## **LONGEVITY CHRONICLES**

## Chapter 9 8 The Terrifying Old Man

Tao Qian hastily reached a conclusion, but he wasn't entirely certain.
After all, up to this point, although he had touched on matters related to the transcendent in secret, he had yet to communicate with a true cultivator.
Despite knowing from the hero and scholar's memories that there were definitely intermediaries of cultivation in this world,
if he were to search ostentatiously, he would likely find results quickly.
But that method, he feared, was a way to court death.
The experiences of many predecessors who had transmigrated told Tao Qian that surviving by keeping a low profile was the true path to supremacy.

"The 'Nameless Secret Manual' involves corpses and decay, akin to the practices of heresy and heterodoxy with some normal accompanying costs, much like the logic of the 'Bai Qin Play.'"

"But this 'Immortal Fish Technique,' based on the description, seems like a Daoist Immortal technique and surprisingly entails even more fearsome cultivation costs..."

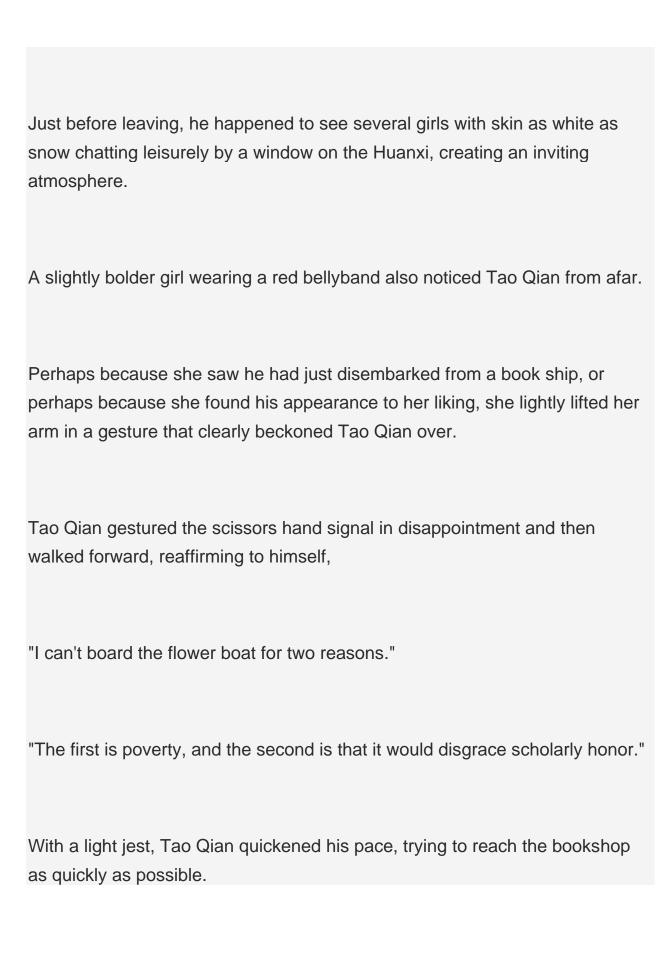
In Tao Qian's mind, thoughts roiled.

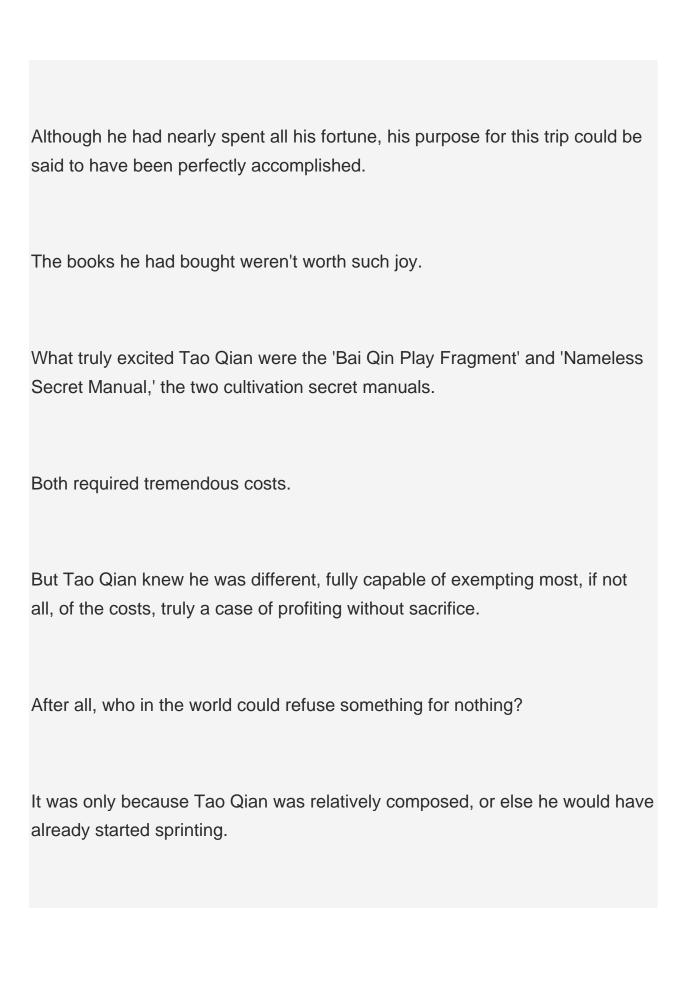
Though uncertain, Tao Qian felt that the law he had deduced was probably real.

He harbored countless doubts he wished to resolve and was eager to seriously examine the two secret books he had acquired, but this clearly wasn't the appropriate place.

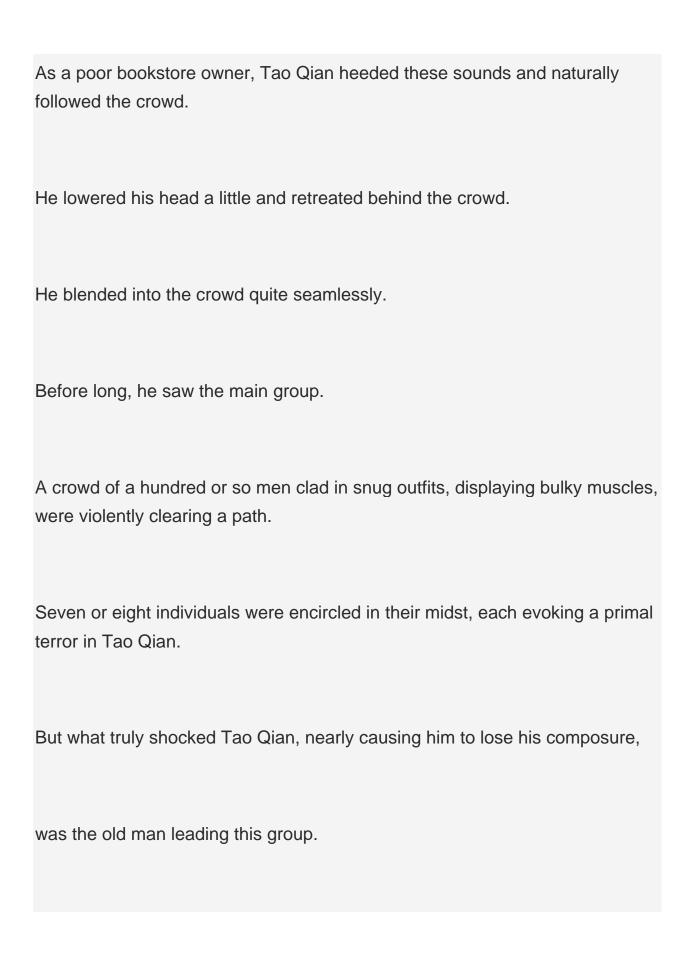
Tao Qian gathered his thoughts, his expression normal, and picked a few more copybooks from the pile of books, showing them to the attendant student.

He then handed over dozens of copper coins. The attendant collected them joyously. Tao Qian thought it best not to hassle anyone else and pulled out a list of books from the Cedar, purchasing several sets of picture stories and books he had long desired. Although it was still a transaction of only a few silver coins, for the attendant student, Tao Qian counted as a big customer. Before long, the student struggled out of the cabin carrying a heavy package. He traded the books for the eight silver coins that Tao Qian reluctantly handed over. His purse had been quite full on arrival, but now, as he left, it jingled with just a few silver coins. Carrying a package filled with books, Tao Qian disembarked from the Cedar and followed his original path back to his Chengyou Bookstore.

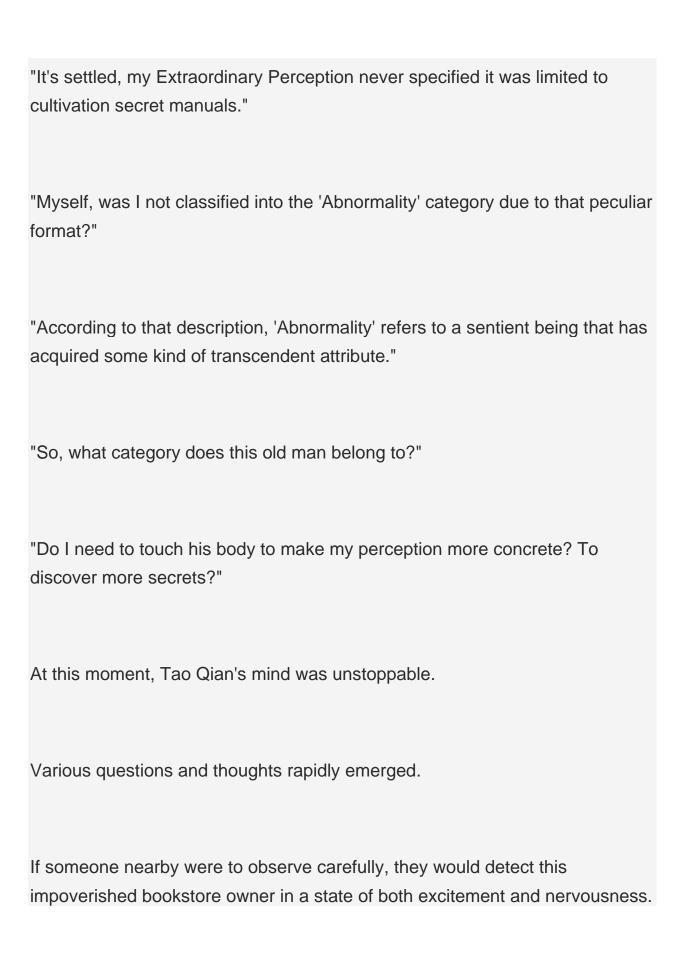


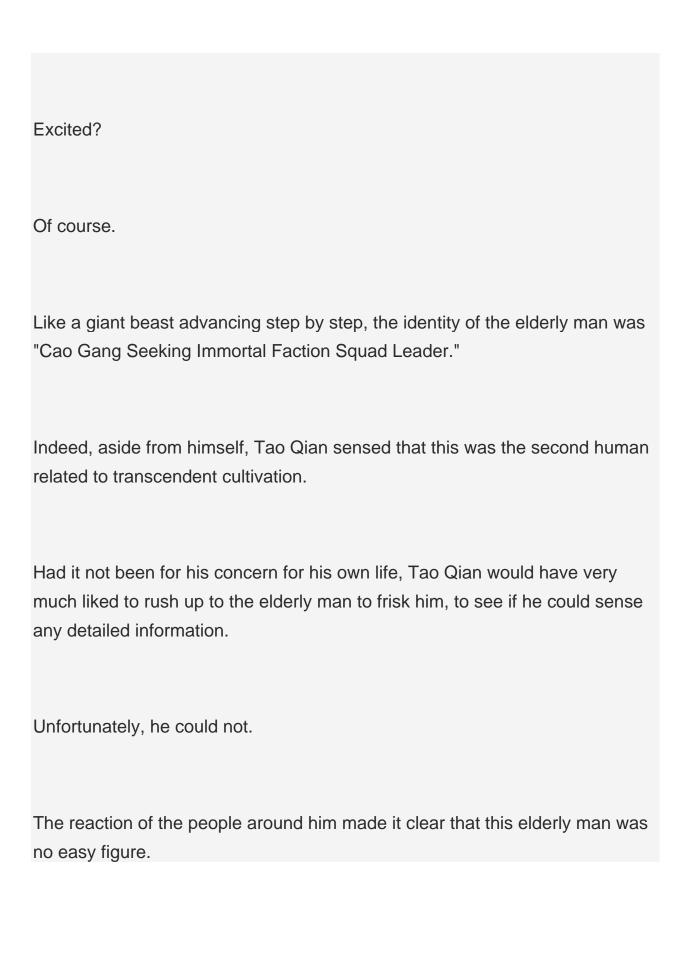


Perhaps it was because he did not rush ahead that he didn't miss another familiar surge of excitement.
Just then, Tao Qian first heard a commotion near the dock ahead and then felt that familiar sensation.
The crowded mass of people seemed to be forcibly split apart by someone.
Tao Qian saw the surrounding passersby each looking terrified, and he instinctively moved to the sides of the road while retreating, simultaneously advising others in a low voice,
"Get out of the way, Cao Gang's people are here."
"Something bad must have happened, the Squad Leader of the Cao Gang's Seeking Immortal Faction came in person, and he looks very angry."
"Don't speak recklessly, retreat and lower your heads."



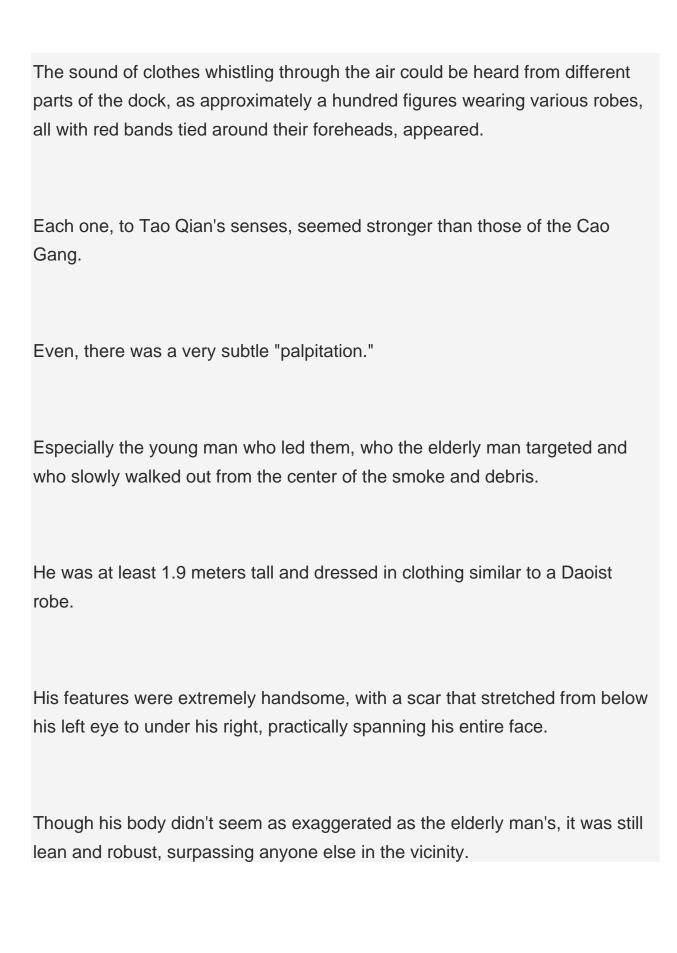
Called an old man, but aside from graying hair and facial wrinkles, nothing else about him seemed "old."
He stood at least 1.9 meters tall, dressed in a silk robe with gold trim, his body extremely robust. His somewhat clouded but extraordinarily sharp eyes made anyone he looked at feel the sensation of a blade to their body.
This elder, in this era, at this dock.
Walking among the crowd, the scene was indistinguishable from a savage beast striding amongst a flock of sheep.
Yet, none of these were why Tao Qian was horrified.
What he couldn't believe was his perception:
The source of that throbbing sensation was not some book—it was clearly this old man.

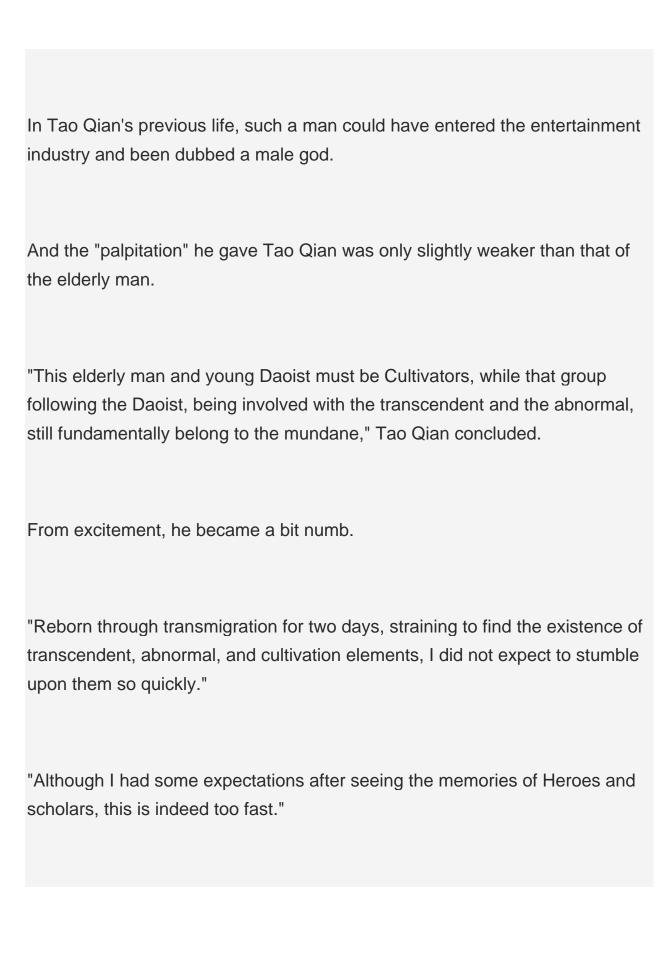




Tao Qian and the others, just like him, were all in a state of confusion about the current situation.
They did not know what exactly had happened at the dock or what these "Evi People" had come to do.
However, this confusion did not last long.
The next second, a drastic change occurred.
Boom!
Without any warning, a loud noise erupted in the largest warehouse in the main area of the dock.
Accompanying this massive explosion were thick smoke, flames, and debris scattering in all directions.

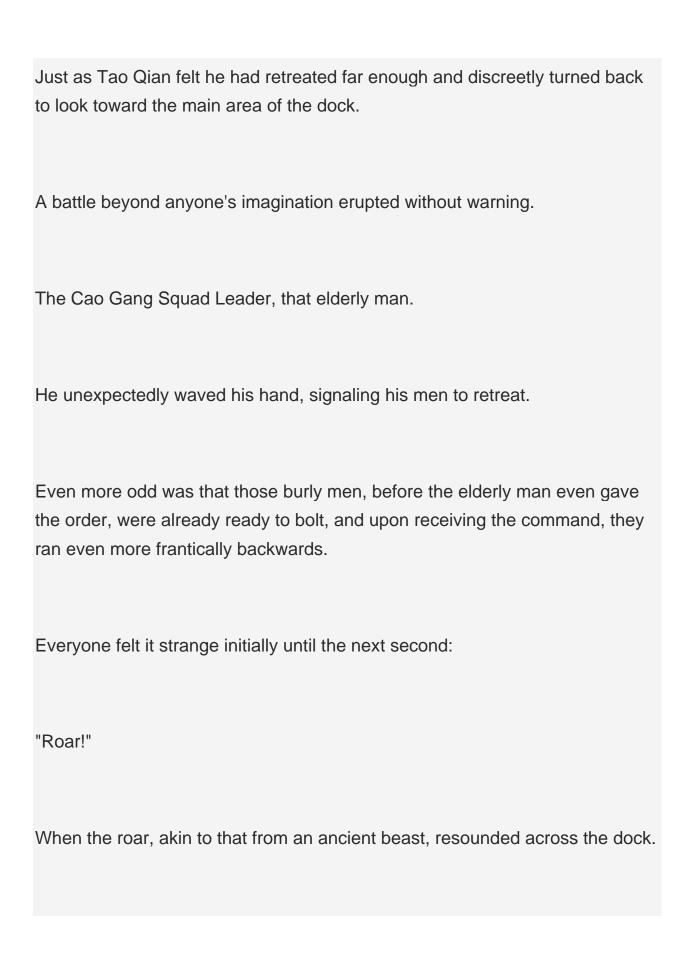
In an instant, the dock descended into chaos.
The crowd scattered like frightened rats, running in every direction with screams, shouts, cries for help, and roars mixing together—those with slightly poor hearing could have gone deaf on the spot.
But soon, all the noise was suppressed by a deep roar, as fierce as a dragon or tiger.
Unsurprisingly, the sound came from that elderly man.
He seemed entirely unconcerned by the chaos at the dock, only chuckling coldly as he looked in the direction of the now-ruined warehouse.
"Come out, you've already generated killing intent and can't hide your aura; I smelled it from a street away," the elderly man said.
As soon as his words fell.





"However, there are still many confusions, what exactly is the situation within the Cultivation World?"
"Whichever side it is, I really want to touch them to see what other categories of abnormalities there are?"
While swiftly contemplating, Tao Qian also did not forget to retreat quickly.
The experience from many movies and TV series in his previous life told him a massive battle was about to begin, and the highest risk of death in such a battle wasn't the participants but the onlookers.
As Tao Qian retreated swiftly, it seemed both parties were saying something.
However, Tao Qian retreated too far to hear clearly.
He didn't need to hear everything clearly and didn't need to guess; it was likely just some sort of revenge plot unfolding.

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Hundreds?
Thousands?
Yes, at least a thousand people felt excruciating pain in their ears, blood spurting out.
Those worse off, naturally, were the group of killers closest to the elderly man.
Except for the leading young Daoist, the rest seemed to have fallen into a "rigid" state.
And finally, the elderly man moved.
Something terrifying seemed to awaken inside him, and in Tao Qian's eyes, he momentarily lost the aura a human should have.
He sneered, took a big step forward, and like a wild beast, leaped in front of a killer.

With a hand as big as a leaf fan clenched into a fist, it struck like a hammer. With a loud "bang," the killer's head, perfectly intact, burst like a watermelon under a heavy blow. And the next moment, something happened that made everyone, including Tao Qian, cover the backs of their heads, unable to control their expressions. After smashing the killer's head, the elderly man stretched out his hand, grabbed the mutilated corpse, and pulled it towards him. He then opened his mouth wide and fiercely moved it towards the neck, gushing blood. Then, with "gulp, gulp" noises, he began to guzzle down the blood.