

Daily Life 111

Chapter 111: Don't Lose to the Storm of First Love!

Wang Ling felt a little "fear" for the first time in his life as he looked at the beauty standing in front of him. There was no way anyone would realize that this beauty with beautiful hair and fair skin without the least hint of wrinkles was Teacher Pan, the f**king same person!

So... did that Teacher Pan with the near-bucket waist figure and grey-streaked ponytail take leave today because of her period or something?

He was a little stunned as he stared at this devastatingly gorgeous Teacher Pan — it felt like being unable to recover from watching a horror film.

Even if this was just like putting on makeup, how could it transform her to this extent?!

Looking at Teacher Pan, he suddenly remembered the three great witchcraft spells that were desperately sought after now by all female cultivators: plastic surgery, Photoshop and makeup cosmetics...

"What foolishness are you thinking about, Student Wang Ling?" Seeing this perpetually poker-faced student reveal a rare, surprised expression, Teacher Pan smiled, pleased. "School regulations forbid teachers from using heavy makeup or taking medication such as youth-retaining elixirs. But we're not in school now, and I ate a quick-acting youth-retaining elixir when I set out this morning. Please make sure you don't tell the other students, Student Wang Ling!"

Hearing her explanation, Wang Ling instantly understood.

This kind of quick-acting youth-retaining elixir sold on the market only worked for twenty-four hours before its effect disappeared. After ingesting the elixir, a person's skin would immediately be drawn up and become tighter; the body would become younger and radiant as a person returned to what they looked like at the age of eighteen.

After taking the quick-acting youth-retaining elixir, the Teacher Pan in front of him was actually Teacher Pan when she had been eighteen years old.

Wang Ling really never expected her to be so beautiful in her youth!

Teacher Pan came in and put on a pair of slippers before she sized up the Wang family's small villa. She frowned imperceptibly when she realized that there was no spirit energy in the house. Many parents nowadays would set up spirit gathering arrays in their homes so that their children could sleep well and cultivate regularly.

Generally, the spirit gathering array which a student used would be fairly small and quite cheap; Teacher Pan had completely never expected the Wang family to be so poor that they couldn't even lay down a single spirit gathering array. Student Wang Ling had actually grown up in this kind of environment, without a spirit gathering array, and had cultivated step by step to reach the Foundation Establishment stage?

To cultivate to the Foundation Establishment stage by sheer talent alone without any sort of supplementary resources had to have been incredibly hard.

Teacher Pan looked at Wang Ling with some pity and felt that this child was too unfortunate.

Wang Ling: "..."

When she walked into the living room, Grandfather Wang instantly stood up from the sofa; when their eyes met, they were both startled.

Grandfather Wang was taken aback because he hadn't expected Teacher Pan Shengcong to still be as young as before, after so many years.

Teacher Pan was taken aback because she felt that the old man in front of her seemed familiar for some reason, but she just couldn't think who on earth he could be.

On the side, Wang Ling read her thoughts. It was very obvious that she already no longer remembered much of Grandfather Wang.

After all, so many years had already passed.

The most important thing, moreover, was that Grandfather Wang's love had been unrequited. Wang Ling had never experienced the pain of unrequited love for himself; at that moment, Grandfather Wang was perhaps the only person who could truly understand the feeling.

Both individuals looked at each other for a long time, and seeing that Teacher Pan still hadn't recognized him after that, Grandfather Wang felt a little depressed and sighed in his heart: I'm old, after all... I'm no longer the same as back then.

In between the gazes of these two people, Wang Ling also perceived the unbridgeable gap between cultivators and ordinary men.

A person could retain their appearance by cultivating or taking elixirs. The full strength and effects of a youth-retaining elixir could only be brought out by using spirit energy to completely absorb it into the body. On the other hand, no matter how many youth-retaining elixirs an ordinary person took, in the end they would still slowly grow old because they lacked spirit energy.

Tragic?

Maybe a little.

But that was the reality.

Grandfather Wang was a fairly sanguine person and wouldn't fret over something like this. He gestured to Teacher Pan to sit down and served her a cup of black tea. "Please sit down and have some tea, Teacher Pan."

"Hello, sir, you are..." She frowned.

"Oh, I'm Wang Ling's grandfather. Ling Ling's parents have an urgent matter to attend to today, so it was left to me to meet you, Teacher Pan."

"Ah, I see."

Teacher Pan understood the situation and smiled. "It's not a problem, this home visit was also a spur-of-the-moment decision on my part."

Wang Ling felt that except for her voice, Teacher Pan seemed to have gotten younger in almost all other aspects — even her attitude was completely different from the typical Teacher Pan in the classroom, and instead was especially gentle and kind.

"It's fine, Teacher Pan." The old man smiled brightly.

"Then, sir, how should I address you? Mr Wang or Grandfather Wang?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Grandfather Wang felt depressed once again. "..."

It was very clear that the feeling of being called "grandfather" by his first love wasn't something that Grandfather Wang had ever wanted to know or experience.

Quickly calming his chaotic thoughts, the old man replied, "Call me Mr Wang..."

"Mm, very well, Mr Wang."

Teacher Pan laughed so sweetly that Wang Ling felt that if she had been holding a cup of milk tea in her hand, she would be on par with the Internet celebrity Milk Tea Sister 1 !

Wang Ling sat opposite them and listened as they exchanged a few polite words before they started to talk about him.

"Wang Ling this child is usually quiet in school, and I assumed this was largely because of the family atmosphere at home. But from my home visit this time, I find that Mr Wang has a very youthful attitude."

The old man scratched his bald head in embarrassment. "This boy is actually warmhearted, like his parents, and is an accommodating and good kid. Once you become familiar with him, you'll find that he has his unique qualities. Ordinarily, however, he always has this poker face — he's been like this since young, and he can't change it. Our family's given this frozen face of his a name, the 'cold to family syndrome.' Please don't mind it, Teacher Pan."

Wang Ling: "..."

Teacher Pan covered her mouth and laughed. "Mr Wang, you really have such a sense of humor! I have a question I would like to ask you."

The old man: "What is it?"

Teacher Pan: "Mr Wang, what month was Student Wang Ling born in?"

The old man promptly replied, "In December, on the 26th."

Teacher Pan stared at Wang Ling, then shook her head with a sigh. "No wonder..."

The old man: "Is there something wrong, Teacher Pan?"

Teacher Pan: "It's nothing, I just realized that it turns out Student Wang Ling is a Capricorn."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 112: Don't Forget the Rainbow After the Storm

"I have always thought that Student Wang Ling is a very good kid. He doesn't stir up trouble at school and is very well-behaved. However poor we are, we should never be poor in education. I hope that our school's special subsidy will be of real help to Student Wang Ling. Given his talent, I believe that as long as he has enough resources, it shouldn't be a problem for him to reach the Golden Core stage." As Teacher Pan said this, she stretched out her hand to rub Wang Ling's head, and his expression became even more dejected.

The old man nodded. "Teacher Pan, you're absolutely right. However poor we are, we should never be poor in education! Ling Ling has always been the pride of our Wang family."

Teacher Pan smiled as she nodded like a chicken pecking at rice.

After that, the old man sincerely invited her to take a look around upstairs; as they laughed and talked together, Wang Ling followed calmly behind them. When Teacher Pan approached the study where Father and Mother Wang were hiding, they both held their breaths.

"Teacher Pan, what's wrong...?" the old man asked.

Teacher Pan pointed to the study as she had sensed an aura. "There seems to be someone inside?"

Sweating, Wang Ling hurriedly released a portion of his strength to cover up Father and Mother Wang's auras. When Teacher Pan stretched out her spiritual senses again and found that the aura from earlier on had vanished, she frowned. "Ah, strange..."

The old man smiled embarrassedly. "...Maybe it was a mouse."

Teacher Pan was shocked. "Are there mice in this villa?"

The old man sighed helplessly. "It's the outskirts, it's not strange to have mice here. They're rich in protein and can be eaten after their heads and tails have been removed. When we didn't have enough to eat before, I often caught mice to roast for Wang Ling's dad."

Teacher Pan: "..."

"..." Wang Ling suddenly felt that the old man's ability to spout nonsense was pretty awesome.

...

As they talked and laughed together, it was almost noon by the time Teacher Pan went downstairs with the old man.

"Mr Wang, I have two other students to visit in the afternoon, so I'll take my leave here." She looked at the old man and smiled.

This smile dazzled him a little, and seeing that she was about to go back down the hallway to the front door, he hurriedly grabbed her hands. "Teacher Pan, you haven't eaten yet, right? What about staying for some food?"

"This... that would be very troublesome for you..."

The old man was already taking his apron down from the clothes stand when he replied, "It's just a simple meal, how about a sweet and sour pork ribs set?"

Teacher Pan's expression changed a little; the old man's words were like an arrow that had struck an old photo album in her memories. The album was falling apart and had turned yellow with age, the photos inside so fuzzy that the faces in them were no longer clear...

In the end, she didn't leave, but it was obvious that her expression was no longer the same.

A sweet and sour pork ribs set...

This was my favorite food when I was younger.

How did this person know?

A coincidence?

Teacher Pan was silent as she sat waiting in the living room; she didn't talk to Wang Ling, and just looked spellbound at the old man's busy figure in the kitchen.

His mottled hands were riddled with scars and some old, distinct wounds; whether it was his left hand supporting the chopping board or his right hand holding the knife, they were both covered with calluses.

It was easy for Teacher Pan to guess that the old man had been a veteran chef who must have worked for at least several decades.

She quietly tried to recall an old picture in her memories, but just when it seemed that an outline was taking shape, the old man had already swiftly finished making the meal.

It was rice served with sweet and sour pork ribs and vegetables. The red ribs were drenched in a glistening sauce and seemed to be covered in a translucent golden sheen. They gave off an aroma to gladden the heart; this fragrance was enough to make a person drool uncontrollably.

Teacher Pan stared at these ribs with a clearly slack and absent-minded expression.

"This dish used to be one of my specialties. I haven't made it in a long time, I hope the taste is alright." The old man untied his apron and sat opposite Teacher Pan.

"Teacher Pan, have a taste!"

"Okay, thank you, Mr Wang."

She ate a small mouthful of rice and then took a soft bite of a rib; it was so soft and tender that it melted in her mouth. It had a special taste, and the juice was especially cool and refreshing, which involuntarily stimulated the appetite.

"This truly tastes so special." Teacher Pan couldn't stop praising it. "Why do these sweet and sour ribs give off such a cool and refreshing feeling?"

Grandfather Wang: "Just now I realized that there's no sugar in the house, so I used Ji Zhi Syrup 1 instead."

Teacher Pan: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

When it was time for her to leave, Teacher Pan stood at the door and bowed deeply to the old man. "Thank you for receiving me, Mr Wang, your cooking is very good."

He was a little sad. "You are welcome to visit us again, Teacher Pan."

"Of course." She stood at the entrance of the Wang family's small villa, smiling slightly as the afternoon sun shone on her face. Her originally knitted eyebrows had gradually relaxed and there

was a twinkle in her eyes. She bade the old man a solemn goodbye in an incomparably soft tone, then slowly turned around and left.

As Wang Ling looked at this scene, he knew that this story of first love, which had spanned so many years, had come to a full stop in this moment.

The old man stood at the door with his eyes fixed on Teacher Pan as she walked down East Huang Road to the bus stop.

By the end of the story, she ultimately still hadn't been able to recognize him.

But this was all no longer important to him.

...

In the middle of the night, the old man sat in the living room and took out his letter to first love from back then. On the back, stroke by stroke, he wrote his final farewell to his first love.

This is the first and final hymn...

Whether it was the pounding of my heart at the beginning,

Or the conclusion to unrequited love now,

The end to this emotional journey of more than thirty years

has been written.

...

I have suddenly forgotten the beginning of the chase,

But it is hard to forget your youthful countenance.

To put a full stop on thirty years of youth...

Everything is too beautiful.

...

Youth, first love...

These two books seemed to have been written in a hurry.

But fortunately, that last full stop

Is in the rainbow-colored clouds.

May you be happy like the rainbow,

If you are well, every day will be sunny...

In his bedroom, Wang Ling quietly looked at this final hymn which the old man had written.

At that moment, he suddenly understood.

The most beautiful romance wasn't necessarily about growing old with the one you love; it could be looking joyfully at the rainbow in the sky after the storm of love had passed, and sending the one you love off on the seven colors of the rainbow...

Chapter 113: Give Me a "Fighting Lion"

After Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had bulldozed the garden behind the villa back then, he had built a simple sunroom. In it, he had planted different types of hybrid spirit grass which he used in his research.

Since he was a kid, his dream had always been to be the father of hybrid spirit grass 1 in the cultivation world.

He had been trying to develop a kind of poor man's spirit grass that would be easy to plant and could rapidly gather the spirit energy of heaven and earth, which could be used by children from poor areas who had no cultivation resources.

Long before he had moved to Wenxian Garden, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already been busy with this research.

Unfortunately, there were a lot of technical issues with hybrid spirit grass, and two months ago, he had become stuck in a bottleneck in his research. Since then, he hadn't made any further breakthroughs.

But just when his mental fortitude had been about to crumble... a broccoli from Grandfather Wang had helped him regain confidence in his research.

The first thing that he had done after returning home from the Wang family's small villa and calling Little Black was to replant the broccoli in spirit soil in the sunroom. Although Grandfather Wang had already cooked this broccoli... the spirit soil's unusual power could bring it back to life!

This was the important revelation that the great senior had imparted to him on this road of cultivation – Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that no matter what, he had to save this broccoli!

...

When the first rays of light pierced through the morning mist early on Sunday May 23rd, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was already sitting and cultivating in the back garden of his villa.

Since replanting the broccoli, it had already become routine for him to sit before the broccoli in the sunroom every morning in addition to regularly doing eye exercises and watching guichu videos.

He crossed his arms and legs, straightened his back and stared at the broccoli steadily as his thoughts spun unceasingly... he felt that he was just a hair's breadth away from achieving enlightenment on Heaven's law, and from stepping out of Soul Formation into the Void Refinement stage.

Alas, he still hadn't been able to figure out great senior's meaning in giving him the broccoli.

While he was thinking about this, a message from an "Unknown Region" came in. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately knew that it had to be Little Black.

He opened the text, and as he read it, his gaze gradually turned heavy. When his fingers reached the bottom of the screen, he actually shot to his feet in astonishment.

He confirmed the content of the message once again...

After that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sucked in a deep breath.

Because, according to Little Black's investigation, this Lord of Mo Immortal Castle seemed to have a connection to Immortal She Pi.

Was this the kid whom Immortal She Pi had left behind before being executed back then?

No one knew because there wasn't any concrete evidence.

Even the result of Little Black's investigation had just been calculated using a computer and by combining various types of data, and thus was debatable in itself.

Little Black had even highlighted the degree to which this information could be considered accurate at the bottom of the text message.

According to the computer's calculation, the overall accuracy of this information was fifty-eight percent.

"Fifty-eight percent..." Even if this Lord of Mo Immortal Castle was not Immortal She Pi's child, there was still some sort of connection. However, according to historical records and what little gossip Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had heard, Immortal She Pi hadn't taken in any disciples before being executed.

Then...

This Lord of the Castle who was connected to Immortal She Pi – who on earth was this person?

Was this the reason why the Lord was so eager to obtain the stone ghost mask... for revenge?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't dare make any assumptions.

For the moment, this was all conjecture... what was very clear, however, was that this was a huge problem that couldn't be ignored.

He had already made his boast to Brother Ling and several great seniors!

He had already sworn that until he found the mask's maker, he would definitely protect the stone ghost mask with all that he had!

...

After his morning exercise, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal went to carry out another routine task, which was to reinforce the seal on the stone ghost mask.

This was a cursed mask which was too unpredictable and hence was dangerous.

Thus, he had sealed the stone ghost mask in a room in the basement. The guard matrix outside the room was something which he had customized himself; it was imprinted with a seal which he had personally drawn in order to suppress the evil powers of the stone ghost mask, and four netherworld chains hung in each corner of the matrix.

The netherworld chain was an immortal artifact which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had initially bought out at the market. It was hard and had the powerful ability to repair itself; there was

no way anyone could run off with the stone ghost mask unless they cut through these netherworld chains.

The seal was utterly impregnable, but Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that there were still some issues with his security measures.

Defensive measures had been set up inside and outside the room, and the room was even under tight surveillance; he could monitor the situation with the binding application software on his wristwatch, even if he was very far away.

But he still felt that there was something missing.

Cupping his chin, he pondered for a while before it instantly occurred to him!

Generally, holy artifacts or sealed objects would be guarded, right? He was lacking a guard dog!

After figuring it out, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately made a phone call, which was picked up by the alchemist Immortal Toya.

Hardly had the call connected when he heard a loud " boom " over the line...

He knew without it needing to be said... the man's furnace had exploded yet again.

" Cough...cough cough !"

Immortal Toya was coughing violently, presumably because of the smoke from the explosion — on his end of the call, it was an image that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could picture.

" Cough cough ... hello, who is it? This is Toya, what do you want..."

"It's Grenade-Throwing..."

"Oh... it's Senior Immortal."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Toya, what are you doing?"

Immortal Toya: "Hm... just now I was working on a new type of elixir: a WIFI pill that once taken, will enable a person to carry a WIFI signal for twenty-four hours. Did you need something from me, Senior Immortal?"

Since he didn't need to be polite, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly said his piece. Given his friendship with Immortal Toya, there was no need for him to beat around the bush.

After listening to his request, Immortal Toya was stunned. "A fighting master? Why are you asking me for a fighting master, you should go ask the Xiao clan. But the fighting masters that are left now are all just antiques... there is no battle qi for them to manipulate, nor can they use spirit energy — they're completely useless. Now they just work for the Xiao clan as security guards and maintain order in the Xiao Family Compound."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sweatdropped 2 . "Brother Toya, are you purposely being obtuse? I'm not looking for a fighting master... it's a fighting lion 3 ! A lion! The thing you won from the Xiao elixir competition back then!"

Immortal Toya: "..."

Chapter 114: Brother Ling, Come over for a Bit...

Fighting lions, a kind of hybrid spirit beast that could possess wind and fire attributes, had been bred by the Xiao clan since the Spirit Energy era. Most fighting lions possessed the fire attribute, followed by those that had the wind attribute. A small number of fighting lions possessed both, which made them invaluable.

A young fighting lion's strength was equal to a human at the Golden Core stage. Not only were they powerfully built, fast and smart, their ability to learn was also very high; they were ranked first among all spirit beasts in terms of overall intelligence.

Because of the fighting lion's ferocity, the breeding of these spirit beasts was restricted by Huaxiu nation's Regulatory Office of Spirit Pets. As a result, fighting lions were very rare. The Xiao clan only had about five hundred of them; they were reared in Uta Forest, which was clan territory.

Immortal Toya had one which he had won in an elixir competition previously.

And now, he was an Alchemists' Association consultant for the Xiao clan — his relationship with the clan was pretty unusual.

Immortal Toya: "This little thing is very difficult to deal with; when I first got it, it was only the size of a basketball, but it chewed through eight of my pill furnaces... may I ask, why do you want to borrow this fighting lion, Brother Lei?"

"I want it to guard something for me. This thing is only watching an orchard for you, right? And even stealing spirit fruit to eat. Now is the time to test its actual combat strength!"

Immortal Toya's shoulders shook. "Then... how long do you need it for?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal quickly replied, "Half a month."

Immortal Toya asked again, "That... will it be dangerous?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "It might die."

Immortal Toya: "..."

"But don't worry, Brother Toya, if it dies, I'll reimburse you with something even better. Do you know the fighting phoenix? This is the latest hybrid bird the Xiao clan is breeding, and it's damn strong! Next time I'll steal one for you!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal swore solemnly.

Immortal Toya: "..."

The value of fighting lions went without saying. If it was any other person who had wanted to borrow it, Immortal Toya would have definitely refused straightaway. But this time, it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who was asking; given their friendship and for the sake of face, Immortal Toya knew that he had no choice but to lend him the lion.

...

At night, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal received a text message from Wang Ling containing some points for attention in relation to the parent-teacher conference. To sum it up in two words: low profile...

He was well aware of Brother Ling's character as someone who didn't like to show off his talents or abilities.

But honestly speaking, he was a bit disconcerted by the parent-teacher conference. He didn't even have a child of his own, but now he had to pass himself off as a guardian and attend this event. Just thinking about it gave him a damn headache.

After racking his brains, Student Lei Mouren suddenly thought of something, and he called Little Black once again. "Hello, Little Black, help me investigate one more thing. Um... right, please help me look up any information to do with the parents and teachers of Grade One, Class Three at No. 60 High School."

After saying that, he happily ended the call.

There was a good saying: know yourself and know your enemy, only then will you win every war!

...

At the same time, in the foreign languages research office at Landscape Manor, two men in suits, one tall and one short, stood in front of Director Song's table to give their report.

The tall man in a suit submitted a report which clearly documented the results of monitoring Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal for the whole of today.

At 4:00, the target got out of bed, went to the back garden and sat down to survey a piece of broccoli, head bent in concentration...

At 5:00, the target was still staring at the broccoli, head bent in concentration...

At 6:00, the target was still staring at the broccoli, head bent in concentration...

At 7:00, the target was staring at the broccoli, but then suddenly stood up...

...

Director Song stared at the report, his face bewildered. "... What the hell was this man doing?!

Before he could think further on it, a call came in on his wristwatch. Looking at the caller ID, he became so frightened that his wrist shook...

It was the Lord calling.

"How are things coming along?" Over the phone came the deep male voice of the Lord of Mo Immortal Castle.

"Lord, today we surveilled the target for the whole day, but his behavior... seems very suspicious. He actually spent three whole hours sitting and staring at a piece of broccoli!"

"..." The person on the other end of the line was clearly taken aback for several seconds, before he slowly began to speak. "...This Great Death-Courting Senior is very famous in the cultivation world, what makes you think you can fathom the thoughts of a man at the Soul Formation stage?"

"What the Lord says is true..."

"No matter what this Great Death-Courting Senior is thinking, one thing is for certain... given the way this senior thinks, the more suspicious his behavior, the more it's clear that this matter cannot be allowed to drag on."

"Then, are we taking the mask by force?" Director Song was a little apprehensive.

So in the end, it had still come to this...

But it wasn't going to be easy to swipe this mask from a Soul Formation cultivator.

"I know what you're worried about, it will indeed not be easy to take this mask from Great Death-Courting Senior. This senior must certainly have a thorough understanding of the extremely strong curse on the stone ghost mask, and so he can't carry it around with him. I'm sure the mask is still in the villa; perhaps this senior has sealed it away by some means?"

"The Lord is right!"

Director Song nodded. "Even if we can break into the villa, it will also take us some time to break the seal."

"Hehe, not necessarily."

There was a low sneer on the other end of the line. "I will admit that this Great Death-Courting Senior is indeed troublesome, and it won't be easy to deal with a Soul Formation cultivator. But won't the results be different if we send people with the same level of strength?"

"Lord, you mean..."

"How about five Soul Formation cultivators?"

There was a laugh. "I want you to outline a plan and send them to invade the villa and grab the stone ghost mask!"

"Five... five Soul Formation cultivators?!" Director Song's hands trembled.

"Is five not enough?"

"..."

"If it isn't..."

The voice on the line continued, deep and shocking. "Then ten!"

Ten Soul Formation cultivators...

Director Song had already become completely incoherent. The two men in suits standing in front of him, both of whom were at the Golden Core stage, had lifeless looks on their faces. Director Song was just a Nascent Soul cultivator, but now he had to direct ten cultivators with higher realms than his at the Soul Formation stage in order to complete this mission...

"I recently expended a priceless treasure in exchange for these ten Soul Formation cultivators. They've signed contracts to serve my Mo Immortal Castle for three years. You've been with me for many years and have seldom failed in the tasks I assigned you. This time, I hope everything will be accomplished smoothly. The stone ghost mask is something that my Mo Immortal Castle must have, and it cannot fall into the hands of anyone else!"

Director Song clicked his heels together as he replied, "Rest assured, Lord! Your subordinate will definitely execute this mission successfully! I won't let you down!"

...

While Director Song was on the phone, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had once again gotten caught up in his tangled thoughts.

He sometimes had OCD, anxiety and the perfectionist attitude of a Virgo. He had to ensure that the stone ghost mask was absolutely safe in the villa when he wasn't around tomorrow.

Although he already had the fighting lion guarding the villa, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still felt a bit worried — it was the feeling you got when you weren't even five minutes out the door, but then suddenly began to wonder whether you had locked the door or turned off the gas...

So, after some consideration, he made another call.

"Hello, is that Brother Ling? Yeah, it's Grenade-Throwing... so, tomorrow I'll attend the parent-teacher conference for you, can you come to my place to watch the stone ghost mask?"

Chapter 115: Come! Let You Cop a Feel!

It was Monday, May 24th. It was the day of the parent-teacher conference. It was also the most nerve-racking day for all the students at No. 60 High School. Wang Ling was perhaps the only person whose heart was as unruffled as the bottom of an old well; he even felt like laughing a little.

It wasn't the first time that he had found someone else to attend the parent-teacher conference. The main reason for this was that the Wang couple themselves didn't want to go as it would give rise to a lot of unnecessary problems.

First of all, the couple acknowledged that they were just ordinary people who didn't know how to cultivate nor have anything in common with other parents. And yet, two ordinary people had produced a child who had actually managed to cultivate to the Foundation Establishment stage and enter a cultivation high school — just thinking about it would make anyone suspicious. Another reason the couple didn't want to go was that they had had enough of other parents making comparisons.

During the parent-teacher conference, the thing that could be heard most often before the start of any meeting was XXX parents bragging about how brilliant their children were, how proficient their children's swordsmanship was, how high their children scored in the Cultivation Theorem exam... the Wang couple agreed that these brilliant children couldn't compare with their Ling Ling at all... if they really fought it out, he would wipe out their existence with just one wave of his palm.

How lonely it was to be invincible...

And so, after Father and Mother Wang had figured things out, they stopped going to any parent-teacher conferences after Wang Ling entered elementary school.

This kind of meeting was simply way too boring...

...

...

Wang Ling showed up in the Wenxian Garden luxury villa district where Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal lived at the agreed time of nine o'clock in the morning.

Because he still had to go to school, he had made a clone of himself to come to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's house. Although it was only a clone, he felt that it was good enough for protecting the stone ghost mask.

When he approached the gate to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's house, he saw in front of it a massive Shun Feng God Express container truck. Two couriers dressed in black suits jumped down from the truck. One pressed a remote control in his hand, and all four sides of the container immediately opened up to reveal a huge cage.

Inside the cage was a lion that was golden red in color and three times bigger than the spirit lions that could be found in any cultivation zoo.

With one glance, Wang Ling recognized that this was a fighting lion, a spirit beast bred by the Xiao clan!

It looked like this particular fighting lion had been well taken care of; it had four powerfully built limbs and was very robust, and the veins hidden faintly under the skin were as thick and solid as qiulong 1 . The instant the container was opened, its flame-colored mane flared out in the wind, and the look it cast upon the two God Express couriers made them shiver involuntarily.

The God Express couriers couldn't help sweating when they thought about how the lion's owner, Immortal Toya, had supposedly fed it a kind of tranquilizer pill before it had been sent here.

It was very obvious that the medicine's effect was wearing off; everyone knew that a fighting lion had a fiery temper — if it wasn't by its owner's side, it would be violent almost all of the time.

The two God Express couriers hurriedly offloaded the cage onto the ground and closed up the container. They stood anxiously at the entrance, and when they saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal open the door and come out, they immediately stiffened and bowed in greeting. "Shun Feng God Express! Mission accomplished guarantee! Mr Lei, please sign for..."

"Oh? You don't need my five-star comment today?"

The God Express couriers were only at the Golden Core stage, so didn't have high realms. They couldn't withstand this fighting lion's gaze, and just wanted to leave quickly.

"There'll be ample time for a positive evaluation later — it's fine as long as Mr Lei is satisfied with our service. We will take our leave first!"

The two God Express couriers bowed again before they left, driving the container truck away as if they were fleeing.

Seeing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help but laugh. "These two scaredy-cats!"

He then saw Wang Ling, who had been blocked by the container truck before it drove away, and immediately greeted him warmly. "Yo! Brother Ling! Nice to meet you!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Brother Ling, let me introduce you. The guy in the cage is the fighting lion which I've borrowed from Immortal Toya to help me specially guard the seal; today, the two of you can take care of each other."

Saying this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal removed the heavy black iron chains on the cage. "You can come out now, Brother Fighter!"

"..." The fighting lion lay prone in the cage and merely opened its eyes lazily; it didn't have the slightest intention of coming out.

Wang Ling: "..."

It was clear from this attitude that it hadn't been completely tamed!

Generally, adult fighting lions only listened to their owners; if their owners weren't around, they wouldn't listen to anyone else at all.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little embarrassed. He was at the Soul Formation stage, but couldn't even tame a little lion in front of his best brother; this was really a little humiliating!

He put his hands on his hips, prepared to negotiate with the fighting lion. "Brother Fighter, give me face, can you hurry up and come out of the cage? Brother Toya and I have known each other for so many years, and he sent you to me; that's how much confidence we have in you, do you get it?"

The fighting lion looked at him askance.

"Brother Fighter, I've never humbled myself like this before. I tell you, if it weren't because you're Brother Toya's pet, I would have beaten you up already! Come out of the cage right now or I'll get mad; when I'm mad, I scare even myself!" As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shouted, he poked his head directly into the cage.

With a " grr ," the fighting lion clamped onto Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's head with its teeth. Immediately, blood started to pour out and run down his neck.

Wang Ling: "..."

Still in the lion's mouth, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "I've let Brother Ling witness such a sorry scene... but I made preparations beforehand!"

Right after he said this, an old voice sounded from his wristwatch. "Evil creature! Let go!"

It was Immortal Toya's voice.

Hearing this voice, the fighting lion sure enough immediately opened its mouth.

After breaking away from the lion's mouth, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wiped at the blood on his neck. "Fortunately I was smart enough to ask Brother Toya for a few voice recordings."

He pressed the play button.

Wang Ling then heard, apart from this "Evil creature! Let go!" command, several other phrases which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had also asked Immortal Toya to record: "Evil creature! Get down!"; "Evil creature! Lie down!"; "Evil creature! Raise your hands!"; and "Go, evil creature! The rest is up to you!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "Brother Ling, if you can't handle it later, just play this tape."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

Wang Ling looked at the fighting lion in the cage; his eyes were calm and completely unruffled.

He didn't even need to use the slightest bit of pressure to deliberately oppress the fighting lion — it just took a single look, and this majestic fighting lion was already so scared that its entire mane stood on end.

What kind of pressure was this?

The fighting lion was terrified and was consumed by an indescribable feeling. As a spirit beast, its innate ability to sense danger was telling it... this was a guy who couldn't be dealt with so easily.

What to do? Should I demonstrate goodwill?

If not, I'll die!

The fighting lion thought about it for a bit... no other way, now that it's come to this point, I can only use the cat's ploy of acting cute!

Then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling watched as this fighting lion slowly came out of the cage, flipped onto its back in front of the two men, held up its paws, exposed its belly and closed its eyes miserably...

Come! I'll let you cop a feel!

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 116: Even a Soul Formation Cultivator Should Abide by Basic Laws

The Killer Gaze was a trick which Wang Ling commonly used. If Loopy Toad had been here, as a being that had experienced it before... it would definitely have sympathized deeply with this fighting lion.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw the fighting lion become as obedient as a cat, he also couldn't help showing an amazed expression. In his heart, he once again marveled at how mystical this Brother Ling was.

He remembered when he had asked Wang Ling to come along to hunt down the demons that had escaped from the Gate Between Worlds to earth; almost each time it had been like this — with just one look from Wang Ling, those demons had been knocked down.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was sure that it definitely wasn't a technique or forceful spiritual pressure; it was just a single look.

In the absence of any cultivation techniques, to what extent could one rely purely on pressure from a single look?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that this was something Wang Ling had been able to grasp perfectly.

True, temperament was one factor. If the realms were equal, the one who had more powerful life and spiritual essence could evoke deeper fear — but this was also an indication of how unfathomable Wang Ling's true prowess was.

Of course, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't know that the person in front of him now was actually only Wang Ling's clone.

Wang Ling felt that if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew the truth, this Great Death-Courting Senior would definitely start crying on the spot.

...

When the demon rampage had happened six years ago, apart from Odd Zhuo and some others who had been awarded for their deeds, there had in fact been some powerful cultivators who had been hired by the government to take charge of the aftermath and tidy up the mess.

There weren't many Soul Formation mercenaries in the world, and in Huaxiu nation's cultivation circle, the Ten Saints were the most renowned.

The Ten Saints was a group of ten mercenaries, all of whom were at the Soul Formation stage.

The Ten Saints had two distinctive characteristics. Firstly, they were not only strong, but also very savage! Since their establishment, all the assignments which they had accepted had been large-scale operations, and they had a habit of eliminating their opponents and leaving none alive... people in this line of business looking to employ the Ten Saints had come up with a distinctive saying — "Where the Ten Saints go, no grass grows!"

The second characteristic was their love of money. The Ten Saints were actually rare in that they were Soul Formation cultivators who could be bought with money... but the clients who could afford to hire them were also just as rare. This was because every one of the Ten Saints was crazy expensive. So for the Ten Saints, there was no such thing as true righteousness; they could be employed by the government to clean up a mess, but they could also be hired to commit misdeeds. For them, money was righteousness — as long as they were paid enough, they could call you "father" if you wanted!

Thus, when Director Song Qingshu found out that the people he would have command over were the Ten Saints, the shock in his heart reached its maximum limit.

For the first time, he felt that he had underestimated the Lord's might...

To hire ten people at one go would require an ungodly sum of money — even the largest pharmaceutical group in Huaxiu nation, Huaguo Water Curtain Group, would have to think twice. But the Lord this time had actually secured the right to use these ten people for three years... what kind of priceless treasure had he traded for them? It was hard for Song Qingshu to imagine with just his limited experience.

...

At a little past four o'clock in the afternoon, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was about to start off from the villa.

He tended to speed unconsciously when he flew on his immortal sword, and was down to two points on his sword-flying license after numerous demerits. The points would reset to twelve again in June, so in the meantime, he was going to take the spirit bus to Wang Ling's school. The journey would take about an hour and he would reach the school just before the start of the parent-teacher conference.

As a citizen of Huaxiu nation, even a Soul Formation cultivator should abide by basic laws.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's rule for conducting himself in society had always been to be a good citizen.

After all, the times were different now.

In the past, as long as your realm was strong enough, you were allowed to do whatever you wanted in heaven and earth 1 . Take the oldest and most common example of an auction — previously, even if something had been properly purchased with money, there was still the risk that the new owner could be killed for it anytime. But now, there was the cultivation police as well as a formal legal system... the era where realms were everything was already over.

You might have prowess and realm, but if you broke the law, you would still be imprisoned and wind up picking up soap 2 with your brothers.

Everyone knew that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very fond of seeking death; he had already considered himself the Great Death-Courting Senior for years. However, there were some bottom lines he would never cross.

"Brother Ling, I'm leaving the rest to you!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal spoke with Wang Ling at the front door of the villa as he prepared to leave.

Wang Ling crossed his arms and leaned against the door with a solemn expression. Next to him, the fighting lion crouched down in a show of obedience.

After Wang Ling had tamed it with one look, the lion's previously unapproachable attitude had changed, and it now twisted its body to lick its mane, and lick its anus...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was speechless... this guy had already completely become a cat in front of Wang Ling!

"Brother Ling, you've felt it too, right?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked as he stood by the door and looked at Wang Ling's solemn expression.

Wang Ling nodded without hesitation.

He was well aware that there was more than one person watching them.

"Looks like my misgivings weren't unreasonable; I knew that bunch wouldn't give up so easily!"

Wang Ling frowned.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "But Brother Ling is here. I'm sure you can handle it, right?"

Wang Ling frowned again.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling, don't frown like that, it makes me very nervous!"

Wang Ling: "..."

...

There were a lot of things that could make Wang Ling frown, such as exam results that were too good, Father Wang deducting his pocket money, limited edition crispy noodle snacks selling out...

Of course, fear wasn't one of them.

Wang Ling had to admit that the guys outside had very formidable auras; they were completely unlike that bunch of Shadow Stream killers that he had dealt with previously, so he didn't know whether it would be easy to beat them or not.

He hadn't needed to make a move against that Shadow Stream bunch before they had been killed by backlash. Looking at the overall strength of the group outside, Wang Ling felt that these people could probably endure two or three of his punches...

The reason why Wang Ling frowned was that he felt that the other party had a little too many people, which made him super annoyed.

After all, tonight was the premiere of the latest large-scale, anti-corruption cultivation TV series In the Name of Cultivation 3 , and Wang Ling didn't want to miss it! Because during the series premiere, major sponsor Small Raccoon was going to randomly select three hundred TV audience members to receive a large gift hamper of thirty years' worth of free crispy noodle snacks...

If he was held up because of that bunch of people outside, Wang Ling was going to spill blood!

Chapter 117: If the World Insults Me, Curses Me, Betrays Me, What to Do?

Given Wang Ling's current realm, even his clone possessed immense energy, and in order to control such energy, he would inevitably have to use his original body's spiritual force.

How the f**k was he going to be able to binge watch his TV show comfortably?!

When Wang Ling sensed those ten Soul Formation auras outside, it felt like he had been duped by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal once again.

He had thought that all he would be doing was guarding the stone ghost mask for a bit until Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal returned from the parent-teacher conference, which was why he had just sent a clone.

Who would have thought that Landscape Manor that bunch would actually dispatch ten people, and furthermore all of them were at the the Soul Formation stage...

Of course, if his real body had been here, he would have had absolutely nothing to worry about.

The problem was that this was just a clone, which had one fatal weak point — when it was under extreme attack, its protection mechanism would kick in and it would instantly crumble to fine dust.

At present, there were still two hours before the students of No. 60 High School were finished for the day, and three hours before the TV show aired. This meant that Wang Ling had two hours to use this clone to get rid of these ten Soul Formation cultivators. After that, he could call his clone back and then happily go home to wait for the start of the TV show.

He cupped his chin in his hand and thought for a bit.

After two minutes, he had come up with a more reliable solution.

In the current situation, the only way he could lower the risk of his clone disappearing was by ensuring that these people didn't touch it. If it vanished, the fighting lion would be powerless to stop these ten Soul Formation cultivators from grabbing the stone ghost mask.

Wang Ling searched high and low in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa for a long time before finally finding the materials for making a talisman — cinnabar, yellow talisman paper, spirit water and a writing brush.

Drawing talismans was a fundamental cultivator skill, and these were essential talisman utensils in almost every household. When Wang Ling noticed that black dust powder had been mixed into Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's cinnabar, he couldn't help sighing... mixing black dust powder into the cinnabar could greatly increase the odds of successfully making a talisman. On the market, each gram of black dust powder could sell for up to twenty thousand HNY.

This was truly extravagant...

But Wang Ling didn't really care whether there was black dust powder or not. Even without these supplementary materials, his success rate at making talismans was over ninety-nine percent. It was

only when he was making the more rare and powerful talismans that there was a small chance he could fail.

This time, Wang Ling was going to draw a functional talisman with the ultimate aim of boosting the fighting lion's prowess.

Immortal Toya's fighting lion was already on par with a cultivator at the the Soul Formation stage. What Wang Ling needed to do now was to carefully package it by adding special effects 1 — it would be best if the lion could give a formidable first impression.

...

A limousine was parked outside the villa in Wenxian Garden. A tall man in a suit was the driver and Song Qingshu sat in the front passenger seat.

In the back of the limo, the Ten Saints sat in a circle with their legs crossed. The space inside the car had been enlarged using the Space Expansion Skill so that it was as big as a sports field; it wouldn't have been crowded even with another hundred people inside.

Currently, these ten Soul Formation cultivators were setting up an array together, which made for a pretty amazing scene.

"Lord Director, what are the Ten Saints doing?" asked the driver subordinate.

"They're setting up a Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array." Song Qingshu narrowed his eyes.

A cultivator's spiritual sense was similar to a cellphone signal; the higher a cultivator's realm, the more sensitive they were to nearby spiritual signals. This Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array being set up by the Ten Saints could cause these spiritual signals to converge into one universal stream channeling down from the cosmos and connecting heaven and earth, thereby creating a blanket effect and rendering the signal invisible. Hence, in this spirit array, even a person with the highest realm would relax their guard and could be monitored without being aware of it.

Legend had it that this Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array was an ancient array that had been used by senior cultivators on the cultivation battlefield to monitor demon race activity. If necessary, it could be used as an offensive manoeuvre to gather and launch spiritual pressure. This pressure falling from the heavens would have the gargantuan might of a satellite laser cannon!

Nowadays, however, there were fewer and fewer people who could run this array.

To activate this array, a person's realm had to be at the the Soul Formation stage or higher. Furthermore, at least three people were required to set up the array together — the more people there were, the more powerful the array would be.

In the front passenger seat, Song Qingshu watched this scene on a monitor screen and couldn't help exclaiming repeatedly in his heart — that was the Ten Saints for you... not only did they know about such an ancient array, but they were also so skilled at running it!

At that moment, an old man with a goatee inside the array said calmly, "Director Song, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal has left."

This was the leader of the Ten Saints, with the Taoist name Great Saint...

"Left?"

Song Qingshu frowned. "Given Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's personality, it's impossible that he would leave the stone ghost mask unattended in the villa. He definitely has to have some other defensive measures in place... Senior Great Saint, do you see anything else?"

The goateed old man nodded. "It is as Director Song expected. Although this Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal has left, there is a youngster and a fighting lion still inside the villa."

"Why is there a fighting lion?"

Song Qingshu's eyebrow twitched. This fighting lion wasn't a typical soul pet, since they were bred and trained by the Xiao Clan. To be able to borrow a fighting lion... did this mean that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the Xiao Clan had a close relationship?

The goateed elderly Taoist smiled coldly. "Shall I get rid of this beast?"

Song Qingshu: "I think... we have to take the impact of our actions into account. If we kill this fighting lion out of hand, I don't think the Xiao Clan would let this matter go. What is your opinion, Senior Great Saint?"

"It seems that Director Song still doesn't quite understand how we work."

The goateed elderly Taoist shook his head.

"Director Song is familiar with Taoist Hanshan and Taoist Deyun? They once fought each other, and a well-known saying emerged from this confrontation..."

Song Qingshu suddenly understood. "Is that the saying, 'If the world defames me, betrays me, insults me, laughs at me, despises me, humiliates me, hates me, cheats me, how should I handle it'? Of course I know it... I also know that the second part of the saying is, 'Just tolerate him, let him, leave it to him'..." 2

But before he could finish speaking, the goateed elderly Taoist directly waved his hand and interrupted him. "No, that isn't it."

Song Qingshu was a little puzzled. "Senior Great Saint, please instruct me."

"I wouldn't dare teach you, Director Song, you are an administrator appointed by the Lord of the Castle. In official matters, your position takes precedence over our realms. We will all follow your instructions and arrangements." The elderly Taoist smiled. "But for the smooth execution of our assignments in the future, I think it's still necessary to explain to Director Song how our Ten Saints operate..."

The dialog between Taoist Hanshan and Taoist Deyun was already common knowledge.

Song Qingshu was really quite curious about the different interpretation which this goateed elderly Taoist, leader of the Ten Saints, had of this saying.

"The world insults me, curses me, betrays me, what to do? Actually, the answer is quite simple."

Song Qingshu's eyes were fixed on the monitor screen. The elderly Taoist sitting with his legs crossed stroked his goatee as he slowly said, "You just need to mess him up, play him, laugh at him,

chop him up, deal with him, beat him up, then wait for several years before you visit him at his burial mound!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

After saying that, the elderly Taoist stroked his goatee with satisfaction. "This is how we Ten Saints do things! It's just a beast. Who cares whether it's from the Xiao Clan or not, we have absolutely nothing to fear."

Song Qingshu: "..."

Chapter 118: Senior Great Saint, Are You Alright?

Listening to the goateed elderly Taoist's words, Director Song genuinely felt that the Ten Saints' brutality wasn't just for show.

Previously, Song Qingshu had heard a rumor that the Ten Saints had once been hired by someone to take revenge on the ghost clan. The reason was that the person hadn't been able to obtain an SSR while playing Onmyoji 1 ... in the end, after preparing for three days, the Ten Saints dropped in on the ghost clan and massacred all of them in one day; even Shutendoji 2 , the young master of the ghost clan, hadn't been let off.

In Song Qingshu's view, making enemies of the Xiao Clan was unnecessary trouble, and it would be best if they could avoid it. But clearly, given the Ten Saints' savage nature, it would be impossible to ask this bunch of people to consider the impact on power relations between the large clans; there was no way they would let this fighting lion go.

Additionally, Director Song had also heard a faint warning in the other man's words which could roughly be summarized as: we will listen to you, but don't meddle in the way we do things, otherwise we're going to have to disagree, and it won't be a pretty sight.

He wasn't a fool; he naturally understood the implications.

When all was said and done, in the end it still came down to realms. While the modern cultivation world placed high importance on a lawful society and a hierarchical management system, there were still those who were arrogant about their realms and thus were contemptuous of social rights.

The Ten Saints were a perfect example.

Song Qingshu's heart was as clear as a mirror. The reason why this bunch of people still listened to him now was purely to give the Lord of the Castle face. As soon as he fell low enough for the Lord to cast him out, he would find himself in a very dangerous situation.

After pondering for a moment, Song Qingshu let out a sigh. "The Lord's only demand was that we seize the stone ghost mask. Seniors can decide for yourselves how you would like to deal with the fighting lion and that youngster. But I have to point out that this youngster is someone whom Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal invited to come here, so there definitely has to be something extraordinary about him. When you make a move later, please do be cautious..."

"Hehe, he's just a kid. Judging from the way he's dressed, I reckon he's just a lackey Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked to come. We've been cultivating the Demonic Path for thousands of years, is there any kind of demon or ghost that we haven't seen? It's just one lackey, what do we have to be afraid of?"

The goateed elderly Taoist sneered as he surveyed their surroundings before saying slowly, "Brothers, listen to my command, we'll make a move together. We'll use the build-up of spiritual pressure from the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array and throw it at this villa! Any living thing inside will definitely be reduced to meat patties! When the time comes, we can process these patties to make Laoganma 3 minced meat sauce; this type of fresh meat sauce is the Ghost General's favorite!"

Director Song and the man in a suit next to him broke out in a sweat; using spiritual pressure to flatten their opponents into meat patties was bad enough, but to want to make them into meat sauce... this was too insane!

Song Qingshu looked at the monitor screen once again; in the back of the car, the goateed elderly Taoist who was leader of the Ten Saints, Great Saint, had already officially started array operations. The Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array had switched from surveillance mode to offensive mode. From the scene on the monitor screen, Director Song could see that the massive spiritual pressure had already started to generate unstable fluctuations.

The attack had officially begun.

Spiritual pressure was an invisible flux that couldn't be seen with the naked eye, and could only be detected through a cultivator's spiritual senses.

Streams of air twined and merged above the head of the goateed elderly Taoist. Then, the ten Soul Formation cultivators released spiritual pressure together at the same time; the pressure converged into an energy stream that swirled and hovered in the air above them as a large, infinite vortex.

When this spiritual pressure reached maximum capacity, the goateed elderly Taoist roared, "Have a taste of my godly strength — there is no stronghold we cannot overcome!"

Then, this invisible energy stream suddenly shot straight up to form a pillar of energy that broke through the dense cloud layer in the sky.

"That youngster inside the villa, along with the fighting lion, will face certain death today!" The goateed elderly Taoist smiled coldly. As if he was doing maths formula conversions, he manipulated this huge energy stream to come flooding back down from the sky!

Song Qingshu stared at the monitor screen and broke out in a cold sweat. The Lord of the Castle had requested that they grab the stone ghost mask preferably without involving other people. This torrential spiritual pressure generated by the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array was a large-scale spiritual attack. They had to aim and strike their target precisely, otherwise no living thing would survive the spiritual oppression of ten Soul Formation realms as it came pouring down!

...

Wang Ling was drawing a talisman in the villa when he noticed the cinnabar on the table trembling minutely.

He silently raised his head and looked up at the ceiling.

Spiritual pressure from the cosmos?

He was a little surprised.

He hadn't expected that there would still be people nowadays who knew how to set up a Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array; this was one of the four holy arrays that had been used against the demon race back then.

It seemed that these really weren't ordinary people.

But Wang Ling paid it no mind at all as he turned his head to look at the fighting lion next to him. This guy was already so frightened that it had curled into itself like a snail. Spirit beasts were more sensitive to this type of spiritual oppression than ordinary people, similar to how creepy-crawlies could sense an impending earthquake. Although this fighting lion was powerful, it was obviously still not strong enough to withstand the spiritual oppression of ten Soul Formation cultivators.

The other party's intention was clear: they wanted to use invisible spiritual pressure to get rid of them... but Wang Ling felt that their technique was still immature. The advantage of the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array lay in its convergence with invisible power from the cosmos. Even his clone could sense that the other party clearly lacked understanding and proficiency when it came to this spirit array.

As this invisible spiritual pressure approached the villa, Wang Ling calmly raised his head and blew out a breath...

...

Inside the limousine, Director Song and his subordinate next to him were looking at the monitor screen.

It had been thirty seconds since the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array's offensive mode had been activated, as invisible spiritual pressure from the cosmos converged and was launched in an attack. However, whether it was the back of the car or the villa on the monitor screen, everything was utterly still, without even a hint of a wave in the air.

"Senior Great Saint... did it work?" asked Song Qingshu.

The goateed elderly Taoist narrowed his eyes as he said loftily, "Heh, they're dead for sure. It takes time for the spiritual pressure to come down, you just need to be patient!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

Another thirty seconds passed...

Looking at the monitor screen, Song Qingshu felt that something wasn't right. For some reason, the goateed elderly Taoist's head seemed to be larger than before... had the peripheral nerves in his thighs died, hence why his head was puffing up?

Song Qingshu cried out in astonishment. "Senior Great Saint, are you alright?"

The goateed elderly Taoist: "I'm cosplaying Big Head Son 4 ! Don't make a fuss if you don't understand!"

As soon as he said this, his complexion changed... and he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

The goateed elderly Taoist clutched his chest as he shivered. At that moment, the head of this leader of the Ten Saints had already swelled to three times the size of a watermelon. "...It's a Blood Shadow Magic Skill, I can spray blood to kill my enemies! I'll show it to you so you can learn something new!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

This is obviously a f**king injury from backlash, bloody hell!

Chapter 119: Senior Second Saint, Are You Alright?!

There were different types of backlash. In the science section of the Cultivation Encyclopaedia , the injuries accrued from backlash were divided into five general grades.

To Song Qingshu, it looked like the goateed elderly Taoist had suffered fourth-degree backlash. The spiritual pressure which had recoiled on him had rampaged through his body with no release outlet. In addition, the goateed elderly Taoist had circulated his own spirit energy in an effort to fight it, which had had the effect of driving the spiritual energy up into his head, thus causing it to swell.

If his condition wasn't treated in time, it was very likely that he would wind up in a coma and become a vegetable.

No matter how shallow Song Qingshu's experiences were when compared with Soul Formation cultivators, he was still a Nascent Soul cultivator. He might appear to be a naive fool in front of this bunch, but he could still tell that the goateed elderly Taoist had sustained a backlash injury! The build-up of spiritual pressure from the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array had bounced back; moreover, the only person it had hurt was the main coordinator of this array.

Song Qingshu was aghast. My god... it had actually bounced back.

Who on earth was that youngster inside the villa?

Before he could recover from his shock, the goateed elderly Taoist had already passed out in the back of the car, foaming at the mouth and mumbling incoherently.

"Shit! It's backlash from spiritual pressure! Quick... what grade is it?"

As the others surrounded the elderly Taoist, the light of the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Awakening Array under them began to dim rapidly and then shut down.

Second Saint frowned; using his spiritual senses to check, he was stunned. "Not good! It's a stage four injury!"

Hearing this, the other eight saints dropped their heads lifelessly with pained expressions on their faces.

They were well aware what stage four meant.

Although it wouldn't result in death, the possibility that he could turn into a vegetable was as high as ninety percent. Even if he could come back to himself, his cultivation would be diminished! Worse still, it was very likely that he wouldn't be able to cultivate ever again in his lifetime!

For a cultivator who was used to having a formidable realm, to become a cripple unable to cultivate any longer was a fate worse than death.

In the prominently quiet car, after a long period of silence, howls of grief suddenly burst out. Who could have ever expected that such an easy assignment would destroy the Ten Saints' brand?

Senior and junior brothers held onto the goateed elderly Taoist's legs as they started to weep bitterly. "Elder brother! Elder brother, wake up!"

"Elder brother, you were just one step away from becoming the king in King of Glory !"

Second Saint hugged the goateed elderly Taoist by his shoulders and squeezed his wrinkled hand. "Elder brother! We brothers will pull together! You must hang in there! Please remain strong and stay alive!"

And then, the goateed elderly Taoist weakly narrowed his eyes and raised his hand with a lot of effort. "I... I'm not dead yet... if each of you... give me a portion of your cultivation... I think I can still survive..."

In the front of the limousine, Song Qingshu and his subordinate were choked with emotion when they saw this.

This scene of brothers working as one in the face of disaster was just too moving!

Song Qingshu had always been an easy crier.

Just as his tears were about to fall, Second Saint embraced the goateed elderly Taoist and stretched out his hand...

He slowly lay it on his neck...

And then.

Second Saint straightaway strangled him to death...

"!!!"

Song Qingshu and the man in a suit were stupefied.

"Senior Second Saint, this..."

Second Saint shook his head sorrowfully. "I'm saving elder brother from a wretched fate; even if we save him now... he was bound to become a cripple in the future."

"But Senior Great Saint said that as long as each of you gave him a portion of your cultivation..."

Second Saint: "Director Song, will you believe the nonsense a man spouts on his deathbed?"

Song Qingshu looked at the monitor screen. Before this Great Saint had died, he had been staring wide-eyed at his own junior second brother. He had completely never expected that in the end, it would be his own fellow brother who would send him to hell.

Song Qingshu was speechless for a very long time. "...". It was f**king obvious that the elderly Taoist had died with a grudge!

This should have been a moving performance of fellow brothers pulling together in the face of calamity, but instead it had turned into a miserable dog-eat-dog drama about internal rivalry.

Song Qingshu's head was hurting; he already had utterly no idea how to write his final report.

"Elder brother, rest in peace..."

Second Saint stretched out his hand and closed the goateed elderly Taoist's eyes. "Don't worry, I'll definitely take revenge for you!"

Song Qingshu: "...". You were the one who f**king strangled him to death, hey!

On the side, their fellow brothers were still weeping piteously. "Second brother, don't blame yourself. If elder brother's spirit is looking down on us from heaven, he would definitely understand!"

Second Saint's hands curled into fists and he got to his feet, his cyan-colored Taoist cloak fluttering as it was caught up in a burst of spiritual pressure. "Fellow brothers! Elder brother is gone, but our grief will not stop us from taking revenge!"

As he said this, his fellow brothers around him burst out in enthusiastic clapping, some of them moved to tears again.

Finally, Third Saint regained his composure and spoke on behalf of the others. "From when we were first formed until now, we Ten Saints have never been this desolate. Now that elder brother is gone, we should all listen to second brother!"

"Understood!"

Second Saint nodded. He then recited a spell, and a purple light glowed in his hand.

In a matter of seconds, there was a reaction from the deceased goateed elderly Taoist's storage bag, and a thick and powerful Buddhist staff flew out and into Second Saint's hand. When he struck it once on the ground, terrifying spiritual pressure surged up around them!

The overwhelming aura of the Demonic Path enveloped the scene, instantly making it hard to breathe.

The rest of the eight saints all had stunned expressions on their faces as they cried out in alarm. "The Night Demon's Weapon!"

Song Qingshu gazed at the monitor screen, his heart overwhelmed with shock... because this Night Demon's Weapon was a magic weapon that had been personally crafted by Immortal She Pi! But it was so evil that Immortal She Pi had had to personally seal it away!

This was a first-class immortal weapon. It wasn't just exceedingly powerful, it also had a special ability — when each of its subsequent masters died, it would swallow up their souls, which would enhance the power of the Demonic Path! This could happen up to ten times, hence this staff possessed power beyond that of other immortal weapons.

"Back then, when Shizun 1 found this Night Demon's Weapon, he gave it to elder brother at the time of his death! Now that elder brother is gone, his soul has been absorbed by this weapon! Today, I am the third master of this weapon, and I will take revenge for elder brother! No matter who that youngster is, today I am going to cut off his head and water elder brother's grave with his blood!"

After saying this, Second Saint raised the Buddhist staff and shouted, "Ghost, come!"

He struck the ground with the staff again and again, and a cyan-colored Ghost General that would have been invisible to an ordinary person rapidly took shape in the air. The general had fangs as thick and solid as an elephant's tusks, and when it stood up, it was four meters tall!

In the front of the limo, Song Qingshu and the man in a suit next to him shuddered from head to toe and felt like they had been sapped of their strength. It felt like they had been pinned to a bed by demonic pressure.

Second Saint then pointed the Buddhist staff at the villa as his spiritual senses locked directly onto its location.

The Ghost General immediately bared its fangs and lunged ferociously in the direction of the villa!

Though its body was massive, it was incredibly fast!

The ground sank, and flowers and grass instantly wilted in its path.

Inside the car, Song Qingshu and the nine saints had their eyes fixed on it.

But very quickly, something shocking happened...

The Ghost General that had been streaking toward Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa had actually retreated halfway...

And unlike its savage expression when it had first flew out, there was now a clearly terrified expression on its face!

As if it had encountered some prehistoric monster, it was so frightened that it fled back into the Night Demon's Weapon without even saying a single thing!

Nobody had expected the Ghost General to actually turn back before even a fraction of the power of the Demonic Path could be unleashed.

The immense power of the Demonic Path lashed about inside the Night Demon's Weapon, and Second Saint jerked spasmodically as if he had been electrocuted.

He gritted his teeth, his expression one of agony.

By the time everyone reacted, they realized that the fingers on Second Saint's right hand, which had been holding the Buddhist staff, had already broken into pieces from the powerful jolts of the staff, and his entire hand was bleeding freely.

As the Night Demon's Weapon dropped to the ground with a clatter, everyone saw Second Saint's head grow bigger and bigger...

In front of the monitor screen, Song Qingshu was alarmed. "Senior Second Saint, are you alright?"

Second Saint looked at his fingerless right hand. "I'm cosplaying Doraemon! Don't make a fuss if you don't understand!"

As soon as he said this, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

With great difficulty, Second Saint resisted the battering of the Demonic Path's power inside his body. But just when this second brother leader had succeeded, his head was already the size of four watermelons. "...Previously, elder brother's Blood Shadow Magic Skill hadn't been performed all the way through, let me perform it for you again!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

Who the f**k will believe you!

Chapter 120: Haven't Dropped Dead Yet, but on the Way to It

Wang Ling calmly watched this ferocious Ghost General lunge at him, before it looked like it had seen a ghost of its own and then turned to run away.

The Wang family's small villa on East Huang road was in the outskirts, which used to have a lot of lonely souls and ghosts. In the end, Wang Ling had frightened them all away. He remembered when a ghost had once rushed at him like the Ghost General had, and had been reduced to scattered ashes and dissipating smoke.

It could be said that this Ghost General had better luck.

Actually, it hadn't been scared off by Wang Ling, but by the fighting lion crouched down next to him.

After about ten minutes of drawing earlier on, he had already created several kinds of reinforcement talismans which he had wrapped around the fighting lion, like the rollers in the landlady auntie's hair 1 .

This fighting lion had leveled up to god class thanks to Wang Ling!

The twenty reinforcement talismans on the fighting lion's body glowed with light, creating a special halo effect around it. As soon as the Ghost General had flown into the villa, it had almost been blinded by this dazzling radiance.

" ... "

As a result, after a full three seconds of silence, this Ghost General decided to take its leave.

F**k!

A fighting lion that had been powered up twenty times!

Why even bother fighting?!

And then, this was the scene inside the car now...

Inside the limousine, Third Saint supported Second Saint's limp body as everyone lowered their heads in grief.

Like elder brother, Second Saint had also suffered from backlash. But the rebound of power from the Demonic Path was clearly greater than the rebound from spiritual pressure, and was a stage five injury.

He didn't struggle unnecessarily.

After coughing up one last mouthful of blood, he dropped dead.

Fresh blood sprayed all over Third Saint's face.

Looking at the monitor screen, Song Qingshu gritted his teeth bitterly. "Today's mission was a failure — it ends here!"

This was just too strange; from what he had seen on the monitor screen, the other party was just a teenager. Song Qingshu just couldn't understand what on earth had happened — just ten minutes after they had commenced their attack, the magnificent Ten Saints had already suffered the loss of their top two generals!

It was obvious that attacking blindly was ineffective, since they had no information on that youngster at all.

The best strategy that Song Qingshu could come up with now was to retreat for the sake of advancing another day.

"Fourth brother..."

Third Saint rose to his feet and passed the Night Demon's Weapon to the Taoist wearing a pink cloak next to him. "Take this Buddhist staff. From now on, you will lead the remaining five."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Third Saint, and they could see the determination in this Taoist's heart.

The Taoist in the pink cloak accepted the staff. "I'll heed third brother's instructions!"

Third Saint stared at the security camera for Song Qingshu in the front of the car to see. "Director Song, you are not to blame for this failure. Firstly, we underestimated the enemy. Secondly, we were willful in doing things our way. When you go back, please report the truth to the Lord of the Castle. We Ten Saints are very sorry that we have failed this assignment..."

Song Qingshu was silent for a while. "Senior Third Saint, you have made up your mind?"

"Elder brother and second brother died unnatural deaths, so I will avenge them." Third Saint nodded. "If my revenge is successful, I will return with the stone ghost mask and look for all of you. If not, please look for my body and bury me with elder brother and second brother in Jiangnan 2 . That was our hometown where we brothers cultivated together."

"Very well, I understand."

Song Qingshu let out a sigh.

Third Saint opened the car door and stepped out. His white Taoist cloak fluttered around him as he raised an immortal sword with cold killing intent.

Before he left, this Third Saint seemed to think of something, and he turned his head to look back. "From now on, there are only seven people left, and the Ten Saints are no more... fellow brothers, you must now come up with a name that will once again resound loud and clear."

These junior brothers immediately sunk into deep thought.

After hearing this, it was only Song Qingshu who was inspired as he said diffidently, "Senior Third Saint... how about this name, the Seven Monsters of Jiangnan?"

Third Saint: "..."

...

In life, if you hadn't dropped dead yet, you were on the way to it.

Wang Ling thought that this saying really suited the Ten Saints.

It was easy for people in high positions to miss the forest for the trees. All these years, the Ten Saints had succeeded perfectly in every mission they had taken on and had built a good name for themselves in the industry — but this time, their record had been broken.

This was because they hadn't known what kind of iron plate they had kicked 3 ...

Third Saint had chosen to stay, firstly, for revenge, and secondly, to investigate.

The day had now turned to dusk.

The seven Soul Formation cultivators had left, and only Third Saint remained outside the villa. Immortal sword in hand, he headed in the direction of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa in Wenxian Garden.

His white cloak fluttering in the wind, Third Saint lifted his sword with cold killing intent. Because he was unfamiliar to the head of security on duty, the latter approached him uneasily. The security guard stared at the "good-natured" expression on Third Saint's face and swallowed hard as he squeezed out a smile. "...May I ask, sir, do you live here or are you paying someone a visit?"

Third Saint said with a straight face, "I'm looking for an old friend."

Head of security: "... Who would look for an old friend with a sword in hand?!

Obviously they weren't going to be swapping notes on cooking!

The head of security was a little nervous; while the security guards on duty at Wenxian Garden didn't have high realms, they were still cultivators. Third Saint's cold aura was so obvious that this head of security could already smell danger. "Sir, if you are here to visit someone, kindly let me know the villa number so that we can confirm your identity with the owner."

Third Saint eyed one villa in particular in the distance. "Have you noticed that there's something wrong with that villa?"

The head of security followed Third Saint's gaze and was immediately alarmed... f**k, wasn't that Great Death-Courting Senior's villa?!

He looked at the Taoist in the white cloak once again, and he wasn't so stupid to not realize that this man very likely had a vendetta!

Anxious, the head of security started to sweat freely. "Sir... don't act recklessly..."

Third Saint: "That villa has clearly broken building regulations. Let this old man tear it down, I believe it'd be a far more pleasing sight then."

Head of security: "Sir, who on earth are you..."

Third Saint stared at the security guard and solemnly said two words, "Lei Feng!"

"..."

...

In spite of the head of security trying to stop him, Third Saint advanced on the villa grimly.

He had knocked down the head of security at the gate with spiritual pressure, and had left the man foaming at the mouth and convulsing on the ground.

This security guard was very lucky that he hadn't become a ghost under Third Saint's sword; right now, his heart burned with vengeance, so he was in no hurry to take the guard's life. On the other hand, if this head of security had drawn his weapon, it might have been a different and pretty tragic ending.

When Third Saint reached the entrance, he realized that the front door of the villa was already open.

And then, the youngster whom they had been monitoring with the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array slowly strolled out.

Third Saint was immediately stunned the instant he saw Wang Ling.

Because, this teenager was wearing a blue... school uniform?

This person was actually a student?!

Third Saint was dumbfounded.