

Daily Life 1101

Chapter 1101: Sun Yiyuan's Inspection

As the female lead in this story, Classmate Lotus Sun still didn't come to school today, but to everyone's surprise, it was her grandfather who actually came. This chairman of Huaguo Water Curtain Group created waves wherever he went.

This was a sudden move on Old Man Sun's part which no one had anticipated this time. Otherwise, the school gate would have been surrounded by reporters from the major media outlets before the old man arrived.

Old Man Sun wasn't here because he was idle and had nothing to do; he was indeed here on business. The renovation works at No. 60 High were about to begin, and he was here ostensibly to inspect the campus environment. Reasonably speaking, a bigwig on the board didn't need to personally appear for the renovation works; it could have just been left to the engineers under him.

Thus, everyone at school more or less knew why the old man was here.

With just one look at the old man's stretch limo parked at the school gate, Super Chen couldn't help exclaiming, "Wow, Wang Ling... The chairman of Huaguo Water Curtain Group is here! The father-in-law has come to inspect the son-in-law!"

Hearing this, Wang Ling almost spat out the chocolate milk in his mouth.

What "father-in-law inspect the son-in-law"...

This hadn't even been decided yet...

Besides, Wang Ling didn't have many thoughts on this.

He could only take it one step at a time.

Looking out the window, Wang Ling sighed inwardly.

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The roads around No. 60 High had already been blocked off, and the area was surrounded by the bodyguards of Huaguo Water Curtain Group. Of course, this was only targeted at media reporters, and didn't affect the movements of ordinary people.

After learning that Sun Yiyuan was at the school gate, Headmaster Chen and Director Shi went to each teacher's office right away and had some teachers who weren't too busy go to the school gate to welcome him.

"Mr Sun, you honor us with your presence..." At the school gate, Headmaster Chen stepped forward to shake his hand.

Old Man Sun shook his hand symbolically and had a photo taken with the headmaster. Looking out the window at this scene, Wang Ling reckoned that this photo would most likely end up in the school history exhibit at No. 60 High someday.

No. 60 High was still in the process of being selected as a key city high school, but every other school had to recognize its notable history. This was an old school that had been around for almost a thousand years; when combined, the total number of years that the dozen or so schools in Peiyuan district had been around for could barely compare with No. 60 High.

"I've always been concerned about the children's learning environment. Coming to No. 60 High this time, I find that it's much better than I expected. It's slightly out of date on the whole, but the moment I passed through the school gate, I could sense the intense scholarly atmosphere. How nostalgic..." As Old Man Sun expressed his thoughts, someone in his retinue recorded his words down in a small notebook. Smiles blossomed on the faces of the teachers who had come out to greet Old Man Sun.

As chairman of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, Sun Yiyuan had met his fair share of bigwigs, and was naturally excellent at speaking words that were very comfortable and refreshing to listen to.

Headmaster Chen couldn't compare with Old Man Sun, but he knew that these words were just a formality, so he didn't react in an exaggerated way. He merely gave a gratified smile before gesturing in invitation: "Mr Sun, let us go to my office."

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In the headmaster's office, Headmaster Chen poured Old Man Sun a cup of tea. This was already the best tea he could get his hands on. Sniffing it, Old Man Sun frowned, took a symbolic sip, then put the cup down.

Old Man Sun then said, "With Rongrong's grades, she could actually have gone to a better school. However, she chose No. 60 High herself, so I didn't stop her."

Headmaster Chen nodded. "Lotus Sun certainly has excellent grades; she currently ranks in the top ten in the history of our No. 60 High."

"She's my granddaughter, after all – to meet that standard is normal," Old Man Sun said happily, unable to hide his smile. "Actually, No. 60 High and my Huaguo Water Curtain Group have a very deep connection."

Headmaster Chen: ???

Old Man Sun: "In those days, there was a river named Sad Wind on this land which No. 60 High is on."

Hearing this, Headmaster Chen understood instantly. "There indeed was a river here, before No. 60 High was set up. Following the impact of climate change, however, the river dried up. In the end, this land changed several times. A mausoleum was set up here first, and then replaced with a school."

"That's right, that's it."

Old Man Sun said, "Back then, when my ancestors successfully refined the first medicinal pill, they used the water from Sad Wind river. That's why I said that we have a deep connection with No. 60 High."

Headmaster Chen was dazed by these words. He had no idea that No. 60 High and Huaguo Water Curtain Group shared this unknown story.

“My ancestors refined the first medicinal pill here. That this land can be used for a mausoleum and then a school, nothing needs to be said about the feng shui here. After these hundreds of years, I’ve come back here to help reconstruct No. 60 High, which can be seen as a representation of my ancestors’ feelings for this land,” Old Man Sun said.

After chatting for a while, the atmosphere gradually turned friendlier. Once they started chatting, they naturally talked about all sorts of things.

The truth was that from the moment Old Man Sun entered the school, he had wanted to ask about Xia Ming and Wang Ling. There had been so many people around at the time, however, so he had been a little embarrassed to speak about it. Now, sitting and chatting in the headmaster’s office, he knew that it was the right time for him to ask his question.

“Well, Headmaster Chen... What is your opinion on the matter regarding Student Xia and Student Wang?” After spending so long laying the groundwork, Old Man Sun finally brought up the subject he wanted to ask about.

Headmaster Chen had long known that Old Man Sun would ask him about this, and had naturally already outlined an answer in his mind. “Mr Sun, rest assured. Our school will deal with this fairly, and teach Student Xia and Student Wang to restrain themselves and put their energy into their studies... They’re young, so it’s normal for them to be impulsive. Student Xia and Student Sun are outspoken individuals, so it’s unavoidable. As for Student Wang, he’s actually a more introverted kid...”

“He’s introverted? So he’s from a single-parent family?” At the mention of Wang Ling, Old Man Sun suddenly became interested.

“No, both his parents are around. It may be that his family environment influenced Student Wang’s character as a child. But his grades are very stable...” Headmaster Chen was about to say that Wang Ling was outstanding, but when he thought about it again, he remembered that the grades in Wang Ling’s report card always seemed to hover around the average. It would be somewhat exaggerated to describe him as excellent, so “stable” seemed more fitting.

But Headmaster Chen regretted it a little as soon as he said it.

He felt that “stable” could refer to a student who got average marks for just a particular period of time.

However, for a student who could get the average mark every single time... It actually wasn't too much to describe such a student as "excellent"!

Chapter 1102: Wang Ling Is Great!

Headmaster Chen was an honest person, and had always been modest and prudent when conducting himself in society. In front of old man Sun Yiyuan, he felt that he should be even more modest in his manner. Actually, in Headmaster Chen's heart, Wang Ling was indeed an excellent student. He couldn't say that, however; instead, he would speak of Wang Ling's shortcomings and mistakes.

Then, what were Wang Ling's shortcomings and mistakes?

Headmaster Chen pondered carefully for quite some time. Apart from the fact that Wang Ling was a little too withdrawn, which wasn't really a shortcoming... he really couldn't find fault with Wang Ling. In all the years since No. 60 High was founded, Headmaster Chen felt that Wang Ling was the first student with such a commonplace existence.

He got average marks in his tests and stood in the middle of the class queue. As for his ranking in all team competitions... it seemed that he was in the middle.

"According to Headmaster Chen, Student Wang Ling is introverted. Then, does he have any friends?" Old Man Sun asked.

"Of course," answered Headmaster Chen.

Up to that point, Headmaster Chen had in fact been keeping a careful eye on every student's social circle. He was worried that there would be students who were unable to fit in and were thus isolated. Isolated children were more vulnerable to school violence, which wasn't necessarily physical; cold violence was also a type of school violence.

As headmaster, Headmaster Chen felt that it was his mandatory duty to put an end to school violence.

Teaching head knowledge was admittedly important, but so was nurturing the spirit. Headmaster Chen hoped that every student who graduated from No. 60 High would leave Senior Grade Three with good memories, and not psychological shadows which they might bury in their hearts for decades, before they came back to beat up or denounce teachers and say that it was never too late to take revenge.

“Having friends proves that Wang Ling has his own special charisma.” Old Man Sun laughed as he got a clearer picture of Wang Ling in his mind.

Headmaster Chen didn’t know what to say, and could only smile. “Our school used to have an entrance test which made use of the remnants of a demon king’s primordial soul. At the beginning of the first semester, the demon king unexpectedly escaped... Fortunately, our teacher reacted promptly and fused the residual soul with the skeleton of a dog, turning it into a green-furred akita.”

“Oh, something like this happened?” Old Man Sun was amazed.

“Yes, Mr Sun. That dog is now being raised at Wang Ling’s home. Back then, a lot of the students said that they couldn’t keep a dog at home, but Wang Ling’s family just happened to have a lot of space. In addition, we also felt that Wang Ling was too introverted. Getting him to help us raise the dog would also help Student Wang Ling become closer with the other students...” said Headmaster Chen.

His intention in saying this much was clear.

He was correcting Old Man Sun’s thoughts about Wang Ling...

What he was implying was that Wang Ling’s ability to make friends had less to do with his charisma than with part of the school’s educational policy and decision-making.

But Old Man Sun clearly didn’t think that way.

After hearing the whole story, he couldn’t help beaming. “Wang Ling is so withdrawn, but not only can he make friends, even the dog is willing to stay at his place. That isn’t easy!”

Headmaster Chen: “...”

Old Man Sun: “Besides, this dog has the soul of a demon king, doesn’t it?”

Headmaster Chen: “Yes...”

Old Man Sun: “As a demon king, has it been behaving itself after turning into a dog?”

Headmaster Chen: “Very much so. And now that it’s familiar with Wang Ling, it listens to him. When the Shadow Stream assassins came to the school back then, Student Loopy Toad helped us kill one of them.”

“Isn’t that great?” Old Man Sun said, “Since Student Wang Ling’s family is raising the dog, this is enough to prove that Wang Ling’s family upbringing is very good. Even making the demon king obedient! Don’t you think there’s something in the way that even such a fierce demon king can be reformed and do what it’s told?”

Hearing this, Headmaster Chen was instantly lost for words.

Old Man Sun’s analysis was incredibly logical and practically watertight... Even if Headmaster Chen wanted to refute, he couldn’t! The school had just been discussing whether or not they should pay Wang Ling’s family a home visit again to see if any domestic violence was taking place. But now, hearing Old Man Sun’s words, Headmaster Chen instantly felt that it actually wasn’t necessary.

This was a household that could reform even the demon king – how could it possibly use violence against Student Wang Ling? Old Man Sun’s logic was irrefutable! Moreover, even if there really was any domestic violence in the family, Loopy Toad would have long told the other students about it. Given its spiritual intelligence, how could it not have done something?

“Apart from what you’ve mentioned, is there anything else about Student Wang Ling?”

Old Man Sun was becoming more and more interested in Wang Ling. Headmaster Chen wiped at his sweat. He was a little reluctant to continue the conversation about Wang Ling, so he changed the topic. “As for Student Xia Ming...”

“Oh, that Student Xia Ming. I’m not interested. Isn’t he just from the Ancient Divine Clan? We also have company staff from the Ancient Divine Clan, and they aren’t any damn use.” Old Man Sun rubbed the top of his cane, his face as calm as an ancient well.

Many people were very envious of the innate advantage of the Ancient Divine Clan’s spirit root, but if the clan members weren’t talented in their cultivation and their realms stalled for a long time, this advantage still wasn’t any use; after they graduated, they still had to work for other people.

As the chairman of a large corporation, Old Man Sun had more or less seen everything, so he naturally wasn't impressed by a mere kid from the Ancient Divine Clan.

In addition, when Xia Ming first entered No. 60 High, it wasn't a key city high school, but a key district school without a particularly high ranking. In Old Man Sun's view, for a child of the Ancient Divine Clan to study in this school meant that he wasn't particularly outstanding.

"Let's continue talking about Student Wang Ling, Headmaster Chen." Old Man Sun brightened when he brought up Wang Ling again.

Headmaster Chen could only change the way he talked about Wang Ling's shortcomings. "Student Wang Ling's grades are always down the middle, and I wonder if his dead fish eyes are distracting..."

"Oh, you mean his single eyelids. I didn't especially like them too, at first, and I also wondered if I should help pay for him to get double eyelid surgery. Later, my assistant said that our Rongrong likes this sort of eyes. Now, I'm used to them. These single eyelids look lifeless, but in fact are especially intimidating, and can give a person a sense of security!" Old Man Sun analyzed.

Headmaster Chen: "Also, as far as I know, Wang Ling still likes snacks, like crispy noodle snacks, for example..."

"Crispy noodle snacks."

Old Man Sun nodded. "Crispy noodle snacks are good! Eating snacks indicates a childlike innocence. Moreover, you can collect cards from crispy noodle snacks! No doubt, Student Wang Ling collects them! This ability also proves that he has a pretty good concept of financial management – he'll be able to accumulate a fortune!"

"..."

For a while, Headmaster Chen was speechless.

Old Man Sun had turned everything into praise...

Chapter 1103: A Ten-Person Delegation

Who knew whether it was because he felt he and Wang Ling were kindred spirits, or because his granddaughter liked Wang Ling, but as Old Man Sun listened to Headmaster Chen and swiftly analyzed the situation, he grew more satisfied the more he heard about Wang Ling. Although it wasn't to the extent of marriage, Sun Yiyuan felt that Wang Ling was someone Lotus Sun could date.

Of course, Sun Yiyuan himself couldn't guarantee that there would be feelings, but he felt that even if they didn't wind up together in the end, being friends was also good.

In contrast, he didn't have the slightest interest in Xia Ming; it could even be said that he was set against him.

What made this person think he could meddle when it came to who Old Man Sun's granddaughter wanted to date – the boy had even specially challenged Wang Ling to a duel, but not only didn't he win, he himself was severely injured instead.

How could a person like this protect his granddaughter?

Walking stick in hand, Old Man Sun's mind spun with various thoughts.

While he was dissatisfied with Xia Ming, he couldn't show it outright, so he took a deep breath and asked, "How is Student Xia Ming?"

"He's still in the hospital."

"Is his condition serious?"

"He's fine."

"Our company will pay his medical fees," said Sun Yiyuan.

"That won't do..."

“It’s nothing; then, it’s decided.” Old Man Sun was resolute, and Headmaster Chen naturally couldn’t do anything.

This chairman’s style was to keep this word.

Of course, apart from paying the medical fees, Old Man Sun actually had his own plan.

After asking Headmaster Chen about Xia Ming’s situation, he quickly made a call to Huaguo Water Curtain Group’s finance department, and didn’t scruple to turn the speaker on so that Headmaster Chen could listen in on the conversation from the side.

“Is that Little Zhang in the finance department?”

“Yes, Chairman, this is Zhang Jie. Do you have any instructions?”

“Go to Peiyuan City Hospital’s trauma unit and find a patient called Xia Ming, in Room 207.”

“Yes, Chairman. May I ask, what do you want me to do?”

“Take our legal team with you and have a chat with him. Ask him how much money he wants to leave my granddaughter alone.”

“...”

After hearing that, Headmaster Chen took a deep breath.

What was this bullshit melodramatic novel plot?!

It could be said that this conversation was completely out of the blue, and Headmaster Chen was dumbfounded when he heard it.

But it wasn’t over yet.

“Chairman, out of curiosity, is this Student Xia Ming the one from the live broadcast yesterday...”

“You also know?”

“I... I heard about it.”

Sun Yiyuan furrowed his brow. Unexpectedly, this matter had a negative impact!

Logically speaking, staff in the finance department were too busy to pay a matter like this any heed; when they weren't handling outside affairs, they were working overtime to complete the accounts. But even the finance department staff knew of this incident, which displeased Old Man Sun. Indeed, its impact exceeded what he had imagined – the main thing was that it damaged his granddaughter's reputation.

After the live broadcast yesterday, he had already shelled out a great deal of money to crack down on the incident and stop the media from reporting it. But while he had managed to block the major media outlets, the online accounts which took advantage of this momentum weren't as easy to stop.

“The person who told you, where did they find out about it?”

“From a company group chat. The impact of this incident isn't actually as big as Chairman imagines. I also had a look at those Weibo accounts, and all the videos have been completely deleted,” said this finance department staff member.

Completely deleted? Who was it? (It was Wang Ming.)

Old Man Sun was startled.

He definitely didn't have that much ability, and he hadn't hired anyone to do it.

Forget it – it was good that it wasn't being spread over the Internet.

“Before you go to the hospital later, scan the group chat records and see who is it that likes to gossip so much. Have him collect his salary from the finance department and tell him to beat it right away”

“Yes, Chairman.” Little Zhang shivered on the other end of the phone. “Then, the compensation for Student Xia Ming...”

“Do as you see fit. If it’s under ten million, you don’t have to report it to me,” said Old Man Sun.

“Yes, right away.”

And so, the call ended.

The truth was that Sun Yiyuan didn’t think that Xia Ming was worth ten million, but to ensure that things worked out, it was necessary to use the right amount of money as bait.

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Hanging up, Old Man Sun looked at Headmaster Chen and smiled. “I’m sorry that Headmaster Chen had to see that.”

“No, no...” Like that staff member of the finance department, Headmaster Chen also shivered. “May I ask, Mr Sun – do you deal with every person who confesses to Student Lotus Sun like this...”

“Money is the most straightforward method. Of course, the main thing is that this matter has blown up too much, and I’m afraid that Student Xia might be unwilling to give up and still have some ideas about Rongrong. Most people do know how to back off and let go of impractical thoughts; these are the ones that don’t need to be bribed with money,” said Sun Yiyuan.

Money was nothing to him; there was nothing he couldn’t do, with money.

“I heard that Peiyuan district’s body technique exchange meet is happening soon? Will Student Wang Ling be taking part?” Old Man Sun asked as he changed the subject at that moment.

“About that... the name list isn’t fixed yet,” replied Headmaster Chen.

He wasn’t being evasive; it really hadn’t been fixed yet.

Until now, Headmaster Chen had still been dithering over the ten-person delegation. This was because only five of them would truly compete, and the other five were reserve participants.

The few transfer students who had just entered the school this semester were very strong, but they were new, after all, and Headmaster Chen didn't think it was very good to send them out right away as their main force. Thus, the name list for the primary participants had yet to be fixed so far.

He didn't stop the fight between Xia Ming and Wang Ling previously because he wanted to figure out which one of the two would be the better choice for the main force.

In the end, after Old Man Sun's words, Headmaster Chen immediately made a decision.

He went on to say, "Although the name list isn't fixed yet... Student Wang Ling has been confirmed as our main force. He prevailed over Student Xia Ming in the confrontation yesterday; whether it was by luck or strength, this is an indisputable fact."

"Mm, a sensible decision." Listening to Headmaster Chen's words, Sun Yiyuan was instantly cheerful. He stood up and shook hands with Headmaster Chen. "No. 60 High is fortunate to have such a smart headmaster!"

As an elderly, Old Man Sun clearly didn't know that the word "smart" had already been twisted in today's culture.

Headmaster Chen understood the younger generation very well, and when he first heard this word, he thought that he was being disparaged...

Chapter 1104: Another Wang Ling

That afternoon, following Sun Yiyuan's "friendly" advice, Headmaster Chen swiftly put the name list together, and it was put up on No. 60 High's bulletin board.

There were five people in the starting lineup: Fang Xing, Hero Guo, Lotus Sun, Super Chen and Wang Ling.

And five reserve players: Gu Shunzhi, Liu Qingyi, Zhen Yuan, Li Youyue, and Xia Ming.

Wang Ling knew most of them since they were basically all on his side. The only person he wasn't familiar with was Li Youyue, who was in the same class as Fang Xing. She was the class monitor of Elite Class Two, and her grades were pretty good. As for Xia Ming... they could be considered acquaintances now after that fight.

If the list had been posted before the duel, a lot of people might have questioned it: With his outstanding grades, why did Xia Ming have to be Wang Ling's substitute?

But after the duel last night, no one made a sound.

Even if there were any who wanted to defend Xia Ming against injustice, they could only swallow their words.

His skills weren't up to scratch! Who could be blamed for that?

In short, there was no easy end to this matter...

When Xia Ming saw the news in the class chat group in the hospital that afternoon, he was so angry that he almost broke his bones which had just recovered!

He had been robbed of his place in the starting lineup; gloomy thoughts started to brew in his mind. "Wang Ling... I'll remember you!"

...

Being forced to become a member of the starting lineup wasn't good news for Wang Ling, since it went against the Wang family's principle of keeping a low profile. He had thought that after nearly half a year of torment, life in the later half of Senior Grade One might be slightly easier – he had never thought that so many huge incidents would happen one after another as soon as school started, causing him to attract the attention of countless people...

Life was so unpredictable!

Thankfully, Father Wang had recently been concerned about the second pregnancy, so he didn't have much energy to spare to pay attention to Wang Ling. Otherwise, he would find an excuse to dock Wang Ling's allowance again.

That evening, Wang Ming's remote projection showed up again in Wang Ling's room: using spirit power, the Heavenly E-Satellite was able to materialize part of the virtual image it projected so that it had substance.

Wang Ming was already very proficient with this method. Previously, he had only been able to materialize his hands. Now, he was able to materialize most of his body, and he could come to Wang Ling's room almost like a real person.

"I've helped you block all the news that can be blocked. So, shouldn't you thank me?" After finding out about Wang Ling and Xia Ming's "duel," Wang Ming had promptly reacted by using his technological skills to block the numerous videos and comments posted online: as long as a keyword was mentioned, the post was rejected with the reason that there was "no Internet connection." A lot of people were also only doing it for fun, so when they repeatedly couldn't post, they naturally gave up.

Reality proved Wang Ming's guess right.

He had already patented this technological trick, as he felt that it could be used to handle some online issues.

While the Internet was already making use of an established real-name identification system, there would always be people who looked for meaning in their existence by venting their emotions online. They thought that no one could see them through the screen, so they recklessly commented and spouted rubbish.

A lot of violent online behavior happened like this.

Some people might think an insult or two wasn't a big deal, but if millions of people thought the same thing, it was enough to form an army and deeply hurt the hearts of many.

Man was born virtuous, but there were times it had to be said that evil intentions were sometimes hard to predict.

Someone once said, “The instance an avalanche happens, no snowflake is innocent.”

The minds of those who had endured years of online abuse were very fragile, and the next cruel word they received at any moment could be the final straw to break the camel’s back.

This explained why some celebrities suffered from depression and gave up on themselves when they were young and in the prime of their lives.

Prolonged online abuse caused the myriad of colors which they saw in the world to gradually turn to gray and black, until this ultimately became the final, frozen image that they had of the world...

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Of course, Wang Ling didn’t think that his own mind was that fragile. He was still young, but Father and Mother Wang had taught him the ways of Buddha as a very small child, and he had long seen through the vanities of life as he stood above them all. He didn’t care if other people cursed him or about their opinions of him, but he didn’t want his affairs to become the subject of public discussion.

After all, he was just an ordinary kid who was still in school, and he wasn’t a public figure – it thus seemed a little unfair that he was exposed to the public gaze like this.

So it had to be said that Wang Ming’s handling of the matter was quite timely.

Wang Ling saw Wang Ming lie down very naturally on his bed. He even took off his socks and stretched like a cat in a cozy cat’s nest. Wang Ling kept quiet and didn’t say anything.

He could make an exception today...

Dealing with online public opinion was a piece of cake for Wang Ming. Wang Ling knew that Wang Ming hadn’t deliberately come today just to claim credit.

“Looks like there’s been a development with Bai Youquan,” Wang Ling said telepathically as he stared at Wang Ming.

“You guessed it.” Wang Ming laughed and said, “You told me before that this guy has Fate Dao and holds memories from various worlds; when we searched his memories, we realised that they were especially jumbled up, so Odd Zhuo entrusted our research institute with the task of doing a thorough screening of this guy’s memories. And the result... To be honest, it was unexpected...”

Wang Ling: “???”

“We found another you in his memories,” Wang Ming sat up and said with a solemn expression.

Wang Ming had already had a premonition at the very beginning. He still remembered the white-haired Wang Ling he had seen in his dream; he looked exactly like Wang Ling, even down to the dead fish eyes. It was this person who resurrected Devil Gut Fungus Lord as well as the current president of the foreign underground criminal force Night Chief, Bai Zhe.

Devil Gut Fungus Lord was now missing, but President Bai had done a series of things after resurrection. Bai Youquan, for example, had been sent out after President Bai’s resurrection.

Although Bai Youquan was nominally President Bai’s son, in Wang Ming’s opinion, Bai Youquan was not so much his son as his pawn.

Because from beginning to end, President Bai and Devil Gut Fungus Lord had never appeared.

While President Bai had already made a move, it was actually Bai Youquan who showed his face.

After their resurrection, these two individuals whom Wang Ling had personally sent packing before seemed to have become different people, switching out their usual aggressiveness for a behind-the-scenes approach.

And now, it could be said that the root of everything had been found.

This root was one hundred percent that white-haired Wang Ling.

But while this White Hair looked a lot like Wang Ling, Wang Ming had yet to clearly figure out how he was connected to Wang Ling.

Chapter 1105: Speculation About White Hair's Identity

Wang Ming didn't have enough clues to figure out who on earth this White Hair was and how he was connected to Wang Ling.

On the other hand, Wang Ling in fact already had a rough idea, but it was only speculation.

"Fate Dao" was a special Great Dao which he had learned from Bai Youquan. Although it was very complicated, it actually wasn't as difficult to learn as Wang Ling had imagined. After mastering Fate Dao, Wang Ling had a brand new understanding of the three timelines of past, present and future as well as of parallel worlds.

He could deploy strength from whatever parallel world he wanted.

The Fate Dao which Wang Ling controlled was actually different from that of other people.

His world was under his control, and the stories which happened in the other worlds could only be regarded as his "clones"—no matter their personalities or whatever happened, they absolutely couldn't act against his will.

This was the capability born of comprehending the profound truth of Fate Dao.

What Bai Youquan knew only skimmed the surface.

So Wang Ling came up with a theory about White Hair's identity.

Everything actually made sense if this White Hair was one of his clones which had split off from the original world before Wang Ling had mastered Fate Dao.

But Wang Ling felt that this White Hair wasn't as strong as he had thought.

If he really was so amazing, why not just directly destroy the world?

After coming to this world, he resurrected dead enemies and created the black shadow army — what was the point of going to all this useless trouble?

It could only be because there was another unknown master plan behind it.

This was currently just speculation on Wang Ling's part, but given the minor clues and evidence which Wang Ming had provided, the possibility was fairly high.

The more Wang Ling pondered, the more he felt this explanation made sense.

Because so far, he had yet to find any traces of White Hair.

There was nothing that Wang Ling couldn't find on this earth.

But if this person had popped up from some other world, it did make sense that Wang Ling couldn't find him.

After all, different stories happened in each world at every moment, and the laws and times of each world were completely different. They used spirit qi in this world, while other worlds might use some natural energy source as a substitute, like battle qi, horse qi, immortal qi and so on.

Wang Ling didn't sleep soundly that night.

Another person who couldn't sleep was Xia Ming, who lay awake in the hospital.

This was a youngster's typical nature.

Xia Ming was unwilling to accept the outcome of his duel with Wang Ling, and felt that Wang Ling had defeated him purely by luck.

But he just couldn't figure out what body technique the other party had used.

Why did every punch Xia Ming throw ultimately wind up hitting himself instead?

Why was he the only one who got hurt during the fight?!

He had claimed that he wouldn't let Wang Ling off, but he actually hadn't been thinking anything too vicious. He just wanted to find a proper chance to fight Wang Ling again!

Fair and square! Secretly compare notes! Not for Lotus Sun! Just to vent a little!

After lying in the hospital for a while, Xia Ming felt that his head had already cooled down a bit.

That afternoon, that Zhang from the finance department came on behalf of Huaguo Water Curtain Group to ask that he stay away from Lotus Sun, for a price...

Xia Ming felt that Huaguo Water Curtain Group might have misunderstood him, and so he turned down the man's request on the spot. However, Xia Ming agreed that he would no longer disturb Lotus Sun in public, and he would act according to the principle of fair competition in the future.

Xia Ming contemplated for half a day in the hospital and concluded that the biggest reason why Lotus Sun didn't like him was probably because he wasn't outstanding enough.

If he could be outstanding enough...

Everything might go a lot smoother!

As Xia Ming tossed and turned in the hospital ward at that moment, he only had one thought in his mind: he just wanted his injuries to heal more quickly, and return to his school life as soon as possible and study hard — he would study how to fight Wang Ling, and then give him a sound thrashing!

It was already two in the morning, but Xia Ming didn't feel the least bit tired.

He stared at the ceiling, lost in thought.

At that moment, the door to his ward suddenly opened. Thinking that it was the nurse doing the rounds, Xia Ming closed his eyes and ignored her.

A very low and magnetic male voice rang out, sounding out of place in the ward. “Xia Ming, descendant of Ancient Divine Clan, how are you feeling?”

This clearly wasn’t the female nurse’s voice.

Xia Ming thought it was some visitor, and he half-turned on his side, one hand already gripping the call button. He was in no mood at all to deal with this visitor, and his tone was quite impatient. “Bro, it’s the dead of night, can’t you tell the time???” Who would visit a patient at midnight?! Only a lunatic or a psycho!

“May I advise you to not do anything, Student Xia Ming, or I can’t guarantee the safety of the little nurse who’ll be coming by later.” Along with the voice, Xia Ming saw a dark shadow as thin as gossamer thread which gripped his hand firmly.

In just a split second, Xia Ming couldn’t move; there was an immense pressure on his body, as if he were tied down by some incomprehensible power. It was extremely similar to sleep paralysis — although he couldn’t move, he was wide awake!

He could sense that the dark shadow was talking to him.

“Who on earth are you...” Xia Ming already realized at that moment that the other party hadn’t come with good intentions; the other party definitely wasn’t here to see how he was doing, but for something else.

“I’m Nightmare.”

The dark shadow laughed. “I am everyone’s nightmare.”

“What do you mean?” Xia Ming was baffled.

“You don’t need to know what it means, but the one thing I can tell you is that I’m here to help grant your wish.” The voice of that mysterious shadow sounded again. “Do you know what you lacked the most in your defeat?”

“Strength...” answered Xia Ming.

“That’s right. You are indeed too weak.” The shadow laughed. “So, I can help you become stronger, Student Xia Ming.”

“What rubbish is this?” Xia Ming said.

“People from the Ancient Divine Clan have unique physiques. Furthermore, your physique is in fact one-in-a-million, even in the Ancient Divine Clan: you can absorb the power of all the underground heavenly veins. As long as you absorb this power, defeating that Student Wang will be a piece of cake. What do you think? Do you want to be stronger? Shall we make a deal, man to man?”

Chapter 1106: Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao and Zuo Butong

“What do you want me to do...” At that moment, Xia Ming was a little frightened by the fact that he couldn’t move at all. His spirit almost couldn’t bear the mysterious force that was pressing down on him. It was a torturous feeling, and like this person’s name suggested, Xia Ming felt like he was in a nightmare.

It was very common for people to struggle while they were having a nightmare, and that was what Xia Ming was feeling — he just wanted to escape the nightmare as soon as possible.

After lying in the hospital for a whole day and calming down with much difficulty, Xia Ming’s frame of mind was thrown into chaos once again with the appearance of this man called Nightmare.

“It’ll be the national high school body technique exchange meet soon, and it’ll be held on the famous Nine Dragon Mountain. Student Xia, you only have one task, which is to look for a chance to climb to the top of the mountain; I’ll give you further instructions then,” said Nightmare.

“National? Isn’t it held by our district...” Xia Ming was startled.

“Plans can change. As for the details, Student Xia will find out tomorrow. I hope you’ll be there. Of course, to prove that I indeed have the ability to make you stronger, let me first give you a small gift.” After the man called Nightmare said that, Xia Ming felt the pressure that was holding him down suddenly ease up; it was like the joy of suddenly being set free after being imprisoned for so long, or the feeling of releasing your piss after holding it in for a long time.

Very quickly, Xia Ming woke up.

At that moment, he was amazed to realize that his body no longer hurt...

...

The man called Nightmare completed his task. He didn't have a specific form, and was just a shadow which moved swiftly and didn't leave any traces behind.

Nightmare appeared in a completely abandoned factory in Songhai city, and reported to someone standing on the other side of an iron door. "The preliminary task has been completed."

"Well done. As expected of the Dark Network's number one leader three hundred years ago."

The person on the other side of the door said, "Without this Ancient Divine Clan as the key, the main vein can never be opened. I no longer have the patience to wait – I have to take this chance."

"It's all thanks to the lord," Nightmare relied reverently. He had been resurrected by this white-haired lord behind the door. He had no idea what type of methods this lord had used, but Nightmare was convinced of his strength.

Three hundred years ago, he had been number one in the Dark Network. If he hadn't died, that Ultimate King of Killers, who had already been caught, wouldn't have risen to number one.

Nightmare didn't expect that after sleeping for so long, he would actually be brought back to life.

It was simply like a dream.

"Now, you still have one final task," White Hair said from inside.

"Lord, please say it."

"I want you to sneak into the Residence of Reincarnation and bring back that guy's broken bone piece."

Residence of Reincarnation... broken bone piece...

Nightmare was startled.

Naturally, he couldn't be any more familiar with the Residence of Reincarnation.

This so-called Residence of Reincarnation was also called the Prison of Reincarnation! This was the largest underground prison in Huaxiu nation! All kinds of vicious spirits which couldn't be completely exterminated as well as savage criminals were imprisoned there! And speaking of broken bones in the Residence of Reincarnation, the first person Nightmare could think of was that legend who founded the Dark Network back then – Xie Sanxiao! People called him: Dark Ancestor!

“Lord wants to...?”

“That's right, I want him to bring him back to life. However, it's inconvenient for me to make a move directly, which is why you're going. This person is the key to the later part of the plan,” said the person behind the door. He wasn't the least bit worried that Nightmare would leak the plan; on the contrary, he told Nightmare what he was going to do next. “Xie Sanxiao's original surname is actually Xia. A long time ago, he was called Xia Sanxiao.”

“Xia Sanxiao?” Nightmare's attention was instantly caught by this surname. “Can it be...”

“Xie Sanxiao, whom people call Dark Ancestor, was in fact a founding figure of the Ancient Divine Clan. Unfortunately, he died too early.”

Speaking about Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao, this was still vivid in Nightmare's mind. When the news broke back then that this Dark Ancestor had finally been arrested and executed, the entire Dark Network had been shaken! No one believed that this legendary founder of the Dark Network would actually die! He had also died at the hands of a person named Zuo Butong. In order to catch Xie Sanxiao, the International Alliance of Cultivators had gathered cultivators from various nations to form a team, and the first Alliance Heavenly Dao warrant was issued; under the Alliance's command, five hundred thousand cultivators from all over the world acted as one to besiege Xie Sanxiao!

But in the end, when everyone found Xie Sanxiao, a four-man cultivator team dispatched by Huaxiu nation had already taken Xie Sanxiao's head – and the team leader was that very Zuo Butong.

The entire world had been utterly shaken after that.

And Huaxiu nation gained worldwide fame after that operation

In the end, Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao was completely incinerated and his body reduced to ash; the only thing left of him was half his skull, the hardest part of the body. Huaxiu Alliance tried several times, but was unable to completely burn it. In the end, it became a keepsake for the Huaxiu team which took down Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao, and was stored at the Residence of Reincarnation.

“Back then, it wasn’t this Zuo Butong, the team leader, who dealt the killing blow. Xie Sanxiao died after he failed to absorb the power of the main vein; Zuo Butong finding him at that moment was just a coincidence.”

“A coincidence... so that was what actually happened?”

“This wasn’t a secret among the higher-ups back then; someone from the International Alliance of Cultivators even raised the issue. They made such a big fuss about issuing the first Alliance Heavenly Dao warrant to hunt down the most wanted head of the Dark Network. After mobilizing an army of hundreds of thousands of cultivators from all around the world, Xie Sanxiao ultimately died because of something he himself did. If this got out, what do you think public opinion would’ve been like?”

“...” Nightmare was silent; he completely never expected that there would be this sort of story behind what happened back then.

“At that time, Xie Sanxiao couldn’t absorb the power of the main vein, and exploded from the backlash. Zuo Butong’s team just happened to be nearby, and took his head in passing. Furthermore, this Zuo Butong’s descendant is also one of the organizers of the national high school body technique exchange meet this time.”

“Who is it??”

“Xie Sanxiao’s real name was Xia Sanxiao, while Zuo Butong’s real name naturally wasn’t Zuo Butong. Although he shot to fame after this battle and was awarded a first-class contribution medal by the International Alliance of Cultivators, he didn’t want to be envied for how quickly his star had risen, and he hurriedly applied to change his name. The people who knew what happened back then

buried this secret in their hearts; even now, Zuo Butong's descendants don't know about their ancestor's achievement back then."

Behind the door, the man who knew everything chuckled lightly. "And so, he changed his name from Zuo to Zhuo. His descendants now have the surname Zhuo. Currently, his most famous descendant is Odd Zhuo."

Chapter 1107: Burying Meritorious Deed and Name

Killing Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao was world-shaking news. Going instantly from an ordinary cultivator to a hero revered by the people, a normal person would find it very hard to bear the halos and sugar-coated bullets that followed.

But Zuo Butong calmed down in the end; he knew very well how a blameless person could still rouse the envy of others, as well as the danger of tall trees attracting the wind.

He decided to bury his meritorious deed and name, not only for his and his descendants' safety, but also for the future of the entire Zuo family.

Even if he was tempted to accept this lucky windfall and receive this gargantuan honor which didn't belong to him, he couldn't guarantee that the descendants of the Zuo bloodline wouldn't be puffed up with arrogance in the future.

People who were swollen with arrogance made mistakes very easily.

Before a lot of successful figures reached the top, they were bound to experience all sorts of trials and hardships; if they leapt to the top in one go, they would only hurt themselves in the end.

What Zuo Butong feared was that because of the halo effect, he and his descendants would lose the motivation to work hard and progress.

Thus, he chose to lay low.

He gave up everything and even changed his clan name.

Zuo Butong and Huaxiu Alliance acted on a secret mission to erase the memories of friends and family who knew about his glory back then.

Zuo Butong even erased his own memory.

The next time he woke up, his appearance had changed, and even his name had become Zhuo Tong.

That hero Zuo Butong became a legendary Huaxiu hero in Zhuo Tong and everybody's memories...

When Zhuo Tong visited the heroes' memorial every year on behalf of his organization and saw Zuo Butong's face, he was always struck by the sense that the latter seemed familiar.

Of course, these were already stories of the past.

So, in some sense, White Hair felt that this Zuo Butong was also an extraordinary person.

His realm couldn't be considered high, but he was farsighted.

It was just that even Zhuo Tong himself never thought that his ability to win at life would be passed down to his descendants, especially to the one called Odd Zhuo...

Where Odd Zhuo differed from Zuo Butong was that he was still pursuing progress, even now.

This was because Odd Zhuo had always been keenly aware that what he had now didn't really belong to him, and he needed to work harder to prove that he was worthy of all of it!

Nightmare was greatly shaken when White Hair was done talking about the basic situation, and had yet to completely digest this history from back then.

“Lord, rest assured. I now understand the situation, and I’ll leave for the Residence of Reincarnation right away.”

Naturally, it was impossible to learn this information through normal channels, but White Hair had his own unique means.

He had calculated the time, and initially planned to take advantage of the moment that Wang Nuan was born into this world to use the power of Shadow Dao and directly blast open Nine Dragon Mountain’s main vein... Unfortunately, Wang Ling was far more vigilant than he had imagined.

He was running out of time, and couldn’t continue messing around with Wang Ling; he had no choice but to switch to plan B.

Whether it was Nightmare, Xia Ming, or that Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao who was on the verge of being resurrected –

When all was said and done, they were nothing more than his pawns.

...

The Prison of Reincarnation was also called the Residence of Reincarnation.

It was the largest underground prison situated in Huaxiu nation’s Jinghua city, and the main prison for all top-level criminals.

The Old Devil, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, and Evil Sword God would have been sent here, but the head of the Ten Generals, General Bai, had them stay back to be reorganized into the three-person Mahjong Squad and to carry out missions to atone for their crimes. It was for this reason that their prison transfer wasn’t carried out.

The prisoners locked up in the Residence of Reincarnation had conducted truly heinous crimes... Actually, whether it was Old Devil, Cheng Yu or Evil Sword God, their crimes didn’t seem as bad in contrast.

Old Devil back then had simply lost his head over love — he didn’t want to let go of this past fate, and had thus invaded the National Palace to look for the Wheel of Time, creating enormous havoc.

Plenty of people had also further distorted the truth of a lot of things behind the scenes, when they weren't as terrifying as the rumors made them out to be. The Old Devil had in fact actually only committed a trespassing offense...

When it came to Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, his Immortal Mansion hadn't gotten the approval of the dark forces. He had initially wanted to use Immortal She Pi's magic array to refine an exceptional divine sword and create chaos. Unfortunately, he just had to steal Jingke... Before he could do anything, his entire organization collapsed! It was like a newly-established company which had the license and staff, and was about to open for business, but the industrial and commercial bureau suddenly dropped by to take the boss away on grounds of operating illegally...

As for Evil Sword God, nothing much needed to be said.

To surpass his master, he cultivated an evil art, which caused him to be possessed by his inner demon. Simply put, he was a mental patient with multiple personality disorder...

As everyone knew, mental patients couldn't break the law...

Of course, there were logical explanations for their behavior, but the fact was that their actions had adverse effects. It thus made sense for them to be sentenced to a thousand years in prison. In addition, General Bai had put forward the condition that their thousand-year sentences could only be reduced through their service and not through the regular application procedure.

In other words, if there were no missions to run, they could only wait for one... right up until their prison sentences were up.

It seemed very wretched, but at the very least, Warden Liang treated them quite well in Songhai First Prison, and would occasionally play mahjong with them.

In contrast, the truly hideous criminals in the Residence of Reincarnation weren't treated as well.

This was Nightmare's first time at the Residence of Reincarnation.

After White Hair brought him back to life, he had also gained some power of Fate Dao, like Bai Youquan, which made him stronger than before he died.

Nightmare couldn't quite imagine how terrifying that Dark Ancestor would be after he was resurrected.

He snuck inside without being noticed.

The art which Nightmare cultivated was extremely unique; he had refined his material body into a virtual one – this was the peak of the Nightmare Art!

Criminals in fact weren't held on the eighth floor of the underground prison.

The Residence of Reincarnation divided criminals into seven classes: the deeper underground the criminals were imprisoned, the higher their class.

The eighth floor was an exhibition hall which displayed the remains of some Super S-class criminals.

When these criminals were found, they were basically executed on the spot by Huaxiu's Immortal Arts Mobile Squadron or the Alliance Peacekeeping Force.

Displaying these remains, firstly, acted as a warning about how dangerous these criminals were, and secondly, demonstrated how difficult it was for law enforcement to crack down on criminal activity.

And the skull of Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao which White Hair had mentioned was placed in this eight zone... .

Apart from Xie Sanxiao's skull, Nightmare also discovered a lot of interesting things during his search.

Chapter 1108: Unsolved Mystery Of the Residence of Reincarnation

As Dark Ancestor, Xie Sanxiao was the most shocking figure in the world back then. That these criminal relics could be displayed alongside the skull of the legendary Dark Ancestor meant that

they weren't ordinary people. Along the way, Nightmare saw a lot of international criminals with extremely high Heavenly Dao bounties who were wanted by Huaxiu Alliance – these people had yet to be caught before Nightmare's death; he had never expected them to one by one become exhibits here over the last few centuries.

For example, when Nightmare entered the door, he saw that damaged dark gold armor. It hadn't been completely wiped clean of blood, which had long dried up and clung firmly to the armor.

If Nightmare wasn't mistaken, the owner of this dark gold armor was a Western cultivator called Mordekaiser, who was known as "Golden Tank." In those days, this dark gold armor was a symbol of Kaiser's identity! However, what was truly solid wasn't his armor, but his body.

Nightmare couldn't imagine that Mordekaiser, who was called "Golden Tank," and who had the Sage Body that was called the strongest body, was also no more.

From the marks on the armor, it seemed that someone had pierced Kaiser's abdomen with a fist – but who on earth was it?

It was very hard to imagine that there was actually a man in this world who could actually destroy Golden Tank's body...

After walking for a while, Nightmare found the remnants of yet a second acquaintance.

It was a broken jade bead...

If Nightmare's guess was right, this should be the inner core of Kui Wolf Goblin King, a sixth-level demon king who had fled to the human world through the Gate Between Worlds and committed crimes all over the place.

Nightmare didn't expect even Kui Wolf to be caught.

Kui Wolf knew how to transform into a human being, and had lived successfully in the human world for some time back then. He even starred in several movies about the wolf race, and became a famous idol celebrity for a while, even winning several Golden Wolf Awards. Logically speaking, as long as Kui Wolf continued to disguise himself, no one should be able to guess his true identity... So how was even Kui Wolf discovered?

Nightmare was puzzled.

Gazing at the numerous relics on display, most of which belonged to acquaintances, he suddenly felt that the world was too hypocritical.

It was so hard to be a villain nowadays! It was too hard for him!

But Nightmare pondered carefully. He had ascended to the top as number one of the Dark Network, but he actually hadn't done many wicked things. When Mordekaiser and Kui Wolf had been in the Dark Network's rankings back then, Nightmare hadn't even made it onto the list.

Then how had he climbed to the top?

Nightmare remembered that it was Kui Wolf who seemed to have looked for him first. At that time, they were nothing more than drinking buddies, and weren't close. Kui Wolf approached him, saying that someone was willing to pay a lot of money for Nightmare to use his Nightmare Art to send someone to a mental hospital. Nightmare remembered that he hadn't agreed at first because he didn't want to do anything illegal.

After some investigation later, he found out that the person Kui Wolf had asked him to deal with was in fact a serial murderer who had been on the run for many years... Thinking of that bountiful reward, Nightmare ultimately accepted the job.

But once he started, they kept coming...

That client spread the news, and more and more people started looking for Nightmare through Kui Wolf.

And Nightmare sent more and more people to the mental hospital...

After a long period of time, Nightmare discovered one day that he had become a wanted criminal, and was at the top of the Dark Network's list.

He remembered having recurring nightmares after becoming number one. While he was fleeing Huaxiu Alliance's pursuit, he ultimately died at the hands of an old Taoist.

And after he died...

That murderer, who had been the first person he had sent to the mental hospital back then, had achieved success in his cultivation in prison. Not only did this baldie, nicknamed Ultimate King of Killers, escape from prison, he also climbed to the top to become the number one of the Dark Network...

Nightmare later learned that Kaiser hadn't died back then.

There were records of Ultimate King of Killers, who was the strongest in combat ability, exchanging blows with Kaiser.

Looking at the records, this match ended in a draw.

Then, who was it who had punched Kaiser in the stomach?

It was such a big and deep opening – almost piercing him all the way through! How terrifying the other side's strength had to be!

This was one of the unsolved mysteries in the Residence of Reincarnation that Nightmare wanted to investigate this time: Who on earth was it who had punched Kaiser...

Finally, in the innermost part of the Residence of Reincarnation, in a completely sealed glass cabinet.

Nightmare finally saw the symbol of boundless evil that was Dark Ancestor's skull.

Even though the only thing left behind after Dark Ancestor was burnt was half his skull, Nightmare could sense its mystical strength and indescribable power from where it lay on the display stand before him, and he couldn't help but feel the desire to kneel down in worship.

He had been astonished by how Dark Ancestor had died, and even more astonished at Dark Ancestor's mad idea to absorb the main vein.

There were over a thousand Heavenly veins in the world, and one main vein.

Absorbing the main vein meant absorbing the tremendous energy of these other thousand underground spirit veins!

Dark Ancestor had clearly underestimated this energy back then.

This was the spirit power of an entire planet! If his body was unable to bear it after he absorbed all of it into his body, it was inevitable that he would suffer a backlash.

"Dark Ancestor, this junior will be offending you." With reverence in his heart, Nightmare reached out his hand to soundlessly infiltrate the glass cabinet and directly take the skull away.

He was already dead.

This life was given to him by that White Hair.

For Nightmare, there was already no turning back.

How the world developed in the future would have nothing to do with him.

Even if it was destroyed.

...

Saturday November 8th, the day after Nightmare's soundless infiltration.

It was only then that the staff member in charge of taking inventory of the display items noticed that Dark Ancestor's skull had disappeared.

The whole of the Residence of Reincarnation was shocked by this incident, and Huaxiu Alliance hastily called for an emergency meeting.

“Have all internal staff been ruled out?” As usual, it was Wisdom Saint President Qi who presided during the meeting.

The disappearance of Dark Ancestor’s skull was a big deal. He was the first criminal who was listed as wanted by the International Alliance of Cultivators back then. Even though he was dead, the power which his skull contained still couldn’t be underestimated. If it was used for evil, the Residence of Reincarnation’s reputation would be ruined.

“All of them have alibis which check out; we’ve also ruled out the possibility that magic was used. We also didn’t detect any fluctuations of spirit power at the scene, and nobody used spells in that area in the last twenty-four hours,” General Yi said.

“In other words, without the help of spells, the only people who can sneak in so easily without being detected are...” When he said this, President Qi cast a glance at dark-skinned Dark Saint Minister Ying next to him.

“???”

Dark Saint turned pale with fright.

Sh*t! You can’t say I did it just because I’m black!

Chapter 1109: National Competition

Of course, after the possibility of magic was ruled out, only someone with an innate ability could have accomplished such a difficult heist. There were in fact two types of innate ability: the first type developed out of the spirit root. Apart from the five elements, there was actually a small chance that a spirit root might awaken another unusual attribute, which often came with special abilities.

Like a magnetic force, for example, which could attract metals, or the ability to manipulate the fat on one's own body or on other people. There might also be people born with the innate ability to turn invisible – these were all innate abilities that grew out of special spirit roots.

It was a small chance, but in a broad survey of the world's population, the number of people whose spirit roots had special abilities in fact wasn't small.

The truth was that Dark Saint was a cultivator with a special ability — his spirit root could give him a camouflage effect, which allowed him to remain completely invisible in the shadows. Thus, Dark Saint could operate in secluded and confined dark spaces, as if no one was there.

"I recall a person who had a similar ability as Dark Saint – it can even be said that he was harder to deal with," President Qi said again; he clearly wasn't going to fool around at this critical time.

"Old Qi, you mean..." Battle Saint Marshal Jiang thought of someone.

"Nightmare," said President Qi. "The Dark Network's number one, whom you personally took down three hundred year ago."

"He can't be alive!" Marshal Jiang instantly stood up, his expression solemn. "I was the one who killed him three hundred years ago! With one shot from my fingers, I ended his life the instant he revealed his true body. It's impossible for him to still be alive!"

"Sit down, Old Jiang."

President Qi said calmly, "Previously, we also received news of Bai Zhe's death, but he has now reappeared; even his son Bai Youquan, who died young, miraculously appeared, and has been apprehended. So, in this world, nothing is impossible. There are numerous forbidden and secret techniques for resurrecting someone. The chances of success are very low, but the possibility still exists."

"Crap!"

At that moment, Marshal Jiang's expression flickered. "Based on what you're thinking, Old Qi, could it be that their reason for stealing Xie Sanxiao's skull..."

“If that really is the case, we will have to plan for the worst.”

President Qi sighed.

Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao had been near invincible.

It was also precisely because of this that he thought himself infallible and able to absorb the Earth’s underground spirit veins.

However, the truth was that he had overestimated his ability, and became the strongest man to die because of his pride... No one had killed him, and no one could.

That was then.

And this was now...

If the other party really had stolen Xie Sanxiao’s skull to resurrect him...

Then, the cultivation world would soon be flooded with blood.

When it came to Xie Sanxiao’s cause of death, it was acknowledged worldwide that he had died at the hands of the hero Zuo Butong.

If this extremely proud Xie Sanxiao learned of this situation after his resurrection, he would very likely start slaughtering people immediately, given his personality.

“We will soon be facing a fierce battle.” Sitting around the meeting table, every single one of the Ten Generals narrowed their eyes in thought, a mix of complicated feelings in their hearts.

Most important of all was that they still didn’t know what was the goal of the person behind the scenes.

...

It was still a fine, sunny day that morning, and the world was at peace.

Teacher Pan used the class group chat to hold an ad hoc class meeting.

She was going to talk specifically about the changes to the body technique exchange meet.

Teacher Pan is Actually A Beauty: “Students, we’ve just received a notice from the city office of the Administration of 100 Schools that the body technique exchange meet this time has been upgraded from a district competition to a national one. I hope everyone can work hard during this period! Students participating in the competition, do your best! But those not taking part also need to cheer them on! @everyone”

Sports Committee Member – Super Chan: “Why is it a national competition now??? Isn’t this too big a leap???”

Ideology and Politics – Hero Guo: “Holy crap... National competition! How many schools will be participating? Will our school be able to place in the ranking...”

“Since there are a lot of cultivation schools holding similar exchange activities at the same time, the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools decided to turn it into a large-scale activity.”

Teacher Pan is Actually A Beauty: “You don’t have to be so pessimistic; our school’s overall combat strength is pretty good. Since the competition has been expanded, it’ll be postponed to three days later than the original date, and will officially happen on November 14th, next Friday. Report on Thursday night to the designated venue: Nine Dragon Mountain. Students taking part in the competition will have to take an immortal boat over. The competition will last eight days.”

Nine Dragon Mountain?

This place sounded a little familiar to a lot of people.

Ideology and Politics – Hero Guo: “I remember this Nine Dragon Mountain. Didn’t a major figure die there?”

“It was Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao.”

Teacher Pan is Actually A Beauty: “[Grin] Student Guo knows a lot! Back then, this legendary number one figure of the Dark Network, Xie Sanxiao, perished on Nine Dragon Mountain. He was personally shot down by our country’s hero, Zuo Butong, and his team. Nine Dragon Mountain thus has unique meaning! The reason why the body technique exchange meet will be held there is to commemorate the heroes who fought for their values and beliefs. I hope everyone will learn from them.”

Monitor – Lotus Sun: “Teacher Pan, apart from the change in scale, are there any other changes in the national competition?”

Teacher Pan is Actually A Beauty: “In the district competition, five people would have fought as the main force, and the other five were substitutes. Now that the competition has expanded, it has become a ten-person battle, and all ten members will fight as the main force!”

“...”

On the other side of the screen, Wang Ling was shocked when he saw this message.

All ten members as the main force...

Even if he didn’t make a move, with Liu Qingyi, Wang Zhen, and Gu Shunzhi that bunch around, the other schools stood no damn chance at all!

“I also know that time is tight, but every school is preparing for it. There will be one hundred and two cultivation schools from all over the nation headed for Nine Dragon Mountain. Each school will dispatch a ten-person team, and they will engage in a large-scale battle on Nine Dragon Mountain. The team which obtains the highest number of points will be the winner.”

Teacher Pan said in the group, “I know that time is tight for all of you, so Headmaster Chen will arrange extra physical training classes next week as well as brief you on the spirit plants that grow on Nine Dragon Mountain. There is an abundance of spirit plants on Nine Dragon Mountain. Given that the large-scale battle will last eight days, you must have some knowledge on how to look for food in the wild. It won’t be good if you eat a spirit plant or fruit that you shouldn’t by mistake.”

“It looks like we’ll be very busy...” Hero Guo sighed.

In the next moment, Teacher Pan said in the group, “Students taking part in the competition don’t need to do homework for now.”

Everybody: “!!!”

Chapter 1110: Preparing For The Competition

It was Monday, November 10th.

The special training which Teacher Pan had previously announced officially began.

During this period, No. 60 High set up a temporary special training class for all participating students.

Wang Ling, Lotus Sun, and Xia Ming... were here.

Xia Ming actually felt a little awkward.

But it seemed that Wang Ling didn’t mind so much.

All of a sudden, Xia Ming felt that he really was a complete loser compared with Wang Ling.

He saw that Wang Ling was the same as usual with his poker face and not even a smile, as he sat by the window like an old man who was indifferent to everything. Xia Ming’s heart burst with stifled resentment.

Why was this person so calm?!

Was he really just a teenage high school student?

This special training was mainly focused on the following three aspects.

One: Understanding of spirit plants.

Teacher Pan had already clearly explained the specific reasons for this in the chat group. There were tens of thousands of spirit plants on Nine Dragon Mountain, and most of them were inedible. Even if you were fine after eating a spirit plant, you might still get food poisoning if it wasn't completely digested before you ate another kind of spirit plant.

Although, Wang Ling didn't think there were any plants that could poison him...

Two: Understanding of the opponents.

Now that the scale of the competition had expanded, the number of enemies No. 60 High had to deal with suddenly increased from less than ten to 101. Each cultivation high school had a different background and education focus, so it was very important to have a rough understanding of these rival schools.

Know yourself and know your enemy, and you will be victorious. Of course, given the limited time they had, Headmaster Chen could only select some key schools to focus on. As for the other high schools which he felt were more or less on par with No. 60 High in terms of combat ability, he organized the information for the participating students to memorize.

So, at the beginning of the lesson, Wang Ling saw a thick pile of papers on each person's desk...

With just one sweeping glance from his King's Eye, all the information on the high schools was instantly recorded in his mind.

Hm...

There was nothing special to take note of.

As long as he was careful not to kill anyone when he hit them, it would be fine... If he really did accidentally kill someone, he could resurrect them, but the problem was they would carry that mental trauma with them for the rest of their life!

That was even if the memory of it was erased.

There would still be a subconscious reaction in the mind every now and then.

It was like how so many people were afraid of heights.

Maybe it was because they accidentally fell from a high place before, and while that memory was gone...

In addition to the two points above, the third and final point was the body techniques special training.

It was obviously somewhat unrealistic to improve body techniques and abilities quickly in a few days.

So Wang Ling was guessing that Headmaster Chen might share something a little more technical. It was very common in using body techniques to create tremendous force with little effort. Someone who was always in high alert mode in a battle royale which would last for eight days wouldn't be able to hold out to the end, and would ultimately be knocked out.

"Students, this large-scale battle is very important. You will be competing against students from 101 other schools on Nine Dragon Mountain to determine a winner. It's going to be a war of attrition over eight days, so we must formulate our tactics well in advance."

Headmaster Chen began to teach from the dais. "This is different from the previous joint military training for six schools. During the training, the terrain and environment were man made, and while it appeared dangerous, it was in fact safe. However, anything unexpected can happen on Nine Dragon Mountain at any time. If you're going to battle it out with people in the jungles of Nine Dragon Mountain, you have to divide the work between yourselves well in advance, and maintain team unity at the same time. If someone goes missing and you're short of team members, there is a very high chance that you'll be swallowed up by students from the other schools."

Speaking up to this point, Headmaster Chen took out an iron chopstick. "This is a black iron chopstick."

He then handed it to Gu Shunzhi. "Student Gu, try breaking this chopstick."

CRACK!

The chopstick broke in two with a crisp sound.

Gu Shunzhi had done as requested.

Breaking chopsticks was a standard test in demonstrating the importance of teamwork, and most of them could already see it at that point.

Sure enough, Headmaster Chen then took out ten more chopsticks. “Student Gu, try breaking these again.”

CRACK!

Gu Shunzhi broke them without breaking a sweat.

Headmaster Chen: “...”

He then took out the last of the chopsticks in a huge bundle. “Student Gu... Try again...”

CRACK!

Again, Gu Shunzhi showed no mercy.

Everyone: “...”

Headmaster Chen: “Come, everyone... Let’s move on to the next topic...”

Everyone: “...”

...

Teamwork.

This was the keyword Headmaster Chen had mentioned at the beginning of the lesson.

This large-scale battle was a team battle.

Furthermore, it was a point-based system this time, and was based on the total number of points that team members collected. All schools had to ensure that as many of their team members as possible remained alive until the very end.

Only in this way could they get more points.

Because points were awarded according to a fixed system, Headmaster Chen would touch on it later.

The points awarded were standard, so if too many people were knocked out from the team, it didn't matter how strong the remaining team members were individually; the number of points that could be obtained in the end wouldn't be much, since one person's strength couldn't compare with the strength of several combined.

Teamwork was the essence of the battle this time.

But Headmaster Chen was still more concerned about conflict inside the No. 60 High team; he was worried that some problem might crop up between Xia Ming and Wang Ling.

Wang Ling wasn't a student who proactively looked for trouble, while in comparison, Xia Ming was more impulsive...

Headmaster Chen had to figure out a way to resolve this before the start of the competition.

At the very least, he had to get Xia Ming and Wang Ling to shake hands as a demonstration of cordiality.

“Next, I’m going to introduce you to the stronger cultivation high schools in this large-scale battle. If you run into students from these schools and you are unable to grasp the situation, please avoid fighting them as much as possible for the sake of our school’s honor, and ensure that you yourselves survive...” said Headmaster Chen.

“Are they that strong?” Although Hero Guo had heard from his uncle earlier on that there was indeed a fair number of strong high school students participating in the competition, he never thought that if their No. 60 High bunch went out, they weren’t even qualified to face them, and that it was fine for them to directly run away...

“The first one is No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School in Jinghua city.” Headmaster Chen turned the magic ball in his hand, and an image was instantly projected into the air. It was a picture of students of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School. This was a group of students in black and white sports uniforms. The uniform color was very gloomy, and the students didn’t look like they could be trifled with.