toad's voice echoed urgently in his mind:

"Quick, nephew, cast your spell."

"Both mother and child still can be saved, if you delay any longer, your uncle's Reincarnation Body will be lost."

Chapter 296 Ma Yi Immortal Calculates Buddhist Sect, Tao Qian Learns Fishing Toad Technique

In the slum, within a rundown shack.

Tao Qian appeared suddenly and was immediately hit by the stench of blood filling the room. He ignored everything else and directed his gaze to the wooden plank bed in the center, padded with tattered cloth. There lay a woman, her body gaunt to the extreme, almost indistinguishable from a dried corpse, drenched and breathless long ago.

Bloodied stains covered the lower half of her body, propped up crudely on planks.

Standing before the bed were two girls, one dark and robust, wielding scissors, the other weak and frail, holding a basin of hot water, with eyes filled with terror, like a tiny mouse.

Seeing four unfamiliar figures suddenly shift into the room, the frail girl accidentally knocked over the basin of hot water and then turned to open the door and call for help, while the robust girl let out a loud yell after a moment of shock, then fought back tears and fear, brandishing the scissors at Tao Qian, who led the group.

Witnessing this scene, and thinking of the courage of the few half-grown children outside, Tao Qian couldn't help but nod his head.

Uncle Jade Toad certainly had a knack for choosing!

In that thought, Tao Qian immediately immobilized the two girls.

Little Age, who had already received the psychic message, stepped forward before anyone else, prying open the woman's mouth with his plump little hands. His round face puffed up, and with a gurgling sound, a stream of cool, sweet fluid brimming with vibrant life was spat out by Little Age.

He was a natural spiritual being, Taisui refined to perfection.

A mouthful of the spiritual liquid was enough to make those loose cultivators at the Foundation Establishment or even the Transcend Mortality Realm covetous.

Whether it was used for refining techniques or for direct consumption to augment one's cultivation realm, it was highly effective.

Healing the dead and mending bones was done with ease.

Of course, Tao Qian had many ways to save the lives of this mother and child, but none were as convenient and quick as Little Age's "saliva."

The next moment!

Those two girls, still immobilized but with eyes wide open, witnessed an unbelievable sight:

That plump child spat mouthful after mouthful onto their mother, and with a bright radiance that emerged, the mother's originally emaciated body visibly became plumper. Her halted breath resumed, and even her eyelids began to twitch, as though she might awaken at any moment.

Even more astonishing was the leader's bizarre "midwifery method" that manifest suddenly.

With a wave of his robe sleeve, an infant with a notably large head detached itself from the mother's lower half and fell into his hands.

Meanwhile, in this filthy, stinking room, sweet rain and Qingfeng inexplicably appeared, cleansing everything.

This scene was not only witnessed by the two girls.

Unbeknownst to them, the immobilization spell that bound those half-grown children also unraveled.

Pushing open the door in shocked rage, they all saw the miracle.

The other children simply had their eyes wide and mouths agape.

Only the eldest among them, more astute, immediately pulled his siblings to their knees, all of them kowtowing and saying:

"We thank the immortal for saving my mother and my tenth sibling's lives, thank you, immortal."

"May the immortal enjoy undying longevity and a peaceful and happy life."

Although the young boy seemed young and unlearned, it was clear the auspicious words he spoke were overheard from elsewhere.

Yet his sincere and heartfelt manner was unmistakable.

Tao Qian did not evade their kowtowing and after receiving it three times, he gestured for them to rise.

He pointed to the woman on the wooden plank bed, who was coming to her senses.

Prompted, the group of young boys immediately rushed to their mother's side, completely unaware of the infant in Tao Qian's arms.

The child had not yet cried since separating from the mother's body.

"Born with deficiencies, without soul, without spirit, deaf, dumb, and slow, with an ugly countenance and inferior talent—it seems to have gotten the full set."

"If it weren't for Little Age's spiritual liquid giving it life, this child would not have survived three breaths after birth."

"Uncle, is this the reincarnation body you have chosen?"

Tao Qian transmitted his thoughts through psychic messaging.

A beam of true spirit light, invisible to the naked eye, leaped from within his sleeves—it was the lazy, corpulent uncle, seated on the back of the Jade Toad.

There he sat on the forehead of this large-headed, spiritless infant.

Smiling broadly, he then proudly laughed and said:

"My dear nephew, your cultivation journey is still short; you have yet to appreciate the methods your uncle possesses."

"My calculation of divine skills may not match Brother Duobao, but I have cultivated the Nine Toad Scripture and have a bit of toad wisdom in my heart soul. It may not be of much use when contending with those gods of the Outer Realm, but there's no chance of error when finding the most suitable reincarnation body for myself."

"This infant was born with ten defects and should have died at birth. With my true spirit's investment, it has come back from the brink—there could be nothing more perfect."

Normally, Uncle Jade Toad would have stopped there.

But he continued, adding:

"I want you to understand, nephew, that reincarnating and recultivating isn't as simple as just starting over."

"If one wishes to truly return from the tribulation, one must mend all personal flaws. Otherwise, even if you recultivate ten times, a hundred times, you will still turn to ashes in the end."

"Sister Ma Yi had long planned a path for us Eight Immortals. Despite cultivating both the Spirit Treasure and Toad techniques, I was still unable to break through the Daoist Transformation Tribulation and needed the support of the Buddhist Law."

"The mother of this body, along with her nine siblings, though they now are of the Mortal Human Race, each has a connection with Buddha."

"I wish to borrow the Karma of my mother and siblings in this recultivation and obtain a Buddhist Law that can make up for my deficiencies."

"Once my true spirit enters this infant's body and I am officially born, all memories and past experiences will become obscured... After that, I will live as a person of the Human Clan, born with inherent imperfections, dumb and deaf. If my toad senses are not mistaken, I expect to encounter Buddha's grace along with my siblings and mother when I turn thirteen."

"On the day I acquire the Buddhist Law, it will be the moment my innate wisdom awakens."

"At that time, I will call upon you with toad wisdom, dear nephew. Remember to come and lead me, bringing me, my siblings, and my mother back to the Mountain Gate."

"Having gained benefits, I naturally have to look after this life's siblings and mother. How could I let them fall into the hands of bald monks?"

"At that time, you may have to confront the bald monks of the Buddhist Sect, but thirteen years later, my nephew, it likely won't be a problem for you."

His words sounded complex but were conveyed simply with a thought.

What Tao Qian hadn't expected was that Uncle Jade Toad's reincarnation and recultivation turned out to be so intricate—it even involved calculations against the Buddhist Sect.

This was indeed intriguing!

In the Cultivation World, it was always the bald monks of the Buddhist Sect calculating against others, often playing out scenarios of 'the praying mantis stalking the cicada, unaware of the Yellow Sparrow behind.'

Spirit Treasure Sect disciples had surprisingly turned the tables and were quietly plotting against the Buddhist Sect.

"It sounds like this could be Aunt Ma Yi's doing?"

"And who knows what kind of schemes the other Seven Immortals have up their sleeves as they cultivate anew."

At the moment Tao Qian's thoughts stirred,

Uncle Jade Toad, half of his True Spirit already merged with the infant's head, gave his final instructions.

"After my reincarnation, do not linger here, nephew, nor is there need to cast spells to erase the memories of my brothers, sister, and mother."

"The traces left by you would be too conspicuous and easily noticed by those bald donkeys."

"Aunt Ma Yi has long since tampered with my True Spirit. Simply by spending one night with me, all sorts of traces and memories will be wiped clean by the Sea and Field Transformation Technique."

"There's also no need to worry about our safety; this family all has a connection with the Buddha and will face trials, but will also turn calamities into blessings when the right opportunity arises."

Having said these words, Uncle Jade Toad suddenly and violently turned over, finally falling off the back of the Jade Toad.

Most of his body merged into the infant's brain.

The Jade Toad then transformed directly into a faint light, shooting towards Tao Qian.

As it entered his body, Tao Qian's mind erupted with a Record: "Acquiring Fishing Toad Technique... Learned!"

"As you, my nephew, are willing to take on karma, I, your uncle, mustn't be stingy."

"This Magic Skill is a secret not taught outside of the Nine Toad Sect."

"I suppose you also understand that a complete set of Nine Toad Beads are supreme treasures for attack and defense, coveted even by Cultivators in the Ultimate Happiness Realm."

"What you don't know is that the Nine Toad Beads attract each other; now that you possess one and have entered the world, sooner or later you will encounter the other bead's mark."

"With this Secret Technique, you can instantaneously hook the Toad Pearl, and no matter how well others refine the bead, they won't be able to resist."

"Of course, others know this Secret Technique too, not just me; several other undying elders within the Nine Toad Sect's forbidden ground also do."

"If, by bad luck, you meet their disciples... you'll have to use brute force."

"The hour has come!"

"Your uncle is off!"

As his voice faded, Uncle Jade Toad's True Spirit fully merged into the foolish, deaf, and mute infant.

Almost instantly, the previously still infant,

At that moment, opened his eyes.

Infused with a True Spirit, this once soulless and spiritless baby was transformed from death to life, finally becoming a true person.

Though the infant's head was somewhat oversized, its skin excessively wrinkled, and it was a bit too ugly,

An infant was, after all, an infant, and its clear, large eyes looking up were quite adorable.

However, as Tao Qian gazed at the infant, he inexplicably felt a sense of urgency pushing him to leave.

Knowing it was an illusion, Tao Qian quickly realized,

"I've entered the world amidst tribulation, and trouble can strike at any moment."

"As for my uncle who came with plans for reincarnation and cultivation, he needs to grow up quietly alongside his nine elder siblings and mother of this lifetime."

"Great!"

"This is as if the fates find me too troublesome and want me to leave quickly, so I don't bring them any trouble."

Once Tao Qian realized this,

The corner of his mouth twitched slightly, and he felt somewhat indignant as he turned the infant over and patted its bottom three times.

Then, without further delay, he placed his uncle back into the arms of the woman who was waking up and beginning to sit up.

Originally, Tao Qian had intended to leave some money and food behind, or perhaps directly bestow some Cultivation Techniques and Treasures, to ensure the family could defend themselves.

But having heard Uncle Jade Toad's instructions, he understood he could spare these gestures.

After returning the infant, Tao Qian waved his sleeve and disappeared from the dilapidated shed along with Little Age, Lian Jing'er, and Shan Jiu.

...

Tao Qian had not gone very far, nor had he truly left the slum.

Instead, he returned directly to the alley where he had previously encountered trouble, intending to take a final look before leaving.

But just as he led the three children to a stop,

The side of a hut suddenly burst apart, with a muffled bang and the sound of bones and internal organs being crushed, as a seemingly tall but extremely feeble figure flew out, directly towards where Tao Qian and the four of them stood.

Simultaneously, Tao Qian's mind surged with numerous feeble perceptions.

This showed that at least five or six Cultivators had suddenly appeared before him.

"How precise?"

"Trouble is here already?"

Tao Qian was startled and looked up.

Where the hut had been instantly leveled, as well as on the adjacent muddy dirt path, stood several figures.

Most of them were feeble commoners.

Among them, six people were Cultivators.

And one of them immediately caught Tao Qian's eye, standing only a few steps away.

This was an extremely obese, towering man wearing a Yellow Robe, white pants below, and a scarlet belt tightly fastened around his waist, bulging with fat. He had a broad nose, red lips, drooping eyes, and a mouth full of tusks, exuding an incredibly pungent stench.

That alone wasn't what made him noteworthy.

What drew Tao Qian's attention was the bisected body lying under his feet, missing an arm and a heart.

Both the arm and the heart were in the hands of the hulking man.

Chapter 297: The Evil Doctor Turns Out to Be a Fishing Man, Huang Lian Saint Mother Battles Medicine King

Since the shanty suddenly shattered, Tao Qian and his companions found themselves face-to-face with the group ahead.

Tao Qian's gaze swiftly swept the scene, instantly understanding what was happening here.

The man who had been sent flying by the strongman was still somewhat robust, but the poor fellow had evidently been fed an unknown quantity of poison. His body was covered in multicolored blotches and grotesque tumors, a sight horrific and inexplicable.

There were quite a few men and women similar to him, all shackled with iron chains, strung together, and standing numbly on the muddy dirt road.

They were guarded by five cultivators who looked like demons, each dressed similarly to the man-eating strongman, holding various objects in their hands such as whips, fans, hammers, and awls, resembling torture devices and emanating an abnormal aura, obviously some crudely forged magical treasures.

Similarly, these six cultivators, who were clearly evil cultivators, had their own cultivation realms.

Five were in the Energy-Introducing Realm!

The cannibal was barely stepping into the Qi Refining Realm.

These six likely all thought themselves mighty and powerful, a cut above common folk, believing themselves to be transcendent, intermediary beings between mortals and immortals.

Little did they know, their bodies, in Tao Qian's eyes, took on an entirely different appearance.

Take the man-eating brute, for instance, his true form was long since non-human, but rather a creature with a human body and a pig's head, covered in flabby flesh and black hair, with thick yellow pus oozing constantly from the pores.

The beast relished his grisly feast, huffing and puffing, utterly unaware that around his own neck, too, was a collar.

Evidently, the brute's life and death were in someone else's hands.

The other five were similar to him, their bodies still human, but each with heads of birds, foxes, rodents, or dogs, their eyes blood-red, devoid of humanity.

"Those civilians who are bound must be the so-called 'Medicine People.'"

"Volunteering to be force-fed poison in exchange for grain and money to feed their families."

"And these six despicable demons are the harvesters?"

Tao Qian had just guessed the cause and effect when his group of four caught the attention of the yellow-pus pig-headed monster.

More precisely, Tao Qian was the target.

Inexplicably, the pig-headed monster's gaze locked onto Tao Qian's dangling earlobes, which resembled those of the Buddha.

Licking its crimson lips, the monster actually dropped the half-eaten arm of an old man it had been gnawing on and made a beeline toward Tao Qian.

Without warning, it charged like a wild boar.

As the ground trembled, the strongman flung his thick tongue about, droplets of foul saliva flying into the air, and in a bewitched roar, he yelled:

"What a delicious scent!"

"Eating him now, there's still time to return and report. Snacking on a person on the way, the Master certainly wouldn't blame me."

"I can't hold back, how can it smell so tempting?"

Before his words even ended, the strongman leapt into the air, pouncing towards Tao Qian.

The incident was quite abrupt, but Tao Qian wasn't surprised.

Back in Southern Yue, Tao Qian knew the effects that came with refining the Spirit Treasure Method and bearing tribulation energy upon himself.

Devil God Princess Yin Susu!

What a figure she was, yet seduced by the tribulation energy on Tao Qian and hence diminished in intelligence.

Let alone this lowly demon in front of him.

Tao Qian couldn't be bothered to give him a second glance. Seeing a dark shadow lunging at him, he casually slapped it away.

After what just happened, Tao Qian did not hold back in the slightest.

Even though he did not employ any divine powers and only used the physical strength of the Foundation Establishment Realm, for an evil cultivator demon in the Qi Refining Realm, it was still a catastrophe.

Bang!

With a dull explosion, the strongman's putrid pig-head burst apart.

The cloud of yellow pus and blood couldn't splash onto Tao Qian, but instead, precisely showered the remaining five evil cultivator demons. Accompanied by a hissing sound, their hard-earned demon bodies instantly turned sieve-like. Without even a chance to wail, they wilted and collapsed, slack as mud.

In less than half a breath, six evil cultivator demons perished.

The moment Tao Qian killed the demon, a very detailed record naturally surged into his mind.

Initially, Tao Qian didn't pay much attention; it was just another misguided soul who had fallen and become a demon.

But soon, he saw hidden information that piqued his interest.

[Name: Beast Puppet Slave.]

[Record Type: Demon.]

[Record: This person, originally named Yan Gang, was a butcher who idolized cultivators. After thirty years of diligent work and savings, he bought a scroll of the "Beast Heart Technique" from the black market and began self-cultivation. His initial progress was swift, gaining extraordinary powers such as Infinite Strength and Skin like Vajra, until he reached the Destiny Defining Fetus Stage. Then, uncontrollably he sprinted hundreds of miles during the night to meet a mysterious person, and his life fell into this person's control.]

[Annotation One: The disseminator of the "Beast Heart Technique" is a heterodox evil cultivator named He Sen, self-proclaimed "Evil Doctor Immortal." His cultivation has reached the Realm of Perfect Transcend Mortality and he cultivates the "Mixed Element Life Extension Scripture." With exceptional talent, he has refined many Sublime Dharma Powers and is highly likely to step into the Cavernous Mystery Realm.]

[Annotation Two: Evil Doctor Immortal He Sen is especially skilled in cultivating evil cultivator demons, maintaining their spiritual wisdom while controlling them like puppets. Thus, he is greatly trusted by one of the Alchemist Organization's Saint Heirs, Huang Chong, who assigned him to oversee the Changchun Society in Demon City.]

...

Due to the vast difference in cultivation realms between Tao Qian and the evil cultivator demon, a single slap allowed Tao Qian to glimpse into these detailed secrets.

This butcher named Yan Gang's process of mutating and falling into demonhood resonated with him vividly.

"Disseminating Cultivation Secret Manuals... enticing mortals or low-level cultivators to practice them... and then controlling them."

"Heh, another despicable fishing man."

Tao Qian scorned the evil cultivator known as He Sen.

Subsequently, his attention was drawn to the second annotation.

"Alchemist!"

"Saint Heir Huang Chong!"

"Changchun Society!"

Familiar terms leapt out one after another.

Almost immediately, Tao Qian recalled his many encounters in Southern Yue.

It would be inaccurate to call them old adversaries,

since, in the eyes of the Alchemist Organization, Tao Qian probably didn't even register as a minor character.

However, that so-called "Qin Wuxiang" with the pretty boy's face, the Saint Heir, likely harbored a deep grudge against Tao Qian.

In the final battle of Southern Yue, despite Qin Wuxiang having reached the Cavernous Mystery Realm and possessing an abundance of Divine Skills,

he found himself without any opportunity to use them, as any major figure who joined the fray could easily crush him.

If it had been the same for other Cultivators, that would have been one thing, but there was the anomaly of Tao Qian,

with his feeble cultivation, relying on his methods to reap the greatest benefits.

Qin Wuxiang, who had always enjoyed the status of a favored child of heaven, truly detested Tao Qian—if it weren't for Tao Qian heading straight back to Spirit Treasure Mountain Gate after it ended, Qin Wuxiang would likely have been hunting him across the world by then.

"In the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty, there are many power organizations that exist in both the Mortal World and the Cultivation World."

"These organizations are mostly known for their well-informed nature and their mix of dragons and snakes."

"Cao Gang is one of them!"

"Changchun Society is also such an organization."

"Especially the latter, it ropes in those low-class types in the Mortal World, such as fortune tellers, peddlers of ointment, street performers, storytellers, and healers of venereal diseases, while in the Cultivation World, it rounds up those Heterodox Practitioners who wander everywhere."

"I want to find out about the current situation in Demon City, especially the movements in the Cultivation World. It seems like the people from Changchun Society might be a good choice?"

As Tao Qian contemplated, his gaze wandered among the shattered corpses on the ground.

Soon, he raised his hand and beckoned.

Six corpses then emitted a wisp of grey mist, each containing a distorted human shade within.

Tao Qian didn't bother to individually Soul Search each one and directly reached out to grab them, kneading them into a single mass.

During the process, the evil souls of these six individuals wailed incessantly.

Such agony could not be feigned.

Regrettably, there was no one present to defend them.

The impoverished, who heard the commotion from afar, hid in their shanties, not daring to emerge, and nearby, there were only those pitiable Medicine People.

Even though they had been tormented to the point of numbness, upon hearing the pained screams of the Six Evil Cultivators,

these Medicine People all looked up in their direction.

In their eyes, a shared expression of satisfaction emerged, with some even forcefully pulling at the corners of their mouths to show a gratified smile.

Especially a man not far off with broken limbs, on the verge of death,

who was now frantically banging on the ground, crying and shouting:

"Dad, my dear dad!"

"Do you see this? Evil begets evil. This world, this world... sob sob!"

Hearing these cries, Tao Qian applied a bit more force in his hands.

While he unleashed the Soul Searching Technique, he also summoned sweet rain.

The Spirit Treasure Dew could cleanse the intense poison from the bodies of these miserable Medicine People. While detoxifying them, Tao Qian casually erased their memories related to him.

The Soul Searching Technique was something he learned while being hunted in Southern Yue.

The beauty of it was that it could search souls and capture spirits, allowing Tao Qian to effortlessly gain some more detailed information.

The downside was its cruelty; those subjected to the Soul Search would not only suffer immensely, but would also have their three souls and seven spirits thoroughly shattered after the process.

Indeed, in a moment and amidst unprecedented screams of agony,

the mist made from the combined souls of the Six Evil Cultivators dispersed completely.

At the same time, Tao Qian obtained the information he desired. The doubts that had arisen in his heart since setting foot in Demon City were explained.

"The reason for the current turmoil, undercurrents surging in Demon City, or rather the reason on the surface."

"The Ninth Prince has spread word throughout the Cultivation World that he will hold a grand treasure assembly, soliciting strange and exotic treasures from all over the world. Generous rewards are offered, and those whose treasures are accepted can join the court and receive resources for sustenance... With the Ninth Prince being the Taishang Demon Sect heir and the Grand Admiral, this unsurprisingly stirred up the Cultivation World."

"Although the real Great Cultivators, or the disciples from the Great Sects, have shown no reaction, a massive number of lower-class Cultivators are flocking in."

"However, this is merely the superficial reason; another piece of news, spreading secretly, is the true cause of the restlessness for forces such as the All Techniques Sect."

"But what exactly is this news? These lower-class Heterodox Cultivators do not know."

"However, their higher-up, the so-called 'Evil Doctor Immortal' He Sen, must surely be aware."

"This is convenient, as it happens to be tonight."

"Evil Doctor Immortal He Sen, will be engaging in a magical duel with 'Huang Lian Saint Mother,' the leader of the local White Lotus Sect in Demon City, at the Medicine King Temple."

"Both are at the Perfect Transcend Mortality Realm and have the potential to step into the Cavernous Mystery Realm. Representing Changchun Society and the White Lotus Sect respectively, it is clear they intend to contend for the title of the representative power for the lower layers of Demon City."

"Numerous Heterodox Practitioners will go to watch."

"Why not go have a look as well?"

With several thoughts springing forth, Tao Qian quickly made a decision on his next move.

Chapter 298: Heterodox Witch Jiang Ruyu, Demon City Giant Merchant Liu Hongsheng

The Longevity Heavenly Dynasty of today has suffered a great upheaval that has lasted for thousands of years, with demons entering the world and Western influence arriving. Every corner and territory was undergoing earth-shattering changes.

If one were to select the most bustling city within this region at this time, the answer would almost certainly be without suspense.

Although the Imperial City and Devil City also had some competitiveness, the number one spot belonged undoubtedly to "Demon City."

Lanterns bright, a ten-mile western scene.

Looking at this city after nightfall was just like the descent of the White Jade City from the heavens into the mortal world, transforming after being tainted by the worldly air.

However, these neon lights in Demon City mostly belonged to celebrities, rich merchants, and bigwigs.

For the commoners at the bottom, being able to rest early was a stroke of luck.

Medicine King Temple!

Another bustling territory within Demon City.

During the daytime, the tide of people surged; it was a marketplace similar to the City God Temple. While incense and popularity were not as grand as the latter, it was not much less.

After all, which poor mortal didn't have their headaches and fevers? If they could seek medical treatment, they would; if not, they would go worship at the Medicine King Temple, seeking peace and hope.

At late night, when the commoners had all dispersed, this place would usually turn deserted.

But today was somewhat different.

Inside the temple, a stick of incense burned at its peak, a spark fell, and, in an instant, two voices, a man's and a woman's, suddenly echoed loudly.

"Mixed Element Realm!"

"Lanterns Illuminate!"

First, a sudden sweep of azure radiance shone over the entire Medicine King Temple Market area, opening a barrier that could isolate the Mortal Human Race.

At the same time, the originally darkened market suddenly lit up with brilliance; numerous red lanterns inexplicably appeared, ascending and hanging high in various places.

In just two breaths of time, a transcendent territory was formed.

After that, lights continued to light up within this area, each one signifying the entrance of a visitor.

In a short period of time, the Medicine King Temple appeared to twinkle like stars, and upon closer look, the originally empty market had become extraordinarily lively, with various human and non-human forms appearing everywhere, clamorous and noisy, as if the daytime scene had reemerged.

Only now, instead of all being humans during the day, there were now many who were not.

"Such a lively scene, so many cultivators and demon and monster within the Demon City?"

Still looking like a peculiar young man, Tao Qian, leading three little ones, also appeared at the Medicine King Temple area at some unknown time.

Perhaps out of bad luck, the spot they chose happened to be where demon and monster, mountain spirits, and ghosts resided.

At a street corner, Tao Qian looked to the left.

He saw seven or eight roughly dressed male and female mages, unkempt and dirty, with a wild aura about them and emitting the odors characteristic of venomous insects. At a glance, one could tell that they were the kind of people who consumed raw meat and were experts in using poisonous skills and techniques from the Heterodox path.

Seeing Tao Qian look their way, the female mage leading them grinned, revealing a mouthful of black teeth. With a wave of her robe, she performed a trick, handing over a dirty large wooden bowl filled with various plump and venomous insects that had been cooked and gave off a tempting aroma.

"Try some, little brother, these are all virility-boosting insects, guaranteed to invigorate you," she said.

"If you can't find a place to quench your fire, sister here can offer her services."

As she spoke, the female mage began to peel away a corner of her blouse, exposing a sudden burst of spring.

Such a brazen style made Tao Qian pause in amazement.

However, the female mage's disposition was surprisingly good. After Tao Qian politely declined, she wasn't irritated and began to chew the venomous insects while displaying her charms to the other cultivators.

To avoid embarrassment, Tao Qian turned his gaze to the right.

There were about a dozen figures, all ghostly beings shrouded in black mist, revealing their ugly and terrifying true forms – hanging ghosts, hungry ghosts, skinless ghosts, human head ghosts, and the like.

However, they were not merely ignorant of their true forms; they had all practiced cultivation and, barely, could also be considered cultivators.

These were actually quite normal, until Tao Qian noticed even more alien beings.

Such as a giant, thirty feet tall, with red, naked flesh; a group of extravagantly dressed little people the size of a thumb; a dwarf monster wearing a kasaya with a head as big as a bucket; a centipede monster formed by hundreds of interconnected heads; a group of fair and beautiful women, but with only human skin remaining, carrying lutes in their arms...

Compared with them, the heterodox mages were normal, and the ghosts were normal too.

Tao Qian and his group were even more extremely normal.

As he looked around, Tao Qian saw even more strange, wonderful creatures.

Even as a Great Master like himself, he couldn't help but feel his horizons had been broadened at this moment.

"A dance of a group of demons, immortals with extraordinary aspirations."

"Although most of them can't be considered powerful, if I were to get serious, I could slap many to death with one palm."

"But these are all lifeforms from underneath the heavens... previously they dared not step into the Mortal World because of the Ancestor God Forbidden laws, but now that the prohibition has broken, they have all entered the world."

"Whether it's good or bad cannot be easily determined."

As these thoughts arose, Tao Qian suddenly became aware of something.

He looked up towards the sky, thinking: "Here it comes."

Almost at this instant, above the Medicine King Temple, two splendid beams of light burst forth.

When the light subsided, the figures of a male and female cultivator emitting strong auras appeared before the eyes of all the cultivators present.

The male cultivator was a gaunt young man dressed in the white robes typically worn by doctors, and with surprisingly handsome features. However, his demeanor and attitude emitted an evil aura, and a red mole between his eyebrows made him look even more demonic, not like a decent person at all.

And the female cultivator was even more eye-catching, dressed in red garments and trousers, her right hand holding a red lantern, her left hand wielding a red folding fan, her hair coiffed in a high bun—her beauty was above average, yet it was her pair of black eyes, as dark as ink, that exuded an imposing air.

The two stood in confrontation high above in the sky, with many figures emerging behind each of them simultaneously.

The surrounding cultivators couldn't help but realize,

Both of these Transcend Mortality Realm cultivators had extraordinary identities.

One was the leader of the Changchun Society from Demon City, an organization that brought together various Nine Streams of Loose Practitioners. Usually inconspicuous, it actually possessed considerable combat power, with its reach extending deeply into both the Mortal World and the Cultivation World.

The second was the Squad Leader of the White Lotus Sect in Demon City. In the matter of rebellion, although the White Lotus Sect couldn't compete with the Taiping Army or the Devil God Army, they took a much more tenacious approach. Starting many years ago, the White Lotus Sect had been constantly rebelling and being suppressed but had never truly vanished.

Under normal circumstances, these two major forces shouldn't intersect much, let alone come into such direct conflict.

A prearranged combat duel?

One misstep and it would not only cost one side their life and Daoist extinction,

but it might also trigger an all-out war between the two forces.

If it really came to that, it could directly lead to a major disaster; after all, both sides were large forces capable of mobilizing a great number of cultivators, not just minor sects or schools.

Many, like Tao Qian, were similarly puzzled.

Not far away, some people started to inquire and discuss.

Given that it was a place where dragons and snakes mixed, there must be people who were well-informed.

"Come, come, come, the betting starts now."

"The Changchun Society's 'Evil Doctor Immortal' has cultivated a sublime Dharma for health preservation and life extension, also known by the moniker of Undying Doctor Immortal. I hear that even the Cavernous Mystery Realm would find it almost impossible to take his life."

"And that Huang Lian Saint Mother, her Lotus Subtle Dharma is no ordinary skill, and while she may be branded with heresy and heterodoxy, in reality, she has a subtle connection with the orthodox Buddhist Sect. Her odds of winning are also incredibly high."

"Good, I'll bet on Huang Lian Saint Mother, but I'm more curious about how these two became enemies. They should have nothing to do with one another, right? Does any Daoist friend know the secrets behind this? If you can clear the confusion in my heart, I'll reward you with a Banana Spirit, a charm proficient in all kinds of pleasures. Daoist friends who are interested shouldn't miss out."

"Give it to me, this poor Daoist happens to know the details of this matter."

"It's quite simple actually, and it seems that everything might be settled tonight."

"As fellow Daoists may know, within the bounds of Demon City lies Ten Thousand Demon Square, a large trading place close to several provinces and even to the entire Longevity Heavenly Dynasty's cultivators. Any who are free would be willing to go there to conduct their trade."

"But recently, for some unknown reason, that square and His Highness the Ninth Prince have had some grievances. At last, the Ninth Prince relented, allowing other forces to come to Demon City to establish a second square with its location selected right here at Medicine King Temple."

"For some reason, this fortunate development is somehow connected to both the White Lotus Sect and the Changchun Society; it seems that the Evil Doctor Immortal and Huang Lian Saint Mother are the intermediaries, and thus a life and death enmity was born."

"Whoever wins gets to collaborate with the Ninth Prince to establish this Medicine King Temple Market."

"Hiss!"

As an interested individual finished speaking, a wave of astonished gasps swept through the crowd.

Any cultivator with a bit of experience knew the significance of a trading square.

Although the biggest share of this market was probably in the hands of the Ninth Prince,

just the scraps alone were enough to pique the interest of large forces like Cao Gang, Changchun Society, and White Lotus Sect, which exist both in the Mortal World and the Cultivation World.

With such a temptation, it's no wonder these two would come to blows.

"So, who will be the victor?"

Just as the cultivators were privately speculating,

Above Medicine King Temple, two terrifying auras were about to collide.

A "Cultivator's Conflagration" was set to unfold.

Yet at that moment, Tao Qian suddenly furrowed his brows and turned his head to look into the distance.

"More people are coming, and they're all very strong."

"Altogether five, all from Cavernous Mystery."

No sooner had Tao Qian come to this realization,

than five streaks of terrifying aura tore through the sky, swiftly arriving above everyone's heads.

At that instant, everyone felt as if five great mountains had suddenly pressed down over the sky,

No one dared to cause trouble at this time; they could only help but lift their heads to look at the five figures.

They were an elderly nun with Buddha Light bursting from the back of her head, a barefoot young girl in white garments, a short merchant clad in gold robes holding an abacus, a solemn-faced scholar in a long robe, and lastly, a general shrouded in black armor.

The aura of these five was as terrifying as mountains, leaving the thousands of cultivators and Demon Alien Species present deeply shaken.

Tao Qian's brow furrowed slightly, but before he could do anything, the crowd's discussions once again provided him with answers.

"Lotus Heart Temple's Master Jing Yin, the Heterodox Witch Jiang Ruyu, Demon City Giant Merchant Liu Hongsheng, an Elder from the Xiu Family Xiu Beihai, the Black Armored General under the Ninth Prince... How could these five have come together, and why did they come to Medicine King Temple tonight?"

"Hah, isn't it obvious? We've been played, that Changchun Society and White Lotus Sect never intended to truly go to war with each other."

"One side spread rumors to attract our attention to witness this, while on the other hand, they must have sought out these influential figures to negotiate at the Ninth Prince's Mansion."

"Now that the influential figures have arrived, it seems that the matter of establishing the market has already been settled."

"If nothing else, it looks like the Changchun Society and the White Lotus Sect, with their reach across dozens of provinces in the depths of the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty, plan to cooperate with the Ninth Prince to open this Medicine King Temple Market."

Chapter 299: Tao Qian Peeks at Secrets, Treasure Surrenders Itself

Five Cavernous Mystery Cultivators with distinct identities suddenly descended upon the Medicine King Temple.

The tension that had been holding between the Changchun Society and the White Lotus Sect was instantly diffused, when Black Armored General, who had clearly practiced some Slaughter Demon Scripture, intervened between them. Whatever he said caused both sides' expressions to ease.

Observing this change, the cultivators below had an epiphany.

This duel was likely no longer going to be witnessed.

Although none dared to comment on the two powerful forces or the five Cavernous Mystery Cultivators, whispers began to spread, stirring a restless dissatisfaction in the air.

Tao Qian found the scene intriguing. Previously, within the Mountain Gate, he had seen numerous Cavernous Mystery practitioners and quite a few from the Ultimate Happiness Realm.

But he had somewhat forgotten—

The words "Cavernous Mystery"!

In the Cultivation World, they signified a cultivator of great ability.

In any major province, one could dominate a territory.

If someone like the Beautiful Corpse Bodhisattva from a Great Sect were to emerge in the Cavernous Mystery Realm, the audacity and arrogance would be beyond reproach.

Of course, this was Demon City, not an ordinary territory.

However, those five above seemed to be identities not far inferior to the Beautiful Corpse.

With the three days of remedial lessons previously given by Xiao Hua Daoist, Tao Qian gained a bit of knowledge about the many commonalities of the Cultivation World and its major sects and powers.

"Lotus Heart Temple, one of the major Buddhist Temples, is also a gathering place for nuns in the Cultivation World, often mentioned alongside Guanyin Temple, though not as renowned. This Master Jing Yin's Buddha Light behind her is pure, the essence of Buddha refined. Yet judging from her aura, she

still seems to be slightly inferior to Bao Yin Bodhisattva, whom I encountered in Fumin Daughter Country."

"As for that barefooted girl in white, claimed to be a Heterodox Loose Cultivator, though more likely a practitioner of both Buddha Demon paths while curiously exuding a trace of Daoist aura. Heh, likely an old senior deliberately assuming the form of a young girl—if one truly believed her, they'd likely fall prey to her ruse."

"These two must have been invited by the White Lotus Sect to mediate and persuade."

"Does that mean the latter two were invited by the Changchun Society?"

With that thought settled, Tao Qian, who had earlier glimpsed many secrets, immediately turned his gaze toward the merchant Liu Hongsheng and an Elder from the Xiu Family, disguised as a merchant.

No need to channel Immortal Spiritual Qi to summon the Dharma Eye, merely allowing the Innate Spiritual Resonance Sensing to bring forth the High Spirit Vision, he naturally observed the two.

At first, nothing seemed amiss.

But not long after, Tao Qian caught a glimpse inadvertently.

The merchant known as "Liu Hongsheng," with the decent head of a Human Clan member, suddenly transformed into a gruesome rat head with no skin or fur, covered in bloodied ooze, pierced with copper coins, ancient coins, items of gold and jade, and even some banknotes stuck to it.

It seemed due to this, he occasionally twitched from the itchiness, his crimson eyes blazing with ferocity.

"According to the gossip among the low-tier cultivators around, this man has a mysterious background. Clearly a great Cavernous Mystery Cultivator, he mingles with the Mortal Human Race daily, engaging in trade like any other, without using any Divine Power, yet his dealings are more successful than the next."

"He has opened banks, founded factories and large corporations, and within just a few years, has become the foremost Great Merchant within Demon City."

"From the looks of it now, his true form should be that of a Swallowing Gold Rat, only it's unknown what kind of Sorcery he has cultivated. Now he seems on the brink of Mutating and Falling, let alone stepping into Ultimate Happiness, he is likely only years away from death and the disappearance of his path."

The thought had barely settled in Tao Qian's mind,

When he suddenly caught sight of the Elder from the Xiu Family. The clean robe concealed a body that vanished, replaced by a blob of squirming black flesh with yellow, lusterless eyes embedded, and mouths filled with tusks, constantly seeping a sticky and nauseating substance. The surface extended countless tendrils waving and wriggling.

In terms of external forms, the body of the Elder from the Xiu Family was far more horrifying than that of Liu Hongsheng.

But what was strange was, Tao Qian did not see any signs of Mutation or Falling.

There was only one explanation: the true form of the Xiu family was naturally thus.

"The Xiu Family, a true millennia-old noble clan with a history said to predates even the Longevity Heavenly Dynasty."

"Among the vast territories, only the Zhang Family and the Si Family could rival the Xiu Family."

"One reason why these clans can contend with the Daoist, Buddhist, and Demon powers is greatly due to the contribution of these three families."

"The true form of the Xiu family is so bizarre!"

"This should be a shocking secret to most of the Cultivation World."

"But to the numerous powers and mighty cultivators, it probably counts as common knowledge."

As he thought this, Tao Qian, with his newfound knowledge and once more stunned by the weird and wonderful of the Cultivation World, was using the benefits given by Senior Sister Lingji to secretly peer into the secrets of the five Cavernous Mystery Cultivators.

Inside the Medicine King Temple, the lack of a witnessed duel left the crowd of low-tier cultivators increasingly impatient.

And finally, some dim-witted juvenile devils or unrestrained Evil Cultivators began to murmur complaints:

"What happened to the promised duel? Just like that, it's over? Are we being toyed with?"

"Come on, I still want to see what the life-and-death struggle of Transcend Mortality Realm cultivators looks like?"

"Hah, it's said that He Sen can't be killed, and that there's no one Huang Lian Saint Mother can't eliminate. Come on, start fighting!"

"I was even considering joining the Changchun Society before, but now it seems they are not so impressive."

...

As the atmosphere turned more turbulent and many cultivators and Demon and Monster species were about to leave,

Suddenly, it appeared the two above had finally reached an agreement.

Both smiling and nodding at each other, they addressed the crowd below in turn, saying:

"Thank you all for coming from afar to witness our scheduled duel."

"However, it's better to resolve enmity than to hold grudges. Just now, we have resolved our misunderstandings and have a major announcement to make."

Chapter 300: Tao Qian Peeks at Secrets, Treasure Surrenders Itself_2

"Starting tonight, within the boundaries of Demon City, another market will emerge dedicated to the intermediaries of the Cultivation World," he said. "Although we have had the Ten Thousand Demon Square in the past, the threshold for entry was somewhat high."

"But our Medicine King Temple Market sets no such barriers," he continued. "Even those who have merely tasted Source Qi, those cultivators who have just begun their journey, can come here to exchange insights and discuss the Dao with many others."

"It is our mission at Changchun Society to provide support for the lower-tier cultivators, and it appears we are finally seeing some success."

Despite the eloquent speech of the Evil Doctor Immortal, the underlying characteristic of these lower-tier cultivators was their cunning nature, which prevented them from appreciating such grandiose words.

Everyone simply stood there with indifferent expressions, corners of their mouths twisted into cold smirks.

However, this reaction was evidently anticipated.

Swiftly, the Huang Lian Saint Mother also took the stage and smiled, saying, "As gratitude for your presence at this ceremony, both of us have a generous gift to offer."

As they spoke, they simultaneously gave a bow to the Witch Jiang Ruyu and the tycoon Liu Hongsheng behind them and began, "Please, seniors, proceed!"

As their words fell, the two Cavernous Mystery figures exchanged smiles and raised their hands to begin their action.

First, Liu Hongsheng stretched out his plump hand, rummaging in his chest, and then pulled out an item, throwing it immediately downwards.

The object at first appeared to be a small golden tower.

When thrown, it expanded rapidly in the wind.

With a thunderous crash as it landed, it had astonishingly transformed into a small mountain composed of countless gold bricks, standing several dozens of meters high and continuously emitting dazzling golden light.

Even from hundreds of miles away, one could see this golden mountain.

Before the cultivators, nearly blinded, could voice their discontent, another announcement was made:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this golden mountain is known as Gathering Treasure Mountain, built from twelve thousand and eighty-one Wealth-Attracting Gold Bricks."

"Each gold brick possesses the power to attract wealth and amass fortune, absorbing the energy of luck and blessing."

"A single brick is a treasure, and so are two, yet possessing dozens of them can directly amalgamate into a large gold brick. Besides accumulating wealth, it can also be used in combat."

"Struck by it, one would immediately lose all financial luck, live shallowly and with limited connections—indeed, it has many wonderful uses, a must-have treasure when leaving home."

These words and the underlying suggestion instantly shifted the atmosphere of the gathering.

Almost every cultivator began breathing more rapidly.

Those who had turned to leave abruptly forced themselves to turn back.

Yet, that was not all.

The crowd then saw the Red-footed Witch, Jiang Ruyu, similarly retrieve an object and toss it towards the side of the golden mountain.

The object was a lotus seed.

Though it landed on a cobblestone surface, immediately mud and spring water surged forth, accompanied by bursts of serene, immortal light.

In the blink of an eye, a vast lotus pond had formed.

Amidst waves of fresh fragrance, the pond first blossomed with hundreds of lotuses, and in the next instant, produced hundreds of lotus pods.

Each pod contained eighteen lotus seeds, plump and pearlescent like green jade, clearly outstanding spiritual materials.

Even more astonishing was that at the center of the lotus pond sat a giant white lotus, within whose petals perched a girl only as large as a handspan. She wore a lotus pod as a skirt, only two lotus petals covered vital areas, her fine silver hair cascading down, marked by a lotus emblem on her forehead.

Merely gazing at her made every cultivator feel as if their spirits and souls were cleansed.

However, some cultivators were left parched, and uncontrollably salacious thoughts infiltrated their minds.

It was at this moment that the voice of the Huang Lian Saint Mother was heard again:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is an Exotic Treasure from our White Lotus Sect, birthed from a single Innate Lotus Seed."

"There are three hundred sixty lotus pods in the pond, each bearing eighteen Green Lotus Seeds. Whether used for personal consumption or for refining and crafting treasures, all options are open."

"In addition, there is the Lotus Fairy, whom you may address as 'Lian Niang.'"

"Lian Niang is a naturally born elf; he who wins her companionship not only progresses thousands of miles in his cultivation daily, but also transforms disasters into blessings. No sin or filth can ever tarnish him."

"To seize her, one now needs a Karma technique; she is not evenly bestowed like dew."

Upon hearing this, the entire atmosphere of the Medicine King Temple Market shifted dramatically.

Everyone understood the implication, and even though some tried to drive them away, no one moved.

As expected, the next moment everyone heard one last voice from above:

"Dear Daoists, these two items are the generous gifts from the Changchun Society and the White Lotus Sect."

"The Medicine King Temple Market will officially open in three days."

"These three days, the two exotic treasures will remain here, available for all to use."

"However, all Daoists must also understand that treasures always end up with those fated to have them,"

"so-called having it is my fortune; losing it is my fate, do not spoil the harmony."

After those words.

Thousands of cultivators, demons, and alien species inside the Medicine King Temple, most showed excitement.

The atmosphere instantly became enthusiastic, with no further complaints.

Gathering Treasure Gold Mountain!

Green Lotus Pond!

For cultivators of the Cavernous Mystery Realm and some wealthier Transcend Mortality Cultivators, these two items held little allure.

Even though the Evil Doctor Immortal and Huang Lian Saint Mother praised the effects of the two treasures tremendously,

Clear-eyed individuals knew that only the lower-level cultivators would be greatly tempted by the Wealth-Attracting Gold Bricks and the Green Lotus Seeds.

It was evident that the two major forces had left them there for this reason.

"Smart tactic! In an instant, these two items alleviated the resentment of the cultivators. The higher-ups have certainly placed a Forbidden Technique to prevent someone from taking all the treasures. Likely, each person may take one gold brick and one lotus seed."

"By sharing evenly but creating a huge advertising effect, three days is enough time for even more cultivators to rush here."

"On the third day, right when it opens, they can make a grand launch of the Medicine King Temple Market."

Tao Qian, leading the three youngsters, muttered as he also moved closer to the Gold Mountain and Lotus Pond amidst the crowded throng.

He had come to the Medicine King Temple without any particular objective, just to join in the fun and gather some information.

His expression and posture were extremely relaxed, listening to the constant exclamations around him like "I got one," "I got a gold brick," "It's heavy and real."

Tao Qian unconsciously reached out to grab a gold brick to see for himself.

But the next moment!

An unexpected turn of events, even Tao Qian himself hadn't anticipated, suddenly occurred.

As Tao Qian's palm touched the gold brick, an incredibly brilliant golden light explosively burst forth.

Then, the twelve thousand and eighty-one Wealth-Attracting Gold Bricks, including those already taken by many cultivators, turned into golden light and reconverged into the Golden Small Tower.

The treasure, as if it had grown wings, reverted to its original form and impatiently flew into Tao Qian's hand.

The previously golden, surging Medicine King Temple was instantly missing a massive gold mountain.

This turn of events, this scene, was extremely conspicuous.

In an instant, whether it was the thousands of lower-level cultivators and demons, or the two major powers still in the sky who had not yet departed, and those few Cavernous Mystery Realm cultivators,

At this moment, all eyes turned to Tao Qian.

The previously smug, brightly smiling leader of the Changchun Society, known as the "Undying Doctor Immortal," the Heterodox Evil Cultivator He Sen, instantly had his expression congeal, turning extremely ugly.