

Menu 1251

Chapter 1251: Hidden!

A roar like a thunderclap.

But what happened next was truly earth-shattering—

A Blood Fiend Aura rose from Jason's body, surging into the sky before pressing down like a mountain. The closest experts from the 'Transmigration Cult' turned pale and retreated one after another.

The two martial artists wielding Nine-section Whips were shocked and immediately swung their whips.

Whoosh, whoosh!

The two Nine-section Whips shot towards Jason like venomous snakes leaving their holes.

And then...

Clang, clang!

Sparks flew, and the Nine-section Whips bounced high when they touched Jason's body.

"What?!" X2

The two martial artists froze.

They had great confidence in their strength, especially when wielding the Nine-section Whips. They might not break mountains and cut metals, but any fleshly body should have its bones broken on contact.

Even martial artists who mastered 'muscle and bone tempering' were no exception.

Even when facing 'horizontal training' experts, it was enough to make the opponent cry out in pain repeatedly.

But what was happening before them?

Horizontal training?

It didn't seem like it!

They had never seen such horizontal training that truly made the body strong as metal and stone.

The thoughts in the two martial artists' minds were swirling.

But Jason would not pause.

He stepped forward and appeared before them.

Fast!

So fast that ordinary people felt only a shadow flash before their eyes.

In fact, it was the same in the eyes of the two martial artists wielding Nine-section Whips.

Before they could react, Jason's punch hit them in the chest.

Bam! Bam!

With the sound of chest bones breaking, the two flew backward, and their chests collapsed. Pierced internal organs, their eyes began to glaze even before they landed.

"What's going on?"

"What happened?"

The martial artist who attacked first shouted out loud.

However, in the next moment, he turned to run.

When Jason shouted 'Demon's Disintegration Technique,' he already sensed something was wrong.

His sight failed, but the other senses still worked.

The aura of Blood Fiend was something he clearly felt.

If not for the certainty that he was in 'Mountain City,' he might have thought he was facing a battle-hardened army on the battlefield.

Run!

Without hesitation, he made that decision.

But to ensure a successful escape, he played some small tricks.

He didn't hope to deceive Jason for long, just enough for a moment of distraction.

Unfortunately, as soon as he turned and stepped, he ran straight into Jason's fist.

Bam!

This punch landed directly on the face of the 'Bone Tempering' martial artist.

The skin tore in an instant, the eyeball burst, teeth shattered, and the skull twisted and deformed with cracking sounds, as the man's feet left the ground, spinning backward.

His neck couldn't bear such tremendous force, snapping into a dozen pieces with a crunch.

And Jason didn't stop.

He charged toward the initial gunmen of the 'Transmigration Cult.'

Fist up, fist down.

One strike per person.

Bam bam bam!

After a series of strikes, inside and outside the 'Drunken Fairy Tower' fell silent, everyone watching the fierce, domineering figure with awe.

Li Deshang sat there in a daze, staring at Jason, replaying the scene in his mind, involuntarily murmuring, "Like a demon lord descending from heaven, truly a god of calamity on earth!"

This soft utterance instantly awakened everyone inside and outside the 'Drunken Fairy Tower.'

"This, this?"

"What happened?"

"What martial technique was that just now?"

Most people were dumbfounded and at a loss.

Some even found it unbelievable.

A few stared at Jason intently, eyes filled with intense curiosity.

Only one person was different.

Dou Bao.

Worry alone filled Dou Bao's eyes.

She looked at Jason, her fists clenched tightly.

Under everyone's gaze, Jason quickly cleaned the battlefield and picked up three 'Fireball Spell Staffs.' Then, bowing to Li Deshang, he turned and left.

He walked so hastily that his steps were a bit unsteady.

Dou Bao immediately followed.

Creak!

The door of the Mu-style Martial Arts School closed once more.

This time, everyone finally 'woke up.'

They looked at each other and then sighed one after another.

"This Master Mu is truly remarkable."

"Two 'muscle and bone tempering' experts and one 'Bone Tempering' martial artist were all killed."

"This martial skill is indeed the best in 'Mountain City.'"

"Indeed!"

"Truly the first in 'Mountain City!'"

...

Amidst the many praises, Li Deshang heard nothing else. His mind was occupied only with Jason's staggering steps as he left, something that would appear only in a weakened body.

And no martial artist should appear like that.

Unless...

Severely injured!

No!

Not severely injured!

Overextended!

Just now, Brother Mu overextended his life to achieve that explosion of power!

As a member of the Northern Li Family, even a branch member, Li Deshang had substantial knowledge.

At the very least, he had heard from uncles and elders about some special martial techniques that stimulate the body and potential, although such techniques were like drinking poison to quench thirst, they were unavoidable at critical times.

But afterward...

They might cause irreversible harm.

Smack!

Recalling his elders' words, Li Deshang's face turned ashen as he slapped the armrest.

This one of the 'Mountain City' officials stood up.

"Jia Youcai, send a team of soldiers to protect Brother Mu for me."

"Anyone who dares approach without cause, I want them dead without mercy."

"And also..."

"Invite major families in 'Mountain City' to the yamen for a meeting."

Chapter 1252: Hidden! (2)

By the end, Li Deshang's voice was as cold as the bitter winter wind.

He had long suspected that the 'Mountain City' elites were in cahoots with the Chen Residence, sharpening his knife for revenge. Yet, for the sake of some dignity, the final shred of decency, Li Deshang waited for these people to 'come and apologize'.

But looking at it now?

No need.

They had already come to kill him.

If not for his brother Mu Bai's desperate rescue, he would have been done for.

At this point, to continue waiting would truly be waiting for death.

Li Deshang would not do that.

If he did, he could never have become the steward of the 'Mountain City'.

With a grim face, Li Deshang walked out of the 'Drunken Fairy Tower'.

He returned to the yamen.

He needed to meet those 'Mountain City' elites.

Then, to squeeze oil out of them.

Not for him.

For his brother Mu Bai.

Irreversible damage had already occurred, what remained was how to compensate, to minimize the damage.

The most direct way was to seek medicine from the Northern Li Family.

Not the 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder', nor the 'Nourishing Essence Pill'.

But the truly top-notch Secret Medicine.

Only such 'Secret Medicine' could compensate to the extent of restoring the source.

Of course, these elites would not be honest.

But...

Did they really think Li Deshang wouldn't kill?

The mere fact of colluding with the 'Transmigration Cult' was enough.

If they gave, he would leave a line.

If not, he... would confiscate their property and exterminate their families!

The people inside 'Drunken Fairy Tower' watched as Li Deshang left with a murderous air, causing the chubby proprietor to shrink his neck involuntarily.

"This is going to cause trouble!"

Saying this, he immediately began directing the staff to help maintain order with the remaining soldiers.

No matter what, he had to survive in 'Mountain City'.

As for more than that?

He couldn't think of it at the time.

Most of the other guests inside the 'Drunken Fairy Tower' were the same.

They couldn't see these things clearly, only thinking of staying alive.

The few who had seen clearly also pretended not to see, blending in with the majority.

Living in harmony with the world.

This was the only way to survive in this world.

What is most important for a person?

Health? Freedom? Love?

The answer is, living.

Only by living can there be health, freedom, and love.

Death.

Everything becomes void.

Yet some will always exploit this.

For instance: the 'Transmigration Cult'.

Not valuing this life, only seeking happiness in the afterlife.

Li Bin, as a member of the 'Transmigration Cult', sneered at such teachings in his heart when he saw them.

Afterlife?

Next life?

Would he even be him at that time?

Therefore, he valued this life more.

And it was precisely because of this that he became the chief pontiff responsible for the cult affairs in 'Edge State'.

This time the cult decided to start an uprising in 'Edge State. Mountain City', he was extremely reluctant in his heart, but he responded positively on the surface and made proper arrangements.

Because, Li Bin knew very well, everything he had now depended on the 'Transmigration Cult'.

Even if he knew what was going on, he wouldn't disobey.

Of course, a fallback plan must be in place.

Especially since such uprisings would certainly bring Divine Envoys.

Even if he did not believe, Li Bin understood the power of the Divine Envoys.

In the face of such power, his so-called chief pontiff title was worth nothing.

Therefore, the now middle-aged Li Bin was humbly standing in front of a young man.

Li Bin's complexion was dark, filled with wrinkles; his clothes looked very plain, with a few patches on the corners. Furthermore, he had a humble and servile attitude, completely like a poor person from the countryside.

Yet the other party's hands were strong and bony, especially the thick forearms, with high temples bulging, breathing like a bellows being pulled, steady and powerful.

With each breath, a small indentation appeared on the back of the hand.

Then it spread towards the forearm, slowly disappearing.

This scene was very bizarre.

But the young man in front of him seemed not to notice.

In a blood-red robe, with a handsome face and clean hands, he carefully filed his already neat nails, his eyes devoid of focus, as if not looking at anything at all.

Li Bin cautiously observed this Divine Envoy.

A faint tinge of blue occasionally appeared on his handsome face.

Seeing this blue tinge, Li Bin immediately lowered his head.

He was envious yet jealous.

Even though he had reached the 'Skin Training' level of a martial artist by relying on the resources of the 'Transmigration Cult', he was still covetous of this truly 'bizarre technique'.

Unfortunately, he couldn't get access to it.

That was a secret technique only available at the main headquarters.

And he didn't even know where the main headquarters was, even though he was a major steward of the 'Border Region'.

The location of the main headquarters was only known by the 'Divine Envoys'.

And each 'Divine Envoy' was impossible to inform these major stewards.

After all, their statuses were different.

These major stewards seemed to have a position, sounding dignified as they were responsible for the teachings of a state or region, but frankly, they were just stewards under the door, and the kind from the outermost gate.

Li Bin was well aware of this.

He had properly positioned himself.

He had already achieved his initial goal by utilizing the 'Transmigration Cult'.

Otherwise, how could someone like him, a great thief, have acquired so many resources and broken through 'Bone Tempering' in such a short period to reach the 'Skin Training' level?

Phew!

A breath sound came from the room.

The blue tinge on the young man's blood-red long shirt face suddenly intensified, appearing as if he was severely poisoned, with a faint chill emanating, making him look like a dead person.

But in the next moment, the blue tinge dissipated.

The young man's face immediately became rosy and he opened his eyes.

"Heavenly Demon Disintegration Method?"

"Interesting!"

The young man said softly.

Heavenly Demon Disintegration Method?

What was that?

Li Bin was puzzled in his heart but did not ask.

After the initial contact, he knew very well how to deal with these 'Divine Envoys'.

Don't ask what shouldn't be asked.

Try to remain silent.

Therefore, even though he was puzzled, Li Bin still remained silent.

"Ma San and the others are dead."

The young man continued to speak.

"What?"

Li Bin was taken aback.

Ma San was his most capable subordinate, not only skilled in martial arts but also meticulous, always accomplishing tasks with two disciples without failing once.

Not to mention, this time he even brought ten musketeers.

With such strength, no one inside the 'Mountain City' should be able to stop them.

"A person named Mu Bai killed them."

"Do you have any impression of this person?"

The young man inquired.

"Mu Bai came from the mountains, then fought through the 'Martial Arts Street' and obtained the qualification to open a martial arts school, followed by being invited by Li Deshang yesterday, helping him to avoid a disaster."

"Aside from this..."

"I don't have any other impression."

"Divine Envoy, does he have anything unusual?"

Li Bin bowed and asked cautiously.

"A lucky fellow."

"He must have encountered some destiny in the wilderness, acquiring a secret technique that boosts potential and consumes life."

"Unfortunately... he won't live much longer."

The young man said, lightly knocking on the table, suddenly revealing a grim smile, and spoke word by word: "Now you have someone go to Martial Arts Street to inform our informant, at the martial arts tournament on Martial Arts Street in two days, I want Mu Bai to be beaten to death on the arena!"

"Also, announce a reward: whoever can cut off one of Mu Bai's arms within two days, will be awarded 100 Silver Coins, and 200 Silver Coins for a leg, but he must be kept alive and absolutely cannot die."

"Understood!"

Li Bin bowed and replied.

But a layer of cold sweat emerged from his back.

He, as a great thief, was already ruthless enough, but these 'Divine Envoys' from the main headquarters were even more sinister.

Mu Bai must have used a secret technique that boosts potential and consumes life to kill Ma San and the others.

However, at this moment Mu Bai must be extremely weak.

Once a reward is announced, it's like being meat on the chopping board, left at people's mercy.

Yet this 'Divine Envoy' does not demand the opponent's death but wants his limbs crippled, and then have the crippled Mu Bai on the arena.

To kill and shock!

Li Bin silently pondered in his heart.

But he dared not disobey.

And would not disobey.

After all, Mu Bai had killed his capable subordinate, and he hopefully wished the opponent could be even more miserable.

Thinking of this, Li Bin turned and raised his hand to open the door.

Cre-eek.

The door opened.

A burly man wearing an ice hockey mask suddenly appeared outside the door, with a short blade in hand, gleaming with a chilling light.

"You..."

Chapter 1253: Reopen Source!

The sudden appearance of a figure outside the door startled Li Bin.

One must understand, the reason he came to 'Mountain City' this time, although he didn't bring all the subordinates from Zhoufu, aside from Ma San and the group sent out, there are more than ten skilled hands inside this separate courtyard.

Among them, two are also Martial Artists with 'muscle' mastery.

The rest, each one has sharp ears and keen eyes, all clever individuals.

They were selectively chosen by him for the journey to 'Mountain City'.

Moreover, this separate courtyard is specifically chosen in the bustling area of 'Mountain City', and he arranged his subordinates into three shifts, monitoring the surroundings covertly.

As long as a stranger approaches, they would be discovered.

It can be said, for the 'Transmigration Cult's city capturing plan, Li Bin put in a lot of effort.

But...

With such arrangements, how could someone silently infiltrate nearby?

While he was thinking these thoughts, Li Bin's hands didn't stop.

He uttered 'you', then twisted his waist and swung his hips, his hand clenched into a fist, punching directly out.

As the fist came out, momentum surged.

More than ten small indentations appeared from his chest, extremely fine, then quickly spread to the shoulders, upper arms, forearms, and finally to the fists.

It was like charging up.

Instantly, this punch had the power of a thousand pounds.

Whoosh!

A howling sound arose out of nowhere.

It was as if a ferocious tiger was descending the mountain.

It was also like a martial general on horseback charging on the battlefield, thrusting the spear in their hand, swearing to pierce any enemy in the path of the spear tip.

This punch, Li Bin did not hold back.

Not only was it his twelve points of power, but also his ultimate move: the Chariot Twist.

This ultimate move was acquired by him accidentally once.

It was also the fundamental reason he could dominate Zhoufu back then.

No one could withstand this move head-on.

Even the chief arrest officer of Zhoufu, known as 'Chasing Wind', was killed by this punch.

So, Li Bin was full of confidence.

Even if Jason suddenly appeared.

He was confident he could kill Jason.

With malice and killing intent rising in his heart, Li Bin shouted loudly.

"Die!"

Bang!

The fist hit Jason's chest.

A sinister smile appeared on Li Bin's face.

He seemed to see the scene of Jason's chest getting pierced, just like before.

But the next moment, an incredibly hard sensation transmitted from the contact point of his fist.

Then—

"Ah!"

A scream echoed, the aggressive Li Bin retreated repeatedly while holding onto his wrist, looking at Jason again with disbelief and immense fear flashing in his eyes.

"Perfect Iron Shirt!"

Li Bin exclaimed and was about to run away.

The Iron Shirt technique was widely circulated in the martial world; to be honest, it could not be counted as some secret tradition. But that was just the basics. Once reaching the entry stage, it required Secret Medicine and breathing techniques in combination, and even more so in the advanced stages, there were rumored more secretive training methods, not to mention the perfection stage.

Perfect Iron Shirt is the secret of secrets in the tradition.

It could be called a tier of inheritance.

Moreover, a more important point is that martial artists with the Perfect Iron Shirt, every one of them is a top master who has completed 'Skin Training' and mastered 'Qi-Blood'. Such masters, once they erupt, completely exceed ordinary people's imagination, and their stamina seems to be inexhaustible, like a tireless machine; on the battlefield, they are fierce generals charging forward.

Li Bin had never seen such a character.

If he really had seen one, he wouldn't be here today.

He, just a martial artist who had barely touched 'Skin Training', how could he beat a master who has achieved 'Qi-Blood'?

Escape!

This was Li Bin's only thought.

Fight and yet cowed.

With his courage lost, the aggressive Li Bin, who a moment ago was like a martial general charging on horseback, instantly became a kneeling deserter.

Jason caught up with him in one step, hands raised and blade fell.

Thud!

Li Bin's large head flew off, and the blood from his chest splattered on the beams.

And the escaping body rushed forward three steps before finally falling to the ground.

Plop.

The blood in the chest did not stop flowing, gushing out from the neck, quickly staining the floor of the room red, but this reddening soon dulled.

Because the blood reached the feet of the young man sitting there, tinting his red robe.

Suddenly, the bloody red was no longer so glaring.

The young man did not move from start to finish, just sitting there watching Jason's appearance and Li Bin being slain by Jason.

His expression hadn't even changed.

Just maintained that smile.

And after Li Bin was dead, the young man finally moved.

However, he didn't attack Jason, instead leaned down, dipped his fingers into the blood flowing from Li Bin, then... put it into his mouth.

Narrowing his eyes, as if licking sweet honey, this young man squinted his eyes.

"Still a bit lacking."

"Not rich enough."

"But if it's you..."

"It must be delicious!"

Saying this, the young man opened his eyes, looking at Jason with a greedy gaze.

Jason was very familiar with this kind of gaze.

He often looked at 'food' with such a gaze.

This moment was no exception.

This young man clearly sensed such a gaze.

Perceiving a gaze purer and more fervent than his own, the young man's face darkened.

The young man felt he had been offended.

A sort of

"I initially planned to feed you for a few more days."

"Now?"

"Go die for me."

The young man said, his face suddenly turning from rosy to bluish, and an invisible force surged out from his body.

In a breath, an apparition appeared in front of the young man.

This apparition looked exactly like the young man sitting there.

Chapter 1254: Reopen Source! (2)

The clothes were also a red long robe.

However, there was no emotion that a living person should have in his eyes.

What was left was the ferocity and slaughter towards the 'living.'

Moreover, with the appearance of the shadow, a chill lingered throughout the entire room.

The chill seemed to penetrate the bone marrow. The fresh blood that Li Bin had just spilled on the ground froze instantly, turning into red ice crystals.

Not only the blood, but even Li Bin's corpse was covered with a layer of frost in the blink of an eye.

"Do you understand the gap between you and me?"

"Martial artist?"

"Being human definitely has its limits!"

The young man looked at Jason standing still, thinking he was scared.

Because the young man had seen too many people like this.

He was really used to it.

'Muscle' 'Bone Tempering' 'Skin Training' martial artists to someone like him who grasped 'secret techniques,' really made no difference from ordinary people.

Initially, when facing martial artists with completed 'Skin Training,' he had some difficulty.

He was even beaten by an old farmer-like man into fleeing in panic.

But ever since he joined the 'Transmigration Cult,' obtaining a real inheritance, martial artists with completed 'Skin Training' were completely insignificant. He still remembered how those martial artists died in front of him.

It was truly laughable.

Now?

Naturally, do it again.

The shadow was like a ghost, pouncing at Jason from mid-air.

At this moment, the ferocity on his face reached its peak.

Then—

Yi!

A silver slash flickered through the room.

The young man halted in mid-air, petrified.

The ferocious gaze was quickly replaced by horror.

"How is this possible?!"

Amid the exclamations, the young man's shadow split in two, dissipating into the air.

Not only the shadow, but even the young man's body was divided into two.

The two halves of the corpse slumped in the chair.

No blood flowed out.

The internal organs were incomplete.

Even the bluish skin became dried up.

Just like a hollowed-out stump packed with expired waste.

"Backlash?"

Jason speculated.

Although he couldn't identify exactly which type, it was very clear it was not any normal method, completely a sinister technique.

"Is it the 'Transmigration Cult' inheritance?"

'Transmigration Cult' being able to develop in this world of martial artists must have considerable strength.

Having similar inheritance was not surprising.

In contrast, if there wasn't, that would be strange.

However, Jason didn't care much about these.

What he cared about was 'food.'

Walking over to the dead young man, he raised his hand and took a bead from the man's wrist.

This bead was entirely crimson, resembling fog or smoke inside.

When Jason stared at the bead, the sounds of continuous wailing and howling echoed in his ears, and a dense blood-colored mist rose in front of him with shadows faintly appearing within.

Like humans and monsters.

Green face and fangs.

Ferocious and terrifying.

Like demons.

Jason laughed, baring his mouth and revealing sharp teeth, shimmering with a cold light.

"Delicious!"

A voice of appraisal came from his throat.

Suddenly, the demons like humans and monsters were startled, running towards the mist as if encountering a natural enemy.

But a large mouth had appeared behind them.

Black as ink, like the whole world, the gaping maw swept through beneath the crimson eyes.

The demons like humans and monsters couldn't even let out a cry before being swallowed.

The illusion realm instantly dissipated.

Only the scene of Jason gulping down the black string along with the bead remained.

Creak.

The bead was very brittle, and when Jason bit it, a sweet and sour juice flowed out.

A bit like pomegranate.

But slightly sweeter.

[Consume Blood Mist Evil Spirit Bead]

[Excess recovery of physical strength, stamina, and injuries!]

[Satiety +200]

[Satiety: 482]

[Excitement of Feast +1]

[Excitement of Feast: 141]

...

"[Blood Mist Evil Spirit Bead]? Sounds better as a Pomegranate Bead."

Jason silently evaluated, but his heart was joyous. It was worth the stealthy infiltration here after returning to the martial arts hall under the pretense of seclusion for healing—at the 'Drunken Fairy Tower's' entrance, he was suddenly attracted by the scent.

Though the opponent hid his form, appearing in a special stance.

But Jason's perception was ten times greater than normal people.

Especially the 'sense of smell.'

Based on the [Predator] Talent, it was transcendent.

Almost instantly locking onto the opponent.

However, the experienced Jason wouldn't scare away the snake and grass.

Instead, he quietly followed the opponent.

And it led to such a nice harvest.

Turning around, Jason walked to Li Bin's corpse, taking out the 'Fireball Spell Staff' from the pouch on his waist, placing it in line with the two 'Fireball Spell Staffs' obtained in the yard and the three 'Fireball Spell Staffs' obtained before at the 'Drunken Fairy Tower.'

Then, he took out a porcelain bottle from the pouch.

Jason's mouth tilted into a smile.

For 'Secret Medicines,' Jason was already familiar.

Removing the cork, a rich fragrance wafts.

Inside, there were two pea-sized pills.

Without hesitation, Jason poured them into his mouth.

Sweet, melting quickly, somewhat like a puff pastry.

[Consume Ginseng Toad Pill x2]

[Great recovery in physical strength, stamina, and injuries!]

[Satiety +80X2]

[Satiety: 642]

...

"Ginseng Toad Pill'? Obviously more effective than 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder.'

Jason thought this way.

And Jason's evaluation was very straightforward—it was the satiety level.

Chapter 1255: Open Source Again! (3)

'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' provides 50 points of satiety each.

'Ginseng Toad Pill' gives 80 points of satiety per pill.

The superiority is evident at a glance.

However, this doesn't mean Jason will disdain 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder'.

Food is always praiseworthy.

Therefore, the 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' that Li Deshang delivered before went straight into Jason's mouth, adding another 50 points of satiety.

Instantly, his satiety reached 692.

Next, naturally, were the five 'Nourishing Essence Pills' that came with the 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder'.

[Consume Nourishing Essence Pill x5]

[Physical strength, energy, and wounds slightly recovered!]

[Satiety +10X5]

[Satiety: 742]

...

Compared to 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' and 'Ginseng Toad Pill', 'Nourishing Essence Pill' is slightly sour, a bit like sweetened dried plum, but it also melts in the mouth and is quite nice.

Glancing at his current satiety, he cleaned the six 'Fireball Spell Staffs' with the liquor in the room before consuming them.

Immediately, Jason's satiety quickly recovered to 952.

"A nice gain."

Seeing his satiety once again nearing a thousand, Jason's sense of crisis eased a bit, and he nodded in satisfaction, starting to inspect the remaining gains.

There was nothing noteworthy left on the young man in the blood-colored robe.

However, Li Bin's possessions still held some rewards.

[Discovered a special inheritance item 'Tiao Huo Che', under examination...]

[Barehanded Combat determined to have reached the master level, determination successful!]

[Yes/No to consume 60 satiety to list it as an additional option?]

...

Jason decisively chose no.

Before reaching a 'safe value' of satiety, Jason wouldn't easily increase it.

After securing this remnant page, Jason looked at Li Bin's corpse and couldn't help but frown.

"Peng Liang, Chen Yin, and the current Transmigration Cult main altar master all carried these inherited vigor skills with them, ready to flee at any hint of trouble?"

"If that's the case..."

Jason's gaze returned to Li Bin's corpse.

He began examining once more.

Soon, he noticed something odd in the crevice of Li Bin's shoe sole.

He removed the shoe and applied slight force.

Crack.

With a crisp sound, a Gold Note appeared.

Denomination: five hundred.

Half of what the so-called Transmigration Cult senior brother had, yet Li Bin's status was clearly higher.

"Is it because of the 'Ginseng Toad Pill'?"

Jason looked at Li Bin's body; the blood had coagulated, yet there was a faint fragrance in the blood, the scent of the 'Ginseng Toad Pill'.

"I wonder if drinking this blood could increase satiety?"

Jason thought almost instinctively.

But then he shook his head.

"I'm human."

Jason reminded himself, then inspected the entire villa again, collecting another 101 Silver Coins and 230.64 in banknotes before dragging the body into a room.

Next, he spread kerosene throughout the entire room.

Jason tossed the lit kerosene lamp down.

Whoosh!

Flames erupted.

Moments later, the blaze shot up into the sky.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Fire! Fire!"

The neighbors, awakened by the flames, began to put out the fire, and the fire department was naturally notified.

Moments later, a young man pushed a crude fire truck over.

"Over here, Brother Xun!"

"Brother Xun, hurry!"

"Put out the fire!"

The neighbors called out.

The young man known as Brother Xun swiftly set up the fire truck and began to spray water.

The flames were contained.

But the bodies inside the room were charred corpses.

Standing in the shadows, Jason, confirming the bodies were incinerated and no bystanders were harmed, vanished into the shadows.

He had more to do.

The young man's words just reminded him.

Hua Hong!

He needed to 'generate revenue' again!

He had to put a bounty on himself!

Chapter 1256: Buying and Selling

Where is the black market or secret gathering place in 'Mountain City'?

Jason knows.

Last night, searching for prey in 'Mountain City', although Jason didn't find his prey, he confirmed some places that seem normal but are actually full of hidden secrets.

One is the perfume and rouge shop on Martial Arts Street: Red Fragrance Alley.

One is the inn in Eastern City: Yue Lai Inn.

The former still has people coming in and out at midnight.

The latter has sounds coming from underground, sounds that are inaudible to ordinary people but annoyingly loud to Jason.

Without any hesitation, Jason headed straight for Yue Lai Inn.

Because, Yue Lai Inn is closer to Jason at this moment.

A string of three lanterns hangs high on a pole, brightening the surroundings, the hall door is open, and the waiter sits in front pretending to doze off, but actually scanning his surroundings with squinted eyes.

Inside the counter, the shopkeeper is fiddling with an abacus, keeping accounts.

In one corner of the hall, three burly men are drinking wine and eating meat, but the wine has no smell of alcohol, instead, it emits a tea aroma.

As soon as Jason enters, he glances around and roughly understands.

The waiter is both lookout and receptionist.

The three men in the corner are both thugs and bodyguards.

And the shopkeeper is likely one of the stewards here.

"Sir, what can I do for you?"

Looking at Jason wearing a mask to conceal his face, the waiter isn't surprised at all, most people who come here, aside from regular guests, are like this, masked and concealed, he's used to it.

And those three thugs don't even raise their heads.

To them, as long as no trouble is caused, there's no issue.

"Buying goods."

Jason said with a lowered voice, then tossed a silver coin towards the counter.

Precisely, the silver coin landed with a crisp sound into the cash box behind the counter.

Last night, after finding the strange happenings at Yue Lai Inn, Jason carefully observed the people entering and leaving here, as well as the 'rules'. Each 'customer' entering here requires a silver coin, not given to the waiter, the thugs, or the shopkeeper, but tossed into the cash box behind the counter.

Of course, some would walk over to place it into the cash box.

Throughout the process, the money doesn't come into contact with the people inside the inn.

'It should be the real owner here who set the rules.'

'Of course, it's also to prevent anything else from being on the silver coin.'

The coin isn't large, but smearing some poison or tracking powder on it isn't difficult.

Moreover, in this copied world, there's no telling what peculiar secret techniques might exist.

Thus, Jason isn't surprised by such rules.

"Sir, please come inside."

Seeing Jason's familiar demeanor, the waiter smiles, bows, and leads, as another server walks out from the inn, guiding Jason to the back yard's room.

It looks like a guest room, and inside it's arranged like one too.

However, the floor has clear marks of a bed being frequently moved, visible clearly under Jason's scrutiny.

Creak, creak.

The waiter walks to the side of the bed, lifts his hands, and moves the bed aside.

A downward staircase of about five meters long appears.

Two torches are inserted into the wall, lighting the passage brightly, two thugs lean against the wall, and seeing Jason brought in by their own, they don't give another glance.

Jason stepped down, the noise becomes increasingly clear.

Upon reaching the end, the guard at the door directly pushes it open.

Suddenly, the space unfolds.

A space half the size of a football field appears.

There are both open areas and houses.

Stalls are set up on the open ground, pedestrians come and go.

The signs in front of the houses are clear, yet doors remain shut and locked.

Clearly, this should be the black market, or rather the secret gathering.

Jason stands at the entrance and scans, already seeing several trading sites.

He instinctively twitches his nose.

A faint scent of food permeates here.

And, not just one kind.

Immediately, Jason's lips curl.

'Indeed, "Secret Medicine" and such are preserved with special methods.'

'Are they concerned about the medicine's potency fading?'

Thinking this, Jason starts wandering the black market.

No speaking, no inquiries, maintaining silence.

Just listening and observing more.

For Jason, such secret gatherings are no longer his first participation, he knows well what to do in a place without 'any guarantees'.

He wanders for half an hour.

Jason has a rough understanding of the market situation in front of him.

Stall spots are public trading areas, anyone can buy and sell as long as both parties agree.

As for the houses, they are 'shops' opened during the annual grand gathering, requiring certain rent to use, but since it's not the grand gathering time now, they're all closed.

However, goods sold at the stalls are varied and diverse.

But the most popular are two things.

'Secret Medicine' and 'Secret Transmission'.

Naturally, the prices are extremely high.

Yet, they're not fixed.

'Secret Medicine' is influenced by the duration of preservation, its effectiveness varies.

'Secret Transmission' could also be incomplete and so on.

Take 'Nourishing Essence Pill' as an example, the normal price for one pill is 100 silver coins, but here it fluctuates between 90-120 silver coins, with varying efficacy.

The reason for knowing this so well is because someone just shouted when buying 'Nourishing Essence Pill', saying 'Outside a pill is just 100 silver coins, how dare you sell it for 120?'

Chapter 1257: Trade (2)

The voice was loud and clear.

Naturally, it attracted the attention of many people.

The medicine vendor, wrapped in a black cloak, sat there with an indistinct face, and the stall in front was just a piece of tattered cloth, with the words 'Selling Nourishing Essence Pill, 120 Silver Coin per pill' written on it.

Standing in front of the stall was a man wearing a dramatic, theatrical mask, his figure also obscured by a cloak.

"My medicine is self-made, more potent, why can't I sell it for 120 Silver Coin?"

The vendor asked coldly.

"You say it's good, so it is?"

"What proof do you have?"

"Why don't you let me try one?"

The man with the dramatic mask shouted again.

"Heh."

The vendor snorted coldly and stopped speaking.

The people around were watching.

Some were just there for the spectacle.

Some were full of disdain.

Some frowned secretly and began to retreat.

The secret gathering, although secretive, was not safe.

Jason was among those retreating.

Hidden behind the ice mask, his eyes swept over the vendor, the customer, and several people around them; these people seemed to be watching the show, but their glances occasionally intersected with the vendor and the customer.

Clearly, they recognized each other.

And the customer who was shouting repeatedly, his eyes should have been fixed on the vendor, but instead, he was glancing around, clearly not focused on the vendor.

As for the vendor himself?

Wrapped in a cloak covering his whole body, nothing could be discerned, but there wasn't even the slightest scent of food on him.

Even if 'Secret Medicine' was stored using special methods, it was impossible for the doctor not to be stained with some 'scent'.

So, obviously, the scene before them was a 'setup'.

The vendor and the customer were in cahoots, along with those few people around them, intending to pick out a 'fat sheep'.

And the means of selection?

Simply finding a bystander as the 'judge'.

Tasting the vendor's medicine to say if it worked well.

If it was good, the customer pays.

If not, the vendor concedes.

To make it seem real, they might first choose 3 'judges', who undoubtedly are their own people already planted around.

Then, one of the insiders vaguely says it does seem stronger than the ordinary 'Nourishing Essence Pill', another says it's the same, and the last says it's worse.

If they quarrel, they have another judging.

This time, it's a real 'judge'.

Once someone 'confirms' it's indeed the 'Nourishing Essence Pill', and seeing the vendor's sign saying ten pills available, there will surely be someone greedy who shows up.

After all, one 'Nourishing Essence Pill' at 100 Silver Coin is a fact.

Anyone who can't resist greed will eventually fall into this gang's trap.

You're eyeing a 'Nourishing Essence Pill' worth 100 Silver Coin.

This gang is eyeing all your assets.

Just like back in Jason's hometown where 'you were eyeing the interest others gave you, but they wanted your principal'.

A very basic scam.

But many fall for it.

Greed, after all, is one of the original sins.

Of course, because the setup is real.

Jason glanced at the two thugs standing at the entrance, both indifferently watching without any schadenfreude like those around, nor any intent to stop it.

"Did this gang offer a high cut?"

"Or..."

"This gang is part of this secret market itself?"

Although the secret market offers no security guarantee, there is an order.

Or more accurately, rules.

Without rules, the secret market couldn't possibly be established.

And under such rules, if this gang wasn't related to the secret market, they couldn't be doing this.

However, it had nothing to do with Jason.

Those who got scammed?

Also had nothing to do with him.

He followed the 'food' scent distribution, wandering through the entire market, acquiring these 'Secret Medicine'.

Having just procured 500 Gold Notes, 100 Silver Coin, and 230.64 Banknotes from Li Bin, Jason's funds were ample.

One must know, a piece of Gold Leaves is 5 Silver Coin.

And one ounce of Gold can exchange for 10 pieces of Gold Leaves.

Simply put, with just the 500 Gold Note in Jason's hand, he could get 5000 Gold Leaves, that's 25000 Silver Coin, which at market price is about 75 'Nourishing Essence Pills'.

With one 'Nourishing Essence Pill' offering 10 points of satiety, that's 750 points of satiety.

Perhaps a normal person with such a large sum would be reluctant, but for Jason, fully converting it into satiety was no problem.

Don't forget, Jason also got a full thousand Gold Notes from that senior brother of the 'Transmigration Cult' who invaded the 'Mountain City'.

'The other party brought so much money, obviously to reward their side with a large sum after taking over the Mountain City, to appease the city's citizens, but it benefited me in the end.'

Jason only thought for a brief moment to understand why the so-called senior brother of the state capital of the 'Transmigration Cult' would bring so much money.

He now couldn't wait to also convert that Gold Note into 'Secret Medicine'.

However, to Jason's disappointment, after scouring the entire secret market, he only managed to purchase 15 'Nourishing Essence Pills' and 30 'Lesser Nourishing Essence Pills'.

The 'Lesser Nourishing Essence Pill', as the name suggests, is a weaker version of the 'Nourishing Essence Pill', priced between 40-60 Silver Coins.

After purchasing these 'Secret Medicines', Jason spent a full 3000 Silver Coins.

The Gold Notes changed from one 500 denomination to four 100s and four 10s denomination Notes.

Unknowingly, everyone's gaze had turned to Jason.

In fact, the moment Jason began buying 'Nourishing Essence Pills' and 'Lesser Nourishing Essence Pills' almost without bargaining, many people had already taken notice of him.

And when Jason took out that 500 denomination Gold Note, confirming it wasn't counterfeit, the entire market fell silent.

Everyone's attention was completely drawn to Jason.

They watched as Jason tucked the 'Secret Medicines' into his arms.

They watched as Jason tucked the Gold Notes into his arms.

Even those 'setting traps' from afar were watching here.

Jason, wearing an ice hockey mask, smiled.

He had done this deliberately just now.

Judging from the current situation, the effect was excellent.

"Ahem."

"I hereby release a commission: a bounty on the head of the owner of Mu-style Martial Arts School on Martial Arts Street."

"The bounty—"

"A hundred taels of gold."

Jason glanced around and lightly coughed as he spoke.

Instantly, the crowd before him erupted like boiling water.

A hundred taels of gold.

That's five thousand Silver Coins!

Enough for them to buy a house in Zhoufu and live comfortably for the rest of their lives.

Everyone was excited.

Every gaze burned hot.

Some were eyeing Hua Hong.

But more were eyeing Jason.

They hadn't forgotten Jason had 440 taels worth of Gold Notes on him now.

"The bounty lasts two days!"

"Two days later, I will return."

"Whoever brings back Mu Bai's head, I will pay them."

Having said that, Jason turned and left.

Deposit?

Nonexistent.

He was here to fish.

Not to feed the fish.

'Hope these guys have some property, don't let me down.'

Jason thought to himself.

After previous fights, Jason had realized that these figures lurking in the shadows preferred to carry all their wealth with them, and he hoped these people had deeper reserves.

Then, Jason suddenly thought of something.

'Am I skimming off someone else's principal?'

'Definitely not.'

'After all, I'm not even counting any interest.'

Jason thought confidently.

Then, he walked straight out of the Yuelai Inn.

Jason did not head towards Martial Arts Street.

Instead, he walked towards the Northern City.

After a little while, footsteps sounded behind him.

Jason stopped and turned back to see it was that vendor.

The vendor, seeing Jason stop, immediately spoke up.

"Sir, please wait."

"I have 'Secret Medicine' here, would you like it?"

"Yes."

Jason replied positively.

"120 Silver Coins each, I have 10 pills here."

The vendor spoke seriously, looking every bit like he wanted to do business.

"Too expensive."

Unexpectedly, in the market where he never bargained, Jason shook his head, causing the vendor to frown. While looking at his hidden companions in the nighttime surroundings, he pretended to be in a dilemma: "How much can you offer?"

Jason held up one finger.

"100 Silver Coins?"

"No, that's too little."

"At least 115 Silver Coins."

The vendor eyed his slowly approaching companions and continued to pretend to negotiate.

Jason shook his head again, using a calm voice to say—

"No, you misunderstood me."

"I meant..."

"A life."

Chapter 1258: Shadow of Night: Jason's Reckoning

Fate?

Blinded by greed, the stall owner who had been following finally came to his senses.

Instinctively, he reached for the dagger at his waist, but before his hand could touch the dagger, the broad-bladed knife in Jason's hand had already swept across the man's throat.

Splatter!

Blood gushed forth, shooting skyward.

Jason's figure vanished like a ghost, appearing and disappearing in the surrounding shadows.

When Jason appeared again, the blood splashing down on the cobblestone ground looked like blossoming plum blossoms.

In the night, they were exceptionally vivid.

Jason shook his short blade.

Instantly, the 'plum blossoms' on the ground extended branches.

Yet, it did not break the vividness.

Instead, it added an eerie feeling.

Jason didn't hold back.

The masked Jason was Jason, not Mu Bai.

There was no need to hold back.

Moreover, he was in a hurry.

Also, it was for the subsequent plan to proceed more smoothly.

After examining the body, besides 51 Silver Coins, there was no more gain.

Pocketing the Silver Coins, Jason turned and walked into the night.

Just minutes after Jason left, a shadow appeared at the scene.

Ah!

After carefully examining the scene, the shadow gasped, dared not linger, and turned away.

Several more shadows appeared afterward, all like the first shadow, checking and quickly leaving, not daring to stay for a moment.

These people were frightened.

Frightened by the power Jason deliberately displayed.

Until—

"Dry weather, beware of fire!"

"Hmm?"

"This is... Oh my, Mother!"

"Someone's dead!"

The watchman's scream echoed far in the night.

Moments later, a large group of constables appeared on the street.

...

Jason returned to his room at the martial arts hall.

It's not that he didn't want to go to 'Red Fragrance Alley.'

But 'Red Fragrance Alley' wasn't open.

Truly not open, and already without the bustle of last night's comings and goings.

'Did they discover something?'

Jason instinctively thought about the 'Transmigration Cult' trying to assassinate him and Li Deshang today at 'Drunken Fairy Tower.'

Not that he suspected 'Red Fragrance Alley' was involved.

But the other party had likely discovered the concealed entry of the 'Transmigration Cult' Zhoufu altar master, thus choosing to bide their time; otherwise, Jason couldn't think of any reason that would cause a secret gathering to be canceled without cause.

'More informed than expected, huh!'

Jason couldn't help but shake his head in admiration.

With that example, comparing Li Deshang...

There's no real comparison.

Not only lacking manpower but also inadequate intelligence.

Thinking again about Jia Youcai.

Jason shook his head once more.

Clearly, whether Li Deshang or Jia Youcai, they had been coasting, getting by without urgency, which is why the seemingly peaceful Mountain City was already rotten inside.

But whom could be blamed for this?

Blame Li Deshang?

Blame Jia Youcai?

The former, an outsider, having achieved what's already impressive, really think local tycoons are all pushovers?

Officials have perished in 'Mountain City' during their term; it's happened before.

Li Deshang wouldn't be an exception.

The latter?

Can't blame him either; Jia Youcai, a supplemental officer, isn't bad.

At least he has some bottom line.

'If I were truly a native of this replica world, I'd probably sigh and say 'what a damned world this is.

'Alas, I'm destined to be just a 'customer.

'A customer tasting the food.'

'After eating, wiping the mouth, going home.'

Thinking of this, Jason took out the 15 'Nourishing Essence Pills' and 30 'Minor Nourishing Essence Pills' he had previously acquired.

Just like eating candies, he uncorked the bottle and poured the 'Nourishing Essence Pills' and 'Minor Nourishing Essence Pills' into his mouth.

If the 'Nourishing Essence Pill' is sour, a bit like plums with added sugar, then the 'Minor Nourishing Essence Pill' is a less sweet plum, more sour but still tastes good.

But the satiation is less than half of the 'Nourishing Essence Pill.'

Most were around 5 points.

One reached 6 points.

Three were 4 points.

However, the 'Nourishing Essence Pills' purchased this time were stable, each with 10 points of satiation.

After swallowing 15 'Nourishing Essence Pills' and 30 'Minor Nourishing Essence Pills,' Jason gained 298 points of satiation.

"The price is quite fair."

Seeing the increased satiation, then comparing them to 'Nourishing Essence Pills' priced at 100 Silver Coins each, Jason concluded thus.

Of course, minor discrepancies are inevitable.

Overall, the difference isn't significant.

For Jason, who urgently needed satiation, he wouldn't mind the details.

[Satiation:1250]

...

Seeing the satiation finally exceeding a thousand, Jason felt slightly relieved, the sense of crisis he felt slightly dissipated.

He instinctively looked at 'Iron Fist Vigor,' 'Mountain Shaking Fist Energy,' and 'Turnover Attack.'

Ultimately, he shook his head.

'Once it starts to integrate, there's no turning back.'

'Better to prepare more satiation.'

Prudence had long been imprinted on Jason's soul.

Unless forced to, he preferred stability.

Speaking of stability, involuntarily, Jason thought of his 'brother Gousheng.'

The other had promised to give him an explanation.

From the past two days' interactions, the other wasn't one to speak without backing.

Having promised, surely would fulfill it.

'How much can be extracted from those local tycoons?'

'Hopefully some 'Secret Medicine.

Without realizing it, Jason felt a hint of anticipation.

Chapter 1259: Attack! (2)

The recent purchase at the black market's secret gathering was enough for Jason to understand that high-level 'Secret Medicine' might be rare, but 'Nourishing Essence Pill' and 'Small Nourishing Essence Pill' were still available.

The black market, secret gatherings have them.

How could the nobles in 'Mountain City' not have them?

They probably have even more!

After all, which of the great families hasn't been around for decades, or even hundreds of years?

It's possible they even have high-level Secret Medicine.

...

‘Let the nobles bring out high-level Secret Medicine to prolong Mu Bai’s life!’

Li Deshang had this thought when he invited the nobles of ‘Mountain City.’

In the brightly lit hall at the back of the magistrate’s office.

Li Deshang, wearing a blue long robe, looked expressionlessly at the six people seated on either side.

Originally, there should have been seven people.

The Chen Residence was removed.

The remaining six sat facing each other in pairs.

Jia Youcai stood behind Li Deshang.

The fight at the dock yesterday, and today’s battle at ‘Drunken Fairy Tower’, made Li Deshang greatly change his view of Jia Youcai. Perhaps his strength was ordinary, but he dared to risk his life, and he had a sense of ethics.

Strength can be cultivated.

Having the guts to risk one's life is rare.

Even rarer is having ethics.

Immediately, Li Deshang intended to cultivate Jia Youcai as a trusted aide, just like the four head arrest officers before.

Of course, whether he can reach the level of three of them is uncertain, but right now he had no one else to use, and Jia Youcai was the best candidate.

At this moment, Jia Youcai, with a simple knife at his waist, gripped the knife with one hand and placed the other at his waist, trying to make himself appear more imposing. However, with a body as thin as a bamboo stick, he couldn't muster any aura and looked rather comical.

But the six prominent family representatives present couldn't laugh at all.

'Mountain City' isn't big, and they had already heard the news of what happened.

Last night, the eldest of the Chen family collaborated with the 'Transmigration Cult' to seize the city.

The second of the Chen family was trafficking people.

The third of the Chen family, though unclear, was probably up to no good either.

This evening, at the entrance of 'Drunken Fairy Tower,' the 'Transmigration Cult' sent out an assassin.

Last night, the 'Mu-style Martial Arts School' used an incredible secret technique to turn the tide. At this point, they should be weak, even on the brink of death.

Now Li Deshang had called them here.

Just to save Mu Bai.

And to 'warn' them as well.

The six of them all understood this well.

They were prepared when they came.

As long as Li Deshang didn't go too far, they would agree.

What if he did go too far?

Did he really think they were easy to bully?

They didn't start the fire at the Chen Residence.

But the fire at the Li mansion, they indeed dared to start.

The weather was dry, wasn't it normal for fires to break out?

Mountain City had already caught fire twice in the past two days.

A third time wouldn't be too surprising either.

So would burning a head officer to death be considered normal?

Especially recently, the 'Transmigration Cult' had enmity with this officer, and blaming it on the 'Transmigration Cult' would simply be logical.

With these thoughts, the six sat there like meditative monks.

They observed with their eyes, nose to heart.

They remained silent.

The entire hall was quiet.

Li Deshang sneered.

He had experienced something similar when he first came to Mountain City.

Although, it wasn't silent back then, but rather quite lively. Everyone chimed in, one after another, not leaving him any chance to interject, making him see the reality clearly.

He cooperated well.

Because he knew very well what would happen to him if he took action.

So, he started cultivating four head arrest officers, promoting some officers, and absorbing some talents into the magistrate's office.

He planned to proceed slowly.

Then, make a decisive move.

However, the appearance of a thief made everything turn into an illusion.

At that time, Li Deshang was desperate.

Not only did several years of efforts go down the drain, but he also reached his most dangerous point.

Fortunately, he met Mu Brothers.

His Mu Brothers saved him from dire situations.

He naturally wanted to repay them.

As for tearing off the mask?

At this point, he couldn't care less.

Without Mu Brothers, he would have died long ago.

Moreover, with Mu Brothers weak and the 'Transmigration Cult' planning another assassination, without Mu Brothers' protection, he would undoubtedly die.

Early death or late death is still death.

Why not fight back?

Now, extracting a large amount of Secret Medicine from the wealthy families will allow Brother Mu to recover quickly and still have a fighting chance.

If we miss this opportunity due to hesitation, it will indeed be waiting for death.

Simply put.

If Mu Bai lives, he lives.

If Mu Bai dies, he dies.

Thinking of this, Li Deshang no longer hesitated and spoke directly—

Nourishing Essence Pill’ one hundred pills.”

"Fifty portions of something like ‘Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder’.”

"Thirty portions of something like ‘Ginseng Toad Pill’.”

"And a large medicine to prolong life and replenish essence.”

"Impossible!”

After Li Deshang finished speaking, the six wealthy men present spoke in unison.

Not to mention that the 'large medicine' that can prolong life and replenish essence is simply impossible to appear in a small place like 'Mountain City' or 'Zhoufu'.

Just the thirty portions of 'Ginseng Toad Pill' and fifty portions of 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' could force them to ruin.

'Ginseng Toad Pill' and 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' are different from 'Nourishing Essence Pill'.

'Ginseng Toad Pill' is a Secret Medicine used by Martial Artists who have completed Bone Tempering to break through to 'Skin Training'. After entering 'Skin Training', it can still be taken.

'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' is a favorite Secret Medicine for Martial Artists in the 'Bone Tempering' stage.

One portion of 'Tiger Blood Strong Yuan Powder' costs over a thousand Silver Coins.

Not to mention 'Ginseng Toad Pill', at the beginning of the year, five pills of 'Ginseng Toad Pill' appeared in Zhoufu and were bought at a high price of fifteen thousand Silver Coins before anyone could react.

"Lord Li, don't ask for too much."

The youngest among the six spoke up.

Although the youngest of the six, he was already a middle-aged man.

He wore silk and satin, with a sullen face, and an unfriendly tone.

"Oh?"

Li Deshang smiled as he looked at the middle-aged man in front of him.

His surname was Li. Although he only had two shops in the city, like the Chen Family, he was active on the docks, owning three hundred-person ships, not to mention other boats.

Relying on dock business, he was one of the notable large households in 'Mountain City'.

It's not just wealth.

There were also many people.

Just on the ships, there were more than two hundred sailors.

And they were sailors who made a living at sea, facing not only the waves but also dealing with pirates at critical moments.

Of course, sometimes they acted as pirates.

If they were brought out, each one was a good hand.

Before coming, Li Deshang had investigated. This was one of the forces in 'Mountain City' that could not be ignored.

And it was also the backing of the Li Family.

For this reason, even at this time, even facing Li Deshang, this Li Family Head dared to confront him.

The other party believed Li Deshang dared not touch him.

Ultimately, it was just bargaining as usual.

But today—

Bam!

Flames flashed, thick smoke rolled.

The Li Family Head looked incredulously at the bloodstain on his chest, then at Li Deshang holding the gun.

"You

Before he could finish his sentence, the Li Family Head collapsed dead.

Mountain City' Li Family colluded with the Chen Family and the 'Transmigration Cult', attempting to rebel, has been killed by this official."

Li Deshang held the gun and spoke slowly.

This gun was bought at a high price for self-defense.

Not only was it finely crafted, but it could also fire continuously.

However, Li Deshang never thought he would take the initiative to attack.

Looking at the stunned faces of the remaining five, Li Deshang turned his head to look at Jia Youcai, who was also in a daze, and directly instructed: "Jia Youcai, go and raid the house, if there is resistance, kill without mercy."

The corpse on the ground, blood still flowing.

Li Deshang's sentence of "kill without mercy" immediately became murderous.

The remaining five wealthy men were shocked.

Jia Youcai was also shocked.

"Yes!"

However, Jia Youcai immediately responded, bowing and answering.

Meanwhile, the five wealthy men were looking at each other in dismay.

They never expected things to turn out like this.

The usual Li Deshang didn't have such courage.

Moreover, this was against the rules!

Why flip the table right from the start?!

The five people kept exchanging glances, and finally, another wealthy man stepped forward.

"Lord Li, I think

Bam!

Before the other party finished speaking, Li Deshang fired another shot.

Then, looking at the remaining four, his eyes filled with killing intent, his voice icy cold as he said—

"The Zhang Family colluded with the Li Family and the Chen Family with the 'Transmigration Cult' to attempt rebellion, has been killed by this official."

"I've said my piece, who approves? Who opposes?"

Chapter 1260: The Love of Dou Bao's Parents!

Who dares to oppose?

Looking at the corpses of the Family Head Zhang and the Li Family Head on the ground, the remaining four prominent households in the 'Mountain City' broke out in a cold sweat.

Li Deshang had gone mad!

The four of them thought simultaneously.

If he wasn't mad, how could he dare to take action so directly?

The newly appointed magistrates and local wealthy gentry have always sparred without breaking.

Now?

It's no longer a matter of breaking.

But rather, flipping the entire chessboard.

What to do?

The four looked at each other, and finally, stood up in unison.

"We agree with Lord Li's proposal."

The four of them almost spoke in unison.

Agree first!

Talk about it later!

Once we leave the yamen...we'll make that bastard pay!

The four of them were almost shouting in their hearts.

They were ready; as soon as they left the yamen, they would gather their forces, use their connections, and expose Li Deshang's 'tyranny' to the public, and then submit a joint petition to Zhoufu.

By then...hmm!

However, what the four of them didn't expect was Li Deshang slightly nodded after hearing their response.

"Come, sign and stamp."

Li Deshang waved, and an old family servant came in carrying a wooden tray.

On it were freshly written documents, the ink still wet.

Two copies.

One was about the Secret Medicine compensating Mu Bai.

The other accused the Zhang Family, Li Family, and Chen Residence of colluding with the 'Transmigration Cult' to rebel.

Ruthless!

Too ruthless!

The four major households looked at the second document, sucking in a cold breath, realizing Li Deshang not only killed them but also wanted their names to be infamous forever.

They could already imagine that once they signed and stamped it, helping Li Deshang solidify the case, the consequences.

‘Mountain City’ would definitely no longer have a place for the Zhang and Li Families.

These two families would certainly become outcasts.

But, did they dare not sign?

If they didn’t sign, they wouldn’t even get to leave.

The four maintained silence and began to sign and stamp.

"My lord, can we leave now?"

The four asked.

"Of course."

Li Deshang looked at the signed and stamped documents, replying.

The four cupped their hands, then quickly walked out.

At this moment, Jia Youcai, who had sent people out, returned.

Looking at the corpses on the ground, then at the four sullen Family Heads, he furrowed his brow.

Although he was just from a hooligan background and mostly cowardly,

Jia Youcai was no fool.

He had a feeling that letting the four go like this wasn't right on Li Deshang's part.

They should at least have been detained.

Wait until everything was settled before moving.

‘Did my lord overlook something?’

‘That shouldn’t be.’

Jia Youcai looked at Li Deshang with confusion.

Though his lord occasionally acted foolishly, most of the time, he was exceedingly clever.

Could it be that due to successive events, a mistake was made?

Thinking of this, Jia Youcai couldn’t hold back.

From the start, he had relied on Li Deshang to become an arrest officer, they were already on the same boat, if Li Deshang was unlucky, he would be too, he still needed to support his elderly mother.

He didn’t want to die young.

Yes!

Die young!

With the Family Heads of Zhang and Li killed in the yamen, this was no trifle.

Jia Youcai could completely envision the situation to follow.

"My lord?"

Jia Youcai asked in a low voice.

Li Deshang, however, smiled and waved his hand at Jia Youcai.

Then, one of the chief magistrates of 'Mountain City' suddenly revealed a very strange expression to Jia Youcai.

It was a mix of fear but inexplicable satisfaction.

Like sneaking a look at a novel under the covers by flashlight as a child, forbidden by the adults of the household.

Then—

Li Deshang picked up the firearm in his hand, aimed it at his own thigh, and pulled the trigger.

Bam!

With a flash of fire, Li Deshang's thigh immediately became a bloody mess.

"My lord?!"

Jia Youcai exclaimed.

The four Family Heads who had just walked out of the hall also turned around in astonishment.

Li Deshang's already pale face grew even paler, with large beads of sweat pouring from his forehead.

"Don't mind me!"

"Catch the assassin quickly!"

Saying this, Li Deshang raised his hand to point at the four Family Heads standing at the hall entrance.

Instantly, Jia Youcai was stunned.

The four Family Heads were also dumbfounded.

Inside the hall, the only sound left was Li Deshang's labored breathing due to the pain.

A full second later, Jia Youcai reacted.

Clang!

He drew a humble blade and charged at the four Family Heads.

Jia Youcai realized that his lord had made no mistake.

From the moment these six Family Heads stepped into the yamen, his lord never intended to let them leave.

Jia Youcai understood.

The remaining four Family Heads also realized.

"Run!"

One of the four Family Heads shouted loudly.

All four turned and ran, moving with agility, clearly not just pampered lords.

In fact, the Empire was built on martial strength, and martial practices were deeply ingrained, not just in the Zhoufus but also in subordinate county towns; any wealthy family would find a way to learn a trick or two.

Of course, with peace prevailing for a long time.

Such martial trends gradually evolved into peaceful practices.

Martial arts became more about physical fitness.

Fighting?

Had long been removed from ordinary people.

But it had truly achieved the goal of fitness.

At least these four wealthy families, not lacking money, had really trained their bodies to far exceed the ordinary, almost reaching a state of 'muscle mastery', it was evident that if they couldn't endure hardship, they would certainly be at 'muscle mastery', or even 'Bone Tempering'.

However, the four soon halted their steps.

A team of soldiers rushed out from the corridor.

Not ordinary soldiers.

But soldiers armed with firearms.