

Daily Life 161

Chapter 161: A Haircut Needs to Be Fresh and Original

Loopy Toad had no intention of killing these two people, but they had broken into the Wang family's villa and were plotting something sinister... if Little Master Ling knew about this, he definitely wouldn't be happy. Loopy Toad had little interest in the two men's souls, but it also didn't want them to leave alive, so it was best to let the pen and eraser gremlins deal with them.

The two men were now completely immobilized, and had no idea what the two brawny brothers were going to do with them. They were scared to the point of pissing their pants, but unfortunately, the Aura-Freezing Spell was so strong that even their genitals were frozen...

Immobile, their bodies still couldn't help trembling.

Pen: "Want to kill them?"

Eraser: "Forget it, if we get blood everywhere in the bedroom, Little Master will definitely not be happy."

If that was the case, there was only one option...

The two muscular brothers looked at the attached washroom in Wang Ling's bedroom, then escorted the two men there.

Pen: "Lucky for you, our Little Master likes things neat and tidy, so we won't make you bleed today..."

The two Mo Immortal Castle cultivators were scared witless. "What are you going to do?"

Hehe, what to do?

Goblin eraser cracked its knuckles, then lifted the toilet lid and grabbed the foot of one of the men. It then directly stuffed his entire body into the toilet bowl and quickly flushed. This man was directly sucked down to the sound of running water and disappeared.

Wang Ling had spelled this toilet so that it led to some alien space, no one knew exactly where. But theoretically speaking, once these two men were flushed down the toilet, they would essentially disappear from the world.

The other Mo Immortal Castle cultivator broke out in a sweat. "You..."

Goblin eraser put one leg up on the toilet seat and pointed arrogantly at it. "Are you going to go in yourself, or shall I throw you in?"

Mo Immortal Castle cultivator: "..."

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There were actually quite a lot of things happening on Thursday. When Wang Ling came to class in the morning, Little Peanut was distributing a school notice with a deeply bitter face.

"What's this?" Dopey Guo gave the notice, printed on the school's official yellowish-gray stationery, a look.

The notice was about the military training in the middle of the month. It listed the items required for the training as well as points for attention. All the students went through the notice line by line, and soon all the boys in class burst out in cries of distress.

"F**k! We need to shave our heads for the military training?" Super Chen was completely unwilling; it hadn't been easy for him to grow his bangs, and it would be a real shame to shave it all off in one go! Also... why did the girls get special treatment?!

Super Chen felt that this was serious gender discrimination!

Master of Dopey said in a cold, resentful voice, "Everyone, calm down... and don't talk about gender discrimination. Let me ask you, are bangs or teapots 1 more important?"

All the boys thought for a moment, then said nothing...

Seeing that things had quieted down, Dopey Guo nodded in satisfaction. "That's right... actually, a buzz cut is also very good, since it's summer in Songhai city and it's hot. It'll feel cool after you shave! Back in the old days, I also had bangs, but after thinking about it carefully, I realized that it didn't matter. After all, my humble self relies on talent alone to weather the storms of life!"

Hearing this, all the guys in class for some reason suddenly thought of a quote: He was once a king. Later, he said 'Forget it' 2 ...

"..." Wang Ling felt that Dopey Guo's skin was already too thick to be fixed.

Getting a haircut wasn't anything strange for Wang Ling; coincidentally, he had had bangs before. Furthermore, he could direct the spirit energy to his scalp to rapidly stimulate hair growth.

This technique focused on a steady control of spirit energy and inwardly directing it to a precise position; actually, any Golden Core cultivator could do this. However, after Wang Ling had used this technique, his hair had started to grow at a much faster rate compared with ordinary people.

There had been a time when he had been obsessed with trying out different hairstyles before he finally came to a realization.

Actually, it wasn't the hairstyle that was the main point; it was how good-looking you were that was the key...

So to this day, Wang Ling had simply maintained a crew cut.

He looked at the notice and ran a hand over his hair.

Well... it did seem a little long.

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After school, Wang Ling went to a small, inexpensive hairdresser's. While small, its ambiance and facilities were still pretty good; furthermore, it had a special price for students.

Of course, there were many other larger hairdressers' around it, but their haircut prices were too expensive, and Wang Ling couldn't afford them on his monthly allowance... it was just a buzz cut, wouldn't it be the same if he went anywhere?

With that in mind, he entered "Alice" hairdresser's.

Upon entering the shop, he heard the whirr of a hairdryer.

The boss was a middle-aged man with slicked-back hair, though he was experiencing some Mediterranean hair loss³. His face was slightly chubby, and he wore a small pair of steel-rimmed glasses. When he saw Wang Ling, he was immediately all smiles. "Is there a particular hairdresser you're looking for, handsome?"

Wang Ling was silent for a bit, then shook his head.

The boss's eyes lit up as he immediately saw an opportunity. "Handsome, we have top-class hairdressers at the thirty-yuan level, hairdressing directors at the sixty-yuan level, and chief hairdressers at the one hundred and fifty-yuan level... if you get a card with us and top it up with five hundred yuan in our shop, you can enjoy the services of our chief hairdressers at ninety percent off, so for just fifteen yuan!"

Wang Ling shook his head again. He looked around, and finally his eyes fell on a young man.

The young man was assisting a hairdresser with a yellow quiff as they stood around an auntie having her hair permed.

"...Who's that?" Wang Ling's voice rang out in the boss's mind, startling the latter.

But the boss regained his composure quickly.

His shop saw a lot more ordinary people than cultivators; even Foundation Establishment high school students would choose the larger, neighboring hairdressers', so Wang Ling's appearance had been a bit of a surprise to him.

Cultivators were supposed to be rich! They thought nothing of material wealth, and spent money like water... they could even spend several million yuan on phone charges! Had he happened to stumble onto an easy mark?

The boss rejoiced in his heart, and quickly explained, "This little brother is a new apprentice in our store, but no customer has ever dared to let him cut their hair; for the moment, he's just practising on wigs. But if you sign up for a card, I'll have this apprentice's shifu, Master Kevin, cut your hair! He's the top hairdresser in our shop!"

Do I need to pay?

Wang Ling raised an eyebrow as he asked his question telepathically.

"Handsome, as long as you have a card, it'll only cost fifteen yuan for Master Kevin to do your hair."

Wang Ling shook his head and looked at the young man as he spoke telepathically again. "I meant him..."

The boss was stupefied, feeling that the situation had somehow taken a little turn for the worse. "Uh, he's an apprentice... so no charge."

Wang Ling nodded and then pointed to the young man — Then I choose him!

Boss: "..."

Chapter 162: Life Is a Circle

Wang Ling didn't actually think that he was a stingy person — spend money when you should spend it, and don't waste a single penny when you shouldn't. This was the economic view of consumption which Father and Mother Wang had imparted to him. A haircut was just a trivial thing. In contrast, Wang Ling preferred to spend the money saved on the haircut on crispy noodle snacks.

He had heard that Small Raccoon had recently launched a new flavor: indigowoad root and wasabi. Wang Ling planned to buy a packet to try. If he could save money on this haircut, he could buy more packets!

In the hairdresser's, after some silence, a disbelieving expression appeared on the face of the apprentice fellow whom Wang Ling had pointed out, and he bowed solemnly. "Thank you for your trust! I will definitely give it my best!"

Wang Ling nodded indifferently, then found a place to sit.

The people around them gave him strange looks... because this apprentice hairdresser was a very scary existence that was no less terrifying than a new hospital intern nurse; the only difference was that one person stuck a needle in you, while the other worked on your scalp.

Wang Ling was probably the only person who had the guts to let this apprentice cut his hair...

This was likely the first time that this apprentice fellow was cutting a customer's hair. His fingers clenched around an electric razor, and there were a few drops of cold sweat on his temple; he was clearly nervous, like an inexperienced little sister about to lose her virginity. "I... I'm going to start."

It was just a buzz cut; he only needed to cleanly shave the hair on the sides and the back... it wasn't that difficult!

The apprentice fellow comforted himself. But when the electric razor touched Wang Ling's scalp, his hand shook!

In a flash, he shaved the back of Wang Ling's head completely bald...

Fellow: "..."

Boss: "..."

Wang Ling touched the bald patch and shook his head. Then, the hair in that area grew at a rapid rate visible to the naked eye, quickly going from Jason Wu 1 to a Saiyan 2 ...

The boss and all his little fellows were stunned. "... F**k! There was this type of operation?

After an hour or so, Wang Ling walked smoothly out of the hairdresser's.

The boss quickly pulled him to a stop: "Perfected One, don't go!"

Then, the boss took out two hundred yuan from his pants pocket and thrust it into Wang Ling's hand.

Wang Ling: "???"

The boss pointed to the hair all over the floor behind him and looked gratefully at Wang Ling. "This is my thanks for the hair that Perfected One has supplied my shop with... an Immortal's hair is just too good; we can turn it into high-quality wigs! This two hundred is the market price for hair. Perfected One, please come again whenever you're free!"

Wang Ling: "..."

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Wang Ling went home after getting his haircut, his pocket full of half-priced crispy noodle snacks from the market; he had made a cool two hundred yuan just for his hair, so he had been able to stock up on more crispy noodle snacks.

When he got home, he found that there were a lot of people in the house today.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu were waiting in the living room; the old man had politely given each of them a bowl of sweet mung bean soup. He was prone to making sweet mung bean soup in summer to cool the body down. Old Man Wang's sweet mung bean soup had been a top-class restaurant dish in his youth. He had only made a limited amount each day, and it had been very difficult for customers to get a bowl.

But unfortunately, these two guys didn't know to cherish or be grateful for it. They stared at their bowls of sweet mung bean soup and began to wonder about the meaning behind the mung beans; during this time, they even clearly determined the number of mung beans that were in the bowl.

Song Qingshu actually had never had this defective habit before, but after following Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal around for the last few days, he had been led astray...

"Brother Ling!" Seeing Wang Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal politely saluted with clasped fists, while Song Qingshu next to him also stood up to salute him solemnly and address him as Ling Zhenren.

The old man didn't care about Wang Ling's matters; he still wanted to watch his TV series! Seeing that Wang Ling had come, he hurriedly waved his hand and said to the two people, "Well... there's still some sweet mung bean soup in the pot if this isn't enough for you, go ahead and have a chat together."

"Okay, thank you, Great Senior!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded solemnly.

At the same time, he was thinking to himself: I must bring this sweet mung bean soup home later and carefully study the mystery in it! If I drink it, I might have hope of reaching the Void Refinement stage!

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sat on the sofa and looked at Wang Ling as he spoke. "Brother Ling, I've come to see you because I have some good news! Thanks to Little Song this time, I know the whereabouts of the maker of the stone ghost mask!"

Song Qingshu added, "I just provided a bit of a lead. Based on that, it was Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and that Senior Black who locked onto the maker's location."

Hearing this, Wang Ling nodded. Song Qingshu had made good on his promise and hadn't broken it. Finding the maker of the mask meant that very soon, this matter with the stone ghost mask would come to an end. As for Mo Immortal Castle's intent to use it in a dark ascension to power, this plot would be completely foiled.

Of course, this was the ideal scenario.

Wang Ling was actually very curious about the identity of the mask's maker.

"According to the coordinates which Little Black sent, the maker is actually not far from here." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened the message from Little Black, which clearly indicated that it was a total distance of eight hundred kilometers away.

An ordinary cultivator would be able to reach it in twenty minutes on a flying sword.

Wang Ling cupped his chin as he looked at the coordinates sent by Little Black, then slowly frowned. The more he looked at it, the more familiar it seemed...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal solemnly vowed, "Brother Ling, rest assured, Little Black verified this was the place after checking it several times. Combined with my Great Tracking Power, there is absolutely no mistake!"

But Wang Ling had a bad premonition for some reason, and his eyelid began to twitch once again.

Disaster level, one star. Who knew what on earth was going to happen...

Wang Ling had Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu put their hands on his shoulders, then with a "poof," the three of them teleported to the coordinates.

And then, an old-school restaurant that looked like it was on the verge of collapsing appeared before them.

Looking at the huge words "Midnight Dining Hall" inscribed on the horizontal board hanging on the restaurant door, Wang Ling sunk into deep thought. Damn! Why was it this place?!

Did the boss use to be a smith? From a smith to a cook... Wang Ling thought that this was even more outlandish than a transdimensional singer!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who saw the twitch in Wang Ling's eternally poker-faced expression, couldn't help being curious. "Brother Ling, it seems like you've been here before?"

Before the three people entered the shop, they could already hear the melodious singing inside: That is the girl I deeply love and miss day and night...

Wang Ling couldn't help sighing in his heart; it turned out that life was a damn circle!

Chapter 163: How Was the Stone Ghost Mask Made?

Nüwa 1 When the three of them stepped through the door, the boss of Midnight Dining Hall, Tan Siming, was washing the dishes. The long knife scar on his face, along with his bitter and resentful expression, made him look extremely hideous under the dim light.

Although it wasn't time yet for customers to start coming in, he was already preparing for the midnight crowd.

The "Old Boys" sung by Tang Youning was playing on an obsolete and old-fashioned radio. In this day and age, radio stations were already no longer popular, but there were still people who clung to them.

Thus, although there weren't many radio stations around, there were still people running programs on air. Among them, big boss broadcaster Zhang Ye had to be mentioned. Not only had he majored in radio broadcasting, he was also a very well-known filmmaker, who had written his own biography, *I Really Am a Superstar*. The entire book was replete with all sorts of lyrics, poems and stories which carried a supercilious and boastful air.

As a veteran web novelist, Father Wang had classified this book as junk literature.

Boss Tan was still washing the dishes. When the three of them entered the shop, he almost reflexively pointed at the menu on the wall as he said lazily, "Hey, we just serve what's on the menu. But if you want to eat something else, I'll make it for you if I can."

Unlike Wang Ling, this was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu's first time here, after all, and after some thought, Song Qingshu felt it would be rude to act like they were interrogating a criminal from the very start before ordering something. So, he ordered three large

bowls of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles and paid for them. It was twenty yuan for a large bowl, so sixty yuan for three.

Song Qingshu directly took out a one hundred-yuan note and told the boss to keep the change... the rich were so capricious!

Actually, during these two days, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been treating Song Qingshu like a walking ATM. After selling off all his belongings from working for Mo Immortal Castle all these years, Song Qingshu now had so much money he didn't know what to do with it.

"Thank you very much."

When the boss took the money, he finally raised his head for a look. When he noticed Wang Ling among the three of them, his expression suddenly changed. "Ah? Aren't you that thirty three yuan and seventy cents genius creator? "

Wang Ling: "..."

Boss Tan still remembered Wang Ling. After all, he had witnessed for himself how this man had peddled off this song "Old Boys," which had swept across Huaxiu nation. It was such a huge song now, when the melody and lyrics had been sold for just thirty three yuan and seventy cents, the price of two medium bowls of beef noodles.

"Boss, do you know my brother?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked as he stared at the boss.

"Previously, he and his father came here and ordered beef noodles..." replied Boss Tan.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned in his heart. Senior Wang had actually come here before! It seemed that this wasn't a simple shop!

"... This song 'Old Boys,' have you heard of it?"

Boss Tan thought for a while, then directly explained what had happened with this song.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu were utterly stunned when they heard it.

"Brother Ling, you can also write songs?"

Wang Ling nodded without expression and shame. "... Theoretically speaking, he was just a porter passing on songs.

Speaking of "Old Boys," Boss Tan's bitter and resentful face twisted even more. "Before Little Tang was popular, he used to visit my shop all the time. There was once a time when he depended on me for things so that he could live in the city. But now that he's popular, it's been a long time since he's come..."

Speaking up to this point, Boss Tan smiled bitterly. "I was hoping he could help me draw in more customers."

"He was just taking advantage of you!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shook his head.

The boss had been feeling aggrieved by this matter, but now that he had found someone to vent to, he immediately felt a lot better. Looking at them, he said, "By the way, you came looking for me at this hour, did you need something?"

When it came down to it, Boss Tan wasn't an idiot. He had clearly written that he only opened at midnight, but these three people had come looking for him at around eight o'clock and ordered three large bowls of beef noodles in one go... the most important thing was that they had even tipped him, so something was definitely up with this abnormal situation!

He had encountered plenty of people over the years, so sometimes he could guess what his customers were thinking from the looks on their faces.

Luckily, Boss Tan was a forthright person, which reassured Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal greatly. As a result, he didn't bother to hide their purpose; a spirit light glowed in his hand, and he produced an illustration of the stone ghost mask which he had prepared beforehand. "I wonder if Boss Tan has seen this thing before?"

Cupping his chin as he looked at this image, Boss Tan's eyes gradually turned serious, and he then gazed at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal as he asked a little excitedly, "Where did you find this mask?"

When he said this, the three people felt like the weights in their hearts had instantly been lifted — so it turned out that the owner of this rundown restaurant, Boss Tan, had something to do with the stone ghost mask!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal answered truthfully, "Brother Ling bought this mask for five yuan on Moubao, and without a delivery fee to boot."

Boss Tan: "..."

"Please, Boss Tan, you have to tell us whatever you know about this mask. As far as we know, there should be two stone ghost masks, since it's one of twin magic treasures. And now someone wants to use them for evil..." As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said this, he strode forward and gripped Boss Tan's hands. "Boss Tan, whether this world can be saved or not all depends on you!"

"..."

Gazing at the illustration as he thought hard for a while, Boss Tan then shook his head as he replied, "Although I'm very surprised at how you managed to find me, I'm sorry to tell you that I wasn't the only person involved in making these twin masks... when I was a kid, the girl next door and I made them out of mud."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...Out of mud? But this mask contains primordial black crystal — it's the hardest material in the whole universe!"

Boss Tan thought it over carefully, then said, "Oh, at that time, we did indeed find some black crystal in the mud, so we just put it in."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Song Qingshu and Wang Ling: "..."

The scene was deathly silent for a time.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal drew in a deep breath. "So, Boss Tan, you're not a smith?"

Boss Tan shrugged his shoulders. "I never said it was me... it was that girl who shaped the masks, I just helped her. In the end, she was the one who dried them out."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Do... do you still have any contact information for that mud-playing girl?"

Boss Tan: "It has been so many years, we already lost touch a long time ago. But I still remember her name — maybe you can check it out as a lead."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What is her name?"

Boss Tan: " Nüwa 2 ."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 164: Some Were Happy, Some Were Worried

Based on the information which Song Qingshu had provided, Little Black had spent two days and two nights to obtain this lead. They had thought that this was a breakthrough in the matter, but they hadn't taken this step all the way through before this lead had derailed yet again... even Wang Ling vaguely felt that this was a pain in the ass.

The biggest problem now was where to start looking for Nüwa, this little mud-playing girl.

Of course, if he didn't have the talisman seal on, Wang Ling could use his aura to track down and lock onto their target. But that would lead to a shutdown of electrical grids worldwide, which wasn't a result that Wang Ling wanted to see happen.

It was clear that the issue of the stone ghost mask was quite the sticky problem. Looking at these three vexed people, Boss Tan also became lost in deep thought. After a while, he took out an iron box from his drawer and gave it to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"Boss Tan, this is...?"

"It's a seed of the hawthorn tree," replied Boss Tan. "This was my childhood promise with that girl: find a place, plant this seed, and the day that it blossoms and bears fruit, that girl will show up under the tree."

"Will this method really work..."

It had already been so many years... most people wouldn't even remember the names of their kindergarten classmates, let alone a promise made for a future so far away. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled his childhood when he had boasted every day that he would marry all the girls in his kindergarten... but now, he was still a single dog!

"We have no choice, we can only try everything..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened the iron box, picked up the hawthorn seed and sighed.

It was almost midnight when he returned to Wenxian Garden with this hawthorn seed. During this period, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu had also confirmed something else; they learned from Loopy Toad that Mo Immortal Castle had dispatched two men here during the day to investigate. Song Qingshu knew without a doubt that they had to have been sent by the Lady of the Castle to confirm his death.

It was a bit of a pity that Loopy Toad had flushed those two people down the toilet and they couldn't interrogate them for more details; otherwise, Song Qingshu could definitely have learned more secrets.

"You have to be careful these two days. That bunch of people definitely know that you're alive," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal told Song Qingshu as he planted the hawthorn seed in his own backyard.

"Don't worry, senior, Senior Wang hasn't taken the long johns back yet!" replied Song Qingshu.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sweated a little. "...Most transformed magic treasures have an expiry date, so Brother Ling probably refreshes the transformations regularly. The way I see it, the long johns on you won't last very much longer. So just run when you have to run, clear?"

Song Qingshu nodded like a chick pecking at rice. "Yes, yes, of course, senior! I haven't returned Senior Wang's house slippers yet. If I run now, I'll be faster than a reporter!"

"..."

Song Qingshu: "By the way, will the hawthorn seed really work?"

"Who knows..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal patted the spirit soil under his hands as he sighed slightly.

According to his calculations, even with the power of spirit soil, it would still take at least five days for the seed to sprout, and at least another half a month for it to grow into a hawthorn tree. Most importantly, whether this lady called Nüwa would show up or not as promised was still unknown.

Gazing at the spirit soil, both of them were lost in deep thought; this was truly a pain in the ass.

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It was June 3rd on the sixth Friday of school.

On this morning, there were some who were happy and some who were worried. For the military training, the boys had all gotten buzz cuts. There were also some extreme examples, like Super Chen, who had had his entire scalp directly shaved clean by the hairdresser.

Holding his head in his hands, Super Chen wanted to cry but had no tears left to shed; he had clearly told the hairdresser that he had only wanted his hair trimmed... even if it was a buzz cut, he wanted the type to make him look handsome! He hadn't expected that in a blink of an eye, the barber, scissors in hand, had made him look like bald Wu Ke 1

Super Chen must have owed the hairdresser a large amount of money in his last life — he was so unlucky!

When Teacher Pan walked into the classroom, the class was actually still very rowdy since everyone was discussing their haircuts. But today, instead of getting angry as usual, she quietly put her teaching materials down on the lectern and with the girls, admired the boys' buzz cuts.

Boys should be fresh and cool like this, it was so much better!

As a pioneer teacher at No. 60 High School, Teacher Pan had taught many batches of elite students. Among the deepest impressions that they had of her was her strict teaching style and her class rules. She was a person of rules and regulations, and her OCD left a deep impression on anyone who had known her for quite some time... now that all the boys had buzz cuts, her mood was as relaxed as if she had released everything after being constipated.

On this side, Teacher Pan was rejoicing in the boys' new looks in Grade One, Class Three. On the other side, Songhai city's General Administration of 100 Schools was in a mess.

Odd Zhuo sat behind his office table feeling resentful and bitter. Since Shadow Stream's attack on No. 60 High School, he had never stopped worrying; as soon as he had been promoted, he had reinforced security around all the high schools which fell under the purview of Songhai city's General Administration of 100 Schools in order to prevent similar violations from happening again.

Odd Zhuo didn't want any slip-ups to occur while he was in office.

The bureaucratic culture for cultivators was much more complex than anything ordinary people could imagine. No. 60 High School was his alma mater, and if he couldn't even protect his own alma mater, he would inevitably become gossip fodder and the butt of jokes for onlookers. It wasn't long until No. 60 High School's military training session, so in the last few days, Zhuo Yi had been secretly boosting security for the school.

But most unfortunately for him, at this critical time, he received disastrous news.

The younger sister of that Master of Shadow Stream, who had been seized in No. 59 High School back then, had broken out of prison!

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Songhai's maximum security prison was where the cultivation police sent serious felons. Plenty of "well-known" criminals had been imprisoned here, like that major criminal from Furi Cultivation University who had poisoned his roommate. He had been incarcerated here for a very long time before finally being sentenced to death.

News of the escape had alarmed national leaders. Members of the central cultivation inspection team happened to be in Songhai city during this time, and Secretary Dakang rushed to the scene

almost at once. Someone breaking out of the nation's maximum security prison for major criminals was, bluntly speaking, quite inconceivable.

Cultivators sent to prison had special sealing magic cast on them, and their handcuffs were custom-made and could suppress their strength. Beneath the prison's ten thousand li perimeter was a massive restraining magic array; along with the high wall that ran all around it which even titans 2 couldn't climb over, it was complete nonsense to think that anyone could escape.

When Secretary Dakang reached the scene, the cultivation police had already dispatched the major crime investigation unit to check the situation.

At present, the only good news they could confirm was that the criminal hadn't fled beyond the perimeter of Songhai city's maximum security prison.

However, her mode of escape was a little incredible. The other party had actually dismantled the steel plate under the bed in her cell, and with just an instant noodles fork, had dug out an escape passage.

From experienced Officer Wang's investigation of the scene, he discovered that this instant noodles fork had actually belonged to Kang Shifu 3

!

Chapter 165: What Had She Done In Prison?

It was absolutely unfathomable that an instant noodles fork could be used to dig out such a passage in the national maximum security prison for major criminals.

Given that her spirit energy had been restricted, how had the girl broken that thick and heavy steel plate reinforced with immortal crystal in her cell...?

That was the question.

And after breaking the steel plate, how had she moved all the bricks, stone and soil...?

That was yet another question.

Odd Zhuo arrived soon after Secretary Dakang. When he stepped into the prison, he could clearly feel himself becoming dizzy. Seeing this, the prison warden who had been waiting to meet Odd Zhuo at the entrance promptly hung a pendant around his neck, which alleviated his dizziness significantly.

"...What's this?"

The warden explained, "Director Zhuo, this is the resistance crystal developed by Huaxiu nation's Cultivation Academy of Science; it curbs the effects of the magic array under the prison. Everyone working in the prison has one."

Hearing this, Odd Zhuo nodded his head.

The magic array under the prison was so formidable; as soon as he had stepped into the prison, he almost couldn't breathe. His syndromes were similar to those for low blood sugar: chest pains, shortness of breath, increased heart palpitations and dizziness. Major criminals imprisoned here were not only subjected to this restraining magic array, but also had their strength restricted by special handcuffs.

Looking at all these factors, it was utterly nonsensical for someone to be able to break out of here...

"The incident this time was a little unexpected, but luckily it was discovered in time. The prisoners' handcuffs have built-in signal transmitters, and the signal shows that the escapee is still hiding in the prison..." The warden felt like crying; if the prisoner escaped successfully, his career as a warden would definitely be over, and he would probably be forced to retire and go home to become a farmer.

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The warden straightaway led Odd Zhuo to the crime scene; by then, the major crime investigation unit of the Songhai cultivation police had already rushed over. They all stood around the passage opening which the girl had used to escape. At first glance, Odd Zhuo could already pick out Secretary Dakang dressed in a windcheater in the crowd.

"Little Zhuozi, you're finally here!" Seeing Odd Zhuo, the old Secretary's worried frown instantly relaxed. "It was thanks to you that we were able to catch this person previously."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

"I more or less understand the basics of the situation, so if you have any questions you can just ask me. Or, if you have any other opinion, let me know. Everyone here is at your disposal! We must endeavor to capture this criminal and bring her to justice before she escapes the prison for good!" The old Secretary patted Odd Zhuo's shoulder. "Little Zhuozi, it's up to you! I believe that since you managed to catch her once, you can catch her a second time!"

"..." Odd Zhuo already didn't know what to say.

The main thing was that he himself was clueless about the last two times!

"...How did she escape?"

The old Secretary replied, "According to our preliminary findings, the criminal did indeed use an instant noodles fork to dig a passage and escape through it. Although it wasn't very wide, considering the criminal's identity as a Shadow Stream killer, she was proficient in the bone-shortening technique, so she could definitely have escaped through this small hole. As for the steel plate on the floor, the prisoner used some type of corrosive liquid which ate through it."

Corrosive liquid?

Odd Zhuo was flabbergasted. "Wasn't a thorough body check conducted before she entered prison... how did she bring it in?"

Speaking about this, the warden rubbed his temple in pain. "If we're guessing correctly, the criminal likely hid it in her crotch, which is a blind spot during the check..."

Odd Zhuo: "...Cro...crotch?"

The old Secretary nodded his head solemnly. "This assumption might sound ridiculous but it's actually quite logical. It's actually easy to hide something in the crotch area. Even a grenade could be hidden there, not to mention a small bottle of corrosive liquid."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

...

It had been two hours since Jiang Liuying had broken out of prison. The world outside was tranquil and peaceful, but the situation inside Songhai city's maximum security prison had already exploded.

No one could clearly say what would happen in two hours, but the later it got, the higher the chances were of the criminal escaping successfully.

This was a major criminal who worked for the wicked assassination organization Shadow Stream; if they allowed such an infamous criminal to escape, they couldn't guarantee that she wouldn't take harmful action against the community.

Three miles away from the main prison building, Jiang Liuying crawled out from under a pile of grass, still gripping the instant noodles fork in one hand and with her handcuffs still on. The fork had an "armor-penetrating" talisman on it which had made excavating the soil for Jiang Liuying as easy as digging into pudding.

By the time she had broken through the soil, the armor-penetrating talisman had lost its effectiveness, and the instant it happened, the "dying" instant noodles fork in her hand had tragically snapped into two.

Oh, by the way... she had also taken this armor-penetrating talisman out from her crotch.

"It's all thanks to the escape service pack which elder sister prepared..." Jiang Liuying turned over a glass bottle the size of a finger in her hand; it was full of all types of all-purpose capsules that contained various magic treasures which could be used for escape.

And all this time, it had been wedged in her crotch.

Actually, she could have escaped earlier on, but it was unfortunate that she had directly been knocked out. By the time she had regained consciousness, she had found herself already in prison... although it had taken her some time, luckily she had been able to escape in the end.

Lying prone inside the pile of grass, Jiang Liuying stared at the bottle in her hand. She then gritted her teeth resentfully and thumped the ground angrily; that damn bunch of cats and high school students caused this old mother so much grief... just you wait!

Jiang Liuying narrowed her eyes, a hidden light in their depths.

The priority now was to get out of here. She was acutely aware that although she had escaped from her cell, she still hadn't escaped the prison compound. Furthermore, she had a hunch that she was being monitored.

"I have to get this damn handcuffs off..." After cooling down, the girl stared in deep thought at the handcuffs on her hands.

These handcuffs were made from refined steel. This material was very special as it was able to suppress spirit energy. Along with the restraining magic array under the prison, the spirit energy she could use now was almost too little to mention... however, she had come up with another solution.

From the glass bottle, she took out an all-purpose capsule which contained the last armor-penetrating talisman.

Taking it out of the capsule, the girl stuck this armor-penetrating talisman on her 36D chest weapon as her final ray of hope.

And then, she took a deep breath...

The girl placed her hands on a rock and spread them as far apart as possible.

After that, she lifted her upper body and suddenly flung herself down...

Bang !

Just like that, the handcuffs were smashed to smithereens by this weaponized chest...

Chapter 166: Weapon of Mass Destruction

In ancient times, people smashed rocks on their chest; today, a weaponized chest had been used to smash handcuffs...

Looking at the crushed handcuffs, Jiang Liuying abruptly felt moved in her heart, as if she had performed a historic feat.

The main reason was because this armor-penetrating talisman was just too useful!

Elder sister had drawn this specialized talisman, and it was more destructive than the regular ones sold on the market. This was the reason why she had been able to generate enough power to directly reduce the handcuffs to smithereens.

Without the restraints of the handcuffs, Jiang Liuying could feel her spirit energy recover significantly.

Although the restraining magic array under the prison had played a role in suppressing her spirit energy, she had gradually gotten used to the restrictive environment during her time in prison. Her body had two golden cores that were like two CPUs, so her spirit energy circulated much faster than ordinary people's. In a restrictive environment, she could still use half of her strength... this had played a vital role in helping her escape from prison!

For an ordinary major criminal, without the help of the prison's resistance crystal, and limited both by the restraining magic array under the prison and the handcuffs, it would be utterly impossible for them to flee.

But the girl felt that her chances of escaping were now much higher.

This prison covered quite a vast area; she had only escaped from the main building. She was currently in a training zone three kilometers behind the main building, in a grove of trees. This was where prisoners came to exercise, but now it had become a hideout for Jiang Liuying.

If she rushed out recklessly, the prison officers who were already searching for her nearby would catch her straightaway...

Her priority now was to make use of the invisibility talisman in the escape service pack and find a sewer leading out of the prison as soon as possible. Before the armor-penetrating talisman lost its effectiveness, she could use her chest weapon to smash a hole in the protective barrier outside the prison wall; the high steel wall around the prison was ridiculously thick, so there was no way she could smash her way through from inside.

Under the circumstances, Jiang Liuying already had no other choice; she only had one last chance at escaping out of here!

In the grove, the girl grit her teeth and circulated her spirit energy to activate the invisibility talisman. She stuck it on her body, then sped off in one direction.

...

Half an hour later, after the prison officers patrolling outside had found the crushed handcuffs on the ground, Secretary Sun and Odd Zhuo swiftly reached the scene with a group of other people.

When he saw that the handcuffs had been reduced to pieces, the warden's heart trembled with fear, and his expression was distressed. With the restraining magic array in place and handcuffs on, how had the other party destroyed these specialized handcuffs?

"The other party had the strength to escape, so it would make sense that she could destroy these handcuffs." Secretary Dakang stared at the handcuffs and thought for a while. "But what kind of thing could have such destructive power? Little Zhuozi, do you have any ideas?"

Odd Zhuo's expression was blank. "..."

The old Secretary continued to speculate: "The handcuffs used in the national maximum security prison are all made of extremely dense and highly refined black iron; that this lady could actually damage them so badly proves without a doubt that the other party is carrying some weapon of mass destruction."

Warden: "Old Secretary, do you think this prisoner will harm the other major criminals in our prison?"

"Not really." Secretary Sun shook his head. "From the beginning, this lady's objective had been to escape from here. It's very likely that instead, she'll use the weapon of mass destruction to destroy the high prison wall or the protective barrier outside the wall."

Just as he said this, everyone heard an earth-shattering boom .

The warden spoke into his transceiver. "Go and check at once! What was that sound?"

Very soon, a reply came from the prison gatekeepers on the other end of the transceiver. "Reporting! We found the target, she's destroying the barrier!"

Warden: "Then go and quickly subdue the target!"

Prison officer: "Reporting! The target is moving very fast. It seems that she's using an invisibility talisman. We're using a scanner to locate her..."

Warden: "After determining her position, immediately seize her weapon and arrest her!"

"...Seize? Seize her weapon?"

At the maximum security prison barrier, the scanner showed that the girl had exposed herself.

"..."

A group of prison officers watched as the girl held her breasts in her palms and did her best to try and smash the barrier with them, and they couldn't help sinking into deep thought.

...

It was June 4th, the sixth Saturday after the start of the semester.

When Wang Ling woke up and turned on the TV in the morning, he found that all the channels were broadcasting the same news — at around six o'clock last night, a major criminal had broken through the barrier of Songhai's maximum security prison and successfully escaped.

Wang Ling was surprised to see that this person was actually that girl who had been caught at No. 59 High School back then. From their related investigation, the cultivation police had confirmed that she was in fact the younger sister of the Master of Shadow Stream. Because of her identity, she had been directly sent to Songhai First Prison without trial.

After careful calculation, Wang Ling realized that it had been three weeks, almost a month, since she had been caught.

"Ai , so many officers in the prison and they were still no match for a girl." Sitting in front of the TV, the old man ate a mouthful of green vegetable porridge before directly turning the TV off.

"Dad, why did you turn off the TV?" Father Wang had been enjoying the news since this girl had a really big chest... of course, this wasn't the point. The main point was that Father Wang wanted to continue watching the news report as he was curious about how this girl had actually broken out of prison.

The old man shook his head. "Even without watching the rest, I can roughly guess what's going to happen next. Based on their usual style, if anything big happens, the department leaders involved will probably deny all responsibility. If you don't believe me, I'll turn it on again for you to see..."

The old man turned the TV on again. Coincidentally, the news at that moment was showing the person-in-charge at Songhai First Prison making a statement.

In a crowd of reporters with flashing cameras and a bunch of microphones, a middle-aged warden had a remorseful expression on his face. "We deeply regret making everyone worry! The situation this time in fact isn't as serious as it seems. We have issued a nationwide top-priority arrest warrant, and we are already on the trail of the fugitive. We will assemble our forces right away to capture and arrest the criminal."

A female journalist with black-rimmed glasses asked, "Warden Liang, can you explain the main reason for how this prisoner was able to escape?"

"In fact, the fault this time lies with our new prison staff. They still aren't familiar with the business, so during the time the wanted criminal was in custody, they made some mistakes in their check..."

Speaking up to this point, this Warden Liang lowered his head with a grieved expression. "Yes, that's right. This was all the part-timers' fault!"

Father Wang and Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 167: Ling Zhenren's Family Cat Is Missing

Just like this, the glorious part-timers had become scapegoats once again 1 ...

Wang Ling knew that this was the standard response practiced by Huaxiu government departments, like when Huaxiu nation's Ministry of Foreign Affairs strongly condemned or protested something. This was a carefully-worded excuse that, like a panacea, could be used to reply to all kinds of interview questions.

Although the girl's escape from prison was all that the news could talk about, there was very little about it online. Wang Ling opened several news apps and found very few comments related to this incident. It was very obvious that, just like with the matter of Mother Wang being groped, anything related to this incident was being suppressed...

Warden Liang had downplayed it on TV. But watching the news report, Wang Ling somehow had a bad feeling.

His eyelid twitched again, and this time, the disaster level was three stars...

Thus, even though Wang Ling was at home and wasn't going anywhere this Saturday, he had a nagging sense of uneasiness. The frequent twitching of his eyelid made him a little anxious.

After breaking out of prison, what would that fugitive girl do?

Wang Ling lay on his bed with both arms crossed under his head, his thoughts in turmoil.

For the time being, after escaping prison, it was clearly not possible for her to seek revenge against No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School. Most of the students were already on vacation, and even if she dropped in to make trouble, there were still many teachers on duty in school who definitely wouldn't leave this Shadow Stream killer any opening for attack. Going after Wang Ming sounded even more unreasonable. Huaxiu nation's top leaders all knew about the "love-hate" relationship between this super brain and this Shadow Stream maiden; after the news of her escape had come out, they would have undoubtedly already dispatched more people to protect Wang Ming at all costs.

So the only party left whom she could take revenge on in the short term was Black Tan...

When a person had no outlet for their anger, they would naturally look for a soft persimmon to pound.

Wang Ling felt that Zheng Tan was now in danger.

...

Wang Ling transformed himself into a white Persian cat and appeared under that old willow tree in No. 59 High School. Given the urgency of the situation, he had directly teleported there.

He carefully felt out his surroundings, but it was silent all around. Lying down at the tree hole, he couldn't sense a trace of any aura inside. Whether it was the commander-in-chief, First Battalion Commander The Monk, or the cavalry, the infantry, and the air force under Zheng Tan, they were all gone.

Wang Ling opened his eyes and used his Heavenly Eye flashback ability. The scene in front of his eyes began to rewind, but it didn't give him much information.

What he could confirm was that Black Tan had left at least half an hour ago. Also, he had come out in full force; the entire army had sallied forth, armed to the teeth with all the weapons they had in the hole — even that Yidali Cannon was gone.

What on earth were they going to do?

Wang Ling was very worried about Zheng Tan's safety.

Using an aura search, he could confirm that Zheng Tan and his group were already far away from Peiyuan district. It had been more than twelve hours since they had left the tree hole, much earlier than he had imagined. Now there was only one way left for him to find Zheng Tan...

...

In a mysterious lab on the border of Huaxiu nation, a man in black skintight clothes was absorbed in his research. He held in his hands a blueprint for the Armstrong Cyclone Jet Armstrong Cannon.

After his lab had been destroyed the last time, Little Black had been trying to restore this cannon which he had painstakingly created. Once he got word from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, he would take the cannon with him to the house of the bastard who had ruined his lab and blow it up!

While Little Black was recalculating the cannon's muzzle velocity, a hand suddenly pressed down on his shoulder, making him tremble from head to toe in fear. "Who?!"

This time, Little Black saw a young man in a white short-sleeved shirt standing behind him. "Who are you?"

Wang Ling spoke telepathically as he identified himself.

Little Black was shocked. "You're Ling Zhenren?"

This time, Wang Ling didn't have to deliberately cover up his face. The last time he had been here, he hadn't known the relationship between Little Black and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. Now that he knew Little Black was on their side, there was no need for him to hide himself.

To verify that he was truly Ling Zhenren, Wang Ling even shared a meme of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

He had secretly taken this photo when he was with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, just in case of a situation like this.

Looking at the photo in which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled like a blooming chrysanthemum, Little Black's doubts about this youngster's identity was thoroughly dispelled... only when he was with Ling Zhenren would this cultivation forum owner smile like an idiot like this.

"So you're Ling Zhenren... my apologies!" Little Black excitedly clasped his fists in a salute. So this was the big shot who would help him track down the bastard who had destroyed his lab! He actually looked so young!

"Is there a reason why Ling Zhenren is looking for me?"

Wang Ling didn't beat around the bush, but straightaway took out a quick sketch of Zheng Tan which he had prepared beforehand along with the specific location of that willow tree. "Can you find it?"

Looking at the sketch of Zheng Tan, it dawned on Little Black that Ling Zhenren's cat was missing!

But... why would it show up in such a strange location? Did big shots in the cultivation world now let their pets have free range?

Little Black politely didn't ask too many questions.

From the coordinates Wang Ling had given him, Little Black easily located the willow and managed to hack into nearby surveillance cameras.

This time, Wang Ling finally had a lead.

Zheng Tan and its group had set off at around eight o'clock last night, and each cat had had an invisibility talisman on it. As Wang Ling had guessed, they had taken all their weapons with them when they had left the tree hole... it was clear that they were off to do battle!

From the monitor screen, Wang Ling's Heavenly Eye could clearly see the confident expression on Zheng Tan's black face; this guy was actually smiling!

But what kind of battle would justify Zheng Tan mobilizing the power of all its troops?

Wang Ling's initial worry turned to curiosity.

Little Black was truly Little Black, an existence that could make something good out of something bad when it came to the online network. Just from Zheng Tan's route trajectory from where it had set off, he had been able to calculate what Zheng Tan's final destination was — Songhai City Dahuang International Airport.

Airport...

Whether it was Little Black or Wang Ling, both of them were completely astonished.

Little Black hacked into the airport's ticketing system to check the transaction records for that day, and finally discovered a set of very strange data. After analyzing it, he had a disbelieving expression on his face. "Ling Zhenren... your family cat is too amazing! It actually chartered a plane!"

"..." Wang Ling was stunned by Zheng Tan's action.

A black cat, taking all of its subordinates and equipment with it, and even chartering a plane... what the hell was it trying to do? Attack Ping'an country 2 ?

Chapter 168: Exactly How Strong Is the Independent Regiment?

On the same day after Zheng Tan and Wang Ling in the form of Immortal Meow had worked together serendipitously in combat at No. 59 High School, Zheng Tan had returned invigorated, as if it had been injected with chicken blood 1 . It began drilling its independent regiment day and night, and had sent out several battalion commanders to expand their numbers by recruiting new soldiers from everywhere. Now, Zheng Tan led two cat divisions!

Even its realm and strength had increased at an unprecedented rate.

In fact, Wang Ling had to be credited with all this. Because when Zheng Tan had shaken hands with Wang Ling, several strands of white cat fur had been left behind in its paw; the most mystical thing

about them was that they could actually gather the spirit energy of heaven and earth! They were damn more useful than any advanced spirit gathering array!

Hence, since that day, Zheng Tan's prowess had started to increase by leaps and bounds... within a short month, it had unexpectedly reached the peak late Golden Core stage!

These were all in fact premeditated actions on Zheng Tan's part.

During this month, apart from cultivating, Zheng Tan had heard from the stray cat masses of a secret stronghold suspected to be Shadow Stream's headquarters... it was at that time that Zheng Tan had started to think about an attack operation.

Then yesterday, Zheng Tan had received the news that the Shadow Stream maiden had broken out of prison.

It was then that Zheng Tan thought its opportunity had arrived.

While that girl was still intent on taking revenge on them, Zheng Tan decided to lead its army north beforehand to f**k the enemy headquarters in the ass!

...

Jinghua city was one of Songhai city's neighboring cities.

It was the capital of Huaxiu nation. No one would expect the current headquarters of Shadow Stream to be right on top of an inconspicuous hill in the suburbs of the capital.

"It seems Ah Ying has successfully escaped." The Master of Shadow Stream Jiang Liuyue frowned from where she was sitting in a wingback chair as she watched a news report on the prison break. "Have you heard from her? Make sure she doesn't take any further action and get her to return at once before we have another incident."

As she said this, she shifted her gaze to the figure next to her.

This was an assassin in white who wore a golden armband. There was a dagger at his waist and his clothes were as white as snow. He looked like a celestial being who had emerged from a painting. This man was called Mo Li, one of the leading generals among Shadow Stream's Gold Ribbon killers and also a think tank with prowess which surpassed Jiang Liuying's.

"Rest assured, Master. I've already sent someone to pick up Miss Ah Ying." Mo Li was confident as he answered her calmly. "But Miss Ah Ying appears to still be angry about what happened, and after throwing those prison officers off the trail, she went to look for that bunch of cats from before to take revenge on them."

Cats?

Jiang Liuyue felt a vague sense of uneasiness. "These cats have very common bloodlines, but they have spiritual intelligence and realms different from common people; they must have been enlightened by a grandmaster. I think it's better that we don't provoke them."

"Master, there is no need to worry. According to the information we received, it appears that Miss Ah Ying's attack was in vain," Mo Li answered softly.

"In vain? What do you mean?"

"When Miss Ah Ying went looking in the area from the last time, there were no signs of any cats; it seems that they had evacuated earlier on."

Evacuated?

Liang Liuyue frowned, feeling that things weren't as simple as they appeared.

For some reason lately, she had become a lot more vigilant against cats. This was because not long ago, she had found a kitten which seemed to be lost near the hilltop. The strangest thing was that the hill was private land which was off-limits, and an array had been set up here. Even the birds that flew over in passing would detour around here, so how had a cat entered this place? She had given this matter a lot of thought.

This was the first time that Mo Li had seen Jiang Liuyue so worried, and he couldn't help asking, "What are you worrying about, Master?"

"I'm worried that this bunch of cats might be plotting something..."

"Plotting?" Mo Li laughed. "Are you worried that the cats will find our headquarters and attack here?"

Just then, there was suddenly a tremendous explosion outside the hall.

"Where did that explosion come from?" Mo Li tilted his head.

A Shadow Stream killer swiftly appeared as a black shadow in front of Jiang Liuyue and Mo Li. "Reporting, Master and Lord Mo Li! The foot of the hill is under attack."

"...By who?" Mo Li was shocked.

"It's a large group of cats! A large group of cats are climbing the hill... they're carrying heavy weapons and number in the tens of thousands. It appears... that they intend to attack the headquarters!"

Mo Li: "...". Somehow, his face really hurt!

"As expected, there's something off about that group of cats!" Jiang Liuyue grit her teeth. Since they had heavy artillery with them, it was very clear that these tens of thousands of cats had come well-prepared. Furthermore, there was currently a limited number of killers on base. If she suffered heavy damage here, her image as the Master of Shadow Stream in the murder industry would thoroughly collapse!

"Mo Li, call everyone back at once to protect the headquarters, and don't confront this bunch of cats during this time. Whatever happens, the headquarters is our priority!"

"Yes, Master, I'll make the arrangements right away!"

Mo Li nodded immediately; this time, he finally realized the severity of the situation.

Outside the hall, a spirit light sprung up in his hand, and a string of magic bells emerged. Standing at a high vantage point, he rang them lightly three times.

As he recited a spell, the magic bells began to vibrate rapidly, and invisible sound waves which couldn't be seen by the naked eye rippled out from him.

Three rings of the magic bells was the highest level of priority given to the command for Shadow Stream members to assemble.

"Two hours... can we hold on until then?" Mo Li felt anxious as the cat army advanced vigorously up the hill.

...

Zheng Tan's attack this time was a completely independent operation that hadn't been reported in advance.

In fact, there had been countless incidents of Shadow Stream killers mistreating cats in recent years. This had incurred the hate of cats all over the country. Cats throughout Huaxiu nation had been looking for Shadow Stream's headquarters all this time with the intent of organizing their forces to launch an attack. Recently, coordinates for the headquarters had been circulating in the cat group but had yet to be verified, so all the cats had been waiting for further confirmation from their general headquarters.

None of the cats had expected Zheng Tan to make a move before their headquarters had verified the location!

Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment was a little famous among the cat armies led by Tang Shi, Song Ci and Yuan Qu. All these years, under the leadership of these three cat tyrants, the battalions and regiments of "The Little Tigers" nationwide had been secretly observing the movements of Shadow Stream killers everywhere.

This attack by Zheng Tan had hence mobilized all the stray cats in several nearby cities.

It was the new troop of cats led by Yuan Qu's capable subordinate, cat general Li Yuanba, who first caught wind of the Shadow Stream killers' movements.

Li Yuanba's new troop was located in Dongbei city, which was to the north of Jinghua city.

At that very moment, in an abandoned sewer in Dongbei, a yellow-haired, short-tailed cat with a sturdy physique was surveying a map, accompanied by two cat staff officers.

One of the cat staff officers said, "Currently, surveillance of the Shadow Stream killers in Dongbei city show that they're gathering together as quickly as possible and are attempting to head for the capital, Jinghua city."

Li Yuanba: "What mission are they running?"

"It doesn't seem to be a mission. They're impatient to reach Jinghua city, and are in no mood to engage in drawn-out skirmishes. When small units of our cat army harass them, they're quick to break away and take a detour."

"Two days ago, Zheng Tan kept telling me it was going to create big news. It looks like something big is going on with it over there..." Li Yuanba murmured softly, its eyes narrowed. "Otherwise, this bunch of Shadow Stream killers wouldn't be so desperate to reach Jinghua city. Their headquarters is definitely there!"

Cat staff officer: "Does Commander think that Shadow Stream's headquarters is under attack? Zheng Tan only has one independent regiment... would a single regiment dare attack the headquarters?"

Li Yuanba laughed. "Hehe, why not? There's nothing that Zheng Tan doesn't dare do! If it had one or two divisions, it would have already f**king annihilated all of Shadow Stream long ago!"

Cat staff officer: "..."

Chapter 169: At Least Gang Up Before a Fight

Li Yuanba hunkered down on the ground and clapped its big thigh with one thick paw. "Pass my order along, have the entire group assemble immediately! Employ zero-casualty harassment tactics and do everything you can to delay this group of Shadow Stream killers before Zheng Tan's official attack on Shadow Stream's headquarters!"

Cat staff officer: "Commander, should we wait for instructions from the higher-up...?"

The corners of Li Yuanba's mouth twitched. "Instructions? There isn't any time... opportunities in battle change all the time and are fleeting! The old leader is so busy, don't bother it! Rather than miss the opportunity... we should strike decisively! Even if this bunch is setting off to offer their Master birthday congratulations, they must not be allowed to advance!"

The cat staff officer stopped talking at once. "..."

Because it was as if it could already see the end result.

Actually, the regiment cats could guess that based on Li Yuanba and Zheng Tan's relationship, Li Yuanba would fully support whatever move Zheng Tan made, even if it hadn't been told about it beforehand. The two cats had formed this tacit understanding which didn't require words back when they were being groomed by the three cat tyrants. This iron rapport and friendship wasn't something that regular cats could understand.

The cat staff officer next to Li Yuanba sighed in its heart. Once Li Yuanba made a move, it was very likely that there would be a chain reaction among the stray cat regiments in the neighboring cities; by then, the stray cats would all be in a complete mess.

Furthermore, zero casualties... was that truly possible?

...

Of course, Zheng Tan didn't have just one zealous brother in Li Yuanba. Everyone knew that the four heavenly guardians had once been groomed by the three great cat tyrants, Tang Shi, Song Ci and Yuan Qu. Zheng Tan was a soldier under the thunderbolt tiger Tang Shi and Li Yuanba was under the baby tiger Yuan Qu. As for the last small handsome tiger Song Ci, it had groomed the remaining two heavenly guardians, Yun Fei and Ah Huang.

Yun Fei and Zheng Tan's fate had been tied together starting with the color of their fur; they were both black cats, though Yun Fei's chest and four paws were all white. This made it look like it had walked through snow, so there were some who said that Yun Fei was a snowy mitt breed. Back then, Yun Fei and Zheng Tan had trained in the middle of the night and executed missions together, and thus had forged a deep and profound bond.

Now, Zheng Tan was the commander of the Independent Regiment, while Yun Fei led another regiment, with the regiment number 358.

This number had a special significance for Yun Fei; it was the number of tasks it had carried out together with Zheng Tan, which was three hundred and fifty-eight exactly.

Yun Fei's Regiment 358 was probably the closest to Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment geographically; they were both situated in Songhai city. Zheng Tan had found a tree hole to use as the regiment's headquarters, while Yun Fei had found a shit-shoveling officer who would do anything for it, and thus it lived comfortably in a villa. This big villa was also the headquarters of Yun Fei's Regiment 358; the cat houses arranged neatly in the backyard were inhabited by Yun Fei's subordinates. Of course, the space inside these cat houses had been expanded, like Zheng Tan's tree hole.

There were many types of cat houses: for the cavalry, the infantry, the artillery soldiers, and Yun Fei's own command post.

After Zheng Tan had left Songhai city to launch an attack and Li Yuanba had issued an order to back it up, Yun Fei was the third cat to become aware of this large-scale military campaign.

In Regiment 358's headquarters, Yun Fei was viewing a map. "...Who is brazen enough to actually go out and fight alone?"

Yun Fei's cat staff officer: "From our observations of recent movements, only Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment can call upon enough forces in this short period of time to arm themselves and enter the capital to launch an attack. Judging from the location on the map, that place is Shadow Stream's headquarters. Those coordinates were initially just a rumor, but no one had thought Commander Zheng Tan would jump the gun and launch an assault..."

Yun Fei frowned for a bit, then rubbed its face with its snow-white paws. "That's not good, either; Jinghua, Dongbei and Songhai... there's fighting everywhere. The entire South Huaxiu cat army has become a mess — this Zheng Tan is also too reckless!"

Cat staff officer: "Commander, what should we do now?"

Yun Fei: "What else can we do... of course we have to help obstruct the enemy! Inform the artillery battalion to get out all the latest things! Keep in mind that the Shadow Stream killers are quite fierce. We just need to focus on harassing them as much as possible; smoke bombs, flash bombs, noise bombs... launch whatever needs to be launched!"

Cat staff officer: "Ah! Including that Liu Baby brand flash bomb?"

Yun Fei: "Hm... use it first! Then get Zheng Tan to reimburse me! Even if it wasn't Zheng Tan who organized this assault, my Regiment 358 will still go out to help!"

Cat staff officer: "..."

...

The last one of the four heavenly guardians to hear this news was Ah Huang, a yellow tabby cat that was quite pitiful, since its owner had castrated it at birth. At one point it had suffered depression, and it was Zheng Tan that had helped it out of that psychological shadow, so they had a deep and profound friendship.

Ah Huang's new regiment was in Nanyan, between Jinghua and Songhai.

It was sipping on wine in the sewer while it received the battle report.

The chief of staff next to it reported the situation with a solemn expression. "We've just received news from the liaison officer that's with our allies; Li Yuanba's new cat army and some stray cat groups nearby have all gone into battle..."

Ah Huang: "Huh?"

Chief of staff: "...Even Yun Fei's Regiment 358 has pitched in mindlessly; without any directions from the leaders, we have no idea what is going on."

Ah Huang: "Hahahaha! It must be Zheng Tan! This guy's f**king making trouble again!"

Chief of staff: "Does Commander think that it's Commander Zheng Tan that made a move? The coordinates for that location seem to be Shadow Stream's headquarters, which was just verified recently. The leaders haven't issued any orders, but that guy actually made a move beforehand?"

"Who knows what that guy is thinking... it has bad blood with Shadow Stream to begin with. Maybe it wants to launch a preemptive strike..."

Ah Huang swished its tail and laughed. "This guy's attack has also motivated me! It's more awesome than the leaders!"

...

In an apartment in the heart of Jinghua city, cat leader Tang Shi, the thunderbolt tiger, was on the phone and so angry its fur was bristling. "What the hell is with this situation?! If you can't clearly distinguish between a division and a brigade, then what are all of you capable of?! Are your heads chamber pots?!"

Baby tiger Yuan Qu's paws pressed down on the table, its expression pained. "What is going on? Without even a telephone report, they all went off to fight? Who's leading the battle?! The f**k... at least gang up before going out to fight!"

"Someone tell me, what on earth is happening? Oh, omnipotent Immortal Meow! If only you were here..." Song Ci sighed helplessly.

Just then, in a burst of spirit light and mist, a snow-white Persian cat appeared in front of the three cat tyrants.

Wang Ling, who had changed into this white Persian cat, floated in the air. At the sight of the three cat tyrants, he sighed softly.

He had been delayed since he had had to ask Little Black to determine the whereabouts of the three cat tyrants, so it was a relief that he had been able to catch up to them.

Chapter 170: Wasn't It Agreed That Animals Couldn't Be "Awakened"?!

When Wang Ling manifested as Immortal Meow in front of the three cat tyrants, they stared wide-eyed at him with disbelieving expressions. The other cats in the apartment were also all stunned, as they had never seen Immortal Meow before and had only heard hearsay of him from the three cat leaders, Tang Shi, Song Ci and Yuan Qu.

None of the cats had anticipated that Immortal Meow would appear at this very moment.

The three cat tyrants were instantly so moved that they couldn't hold back their tears.

Seeing Tang Shi, Song Ci and Yuan Qu once again, these three cats that he had personally groomed, Wang Ling also felt deeply moved in his heart. He had never thought that the three mongrels cats that he had found in a paper box back then would actually grow this big.

They were all cats that had been abandoned by their owners; now, these unwanted kittens from back then had become the leaders of three cat armies, and had even purchased a high-class condo in the heart of Jinghua city to use as their command post... actually, the thought of it was truly astounding.

It was already one o'clock in the afternoon, and based on conservative estimates, two hours had already passed after Zheng Tan had launched its assault. With the firefight centered around Zheng Tan, the nearby cat regiments were obstructing the enemy and supporting the attack... it was just Tang Shi's headquarters that had been left in the dark.

Wang Ling's appearance could thus be said to be very timely.

He stretched out a cat claw to point at a particular point on the map.

Seeing the position, Song Ci immediately connected the dots. "Aren't these the coordinates that we received recently, that was rumored to be where Shadow Stream's headquarters is located? The information hasn't been verified, right? Yet the fighting's already started... which troop is it?"

After saying this, Song Ci and Yuan Qu both looked at Tang Shi in unison.

Tang Shi: "What are you looking at me for..."

Song Ci and Yuan Qu spoke in one voice. "Except for your family's Zheng Tan, no other cat has such guts!"

Tang Shi: "..."

Song Ci scratched its head, then turned to Wang Ling with paws clasped in a salute. "Thanks to Immortal Meow, at least we've found the flashpoint of the fighting."

"Then what do we do now?" Yuan Qu cupped its chin.

"What else can we do? The fight has already started... it's no use stopping Zheng Tan now. First, we should try and obstruct enemy reinforcements, then do our best to help Zheng Tan seize the headquarters." Song Ci sighed, feeling its head hurt as it answered.

Wang Ling didn't intend to linger in these headquarters of Tang Shi and the others, and instead wanted to go and take a look at the situation with Zheng Tan. And so, he gave Tang Shi a large pile of spirit talismans.

These were light armor talismans with strong protective properties which Wang Ling had drawn at Little Black's lab. Wang Ling wanted Tang Shi and the others to quickly distribute these spirit talismans in all the battle zones.

He had also reinforced the initial effectiveness of the light armor talismans with a discernment spell and a transmission spell. When the spirit talismans were in effective range, they would automatically discern all the cats present and then automatically create a protective connection. Actually, it worked in pretty much the same way as WIFI — oh, by the way, Wang Ling had plagiarized this creative concept from the WIFI pill that Immortal Toya was researching.

...

It was already half past one in the afternoon. Shadow Stream's secret headquarters on the hilltop was still doing its best to try and block Zheng Tan's offensive. A total of about twenty Shadow Stream killers were using every type of defensive spell they had to build a defensive barrier around their headquarters.

Before reinforcements arrived, the headquarters only had a pitiful number of twenty-odd people...

"Commander, we currently have an absolute advantage on all fronts, and there hasn't been a single casualty!" First Battalion Commander, The Monk, was giving Zheng Tan, who was directing them from the rear, a simple report.

Everything was within Zheng Tan's expectations.

There hadn't been many people in Shadow Stream's headquarters to begin with. Some of them might have higher realms than the cats, but they were so caught up in defense mode that their realms weren't of any damn use to them. This bunch of killers were most skillful at sneaking around the back to stab someone and blow up things. As long as the cats could defend against this and trap all the enemy on the hilltop, forcing them to build a defense array, the battle plan could already be considered halfway a success.

"Do we have enough cannons?" Zheng Tan asked as he raised a high-powered military telescope to survey the top of the hill.

The Monk answered, "Yes, Second Battalion Commander brought a lot."

Zheng Tan: "That's good. This time, our regiment brought about thirty Yidali Cannons in total, and we have enough firepower to hold the advantage. Pass my order along: tell Second Battalion Commander not to be stingy with its artillery shells; have it keep up a barrage of explosions."

"Yes, Commander!" answered The Monk.

The impact from the continuous and fierce bombardment by the Yidali Cannons was torturous for the Shadow Stream killers on the hilltop who were doing their best to support the protective barrier; for some of them, their hukous were already numb from the shock. An Yidali Cannon could be used up to ten times, and could fire thirty shells at a time. Hence, if there were more than enough artillery shells, a Yidali Cannon could shoot three hundred of them!

Most importantly, this kind of artillery shell was as powerful as an all-out attack by a middle Golden Core stage cultivator. The most terrifying thing was that its damage output was passively increased based on the number of women present in the target of their bombing... including the

Master of Shadow Stream Jiang Liuyue, there were six female Shadow Stream killers trapped on the hilltop right now!

This directly increased the power of each of the Yidali Cannons by sixty percent.

At the sound of the rapid and heavy bombardment, Mo Li looked anxiously at the barrier outside. He was doing all he could to strengthen their defense; if Shadow Stream reinforcements continued to be delayed, they really might not be able to survive.

A Shadow Stream killer who had sustained internal injuries from the bombardment of artillery couldn't help spitting blood. "Lord Mo Li, how about we surrender..."

Surrender?

Mo Li gnashed his teeth hard. Surrender to a bunch of cats? What kind of foreign joke was that?!

"Master, what should we do now?" Although Mo Li didn't want to surrender, the situation was already beyond any tears he could shed. After the nation had been founded, hadn't it been agreed that animals couldn't be "awakened"? These ones were damn near about to become immortal!

"Is there any way to get in touch with Ah Ying? Tell her to stay away for a while and not to return here!" Jiang Liuyue was also struggling hard to prop up the barrier; she had a bad feeling.

Bzz ! —

At that moment, there was a flash of spirit light in the air on the top of the hill, and a snowy-white figure suddenly appeared.

Jiang Liuyue had very sharp eyes, and clearly saw straightaway that it was a white Persian cat.

Her intuition told her that this Persian cat was in cahoots with that bunch of cats down the hill!

But why was this cat here? Had it been sent here by a magic weapon?

There was no time to think so much given how urgent the situation was. She looked at this white cat, then bent down to abruptly lunge at it.

Wang Ling, who had just teleported here, was still focused on locking down Zheng Tan's position when he saw a woman unexpectedly attack him with her "balls" as she caught him and held him firmly to her bosom.

Before Wang Ling could figure out what this woman was thinking, Jiang Liuyue lifted him high aloft and projected her voice with a spell as she shouted down the hill: "Listen up, cats down the hill! Your little bro is now our cat hostage! Please cease your assault! Otherwise, my venerable self will kill him right away!"

Wang Ling: "..."