

Daily Life 171

Chapter 171: A Strange Light In Its Eyes

Because of Jiang Liuyue's threat, the bombardment stopped.

"Didn't I say to defend your positions with the cannons? Who was it who ran up to the peak?!" Zheng Tan had never thought that its plan would actually go wrong here. It grabbed the telescope and swiftly scanned the peak. "Let me see who that son of a bitch is..."

Then, Zheng Tan saw the snowy-white figure in the woman's arms.

Immortal... Meow?

This time, Zheng Tan was stupefied.

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When Jiang Liuyue had caught Wang Ling, he had still been searching for Zheng Tan's aura. Finally, he realized that clever little Zheng Tan was still at the foot of the hill. Wang Ling immediately breathed a sigh of relief in his heart. At the same time, he felt a sense of admiration for the way Zheng Tan had led its troops.

Directing tens of thousands of cats in battle, Zheng Tan had managed to achieve zero casualties. Furthermore, this group of Shadow Stream killers had been forced to hole up at the top of the hill due to the fierce Yidali Cannon bombardment by Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment, and they didn't dare come down at all.

Wang Ling realized that he had been worried for nothing...

Zheng Tan was maturing much faster than he had imagined!

Turning his head to look at the woman clasping him to her chest, Wang Ling knew that this person was the legendary Master of Shadow Stream.

Strangely, however, Wang Ling could sense that the other party's aura was very weak.

From the rumors, the real Master of Shadow Stream should be at the Soul Formation stage at the very least.

Suspicious, Wang Ling opened his Heavenly Eye, and as he had expected, this Master of Shadow Stream wasn't real. Or to put it another way, this wasn't her real body at all — it was just a clay clone which she had shaped with spirit energy.

Compared with Wang Ling's Great Separation Spell, a clay clone shaped with spirit energy had a more stable composition, so there was no need to worry that it would disappear. But its drawback was that it had to be near the real body in order to be reabsorbed. If the clone was damaged when it was outside, the real body's realm would also be set back.

No wonder this woman had camped out on the top of the hill and hadn't dared to come down. If this had been the Master of Shadow Stream's real body, Zheng Tan's Yidali Cannon probably wouldn't have been able to do anything to her.

What a devious woman, to actually create this type of "insurance" in order not to expose her real body.

It only could be said that the real Master of Shadow Stream Jiang Liuyue was much more vigilant than the common people had imagined. But despite that, there was one thing that was impossible for her to guard against.

That was Wang Ling.

"This bunch of damn cats... wait 'til my Shadow Stream reinforcements arrive, all of you will die!" Jiang Liuyue squeezed Wang Ling tight as she spoke in a low, cold voice.

Wang Ling stared indifferently at her. Although she was clutching him so tightly, it wasn't really painful. It was just that the position was a little weird, because the two globes behind him made him feel like he was leaning against a sofa...

Of course, he wasn't that vulgar, and this well-proportioned type wasn't his cup of tea.

So, when the woman held him aloft as a hostage, Wang Ling twisted his body lightly and broke free of her hold.

"Damn it!" Jiang Liuyue hadn't expected this snowy-white Persian cat to be so strong. She hurriedly stretched out her hands to grab it, only to brush Wang Ling's soft cat tail as this Persian cat floated in midair and looked down on her.

It wasn't until then that Jiang Liuyue realized that this cat wasn't that simple.

Sure enough... it had suddenly appeared out of nowhere on the hilltop. Had it used some sort of magic treasure to teleport here?

"Who the hell are you..." She looked at Wang Ling.

And then, the answer she got... was immense spiritual pressure which poured over her like a flood!

Jiang Liuyue saw a strange light in this white Persian cat's eyes!

It wasn't just her; all the Shadow Stream killers on the hilltop were completely unable to move!

Whether it was Jiang Liuyue or Mo Li, all of them felt as if their blood had frozen; they were completely rigid and unable to make a single move.

These immobilized Shadow Stream killers were all fearful; given the situation, they couldn't cast any spells, which meant that the barrier would collapse under the artillery barrage!

Wang Ling gazed down the hill to where Zheng Tan was holding up its telescope, waiting for his command.

He nodded from afar!

In the next moment, Zheng Tan roared for everyone to open fire!

Boom boom boom boom ...

The hilltop was instantly covered in a huge mushroom cloud.

This series of explosions continued for five minutes before subsiding. After the smoke settled, all the Shadow Stream killers lay paralyzed on the ground in all kinds of bizarre postures, burnt like coal; although the shellfire from the Yidali Cannons had been fierce, it hadn't completely killed them. Wang Ling had stood amidst the shellfire wrapped in a protective aura, and then had wandered leisurely through as if no one else was here.

If this was a game, you could probably see a bunch of 'MISS' words above his head.

He had already calculated the power of the shellfire; it could only deal this bunch of people serious injuries at the most.

It was good enough to deprive them of the ability to move. As for the rest... as usual, just hand them all over to the state!

When Zheng Tan went up the hill with its chief of staff, The Monk, and the second battalion commander, all the cats saw this usually ferocious commander of the Independent Regiment, who always acted like an uncontrollable wild cat, fall wailing into Wang Ling's arms.

The Monk covered its face as it suddenly felt a little ashamed. "... You have to keep your cool, Regiment Commander!

Wang Ling: "..."

It was Zheng Tan's second time seeing the immortal cat, so it went without saying that it was very excited.

After it had calmed down and finally regained its composure, it ordered the handful of cats behind it, "You guys, search inside..."

The entrance to Shadow Stream's headquarters on the hilltop was actually pretty well-hidden in a well. But now that all of Shadow Stream's people had lost their ability to move, the cats of the Independent Regiment didn't face any resistance at all as they moved in.

Looking around, Wang Ling confirmed that all the Shadow Stream killers were down.

Jiang Liuyue's clay clone had been smashed in the explosion, and only half a face remained.

What was more, that half-face also looked like scorched earth.

She glared resentfully at Wang Ling with extreme hatred; unexpectedly, she could still talk. "Who on earth are you...?"

Wang Ling didn't say anything, and only did some probing with his spiritual senses. He wanted to use his memory retrieval spell to search Jiang Liuyue's mind for any valuable information. But unfortunately, her brain was empty.

Of course, he still had to find the real body, since the memory retrieval spell was of no use on a clay clone.

Since it didn't have any valuable information, this clay clone was worthless to him.

He opened his eyes, and a spirit light shot forth from them to straightaway destroy the final half of this woman's face.

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At the same time, in a completely sealed-off basement in Jinghua city.

A woman who had been sitting with her legs crossed and her eyes closed, choked and coughed up a mouthful of blood...

Chapter 172: Those Who Don't Eat Crispy Noodle Snacks Are Definitely Not Friendly

In an underground chamber, Jiang Liuyue clutched her chest in agony as she gritted her teeth and struggled to regulate her breathing. The piercing pain of the backlash from the destruction of her clay clone had caused unprecedented injury to her real body. It hurt so much that her complexion turned blue and she bit her lip so hard it started to bleed. Enduring the sharp pain, she used a spirit talisman — Ah Ying, hurry up and reply!

This was the life talisman which was bound to Jiang Liuying's soul. When it was used, it could tell Jiang Liuyue where her sister was. Previously, she had been operating her clay clone, so she had had no time to spare to use this life talisman to get in touch with Jiang Liuying.

She hoped her sister wasn't on her way to Shadow Stream's headquarters, since it had already been seized by a group of cats...

But as the life talisman floated in midair for a long time, there wasn't any response from it. This Master of Shadow Stream thumped the ground resentfully... it was too late!

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The Monk took a group of cats with it to search Shadow Stream's headquarters, but after a long time, they were only able to find some elixirs and one-off magic treasures. These magic treasures had been used by Shadow Stream killers on assassination assignments, and in fact were pretty meaningless to the cats of the Independent Regiment, who were the type to meet their enemies head-on.

Apart from this, there were chests and chests of money. Dozens of large chests were stacked full of hundred yuan bills. There were also some gold bars and antiques, and The Monk roughly calculated that altogether, everything here was worth at least a few billion HNY.

Wang Ling was deeply shocked by this massive fortune. He felt that this definitely was in poor taste on the part of this Master of Shadow Stream, since cultivators usually paid no mind to material wealth.

In Huaxiu nation, HNY was still the standard currency used, and anything could be bought with HNY. But cultivators only used the HNY for general everyday living. Normally, if they wanted to buy a magic treasure, it was more straightforward and convenient to trade for it with elixirs or

magic treasures of equivalent value. Otherwise, it was troublesome to carry around and count millions or tens of millions in cash.

Oh, it was worth mentioning that when Father Wang had bought that precious Chanel sword for Wang Ling in the beginning, he had grit his teeth and handed over three million in cash. It had taken the shop assistants in the Chanel Immortal Sword flagship store three whole hours to count the amount.

In the end, this immortal sword hadn't even grown warm in Wang Ling's hand before he had shattered it.

"Regiment Commander, we hit the jackpot!" When The Monk brought their spoils of war to Zheng Tan, its face was full of excitement.

"Mm, put them away properly. From now on, all the cats in our Independent Regiment will be able to drink milk and eat fish at leisure!" Zheng Tan put its paws on its hips with pride.

"But Commander, we found something very strange." As The Monk said this, it ordered some cats to carry a stone chest forward.

This stone chest actually wasn't big, but it was heavy. It took two cats at the Foundation Establishment stage to carry it. When they placed it on the ground, it clearly sank down slightly in the soft soil.

Looking at the stone chest, The Monk said, "We found this thing in the innermost room of Shadow Stream's headquarters. It looks pretty old. Commander, do you know what this might be?"

Wang Ling and Zheng Tan's eyes were fixed on this stone chest. It was square in shape with rounded corners. All four sides were decorated in a tidy pattern and it looked like a handicraft item. The reason why it had captured the attention of The Monk and the other staff officer cats was because they had smelled a faint trace of blood from this stone chest.

"This thing has clearly come in contact with blood before, but I don't know what it might be." Zheng Tan frowned as it looked at the stone chest, then turned its gaze to Wang Ling. "Immortal Meow, do you have any ideas?"

Wang Ling's eyes glimmered slightly. After sweeping his gaze over the whole of the stone chest, he was surprised to find that it was empty — it was actually a mold! And judging from its shape, this mold looked very much like a mask...

At this moment, the thought of that stone ghost mask flitted through Wang Ling's mind.

He had felt that the decor on the outside of this stone chest was similar to that of the stone ghost mask.

In the end, Wang Ling took the stone chest with him, since he thought it could probably provide Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal plenty of new leads on the stone ghost mask.

Of course, the cats of the Independent Regiment had no problems with Wang Ling taking the stone chest with him.

This was Immortal Meow, after all.

If Immortal Meow had asked them to hand over all their spoils of war, they wouldn't have had any problems with that either!

To be honest, it was just that Wang Ling was uninterested in these supplies. Also, it was really hard for him to accept the fact that Shadow Stream's headquarters hadn't contained even one crispy noodle snack packet!

As expected, this bunch of people who didn't eat crispy noodle snacks didn't have any love in them!

To not even have crispy noodle snacks... no wonder people considered them a terrorist organization!

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Zheng Tan and its cats would deal with those Shadow Stream killers who had been burnt like coal, so there was no need for Wang Ling to worry. This group of people had completely lost their ability to fight, and he reckoned that they wouldn't wake up any time soon.

Nevertheless, as Wang Ling was about to leave, he cast a spell on the entrance to Shadow Stream's headquarters; it was a simple travel array which led directly to Songhai First Prison...

Later, Zheng Tan and his cat army swiftly withdrew with all the supplies. Shortly after they had pulled out of this hilltop headquarters, a busty young maiden wearing a baseball cap and a face mask rapidly approached the peak.

When she was halfway up the hill, however, she suddenly felt that something was wrong; she hadn't seen a single person on her way up and she had the strange feeling that Shadow Stream's headquarters was too peaceful today.

"Mo Li clearly sent people to tell me that elder sister was anxious to find me, so why isn't there even a single person around now?" The girl felt that it was very strange; furthermore, she didn't have any other way to contact Jiang Liuyue. When she had escaped from prison, she had accidentally lost the life talisman. It had probably been washed away when she had gone through the sewer.

The only way now was to get to the peak and take a look; it was possible that elder sister was in a meeting.

With this thought in mind, the girl continued up the hill. But the closer she got to the peak, the more suspicious she became — she smelled gunpowder smoke!

"Elder sister!"

Gritting her teeth in anxiety, Jiang Liuying dashed up to the peak in several large strides. She quickly found the entrance to the headquarters, opened the lid of the well, and jumped down...

It wasn't until that moment that the girl finally realized that she had been tricked!

However, it was already too late.

Carried through a stream of colored light and shadow, the girl felt herself thrown into a space tunnel, and then she fell into a black hole.

By the time the light and her dizziness had faded, the girl had emerged on a brand new map.

It was the incomparably thick barrier from before, and that wall which looked too high to climb...

Songhai First Prison — she had actually been sent back here again!

At this moment, Jiang Liuying felt despair.

Chapter 173: Little Sister Ying Fell from the Sky

Whether it was in inner or outer circles, everyone had always had different opinions of Odd Zhuo, this "young and promising" Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools. Some thought that he had indeed worked his way up through his own strength, while some thought that he had taken advantage of his connections and gotten in through a back door.

Only Odd Zhuo knew the truth of the situation... he might be winning at life without trying, but it was just as ineffable to him.

Secretary Sun Dakang had summoned him to the prison and he had helplessly seen how that killer maiden had broken out. To be honest, Odd Zhuo was quite upset because he really hadn't been able to do anything to help this time.

Another person who was also similarly upset was Warden Liang. After all, the girl had fled right under his nose. In fact, they had acted promptly after she had escaped them, and Warden Liang had originally thought that they could catch her before things got even more serious, but in the end, she had still run away, right in front of Secretary Dakang.

Warden Liang was seeing Odd Zhuo off at Songhai First Prison's entrance. Even if he had already clarified matters in a statement to the media, he still had to shoulder this responsibility. He had to capture and detain the girl again to redeem himself, otherwise he would have to be punished.

Judging from the current situation, a demotion was undoubtedly inevitable... he had worked in the prison for so many years, and this really was the first time he had encountered such a situation. In the end, he could only acknowledge his bad luck.

Beyond the front gate of the prison was the barrier. Two days ago, the girl had smashed an opening in it, and after some emergency repairs, it had more or less been restored.

Under normal circumstances, only prison staff could pass through the barrier regularly; any other person had to be accompanied by a staff member.

As Odd Zhuo was being guided to the entrance by Warden Liang, he felt a little depressed. It was also easy to imagine that Warden Liang was feeling quite gloomy in his heart as he considered how he was going to write his self-reflection. Writing the self-reflection was a learned skill; if he wrote it carefully, his superior might consider the many years of hard work which he had put in, and lighten his punishment.

Odd Zhuo really didn't know how to console him, and could only sigh. "Warden Liang, don't fret. The saying puts it well: the cart will find its way round the hill when it gets there..."

Warden Liang's eyes were sad and bitter.

"Sometimes, when you are lost in despair, a miracle might happen." Odd Zhuo consoled him as he pointed to the sky. "Look, Warden Liang, when god closes a door, he will definitely open a window."

Exactly when Odd Zhuo finished speaking, a brightly colored cloud suddenly appeared in the air.

It was accompanied by a humming sound.

A dark shadow fell out of this cloud with a plop ...

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It had to be mentioned that this "express delivery" from Wang Ling was very timely.

And so, just like this, Jiang Liuying was captured once again.

Warden Liang held an emergency conference, and forced Odd Zhuo, who had been about to leave, to stay back.

Odd Zhuo understood that there was a procedure which government departments had to follow in doing things. As for how the Shadow Stream maiden had been caught, this was a little hard to explain, since this person had indeed just suddenly fallen from the air in front of their eyes. When it had happened, Odd Zhuo had still been pointing at the sky; this was a scene which the prison officers around them had witnessed.

During the conference, everyone was quietly waiting for Warden Liang to report the situation.

The old Secretary was sitting on the side and drinking tea with an expression as if he was watching a play.

In fact, everyone had privately spread word of the general situation, and more or less understood what had happened.

Head lowered, Odd Zhuo felt restless in his seat, and somehow had a bad feeling.

Warden Liang started to speak.

"The reason why we could resolve the matter of this prison break so quickly is without doubt due to the results of our Songhai First Prison's colleagues working as one in their determined search efforts. Of course, among all of them, the person we have to thank the most is our Director Zhuo!"

Upon saying this, Warden Liang couldn't help tearing up. "To be frank, previously I had misunderstood Director Zhuo, but his performance was truly amazing. Our Huaxiu government is really fortunate and the people are really lucky to have an official like Director Zhuo whose heart is connected to the people and who quietly makes contributions behind the scenes!"

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Warden Liang: "I think this time, we should award Director Zhuo with a first class honor!"

Odd Zhuo: "Actually, I..."

"It's fine, it's fine, Little Zhuozi, don't be modest! A service is a service; last time, you were also the one who had arranged the arrest, but in the end you were also modest about it. Trying to be modest is good, but you must acknowledge when you have performed a great service!" The old Secretary directly interrupted Odd Zhuo as he looked at the latter with extraordinary geniality. "You really didn't let me down!"

Odd Zhuo: "..."

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And thus, Odd Zhuo had performed a great service once again.

The old Secretary's one sentence was worth a thousand words.

To this, Odd Zhuo also felt helpless.

Nowadays, whether it was good or bad comments, people followed the trend; furthermore, most of them liked to stick to their first impressions, and judged things based on their own subjective views.

Odd Zhuo remembered when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's cultivation forum had been massively popular; numerous cultivation forums had popped up trying to imitate its style, and one of them was called "Zhudi Sky." Back then, two kinds of people had abounded in this forum. One kind were the big boss cultivators who lurked in the forum, while the other kind were keyboard warriors called "shennong cultivators."

These shennong cultivators mostly just dabbled in cultivation and didn't have much experience. Although they didn't have any cultivation experience, they liked to nitpick anything to do with cultivators.

If someone's pill furnace blew up, they would come running out to say it was your elixir formula that was wrong!

If two clans hated each other, they would stand on the side and stir things up without distinguishing black from white!

Once, there had been a person claiming to be a shennong alchemist verified by Huaxiu nation who had criticized some alchemist's elixir formula. In the end, when that alchemist's elixir had gone on the market, it had been widely acclaimed... that so-called shennong cultivator alchemist had been slapped in the face just like that. The most important point was that this shennong cultivator could still pretend to be indifferent and nonchalant about it, saying that they didn't care while continuing to focus on their Weibo account.

What was more, Odd Zhuo had noticed that the most laughable thing about these shennong cultivators was that they liked to take general criticism as a personal attack. If one person in the forum was criticized, they felt that they were all being criticized, so they would instantly band together to fight in and outside the forum circle. In the end, the forum post would become tainted with a foul atmosphere.

This cultivation forum had already declined.

After this prison break incident, Odd Zhuo deeply felt that his experiences were in fact very similar to this diminished forum. Each time someone brought up a so-called "service" he had supposedly done, he was always clueless about it.

He had bottled too many things up in his heart, but in the end who could he talk to about them...?

Actually, Odd Zhuo felt really distressed.

Chapter 174: Always Be on the Alert!

This preemptive and large-scale anti-terrorist mission conducted by the Independent Regiment had ended in a crushing defeat for Shadow Stream and zero casualties for the local cat regiments. During the mission, Wang Ling's light armor talismans had played a very important role, because many of Shadow Stream's reinforcements had died due to the backlash from the talismans.

In the luxury condo, Tang Shi, Song Ci and Yuan Qu, these three cat army leaders, were looking at a post-war summary report. It was thanks to prompt handling of the situation, active responses from all divisions, brigades, regiments and local stray cat groups, along with Immortal Meow's backup support, that Zheng Tan had been able to obtain great success in Operation Decapitation this time.

But in terms of disciplinary behavior, it had absolutely broken the rules. Whether to punish it or not was actually quite a serious issue.

Tang Shi was struggling with this, since it was the one who had groomed Zheng Tan, after all. It pushed up its glasses and turned to Song Ci and Yuan Qu next to it. "What do the two of you think?"

Song Ci crossed its arms with a serious expression. "This time, Zheng Tan directly led tens of thousands of cats in an unsanctioned anti-terrorist operation. Based just on this, it wouldn't be too much to dock all its dried fish for the future! However... looking at tactical results alone, Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment had dared to attack Shadow Stream's secret headquarters on its own, preemptively bombarding them with oppressive shellfire which forced these brutal killers into defense mode. That was truly beautifully done! Furthermore, through this operation, every combat unit reaped considerable profits and all the local stray cat groups inadvertently banded together as one on a scale no less than a large-scale anti-terrorist military campaign."

Yuan Qu unfolded a data map and spread it out on the table. "This is the latest statistics we've just received, come and take a look. This is the increase in cat numbers for the three armies after this battle."

As soon as Tang Shi caught sight of the incline in the curve, it was completely astounded. "A net increase of eight million cats? Our three armies in total only had two million cats before!"

Song Ci cupped its chin with its claws. "After this operation, these local cats from tens of different cities wanted to join us. Of course, these are preliminary statistics, and the number is indeed too big. The stray cats in our armies are combat fighters, and they must still go through the selection process. As for the cats that won't be chosen, we'll find suitable shit-shoveling officers to take them in."

Tang Shi scratched its head. "So many cats... will we be able to manage them? Won't our funds run out?"

Yuan Qu smiled. "Zheng Tan this guy seized so many supplies from Shadow Stream's headquarters that even after several decades, our three armies still won't have used them up. Along with some one-off magic treasures and antiques, after we go through them and sell off the useless ones, we will definitely have adequate funds!"

"Mm, that's good."

Tang Shi nodded. "By the way, what is the situation with that Master of Shadow Stream, Jiang Liuyue?"

Song Ci: "We all overlooked this Master of Shadow Stream; no one expected the opponent to be so cautious as to use a spirit clay clone as an escape plan. But Immortal Meow has said that for the time being, we don't have to be too wary about this person; after Immortal Meow destroyed her clone, she has lost at least six hundred years' worth of cultivation."

"Six hundred years, so many?"

Song Ci chuckled. "This time, she lost six hundred years of cultivation in one go. After a period of time, Zheng Tan's level might well be higher than hers. Zheng Tan is on the rise right now; the rumor is that after receiving personal instruction from Immortal Meow, its realm has skyrocketed."

"This guy is too impulsive. However, after some refinement, it'll be a simple thing for it to become the backbone of the army." Yuan Qu stroked its cat beard.

Tang Shi was a little speechless; originally, it had thought that its two brothers would punish Zheng Tan, but they ended up sticking up for it... as expected, it was a wonderful thing to be backed by Immortal Meow!

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Elsewhere, right after the end of the matter with the Shadow Stream maiden's prison break, Warden Liang was writing a post-event self-reflection after the conference. This time, thanks to Odd Zhuo, the girl who had been at large had once again been caught in time before she had had any further impact on society. Although he had managed to retain his position as warden, he still had to write a self-reflection.

Warden Liang had a headache; apart from listing his shortcomings in the self-reflection, he also had to submit a prison reinforcement bill to improve Songhai First Prison's security measures in all aspects in order to prevent something like this from ever happening again.

After pondering for a long time, Warden Liang sent a message to Odd Zhuo. "Director Zhuo, this is Little Liang. I'm writing my self-reflection now. Regarding the prison reinforcement bill, do you have any ideas?"

When Odd Zhuo received this message, he almost dropped his phone. Based on government ranks, his position as Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools was on par with the Warden of Songhai First Prison. After the end of the matter with the maiden's prison break, this Warden Liang had started calling himself Little Liang, which made Odd Zhuo feel quite embarrassed.

Something like a best friend scandal 1 would never happen.

Since every department had its own role, Odd Zhuo felt that he had no authority to meddle. Of course, out of courtesy, he couldn't ignore this message.

A moment later, he was struck by a flash of inspiration as he recalled a face mask that had been a hot online item on Tianmao 2 . He immediately screencapped an image of that shop and sent it to Warden Liang.

After receiving this screenshot, Warden Liang was stupefied. "Director Zhuo... excuse me, what's this?"

Zhuo Yi replied, "It's a chatterbox mask. After putting it on, a person will become talkative. If every brother in the prison puts one on, they'll be in high spirits every day, be constantly alert, and never feel sleepy!"

Warden Liang: "...So reliable? Who is the boss of this shop?"

Zhuo Yi: "Huang Shaotian 3 ."

Warden Liang: "..."

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The next day was Sunday, June 5th. When the old man turned on the news, it was all about Shadow Stream's headquarters being flattened by shellfire.

All the core Gold Ribbon killers in Shadow Stream's headquarters had been captured. Before Wang Ling had left, he had erased all their memories of the cat army. After these killers had been given

cursory medical treatment, they were escorted by a special motorcade to the cultivation police department where they had been interrogated that very night. They could clearly describe the events of the attack on their headquarters, but unfortunately, none of them could recall who had done it.

The female news broadcaster glanced at the script out of the corner of her eye, then reported with a smile, "Experts from the relevant departments have said that this inability to remember anything is a symptom of being injured by an Yidali Cannon."

Wang Ling: "..."

And so, the unknown party that had attacked Shadow Stream's headquarters went down as one of Huaxiu nation's most intriguing unsolved mysteries since its founding. It wasn't just an unsolved mystery for the country, but also raised a lot of doubts and suspicions around the whole world. Some anti-terrorist experts even said that Shadow Stream had been annihilated by aliens!

Wang Ling thought that this was half right.

Because it hadn't been aliens that had annihilated Shadow Stream, but cats 4 ...

Chapter 175: Guo Uncles Everywhere

It was June 6th, the seventh Monday of school.

This morning, the students of Grade One, Class Three were naturally gossiping about the string of incidents that had occurred after the Shadow Stream maiden had broken out of prison to when she had been caught again. In fact, it wasn't just Grade One, Class Three; everywhere in the city, conversation among the melon seed-eating masses 1 in the last few days had revolved around this topic.

From the Shadow Stream maiden's prison break to Shadow Stream's headquarters being flattened by an unidentified "person" to the arrest of the maiden once again... this string of bombshells which made international headlines had all happened in the thirty six hours after the girl had first broken out of prison.

After this incident, there were two people who had become famous.

The first was Warden Liang of Songhai First Prison. Some thought that he had deliberately released the Shadow Stream maiden in order to catch bigger fish with a longer fishing line, hence culminating in such an explosive ending.

The second was Odd Zhuo... from the annihilation of the Shadow Stream killers who had invaded No. 60 High School to the arrest of the killer maiden in No. 59 High School, then to this string of incidents, it seemed that lately, any news about Shadow Stream had all had something to do with this young Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools.

After Dopey Guo half-assed the copying of his homework, he began to connect this string of incidents together with a surreptitious look in his narrow eyes. "I have an uncle who works in the prison. He said someone saw with their own eyes that Shadow Stream girl fall out of a space tunnel that had suddenly appeared in midair..."

Everyone was startled. "Space tunnel?"

Super Chen frowned. "Spatial magic has been strictly banned by the nation since it can cause many unnecessary issues. That's why every major city has a space tower set up to monitor the fluctuations of city space."

Dopey Guo nodded and continued, "That's the weird part. I have a uncle who works in the space tower. He told me that at the time of the incident, the tower didn't sense any abnormalities. This proves two things..."

Everyone was curious. "What two things?"

Master of Dopey scratched his chin. "The special tower was functioning normally, yet there wasn't a hint of any fluctuations at all. This proves that firstly, this person who used spatial magic has power far beyond the tower's surveillance range. Secondly, there is no way this person is an alien like the experts said on the news."

"Why's that?"

"Because there currently aren't any strong aliens at all!" Dopey Guo said with a wise air. "I have an uncle who works in the Ministry of National Defense who told me that a while ago, a disorderly

battle broke out in the M78 nebula. It was our General Yi of the Ministry of National Defense who personally went to mediate. With one wave of his Sky-Parting Sword, he caused the rebel army who were all tens of meters tall to lose the will to fight..."

Wang Ling: "... How many f**king uncles do you have?!

...

At night, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal paid a visit to the Wang family's small villa once again. This time, he brought fifty to sixty jin of broccoli with him. This broccoli was the latest batch which he had grown on spirit soil. Of course, the "mother" of this broccoli was the one which Grandfather Wang had picked up and placed in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's bowl.

He had already brought broccoli to the Wang family's small villa several times in a row, and he always seemed disappointed or frustrated each time; until now, he still hadn't been able to figure out the meaning behind Grandfather Wang giving him the broccoli back then...

He had left Song Qingshu to look after things in Wenxian Garden. The man had completely become Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's housekeeper. The hawthorn seed which they had planted previously had recently shown signs of breaking through the soil, and at this stage, it needed a lot of tender care. In fact, Song Qingshu had actually changed a lot after leaving Mo Immortal Castle, and had become a lot more cheerful. In addition, he had sold off all his ill-gotten magic treasures from when he had worked at Mo Immortal Castle and had invested in numerous charity organizations.

Although Song Qingshu was still under observation, compared with when they had first met, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had relaxed his guard considerably around the man. Moreover, the fighting lion was also still around to watch him as well.

After the last time when Immortal Toya had lent the fighting lion to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal for two days, the lion had been unwilling to go back for some reason. No matter how Immortal Toya tried, this fighting lion wouldn't move an inch.

It just lay lazily at the front door of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa, eyes fixed in one direction. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that the Wang family's small villa was in that direction... this fighting lion actually wanted to see Wang Ling.

It used to be a proud creature that had never lowered its head to anyone, but these days after Wang Ling had left, it was like a maiden in love who looked forward to Wang Ling's appearance again.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that Wang Ling was perhaps the only one who had this type of power to tame a creature as unruly as this in a short period of time.

This time, he had come to the Wang family's small villa because Wang Ling had specially asked him to. So after greeting the seniors downstairs with broccoli in hand, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly went upstairs to look for Wang Ling in his room.

"Brother Ling, you're looking for me?" When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened the door, he saw two muscular brothers at the table studiously helping Wang Ling write his homework.

Loopy Toad had already smelled Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's aura from afar. Lying prone on the ground, it raised its light green head and gave a polite nod.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, Wang Ling was gazing solemnly at a stone chest in front of him.

"This is..." When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal caught sight of this slightly plain stone chest, he suddenly became deeply respectful. Holding this stone chest in his hands as he sized it up, he noted that it was completely closed-off with no way to open it. But with his Heavenly Eye, he could clearly see that a small section of it was completely empty.

"This is a mask chest; after the mask inside was taken out, the chest was undoubtedly sealed from the outside, which is why it's closed-off like this." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal held the stone chest in his hands as his gaze swept over it carefully. Judging from its design style and that faint but familiar sense of blood, he was almost positive that this stone chest had been used to store the stone ghost mask!

At the very beginning, the stone ghost mask had stirred up a foul wind and a rain of blood in the cultivation world. The most frightening part was that it was so hard that there was no way to completely destroy it. Therefore, quite a number of craftsmen had researched ways to seal it. It was very obvious that this mask chest was a product of that time, created by some craftsman to seal away the stone ghost mask.

It was also very clear that the stone ghost mask had once been sealed inside this mask chest for some time. Who knew when it had been taken out, and the chest reworked to conceal the fact?

"Brother Ling, where did you find this stone chest?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very curious.

Wang Ling telepathically conveyed the facts of the chest's origin to him.

"Cats?" Grenade-Throwing Senior was stunned when he heard this. He finally knew the truth of the annihilation of Shadow Stream's headquarters which had been on the news these two days.

If this story got out, how many diligent cultivators would cover their faces and run around in a frenzy?

For the first time in his life, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that all his life achievements had actually lost out to a few cats.

Chapter 176: Shadow Stream Has been Annihilated; Is Mo Immortal Castle Not Far Behind?

The appearance of this stone chest was a huge revelation for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. As for why it had been in the hands of the Shadow Stream killers, it actually wasn't hard to guess after careful consideration. After all, the stone ghost mask was something that opportunists scrambled madly for in a bid to obtain great power within a short time frame.

It wasn't just Mo Immortal Castle that was looking for it; dark forces were also carrying out their own investigations, which wasn't anything odd.

But the fact of the matter was that with the annihilation of Shadow Stream's headquarters, there was no opportunity for international killer organizations to rise up. This was also true of the dark forces within Huaxiu that had initially been stirring restlessly. The saying that guilt made cowards of people was really true. Through the Shadow Stream incident, these dark forces could clearly sense that in Huaxiu nation, there was an expert whom they were incapable of touching or detecting...

His mastery over spatial magic, the fluctuations of which even the space tower couldn't detect precisely, was really too abnormal.

Later, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal left with this mask chest. Wang Ling had never wanted to become involved in this matter since the beginning, so it was best to leave it to the other man... before the latter left, Grandfather Wang also praised him for the quality of the broccoli which he had planted.

Then, from the window on the second floor, Wang Ling saw this idiot bounce off with a face full of excitement as if the kindergarten teacher had awarded him a little red flower.

...

After leaving the villa, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal went to Midnight Dining Hall. Before midnight, the small, shabby shop was as wretchedly dilapidated and desolate as usual. Boss Tan was still doing the dishes inside. When he saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, his expression was blank for a bit before he lifted his eyes slightly. "Yo, come to have noodles again?"

Frankly speaking, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had felt that Boss Tan's beef noodles was nothing special. But today, he had come with a question again. Now that he was here, it wouldn't be nice to start asking without ordering anything.

Pondering for a while, he asked, "Are there any other dishes...?"

"Ah... yes, there is. I learned a dish from my shifu recently called elk velvet antlers and pine jellyfish soup. Are you interested? It's made from imported ingredients, so it's a little expensive, but it definitely tastes better than when my shifu uses local ingredients for the soup," the boss replied after thinking for a moment.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expression was blank. "Er, aren't elk velvet antlers and pine jellyfish local ingredients?"

Boss Tan threw up his hands. "They used to be... but Aoxiu nation applied earlier on for these two soup ingredients to be declared cultural heritages. They're just as shameless as Nanhan nation, which claims that everything originated with them."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Then I'll order one..."

Anyway, if it wasn't good, he wouldn't pay for it!

"Go on then, why are you looking for me?" Boss Tan looked up at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

First time strangers and second time friends; this routine of asking questions while ordering was something he was quite familiar with.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't beat around the bush; with a flash of spirit light, the mask chest dropped on the table with a "duang" sound. "This thing, boss, have you seen it before?"

Boss Tan didn't say anything and only lowered his head to concentrate on the ingredients in his hands. He chopped the elk velvet antlers into pieces and sliced the transparent pine jelly. After washing them in the colander and then putting them into an earthenware pot, he added some spice and then covered it with the pot lid. After doing all this, Boss Tan raised his head and stared at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shook his head, but secretly used his spirit energy to control his nose hairs and modify them for filter mode. Nobody would expect that this Great Death-Courting Senior was someone who didn't smoke. Furthermore, he had developed this simple spell for controlling his nose hairs himself; it was an effective way of reducing the harmful effects of passive smoking.

Boss Tan took a drag on the cigarette. "The truth is that this chest was indeed made by one of my friends."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes instantly sparkled — this was very important information!

Actually, Boss Tan had recently started feeling concerned about the stone ghost mask. Although he had chosen to live a secluded life, it was undeniable that the mask which he had originally made with that little girl was creating unpredictable waves in this world. The government and light forces were looking for these two masks to seal them, while the dark forces wanted to use the masks to become a power to be reckoned with.

"Back then, we spared no effort to make this thing." Boss Tan sighed deeply. "Unfortunately, I have to tell you that the maker of this stone chest has passed away."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes dimmed. Although he badly wanted to ask how that person had died, it would be a little abrupt and rude.

He had known that this Boss Tan's identity was definitely a complicated one; given the way his aura waxed and waned, he was very likely a great senior whose level he had no hope of matching...

Of course, this was all just speculation.

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had ineffable confidence in himself, since his sixth sense tended to be accurate!

Boss Tan fixed his eyes on the stone chest for a long time. It was clear that he didn't want to share the reason why his friend had passed away. He was silent for a while before he finally gave Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal a warning. "I suggest that you give up on following this lead. If you continue, whether it's you or your genius friend who can write songs, it'll go very badly for the both of you. This isn't something you can touch."

He touched the knife scar on the right side of his face. "Do you see this knife scar...?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned. "Judging from the wound, you were hurt by a magic weapon?"

"It's easy to join a sect, but it's hard to get out. Sometimes, if you sink too deep into the muddy water, it's difficult to pull yourself out," Boss Tan said. "I got this knife scar back when I left the sect. At that time, fighting had broken out, which was when I got this scar..."

Saying this, Boss Tan was heartbroken. "This injury was caused by a holy weapon. Given my realm at that time, even if my body was cured, there was no way to heal this knife scar. I've tried so many cosmetic beauty institutions over the years, but all in vain. When I think about back then... I was the sect male beauty, and there were so many sect female beauties who were waiting on me. I used to be an idol type! I earned a living with my face!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Was this scar a blade wound?"

"Oh, not really."

Boss Tan shook his head like a rattle-drum. "When I was fleeing the sect, I accidentally tripped and fell, and my face was slashed by a knife that happened to be on the ground..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Chapter 177: There's a Huge Problem with This Information

The annihilation of Shadow Stream in fact had affected quite a number of people.

In that magnificent edifice in the heart of the city, after Ah You's death and the confirmation that Ah Zuo had become a vegetable, it was as if the Lady of the Castle now lived permanently in her office. With Mo Immortal Castle being hit by major events one after another, she had too many matters to deal with. Almost every ten minutes or so, there would be someone delivering the latest intelligence to her office.

The Lady's penthouse office had all the signs of a presidential suite; bathroom, bedroom — it had everything she needed. Early this morning, the Lady of the Castle had woken up from her state of breath regulation and had felt much more refreshed. Her dead brain cells from yesterday had all been replenished in one night.

For a cultivator, cross-legged breathing meditation was much more effective than the sleep of normal people.

When she pushed her bedroom door open, the files on the office table had already piled up like a small mountain. A lot of them had to do with the impact which the annihilation of Shadow Stream had on Mo Immortal Castle. After all, Mo Immortal Castle had over the years had quite a fair bit of private dealings with Shadow Stream, so the latter's sudden collapse would naturally have affected them. But this wasn't critical, since Mo Immortal Castle had only worked together with Shadow Stream and wasn't dependent on them.

After searching for a while through the stack of data that had been delivered early in the morning, the Lady of the Castle finally came upon a piece of information which caught her interest.

It was on that family in the "small villa" on the outskirts on East Huang Road.

Previously, the Lady had sent two Mo Immortal Castle cultivators there, but their life signs had been lost after they had entered that villa. After that day, she had gotten her intelligence personnel to probe into this family's background.

She started scanning the information word by word from the beginning, for fear of missing any important clues.

Unfortunately, she almost flipped her table over after reading it.

It was just a normal family! —The lady homeowner was a housewife and the master of the house was a website novelist! Their son was still in Senior Grade One, and was just a student at the Foundation Establishment stage! There was also an old man in the family who already had one foot in the grave...

The Lady of the Castle really couldn't figure out how her cultivators had been sent to their deaths by such an ordinary family. Had they bumped into a f**king ghost?!

Her first thought was that she had been hoodwinked by the intelligence department.

However, as a responsible leader, she still continued reading the information. After all, Mo Immortal Castle's intelligence personnel had all been trained by a retired old man from Chaoyang District whom they had employed at high cost, and the work of gathering information which the department had done all this time had always been very reliable.

According to the information collected by a Mo Immortal Castle intelligence agent, in March this year, Shadow Stream killers had launched a surprise attack on No. 60 High School. As a result, the Three Young Masters of Burying Love who were ranked in the top twenty on the international list of killers, along with dozens of their subordinates, had all died in battle. No. 60 High School hadn't experienced any casualties, and not even a single hair on any student's head had been harmed at all...

The second piece of information: in May this year, elite students from No. 60 High School had been sent to No. 59 High School to participate in a inter-school spirit sword exchange meet. During the exchange meet, the younger sister of the Master of Shadow Stream, Gold Ribbon killer Jiang

Liuying, had attempted to instigate a night attack on the eve of the exchange meet, but in the end had been arrested instead...

Then there was the third piece of information, which had to do with the Shadow Stream incident this time.

On the surface, there didn't seem to be anything else that could be inferred from these three incidents apart from "Shadow Stream" as the thing that linked them all together.

But the Lady had still found a slight connection between all of them!

She realized that these three incidents had all had something to do with that high school student at the Foundation Establishment stage who lived in that villa on the outskirts! It seemed like wherever this high school student was, Shadow Stream would follow! But this still wasn't the most important thing; the most important was that each emergency situation which had been caused by Shadow Stream had been perfectly resolved. This forced the Lady to wonder about the truth behind these incidents.

As for the third incident, although Wang Ling didn't seem connected to it on the surface, according to information from the intelligence department on the recently popular "Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools, Odd Zhuo," the latter actually had a complex relationship with this family...

All in all, after looking at these three incidents together as a whole, the Lady couldn't help cupping her chin and pondering deeply.

In the beginning, this family had inadvertently bought the stone ghost mask online. When Song Qingshu had gone to acquire it, he had been obstructed in every way possible. If this had been a normal family, there was no way they could have resisted the lure of so much money.

After careful thought, the Lady of the Castle suddenly understood that in the last few months, there was a reason why Mo Immortal Castle had failed in their efforts to grab the stone ghost mask.

She drew in a sharp breath and felt that this time, they had really provoked a very troublesome opponent...

From a summary of current intelligence, Odd Zhuo, Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools; Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, founder of the cultivation forum; plus this family's master of the house, a well-known website novelist; along with some cultivation big shots who had one after another demonstrated support online after Mother Wang's groping incident... this inconspicuous small villa on the desolate outskirts was unexpectedly connected to so many world-shakers in the cultivation circle.

Who the hell was this Wang Ling?

Was he really just a normal high school student?

If the other party was just a high school student... then, who was the almighty senior who stood behind him?

The Lady of the Castle didn't dare to continue with this line of thought. Under the circumstances, she didn't have solid evidence to prove that there was something wrong with this family; at the most, she could only hazard a guess that there was an unimaginable big shot watching from behind them. The Lady was already very clear on the fact that they had all underestimated this family repeatedly by assuming that they were just an ordinary family; that was why they had ultimately failed each time they had engaged with them.

Whatever the case, before they made a move the next time, they had to clearly assess the situation first.

Linking her slender fingers together, the Lady rested her chin on them, and her gold-rimmed women's glasses perched on the high bridge of her nose glinted in the light.

A moment later, she picked up the phone and dialed the director of their intelligence department, Gongsun Liancheng. "Is this Director Gongsun?"

On the other end of the phone came an elderly voice. "It is, Lady."

"I've read all the intelligence on that villa on the outskirts. Investigate anything to do with this villa again carefully; the family's overall basic income, their regular activities, I want to know everything. Also, send someone to specially investigate a student for me; find out who his classmates and teachers are. You have one day to give me all the information you have."

"Not a problem, Lady. What is the student's name?"

"He's called..."

Er, wait... what was his name?

F**k!

What on earth was his name?!

The Lady was very embarrassed; how could she have forgotten the information she had just read?!

As her lips twitched awkwardly, her gaze fell on the data in her hands once more... then, she was stunned!

Because now, the data was actually all covered in mosaic tiles!

...

At the same time, Wang Ling, who had been sitting cross-legged, let out a deep breath; he had just finished upgrading his "Great Shielding Spell," which was one of the Three Thousand Great Spells.

Chapter 178: The Key to Increasing Your Height Is to Break Your Legs

It was June 7th on the seventh Tuesday of the semester.

A lot of things had happened in this one night. Wang Ling had upgraded his Great Shielding Spell and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had had a very long "heart-to-heart" conversation with Boss Tan at Midnight Dining Hall. By the time they had finished speaking, the elk velvet antlers and pine jelly soup had grown cold. The final bill had come to four hundred and nineteen HNY... this was probably the most expensive dish of all the ordinary dishes in Boss Tan's shop.

It was around dawn when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal finally started to make his way back to Wenxian Garden with the stone chest.

At that time, the sky was already starting to lighten, and the sun's rays broke through the clouds. Some of them shone on the face of the man in white who was on a flying sword. The man's expression hadn't eased up since leaving Midnight Dining Hall.

Immortal Mansion...

From Boss Tan's lips, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal once again heard the name of this organization. The last time he had heard it was when the woman called Ah You who had been employed by Mo Immortal Castle had mentioned it.

At that time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had tentatively determined the nature of this organization, and after returning home, he had specially checked the current list of light forces present in and outside of Huaxiu nation. As expected, however, he hadn't discovered any clues.

This wasn't a listed sect regulated by Huaxiu nation or another government; instead, it was under dark force administration, which was the most dangerous thing about it.

Boss Tan also appeared to be a retired expert who recognized this murky group called Immortal Mansion. Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't know the specific connection between Boss Tan and Immortal Mansion, his sixth sense told him that it was likely he himself would run into trouble in the days to come...

Such were his thoughts as he made his way home.

...

The fervor surrounding the Shadow Stream incident subsided as quickly as it had emerged. Whether it was government officials or the melon-eating masses, they would only focus on this type of huge gossip for a short period of time.

During that period, netizens would maintain a pretentious attitude of focusing on the facts and make frenzied comments as if they were trying to drag the whole world into even more chaos. Worse still, some malicious self-publishing media would embellish the original facts of the incident and spread rumors mainly for the sake of increasing their "page views" by freeloading off this hot incident.

However, as reality had shown, whether it was Shadow Stream's prison break this time, or those soldiers who had been sacrificed during government rescue operations, or the disappearance of Maxiunation's aeroplane a few years ago... some netizens would be severely critical, some netizens would mourn. After this period of time, interest would start to wane, and finally no one would pay attention to the issue any longer.

Wang Ling understood this well from experience; the recent incident with Mother Wang being groped had perfectly reflected this situation, after all. During that period of time, every major blogger had been advocating anti-pervert guidebooks for women. But things were always easier said than done. After this hot topic had dropped out of the limelight, public "wandering hands" once again had been unable to restrain themselves.

Today, the topic of discussion in Grade One, Class Three had shifted again and had been completely supplanted by the latest gossip on the school's military training.

Furthermore, this news had unexpectedly been brought to them by Tang Jingze and He Bufeng, No. 59 High School's delinquent senior.

In the brief span of time that they had been at No. 60 High School so far, these two people had fitted in pretty quickly; at the very least, they had already integrated into the class's male population.

However, Wang Ling felt that these two guys had been infected by a terrible disease, and that was gossip...

Needless to say, they had definitely picked up this disease from Master of Dopey, Dopey Guo. Wang Ling had always thought that this disease was far more frightening than a virus since gossip was contagious — and this was in no way an exaggeration!

"I heard about this military training from a couple of senior brothers who are about to graduate."

During the free study period in the morning, He Bufeng sat at his desk and waved the stack of mysterious files which he had in his hands. The students of Grade One, Class Three all surrounded He Bufeng; Wang Ling alone sat in his seat as he waited and watched from afar.

"Did you spend money on this?" Master of Dopey was very curious.

"No, I didn't."

He Bufeng shook his head. "I just promised them that after they graduated, they can bring their student IDs to my family's hospital to get height-increasing surgery done free of charge... but this surgery is limited to guys, and is our hospital's latest project for which we are applying a patent."

Bluntly speaking, this was a business transaction — height-increasing surgery in exchange for information.

"This actually works?" Super Chen was stunned.

"Genetically speaking, your height, like cultivation genius, is set from birth. Even cultivators aren't able to improve their heights through cultivation. The height-increasing pills available on the market actually still aren't as reliable as height insoles, since a pill's effect can only last for half a month at most, and it's also very expensive."

When He Bufeng said this, Little Peanut sullenly lowered his head.

"But technology nowadays is so advanced that it's actually not hard to increase your height by two to four centimeters. Surgery at our family's hospital is quite reliable; the results are permanent and there are no side effects. But you have to wait until you graduate from high school before getting the surgery so that you can make full use of the two-year long seclusion break," He Bufeng said.

Little Peanut was suddenly interested. "How is it done?"

"The specific process begins with anaesthesia. Then, we look for two burly fellows to break both your legs; the best is if the bone is shattered. After that, the height-increasing liquid developed by our hospital will be injected into the broken bones, and our special German orthopedic medicinal powder will be applied over it," He Bufeng answered indifferently. "That's right... the crux of the entire surgery is that you need to break the legs!"

Everyone: "..."

He Bufeng: "The more broken they are, the better, and no matter what, don't touch the nerves. The two bruisers who will fracture your legs have been specially trained by our hospital."

Super Chen covered his face and laughed bitterly. "...This is simply too brutal!"

"That's why this surgery is suitable for boys only. Girls' legs are too thin, so it'll be hard for the men to control their strength when breaking them," He Bufeng said.

Dopey Guo: "I just want to know, the two people whom you traded with for information, do they know about this?"

He Bufeng shrugged his shoulders. "Of course not."

Dopey Guo: "Wouldn't you be in danger once they learn the truth?"

He Bufeng patted Dopey Guo's shoulder. "Don't worry... by then, their legs will already have been broken!"

"..."

It wasn't until now that Wang Ling finally realized how scary this delinquent senior was.

...

Getting down to business, He Bufeng broke down the information in his hands, which he had already gone through last night. "Let me explain to everyone the brand new content of the military training this time in simple terms. Apart from military stance drills, a survival contest has been added to the team event."

Feather Lin: "Sand-washing 1 contest? Are we going to play with mud?!"

"It's survival, not sand-washing..."

He Bufeng rubbed his temple as he continued. "This survival contest will put all the students from the six schools taking part in the military training on one map. Two schools will form one alliance, and the three alliances will carry out an actual combat simulation exercise on the map. The last ten people standing will be the victors of the contest."

After He Bufeng said this, Tang Jingze looked around from where he was standing on the side. "This time, our No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School will form an alliance and fight the other four high schools together!"

Chapter 179: Lie Mengmeng, Someone Has Stolen Your White Bunny Slippers!

Of all the school military training exercises that had been held before, there had never been one like this.

This time, No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School, these two schools that had long been tangled in a grudge match, were finally going to team up and fight on the same side. Currently not many people knew this information, and it was thanks to Tang Jingze and He Bufeng that Grade One, Class Three had learned of this "survival contest" in advance; everyone's expressions showed that they were looking forward to it.

"What are the specific rules?" someone asked He Bufeng.

"Mm, the survival contest this time is slightly different from the previous spirit sword exchange meet; the terrain will be much wider. Secondly, after entering the map, everyone will be bare-handed. The use of spirit swords and any magic treasure is forbidden. What we will have to do is collect the magic treasures randomly distributed on the map and then defeat the people from the other schools," He Bufeng explained. "Of course, the quality of the magic treasure you pick up all depends on your luck."

At this point, Tang Jingze let out a sigh. "So this actual combat exercise, compared with the previous spirit sword exchange meet, is more a test of your ability to adapt to a situation. Of course, luck plays a factor. If someone finds a pair of immortal-grade shoes and can run all over the map, or if someone finds a top-grade immortal sword at the very beginning and initiates a large-scale massacre, even we might be helpless..."

Everyone: "..."

"Who are our opponents this time?" asked Little Peanut.

"They're all from Peiyuan district. Prime Elevation High School and Reliance Girls' High form one alliance while Building Materials High School and God Vision High School are an alliance," Tang Jingze said.

Hearing the names of these high schools, Super Chen's eyes suddenly dimmed. "Even God Vision High School is taking part... that's the key high school designated for children of the Xiao clan."

Dopey Guo shook his head. "I don't think this God Vision High School is anything important. I have an uncle who works there that told me that children of the Xiao clan in God Vision High School are from branch families. Prime Elevation High School's overall strength is quite similar to ours, so instead, the crux will be Reliance Girls' High and Building Materials High School."

Tang Jingze raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"I have an uncle who works as a security guard at Reliance Girls' High, and an uncle who works as a phys ed teacher at Building Materials High School. They told me before about the situations there," Dopey Guo said gravely. "This Reliance Girls' High has a high level of overall strength. Their principal is the head of the prefecture-level Reliance Sect, and is also nicknamed Principal Reliance. This principal is an expert at earth and wood techniques, and can easily adapt to any kind of terrain."

"Then what about Building Materials High School?"

Dopey Guo: "That's Lin Xiaocong's school; it's a key high school which his father, Lin Sicong, has invested in. Quite a few of the Lin family's children study there. The most distinctive thing about them is that they're especially wealthy."

This was a revelation to everyone who heard it. Not many people would have an impression of Building Materials High School. But when it came to Lin Xiaocong, there probably wasn't anyone who didn't know this famous rich second generation or his Fish-Slaying Sword, which was one of a kind.

Most importantly, this Lin Xiaocong not only had a superior family background, he also worked especially hard... he had been ranked number one in the second mock spirit sword exam this year.

This time, they would also be dealing with the rest of the children from the Lin family. It was easy to guess that for the sake of his family's performance in the military training, Lin Xiaocong would

go all out in instructing them from behind... it could be said that the military training this time was going to be a challenge for both No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School.

Nevertheless, both schools were on the candidate list to be upgraded to key city high schools, and this battle would be very important in ultimately determining whether they would be upgraded or not.

Wang Ling wasn't very interested in the contest. Instead, when he heard that they wouldn't be able to use spirit swords in this actual combat exercise, he breathed a relieved sigh.

There was no way he wanted Jingke to go ballistic again...

...

When Wang Ling got home after school in the evening, he saw that the pair of white bunny slippers at the door were gone.

Had Lie Mengmeng come?

Wang Ling thought it was strange that the slippers were gone as he hadn't sensed Lie Mengmeng's aura in the house.

He looked up and saw a young man sitting on the sofa and chatting with Father Wang as they drank tea. When he entered, he even heard the young man give a wicked-sounding laugh. The moment he caught sight of him, his heart suddenly froze... because this person was actually Odd Zhuo!

Wang Ling couldn't help roaring in his heart... Lie Mengmeng, someone has stolen your white bunny slippers!

When Odd Zhuo saw Wang Ling, his eyes lit up, and before he could betray any more emotion, he turned so that his back was facing Father Wang.

When Father Wang on the sofa saw that Wang Ling had returned home, he instantly introduced Odd Zhuo with great delight. "Ling Ling, let me introduce you. This is the biggest fan of my latest book. He's also your school senior and the youngest director of the General Administration of 100

Schools. He's also the person who personally recaptured that killer who escaped from Songhai First Prison recently!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Actually, Odd Zhuo had wanted to pay the Wang family a visit for a long time, but hadn't had the courage to do so.

So this time when he had come to visit the Wang family, he had made sure to be amply prepared.

Before his visit, he had asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal some questions including what his little shifu liked, what his personality was like, and how to get along well with him...

Actually, when Odd Zhuo had asked these questions, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thought that it was very strange. In his mind, Odd Zhuo was Wang Ling's eldest disciple. Why would this eldest disciple come running to ask questions about his own shifu ?

— This definitely must be because they had a turbulent relationship!

Thus, with the intention of helping them make peace, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had told Odd Zhuo many things about Wang Ling.

Odd Zhuo now knew that Wang Ling liked to keep a low profile, which was why he usually disliked putting himself forward publicly. Moreover, although Wang Ling appeared to be Odd Zhuo's school junior on the surface, the truth was that he was a deeply secretive big boss... and it wasn't just Wang Ling; the other people in the Wang family's small villa were also all great seniors who lay low in the cultivation circle!

Now Wang Ling knew... he had been betrayed by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!

He couldn't help wanting to sigh in his heart; he hadn't expected that there would actually be a traitor in his small circle of cultivation friends!

Staring at Odd Zhuo, he was silent for a very long time and his brain hurt.

Just as it felt like the air was about to turn heavy, Odd Zhuo suddenly spoke to Father Wang.
"Brother Wang, this time I brought some gifts."

"Just come if you're coming, you don't have to bring anything." Father Wang felt a little embarrassed.

"What must be done should be done." Odd Zhuo took out his storage bag. He had prepared a top-grade cigar for Father Wang and a bottle of youth-retaining skin lotion for Mother Wang. And then, he took out a huge head of broccoli.

Odd Zhuo felt quite proud as he held it in both hands. "I heard that Old Senior Wang especially liked broccoli, so I spent a huge amount of money to buy this from a great senior."

"..."

Finally, he rummaged through his storage bag and took out a box of crispy noodle snacks in a variety of flavors.

Wang Ling was slightly startled for a moment as he stared at this box of crispy noodle snacks.

Hm, very well...

He would accept this disciple!

Chapter 180: Old Antique's Gossip Time

It was June 8th on the seventh Wednesday of the semester.

Today, Old Antique started to gossip as usual during his theory of history class, but this time, the content was a little different. In the past, most of the light gossip he had shared had been related to the knowledge in their textbook. This time, however, Old Antique started with the Shadow Stream incident, and began to talk about some of the famous killers on the current international list of killers.

"The buzz around the incident with Shadow Stream in the past few months caught the attention of a number of the city leaders. Today's lesson will be something like safety education for all of you." Old Antique leaned his elbow partly on the lectern next to him as he said slowly, "Is there anyone who knows anything about those killers on the international list of killers?"

There was utter silence below the dais.

"The three Shadow Stream killers who died in our school previously were all in the top twenty on the international ranking list of killers. The person with the highest rank was thirteenth." When he said this, Old Antique smiled. "But this group of people were all FISH!"

"FISH?" Some people were confused.

Old Antique shrugged: "FISH as in trash 1 ."

Everyone: "..."

"If I may say so... in the international ranking list of killers, those below the top ten are, in my view, all trash!" Old Antique smiled slightly.

Although what he said made the students below the dais burst into laughter, Wang Ling could sensed a trace of confidence in Old Antique's words. He had witnessed Old Antique's strength for himself, and had always believed that this theory of history teacher's real identity wasn't an ordinary one.

To Wang Ling, Old Antique had always been a mysterious man with stories to tell... in fact, ever since he had encountered Third Saint and learned about Killer Taoist, Wang Ling had actually become a little suspicious about Old Antique's identity.

Could he be that number one expert on the international ranking list of killers?

"Today, I want to talk about these top ten killers on the ranking list."

Upon saying this, an enigmatic expression flitted across Old Antique's face. "On the international ranking list of killers, the Master of Shadow Stream, Jiang Liuyue, is ranked sixth. She hasn't made an appearance since Shadow Stream's headquarters was destroyed. But I have a feeling that this Master of Shadow Stream isn't really dead. Next, let us go through the ranking in reverse order. The killer ranked tenth is codenamed Night Rain Kidney Menace."

"Night Rain... Kidney Menace?"

"That's right; speaking of this Night Rain Kidney Menace's origin, they say that this killer's family was exceptionally poor when he was young, so he didn't have any cultivation resources. That was why he set foot on a path of no return — he harvests kidneys and sells them for money. The specific price of the kidney is based on the cultivator's realm. The higher the realm, the more expensive the kidney... this person once caused carnage across the country by cutting out the kidneys of countless cultivators. That's why he was also given the nickname Kidney Hunter."

Hearing this, the students in class couldn't help quivering. This killer was only ranked tenth, but he was already so abnormal... then how evil were the ones ranked above him?

Old Antique carried on with his introduction. "The ninth killer is codenamed Little Cold Hands. This person was born with a unique condition — innately cold hands. Each time this killer carries out a mission, he adopts a harmless appearance, then looks for an opportunity to pretend to fall down."

"Why pretend to fall down?" Everyone was bewildered.

"Of course it's to look for a chance to hold hands with the target. Faking a pengci fall, then seizing the chance to grasp hands with the target looks more natural," Old Antique said with a profound air. "Once you hold hands with this person, the special cold qi inside his body will instantly invade your internal organs and cause a freezing numbness in the short term. Of course, this condition only lasts for a very short while, but for a professional killer, that's more than enough time to kill a person. Back then, the cultivators who suffered from this person's poisonous hand had been completely unable to react right up to their final moments."

"..."

"The eighth killer is codenamed Steamed Bun Invader. This killer is a little special; before every assassination assignment, he'll leave a bloody meat bun as notice. Compared with the previous two killers, the most impressive thing about this person is his ability to come and go as he pleases. His mastery of the aura-concealment skill is formidable and terrifying."

"..."

The seventh killer is codenamed One-Inch Gray 2 ... this killer is also a little special. His assassination weapon of choice is an inch of gray hair. Rumor is that he refined his own hair into a magic weapon. Once he attacks, he will definitely kill his opponent. Until now, he has never missed his mark."

Refined his hair into a magic weapon?

When Wang Ling heard this, he couldn't help knitting his eyebrows together. This seemed a little similar to the technique that had been demonstrated by Ah Zuo and Ah You from Immortal Mansion.

"I don't have to say much about the sixth one, the Master of Shadow Stream. Next I'll focus on the top five killers on the list." Old Antique sneaked out a latiao from his pocket and stuck one in his mouth. "I believe that while you have heard so much about the Shadow Stream incident in the last few days, you would have also heard a little about the fourth and fifth killers. They're a famous couple in the international circle of killers nicknamed Elders Gold and Silver. One is Elder Gold and the other is Elder Silver, and both are experts at using poison."

"Is this poison of any use on cultivators?"

"Of course it is!"

Old Antique nodded his head. "All of you are taking the pharmacology course, so you know that cultivators aren't affected by general poisons. Whether it's snake venom or the toxic sap of a plant, just a little is more than enough to kill an ordinary person. But no matter how much poison cultivators ingest, they can use their spirit energy to force them out of their pores... but Elders Gold and Silver use a myriad of poisons that are far more complex. What's more, they are the only ones who have the antidotes. As far as I know, they've even developed a new poison."

Someone couldn't help asking, "What kind of poison is it?"

Old Antique replied, "It's an extremely potent kind that can cause you to become deranged. The poisoned person swiftly turns effeminate in a very short span of time and becomes wickedly

coquettish. Elders Gold and Silver once poisoned the former fourth killer on the ranking list, whose code name was The Nation's Fifth Flirt 3 ."

Someone asked, "And then?"

Old Antique shrugged his shoulders. "This Nation's Fifth Flirt went insane in one night, breaking into the homes of other killers and shouting at anyone he saw: 'I don't care, I'm the most handsome, I'm your cutie 4 ...'"

"..." Everyone in Grade One, Class Three felt their scalps grow numb.

"In the end, when they found this killer... he was already dead. His kidneys were gone, there were traces of ice on his body, and there were signs that hair had been wrapped around his neck. Moreover, a bloody meat bun had been left next to his corpse."

Everyone: "..."

"That's right. This former killer ranked fourth on the list had been beaten to death by his peers. After that, Elders Gold and Silver moved up in the ranks; in this way, one became ranked fourth and the other fifth..."

Hearing this story, Wang Ling already had no strength left to mock it. "..."