

Daily Life 211

Chapter 211: A Qigong Wave Without Waves...

Wang Ming's identity as a transfer student was only a cover; after the military training drill was over, he would disappear. After the two brothers met privately on the roof, Wang Ling promised that after Wang Ming's disappearance, he would erase the memories of the people who had been around him.

As for the other unoccupied bed in the room, this was actually a deliberate decoy on Wang Ming's part. Actually, he would be the only other person staying in the room.

To avoid suspicious problems, the military instructors weren't allowed to stay with the students during the military training, and they had their own separate dormitory building.

After Dopey Guo had dragged Super Chen off to gather the military supplies and they both returned, they saw that there was one more new brother in the dorm. They instantly started chatting familiarly with him. For them to coincidentally get a transfer student during this military training period and who had also been dragged into the military training... both of them felt that Wang Ming's identity wasn't simple.

The most crucial thing was that they couldn't sense even the faintest hint of an aura on him. This aura concealment skill was really too powerful! If they used it during this survival drill, it could be a hugely advantageous weapon. In a situation where their auras couldn't be detected at all, they could become "Voldemort" and hide in the grass and wait for a chance to make a move. This was definitely a great trick for confusing the enemy!

"Which school was this brother at before?"

Super Chen was very curious about Wang Ming's identity. Currently, they had learned from Wang Ming's mouth that he and Wang Ling had actually been neighbors who had grown up together.

It was a tacit and mutual understanding that they would hide their relationship as brothers.

After Super Chen asked this question, everyone else looked eagerly at Wang Ming. Only Wang Ling lay on the bed with his hands under his head. He wasn't in the mood to go along with this idiocy, and he wasn't worried that Wang Ming wouldn't be able to integrate into the group.

The reason was because this guy could make friends instantly — also, he could lie casually. After all, all these "lies" had been directly made official. This manipulation was so blatant yet even the cultivation police hadn't been able to discover any clues when they had checked his ID card.

So faced with Super Chen's question, Wang Ming answered almost without hesitation, "I studied in Xiangxieshuige in Yunding Heavenly Palace."

"Xiangxieshuige in Yunding Heavenly Palace?" Super Chen was surprised because it was a school he had never heard of before.

Dopey Guo patted his head and was also a little astonished in his heart. There were unexpectedly still things on this earth that he, Master of Dopey, didn't know. He knew everything about all of the major high schools in Huaxiu nation; if there was something he was missing, there could only be one possibility.

This Xiangxieshuige in Yunding Heavenly Palace was most likely a private institution...

If it was a private institution, it was quite normal to not know about it. The government had made it compulsory for even those at the Golden Core stage to get an education, but it didn't have to be at a public school since private schools and light sects were also other alternatives. Furthermore, private institutions generally didn't accept students via online enrollment, and students got in through private connections... the main point was that those who entered these institutions were from wealthy and respectable families.

Super Chen, Dopey Guo and Little Peanut stared wide-eyed and flabbergasted at this Classmate "Wang Xiaoer" in front of them — it turned out that this guy was a big boss!

The thing cultivators liked to do most was to swap experiences. It wasn't easy to find a big boss from a private institution, and Super Chen and the other two worshiped Wang Ming fervently; because the name on Wang Ming's card was Wang Xiaoer, Super Chen simply called him second brother 1. "Second brother, I want to ask, what do they teach you in a private institution?"

Wang Ming hummed and rubbed his chin, then answered after thinking for a bit, "The Turtle Wave Heart Sutra."

"Turtle Wave Heart Sutra?" Dopey Guo opened his eyes wide. "Don't tell me it's the legendary heart sutra for cultivating the Turtle Qigong Wave 2 ? This is a heavenly technique... there are only a few people in the world who are able to grasp it!"

"It doesn't seem that hard." Wang Ming spread his hands. "Almost everyone in our school can basically do it. And let me tell you, the Turtle Qigong Wave is actually already out-of-date. It has too much momentum; as soon as you release it, the enemy is already able to detect it from a distance. Even if a technique looks showy, what use is it if it can't defeat someone?!"

"That's true..." The three people nodded noncommittedly.

Wang Ming: "So now in the 'Turtle Wave Heart Sutra' and using the Turtle Qigong Wave as a base, there's a kind of qigong wave which our headmaster invented that can take someone down from thousands of li away without a sound and without causing any fluctuations."

The three were petrified. "There is such an operation? What qigong wave is this? What's it called?"

Wang Ming's eyes were slitted mysteriously, then he said two words, "Non-Showy Wave!"

"Non-Showy Wave?"

They were dumbfounded.

What kind of cultivation technique was this?

It was actually called Non-Showy Wave?

Wang Ming continued, "Like I said just now, releasing a qigong wave without sound or even the slightest fluctuation is for the sake of looking less showy."

After he said this, he slowly stood up. Looking out the window, he slowly took off his coat to reveal a sinewy body, then pointed to a red mark on his back. "For the sake of cultivating this technique, your second brother suffered a lot. The headmaster threw me deep into the mountain forest where I

drank dew when I was thirsty, ate grasshoppers when I hungry, and wrestled with spirit beasts every day. This red mark is from when I was struck a blow while cultivating."

Wang Ling dug at his ears and almost couldn't continue listening, because that red mark was actually just a birthmark!

Hearing Wang Ming's words, Super Chen and the others sucked in sharp breaths and were crazy excited. "Second brother, you're too awesome!"

Wang Ming put his clothes back on and there was an unusually deep look in his eyes. Like the main character in Kung Fu Hustle who in the end defeated the Beast with his Buddhist Palm, he put his hands behind his back and calmly looked at the three people who were gazing at him in awe. "If you want to learn, I can teach you..."

And so, with this type of supreme bluff, Wang Ming had already completely played these three individuals in a mere ten minutes of interaction.

"Second brother, second brother, when can you explain the principle of this Non-Showy Wave to us?"

"Second brother, what is the basic formula for the 'Turtle Wave Heart Sutra'? Can you teach us? When we're cultivating it, is there any specific point which we need to pay attention to?"

"Points that need attention? No." Wang Ming smiled with a very gentle expression. "As long as you follow me in your cultivation, I guarantee that all of you will be able to achieve super high scores in the martial arts section of the college entrance examination!"

After he said this, he didn't forget to look at Wang Ling on the upper bunk. "This brother upstairs, aren't you also going to take me as your master?"

Wang Ling: "..."

I'll just silently watch you be a pretentious prick...

Chapter 212: 'Fashionable' Patriarch Reliance

Whether the military training exercise could be considered a large-scale operation or not depended on the amount of money that had been invested into it and on the leaders who had come to observe the proceedings this time.

There were quite a lot of leaders present for the six schools' combined military training exercise this time. Odd Zhuo was here as a representative of the General Administration of 100 Schools, and Secretary Dakang of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools had also come. Additionally, all the headmasters of the six schools had come to serve as supervisors.

The number of students involved this time was quite large. The military training exercise was admittedly important, but the students' safety was likewise a priority.

At noon, Immortal Toya was called to another meeting. As the chief instructor for the military training this time, he also had an important responsibility to help ensure the students' safety.

In the meeting room, Secretary Dakang, Odd Zhuo, Headmaster Jin of No. 59 High School, Headmaster Chen of No. 60 High School, Headmaster Qian of Building Materials High School, Headmaster Sun of God Vision High School and Headmaster Hong of Prime Elevation High School, these two great leaders and five headmasters, had all come together.

"Why isn't Headmaster Yue of Reliance High School here yet?" Sitting on a long bench in the middle of the conference room, Secretary Dakang locked his fingers together and rested his chin on them. He frowned, a little unhappy.

"I heard that Patriarch Reliance 1 just came out from seclusion; he's on his way here now." As Reliance High School's alliance partner this time, Headmaster Hong of Prime Elevation High School mediated the situation.

"I knew that that brat would definitely be late..." The old Secretary sighed. "In those days, he was a seclusion maniac. Thinking back to before Reliance High School was set up, this guy established Reliance Sect and found a mountain to build it on. He pulled some elders and high-ranking officials over, then went into seclusion. When he came out of seclusion several hundred years later, he didn't even know how many disciples there were in the sect."

Headmasters: "..."

"Are Secretary Dakang and this Senior Patriarch Reliance from the same sect? How do you know all this?" Immortal Toya asked curiously on one side.

"How could we possibly be from the same sect? I know this naturally because of the establishment of Reliance High School back then. It was because of a problem with the high school that I had had a lot of contact with him before." The old Secretary pressed his lips together. His gaze swept over everyone present as he smiled. "You all know that every school in Huaxiu nation has to be endorsed by our Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools, right?"

Everyone nodded. "Of course."

The old Secretary said, "This endorsement naturally takes a while to process as it has to go through the government departments. After the application for setting up a school is submitted, the general examination and approval procedure takes fifteen working days."

Headmaster Chen nodded. "That's right, it indeed takes that long. In addition, the headmaster applying to set up the school has to show up in person to sign and provide a fingerprint, and to register the school's address on the spot. Only then is the application approved."

"That was the problem."

Secretary Dakang smiled bitterly. "Back then, whenever Patriarch Reliance submitted his application papers, he would go into seclusion after that, and it would be for a hundred years each time..."

Headmasters: "..."

Secretary Dakang: "The main problem was that this guy would resubmit his papers each time after coming out of seclusion, and then he couldn't help himself from going back in... in this way, our Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools received six applications one after another, and it took six hundred years for Reliance High School's application to be confirmed. If it hadn't been for these six hundred years, it would have been an old school that would be one thousand years old by now..."

Headmasters: "..."

There was silence in the conference room for a long time.

After about five or six minutes, Odd Zhuo's cellphone finally rang. "It's news from Patriarch Reliance! A text message!"

Secretary Dakang: "Oh? What did he say?"

"He said..."

Seeing the content of the text message, Odd Zhuo's expression looked very unsightly. After a silent moment of consideration, in the end, he still read out Patriarch Reliance's message: "Damn it! I just came out of seclusion, how can everyone be so quiet? Don't you surf the Internet? How many hunks and beauties are there today? Is my favorite Cailian Zhenren there? I hear Immortal Toya is also there today? It's this type of talented junior that I like. I'm still on the road, I'll see you later, mwah mwah !"

After Odd Zhuo finished reading, everyone in the room instantly drew in sharp breaths.

"..." Immortal Toya wiped at his sweat. Hearing that Patriarch Reliance actually had a good impression of him, he felt a little flattered in his heart, but also questioned how accurate the text was. "Director Zhuo... is this really from Senior Patriarch Reliance?"

Odd Zhuo opened the profile photo, and after repeatedly confirming it, nodded his head to everyone's incredulity. "It's absolutely true, it's real."

"..."

Everyone instantly felt that Patriarch Reliance's image had collapsed a little...

Grand Patriarch Reliance was actually such an unconventional person! Was it because the Internet signal on Reliance Mountain was poor, and had only just been connected in the village?

"You don't have to doubt it. That is unmistakably Patriarch Reliance's tone." The corner of Secretary Dakang's mouth twitched. "Although Patriarch Reliance is a seclusion maniac, his chosen seclusion

spot for many years has been his hometown, Reliance Village. The village's Internet signal is indeed not very good."

Everyone: "..."

Secretary Dakang: "But most regretfully... Patriarch Reliance has all along always thought himself a very fashionable person."

Everyone: "..."

...

Another ten minutes passed, but Headmaster Yue of Reliance High School, Patriarch Reliance, had yet to show up.

Odd Zhuo looked at his messages on his cellphone and saw that Patriarch Reliance had sent a second message. "Patriarch Reliance was in seclusion for a long time, and didn't know that there's an odd-even license plate regulation in effect now. It seems that he had been speeding on his flying sword on the road, and was arrested. Right now, he's still sorting it out at the police station."

Everyone: "..."

The old Secretary, who had been waiting a little impatiently, simply and directly took charge of the meeting. He turned to look at Headmaster Hong on one side. "Ignore him, let's start our meeting first. Little Hong, your Prime Elevation High School and Reliance High School are in an alliance this time. If anything comes up in the meeting, you'll be responsible for passing the information on."

"Yes, Secretary." Headmaster Hong nodded.

The meeting officially began.

The old Secretary looked inside the little notebook he had prepared. He had put down a number of issues that they had to discuss in relation to the military training exercise. After all, this survival drill was a pilot program which the six schools were participating in, so there were actually still a

lot of holes in it. What they had to do now in this discussion was to find these holes in time and fill them.

"General Yi has attached great importance to this exercise. Starting three months ago, he specially customized a large number of magic artifacts to be placed on the map for the students to use. This will greatly test the students' ability to adapt and to use a magic artifact in flexible ways."

The old Secretary said, "However, given the fact that some of the magic artifacts require more complex operation, it won't be easy for students to use them, and studying them may take a long time. Our group of experts think that this could significantly slow down the drill's pace. What do you think?"

Chapter 213: All of You Have Overlooked a Bug

The question which the old Secretary had raised was certainly not a superfluous one. If the magic artifacts weren't easy to use, it would indeed greatly slow down the pace. The group of experts had predicted that from beginning to end, after over ten thousand people battled it out on the map to be the last ones standing and the outcome of the contest was decided, the survival drill would take three days. This deadline would force students to enhance their ability to adapt and to work with one another. At the same time, this was the optimal time limit to ensure that it would be an exciting drill.

But if the magic artifacts as an unpredictable factor would have an impact on the time limit, that would be disastrous.

"How about limited drops of instruction manuals near the map?" Immortal Toya immediately asked.

Secretary Dakang nodded. "I also thought about that. Moreover, we can make it into something like an electronic illustrated handbook. Students only need to scan a magic artifact, and the handbook will automatically explain it to them. This can also help students understand the characteristics of each magic artifact. What do you think?"

Headmaster Jin of No. 59 High School shook his head. "I have no objections."

"No objections." The others agreed one after another.

"Good, then that's settled." The old Secretary looked at the little notebook. "Then the next issue has to do with the number of people participating in the survival drill. In total, there are over ten thousand students, but the students from No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School together add up to less than eight hundred."

This issue of parity in the military exercise was in fact a very serious one.

"How can it be so little?" Headmaster Sun of God Vision High School frowned.

Headmaster Chen sighed pitifully. "Even though right now we are key city candidates, we naturally can't compare with true key city high schools. Our annual enrollment numbers are limited. Four hundred new enrollments is already the most we get every year..."

With his remark, Headmaster Chen had laid bare the problem. A key city high school, on the other hand, could easily get a thousand enrollments every year.

The other headmasters all had helpless expressions. They had actually overlooked such a problem. Even though a big highlight of this military training exercise was the contest between two key city high school candidates against four key city high schools, if student numbers weren't equal, there in fact wouldn't be any point to this competition.

"That's why now, we can only come up with checks and balances in other ways," the old Secretary said. "In our survival drill this time, the students will be sent into the sky above the map using a magic array, and then they will be dropped together. I have a suggestion... what do you think about setting up the array so that the students of No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School are dropped in zones where the magic artifacts are more concentrated?"

"I have no objections."

Headmaster Hong of Prime Elevation High School added, "This is indeed an unfair situation; I think we can also give each child from No. 60 High School and No. 59 High School an illustrated handbook of the magic artifacts. What do you think?"

The other headmasters nodded their heads again. "Mm, that would be fine. We have no complaints."

It was only eight hundred people; in the eyes of these headmasters, it was utter nonsense to think that this eight hundred could stand against over nine thousand students from the other four schools combined.

"..."

It was only Immortal Toya whose lips couldn't help but twitch slightly.

There were only eight hundred students in total from No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School... but among them was Ling Zhenren this bug in the system!

Immortal Toya felt that he could already see this story's ending.

"When will the transmission begin?" Headmaster Chen asked after they had more or less discussed everything.

The old Secretary looked at the time and replied, "We'll start tonight at six o'clock."

"So soon? Don't the students have training?"

"It's only in unexpected situations that we can test these children's ability to adapt. As for the conventional military training, that can be carried out after the drill," said the old Secretary.

Saying that, he turned his gaze to Odd Zhuo. "Is the transmission array ready?"

Odd Zhuo nodded seriously. "Yes, everything's been prepared. Before the children arrived at the military base, the transmission array had already been secretly set up around the dormitory building. Once the array is activated, all the students in the dormitory will be instantly sent to the map for the drill this time."

Some of the headmasters were a little astonished when they heard this. They had initially thought that the students would need to assemble first before everyone entered the magic array together; they had completely never expected this type of operation. This meant that the students would be sent directly to the map completely unprepared.

Speaking up to this point, Odd Zhuo sighed lightly. "The only thing we're missing now is the signature of Reliance High School's Headmaster Yue. Once he signs, we'll be able to activate the array."

"Hm... call him right away. Tell him this is an order: I want him here in ten minutes. Otherwise, Reliance High School will straightaway lose the right to practice in the drill! And Little Zhuozi, tell him that if he isn't here in ten minutes, his Reliance High School will very likely be demoted next year," said the old Secretary.

Odd Zhuo: "Would this be too severe?"

"Not at all." Secretary Dakang shook his head in pain and let out a sigh with deep feelings only he could understand. "He's at the police station now, right? I'm worried that in the time he's drinking tea, he'll start thinking about going into seclusion."

Everyone: "..."

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The sky in the western outskirts of Songhai city was crowded with stars. That evening, all the students were called back into the dormitory to fill in their camp handbooks with their details.

Wang Ling knew that this had been deliberately arranged by the headmasters of the six schools with the purpose of gathering all the students inside the dormitory.

He had already earlier on discovered the magic array which had been set up around the dormitory building. The survival drill this time was definitely going to be a sudden ambush; what the six headmasters were plotting in their hearts was clear as crystal to Wang Ling.

The only thing that worried him a little was those exotic magic treasures which General Yi had developed. God knew what kind of crazy stuff they could pick up on the map this time.

After filling in his handbook, he sat thinking on the bed. At that moment, there was movement outside the door — it was Wang Ming returning with his three new little brothers.

"Second brother, please take a seat!" As soon as they entered the room, Super Chen pulled a chair out like a lackey for Wang Ming to sit in, then looked at Dopey Guo and Little Peanut. "You two, go and pour second brother a glass of water!"

He then rolled up his sleeves and planned to help Wang Ming massage his shoulders. Just as he placed his hands on Wang Ming's shoulders, the other man straightaway shivered. "What are you doing?"

He turned his head to look at Super Chen.

Super Chen answered truthfully, "Second brother just showed us how to cultivate the Non-Showy Wave, and it must have been hard on you. Our family is into physical education, and I learned from my dad how to knead acupuncture points. I just want to help second brother massage your shoulders."

"It's fine, it's fine, I'm not tired..."

As Wang Ming said this, he actually felt a little diffident.

Given his muggle body, he was keenly aware of what the consequences would be if this person at the Foundation Establishment stage massaged his shoulders.

He couldn't help sweating. He had just narrowly avoided having the bones in his shoulders shatter...

Chapter 214: My Contemporaries Make Me Look Evil in Contrast

It was still June 14th and it was already five o'clock in the evening.

From arriving at the military training base to applying for military supplies and then to filling in the handbook, today's activities didn't seem so packed, which actually made many students think that the military training this time wouldn't be as tough as they'd imagined; as long as they got a good ranking for their schools during this survival drill, that should be fine.

In the dorm, the students of No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School had been housed in the same section. Some were consulting each other on battle tactics while others were chatting idly. The overall atmosphere was very relaxed.

At about half past five, Old Antique came to the rooms to check that all the students in the dorm were accounted for and make sure that none of them had been overlooked outside the dorm. Furthermore, he gave each person something: an electronic illustrated handbook the size of a person's palm.

But he didn't explain what it was for, and went off with a latiao stuck in his mouth.

After studying it for a while, Super Chen still hadn't figured it out.

"Second brother, do you know what this is?" he asked.

Hands folded behind his head, Wang Ming's chair was tilted as he leaned back against the wall, his two long, straight legs crossed on the desk. He raised his eyes to give it an idle look, then promptly replied, "Isn't it an electronic illustrated handbook? General Yi had gotten so many magic treasures produced en masse this time, so there are bound to be some that you wouldn't know how to use. This illustrated handbook will probably prove very convenient once we enter the map."

Saying this, Wang Ming smiled faintly. "Furthermore, this is probably something only our No. 60 High School and No. 59 High School have. The other four schools wouldn't have gotten it. The combined number of students from our two schools is just eight hundred in total, while the other four schools together have over nine thousand students. The numbers are simply not equal. This is most likely a handicap which the headmasters of the six schools devised after discussing it among themselves."

The people in the dorm raised their heads, eyes instantly lighting up. There was even this type of operation?

"But can we really bring this thing in? I heard that after entering the magic array, it will by default block anything that's in storage space on the body, and won't allow magic treasures to be brought into the map," said Little Peanut.

Wang Ming narrowed his eyes and smiled. "It's fine, the array has already been set up, so this electronic illustrated handbook isn't part of its filter scope."

At this moment, even Dopey Guo had no choice but to admire how knowledgeable this second brother Wang Ming was. Even he, the gossip expert, hadn't known this matter, but this second brother had actually known of it.

Wang Ling: "..."

What rubbish, it was Wang Ming who had drawn out the blueprint for this magic array; it would be odd if this guy didn't know about it!

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Time flew by, and it was close to 5:55 pm when the two Wang family brothers opened their eyes at the same time.

They could both sense that the magic array outside the dormitory building was in the start-up phase.

Wang Ling secretly opened his Heavenly Eye, and noticed that this round array wasn't just any ordinary size, it was massive; it included almost all the dormitory buildings on the military training base. Furthermore, the array's structure was complicated and mutable; even first-class array masters wouldn't have been able to set up this array under six months.

In fact, Wang Ming had started drawing up the plans two years ago. Though he didn't have spirit energy, he had played a key role in deploying the advanced mathematical operations and various complex formulas required to design the magic array.

It was such a large array; using the Heavenly Eye to do a simple sweep of it, Wang Ling could already see a mix of several hundred thousand formula designs. Only the strongest brain could have done this; a regular person really wouldn't have been able to take it.

This magic array was linked to a small world that had been created by an Almighty cultivator. Judging from the array's structure alone, Wang Ling knew that time flowed at a different pace in the small world compared with outside.

Wang Ming got up and stood by the window as he looked at the faint glimmer of light outside. It looked a little like the light of an incandescent lamp, but actually, it was the light emitted during the

operation phase of the array. He mentally calculated that the array would be completely activated in three minutes.

Taking a deep breath, Wang Ming checked the people in the dorm and noticed that Hero Guo had disappeared. He pointed to Dopey Guo's bed. "Where is he? "

Super Chen: "Dopey said he had a stomachache, so he went to the toilet."

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ming: "..."

...

At the same time, a dark space tunnel opened on the top of the dormitory building. Two hands stretched out of the tunnel to push its edges apart, and a figure struggled its way out.

"Finally, we made it."

Using Jiang Liuyue's body, the old devil had arrived.

In the stone ghost mask, Jiang Liuyue sensed the massive magic array around the dormitory building and was a little surprised. "This array is truly a masterpiece; an Almighty had to have been involved, otherwise there is no way this could have been set up. Furthermore, I can faintly sense that there are experts in the vicinity; the headmasters of the six schools and the Secretary of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools have gathered here. Senior, are you sure about this?"

"My venerable self heard that one of the six school headmasters is Patriarch Reliance? Given my present state, apart from Patriarch Reliance and the old Secretary... I don't have to worry about the others." The old devil let out a hmph. "My last two defeats were because my venerable self had underestimated that junior called Killer Taoist. As long as that junior doesn't show up to upset things, there's nothing to be worried about."

"That man seems to be connected to the cultivation forum." Jiang Liuyue smiled bitterly in the stone ghost mask. "The last few times this person appeared was because our matter involved the

cultivation forum's Great Death-Courting Senior. Senior shouldn't need to be so apprehensive today."

"That's right."

The old devil nodded, and with a flash of spirit light, a blue flag appeared in his hand.

An array-guiding flag?

Jiang Liuyue was amazed in her heart. The array-guiding flag was a very practical magic treasure which could move a pre-existing magic array's location to a completely different one in an instant.

But she had also heard that in the past, an unlawful person had used this flag and triggered a huge catastrophe. Therefore, as early as one thousand years ago, the array-guiding flags on the market had all disappeared. Worst of all, they weren't sold even in the black market or auction houses!

It had to be said that the old devil was in the end the old devil. There were few people who could wield so many ancient treasures.

"My venerable self has already set up an array in my small world to connect to the Gate Between Worlds."

Holding the array-guiding flag, the old devil sneered. "When my venerable self sneaks in alongside the students into the small world where the drill will be held, I'll use the array-guiding flag to open the Gate Between Worlds in that small world undetected. Then my venerable self will take advantage of this opportunity to absorb the vitality of thousands of students, thereby entering this world once again."

Speaking up to this point, the old devil chuckled. "Do you know why my venerable self was labeled the first devil in history?"

Jiang Liuyue: "Why?"

"Because there was no one else as vicious as me."

The old devil said, "The reason why my venerable self can cause panic among the masses is because my contemporaries weren't as wicked, so they made me look evil in contrast."

Jiang Liuyue: "..."

Chapter 215: Dopey Guo Spiraling Into the Sky

What the old devil said was in fact true. Anyone could stand out in their respective field depending on how they measured up against their contemporaries.

There was some basis for this thinking, as every villain in history could demonstrate. Some tried to reach a deceitful compromise with the main character through a PY trade, but it backfired on them and got them killed; some pretended to accept disciples with the intent of devouring their souls and flesh, but in the end they failed and self-destructed; and some held their banners high before battle, thinking that they would definitely win, but in the end they were beaten up so badly that even their own mothers couldn't recognize them.

The old devil thought, moreover, that all villains shared a distinctive characteristic: they talked too much...

...

With less than a few minutes to go before the array was activated, Master of Dopey was still clutching his stomach in pain in the military training dorm toilets. He didn't know what he had eaten today that was inexplicably causing his stomach to hurt.

He crouched over the squat toilet, hands gripping the wall handles on both sides and his entire person looked like it was about to collapse.

What on earth had he eaten?

He felt that his brain had already lost its ability to think.

Oh... right.

Just as he was about to completely collapse, he remembered something.

It wasn't something that he had eaten today. He recalled when he had walked through the school corridor yesterday, and he had eaten a new dish which Mother Juan had created. It had been a rice dish, where she had turned the rice into shaved ice. Mother Juan had even given it a very nice-sounding name, "fan bing bing 1 ." Back then, she had been trialing this dish in the corridor...

The issue was that he had only eaten one mouthful! Also, he hadn't felt any discomfort at the time.

Covering his stomach, Dopey Guo wanted to cry but had no tears to shed.

At that moment, he was amazed to discover that Mother Juan's black cuisine had been elevated once again... it now actually had a delayed effect, which was just too scary!

...

The minutes ticked by, and when Dopey Guo looked weakly at the time, he discovered that it was almost six o'clock. He had already been in the toilet for more than ten minutes...

It was at that moment that he saw the tiles under his feet unexpectedly start to tremble slightly.

An earthquake?

Dopey Guo felt it was doubtful; the tremors didn't feel strong enough to be an earthquake.

Just then, he saw a white light shine through the partition cracks from the next cubicle.

Na... nani 2 ?!

Dopey Guo was so scared he pissed, and in the next moment, he felt his body gradually become nothingness as he followed a dense rolling cloud of mist ahead of him. He could feel himself being dragged down an endless passage toward a new map by a strange force.

Am I crossing over?

By the time he reacted, he could already feel strong blasts of wind blowing between his legs.

He was astonished when he realized that he had actually been directly teleported while he had been taking a dump, and now, he was spiraling into the sky with bare buttocks...

...

In the conference room of the military training base on the western outskirts of Songhai city, the old Secretary sat on a long bench and looked at the big TV screen in front of him. In the lower right corner of the screen was a radar, and it showed countless red dots densely packed together. "The transmission array has already been activated, right? Have the numbers been confirmed?"

"Yes, they've already been confirmed." Standing next to the old Secretary, Odd Zhuo was reporting the details. "Before the transmission array was officially opened, we had already asked the teachers leading their school teams to carefully confirm that all the students were filling in the camp handbook inside the dorm. Some of them weren't in their rooms, but they were in the toilets... no one was overlooked."

The old Secretary nodded. "Mm, that's good."

In... the toilet?

In the conference room, several of the headmasters couldn't help the way the corners of their mouths twitched.

They could already imagine the shock of the students who were suddenly transported away while still taking a dump or peeing. In this situation, would they be so scared that they'd suck their shit or piss right back in?

The old Secretary laughed. "An unexpected situation, now that's reality. Don't we need to really see the students for who they are?"

"The old Secretary is right..."

Odd Zhuo sweated a little. "Currently, they are in the ascending stage. After the array sends them to the map, it will automatically direct them up to a height of five kilometers, and finally let them all down at the same time, leaving them free to choose where they want to land."

"What about safety? Are there any problems?"

"Rest assured, old Secretary, General Yi personally set up this small world. Their descent will be slowed down once they are a hundred meters from the ground."

Odd Zhuo continued reporting the situation. "The instructors in charge of the survival drill have also entered the map; their radar signals are blue. As the chief commander, Senior Immortal Toya will ensure that the students remain safe during the drill. The magic artifacts were all specially created for the small world. Once the small world judges that a student's vital point has been hit, the body will emit green smoke, and the student will be considered out."

The rules for survival and the elimination mechanism this time were actually easy to understand, and were simpler than those for the previous spirit sword exchange meet.

As Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools in Songhai city, it could be said that Odd Zhuo had worked his heart out on this plan; from the moment the higher-ups had given him this task, he had spared no effort in formulating the process and guidelines this time, and had come up with contingency plans for every kind of situation that might happen.

This was because he knew that shifu was a person who had always disliked troublesome matters, and liked to keep a low profile...

But however meticulously prepared a plan was, it was almost impossible for it to be perfectly soundproof.

Standing next to the old Secretary, Odd Zhuo's face looked a little troubled. "Secretary Dakang, I've just received information saying that there are fluctuations coming from the Gate Between Worlds again, and the coordinates are near us."

Gate Between Worlds?

The old Secretary frowned, feeling that this was a bit too much of a coincidence. With a solemn expression, he lowered his head and said, "Back then, General Yi and I joined hands in a group of ten people to seal the Gate Between Worlds. Under normal circumstances, it's impossible to undo the seal on the Gate in such a short time. I have a feeling that someone is causing mischief behind the scenes."

"The fact that the coordinates of the Gate's fluctuations are so close to us is bad."

"It'll be terrible if it's dangerous to the children."

"Old Secretary, should we call for reinforcements?"

"We can keep that as a contingency plan, let's check the situation first." The old Secretary waved his hand and frowned as he said, "In any case, the headmasters of the six schools and I are here. We must be fully responsible for the safety of the students."

Odd Zhuo was extremely surprised; he had completely never expected that the old Secretary would actually use reinforcements as a backup plan. "Is the Gate Between Worlds truly that terrifying?"

"When the demon army retreated back then, ten of us joined hands to shut the Gate. After that, we calculated that our combined power had been almost a billion jin , which had been barely enough for us to push the Gate shut. But each of us had held some power in reserve and we hadn't used all of our strength since we hadn't expected the Gate to be that heavy..."

The old Secretary looked like he was reminiscing about a lot of things, then he got up and sighed. "If the Gate Between Worlds reappears, I'll shut it at all costs, even if I have to sacrifice this old life. If the demon army rises up once again, that will be very bad for us."

Chapter 216: Wang Ming's Counterattack

The survival world was large and boundless.

This was a small world which General Yi had specially prepared, and the spirit energy here was very abundant. As soon as the students entered this small world, they were slowly lifted up in the air by the array's power before finally stopping at a distance of about five kilometers above the ground.

Using his Heavenly Eye, Wang Ling found the boundary support in the center of the small world; at the very top of the boundary support was a flat plateau, and it was surrounded by a lot of rugged mountain roads. He realized that these roads had all been designed to allow people to reach the mountain plateau. For someone with a long-range magic weapon, the summit of the boundary support would be an advantageous position for an ambush. Beyond the boundary support was an urban area, with various tall buildings and replicated landmarks.

Apart from that, Wang Ling also noticed that past the horizon of the small world in all directions, at the furthest point that the Heavenly Eye could see, there was a black, dense fog which hovered beyond the sea.

This dense fog wasn't some kind of demon spirit, but was also an elimination mechanism of the competition system. After everyone had touched down, this black fog would slowly begin to roll in. There was a very high chance that those who zealously continued fighting or who got carried away with collecting magic treasures would be engulfed by the black fog. The small world would then automatically consider them eliminated.

This military training exercise thus not only tested the students' ability to adapt, but would also teach them to know when to act; the Foundation Establishment stage was the period when students were introduced more fully to cultivation, and for cultivators at this stage, the biggest weakness was greed.

The sky's wide expanse was scattered with fully over ten thousand people as one by one they appeared in position. Looking around indifferently, Wang Ling noticed many of his schoolmates as well as allies from No. 59 High School.

He couldn't see his idiot second brother's figure, and even Super Chen and the others had been sent to who knew where.

Well, whatever...

Wang Ling kneaded his brow. Anyway, it would be enough to just lay low and slowly develop 1 in this competition like Teacher Pan had said to do.

He didn't want to fight anyone, because he knew that in the outside world, that bunch of people in the surveillance room could follow each student's movement by radar; he didn't want his performance to be too obvious.

Quite a long period of time passed.

He realized that the array was starting to fluctuate again, and everyone who had been frozen in place high in the sky began to fall.

In the end, Wang Ling landed securely in a desert; it had the least number of people, so he could avoid most of the students participating in the competition.

Of course, he wasn't the only one with this idea. Roughly over a hundred people had chosen to land in the desert outside the city.

The competition would be the most intense in the city center, and it was very likely that magic treasures were already starting to be snatched up in a frenzy as soon as people landed. Those who had chosen the desert for the sake of survival were planning to wait for the "drop as boxes" 2 , since according to the competition rules, after the small world had determined someone was out, survivors could pick up all the magic treasures which the eliminated person had been carrying.

Let's see what's nearby first...

Wang Ling sighed in his heart. Though there were more than a hundred people in the desert, at the moment there was no sign of them.

The desert environment was terrible. It was over thirty degrees hotter here than in the city center. It was deathly lonely, with the wind whistling endlessly, stirring up the sand, and not even a weed to be seen.

If a person couldn't find something like a flying sword to pick up here, the black fog on the horizon would spread to this area, and whoever was in the desert would be dead for sure given the distance from here to the city center.

Just as Wang Ling was about to start looking around his surroundings, the sand under his feet suddenly caved in, and a hole the size of a person appeared. Then, following a spirit light, Wang Ming actually climbed out of the hole..

An underground escape talisman?

Wang Ming pulled off the painfully tight safety goggles. "As expected, I'm still not very familiar with using spirit talismans... the underground escape talisman is not very suitable for use in sand. If I hadn't been careful, I would probably have been buried before I could climb out."

Wang Ling stared at this hole in the sand, lost in deep thought. "... This guy didn't have spirit energy, so how could he have used a spirit talisman?

"In the team I brought with me this time, I'm the only one who can't use spirit energy. But General Yi gave me this." Saying that, Wang Ming pulled out a golden talisman from his pants pocket and said a little gleefully, "General Yi personally made this talisman, which is connected to his spirit energy as a source. As long as I have this on me, I'll be able to use magic artifacts. But there's a time limit to it, which is just a few days... today, I, your elder brother, can finally launch a counterattack!"

Wang Ling: "..."

As he spoke, Wang Ming rolled up his sleeve to reveal his wristwatch. This was a watch that only internal staff members had. To prevent the possibility of students exchanging information with each other, the array had already filtered out their wristwatches before sending them here.

"I've just blocked your signal, so now you don't have to worry about your actions being monitored by the people outside. And look..." Wang Ming made use of the simple positioning system on the wristwatch, and a disc appeared in the air. This was in fact a radar. "Ling, there seems to be quite a few people nearby. Do you want to go ambush them and accept a delivery 3 ?"

Speaking up to this point, he patted Wang Ling on the shoulder and gave him a brilliant smile which showed off his gleaming white teeth. "Don't worry, brother will protect you!"

Wang Ling was stupefied. "..."

How did a maintenance worker like you suddenly become a player?!

...

The two brothers walked on. They crossed a sand dune and found some cacti scattered in the desert ahead of them.

The desert was so hot that there hadn't even been a stalk of weed in the area Wang Ling had landed in earlier. The appearance of these cacti here then could already be considered a unique landscape scene in this desert.

They hid behind an unscientifically huge cactus for a bit, but after thirty minutes or so, there still wasn't any sign of anyone else.

Though the distance was very far, Wang Ling could already hear sounds of an intense "firefight" happening in the city center. That was the sound of various magic treasures colliding with each other; it had been less than half an hour since they had arrived in this small world, and already roughly several hundred people had been eliminated.

The current number of people remaining was clearly written in the air above the boundary support's Pingding 4 Mountain: 9723... and the number kept declining.

In the desert, on the other hand, there wasn't the slightest bit of movement; if it wasn't because Wang Ling could still sense these people's auras, or if Wang Ming hadn't been able to see their signals on the radar, no one would have thought that there were actually still a hundred people here.

Most importantly, this was a desert! The place with the worst environment in the whole of the small world...

After about an hour, Wang Ling raised his head. The wind was still whistling through the desert and kicking up sand, and there was a field of clouds above his head, but as far as the eye could see, there wasn't even an ant around.

At this unexpected tranquility, Wang Ming couldn't help looking at the sky as he began to doubt his life: this was just too damn calm!

Chapter 217: Ouqimanman

All his life, Wang Ming had never experienced what it was like to personally wield a magic treasure, so this was actually a rare opportunity for him.

Unfortunately, his fantasy of fighting back had already hit a wall before it had even gotten off the ground.

This bunch of people were really too good at laying low!

For a full hour and a half, there wasn't even the slightest movement — even the red dots on the radar hadn't moved. It looked like everyone was planning to keep still and wait to accept a delivery! Moreover, there wasn't a single magic treasure on the ground as far as the eye could see; this location was the worst and horribly bare!

Time flowed at a different rate in the small world. Although the military training drill was to last three days, that was according to time in the outside world. If you could lay low while that toxic fog continued to close in, you could at the very least end up ranked in the top one hundred.

They had to find a way to stir up things; this was much too boring!

Wang Ling knew that this mad scientist cousin of his had never been a person who could remain inactive for very long.

Just as this idiot second brother was lamenting in his heart about how boring it was, suddenly there was a bright light high up in the air, and a square box slowly drifted down.

An airdrop?

"There could be something good in it," Wang Ming said. "According to the law of checks and balances in this drill, this desert is probably the place with the fewest magic treasures, so if an airdrop happens here, the things inside must be very valuable! Talismans, elixirs... there might even be snacks!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wait... snacks?!

Wang Ming cupped his chin and smiled as he looked at Wang Ling. "Snacks were my idea. When we were creating the airdrops, I got them to put large snack gift packs inside. These will help people to keep calm and break up the loneliness of long waits. Oh, by the way... there are crispy noodle snacks in the gift pack. Want to check it out?"

For some reason, Wang Ling, who had had an indifferent attitude toward this survival contest since the beginning, suddenly became a little more interested.

...

It had to be said that Wang Ming's trick had been brilliant.

Now that they had a target, he noticed that Wang Ling's attitude was now a lot more serious compared with his indifference before. It was clear that previously, he had just been using his Heavenly Eye lazily, but now he was keeping it open the whole time as they forged forward in the direction of the airdrop.

Wang Ming knew that for Wang Ling to keep his Heavenly Eye open for long periods of time was actually very difficult. This was because his Heavenly Eye was a little special; when it was activated, Wang Ling's pupils would take on an extraordinary color that would gradually turn golden and in the end eventually bloom like three petals of a golden flower.

He would look like he was wearing colored contact lenses, and it made him so good-looking it was a crime.

Wang Ming remembered seeing the ultimate Heavenly Eye once when he had been playing hide-and-seek with Wang Ling as kids. Seeing it again after all these years, he didn't think that it would make him feel like it had been a lifetime ago.

In his heart, he was well aware that this memory was tinged with a trace of envy, but it was steeped even more in nostalgia...

Wang Ling was indeed very strong, but looking back on the past, returning to that time when they were kids would be very hard.

Wang Ming often thought that if he had developed the talisman seal earlier on back then, maybe Wang Ling would have been more outgoing now, or at the very least, he wouldn't be so anti-social.

"The location of the airdrop is up ahead." Wang Ming pointed out the direction. Previously, Wang Ling hadn't been too attentive in scouting out this desert with his spiritual senses; in fact, it wasn't a completely empty place — it actually had a planned landmark.

It was a place that looked like ruins and which could only be found in the desert.

Instead of choosing to directly teleport there, Wang Ling inched closer bit by bit, because he had already smelled the conspiracy in the air from far away.

There was definitely an ambush waiting at the airdrop's location.

If he teleported suddenly, this type of skill would look like a bug in the system, and it would be bad if someone reported it as an anomaly!

...

As far as one could tell, the ruins were surrounded by broken stone walls which were very high. Contained inside were giant stone arrangements and several ancient stone temples.

Wang Ming chose to steer clear of the front of the ruins, and instead moved along the side. The front was brightly lit, and walking in the sun would grab too much attention. A huge stone wall ran down the side, and it was a good decision to enter the location from the shadow which the wall cast.

But just as they approached their target, Wang Ming immediately stopped when he noticed a red dot on the radar, which showed that someone was behind the stone wall. "That brother up ahead, come out. I can already see you!"

Wang Ling really couldn't help swearing in his heart. This radar truly defied the heavens!

The person behind the stone wall actually had concealed himself very well. Wang Ling thought that if it had been anyone else passing by, they might have never sensed that there was a person hidden here.

After a brief moment, Super Chen stepped out from behind the stone wall. "Second brother, you're awesome, I hid myself so well, but you could still find me!"

"So it was you."

Wang Ming stared at the cushion in Super Chen's hands with an astonished expression. "Is this... a hassock?"

"Yep; what's more, it's an eighth-grade hassock!"

Super Chen smiled. "I found it when I was looking for all of you. I was able to sense second brother's aura from far away."

"Your luck's pretty good, you managed to pick up the eighth-grade hassock so quickly." Wang Ming looked astonished because this was the top perception-type magic treasure in this survival contest. The students here were all at the Foundation Establishment stage, so the perception range of their spiritual senses was limited. However, as long as they were sitting on this hassock when they were using their spiritual senses, their perception range could be expanded up to fifty times! With this eighth-grade hassock, it was like having a portable radar.

"Have you seen anyone else?" Wang Ming asked.

"I came from the outskirts, and saw a few people on my way here. Most of them are now moving around in groups. I haven't seen Little Peanut or Dopey, who knows where those two went running off to," Super Chen answered honestly. "By the way... do you need anything? I picked up a lot of things along the way."

Saying this, he took out a small golden silk bag, startling Wang Ming once again. "Eighth-grade storage bag? Where did you find this?"

This was the magic treasure with the largest storage capacity in the entire survival contest. In order to survive long enough in this competition, it was essential to find a magic treasure with a huge

storage space. The larger the storage space, the more supplies that could be collected and stored away during the competition.

Staring at the eighth-grade storage bag, Wang Ming couldn't help sucking in a sharp breath.

This guy's luck was too good, it was simply ouqimanman 1 !

"I just picked up stuff on the road that people overlooked."

Super Chen scratched his head and said a little bashfully, "On the way here, I came across two groups of people fighting each other. It seemed like the Xiao clan disciple from God Vision High School had accidentally killed his teammates in an explosion. Then a bunch of girls with knives were chasing another guy from God Vision High School."

Wang Ming frowned: "Was it infighting?"

"Didn't seem like it. It looked like a relationship problem." Super Chen thought for a moment, then said with some surprise, "I think I heard someone call that boy Brother Cheng 2 ..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 218: A Devil and Also a Devoted Lover

The old devil appeared on Pingding Mountain on the top of the boundary support in Jiang Liuyue's body. Looking down at the expanse of the small world, he felt a little excited in his heart. "I've finally infiltrated this place; I'm one step closer to achieving my master plan!"

"Lord Devil Emperor, this survival contest is being monitored from outside, and it seems that a hundred people have entered this small world to protect the students... is this really okay?" In the stone ghost mask, Jiang Liuyue voiced her doubts.

"Before I entered this small world, I wrapped myself in the fog from the Purple Gold Gourd, so the world was unable to detect me at all. Given the strength of that bunch of juniors, none of them are capable of sensing my aura at all."

The old devil smiled coldly. "Besides, I feel that this time, my plan has simply been blessed by the heavens! Beside the fact that this small world can't sense my presence, my venerable self can also absorb the spirit energy here at abandon... It'll take an immense source of spirit energy to use the array-guiding flag to transfer this magic array and open the Gate Between Worlds, as well as to start the ancient array so that it can absorb the vitality needed for reconstructing the human body on the skeleton. My venerable self had been worried about insufficient spirit energy, but that's not a problem now.

"Maier, once my flesh is restored, I'll come for you..." On the boundary support, the old devil took a deep breath, and a spirit light emerged in his hand. Through the stone ghost mask, Jiang Liuyue saw a crescent-shaped jade pendant in the old devil's palm.

"Lord Devil Emperor, this is..."

"The pendant my first love gave to me." The old devil looked at the pendant with unexpected tenderness in his eyes. "But unfortunately, she died a thousand years ago, and my venerable self has frozen her body in ice."

Hearing this, Jiang Liuyue was a little surprised. She had never thought that the old devil would in fact be a devoted lover.

"Previously, my venerable self had always been looking for a way to revive her, but just as I had found a reliable method, Yi Jianchuan that brat targeted me, and we fought for countless days. All my spirit energy was completely exhausted, and it took a long time for my energy source to recover. Thus, her resurrection has also always been delayed." The old devil gripped the crescent pendant in his hand. "To resurrect her completely, my venerable self will need to turn the wheel of time and find her reincarnation."

Speaking up to this point, the old devil gave the stone ghost mask a look. "When the time comes, I may need your help then."

Jiang Liuyue was silent for a moment before she replied, "It is junior's bounden duty to help Lord Devil Emperor with his request."

"Good."

The old devil nodded, then looked up at the number of people left. Now, it was just under 9300.

He needed to set up the array for absorbing vitality as soon as possible. Otherwise, the number would only get smaller and smaller.

But before that, a good cover was equally important. Looking at the dwindling number, the old devil took a deep breath. "Then, let's open the Gate Between Worlds first, as we're running out of time."

Searching his surroundings, he discovered a vast desert to the northwest. "The ruins there look like it might be a good place to hide. Let's open the Gate Between Worlds there."

Saying that, spirit light blossomed in his right hand.

Instantly, the array-guiding flag swiftly turned into an invisible light and flew toward the ruins at a lighting speed.

...

In the huge shadow of a stone wall on the side of the ruins, Super Chen was sharing his spoils.

The eighth-grade storage bag could really hold so much stuff that it had straightaway made Super Chen rich.

There were a lot of things in it. Apart from the eighth-grade hassock which Super Chen carried, there was also a fourth-grade hassock, plus some spirit talismans and top quality magic treasures in the storage bag.

There were five underground escape talismans, three aura concealment talismans, three armor-penetrating talismans, one top-class spirit sword, one pair of top-class spirit boots, one eighth-class immortal sword, and some qi and blood elixirs.

These things were actually not of much use to Wang Ling. He might not have brought Jingke here, but the might of his casual one-finger qi sword, even when he wasn't being completely serious and was restricted by the talisman seal, was already almost on par with a top-class holy weapon.

Of course, the eighth-grade storage bag still contained a few things that even Wang Ling couldn't figure out. General Yi had used his own imagination to create these magic treasures, just like for the spirit sword exchange meet the last time. But the difference was that during the previous meet, the magic treasures then had all just been balls of data and virtual simulations.

The magic treasures now were all the real deal!

For example, there was a small, ridged wooden board... Wang Ling had utterly no idea what its use or meaning was.

"This is a godly weapon!"

Wang Ming raised the board and couldn't help sighing. "I never thought you would find this!"

Back then, Super Chen had snatched everything up in a hurry, so he hadn't had the time to use the electronic illustrated handbook to check the board's origin. "What is this?"

Wang Ming answered without hesitation, "Washboard."

Wang Ling and Super Chen: "..."

...

In order not to make Super Chen suspicious, Wang Ling didn't bother to be polite and selected a top-class spirit sword to carry, plus an extra second-grade storage bag. Actually, he wouldn't have been worried even if he didn't have a storage bag, because he could put things into the vision field of his Heavenly Eye.

Wang Ming was even less polite, and basically emptied out the bag. On the way here, he had picked up several lousy things and the only talisman he had possessed before was the underground escape talisman which he had used when he had been looking for Wang Ling.

He hadn't used General Yi's golden talisman enough yet!

Boom !

The three of them packed up the items and were about to set out when there was a rumbling sound from the ruins.

"That's the location of the airdrop. A fight's broken out!"

Wang Ming stealthily checked the radar, and found that there were several red spots gathered inside the ruins. There were six people in all, in at least two or three groups.

Secretly, the three individuals saw five young men next to the airdrop box, and each one was carrying a spirit sword. Wherever they pointed their sword tips, the rocks and sand on the ground would follow their movements and solidify into a wall.

"Earth-wood spirit spell? These five people are from Reliance High School." Super Chen hid behind the stone wall and secretly observed them.

This was unexpectedly a battle with unequal numbers.

This scene made Wang Ming sigh privately in his heart; five against one... it was very likely over for that person.

But soon, they noticed that something wasn't right — the five people were in fact on the defensive.

On the other side stood a young man in purple from God Vision High School. In front of these five people's earth-wood spirit spell, the youth's lips tilted upward slightly, and he just laughed lightly. "Reliance High School, it's over!"

With a bzzt , flames instantly rushed forth from his arm and smashed into that barrier before surging up into the sky in a fiery blaze. The intense spiritual pressure awed Super Chen and his scalp turned numb.

This God Vision High School youth was too strong — Super Chen felt that though they were both in Grade One, his strength couldn't match the other party's power at all.

The flames that streaked out from the youth's palm was like an invincible cannon which directly blew the barrier into smithereens in almost a split second; it was a huge disparity in strength, and the five disciples from Reliance High School were unable to withstand it at all. When the stone wall was blasted apart, they were all flung into different directions as green smoke drifted up from their bodies.

An eliminated disciple pounded the ground with his fist and glared at the youth in front of him. "Who are you?"

"You've already been eliminated and confirmed dead by the small world. Logically, you shouldn't be speaking."

The youth moved closer with slow steps, then stretched out his fingers. The storage bags on the five individuals were firmly pulled away by spirit energy to drop into the youth's hand. He smiled. "The ancestral pulling palm is as useful as always."

The eliminated disciple still wouldn't give up and asked again, "Are you a disciple of the Xiao clan?"

The youth in purple maintained his arrogant attitude as he stared at the disciple on the ground. Narrowing his eyes, he smiled and said, "I am Xiao Yuncheng, from the Xiao clan's outer sect."

Chapter 219: You Are Already Dead...

"Xiao Yuncheng?"

In the dark, Super Chen immediately frowned when he heard the youth in purple introduce himself.

Wang Ming turned his head to looked at him. "Do you know this person?"

"Several years ago when I was in junior high, I participated in a five-kilometer marathon as a school representative. I believe it was this person who beat me. Though I placed second, the difference was really too great." Super Chen sighed and said, "I learned later that this Xiao Yuncheng was a disciple who was ranked first in the Xiao family's outer sect. If he can smoothly enter a good university in two years' time, there'll be absolutely no problem for him to be promoted to the inner sect."

Wang Ling stared expressionlessly at this youth in purple; this person was very talented, and stronger than the majority of No. 60 High School's Grade One students. Putting himself completely aside, the only other person from the elite class who could probably fight this Xiao Yuncheng on the same level was Lotus Sun.

After "killing" all the five students from Reliance High School, the youth in purple began searching through their storage bags.

He fixed his eyes on one of the eliminated disciples. "Have you already picked up what was in the airdrop?"

The eliminated disciple was very tough. "Hehe, the dead can't talk... go search it yourself~"

Xiao Yuncheng shrugged helplessly; he could only personally confirm it himself. When he turned his head, the five disciples of Reliance High School had already disappeared.

When the green fog which represented an elimination came out, the small world's elimination rule would take effect: any student that gave off the green fog would automatically be sent away after one minute.

"Ai , what a bunch of crap."

Xiao Yuncheng sneered in his heart as he searched the airdrop box.

After a while, he revealed a slightly startled expression. "This is...?!"

Then, he quickly put whatever had been in the airdrop box into his own storage bag.

"It seems there was something good in the airdrop box!" At a distance, Super Chen saw the youth in purple rapidly direct spirit light into his storage bag. His movements were so quick that Super Chen couldn't see exactly what he had taken.

Following that, he again heard Xiao Yuncheng grumble. "Hm? There's a large snack gift pack in here?"

He took out a delicately wrapped gift box, opened it, and searched inside for a moment before pulling out a pack of crispy noodle snacks and throwing it on the ground disinterestedly. "Shit! Why is this airdrop box full of trash..."

At these words, Wang Ling's face instantly darkened.

That was an aura that Xiao Yuncheng had never sensed before.

He felt eyes fixed on his back.

In the next moment, an unusual scene unfolded above the ruins. Black clouds rolled in like a shroud and lightning like silver serpents danced in the air.

Pale with fright, Xiao Yuncheng raised his head. This was the small world's godly punishment exercise.

For the survival system this time, the godly punishment bombardment zone would indeed randomly appear on the map, but there was supposed to be a public reminder five minutes before the godly punishment fell.

Xiao Yuncheng didn't understand — how had he suddenly wound up in this godly punishment zone?!

Hurriedly, the youth man in purple was about to go and hide in a nearby stone temple to avoid the godly punishment.

But it was too late.

Like justice raining down from above [1. This phrase is from the game "Overwatch."], this godly punishment caught Xiao Yuncheng completely off guard.

By the time he came back to his senses, he saw a wisp of green smoke already drifting up from his body...

Under that godly punishment's tremendous pressure, the small world had unexpectedly already deemed him dead!

"..."

In the dark behind the stone wall, Wang Ming stared at Xiao Yuncheng who was already starting to fade, and covered the wry smile on his face.

It was clear as crystal in his heart.

This was a murder that had been committed all because of a pack of crispy noodle snacks.

...

Before Xiao Yuncheng had vanished, in the conference room in the outside world, many screens were flashing.

The old Secretary, Odd Zhuo and the headmasters of the six schools were all watching the survival contest.

"Purple attire, is that the God Vision High School uniform? That young man is doing well," the old Secretary praised. "Was that one-on-five fight just now recorded?"

"Yes, we have specialists who will compile these wonderful fight scenes into a highlight reel," Odd Zhuo replied.

Headmaster Sun of God Vision High School smiled. "Old Secretary, you're too kind, that child is our school's Xiao Yuncheng."

The old Secretary stroked his chin. "Is he a Xiao family disciple?"

Headmaster Sun nodded. "He's currently the number one disciple in the Xiao family's outer sect. To come this far has actually not been easy for him."

The old Secretary: "Why do you say that?"

Headmaster Sun: "An outer sect disciple of the Xiao clan doesn't receive as many resources as inner sect disciples. I know quite a bit about Xiao Yuncheng, this student. He has no grandfather, sister, or confidante in his circle. Because of his spirit root, he is unable to delve deep into the art of alchemy which the Xiao clan is very proud of. He doesn't have the usual habit of frequenting auctions or the underground market, and instead is wholeheartedly absorbed in cultivation... don't you think it's been very hard for this student?"

Headmasters: "..."

"This boy indeed hasn't had it easy."

The old Secretary looked at the screen, his eyes fixed on Xiao Yuncheng who was now searching the airdrop box. He then saw the young man take out a snack gift box, and then pull out a pack of crispy noodle snacks from it, which he then threw on the ground in disappointment.

Almost at the same time, everyone in the conference room saw Xiao Yuncheng's back unexpectedly emit green smoke...

How did he die?!

No one could see clearly how this had happened. Headmaster Sun stood up agitatedly. "Can the killer's profile be brought up?"

"The broadcast image will automatically switch to the scene of the fight. In a case like this, if someone had chosen to secretly assassinate him from a distance, the image can't be traced," Odd Zhuo replied as he shook his head.

"How can that be..."

Headmaster Sun sat down, a little dazed. He felt like tearing his hair out; Xiao Yuncheng was the main force of his God Vision High School! He hadn't even made it into the last nine thousand before he had actually been dispatched just like that!

Odd Zhuo stared at the thread of green smoke coming out of Xiao Yuncheng's back on the screen, and it seemed that he had realized something.

In fact, he had neglected to mention a point just now. There was actually a second circumstance that could explain the wisp of green smoke drifting out of Xiao Yuncheng's back: to avoid things from becoming too serious while the students fought in this survival contest, General Yi had also specially set up an automatic assessment mechanism in the small world. When the world determined that a person was in a situation where death was inescapable, the smoke would waft out automatically.

Judging from Xiao Yuncheng's action of throwing the crispy noodle snacks away, Odd Zhuo at that moment in fact had already completely understood.

He knew that Wang Ling was nearby.

Only his shifu had the power to influence the small world's nomological forces, directly determining that person's death.

Odd Zhuo cupped his face in his hands as he stared at the screen with a face full of smiles: as expected, shifu was so powerful!

Chapter 220: Ancient Barter Array

"How did that person die?" Watching Xiao Yuncheng vanish, Super Chen, who had been secretly observing him, was surprised.

He felt that Xiao Yuncheng's death had been a little unfathomable. Before he could clearly see how the other boy had been struck down, the green smoke had already wafted up from his back.

Had someone killed him?

It didn't seem possible...

With the aid of the eighth-grade hassock, Super Chen had perceived that it had just been the four of them in the vicinity of the ruins. If someone had been using a long-range magic weapon nearby to attack, it was absolutely impossible for them to have escaped the perception of the eighth-grade hassock.

Furthermore... it seemed like he had seen the godly punishment exercise just now.

The sky had abruptly been covered with dark clouds and lightning like silver snakes. It had dispersed once green smoke had drifted out of Xiao Yuncheng's back. The whole thing had happened so suddenly and then vanished swiftly in about thirty seconds.

Super Chen was very sure that he hadn't seen wrong.

"Second brother, do you know what happened?"

Super Chen turned his head to look at Wang Ming, who subtly tilted his head in turn to look at Wang Ling out of the corner of his eye.

The person who was the cause of all this acted as if he had had nothing to do with it, his eyes glued to the pack of crispy noodle snacks on the ground not far from them and looking like his soul had flown away!

"..."

Wang Ming knew that Super Chen would be suspicious if he didn't give an explanation.

After turning his head to look here and there and make sure that no one else was around, he held out his fist. "See this fist the size of a sandbag? What you saw just now is the final skill in my 'Turtle Wave Heart Sutra,' the Non-Showy Wave..."

Hearing this, Super Chen felt like his brain had short-circuited.

After several dozen seconds of silence, he suddenly turned his head to look at Wang Ming with shining eyes.

It was a look full of reverence and adoration; Wang Ming felt a little uncomfortable being stared at so fixedly.

"Second brother, you're too strong!" Super Chen's eyes sparkled like stars.

In fact, Wang Ming would feel a little sorry when all this was over. Actually, he had really, really hoped that Wang Ling would one day also look at him like that.

But most regretfully, that would never happen.

...

After confirming that there was no one else nearby, the three people began to scavenge the contents of the storage bag left behind by Xiao Yuncheng.

Wang Ling silently picked up the pack of crispy noodle snacks from the ground and put it into his storage bag...

Super Chen had seen Xiao Yuncheng's astoundment when going through the airdrop box earlier, and after verifying it repeatedly, he took out a one-of-a-kind magic treasure from the storage bag — it was a Phoenix Cup, which was brightly glazed in hues of red, green and yellow.

"So it was the Phoenix Cup." Even without the electronic illustrated handbook, Super Chen could recognize this magic treasure.

Almost every student in junior high would have visited the history section of the Songhai City Museum, so they would know from the museum's historical records that this Phoenix Cup was an ancient magic treasure. The rumor was that it was the exclusive magic weapon of the Fire Emperor, who was one of the three emperors in ancient times. The museum only had a small fragment of the Phoenix Cup; the whereabouts of the rest of the Cup had long been unknown.

Wang Ling gazed at the Phoenix Cup, lost in thought.

He knew from ancient books that the Phoenix Cup had a grand history. After all, it was from an ancient era, when Old Demon Han and Old Demon Wang had been around.

Back then, the three imperial magic weapons were great magic weapons on par with Old Demon Han's Sky Bottle, and were also called demi-godly weapons.

General Yi had clearly made this Phoenix Cup for the military training exercise for the purpose of promoting history among the students. In fact, General Yi had specially designed many of these types of unique and renowned magic treasures from history for the survival contest this time.

Super Chen used the handbook to carefully analyze it, and in the end was amazed. "This Phoenix Cup has eighth-grade lethal power! Even its damage range is eighth-grade! This is a great killer weapon!"

"Maximum grade?" Wang Ming also stared at the Phoenix Cup and raised his eyebrows. "Actually, this design is also reasonable. After all, the Phoenix Cup was exceptionally formidable in ancient times; it was a demi-godly weapon that could summon the fire phoenix. History books say that when the Fire Emperor threw the cup in a fury, it could destroy demon cities."

Saying this, Wang Ming couldn't help a tsk. "No wonder Xiao Yuncheng had that expression just now, this thing's lethal power is really too much. If you throw it at the city center, it would be equal to summoning a godly punishment circle. At that time, whoever is out in the open would be eliminated."

Just then, Super Chen's handbook vibrated with a tip; it was Immortal Toya, who had sent a reminder.

Super Chen looked at the content of the message. "Senior Toya says that the toxic fog will begin closing in after ten minutes. Should we withdraw first? Everyone who was laying low in the desert earlier should have already run for the city center."

"No hurry yet, we still have time."

As the person who had personally been involved in making the map for this survival contest, Wang Ming knew its environment inside and out. "There's actually a small magic array in the ancient temple at the front of the ruins."

"What magic array?" asked Super Chen.

"Have you heard of the ancient barter array?" Wang Ming explained, "Our arrays are based on this ancient barter array. In the olden days, the Ancient Almightys would typically set up this type of array. If you toss something that you treasure into the array, you can get something of equivalent value back in exchange. To put it simply, this is a kind of 'take what you need' arrangement. But this type of ancient barter array can actually also be a huge trap, as sometimes what you want isn't necessarily what you need."

As the three of them spoke, they walked toward the dilapidated old temple.

Just as Wang Ming had said, Wang Ling saw a semi-shaded small array in the middle of this ancient temple. It actually wasn't big, just the size of a millstone, and its sides were engraved with indecipherable ancient characters.

Super Chen stared at it in amazement. "Second brother, is this an ancient barter array from the olden days?"

"That's right." Wang Ming nodded. "There are now very few people who know how to set up this type of array; this one was personally set up by General Yi."

"But why would this appear in this survival contest?" Super Chen asked.

"On one hand, it's to promote history; on the other hand, it's probably just General Yi's taste; think of it as an Easter egg," Wang Ming replied.

Wang Ling: "..."

Super Chen: "So what should we do?"

Wang Ming: "Just throw in anything from the storage bag that's useless."

"Oh." Super Chen straightaway took out the extra fourth-grade hassock from the storage bag and tossed it into the array. The instant it touched the array light, it turned into fine powder which then gradually dissolved in the array.

The small party held their breaths and silently watched the array change.

It wasn't long before Wang Ling saw a radiant light appear. This was the array spirit of the ancient barter array.

Spirit light flashed in the array spirit's hands, and instantly three items appeared. The spirit looked at Super Chen with eyes as calm as an ancient well, then asked in a low, magnetic voice, "Excuse me... did you throw the golden hassock, the silver hassock, or... this jade hassock?"

Wang Ling, Super Chen and Wang Ming: "..."