

Daily Life 1121

Chapter 1121: A Rapper's Hidden Weapon!

Seeing Liu Qingyi's powerful kick, Wang Ling, Gu Shunzhi, Wang Zhen and Zhenyuan all felt cold in the lower halves of their bodies. Since Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi had descended to the world below without permission, they were still being punished by Heavenly Dao, and to stop Mother Wang from embarrassing him back then, Wang Ling arranged to have Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi stay at Wei Zhi's place.

Although their personalities seemed to clash, Wang Ling thought that they were actually very compatible with each other. He had originally intended to help them get to know each other better and develop feelings in passing; he never thought that they would have communication problems instead.

It was said that absence made the heart grow fonder...

It turned out that these words weren't a lie.

As expected, when it came to feelings, was it still better to let nature take its course?

An unripe melon wouldn't taste sweet!

Seeing how fierce Liu Qingyi's kick was, Wang Zhen couldn't help trembling, and inadvertently covered his jewels.

He recalled how he was kicked the morning before because he had accidentally used her toothbrush.

He also recalled how he casually drank a mouthful of the bottled drink on the table in the living room two days ago. He thought it was Wei Zhi's, but it turned out to be Liu Qingyi's drink, and he was kicked yet again...

He still remembered how he just casually criticized some young newbie stars on their poor acting skills three days ago, after Liu Qingyi had started to stan Earth celebs, and he was kicked for it...

He already couldn't remember how many times he had been kicked in just a few weeks.

In any case, this was the reality: the power of Liu Qingyi's kicks had increased, and Wang Zhen was almost done cultivating his iron crotch technique.

"It's so hard!" Whenever Wang Zhen thought about it, he couldn't help feeling aggrieved, and he even teared up.

As a man, he thought it was beneath his dignity to bicker with Liu Qingyi. Furthermore, he realized that he treated her with natural patience; whatever unreasonable thing she did to him, he actually didn't get angry.

Of course, he absolutely didn't believe that he already had feelings for this violent woman. His parents had beat him since he was young, so his train of thought was different — he felt that it was probably because he had grown up under an iron fist that he had developed an immunity to violent behavior.

Wang Ling clearly heard Wang Zhen's thoughts.

It could only be said that Wang Zhen was a man with formidable mental fortitude... He had endured violence since young, yet was still able to grow up so well — the most miraculous thing was how he didn't become especially twisted or reclusive! What normal person could do that?

Wang Ling himself was strongly opposed to violent behavior, whether at home or at school.

The silent treatment was the most common and most easily overlooked type of abuse in school.

Isolation wasn't good for physical or mental development, but many parents obviously didn't treat it seriously.

It was possible that in every school, or even every class, there was a student who was an outcast — this was the scariest thing.

Perhaps every person had "bullied" some outcast classmate when they were young and ignorant, and perhaps every person owed that classmate an apology. As time passed, this old wound was doomed to not heal, and couldn't be wrapped up with bandages; the only thing everyone could do

now was start with the people around them: Tell your friends, relatives, and even your future kids, to treat the people around you with a little more kindness as much as possible.

Actually, Wang Ling himself still preferred to be shunned...

It would at the very least save him some headache.

But since young, it seemed that everyone's gazes never strayed far from Wang Ling.

When he was young, his control had been unsteady, and there were times he would overperform, which landed him in awkward predicaments.

By the time Wang Ling collected his thoughts again, he had already reached the second checkpoint which San Yuan had set up. The boss at the second checkpoint was a tall young man wearing mink fur. He had very unique dreadlocks and wore a pair of sunglasses. Coupled with the large gold chain around his neck and his jerky swaying, it was clear that this was a rapper.

Rap was one type of musical genre, but Wang Ling didn't have a smooth tongue, and since the beginning, had never had much interest in this sort of impromptu freestyle form. Back when the show Rap of Huaxiu

was popular, his classmates and friends around him would discuss those rappers who drew large audiences by improvising lyrics to diss other people and life, which won them popularity for a time.

Wang Ling alone had little interest.

He gazed at this rapper in a mink coat in front of him, and for the time being, gave him the name Brother Mink.

Given that Brother Mink was a rapper, Wang Ling's first thought was that the other party might attack with a sound wave spell combined with a physical technique. Unlike the stereotypical impression many people had about sound wave spells, they didn't need to be yelled out.

In fact, many advanced sound wave spells were practically noiseless; there was no need to yell them out — a soft murmur could be just as lethal.

When advanced sound wave spells were sung in a low voice, they could have a hallucinatory effect on the other party, and if you seized that moment and used a physical technique, you could deal your muddle-headed opponent a heavy blow! Hit the vital parts, and before most people could react in time, they would have already fallen to the ground.

Hence, the key to clearing this checkpoint should be to use the acupuncture seals, which they mastered in high school, to seal their own ears so that the opponent's sound wave spell wouldn't affect them.

But what happened next made Wang Ling feel that in the end, he was still too young.

When Brother Mink saw Wang Ling thinking about how to respond, he abruptly took action. Wang Ling did what he felt was right, and that was to seal his ears so that the sound wave spell wouldn't mess with his mind.

Actually, even if he didn't seal his ears, the sound wave spell wouldn't affect him much, but he had to pretend...

He had to pretend for San Yuan's benefit.

But just as Wang Ling was thinking that his acting was pretty good, several concealed weapons suddenly flew out of the sleeves of this Brother Mink in front of him!

“???”

Wang Ling's heart trembled.

Hidden weapons weren't a big deal. It was common to use hidden weapons in line with a physical attack to change up the attack pattern. The accompanying use of hidden weapons wasn't rare.

So it wasn't as if Wang Ling didn't understand this Brother Mink's behavior.

The issue was that Wang Ling was still staring dumbly at the hidden weapons that were flying at him.

Because these hidden weapons... were dumpling skins.

Chapter 1122: Kuxuan, Who Has No Integrity

Privately, Wang Ling had thought that this was just a simple simulation game, but didn't expect the boss at every checkpoint to actually be a "meme" character...

Take this Brother Mink as an example – this character design was undoubtedly based on a once-famous rapper in particular who was the big brother of the rap crew Green Grass Association. As for the dumpling skin hidden weapon, Wang Ling just couldn't mock this design anymore, since the main reason why the public shunned this person after his popularity exploded was that he had made a cuckold of his own big brother by hooking up with his sister-in-law¹.

There was a saying: "There is nothing more delicious than dumplings, and nothing better to play with than...1..."

At this point, Wang Ling couldn't bear thinking about it anymore as his heart collapsed – this game was simply poisonous!

But if it was just a distraction from a hidden weapon coupled with a physical attack, the threat which this Brother Mink posed wasn't much. Wang Ling originally thought that Brother Mink would more likely attack with an advanced sound wave spell and body technique. In the end, this demonstrated that the second checkpoint wasn't too difficult an obstacle, and that the level of difficulty increased incrementally with each subsequent checkpoint; it was Wang Ling's fault for overthinking it.

Wang Ling dodged the dumpling skins which Brother Mink shot out. His heart and eyes were one as he inadvertently made tremendous use of the dynamic vision of his King's Eye. As he evaded this hidden weapon, the dumpling skins actually fell into his own hands.

Then, he abruptly flung the dumpling skins back. They were as fast as flywheels, and cut into Brother Mink's belly.

Brother Mink fell to the ground in pain, and declared before he died, "If I had the chance to do it again... I want to tell my big brother... sister-in-law and I are truly in love..."

"..." Wang Ling sighed inwardly.

He marveled at how realistic this game design was. While there were massive flaws in the character design and functionality, on the whole, it recreated the sense of disgust toward the character.

Wang Ling had always been against the idea of a third party in a marriage. Fortunately, Father Wang had already proven with practical actions that he was a good family man. At the very least, when Mother Wang wanted to buy something, Father Wang had never hesitated to get it.

Like with this pregnancy, Father Wang knew that before and after Wang Nuan was born, it would be a new, major household expenditure. Thus, he worked especially hard to push out chapter updates during this period of time in order to earn a little bit of money for milk powder and diapers. It was as if he had become a tentacle monster as he churned out two hundred thousand characters every day, completely unlike an author like Kuxuan, who had no moral integrity.

Wang Ling also didn't know how the author named Kuxuan still had the guts to base Father Wang on himself... In terms of diligence alone, they weren't on the same level at all!

...

The training ended early today, mainly because San Yuan realized that this batch of No. 60 High students were too outstanding. He had only prepared just so much for today. The body technique training was initially supposed to be for tomorrow. Once everyone cleared the training, San Yuan suddenly discovered that it seemed he already had nothing else to teach them.

San Yuan sat upright on the sofa in Headmaster Chen's office. He still kept his strict habits from the army; he sat half-perched forward on the sofa, his waist very straight. The way he sat, he looked very well-behaved, with his hands resting lightly on his knees.

Headmaster Chen gave San Yuan a cup of tea. San Yuan turned a gear on his iron mask, and a straw extended out from the center...

"What kind of design is this..." asked Headmaster Chen curiously.

San Yuan: "Sorry, I got used to it in the army. The straw is custom made and has a built-in filter. It's useful when we're looking for water in the wild."

Because he wore a mask all year round, San Yuan was already accustomed to the mask's various applications. Even now, he still kept it on when drinking tea. Even when he ate, he didn't have to take off his mask because of the Pore Devouring Spell.

The truth was that the masks which Magnificent Immortal specially manufactured for its special forces actually had many miraculous uses, and even Headmaster Chen wasn't clear on what they were.

The filtering and purifying functions, for example, actually weren't rare, and regular masks also had them.

"San Yuan, we've been friends for years. Tell me the truth: After teaching this batch of students from our No. 60 High this time, what do you think of them?" Headmaster Chen asked for San Yuan's advice very earnestly. He had invited San Yuan over because he knew the latter wouldn't act politely with him. This man said things as they were – in whatever he said or did, he was frank and straightforward.

"Do you want the truth?" San Yuan looked at him expressionlessly.

"Of course." Headmaster Chen smiled as he anticipated San Yuan's criticism.

If San Yuan could pick out some issues before the national competition, then No. 60 High at least had some hope of making it into the top 30 in the country...

After all, there would be 102 high schools this time, with all kinds of formidable prodigies. To make it into the top 30 in the country would already be very amazing. Headmaster Chen didn't dare ask for a higher ranking.

Getting into the top ten would indeed be a little tough for these kids.

But it was fine to set a small, achievable goal.

However, San Yuan's answer took Headmaster Chen completely by surprise.

San Yuan: “They’re all outstanding kids... Judging from the lesson today, at least, I feel that their overall strength isn’t that much different from the kids in city key high schools. They have quick reflexes and wits, and share an unusually good rapport.”

Headmaster Chen was blank. “Rapport?”

“That’s right, they have very good rapport.” San Yuan said, “I had them do the body technique test in separate mental spaces to prevent them from peeking, cheating, or discussing strategies. Even then, the transfer students and the old ones were actually unusually coordinated. Especially that Student Wang Ling – his mental connection with the other transfer students is unimaginable.”

Headmaster Chen: “???”

San Yuan: “Wang Ling is very quick-witted. Whenever he cleared a checkpoint, the transfer students would also clear them at almost the same time; moreover, they used the same method. If it wasn’t for the fact that the mental spaces are separate, I would suspect that they have the same brain structure... These kids could actually come up with the same strategy to clear the checkpoint at the same time under the same conditions. I’ve never seen such tacit coordination in my entire life.”

Headmaster Chen: “...”

San Yuan: “If this coordination can be put to use in the competition, No. 60 High should rank very high this time.”

Headmaster Chen: “What is your prediction?”

San Yuan: “At least in the top eight.”

Headmaster Chen wiped at his sweat. “You can really dream... I will already be satisfied if they can rank in the top 30.”

San Yuan: “There’s nothing wrong with having a little more confidence. Even FPX1 reached the LoL finals this year. You should have a little more confidence.”

Headmaster Chen: “...”

Chapter 1123: Predicting the Champion

If it was anyone else saying this, Headmaster Chen would just take it as a joke, but since it came from San Yuan, he was still skeptical, but also hopeful about the outcome. If No. 60 High really could rank in the top eight, he would probably wake up laughing from his dream.

“Your predictions have always been very accurate, but I want to ask you a question: Who do you think will be the champion school? Devil-Subduing High, or Titan High? Or South Sea Sky High?” asked Headmaster Chen. They were the three schools that he was more wary of, and the ones that he wanted the students of No. 60 High students to avoid as much as possible when they entered the battlefield.

Devil-Subduing High was proficient in the “study of control,” Titan High was strong and invincible given their “powerful defense and strength output,” and South Sea Sky High had formidable “sense of perception.” On their own, they would be particularly troublesome on the battlefield; if they formed an alliance in this competition, it would be disastrous. Thus, Headmaster Chen reckoned that even if the students of these three schools didn’t win the championship, they would at the very least make it into the top four. Besides, these schools were relatively famous, and the fighting strength of their students in recent years had been very impressive.

Titan High’s basketball team had already defended its number one position in the country for a whole thirty years without ever once losing... mainly because no one could guard against the fearsome bulks of these Titan High tank students. When they moved, each one of them was like an advancing aircraft carrier or battleship. All the teams they encountered didn’t dare make even the smallest move; if they were tripped up and pressed down, they would be seriously injured...

Listening to Headmaster Chen, San Yuan pondered for a while. To be honest, there were indeed plenty of famous and powerful enemies among the schools participating in this competition. Compared with No. 60 High this year, Devil-Subduing High, Titan High and South Sea Sky High certainly were all powerful opponents. But in addition to these top-tier schools, there were some middle-tier schools who were also formidable opponents, like Tianshi Imperial High School, Nation League No.1 High School...

Of course, the school which San Yuan thought was the most troublesome wasn’t in this list.

He believed that there was a middle school, which Headmaster Chen had underestimated, that could become this year’s champion.

“Do you know Balance Flame Middle School, Headmaster Chen?” San Yuan looked up at that moment and seemed lost in thought as he looked at Headmaster Chen.

“Balance Flame Middle School?” Headmaster Chen repeated the name.

This school... It did have a reputation, but Headmaster Chen hadn’t put it on the list of schools to watch out for since it was a middle-tier school.

“I know this school.” He seemed to be considering his words carefully. “Balance Flame Middle School is a completely closed off cultivation school. All the students board at the school. They only get two hours of sleep each day, and the rest of the time is devoted to cultivation. They get up at 4 o’clock in the morning for collective sword practice, and the food which the school canteen prepares is all nutrition and fasting pills... In my opinion, this kind of education is extremely unscientific.”

“But ninety percent of its students get into key universities, and ninety percent of those ultimately enter key cultivation universities; even the worst students can get into a second-tier university,” San Yuan said.

“This sort of closed off education is indeed amazing, but I still think it’s harmful to the students’ physical and mental development,” Headmaster Chen said. “San Yuan, do you think this school can win the championship? I don’t think so. Although these students are trained to become learning and fighting machines, it’s very easy for them to become rigid thinkers who are overly stubborn and dogmatic. In a big national competition like this, it’s very important to be flexible. What’s more, it’ll be Senior Grade One students participating this time, and I don’t think the Middle Grade Three students of Balance Flame Middle School will be a threat to them.”

“You’re wrong, Headmaster Chen.”

San Yuan shook his head. “As far as I know, Balance Flame Middle School has its own stringent admission criteria: Students need to have a certain degree of self-discipline and learning capability. Students who can learn may not ultimately do that well in their studies, but those who can’t learn will undoubtedly do worse, unless they’re possessed by Eurogod1. These students are very good at research and learning, and they know how to use what they’ve learned from the textbooks and apply it in the real world.”

Headmaster Chen hadn’t expected San Yuan to suddenly bring up this point. “Learning capability...”

“The first subject that Balance Flame Middle School students learn when they enter the school is copying.’ Every student in the school has a unique view on copying someone else’s strength. Even if a group from Balance Flame Middle School might have only spent a semester there, if you put them on the battlefield, they’ll absorb the tactical thinking of the strong cultivation schools like Devil-Subduing High, Titan High and even South Sea Sky High, and slowly build on it later. In the end, they might become great, fearful devils,” San Yuan said.

San Yuan’s words might sound like an exaggeration, but Headmaster Chen was in fact well aware that the students of Balance Flame Middle School did have more abnormal learning capabilities.

If San Yuan hadn’t reminded him, he would have forgotten this point...

“I recall that the current headmaster of Balance Flame Middle School is...” Headmaster Chen looked a little nostalgic.

“Zuo Qingqiu,” San Yuan answered immediately.

“Oh, so it’s that boy.” Headmaster Chen smiled. It was a familiar name.

“It looks like this Headmaster Zuo is an old acquaintance of yours?” San Yuan chuckled.

Practically all of the headmasters who had graduated from cultivation military school alongside Headmaster Chen that year had been crushed by his formidable tactical thinking before. This included Li Qingxi, headmaster of Devil-Subduing High, and Zuo Qingqiu, headmaster of Balance Flame Middle School; they had suffered tremendously from his array of surprising support spells!

For the national competition this time, all school headmasters had to take command. If this was before Zuo Qingqiu became headmaster of Balance Flame Middle School, Headmaster Chen would have to think carefully about how to deal with this middle school.

But now that he knew that the headmaster was Zuo Qingqiu, he was immediately all smiles in his office.

“Zuo Qingqiu this kid has always been the conservative type, which may become a major weakness of his command.” Headmaster Chen tapped his fingers on the armrest of his chair and pondered for

a bit before saying, “What Balance Flame Middle School has to be careful about is to absolutely not lose too many teammates in the early stage. Given their strong learning capability, they might get the upper hand during the middle and later stages of the competition.”

San Yuan: “What do you mean?”

Headmaster Chen snapped his fingers. “Since it’s like this, how about we concentrate our firepower and get rid of this time bomb at the very beginning?”

Chapter 1124: Father Wang – Collecting Material and Adapting

It was initially just a district-level body technique exchange meet, which had inexplicably expanded into a national competition. If No. 60 High placed in this competition, Wang Ling wouldn’t be able to remain unnoticed and low-key, no matter how much he wanted to. Events now seemed to be developing in a way which contradicted the important strategy which Father Wang and Mother Wang had drawn up for him: “Live a low-key life.”

Wednesday, November 12th.

That night, Wang Ling got a parents’ notice and two tickets.

Since it had become a national competition, Songhai city’s education commission decided to make a block booking for all parents of participants from Songhai city to watch the competition live. Father and Mother Wang were naturally invited, but after Wang Ling entered middle school, this ridiculous couple had never attended the parent-teacher conference, and had always found someone else to do it. For example, Wang Ling had gotten Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to attend the parent-teacher conference in the first semester of Senior Grade One.

Hence, Wang Ling didn’t think Father and Mother Wang would go.

“Yo, it’s a big event this time, and there’s actually tickets for it.” When Father Wang received the parents’ notice and the two tickets, he was instantly lost in thought.

While the school had already sent out the tickets beforehand, it was up to the parents whether they went or not. No one was specially overseeing this matter, nor would there be any teachers at the venue checking which parents did or did not attend.

The problem was that Father Wang reluctantly felt that an event like this body technique exchange meet was detrimental to the prenatal training that the couple was doing these days.

Father Wang and Mother Wang had been carefully doing prenatal training during this period. Her belly sticking out, Mother Wang traveled all over the place, and Father Wang followed her. They visited all kinds of cultural museums on cultivation history, with the intent of making use of this art influence to get Wang Nuan to calm down... Generally speaking, girls tended to be more serene, but considering what happened after Wang Ling was born, Father and Mother Wang still felt that this sort of meditative prenatal training was vital!

Eyes fixed on the notice and tickets, Father Wang pondered for a moment before finally deciding to decline. "How about you ask Little Lei to go on our behalf?"

Wang Ling: "..."

He knew it!

"You're calm now, and don't like to talk much, but when you were born, you were actually quite rowdy. Your mom and I always wondered if it was because we didn't do the prenatal training properly before you were born. Your mom and I have been taking your little sister to look at cultural and art exhibits these days, and we hope that she'll be a little calmer," said Father Wang. "An event like a body technique exchange meet doesn't seem good for prenatal training. What if your little sister is influenced by the violence? Your mom and I are already no longer your match..."

These words dumbfounded Wang Ling. "..."

What "already no longer your match"...

They hadn't been his match since he was born, alright?!

The critical point was that Wang Ling didn't think this sort of calming prenatal training could curb his little sister's strength.

Wang Nuan's "Shadow Dao" had already caused Wang Ling plenty of trouble during the summer break; at that time, Wang Ling already knew what Wang Nuan was going to be like. Although his

cute little sister had yet to be born, given how pesky Shadow Dao was, she would definitely be a troublemaker.

Seeing that Father Wang didn't plan to go, Wang Ling took the tickets back, then had him sign the notice.

To be honest, Wang Ling was instead relieved that Father and Mother Wang weren't going. When he thought about how his parents might watch his performance during the competition, a part of him would always feel nervous as their kid.

...

As Mother Wang put on a face mask that night, she discussed the national competition with Father Wang. "Actually you really want to go and watch."

"..." Eyes on the newspaper, Father Wang kept silent.

"It just so happens that I've arranged to hang out with a few friends that day. You don't have to worry about me, they've always taken very good care of me," said Mother Wang.

Father Wang put the newspaper down and sat upright as he listened to Mother Wang speak. "This national competition is a rare event. Ling Ling is usually so low-key, yet his teacher still chose him, which proves that his teacher really likes him. It would be good for you to go and watch. Usually, you hardly talk to each other, and you always use docking his allowance as a way to try and have a heart-to-heart chat with your son and get close to him. This is actually a very good chance; seeing how Ling Ling performs during the competition will deepen your relationship and understanding of each other."

"Cough... but..."

"But Ling Ling already took back the tickets, right?" Mother Wang laughed as she opened a drawer and pulled them out. "I took them back from Ling Ling."

"..." Father Wang took the tickets, his heart trembling slightly.

"You damn tsundere," Mother Wang commented.

“Ai, do you think I want to be like this?” Father Wang curled his lip.

Father Wang really wanted to go and watch this body technique exchange meet. Indeed, like Mother Wang said, he wanted to see what Wang Ling’s performance was like. In addition, it was also for the sake of collecting reference material.

Father Wang didn’t have a lot of source material on body technique exchange meets. 102 high schools would be participating in this national competition this time, and Father Wang’s heart pounded at this treasure trove of source material.

Source material was derived from life; one of Father Wang’s main tasks in writing was to collect news on the people around him and on society, and integrate them into his novels to give it a sense of the times.

For example, Father Wang had already adapted something that happened between an online live streamer and a fruit farmer the day before into his story yesterday.

It started with a fruit farmer who opened an online shop, and had mistakenly typed in twenty-six yuan for 4500 jin of tangerines rather than 4500 grams. This mistake instantly drew the attention of some so-called “fleece clubs.”

A live streamer who took pride in fleecing others made this mistake known in his fan group and called for his fans to go online and order. They were sure that the seller wouldn’t be able to deliver the goods, and they would promptly complain together in order to receive ten percent of the total payment in compensation.

The poor fruit farmer received tens of thousands of orders overnight, and the shop’s capital instantly went up in smoke.

This live streamer called Passerby A was condemned by netizens, and finally apologized. His account was banned by the live stream platform, and this professional “online fleece club” which hid in the shadows officially entered the public eye.

This sort of behavior already wasn’t fleecing, but was cutting off the sheep’s head... Exploiting someone’s mistake for profit was extremely shameless.

But in considering whether the subject matter was suitable or not, Father Wang had to first decide whether it was reasonable to adapt this source material. As a writer of cultivation novels, such a modern plot device appearing in his cultivation novel would unavoidably be a little off-putting.

Hence, Father Wang revised and adapted this scam story for his own story.

Chapter 1125: Father Wang's Imagination

That evening, Father Wang had his regular meeting with his editor Lie Mengmeng, and they discussed the setting for the next character. None of the characters in his novel were redundant. Whether it was the villain, the protagonist, or a minor role, they each had their own wonderful story and character setting, so it was especially important to determine how the characters would be positioned in the overall story.

The two men were on a video call that evening. These days, Lie Mengmeng seldom came by to press Father Wang for the manuscript, mainly because the website had recently been doing a strict audit of their novels. This was the law of nature, the survival of the fittest – authors who couldn't do it would be 404'ed.

It might sound a little cruel, but this was reality.

Thus, the literary website's entire editorial department had been working overtime recently as they carried out manual checks to prevent works from touching on taboo issues. For minor infractions, it was enough to censor chapters or keywords, but for serious infractions, the entire book might be taken down, and if it was even more serious, the authors' pen names might be banned!

Lie Mengmeng had inspected roughly several thousand books today, before taking some time out to analyze Father Wang's new characters. "Fleecing... You really keep up with the times. I also read the news. Supposedly, that live streamer is still unconvinced, and is saying that the fruit farmer was hyping himself up."

"There's nothing to be unconvinced about. I have some information here which says that this fruit farmer was part of an aid initiative for the poor... No sooner had his hometown helped him open an online store to lift him out of poverty, the website got complaints the next day and closed it down. I heard that the village chief was shocked!"

Lie Mengmeng was surprised. "Is that so..."

“But it’s too sensitive an issue to write about, so I think that it’s better to focus on parodying that unscrupulous live streamer.” Father Wang said, “I already have an idea about the character setting. The protagonist is just about to run into an old enemy, who sends out this subordinate, who’s very good at scamming people, to tangle with the protagonist. His ability is ‘Scam.’”

“Go on...”

“I haven’t come up with the specific details of the ability yet, but this is roughly what I think: In any case, the main point is this ‘Scam.’ The new villain has the codename Lu RenA, and is related to Grandpa Lu whom I wrote about before in the book. He’s Grandpa Lu’s grandson. He’s skilled at using the Internet, and inherits from Grandpa Lu a system which shares fake coupons.”

Father Wang said, “This fake coupon system takes advantage of people’s inner greed for small gains, and generates countless coupon links to entice cultivators to click on them. As long as cultivators click on them, they’ll be robbed of part of their cultivation, which will then converge in the system’s host.”

“Wouldn’t that be too big a bug...”

“In any case, our protagonist is invincible, and will always have a way to fix the situation.” Father Wang said, “When they click on the coupon links, they’ll be automatically drained of their cultivation, but if they continue forwarding the links, their cultivation will come back to them. The more they share, the more of their cultivation that will return. But at the same time, this also leads to the worldwide spread of these fake coupons, which causes a huge crisis...”

“...”

Hearing this, Lie Mengmeng couldn’t help taking a deep breath.

This viral spread of links suddenly reminded him of the dread of being overwhelmed by Pinxixi’s coupon links in WeChat Moments, especially when 11/11 came around every year. That was clearly a day for Taobao events, but Pinxixi also butted in, and would flood chat groups with all sorts of links practically every day.

The scariest thing was that there would always be friends who would ask you to help click on the links.

Trying to get a bargain during normal times was already frightening enough.

As expected, source material came from real life...

Lie Mengmeng marveled at Father Wang's imagination.

"Given this viral spread, wouldn't the villain become very strong?"

"Not really." Father Wang said, "While many people are greedy for petty gains, there has to be gains offered in the first place before the scammers can swindle them. If the links are fake, online users will definitely complain on a large scale. The people who posted these links will thus be arrested by the Internet police the next day, and won't cause too much harm."

"There's still this sort of operation..." Lie Mengmeng wiped at his sweat. This kind of absurd humor was Father Wang's typical way of dealing with things. Sometimes it didn't need to especially make sense – as long as it was funny and preposterous enough, it was fine to view it as an interlude.

This style also reminded Lie Mengmeng of a talk show comedian called Soy Egg. For example, there had been a marvelous debate recently on whether to save "a cat" or "a famous painting" if a museum was on fire¹

...

Thursday, November 13th.

Tomorrow was the day they would set out for Jinghua city. In the morning, Headmaster Chen gave everyone their round-trip tickets to the city. According to the competition schedule, they would arrive at the designated base on Friday evening to report in, and the competition would officially begin on Saturday, where everyone would participate in the body technique survival contest on Nine Dragon Mountain for eight days.

They weren't allowed to take any magic treasures, talismans, food or daily necessities with them for the competition. Multiple inspections would be carried out prior to entry, and if someone was detected secretly smuggling something in, they would be immediately disqualified.

After all, this was a national competition, and the rules seemed stricter than for typical body technique exchange meets – the truth, however, was that there was a deliberate loophole.

Headmaster Chen had explained this loophole to everyone that morning. “In theory, you aren’t allowed to take anything inside, but the truth is that there’ll definitely be some people who’ll take the risk and muddle their way through the inspections.”

“Can they?”

“Most of those who have this intent will be extremely confident in their abilities.” Headmaster Chen said, “In the national competition this time, the rules only apply to the inspections – in other words, if you can muddle your way through the inspections and successfully take something in, it won’t be considered cheating if you use it openly during the competition. This will depend on how the students of each school deal with this.”

“It’s too hard.” Hero Guo said, “I have an uncle who participated in activities like this when he was a student. At that time, there were already space detection devices during the entry inspections. Storage space magic treasures like storage rings and storage bags can be detected with a simple sweep, and can’t be taken inside.”

Hearing this, Headmaster Chen fell silent.

He knew that this was a loophole that the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools had deliberately set up to test the students’ ability to respond to it.

Thus, “secret smuggling” this time could only be considered an opportunity and not cheating, and couldn’t be dealt with under the rules for “cheating”; the Alliance of Ten Thousand School was playing a good word game this time.

If this “secret smuggling” was detected at entry inspections, it would be unilaterally deemed a “violation.”

The word “violation” was easier on the ears than “cheating”– even if a student was caught and disqualified, there wouldn’t be a record of it on file.

Although San Yuan predicted that No. 60 High would make it into the top eight, Headmaster Chen wanted to play it safe.

Since the Alliance of Ten Thousand School had created such an opportune loophole, there naturally was no reason not to take full advantage of it.

Chapter 1126: Lotus Sun's Sword Spirit Space

Conditions permitting, making fair use of the loophole in the rules was also a shortcut in battle toward placing in the competition ranking this time. Headmaster Chen knew his old acquaintances all too well. His heart was as clear as a mirror; he knew that they would never let go of this opportunity.

It was very likely that Li Qingxi, headmaster of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High, and Zuo Qingxiu, headmaster of Balance Flame Middle School, were both making plans at the moment.

Of all the headmasters this time, Headmaster Chen felt that his biggest foes were these two guys.

He might have defeated the both of them before, and they might not seem fearsome, but if they weren't capable, they wouldn't be able to hold up these two key city high schools.

No. 1 Devil-Subduing High was good at control spells, and the students of Balance Flame Middle School were very good at learning through experience. If the two schools worked together, they might be a formidable combination.

Devil-Subduing High was good at control spells, and could control both people and objects. They could use control spells to confuse the instruments used during the entry inspections so that they produced errors – Headmaster Chen could imagine this happening.

Given Li Qingxi's character, he would definitely get the students to do that. In this eight-day battle for survival, even bringing a single fasting pill inside would significantly improve their odds.

Compared with Li Qingxi's side, the students of Balance Flame Middle School were more conservative; this was a group of bookworms who emphasized rules and stubbornly clung to their principles; it would be absolutely unthinkable to them to take advantage of the loophole.

Headmaster Zuo would want to persuade his students to bring some things in, but he would be faced with the problem of his students' unwillingness to break the rules. As headmaster, he couldn't force them to do what he wanted.

Headmaster Chen's guess was that this Headmaster Zuo would probably choose one or two of the students and use some of his tricks to deceive them into bringing things in...

After these Balance Flame Middle School bookworms brought these things inside, they would have to use these extra aids once they encountered difficulties.

Mankind could never escape "scientific truth."

Hence, Headmaster Chen's plan for dealing with Balance Flame Middle School was very simple.

After hearing Headmaster Chen's plan, Dopey Guo's lips twitched. "To report them... Is that really alright? Isn't it a little too shameless..."

"It's nothing more than a fair method of competition," Headmaster Chen said.

Balance Flame Middle School was a school that would become harder to deal with in the later stage. They absolutely couldn't be allowed to survive in this battle, so they had to be disposed of as soon as possible in the early stage. It would be good news for all schools if Balance Flame Middle School was down some members right from the start.

As for how No. 60 High would bring magic treasures in, Headmaster Chen had already thought up of a plan: They might be able to use Lotus Sun's spirit sword Mysterious Sea to achieve this.

Everyone knew that Lotus Sun's spirit sword already had a sword spirit. As long as she used this sword spirit attribute and placed the magic treasures inside a sword spirit space, no equipment would be able to detect them.

Spirit swords also weren't allowed in the national body technique competition this time, but when a sword spirit and its master shared a close enough rapport, a sword spirit space could be opened up remotely.

“Mysterious Sea has been with Student Lotus Sun since she was born. There probably isn’t anyone here who has as high a rapport as Student Lotus Sun does with her sword, so we’ll have to trouble Student Lotus Sun this time.”

“Okay, headmaster!” Lotus Sun agreed readily.

The truth was that even if Headmaster Chen hadn’t said anything, Lotus Sun had already figured out this method; as a refined young lady, not only did she have to bring magic treasures, she also had to bring many daily necessities.

Everyone would definitely become unkempt while participating in this eight-day battle for survival, but Lotus Sun didn’t want that to happen to her. This was a national competition, and she would inevitably be photographed, so she would need to pay particular attention to her image, or it might tarnish the reputation of her family’s Huaguo Water Curtain Group. Hence, she had to bring talismans for “cleaning” as well as makeup for girls.

Conditions permitting, it would be best if she could wash her hair once a day.

After class, everyone started to discuss what they should bring in with them.

Li Youyue asked, “Will we really not be found out?”

Lotus Sun nodded and beamed. “We won’t be discovered. It’s very difficult to create a sword spirit space, and it was only by luck that I was able to refine one. Generally, very few Foundation Establishment students can open up a sword spirit space, so there won’t be checks carried out specially for a sword spirit space since the procedure involved is too complicated; if over a thousand students are checked for this space, who knows how long the inspections will take.”

Li Youyue sighed with relief. “That’s great. I was still wondering what I should do if I got all dirty during the eight days... Can you help me bring in some makeup and toiletries?”

Lotus Sun: “I’ll prepare a few more; you can just use mine.”

Liu Qingyi also echoed Li Youyue. “Me too!”

Lotus Sun nodded smoothly. “No problem.”

Super Chen: “But what if...”

“You shut up!” The three girls shouted at the same time and stopped Super Chen from speaking.

The power of his blessed mouth really couldn’t be underestimated.

Liu Qingyi actually had her own means of bringing things in, but the problem was that she didn’t have any money right now! The money she earned from working at Wei Zhi’s place was only enough for her to buy some cheap cosmetics. Her life was too hard... It would be good if she could save money and freeload off someone else.

Wang Ling realized that when it came to a battle for survival, girls were unusually alike in their thinking: Their first concern wasn’t whether they could survive, but for their appearance – this was just too real!

Seeing this, Hero Guo couldn’t help but sigh. “This is a battle for survival, can you be a little more serious?”

“Is there anything else more important to a girl than being beautiful and clean?” Li Youyue smiled. She looked at Lotus Sun and said, “Oh, by the way, Rongrong, I also have a set of kitchenware here; take it in for me later. Nine Dragon Mountain has plenty of local specialties; if we can get good ingredients, I can prepare a picnic for everyone.”

“Kitchenware? No problem. There’s plenty of room in my sword spirit space. There’s enough space for about two truckloads of stuff.” Lotus Sun nodded agreeably.

“Then, can you help me bring in a game console?” Hero Guo asked.

“You’re the one acting as if you’re going on holiday...”

“Hey, I was planning to hole up at home next week and play Death Stranding – who the hell knew I would be sent out for a competition!”

“...”

“Don’t worry, I’ll only play when it’s perfectly safe. I’ll do anything as long as you let me bring it.”

Where’s your integrity...

Lotus Sun was speechless. She then turned to everyone else. “Is there anything else you want me to bring? I still have plenty of space.”

Saying this, she turned to look at Wang Ling.

Wang Ling: “...”

Lotus Sun: “Classmate Wang Ling, do you want crispy noodle snacks?”

Wang Ling: “...”

Chapter 1127: Prized Milk Is Useless

Tomorrow was Friday, which was when No. 60 High would be headed to Jinghua city. After school, the students of the special training class gathered and discussed whether they should go out and eat together.

Headmaster Chen was in favor of this suggestion. The national physical body technique competition wasn’t a solo event, and eating together was a good opportunity for them to communicate and get closer to each other.

Things had been tense between Xia Ming and Wang Ling a few days ago, and Headmaster Chen felt that this might be a ticking time bomb.

“It’ll be my treat, everyone go out and eat,” said Headmaster Chen.

Frankly speaking, everyone was surprised by his generosity.

“Huh? Headmaster, are you also coming with us?”

“No.” Headmaster Chen hurriedly shook his head; an old man going along with a bunch of young people certainly wasn’t very good. They didn’t have any topics in common, and conversation might be cut off by the generation gap. If he went with them, they might not be able to enjoy their food as much.

“Will three thousand yuan be enough for the ten¹ of you?”

“Wow... Headmaster, that’s a lot!”

“Next week will be very difficult for you. This amount isn’t much for me.”

Headmaster Chen took out some cash from his pocket and handed them to Lotus Sun. “Student Lotus Sun will take care of it. I only have two requests: Firstly, find a clean restaurant and don’t get sick. Secondly, go home early when you’re done.”

“Thank you, headmaster!” Everyone thanked him.

Lotus Sun politely accepted the three thousand yuan from the headmaster and also sighed in relief. Eating together was good, of course, but she sometimes actually offended a lot of people because of it.

After all, she was the eldest daughter of Huaguo Water Curtain Group. Every time she arranged to eat with her friends, it was always especially lavish, and this sort of upper-class behavior naturally attracted envy.

To use a popular modern phrase, it could be summarized as: a lemon person.

After all, their family backgrounds were different. Lotus Sun had been used to an upper-class lifestyle since young; up until high school, she never thought that there was anything wrong with it. She never had any intention of hurting anyone’s feelings. Her family was just that rich! Could she be blamed for that?

But then she met Wang Ling during the school’s entrance exam...

After being classmates with Wang Ling for a semester, she felt that she had actually learned a lot from him.

Being low-key wasn't a bad thing. Before high school, she had intended to draw attention and win the hearts of everyone in the entire school to make herself the brightest star.

Her thinking had now changed slightly – to be an unassuming young miss didn't seem like a bad thing...

This three thousand yuan from Headmaster Chen could be considered very timely; if the ten of them went out to dine, Lotus Sun's bodyguards would probably rush to pay the bill.

What would her classmates think when they saw that? Wasn't that clearly showing off? Classmate Wang Ling definitely wouldn't like it...

"What should we eat?" Lotus Sun carefully put the three thousand yuan down on the desk and looked prepared to have a serious discussion.

It wasn't that she was being modest, but that she really didn't have any ideas. For the sake of maintaining her figure, she didn't usually eat dinner, so she didn't have any idea at all what food to recommend.

This was already the 1346th night in a row that she would be eating a fasting energy pill...

"There's a soup restaurant on Yellow Springs Road that's pretty good. Shall we try it out? It's popular online!" said Super Chen.

"Yellow Springs Road... That's so ominous. Does it sell Old Woman Meng's soup?" Hero Guo curled his lip. "Forget it. We should have a little more faith. No one can clearly explain the mysteries of the universe. There's too much poisonous milk nowadays..."

After that, every single person looked at Super Chen.

Super Chen: "Why're you looking at me? It's just Yellow Springs Road, and it's just drinking soup. I was thinking about the girls in our team – we should eat something mild at night, and we won't gain weight from drinking soup. It's not like after drinking the soup, we'll really –"

Before he could say “die,” Hero Guo hastily covered Super Chen’s mouth, but everyone could still vaguely hear him say that ominous word.

At that moment, Wang Ling was already observing a moment of silence for that Internet-famous soup restaurant...

He then unlocked his phone to look for news on that restaurant, and sure enough, he saw that the latest news contained an exposé on that Internet-famous soup restaurant.

The news headline was [An Internet-famous soup restaurant down Yellow Springs Road has been shut down and is being investigated for hygiene issues after customers came down with severe diarrhea].

“...” After reading this, Wang Ling silently closed his phone.

It could only be said that Super Chen’s mouth was indeed terrifying. However, Wang Ling also realized that it had to be something which Super Chen said without thinking before it came true. This was what people meant when they said that “prized milk is useless¹,” which also applied to Super Chen.

For example, if Super Chen wanted to do well, and hence predicted that he would get full marks on his next test, it wouldn’t happen.

“Then what should we eat? Have you thought about it?” Wang Zhen swallowed as he looked at the three thousand yuan on the table; after he and Liu Qingyi were punished by Heavenly Dao, practically all they ate nowadays was instant noodles, in order to save money.

Whenever Wang Zhen burped now, he felt like it had the flavor of braised beef...

Looking at current Earth prices, three thousand yuan would be enough for them to eat until they were full.

“Let’s see what everyone likes first. If you don’t have any ideas, then let me recommend something; I know a few good restaurants.” Li Youyue raised her eyebrows, a confident expression on her face. “I don’t eat spicy food. How about you guys?”

Lotus Sun thought for a moment. “There’s nothing in particular that I need to avoid.”

Super Chen: “Spicy or not is fine for me. I don’t eat duck.”

Hero Guo: “I eat anything.”

Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi said in unison, “Me too!” They exchanged looks of dismay after that, and then ignored each other as they looked away.

Fang Xing: “As for me, I don’t eat food that’s too sweet.”

Gu Shunzhi: “My taste is the same as Wang Ling’s.”

Zhenyuan: “So’s mine!”

Wang Ling: “???”

Li Youyue: “Then what does Classmate Wang Ling like...”

Gu Shunzhi laughed. “It’s definitely black pepper.” After all, the sachet of seasoning inside a crispy noodle snack packet was black pepper in flavor.

When Gu Shunzhi said this, Wang Ling was stunned. Gu Shunzhi had unexpectedly hit the nail on the head!

As expected of the keeper of order – how dangerous!

Xia Ming wasn’t planning to say anything, and was fine with whatever was decided, but since everyone had contributed to the discussion, he thought he would seem a bit antisocial if he didn’t say anything. Thus, he thought for a while, and then raised his hand and said, “Er... I’m allergic to peanuts, so I can’t eat them”

“Okay, got it.” Li Youyue thought a bit, then said, “How about seafood? You can adjust your preferences yourself. I know a restaurant called The Conch Lady! Have you heard of it?”

When Li Youyue said that, Lotus Sun instantly fell silent.

Because this restaurant...

...was actually a business under her Huaguo Water Curtain Group.

Chapter 1128: Conch Lady

Like Lotus Sun said, there were a lot of businesses under Huaguo Water Curtain Group. Its main business was pills and medicine, but thanks to abundant profits and the company’s renowned influence in the pills and medicine industry, Huaguo Water Curtain Group used this fortune to quickly expand into various other fields: film and television, e-sports, food, shopping malls... Huaguo Water Curtain Group’s fingers could be seen in practically every popular pie.

This “Conch Lady” seafood restaurant chain, for example, was in fact owned by Huaguo Water Curtain Group, but many people didn’t know this.

Lotus Sun wanted to eat with the others in a neutral setting. She had relaxed a little when Headmaster Chen gave them the money for food, but why had things turned out like this?

“Classmate Lotus Sun, you don’t look very good.” Li Youyue asked, “Is it because you can’t eat seafood?”

“No, I’m fine...” Lotus Sun quickly shook her head. She then silently took out her phone and sent a message to the driver, who was waiting outside the school gate, to let Conch Lady know in advance.

Outside the school gate, the driver saw the message and was confused, because Lotus Sun just said, “Inform Conch Lady on XXX Road.”

She didn’t say exactly what to tell them!

And the point was that Conch Lady was inside Huaguo Water Curtain Group's Huaguo Shopping Mall; there was practically no shop there that didn't know Lotus Sun... Was there any need to inform them?

The driver looked at his phone and frowned. Although he was a little perplexed, this was the Eldest Miss's request, after all, and the driver didn't dare disobey it.

He immediately followed Lotus Sun's instruction, and had the nearby bodyguards retreat three kilometers to follow her at a distance while he drove the car to that particular Conch Lady restaurant to let them know.

When everyone exited the classroom, Lotus Sun inwardly sighed with relief when she saw that the bodyguards who had initially been standing guard outside had retreated.

"How are we going to get there?" Super Chen asked.

"Fly our swords; the competition is coming up, so we should grab every chance to build up our stamina. Besides, flying a sword consumes a lot of energy, so we'll enjoy the food more later," Hero Guo suggested. Stamina had always been his weak point, and this was a good opportunity to work out – a short cram session like this was also good.

Lotus Sun nodded. "I agree."

Everyone was actually surprised at Lotus Sun's agreement; their impression of her was that she was a different sort to them. Usually, there would be a black limo waiting for her outside the school gate after school.

Since she had agreed, naturally, no one else would refuse.

"Then let's fly our swords together; it'll be better that way. Who'll lead?" Everyone took out their spirit swords. Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi also took out the spirit swords which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had given to them. Heavenly Dao had blocked their use of magic treasures, and they were also forbidden to use their own spirit swords. However, it was difficult for a cultivator to move around without a spirit sword.

For the time being, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had given them a compatible spirit sword each. The condition, however, was that after they were done helping Wei Zhi and had spare time on

their hands, they had to go and help the Office of Strategic Deception deal with some client requests, like hunting down wanted criminals of the Dark Network and so on.

Wang Ling felt that in some sense, Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi were pretty pitiful.

They could have become a loving couple in the world above. In the end, thanks to a freak combination of factors, they both wound up in the world below while running away from the marriage arrangement, and were punished by Heavenly Dao... Not only couldn't they return home, this young master and young miss had to work in order to survive here.

How tragic...

Everyone had decided to fly their swords, and Wang Ling naturally didn't have any objections. Flying a sword used up a lot of stamina and mental focus; they had to concentrate during the process, or it would be very easy for them to slip and fall in midair.

There would usually be someone who would lead the group, and currently, it seemed only Lotus Sun could take up this role.

Wang Ling, Wang Zhen, Liu Qingyi, Zhenyuan, and Gu Shunzhi had to hide their strength. The only person here who had a sword spirit was Lotus Sun. One of the great advantages of a spirit sword which had spawned a sword spirit was that it had an "autopilot" mode, where the sword spirit could fly the spirit sword on its own, and thus share its master's mental burden.

Furthermore, if the team flew in a sword formation, the sword spirit in the lead could share part of the mental burden of each team member, which was the reason why many people liked flying swords in a group.

This could be considered one of the very few times Wang Ling was eating out. Moreover, it was with his classmates. On the entire journey, Lotus Sun's Mysterious Sea felt the pressure behind him...

Mysterious Sea was well aware that this pressure was coming from Wang Ling's Jingke.

F**k... He was a small sword spirit. As the bro leading the team while being stared by the boss of sword spirits, the pressure was freaking insane!

But Mysterious Sea didn't dare ask or say anything.

He didn't know what the boss's character was like, but everyone knew that a sword took after its master, and Mysterious Sea was afraid Jingke would kill him...

...

It was about an hour before they finally arrived at the commercial plaza, which had a designated zone for getting off flying swords.

Everyone landed, and Hero Guo began to pant heavily. "F**k! I swear I'll never fly so far in one go ever again! I felt like I was dying! I'd rather do workbook exercises for an hour!"

"Your stamina is terrible... don't hold us back in the body technique competition, boss!" As soon as Super Chen said the words, Hero Guo instantly tensed up and inwardly cursed Super Chen's jinx of a mouth. Everyone else had already hurried on ahead to the mall.

Lotus Sun quietly sighed with relief when they reached the mall's main entrance. It looked like her driver had already let them know beforehand... Everything was going according to plan.

On the way to the Conch Lady restaurant, she kept encouraging herself.

She was just a very ordinary student today. She didn't need special treatment or anything like that at all. She just wanted to be like everyone else.

But as they made their way to the restaurant, she noticed that everyone in the mall was giving her strange looks, and she slowly started to get a bad feeling...

It couldn't be, right...

Old Li had been her driver for so long, and should know her thoughts; he couldn't possibly have misunderstood her. Lotus Sun checked the message she sent him, but when she saw the content, she almost spat out a mouthful of blood! She had been so nervous at the time, and had only told Old Li

to let them know, but not about what... It would indeed be very easy for Old Li to misunderstand this message!

By the time Lotus Sun brought everyone to the Conch Lady restaurant, it was already too late.

When the restaurant manager and staff saw Lotus Sun, they all came out with smiles all over their faces and respectfully stood in a row.

Then, the manager stepped forward and bowed deeply. “Eldest Miss! All the staff are in position; we await your inspection!”

Lotus Sun: “...”

Everyone: “...”

Chapter 1129: Air Immortal Warship

Lotus Sun didn’t want special treatment, but she didn’t expect things to turn out this way.

Honestly speaking, however, her driver Old Li wasn’t to blame; it was largely her fault for not making herself clear. In the end, Old Li had come straight over to “let them know,” and scared this Conch Lady branch manager so much that the latter had returned to work despite being in the middle of a health spa.

Now, he led a team of staff in saluting Lotus Sun respectfully at the entrance, which made her feel quite awkward. However, the truth was that the others didn’t really care, because this was very normal to them. After all, Huaguo Water Curtain Group was so rich — so what if it opened a seafood restaurant?

There were a lot of delicacies on Earth. Before this, Gu Shunzhi and Zhenyuan had always been busy with official and private matters respectively, and were in the Milky Way all year around as they shuttled back and forth between various planets. The only word to describe food on other planets was: terrible... Thus, they would rather eat fasting pills when they were hungry; who knew when was the last time they had feasted on Earth. They also had only gotten a little taste of what it was like to eat with everyone in No. 60 High’s canteen in these two days at school.

Nothing needed to be said about Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi — for this young master and young miss pair who were in dire straits, it didn't matter who paid, as long as they could eat!

As for Super Chen and Hero Guo, they cared even less.

Seeing that everyone didn't particularly care, Lotus Sun sighed with relief.

"Order whatever you want," said Lotus Sun.

"Don't be shy. It's Headmaster Chen's treat, after all. Since there are ten of us, it wouldn't be nice if we didn't eat more," said Li Youyue. As a girl, she in fact knew what Lotus Sun was thinking; indeed, it wouldn't be very nice to publicly exercise privilege on an occasion like this.

At that moment, the manager on the side smiled slightly. "Thank you for your understanding. Please rest assured that I'll give you a discount and won't waste Headmaster Chen's consideration for you. You can also rest assured that we use the freshest ingredients. We have a sea king spirit beast that was just caught from the sea."

"Wow, just caught? How was it sent here?" said Super Chen.

"There is a teleportation array in the kitchen. If you like, you can put on the protective suits over there and go in for a look." The manager extended the invitation with a smile.

Super Chen and Hero Guo were the sort of people who could never sit still: one was hyperactive and the other was crazy about gossip. Naturally, they wouldn't skip an opportunity to visit the kitchen. Moreover, they would be able to see a sea king spirit beast! On average, these sea kings were at the Golden Core stage, and a special immortal sea fleet was required to catch them! Their meat was incredibly delicious!

But to eat sea king spirit beast sashimi... three thousand yuan might not be enough for the ten of them.

Li Youyue was in charge of ordering the food. A dozen minutes or so later, the kitchen in the back served up seafood sashimi, roasts and kebabs. For mains, there were steamed rolls, fried noodles and onigiris. The mains here were different to what was served outside; mains usually consisted of

rice and noodles, but as a seafood restaurant, Conch Lady in fact processed sea animal parts and incorporated them into its mains.

They looked like mains, but were actually still seafood.

“Eat, everyone.” Wang Zhen impatiently picked up a fat squid tentacle with his chopsticks and shoved it into his mouth. His face shone with pleasure; it was so good that he didn’t want to say anything at all.

This was a combination of the freshest ingredients; the chefs had been urgently dispatched from the city center after Lotus Sun’s driver Old Li had informed the restaurant that she was coming, so naturally, their skills were beyond question.

They ate over ten plates of seafood, yet the boys actually weren’t full. Since cultivators consumed more energy, they naturally had bigger appetites. Only Li Youyue, Lotus Sun and Liu Qingyi put down their chopsticks; girls needed to maintain their figures, and eating until they were half-full was fine.

“Are there any more dishes coming?”

“Yes, there’s still a crunchy fried deep sea giant crispy fish.”

“Deep sea giant crispy fish?”

“It’s a kind of deep sea spirit fish that’s very big and which feeds on crispy noodle snacks to survive,” Li Youyue explained.

Hearing this, Wang Ling suddenly felt his spirits lift.

“Feeds on crispy noodle snacks...” Everyone was petrified. When they heard this, they felt that they were still inexperienced. The world was indeed full of extraordinary things; who would have thought that there would actually be a fish in the vast ocean which had the same taste as Wang Ling! It was crazy!

...

Friday, November 14th.

That morning, an air immortal warship shaped like a spirit sword was moored on No. 60 High's sports field. Relying on the repulsive force generated between magnetic spirit stones and the underground spirit veins, it used magnetic power to hover in the air, and the captain piloting the ship didn't have to use the slightest bit of spirit energy to steer it.

This sort of air immortal warship in fact wasn't rare. Air immortal warships like this one, which relied on magnetic spirit stones, were used all over the world. Given its high performance capability, low energy consumption, and the fact that it was environmentally friendly, it was prized by every country. As long as the underground spirit veins still existed, these air immortal warships would be able to operate eternally.

The warship moored on No. 60 High's sports field was in fact the small-scale air immortal warship dispatched by Jinghua city's Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools; the Alliance had clearly spared no effort to ensure that all participating high school students would arrive by the stipulated time.

"Picked up by a magnetic-powered air immortal warship – this is too good!"

"My god, such fancy treatment! I'm jealous!"

"I've decided: from now on, I'm going to become a lemon person! If our school team doesn't get into the top sixty schools, I'll be the first to turn into a Warwick¹ and slaughter them!"

The crowd of spectating students who lined the corridors of No. 60 High chatted among themselves as they looked enviously at Wang Ling and the others, who were on the sports field.

"Who knows how the competition works?"

"I heard that they'll report in at five this afternoon, which is then followed by the first elimination report."

“The elimination starts today?”

“There are 102 high schools, of course they have to cut down the numbers. Otherwise, it’ll be a mess when they’re dropped onto Nine Dragon Mountain.”

Everyone was whispering and talking to one another in the corridors.

On the other side, Wang Ling and the others had packed lightly and were ready to go into battle. They formed a neat and tidy row, with Headmaster Chen in the lead at the front of the line. The supporting teacher for the team this time was still Old Antique, while San Yuan had also joined the No. 60 High team as the security advisor.

He had made this decision last night; in any case, he was still on break and had a lot of time to spare, so he wanted to tag along as a spectator for this spectacular competition.

Mainly, San Yuan was genuinely curious to know if No. 60 High could truly go as far as he had predicted...

They were clearly just a group of Foundation Establishment high school students, but looking at the row of ten people in front of him, a strange feeling came over San Yuan.

He felt that there were some people in this line who could send him off to see Buddha with one punch...

1

But San Yuan was aware that this was probably just his mistaken impression.

They were just a bunch of Foundation Establishment high school students – how could it be possible?

Chapter 1130: Powerful Outside Help

The small air immortal warship could hold up to fifty people at one time. After the No. 60 High delegation boarded, Wang Ling instantly had a bad feeling when he saw that the warship had yet to take off.

Roughly ten minutes later, the school guard Old Li led another delegation of ten people, who were wearing luxurious school uniforms, to the sports field – now, everyone had assembled.

Everyone from No. 60 High was looking out the window, and Super Chen and Hero Guo suddenly got a little excited. “It’s No. 59 High!”

No. 60 High and No. 59 High could now be considered old acquaintances. As with No. 60 High, the headmaster of No. 59 High had also personally come. Seeing the familiar figure of Headmaster Jin from No. 59 High, it was as if Wang Ling was back at the spirit sword exchange meet which had been held not long ago last semester.

It was No. 60 High who had won the exchange meet then.

But the exchange meet also brought No. 59 High and No. 60 High closer together. In addition, No. 60 High’s promotion as a key city high school candidate had been a special exception, which didn’t affect No. 59 High’s path to promotion at all. Now that they were on the same air immortal warship, this could be said to be the perfect picture of a happy reunion.

Wang Ling privately felt that this was fated somehow.

Everyone knew that Headmaster Chen and Headmaster Jin were from the same sect. Now, they were both headmasters who were leading the students under them to participate in a national competition... Such a harmonious situation was really moving.

The first person from No. 59 High to board was He Bufeng.

Senior Buliang, who had been taught a lesson by Wang Ling before, had now completely turned over a new leaf – not only had he shaved off his shamate hairstyle in favor of a crew cut, he was also wearing a pair of reading glasses to perfect his intellectual aura.

He Bufeng truly reflected the saying “the clothes make the man.” Although he had been held back in school, he was evidently performing well in all respects after turning over a new leaf. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been invited to be a member of the delegation.

As the saying went, “a fault confessed is already half-redressed.” The students of No. 60 High were somewhat astonished to see the tremendous changes in He Bufeng’s hairstyle and temperament; even Wang Ling almost didn’t recognize him.

To Wang Ling’s horror, He Bufeng made a beeline for him as soon as he boarded the warship...

Wang Ling had deliberately looked for a seat at the back, which gave him a sense of security. Everyone from No. 60 High knew his personality, so none of them crowded him. The air immortal warship was very spacious, and one person could occupy two seats. It would be too hot if they all sat together!

So it was very clear that He Bufeng was headed toward Wang Ling...

“May I... sit here, please?” The others were astonished when He Bufeng opened his mouth. This polite manner left everyone from No. 60 High speechless for a moment.

Before Wang Ling could answer, He Bufeng had already thanked him. “Thank you!”

He then directly sat down next to Wang Ling.

Wang Ling: “...”

Wang Ling had nothing to say.

He Bufeng, who had initially turned into a black cat to tease Wang Ling, had turned back into his original, buck naked form in broad daylight thanks to Wang Ling’s King’s Eye. Now, He Bufeng was sitting next to him. Wang Ling felt that this could be considered karma... ah, what an ill-fated relationship!

But He Bufeng shouldn’t have any evil intentions. From what Wang Ling could tell, the only thing He Bufeng felt toward him now... was the slight suspicion that Wang Ling was a very strong person...

In short, it would be better to be a little more vigilant around this guy.

But now, He Bufeng's attitude was more like... that of a fan?

Wang Ling's mind spun with wild thoughts.

He looked calmly out the window and pretended to ignore He Bufeng, but he had already clearly grasped He Bufeng's attitude.

In addition to He Bufeng, the other four members of No. 59 High's fixed five-member group had also come: they were Tang Jingze and the three brothers of the Liang family, Liang Wei, Liang Zheng and Liang Fei. As for the remaining five people, Wang Ling didn't know them very well; even after searching his memories, he felt that they were all unfamiliar, and he hadn't seen them at the previous spirit sword exchange meet.

After the students of No. 59 High boarded the immortal warship, the scene quickly turned lively.

This was mainly because the two schools were now on friendlier terms. Tang Jingze came to No. 60 High to visit the student union for exchange activities sometimes, so the atmosphere among the students of the two schools on the warship was even better than expected, and so harmonious that even the two headmasters felt it was somewhat miraculous.

"Senior brother, are we going to form an alliance this time?" Headmaster Jin was the first to ask after boarding.

"Does junior brother think it's going to be tricky?" Headmaster Chen raised his eyebrows. He was all too clear on his junior brother's character; the latter absolutely wouldn't open his mouth to suggest that they form an alliance unless he really had to.

The truth was that Headmaster Jin was also moved when he saw how friendly the two schools were.

Although, the two schools were also fundamentally in a competitive relationship...

"It'll be safer that way." Headmaster Jin pursed his lips and turned away. "Heh, if you don't want to, then forget it!"

Headmaster Chen smiled. “I didn’t say no.”

He had often teased this junior brother of his when they were at school together. It had been so many years since they graduated, and both of them were now headmasters, but he felt that his junior brother hadn’t changed at all, and was still a damn tsundere.

“Alright, then! We’ll draw up a contract later!” Headmaster Jin said.

“A contract? So formal?”

“Of course!” Headmaster Jin replied. “After our students enter the battlefield and both sides run into each other, they should spare no effort to help one other out. We’ll set the sixth day of the survival contest as the deadline. The contract will be voided on the seventh day, and we can compete like normal then.”

“I’m fine with that.”

The suggestion made Headmaster Chen smile. An alliance was certainly a good thing, but he was still somewhat skeptical about No. 59 High’s fighting strength. “I specialized in support studies back then, which was an unconventional pathway. Junior brother, you took the more orthodox route. Listening to you talk, it seems that you’re confident No. 59 High will be able to survive?”

“Well...”

Headmaster Jin hemmed and hawed. “It seems that there are some unfamiliar faces among the students whom you’ve selected this time.”

Speaking up to this point, both the headmasters smiled in tacit understanding.

“Did junior brother also look for outside help?”

“Not exactly; these children are very good, and have already become students of our No. 59 High.”

“Where did you poach them from?”

“Tianshi Imperial High School.”

“...” Headmaster Chen was a little surprised. It wasn’t as if he had never heard of this school.

Of all the cultivation high schools, this was the first choice for children of high-ranking officials and aristocrats in Jinghua city. Fang Xing had transferred from this school to No. 60 High.

It was the fact that No. 59 High was actually able to poach students from Tianshi Imperial High School which Headmaster Chen found incredible.