

Daily Life 251

Chapter 251: Fatty Luo Metalware

As soon as the train doors opened, Wang Ling immediately gripped Sheep's hand and hurried into a subway car. The auntie on the platform was rooted to the spot with shock at Sheep's words, and actually forgot to get on the train! When she came back to her senses, the announcement for the doors closing had sounded and the train had already sped away...

Inside the subway, Wang Ling looked a little helpless as he held Sheep's hand — her understanding in fact wasn't wrong, but sometimes calling someone "dad" so suddenly could really scare a person into pissing their pants!

He didn't understand how a pure and white virgin male like him could suddenly become a father.

This situation actually couldn't be blamed on Sheep, as no one in the Wang family's small villa had ever explained this to her. Because she was young, Pen and Rubber had banded together with all the goblins in the villa to set the rule forbidding anyone to tell dirty jokes in front of her. After a while, this bunch of crass-talking goblins started speaking to her less.

Wang Ling felt that he had to find time in the future to properly explain to Sheep some necessary things, in order to avoid causing unnecessary trouble.

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The address for Boss Luo's shop was No. 300 Amitayus Road in Songhai city's old district.

This was an old street with a long history.

Wang Ling had once heard that the reason why the street was called Amitayus Road was that the Immortal Emperor Amitayus had once had a residence here, and it was said that the entire place had been built out of the legendary Amitayus godly wood.

In ancient times, the Amitayus tree had been a godly tree that could grow without end up into the sky. It was very unfortunate, however, that the last historical record of it showed that it had been destroyed in a civil war among several Almightys.

Wang Ling had seen the old, faded picture of that old residence which was still floating around on the Internet, but it was so weathered that he couldn't determine the truth of this old residence just from a single image.

The only thing he could be sure of was that this old residence was definitely no longer on Amitayus Road.

Because back when Huaxiu nation had just been founded, every city block had undergone planned renovations, and the old residence left behind by Immortal Emperor Amitayus was rumored to have "died" in the hands of a demolition team...

Following the address, Wang Ling arrived at the entrance to a shop called "Fatty Luo Metalware."

The architecture along Amitayus Road was pretty much all in the same ancient style, and nothing stood out. You could only find the place you wanted by following the door numbers.

After the demolition team had inadvertently pulled down Immortal Emperor Amitayus's old residence, the government had followed up with renovation works, directly changing Amitayus Road into a city block and erecting a statue of Immortal Emperor Amitayus at the beginning of the street with his profile written beneath it.

Then, this whole street inexplicably became Immortal Emperor Amitayus's former residence.

Wang Ling seriously suspected that even the person who had written the profile didn't really know who Immortal Emperor Amitayus was...

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When Wang Ling brought Sheep over to the shop's entrance, he saw that the doorstep was unusually high at over half a meter tall.

He picked Sheep up and stepped across the threshold. As soon as he entered, he saw a fat man leaning back in a bamboo chair. He had a big head and was wearing a white undershirt and a large pair of underpants, and was fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan as he puffed on a pipe.

"Be careful when you enter; the shop's doorstep might be made of wood, but it's priceless. Do you know Amitayus wood? This is the last one of its kind in the world." Fatty Luo sensed that someone had entered the shop, and he waved the fan without bothering to take a look as he spoke.

It was only when there was no response from his visitor for a long time that he slit his eyes open to take a look, upon which he immediately got up from his chair. "So it's Ling Zhenren, sorry, sorry..."

Fatty Luo had never seen Wang Ling before, but he had seen Sheep. He knew that the legendary Ling Zhenren would be bringing Sheep over for maintenance today, so he could deduce this teenager's identity from Sheep's presence.

Because of the way Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wildly lauded Wang Ling, the people in the chat group all had the utmost respect for the latter. Though Fatty Luo wasn't in the group, he was still a member of the organization. When people from the chat group came to his shop to get their magic weapons serviced, a fair number of them would mention Ling Zhenren's glorious deeds.

Luckily, Wang Ling wasn't in the habit of casually bragging about his friends to other people, otherwise this would have been the legendary "professional tooting of mutual horns 1."

Today was the first time that Fatty Luo was meeting Wang Ling.

Given the way he was dressed, this fatty looked a little sloppy, but Wang Ling's first impression wasn't one of disgust; conversely, he thought that the other man seemed very amiable.

Fatty Luo rummaged around in his large underpants for quite a while before finally checking another pair of underpants hanging over the back of the bamboo chair and pulling out a slightly yellow business card which he gave to Wang Ling. "Ling Zhenren, this is my business card. If you need me for anything, call me in advance."

Wang Ling read the profile on the card: Fatty Luo Metalware Store Manager, Luo Chuang.

Putting the business card away, he began to look around the shop carefully. It actually wasn't very large; there was a wooden counter at the door and next to it was the deck chair which Fatty Luo

used whenever he took a break. On both sides of the counter were two large wooden cabinets that looked very heavy.

Each cabinet had hundreds of drawers densely packed together. At first glance, it looked a little like the cabinets used in the old Chinese medicine shops which specialized in the traditional treatment of psoriasis.

"The shop's a little messy, don't mind it, Ling Zhenren."

When Fatty Luo saw Wang Ling's expression, he laughed. "This left cabinet contains the magic weapons that have already been serviced and which are ready for customer pick-up. The right cabinet contains those that are still being serviced or repaired. There are queue numbers on the cabinet, and I fix a few each day according to the numbers."

Hearing this, Wang Ling's eyebrows twitched despite himself. He hadn't expected Fatty Luo, despite his stout build, to be someone who was good at planning.

"I've known Grenade-Throwing for a long time, and we're all like real brothers. Before Ling Zhenren came, he called me especially so that you wouldn't need to wait in the queue." Fatty Luo waved the palm-leaf fan and smiled. His eyes were very small and only as big as mung beans. When he smiled, they became slits and his pupils couldn't be seen.

"Will it take long?" Instead of speaking, Wang Ling asked his question telepathically.

"Not long, not long. Ling Zhenren, sit here for a while. I'll take Sheep inside for repairs, it'll be quick." Fatty Luo looked at his watch, then called for Sheep to move further into the shop. On the way, he suddenly pulled open a drawer at the counter. "There're some small snacks in here which I've prepared. Ling Zhenren, feel free to help yourself to them."

Small snacks?

Wang Ling walked closer to take a look.

Good fellow... this entire drawer contained crispy noodle snacks in all sorts of flavors!

This fatty was very sensible!

Chapter 252: Perpetual! Motion! Machine?!

Shabby appearance, soft heart, and keen observation skills in addition to being enthusiastic and sensible — this was Wang Ling's first impression of Fatty Luo.

To be honest, he had been amazed when he saw the drawer of crispy noodle snacks. He realized that although Fatty Luo hadn't joined the chat group, he had just as much access to information as the rest, since he was even aware of what Wang Ling's favorite food was. Most crucially, Fatty Luo's strength was very formidable.

Wang Ling had noticed this as soon as he had entered the shop.

Although Fatty Luo's aura was very well hidden, it still couldn't escape Wang Ling's perception.

If a true expert wanted to know how high the other party's realm was, they wouldn't judge it based on the other party's aura when it was released. Instead, it was often through what an expert could capture with their senses when the other party hid their aura, combined with formulaic calculations, that the former would be able to accurately determine the true strength of the latter's realm.

And it was very obvious that Fatty Luo was a hidden expert.

If Dharmaraja's godly thunder inheritance was used as a gauge, Fatty Luo's prowess was almost equal to one and a half Dharmarajas.

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Wang Ling didn't have to wait long before he saw Fatty Luo lead Sheep out from the shop's interior. After a series of service works and repairs, Sheep was glowing; her pink hair was brighter than before, the two small buns on her head were as soft and cute as pudding, and her already fair face now reflected light.

"This time, I gave her a more durable coat of paint and spirit wax. Sheep is too fast, so the materials used for her maintenance previously couldn't endure perpetual absolute speeds at all. I believe that the maintenance this time should last longer," said Luo Chuang.

Wang Ling nodded and thanked him.

"Brother Grenade-Throwing has a card with my store, and he called to tell me that he would pay for this maintenance. We're brothers, and it's also my first time meeting Ling Zhenren, so it's free this time. My paint and wax jobs aren't cheap, but I can cover them for my own brothers."

Fatty Luo waved his palm-leaf fan and smiled. "This time, it wasn't easy for Ling Zhenren to come here, so I have a request if you don't mind."

Tell me about it.

Wang Ling raised his eyebrows and directly communicated through telepathy.

His expression was very relaxed because he had known from the beginning that things weren't so simple.

This fatty might look harmless, but his mind was rather sharp.

It would be a scary thing indeed to make an enemy out of such a person.

Fatty Luo laughed and the plump flesh on his face wrinkled like a meat bun. "This metalware shop was handed down from my ancestors. In addition to running it, and doing some repair works and maintenance on magic weapons, Ling Zhenren has probably heard of my other identity as a smith."

Wang Ling nodded. Of course he knew Fatty Luo's identity as a smith. Even if Grenade-Throwing hadn't told him previously, there were tell-tale signs.

A smith's physique was usually very strong after years of refining and smelting weapons. Fatty Luo's face was meaty, but there were in fact solid lumps of muscles under his white shirt.

"I've been a smith for hundreds of years in the ultimate pursuit of refining and manufacturing weapons. Therefore, my greatest wish is to someday create my own magic weapons as heirlooms." Fatty Luo cupped his fists in salute to Wang Ling. "I've long heard that Ling Zhenren has a sword and I'm very curious about it. I wonder if you would allow me to take a look at it?"

Oh... it turned out that he wanted to take a look at Jingke.

Spirit light flashed directly in Wang Ling's hand, then Fatty Luo saw a peach wood sword a meter or two in length emerge steadily from Wang Ling's palm.

Actually, allowing another person to take a look at your personal spirit sword was quite personal. Fatty Luo had thought that Wang Ling would refuse since this was only the first time that they were meeting, after all, so Wang Ling's attitude was quite a surprise.

Then, Fatty Luo stared at Jingke and was dumbfounded.

It felt like he couldn't take his eyes off it.

Although this was only a peach wood sword, its grain was utterly exquisite.

Fatty Luo couldn't help stretching out one hand, but before he could touch Jingke, he could already feel the invisible sword qi that encircled the body of the wooden sword.

"Self-protecting sword qi?" Fatty Luo paled with shock. He had come into contact with countless spirit swords, but had never encountered one that could generate perpetual protective sword qi without being activated by its master's spirit energy.

Was this the legendary... Perpetual! Motion! Machine?!

Fatty Luo's hand was frozen in mid-air, but the flesh on his face was trembling at that moment and he felt an unprecedented thrill in his heart.

"Ling Zhenren, can you place the sword on the sword tray at the counter?" Fatty Luo was unbearably excited as he wiped at his tears and made his request.

Wang Ling nodded and put Jingke on the tray.

Fatty Luo didn't dare directly touch Jingke's self-protecting sword qi. After Wang Ling put Jingke on the sword tray, Fatty Luo put down his palm-leaf fan. He put on a pair of white gloves, then lit an incense burner on the side.

"The incense in this burner has the effect of soothing the sword spirit. A friend of mine gave it to me, his surname is Gu. His family has been manufacturing incense for generations. If there's an opportunity next time, I'll introduce him to Ling Zhenren... Anyway, thank you very much for giving me this opportunity, Ling Zhenren." Fatty Luo put the lid on the burner and looked gratefully at Wang Ling.

Then, he stood before Jingke with full reverence and bowed to the sword. "Please pardon my offense, Lord Jingke."

Wang Ling saw Fatty Luo gulp and slowly stretch out his hands to touch Jingke.

It had already been a very long time since Fatty Luo had felt like this. He had seen countless spirit swords and magic weapons in this world, but in all these hundreds of years, this was the first time that he had seen a spirit sword that could take his breath away at first glance.

"Good sword!" Luo Chuang was full of praise as he held Jingke in his hands. He tried hard to control his excitement and stop his hands from shaking too much.

With a miniature magnifying glass in hand, he examined the sword from tip to hilt for a long time, as if he was scrutinizing a work of beauty. He looked at it for five minutes before he placed Jingke back in the sword tray, and he heaved a deep sigh. "As the rumors say, Lord Jingke's body is perfect and flawless. There are almost no defects; if you had to name one, it's just a small thing..."

Fatty Luo's words made Wang Ling raise his head curiously despite himself.

"If I may be so bold as to ask, Ling Zhenren, does Lord Jingke have a scabbard?"

Fatty Luo removed his white gloves and picked up his palm-leaf fan out of habit, waving it slowly. "A sword's excellence doesn't just have to do with its body; its scabbard is also a very critical component.

"If the sword body is the soul, then the scabbard is the flesh. Lord Jingke's body has a permanent protective layer of sword qi around it, but without the protection of a scabbard, drawbacks are bound to crop up in the future."

Scabbard...

When Fatty Luo said this, something had already occurred to Wang Ling.

In fact, when Father Wang had bought Jingke, there had been a scabbard.

But at that time, Wang Ling's hand had gotten itchy, and had directly crushed it.

So that time, only Jingke's body had "survived"...

Chapter 253: Fatty Luo's Collection

Hence, it wasn't that Jingke didn't have a scabbard, but that Wang Ling had destroyed it as a child. Jingke's body was covered with a layer of some mysterious substance that Wang Ling to this day had been unable to see through, and which played an important role in controlling his strength.

But this substance was different from the special material in the Dao talisman seal from Wang Ming; it wasn't something that seemed to drain Wang Ling's strength when he touched it. This peach wood sword was just a street stall product which Father Wang had picked up at the bird and flower market. Until now, Wang Ling hadn't been able to clearly determine its origin.

When it spawned a sword spirit for real, which was when Jingke was born, it had actually happened six years ago when the Gate Between Worlds had just descended.

There had been a time when Wang Ling had even wondered if Jingke was related to the Gate Between Worlds.

But later it seemed to have just been a coincidence.

That was because Jingke's sword qi was too righteous; it didn't contain even the slightest whiff of evil qi. Hanging the sword by the bed could ward off evil, and when Wang Ling wielded it, it could kill demons and monsters. Its three views were so upright that Wang Ling wondered if Jingke had absorbed the essence of socialist core values before birth.

Looking back, this was the first time that Wang Ling had thought about the scabbard.

Because he had crushed Jingke's scabbard when he had still been very young, he hadn't paid any attention to it all; even when he regularly cleaned Jingke's sword body, he had never considered this issue.

Hence, when he heard Fatty Luo's words, he stared at Jingke on the sword tray in deep contemplation.

As Fatty Luo had explained, it went without saying how helpful a scabbard would be for a sword. Not every sword could automatically generate protective sword qi like Jingke. In the absence of a scabbard, many spirit swords would be faced with the problem of corrosion.

Although Jingke had protective sword qi, that didn't mean that the scabbard wasn't important. Seventy percent of a spirit sword's overall power was contained in its body, and thirty percent in its scabbard. A sword's full power couldn't be realized until the two parts were combined.

"Lord Jingke's original body is already very powerful; if you can find a suitable scabbard for him, he will become a truly godly and powerful sword." Fatty Luo looked at Jingke and sighed with some regret.

Waving his palm-leaf fan, he looked at Wang Ling as if he wanted to say something, but after opening his mouth, he didn't say anything in the end.

He looked at the time and realized that it was still quite early. Wang Ling had brought Sheep over right after school. From when they had first set out to the completion of Sheep's maintenance, everything had taken less than an hour in total.

After maintenance, Sheep was in significantly better spirits than usual, and she blinked curiously at the inside of Fatty Luo's shop.

In addition to the magic treasures that were stored in the cabinets on the left and right, Fatty Luo also had a collection of some magic treasures which were prominently displayed on the wall. Each magic treasure was covered in a protective spirit layer.

"I have to confess, Ling Zhenren, that these magic treasures are the pride of my collection," Fatty Luo said and laughed. "I had official department experts appraise each of them, and they're all one hundred percent genuine. Furthermore, they have already been given valuations, so if any kind of loss happens, I can get ninety-five percent compensation for it."

As Sheep looked around, her eyes landed on something that looked like leather armor.

It was flesh-colored leather armor covered with hair. There was also a helmet with two huge tusks mounted on each side.

"What is this?" asked Sheep as she pointed with her little finger.

"Have you ever heard of the sky demon pig?" asked Fatty Luo.

Sheep blinked and shook her head.

This was actually the sky demon pig?

Wang Ling's eyes lit up because he had read about it before in historical records.

The sky demon pig had been the first demon king to come out of the Gate Between Worlds when it had descended for the first time. When the sky demon pig had landed at the time, it had triggered an apocalyptic-like flood beyond compare. The worst thing, however, was that nothing could surpass this sky demon pig's super armor state 1 . Its defensive power was at its highest in this state, on par with the terrifying hardness of a demon god.

In that battle, if General Yi hadn't seized the slight moment when the sky demon pig's super state had faltered a little to kill it in one timely strike and prevent further damage, the consequences would have been inconceivable.

"This pig skin and tusks cost me a fortune. After many setbacks, I was finally able to get my hands on this pig skin. Initially, I had wanted to make a full set of magic robes out of it, but unfortunately,

there wasn't enough of the skin for it, so I only made this leather armor. Once you put it on and activate your spirit energy, you'll experience the effects of a super state for a short period of time.

"There's currently a lot of sky demon pigskin armor on the market that claim to be the real deal, but they're all actually fake. Only mine is the real thing!"

Fatty Luo waved his palm-leaf fan and looked at the pigskin armor which he had made, full of pride. "I was once invited to an auction where I discovered that someone was actually selling sky demon pigskin armor, which pissed me off... did they think their Gracia Family's Symbol Set 2 was a world first?"

Wang Ling: "..."

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Everyone had their pride as well as things that they were proud of.

To take Fatty Luo as an example, he wasn't a person who cared about appearance. He used to be handsome too — was there anyone who had never gone through a beauty phase before? But he had figured out hundreds of years ago... looks weren't of any damn use! To him, the ultimate supremacy was becoming an outstanding smith, and the thing he was most proud of was the collection of various magic treasures which he had accumulated over the centuries!

In addition to the leather armor made from the sky demon pig, the shop actually held a lot of collector items which Fatty Luo cherished.

Wang Ling was surprised to find that most of these had to do with defense.

"I went all over the world in the last few centuries to collect the hardest armor I could find," Fatty Luo said and grinned. "Of course, my biggest wish is to create a supreme godly sword that can easily destroy all this armor."

When he said this, he abruptly turned to look at the shop's main door. Wang Ling and Sheep followed his gaze and straightaway saw a shield hanging behind the door.

It was dark blue and covered in layers of plating, like fish scales arranged in sequence. At first glance, it didn't look like anything out of the ordinary, but it emitted a faint sense of the deep sea. After carefully feeling it out, a person could actually get the impression that they were drowning.

What was this?

Wang Ling narrowed his eyes, feeling that this thing wasn't simple.

"This is a shield made from the scales of the western deep-sea water spirit Huogedun. Its skin is quite thick, and its defensive abilities are reinforced in areas that have water, such as on rainy days, in lakes, in the sea..."

"It's also called the Huo Shield 3 for short," said Fatty Luo.

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 254: You're Not Acting It Right!

It was June 22nd on Wednesday in the ninth week of the semester.

This would be a day that would go down in history.

Because this was the day of the old devil's trial.

The old devil had been captured at the military base on the outskirts of Songhai city, and the Master of Shadow Stream, Jiang Liuyue, who had been trapped in the stone ghost mask at that time, had also been arrested.

The plan to capture the old devil had been discussed beforehand, so the old devil had been straightaway sent to Songhai First Prison where he would be directly put on trial.

The truth was that since the day of the old devil's arrest, online news had exploded and netizens flooded public forums. There were tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of comments on any news that had to do with him. Looking at this, one could see the impact which the old devil had on society — this was the person who had struck terror in the heart of the entire Huaxiu nation, who had led the biggest dark force faction back then under the title "Devil Emperor Gua Pi".

Wang Ling had always felt that if there had been an award for the biggest force of darkness, it would definitely have gone to the old devil's Gua Pi Army.

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At six o'clock that morning, in an interrogation room at Songhai First Prison, the old devil, still in Jiang Liuyue's body, sat obediently in a wooden chair. He was still wearing the Spirit Shackles, and was facing Warden Liang, General Yi, Secretary Dakang and senior prison directors.

Fully eight people stood in a row before him, with a video camera recording live on the side.

In order to showcase the importance which the government placed on this matter as well as in response to some online rumors and news, General Yi this time had adopted an open and transparent attitude towards this trial, which would be broadcast live.

"Are you ready?" General Yi tilted his head and asked a staff member on the side.

"We're ready, General Yi. Once the presenter on the outside cuts to the live broadcast, the light on the video camera will turn green and we can start right away."

The staff member bent over, pointed to the camera in front of him, and said softly, "Earlier, the presenter did an opening ahead of the live broadcast, and currently we top TV ratings. We already hit twenty million online views less than five minutes into the opening... If this trend continues, once the trial starts, we'll probably break a hundred million views."

Hearing this, General Yi's eyes abruptly darkened. He hadn't expected that the devil could still have so much influence after so many years.

"What is General Yi thinking?" The staff member asked when he saw General Yi's deep gaze.

"Nothing..." General Yi pressed his fingers to his head. "It's just that the higher-ups told me that audience ratings for this live broadcast of the trial shouldn't exceed those for the New Year Gala, so the situation is a little awkward now."

Staff member: "...So, shall we begin?"

General Yi looked at the old devil and took a deep breath. "Let's rehearse it first."

Staff member: "..."

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Five minutes later, as soon as the staff member said "Begin," the old devil, who was facing the camera, straightaway lowered his head cooperatively and began to confess.

"My venerable self was wrong, really wrong. I shouldn't have invaded the National Palace just because I had personal problems. Destroying the people's property and threatening their safety have a very negative impact on society..."

General Yi: "Then what about the deliverymen from before?"

The old devil: "My venerable self is very sorry about the Riceball Takeout incident... but I preserved all the souls of those deliverymen. Previously, the news said something about the souls of those deliverymen scattering after they accidentally wandered into the sunlight. Actually, I preserved all their souls in the Purple Gold Gourd's small world."

General Yi nodded and swept his gaze over the matters listed on paper before asking, "Can you tell everyone in simple terms how you were arrested?"

"Before the battle, I intended to infiltrate the small world and absorb the vitality of this bunch of kids in order to activate the Body-Turning Array and be resurrected. But most unfortunately, my plan failed. After that, I was trapped by the Five Elements Great Array and had no way to escape."

The old devil raised his head and stared at the camera. "In the end, I lost to General Yi's Palm Sword."

General Yi held out four fingers. "Do you know... the things you have done can only be described in four words!"

Everyone: "To raise everyone's hackles!"

General Yi: "Another four!"

Everyone: "Completely insane and ridiculous!"

The old devil: "..."

"Now that we've bore witness to your testimony, according to protocol, you will be sent to the Supreme Cultivation Court. Is there anything else you would like to say?"

Right after General Yi said this, the staff member on the side at that moment suddenly yelled, "Cut!"

General Yi frowned. "What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

A female director came up to General Yi with a slightly awkward expression and said in his ear, "There's nothing wrong with the basic process, but the expression of emotions isn't quite right."

After saying this, she looked at the old devil and said, "From the sentence 'My venerable self was wrong'... Mr Devil Emperor should look a little more downcast; the best would be if you can express the kind of grief and loss you get from a family being torn apart and ruined."

The old devil: "..."

The female director: "Putting aside how challenging it might sound, if Mr Devil Emperor can squeeze out a few tears, that would be great."

The old devil: "..."

The female director looked down at the script in her hands. "And on another point, about General Yi using his Palm Sword: can Mr Devil Emperor describe it in detail? We've written the script; later Mr Devil Emperor can take a good look and spend two or three minutes memorizing it. When you talk about it later, you should show your fear of the Palm Sword."

The old devil: "..."

General Yi: "..."

After hearing the female director's words, even Secretary Dakang was stupefied. "...Is this necessary?"

"During the rehearsal with General Yi, the higher-ups were also watching, and they agreed that this part needs to be emphasized. On one hand, it will reflect General Yi's prowess, and on the other, it can also raise spirits in society and set a widespread example for current cultivation students," answered the female director.

General Yi: "..."

"There is also another thing that General Yi and Secretary Dakang both need to decide on," the female director continued.

"What is it?"

"During the earlier opening by our presenter outside, the CEO of Cultivation Hardware and Concealed Weapons Technology, Evil Monarch Jun Xie, as well as Chief Ai of Five Elements Sect and Chief Xu of Exploding Sky Sect sent congratulatory bullet messages..."

Secretary Dakang raised his eyebrows. "Isn't that a good thing? They're famous in the cultivation world, and can have a significant impact in spreading optimism in society!"

"The problem is that after these congratulatory bullet messages, Chief Xu of Exploding Sky Sect sent three thousand yachts as a gift, then Chief Ai of Five Elements Sect refused to be outdone and sent three thousand and one yachts. Later, Lord Jun Xie also followed suit... In just three minutes, we already have more than ten thousand yachts. The presenter outside wants to ask whether we should express our thanks?" said the female director.

General Yi and Secretary Dakang: "..."

Chapter 255: Your Son Has Been Enlightened!

According to media expert analysis, the live broadcast of the trial was the first grand undertaking in recent years which would likely set a precedent in Huaxiu nation.

Apart from making citizens aware of the basic laws of the nation, the live broadcast of the trial would also greatly intimidate the criminals that lurked in the dark and suppress the arrogance of evil forces.

Wang Ling was still chewing on his bread that morning as he watched the number of live online viewers climb visibly and rapidly — in less than ten minutes after the start of the live broadcast, the number broke one hundred million people.

Then...

Wang Ling saw the server crash, and when he tried to open the live broadcast again, a huge "404" jumped out at him.

Wang Ling: "..."

The old man didn't know how to watch the broadcast on his mobile phone. When he came over and noticed that Wang Ling's webpage had changed to 404, he directly sighed. "I've always said, advanced technology can sometimes be unreliable... I might as well just watch it live on TV."

Saying this, the old man stretched out his hand to deftly turn on the TV. The live television broadcast was relatively stable, but it didn't have the bullet messages scrolling across the screen or the shock of a bunch of big shots mutually flaunting their wealth through gifts.

Actually, there were three main types of people who were interested in the live broadcast of the old devil's trial.

The first were mostly the middle-aged and elderly, who were sincerely concerned about how the situation would develop, and so were paying close attention to the final verdict for the old devil.

The second type were the young people, most of whom were worried about how this incident would impact society and affect their future job prospects. According to the media, some young entrepreneurs had even already registered "old devil" and "Devil Emperor Gua Pi" as trademarks, just like with the "blue skinny mushroom 1 ."

The third type of people were teenagers. This group was often simpler in their thinking, and most of them just liked watching webcasts. Moreover, they weren't concerned about the event itself — they just liked to read the bullet messages, send their own, and hang around the big names in the cultivation world who were willy-nilly offering the studio gifts...

However, Wang Ling felt that he didn't belong to any of these three types, and instead felt that he was more of a "melon citizen," also known as the so-called melon-eating masses 2 .

The old man crossed his legs as he watched TV; at the moment, the old devil was confessing his crimes on the live broadcast.

He saw the old devil sitting in a chair and confessing his crimes with a mournful face.

The old man watched the broadcast for a long time before his expression turned a little complicated and he looked at Wang Ling. "Ling, do you know anything about this?"

Wang Ling lowered his head and didn't reply. He had been at the scene when the old devil had been arrested, but he had promised Immortal Toya and General Yi that he wouldn't disclose anything about what had happened.

The old man stared at the TV for a while longer. When he saw the old devil start to shed tears on the broadcast, he simply turned off the TV.

"He doesn't know how to act with these tears." The old man tsked. As a chef, he had encountered countless diners and had seen all kinds of expressions... he could see through the old devil's expression with one glance.

"What was that saying again..."

The old man stroked his chin as he pondered, and finally thought of a comment that was perfectly suited to the old devil's current state: "Tears on the face, MMP 3 in the heart."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

Later, when Wang Ling went to school, the topic of discussion early in the morning was, as expected, all about the live broadcast of the trial.

In fact, when the old devil had been arrested, the students of all the six schools who had been in the middle of their military training at the time had all witnessed it, but apart from Wang Ling, who had been the closest to the scene, none of them had clearly seen what on earth had happened.

For most of the students at that time, they had only seen that huge and magnificent Five Elements Great Array. Its light had been so dazzling, just like the Five Spirit Balls used to seal Demon Prison Tower 4, that they had been unable to keep their eyes open. By the time they could respond, the old devil had already been captured.

Even while he was being arrested, the secret operation at the scene had proceeded surprisingly smoothly, and a lot of curious students who had wanted to go take a look at the true appearance of this legendary devil emperor had been stopped by the instructors.

All in all, many things had happened during the survival contest that the students were sorry to have missed out on.

Hence, during the morning study period, there were some who were feeling regret after watching the old devil's trial and recalling the specific details of that day. "I wonder if there were any witnesses closer to the scene where the old devil was caught. I completely never expected that the Five Elements Great Array back then had been set up with the goal of capturing him..."

"It was a secret mission, of course it had been impossible for us to know about it." Super Chen also sighed. "Now that I think carefully about it, the reason why we weren't allowed to take our cellphones with us during the military training was most likely to prevent us from taking spontaneous photos."

After that, he said mysteriously, "Actually, did you notice, a lot of strange things happened during the military training this time..."

Someone asked, "Like what?"

"During the military training, Dopey Guo and I along with Classmate Wang Ling were in a group together, but at the beginning of the survival contest, Dopey Guo got an upset stomach, and so was separated from us during the initial transmission stage. After that, I was able to meet up with Classmate Wang Ling in the desert of the small world."

"...And then?"

"That's the strange thing!"

Super Chen frowned. "It seemed I suddenly passed out in the middle of it. When I woke up, Loopy Toad was there, but Classmate Wang Ling had suddenly disappeared! I seriously wondered that time whether I'd been kidnapped by unknown creatures in the small world!"

Everyone: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

The reason that Super Chen felt that there had been something baffling about the events of the survival contest was actually Wang Ling's fault. That was because after the competition, in accordance with Wang Ming's request, Wang Ling had erased all of Super Chen's memories that had had to do with Wang Ming. Hence, Super Chen felt that there was something strange about his memory of the survival contest.

Of course, this wasn't the most alarming thing — Wang Ling had noticed an error after erasing Super Chen's memories. Although he had deleted the parts related to Wang Ming, Wang Ling realized that he hadn't properly erased some details.

He had forgotten to erase the Non-Showy Wave which Wang Ming had taught Super Chen and Dopey Guo back then.

Of course, neither Super Chen nor Dopey Guo had said anything about it.

At that moment, they both had very crafty expressions on their faces.

After all, this feeling of a protagonist suddenly being enlightened over a certain skill wasn't something that ordinary people could understand at all.

— Mom, your son has finally been enlightened!

So at that very moment, Super Chen's feelings were complicated; he felt excited as well as unspeakably moved in his heart as he looked at his hands in disbelief.

Wang Ling saw those hands tremble slightly...

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 256: Lord Jingke Is Really Too Cool!

Hundreds of millions of people in Huaxiu nation were paying close attention to the live broadcast of the old devil's trial. Fatty Luo was one of them. His metalware store was from that old generation; even its cabinets were made of wood.

He wasn't in the habit of reading the news, nor did he binge watch TV. He got all his news from the mouths of customers as well as brothers and sisters who came to him to get their magic weapons serviced.

That morning, Fatty Luo was unprecedentedly interested in the old devil's trial. He didn't have a TV in his shop, and could only use a mirror-like magic treasure to simulate TV reception.

So when someone entered the shop that morning, they saw a fatty with hair combed into a poop style 1 and wearing a white undershirt looking into a mirror. But this fatty wasn't admiring himself — he was sincerely concerned about state affairs.

"Yo, morning."

At that moment, a man in white suddenly stepped across the threshold and greeted him.

Fatty Luo looked up, and when he saw the visitor, he was a little surprised. "Why are you here so early?"

"I still have something to do in the afternoon, so I thought I would pick up the sword in advance. You promised to help me give the Seven Stars Sword a full service if I lent it to you for five days to study it. Don't tell me you forgot?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal leaned back and supported himself against a cabinet with a smile.

"Of course not, I gave it a full service. It didn't take too long, and it didn't cost too much." Fatty Luo waved his hand and his gaze turned to the cabinet on the right. "It's in number twenty-four on the right, you can get it yourself."

Fatty Luo was so matter-of-fact that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't quite believe it. He remembered that Fatty Luo's attitude hadn't been like this when he'd first asked for the Seven Stars Sword; he'd almost fallen to his knees to hold on to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's thigh...

"I'd heard of Immortal Zhenyuan's fame before, so I'd always had high expectations of the Seven Stars Sword. But when I got it from you, the novelty wore off after just a couple of hours."

Fatty Luo put down the mirror in his hand, slowly raised his head, and said seriously, "The Seven Stars Sword's strength to move things is no small matter, and it is indeed very formidable. However, there's also a huge drawback, and that is it asks a lot of its wielder. It consumes almost four times the amount of spirit energy compared with a spirit sword at the same level."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What's your point?"

"So, even though the Seven Stars Sword ranks high in the swords list, it's also true that this sword isn't practical, and it isn't suitable for everyone. It's only suitable for cultivators who have innate spirit energy and abundant basic energy reserves, and who can develop at extraordinary speeds — in other words, the so-called sons of heaven." Fatty Luo shrugged. "If you want me to rank it, the Seven Stars Sword wouldn't even make the top ten."

"??? " After hearing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expression was full of bewilderment, since this wasn't what Fatty Luo had said a few days ago!

"Didn't you say that this Seven Stars Sword was an exquisitely crafted and flawless godly sword? That was just a few days ago..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was speechless.

"That was then, this is now." Fatty Luo pressed his lips together. "I have seen so many spirit swords, what sword haven't I viewed before? But it was only recently, when I saw Ling Zhenren's Jingke, that I realized that I was just a frog in a well..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Surely you're exaggerating?"

"You don't understand."

Fatty Luo tsked. "From tip to end, Lord Jingke is impeccable. The only pity is that he doesn't have a scabbard. Nowadays, there are truly very few swords like Lord Jingke, which are able to save on as well as consume less energy, which are very formidable and pleasing to the eye, and which uphold the three views."

When Fatty Luo spoke up to this point, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw his eyes light up.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Fatty Luo looked at the mirror, which was still playing the live broadcast of the old devil's trial. There was a deep expression in his eyes. "Look at this; no matter who you are, even if you have a hollow reputation for having once rocked the world... in the end, don't you just become outdated, just like the Seven Stars Sword? So, only a common spirit sword like Lord Jingke, which is not on the swords ranking list, is the genuinely supreme godly sword."

"..."

"Of course, it's not like I'm targeting your Seven Stars Sword. Ever since I saw Lord Jingke, I've come to realize..." Fatty Luo squinted and smiled. "All other existing spirit swords are trash!"

"..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could already completely tell that this Fatty Luo had become a fanboy!

"By the way, has there been any progress in relation to the place that I asked you to look into?"

Speaking on this topic, Fatty Luo suddenly lifted his head to look at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal as he recalled proper business. Previously, he had asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to look for a secret location called Devil Valley, which was rumored to be a secret place with a history far older than the Gate Between Worlds and which only opened once every century.

While the name Devil Valley made it sound like an awful place, according to historical records, it had the kind of picturesque landscape where any photos you took could be used as a screensaver.

And, most crucially, it was rumored that Devil Valley contained rare materials that according to history no longer existed.

"I asked Little Black before, and he has already detected some fluctuations that might be from Devil Valley. Calculating the years, it indeed looks like the valley will open again this year." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal flattened his lips. "But I still want to know, why do you want to go there?"

"I want to make something. If I succeed, it'll be my entire life's glory," Fatty Luo said proudly with a face full of smiles.

"You want to make a sword?"

"That was my previous goal; before, I wanted to create a spirit sword that would be able to easily destroy all the armor in my shop. However, since seeing Lord Jingke, I feel that this isn't something that can be achieved in this life." Fatty Luo sighed with a little regret, and then he looked up with hope in his eyes. "So instead, I'm going to make the ultimate scabbard for Lord Jingke."

"Is this your most recent reason for wanting to go into Devil Valley?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal raised his eyebrows.

"That's right." Fatty Luo smiled and said, "My original plan was to look for the special supplemental material, the One Thousand Dried Bone, in Devil Valley."

"One Thousand Dried Bone? That would be very rare, even in the valley." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed.

The One Thousand Dried Bone which Fatty Luo was talking about was a supplemental substance in ancient times which could be added as an ingredient to elixirs for restoring vitality, but which had been used back then to stabilize the forging of holy weapons. Unfortunately, because of its extremely long growth cycle, plus excessive harvesting at the time, it had already gone extinct a long time ago.

Even if it really did exist in Devil Valley, there actually wouldn't be a lot of it.

It was clear that Fatty Luo was well aware of this.

"I know that even if Devil Valley does have the One Thousand Dried Bone, there won't be much of it. If I were to use it to forge a godly sword, this amount wouldn't be enough. However... if I use this material to build the ultimate scabbard, it'll definitely be enough!" Saying this, Fatty Luo smiled maniacally.

"..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly panicked when he saw this fanatical smile.

Chapter 257: New Transfer Student

The legend of Devil Valley wasn't a secret in the cultivation world at all; over the years, many people had searched for the valley's entrance.

Apart from Huaxiu citizens, there were even many cultivators who had come from the west with an eye on this treasure land. Devil Valley contained resources that were otherwise extinct in the current world; if you took yourself to be an owner of a fish pond like Devil Valley, it absolutely wasn't wishful thinking to believe that you could achieve the pinnacle of your life's journey.

Most of the people who searched for Devil Valley only thought about the benefits they could gain, but Fatty Luo had his own ambition — the only reason he wanted to enter the valley was to find the One Thousand Dried Bone, which was integral for creating a unique scabbard.

After seeing the anticipation on Fatty Luo's face and those eyes full of boundless hope, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was instantly a little nervous.

"For now, Little Black is only monitoring fluctuations that he suspects might be from Devil Valley, and can't fully confirm it yet. If you want to enter it, you'll still need a bit of luck..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

This was in fact something that everyone already understood very well. Devil Valley was like Peach Blossom Land 1 — most people would only be able to find it through serendipity. There were very few recorded instances of people successfully entering Devil Valley. Furthermore, it was said that many of the people who came out of the valley bearing those so-called extinct resources would later completely forget everything that they had experienced there.

So another way of saying it was that Devil Valley didn't actually exist.

It was argued instead that the real Devil Valley was just an illusionary landscape that had been created by an Ancient Almighty, and the people who said that they had brought out extinct resources from the valley had actually been under an illusion spell.

This information wasn't a secret. Both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo, Luo Chuang, were very clear about it in their hearts.

But it was very obvious that Fatty Luo wasn't willing to give up. "Anyway, I want to give it a go. Ever since meeting Lord Jingke, I knew that my dream of forging the ultimate sword was ruined. No matter what type of sword I make, it would never surpass Lord Jingke..."

At this point, he grabbed Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hands with an excited face. "So, whether I can make a supreme scabbard or not will all depend on you, Brother Lei!"

The corners of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's mouth twitched violently, and pulling his hands out of Fatty Luo's greasy grip, he tried to keep smiling. "I'll try my best..."

...

It was still June 22nd on Wednesday in the ninth week of the semester.

Many things had happened in the morning because of the live broadcast of the old devil's trial.

Teacher Pan had had to come to class well in advance to crack down on the "riot."

This was because the noise couldn't just be heard upon stepping out of the office — according to Teacher Pan, she had already been able to hear the yelling as soon as she had stepped out of the subway station near the school.

It could only be said Teacher Pan was in the end Teacher Pan, a pioneer teacher at No. 60 High School.

Wang Ling felt that the saying that all teachers-in-charge had preternaturally good hearing was utterly true.

But even when she had to quell the noise, Teacher Pan seemed to be in a particularly good mood today.

All the crows in the world were equally black — all the teachers-in-charge in the world liked to do one thing, and that was to compare their students with other students.

Teacher Pan rolled up her sleeves, placed her hands on the lectern, and sighed with dissatisfaction at the way her students were unable to live up to her expectations. "I don't know how to deal with all of you; the gap between the two elite classes in our No. 60 High School is growing wider everyday. Can't you learn from Fang Xing in the class next door?"

The name made Wang Ling abruptly lift his head.

Because he felt like he had heard it before.

But it was only recently that he had heard this name, and that was after the survival contest.

It was only later that Wang Ling had found out that Fang Xing was a new transfer student. Furthermore, he had transferred from a neighboring city and had been directly assigned to the elite class. There were only two elite classes in No. 60 High School: one was Grade One, Class Three which Wang Ling was in, and the other one was Grade One, Class Two. Fang Xing was a new transfer student in Class Two.

Dopey Guo had wanted to talk about this in the morning, but the live broadcast of the old devil's trial had been such big news that everyone had chosen to ignore the matter of the new transfer student, just like Wang Feng who was always robbed of his headlines 2

During the morning class, Teacher Pan spoke highly of the transfer student and lavished him with praise, but this still wasn't enough to satisfy the students' curiosity.

Hence, as soon as class was over, Dopey Guo was surrounded. The two girls, Lotus Sun and Feather Lin, had been sent next door as their representatives to feel out the true situation with Classmate Fang Xing.

"Do you have anything on the transfer student? Where did he transfer from?" Super Chen asked curiously.

Dopey Guo asked and asked, "Have you heard of Tianshi Imperial High School?"

Everyone shook their heads. Forget the high school, they hadn't even heard of this name before.

"I have an uncle who told me that this is a high school for aristocrats in Jinghua city which was built on a spirit mountain. Since it's an aristocratic high school, not just anyone can enter. The annual selection is very strict and enrollment numbers are limited." Dopey Guo cupped his chin, his face full of contemplation. "So this Fang Xing's identity definitely isn't simple."

"Since his school is so awesome, why did he choose to come to our No. 60 High School?" someone asked.

"I heard from my uncle that one of the compulsory requirements for being enrolled in Tianshi Imperial High School is that you must buy a house in the school district near the school. Since Classmate Fang's family has now moved to Songhai city, he'd have to transfer schools. As to why he chose No. 60... I don't know." Dopey Guo shrugged helplessly.

"But in addition to that, I heard that Classmate Fang Xing had only been here a day when he already caused three major events..." said Dopey Guo.

"What three events?"

"The first one: after he just got here, he straightaway challenged Clan Leader Yu to a duel. The two of them fought with the wooden swords the school uses, and after the fight, Classmate Fang Xing's sword remained undamaged, but Clan Leader Yu's sword had simply become wood chips; with one gust of wind, they straightaway turned to sand. Classmate Fang Xing said that his sword skill was called 'You Are the Wind, I Am the Sand 3 ', " said Dopey Guo.

Everyone: "..."

"The second thing was at the reception for new students. Old Antique went to explain our school's campus culture to Classmate Fang Xing, but he fell asleep. So Old Antique threw a piece of chalk at him... and he caught it!"

Everyone: "..."

"The last is the most terrifying. In order to welcome Classmate Fang Xing, Mother Juan specially him something to eat..." said Dopey Guo.

At just hearing the two words 'Mother Juan,' everyone couldn't help but shudder. They recalled how Dopey Guo had suffered from her evil "fan bing bing" before the survival contest.

"If we use that fan bing bing as the gauge, its lethality is three stars. Then Mother Juan's 'sky steamed godly snails'... is five stars!"

Dopey Guo's eyes were full of horror as he said, "After Classmate Fang Xing ate Mother Juan's 'sky steamed godly snails'... he was actually fine."

"..."

Now, even Wang Ling was terrified.

Chapter 258: Old Antique's Gossip Time

If suppressing Clan Leader Yu and catching Old Antique's piece of chalk hadn't been enough for the transfer student to cause a stir, then by eating Mother Juan's "sky steamed godly snails," Fang Xing could be said to have already cemented his status as the strongest transfer student in No. 60 High School's history.

The "sky steamed godly snails" was a new dish which Mother Juan had developed along with the "fan bing bing." According to what Dopey Guo knew, when the sky steamed godly snails had been taken out of the pot, all the fresh ingredients in the canteen had been charred in an instant just from the steam that had been released.

According to Mother Juan, this was the dish's unique characteristic, like that of the gourmet "snail rice noodles 1 ." To put it simply, this was the legendary "stinks but tastes delicious." Although you'd definitely get diarrhea after eating it, it helped the body to detox as well as nourished the skin. It was said to work better than drinking copious amounts of fluid, and could instantly dissolve impurities in the body.

Of course, these were all one-sided claims on Mother Juan's part. Since Dopey Guo eating "fan bing bing" had already set a precedent, there was no one in school who dared to risk eating her new dishes.

But credit had to be given where it was due. Dopey had been admitted into hospital after eating Mother Juan's fan bing bing. After his discharge, however, he could feel that his body's resilience had increased quite a bit; even the veins in his body were now obviously unclogged... maybe this was the legendary "breaking the old to create the new."

Master of Dopey silently bottled this matter up in his heart and didn't mention it to anyone.

...

All in all, as a new student, the impact which Fang Xing had created in a single short day wasn't any less than Lotus Sun's influence when she had entered No. 60 High School.

Tianshi Imperial High School was like the Oscar of aristocratic high schools in Jinghua city, and the people who could enter the school were all the wealthy and respectable type. However, there were very few people who knew anything about Tianshi Imperial High School. If it wasn't for Dopey Guo's uncles, who were spread all over the world, no one might have even heard of its name.

In the short ten minutes after the end of the class, Dopey Guo had shared all the gossip on the new transfer student with everyone. Before the start of the second class, Lotus Sun and Feather Lin, who had been sent to scout out the new transfer student, came back hand in hand.

It was actually quite normal for girls to hold hands with each other, like when they would go to the washroom after class hand in hand. However, the main point here was that Lotus Sun and Feather Lin were skipping as they came back hand in hand!

"..."

This scene stunned all the people in Class Three.

Dopey Guo was utterly dumbstruck. It was quite normal for Feather Lin this lively fujoshi to skip, but why had Lotus Sun ended up following her?!

What happened just now?

"Classmate Fang Xing is really too cool! Right? Right?" Feather Lin held her face in her hands, a fangirl expression on her face, and nudged Lotus Sun repeatedly with her elbow.

"In what way? What's his strength like?" Super Chen was also a little curious.

"I think he's pretty amazing..." Lotus Sun looked a little bashful.

Feather Lin thought about it for a bit, then very quickly rattled off the four key fujoshi points:
"White face! Long legs! Chopstick spirit 2 ! The ultimate shou !"

Everyone: "..."

"As for strength... he's so handsome, what use is strength?!"

After saying this, Feather Lin seemed to abruptly recall something important, and suddenly exclaimed, "— Ah!"

"What is it?"

Her face felt very hot. "I forgot to take a selfie with him just now!"

Everyone: "..."

Feather Lin: "Classmate Lotus Sun, come with me!"

Lotus Sun: "..."

Saying this, Feather Lin grabbed Lotus Sun's hand and eagerly ran out again.

The scene at this moment made Dopey Guo cross his arms and sigh despite himself: Over... it's all over!

It wasn't just Dopey Guo; no one else had expected that even Classmate Lotus Sun would have fallen for the transfer student!

...

Although No. 60 High School took in two relatively well-off transfer students at this time every year, Fang Xing was the first to create such a stir.

His appearance had been a little sudden for everyone.

He was like a dazzling jewel that had changed hands and which glowed brightly after coming to No. 60 High School, partly helping to draw a lot of attention away from Wang Ling.

But Wang Ling had a hunch that this person was dangerous.

Looking through the walls into Grade One, Class Two on the other side, he found Fang Xing surrounded by a crowd.

Fang Xing looked like a very sunny person. Because his school uniform was still being made, he was wearing a white T-shirt and a pair of blue and white striped track pants. His white teeth gleamed as he chatted with the people around him.

Wang Ling didn't observe him for too long as he instantly withdrew after just one look. And it might have been his own mistaken impression, but as he withdrew his gaze, it seemed as if Fang Xing had tilted his head slightly to look behind him out of the corner of his eye.

...

Old Antique's class happened to be on Wednesdays.

As a follow-up to the live broadcast of the old devil's trial in the morning, Old Antique shared related knowledge from modern history in class, then directly announced that the trial would be an important test point in the mid-term exam.

"I just received a circular from the Education Department stating that the live broadcast of the trial this morning will be included in the textbook in the second half of this year, earliest before the new year. It's possible that it will become a key exam point in the next two years." Old Antique rested his elbows partly on the lectern and said unhurriedly, "Students who have decided to take history in Grade Three should take particular note of this."

"..."

"From major things like the specific time and proceedings of this unprecedented live broadcast of the trial of a top-ranked criminal, as well as the possible impact on later generations, to minor things like the old devil and General Yi's historically famous skills — all these are test points," said Old Antique.

"Teacher... even these can be tested?" asked someone.

"Why not?" Old Antique smiled slightly. "If it were me, I would test you on the Palm Sword's origin, the specific research process involved, and the historical impact of this skill on the history of swordsmanship. Each person has their own specialty skill, and there are countless examples of them in history: Immortal Zhenyuan's Zhenyuan Great Spell, Killer Taoist's Enemy-Killing Blink and so on..."

Everyone: "..."

"Of course, when it comes to test points, I think it's very likely that Devil Emperor Gua Pi's disciple, Immortal She Pi, will appear in the exam as a test point." Old Antique looked around calmly. "So, does anyone know the origin of Immortal She Pi's specialty, the White Night Spell?"

"What's that?"

"Perhaps many of you have not heard of it, but the White Night Spell is a technique that is able to turn the spirit energy of heaven and earth into armor. As long as there's spirit energy, the armor won't be destroyed. Furthermore, there are two types for day and night each. One is called Bright Victory, and the other is Dark Victory 3," said Old Antique.

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 259: White Night Spell

Old Antique's words sounded like a joke, but his eyes were extraordinarily serious. His past predictions about what would be tested in the college entrance exam had all been on point. Therefore, No. 60 High School had been consistently number one in the district over the years in class scores for history.

The "White Night Spell" was Immortal She Pi's specialty, but most people had never heard of it. This was because most of these skill specialties had been developed by the users themselves.

As a follow-up to Immortal She Pi's renowned supreme skill, Old Antique recalled something interesting. "Do you remember the lesson I gave you on the Gua Pi War about a month ago?"

That lesson was still fresh in everyone's minds.

Because it was during that lesson that Old Antique had shared gossip related to Immortal She Pi's end, which was that before being executed, Immortal She Pi had been found to be pregnant, and had left a child behind.

"During the trial in the morning, that devil stated that he had been sealed away in the stone ghost mask before Immortal She Pi had been caught, so he hadn't known anything at all about his own disciple's situation after that."

Old Antique tsked and shook his head. "In my opinion, if Immortal She Pi is still alive, I'm afraid that he'll be much, much harder to deal with than the old devil. Back then, the melon rind which was reputedly developed by Devil Emperor Gua Pi had in fact been made by Immortal She Pi, who had been years ahead of his time in terms of drugs and weapons research. In other words, he had already mastered the heart of science and technology during that era!"

Speaking up to this point, Old Antique sighed with a little regret. "Unfortunately, he misused this knowledge and strayed off the right path."

Everyone: "..."

...

Teacher Ye Han's PE class was in the afternoon. He was quite popular in the ranking of school teachers. There was a good saying that if looks weren't enough, then height would make up for it... Because of his naturally curly blonde hair and his tall and large frame, he was very popular with the girls.

Before the start of every PE lesson, there would always be girls around him asking how they could lose weight: How could they get rid of unwanted flab? Were there any target exercises that they could do? Teacher Ye would always answer these questions very patiently.

But today, his figure looked a little lonely...

Both elite classes had the PE lesson together. When the students from Class Two and Class Three came together for the lesson this time, the girls' attention was all focused on the new transfer student.

Fang Xing was escorted by a group of girls out of the school building. This bunch of people were so absorbed in talking and laughing that they didn't even hear the bell. It was only when Teacher Ye angrily shouted at them twice that the girls scattered reluctantly and obediently got into line.

This was Fang Xing's first PE lesson after coming to No. 60 High School and it was Teacher Ye's first time meeting him. After the girls around Fang Xing had scattered, Teacher Ye began to look the new transfer student up and down.

Hm... he had really long legs!

Teacher Ye felt that 'chopstick spirit' wasn't a good enough way to describe the length of Fang Xing's legs anymore. From what he could see, 'stilt spirit' was more accurate!

The students lined up according to height; Fang Xing was one hundred and eighty-eight centimeters tall, so he was last in the boys' line. Noticing that Teacher Ye was staring at him, he hurried closer and greeted him with a smile. "Hello, Teacher Ye! I'm Fang Xing."

The voice caught Teacher Ye a little off guard as he stared blankly.

It was only after a long, stupefied moment that he responded.

"Oh, Student Fang... hello!"

To be honest, he felt a little embarrassed — what kind of student hadn't he seen after being at No. 60 High School for so many years? He had actually been struck dumb for three seconds by a transfer student! No wonder this Student Fang Xing was so popular with the girls.

Teacher Ye couldn't help sighing slightly with sorrow... how nice it was to be young! He had been young once too!

After calming down, he stood at the front and clapped his hands. "Alright, as usual, everyone warm up first! Follow behind me as we run, make sure to keep up your speed and pace! As you're running, make sure to stay in line, otherwise, you'll do another round!"

Wang Ling was next to Dopey Guo, his heart as tranquil as an ancient well.

This familiar jogging session... was just as troublesome as usual.

Jogging was a matter of endurance, but the rules in cultivation high schools were different compared with normal schools; it wasn't just about building up endurance, it was also about tempering concentration. As everyone jogged, they also had to maneuver their swords to float above their heads.

This was a special exercise method which experts from the city Sports Department had come up with.

Jogging itself didn't have much of an impact on the endurance of cultivators. Even an early Foundation Establishment stage cultivator would be able to jog for a day and a night as long as their spirit energy didn't run out. But with the need to control a sword at the same time, this became a great test of spirit. Controlling the sword and jogging simultaneously also consumed more spirit energy, which would toughen the students up.

"I was worried before that this would be too intense for you, so all this time I've gotten you to use the special teaching spirit swords which, comparatively speaking, consume less spirit energy. But I want to increase the difficulty today." Teacher Ye smiled. "Please take out your personal spirit swords. Compared with the teaching spirit swords, your personal spirit swords consume energy at a normal rate, and controlling your swords as you jog will deepen your rapport as well as help spawn a sword spirit as soon as possible."

Compared with the start of the semester, Wang Ling wasn't as awkward now when he took Jingke out in public.

After he had come back from the spirit sword exchange meet at No. 59 High School, everyone in No. 60 High School knew that he used a peach wood sword, so it wasn't unusual anymore.

Therefore, when he heard Teacher Ye's request, Wang Ling summoned Jingke agreeably enough and held it in his hand.

Of course, the focus was actually still on Fang Xing.

"I wonder what kind of sword Classmate Fang Xing uses." At that moment, a lot of girls gave Fang Xing curious looks.

But Fang Xing rubbed the back of his head a little apologetically. He looked at Teacher Ye with some embarrassment on his face. "Teacher Ye, I use a knife."

"Oh, did you major in knife techniques at your previous school?" Teacher Ye nodded his head. "That's fine, the theory behind knife and sword techniques is pretty much the same. Generally, if you can control a sword, then you can control a knife. Student Fang Xing is so outstanding, there definitely won't be any problems if you use a knife!"

"But everyone is using a sword... wouldn't it be strange for me to use a knife?" Fang Xing asked.

Teacher Ye laughed loudly. "Student Fang Xing, don't worry. Since you've come to No. 60 High School, you're one of us. No one will laugh at you!"

"But Teacher Ye... my knife, it's a little big." Fang Xing still had his concerns.

"It's fine, Student Fang!" Teacher Ye's gaze was firm as he patted Fang Xing on the shoulder.

"...All right then."

Under everyone's gazes, Fang Xing finally took out his big knife from the pocket of his school uniform.

Then, under everyone's terrified gazes...

A fully forty-meter long steel broadsword stretched down the center of the sports field.

Teacher Ye: "..."

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 260: The Forty-Meter Broadsword Can't Be Put Back

The forty-meter large steel broadsword stretched directly down the center of the sports field, its bluish-gray surface still reflecting the light from the sun... What kind of image was this? The broadsword looked like a weapon which had been left behind in the human world by an ancient demon god — at a glance, it gave off a very heavy air.

Everyone was silent.

Teacher Ye also took a deep breath. "Student Fang... does your broadsword not have the ability to contract?"

During the manufacturing process, many large weapon types would be implanted with a functional "contraction talisman" to ensure that the blade could be carried around. Based on common sense, this forty-meter broadsword should be able to contract.

Unfortunately, Fang Xing shook his head. "This is a legacy which my father left to me. I heard that when it was being forged, the smith had been going through heartbreak, and had been so upset that he had started to suffer intermittent dementia; at the most critical step of making the broadsword, he didn't put in the contraction talisman."

Everyone: "..."

For some reason, Wang Ling felt that this Fang Xing's experience was very similar to his. He remembered how much effort it had taken to cure the old man of intermittent dementia back then.

Teacher Ye broke out in a sweat. "Then Student Fang Xing can use a teaching spirit sword this time... However, for the sake of the school's PE class, it would be best for Student Fang Xing to be equipped with a spirit saber or a spirit sword of a normal size."

"Yes, Teacher Ye."

Fang Xing nodded, accepting this advice cheerfully. "Then... Teacher Ye, can you put my broadsword away for me?"

The corners of Teacher Ye's mouth twitched. "Can't you put it away yourself?"

Fang Xing sighed. "It's very hard to put my forty-meter broadsword back once I've taken it out... so I don't generally draw it out in ordinary times."

Teacher Ye wanted to cry but had no tears to shed: "..."

The broadsword fully weighed six thousand jin . When he raised it, he was unable to balance it properly. The spirit light in a storage space had an automatic acceptance function. As long as one part of an item entered the storage space, the whole item would automatically be recognized and received inside.

But when this forty-meter broadsword was placed on the sports field, its hilt was suspended over two meters in the air from the ground because its body was too large.

In the end, Teacher Ye went to get another PE teacher from the office, and together they lifted the broadsword and slowly put the hilt into Fang Xing's school uniform pocket.

The scene looked a little strange, but somehow Wang Ling felt that this Fang Xing seemed to be hiding something.

Because when the broadsword was being put back into Fang Xing's pocket, Wang Ling was acutely aware of Jingke vibrating slightly in his hand.

...

Because of this broadsword, the PE class was delayed, and the warm-up before the official lesson only happened fifteen minutes later. No. 60 High School's sports field was small, and one lap was just four hundred meters. During the warm-up, Teacher Ye would usually ask the students to jog four thousand meters for four minutes while controlling their swords, which meant ten laps.

But because of the earlier delay, Teacher Ye raised the requirement this time, giving the male students two minutes and the female students three minutes.

It already wasn't easy to jog and control a sword at the same time; now they had even less time to do it, which made a bunch of the male students complain miserably.

Wang Ling jogged in the middle of the line. He didn't feel much from this kind of Formation Establishment stage basic training, and he just considered himself an exercise partner. Furthermore, he didn't need to control Jingke at all because the latter had its own consciousness.

Super Chen ran at the head of the line as he led the male students. Although he looked exhausted, it was obvious that he could still continue running. Before entering No. 60 High School, Super Chen had already been a sports-oriented student, and had far better stamina than most of the people here.

In contrast, Dopey Guo's entire head was already soaked in sweat by the fourth lap, and it looked like he was about to fall behind.

Dopey Guo was big-hearted and easygoing; jogging wasn't a problem for a Formation Establishment cultivator, but controlling a sword at the same time was much more demanding. When they had used the teaching spirit sword during the warm-up, it had been quite challenging for Dopey Guo. Now that they had to maneuver their personal spirit swords as they ran, their consumption of spirit energy would increase dramatically.

Of course, Wang Ling, who was just behind Dopey Guo, could have helped him run a little easier with just a thought. However, this could hurt the other boy instead; the Foundation Establishment stage basic training exercises were still quite important, since the foundations which the students built now would be directly related to the development of the upper limits of their future realms.

Therefore, Wang Ling didn't do anything throughout the warm-up.

On the seventh lap, Wang Ling noticed that the students around him were already drenched in sweat, so he immediately channeled his spirit energy into condensing the moisture in the air onto his skin to make it look like he was sweating a little.

Otherwise, it would really be too strange if everyone else was sweating while there wasn't even a single drop on him.

After two minutes of jogging, Dopey Guo straightaway collapsed on the ground, gasping for breath. Super Chen braced his hands on his knees, then kicked Dopey Guo's leg to make him get up and walk around for a bit.

After that, the girls' warm-up jog was also over. Except for Lotus Sun, the rest of them didn't look very good.

A little bored, Wang Ling took a break as he sat to one side. Most of the people on the sports field looked like they were dying from exhaustion, except for him... and Fang Xing.

After ten laps, Fang Xing wasn't flushed, nor was he gasping for breath, which surprised Teacher Ye. This transfer student's physical strength was very good. Even if he had been jogging with a teaching spirit sword, it still shouldn't have been this easy. And most importantly, he had deliberately given the male students a time limit.

"Student Fang has good physical strength!" Teacher Ye couldn't help praising.

Fang Xing rubbed his head bashfully and said very modestly, "In my old school, the school building was at the foot of a mountain, and I had to take twenty thousand steps to class every day. Maybe I was trained during that time."

"So that's it." Teacher Ye nodded. He had heard of Fang Xing's school, which was the strictest aristocratic boarding school in Jinghua city, Tianshi Imperial High School.

"Your time is outstanding!" Teacher Ye looked at the blue notebook and the stopwatch in his hands.

He had just recorded down the times: in the last three laps, Fang Xing had obviously sped up and directly passed Super Chen at the head. He had been the first to finish the warm-up, and overall had been faster than Super Chen, taking just a minute and a half to complete it.

"The district sports meet will be held in two weeks. I want you and Student Super Chen to be our male school representatives and participate in the sword control relay." Teacher Ye stared at Fang Xing as he made this request.

Unexpectedly, Fang Xing instantly agreed. "No problem, Teacher Ye."

"Do you think you have enough spirit energy if you switch to jogging with a normal spirit sword? How about we try it out after you've taken a break?" Teacher Ye asked.

"Okay, Teacher Ye." Fang Xing nodded readily.

"Then I'll help you borrow a spirit sword!"

Teacher Ye looked around. "Is there anyone who would be willing to lend their spirit sword to Student Fang Ling?"

"No need, Teacher Ye, I'll borrow it myself."

Fang Xing smiled and waved his hand.

Then, Wang Ling saw this person walk step by step toward him.