

Daily Life 1141

Chapter 1141: Poor Zhu Hanyun

Under that huge mental pressure, the eyes of the boy from South Sea Sky High almost instantly turned red. His tears immediately gushed out and wouldn't stop, no matter what he did. Crying in front of so many people was indeed very embarrassing, but the boy was full of despair; he himself didn't know why Gu Shunzhi appeared so frightening and could glare him into crying.

But when he gradually calmed down and thought about how he had actually cried in front of so many people, he was immediately seized with heartfelt sorrow and cried even more wretchedly...

Gu Shunzhi realized he had overdone it, and immediately started to silently recite the Mind Calming Scripture, which he had developed himself, to help control the boy's mood.

This mental technique had a mystical "radiation" effect; as long as someone was using it, the people around them would calm down and then automatically enter "sage mode," and instantly delete all those dirty videos from their phones.

"Calm down a bit. We haven't confirmed yet that you're a suspect. We have to catch the murderer before we can move on to the next round, and we don't have much time left. If you aren't the murderer, then we need you to cooperate even more." Helpless, Gu Shunzhi could only comfort him.

What Gu Shunzhi had to do his best to learn now was to be patient. In fact, studying at No. 60 High with Wang Ling would be immensely helpful for his future "the only koi fish in the cultivation realm" mission.

As Gu Shunzhi stealthily activated the Mind Calming Scripture, the boy from South Sea Sky High finally calmed down.

He felt that what Gu Shunzhi said made sense; including him, there were still ten other suspects. Cooperating with the investigation was the quickest way to clear himself of suspicion and uncover the real murderer.

Seeing the boy wipe his tears, Gu Shunzhi used a gentle tone to guide him. "Tell us: what did you use magic for in the last thirty minutes?"

Gu Shunzhi had gathered the perception-type students together to use their abilities to pick out people who had used magic in the last thirty minutes, and he then ruled out those who could prove that they had used healing spells to treat their comrades.

The remaining ten suspects now had to clearly explain why they had used magic so that the timeline could be checked and they could be cleared of suspicion.

Thus, the boy whom Gu Shunzhi had frightened into crying started to speak. “My name is Nan Yixiu, and I’m a Senior Grade One student at South Sea Sky High. Before Zhu Hanyun’s body was discovered, I used a perception spell.”

“Perception spell?” Gu Shunzhi smiled slightly. “Can you be more specific?”

Nan Yixiu’s face clearly turned red at this question, and everyone instantly understood... It seemed that this boy had used his perception magic for something embarrassing.

Nan Yixiu: “I actually didn’t do anything bad... It was just that when I was gathering information, I suddenly got a little curious.”

Gu Shunzhi smiled. “The only thing you can do right now is clarify the matter.”

Nan Yixiu knew he couldn’t escape this. “It’s like this: It’s very normal to gather information during a competition, right? This is our South Sea Sky High’s advantage; we’re well-known for our perception magic. So, I was thinking of looking around discreetly for information while everyone was resting. Then, I accidentally saw some female students...”

Everyone around him instantly let out “oh” sounds.

Many of the boys sighed inwardly over the convenience of perception magic – it could even save them time looking online, and directly broadcast a live show!

But Huaxiu Alliance actually had a lot of spell bans which applied to perception cultivators, and cultivator homes now were usually fitted with anti-intruder systems. In other words, if cultivators sent out mental feelers, they would trigger the alarm system.

Using perception to peep on others was illegal.

But during a competition... No one would get twisted up over such an issue; the most a person would suffer was moral condemnation for a while.

It was for this reason that a lot of the boys were filled with righteous indignation: How could you keep it to yourself?! Why didn't you bring me along?!

Nan Yixiu couldn't help flushing at all the fingers pointed at him. "I really was only probing for information to begin with, but I never thought that the students from No. 8 Jade Girls' High would be next door."

Gu Shunzhi: "No. 8 Jade Girls' High?"

At that moment, Gao Tianming, who had been watching all this time, suddenly spoke up. "It's a girls' school that's famous for cultivating the Jade Woman Heart Sutra. During dual cultivation, the sutra generates a powerful self-healing ability, which is No. 8 Jade Girls' High's advantage."

"Jade Woman Heart Sutra? Shouldn't this be cultivated between a man and a woman?"

"No, the technique has already been improved on so that two girls can also cultivate it without needing to draw on a guy's help. The cultivation method is the same – two people strip naked and lie one on the other."

Everyone: "..."

After Gao Tianming said this, Nan Yixiu's face turned even redder. He never expected to see such an erotic scene in his first intelligence probe.

His mind had been a mess, and Nan Yixiu said that he immediately dispelled evil thoughts and went out to cool his head.

"At the time, I just wanted to go out and cool down a little. You also know I'm not a peeping tom – I also wondered whether I should go next door to apologize." Nan Yixiu rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment.

Gu Shunzhi said, “Go on.”

Nan Yixiu continued, “I never expected to see Zhu Hanyun lying on the floor when I left my room.”

“You saw him on the floor as soon as you left your room?”

“That’s right; I saw a person lying in front of a door in the distance. That door was shut tight, and I only knew it was Zhu Hanyun when I got closer. At the time, I thought he had a fight with his roommate and had decided to sleep outside.”

“There wasn’t any blood at the time?” Gu Shunzhi questioned him closely about the details.

“No blood.” Nan Yixiu nodded his head and said.

Realization hit Gu Shunzhi.

If there had been no blood then, there was only one explanation — the Construction Spell had been cast when Zhu Hanyun was knocked unconscious. That was to say, when the Zhu Hanyun who was lying on the floor had been “constructed,” he had only been unconscious. Now that he was lying in a pool of blood, someone had definitely attacked this Zhu Hanyun “stage prop” later.

At that moment, Nan Yixiu elaborated further. “I was so scared. At first, I was going to look for someone to find out what happened. But when I thought about how I was the first person to find Zhu Hanyun lying on the floor, I really wouldn’t be able to explain it if I wound up being suspected of knocking him out — it would be very likely that I would be disqualified from the competition.”

Gu Shunzhi raised his eyebrows. “So what did you do?”

“I used a Wood Transformation Spell to turn my right arm into wood. I then grabbed Zhu Hanyun by the throat and left behind some wood shavings to try and frame No. 1 Demon-Subduing High... Their school is good at using puppets, so leaving shavings behind would be normal.” When Nan Yixiu said that, the students from No. 1 Demon-Subduing High were instantly infuriated.

“How vile!” A student from No. 1 Demon-Subduing High stepped forward and snorted disdainfully.

“Don’t talk about other people, you’re also a suspect.” Gu Shunzhi looked at this young man. “Nan Yixiu’s done explaining the situation. Let’s hear it: what did you do?”

The young man curled his lip, but at a meaningful glance from Gao Tianming, finally decided to tell the truth. “When I got here, there was no one around Zhu Hanyun, and he wasn’t bleeding either. But then I saw the wood shavings on his neck... I thought that someone from our school had quarreled with him and knocked him out, so I...”

“What did you do?” Everyone had started to become very curious.

“I used the Star Flame Spell to burn up the wood shavings, and tried to shift the blame to Balance Flame Middle School. After all, they’re good at fireball spells. If there were burn marks on the body, they should be the first suspects... At the same time, all traces of the wood would be perfectly covered up.”

Everyone: “...”

Gu Shunzhi: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Hearing that, practically everyone was stupefied.

In other words, this body of Zhu Hanyun’s, which had been created with the Construction Spell, had already been grabbed by the throat and set on fire, but both incidents still couldn’t explain where on earth the blood had come from...

Who the hell knew what Zhu Hanyun went through before he wound up lying in this pool of blood...

Chapter 1142: Nightmare Has Come

The questioning continued.

The next person who stepped forward was from Balance Flame Middle School.

“My name is Zhong Yunyi and I’m from Balance Flame Middle School... When I went out to go to the bathroom, I found this guy lying here, and it seemed that he had been hit by the Star Fire Spell. I had no idea who wanted to frame us, but after I went back and discussed it with my senior brother, we still decided to strike him.”

Staring at Zhong Yunyi, Gu Shunzhi said, “Go on.”

Classmate Zhong Yunyi confessed the truth. “While the Star Fire Spell can burn up the wood shavings, it can’t cause fatal injuries. So, we quickly calculated the principle behind North Punch High School’s Wick-Piercing Fist, and we punched Zhu Hanyun in the stomach.”

Everyone was horrified. “...”

Nan Yixiu, who had been the first to confess, never expected each of the other guys after him to be more vicious than the next... To dare go that far...

The Wick-Piercing Fist was one of the basic martial arts of North Punch High School. A spirit root was like a cultivator’s “candle wick,” and the Wick-Piercing Fist was a fighting technique that could pierce and damage the spirit root. If a little too much power was used, it could be utterly fatal!

In a split second, Zhong Yunyi seemed even more suspicious.

But Zhong Yunyi had another explanation for the bleeding. “We did the calculations. Furthermore, all of us at Balance Flame Middle School just worked it out earlier for the sake of shifting the blame, so there’s no way it can be exactly the same given the short amount of time we had. We only copied sixty to seventy percent of it, so the punch isn’t that strong. We only planned to leave traces of the Wick-Piercing Fist and not kill Zhu Hanyun. There’s also no way that the punch could cause his spirit root to bleed...”

While Zhong Yunyi’s statement still couldn’t completely dispel suspicions, Gu Shunzhi didn’t think he was lying.

The group from Balance Flame Middle School were typical curve wreckers. They were the sort who would calculate the trajectory before throwing a fireball... If this group of people made a move, it would definitely only be after they’d done the precise calculations.

In other words, if Zhong Yunyi wasn't lying, then the bleeding spirit root had to be caused by someone trying to take advantage of the situation by attacking Zhong Yunyi on top of that punch.

After this final check, Gu Shunzhi finally fixed his gaze on someone that practically no one would have thought of.

"Young lady, you were the one who did it, weren't you?" Gu Shunzhi said at that moment, as he stared at the little junior sister who had been crying bitterly as she held Zhu Hanyun's body.

This was the junior sister whom Zhu Hanyun had thrown in the first round before. Everyone could tell at one glance that she and Zhu Hanyun had a very good relationship.

Thus, as soon as Gu Shunzhi came to this conclusion, a student from Titan High immediately stepped forward to defend her. "What rubbish are you saying? Junior Sister Ah Chun and senior brother have a great relationship!"

Gu Shunzhi learned that the junior sister who was crying bitterly was called Yan Xiaochun, "chun" meaning "pure." Indeed, she looked exactly as her name suggested, and had a completely harmless appearance. She clearly weighed over one thousand jin, but looked like a thin, fragile and pitiful kid.

But as the keeper of order, Gu Shunzhi had seen too many of these sorts of disguises... Nowadays, even the little girl who gave you orange juice might be a hypocrite, to say nothing of this "little junior sister."

And so, Gu Shunzhi smiled slightly and began to explain his conclusion. "There are several reasons for my suspicions.

"First, it was this Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun who was the first person at the crime scene. Zhong Yunyi of Balance Flame Middle School didn't cause any bleeding after using the imitation Wick-Piercing Fist. Thus, if Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun was the first person to find Zhu Hanyun, it would have been a good opportunity to deal another blow and shake the spirit root severely enough to cause internal bleeding.

"It's just that maybe even Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun herself didn't expect this senior brother to be fake. The real Zhu Hanyun had been replaced early on, and the person lying here now is a prop created with the Construction Spell. Moreover, the senior who cast the Construction Spell is clearly a veteran who is so skilled that the fake can almost pass for the real thing.

“I also asked the classmates from South Sea Sky High earlier to carefully sort out again the order in which everyone cast spells. I am now one hundred percent sure that Yan Xiaochun was the last person to cast a spell. The Wick-Piercing Fist is a martial art fist technique, but there will still be spirit energy left on the fist since the intent was to shake the spiritual root.”

Gu Shunzhi said, “Junior Sister Yan, it’s fine if you don’t want to admit it, since based on the characteristics of the Wick-Piercing Fist, the spirit energy would have run through the dantian and hurt the spirit root when you used this move on your senior brother. In that case, the spirit energy molecules in your senior brother’s body would have also stuck to you; this is the direct proof. As for Classmate Zhong of Balance Flame Middle School, he deliberately struck a glancing blow so that he wouldn’t be tainted with Classmate Zhu’s spirit energy.”

Of course, all this was just speculation on Gu Shunzhi’s part, but when he saw Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun’s face turn ugly, he knew he was mostly right.

But so far, there was still one thing he hadn’t yet figured out; he still didn’t know what her motive was.

The last person one would have expected to attack had done so...

There could only be one explanation for this.

And that was that this Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun was a fake. It was possible that she was being controlled, or... she wasn’t Yan Xiaochun herself!

Gu Shunzhi was in fact capable of verifying this.

But there were too many people here, and he was well aware that the teachers and headmasters outside were observing the situation here. If he made a move, he would definitely reveal his true strength.

Therefore, he could only continue to incite the crowd with words. “I know that all of you think that Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun could never kill her senior brother, but have you considered that this Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun might have already been replaced?”

Everyone here was smart. When Gu Shunzhi said this, the Titan High students who had just defended Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun earlier didn't say anything.

Because the possibility that she had been replaced wasn't unreasonable!

Yan Xiaochun was the first person whom Zhu Hanyun had launched, and the first to reach the top!

It was quite a number of minutes before the second person was launched!

Who knew what happened in that span of time?

...

For a long moment, there was silence.

Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun's head hung very low, but she had stopped crying altogether.

Now that she had been exposed like that, there was naturally no need for her to hide.

Everyone's eyes shook at the frightful scene that happened next.

Before everyone's eyes, Junior Sister Yan Xiaochun's scalp actually split open! A frightening ghostly hand covered densely in evil runes stretched out of her body, and there was the sound of a cold laugh. "I really underestimated you brats..."

A powerful aura...

Gu Shunzhi narrowed his eyes.

He had been right; this wasn't the real Yan Xiaochun.

Two ghostly claws were followed by an immaterial body which rushed out of Yan Xiaochun's body. All the lights in the entire corridor went out in an instant!

Nightmare had come!

Chapter 1143: Wang Ling: It's Too Hard!

Screams rang out in the dark as most of the students saw all sorts of nightmares appear before them. These were nightmares that had jerked them out of deep sleep before; now, it was as if the nightmares were playing on loop in their minds, like old photo reels.

Soon, many people began to have trouble breathing as they turned pale. Super Chen, Hero Guo and Lotus Sun... Without exception, they all fell to the floor.

There was a tremendous pressure in the air around them, and soon they started feeling like they were suffocating! They started to twitch all over and couldn't breathe!

"It's over."

In the dark, a pair of bloodshot red eyes glowed faintly with a cold light. They belonged to an immaterial spirit body, and the voice reverberated in everyone's minds like a nightmare.

"Nightmare, the Dark Network's number one before Ultimate King of Killers back then – as expected, you're alive!" At this point, President Qi's voice suddenly rang out in the corridor.

He appeared in a white robe, and gazing at the twitching children on the ground, he sighed softly. "I wanted to catch you, but I underestimated your ruthlessness. I never thought you wouldn't let even these kids go..."

"I wasn't planning to make a move yet, since it would disrupt our master plan. If you want to blame anyone, blame these students for being too smart! They were actually able to see through me..." Nightmare's aged, slightly hoarse voice rang out; even just listening to it was very uncomfortable.

"Why did you attack Zhu Hanyun..."

"Based on the plan, Titan High was the first school I was going to take down. Zhu Hanyun is their captain, so since I had the opportunity, it was naturally best if I got rid of him first. I stuck close to the students who were climbing the stairs and moved around among them so that you wouldn't detect me," Nightmare said.

Take down Titan High first?

President Qi picked up this piece of information from Nightmare's words.

Logically speaking, Titan High shouldn't be anything significant for top Dark Network experts like Nightmare. Now that Nightmare had said that he was targeting the students of Titan High first, the only possibility President Qi could think of was that Nightmare and his master behind the scenes were worried that Titan High's "Meatball Tank" technique would severely damage the terrain around Nine Dragon Mountain... and to some extent, affect the location which they had determined the main valve of the heavenly vein to be in.

Sure enough, this group was after the main valve.

"Where is Dark Ancestor Xie Sanxiao now?" President Qi asked as he stared at Nightmare.

Nightmare was clearly startled by this question, but he very quickly sneered. "As expected of the Ten Founding Generals' Wisdom Saint. General Qi, you really live up to your extraordinary reputation... But instead of worrying about His Excellency Dark Ancestor, you should be thinking about how to save your students here."

Nightmare jabbered on. "You carefully selected so many students from all over the country to participate in this body technique competition. They're supposed to be the outstanding individuals of the young generation in the cultivator world right now. What a pity that due to your negligence, I've killed them all. As the commander in chief of this competition, you won't be able to avoid this blame. How can your Huaxiu Alliance be trusted in the future?"

"Ho ho, I never thought that after being dead for so long, Mr Nightmare would come back to life with a glibber tongue than I expected."

President Qi also laughed. "My teacher and I already guessed what your plan was a long time ago. We knew that you would try something during the national body technique competition on Nine Dragon Mountain, yet the competition went ahead as planned. Given how intelligent you are, Mr Nightmare, you should be able to guess the reason for it, shouldn't you?"

"Are you saying... this is a trap?"

Nightmare's eyes darkened and he bellowed in disbelief, "That's impossible! Look at these children falling to the floor one by one! They're twitching! They've all fallen into my Nightmare Cycle Spell, and are silently choking to death! There is no chance of them coming back to life!"

"Nightmare Cycle Spell... This indeed is one of the techniques that Mr Nightmare was famous for."

President Qi said, "Mr Nightmare has such a renowned reputation, how can I not know of this technique? On the other hand, since I'm already aware of it, I should naturally guard against it. Do you know why I prepared these 700,000 spiral steps?"

President Qi brought up the key point of this test.

After hearing the words "spiral steps," Nightmare instantly understood. "This is..."

"Multi-Person Dream Creation Spell. There are only two people in the whole country who can cast it. I am one of them. and the other is my disciple. My disciple is currently on holiday, however, which is why I've personally stepped in."

President Qi revealed the truth. "So, Mr Nightmare, you already fell into my dream at the very beginning. What you're seeing is nothing more than an illusion in my dreamscape... At this moment, the dead students on the floor have in fact regained consciousness. Furthermore, their convulsions weren't real. As far as these kids are concerned, they simply had a nightmare."

"That's impossible!" Nightmare roared hysterically.

"Nothing is impossible, Mr Nightmare. This is a trap which I set for you." President Qi stared at Nightmare and smiled coldly.

At that moment, Nightmare finally realized that the situation was bad. His immaterial spirit body fled frantically through the air as he tried to rush out of the pagoda.

But just as he thought he had escaped, the scene before his eyes suddenly changed, and he was back to square one...

President Qi was standing in front of him.

“Everyone is in the same dream, and that includes you, Mr Nightmare. You can’t escape,” President Qi said in a cold voice. He was the creator of this dream; no one could escape the dream maker’s dreamscape.

If this were the real world, there would be plenty of ways for Nightmare to escape.

But in the dream, he was doomed to be like a wild beast locked in a cage! There was no way for him to escape, especially when it was President Qi himself who cast this spell!

“It’s over.”

The next moment, President Qi snapped his fingers.

With a blood-curdling screech from Nightmare, President Qi tore the entire nightmare to pieces on the spot, and Nightmare’s spirit body was completely destroyed along with it.

The lights in the pagoda came back on.

Many people felt as if they had just woken up from a horrible nightmare, but after examining themselves, they didn’t find anything wrong with their bodies.

The only people who were slightly more miserable were Wang Ling and the others...

Because they hadn’t been hypnotized from the very beginning, they hadn’t “dreamt,” and instead knew exactly what was going on.

Therefore, when Nightmare appeared and everyone fell twitching to the floor, Wang Ling and the others could only do the same...

As he jerked stiffly on the floor, Wang Ling felt like an epileptic loach.

And the most irritating thing was that President Qi and Nightmare actually kept going on and on...

When he was done convulsing, Wang Ling pulled up his shirt and felt that his abs had become a little more defined.

It's too hard for me...

Chapter 1144: The Mahjong Squad In Action Once Again!

From the beginning, President Qi had set this trap to catch Nightmare. But the Dark Network's number one killer clearly wasn't the only expert that had been dispatched by the mastermind behind the scenes.

President Qi had no idea who the other killers were, but Nightmare, who was the most difficult to catch, had been apprehended. As long as they were vigilant, the rest shouldn't be too difficult to deal with.

After tearing Nightmare's spirit to shreds, President Qi immediately bound Nightmare's immortal and mortal souls to a magic plate. This was a magic treasure he had prepared beforehand to imprison the soul.

Nightmare was too dangerous and had to be killed. Once his soul was imprisoned, he was pretty much harmless.

In the command center, Old Huang gazed at the magic plate in President Qi's hand and said approvingly, "Well done. You were very efficient, and didn't disgrace me."

"Finally, this student does not disappoint his teacher." President Qi nodded slightly, but the expressions of both master and disciple didn't relax.

This was only the beginning. They had gone to a lot of trouble to capture Nightmare, and the remaining evildoers who were still hiding in the shadows would certainly be very careful with the next step they took.

"When you took action earlier, I received word that reinforcements from Little Bai are about to arrive, and that they have more experience with capturing people from the Dark Network," Old Huang said.

“Oh, it’s them,” President Qi said, unsurprised. Last time, it had also been criminals from the Dark Network who had stirred up trouble during a student event, and the mahjong trio had played a major role in that operation by helping General Bai deal with a number of tough Dark Network criminals one after another, all of whom were Red 3A-Class wanted criminals.

It was just that the opponent this time might be tougher.

The criminals they had dealt with previously were, at the very least, living people.

But this time, they might very likely be dealing with Dark Network experts who had already died.

...

General Bai was in charge of the Old Devil, Evil Sword God and the Master of Immortal Mansion. The trio’s codename was: Mahjong.

Sitting in the same van as before, General Bai held a simple meeting with them in the back.

They were going in this time without any idea of who their opponents were. While Nightmare was now completely under President Qi’s control, Nightmare didn’t necessarily know all of the people whom the mastermind had resurrected. Apart from that top ranked figure Xie Sanxiao, who founded the Dark Network and was nicknamed Dark Ancestor, they knew nothing about their remaining opponents.

“Interesting; who would have thought that even Xie Sanxiao would appear this time. My venerable self has always wanted the opportunity to fight him.” After listening to General Bai relate the entire matter, the Old Devil was suddenly a little excited. “Xie Sanxiao’s little finger looks very much like my wife’s... If my venerable self can take down Xie Sanxiao this time, general, would it be possible to give my venerable self the little finger on his right hand?”

General Bai’s lips twitched slightly. “We’ll talk about it when we have him.”

The Old Devil might have turned over a new leaf, but he was still a freak...

But if it was the Old Devil, he might really be able to do it, since Xie Sanxiao was also a freak.

General Bai remembered his conversation with the head of state before this operation, and something the latter said had left a very deep impression on him: “You can only beat magic with magic; similarly, you have to use a freak to fight a freak.”

General Bai now felt that these words were just too wise!

If freaks could be graded –

The freak index for the mahjong trio sitting in the back of the van would have already shot past the national freak average; it could be said that they were the epitome of freaks.

A man who thought about this wife all the time, to the point of madness.

A man who thought about his eye shadow all the time, and couldn’t even do radio gymnastics if he didn’t put eye shadow on.

And the last man who was a spirit sword fanatic, and wouldn’t budge when he saw a nice sword; his condition was a lot worse compared with those college students who were already down and out but still wanted to take out loans to buy basketball shoes...

For General Bai himself, guiding the three men onto the right path was a painstaking process.

He just hoped that he himself wouldn’t be assimilated after being exposed to them for so long...

Putting these thoughts aside, General Bai’s gaze swept over the three men, and he said, “We don’t know who we’re up against for now, but we can analyze the situation and prepare accordingly.”

Saying that, he flipped open his wristwatch, and the profile images of numerous deceased members of the Dark Network were immediately projected in the air. “If they have been resurrected, they definitely wouldn’t be small fry. Look at these photos. Is there anyone whom you feel is powerful enough to be brought back to life by the mastermind to be our opponent this time?”

The three men scanned the projected profile images and saw many familiar faces.

“Zaomen is dead? When did that happen?”

The Old Devil pointed to an image of a middle-aged man with a crew cut and a very conspicuous X-shaped burn scar on his forehead.

General Bai tapped on the photo, and the man’s profile was soon projected separately to one side.

Zaomen Rokuro, who was originally from Sun Island and was a Red 4S-Class wanted criminal of the Dark Network, had been found dead 20 years ago.

Cause of death: Killed by peacekeeping troops dispatched by Mixiu nation during the “Hunter Operation” launched by the International Alliance of Cultivators.

“What you’re seeing right now is top secret, so there are some things you might not be aware of.” General Bai said, “It sounds like you’re very familiar with Zaomen Rokuro?”

“About fifty years ago, I went to Zaomen Rokuro about my wife. I knew he was proficient in the Supernatural Seven Kills Technique, and that he was a very strong psychic, so I wanted to ask him if he could help me find my wife’s spirit,” Old Devil said, folding his arms. “But then he told me that my wife had already entered the cycle of reincarnation.”

“Is that why you launched your attack campaign after that?”

“That’s right,” Old Devil said noncommittally. “I knew that Zaomen Rokuro was very strong, but I’ve never actually fought him. The rumor is that his Supernatural Seven Kills Technique is a supreme combination of Sun Island ninjutsu and cultivation. He claimed that anyone who faced him would be killed by one of the seven forms.”

“Supernatural Seven Kills Technique?” General Bai silently made a note of it. This information wasn’t part of the official data. However, General Bai felt that the Mixiu military cultivators weren’t necessarily ignorant of this, but had left it out on purpose.

The intelligence database was under the jurisdiction of the International Alliance of Cultivators, and countries all joined hands to collect information on wanted international criminals and make it publicly available to every nation. However, there were still some western countries who were reluctant to share, and kept some of this intelligence to themselves.

At that moment, there was one thing which piqued General Bai's interest.

General Bai: "May I ask a question?"

The Old Devil: "Go ahead, general."

General Bai: "I want to know how your wife died."

The Old Devil's expression darkened. "General, if you think this is related to this mission, my venerable self can tell you, but it's a long story..."

Chapter 1145: Li Modi's Mine Technique

The Old Devil had committed so many crimes largely because he wanted to find his wife, Maiya. Asking him to recall the moment they parted for eternity was no doubt rubbing salt into the wound, but General Bai had a faint feeling in his gut.

He had a feeling that the matter of the Old Devil and his wife might have something to do with Zaomen Rokuro.

"My wife Maiya and I grew up together. She was a member of the peacekeeping force," the Old Devil said.

A female peacekeeper?

General Bai never expected the Old Devil's wife to have such an identity. Female peacekeepers were rare to begin with. Peacekeeping abroad was somewhat more complicated and fraught with danger. Although there were female peacekeepers, the gender ratio was limited, and most female peacekeepers did medical aid work.

This absolutely wasn't discrimination. It was just that the work was different. The main thing was that organizations were still protective of women. Peacekeeping was very dangerous work, and if it wasn't because women had strong wills, organizations usually wouldn't specially set up female peacekeeping troops.

After all, charging and breaking through enemy lines was still left to the hot-blooded, rough and tumble men.

General Bai had never heard the Old Devil speak about his wife before. Hearing now about her identity as a peacekeeper, he was a little amazed. There were so many of them, however, and General Bai couldn't remember them all.

"Was her codename Maiya?" General Bai asked.

"No, her peacekeeper codename was Moon," the Old Devil said.

General Bai was astonished. "It was her?"

Moon was a famous peacekeeper general from more than a thousand years ago who had been missing ever since they lost contact with her during an operation. It wasn't until five hundred years ago that Huaxiu Alliance officially verified her death.

It was said that a foreign peacekeeping force discovered a finger bone which DNA tests confirmed belonged to Miss Maiya. But it had been in a very strange place; it was discovered in an abandoned Daoist temple.

Because it had been too long ago, no one knew what happened... What everyone did know was that five muddy footprints had been found inside the temple.

Someone had struck a killing blow when Miss Maiya had been on the verge of death.

This was the analysis the experts came up with after they investigated the scene.

In short, this case caused a sensation back then, but it was so long ago that almost all traces at the scene had been swept away with the passage of time.

Of course, the biggest mystery in this case was where the rest of Miss Maiya's bones were, since only a finger bone had been found in the Daoist temple.

“The finger bone remains an unsolved peacekeeping case. Unfortunately, given how much time had passed, no one knows exactly what happened.” General Bai sighed. “I remember Moon... oh, no, it’s Miss Maiya. She was the captain of Peacekeeping Team Six. Her performance was outstanding, and she won many battles. This case caused quite a stir. I once sent out three squads and no less than a hundred people to investigate the incident, but we didn’t find anything.”

“This matter is indeed odd. I don’t blame you, general.” The Old Devil sighed. “My venerable self has been searching for my wife’s whereabouts all this time, but I still haven’t found anything so far.”

“There will be a breakthrough one day.” Countless thoughts flashed through General Bai’s mind. He had never expected the Old Devil to actually be Moon’s boyfriend.

This devotion was indeed touching. However, a crime was a crime. The Old Devil would still need to continue on this path of redemption. Sympathy wouldn’t get him a reduced punishment; that would be showing contempt for the laws of the cultivation world.

General Bai kept this thought in mind. That incident back then was also a thorn in his flesh; he, too, was looking forward to the day when the thorn could be removed.

He composed himself and the meeting continued. General Bai turned his eyes to the Master of Immortal Mansion and Evil Sword God on the other side, who were also lost in thought.

“Does anyone here look familiar to you?”

“This one,” the Master of Immortal Mansion said as he pointed to a dark-skinned young man with a very distinctive hairstyle.

This guy had an afro.

“Li Modi.” General Bai tapped on the man’s profile and read up on the young afro man’s background.

This was a Dark Network expert who died three hundred years ago. Back then, he had been given the nickname Explosion Demon Li Modi. His “Mine Technique” was very troublesome and astonishing. Anything he touched would become a bomb, and would explode at the slightest jostle.

Li Modi could be said to be unbeatable in those days because it was impossible to tell if he had touched something before... As for his death, it had been completely unexpected.

“Is Li Modi dead, too?” the Old Devil asked.

“Indeed he is, and as for the cause of his death... Look for yourselves.” General Bai clicked open the file.

Li Modi (cause of death): Suffered from dementia in his later years, and forgot that the things he touched had turned into bombs. Died after accidentally detonating bombs he had buried.

He actually forgot...

The Old Devil, the Master of Immortal Mansion and Evil Sword God were all lost for words at this cause of death.

But the point Evil Sword God focused on was even stranger. “Cultivators can also suffer dementia?”

“There is now medicine to treat dementia, but Li Modi... back then, he was wanted all over the world and was on the run all the time, so he missed the best medical window to be treated. Also, he liked being on his own, so he didn’t have anyone with him. When his illness flared up, not only did he forget the bombs he had set, he even forgot to take his medicine.”

The Master of Immortal Mansion said, “I once fought him in my intrinsic spirit field; he turned my swords into bombs, and blew up several of my beloved spirit swords!”

General Bai also noted this down. “If he has been resurrected, he will indeed be difficult to deal with.”

No one knew more about explosions than he did, as Explosion Saint.

He was world-famous for his mastery with explosions. This Mine Technique was in fact a technique which General Bai had developed back then. However, it was too lethal and dangerous, and General Bai had destroyed his design.

Even General Bai himself never expected that Li Modi would actually use a technique he designed...

Of course, General Bai didn't rule out the possibility that Li Modi had developed the Mine Technique on his own. Once you grasped the basics, all spells and techniques in the world were the same. Li Modi was also an explosion expert, so it wasn't that surprising that he could come up with the theory behind the Mine Technique.

"It's your turn." After General Bai wrote down Li Modi's name, he turned his eyes to Evil Sword God.

Evil Sword God pointed to a young man with an unusual shamate hairstyle. "This guy looks familiar. I think I've fought him before. He also wears eye shadow."

General Bai took a deep breath. "Of course he looks familiar... Because he's you..."

Evil Sword God, with his eye shadow on, was also one of the Dark Network's Red 3S-Class wanted criminals...

But when a foreign cultivation peacekeeping force caught an expert swordsman who similarly wore eye shadow during a mission, they had mistaken him for Evil Sword God.

The truth was that the man was just a copycat criminal, who reportedly was a fan of Evil Sword God...

Unfortunately, there was a huge difference between the dream idol and the real person.

Who knew how that fan who had been caught in Evil Sword God's place back then would feel if he ever saw this Evil Sword God who turned into a simpleton without his eye shadow...

Chapter 1146: Evil Sword God's Original Body

Everyone knew that Evil Sword God's original body was his eye shadow.

Without eye shadow, he was a scaredy-cat; with eye shadow, he was a sh*t-stirrer...

This eye shadow personality transformation was something General Bai had seen with his own eyes. It had to be said that Evil Sword God with eye shadow on was indeed powerful. Moreover, from what General Bai could see, Evil Sword God's sword skills were almost on par with General Yi's.

Given how remarkable the sword skills of these two disciples were, Sword Immortal Fan Rui as their shifu shouldn't have any regrets; the only pity was that Evil Sword God had been too radical in his cultivation, which caused his mind to be devoured and turned him into this, and led to the shocking murder of his shifu.

At this thought, General Bai sighed inwardly as he used a cold flame to burn eye shadow over Evil Sword God's eyes.

Very quickly, Evil Sword God's gaze turned sharp.

Everyone knew that the belligerent Evil Sword God was back.

Naturally, the different personalities had different memories.

Evil Sword God looked at these familiar profile pics projected in the air, the past vivid in his mind, and he sneered. "Forgive me for being blunt, but I don't believe anyone here would be troublesome opponents." He folded his arms with a face full of confidence and laughed disdainfully at these profiles.

Then, he pointed at one of them.

[Criminal Profile]

[Name: Ballistic Aunty – Han Wuye]

[Warrant Level: Red 2A Warrant]

[Character overview: A wanted member of the Dark Network. Given the nickname Golden Instant Noodles Hair Ballistic Aunty. An obese glutton. On the international wanted list for robbing banks

in eighty-two countries. Dubbed the world's most ruthless and cold-blooded robber. She won't leave even a single penny behind wherever she goes, and everyone who sees her real face is brutally killed.]

[Abilities: Famous for Eight Immortals Devour. Ballistic Auntie can turn her stomach into a small world, and for a short period of time, create a black hole to devour the people or objects around her. Any living thing that is sucked in is instantly ripped apart. This spatial magic is extremely tricky to deal with.]

[Cause of death: Died tragically after being sliced to pieces by sword qi during an international organization's peacekeeping mission.]

"What about her?" asked General Bai.

He still had some impression of this person.

Back then, Han Wuye had committed a lot of crimes in Huaxiu nation, and she fled by sea as she swam to a neighbouring country, and vanished without a trace.

She went on the run for many years after that as she committed numerous robberies in various countries. When General Bai next received news on her, Han Wuye was already dead.

"The fact is that Han Wuye died at my hands." Evil Sword God laughed coldly. "Death was too good for this fat old woman."

"Died at your hands?" General Bai, the Old Devil and Master of Immortal Mansion were all taken aback.

"My plan back then was to sneak into the peacekeeping force to look for the number one expert there. In the end, I just so happened to run into Han Wuye." Evil Sword God said, "She saw through my disguise and picked a fight with me herself."

"What happened..."

"She asked me if she was beautiful. I said that there wasn't anything beautiful about a fat, oily pork intestine like her. She then wanted to fight me." Evil Sword God tsked. "She clearly wasn't my

match, but she still insisted on fighting me. I cut out her tongue so that she couldn't perform Eight Immortals Devour, and then I chopped off her thigh, and then I chopped..."

"Slow down." General Bai found it hard to digest all of a sudden.

This plot development...

...was a little peculiar.

"It wasn't just this Ballistic Aunty; I see a lot of familiar faces here who died under my sword." Evil Sword God then casually tapped on several profiles.

[Criminal Profile]

[Name: Edward Origen]

[Warrant Level: Red 3A Warrant]

[Character overview: A wanted member of the Dark Network. Due to an innate ability to turn his body into colored glass, he can blend into his surroundings. Given the nickname Human Chameleon. Has the powerful ability to disguise himself. Recognized by the international hitmen circle for plotting a number of assassinations.]

[Abilities: Colored glass physique, assassination skills, etc.]

[Cause of death: Failed a hitman operation. Suspected of being killed by his target instead, with one shot to the head.]

"This person was famous in the hitmen circle. I was very curious about him at the time, and so hired him to kill me. In the end, I was sorely disappointed. I didn't expect this guy to actually be so weak." Evil Sword God sighed

General Bai, the Old Devil and Master of Immortal Mansion: "..."

[Criminal Profile]

[Name: King of Iron Wings Song Xihe]

[Warrant Level: Red 4A Warrant]

[Character overview: A wanted member of the Dark Network. Viewed as the biggest threat to Ultimate King of Killers's position as the Dark Network's number one expert. Removed his own ribs at a young age and refined them into iron wings for his back. Has strong defensive and counter-offensive abilities. Known as King of Iron Wings, and was indestructible!

[Abilities: Iron Wing Attack Technique, Iron Wing Illusion Technique, Iron Wing Spear, etc.]

[Cause of death: Died tragically with the soles of his feet pierced with sword qi in a suspected revenge attack.]

Evil Sword God: "You really can't blame me for this person's death – he just had such an obvious opening. What use is it surrounding yourself like a metal bucket? Didn't he die anyway when my sword qi pierced the soles of his feet? Ultimate King of Killers actually viewed him as a rival – what a joke."

General Bai, the Old Devil and Master of Immortal Mansion: "..."

General Bai took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. "Take a look at these people and tell me how many of them you killed."

"Except for the three people before, let me have a look at the others."

Evil Sword God gazed at the page and started to count how many of these Dark Network wanted criminals he had killed, looking as excited as if he were counting medals. "This guy, this guy and this guy... It still makes me excited when I think about the fright on their faces when I killed them. They boasted day in and day out how great they were, but they still died under my sword."

A few minutes later, he was done counting.

General Bai counted the number of people on the list.

There were over one hundred dangerous Dark Network wanted criminals in the database who were already deceased, and thirty-four of these experts, which was one third of them, had died at Evil Sword God's hands.

All these years, Evil Sword God had wielded his peerless sword qi in his search for opponents. Although he had committed plenty of senseless murders, he had in fact indirectly punished a lot of criminals who had been on the run.

On the other side, Evil Sword God's face brimmed with excitement. "They're all just small fry. If I can kill them once, I can kill them twice!"

Looking at the list in his hand, General Bai had very complicated feelings...

Chapter 1147: Eye of Rebellion

Actually, there wasn't really a second elimination round; it had just been one more trap set up by the authorities to catch Nightmare. Nevertheless, many of the headmasters in the command center couldn't help but focus on one person during this round.

That person was none other than Gu Shunzhi.

He was a new transfer student this year at No. 60 High. Because of his outstanding performance, he had been directly selected to be one of the competition participants, and had become one of the team members to win honor for his school.

Throughout the second elimination round, Gu Shunzhi's performance in all respects had been remarkable. He perfectly displayed his unflappable, calm judgment, logical reasoning, and understanding of a wide variety of spells.

All in all, No. 60 High this year was a bit of a surprise...

This was largely because the headmasters present hadn't viewed No. 60 High as an enemy to begin with. Except for headmasters like Li Qingxi who were a little more wary since they had some history with Headmaster Chen, the remaining ninety-five percent hadn't included an analysis of No. 60 High in their strategic planning.

Now, eight hundred students had moved on to the next round; it was clearly already too late for them to discuss tactics.

Before the official start of the third round of the Nine Dragon Mountain battle for survival, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal indicated for all the students, who were in their rooms, to open a brocade pouch that had been hidden under each of their beds.

Inside was a golden talisman which each student needed to tie around their right arm as a symbol for the third round.

This golden talisman could save their lives in a critical moment, and was incredibly effective. If they encountered danger, it would automatically become a golden shield that would defend them against a deadly attack. At the same time, it would also release a golden beam of light that wouldn't dissipate so quickly in order to let nearby security and medical teams know to hurry over.

This golden talisman was also an important item that would enable the Nine Dragon Mountain security inspection team to monitor the students as well as ensure that they could pinpoint each student's location within the activity range in order to avoid any mishaps.

"I'm going out," Xia Ming said to his roommate, Tang Jingze, after tying on the golden talisman. Tang Jingze thought that Xia Ming's expression was a little strange, but he couldn't say why.

But when he recalled how everyone had experienced nightmares earlier because of Nightmare, he thought that maybe Xia Ming was still gripped by fear and had yet to come back to his senses, so he let Xia Ming go.

Everyone had different ways of relieving stress. Besides, he and Xia Ming weren't that close, so there was no need for him to act like a mother hen.

After leaving the dormitory, Xia Ming heaved a sigh of relief. Indeed, he did feel nervous.

Although President Qi had captured Nightmare, Nightmare's words still echoed clearly in Xia Ming's ears.

Despite the fact that Nightmare had been caught, Xia Ming still felt terror which welled up from the depths of his soul.

He stood in the corridor, looking for some fresh air. He had barely left his dorm, however, when the scene in front of him abruptly turned dark.

Just like when Nightmare had appeared earlier, all the lights in the corridor instantly went out...

No...

Xia Ming felt that the pressure this time was even greater than when Nightmare had shown up. He felt cold all over, and every breath he exhaled was misty white.

Then, a white-haired young man whose face he couldn't see clearly suddenly appeared in front of him.

"Wang Ling?" Xia Ming's pupils instantly shrank. Although he couldn't see the young man's face clearly, his figure was too similar to Wang Ling's. It was as if he was a mold of Wang Ling, and for a moment, Xia Ming was a little dazed.

"Nightmare's been caught, but you still have to finish your task," the white-haired young man said to Xia Ming in a cold and dark voice. He had the air of a spirit from hell about him, which made Xia Ming shudder.

Although this person in front of him was very similar to Wang Ling, Xia Ming could clearly sense that he wasn't Wang Ling.

Who the hell was this guy?

He was actually able to show up here without being noticed...

Was he the mastermind behind everything?

"You bear the weight of the Ancient Divine Clan's mission; you are the key to changing the world. Do as you're told, and you'll go down in history as a key figure in turning the world upside down."

The white-haired young man opened his mouth, and with one light exhale, thick mist instantly filled the space. In the blink of an eye, Xia Ming saw a future cultivation world of beauty, prosperity and freedom.

“Did you see that? That is the future.”

The voice of the white-haired young man filled the space. “I can lend you the strength you lack...”

“Lend me strength...” Xia Ming stretched out his arms. His body trembled slightly, and he felt as if he was acting under compulsion. He knew that with his next step, he might be consigning the world to eternal damnation, but it was as if his mind and soul were being manipulated in that moment. It was as if there was magic in the white-haired young man’s voice, which seemed to be able to draw out the inner demons hidden in a person’s heart.

Xia Ming then felt his shadow actually shrink and firmly wrap itself around him!

A sharp pain stabbed him in the abdomen!

Xia Ming bent over on the floor in pain.

The pain only lasted for an instant, but when Xia Ming came back to his senses, he discovered that his shadow had actually turned into an evil eye in his abdomen.

“This...” Xia Ming could sense power surging out of his body.

This tremendous power was nothing like Xia Ming had imagined, and on top of that, he could control it. It was far beyond what a Foundation Establishment cultivator was capable of!

The voice of the white-haired young man filled the air. “Do you feel it? That’s what it feels like to be strong. As long as you do what I say, you can still get even stronger... This power is just the tip of the iceberg. It’ll help you successfully climb to the top of Nine Dragon Mountain.”

Xia Ming was thrilled. “Senior!”

At that moment, he really had a delusion.

He felt like he was one of those novel protagonists who suddenly had a fortuitous encounter that enabled his cultivation base to skyrocket.

“You must keep this secret,” the white-haired young man warned. “The eye in your belly is called the Eye of Rebellion, which is connected to all your blood kin. If you betray me, all your relatives will die because of you. The thing I hate the most in life are traitors.”

...

Saturday, November 15th.

It was six o'clock in the morning, four hours after Nightmare had been arrested. The ground lit up with the first light at dawn, and the eight-day battle for survival on Nine Dragon Mountain officially began.

Everyone lined up according to their schools and passed through the entrance scanner in an orderly file to verify that except for the official “golden talisman,” they weren't carrying any other magic treasures.

Wang Ling and the others lined up and walked through the security check.

Standing in the queue, Wang Ling noticed that something didn't seem right about Xia Ming's expression.

Xia Ming seemed especially confident, and especially abnormal, today...

Chapter 1148: Human Devil

Wang Ling felt that there was something wrong with Xia Ming. His King's Eye swept over Xia Ming, and he immediately sensed that the latter was enveloped in an evil shadow. Furthermore, only Wang Ling could see this shadow.

He was well aware that this was a curse.

It wasn't impossible to undo the curse, but everyone was going through the security check now. With so many people around, it wasn't easy for Wang Ling to make a move, and he could only bide his time and look for another chance to undo the curse. Although Xia Ming had acted rudely toward him before, Wang Ling had never wanted to do anything bad to him. After all, they were from the same school, and had both come to win honor for their school; there was no conflict that couldn't be resolved.

Besides, undoing the curse was just a snap for Wang Ling.

If he had to give a reason, it was that Wang Ling felt the curse on Xia Ming was too malicious. This curse would implicate and punish the people whom the cursed was associated with. Once Xia Ming acted in violation of the contract, the curse would immediately take effect. Generally speaking, in addition to the person who agreed to the contract, the person's blood kin would also be implicated.

Thus, Wang Ling felt that Xia Ming had most likely been threatened into it.

Then herein lay the problem: Who on earth formed a contract containing such a malicious curse with Xia Ming? This was yet another question to ponder.

When the last person of No. 60 High passed the security check, the students of Balance Flame Middle School were all stopped at security gate No. 2. A teacher in red from the resident special forces stepped forward and had them stand to one side for a manual inspection.

The students of Balance Flame Middle School were puzzled. "Why do we have to undergo a manual inspection?"

"You've been reported, so behave yourself."

The teacher in red spoke firmly, and then began to carry out a careful body search.

In the end, it turned out that there really was a problem...

He actually found a deeply hidden space in between layers inside the pocket of the school uniform of one of the students from Balance Flame Middle School. Moreover, after doing an anti-device sweep, the space was opened to reveal all the items that had been banned from the competition this time.

“Student, you have the right to remain silent now. Whether you knew of this or not, rules are rules; you have now been disqualified.” This teacher in red was impartial, and took the boy from Balance Flame Middle School away on the spot. The boy had a dumb look on his face, with no idea what was going on.

Everything turned out just as Headmaster Chen had foreseen.

Balance Flame Middle School’s students were a bunch of bookworms who wouldn’t do shady things, but their headmaster, Zuo Qingqiu, had sneakily tried to get the students to bring in some survival supplies, and was found out...

“It was definitely our headmaster who did it, right?” The people from No. 60 High whispered among themselves.

Headmaster Chen’s original plan was for the No. 60 High participants to publicly blow the whistle on Balance Flame Middle School during the inspection round so that they would be the first team to lose members. However, he then thought that a public denouncement would easily draw the ire of other schools, so the plan changed to Headmaster Chen himself secretly penning a letter to President Qi...

Thus, Balance Flame Middle School was reported at the beginning.

In the command center, Zuo Qingqiu, headmaster of Balance Flame Middle School, looked at the other headmasters, but couldn’t figure out who had written the report letter.

“All of you... who reported it?! I’ll definitely find out who did it!” He believed his arrangements had been perfect, so someone must have reported it.

The other side was too... too shameless!

“Old Zuo, your nickname in those days was Renegade. Sure enough, after so many years, you still can’t fix this shortcoming. You’ve dug a pit for your obedient students this time.” Li Qingxi, headmaster of No. 1 Devil-Subduing High School, gloated on the side.

From his understanding, he could roughly guess who had written the report letter.

He stole a glance at Headmaster Chen next to him. The man's face was as calm as usual as he sighed a little. "It's the Year 9102[1], but there's still someone who would actually use such an underhanded trick like whistleblowing. How shameless! I strongly condemn and protest this on Old Zuo's behalf!"

Li Qingxi was dumbstruck. "..."

He felt that it had absolutely been the right decision to especially bring up No. 60 High and discuss battle tactics against them during the meeting at the beginning.

As the current headmaster of No. 60 High, Chen Tianxiang was indeed a tough figure... Not only was he very difficult to deal with, he was also a little shameless...

...

On the other side, Hero Guo and the others were marveling at Headmaster Chen's move.

"All's fair in war. Headmaster Chen was the star support player back then, and he ran circles around a lot of headmasters before. He's all too familiar with how they think." Super Chen sighed.

The group of "copy ninjas" from Balance Flame Middle School was the target that everyone had initially been prepared to act against; now that they had lost one member, this was definitely a huge blow to them.

After they passed the security check, the eight-day battle for survival officially began.

Each school formed one unit, and Wang Ling followed everyone into an array, which would directly send each school's students to random locations on Nine Dragon Mountain.

The competition had officially begun!

General Bai stood on a mountain peak, the mahjong trio behind him. The four of them were all wearing pitch black cloaks and mahjong face makeup to hide their identities: General Bai was Nine

Circles, the Old Devil was Three Circles, and the Master of Immortal Mansion was Two Circles. Since Evil Sword God was the last to join them, his makeup was One Bamboo.

Early in the morning, a rainbow-colored mist covered Nine Dragon Mountain. This was Nine Dragon Mountain's unique purifying mist, which was used to maintain the balance of the ecosystem and purify the impurities in the air and water for the benefit of the spirit plants and animals here.

This rainbow-colored mist was harmless to animals, but harmful to humans. Absorbing too much of it would decrease a person's spirit qi, like a person who became thirstier after drinking salt water.

General Bai and the others were tasked with hunting down the resurrected Dark Network members who would attempt to wreck the situation this time.

President Qi and the others had determined that the mastermind behind this mess would make a move today.

Standing on the mountain peak at that moment, which overlooked Nine Dragon Mountain's terrain, they searched every area with their spiritual senses for the slightest trace of evil.

Just then, the Old Devil suddenly sensed a familiar aura. "An old acquaintance has appeared..."

"Someone you know?"

"We fought before, and my venerable self wounded him grievously." The Old Devil, who wore the Three Circles mask, said, "Human Devil has also been resurrected."

"Human Devil? Hannibal?" The Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu was blank.

"Not that man-eating human devil."

The Old Devil frowned slightly. "But this guy indeed is a little difficult to deal with. He fell into a trap back then, and I took that small chance to injure him. Now that he's been resurrected, I'm afraid that he won't repeat the same mistake again."

Chapter 1149: Competing For Resources

Human Devil was Chaber Mike, and his Chinese name was Xia Lixing. He was one of the few guys back then whom the Old Devil had been able to defeat only by a narrow margin, but it wasn't the Old Devil who killed him. Only now did the Old Devil learn, from the profile in General Bai's hands, how Xia Lixing had died.

"Xia Lixing was killed in the bombing of Divine Rank Island," General Bai said. After listening to the Old Devil's account, he connected all the dots.

After fighting the Old Devil back then, Human Devil Xia Lixing had been seriously wounded, and he fled to Divine Rank Island, known as a Soul Formation paradise, to cultivate. He was then discovered by the International Alliance of Cultivators, who promptly decided to take him down completely at the cost of destroying Divine Rank Island.

In the end, Xia Lixing was killed when the International Alliance of Cultivators bombed Divine Rank Island.

"Xia Lixing's Holy Devil Imprisonment Technique is particularly tricky. By constantly devouring souls, he can increase the number of cells in his body. As far as I know, Xia Lixing consumed more than twenty-five million souls before he died. He can devour all living things, like spirit plants, spirit beasts and so forth..." the Old Devil reminisced. "I believe that Human Devil has been resurrected. We have to get rid of him first."

"I can also sense an unusual withering of spirit plants in the southeast; it appears that Human Devil has shown up. Reasonably speaking, this shouldn't happen while the rainbow mist is around." General Bai frowned as thoughts flashed through his mind.

Thus, General Bai directly contacted President Qi in a completely independent mental space.

This was President Qi's space layer ability, which enabled all the personnel involved in this operation to establish an independent communication space with him without the need for an intermediary magic treasure to send a transmission. As long as they imagined President Qi's appearance, they could establish contact with him.

President Qi could even link together the mental spaces of people on the same mission to form a local area network.

Currently, only President Qi was capable of this formidable mental connection skill. Wang Ming had very strong mental abilities, but he still lacked training, and was prone to overloading his mind.

Thus, no matter how outstanding Wang Ming was, he still needed to devote himself to training for a long time before he could reach President Qi's level.

"Old Qi, we seem to have discovered traces of the suspect Human Devil. I hope the command center can assist us by sealing off the area Human Devil has appeared in, and lead away the children who are nearby."

President Qi replied almost in seconds. "Noted, the command center will immediately set up a barrier and seal off the area."

"Move out; let's go and take a look." After that, General Bai stomped his foot, and a resplendent, fiery dragon burst forth from beneath him like a rocket, taking along the three men behind him to Human Devil's location.

...

On the other side, the former tranquility of Nine Dragon Mountain was now broken by the clamor of the national competition.

Wang Ling and the others had been sent to a relatively remote location, which was good news for them in a survival battle.

Gu Shunzhi probed their surroundings with his senses before saying, "There's no one nearby."

"Do you specialize in perception?" Super Chen was puzzled.

"Sort of; I'm better at perception and reasoning," Gu Shunzhi said with a smile. He had discussed it with Zhenyuan, Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi beforehand, and each of them would play a particular role in the team. If they each had their own task, they would be less likely to be exposed.

Gu Shunzhi chose perception.

Liu Qingyi chose the "wet nurse" route, since the Liu family were renowned for their medical expertise in the Domain of the Gods to begin with.

Zhenyuan chose the work of setting up defensive arrays and the like.

As for Wang Zhen... His job was relatively simple – it was to “take a beating,” or put simply, he was MT[1].

After Gu Shunzhi reconfirmed their route, he then led the No. 60 High group through the jungle. “Nine Dragon Mountain’s rainbow mist can swallow up our spirit energy, and it’ll only dissipate after eight in the morning. Everyone, make sure to use the turtle-breathing skill; not only will it hide our auras, it’ll also prevent us from inhaling the rainbow mist.”

“Awesome.” Super Chen and Hero Guo marveled at Gu Shunzhi’s power of perception.

“Everyone’s the same; we all have abilities that we’re particularly good at.” Gu Shunzhi played down his ability.

“There might not be any enemies nearby, but ultimately, this location is too remote. If we can’t replenish our supplies, it’ll be very hard for ten people to make it through eight days by just relying on what we brought in,” Lotus Sun said at that moment. Cultivators could regulate their internal energy consumption. A cultivator in seclusion could go for more than ten days without food or water, but it was another matter when it came to vigorous activities.

The crux, furthermore, was that the life-saving golden talisman wrapped around their arms could in fact speed up the consumption of physical energy and abilities. Now that this consumption rate had increased, they weren’t any different to regular people, and had to eat three meals a day to keep up their stamina.

The officials had deliberately set it up this way to prevent the student participants from lying low in one place for too long, thereby forcing them to go out for food.

“The officials set up points where we can fight for supplies. Our advantage is that there’s no one nearby, but we’re quite some distance from any supply points,” Lotus Sun said.

“Supply points? There’s something like that?” Hero Guo was baffled.

“There was a map of Nine Dragon Mountain on the back of the check-in book listing items of note in the room. It had all the supply contest points on it. You actually didn’t see it?” Lotus Sun had a helpless expression on her face. She made a hand seal, and mist gathered in the air.

Lotus Sun cultivated water spells. Wherever there was mist, she could collect it into beads, and then further condense them into water.

After building a water screen in front of their eyes, Sun Rong displayed the map she had gotten from the dormitory onto the screen.

Hero Guo analyzed the map. “There are twenty supply points on the map, and we’re sixty kilometers away from the closest one. Moving stealthily will slow us down a lot.

“Even if we do get there without being exposed, there’s a high chance that other people will grab the supplies first. One of my uncles said before that in guerrilla warfare like this, if the enemy stops, harass them; if the enemy is weary, attack them; if the enemy advances, retreat; if the enemy retreats, pursue[2]. I think that rather than grabbing the supplies at the supply points, how about we lie in wait and grab them from other people?”

As soon as he stopped speaking, there was a violent explosion in the jungle...

Gu Shunzhi quickly determined the location. “There’s a fight taking place ten kilometers southwest of here.”

“Go! Go and take a look!” Liu Qingyi was a little excited.

“...”

At the back of the group, Wang Ling wore a helpless expression on his face.

He wondered if Gu Shunzhi and the other bigwigs really needed to be this serious...

Chapter 1150: Your Excellencies, Times Have Changed

As the students of No. 60 High made their approach through the thick jungle, the noise up ahead got even louder. As Gu Shunzhi had thought, two different school delegations were battling it out. They traded punches and kicks, and while it looked very dangerous, there was in fact a clear division of labor.

The two teams clashed, but didn't go all out. They still had to consider the follow-up, and wanted to conserve strength. This sudden encounter was at most just testing each other out.

It was a fight between Foundation Establishment students. To Wang Ling, there wasn't really anything worth watching. Their kung fu skills were too weak; he might as well watch Ip Man at twice the speed

"One side has a cute pink school uniform and the other has a purple school uniform. What schools are these?" Super Chen watched the fight from where he was hiding in the underbrush.

"I'm not sure..." Hero Guo shook his head. There were too many schools in the competition this time, and many of them were from other cities. Even he, the gossip expert, had a hard time recognizing all the schools.

As the two of them chatted quietly, the main forces of both teams decided to stop at that moment, and calm returned briefly to the noisy jungle.

A boy from the main force in the cute pink school uniform stepped forward. "Brother! Both our teams aren't fighting with all our strength here; this is just a waste of strength and makes no sense at all! If two dogs fight over a bone, a third might run away with it – if some other team hears us and runs over to take advantage, we'll both lose out. How about we stop first?"

Hearing this suggestion, the captain of the team in purple also stepped forward. "Good! I think you have a point. But since we've both decided to stop, how about we form an alliance here? We'll help each other out and stick together for the first few days. If we're separated after that, we'll go back to fighting for our own teams."

"I think that's a good suggestion!"

"Then shall we form an alliance?"

"Alright!"

"May I ask, brother, this cute pink school uniform of yours – which school are you from?"

“I am from No. 8 West City High in Guangxi city!”

“You’re students from Guangxi, too? So are we! We are Purple Garden High School!”

“So you are comrades from Purple Garden High School! Your headmistress Zi Yan is a well-known goddess in the headmaster circle!”

...

“???” Watching the two schools that had been fighting fiercely earlier actually start to discuss an alliance, Super Chen couldn’t make sense of this plot development. They had been waiting here for so long to take advantage of the situation, but in the end, the two schools were about to form an alliance, which would be bad for them.

“I’ll do it.” Xia Ming let out a sinister laugh. Wang Ling sensed the evil spirit qi that gathered on Xia Ming’s fingertips. To everyone else, this spirit energy might look very pure, but in Wang Ling’s eyes, it was simply unbearably foul. Although he did feel that Xia Ming was very strong, Wang Ling was well aware that this power didn’t belong to Xia Ming.

Wang Ling had been thinking about helping Xia Ming undo the curse. But the evil spirit qi that had taken root in Xia Ming’s body seemed even stronger than Wang Ling had thought. If it had only been on the surface before, it was now starting to eat away at Xia Ming’s insides, like he was a rotten fruit. If even his inner core started to rot, things would get really messy.

Xia Ming skillfully wielded this spirit qi that didn’t belong to him and it carelessly hooked around the ankle of a student from Purple Garden High School up ahead. Then, as if he was being controlled, he threw a punch at a No. 8 West City High girl in that cute pink uniform!

Bang!

The girl was sent flying as the punch, and she smashed through several trees before she stopped and was actually sent out by the protective golden talisman.

The boy who had been manipulated was dumbstruck. His punch was so extraordinarily powerful that even he himself found it unexpected. Usually, no matter how much strength he put into his blow, it wouldn’t have this sort of explosive force!

“What are you doing? Didn’t we say that we would form an alliance...” The captain of No. 8 West City High School was furious. He never thought that Purple Garden High School would go back on its word.

“It wasn’t me. I couldn’t control my body. There has to be some misunderstanding!” The boy who had thrown the punch had a wretched, helpless expression on his face.

After that, because of Xia Ming’s instigation, the two schools who had initially decided to form an alliance started fighting again. Xia Ming, the culprit, smiled wickedly, as if he was very satisfied with his work.

Super Chen and Hero Guo were utterly horrified by this operation. Xia Ming didn’t usually give them the impression that he was strong... Why did it seem like he had been injected with chicken blood today?

“Xia Ming, you’re so strong!” Super Chen couldn’t help but say.

“Of course!” Xia Ming was immensely pleased with himself.

The feeling of having obtained power was so wonderful, and the fact that he had just put on such a good show in front of Lotus Sun made him feel especially satisfied.

As long as he had this power...

Yes! As long as he had this power, he could even help No. 60 High win first place!

As long as he used this power well and continued to put on a good show in front of Classmate Lotus Sun, Wang Ling was nobody!

Xia Ming had wild thoughts of the future, and his confidence had never been greater.

But Super Chen still stubbornly asked, “Are you high on drugs?”

“No.” Xia Ming denied it flatly. “Can’t you think better of me? This is for the sake of winning honor for our school.”

“Of course I want to think better of you, but you’re so strong now... It’s incomprehensible! So, I feel that there can only be two possibilities. Either you’re hiding something, or you’ve been possessed by the Holy Devil.” When Super Chen said that, Xia Ming couldn’t help the cold sweat that broke out on his forehead. He had long heard of Super Chen’s famous enlightened mouth. Now that the truth had inadvertently come out, all of Xia Ming’s hair stood on end.

It wasn’t just Xia Ming, but Wang Ling also couldn’t help sweating a little...

Super Chen was indeed spot on, especially when he was making random guesses.

As long as it wasn’t “prized milk,” Super Chen would almost always hit the nail on the head.

No. 60 High, who had been lying in wait for a long time, saw that both sides had pretty much exhausted all their physical strength after a fierce battle. Lotus Sun immediately opened her sword spirit space and gave them the spirit swords that had been hidden inside it.

And so, while the students of No. 8 City West High School and Purple Garden High School were duking it out intensely, everyone from No. 60 High charged out of the underbrush with spirit swords in hand.

“F**k! Isn’t this a body technique exchange meet? How can you bring in spirit swords?!” The captains of both schools were stunned.

Holding his spirit sword Ghost Tooth, Hero Guo smiled sheepishly. “If I said that we forged these swords just now, would you believe me?”

“Like hell!” the captains shouted practically in unison.

“Then there’s no choice.” Hero Guo sighed. “It’s because we’re skilled that we were able to bring our swords in; this can’t be considered cheating... Also, let me give the both of you a reminder.”

“???”

“Times have changed, Your Excellencies.”

With that, Hero Guo threw out Ghost Tooth. When the hooked blade was flung out, it flew past the two captains like a powerful boomerang to slice through a big tree behind them.

The two captains laughed at him. “Brother, you missed your mark.”

Master of Dopey recalled Ghost Tooth and gently wagged his finger at the two individuals, before he pointed to the tree.

The tree, whose trunk was so thick that it would take five or six people to hold hands around it, fell onto the heads of the two captains...

Both of them were sent out by the protective golden talismans at the same time.