

## Daily Life 201

### Chapter 201: An Arrow Piercing the Sky...

In some sense, Killer Taoist and Wang Ming were actually quite similar in character. They both liked to challenge the limits, and while the target that Wang Ming was obsessed with challenging was everyone's Ling Zhenren, the target of Killer Taoist's challenge obsession was his master Old Antique.

The reason why they were similar was because they had one thing in common — they had never once won!

Looking at senior brother who was sans underpants, Bandit Evil had been frightened into dropping the flip-flops. He squeezed his blinded eyes tightly shut. He was just an innocent little virgin, why did his eyes have to endure such a piercing image?! Master, come and save me! There's a pervert here, it's your senior disciple!

Killer Taoist put his flip-flops back on and pulled up his pants with pride. He wasn't the least bit repentant about corrupting their sect's principles. "Junior brother, do you know, I've been looking for a way to defeat shifu all this time. After fumbling around all these years, I finally understand why I've lost to him time and time again."

Bandit Evil raised his head. "?"

Killer Taoist: "It was this pair of floral underpants that had been obstructing my way forward!"

Bandit Evil: "..."

Killer Taoist: "As the number one killer, how can I be defeated by this addiction? So letting myself hang free was the best solution I could think of."

Bandit Evil: "..."

Killer Taoist: "Anyway, what is it that shifu wants us to do?"

Bandit Evil: "It's the students whom shifu is currently teaching. Now that the whereabouts of the Master of Shadow Stream Jiang Liuyue are unaccounted for, master is worried that this person will organize for killers to come to the school to take revenge. If they really were to act, they would definitely do it quietly; shifu is worried that the kids will fall prey to some trap."

Hearing this, Killer Taoist nodded. "So, shifu wants us to give those people a warning?"

Bandit Evil nodded. "That would be the best way; shifu has already withdrawn into the background for a hundred years, and he doesn't want outsiders to disturb this calm..."

Killer Taoist lowered his head and his eyes turned dark. "Got it."

He took off one of his flip-flops and pulled out a fuse from a crack in the heel. Holding one end, he pulled it suddenly, and with a whistle, clusters of fiery red light instantly scattered in the sky.

"An arrow piercing the sky, and a thousand troops and ten thousand horses will come 1 ?" Bandit Evil was surprised. When had senior brother amassed so many subordinates?

"There are always hidden guards around a true grandmaster. It was on a sudden whim; I recruited two." Killer Taoist rubbed his nose, and just as he finished speaking, Bandit Evil suddenly saw two shadows drop abruptly from the sky in front of him; it was two men dressed in black with their faces covered, which made them look very mysterious.

Bandit Evil: "Only two?"

"That's right."

Killer Taoist nodded, then turned to the masked men who had landed suddenly as he made the introductions. "One is codenamed Thousand Troops and the other is codenamed Ten Thousand Horses. They are the two subordinates whom I've just accepted as apprentices... I'll send them both out later to issue warnings to people in the murder industry one by one. Come on, say hello to your second martial uncle!"

The two people saluted Bandit Evil with clasped fists. "Hello, second martial uncle!"

"..."

Bandit Evil was speechless for a long time.

He realized that there was a pit in his senior brother's brain 2 !

...

The combined military training for six schools this time wasn't a small event. Rather than say that this joint military training between several key city high schools and key city high school candidates was a coincidence, it was better to view it as a deliberate arrangement which had been planned early on.

Everyone knew that No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School were both key city high school candidates. Having these two schools combine together to compete against four key city high schools was a big joke. Headmaster Chen of No. 60 High School and Headmaster Jin of No. 59 High School were from the same sect and both of them were sensitive about their reputations. Given their personalities, the main concern for these two brothers when they got together was to think up all kinds of ways to do things...

It was June 13th on Monday in the eighth week of the semester.

As soon as Teacher Pan entered the classroom early in the morning, she began to talk about points for attention related to the combined military training this time. Headmaster Chen and Headmaster Jin had spent the whole night designing a set of guidelines for the military training program's "survival drill" which the teachers-in-charge were required to disseminate in their classes.

"I believe everyone understands the rules by now. This time, there are over ten thousand students from six schools. At the beginning of the drill, an array will send you to random locations on the map, and the person next to you could be a friend or could also be an enemy. But only the people who remain on the map in the end will win." Teacher Pan pushed up her glasses and said, "So wherever you land, make sure you open your eyes wide! Determine whether it's an ally or the enemy; don't hurt an ally by accident no matter what, or you will lose overall points!"

Everyone: "..."

Teacher Pan: "What I'm telling you now is all important! Take it seriously! Let me tell you, there was a senior student who didn't listen carefully when I was explaining these points for attention, and during the college entrance exam, he filled in the wrong answer sheet and ended up having to repeat a year!"

Everyone: "..."

Teacher Pan: "Also, when you land, magic treasures will randomly appear inside the buildings on the map, and you'll need to look for them yourselves. After you land, don't go looking for useless objects; if it's a weapon, pick it up first — only after that should you look for a storage bag! No matter how good a person's kungfu is, they'll also be afraid of a kitchen knife; close-range combat won't win against someone wielding a magic treasure!"

Hearing this, Little Peanut raised his hand weakly. "Then, teacher... what should someone do if their luck is bad and they don't have any magic treasures...?"

Teacher Pan: "Do you still have to ask? Don't you know how to hide?"

Little Peanut: "..."

"Including No. 59 High School, our two schools have fewer than two thousand students in total who will be participating in the military training this time. If your luck is bad and you're in a situation where there are no magic treasures nearby which you can pick up, it's fine to find a place to hide; don't feed the enemy! Naturally, the best would be to wait until you can get allies to come over as support and bring you equipment. We must do whatever we can to survive — only then will we have greater battle strength in the end!"

Teacher Pan said solemnly, "All in all, two words: lay low!"

Everyone: "..."

"There are only two ways to win this type of survival game... either you are as strong as the old devil who can sweep everything away, or you can lay low, don't be impulsive, and save your strength."

Her hands on the lectern, Teacher Pan looked at the students in the classroom and said gravely, "To sum up in one sentence: hold steady, we can win 3 !"

Wang Ling: "..."

...

That night, after coming back from school, Wang Ling discovered that the image which had been flashing through his mind previously had become increasingly clear.

His Heavenly Eye had foreseen a man lying in a pool of blood before. Now, he could confirm for sure that this man was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. He was also very certain that the place the other man was lying in was the back garden of that Wenxian Garden villa.

Wang Ling was suddenly worried for that guy's safety.

He remembered that he had previously sent him a set of long johns, but he didn't know whether that guy was wearing them or not...

## Chapter 202: Bewildered Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal

After ten days or so of labor, the hawthorn seed from Boss Tan which had been cultivated in spirit soil and watered with spirit water day and night had finally sprouted and was growing quickly.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal put his hands on his hip and looked at the young green hawthorn fruit with a sense of pride.

Ten minutes or so ago, the fruit had only been as big as a soybean, but it was now growing rapidly at a rate visible to the naked eye.

Soon, the fruit of the hawthorn tree would be fully ripe. But despite his pride, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still felt somewhat frustrated, because the little mud-playing girl whom Boss Tan had mentioned had yet to show up!

"Senior Immortal, will the girl whom Boss Tan mentioned really show up?" Song Qingshu, dressed in a well-ironed suit behind the man in white, asked.

"Who knows..." The young man looked a little unhappy as he pursed his lips.

In fact, most of them hadn't placed much hope in this method from the beginning. Wang Ling had always felt that it wasn't very reliable, but there were always "fools" in this world. Boss Tan was one of them, for keeping this seed for many years, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was another, for believing that if he planted this hawthorn seed, the girl would really come...

Some people said that the higher a cultivator's realm was, the more shrewd they would become; in the end, all of them would become devils in the eyes of the world, since they lacked the so-called "romance" of life. However, in Wang Ling's opinion, this "romance" was in fact an important part of a cultivator's heart.

So, cultivation wasn't necessarily about bitterness or hatred, but nor was every cultivator as "romantic" as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

There were times when Wang Ling would feel in his heart that to be able to have met such a friend on his cultivation path was a very good thing.

...

Evening had fallen, and the street lights next to Wenxian Garden had just come on.

A figure suddenly walked out of a spatial crack under a street light. This was a blind spot, and when it emerged, none of the passersby on the roadside sensed its sudden appearance.

"With the Purple Gold Gourd's spatial fog and this thing nowadays called the GPS positioning system, my venerable self can freely go anywhere on this earth." In Jiang Liuyue's body, the old devil looked down at his phone and smiled slightly.

Initially, moving around with the Purple Gold Gourd's spatial fog meant that he had to specially exit first and then use his great power to lock down the position, which was a waste of time and spirit energy. This operation now was really far, far more convenient than before!

The old devil: "Is this the place?"

"Yes, Lord Devil Emperor, there's definitely no mistake; the person who took the Seven Stars Sword lives here." Jiang Liuyue's voice came out from the stone ghost mask on the old devil's face.

The old devil: "It is a villa district? Do you know which villa it is?"

Jiang Liuyue: "The scout I hired reported that there's a hawthorn tree in front of it, we should be able to pick it out easily."

"Then let's go and take a look first. This time, my venerable self must obtain the Seven Stars Sword!" the old devil said darkly and nodded.

...

While two people had just made a move on this side, in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's backyard in his Wenxian Garden villa, a person in a black cloak was looking at the hawthorn tree from a distance, separated by a fence.

This was an expert with an unknown realm, and whose aura was hidden under the black cloak. He looked very mysterious.

"This is the place," the figure under the cloak whispered to himself, and with a single light step, he flew over the fence with a rustle and landed at the base of the hawthorn tree.

Standing in front of the tree, the man took a deep breath and carefully smelled it...

...There was definitely no mistake! This hawthorn tree had grown from the seed from back then!

That seed had been specially treated so that the hawthorn fruit it produced would have a distinctive scent that only people who had been specially trained could smell.

Emotions stirred in the heart of the man standing under the hawthorn tree; only one in a hundred million people could smell this special scent.

As one of the eight children who had been selected back then, he was the only one who had survived the intense hellish training, and he had been taught to pinpoint, out of millions of hawthorn fruits, the one which carried this special scent.

The five senses, mental techniques, martial arts, and military skills... these had all been compulsory courses during his hellish training; he had had to refine all aspects of his cultivation until they were perfect.

And all of this was for the sake of helping the Master of the Mansion bring back the person who had planted this special hawthorn tree!

Now that he had finally found the hawthorn tree, the cloaked man's heart almost felt like it would give out with emotion... how much hardship and how much pain had he suffered for the sake of finding the person who had planted this hawthorn tree!

Finally!

He had found them!

As long as he brought the person who had planted this fruit back to the Master, he would be free in the future.

All these years, his life had truly been such a tiring one...

Now, standing under the hawthorn tree, the cloaked man badly wanted to loudly shout out six words if he had been able to — I, this father, want to retire!

After howling for a while in his heart, the cloaked man calmed his thoughts and came back to himself. His priority now was to find the person who had planted this hawthorn tree.

Just as he raised his head, a strange aura suddenly appeared behind him.

The old devil had actually arrived directly in the backyard through the spatial crack.



It had been so quick and almost instantaneous that in that moment, the cloaked man hadn't been able to clearly see how the other party had appeared.

The instant their eyes met, the old devil and the cloaked man came to a conclusion in their hearts almost at the same time!

— This was definitely the person who had planted this hawthorn tree!

— This was definitely the junior who had taken the Seven Stars Sword!

Moreover, the moment he saw Jiang Liuyue's appearance, the cloaked man was confident that he had found the right person.

He had long known that the Master of the Mansion was fond of beauty, though he hadn't thought that the latter would actually be interested in this type... he felt that the two lumps of mass destruction on the chest of the woman in front of him were so large that they were a little exaggerated!

With his hands behind his back, the cloaked man stared at the old devil in front of him and said, "My master wants to see you, please come with me!"

"And who are you?"

This time, it was the old devil's turn to be astonished.

Were juniors all this arrogant nowadays?

In Jiang Liuyue's body, the old devil began to carefully size up the cloaked man in front of him.

What surprised him was that the man's aura was unexpectedly hidden very well; given Jiang Liuyue's current rate of recovery, even he couldn't detect it!

"I see... that junior must have known that I would be coming to seize the sword, so he had taken early precautions. Were you sent by that junior?" the old devil said in a musing tone as he stared at the cloaked man.

Ju...nior?

The cloaked man was startled. There weren't many people who would dare call the Master junior... this woman was likely going to be hard to deal with! And what the hell was that about a sword?

He frowned as he pondered in his heart.

After a moment's consideration, he abruptly made a move first, and raised his hand as he rushed at the old devil!

Who cared what that sword was... whoever struck first would gain the upper hand. He would knock this person out and bring her back first, and only then would he think about the rest!

...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu were having a small meeting inside the villa when they were startled by sounds outside. Both of them felt out the situation with their spiritual senses, and in the end were left bewildered.

When had two people showed up the backyard... and why had they started fighting?

Chapter 203: Kill this Master-Con!

After the hawthorn tree had grown, that rumored girl had yet to appear. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu had returned to the villa to discuss the follow-up insurance claims for the twenty or so ghosts of the delivery riders.

Once they came back to their senses, they were shocked to realize that two people had appeared for no fathomable reason outside the door.

"What should we do now, Senior Immortal?" Who knew when Song Qingshu had taken off his suit as he quickly changed into the long johns.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...Wait and see."

His intuition told him that these two people were first-class experts, whether it was the woman with that ample upper body or the cloaked man whose face couldn't be clearly seen. As they fought, they unexpectedly didn't make the slightest sound. When they tussled together, they became two lumps of intertwined shadows...

"Both are experts..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal drew the curtain back slightly to create a slit so that he could surreptitiously observe what was happening outside the window.

"The way these two are able to hide their auras so well is remarkable — if it hadn't been for that minute movement just now during the fight, we would perhaps never have been aware of it." Song Qingshu couldn't help but exclaim in admiration. That cloaked man in particular was really terrifying!

To be able to fight without releasing their auras or without making even the slightest bit of sound... these people would have already cultivated the silent battle skill and aura concealment skill close to the realm of celestial beings! A person would have had to cultivate these two skills from a young age in order to reach this ultimate level... since ancient times, the people able to master these two skills at the same time had tended to be professional killers or intelligence agency assassins.

Looking through the gap between the curtains, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal fell into deep thought at that moment...

It had to be said that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in the end Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, owner of the cultivation forum and a long-time veteran of the cultivation community. Just by observing the way these two people fought, he had guessed their respective identities.

The first was the tall person in a cloak; during the fight, he had never removed his hands from his sleeves. This was the habit of someone who used a concealed weapon. The key point was, when comparing their fighting styles, the cloaked person's skills were clearly more vicious, with each attack aimed at vital parts of the body. This was without doubt the instinct of an experienced killer or an intelligence agency assassin.

However, the woman also wasn't weak. Although her attacks weren't as fierce as the man's, her form and her movements were very strange.

She was keenly aware of even the attacks which she couldn't see in her blind spots and was able to avoid them.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's first instinct was that this woman had a wealth of combat experience that didn't match what someone at this realm would ordinarily display.

Furthermore, he felt that this woman was very familiar for some reason, as if he had seen her somewhere before...

At this time, he was feeling very vexed.

What should he do?

After a moment's consideration, he took out his cellphone and recorded the scene before sending the video to Wang Ling.

The video image just showed two lights colliding with each other...

If it had only been a photo, even a shadow might not have come out in the picture.

But since he had used the video record function, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal firmly believed that given the eyesight of the cultivation forum's gang leader Wang Ling, the latter would definitely be able to see it.

...

At this time, after more than ten minutes of hand-to-hand combat, the two individuals finally stopped attacking at the same time to stare hard at each other.

"As expected of someone whom the Master regards highly; apart from myself, there are very few people nowadays who have been able to refine the silent combat skill and aura concealment skill to this level." The cloaked man crossed his arms as he looked fixedly at the old devil.

The old devil was breathing heavily, both hands on his knees.

Jiang Liuyue's realm had not yet fully recovered; additionally, he was not yet accustomed to handling this body. The fight had consumed too much of his spirit energy, and along with needing to figure out the center of gravity for the two lumps on his chest, the old devil felt that this intense combat had cost him dearly!

If it hadn't been for his wealth of combat experience, he would have already been dead eight hundred times over from the cloaked man's continuous attacks!

Staring at the cloaked man in front of him, the old devil was unexpectedly a little frightened... why did he have to meet two freakishly strong juniors one after another not long after coming out?

The body fusion still had a limit; after they separated this time, it would be at least another eight hours before he could possess a body again.

If they continued to tangle like this, the situation could only get worse for the old devil. He stared at the cloaked man in front of him and began to negotiate. "Little brother... is there any misunderstanding between us?"

The cloaked man cupped his chin. "Misunderstanding? Then why are you here?"

The old devil: "I followed this hawthorn tree to this place to look for someone!"

The cloaked man: "What a coincidence, I'm also under orders to look for someone under the hawthorn tree!"

The old devil: "..."

"Rest assured, our master has said that if I can bring you back alive, then I should try to do so as much as possible!" Under the cloak, the young man bared his white teeth, then spirit light flashed in his right hand as he summoned a blood-red spirit sword. "Miss, if you come with me quietly, I promise that you won't be harmed. Your strength is just at the Nascent Soul stage, you'll only be struggling for death. But if you continue to resist, I wouldn't mind tearing you apart here before I take you back."

The old devil was stupefied. "...". Not only was this junior abnormally strong, he was also a f\*\*king psychopath!

The old devil: "Little brother, there must be some misunderstanding, I came here to seize a sword..."

"Seize a sword?" The cloaked youngster's expression suddenly darkened. "My master personally gave me this Abyss Avoidance when I was very young, you dare to take it?"

"..."

The old devil felt that it was already no longer possible to explain the situation clearly.

He was sure that the person whom this youngster was looking for was definitely not him... but this had proven one fact: he shouldn't try reasoning with a psycho!

Because of the limitations of this body, the old devil had initially wanted to avoid continuing this meaningless fight, but given the situation now, he had to first get rid of this master-con 1 retard.

"Very well, junior! You've made my venerable self very angry!"

The old devil gnashed his teeth, and with a hum, black qi started to flow out of Jiang Liuyue's seven orifices.

A pitch-black cloud started to gather above the old devil's head — it was a devil fog which cultivators under the Soul Formation stage wouldn't be able to see.

In actual fact, this devil fog was a living creature which the old devil had brought out from the Gate Between Worlds in the past. After it had surrendered, he had forcibly made it his pet, and had raised it on a diet of human blood and vengeful ghosts.

Before the old devil had been sealed into the stone ghost mask, this living devil fog creature's power had already reached the Void Refinement stage.

Given the limitations of his body, this was the best and most effective attack that the old devil could think of for now.

When the devil fog appeared, a wild wind immediately howled through the back garden.

Observing the situation from inside the villa, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's face suddenly changed dramatically. "Crap!"

"What's the matter, Senior Immortal?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's reaction gave Song Qingshu quite the scare.

The man's face was pale and his eyes were lifeless as he looked in the direction of the back garden with the expression of someone who wanted to die. "Great Senior Wang's broccoli, I haven't saved it yet!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

Chapter 204: A Man from Immortal Mansion Will Never Admit Defeat

The devil fog creature coalesced into a mighty, human-shaped devil spirit behind the old devil, and looked like it was wearing a helmet. The devil spirit folded its arms and both its eyes glowed red.

Under the cloak, the man finally couldn't help frowning. This evil aura was really too heavy...

Although the Gate Between Worlds had already been shut for six years, there were plenty of evil spirits still scattered all over the world and hiding among humans; however, the man had to admit that this was the first time that he had seen one with such a heavy evil aura.

From the previous fight, he had initially thought that this would be a simple assignment. However, this woman in front of him had displayed reaction capabilities and powerful skills which didn't match her realm.

Was she really just at the Nascent Soul stage?

The young man looked at the powerful Void Refinement devil spirit behind the woman and sunk into deep thought.

He now had every reason to believe that the woman had seduced this powerful devil spirit into obeying her...

"Eat him!" The old devil was utterly enraged and began to manipulate the enormous devil spirit behind him.

In a split second, the devil spirit roared and spread its arms. Black fog rolled in and an unimaginable chill spread out from the devil spirit at its center as the ground instantly hardened into a layer of thin ice.

Under the cloak, the youngster's eyes were grim. This solidifying chill from the underworld was truly abnormal; the slightest touch from it would cause cultivators with low realms to instantly lose control of basic functions.

Taking a few steps back until he was under the shade of the hawthorn tree, he used the Abyss Avoidance in his hand to mark out a circle of light ten feet around the hawthorn tree, then retreated within it.

This circle radiated golden light, and the infernal chill that spread out from the devil spirit was held back by the circle.

The Master of the Mansion had indicated that the hawthorn tree was to be protected. Bring the person back and protect the tree; these were the tasks which the Master had assigned him.

The youngster stood in the circle of light and pointed his sword at the old devil. "If this hawthorn tree is destroyed, it'll be my defeat!"

After that, the youngster stretched his left hand out from under his cloak, and with a golden light, it suddenly grew to a monstrous size.

This man had actually refined his left arm into a magic weapon?

The two men inside the house finally knew the youngster's origin...

They had seen this scene before!



Refining a body part into a magic weapon — this person had to be from Immortal Mansion!

But why was a person from Immortal Mansion here?

Previously, Song Qingshu had wounded Ah Zuo and killed Ah You. Had this man been sent to avenge them?

He broke out in a cold sweat and looked somewhat nervous. "Senior Immortal, any news from Senior Ling?"

"Not yet; at this time, Brother Ling should have only just finished school... he probably hasn't read his messages yet." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart was bleeding; he could only watch helplessly as the flowers and grass in his back garden withered under that chill. The most important thing was Great Senior Wang's broccoli! This time it was completely ruined!

...

Another quarter of an hour passed. The two people in the garden were giving it their all, both of them unwilling to break away or back down.

Even the devil spirit which the old devil had summoned was feeling tired. This young man wasn't a f\*\*king normal person at all!

The left unicorn arm 1 was scarily solid; whenever the devil spirit summoned ghost soldiers to tear the youngster apart with their teeth, the youngster would sweep his unicorn arm out in front of him and not leave even a trace of blood behind!

But on the flip side, the young man from Immortal Mansion also couldn't attack as usual. In the end, this was a Void Refinement devil spirit; not only couldn't he get close, even the sword qi he sent flying out was instantly neutralized by devil qi.

Right now, it was as if they'd been thumb-wrestling for half an hour. Both sides pressed forward again and again, but to no avail.

Yet in this situation, no one dared to relax.

The old devil was well aware that even if he summoned the Purple Gold Gourd now, it would be impossible for him to make use of the gourd's fog to escape.

In the time he needed to call forth the purple gold smoke, the youngster's sword qi would instantly close in on him.

Given Jiang Liuyue's current physical condition, it wouldn't be able to bear up at all under one sweep of the sword qi!

The old devil felt very aggrieved... when he had been at his peak, were there any juniors who had ever humiliated him like this?

He really felt tired in his heart. If this deadlock continued, it would only be disadvantageous to him. "Little brother, why don't we have a ten-minute truce?"

"No way, the outcome must be decided today! Under the Master's orders, I will take the person who appears under the hawthorn tree away with me, and I must make that happen today no matter what! As long as I take you back, I'll be able to retire!" The youngster shook his head stubbornly.

The old devil wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. "I already told you, I'm not the person you're looking for..."

"Whether you are or not, I'll take you back first, then we'll see! If you're not, at the most I just need to come back again to look for them. As long as the person appears under the hawthorn tree, I must take them back with me!" the youngster said.

"There is something f\*\*king wrong with you..." The old devil couldn't help cursing.

"This is the Master's order, I can only obey it!"

The young man fixed his eyes on the old devil. "The might of the sword qi from my left hand is fifty times more powerful than from my right hand. It's enough to shatter your Void Refinement devil spirit. You already have no chance of winning."

After saying that, the youngster took a deep breath, and then shifted Abyss Avoidance from his right hand to his left hand.

The instant he gripped Abyss Avoidance in his left hand, it was as if the sword had been linked to a boundless spring of spirit energy, and golden light was instantly awakened as it radiated all around them.

The immensely powerful spiritual pressure greatly startled the old devil. The youngster's prowess was actually above the Void Refinement stage!

He had completely miscalculated!

Given his current state, there was no way for him to summon a devil spirit more powerful than this one at the Void Refinement stage.

From the beginning, this had been a battle of unequal strength!

Inside the house, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the spirit sword in the hand of the person from Immortal Mansion and frowned slightly as he felt that the sword was a little familiar somehow.

The quality of this spirit sword wasn't low; the spirit light was as yet restrained and the sword qi hadn't weakened in the slightest... this was at the very damn least a holy weapon!

But now was not the time to think about it. Holding the sword in his left hand, the cloaked youngster had already sent out the mightiest of sword qi, which was accompanied by powerful wind pressure that swept across the scene!

This oppressive golden sword qi transformed into a ten meter-long crescent that streaked toward the devil spirit with almost unstoppable force!

In that moment, both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu were similarly alarmed. The range of this sword qi was too large, and almost everything in front of the youngster turned to ash in the wake of the sword qi!

Because the gold crescent was too long, one part of it was already approaching the villa and the wall was being slowly split open.

"Crap!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was alarmed. With this momentum, the sword qi would slice him and Song Qingshu in half at the waist!

"Senior Immortal, go!"

Song Qingshu pushed Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal away.

Even then, it was already too late...

The sword qi was approaching so fast that they couldn't see it clearly even with the Heavenly Eye.

But it was at that moment that yet another figure appeared in the back garden; no one knew when this person had shown up.

"Who?"

When the young man from Immortal Mansion raised his eyes, a teenage boy in big white bunny pajamas appeared in front of him.

In the face of this rolling golden crescent, the teenager just lazily stretched out his hand and raised one finger.

Just like that, the golden crescent came to a halt, and couldn't proceed any further...

Chapter 205: Golden Flash And Silver Lightning

The gold crescent had unexpectedly been stopped!

Everyone choked at this scene!

Moreover, that rampant sword qi was just stupidly stuck there, stopped by one forefinger and unable to push forward even half an inch.

Honestly speaking, Wang Ling felt that he had cut it close; if he had been a few seconds late, Grenade-Throwing and Song Qingshu would have been cut down along with the house by this crescent sword qi.

So far, the scene had sunk into dead silence.

While keeping this gold crescent at bay, Wang Ling also sensed the energy contained in this sword qi. This young man was very formidable, stronger than the old devil's devil spirit at the Void Refinement stage as well as other cultivators whom Wang Ling had seen before.

But first, he should disperse the sword qi...

Although Wang Ling had been able to ward it off, it felt like an unstable nuclear warhead, which made him uneasy.

He raised his thumb, and after rubbing together with his forefinger, this gold crescent instantly disintegrated into golden specks which dissipated into thin air.

One couldn't help associating this scene and the feelings it evoked with the lyrics of a song: You gently rub your fingertips and crumble me to pieces 1 ...

Everything had happened so easily and smoothly.

The old devil gazed at Wang Ling; he was only looking at this person's back — and he was even wearing big white bunny pajamas, which contrasted sharply with how strong he was — and even in his dejection, the old devil recognized this person.

This was definitely that junior who had crushed his ancient magic blade outside the convenience mart back then!

"Who are you?" The young man from Immortal Mansion stared at Wang Ling, cold sweat beading on his forehead.

He wore a disbelieving expression. His fifty-fold sword qi had actually been stopped by one finger and then easily dissolved.

Wang Ling didn't answer him, and just turned his head slightly to look out of the corner of his eye behind him. Both the old devil and the devil spirit couldn't help shuddering.

This expression... if they remained here, they would definitely die!

"Excuse me, my venerable self is going to leave first..."

There was cold sweat on the old devil's head; as soon as he finished speaking, that purple gold fog rose up again and he disappeared into thin air with it.

For the old devil, this had definitely been a painful decision to make.

From the moment the world had dubbed him "Devil Emperor," he had very rarely disgraced himself by doing such a shameful thing.

The old devil's escape was completely within Wang Ling's expectations; protected as the former was by the fog of the Purple Gold Gourd, there was no other way of tracing the old devil back to his small world until that ancient magic blade had been officially fixed.

But Wang Ling knew that this old devil's days were numbered.

That look which Wang Ling had given him had been a warning.

...

Just like that, the old devil left...

This Devil Emperor Gua Pi, who brought terror to the whole world, also had his weak point, and that weak point was Wang Ling.

Between preserving his life and saving face, the old devil had decisively thrown away all his face and dignity.

He flicked his sleeves, and didn't take even a wisp of cloud away with him 2 ...

It was a pity, however, that this young man from Immortal Mansion didn't realize how serious the problem was.

"Whoever you are, if you dare stand in Immortal Mansion's way, there is no saving you!" this young man said coldly as he looked at Wang Ling. With just a flick of his fingers, he had formed a hand seal.

With a "pa!" sound, it was as if that sword had been imbued with spirit, and in a flash it flew at Wang Ling's back at a shocking speed.

This was a sword technique which could take an enemy general's head off from a thousand li away. As the young man executed this technique, his lips curved up slightly and he looked very confident.

He was the most familiar with this sword technique among all the ones he had; it was all about dispatching the enemy with one killer move!

Wang Ling had just turned his head and the blood-red sword in the young man's hand was already flying toward him.

This sword's speed was so great that even cultivators at the Soul Formation stage might not be able to catch it.

Its sword qi was completely gold in color, like lightning!

Looking at this scene, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly seemed to recall something, and his eyes instantly widened. "This man said earlier that the sword was called Abyss Avoidance."

Song Qingshu: "Has Senior Immortal recalled something?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "I remember that there's a legendary ancient magic sword also called Abyss Avoidance; it ranks top on the historical cultivation list of swords because of its speed. It has a nickname, Golden Flash, and its brother sword is codenamed Silver Lightning, and is ranked second on the list..."

Hearing this, Song Qingshu couldn't help trembling a little. A young man from Immortal Mansion who actually wielded a legendary ancient magic sword... his imagination ran wild as he wondered how powerful the force behind Immortal Mansion was.

But though he was a little scared, he didn't actually feel true dread.

For some reason, every time Ling Zhenren showed up, it gave Song Qingshu a strong sense of security, especially when the former appeared in those big white bunny pajamas — Song Qingshu could feel a trace of warmth and kindness from them...

"Go to hell." At the scene, the young man from Immortal Mansion sneered as he promptly launched Abyss Avoidance forward.

At the same time, hiding behind the wall of the villa, Grenade-Throwing and Song Qingshu couldn't help sighing; why were there so many people looking for death nowadays?

...

As Wang Ling's gaze followed the sword shadow's trajectory as it hurtled toward him, he mused in his heart that if the person standing here now had been Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the result of this battle would already have been a foregone conclusion.

Whoosh ! While he was pondering, this sword had already closed in on him at a strange angle, and looked liked it was going to stab him in the back.

Wang Ling just leaned to the side and evaded it. At the same time, he easily caught hold of this blood-red sword's hilt so that it was now in his hand.

The young man from Immortal Mansion was wide-eyed.



He was thunderstruck, and felt like his world view had been completely turned upside down... this, how was this possible?!

This was the Golden Flash, the legendary ancient magic sword which was the fastest sword in all of cultivation history!

The young man from Immortal Mansion was stunned. To actually be able to catch Abyss Avoidance's killing strike... how f\*\*king fast was this person's hand speed? How many years had he remained single 3 in order to achieve it?

Gritting his teeth, the young man silently recited the sword spell to call Abyss Avoidance back.

However, no matter how he chanted, that Abyss Avoidance gripped in that teenage boy's hand didn't budge an inch.

He immediately understood — it wasn't that his magic had failed, but that this teenager had unimaginably freakish strength!

Which holy being was this?

Behind the half-ruined villa wall, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu had already anticipated this scene, but they both still couldn't help sighing.

"Senior Immortal, you mentioned that the Golden Flash was called Abyss Avoidance. Then, do you know the name of that second fastest sword, Silver Lightning?" Song Qingshu couldn't help asking curiously.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Oh, you mean that Silver Lightning?"

Song Qingshu nodded. "Yes."

"It's called Lake Avoidance 4," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied without a second thought.

Song Qingshu: "..."

## Chapter 206: Ai, Another One Has Bite the Dust...

Wang Ling felt that it had really been dangerous, and he had arrived just in time. If he had been several seconds late, the scene which his Heavenly Eye had predicted would have instantly come true, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would have collapsed in a large puddle of ketchup.

Now that he had seized the spirit sword Abyss Avoidance, which was contracted to the young man from Immortal Mansion, Wang Ling only needed a rough sense of this magic sword's strength to immediately realize that this wasn't just any ordinary sword.

In terms of overall battle ability, this magic sword was more powerful than the old devil's dagger which Wang Ling had crushed two days ago. Furthermore, this sword could truly move astonishingly fast.

Previously, when Wang Ling had caught that old devil's ancient magic sword barehanded, he hadn't had to use his Heavenly Eye to track its trajectory; this time, however, he had needed to open it.

There was no doubt that the Golden Flash lived up to its name; any sword that could be included in the historical cultivation list of swords would be far from ordinary.

What was regretful was that this time, it had encountered Wang Ling...

This battle had unexpectedly become a major upset; the woman he had sworn to bring back with him had run away, and even his spirit sword had been seized... at that moment, the young man from Immortal Mansion looked a little discouraged.

He pushed back the hood of his cloak to reveal short, bright red hair. His forehead was beaded with sweat, and he looked a little worn out.

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal both noticed that in the middle of this young man's forehead, there was a red dot the size of a rice grain.

They instantly realized that this young man had signed a spirit contract. This was a method used by ancient sects to control their disciples by binding their souls to prevent them from ever betraying their sects.

This method in fact still existed now, but when light sects accepted disciples now, to safeguard their legitimacy, they signed a sect contract that was only binding for fifty years; they would never use their disciples' souls to threaten them.

Thus, establishing a spirit contract was actually illegal now.

However, this was what the dark forces practiced.

In order to crack down on dark forces operating illegally, Huaxiu nation had time and time again over the years channeled all their efforts and strength into wiping out pornography and drug-trafficking. But each time a dark force was reported on the news as having been dismantled by the government, it was actually just a small-scale operation. What was more, the dark force wouldn't have even been considered a prefecture-level sect back then; at the most, it would have just been a small gang organization.

But after several confrontations with Immortal Mansion, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal this time had a bad feeling that this dark force was definitely a big fish, and was likely involved in a lot of shady interests and despicable dealings behind the scenes.

Wang Ling fixed his eyes on the young man. Although the former didn't make a move, this atmosphere made the young man nervous. To easily neutralize his fifty-fold crescent sword qi and even catch his Golden Flash... this was enough to prove that he and this teenager in the big white bunny pajamas were at completely different realm levels.

The young man drew back into the golden circle which he had marked out earlier and backed up against that hawthorn tree. He glared daggers at Wang Ling and smiled provokingly. "Even if you've stolen Abyss Avoidance, you won't have its heart! It's ranked number one as the fastest sword, and it's also extremely loyal! It would rather self-destruct than ever betray its owner!"

Wang Ling nodded to himself. Without even the need for a hand seal, he just called out softly in his heart, and a brown spirit light instantly glowed in his hand.

Then, as the spirit light subsided, it took the form of a brown spirit sword.

The young man from Immortal Mansion squinted for a better look.

He was then stunned by what he saw — this was such a powerful teenager, but his sword was actually a peach wood sword?

Without a word, Wang Ling placed Jingke over Abyss Avoidance.

Instantly, this young man felt his vision waver, like he had been struck hard in the head. After he came back to his senses, he was dumbfounded when he realized that his connection with Abyss Avoidance had been broken!

"That's impossible! Impossible!" The young man raised his eyes and stared at Wang Ling. "What did you do to Abyss Avoidance?"

He still didn't understand what on earth had happened, but on the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had seen everything and knew what was going on.

"You're wrong. My brother didn't do anything to your sword. It was probably his Jingke who did something..."

Jing...ke? Was that the peach wood sword's name?

The young man was wide-eyed and had a stunned expression on his face. "I've never heard of this sword on the historical cultivation list of swords."

"No kidding!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "His father bought this sword from the bird and flower market."

The young man from Immortal Mansion felt like his three views had been upended once again. "..."

"It's very shocking, right?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at him and spread his hands. "When I heard about this back then, I was as astonished as you. But this is the truth. Actually, it makes sense. Just think about how many cultivation masters in the past casually walked down the

street and were able to pick up ancient rare books and treasures — sometimes, this type of thing depends on your immortal fate."

"What you're saying is completely unscientific!"

The young man from Immortal Mansion flipped out and roared at him in fury. "It's just a peach wood sword from a rundown place. How can it cause my Abyss Avoidance to switch owners so easily?"

"Brother, you should be familiar with the sword spirit pheromones theory, that spiritual swords can be mutually attracted to each other. It has nothing to do with betrayal. All living things have feelings, and so do sword spirits," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said. "Between sword spirits, as long as their pheromones are compatible with each other, sometimes it's just a matter of seconds. Brother Ling's Jingke has attracted plenty of female sword spirits..."

"But my Abyss Avoidance is male! Male! Male!" The corner of this young man's mouth twitched, and he was so angry he repeated the important word three times.

"Oh, so it's male."

Realization immediately dawned on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "You know that you can't explain the pheromones between spirit swords using common sense. This Jingke in my Brother Ling's hand is an aggressive gong."

After he said this, Jingke's blade trembled slightly...

The young man from Immortal Mansion: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

"So from the very beginning, it has little to do with gender." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed his jaw and spoke earnestly. "My Brother Ling's Jingke devours both men and women. Whether it's a male or female sword spirit, it can ensnare both."

"..."

At that moment, the young man from Immortal Mansion could really feel his three views crumble to nothing; it was as if everyone present could vaguely hear this young man's inner world philosophy collapse.

He shook his head repeatedly and muttered non-stop as if he had been possessed by a demon. "I don't believe it... I don't believe it..."

Then, this red-haired youngster retreated a few steps and finally burst into tears as he straightaway dashed off in one direction.

This was probably the legendary "run away in tears"...

That young man hadn't run too far away when Song Qingshu, who had been a bystander the whole time, came forward to stand next to the other two people. He asked with extreme curiosity, "Senior Immortal, the sword spirit pheromones theory you just mentioned... is it true?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Of course it was just something I made up."

"..."

Song Qingshu: "So the connection between the sword Abyss Avoidance and that young man is actually still there?"

"Of course," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Abyss Avoidance is extremely loyal to its owner, how can their connection be broken so easily? That was just Brother Ling's camouflage magic. Anyway, this Abyss Avoidance is already in our hands. Once that person has gone back, Brother Ling will track him, and we'll then know Immortal Mansion's specific location."

"..."

For some reason, Song Qingshu suddenly felt a little sorry for that young man from Immortal Mansion — he had been completely taken in by these two people's routine!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "That's why it's no use having a high cultivation realm. The biggest problem with immersing yourself in cultivation is that you're easily fooled because you don't have enough life experience. My nickname Smooth Talker from back then isn't an empty title! But it seems that I fooled him a little too well — I wonder if that person will be able to find his way home..."

Looking in the direction that the young man from Immortal Mansion had run off crying in, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing. "Ai , regretfully, another one bites the dust..."

Wang Ling and Song Qingshu: "..."

## Chapter 207: Mercury Retrograde Is Too Powerful!

As a veteran in cultivation circles, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal deserved his nickname Smooth Talker — if he was selling crutches, he could fool people into thinking they were lame; if he was selling cars, he could persuade them into coughing up the cash.

When the cultivation forum had been first set up, it had been short on funds. Relying on his fast-talking skills, he had wandered about in the city in a black windbreaker and ran his con whenever he met someone: Little brother, from your fine physique, I can tell that you're a rare cultivation genius. You will be needed to protect world peace!

Using this phrase, he had sold a lot of handmade wooden spirit swords and cultivation manuals at that time. All of his customers, moreover, had been naive cultivators who had just entered the cultivation circle. Actually, thinking about it properly, this had been quite an unethical thing to do. This was hence the reason why Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had become someone who burst with righteousness in the cultivation circle, who liked to meddle in other people's business, and who became revered as Great Death-Courting Senior... it was all for the sake of paying back his intolerable past debts.

He could summarize his current conduct in four words: give back to society.

In fact, if Wang Ling were to trace back past events, he would be surprised to discover that his and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's fated connection had in fact started when he had been very young.

Because back then, it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who had sold that Chanel magic sword, which Wang Ling had destroyed, secondhand to Father Wang.

After the old devil and that young man from Immortal Mansion who had run off in tears had left one after another, the villa district's security group and a number of police cars arrived at the scene.

The young man from Immortal Mansion had created a lot of chaos with Abyss Avoidance.

Luckily, Wang Ling had shown up just in time to prevent further damage at the scene as well as to the surrounding areas.

If that gold crescent earlier had sliced its way through, the sword qi would have cut everything within an endless range around them into half...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa had been severely damaged. Except for the basement, almost half of the villa already lay in ruins. However, he wasn't distressed about this at all; instead, he cried bitter tears over the pile of dead, withered broccoli in the back garden... all the plants there had died except for that hawthorn tree which the young man from Immortal Mansion had protected during the chaotic battle.

He had never expected this hawthorn tree to actually trigger such a catastrophe.

Because the fight that had broken out here hadn't been a small one, based on standard procedure, Wang Ling and the other two would have to be taken to the police station to give their statements.

At this moment, Odd Zhuo demonstrated his precious value once again.

After Wang Ling sent him a message, the police captain leading the team on this end immediately received a call from the police station to treat this huge incident as a completely ordinary domestic dispute.

Because this matter was related to the old devil and Immortal Mansion, which the three of them currently still didn't know anything about, the police wouldn't be of much help even if they stepped in. Hence, Wang Ling planned to wait until things had been settled before letting the police wind everything up.



In this way, he would be able to step back from the matter completely in the end.

With Odd Zhuo making calls behind the scene, the police captain in the end just took a token statement.

As he was about to leave, the police captain saluted Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Sir, we won't bother you any longer today. This incident will probably be classified as an accident. We'll follow up on the property damage — we've already discussed it with villa district security, and we'll arrange for someone from the insurance company to pay you a visit."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gripped the police captain's hand excitedly. "Comrade police, do you know exactly what this insurance covers?"

"That... that'll depend on the insurance company's clause, we don't know for certain." The police captain shook his head regretfully. "The only thing I can be sure of is that the broccoli which you planted was definitely not covered by insurance..."

Standing on the side, Wang Ling saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's face instantly turn gloomy at the police captain's words.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already given up on reflecting on the matter.

The problem was that Grandfather Wang hadn't had any deep intentions when he had given him the broccoli — it truly was nothing more than an ordinary broccoli!

...

Elsewhere, the old devil had retreated into his small world again.

Who could have imagined that this unparalleled devil, who had stirred up great waves and strutted arrogantly around Huaxiu nation, would be reduced to this.

His two attempts to "leave the mountain" 1 had in the end both resulted in failure.

Atop the boundary support of the small world, both the old devil and Jiang Liuyue pondered the issue.

"As expected, the key to this problem is still that Killer Taoist." The old devil gave a faint sigh from inside the stone ghost mask. "Once again, I underestimated this junior's realm. That master-con psycho's strength is at the Void Refinement stage; along with that Abyss Avoidance in his hand, he was able to prevail against my Void Refinement devil spirit. And that other junior was able to parry my sword attack with a single finger... this is enough to prove that his strength is definitely above the Void Refinement stage."

"Senior, are you confident you can win?" Jiang Liuyue asked worriedly.

"I am," the old devil answered in the affirmative. "What my venerable self has to do now is to return to my peak condition. When the time comes, I will personally forge that junior into a devil spirit to serve me."

"No matter what, the next time senior wants to leave the mountain, you have to carefully think about it beforehand to avoid something going wrong again," Jiang Liuyue reminded him on the side.

"Indeed." The old devil nodded his head. "My venerable self has noticed recently that whatever move I make, everything goes wrong. Lately, my venerable self has been specially researching what the modern world calls astrology."

Jiang Liuyue: "...Senior believes in this thing?"

The old devil: "Of course! My venerable self engaged an online astrologer who said I was in the Mercury Retrograde period, which was why everything is going wrong. But this person didn't clearly explain what on earth Mercury Retrograde is."

Jiang Liuyue: "..."

The old devil: "Speaking of this Mercury Retrograde, the fact that it can actually influence my fate in some mysterious way is a little amazing."

Jiang Liuyue: "...There's a way to overcome Mercury Retrograde; Lord Devil Emperor just needs to carry the corresponding lucky items."

"That's what that astrologer said, and that person actually gave me a solution. I've already screenshot it, it's on your phone. But my venerable self doesn't understand what it means no matter how much I've thought about it." Upon saying this, the old devil directed Jiang Liuyue to open the first screenshot in her phone's photo album — it was an image of an astrology card provided by the astrologer with three letters on it: GCM.

The old devil was still puzzled no matter how much he'd pondered it. "My venerable self has thought about it for so long but I still don't understand what these three letters mean..."

After some thought, Jiang Liuyue changed her phone input method into pinyin mode and typed in GCM these three letters...

Instantly, she revealed an enlightened expression.

## Chapter 208: The Old Devil's Invasion Plan

Jiang Liuyue noticed that ever since the old devil had come into contact with modern technology, he seemed to have suddenly changed a lot. The Friends Circle 1 contained a lot of rumors, and the old devil, who had only just encountered modern technology, indeed lacked the ability to differentiate between them. As a result, the current old devil gave Jiang Liuyue the impression that she had an old father who believed everything in his phone's Friends Circle.

Jiang Liuyue had always thought that astrology was exaggerated... but given the old devil's identity, she didn't dare contradict him.

After a moment's silence, she could only change the topic. "Lord Devil Emperor, have you already made plans for that student military training which is coming up?"

"Of course, I've already planned everything out." Inside the stone ghost mask, the old devil smiled coldly. "My venerable self checked online, and the last time the Gate Between Worlds descended was six years ago?"

"That's right, Lord Devil Emperor," Jiang Liuyue answered pragmatically. "But not long after it descended, the demon army withdrew their troops for some unknown reason. The outside world has varying opinions on this past incident. However, there is a limit to how reliable current information is when it comes to the truth. The government claims that the demon emperor in the Gate Between Worlds was afraid of General Yi, and so decided to retreat."

"That's impossible." The old devil's denial sounded straightaway from the stone ghost mask. "Yi Jianchuan and my venerable self have known each other for a very long time, and I am well aware of his capabilities. No matter how powerful he is, it's impossible that it was to the point of making the demon emperor of the Gate Between Worlds scared enough to retreat..."

Jiang Liuyue was bewildered. "Lord Devil Emperor, why are you suddenly bringing up the Gate Between Worlds?"

"Because this is also part of my grand plan to absorb vital essences."

The old devil answered, "The full moon is in two days. My venerable self knows a magic array which can gather pure negative energy to summon the Gate Between Worlds. I'll use it as a cover, so when it descends on the world, that's when I'll carry out my plan."

The old devil didn't want to reveal himself before returning to his full strength. If he summoned the Gate Between Worlds, it was only logical that the demon race from the Gate would be blamed for whatever happened after that.

Hearing this, Jiang Liuyue completely understood; this was a plan to create a diversion.

But would they be able to carry it out smoothly this time...

Jiang Liuyue didn't dare raise a flag [2. 'To raise a flag' is to jinx something], but in her heart she started to worry.

...

It was June 14th, the eighth Tuesday since the start of the semester.

The day of the six schools' combined military training exercise had finally come.

Students from the six schools of Peiyuan district would be gathering together, including students from four key high schools. The hype around this combined military training exercise thus wasn't small, and it drew a lot of attention.

The chief commander responsible for leading the group this time was still Old Antique. When Wang Ling arrived at school in the morning, he saw dozens of buses lined up along the street outside the school gate.

At the moment, Old Antique was still in the morning meeting with the teachers-in-charge, while students from each class queued at the school gate under the direction of their sports committee member.

No. 60 High School's front gate still had that old stone sculpture with its indistinct features, those pitifully few palm trees, and a crowded front square. At the moment, there were more than three hundred students lined up at the gate.

In the queue, Dopey Guo looked around surreptitiously. "I heard that the military instructors who will be leading each class have already arrived at the school..."

"Then where are they?" Little Peanut asked in a whisper.

"Classmate Lotus Sun just came back from No. 59 High School, and I imagine she would have gathered a lot of important data after several days on exchange. She might be sharing her intelligence at the teachers' morning meeting. I heard that those instructors went with Classmate Lotus Sun to the meeting..."

Dopey Guo said, "I heard from one of my uncles that the instructors this time are gold-medal instructors whom Classmate Lotus Sun invited using Huaguo Water Curtain Group's connections. Every one of them is supposedly a cultivator with a very high realm; they're also old soldiers who stood against the first wave of the demon race's invasion from the Gate Between Worlds in the past."

"Are they that amazing?"

"Also, they all share an important characteristic — every one of them is an experienced alchemist..." As soon as Dopey Guo said this, it was as if Wang Ling could sense a hint of a familiar aura in the crowd, and for some reason, he suddenly had a bad feeling.

As expected, a ray of light flashed toward them from a distance, and in an instant, Wang Ling saw a cool-looking figure drop down from the sky.

It was a slender, handsome man with gray hair dressed in traditional attire...

...

When Immortal Toya appeared, his pose was just too cool, like that of an action movie star. Each movement dazzled the eye; even the way he dropped down from his flying sword was incomparably cool.

Of course, cultivators with higher realms wouldn't have taken any notice of his movements. Nowadays, cultivators who made movies didn't need hanging wires; those who trained in physical skills would look cool no matter how they moved.

However, in front of a group of Foundation Establishment high school students, Immortal Toya's beautiful movements along with his noble and attractive looks stirred up quite an uproar in the small square as soon as he appeared.

Standing in the queue, Wang Ling was expressionless, his face as calm as an ancient well.

But to be honest, he was feeling a little disturbed in his heart; he had completely never expected that the person who would be leading them would actually be Immortal Toya.

This was enough to prove how much importance Headmaster Chen had attached to this combined military training exercise for six schools. To emerge victorious in the military training, forty percent of it would rely on an outstanding instructor. As for the remaining sixty percent, fifty percent relied on performance and ten percent on luck.

Immortal Toya in fact didn't come cheap. Just blithely accepting an anime cosplay event would earn him millions of yuan. If someone wanted him to customize an elixir for them, apart from the booking fee to make an appointment with him, they would also have to prepare at least one billion for the refinement of the elixir... this was how much an excellent alchemist cost.

Even if the school had used Huaguo Water Curtain Group's connections to invite Immortal Toya to act as an instructor this time, Wang Ling thought they probably still had had to spend a huge amount of money behind the scenes.

While he was thinking about this, Immortal Toya was already walking over to them. His snowy-white attire fluttered as he moved, revealing tantalising glimpses of his collarbone, and the girls nearby couldn't help getting nosebleeds.

When he had landed in the small square, the young man completely hadn't sensed that his most respected Senior Ling was also in the crowd in queue.

So, when the gray-haired young man approached Grade One, Class Three's queue and met Wang Ling's gaze for a split second, his mind instantly went blank.

Ling... Ling Zhenren?

What the hell?!

Why would Ling Zhenren show up here?

Chapter 209: You Idiot!

The instant Immortal Toya saw Wang Ling, his mind went blank. It was fortunate that he didn't have a habit of falling over, otherwise this old stone sculpture which had stood at No. 60 High School's front gate for a thousand years would have completely collapsed. Worse still, everything within a radius of dozens of li around No. 60 High School would have been affected by the tremors.

A Soul Formation cultivator taking a fall was truly that terrifying...

But Immortal Toya quickly recalled that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had told him before that Senior Ling was currently studying in a high school for the presumed purpose of experiencing

life... it was just that this young man had completely never expected that Senior Ling would choose such an ordinary-looking high school which wasn't even a key high school.

But when all was said and done, a big shot was a big shot, and ordinary people were utterly incapable of understanding such a person's thoughts.

Perhaps this was the gap between Senior Ling and him...

Immortal Toya sighed silently in his heart.

Headmaster Chen had been waiting for a long time at the main entrance of the school building. Seeing that Immortal Toya had suddenly paused at the student queue, he hurriedly came down the stairs to greet him. "Immortal, is something the matter?"

When he heard Headmaster Chen's question, the young man with gray hair instantly returned to his senses. He immediately shook his head when he saw the headmaster looking at him doubtfully. "Oh, I'm alright, I was just reminded of my past..."

It was naturally impossible for him to expose Senior Ling.

Needless to say, Immortal Toya had quick reactions; to say such nostalgic words in a place like a school really fit the scene.

There were many old cultivators who couldn't even find their alma maters anymore; after the founding of Huaxiu nation, most of those sects which had been set up by itinerant cultivators had been disbanded; only a very few had obtained government permits to operate, and they had been incorporated into the light forces.

Therefore, even if it wasn't because of Wang Ling, the young man's heart was actually rather moved.

After all, No. 60 High School was already a thousand years old.

...



At eight o'clock in the morning, a fleet of buses set off from No. 60 High School on time.

On the road, Little Peanut asked a very practical question: how was the equipment distributed on the map during the survival drill this time?

During the previous spirit sword exchange meet between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School, it was General Yi who had put together the equipment which everyone had used.

It was a good question which Old Antique had initially planned to address once they arrived at their destination, but since someone had brought it up now, there was no harm in explaining it on the way.

"The magic treasures scattered on the map for the survival drill this time were also all produced by General Yi, but these are genuine articles. Because of this combined military training between six schools, plus this survival drill pilot program, General Yi started looking for specialists three months ago to create a batch of magic treasures. Since the map is larger this time, there will be tens of thousands of custom-made magic treasures," Old Antique explained.

"Tens of thousands of them?"

Quite a few people in the bus exclaimed in astonishment.

Forget premium magic treasures; to be able to produce tens of thousands of low-quality magic weapons in bulk within a short three months in order to make up numbers on the map was simply inconceivable.

Cupping his jaw, Master of Dopey pushed up his glasses and seemed to recall something. "As far as I know, there are currently only two family factories in Huaxiu that can mass produce magic treasures."

"Which two families?" Super Chen asked.

Dopey Guo answered earnestly, "Lanxiang and New Orient."

Super Chen was startled. "Doesn't one operate excavators and the other teach English?"

"They changed their line of work."

Dopey Guo spread his hands. "Nowadays, you can't make money through excavating or through teaching English. Any Golden Core cultivator can pull down a building, why would you need an excavator? And when it comes to teaching English, after our Huaxiu nation rose to the top, the whole world is now speaking Huaxiu's language!"

Everyone: "..."

...

After about an hour on the road, the members from No. 60 High School finally arrived at a military training base on the western outskirts of Songhai city, Huaxiu nation.

This military training would last for five days and the most important event, the survival drill, would officially start the day after tomorrow. Today was for the students from the six schools to assemble together on the military base.

The base's two large iron gates, which were several dozen meters wide, slowly opened, and the buses slowly drove onto the base. This was a separate military training base which the Songhai city government had specially set up for local students. It had all the general facilities: teaching buildings, dormitories, a massive sports field as well as a training room that felt very high-tech.

For the military training, the dorms were six people to a room. Wang Ling, Super Chen, Dopey Guo and Little Peanut were together. Whether it was a coincidence or not, they were assigned to room 101 on the first floor of the dormitory building.

But the strange thing was, when Wang Ling looked at the names list for room 101, he only saw their four names.

Were the other two beds unoccupied?

Wang Ling rejected this conjecture and didn't think it was possible since all the other rooms had six people. In addition, they were in the first room of this dormitory building, so it was completely impossible for these two beds in the first room to be unoccupied.

Dopey Guo had the honor this time of being the dorm leader, and when he had to go collect the necessary military supplies, he dragged Super Chen along with him.

Key in hand, Wang Ling and Little Peanut went to the dorm. As they approached their door, Little Peanut sensed an aura in the room — someone was inside!

"It seems like someone's inside the room..." Little Peanut said feebly.

In actual fact, Wang Ling had already felt it as soon as they had stepped into the building.

He could sense that person hiding in the dorm; furthermore, this was a premeditated move.

The main thing was that he was very familiar with this person's aura.

Wang Ling gestured for Little Peanut to stand to one side of the door.

Then, he put the key in the lock and turned the doorknob.

As soon as he opened the door, a large, round shadow instantly lunged at them from inside!

"Classmate Wang Ling, watch out!"

Little Peanut almost immediately cried out in alarm at this large hidden weapon.

In the face of this black shadow flying straight at him, Wang Ling had a very calm expression on his face.

In the split second it was about to touch him, he leaned sideways and evaded it perfectly!

Then there was a "bang" as this black shadow went right through the door and smashed into the opposite wall.

After the dust dispersed, Little Peanut could finally clearly see that this black shadow which had looked like a hidden weapon was in actual fact a person.

That person had come flying out of the room wearing a helmet, and because of the massive impact, his entire head had gotten stuck in the wall...

Then, Little Peanut saw this man struggle for a long time but was unable to get his head out of the helmet.

Little Peanut: "..."

In the end, the young man in the helmet let out a feeble cry for help. "Ling, it's my bad! Hurry up and save me..."

Wang Ling sighed deeply in his heart... Wang Ming, you idiot!

Chapter 210: There Are Still Nine Other People as Awesome as General Yi

Wang Ling felt that the military training this time was a little too full of surprises. Forget Immortal Toya being their chief military instructor, even Wang Ming had appeared...

So the question was, why had Wang Ming shown up here? And who did the last bed in the room belong to?

As he thought about these questions, Wang Ling looked at Wang Ming whose entire head was in a helmet that was stuck in the wall. He sighed in his heart, then stretched out his hands to pry the wall open and very carefully pull Wang Ming out.

If he didn't pull Wang Ming out, there was a possibility that Wang Ming's peripheral nerves would die and his brain would suffocate.

After all, the most valuable thing in Wang Ming's body was his brain, though Wang Ling had always felt that this guy's IQ always went offline whenever they met!

Able to breathe fresh air at long last, Wang Ming lay gasping on the ground. After that, he sighed faintly and clenched his fists in resentment. "I never thought that the hammer spark I had been planning for so long would actually fail..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Little Peanut: "..."

"You must be Wang Ling's classmate?" Wang Ming dusted himself off, got to his feet, and gripped Little Peanut's hands. "I'm Wang Xiaoer, a new transfer student. It's nice to meet you!"

For some reason, Little Peanut couldn't help trembling in his heart. A person who could transfer schools halfway through the semester wouldn't have just any ordinary strength. However, he couldn't detect any aura coming off Wang Ming at all. His intuition told him that this was a very dangerous man. To actually be able to hide his aura so perfectly... this person must definitely be an expert!

Little Peanut's imagination ran wild as he shook hands with Wang Ming.

Wang Ling: "..."

You're thinking too much.

...

Wang Ling gave the key to Little Peanut and left an earth-leveling talisman at the scene for Little Peanut to use to patch up the hole which Wang Ming had made. He planned to find a quiet place where he and Wang Ming could speak alone.

The dormitory for the military training was state property, and they would definitely be held accountable if they left such a hole behind. There was no way Wang Ling wanted to be punished by a military instructor to run laps. Students of six high schools, which was thousands of spectators... this would really be too eye-catching.

Wang Ling dragged Wang Ming up to the roof of the dormitory via teleportation.

After that sneak attack just now, Wang Ming finally took the helmet off, and then pointed to the spring launchers tied around his ankles with an inscrutable expression. "I obtained some primordial black crystal; it's the hardest metal in the universe, and I thought I could use it to confuse your senses! I never thought it wouldn't work!"

Primordial black crystal?

Wang Ling stared at the helmet for a moment, stretched out his hand, and with a crack, crushed it.

"..."

After a long time, Wang Ming sighed mournfully in his heart... sure enough, they were just damn brothers on the surface!

He wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. "Ling... can you give your elder brother a little face?! I always feel like an idiot every time I show up."

Wang Ling didn't say anything, and only folded his arms as he narrowed his eyes at Wang Ming with a face full of questions.

Even without telepathy, Wang Ming also knew what Wang Ling wanted to ask.

He immediately spread his hands. "Don't look at me like that, this time I'm here on business. General Yi had the factory produce such a large number of magic artifacts in three months, so it's possible there might be some problems with the quality. I'm here with my team this time to perform repairs on the artifacts damaged during the drill."

This was the truth. Wang Ming knew that Wang Ling had the Mind-Reading Ability, so there was no point in lying to his face.

After learning of Wang Ming's purpose for being here, Wang Ling was actually very relieved. After all, Wang Ming was a cultivation muggle, and recently, No. 60 High School hadn't been very peaceful, so it would be very dangerous for him if he really were to transfer to No. 60 High School to study.

At the present stage, the best thing for Wang Ming would be to accept government protection. God knew when another younger sister of the Master of Shadow Stream would come running over again to abduct him...

To be honest, since that incident the last time, there was still lingering fear in Wang Ling's heart — if Wang Ming was gone, there would be no one to make subsequent talisman seals, and even Wang Ling himself couldn't predict what would happen in the future if he didn't have them.

Now, the hearts of these two brothers standing on the roof were in fact like mirrors to each other.

"Ah, that's right! Ling, there's one more thing that might be of interest to you," Wang Ming said suddenly. "Although the main reason my research team is here is for the maintenance of the magic artifacts, we actually have a secondary task. Two years ago, our Academy of Science developed an instrument that's able to detect abnormal fluctuations in Huaxiu nation. Just recently, this device detected a strange signal. Our preliminary guess is that this signal is likely related to the Gate Between Worlds."

Wang Ling's eyes suddenly lit up when he heard this since it already wasn't the first time he had come into contact with this gate which connected the demon and human worlds together. Moreover, he realized that there actually were a lot of people around him who were connected to it.

Old Li whom Wang Ling had rescued from the Gate three years ago was one example. Another example was Loopy Toad, who had dropped from the sky six years ago and had now turned into a dog.

"After the demon army withdrew six years ago, General Yi joined forces with the other nine generals to seal the Gate Between Worlds firmly shut. Logically speaking, it shouldn't appear again in the short term. Historical records of the last few times that the Gate had appeared show that it happens every one hundred years, or even after several hundred years."

Wang Ming paused at this point, then put forward his own hypothesis. "So, I think it's definitely abnormal for us to detect a fluctuation from the Gate Between Worlds, and I suspect that there's probably someone who is summoning it and planning to coordinate an offensive."

There actually was some basis for his conjecture, since the reappearance of the Gate Between Worlds this time was indeed too unusual. Who was General Yi? He was one of the Ten Founding

Generals back then, and was now an Ambassador for Peace in outer space who was often sent to mediate conflict between other planets.

Even if General Yi had been alone back then, he would have been more than enough to seal the Gate Between Worlds for a hundred years.

But in that group which had joined hands to seal the Gate back then, there were still nine other people who were as awesome as General Yi!

The Ten Founding Generals had sealed it together! How strong was the seal? The goal had been to ensure that Huaxiu nation would be protected from the Gate Between Worlds for at least a thousand years.

But after just six years, fluctuations from the Gate had been detected once again — one's imagination could indeed run wild trying to figure out the reason behind it.

But Wang Ling could already guess who was behind this mischief. It was the person who most wanted to cause chaos in order to conceal the fact of his resurrection...

In any case, Wang Ling felt that it was indeed worth paying attention to this matter.