

Daily Life 1111

Chapter 1111: Analyzing the Strengths of Cultivation Schools

No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School.

As they flipped through the handouts which had been prepared beforehand, everyone looked at Headmaster Chen as he explained the history of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School.

No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School was founded after No. 60 High and was only six hundred years old. This was a cultivation school set up through investments from the orthodox light force Devil-Subduing Sect. Over the past six hundred years, the school groomed talented people to eliminate devils and uphold justice for the nation as well as to join the Immortal Arts Mobile Squadron, and it made significant contributions. Additionally, the sect leader of Devil-Subduing Sect, who was the current headmaster of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School, Li Qingxi, was someone who was already well-known outside, and was nicknamed Devil-Subduing Daoist.

The defining feature of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High's curriculum was "the study of control"; naturally, the students were well-versed in the spells and essence of various types of control magic. No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School was thus extremely dangerous, which made it the number one school on Headmaster Chen's list of schools that had to be heavily guarded against.

Dealing with control-type spells was very tricky; not only did they restrict the use of magic, they could even restrict physical movements. Sealing the spirit, freezing or weakening someone, puppetry – there were all sorts of control-type spells, and once you were unable to respond properly, the other party would benefit from it.

Although the main way to obtain points this time was to physically hit the opponent with a body technique, the use of magic wasn't restricted in the battle royale.

Except for spells which made use of the five elements and could cause widespread environmental damage, all other spells were fine.

What Headmaster Chen was most worried about was the puppet magic which No. 1 Devil-Subduing High used, which forced students from other schools to become part of their troops and act as bodyguards to protect them.

This way, they didn't have to worry about protection at all, and could just leisurely focus on accomplishing their tasks and obtaining as many points as possible.

There were all kinds of puppet magic; No. 1 Devil-Subduing High only had to play it a little sneaky, and the entire battlefield would become its home turf.

“One of the trickiest types of puppet magic is the Virus Puppet spell.”

Headmaster Chen had already forecasted the control spells that No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School might use during the large-scale battle.

“Virus Puppet spell?”

“It's not a real virus, but a more traditional type of chain control spell. When cast, the user controls one person first, and then any human or creature who comes into contact with this person will become the user's puppets. This spell creates a hierarchical system — you'll listen to whoever touches you. It's a bit like brainwashing.”

Headmaster Chen said, “The worst thing that could happen is if some students can't help but want to rescue their teammates, but like the calabash brothers trying to save their grandpa</anno>, this will lead to the entire team being controlled.”

Everyone: “...”

Headmaster Chen: “My guess is that there's a very high chance that the students from No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School will use this spell.”

To be frank, what Headmaster Chen was doing was a little like predicting the questions that would come out in an exam. It wasn't necessarily accurate, but given the current situation, they could only trust in the headmaster. People like headmasters weren't weak. Wang Ling had never seen Headmaster Chen exhibit his combat strength, but it would certainly be hard for the latter to perform his duty as headmaster of No. 60 High, which was over a thousand years old, if he didn't have a certain amount of strength.

Old Man Li, the guard at the school gate, was someone who had retired from the Seven Stars Special Forces, and who even had the strength of a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Headmaster Chen definitely wouldn't be weaker than Old Man Li.

As for his actual realm, half of the people present could only guess at it, while Wang Ling, Gu Shunzhi and the rest had long been aware of it.

Headmaster Chen indeed wasn't weak, as he was an Itinerant Immortal.

But compared with Gu Shunzhi and the others... he wasn't anything much.

But even though he was just an Itinerant Immortal, Wang Ling had no intention of looking down on him at all.

He was only sixteen years old; in terms of life experience, Headmaster Chen had seen far more than he had.

And when it came to picking out test questions, Headmaster Chen had helped out before with district and even national test papers. After being headmaster for so many years, he was too familiar with how other high schools thought.

Schools had their circle, and the headmasters of these schools naturally had one as well.

Thus, the battle royale this time wasn't just a contest between students, but also an intense battle of wits between the headmasters; more than just formulating strategies for their students, they also had to try and discern the thoughts of the other headmasters and figure out what tactics they might use.

But there were a total of 101 competing schools; it was clearly unrealistic to try and analyze all of them, so Headmaster Chen could only pick out the main points to discuss.

The rest would depend on the fortune of the No. 60 High delegation.

There were times when luck was also a strength.

"Apart from guarding against No. 1 Devil-Subduing High, you also need to be alert to the possibility of some teams forming a temporary alliance during the early and middle stages of the

eight-day survival operation. Of these, I'm worried about No. 1 Devil-Subduing High and Titan High School joining forces," said Headmaster Chen.

"Titan High School?" Some people were puzzled.

"I know it." Super Chen raised his hand. "Titan was actually my first choice for high school... Unfortunately, my score wasn't high enough, and I couldn't get in."

"What kind of school is it? Don't tell me..." Hero Guo thought of a possibility.

"That's right, it's just like its name – boy or girl, they're all tanks!"

Everyone: "..."

"Titan High School uses a tonnage system. Everyone who enters the school cultivates the same technique, Titan Art, which is said to be able to continually increase a person's body density. The students look like they have normal builds, when in fact some weigh close to over a thousand or even ten thousand jin," said Super Chen. "Based on the Titan Art's grade classification, those who weigh over one thousand jin are trucks, over two thousand are tanks, over five thousand are warships, and over ten thousand are aircraft carriers."

"Ten thousand jin... are they all Qiao Biluo...?" Hero Guo was stupefied.

"What Student Super Chen says is correct."

At that moment, Headmaster Chen expressed his concerns. "Students from Titan High School are all heavyweights. Since the students taking part in the battle are from Grade One, they should be trucks; of course, some might be tanks. They use their arts to compress their body weight and dramatically increase their body density so that their bodies are almost impregnable. At the same time, they are extremely lethal and destructive. Fighting them head on will be like throwing straw to the wind. It would be terrible if they join forces with No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School and become Meatball Tanks to eliminate the other schools."

"Meatball Tanks..."

“This is also another puppet technique, which is operated with a special type of puppet string and turns the human body into an extremely destructive rolling ball. Of all the high schools in this competition, there is no high school more suitable than Titan High School for this technique.”

Chapter 1112: All of Headmaster Chen’s Life Knowledge

It could only be said that Headmaster Chen was indeed Headmaster Chen. As an expert who had already experienced so much, this almost prophetic analysis was naturally a piece of cake for him. Devil-Subduing and Titan joining forces — this was the worst situation Headmaster Chen could think of. If students from these two schools formed an alliance, tanks, control, and damage output — they would have all of this. The battle royale would then become meaningless, and ultimately nothing more than a showdown between these two schools.

Thus, to stop the two schools from joining forces, Headmaster Chen’s strategy for everyone was to start with the students from Titan High School.

An important precondition for the formation of an alliance was that the students from both sides should be mutually friendly — as far as Headmaster Chen knew, these two schools had never had any sort of connection before this.

But the current headmaster of Devil-Subduing High School, Li Qingxi, was sharp, and he would definitely have already thought of the optimal combo of Devil-Subduing and Titan. Headmaster Chen felt that the other party might currently be formulating a strategy to form a friendly alliance with Titan High School.

All was fair in war; stirring up a ruckus might be a little shameless, but it was a stratagem used by military strategists.

To prevent an alliance between the two schools, Headmaster Chen had come up with a meticulous plan.

He waved his sleeve, and each person was given a storage pouch.

When they opened their pouches for a look, they were immediately startled at the contents — because the pouches from Headmaster Chen were full to the brim with snacks! And most of them were desserts!

Wang Ling instantly understood Headmaster Chen's intention.

"Students who cultivate the Titan Arts need to gain weight, so all they have for lunch is food that's high in calories, like burgers, fried food and all kinds of soft drinks and snacks. Of all of these, desserts are their favorite. As long as you follow this dessert plan, you'll definitely be able to take Titan High School down! Also, each of your pouches contains a simple support spell which I've developed exclusively. It basically contains all my life knowledge..." When he said this, Headmaster Chen's eyes turned red as he almost moved himself to tears.

Super Chen, Hero Guo, Lotus Sun, Xia Ming, and Xia Ming's classmate Li Youyue were pleasantly surprised.

This support spell which Headmaster Chen had developed by combining all the wisdom he had acquired throughout his life... he was actually just passing it to them like that?

Some of them were awe-stricken.

They promptly flipped through the scroll that was in the pouch for a look.

Well...

The name of this spell was fairly plain... It was called Dessert...

The theory behind it was also very simple; even the hand seal couldn't be any easier.

Spell effect: Just make the hand seal in front of your target; your eyes must make contact as you're casting the spell. Once the spell is cast, the target will gradually feel like wanting to eat dessert and lose the will to fight. If dessert is offered to them at this moment, there is a high chance that you'll earn the target's goodwill.

Duration of spell effect: Depending on the caster's realm, it can be as short as two minutes or as long as two days.

Spell prohibition: Use is forbidden on diabetics and hyperglycemic patients.

How to dispel the spell: Just cast the Dessert spell on the target again.

Everyone: "..."

Staring at these completely frank instructions, everyone in this special training class couldn't help but fall into deep thought.

Was this... the so-called life knowledge that Headmaster Chen had?

Wang Ling's eyebrow twitched.

On the contrary, he didn't look down on this spell.

Instead, he thought that Headmaster Chen was a talent.

Though the theory behind this spell was simple, it contained the essence of a Heavenly Dao spell which Wang Ling was very familiar with: the Great Taste Spell. It was a spell which could control a person's mind and thoughts, and stimulate their appetite and taste buds; it was far better than the Dessert spell, and could be regarded as a super upgraded version of Headmaster Chen's Dessert spell.

But with his own strength, Headmaster Chen had managed to design a Dessert spell which operated along a similar line as the Great Taste Spell.

Wang Ling couldn't help but admire Headmaster Chen a little.

Whether or not it was a happy coincidence, or if he really had carefully pondered the theory behind Dessert, a spell which could hit the enemy where it hurt was an awesome one.

But having said that, Wang Ling had actually put the Great Taste Spell on his list of useless spells; he felt that it was basically pointless since after cultivators reached a particular realm, most of them could control their appetites.

Even the students from Titan High School pigged out on high-calorie foods every day, not because they had huge appetites, but purely because they needed it to cultivate the Titan Arts.

It could only be said that Headmaster Chen had really forked out a fortune in order to disrupt a possible alliance between Titan High and No.1 Devil-Subduing High.

This Dessert spell which he had created aside, the snacks and desserts in the storage pouches alone would have cost a heck of a lot. Ordinary desserts and snacks definitely wouldn't win them over, so Headmaster Chen had prepared some top quality desserts which weren't available on the market.

After drawing up this first plan, Headmaster Chen couldn't help but laugh in his heart.

Old Li ah Old Li... let's see how you'll compete with me...

...

After coming up with this first plan to drive a wedge between the two schools, Headmaster Chen started to introduce everyone to the students of the next school: South Sea Sky High School.

This was a high school whose students also wore a blue school uniform; the difference was that No. 60 High's school uniform was a deep blue to navy blue in color.

South Sea Sky High School's uniform was sky blue with shades of white in it.

Actually, there were times when you could tell what a cultivation school's study focus was from the design of their school uniform.

"South Sea Sky High School's focus is nature studies."

Headmaster Chen said, "Students from South Sea Sky High School have very powerful perception and possess the ability to communicate with all creatures in nature. Since there are a lot of spirit plants and spirit beasts on Nine Dragon Mountain, they'll have an overwhelming advantage if they skillfully use their ability in such terrain. It's also because of this perception that it's very hard to track them; they can easily determine your location, while you might not be able to discover their tracks."

“Then what should we do?”

“There’s no need to panic; I’ve already thought up a countermeasure.” Saying this, Headmaster Chen waved his hand again, and gave each person a second brocade pouch. “We must use appropriate means in order to deal with the students from South Sea Sky High School. These brocade pouches contain a second support spell which I’ve designed. This spell is something which I developed exclusively, and it basically contains all my life knowledge...”

Everyone: “???”

These words, haven’t they heard them before???

Chapter 1113: Headmaster Chen’s Mystical Support

“Let me introduce everyone to the spell inside this brocade pouch. I call it: Blacklist,” said Headmaster Chen.

Everyone: “...”

“As its name suggests, this spell can shield you from being tracked by other people, and it’s very easy to use. You just need to use it on yourself and say the other party’s name. As long as the other party dares reply to you, the blacklist will automatically take effect: For ten hours, perception-type cultivators won’t be able to sense your existence.”

Headmaster Chen said, “The trick with using this spell is to catch the other party unawares. When all of you have reached your destination, the first thing you should do is greet the students from South Sea Sky High School. Cast Blacklist on yourselves and go ask for their names. Since you’ll be meeting them for the first time, I don’t think that they won’t tell you their names.”

“...”

Wang Ling was amazed.

There was actually this sort of operation...

Put simply, Blacklist was a passive spell which could only be triggered in specific circumstances. This setting was similar to the Golden and Silver Horned Kings' purple gold gourd in Journey to the West, and felt strongly like that well-known refrain, "I call your name; do you dare respond?"

They just needed to respond!

And Blacklist would instantly take effect.

Of course, the thing that Wang Ling was most astonished by wasn't Blacklist itself.

It was the fact that Headmaster Chen's Blacklist was once again reminiscent of one of Wang Ling's Heavenly Dao spells.

Looking at the spell composition of Blacklist, Wang Ling was actually able to see elements of the Great Shielding Spell.

Although Blacklist's effect was far inferior to that of Wang Ling's Great Shielding Spell, there were indeed overlaps in the basic logic.

If once was a coincidence...

What if it happened twice?

Wang Ling was increasingly curious about Headmaster Chen.

The truth was that whether it was Dessert or Blacklist, they were just the tip of the iceberg when it came to Headmaster Chen's extensive array of original support spells.

A major trait of Headmaster Chen's original support spells was that they were simple, but impractical. In an uncertain situation, however, they could explode with unexpected effects, which was the essence of the Chen clan's support magic!

"Headmaster, what inspired you to create such support spells?" Lotus Sun asked the question that everyone was wondering.

The truth was that everyone present knew little about Headmaster Chen.

Headmaster Chen was happy to answer.

It was a rare chance for the students to learn about him.

Furthermore, the ten kids sitting here were the more outstanding students who were representing No. 60 High, and he thought it was good to share his story and experiences with them.

Normally, no one wanted to listen to him go on and on...

"Do you remember Headmaster Jin from No. 59 High? We were fellow brothers in Seven Stars Sect back then." Headmaster Chen smiled.

"We remember!" Everyone nodded.

"It was by fateful coincidence that I went down the path of support magic back then." Headmaster Chen said slowly, "Seven Stars Sect has always been very strict when it comes to their graduation projects. We actually majored in support magic, and our graduation requirement back then was to design an original support spell. Old Jin and I went down different paths.

"In comparison, Old Jin's support spell had more boost effects, such as helping the mind to focus or increasing strength. It could gather power and boost mental strength in a short period of time, making cultivators stronger and more focused.

"Old Jin's graduation project back then was utterly remarkable, since his spell used a new concept. It significantly shortened the time required to make hand seals, and boosted the user instantly. What was more, the spell could last for a very long time! Unfortunately, such an outstanding graduation project was ruled out in the first round."

“Why?” asked Super Chen.

“It wasn’t that Old Jin’s design wasn’t remarkable enough, but that there were in fact already so many types of these original boost support spells. Except for the difference in effectiveness and duration, it was basically the same. When our university mentors rejected Old Jin’s idea in the first round back then, it gave me new inspiration.”

Hands behind his back, Headmaster Chen said proudly, “The Dessert you’re looking at was in fact my university graduation design. It might seem a little ridiculous, but I got a very high graduation evaluation for it.

“I remember the comment given by the old headmaster of Seven Stars Sect back then: Although Dessert is simple, the Great Dao in it is profound. It is immensely valuable for promoting social relationships and building a harmonious environment. Therefore, this passes.”

Everyone: “...”

In fact, what the old headmaster said was within reason.

Many people liked to eat dessert because sugar stimulated the brain to produce dopamine, which made people happy. It was the main reason why people in a bad mood liked to eat sweets.

As for promoting harmony in society...

Wang Ling felt that this would be largely due to the effect of Dessert winning the other party over. However, this sort of good impression was just temporary; it was a little like the legendary “suspension bridge effect,” which was a mistaken assumption that was artificially produced.

But one thing surprised Wang Ling.

As an Itinerant Immortal, Headmaster Chen actually majored in support magic.

To devote himself to studying support magic at his realm... It felt a little like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut.

But Wang Ling had to admit that Headmaster Chen was really talented.

What the students of No. 60 High didn't know at this point was that Headmaster Chen's support magic had once swept through the world and caused carnage.

In the current headmaster circle, practically every cultivation school headmaster who knew of and who had fought Headmaster Chen before had once tasted the fear of the Chen clan's support magic...

...

While No. 60 High was intensely discussing strategies to deal with the other schools, the other cultivation schools naturally weren't idle. No.1 Devil-Subduing High School, Titan High School, South Sea Sky High School – the headmasters of these high schools had basically come forward at the same time to guide the students who would be taking part as they discussed strategies before the start of the competition.

Contrary to what the students from all three high schools had expected, the first school that the headmasters discussed wasn't a top-ranking key city high school as they had imagined, nor a famous one or one that was incredibly strong on the whole.

Unexpectedly, the first school which all of them just so happened to be discussing was No. 60 High School...

Chapter 1114: Strategy For Dealing With No. 60 High!

Local high schools in Songhai city might be familiar with No. 60 High, but No. 1 Devil-Subduing High, Titan High and South Sea Sky High were all in other cities. The headmasters of these schools might have been paying close attention to No. 60 High recently, but the students only cared about their closest rivals.

In other words, the students never regarded the overall No. 60 High bunch as their opponents in the first place. Even if No. 60 High had Lotus Sun, the eldest daughter of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, the issue was that this was a team battle; no matter how strong an individual was, it would be very difficult for them to become the team's savior.

Like Azao1, that sexy little fatty, whose dream of the world championship drifted even further away during the LOL S9 World Finals... Even gods descending couldn't help when you had crappy teammates.

"The teacher leading the No. 60 High team this time is the headmaster himself, a man called Chen Tianxiang." Li Qingxi, Headmaster of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High, stood on a dais as he started teaching the students in the special training class. He didn't touch on the students of No. 60 High, but directly started with Headmaster Chen.

Initially, Li Qingxi didn't think that No. 60 High was important, but he didn't look down on the school either. However, when he heard that it was Headmaster Chen who would be personally leading the team, he instantly panicked a little... After all, that man had tormented him harshly back then!

"I know that many of you here view that group from No. 60 High as small fry, so much so that you've completely dismissed them. But let me tell you, No. 60 High is an old school which is a thousand years old, and which has also raised some talents..."

Expression solemn, Headmaster Li said, "Like that Director Zhuo who has become well-known recently; he's the hero who single-handedly defeated the demon king Sky-Swallowing Toad six years ago. Furthermore, a fair number of students rushed to transfer to No. 60 High this semester. Do you still not know what this means?"

"Headmaster, aren't you exaggerating?" Someone laughed. "That Director Zhuo graduated a long time ago. I have a childhood friend who's studying at No. 60 High. He said that his school's no good, and that its overall fighting strength definitely can't match ours."

"Don't ever underestimate your opponent! Belittling them will only cause you to suffer!" Li Qingxi stared at this student, a little disgusted with his contempt for the weak.

"Headmaster Chen Tianxiang of No. 60 High ranked top in support magic at Seven Stars Sect back then, and he has a PhD in the field in the cultivation world. The support spells he designed have repeatedly won international awards, and a lot of them have been patented, earning him plenty of money."

Headmaster Li said, “Moreover, one of the biggest features of his support spells is that they’re quick to learn and easy to cast. As long as they’re used under particular circumstances, they’ll have unexpected effects. When you encounter the students from No. 60 High this time, be careful! Don’t engage them head-on!”

“Then let’s just use the puppet technique to control all of them,” said one of the students.

“No.” Headmaster Li shook his head. “The profound essence of support is to act at the right moment. If the enemy doesn’t move, we don’t move. If the enemy looks like they’re about to move, we move first... If you act rashly, you’ll be the only one to suffer. Furthermore, most support spells have traps. Thus, I suggest that we use passive control spells this time, like Virus Puppet.”

Virus Puppet.

Everyone instantly understood.

This was indeed an effective way to counter support spells, although using it in a national competition seemed a little too insidious.

Virus Puppet could take people down very quickly; the other party just needed to be touched, and they would instantly become a “tool” for a period of time. They had to be good and obey orders, otherwise their heads wouldn’t stop hurting.

“Of course, in addition to using the Virus Puppet spell, I propose that we should still form alliances with other schools. Until halfway through the eight days at least, we must ensure that our Devil-Subduing members are relatively unscathed.”

Headmaster Li Qingxi started scheming inwardly. “Based on what Headmaster Chen Tianxiang knows of me, he’ll definitely think I’ll team up with someone familiar, so we’ll do the exact opposite this time!”

“Headmaster is saying...”

“Form an alliance with Titan High! While our schools currently don’t know each other very well, I’ve already thought it over: The students from Titan High are perfect for our ‘Virus Puppet’ and ‘Meatball Tank’ strategy this time.”

So there was still Meatball Tank!

Everyone’s eyes couldn’t help lighting up when they heard this.

It was true that they would be able to do a lot during the team battle with this two-spell combo. Plus, if they made it to the last stage, they could basically do whatever they wanted.

With the ability to both attack and defend, a Meatball Tank under full control would not only help them retreat when they encountered danger, but could also be used to launch an attack and start a team fight.

It could only be said that it was just like their Headmaster Li to actually be able to come up with such a battle strategy.

“This will be our basic strategy...” While he was done with his explanation, Headmaster Li Qingxi still felt vaguely anxious for some reason.

Before he became the headmaster of Devil-Subduing High, Li Qingxi clearly remembered how he had had the opportunity to fight Chen Tianxiang many times... Unfortunately, every single time ended in his crushing defeat!

The uncanny thing about that man was that no matter what kind of lethal or monstrous spells Li Qingxi cast, the other side could use his Chen clan’s support magic to easily neutralize them by creating tremendous force with little effort.

Consequently, after formulating this strategy, Li Qingxi still felt very uneasy. He had been oppressed by Headmaster Chen so many times that he practically suffered from mental trauma and residual effects.

That man’s support techniques were profound, and his tactical thinking was as deep as the sea. Li Qingxi had to admit that of all the opponents he had faced before, Chen Tianxiang had been the most difficult to deal with.

But it was different this time. He didn't have to act personally, because this was a competition between students.

As a school headmaster, the game of tactics was also a highlight of the large-scale battle.

Their No. 1 Devil-Subduing High was very famous; if they lost to No. 60 High this time, No. 60 High might rise with the momentum.

No. 60 High might not have been that scary before.

However, from the moment Chen Tianxiang became No. 60 High's headmaster, Li Qingxi had almost instantly included No. 60 High on his list of key concerns.

He understood this man's tricks very well.

Better than he understood himself.

He hated Chen Tianxiang to the core; day and night, he would ponder how to deal with Chen Tianxiang.

Headmaster Li skimmed through the list of school participants in the large-scale battle, and scanned the names of the No. 60 High participants.

Except for Lotus Sun, he didn't know any of the other students...

Most of them were transfer students, and practically none of them had any achievements from any sort of cultivation competition; they had only obtained a few district prizes at most.

Li Qingxi felt that there was nothing to be afraid of, yet he still felt vaguely uneasy.

Chapter 1115: Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao

Huaxiu Alliance had been a little busy recently; after Dark Ancestor's skull was stolen, tens of thousands of Immortal Art Mobile Squadron teams were secretly dispatched all over the country to try and find any trace of Nightmare, and every cultivation police station was on high alert.

If the loss of Dark Ancestor's skull was exposed, Huaxiu Alliance would lose all face.

In addition, the large-scale battle on Nine Dragon Mountain was launched under Huaxiu Alliance's official banner. It was in fact an anniversary celebration of the country's founding, but no one expected Dark Ancestor's skull to go missing at this time.

And the most important point was that Xie Sanxiao was defeated on Nine Dragon Mountain...

Because of this, President Qi wasn't able to rest easy these days; he was a little worried that there would be a repeat of what happened back then...

It was still Monday, November 10th.

That afternoon, President Qi was waiting for a very important guest in the meeting room on the top floor of the Huaxiu Alliance building. An old man dressed in ragged clothes was led into the meeting room by a pretty and composed secretary. He had white hair, was unshaven, and wore a rough linen shirt; anyone who saw him wouldn't be able to help scoffing at this old country bumpkin.

But President Qi was extremely reverent toward this person.

He was one of the grand Ten Generals of Huaxiu nation! The Wisdom Saint who was revered in top place! When he saw the old man arrive, President Qi couldn't help stepping forward to grasp the other party's hands. "Shizun!"

That was right, this old man was none other than the teacher who had guided President Qi on the cultivation path step by step. At the same time, he had another identity: Chief Protector of Huaxiu's heavenly veins.

This was a secret position unknown to outsiders. Each heavenly vein inside Huaxiu nation was guarded by an Itinerant Immortal day and night to prevent criminals from plundering this spirit vein resource.

And the current Chief Protector of the heavenly veins in Huaxiu nation was this unassuming, shabbily dressed old man: Huang Feng, or Old Man Huang.

Protecting the heavenly veins was exhausting work.

As Chief Protector, Old Man Huang naturally took this mission very seriously. The heavenly veins were all located in harsh, rural environments. No matter how bright and beautifully dressed you were, you would look like a beggar after living in a place like that for a while.

It was a tough job, but Old Man Huang had stuck to it for thousands of years.

There was no need to explain how precious underground spirit veins were, especially heavenly veins. These were non-renewable resources. If someone dug them up and plundered them, it would affect the very foundation of Huaxiu nation.

A country's fate was tied to the heavenly veins – as Chief Protector, Old Man Huang knew better than anyone else how important they were.

“Teacher, would you like to rest for a bit...”

“You got me to come over in a hurry, but now you want me to take a bath first?” Old Man Huang was clearly a laid-back person. He didn't care at all how shabbily dressed he was as he pulled a chair out to sit down.

For a moment, in front of his old teacher, President Qi didn't know where to begin.

Old Man Huang laughed. “Dark Ancestor's skull was stolen – is that what you were going to tell me?”

“Teacher, how did you know?” There was surprise on President Qi's face; this was a highly classified matter.

“There are more Immortal Arts Mobile Squadron teams out and about. Coupled with the fact that those kids are about to have a large-scale battle on Nine Dragon Mountain, I wondered whether this might have something to do with the mountain. Naturally, the first thing I thought of was that legendary Dark Ancestor who shook the whole world back then.”

Old Man Huang said, “So many Immortal Art Mobile Squadron teams were deployed at the same time, so I guessed that they might be searching for something. But I still wasn’t sure what it was, until I saw you.”

“Teacher’s predictions are so accurate – this student admires you.” President Qi bowed with his hands in front of him.

The reason why he had invited Old Man Huang here was naturally to ascertain the truth; Old Man Huang’s spirit root was a legendary special root which had a mystical psychic ability; the moment he saw President Qi, he had instantly seen the image of a bone in his mind.

He immediately knew that Dark Ancestor’s skull was missing.

“If it isn’t because we’re desperate, this disciple absolutely wouldn’t have dared to bother you.”

“Alright, enough with the chit chat.”

Old Man Huang waved his hand. “Come, tell me the whole story in detail.”

President Qi nodded his head and used telepathy to instantly transmit everything that had happened to Old Man Huang’s mind.

Old Man Huang’s gaze flickered. “Nightmare... This guy is still alive? There’s actually a strange person who can help bring the dead back to life.”

“Teacher, can you find Nightmare’s whereabouts?”

“I’ll try.” Old Man Huang took a deep breath. As he focused, a great haze enveloped his mind.

After a few minutes, Old Man Huang opened his eyes, his head drenched with sweat, and he couldn't help the utterly astonished expression on his face. "Strange..."

"What happened, Teacher? Is something wrong?"

"Nothing like this has ever happened in my psychic dreams before."

Old Man Huang said, "Usually, when I try to conjure up something, I can roughly make out its shape even if I can't see it clearly. Combined with an analysis of the actual situation, I can usually find some clues in the end. This time, however, all I saw was a dense fog in my spirit ocean – I couldn't even make out an outline."

"Then..." President Qi asked, "Teacher, what do you think?"

"We must not look down on the strength of the person behind the scenes... I'm afraid he's more powerful than I am... If this person intends to resurrect Dark Ancestor, it's likely that Dark Ancestor is nothing more than his pawn. The other party probably plans to borrow Dark Ancestor's power to achieve something, but what on earth could it be..."

Old Man Huang murmured to himself.

But his words were a trigger.

Just a few seconds later, this master and disciple pair instantly thought of something. Their expressions were alarmed, and almost all their hair stood up.

"The main vein!" the two men uttered in unison.

The other party's plan to bring Dark Ancestor back to life was definitely aimed at the main vein! The person behind the scenes wanted to copy Dark Ancestor from back then — by using the natural resonance which the Ancient Divine Clan had with the underground spirit veins, he wanted to absorb all the underground spirit veins via the main vein!

When that happened, the earth would be sucked dry of spirit qi and beyond saving!

“This is a serious matter; we must stop Dark Ancestor before that happens.” Old Man Huang said solemnly, “Since there is no one on Earth who is Dark Ancestor’s match, we must gather all the experts and suppress him together! We must take down Dark Ancestor! This person is too deranged — if he’s resurrected, it’ll be mass murder!”

Chapter 1116: The After Effects of the Resurrection Spell

The current situation was so serious that there was no time to waste. If the underground spirit veins were drained dry, the worst thing that could happen was the depletion of spirit qi on Earth, even if human cultivators wouldn’t be completely ruined. The truly scary thing, however, was this secret plot to absorb the massive spirit veins.

Back then, Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao had overestimated his capability to possess such power. He was unable to endure this tremendous energy, and ultimately suffered a backlash from the spirit veins and died a violent death.

If this person behind the scenes, who had the ability to resurrect Dark Ancestor, was trying to use the power of Dark Ancestor and the Ancient Divine Clan to pry open the valve of the main vein and continue with Dark Ancestor’s previous plan to absorb the veins... What would happen then?

“Teacher, is there really someone out there who is able to absorb all the underground spirit veins on Earth...” President Qi was still doubtful on this point. Dark Ancestor had already cultivated a Sage Body back then, and such a terrifying physique was practically invulnerable. He was the founder who ranked top on the Dark Network, and who was also regarded as the strongest and most evil man on Earth.

If even his body couldn’t endure the pressure from the energy backlash, then who could?

Huang Feng’s expression darkened as he pondered this same question. As Chief Protector of the heavenly veins, Old Man Huang had been guarding Nine Dragon Mountain’s main valve for thousands of years, and he knew the underground spirit veins even better than some members of the Ancient Divine Clan.

“We can confirm now that Dark Ancestor is nothing more than a pawn in all this, and that the true purpose of the person behind the scenes is to open the main valve and suck dry Earth’s heavenly veins. If he is truly able to absorb the underground spirit veins and store all of it inside his body... I’m afraid that his strength far surpasses anyone’s on Earth, and he is a Venerated Immortal.”

“Venerated Immortal?”

“The rumor is that the Venerated Immortal level is already the limit of Daoism; it is recorded that this realm is also known as Dao Ancestor. It remains to be seen, however, whether there is an even higher realm beyond that.”

“An even higher realm...” President Qi fell into deep thought. He believed that there was, but just didn’t dare dwell too much on it; the foundation of cultivation theory had already long postulated that there was no end to cultivation.

It was like a person’s XP value — the stronger one grew and the higher one climbed, the more XP one needed to fill the XP bar. Whether one could break through the bottleneck or not depended on whether there was a spillover of XP after the bar was full.

The key to cultivation lay in the spirit qi from nature. Thus, if all the spirit qi on Earth could theoretically be sucked up and stored inside the body, a cultivator could indeed break through in the blink of an eye and reach dizzying heights that ordinary people would only be able to dream of.

But such a plan required a very strong body.

In theory, a Sage Body was already the highest level that could be reached.

The main reason Dark Ancestor failed back then was that he had thought himself invulnerable and he had been overconfident.

Then, could this person behind the scenes really do it?

...

A white-haired young man pushed open the main door of the abandoned factory and walked out.

“Lord.” Nightmare bowed and presented Dark Ancestor’s skull with both hands.

White Hair formed a seal with one hand and pointed at the skull with two fingers so that it floated into the air, before he let it drop.

Nightmare knew that this was the Lord’s special Resurrection Spell, but he had never seen this method before. He had read up on controlling spirits and bringing them back to life before, but there was always a huge price to pay when it came to trading lives.

But Nightmare saw that the Resurrection Spell which White Hair used was actually completely different from the forbidden spells that he knew of. It didn’t feel dark at all; instead, Nightmare felt infinite vigor and vitality when White Hair cast the spell.

This aura, which glowed with life, made Nightmare feel carefree and relaxed from where he stood on the side. In the face of this spell, even he as a spectating soul felt snug, as if a spring breeze and rain was softly and quietly refreshing the world.

It could only be said, as expected of Lord White Hair.

Watching from the side, Nightmare couldn’t hide his reverence for White Hair.

After making sure that the skull was buried in the ground, White Hair injected spirit qi into it, and with a wave of his hand, a tender, green shoot immediately sprouted. “The Flower of Rebirth will bloom tomorrow. Stand guard over it, and wake me up when it blooms.”

Although it didn’t look like an especially draining spell, White Hair did in fact still feel tired after using it.

So the side effect of using the Resurrection Spell was just drowsiness...

Nightmare was amazed.

If it was just drowsiness, it was no different than having no side effects at all! This was the Resurrection Spell ah! If you could resurrect a person and just sleep after that... This ability was really shocking.

Under Nightmare's astonished gaze, White Hair returned to his room.

He walked over to a mirror in the room; he looked tired.

This was the typical effect of using the Resurrection Secret Art.

Staring at himself in the mirror, he yawned.

He reached out to touch his face with complicated thoughts.

Why did he look like that person...

Yet that person never came to see him.

White Hair stared despondently at his reflection.

A moment later, a strand of hair drifted down into the wash basin in front of him.

It had fallen from White Hair's head.

The truth was that the after effect of using the Resurrection Spell wasn't just drowsiness, as Nightmare had thought.

This was magic which could completely bring a person back to life, and in no way could it break the Heavenly Dao's principle of equivalent exchange — even White Hair had to pay a hefty price for it, but it wasn't in the form of a decreased life span or internal injury.

Compared with the repercussions of other resurrection spells, White Hair's after effects were relatively mild — it was just that it was a little hard for him to accept it.

He looked at his reflection and then at that fine strand of white hair which had fallen. He then very carefully picked it up with his fingers, then took out a needle and threaded the hair through it.

White Hair knew very well what he was doing.

But there was no other way.

Because this was the after effect of the Resurrection Spell which he had to bear.

Thus, he looked at his reflection, and removed the hair on his head to reveal a scalp that was as smooth, round and shiny as a soy egg...

Then, he used the needle to firmly sew that hair back onto his wig.

This was a wig made from his real hair...

So, the after effect of the Resurrection Spell was hair loss.

Furthermore, this hair loss was irreversible — once his hair fell out, it could never grow again...

Chapter 1117: Survival Expert San Yuan

Tuesday, November 11th.

After “knowledge of spirit plants” and “knowledge of the opponents,” Headmaster Chen gave Wang Ling and the other students participating in the competition the third lesson in the special training class: “combat training.”

Headmaster Chen already spent a day covering pretty much all the main points in the first two lessons; it would be up to Wang Ling and the others to go back and memorize as much of the rest of the content in the handouts as possible.

The body technique exchange meet had been upgraded to a national level competition, and No. 60 High just so happened to be on the cusp of being promoted to a key city high school, so Headmaster Chen really wanted No. 60 High to shine during the competition. If he could raise No. 60 High up a notch during his tenure as headmaster, it would be a huge advantage in his career in the future as well as for the students and teachers here.

The eight-day battle for survival in the wild would be an arduous assignment.

Students from 102 high schools across the country were going to be thrown into the massive region that was Nine Dragon Mountain. The national competition this time was going to be a lot more challenging and dangerous than in previous years.

The body technique exchange meet that had been organized at the district level for several years running was small, so the selected field maps were nowhere as vast as Nine Dragon Mountain.

Even in a relatively smaller area, students in previous years had still been at risk of being wiped out completely.

Now, they were going to be thrown onto Nine Dragon Mountain. As long as one of them wasn't careful, the whole team might very well be affected, resulting in their collective "deaths."

Headmaster Chen couldn't share very much when it came to battling to survive in the wild.

Thus, he used his connections to bring in a special teacher.

An active soldier from the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade: San Yuan, a man who was dressed like an Embroidered Uniform Guard¹, and completely wrapped up from head to toe.

He wore an iron mask engraved with Magnificent Immortal's mark on the lower half of his face. Looking at the sharp eyebrows and bright eyes that were visible, it was clear that he wasn't covering himself up because he was ugly.

This probably had to do with some sort of secret agreement where San Yuan couldn't reveal his entire face.

Looking at him, everyone couldn't help marveling at Headmaster Chen's powerful connections.

This was a soldier from the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade...

The most famous special army brigade in Huaxiu!

It carried out many important missions for the country.

President Qi had previously borrowed Zhai Yin from the brigade to act as Wang Ming's bodyguard. But that was President Qi, one of the Ten Founding Generals. Given his reputation, transferring someone from the brigade would be very easy.

Wang Ling didn't expect Headmaster Chen to actually have such powerful connections.

Furthermore, San Yuan was in fact on leave, and was essentially taking a break; he was clearly giving Headmaster Chen face by agreeing to come and teach.

"Thank you, Brother San Yuan." Headmaster Chen smiled and patted San Yuan on the shoulder.

San Yuan had been standing ramrod straight from beginning to end, and upheld the excellent military bearing of the special army brigade. It wasn't just Wang Ling and the students in the special class, but many of the other students who were strolling around leisurely on the sports field after class saw San Yuan's extremely solemn figure from a distance.

"The people in the special training class are so lucky... They're actually being taught by a soldier from the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade."

"Is he really from Magnificent Immortal? I thought it was cosplay."

"Nobody would dare cosplay them; that's just asking to be arrested and reprimanded."

"Ah! I'm so jealous! I'm just not strong enough to be chosen! Can I take a picture?" As soon as this student took out his phone, San Yuan was already looking right at the camera, and the astonishing pressure of his gaze scared the boy so much he froze and accidentally dropped his phone on the ground.

Seeing this, Headmaster Chen hurriedly apologized. "I'm sorry, San Yuan. I was careless. I'll text the teachers right now to keep an eye on the students and confiscate their phones for the time being. You can rest assured that the school's cameras were turned off when you arrived, and no images of you will be left behind."

"Mm, thanks." San Yuan's enigmatic masculine voice came out from under the iron mask.

Taking a deep breath, he turned to the students. "Today, Headmaster Chen asked me to teach you. Do you know what the key factor is for surviving in the wild?"

"Food and water," Super Chen answered.

"That's right. This is a problem which everyone in the wild has to face." Saying this, San Yuan launched into the content of today's lecture. "But this time, you have a more challenging task. Not only do you have to find the right food and water, you also have to be clever and think of ways to battle the other school teams at the same time. So today, our first lesson is relatively simple: It's about eating. You need to put the food in your mouth at the fastest possible speed and eat it."

"Eat?" Super Guo laughed. "What's there to learn?"

"It does look simple, but my course is slightly different. The difficulty will be increased later," San Yuan said. All of a sudden, a sparkling and prickly spirit fruit appeared in a glow of spirit light in his hand. The spirit fruit was large, about the size of a coconut.

"It's Blue Crystal Fruit!" Super Chen recognized it immediately.

They already had a lesson on spirit plants yesterday, so they swiftly recognized the fruit.

Blue Crystal Fruit was a special fruit on Nine Dragon Mountain. In addition to supplying the body with water and filling the belly, this fruit could also supply the body with spirit energy. Furthermore, when its core was ground into powder and applied to a wound, it had the effect of stopping the pain and bleeding.

This was an extremely versatile fruit.

However, Blue Crystal Fruit grew in pretty harsh conditions, and couldn't be found in all areas. When Headmaster Chen spoke about it yesterday, he already had a feeling that any area where Blue Crystal Fruit grew would probably become a war zone as student teams vied for resources during the exchange meet.

San Yuan said, "In our special army brigade, there are times when we don't have enough fasting pills due to the combat situation, so we also look for suitable resources in the wild to replenish our physical strength. However, many edible spirit plants in the cultivation world are big in size. In order not to waste time in battle, we also undergo severe training in eating quickly. Like this Blue Crystal Fruit, for example."

When he said this, San Yuan already had a hand on his mask.

Whoosh...

In the blink of an eye, that coconut-sized Blue Crystal Fruit in his hand completely disappeared in the next moment...

San Yuan: "As you can see, in half a second, I took off my mask, ate the entire Blue Crystal Fruit, and put the mask back on."

Everyone: "???"

"Of course, I only reached this speed after extensive training. You don't need to be as fast as our special army. Your learning task today is to consume a Blue Crystal Fruit in five seconds. If you don't meet this deadline, you'll have to start over again!"

San Yuan waved his hand, and gave everyone a fruit. "Now, begin!"

Chapter 1118: Li Youyue

It was clearly unrealistic to consume a coconut-sized spirit fruit in five seconds by eating it. The truth was that when San Yuan acted, Wang Ling had used his King's Eye to clearly analyze everything in front of him.

Instead of eating that Blue Crystal Fruit, San Yuan used a spell to absorb it into his body; it was probably a devouring spell of some sort.

The reason to eat was to provide the body with energy. People from the special army brigade didn't care what the food tasted like. As long as it provided their bodies with the nutrients they needed in order to quickly replenish their strength and spirit energy, everything was just plain protein to them.

But Wang Ling had to admit that San Yuan's movements were surprisingly fast. He took off his mask and swiftly used a devouring spell to vaporize and absorb the Blue Crystal Fruit through his pores. It looked like it was eaten in an instant. This was a sort of breathing method. The disadvantage was that you couldn't enjoy the delicious taste of the food itself, but the point was that it could replenish energy quickly.

And most importantly, it didn't make people feel like they had overeaten. The stomach's capacity was limited, after all. If they didn't control their eating, they wouldn't be able to complete the assignment even if they ate until they died!

So, San Yuan had already given quite a clear hint. Their training assignment today was to eat something in the shortest time possible. If they simply relied on the ordinary way of eating to achieve their goal, clearly it would be very difficult to achieve the ultimate effect.

Wang Ling saw through San Yuan's movements, and naturally, so did Wang Zhen and the others, but they couldn't be too obvious about it.

But in the end, these were the handpicked elites of No. 60 High. Although there were many hidden bigwigs, the genuine elite students weren't just for show; Lotus Sun, Super Chen, Xia Ming, Super Guo and the others also quickly picked up on this clue.

The first person to come up with a conjecture was Li Youyue.

"...Teacher San Yuan probably didn't really eat it with his mouth, right?" Li Youyue said with a smile.

This was the girl Wang Ling had mentioned before, who was in the same class as Fang Xing and Xia Ming. She was also the class monitor and had outstanding grades.

Wang Ling heard that her family was in the F&B business, and she was very focused on the research of culinary arts.

As Class Three's monitor, Lotus Sun wasn't as unfamiliar with Li Youyue as Wang Ling was. There were many ways for girls to bond with each other: Going to the bathroom hand in hand and having lunch together were good ways to promote friendship.

"I heard my grandfather say before that food makes people happy. Thus, cooking food to make it as tasty as possible doesn't just show respect for the food, but is also a way to make the people who eat it feel happy. People who don't taste food properly insult and trample on life."

Li Youyue's ponytail shook with her movements. There was a special sort of air about her; Wang Ling couldn't be any more familiar with this sort of respect for food and self-confidence in one's cooking.

Grandfather Wang carried the exact same air.

People who could make delicious food generally had pretty good temperaments. Li Youyue was clearly a sunny girl. "But my grandfather also said that there is a special exception: Only those who quietly shoulder heavy burdens year in and year out in order to clear the way forward for others, and who make great contributions to the country – only these people have the right to invest more energy elsewhere."

Speaking up to this point, she turned to look at San Yuan. "Teacher San Yuan, in order to save time and focus your energy on your mission, It should have been a long time since you've carefully savored the taste of food itself."

After saying this, Li Youyue didn't continue beating around the bush. They had a time limit, after all, and she immediately put forward her conjecture for everyone to consider.

"My father said that professional soldiers tend to use a special method to speed up the digestion and absorption of food in the wild. These methods fall under the main category of 'devouring spells.'"

San Yuan lifted his eyebrows slightly when he heard this. To be honest, he was a little surprised that the No. 60 High students were able to find the key points in this special training so quickly.

When Headmaster Chen found him, San Yuan had planned out the special training for the next few days.

Food was only the first lesson in the special training program, as well as the easiest. Considering No. 60 High's overall standard among the other schools, even if these were elite students, San Yuan thought that it would take them some time to see through his trick.

Who would have thought that a student would pick up on it right away.

When Li Youyue saw San Yuan's surprised expression, she was even more sure of her guess. "Looking at Teacher San Yuan's expression, I must be right. Moreover, looking at how you absorbed the food just now, this devouring spell should be the kind that absorbs energy through the pores, which is also called the Pore Devouring Spell. From how quickly Teacher San Yuan absorbed it, he's definitely cultivated this technique to its peak."

"Not bad. I didn't expect you to see through it so quickly." Under the mask, San Yuan's smile was gratified. "You seem to know more than I thought."

"This is just an accumulation of my knowledge outside school. I believe that the other students also had some idea about it themselves." Done speaking, Li Youyue stepped back and to the side.

San Yuan shrugged helplessly and took out another Blue Crystal Fruit. "I will now teach you slowly. Just follow me. The Pore Devouring Spell isn't hard to learn, but if you want to get to my level, it'll take a long time and a lot of hard work. Everyone must work hard."

However, as soon as San Yuan said this, Lotus Sun had already cast the Pore Devouring Spell and absorbed the Blue Crystal Fruit.

"Teacher San Yuan... is it like this?" Lotus Sun humbly asked for advice.

Although she wasn't as fast as San Yuan, he was astonished. "Student Lotus Sun, did you learn this spell before?"

“No, I saw through it when Teacher San Yuan gave us a demo the first time round.”

“...” San Yuan’s lips twitched...

The first time round...

He didn’t teach them the first time round! He had only demonstrated it in passing.

San Yuan felt that Headmaster Chen had tricked him. When Headmaster Chen came to him, he had clearly said that this was the worst class he’d ever had. In the end???

This rotten old man was too evil!

Chapter 1119:

Game Theory

Teaching benefited both teachers and students; when one taught, they could also improve at the same time. San Yuan agreed to help out since he could also review what he had learned before. “Recall the past to understand the future¹”— obtaining new inspiration and breakthroughs in magic through teaching was in fact another Dao path as well.

That was also the reason some great masters liked to look for stupid disciples to teach; generally speaking, the harder it was to teach these disciples, the more enlightened the masters became. Moreover, according to latest research stats, civic teachers in the cultivation world were 7 to 15 percent more likely to achieve new breakthroughs in their spell compositions compared with orthodox cultivators.

San Yuan had come to No.60 High to obtain new enlightenment through teaching; in the end, he discovered that each student in this special class was smarter than the next...

“Is this right, Teacher San Yuan?” Wang Zhen put on a timid act and performed the devouring spell in front of the others; his rate of absorption was extremely fast, and almost on par with San Yuan.

“Well done...” San Yuan’s lips twitched under the mask. He had never expected the students of No. 60 High to be so talented in cultivation. San Yuan had heard that there would be plenty of schools taking part in this national competition this time.

Looking at the ranking of battle strength, San Yuan thought that No. 60 High would be very lucky to make it into the top 50. Now, however, he had to admit that he was mistaken.

The students of No. 60 High were much stronger than he had expected!

“Since everyone has mastered it, let’s move on to the next lesson.” Saying this, San Yuan gave each person a pair of black sunglasses.

“What’s this?”

“This is an extra component of our special training. I especially borrowed these. The full name of this item is: Mountain River Construction Mirror. It used to be very costly, but it can now be considered a mass-produced magic treasure. However, you still have to give them back to me when you’re done with them this time.”

San Yuan said, “Simply put, these glasses can synchronize and connect everyone’s minds. I’ve already set up my glasses so that it’s the main pair. In other words, after you put on your glasses, you can follow me into my mindscape.”

Everyone nodded at San Yuan’s words. Wang Ling had also guessed that the next lesson would probably have to do with actual combat. He had still been agonizing earlier whether or not he should just throw the fight, and he was extremely relieved when San Yuan handed out these glasses that could synchronize their minds.

In a mindscape, even if his control over his power slipped, it wouldn’t directly threaten a person’s life...

Yep, it should be safer...

“We’ll employ a one-on-one challenger mode. You need to challenge six people. I’ll be the sixth and last boss. As long as you defeat six people, you’ll pass today’s test,” San Yuan said.

Actually, this was for the training session tomorrow, but what could he do? Wang Ling and the others had performed too well, so San Yuan had no choice but to bring the body techniques training forward.

San Yuan remembered the checkpoints that he had already set up. As long as he controlled the scene, everything would be fine. This was just a group of students from a key district high school – San Yuan thought that as a professional cultivation special forces soldier, he could still completely handle them.

“We just need to defeat the boss?”

“There’s a time limit. If you go over time, you’ll have to start again,” San Yuan said. “Everyone has to closely observe the movements of each boss at each checkpoint. They all have their openings and weaknesses. As long as you grasp the openings, it’ll be very easy for you to clear the checkpoints.”

Wang Ling fell silent.

From San Yuan’s description, the body technique test this time was not so much about practicing body techniques as it was about training their observation skills. Observation was also an important lesson for cultivators in studying body techniques.

In a showdown of body techniques, more and more case studies were proving that sometimes, victory didn’t go to the stronger party. Immense strength was simply an advantage – turning that into a victory also required a combination of experience and the power of instant observation.

Formidable body technique cultivators had very strong instant observation skills. Some could even grasp the opponent’s weakness the instant the latter threw a punch. Even if your own strength might be inferior to the other side, you could use your insight and speed advantage to attack their vital points.

This was the meaning of the saying “In all martial arts, there is no defense that is impregnable; only speed is king¹

.”

But to possess this power of observation and speed, simply relying on the ability to react was far from enough. This was something that was accumulated from years of training to ultimately become muscle memory and conditioned reflex.

Those international martial arts masters seemed like they could detect it in an instant, but it was in fact more a conditioned reflex.

However, genuine body techniques and traditional martial arts were different to some degree. For example, the lethal style of traditional Tai Chi and Wing Chun had been toned down; the circulation of these traditional martial arts to this day relied on their spread of martial thought and virtue as well as the healthy effects they had on the body.

But there would always be people who didn't know their place.

Some self-proclaimed kung fu masters liked to step into wrestling or mixed martial arts arenas and fight using these martial arts, which were meant for cultivating one's self. In the end, they only wound up disgracing themselves.

But Wang Ling had always felt that it was necessary for traditional martial arts to carry on. Traditional martial arts, as well as wrestling and mixed martial arts, all had their own merits. One could win competitions with wrestling or mixed martial arts, but the damage which training in these techniques caused to the body would continue to accumulate.

In the end, it was still cultivators who trained in the traditional martial arts who lived longer...

When Wang Ling put on his sunglasses, his mind was filled with a lot of questions from Gu Shunzhi, Wang Zhen and the others. This was their first time pretending to be high school students, so they weren't sure what level they should be demonstrating in this test...

Gu Shunzhi: "Senior, do we need to fake it? Or would it be better for us not to overdo it? For an outstanding high school student, will ten rounds of mixed wins and losses do?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Zhen: "Not enough, I think it's safer to add five more rounds. Also, we should put on a bit of a show. Didn't Teacher San Yuan say that he wants us to look for openings? Given who we are, we should be able to see them, right?"

“That’s right, we should pretend!” Zhenyuan was also in favor of this suggestion.

“We have to put on a show; if we don’t, it’ll be too fake,” Liu Qingyi said at that moment. “Is there any need to look for openings at this level of confrontation... We can settle it with one punch, right?”

Wang Ling: “...”

What Liu Qingyi said actually wasn’t wrong.

Not all cultivators with overwhelming strength could ultimately emerge victorious... However, if the gap in strength was too big – that was to say, if one side had absolute strength – it was clear who the winner would be.

Chapter 1120: Liu Qingyi’s Explosion

Like the rest had said, Wang Ling had no choice but to act at this critical moment, but after so many years of training, he felt that his acting was just what it was.

Like when Dopey Guo had taken him to shoot a film during the summer break; he had acted with his poker face as usual, but it was a natural one, so it didn’t look too awkward. As long as he didn’t have any lines, Wang Ling thought that he acted better than most idol wannabes — at least his acting was natural!

If a good voice actor was hired and Wang Ling lip-synced, he could even debut as a C-list star!

Putting on the sunglasses to open the mental link, Wang Ling saw the opponent at the first checkpoint. It was a man with very feminine features, who looked like one of those CG characters in a shoddy online game. The armor he wore glowed with a faint green light, which reminded Wang Ling of that earworm: “Green, green, Gu Tianle turns green1.”

“My last name is Jiang and I’m an architect.” Contrary to Wang Ling’s expectations, the opponent at the first checkpoint didn’t attack right away — Wang Ling still had to freaking trigger the plot first! He guessed this was a plot which should have been downloaded from some game... Since it was being used by the military in a training battle simulation, Magnificent Immortal should have paid royalty fees for it.

“Are you the one who has come to challenge me...” This architect with the surname Jiang glared hotly at Wang Ling with clear hostility. “Please answer the three following questions. If you can answer them correctly, I’ll let you pass!”

So said architect Jiang.

Wang Ling: “???”

Before Wang Ling could start mocking him inwardly, this architect went on without waiting for a response, “Of the waste products discharged during industrial manufacturing which are used to produce the main raw materials for construction work, which ones can’t be turned into such raw materials?”

Wang Ling: “???”

Without even giving him time to think, this architect Jiang suddenly became enraged less than two seconds after asking this question. “I knew it, you can’t answer the question — you’re just like that vile woman. She clearly plagiarized my design and said it was her own work, and even accepted an award for it! Taste my fist!”

He threw a punch at Wang Ling’s face; not only was it completely out of the blue, he also didn’t hold anything back.

Even if this was a training simulation in a mind space which couldn’t cause any physical injuries, the brain would still produce a sense of pain when a person was hit since the cranial nerves were connected to the space.

Fortunately, this opponent in this mind space simulation couldn’t be considered very strong. Following the trajectory of the man’s punch, Wang Ling could easily see through the other party’s attack pattern, and he used his simple body movements to make it seem like he was dodging the attacks by luck.

At the same time, he pondered Teacher San Yuan's words.

Each opponent had their own weakness. So, what was this architect Jiang's shortcoming? Wang Ling mulled and observed this architect's movements, and suddenly noticed that the man's lower half seemed unusually stable.

No matter how his fist techniques changed, his lower half was an extremely stable triangle.

A triangle was the most stable structure which architects were naturally fond of; it was evident that the architect in front of him was a big fan of the triangle.

The more manic he acted, the easier it became for him to reveal an opening. Gazing at the other party's lower half, Wang Ling seized an opening.

On the other side, everyone else almost had the same idea as Wang Ling, and they started to use their individual skills to attack the architect's lower half.

Super Chen used a sweep kick, which was a simple but extremely effective restraining method. After throwing the other party off balance, Super Chen seized the opportunity and used a series of combo punches to directly clear the first checkpoint.

Dopey Guo's method for clearing the checkpoint was a little more complicated than Super Chen's. Since Dopey Guo was heavier, agile methods like the sweep kick didn't work for him at all. After some thought, Dopey Guo used his Ground Roll Technique, which was a condensed version of the Meatball Tank — it wasn't as powerful, but was excellent for limiting movements.

For the time being, these two had used some relatively normal melee restraining methods; in comparison, Wang Ling put Xia Ming and Li Youyue into the Showboat Group.

They shared the same trait — they were eager to excel. Because of that, they basically flaunted their methods for restraining the other party.

“Foul Wind Heavenly Destruction Kick!”

“Demon Tornado Kick!”

They displayed their powerful kicking techniques in unison.

As for Lotus Sun —

She didn’t fight at all at the first checkpoint; she cleared it on the spot after reacting swiftly and answering the architect’s question correctly.

A top student was a top student — as expected of the most formidable young miss of No. 60 High’s delegation!

Outside, San Yuan gasped in admiration as he observed how the others passed the checkpoint. The only ones left now were the real big shots — Wang Zhen, Zhenyuan, Gu Shunzhi and Liu Qingyi — who still hadn’t made a move.

They had all been waiting for Wang Ling to act first. This was their first performance and they were still a little inexperienced... They clumsily imitated Wang Ling’s posture and even launched attacks at the exact same angle, dumbfounding San Yuan once again.

These few were clearly new transfer students, but they were unexpectedly so coordinated...

It was said that there were hidden dragons and crouching tigers in No. 60 High this year, and San Yuan felt that these new transfer students were actually pretty mysterious. He had heard that these people had gotten outstanding results in the entrance test, but seeing it with his own eyes now, San Yuan’s spirit was roused by the wonder he felt.

No. 60 High was one to look out for this year!

Liu Qingyi had initially been copying Wang Ling’s movements, but it seemed that she hated how cowardly it felt. Perhaps she was recalling how she and Wang Zhen clashed while boarding at Wei Zhi’s place, but her fury exploded all of a sudden!

This Wang Zhen never once paid attention to what he did! When he was done with the toilet, it was always clogged with tissue! When he brushed his teeth in the morning, he never put the toothpaste cap back on!

The most abominable thing was his thunderous snoring at night! Which always disrupted her rest! It was impossible for her to like this hateful man!

At this thought, Liu Qingyi grit her teeth angrily. In any case, it was just attacking the lower half of the other party's body. Furthermore, it was a man — did it have to be so complicated?

And so, Liu Qingyi directly kicked this architect with the surname Jiang in front of her.

This was a move which all girls knew how to use: Sterilizing Kick!