

Daily Life 271

Chapter 271: Do You Know What It Feels Like to Encounter a Bug?

The scene fell into awkward silence.

There was a village which lay between Jinghua city and Songhai city. After leaving Songhai city, Boss Tan's brother Tan Qian had gone there directly. The mountain behind the village was called Ninth Boundary Mountain, and there was a modern Taoist temple at the top. This was in fact one of Immortal Mansion's strongholds.

Given Tan Qian's current level, he didn't know the exact location of Immortal Mansion's headquarters; it was only if he was promoted to chief of the eastern branch that he might be able to discover its location at Immortal Mansion's executive meeting, which was held once every ten years.

Two days after his return, Tan Qian was able to perfectly suppress his addiction to the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts with the help of the bottle of sleeping pills which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had given him. The Panwu Immortal Martial Arts was originally a forbidden technique which consumed a cultivator's spirit and energy, numbing the body and stimulating its nine orifices to expand through self-hypnosis. The most difficult problem with it was the addiction.

Indeed, as his brother Tan Siming had said, after Tan Qian stopped cultivating the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts, he could feel his strength diminish significantly, but his mental state was obviously improved.

Today, after the effects of the sleeping pill wore off, Tan Qian woke up from his deep sleep.

When he approached the rear court, he heard the chief of the eastern branch swearing inside the room.

As soon as he entered the room, he straightaway saw a large TV screen and the eastern branch chief sitting in front of it frenziedly operating a game control. "Tan Qian? Good timing! Come and help me see what on earth is wrong with this!"

Tan Qian stared at the image on the screen, a little baffled. "...This is...?"

A moment later, his eyes abruptly widened, because he had unexpectedly seen Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal on the screen!

Knowing that it was Tan Qian who had entered the room, this chief didn't turn to look at him. "This is the first step in Master's grand plan. Using the secret of the USB combined with the Great Illusion Spell and a spatial magic array, we're currently gathering all known smiths together to find the strongest one! But there are too many spatial dimensions, and Master can't handle all of them, so this one is now in our hands. Using this game control, we can change the settings for this space at any time."

When he heard this, Tan Qian understood. To put it simply, the eastern branch chief was actually now playing as the deity lord of this space.

This was obviously a very big deal.

Tan Qian's view was that as long as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, this "Great Death-Courting Senior" in the cultivation world, was involved, things definitely wouldn't be so simple.

The eastern branch chief pointed at a fatty on the screen. "Our target this time is this guy. Luo Chuang, owner of Fatty Luo Metalware, was born into a smithing family, and his real strength is nothing to scoff at. But when we opened the space this time, we were careless and also brought this Great Death-Courting Senior in as well. Furthermore, in order to feel out the true strength of the owner of that villa I asked you to investigate the last time, I also sent them a USB."

"..."

Instantly, Tan Qian understood... that legendary Ling Zhenren had most likely become involved in this matter.

Although he had never seen this Ling Zhenren in the flesh, he had seen his spirit sword, which had almost cut him up into salt and pepper mantis shrimp!

Even if Tan Qian hadn't truly experienced Wang Ling's prowess, he had already known it in his heart at that time.

This person wasn't simple.

Tan Qian even felt that Ling Zhenren was stronger than the Master of Immortal Mansion!

He couldn't help the few drops of cold sweat that broke out on his skin. "Chief, what problem have you run into?"

The eastern branch chief's face was very black, and could be completely described as scorched earth. "There's been a popular game recently called PUBG. Have you ever played it?"

Tan Qian: "...Yes, but I'm very bad at it."

Subsequently, the eastern branch chief became lost in deep thought. He cupped his chin as he pondered for a long time, and then replied, "Now that I'm manipulating this space, I get the feeling that I've come up against an immortal who can pull players, perform headlocks, speed up, and auto-lock on their targets 1."

Tan Qian: "..."

The eastern branch chief: "The minions I summoned in the space were wiped out instantly, and the enhanced Voldemorts I created were scared off by the other party to the point that they turned around and ran!"

Tan Qian: "..."

The eastern branch chief: "Furthermore, this bunch of people aren't using the standard gameplay in following the plot at all! They're wantonly destroying everything in their path in the space!"

Tan Qian: "Did Great Death-Courting Senior do all that?"

"It's that person from the villa! The worst thing is that I don't even know who he is!"

As he spoke, the eastern branch chief switched the view to Wang Ling, and then all Tan Qian saw was a huge mosaicked image on the screen...

...

At that moment, the Great Shielding Spell was working perfectly.

In the game space, Wang Ling couldn't help sneezing.

He had the vague feeling that someone was talking about him behind his back.

But now wasn't the time to care about something like that. Following the thrust of the plot, Lie Mengmeng led Wang Ling and the others to the ward where the woman's husband had stayed. The array pattern on the wall on the first floor even stretched all the way up here.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal crouched down and gently stroked the pattern as he carefully felt it out. "Brother Ling, this array pattern seems a little different from the one we saw before."

The miniscule difference couldn't be described in words, and only a cultivator with over one thousand years' worth of cultivation would have been able to perceive it clearly. Large magic arrays were usually designed with the pattern split into sections that might appear chaotic, but which also had a core.

"This is the core array pattern!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stared at it with a confident expression. "As long as we cut through the core array pattern, we can at least block this Great Illusion Spell. If we disturb the spatial order, we might be able to get out!"

"But severing the array pattern won't be easy. This core array was set up by an Itinerant Immortal, so it's bound to be able to restore itself. The best would be to directly cut it off at the root, otherwise it might regenerate." Fatty Luo frowned. "But we don't have anything with us right now. My magic treasures are all in the shop... now that we're trapped in this space, I've lost my connection to them, and I can't summon them directly."

At that moment, the two individuals swiveled almost in unison to look at Wang Ling.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling, do you have a solution?"

Wang Ling nodded, his eyes fixed on empty air.

A moment later, there was a fluctuation which shook the air and the ground.

Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were utterly astonished. This sound was too loud! There was an invisible and immense sense of oppression! Furthermore, it was a very familiar aura, and they already knew what was coming!

Just a few seconds later, the point in the air that Wang Ling was staring at actually split open, and inexhaustible sword qi surged forth, sweeping through the space.

Wang Ling directly reached into this violently fluctuating crack in the air, and pulled Jingke out from within.

Chapter 272: This Is What a Big Shot Is Probably Like...

The space shook violently, causing dust to fall from the ceiling.

Familiar light brown sword light shone forth from the crack, directly illuminating the whole space.

Under normal circumstances, spirit swords were invisible to ordinary people, and Lie Mengmeng couldn't see them at all. But Jingke was very special, because it was originally a peach wood sword, the kind used for warding off evil and which could be found everywhere on the market.

Fatty Luo had only just found out about this, and was utterly astounded.

"Lord... Lord Jingke!" The instant he saw Jingke appear, his voice trembled.

He was extremely excited and also amazed at Wang Ling's strength... What kind of power was this, that could tear a seam in this completely sealed space and forcefully summon a spirit sword?

Fatty Luo felt that this was already beyond his realm of understanding.

The instant Jingke had been summoned, Grenade-Throwing had obligingly knocked Lie MengMeng out with a light tap to the acupuncture point in his neck.

Ordinary people were completely unable to withstand the mental pressure produced when a spirit sword was summoned through a tear in space; this wasn't a physical attack that a pair of long johns or long underwear could block.

If Lie Mengmeng were to suffer residual effects from this, he would very likely come down with dementia later in life.

"Too strong..." Seeing Wang Ling grasp Jingke firmly as sword qi continued to pour out with a roar, Fatty Luo's cheeks couldn't stop quivering.

...

This aura vanished as swiftly as it had appeared. Fatty Luo felt that Jingke was just too cool, and that its rapport with Ling Zhenren wasn't an ordinary one.

When Wang Ling held Jingke in his hand, their auras merged into one, and gave off a sense of unity between heaven and man — this was a realm higher than unity between man and sword!

"When will I ever have rapport with a magic treasure as close as the one between Lord Jingke and Ling Zhenren..." Fatty Luo blinked, his heart full of envy. After all, this was something you couldn't look for, and which only happened through serendipity. Fatty Luo had collected as well as made a lot of magic treasures, but rapport with a magic treasure wasn't something that could be achieved simply by making one.

The rapport between a spirit sword and its master was a very profound subject. To use a common analogy, Fatty Luo felt that it was just like choosing a daughter-in-law in ancient times by studying her horoscope.

...

After ten breaths or so, the air was finally completely calm.

Wang Ling pointed Jingke at the array pattern on the floor.

He was about to slice through it when the array pattern seemed to come to life and move on its own.

"Not good, the spirit of the array pattern is awake and is planning to escape!" Fatty Luo immediately shouted. Apart from being very complicated, this type of array created by an Itinerant Immortal would more often than not have an array spirit. In order to maintain the security and stability of the array, the array spirit would move the core array pattern around every once in a while.

But the array spirit had now awakened earlier than expected...

"Want to destroy me? It's not that easy! I was created by the nomological laws of this space; as long as I don't want to die, I won't!" The array spirit laughed proudly.

This type of large magic array wasn't a small matter to begin with. Coupled with an illusion spell and multiple parallel spatial dimensions, this was an advanced spatial magic array, so its array spirit naturally wasn't some common thing.

Just then, that array pattern which had been carved into the floor of the room transformed into a dragon-like specter which suddenly rose up to dart out the door.

It was too fast, like leaping lightning, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo's eyes couldn't follow it at all.

Wang Ling didn't look away; he merely frowned, and then stamped down directly with one foot.

Before it could dash out of the door, this array spirit was trapped neatly under Wang Ling's foot.

"Ah!"

It was just the last bit of the array pattern that had been stepped on, like a little tail, but the array spirit was dumbstruck when it realized that it actually couldn't move any further...

Wang Ling was already faster than the array spirit had imagined, and the strength in his one foot was enough to nail it firmly to the floor.

"Brother Ling, for this spirit to be able to drive such a large magic array, it's definitely anything but ordinary! It would be great if you can take it alive!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly opened his mouth.

The value of an array spirit at the level of an Itinerant Immortal was truly immeasurable.

Activating an array normally required an array flag and the array maker to be present. In the absence of the array maker, however, an array spirit could be used to replace them. But subduing a powerful array spirit was just like trying to conquer heaven, since it was the product of nomological powers; the principle of its creation was somewhat similar to the birth of a sword spirit.

Furthermore, there had been very few arrays since ancient times that could spawn array spirits of their own accord.

However, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's words came too late...

Once Wang Ling had made his move, he hadn't had the slightest intention of leaving this array spirit alive.

He hated anything that disturbed his quiet life.

Whether it was the main manipulator behind the scenes or the array spirit in front of him, they were all the same.

Since he wanted to live a peaceful life, he hence didn't need to consider what would happen after. Whether this spirit was strong or weak had nothing to do with him. From the beginning, Wang Ling's goal had always been to bring everyone out of the space safely.

He raised his hand, and his spirit sword instantly started to glow...

The brown sword light which enveloped Jingke's body wasn't bright, and instead was quite soft. Nevertheless, the sense of oppression contained within this muted glow was very real.

Fatty Luo just thought that Jingke was really handsome; there was nothing better than a gentle sword.

Terrified, the array spirit could instinctively feel how dangerous the peach wood sword was, and it hurriedly opened its mouth and started to plead frantically. "Exalted Immortal, please let me go. It was I who failed to recognize your honored self..."

Wang Ling didn't give it a second look, and directly swung his sword down.

The spirit didn't even have time to scream when the sword directly pierced its body. In the next instant, its ghostly body together with the core array pattern that was concealed within it cracked open, smashed to smithereens.

"Brother Ling..."

Seeing this scene, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo couldn't help sucking in cold breaths.

An array spirit at the level of an Itinerant Immortal, slashed just like that... Furthermore, it had died with just one swing.

This was what a big shot was probably like...

"..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart hurt. If they had been able to subdue such a powerful array spirit, it could definitely have become a powerful errand boy!

But soon after that, he relaxed, because Wang Ling had done nothing wrong.

Since the beginning, he had always, always been this type of person...

...

With the array spirit eliminated and the core array pattern destroyed, the game space began to fracture.

A little sunlight permeated the dark space, and shone on Wang Ling's face...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo stood on the side and watched him. Maybe it was because they had just overcome a crisis, but they felt that Wang Ling's solemn face seemed a lot more at peace.

Wang Ling didn't say anything; he just picked up Lie Mengmeng next to him, put him over his shoulder, then walked toward the light step by step...

Chapter 273: Unquantifiable Data

When Lie Mengmeng woke up, he found himself lying in Wang Ling's bed. Wang Ling was sitting at his table and going through his study materials seriously.

Ah? What was going on? Lie Mengmeng remembered that he had been playing a game with Wang Ling just now... how had he fallen asleep? He got up and rubbed the skin between his eyebrows, and felt a slight headache.

Wang Ling sat with his back to him and kept silent.

When they had left the game space, he had completely erased Lie Mengmeng's memory of it.

Now, Lie Mengmeng's recollection stopped at just before they had been about to play the game.

Wang Ling had cut out anything to do with the Itinerant Immortal Almighty's scheme. There would be a lot of repercussions in the aftermath, and Lie Mengmeng was just an ordinary person; Wang Ling didn't want to get him involved.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door. A few seconds later, Mother Wang opened it and came in bearing fruit, then saw that Lie Mengmeng was awake. "Little Song, you're awake? I heard from Wang Ling just now that you suddenly fell asleep while the two of you were playing a game."

"I... I fell asleep?" Lie Mengmeng pointed one finger at himself with a face full of disbelief.

"That's right! Have some fruit first, I'm stewing chicken soup. When you come downstairs later, you must have some!" Mother Wang sighed and frowned, then looked at him with a very serious expression. "It might not be easy to do anything these days; an editor has to stay up all night working his fingers to the bone with an author... but the young should pay more attention to their bodies! Aren't there so many of them nowadays who get sick from staying up late?"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Mother Wang: "Look, sometimes you young people will get pimples from staying up all night. When you get one, you squeeze it, but if you don't do it properly, it becomes infected, and if you happen to contract a contagious disease after that, you die... it seems there was a young man who died like that a while ago."

Frightened, Lie Mengmeng rubbed his face. "...Elder sister, where did you hear about that?"

Mother Wang: "WeChat Moments... The heading even said that ninety-nine percent of Huaxiu nation had already read it! How can this not be true?"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Mother Wang: "In short, you must take care to rest in the future. If you are tired, don't try to endure it!"

Lie Mengmeng: "Elder sister, you're right... I'll be careful."

Mother Wang: "From today onward, I'm going to organize a plan for you and my husband in order to fully regulate your nutrition intake and the overall development of your health!"

"..."

Lie Mengmeng didn't dare object at all, then he suddenly recalled the game. "Elder sister, can I ask, have you seen the USB which Wang Ling received previously?"

Mother Wang pointed to the trashcan at Wang Ling's feet. "A USB? I threw it away... Ling Ling said that you suddenly fainted, then you fell directly on it, and it was crushed.

"Oh, my chicken soup!" After her earnest advice, Mother Wang looked at her watch and remembered that her chicken soup was still stewing, so she hurriedly went downstairs.

Lie Mengmeng took a look at the completely broken USB in the trashcan, and instantly his legs turned weak as he fell to his knees in tears. Every organ in his body throbbed with dull pain... What did I do?!

Wang Ling looked at Lie Mengmeng out of the corner of his eye, and did feel a little apologetic in his heart.

Because he was the one who had deliberately trampled over this USB...

...

At the same time, there was an explosion at the Taoist temple on the top of Ninth Boundary Mountain between Songhai city and Jinghua city.

Black smoke billowed out of the windows and doors of the Taoist temple...

It was Tan Qian who supported the eastern branch chief as they came out.

F**k!

Just now... what happened?

The eastern branch chief coughed fiercely, long tendrils of smoke trailing from his mouth and nose.

Before the explosion, he had seen that mosaicked image on screen suddenly emit a light brown spirit light. Shortly after that, a loud " bang " had resounded throughout the room, and just like that, the entire screen had suddenly exploded...

Tan Qian was the only one who was very clear in his heart.

Even though he hadn't been able to see what was behind the mosaic tiles, he had seen that familiar spirit light before... with one glance, he had already been able to tell that Lord Jingke was coming!

Thus, the moment he had seen the spirit light, he had already had a feeling, and had very tactfully retreated a few steps.

Sure enough, not long after he stepped back, the screen in front of the chief had suddenly exploded...

...

After casting a purification talisman on himself to wipe clean the dirt on his body and face, the miserable eastern branch chief changed into a new suit.

He was still in shock from the explosion. He could tell that it hadn't been a problem with their equipment, but with what had happened inside the space, which had created an impact that had resulted in the space exploding. Fortunately, he had a strong realm and had been wearing protective robes; except for getting a little dirty, everything else was minor issues.

Of course, given the flash of power from that explosion just now, anyone under the Nascent Soul stage would have been finished.

But what on earth had happened just now?

To actually be able to destroy the space so quickly within the great array personally created by Master... the identity of the person who had destroyed it absolutely wasn't simple!

"Has everything been sorted out?" The eastern branch chief had doubts, and more than that, was shocked in his heart.

Tan Qian nodded his head and replied, "Apart from our eastern branch, the situation in the southern, western and northern branches is pretty much the same; the screens all exploded at the same time in front of the three branch chiefs."

"All exploded?" The eastern branch chief was aghast.

"Yes... all of them," Tan Qian answered.

What kind of thing was this, that could actually destroy all the parallel spaces in an instant?

The eastern branch chief felt his hair stand on end. "Has Master... sent any messages?"

"He has."

Tan Qian handed him a sheet of paper. "This is an assessment report which Master just sent over through the one thousand li talisman. It's a record of the fluctuation values that were generated in the space before the explosion."

The eastern branch chief took the report and carefully examined some of the data.

"Master's theory is that a magic treasure, most likely a spirit sword, was used to cut through the core array pattern, thus directly eliminating the array spirit and destroying the space," said Tan Qian.

"So that's what happened..."

The eastern branch chief heaved a sigh.

"The annotated numbers in the report were calculated using modern precision instruments along a magic treasure power index. The average index for the weakest spirit sword at the Foundation Establishment stage is between one thousand and five thousand. If it's a Core Foundation spirit sword, the index is over ten thousand, even tens of thousands... as for spirit swords at the Nascent Soul stage and the Soul Formation stage, the index would be in the hundreds of thousands. Master also said that for a spirit sword to be able to destroy this space, it had to be more powerful than a Soul Formation sword... at the very least, it would be a first-class holy weapon. The power index for a first-class holy weapon is usually above a million."

Speaking up to this point, Tan Qian took a deep breath and pointed to the report. "The power index for the spirit sword which destroyed the space just now is at the bottom of the report..."

The eastern branch chief followed Tan Qian's finger down the sheet.

What he saw at the bottom weren't numbers, but a string of nine question marks...

Chapter 274: A Conversation Between Immortals

As he stared at the nine question marks, the eastern branch chief was lost in deep thought for a long time.

The eastern branch chief: "What's this?"

"This is the surveillance data on that spirit sword... according to Master, this spirit sword's power index is already beyond the range that our instruments can measure," said Tan Qian.

"Something like this can happen?" The eastern branch chief frowned tightly.

"Just now, Master ordered us to thoroughly investigate the master of this spirit sword."

"Investigate? Hehe, then don't we have a big advantage?" The eastern branch chief laughed sinisterly. "At the very least, we know that this spirit sword's master is definitely connected to the people in that villa... Sure enough, it was the right decision back then to send you, Little Tan, to investigate the truth of the situation! My venerable self is really smart, ha ha ha!"

Tan Qian broke out in a sweat. "...That might not be the case, chief. According to my investigation, the family that lives in that villa is very ordinary."

"I don't care! In monitoring the game space this time, apart from that Fatty Luo's metalware shop, the only other place we sent a USB to was this villa... Even if it has nothing to do with this family, it might be connected to their relatives. This is the only lead we have for now!"

The eastern branch chief directly waved his hands. "This time, I'll go and investigate it myself! It's better to kill them all than let the one we want escape!"

Tan Qian: "... Chief, you really don't want to think twice about it?

"As long as my venerable self is the first to find a lead and report to Master, my promotion to Immortal Mansion's top level as an elder won't be far off." The eastern branch chief looked at Tan Qian and patted him on the shoulder. "Once I've been promoted as an elder, Little Tan... you'll be the next eastern branch chief!"

"..."

In his heart, Tan Qian sighed deeply.

He had to report this matter to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal first.

...

It was June 26th on Sunday in the ninth week of the semester.

In the morning, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal arrived at the door with fresh broccoli.

The old man was at the entrance watering the plants, a smile on his face. Yesterday, he had specially gone to the noodles shop run by Fang Xing's family, and had been able to swap pointers on cooking.

The old man had always been very ardent in pursuing culinary excellence, and he was naturally delighted to have encountered someone whom he could compare notes with; when he thought about it, he couldn't help but feel happy.

"Old Senior Wang, morning!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal greeted him reverently.

"Yo! Is it Little Lei? Have you had breakfast?" The old man raised the garden hose in his hand and responded warmly.

"Mm, I have, Old Senior Wang!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "I saw senior laughing, what's made you so happy?"

"Yesterday I went to Ling Ling's classmate's place. His family runs a noodles shop, and his father is pretty good at cooking, so we swapped pointers."

The old man stroked his beard as he recalled solemnly, "I heard that his father had already become a top-grade chef by the time he turned thirteen, but he usually covers his medal of honor with a white cloth. When I went over yesterday, an apprentice next to his father accidentally uncovered it as he was walking past, and I saw the glorious radiance of that special word 'Masterchef'... tch, so awesome!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

"Anyway, why is Little Lei here today?" the old man asked.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal bowed and cupped his fists. "I'm looking for Brother Ling, is he in?"

"It's the weekend, of course he's home," the old man replied. "But it seems that Ling Ling's shut himself inside his room today, and hasn't come out."

"Has Brother Ling gone into seclusion?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clicked his tongue. Something like seclusion was mainly for consolidating one's realm or breaking through to another. For Wang Ling to go into seclusion was actually quite rare; was Brother Ling about to advance another level again?

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal very quickly dismissed this notion. Looking at Grandfather Wang, he asked, "Does senior know what's going on with Brother Ling?"

"He seems to be conversing with Jingke," Grandfather Wang replied. "There's one day every month when Ling Ling shuts himself in his room to have a heart-to-heart with Jingke."

Hearing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately widened his eyes and asked in fascination, "Brother Ling... can have a heart-to-heart talk?" No one could blame him for being so shocked. After all, for Ling Zhenren to speak at all was so rare that it was almost a miracle. In Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes, the probability of such a thing happening was almost as low as a sow climbing a tree!

"But Ling Ling's way of conversing is very strange; he just holds Jingke without speaking." On this topic, the old man also had his own concerns. "His father and mother have been worrying that Ling Ling might have some sort of mental problem... Little Lei, you're resourceful, do you know a way to find out what Ling Ling and Little Jingzi are talking about?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's face instantly showed a touch of embarrassment; he had yet to learn advanced spells like the Mind-Reading Ability.

But very quickly, he had an idea. "Old Senior Wang, just a minute, I'm going to call my friend!"

He took out his phone and made a call directly across the mountains and seas to Little Black's laboratory on the border. "Hello? Little Black? Can you lend me the mind-reading software you developed the last time for a bit? Yes... I'm in a hurry, can you just send it to my phone?"

On the other end of the call, Little Black was obviously a little hesitant. "But Brother Lei, the software is currently still in the testing stage..."

"Are you saying that this software doesn't work?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled knowingly.

"Impossible! I was very careful in researching and developing this software. It's remotely connected to the mind-reading device in my lab, so it can translate thoughts wherever it is!"

Little Black gritted his teeth. "Since Brother Lei wants to try it out, I'll send it to you now!"

...

Roughly two minutes later, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw his phone screen light up.

Little Black had sent him an unknown file after remotely locating Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's phone.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal revealed a mouth full of white teeth as he looked at Grandfather Wang with an excited face. "Senior, I have it! Let's go to Brother Ling's door and take a look!"

The old man looked a little doubtful. "Will... will this work?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened the software and aimed his phone at the old man. After some monitoring, a string of words appeared on the software's interface: Ling Ling won't be angry, right?

The old man was dumbfounded when he saw this. "It actually works!"

"Of course!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was full of confidence.

They walked up to the second floor and stopped in front of Wang Ling's room door. It was very quiet inside, without the slightest sound to be heard.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal aimed his phone at the door.

Because the software had detected two sets of fluctuations, it used the codes "A" and "B" to distinguish between the people inside. "A" was Wang Ling, and "B" Jingke.

The old man curiously moved closer. "What does it say?"

After about a minute, the analysis of three sets of dialogue came out.

A (Wang Ling): "..."

B (Jingke): "..."

A (Wang Ling): "..."

B (Jingke): "..."

A (Wang Ling): "..."

B (Jingke): "..."

...

Grandfather Wang: "What're they talking about?"

Reading this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal just wanted to smash his phone. "This is a conversation between immortals..."

Chapter 275: How Do You Increase Rapport with a Sword Spirit?

There were actually many ways to increase one's rapport with their spirit sword's sword spirit. In the past, when spirit beasts and demon beasts had run amuck, many cultivators had chosen to use their spirit swords as much as possible in slaying these animals, and in this way increase their rapport and proficiency with their swords. This had been the most effective and the quickest way.

But now, the demon beasts were behind the Gate Between Worlds, and spirit beasts had become protected animals in every nation.

Hence, modern cultivators had come up with their own individual secret know-hows to increase rapport with their spirit swords.

For example, Dharmaraja most commonly used the godly thunder inheritance to give his spirit sword a light electric massage; as another example, since immersing himself in studying the broccoli which Grandfather Wang had given him, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been putting his spirit sword in his broccoli vegetable patch...

In contrast, Wang Ling's approach was very simple.

It was to hold Jingke in his hand...

He called this the "strengthening rapport by communing with you in my hand" approach.

This name might sound unsophisticated and "low," and had a vaguely rustic, chuuni air about it, but no matter how unsophisticated it sounded, Wang Ling didn't think it was worse than Golden Arches 1 .

...

Each month, Wang Ling would put aside a day to deepen his rapport with Jingke, but usually it didn't take too long.

After waiting for about an hour or so downstairs, Grenade-Throwing saw Wang Ling come downstairs, and the first thing Wang Ling did was to eyeball him ruthlessly... This was a warning at Grenade-Throwing's disrespectful attempt to use software to read his mind.

Grenade-Throwing's heart thumped at Wang Ling's glare, and he sighed dejectedly; it looked like he would have to sacrifice that limited edition shuanghuanglian-flavored 2 crispy noodle snack packet to make amends!

Coming back to the main point, the young man in white looked earnestly at Wang Ling and said, "Brother Ling, I'm here to collect the demon king's arm you mentioned before."

Wang Ling nodded. He had already known the reason for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's visit as soon as the other man had arrived and chatted with the old man at the entrance to the Wang family's small villa.

As they went into the backyard one after another, Loopy Toad was lying flat on the ground in the sun. When it saw that Little Master Ling had come, it very consciously moved, wagging its tail and coming to Wang Ling's feet to lie prone there once again.

Wang Ling opened his Heavenly Eye and activated the power of the Eye's vision field.

In that instant, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw Wang Ling's pupils bloom like flower petals and turn a dark gold color thanks to the power of the Heavenly Eye.

A moment later, spirit energy rolled in Wang Ling's line of sight, and a powerful space vortex opened in the air.

Boom ...

The young man in white then saw a massive black shape fall directly out of that space to crash at their feet... even the ground sank sharply under the tremendous weight of the arm.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

This was an arm which belonged to a demon king, and was also one from the troll clan. Although he had anticipated its huge size, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was still petrified when he saw it with his own eyes.

This demon king's arm was so thick... If he hadn't heard it from Immortal Toya himself, there was no way Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could have ever imagined that Wang Ling cut this thing off with the Gate.

Opening his Heavenly Eye, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately put the huge demon king's arm into his own vision field.

It had been a long time since the arm had been severed, but the demon aura around it was still strong; it had barely been out at all, but the nearby flowers and plants had already withered... Fortunately, the old man didn't usually bother with the plants in the backyard, otherwise Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would have felt like he was committing a great offense against Grandfather Wang! Even tons of broccoli wouldn't have been able to compensate for it...

"This demon king's arm is an extremely valuable resource; once I get home, I'll hold a proper research meeting."

After accepting the arm, the young man let go of some of the tension that he had been holding.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal heaved a long sigh, but his expression didn't relax the slightest bit. Remembering what had happened in the game space yesterday, he turned his head to look at Wang Ling and asked, "Brother Ling, what's your opinion on what happened in the space yesterday?"

In fact, even if the other man hadn't said anything, Wang Ling was very clear in his heart: this incident was definitely related to "Immortal Mansion."

Resolving this matter wouldn't be easy as they'd imagined, yet it also wasn't complicated.

All they had to do... was eliminate them completely.

Thinking of this, Wang Ling narrowed his eyes.

He recalled how recently, too many troublesome things had happened because of this Immortal Mansion.

He had never had any tolerance for things which undermined his peaceful life again and again.

As Wang Ling's good friend for many years, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in fact well aware in his heart of Wang Ling's attitude. He took a deep breath and looked at Wang Ling.
"Actually, Tan Qian has given me a lead — that Immortal Mansion's eastern branch chief is about to make a move. Whatever Brother Ling's plan is, I as your brother will definitely risk my life and be with you to the end!"

As he met the gaze of the young man in white, Wang Ling's eyes couldn't help betraying a rare, cold expression.

...

In the evening, there was a faint tremor on East Huang Road in front of the Wang family's small villa. The ground quaked, startling a lot of birds into flight.

A figure accompanied by strong pressure dropped in front of the villa. When it landed, the ground cracked beneath it. The boundless spirit light which surrounded this person transformed into invisible protective gangqi 3 which shook and split the ground open, and even created phantom distortions in the air.

"This is it!" Surrounded in curls of spirit light and gangqi , the middle-aged man sneered. He stared at the Wang family's small villa with deep killing intent.

He had been the eastern branch chief for a whole one hundred years. As long as he could truly acquire intelligence on this family, his promotion to Immortal Mansion's top level as an elder would be within reach!

The corner of the middle-aged man's mouth couldn't help tilting upward. He had waited for this day for a very long time!

This was his best and closest chance at being promoted in a century...

It was now or never!

His eyes fixed on the entrance, his genuine and undisguised killing intent penetrated the Wang family's villa.

Roughly two minutes later, the front door of the Wang family's villa opened.

But it only opened a crack before it stopped.

A brown light burst forth — that light transformed into particles that gathered at the door, creating a completely ethereal air. When the light particles completely coalesced together into a peach wood sword, the middle-aged man's face finally changed... This sword was so scary that the sense of oppression it brought with it made him feel like he would be ground into meat sauce!

Chapter 276: Go! Brother Ling! Let's Go Beat Up Tyrants!

This sword light... this was definitely the brown spirit light that had appeared on the TV screen back then before the space had exploded!

The eastern branch chief was hit with realization.

It was just as Master had theorized, that spirit sword wasn't just any ordinary sword!

This was an indescribable feeling which was very difficult to put into words. That immense sense of oppression had already enveloped him from afar, even before the sword drew near.

Familiar with this light now, the eastern branch chief finally saw the body of the spirit sword emerge from the light.

It was actually... a peach wood sword?

It was just a peach wood sword; how could it produce that kind of abnormal number with nine question marks?

Judging from the sword qi, this sword indeed did seem very strong... but the middle-aged man felt it was more likely that there was a problem with the equipment used to measure the power index!

"In any case, since Master is looking for you, I'll have to take you back with me first."

The eastern branch chief frowned. Eyes fixed on this splendid sword, he raised his hand and several small flags appeared, black as ink and covered in a fine pattern of veins. With one gust of wind, they rapidly enlarged and began revolving around him.

In a flash, a spatial force took shape before transforming into a barrier against Jingke's pressure.

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were in the bedroom on the second floor. Looking at this scene from a distance, Wang Ling had determined how old the flags were at a glance. At the very least, they had been made in ancient times, and were about as old as that black dagger which the old devil had left behind.

"Immortal Mansion's roots are actually so deep?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help exclaiming.

Because according to Tan Qian's report, the person who had come was merely the chief of the eastern branch, who at best played a role similar to an elder of an outer sect. If an outer sect elder could actually have this type of magic weapon from ancient times, then how rich must that bunch in the inner sect be?

With the protection of the magic flags, the pressure on the middle-aged man had lessened. Although he couldn't control these magic flags perfectly and the power that he was able to exert was very limited, in his view, this barrier set up with ancient magic flags, which were on par with first-class holy weapons, was more than enough to resist the intrusion of sword qi.

Moreover, it wasn't only for protection that he had set up this barrier of magic flags.

His ultimate goal for coming here was to seize this spirit sword. The magic flags which surrounded him were a powerful magic weapon from ancient times which could suppress a sword spirit by capturing its sword qi.

"My magic flags captured countless spirit swords in ancient times; so what if you're strong?" The eastern branch chief stared at the roiling brown spirit light in front of him and sneered. He turned his palm over, and the air rippled violently as the magic flags scattered in different directions to arrange themselves in the air and form a giant cage.

"They're actually spirit-suppressing flags?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal exclaimed after recognizing them. "Many well-known spirit swords on the swords list have fallen to this magic weapon. I heard that the person who created these spirit-suppressing flags had an unusual connection to Old Demon Han."

Wang Ling opened his Heavenly Eye to the fullest and fixed his gaze on the spirit-suppressing flags.

This was probably Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's first time observing Wang Ling at close range as he opened his Heavenly Eye. Those pupils blossomed into golden petals that seemed to contain infinite spiritual power, filling people with a vague sense of dread.

He didn't dare look directly at Wang Ling, and could only observe him out of the corner of his eye...

Eyes fixed on the spirit-suppressing flags in the air, Wang Ling frowned.

All ancient magic weapons in the world today had one thing in common — they had already lost their weapon spirits. And it was because these items without masters didn't have weapon spirits that they could be used by cultivators now. If an ancient magic weapon had a weapon spirit, there was no way that a Soul Formation cultivator would be able to wield it.

But through his Heavenly Eye, Wang Ling could tell that there were many strange nomological laws surrounding these spirit-suppressing flags.

This was hence a very curious magic weapon in his eyes. He felt that someone was operating it from afar, and that this eastern branch chief might not be its true master.

This was the point which Wang Ling found strange.

...

At that moment, Jingke had already been enveloped in the cage formed by the spirit-suppressing flags.

The middle-aged man looked on with a calm and composed expression as he silently waited for the sword spirit of this peach wood sword to reveal its true appearance.

A moment later, he saw the spirit light on the peach wood sword scatter and gradually transform into its true appearance in the cage. A kid wearing a brown vest and a white robe, who only looked around ten years old, stared at him with a cold expression on his fair face.

Looking up at this giant spirit-suppressing flag cage, Jingke sighed. "Bo...ring..."

He had thought it would be a magic weapon which he could have some fun with, so he had revealed his true form and come out personally, but the reality of it disappointed him.

About ten seconds later...

A purple light burst forth from the bottom of the cage to illuminate Jingke, like the Pagoda-Bearing God's golden tower capturing a demon 1 .

This was a special type of spirit light, which could suppress the majority of sword spirits in a very short span of time for use.

In the glow of the purple light, Jingke yawned indifferently. He didn't resist, and his expression was unruffled.

"I did it!" The middle-aged man was extremely delighted when Jingke didn't move. The longer this purple light shone, the weaker the sword spirit would become.

So he stood at a distance and watched as Jingke stood in this purple light as if he was in a microwave...

Five minutes later...

"It's time!" The middle-aged man was very pleased as he slowly walked in Jingke's direction; it felt very refreshing, as if he was harvesting vegetables in Happy Farm 2 .

This was the final step toward him being promoted to Immortal Mansion's top level!

He drew near to Jingke and formed hand seals. Finally, he held his hands high.

"Seal!" His loud shout was followed by the sword spirit in front of him being drawn back into the cage by the purple light.

This huge cage in the air gradually shrunk to the size of his palm and dropped into the hands of the eastern branch chief.

Just like that... he'd done it?

The middle-aged man's face lit up with delight as he held the cage in his hands. Everything had gone so smoothly!

...

The whole process had been very quiet. Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been in the bedroom on the second floor watching everything calmly.

Letting Jingke be captured on purpose — this had been part of Wang Ling's plan.

"We've really wronged Lord Jingke."

Hands on his hips, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal watched this middle-aged man laugh as if he were a two hundred- jin child 3 .

Now, this eastern branch chief would take Jingke to Immortal Mansion's headquarters. Once Wang Ling received the signal from Jingke, he and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would go there directly and kill them.

"Now we just have to wait for Lord Jingke to send a signal, then we can directly go and beat up tyrants 4 !" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said. "Oh, that's right! Brother Ling, just now, all the brothers and sisters in the group plus Fatty Luo said that they wanted to take part in this operation."

Wang Ling: "?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "It's common sense to call on your brothers and sisters when you're going to go beat up tyrants!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was extremely excited. "This Immortal Mansion bunch must be rolling in money!"

Chapter 277: Brother Toya Is Also Full of Vigor Today!

A normal spirit sword would lose contact with its master when they were too far away from each other, but Jingke was different; Wang Ling could sense his aura anywhere and anytime.

This was the benefit of improving rapport with a spirit sword's sword spirit through monthly cultivation.

Sitting on his bed, Wang Ling carefully felt for Jingke's aura. It was as if he had a radar in his head, and he knew exactly where Jingke was.

Before even an hour was up, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw Wang Ling open his eyes, and he asked, "How is it, Brother Ling? Any news?"

Wang Ling drew a map with the Memory Sketching Skill, and then marked a location on it with a red dot.

"This is..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned. He never thought that Immortal Mansion's final stronghold would actually be in Winter city.

Winter city's location was relatively special. It was in the extreme north of Huaxiu nation, and happened to be diametrically opposite to Little Black's border laboratory, both of them situated on two ends of the map.

The reason why Winter city was so special was that an ordinary person wasn't able to endure the cold there, so basically no ordinary people lived there. Various merchants in the cultivation circle who dealt in magic treasures hated this place, because as soon as a magic treasure was taken out of storage there, it would straightaway freeze; there was no way for low-grade magic treasures to survive in Winter city.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had previously speculated on many possible locations for Immortal Mansion's headquarters, but he had never considered Winter city. While it was a very deplorable environment, Winter city was very suitable for cultivation, and a lot of Huaxiu's cultivation military troops were stationed there; based on common sense, no dark force would dare establish itself there.

But he had miscalculated.

"It actually is Winter city." The young man in white pursed his lips. He should have thought of it sooner!

Furthermore, although they now knew the location of Immortal Mansion's headquarters, getting there was a new problem.

Winter city didn't have an airport, because in the past, many accidents had happened as a result of engines freezing over, so the general mode of transport to Winter city was the bullet train.

"Can't you just teleport there?" Loopy Toad, who had been lying on the ground, said suddenly.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was utterly astounded. "Since when could Brother Toad talk?"

Loopy Toad: "...I've always been able to speak, okay?!"

"My apologies, I assumed that anyone who followed Brother Ling would be a tightly sealed oil bottle 1 Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "There're a lot of troops stationed in Winter city, so outsiders are strictly monitored. Since Immortal Mansion's headquarters is there, it's very likely that their top brass are keeping their identities hidden. We can use third generation ID cards to take the bullet train. Going through regular channels is in fact the most dependable way. If Brother Ling teleports us there, it'll be very awkward if we get stopped by police wanting to verify our identities."

After saying this, he turned his gaze to Wang Ling. "What do you think, Brother Ling? Have you made up your mind?"

Wang Ling sighed. He lifted his head and looked in the direction of Winter city.

We'll do it your way.

He communicated succinctly through telepathy as he looked at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Now that Wang Ling thought about it, it suddenly occurred to him that he had never taken the bullet train before in his life.

...

It was June 26th on Monday in the tenth week of the semester.

Wang Ling had left a clone behind to go to school in his stead.

The sky was just beginning to lighten when he arrived at Songhai Railway Station.

At that time, the breakfast stalls were only just being set up, and the savoury crepes stall had only just started heating its stove. Wang Ling stepped into the VIP waiting hall specially set aside for cultivators. At this time of day, there weren't very many people around, but in an hour, the number of people in the regular waiting hall outside would skyrocket.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had booked the train tickets for Winter city, and they would be departing at 6.40 am.

Wang Ling didn't have a habit of being late, and he preferred to arrive early.

He lowered his head to look at the estimated time of arrival indicated on the train ticket. It was three hours by bullet train from here to Winter city. After those three hours, the dark force that had been harassing him all this time would completely disappear off the face of the earth.

He drew in a deep breath as he looked at the ticket.

He just wanted to live an uneventful life...

Why did they have to force him to make a move...

While he was pondering this, his wristwatch phone rang.

It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"Brother Ling, are you there yet? I just picked up Brother Luo, and we're on our way to the station now; we'll be there in about ten minutes! Cailian Zhenren from the group is also with us," he said. "Brother Toya isn't with us... hmm, he probably ran into some trouble. See if you can help him later, Brother Ling."

"???" Wang Ling's expression was puzzled.

"Well, you know that he has a fighting lion. Recently, it went into heat again..."

Wang Ling wore an astonished expression. "... So toward its master, this fighting lion...?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling, don't be dirty... Brother Toya disturbed this fighting lion when it was in heat yesterday, so it's chomped down on his head and so far hasn't let go."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

About five minutes after Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hung up the phone, Wang Ling saw a young man with a bloody upper torso and a fighting lion on his back enter the VIP waiting hall sedately. Just as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said, this fighting lion had clamped onto Immortal Toya's head and refused to let go...

Wang Ling: "..."

Forget Wang Ling, this was an extremely terrifying and shocking scene for anyone who saw it.

There were security guards following Immortal Toya who looked like they wanted to stop him for breaking the "no pets in the waiting hall" rule, but were too afraid to come forward. In the end, they could only use a megaphone to give him a warning from a distance. "The gentleman in front! No pets are allowed in this waiting hall!"

Agitated by the sharp sound of the megaphone, the fighting lion swept its gaze over this bunch of security guards out of the corner of its eye. Fine beads of sweat instantly broke out on their skin, and they didn't dare to speak after that.

Each one of them looked like they wanted to cry but had no tears to shed... Mom, this fighting lion is scary!

"Hi, Senior Ling!"

The young man had sensed Wang Ling's aura. He raised his hand to greet Wang Ling from a distance.

Wang Ling: "..."

Knowing that Wang Ling was in front of him, it seemed like Immortal Toya had found a lifeline. "Senior Ling... can you help me get it down?"

Wang Ling heaved a sigh, then deliberately moved around to approach Immortal Toya from the back as he slowly walked toward the fighting lion.

Coming up behind the fighting lion, Wang Ling stuck out one finger and wrapped it in his aura before poking the lion's broad back.

The jittery fighting lion was instantly so scared that all its hair stood on end, and it opened its mouth to let go of Immortal Toya before jumping down.

Wang Ling had frightened it so much that it curled up trembling on the ground.

"Thank you, Senior Ling!" As if he had been granted an amnesty, the young man finally took in a breath of fresh air.

Paying no attention to his disheveled appearance, he straightaway crouched down to rub the lower half of the fighting lion's body, then heaved a deep sigh. "Its heat is over... but it looks like from now on, it'll never go into heat again."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 278: Fate... Is So Ineffable

It wasn't very long after Toya Immortal had called him when Wang Ling heard an ongoing rumbling sound from the air outside the waiting room... it was actually a helicopter! Furthermore, Wang Ling couldn't be more familiar with the symbol on it. It was a Seven Stars Special Forces helicopter; back then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had duped him into working for them as a consultant.

"After the survival contest, General Yi took me on as a consultant for the Seven Stars Special Forces. Who knew it would actually be of use today."

Immortal Toya looked at the sky and raised his eyebrow as he pondered over sending the fighting lion back with the helicopter. "However, I'm only borrowing this helicopter, and I still have to pay the fuel costs. Based on the latest trend of using spirit stones as fuel for its operation, it costs one million HNY per minute."

After hearing that, Wang Ling's lips twitched violently: "... As expected, as long as you had money, you could do whatever you wanted!

...

Immortal Toya used a purification talisman to clean the blood stains off his body. "Senior Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal will probably be arriving soon. Ask them to wait for me!" Then, he strode toward the separate dressing room which could be found in the VIP waiting hall.

Wang Ling glanced at the clock on the wall of the waiting hall; it had already been ten minutes since Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had called. As far as he knew, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wasn't in the habit of being late.

Had something happened on his way here?

Wang Ling's imagination started to run wild... and he couldn't be blamed for his fanciful thoughts, since his eyelid had started twitching again.

For some reason, he had a sense of foreboding!

After another two minutes or so, a group of people in traditional dress showed up at the entrance of the VIP waiting hall. Led by a young man in white, they slowly approached Wang Ling, who felt that the song Superstars in Troubled Times 1 was the perfect background track for this scene.

Sitting inside the waiting hall, Wang Ling watched Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo come in with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. Also following them was a young lady who was no less

attractive than the Master of Shadow Stream. She wore a pink gown and a trademark lotus hairpin in her hair. Wang Ling knew that this had to be Cailian Zhenren.

Compared with when the Gate Between Worlds had descended six years ago, he felt that she hadn't changed very much. The only difference was that her aura was now steadier. Every single person in the chat group was doing their best to cultivate in their own way, and was making progress every day.

While he had recognized Cailian Zhenren, she couldn't recognize him. Technically speaking, this wouldn't be their first meeting — she had seen him six years ago when he had been ten, and had even given him cleansing lotion then.

Even now, Wang Ling still remembered this vividly.

After entering the waiting hall, Cailian Zhenren straightaway started making a ruckus as she asked around, looking quite excited.

"Senior Ling? Who is Senior Ling? Who is Senior Ling?"

"..."

Not only hadn't her looks changed, her personality was also still as unrestrained as six years ago...

Wang Ling sighed in his heart and stood up silently from his seat, and Cailian Zhenren immediately stopped screeching.

Like most people who saw Wang Ling for the first time, Cailian Zhenren's first impression was that he was so young and full of vigor; it was the kind of boundless vitality which only belonged to youth... how had he managed that?

"This is Brother Ling!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal made the introductions as he came up and threw one arm around Wang Ling's shoulder.

"I never thought I'd be able to meet Senior Ling here today. Nice to meet you!" Cailian Zhenren gripped his hand excitedly and looked as if she was going to cry. "I'm just a little excited... sorry, Senior Ling!"

The moment they shook hands, Wang Ling could clearly sense her internal condition. He had once heard Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal mention that this was from an injury which Cailian Zhenren had sustained three hundred years ago. Although it could be healed, the rate of recovery was very slow. At her peak, Cailian Zhenren had attained the status of a Perfected Being, but after being injured, her realm had regressed several levels. It was only in the last few centuries that her condition had stabilized and she had started to steadily recover.

In spite of that, she was currently on pretty much the same level as Dharmaraja sans the godly thunder inheritance.

...

So it's just us?

Wang Ling's eyebrows twitched as he telepathically asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal his question.

"Including Brother Toya in the dressing room, there's seven of us participating in this operation," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said with a smile.

Seven people?

Including Wang Ling, that was still just six people.

Wang Ling hadn't thought that there would be a seventh brother.

He started to have a bad feeling...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "I forgot to tell you, I recently checked this brother out and decided to have him join our chat group. I've been friends with him for quite a number of years. He went to the toilet just now after entering the waiting hall, he should be back soon... Brother Ling, you'll definitely be surprised when you see him!"

Just after Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal finished speaking...

Wang Ling instantly saw the very last person he wanted to see right now.

From a distance, he could already see long legs in a pair of blue and white striped track pants...

A sunny and fair youngster walked toward him with a smile.

Fang Xing...

Why would he show up here?

Wang Ling tried his best to cover up his surprise.

"Hello, Classmate Wang Ling." Once he had drawn near, Fang Xing was the first to open his mouth and smile at Wang Ling as he tilted his head slightly.

To Wang Ling, it was a smile with hidden meaning.

"Let me introduce him to everyone. This is Brother Fang Xing, a fellow whom I met on assignment back then." After saying this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly laughed. "Actually, Brother Fang Xing and Cailian Zhenren have already seen each other before."

"Ah?" Cailian Zhenren was doubtful.

"Do you still remember the demon king which dropped from the Gate Between Worlds six year ago?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

From her expression, Cailian Zhenren was recalling the event, and following that, she immediately nodded. "Oh! I remember, back then, the demon king landed directly on top of that century-old flagship store which sold crispy noodle snacks, frightening a ten-year-old shota!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"No. 3600, Spirit Stream Road. That was the address of that century-old flagship store which sold crispy noodle snacks." When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said this, he paused. "The noodles shop which belonged to Brother Fang Xing's family was next door. When that demon king landed that year, you could say that Brother Fangxing was the first witness at the scene."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 279: Wang Lost On a Journey

Sometimes, coincidences like this just happened.

Of course, Wang Ling preferred to call it "doomed fate."

Given the way Fang Xing behaved toward him, he guessed that this guy had already recognized him. If what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said was true, and Fang Xing had been the first witness at the scene, then he would definitely have seen Wang Ling kill the demon king in one strike and Cailian Zhenren cuddling him.

But at that time, Wang Ling had just been a small shot!

What was more, he remembered that in the last few years, he had been using a technique to mold his face and moderately change his appearance. Yet Fang Xing had recognized him?

He couldn't quite figure it out.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thought that they would be very happy to see each other, but now he could clearly sense that something wasn't right with Wang Ling after seeing Fang Xing.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw this Ling Zhenren, who always had on a poker face, reveal a rare hint of awkwardness in his expression, and the other man came over to hide behind his back, using it to shield him from Fang Xing's gaze. What was this?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was at a bit of a loss.

Next to Fang Xing, Cailian Zhenren smiled unperturbedly.

Staring at his face, she was completely entranced... to describe him in her native dialect, this boy was such a hunk 1 !

"So you were there six years ago?" Cailian Zhenren was surprised. "All these years, I've actually been looking for witnesses from back then; I never thought that the very first one would actually be Student Fang Xing."

Fang Xing scratched his head with some embarrassment. "Actually, that day six years ago, we were preparing to relocate our noodles shop. Just as we were about to move out, a toad fell from the sky."

Everyone: "..."

"Wait a minute!"

Dharmaraja asked, "Then why did Brother Fang Xing move back there?"

Fang Xing laughed. "My dad said that the toad invited wealth; wherever a toad lands, riches will follow."

Everyone: "..."

"That's why we moved back in after the government completed the post-disaster reconstruction. It was only recently that I came to Songhai city and transferred schools, and I help with my family's business when I have the time," Fang Xing said.

Everyone nodded. "So that's it!"

Anyone who became part of the chat group had to have a clean family background at the very least. Since Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had approved him, everyone else in the group naturally had nothing else to say.

"If you have anything else you want to talk about, we can do it after we get on the train. From now on, Fang Xing is our brother." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal put his hands on his hips, grinned with a mouth full of white teeth, and said, "And one more thing: Brother Fang Xing and Ling Zhenren are currently studying at the same high school."

When he said this, Wang Ling remained expressionless, but everyone else exclaimed in surprise.

Fatty Luo: "Is it the trend nowadays to study in high school?"

Dharmaraja was clearly excited as he stared at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and asked, "Senior Immortal, is Ling Zhenren and Brother Fang Xing's school still short of people? I also want to be a transfer student!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "There's no way the school will take in students who look too old, right?"

"That's right, that's right!" Cailian Zhenren tidied up her appearance. "If they're looking for students, it's probably someone like me!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "It doesn't take in busty aunties either."

Cailian Zhenren: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Everyone: "..."

...Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had booked train tickets with consecutive numbers, and their seats were in the last three rows of carriage number four. Cailian Zhenren chose to sit in the first row by herself, while Wang Ling straightaway chose the window seat in the last row, perfectly hiding himself in the corner.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had initially been sitting in the middle next to Wang Ling, but Wang Ling hadn't expected that Fang Xing would ask to switch seats with the other man once they got on the train. After they switched, Fang Xing then looked brightly at Wang Ling and smiled happily.

"Don't worry, Classmate Wang Ling, I won't tell anyone your secret." He looked at Wang Ling as he passed his words on telepathically.

This astounded Wang Ling — he hadn't expected the other party to be capable of using the "Mind-Reading Ability." Even Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had yet to master it.

To Wang Ling, Fang Xing this person was an unpredictable element. Even if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thoroughly investigated his family background, he felt that he still needed to pay special attention to this person.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sat next to them with an awkward expression, and the air felt unusually cold.

They were schoolmates, shouldn't they be caring toward each other??

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed in his heart; no wonder people would poison their roommates nowadays 2 ...

At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's imagination started to run wild — he couldn't picture what it would be like if Wang Ling and Fang Xing graduated high school, got into the same university, and ended up in the same dormitory... He felt that if they lived together, they would never need to turn the air-con on in summer, or could even do without a fridge — the entire room would just be like an igloo!

And so, to break the awkwardness, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hurriedly smoothed over the situation once he saw an opportunity. "Brother Fang Xing, what did you bring with you?"

He noticed that Fang Xing this time hadn't come barehanded, and actually had on a backpack.

"Nothing much, actually," Fang Xing replied. "We're going to teach the dark forces in Winter city a lesson, so I thought seniors in the group would definitely be bringing their own individual magic treasures in preparation. I don't have any magic treasures that I can bring with me, and I'm not going to teach fish how to swim in front of seniors. Actually, I just have snacks in this bag."

"Snacks?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled. "Brother Toya has fasting pills on him; if we get hungry, we just need to eat a pill!"

"No, our family's noodles are not the same as fasting pills. Not only can they sate your hunger, they can also quickly replenish strength and spirit energy." After saying that, Fang Xing directly took out a wrapped noodle box — only his family's noodles shop used this packaging. "When you're eating, you just need to pour some spirit energy into the packaging, and the noodles will automatically heat up. Oh, by the way, apart from replenishing your strength and spirit energy, it can also rapidly heal any external injuries you might have!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal twitched his lips. "..." Was this the freaking senzu bean 3 ?!

After hearing Fang Xing's introduction, Dharmaraja, who was sitting in the front row, was very interested, and he turned around to ask, "Brother Fang Xing, it sounds good, but it's a little troublesome to eat noodles; do you have a simpler version?"

"I do!"

After saying that, Fang Xing directly took out a sparkling packet. "This is our family's crispy noodle snack. You don't need to heat it up, you can straightaway open it and eat it!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Was it his imagination?

It seemed like Ling Zhenren's throat had bobbed just now...

Brother Ling!

Pull yourself together! Brother Ling!

[0] This is a play on the title of the movie 'Lost On A Journey,' 人在囧途. At the same time, 囧 is used as an emoticon to represent embarrassment, sadness, frustration etc.

Chapter 280: How Ling Zhenren Becomes Stronger!

In fact, even Wang Ling wasn't clear when this doomed fate had befallen him.

Of course... if he had been able to tell, then it couldn't be called doomed fate.

But now that he was silently eating the crispy noodle snack, Wang Ling was well aware that this doomed fate had already started to deepen...

Finishing off the crispy noodle snack, a young man in white sucked his fingers and couldn't stop singing praises. "Brother Fang Xing, your crispy noodle snack is good!"

In the front rows, Dharmaraja, Immortal Toya, Fatty Luo and Cailian Zhenren all nodded and agreed. "Indeed, after eating it, my body feels like it's full of spirit energy."

"Brother Fang Xing, your crispy noodle snack also contains a lot of spirit herbs?" Immortal Toya savored the taste. "This small crispy noodle snack packet contains hundreds of spirit herbs. It's very difficult to neutralize all their smells in favor of preserving the snack's flavor."

"Senior, you flatter me." Fang Xing smiled. "I just applied what I learned in school in our family's noodles shop. These instant noodles, including the crispy noodle snack, are new products researched and developed by our family's noodles shop, and aren't officially on the market yet."

"Ha ha, then aren't we the first batch to eat crabs 1 ?"

As Dharmaraja laughed like a two hundred- jin kid, he directly turned his head to look at Wang Ling. "Speaking of which, Ling Zhenren, what do you think?"

Everyone knew that the only thing Ling Zhenren was crazy about was crispy noodle snacks, so there was probably no one here better than Wang Ling to comment on it.

Wang Ling thought this was a simple question.

However, it made him sink into silence for a long time...

For some reason, any simple question inexplicably became a prickly issue as soon as Fang Xing was involved.

It wasn't that Wang Ling hated him; he just thought that this guy... was very troublesome.

Wang Ling thought at first that he could avoid answering Dharmaraja's question to maintain his aloof image, but there was a saying which put it well: tit for tat... Since Wang Ling had eaten the snack, he thought that a slight nod wasn't asking for much.

And so, after about two minutes of silence...

He stared at this sparkling packaging and nodded.

At this scene, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clicked his tongue. "Brother Ling seldom praises other people. Brother Fang Xing, your product will definitely sell like hot cakes!"

"If Classmate Wang Ling likes it, that's great." Fang Xing grinned his trademark bright smile. His gaze was a little hot when he turned to Wang Ling, but Wang Ling had already turned to look at the passing scenery outside the window.

...

After that, the carriage fell into a short lull. This time, they were on their way to Winter city to drop in on Immortal Mansion and wipe them out. This was actually a secret, so when they had set out, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had stressed that no one was to bring it up, in case the walls had ears.

Since Immortal Mansion was able to gain a foothold in Winter city despite the military troops stationed there, there had to be a staggering number of spies working in the shadows.

Apart from when he was receiving customers, Fatty Luo was a taciturn person. Toya Immortal was even more of an ascetic; as an alchemist, there were times when he would sit in front of his furnace for several days and nights. For this elegant-looking man in traditional dress, three hours by train to Winter city would pass in a blink of an eye.

Seeing that everyone had dropped the subject, Cailian Zhenren straightaway started knitting a scarf in the carriage.

Wang Ling had heard Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal say before that this scarf was for her new boyfriend...

And so, this journey was agony for Dharmaraja.

When he couldn't take it anymore, he decided to stir up things with a bit of gossip. "By the way, how do Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Brother Fang Xing know each other? Senior Immortal, you only mentioned earlier that you met Brother Fang Xing on assignment?"

Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had introduced Fang Xing to them, most of the people from the chat group had no idea about his past. Dharmaraja's question was something that Cailian Zhenren and Fatty Luo also wondered about.

Moreover, what they were even more curious about was Fang Xing's strength. Judging from his current aura, he was powerful, and was even above the average level of the people present.

"...Actually, I wasn't going to mention it because it involves Brother Fang Xing's privacy. But he especially told me that I could explain it if someone did ask."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal crossed his legs as he prepared to launch into gossip, but silently uncrossed them again when he realized that they weren't as long as Fang Xing's. "To be precise, I came to know Brother Fang Xing three years ago when he had still been studying in Jinghua city.

"Student Fang had been adopted by the Fang couple at a very young age. Because his results were very good, Tianshi Imperial High School made an exception for him and took him in. Do you still remember that girl whose family had all been massacred three years ago? I accepted a one yuan coin from her and helped her get revenge by directly slaughtering that evil bunch. That actually happened not far from Tianshi Imperial High School."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled the matter. "It was during that incident when I bumped into Brother Fang Xing. It was already dark by the time I was done, and someone had called the

police. Before they arrived, it was Brother Fang Xing who helped me deal with the aftermath and get rid of the bodies."

Everyone had heard of that incident back then. This Great Death-Courting Senior had accepted a one yuan coin from a little girl as payment for wiping out all the underground forces in Jinghua city — news of this had spread like wildfire in the cultivation circle back then.

But no one had imagined that Fang Xing would actually have been involved.

Dharmaraja was satisfied with this gossip. "So it's like that... but when Senior Immortal said that, I seem to remember reading a related article in a tabloid somewhere that it wasn't just Senior Immortal, but that there had also been a girl who had joined you in killing that evil bunch in Jinghua city."

"That's probably just a coincidence." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "I was very secretive about the operation. If I hadn't pulled Brother Fang Xing into it, most likely no one would have known about it. As for that tabloid article, it was probably just trying to draw public attention."

"Maybe."

Dharmaraja nodded doubtfully, then turned his gaze to Wang Ling. "Ling Zhenren, what do you think?"

After that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal promptly covered his mouth and put a finger to his lips as he whispered, "Under no circumstances do you disturb Ling Zhenren when he's studying, it's taboo..."

Everyone looked over and were stupefied to realize that while they had been discussing Fang Xing's origin, Ling Zhenren had actually been immersed in doing the exercises in the On Talismans book in his hands...

Could it be... this was Ling Zhenren's special method for becoming stronger?!