

Menu 1361

Chapter 1361: Punch Like a God! (2)

It seems like you're injured?

"Heh, not bad.

Really not bad."

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' said these words in a very calm tone.

However, anyone could hear the anger in his words.

"Worthy of being the backup he left, you've already touched the edge of the 'acupoint'. Considering your age, you truly can be called 'prodigious'; even saying 'unprecedented' wouldn't be an exaggeration.

But, what a pity.

You are destined to die here.

Take another punch from me."

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' let out a cold laugh, then launched another punch.

This punch, it's different.

If the previous punch was mighty and overwhelming, like a deity throwing a mountain.

Then this punch truly felt like a deity had descended.

An extremely dazzling multicolored halo appeared behind the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult', supported by his two arms, forming a perfect circle, above his head, creating a special halo.

His feet slightly left the ground.

A cloud appeared beneath his feet.

Like a staircase, or a throne.

At this moment, he resembled the 'deities' depicted in temple murals.

Standing in the clouds, seated on a throne.

Under the multicolored radiance, the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' not only had his injuries healed but his aura deepened.

At this moment, he transformed into a deity overlooking the world.

Cui Long, Miss Hongxiu both felt an instinctual urge to worship rising from their hearts.

Meanwhile, the heavily injured followers of the 'Si Hai Bang' were already bowing to the ground.

Regardless of whether they had broken bones or were coughing blood.

They just knelt on the ground, foreheads touching the earth, unmoving, muttering words of prayer for forgiveness.

Cui Long, Miss Hongxiu influenced by those around, their knees softened, about to kneel.

And at that moment, a pair of hands appeared on their shoulders.

It was Dou Bao.

"Don't kneel."

Dou Bao's voice was clear, her eyes pure.

That was sheer disbelief.

When Dou Bao joined the refugees, she had seen many praying to gods and Buddhas.

But it was useless.

Those meant to die, still died.

Those not meant to die, died anyway.

Famine, plague, ravaged the Northern Lands.

People fell like fields of wheat.

Any prayers were futile.

Images of gods and Buddhas, gold-plated, sat in temples, incense smoke rising, looking down with benevolent smiles at the corpses strewn across the land, flocks of crows flying overhead.

Death, death.

Still more death.

Apart from death, there was nothing else.

Dou Bao had once prayed quietly, even placing her only steamed bun on the offering table.

And then...

No deity appeared.

There was only a crowd fighting over the bun.

A moment before, they were devout believers.

A moment later, they turned into frenzied thugs.

Dou Bao watched from the side.

Watched as rivers of blood flowed.

Watched as the blood-soaked bun was swallowed whole by the final victor.

Then, the person choked to death.

Struggling to breathe, clutching his throat, his face turned purple.

The person seemed to remember something, rushed once more to kowtow before the idol.

But after one kowtow, died.

As the head touched the ground, he died.

Dou Bao looked upon the corpses scattered around, outside the temple, starved to death, inside, slaughtering one another.

Without exception, all were dead.

In the end, her gaze fell on the corpse that had remained kneeling.

It looked awkward no matter how you saw it.

So, she smashed the idol.

A big fire set the temple alight.

In the glow of the fire, Dou Bao moved on.

Throughout her subsequent journey as a refugee, she continued encountering those praying to gods and Buddhas, and also people from the 'Transmigration Cult'.

Those people secretly spreading their teachings.

Dou Bao turned a blind eye.

As long as they didn't bother her, she ignored them.

But those lingering too long in front of her with ulterior motives, she buried them all.

Listening to her mother's teachings.

Dou Bao always did so.

And now?

No exception.

The person in front isn't a 'Deity'.

The person is the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'.

According to Master Mu, an enemy filled with malice and murderous intent.

How could she kneel to such a person?

She also wouldn't allow Cui Long, Miss Hongxiu to kneel.

Because doing so, she'd have to personally bury two people she had a good relationship with.

Look at those kneeling 'Si Hai Bang' followers.

Their bodily injuries have recovered.

A look of fanaticism appeared on their faces.

And then?

They knelt even more devoutly toward the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'. As the Sect Hierarchy pointed toward Jason, these people stood up and rushed madly at him.

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' hovered in midair, watching the scene with a full gaze of amusement.

From his mouth, reverberated the doctrine—

"Holy Mother descends, Bliss of Transmigration!"

His voice took on a trace of intangibility.

A voice that should be male, sounded almost feminine.

Tender as water.

Compassionate like light.

His eyes slowly filled with mercy.

His words filled with more seduction.

"Do not fear death!

Death is only temporary!

When you awaken again...

You will have a better life!

You will gain a new life, a status, and family that you dared not imagine in this life.

Go! Go!

Kill him!

And you can obtain everything you desire!”

Upon hearing these words, the mob originally belonging to the ‘Si Hai Bang’ became entirely frenzied.

In the darkness of dawn, these frenzied, clawing people howled madly, transforming into demons at this instant, wanting to peel the skin off Jason, wanting to swallow him alive.

Upon seeing this scene, a fierce look appeared in Dou Bao’s eyes.

Her hands lowered from the shoulders of Cui Long and Hong Xiu.

Two fine, emerald-green, exquisitely crafted bamboo tubes mysteriously appeared in her hands.

Just as she prepared to take action against these people.

The sky, brightened!

A beam of sword light pierced through the darkness of dawn.

A Light Sword, 40 meters long, swept across the scene before her.

The madness vanished.

The frenzy disappeared.

Bodies split in half fell to the ground, the scene quiet.

Cui Long and Hong Xiu stood stunned at the spectacle.

Neither had considered such an outcome.

They had imagined Jason would resolve the predicament, never doubted it, but neither expected it to be so clean, so direct.

Jason hesitated not one bit.

Of course, more importantly, was that sword.

Master Mu could actually wield a sword.

Both were filled with astonishment.

Even with shock.

Dou Bao, on the other hand, was filled with delight.

"My master is so powerful, he can wield a sword."

Dou Bao thought very simply.

As for being deceived?

She minded not.

Her father would also hide private money.

Though every time caught by her mother, he had to kneel on the washboard, he still hid every time.

Even if he never saved a hundred coins.

"Hiding private money is a belief!"

These were her father's exact words.

"Men, like children, let them hide if they wish, you must give them freedom, and also guard their little secrets.

Anyway...

Ultimately, it's all mine.

It might even bring surprise."

Her mother spoke thus.

Naturally, Dou Bao combined her parents' words and realized her principle: give her master freedom, keep secrets if any, for he would certainly tell her in the future.

Hence, she wasn't angry, wasn't annoyed.

Only anticipation.

Anticipation for her master to reveal more.

For now?

She raised her right hand, pressed the mechanism.

Snap!

After a crisp sound, seven-colored brilliance instantly illuminated between heaven and earth.

The halo behind the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult', the auspicious clouds beneath his feet were all obscured by this brilliance.

All that remained was the splendor of this seven-colored light.

Pure to the extreme splendor.

Dazzling, and striking.

Beautiful!

Unparalleled beauty!

Even though everyone had their eyes stabbed, Cui Long and Hong Xiu still stared fixedly.

They forgot everything.

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' forgot everything else.

He watched there.

Then—

Splat!

A flash of blood-red light.

A crimson stroke appeared at his neck.

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' clutched his neck, retreating repeatedly, speaking in a terrified tone.

"Kong, Kong..."

Chapter 1362: Abnormal!

The words had not yet finished, and the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult had already fallen to the ground, unable to rise.

He was dead.

Dead under the dark weapon that terrified the entire Jianghu.

A weapon so terrifying to the entire Jianghu, his death here seemed inevitable.

But again, it wasn't.

Because he was the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult.

His cultivation technique had long surpassed worldly limitations.

The auspicious clouds dispersed straight away under that domineering dark weapon.

Yet the colorful halo was gone.

It still stood on the Sect Hierarchy's shoulders, still behind the Sect Hierarchy's head, not tainted by dust despite his fall.

On the contrary, it lifted the Sect Hierarchy's body, half floating in the air.

Then, it grew even brighter.

Under the radiant glow, the flowing blood returned to its source, and the sharp cut healed.

In one moment, the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult was dead.

In the next, he lived again.

Still standing atop the auspicious clouds.

The colorful halo behind his head still shining brightly.

He looked down at Dou Bao, his face masked by bronze, but his eyes held unrivaled astonishment.

"How do you have... who are you to them?"

The Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult asked sternly.

His words were somewhat vague, as if even he hesitated to mention the domineering dark weapon.

But he had a guess about Dou Bao's origins.

He stared at Dou Bao's face.

The more he looked, the more Dou Bao resembled two people in his memory.

"This is wonderful!

I originally just wanted... but unexpectedly found their... it's truly wonderful!

Truly wonderful!"

With these words, the Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult burst into wild laughter.

It was an exceedingly joyful laughter.

However, Dou Bao, Cui Long, and Miss Hongxiu frowned.

The Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult before them seemed a bit abnormal.

Not just now.

But now!

The Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult just now was normal.

Now... to be precise, the one who resurrected seemed to be acting erratically.

Cui Long and Miss Hongxiu instinctively stepped back, hiding behind Dou Bao.

One lunatic was already terrifying enough.

But if this lunatic was also a masterful martial artist, it was truly enough to double the fear.

"Obediently come with me!

Don't make me use force!

Although you have... you've already used it, I know it can only be used once in a short time! Without the..., to me, you have no chance of resisting, unless they gave you the other two items.

But that's impossible!"

Even though the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult was a bit abnormal, he still had keen insight.

He naturally noticed the bamboo tube in Dou Bao's other hand.

The other two dark weapons in his memory, one was flat like a box, and the other seemed like a crystal note; they weren't bamboo tubes at all.

As for this being another domineering dark weapon?

Impossible.

According to what he knew, such a domineering dark weapon could only exist as a single piece.

Otherwise, it would bring disaster to the possessor.

Therefore, only one could exist.

So, this was just another dark weapon.

He had no reason to fear.

Thinking of this, the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult was about to step forward.

Dou Bao swiftly lifted her hand and activated the trigger.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Forty-nine cowhair-like silver needles shot out from the bamboo tube like a rainstorm.

Their momentum was fierce and exceeded common perception.

In the eyes of Cui Long and Miss Hongxiu, it was a succession of lightning strikes.

They couldn't even see the true form of the silver needles.

Another weapon surpassing worldly norms.

The Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult dodged twenty-four cowhair needles, but the remaining twenty-five all hit.

"Ah!"

A tragic cry, and the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult flipped and fell to the ground.

Once again, no breath remained.

Swiftly, under the flickering halo, he resurrected once more.

At the first moment of revival, the Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult quickly distanced himself from Dou Bao.

"Impossible!

Impossible!

Why forty-nine?

Why cowhair needles?

Why not twenty-seven?

Why not silver nails?"

The Sect Hierarchy of the Transmigration Cult murmured to himself, compared to his previous abnormal behavior, now he seemed more dazed.

As if he was transforming from a lunatic into a fool.

"Because I improved it!"

Dou Bao said quite naturally.

Although completed under her father's guidance, she did participate in the improvement, which was true.

Besides, facing an enemy, there was no need to be factual.

If she could mislead the opponent, all the better.

In fact, the effect exceeded imagination.

Just as Dou Bao's words fell, the Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult took two steps back again, and when he saw Dou Bao discard the empty bamboo tube and pull out a new one from her sleeve, he retreated once more.

No!

It was no longer retreating.

It was an escape!

However, it wasn't turning and running.

It was just tiptoeing on the ground, without turning his body, and moving backward like sliding.

Meanwhile, the Sect Hierarch of the Transmigration Cult didn't forget to throw a punch toward Jason, who had been standing still.

In the eyes of the Sect Hierarch, he couldn't touch their daughter, but you, who just touched 'Xueqiao', can I not move against you?

With such thoughts, the Sect Hierarch's punch was both swift and ruthless.

Moreover, as the punch was thrown, there was a prayer voice resonating throughout the world.

In the darkest dawn, clouds of incense appeared, kneeling figures appeared, and a series of prayer voices resounded.

Chapter 1363: Abnormal! (2)

'Holy Mother descends, transcending to bliss!'

The mighty roar made the earth itself tremble.

At this moment, heaven and earth were like a millstone,

Grinding away the essence and spirit of mortals.

Letting it blend into those who were bowing in worship.

At this moment, heaven and earth were like a furnace.

Melting the flesh and bones of mortals.

Turning them into nourishment, merging into the incense flames.

And ultimately!

All lead to... transcendence!

At this moment, Jason suddenly understood why the 'Transmigration Cult' was called the 'Transmigration Cult', the martial techniques they practiced explained everything.

A punch struck out, aiming for transcendental bliss!

Under the cover of this punch's wind, Jason felt a fleeting sensation.

As if seeing the beautiful days after transcendence.

With endless delicious food.

Moreover, extremely safe.

No need for fear and worry.

Laying there drinking soda, chicken poppers falling from the sky, reaching out a hand for braised pork, casually grabbing ice cream.

Those days were truly beautiful.

Even knowing it was false, Jason couldn't help but yearn for it.

But no matter how much he longed for it.

Jason knew in his heart what to do.

Sword, out!

No longer a 40-meter giant sword, but 50 meters!

After a moment of charging, the [Chen Xi Sword], with even more fierce and unstoppable momentum, slashed out.

The sword and fist met for the first time.

Sword, shattered.

Fist, blood spilled.

People, all perished.

A mutual destruction, with neither gaining the upper hand.

The Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' rolled out, instantly losing all vitality, and after the five-colored glow behind his head flickered a few times, he 'resurrected' again.

"What an amazing sword!

Compared to that guy using the sword from the Northern Capital, you're only one step behind!

But that one step is enough to send you to the afterlife!"

With that, the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' laughed wildly.

In the distance, Dou Bao's face seemed frosty, the killing intent in her eyes surging like substance, the murderous aura around her rising, causing Cui Long and Red Sleeve to retreat repeatedly, and she aimed a bamboo tube at the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'.

Although it wasn't the overwhelmingly domineering hidden weapon, nor the swiftest hidden weapon, it was still a distinct hidden weapon.

Perhaps a bit inferior to the former two.

However, the real killing move was not this bamboo tube.

But rather...

A post entirely carved from crystal.

The crystal was transparent but emanated a chilling air.

This chill did not only come from the post itself.

It also came from the human heart.

Cui Long and Red Sleeve, just with one glance, felt they were in the depths of hell, surrounded by manifold ghosts, ox-headed and horse-faced demons with knives and forks standing by, Black and White Impermanence capturing souls, the Judge and Lady Meng performing their duties, a deity sitting upright presiding over life and death, determining reincarnation.

When the King of Hell decides someone should die at midnight, who can prolong it till morning!

"The King of Hell's Post!"

The Sect Hierarch of the 'Transmigration Cult' shouted.

Even unseen, the panic could be felt.

Dou Bao's eyes boiled with murderous intent.

The King of Hell's Post, her parents' true trump card left for her.

Her mother advised not to use it recklessly until the last moment.

To use it was to truly unleash death in its purest form.

Within a hundred-mile radius, no living things would remain.

She would never ordinarily use it.

But at that moment, Dou Bao couldn't care about any of it.

The Master was dead.

She wanted revenge.

She wanted the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' dead.

As for the rest?

She didn't care.

However, before Dou Bao could press the trigger, another sword light slashed out.

The 50-meter-long giant sword cleaved straight down.

The panicked Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' was directly slashed down, buried beneath the earth.

Yet he was not dead.

The five-colored halo behind his head flickered once more.

The Sect Hierarchy of 'Transmigration Cult' resurrected once again.

But this time, his revival left him no longer insane, foolish-looking, instead utterly expressionless, with not a trace of divine light in his eyes, only mechanized dullness.

"Is it the 'Thousand Faces Immortal-Wandering Scripture'?"

No, it's not.

Is it 'Blood Sea Rebirth Method'?

No, it's not either.

What exactly is it?

Why can he also remain undying?"

As he muttered, the five-colored halo behind his head flickered swiftly, and he transformed into a beam of light rushing toward the sky, disappearing from everyone's sight in an instant.

Even with the desire to chase, there was no catching up.

The speed was simply too fast.

At that moment, an eastern beam of light pierced the darkest sky.

The sun had risen.

It was daylight.

Cui Long stood in the courtyard of the Si Hai Bang headquarters, somewhat unable to regain her senses.

In fact, not only Cui Long but the always composed and dignified Red Sleeve was the same.

Too many things happened last night.

Starting from the death of 'Dragon Head' Cui Long's father, the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' attacked, only to be beaten back.

Incident after incident.

It was truly overwhelming.

"Miss, first have the people collect the corpses of our gang members, then send someone to find 'Knife Monarch', inform him that Si Hai Bang has encountered an accident, and we... concede the match.

Also, we need to strengthen our defenses.

The battle between Master Mu, Dou Bao, and the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' was too loud, we can't keep it a secret, to avoid unnecessary trouble, we need to reveal some information, which can both deter curious people and scare away quite a few."

Red Sleeve spoke.

Although 'Dragon Head' should still be alive, facing the battle now is obviously not possible.

Better to concede frankly.

Even if it's embarrassing, at this point, if we don't concede, and let 'Knife Monarch' wait in vain, it won't just be embarrassing, but also deadly.

Chapter 1364: Abnormal! (3)

At this time, the 'Si Hai Bang' not only lost face but also lost reputation.

As for concealing the news?

The recent sword light, the prayers, the colorful and rainbow hues are simply impossible to hide.

Instead of concealing it.

It would be better to reveal some, but hide key parts.

"I understand, Sister Hongxiu."

Cui Longnu immediately nodded and turned to walk out of the courtyard.

Outside the courtyard, a group of 'Si Hai Bang' members were anxiously waiting.

Although separated by just a wall, they didn't know what had happened.

At this moment, seeing Cui Longnu come out, they naturally breathed a sigh of relief.

After Cui Longnu assigned the tasks, everyone was busy in haste.

In less than two minutes, Cui Longnu returned to the courtyard after arranging the tasks and saw Miss Hongxiu waving at her as soon as she entered.

"What is it, Sister Hongxiu?"

Cui Longnu asked.

"Don't disturb Master Mu and Miss Dou Bao, let's go out first and return later."

Miss Hongxiu instructed.

Cui Longnu glanced at Jason and Dou Bao, who were standing in the corner, nodded knowingly, and followed Miss Hongxiu out of the small courtyard along with the group carrying the bodies.

The two did not go far, just sat quietly on the stone table and stone chair outside the courtyard waiting.

"Sister Hongxiu, what kind of person do you think Sister Dou Bao is?"

Why would she have such, such terrifying dark devices?"

Cui Longnu thought for a long time before she could utter a word.

Terrifying!

It was the only adjective she could think of.

In fact, even now, when Cui Longnu thought of those two kinds of dark devices, her back felt cold.

But what scared her the most was the crystal-made card.

Seeing that card, she thought she was dead, as if she was in the underworld.

Until now, she was still in a state of shock.

"Can't you really figure it out?"

Miss Hongxiu asked in return.

"I thought of it, it's just... I dare not confirm.

It's simply unimaginable!

After all, those two were injured by 'The Emperor' according to the rumors in Jianghu, how could they be having children?"

Cui Longnu smiled wryly.

Feeling like the romance of Jianghu had been shattered.

It was as if there shouldn't be such things as having children in Jianghu, but instead, it should be full of singing, drinking, fulfilling and avenging grudges, even bloodshed, and conspiracies.

Having children?

Such a ruin of the scene.

Like how a goddess shouldn't be seen going to the toilet.

In fact?

Going to the toilet smells just like yours.

Possibly even worse.

"Rumors from Jianghu can't be completely trusted or completely doubted.

Fortunately, Miss Dou Bao and Master Mu are on our side.

When the Gang Leader spared no effort to befriend Master Mu, I was somewhat dismissive, but now I realize how foresighted the Gang Leader was."

Miss Hongxiu sighed.

"Yeah, just now, that sword... the 'Sword Immortal' of the Northern Capital in the rumors is just like that, right?

And father!

What on earth is father doing?

Why is he always so mysterious?"

Cui Longnu was full of admiration for Jason's sword, but when she mentioned her father, the young lady of 'Si Hai Bang' couldn't help but pucker her lips, unhappily taking out a preserved plum and putting it in her mouth.

This was something she always carried with her.

Then, she took out one more and handed it to the equally perplexed Miss Hongxiu.

"What do you think Master Mu and Miss Dou Bao will talk about?"

Cui Longnu chewed the preserved plum and asked in a low voice.

"It should be something very important, right?"

Miss Hongxiu said.

Cui Longnu nodded immediately, looking towards the small courtyard.

At this moment, she really wished she could see through it.

To see what was happening inside the small courtyard.

Dou Bao lowered her head, her hands tugging at the corners of her clothes, not daring to look up at Jason at all.

She was afraid her own Master would blame her.

After all, when they met, she was just a weak woman.

She worried her own Master would think she deceived him.

How should I explain?

If I confess everything, will Master forgive me?

Dou Bao couldn't help but think.

Jason looked down at Dou Bao, unable to stop himself from sighing internally.

He knew that Dou Bao had hidden many things, but didn't expect the hidden things to be so profound.

Those few things just now, even he felt a lingering fear.

But, those are Dou Bao's secrets.

He would not pry.

Moreover, he had more important things to do.

"Dou Bao?"

Jason spoke up.

"Hmm?"

Dou Bao cautiously raised her head, fearing to see an angry Jason, but what met her eyes was a smiling Jason, and his voice was still so gentle—

"I'm hungry."

Chapter 1365: Who is The Planner?

I'm hungry.

The voice was sincere, without a trace of pretense, entirely from the heart.

Dou Bao could tell.

So, Dou Bao was stunned.

The master didn't blame me?

Nor was he angry?

This, this is really great.

Dou Bao was cheering in her heart, and then she immediately said——

"Alright, master, please wait a moment, it'll be ready soon."

Dou Bao hurriedly ran out.

"I want to eat wontons, youtiao, and tea eggs."

Jason shouted from behind.

"Got it."

Dou Bao responded.

Watching Dou Bao's figure disappear behind the courtyard gate, Jason sat on the stone bench next to him, raised his hand, and took out the solid wood box containing the 'Creation Pill.'

The plan for the day starts with the morning.

Breakfast is a must.

So, for a better life, breakfast must be eaten twice.

Of course, three times is also possible.

Or... the more the merrier, Jason didn't mind.

After all, there are only two things in life.

Opening the box, pinching open the wax pill, Jason threw the soybean-sized 'Creation Pill' into his mouth.

The next moment, his eyes squinted.

It's not that the taste is wrong.

On the contrary, compared to the 'small Creation Pill', the 'Creation Pill' before him was even sweeter.

A strong sweetness, yet not greasy.

Sugarcane juice mixed with pear juice, then added with a hint of mint.

The taste was not wrong.

What really caught Jason's attention was the text that appeared before him.

[Swallowed Creation Pill (Counterfeit)]

[Physical strength, energy, and injuries excessively recovered!]

[Satiation +800]

[Satiation: 5291]

[Excitement of Feast +9]

[Excitement of Feast: 144]

[Constitution +0.5]

...

The increased satiation, Excitement of Feast, and attributes all delighted Jason.

However, at this time, Jason focused on the words 'Counterfeit.'

"Counterfeit?"

Not the real 'Creation Pill'!

Moreover, this 'Creation Pill' was refined by the efforts of Cui Long Girl and Hong Xiu under the request of the 'Great Dragon Head'..."

This is interesting."

It should have been the 'Creation Pill.'

Yet they refined a 'Creation Pill (Counterfeit).'

This result suggests two possibilities.

One, there was something wrong with the formula.

Two, there was something wrong with the person refining it.

Sitting there, Jason squinted his eyes and lightly tapped the tabletop with his fingers.

After sorting out the events of last night again, he suddenly realized that the 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long King not only played an important role in the entire incident but was even a 'guide.'

A character who lured out the Planner, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch.

After all, Jason personally experienced the state of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch just now.

Not only was he injured, but it also seemed his mind was affected.

Under such circumstances, the rumored 'Creation Pill', known for transforming and bestowing miraculous abilities, naturally had an extraordinary allure for the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch.

To be serious, as long as the 'Creation Pill' appeared, the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch would appear.

Plus the hidden appearance of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarch.

Perhaps...

"The 'Great Dragon Head' might know that the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy was injured, but couldn't confirm his identity, so he set such a trap!

However, the initial plan probably didn't involve the fake death, it's just...

The true identity of the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy was astonishing, beyond the expectations of the 'Great Dragon Head,' so the 'Great Dragon Head' chose fake death to escape!"

Jason slowly deduced.

Then, he frowned.

He thought of Cui Long Girl.

Cui Long Girl, the daughter of the 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long King.

Even with just a few glimpses, Jason could see that the 'Great Dragon Head' truly cherished his daughter, the concern in his eyes when looking at her couldn't be faked.

So, if the 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long King was faking his death to escape, he couldn't not care for his daughter.

At the very least, he'd need to ensure Cui Long Girl's safety.

"In other words, if I hadn't gone to 'Capture Manor' last night, everything would've followed the plan of the 'Great Dragon Head,' and the Si Hai Bang wouldn't have suffered an attack?"

Jason pursed his lips, drawing that conclusion.

No plan is ever foolproof.

Especially when people are involved, unexpected events happen constantly.

His trip to 'Capture Manor' caused a series of unexpected events outside the plan.

Then, how could the 'Great Dragon Head' Cui Long King confirm that the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy wouldn't unexpectedly come to the Si Hai Bang, bringing danger to Cui Long Girl?

As a father, how could the 'Great Dragon Head' be sure that his daughter wouldn't be harmed in such an event?

Of course, he must have a backup plan!

And considering the power displayed by the Transmigration Cult Sect Hierarchy, the only person in Fragrance City who could deal with him was...

"The Knife Monarch!"

Jason's eyes shot open instantly.

He thought of a possibility: Could the 'Great Dragon Head' and the Knife Monarch be feigning combat but secretly cooperating?

If that was the case, then the 'Great Dragon Head's' ease in leaving made sense.

As for him?

Before the battle occurred, he believed the 'Great Dragon Head' couldn't ascertain his true strength.

Including Dou Bao's, of course.

And now?

Jason believed that the other party would definitely adjust the plan.

With this in mind, Jason stood up and walked out of the small courtyard.

"Master Mu." x2

Outside the courtyard, Cui Long Girl and Miss Hong Xiu greeted in unison.

"Miss Cui, Miss Hong Xiu, could you please explain to me in detail the circumstances under which the 'Great Dragon Head' asked you two to refine the 'Creation Pill'?"

Jason inquired.

Chapter 1366: Who Is the Planner? (2)

Even though he had considerable speculation, Jason still wanted to know more.

"No problem."

Cui Longnu and Miss Hongxiu nodded simultaneously.

"At that time, after father challenged the 'Knife Monarch,' he told me that to ensure more confidence during the duel, he hoped that Hongxiu and I could refine the 'Creation Pill.' Coincidentally, the gang had gathered the necessary raw materials for the 'Creation Pill,' and Hongxiu and I had refined the 'Minor Creation Pill' several times. Under such conditions, we were confident we could refine the 'Creation Pill,' so we immediately agreed."

Cui Longnu spoke first.

Miss Hongxiu added.

"We obtained the formula for the 'Creation Pill' from the Gang Leader a few years ago, and since then, we have been attempting to refine it every year, becoming quite proficient. Initially, the Gang Leader told us it was to enhance his abilities further, but one main ingredient was still immature, so we hadn't started refining until recently, when it finally matured.

However, the Gang Leader also broke through his long-standing bottleneck through his efforts, and the 'Creation Pill' shifted from breaking through to adjusting bodily condition."

After speaking, Miss Hongxiu sighed lightly.

As a 'Dan Medicine' type of martial artist, she was well aware of the difficulty of that 'bottleneck.'

Basically, she had no hope in this lifetime.

In fact, to be precise, being able to condense 'Qi-Blood' was a great fortune.

"So that's how it is."

Jason said softly.

Coincidence!

Too coincidental!

The formula was given by the 'Martial Arts Master.'

And the main ingredient, which hadn't matured for years, suddenly matured right before the duel.

Jason didn't believe in such coincidences.

Also!

The 'Martial Arts Master' gave the formula to Cui Longnu and Miss Hongxiu a few years ago.

So, could it be said that...

The 'Martial Arts Master' was investigating the 'Transmigration Cult' a few years ago?

Thinking this, Jason asked again.

"What is the 'Si Hai Bang's' attitude towards the 'Transmigration Cult'?"

"Nothing special.

Just like other families, as long as they don't provoke us, we turn a blind eye.

If we encounter them outside of 'Fragrance City,' then we choose to back down."

Miss Hongxiu said.

"Back down?"

Jason repeated, asking.

"Yes, father once said the 'Transmigration Cult' couldn't become a big threat, and a temporary retreat would only lead to their faster demise. The one within the Empire is not to be messed with."

Cui Longnu nodded confidently.

Such words made Jason ponder.

He had heard from Brother Gousheng about the Empire's attitude towards cults.

They also had the ability to respond quickly.

But that was before seeing the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch.

With the strength the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch just demonstrated, ordinary martial artists within the Empire couldn't be a match for him.

Then who could the one mentioned by the 'Martial Arts Master' be?

The answer was evident.

'The Emperor'!

Besides this, there was no other possibility.

Additionally, the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch was injured.

Could it be that 'The Emperor' was the one who attacked and injured him?

And then the choice of backing down by the 'Martial Arts Master' is worth pondering.

Having interacted with the 'Martial Arts Master,' Jason knew that to make him back down without showing some real capability was impossible, as he appeared humble but was inherently untamed.

It's very possible that the 'Martial Arts Master' knew early on about the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch's encounter with 'The Emperor' and that he suffered losses.

So that's why there was an order to 'back down.'

And that's why the 'strategizing' happened now.

Standing there, Jason once again began to consider everything comprehensively.

Cui Longnu and Miss Hongxiu did not disturb him.

They could see that this Master Mu had certainly discovered something.

Moreover, it was something very important.

Until Dou Bao brought back breakfast from afar, and the fragrance caught Jason's attention, only then did Cui Longnu quietly ask, "Master Mu, have you discovered something?" "Yes, I've discovered a bit.

However, we still need to wait a bit longer to confirm."

Jason didn't hide it.

Since both parties were currently on the same side, there was naturally no need to hide such things.

Moreover, if it was as he anticipated, it wouldn't be something that could be hidden anyway.

"Wait a bit longer?"

Cui Longnu blinked and didn't ask more questions.

For one, she clearly knew the character of this Master Mu.

If he wanted to say something, he would definitely say it.

If he didn't want to say something, no amount of inquiry would be useful.

Secondly, Dou Bao's wontons smelled so good!

The prawns, seaweed, salt, vinegar, and sesame oil concocted a simple yet incredibly appetizing soup base. When sprinkled with scallions and cilantro, it looked even more verdant and inviting.

Picking up her bowl, Cui Longnu scooped a sip of soup with a spoon, blew on it first, then put it in her mouth and quietly closed her eyes.

It was simply delicious.

Next, she scooped up a wonton and took a bite.

Immediately, the shrimp meat and crab roe flowed out along with the soup.

Delicious!

Even though her tongue got a bit burnt, Cui Longnu still swallowed it in one bite.

"It's good, so tasty!"

Cui Longnu said this.

Then, she couldn't wait to soak the fried dough sticks into the soup.

The crunchiness of the dough sticks wasn't entirely drowned out by the soup.

On the contrary, the softness of the soup made the crunchiness even more prominent.

Thus, the soup-soaked fried dough sticks were even more delicious.

Cui Longnu opened her mouth and swallowed half a stick, showing no trace of dainty behavior.

Miss Hongxiu was much more elegant; she tore the fried dough sticks into pieces, put them into the wonton soup bowl, peeled a tea egg, and put it into the wonton bowl as

Well, and then started eating piece by piece.

Chapter 1367: Who Is the Planner? (3)

Very elegant.

And also appropriate.

So, by the time she wanted another bowl, it was already gone.

"I only prepared these for you.

The rest were taken away by the Lady Dragon."

Dou Bao pointed to Cui Long, who was holding the third bowl of wontons.

Miss Hong Xiu looked at Cui Long, who was cautiously guarding her bowl of wontons as if defending against a thief, and couldn't help but sigh.

"I'm not going to steal your food."

Miss Hong Xiu said.

"You said the same last time, and then my spicy duck neck disappeared."

Cui Long was extremely vigilant.

"Last time was an accident."

Miss Hong Xiu cleared her throat lightly.

"Then what about the roasted pig's trotters from the time before last?"

Cui Long asked again.

"That was also an accident."

Miss Hong Xiu calmly moved closer.

"And the fried stinky tofu from the time before that?"

Cui Long asked once more.

"Still an accident."

Miss Hong Xiu said as she took a step forward, darting right up to Cui Long and reaching for the bowl of wontons.

However, Cui Long was prepared.

She quickly dodged back, avoiding the grab.

Not only did she dodge, but Cui Long also cheekily smiled at Miss Hong Xiu.

"Sister Hong Xiu, I won't fall for it again."

With that, she was about to gulp down the bowl of wontons.

But a hand moved faster.

Swiftly snatching the bowl away.

It was the female assassin.

Or to be precise, it was Little Zhao.

Little Zhao, who had been in the secret room, had somehow left and come out.

Holding a bowl of wontons, she still looked bewildered and silly.

"Wontons, wontons."

She mumbled.

Her voice carried a mix of confusion, dislike, and a hint of inexplicable resistance.

Yet, she found the bowl of wontons quite fragrant.

She shouldn't dislike them.

The simple-minded Little Zhao wasn't that complicated; if she shouldn't dislike them, she naturally could eat them.

So, she ate.

She drank the wonton soup directly, and used her hands to eat the wontons.

Soup splashed everywhere.

On her face, hands, and collar.

Then, she tossed the empty bowl back to Cui Long, and with a bit of trepidation, ran to Dou Bao, carefully saying, "Sister, sister, I'm hungry, hungry."

Dou Bao frowned.

There was still food, but it was all prepared for the owner.

As for the others?

None left.

Not even for Little Zhao, let alone Cui Long or Miss Hong Xiu.

So, Dou Bao said straightforwardly.

"All gone."

Little Zhao either didn't hear or ignored this, and biting her finger, she gazed foolishly at Jason who was eating, with drool trickling down her mouth.

Smacking her lips.

Drooling.

Wanting to eat, but not daring.

Feeling greatly aggrieved, Little Zhao's eyes welled up with tears.

Dou Bao ignored this, only caring about Jason.

Miss Hong Xiu harbored grudges towards Little Zhao due to previous experiences and wasn't inclined to intervene, turning her face away.

Cui Long, on the other hand, couldn't help it; she took out a pack of chicken claws and handed it over.

Little Zhao immediately broke into a smile.

"Good sister, sister."

Little Zhao clutched Cui Long's hand, eating while speaking.

In between, she turned her head towards Dou Bao.

"Bad sister, sister."

To this, Dou Bao paid no attention.

She didn't bury Little Zhao also because she was concerned that once revived, she might return to normal.

Right now?

Everything was good.

Except for Cui Long, who wanted to pull away her hand, now covered in Little Zhao's drool, looking helpless and disgusted. Everyone else thought it was quite good.

Including Little Zhao herself.

"Delicious, eat."

Little Zhao murmured.

And at this moment, a member of the 'Si Hai Bang' rushed over—

"Miss, 'Knife Monarch', 'Knife Monarch' he..."

Chapter 1368: Dou Bao's Mom's Gift

"What's up with the 'Knife Monarch'?"

Cui Long stood up and asked, while Hong Xiu looked over as well.

Previously, they had sent people to search for the 'Knife Monarch'.

Now the news coming back was quite expected.

However, the expressions of the gang members seemed strange.

There was a mix of surprise and joy on their faces.

What happened?

The two of them speculated, while Jason also put down his empty bowl, quietly waiting for the gang members to respond. Only silly little Zhao acted differently, seeing the empty bowl, she ran over and picked it up to lick.

But before her tongue could reach it, Dou Bao struck her forehead with a chop.

Smack!

"Waaah!"

The sharp sound was followed by little Zhao crying as she ran back behind Cui Long, hiding behind her body, not daring to look at Dou Bao anymore.

Facing Dou Bao, little Zhao instinctively felt afraid.

Cui Long looked helpless.

Why does she feel like a mom now?

Clearly, this is an enemy.

Why should I take care of her?

As she thought about this, Cui Long gently comforted little Zhao and said to the gang members, "Tell me, what happened?"

"The 'Knife Monarch' left a letter and departed."

The gang members reported truthfully.

"Left a letter?!"

After exchanging glances, Cui Long asked again, "What did it say?"

The rules of the 'Si Hai Bang' are very strict.

If the 'Knife Monarch' left a private letter, it would never be opened.

But judging by their looks, it seemed like a publicly shared letter.

And indeed, that was the case.

After bowing once more, the gang members spoke directly.

"The 'Knife Monarch' left four words on the wall of his guest room—'Battle postponed'."

"Those four words only?"

"Yes, just those four words."

The gang members confirmed.

Cui Long waved them away, indicating they could leave.

Then, her gaze fell on Jason.

Hong Xiu also looked at Jason.

They hadn't forgotten what Jason just said.

"Master Mu?"

The two asked with confusion.

"The 'Dragon Chief' probably allied with the 'Knife Monarch'. Last night, the 'Knife Monarch' was likely nearby protecting the 'Si Hai Bang'. If Dou Bao and I hadn't intervened, the 'Knife Monarch' would definitely have stepped in."

Jason shared his speculation.

"Dad allied with the 'Knife Monarch'?"

Is this challenge a trap aimed at the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult'?

But why would Dad fake his death?"

Thinking about her father's actions, Cui Long looked helpless.

Let's not talk about the fake death.

This is the second time.

But why couldn't he just inform her?

Does she seem that unreliable?

Cui Long thought annoyed, while popping a preserved plum into her mouth.

The sourness aids digestion.

And with regular exercise,

She could eat more for lunch.

That's really great.

Cui Long thought happily and then turned to see little Zhao looking at her eagerly, immediately offering a preserved plum into her mouth. Little Zhao immediately laughed happily, and seeing her laugh, Cui Long also started laughing.

Who knows why.

The two smiles both carried a silly vibe.

Hong Xiu looked on and covered her face, sighing inwardly.

What's happened to my lady?

It feels like since returning from 'Mountain City' to 'Fragrance City', her personality has brightened, yet her body and face seem rounder by the day.

The style seems a bit off.

I must bring the lady back on track.

While keeping cheerful, let her truly become the 'Si Hai Bang' inheritor she's meant to be.

Thinking of this, Hong Xiu began to respond.

"Every plan has its flaws. The Gang Leader's fake death this time must have been due to an unforeseen incident.

If the Gang Leader can ally with the 'Knife Monarch', then the Sect Hierarchy of the 'Transmigration Cult' may have reinforcements too.

Therefore, the Gang Leader chose to work in the shadows.

Even the fake death is likely a step to lure out the Sect Hierarchy."

After speaking, Hong Xiu looked at Cui Long.

She was waiting for Cui Long to ask questions.

The topic was left open.

Quickly, Cui Long spoke up.

"Where is Dad now?"

Cui Long asked the question Hong Xiu anticipated.

But as she asked, Cui Long handed a preserved plum to Hong Xiu.

After a moment's hesitation, Hong Xiu accepted and popped it into her mouth.

Sour and sweet, it was delicious.

This doesn't mean being led astray.

It's just an in-depth exchange to bring the lady back through a 'taste' test.

Yes, that's it.

Thinking this, Hong Xiu asked for another preserved plum and continued speaking.

"If this is all part of the Gang Leader's plan,

With his personality, he must have a backup plan.

We just need to wait patiently for news."

Saying this, Hong Xiu expectantly looked at Cui Long.

She hoped Cui Long would say something like 'That's Dad for you' at this time.

Then she could follow that sentiment, praising the Gang Leader, and hint to Cui Long that she needs to become a figure like the 'Dragon Chief' to inherit the 'Si Hai Bang'.

But unexpectedly, after hearing her words, Cui Long completely relaxed.

Then, she looked at little Zhao.

"Do you want some roasted elbow?"

"Yes!"

With an affirmative answer, Cui Long pulled little Zhao along as they headed straight for the kitchen.

Hong Xiu stood dumbfounded watching this scene.

Is it my teaching method that's wrong?

She questioned herself.

Then, after a brief thought, Hong Xiu ran after them.

"Wait for me!

Count me in!"

Chapter 1369: Dou Bao's Mom's Gift (2)

Cui Long Nv, Hong Xiu, and little Zhao left, waiting for Jason who wanted answers, standing up from the stool, he guessed that the 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang would have the next step planned.

Moreover, it would definitely involve him.

Similarly, 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang would provide the corresponding reward.

Naturally, the reward would be extremely generous.

In this regard, Jason has already experienced it.

Therefore, he is very much looking forward to it.

And now?

Naturally, it's about adjusting his own state.

To acquire, one must first give.

Jason understands this.

He knows even more: something is worth its value.

The 'Big Dragon Head' Cui Long Wang's giving is just for a better gain.

The two sides are partners.

And good partners must be evenly matched.

Whew!

Taking a deep breath, Jason began to pace around the small courtyard.

While pacing, he was gesturing something.

Dou Bao, who was cleaning up the bowls and chopsticks, saw it, and could immediately tell that Jason was simulating the scene of fighting with the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch once again.

Immediately, she sped up her cleaning.

Those two projectiles were used, she had to replenish them.

Otherwise, facing the 'Transmigration Cult' Sect Hierarch next time would be extremely passive.

Of course, there are other enemies.

Fortunately, some things her father taught her were already completed.

'As a regular defense, it should come in handy.'

Dou Bao thought, did not disturb Jason, and just returned to the kitchen, after putting the bowls and chopsticks away, she turned into the second floor of the small building to her own room.

The room was filled with all kinds of wood, metal, and gunpowder, and so forth.

A puppet the size of a child, with an extremely large head had already been formed.

"Installing the machine gun, grenades, and cannon counts as completing the most important step."

Dou Bao skillfully operated everything with her fingers.

One weapon after another was attached to the puppet.

Once everything was done, Dou Bao lifted her hand and pressed the back of the puppet's neck.

Click, click.

A mechanical sound came, the puppet stood up, as if pre-programmed, the puppet formally saluted Dou Bao, then said in a mechanical voice: "Number 1 reporting to the master."

Success!

Dou Bao clapped her hands, then meticulously inspected Number 1's body.

After confirming there were no issues, she began to make the second one.

'The book dad left for you, you should read it more, some little gadgets on it are very useful—of course, when you encounter an ultimate master, just having one would definitely not suffice.'

'So, you have to make a few more.'

'Once you're familiar, you can look at the little gadgets in the back.'

Dou Bao remembered her father's words very clearly.

And she also read the latter part where 'Luban' is written.

The back was designed with a kind of mechanical arm for her personally, three on each side, can be equipped with her favorite projectiles, poisons, and her mom's favorite projectiles, poisons.

'These are some little gadgets to keep you alive before you reach the ultimate, once you reach the ultimate, you will find sometimes the ultimate is not as interesting as these little gadgets.'

'However, you still have to reach the ultimate.'

'After all, the beauty of the world is hard to see completely without reaching the ultimate, or even not see at all.'

Dou Bao remembered clearly, when her father said these words, he was holding a basin of foot-washing water, but with an expression she had never seen on his face before.

It was a kind of longing.

Even a belief.

Once dreamed of roaming the world with a sword, to see the world's prosperity.

Strangely, a melodious tune echoed in Dou Bao's ears at that moment.

But then—

'Add water, add hot water.'

'Put some mugwort in.'

'Also...'

'Get some ginger.'

Her mother's voice came, and immediately her father's expression returned to the everyday look.

'Coming, my dear.'

After speaking, he tossed her five coins, instructed her to buy soy sauce, and went into the room carrying the basin.

Though she didn't know why, even though the family's vinegar and soy sauce almost filled a vat, they still needed to stock up.

Yet, she listened to what her father said.

No reason why.

Sometimes, I feel my dad is so pitiful.

Every day he wakes up early to do carpentry work, and when he comes home at night, he has to wash mom's feet.

Unlike mom, who spends her days dealing with various herbs, snakes, spiders, scorpions, toads, and centipedes.

'You're too young to understand.

When you grow up, you'll understand.

It's a pity your mom swore an oath; otherwise, she could've taught you the "Five Poisons Divine Sand."

Her mom often said this to her.

She didn't know if it was true or not.

But the "Five Poisons Divine Sand" must be very formidable, right?

Dou Bao thought to herself, but her hands didn't stop.

Meanwhile, Number 1 stood still for a moment, as if activating a certain program, then walked straight to Dou Bao, tearing off the cover of the book her dad left behind, pulling out a thin layer of gauze from the inside.

Dou Bao was stunned.

Number 1 immediately handed over the gauze.

It was filled with writing.

The handwriting was her mom's; she recognized it at a glance.

'Dou Bao, being able to see this gauze means you've managed to create your dad's little gadget. I must say, my dear daughter is truly smart, undoubtedly inheriting her mother's perfect wisdom and her dad's skillfulness. Therefore, this thing can be handed over to you. You remember mom mentioned the "Five Poisons Divine Sand"? That was something mom swore not to teach anyone, including you, otherwise, it would be disrespectful to your grandpa's grave.'

'So, mom created a skill more formidable than the "Five Poisons Divine Sand" over the years, it's called the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm."'

'You need to practice the basics by harnessing the five calamitous qi of heaven and earth, and upon completion, convert the five calamities into the power of the five elements: metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. Only then would matching the five elements with the five calamities count as minor mastery of this "True Skill", unleashing strikes that bring forth five-colored light at will, destroying everything and breaking nothing. When that time comes, no place in this world will be off-limits to you.'

'By the way, mom and dad are happy. They should've gone to somewhere better by now, don't worry.'

'Additionally, when others ask for your name, you can say Dou Bao.'

'If it's a more formal occasion, remember to use your full name, it's——'

'Tang Dou Bao.'

The subsequent text records the specific training methods of the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm."

Dou Bao glanced over them, confirming that her mom hadn't said it couldn't be taught to outsiders, and immediately got up and ran outside.

Of course, she would practice.

But that doesn't mean she can't share it with the sect master.

Within the small courtyard originally a secret room, Jason received a gauze with the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm" written on it, feeling somewhat stunned.

Five-colored light?

Destroy everything?

Break nothing?

He instinctively thought of a great figure from the mythology of his hometown.

Although the description was somewhat different, it truly evoked a connection for him.

Furthermore, what surprised him the most was Dou Bao's mother's talent.

Actually relying on herself to create a "True Skill."

The current Jason isn't clueless anymore; possessing considerable martial arts knowledge, he understands what kind of capability and talent are needed to create a "True Skill."

One in a million?

That description would be an understatement.

At least one in ten million, appearing once in a century, would be appropriate.

As for more adjectives?

Jason couldn't think of any for now.

Or rather, using data would be more fitting.

[Discover special legacy item "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm," assessing...]

[Assessing Barehanded Combat, reaching Master level, assessment passed!]

[Assessing perception reaching 10, assessment passed!]

[Assessing constitution reaching 10, assessment passed!]

[Assessing Spirit reaching 7, assessment passed!]

[Yes/No to consume 1000 satiety points to include it as additional options?]

[Warning! Warning!]

[This legacy item possesses a spiritual mark!]

[Assessing...]

[Assessment failed, unknown failure will occur!]

...

Gasp!

Seeing the unprecedented consumption, Jason couldn't help but gasp.

And those assessments, especially the "spiritual mark!"

It should be a sort of "insurance" set up by Dou Bao's mother to prevent outsiders from inadvertently obtaining it.

However, the more so, the more it proves the greatness of the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm."

Unfortunately, with a spiritual mark, he couldn't learn it.

But that doesn't mean there's no gain.

Looking carefully at some of the descriptions of the "Five Poisons Godly Annihilation Palm," Jason's lips curled.

The acupoint problem that had always troubled him seemed to be resolved.

Chapter 1370: The Cautious Jason

The vast sea, the blue sky.

White clouds, scattered.

A 'ship' floated in the air, two figures stood side by side at the bow.

A man and a woman.

One in white, one in black.

The man wore all white, tall and handsome, donned with a rare golden monocle from the Empire. Under the sunlight, the lens gleamed, giving the man a scholarly air, making him appear gentle and refined.

The woman, dressed in black, was tall with a uniquely enchanting allure. Her slightly curled long black hair cascaded down her shoulders, resembling a mandrake entwined by serpents, dangerous yet immensely beautiful, with a fatal allure that draws one to her like moth to flame.

At this moment, the man's attention was entirely on the woman beside him.

Even though they had been married for twenty years.

He still felt his wife was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Of course, also the best woman.

Especially when she acted a bit spoiled, it was so endearing.

Every time, he was so excited he couldn't control himself.

Especially now.

Their daughter, Dou Bao, who was actually a 'third wheel', was not around.

This kind of world for just the two of them was wonderful.

But, he wondered if Dou Bao was doing well?

Was she being bullied?

As he thought, his brows furrowed.

"What's wrong?

Missing Dou Bao?"

Seeing her husband's expression, the woman couldn't help but smile.

She knew her husband too well.

He might say they wanted the world to themselves, that their daughter should have adventures, but in reality, he was worried sick.

He was a man who said one thing and thought another.

No different from when he was young.

"No.

Without experiencing storms, how could a fledgling eagle soar, I...

Alright.

I am a bit worried."

Just as the woman expected, her husband once again began to act tough, and she didn't expose him, just kept smiling at him.

Immediately, the man couldn't continue speaking.

He looked longingly at his wife.

Just in case, he had left something for Dou Bao.

He believed his wife had done the same.

And surely, more meticulously than him.

"Don't worry, Dou Bao will be fine.

Moreover...

She found a decent man."

Crunch!

As soon as the woman finished speaking, a sound of teeth grinding was heard. Her husband was gritting his teeth, clenching his fists, and took out something resembling a remote control from his pocket.

"Where? Where?

Where is that bastard?

I want to obliterate him!"

The man, at this moment, had entirely lost the earlier gentlemanly demeanor, veins bulging on his forehead. With the press on the remote control in his hand, one by one, objects emerged from the clouds.

They appeared to be birds.

But entirely made of metal and wood.

Each 'bird' had something resembling 'machine guns' or 'missiles' on its wings.

A hundred gathered around the 'ship'.

A dense, oppressive presence that made one's heart race.

But what was most unsettling was, in the higher sky, there was a more terrifying shadow, looming menacingly.

Bang!

The woman playfully slapped her husband's back.

"You're too old to mess around, he's a good kid. Besides loving to eat, he doesn't have many flaws, especially his character, which makes him a perfect match for Dou Bao."

The woman said softly.

"Character? What good is that!

Is he handsome?

More handsome than me?

Is he strong?

Stronger than me?"

The man blustered.

"My husband is certainly the most handsome.

Of course, he's not as good as you.

As for strength... at his age, it's acceptable.

But, most importantly, it's about character!

You know Dou Bao, she keeps everything to herself, always likes to be alone. I even thought she'd end up alone for life."

The woman sighed.

The man also showed a moment of sadness.

Dou Bao is their daughter, naturally they love her dearly.

Unfortunately, some things just don't go as planned.

Twenty years ago, after their marriage, the two roamed the world, earning a great reputation, and naturally caught the attention of interested parties.

Among them, one guy was really difficult to deal with.

Neither he nor his wife had a good temper.

They directly clashed with the opponent several times.

Both sides won and lost, each relying on their strengths, and neither could defeat the other.

But the last time, he didn't even know his wife was pregnant.

Engaging in a fierce battle with that jerk not only disturbed the fetal energy, but also slightly affected the unborn Dou Bao, causing a minor personality flaw, which under normal circumstances, wasn't an issue.

But at times, it would inadvertently show through.

He and his wife did everything they could, but couldn't heal it.

This had become a thorn in their hearts.

This so-called world for two was also about finding medicine for Dou Bao.

"Seeing that kid hasn't wronged Dou Bao, I'll let him go for now."

As the man said this, he pressed on the remote control again.

The hundreds of giant birds and the shadow in the higher sky retreated into the clouds.

Then, Dou Bao's father sheepishly scratched his head.

"How's Dou Bao lately?"

As a father, he believed he should be more authoritative, so even when asking the child's mother, he felt a bit embarrassed.

But if he didn't ask, he'd feel uncomfortable.

"Very good, her emotions haven't disappeared again.

Keeping a sense of joy and delight.

Except when facing some special things... but, that's also a good thing, at least there are emotions."