

## Daily Life 281

### Chapter 281: The Thoughtful Disciple

No matter how strong Wang Ling was, he was in essence still a student, and since he was a student, he had to study. Actually, it felt like he was committing a crime by leaving a clone behind to take his place in school. It was like when many people played the whole summer or winter holiday away, and only did their homework on the last day.

But even if Wang Ling got Pen that guy to do his homework every time, it would take just a few minutes to finish it...

The bullet train, powered by spirit energy, sped on toward Winter city, covering tens of thousands of li in just a short three hours. And like everyone said, it was obvious that as they approached the city, the temperature dropped rapidly. Looking around the carriage, Wang Ling saw plenty of cultivators deliberately put on extra clothing.

Those who hadn't reached the Golden Core stage would find it a little difficult to withstand the chill in Winter city.

On this side, in contrast, none of the seven people from the chat group got up, nor did they put on more clothes; they looked quite at ease. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was even wearing the long johns which Wang Ling had given him, so he wasn't afraid of the cold at all.

Looking at the white snowy landscape and the cloudless blue sky outside the train, Wang Ling's agitated heart settled significantly. Absorbing himself in homework was actually one way of calming himself down.

"Tch, is it getting below sixty degrees now? Some magic treasures have very low tolerance for the cold; in a stark environment like Winter city, they're probably only able to perform at half their power." Fatty Luo looked outside the window.

Next to him, Dharmaraja glanced at Fatty Luo's undershirt, large shorts, and his palm-leaf fan, and shivered. "Brother Luo, can you put on some more clothes? I'm not cold, but looking at you makes me feel cold."

That was Fatty Luo's trademark getup — an undershirt, shorts and the palm-leaf fan, the same way that Dharmaraja always had goggles with him.

"Who cares?" Fatty Luo automatically ignored Dharmaraja's complaint. "My undershirt and shorts are very good at keeping me warm."

If Fatty Luo didn't say anything, no one would believe that these undershirt and shorts were actually magic treasures, and were even top-quality vestments.

About ten minutes later, an attendant's pleasant voice sounded throughout the train.

"Dear passengers, thank you for taking the harmony class spirit energy bullet train. We will be arriving at the final station, Winter city, shortly. Thank you for your support, and we look forward to seeing you again. Have a nice trip..."

When the seven of them got out at the station, each person was stopped at the exit and asked to produce their ID card.

This was exactly what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had expected would happen.

Although Winter city was where Huaxiu's cultivation military troops were stationed, regular people weren't banned from coming here. It might be cold, but the snowy landscape views were truly a sight...

Wang Ling heard that back then, Little Black had drawn inspiration from an ice sculpture he had seen in Winter city to invent that "Armstrong Cyclone Jet Armstrong Cannon." The owners of the ice sculpture had been a gray-haired uncle who liked to pick his nose and a girl with her hair put up in buns 1 .

Because he had collected all types of maps of magic treasures over the years, Fatty Luo had the honor of being their guide this time.

With the location Wang Ling had earmarked using his Memory Sketching Skill combined with the map of Winter city, Fatty Luo could already basically verify Immortal Mansion's location.

"It's on Sanyuan Road! I'm sure of it!"

In the freezing wind and snow, Fatty Luo in his shorts stood on a long bench in the train station's front square and confirmed the final location for everyone with an excited face. "Lord Jingke! I'm coming to find you!"

This fanboy Fatty Luo's confidence in Jingke was clear from his words, since he had said "coming" instead of "saving."

In his view, Jingke alone was more than strong enough to directly annihilate Immortal Mansion.

Wang Ling furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "..."

He just had a bad feeling. He recalled the prophetic dream which Loopy Toad had told him about previously. In it, a fatty had been tied to an iron post, and then had been pierced through the heart by countless arrows... Wang Ling had the faint feeling that among their number, if this fatty wasn't Fatty Luo, then it would be Dharmaraja.

"Brother Ling, is there a problem?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked, noticing that Wang Ling's expression didn't look very good.

Wang Ling hurriedly shook his head.

Before he could determine whether or not Loopy Toad's prophetic dream was real, Wang Ling thought that there was absolutely no need to cause panic.

"Then it's decided, let's go to Sanyuan Road first and take a look," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"But how are we going to get there?" Cailian Zhenren asked.

Most of them weren't familiar with Winter city. Of the seven of them, only Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been here several times on assignment, but he still wasn't familiar with Sanyuan Road.

"Should we take an unlicensed car? I saw a lot of unlicensed car drivers sneaking around in the square just now." Fatty Luo smiled shiftily.

In refining and collecting magic treasures over the years, he had actually racked up a record for robbing tombs... In each place he went to, he would hire an unlicensed car to take him to his destination, so those unlicensed drivers had maintained special connections with him.

"Brother Luo, forget your outrageous idea... it'd be very troublesome if we got caught in an unlicensed car." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "We'll use Dididache 2 and call for a commercial car."

But just as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was about to open the app, a black commercial car approached them from a distance...

"Azure licence plates?" Everyone couldn't help frowning, since these plates were only used by Winter city's government.

While Wang Ling was feeling suspicious, his phone suddenly rang. He looked at the screen display — unexpectedly, it was Odd Zhuo who was calling...

Staring at the approaching government car, which was slowing down, Wang Ling finally answered the call after several seconds of his wristwatch vibrating.

"Hello, shifu !"As soon as he answered the call, Odd Zhuo on the other end was already talking excitedly. "Are you in Winter city now? Why didn't you tell me your disciple before you left?!"

"..."

Wang Ling's lips twitched, and while he was wondering how Odd Zhuo had found out, the latter was already explaining it. "Today, Warden Liang and I were checking out something related to the Master of Shadow Stream's younger sister in our custody, and his online surveillance system here has a record of your arrival in the city; we knew as soon as you swiped your third generation ID cards. Don't worry, shifu , I would never ever have the guts to monitor your movements!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Odd Zhuo: "The black commercial car in front of you was arranged by a colleague in Winter city's government upon our request. It's not easy to move around in Winter city, so feel free to have them take you wherever you want to go."

Wang Ling: "... " As expected, a disciple was a shifu 's warm cotton-padded jacket 3 .

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After saying that, Odd Zhuo hung up in excitement.

In the office at Songhai First Prison, Warden Liang looked at him strangely. "Director Zhuo... why are you so happy? Is your shifu going to pass on his teachings to you?"

"Oh, no." Odd Zhuo shook his head, then sighed. "It's just that I've been so busy lately that I haven't seen my shifu in a long time. After talking with him on the phone, I feel much better."

"Director Zhuo, something doesn't seem right about your shifu -and-disciple relationship."

Warden Liang gave Odd Zhuo his opinion. "A shifu and disciple who don't meet often are just like lovers in a long-distance relationship; if you don't keep in touch regularly, it's likely that you won't be able to maintain this connection for long!"

It would have been better if Warden Liang hadn't said anything; when he finished, Odd Zhuo was a little anxious, and gripped his hand emotionally. "Many thanks for the warning, brother!" Warden Liang: "What are you doing?"

Odd Zhuo: "Buying a ticket to Winter city! I'm going to go look for my shifu !"

Warden Liang: "..."

Chapter 282: Are You Teacher Wang Ling?

This was the frightening thing about the Spirit Energy Information Age. Many cultivators who had gone into seclusion back then had never thought that the cultivation world would develop to this extent; with one swipe of a third generation ID card, it could instantly be picked up by systems everywhere.

The Skynet System in Warden Liang's office was a super computer that could hunt down criminals and which covered the whole country. Currently, it was Huaxiu nation's largest strike back at crime. Apart from helping to quickly lock onto suspects through facial comparisons drawn from surveillance all over, one of its functions was the third generation ID card network system.

It was just that it worked much quicker than Wang Ling had imagined, and had overturned everyone else's impression of it. It had been a mere five minutes since their ID cards had been verified, but far away in Songhai city, Odd Zhuo had actually already received the news...

After listening to Odd Zhuo's voice on the phone, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the rest relaxed.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "After all that, turns out it was Little Zhuo who sent this car."

"Who is Little Zhuo?" asked Fatty Luo.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "His full name is Odd Zhuo, Director of Songhai city's General Administration of 100 Schools, and also our Ling Zhenren's disciple. I'll introduce him to all of you next time."

"Oh, that Little Zhuo!" Cailian Zhenren and Dharmaraja were hit with realization.

They remained where they were, and that black commercial car with azure government licence plates slowly approached them before coming to a gradual stop.

The window was wound down, and Wang Ling saw a young man about thirty years old in a suit and sporting a typical buzz cut. As soon as the window was down, he greeted Wang Ling with a smile. "Are you Teacher Wang Ling?"

The young man looked at him.

Odd Zhuo knew that since this young man hadn't met Wang Ling before, even if he was given a photo, it would instantly turn into mosaic tiles, so Odd Zhuo had simply told him that Wang Ling was a youngster with a poker face.

And so, the young man could pick him out with one glance, and was sure that this was the right person!

Teacher... Wang Ling...

Wang Ling's lips twitched again — when had he picked up this title?

"My name is Victory Zhao. Teacher Zhuo sent me to pick up seniors." The young man introduced himself simply. "Seniors, please get in. For the next two days, if you have any arrangements, please do not hesitate to tell me what you need."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal raised his eyebrows. "Since when did Little Zhuo accept a disciple?"

Victory Zhao smiled in embarrassment. "Actually, I'm Deputy Director of the General Administration of 100 High Schools in Winter city. I asked Teacher Zhuo to take me on as his disciple not so long ago so that I could watch the way he worked."

Oh, so it was as a work mentor...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately understood.

If Odd Zhuo was the man's shifu in cultivation, then Wang Ling had become a shigong 1 .

If this was the case, then this young man had truly lucked out!

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In the car, Victory Zhao gripped the steering wheel firmly and felt a little nervous.

Odd Zhuo had specially told him that the group which had come to Winter city were all renowned great seniors in the cultivation circle in Songhai, and he wasn't to offend anyone. In particular, he had been told to be especially respectful of Ling Zhenren, the youngest-looking and the most handsome of them all, who had an expressionless face and didn't like to speak.

Furthermore, as Odd Zhuo had instructed, Victory Zhao had even prepared crispy noodle snacks, which were inside the glove compartment of the front passenger seat.

But until now, he still hadn't had the nerves to give them to Wang Ling.

Staring at the glove compartment, Victory Zhao sighed in his heart before looking diffidently in the rearview mirror. "Seniors... where do you want to go?"

"Do you know Sanyuan Road?" Fatty Luo came close to ask, a map in his hand.

"Sanyuan Road?" Victory Zhao nodded his head. "It's a very remote road on the outskirts of Winter city. But this place is enveloped in dense spirit energy, so a great number of sect headquarters from history were located here, like White Dragon Temple, Fortune Dragon Sword Sect and many others. But over time, the chill from the extreme north moved into Winter city, and the temperature here dropped even further. After that, all these sects relocated, since disciples at the Foundation Establishment stage couldn't stand the chilly weather at all."

"White Dragon Temple and Fortune Dragon Sword Sect?"

Hearing this, Wang Ling's interest was piqued; it wasn't just him, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others all had intrigued expressions.

White Dragon Temple was well-known for its Eight Diagram Array, while Fortune Dragon Sword Sect was famous nationwide for its Sky-Parting Sword technique. Although these two sects didn't have long histories, they were cradles for nurturing Foundation Establishment stage cultivators. Furthermore, there were branch institutions all over the country, and were regarded as the Lanxiang of the excavator world 2 .



Victory Zhao was a Winter city native, and had grown up here, so he was familiar with its customs and geography. It could be said that Odd Zhuo had truly found the right person this time to receive Wang Ling and his group.

Seeing the seniors' curious looks, Victory Zhao thought for a bit before continuing, "Of course, everyone says that the two sects left Winter city because of the environment, but there's also talk that the two sects had been forced to leave."

Hearing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart jumped and he perked up. "Such as?"

"Some say that the heads of the two sects left after receiving a small fortune. There are also others who say that they were coerced. Whatever the case, the situation wasn't good." Victory Zhao laughed bitterly. In fact, this wasn't a secret in Winter city, but though most people had heard of it, no one really knew the details.

Nevertheless, he still told them what he knew on their way to Sanyuan Road.

It had all started with White Dragon Temple and Fortune Dragon Sword Sect's old sites on Sanyuan Road. These two sects had established their headquarters here, like McDonald's and KFC opening opposite each other, each of them occupying one half of the spirit vein on Sanyuan Road.

Even now, spirit veins as a resource were very rare in the country, and throughout the years, these two sects had each occupied one half of it. Senior officials from the Land Resource Bureau had tried to negotiate with them numerous times, but all in vain. However, around ten years ago, both sects had moved away one after another.

Victory Zhao didn't know the reason for this, but Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that it would make sense if Immortal Mansion had been involved.

"So, who is the owner of this spirit vein on Sanyuan Road now?"

"I don't know; all I know is that it isn't the nation nor the two sects. Rumor is that the lands which belonged to the two sects have all been bought up," Victory Zhao said as he drove.

"How can you not know?"

Victory Zhao's lips thinned as he said, "As for this... the spirit vein is actually highly classified information, and only upper management has access to it. Besides, the strangest thing is that there are no buildings on this spirit vein on Sanyuan Road."

No buildings?

Were they hidden?

Everyone in the car was bewildered.

Chapter 283: Boy, You Have Potential!

None of the seven people in the car were surprised at how sophisticated Immortal Mansion was — to be able to establish itself in Winter city despite the military troops stationed there, and despite strict inspections and ID verification through the Skynet System, a lot of underhanded deals must have taken place behind the scenes.

But the problem in front of them now was that Wang Ling could clearly sense Jingke on Sanyuan Road, but Victory Zhao was saying that there were no buildings there... what kind of operation was this?

"Is it possible that they used some kind of illusion spell to make it invisible, or build an underground palace?" Cailian Zhenren guessed.

"Impossible... the leaders from the Land Resource Bureau aren't fools. Whatever seniors can think of, they've already thought of themselves. Ever since the two sects moved away, that spirit vein somehow came under private ownership, and we've never been able to contact the owner. We've had people waiting here every year for the last few years, but from this year onward, no one is going to come," said Victory Zhao.

"Why's that?"

"We've given up."

"..."

"It's no use squatting here if we can't contact the owner."

Hands on the steering wheel, Victory Zhao shrugged helplessly.

During their conversation, he had already been able to vaguely guess what these great seniors were going to do — it had to have something to do with the owner of the spirit vein. They had even marked it on the map, so it was very obvious that they had come prepared.

Because he was familiar with Sanyuan Road, his heart had thumped when he had heard that these seven people were headed there. At first, he had thought that they had made a mistake, but after hearing in the car that it was Ling Zhenren who had marked the location on the map, he could only pull his neck back and swallow his words down into his belly.

He couldn't offend any of the seven seniors in the car, especially that Ling Zhenren...

Director Zhuo had kept stressing this point on the phone.

To be honest, even if Odd Zhuo hadn't emphasized this, Victory Zhao could feel the respect which the other seniors had for this Ling Zhenren.

On the road, he would glance at Wang Ling, wittingly or unwittingly, through the rearview mirror in the car. Apart from being surprised at how young he was, he was also starting to become more curious about Wang Ling.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in the front passenger seat. After some thought, Victory Zhao asked very carefully, "Ling Zhenren usually doesn't like to talk, right?"

Hearing this question, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded earnestly. "As the saying goes, silence is golden. All sages are fond of thinking."

"Then, what does Ling Zhenren think of?"

"On our way here earlier, he was thinking about the exercises in On Talismans . Now, he's probably still thinking about his mid-term exam."

"..." Hearing this, Victory Zhao couldn't help sighing in his heart; sage affairs were truly hard to fathom. Only now was he realizing how important this exercise book On Talismans actually was! It seemed that he had discovered why there was such a gap between him and these great seniors... He could only blame himself for his superficial thinking, that he was unable to fully grasp the mysteries contained in this common exercise book for high school students!

After thinking this, he decided to change this sad topic. "Seniors, we're about to arrive at Sanyuan Road, it's up ahead."

"So quick?" It actually made sense, since Victory Zhao was familiar with the roads in Winter city, and they were in a commercial car with government plates, so they could take the green passage through the toll stations.

The black commercial car sped along the motorway. As they passed a road sign, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal noticed that the turn off the motorway up ahead was Sanyuan Road.

"Just drop us off at the crossing and go back. If we need your help, I definitely won't hesitate to contact you." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal revealed a mouth full of white teeth as he gave Victory Zhao his trademark smile.

"Very well, senior. It just so happened that I also have something I need to do," said Victory Zhao.

"What is it?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked casually.

"Hm, we're dealing with a twisted preschool teacher who abused kindergarten children by actually forcing them to eat mustard 1 . This is just too cruel!" Victory Zhao said wrathfully. "The government has placed high priority on this matter, and voted unanimously to send this psychopath to the Internet Addiction Rehabilitation Center for electrotherapy!"

In the backseat, Dharmaraja thought for a bit, then gave his business card to Victory Zhao. "Tell your leaders that I'll give them a ninety percent discount for the electrotherapy. I guarantee I'll burn this lunatic with my electricity!"

Victory Zhao: "..."

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Ten minutes later, they arrived at their destination.

Victory Zhao stopped the car. When he pushed the button for the automatic doors, the commercial car's side door opened and everyone got off one after another.

Sitting in the last row, Wang Ling was the last person to get out of the car.

Victory Zhao stared at the glove compartment in the front passenger seat for a very long time. In the end, before Wang Ling got out, Victory Zhao finally screwed up his courage and opened the compartment. He took out two original flavor crispy noodle snacks and thrust them into Wang Ling's hands. "Ling Zhenren... these... these are for you! Please accept them!"

Wang Ling was stupefied when he accepted them. "..."

On the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed and couldn't help himself as he came up to the car window and patted Victory Zhao on the shoulder. "Boy, you have potential!"

"..."

For some reason, Victory Zhao felt extremely flattered.

...

Everyone saw Victory Zhao off in the car before they focused and looked at the map once again.

"Based on the location Ling Zhenren marked here, we are in the right place," Fatty Luo said with certainty as he held the map in his hands in the chilly wind.

But as Victory Zhao had said, this area around Sanyuan Road covered in white snow was the outskirts. There wasn't a single tree to be seen, and thick snow was piled up along the road.

Looking down the road, Wang Ling saw that even at its lowest, the snow was already over three meters high.

"Senior Immortal, can you see if a camouflage spell has been used or not?" Although there was nothing to see on this empty street, Fatty Luo still felt it was pretty suspicious.

But though they hadn't noticed anything so far, everyone could feel the power of the spirit vein.

"This is indeed rare and precious land for cultivation; it also has good feng shui. If a cultivator at the Golden Core stage went into seclusion here, they could just rely on the spirit vein and never have to worry about running out of spirit energy," said Dharmaraja.

On the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened his Heavenly Eye to observe their surroundings. In the end, he threw a grenade at a snow drift.

After a loud bang, snow was sent flying with a burst of light.

"Senior Immortal, what are you doing?"

"I was wondering if there was an illusion spell. Since the space created by an illusion spell usually isn't stable, I can test it out with a Skybomb Grenade. But it's obvious that the space here is extremely stable!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed before turning to Wang Ling. "...Brother Ling, do you have any ideas?"

Narrowing his eyes as he stared at the snow in front of him, Wang Ling naturally discovered some clues.

But before he could pass them on telepathically, Fang Xing actually also noticed something. He cupped his chin as he moved forward, his long legs especially striking against the white snow. "The aura is here, but we can't see anything. In addition, we've discarded the possibility of an illusion spell. With the spirit vein under our feet, could it be a camouflage? Seniors, have you heard of a holy array which can only be operated using the spirit vein?"

"Are you referring to the legendary Ice Crystal Array?" Cailian Zhenren was struck by realization — this was a major array which relied on combining a magic array with reality to create a mirror space used for concealment. It wasn't an illusion spell, but it was very hard to see through.

## Chapter 284: Tremble With Déjà Vu

If it was due to the Ice Crystal Array, then their current situation could be explained.

This was a magic array which could duplicate a region and create a mirror space which people could hide in; there was no better way to hide oneself. However, the array's major drawback was that it consumed a great deal of spirit energy, so when this holy array was set up, a spirit vein was required in order for the array to keep running.

However, Cailian Zhenren still had some doubts. "But I remember that the last owner of the Ice Crystal Array... was Immortal She Pi?"

"Back then, there had been a spirit vein under his secret base. He escaped into the mirror space created by the Ice Crystal Array many times whenever he was injured," Cailian Zhenren continued. "But as far as I know, after he was arrested that year, both the array spirit of this holy array and the spirit vein were together confiscated by the nation. So how would it have fallen into Immortal Mansion's hands?"

Furrowing his brow, Wang Ling also thought it was very strange.

But with regard to the current situation, he could confirm without a doubt that the camouflage in front of them was caused by the holy "Ice Crystal Array" of legend.

The mirror space created by the Ice Crystal Array wasn't an illusion spell, so it was very difficult to see through; even the most sophisticated equipment wouldn't necessarily be able to detect any fluctuations.

However, it couldn't escape Wang Ling's notice.

He had actually already considered it as soon as they had arrived at Sanyuan Road.

But another thing puzzled him, and that was Fang Xing.

Fang Xing seemed unusually sensitive to the Ice Crystal Array.

"How strong is this group from Immortal Mansion?" Dharmaraja couldn't help trembling. To even possess a holy array — its background was truly staggering.

"Previously, Senior Immortal and I were trapped in a game illusion, and this bunch even had an array spirit at Itinerant Immortal level, so actually, it isn't strange that they would have a holy array..." Fatty Luo waved his palm-leaf fan; actually, he hadn't finished speaking, and wanted to say: However, Ling Zhenren used Lord Jingke to chop that Itinerant Immortal-level array spirit into pieces... But before he said it, Fatty Luo gave it some thought, and in the end he zipped his lips. This was because he had suddenly felt an immense burst of spirit energy from Ling Zhenren next to him, which scared him into keeping quiet.

This fluctuation of spirit energy was mixed with immense spiritual pressure, coalescing together in Wang Ling's Heavenly Eye.

This powerful energy caused the snow around them to melt; like ripples spreading out from Wang Ling's pupils, the fluctuation of spirit energy made even the earth tremble.

"To break through the mirror image created by the Ice Crystal Array, we need to gather a huge amount of spirit energy..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others moved away from Wang Ling. The spiritual pressure was so intense that even just standing next to him, they felt it hard to breathe.

Ling Zhenren's strength was truly frightening!

Dharmaraja was utterly overwhelmed as he watched Wang Ling shake slightly with this immense amount of spirit energy, warping the air around him.

For someone unaware of the situation, they would have definitely thought that Wang Ling was furious...



Fatty Luo felt like he had seen something like this before, and he nudged Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal with his elbow and asked, "Senior Immortal, do you feel like this quake and unfathomable spiritual pressure seem familiar?"

"Mm... maybe..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Have you watched the TV drama The Xiao Family Compound filmed by the Xiao Clan?"

"No."

"Go and have a look. The moment the protagonist says 'Life has its ups and downs,' and announces that he's breaking off his engagement 1 ... his tension and the cry of his heart then are very similar to Brother Ling at the moment."

"..."

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After gathering spirit energy for long enough, even Wang Ling felt that his Heavenly Eye now had prehistoric powers.

"Everyone, watch out!"

Behind him, everyone's expressions couldn't help turning serious, and they hurriedly set up magical barriers.

About five seconds later...

Everyone saw Ling Zhenren's eyes suddenly shoot out two dragon-like beams of light that directly crashed into the air in front of them, as if it was trying to break through some dimensional wall.

If Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had to describe it, this incredible scene was just like seeing Gyarados release its hyper beam 2 for the first time.

The instant this Heavenly Eye light beam smashed against that invisible spatial wall, everyone could vaguely see an actual crack in the space.

"Is it going to split open?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal narrowed his eyes as the area hit by the powerful beam gradually darkened.

There was the smell of something burning...

Everyone then noticed that where there had initially been an invisible spatial wall, a man-sized opening had actually been burned into it.

Fatty Luo and Dharmaraja's jaws dropped. They had thought that Ling Zhenren was just trying out something, and had completely never expected that he would actually be able to break the spatial wall open.

This was a mirror space replicated by a holy array, and the spatial wall was invisible. It required a tremendous amount of spirit energy just to find a chink in the wall before you could even think about breaking it open. Forget about gathering the spirit energy, it was practically impossible for ordinary people to find a crack in the spatial wall.

It was fair to say that Ling Zhenren's prowess was once again unfathomable to everyone present.

It was already difficult enough locating the spatial wall, let alone actually breaking through it...

Immortal Toya's astonishment was no less than the shock he had felt when he had seen Wang Ling close the Gate Between Worlds with just one hand.

"Wow, Brother Ling, does this technique of yours have a name?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Wang Ling shook his head. This was just the energy beam that was released after maximum accumulation of spirit energy in the Heavenly Eye. The difficult part was controlling it as it amassed; only when the dense spirit energy formed into a point could it then release its formidable power.

Of course, this technique had a major requirement — only cultivators with Sage Bodies could use it, otherwise a person's eyeballs might burst halfway through gathering the energy together.

"Since it's such a powerful technique, how about we give it a name?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suggested.

Fatty Luo: "Sorrowful Beam 3 ?"

Toya Immortal: "Mystic Eyes of Death Perception 4 ?"

Cailian Zhenren: "A Stare That Can Make You Pregnant 5 ?"

Fang Xing: "Life-Disintegrating Ray 6 ?"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Mm, not bad, not bad... anything else?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded his head. "Are there any short and awe-inspiring names? When Brother Ling shot two energy beams out of his eyes, weren't you a little moved by this stunning scene?"

At that point, Dharmaraja rubbed his jaw, scratched his head, then chuckled a little crudely. "I have one!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Let's hear it."

Dharmaraja: "Two! Waterfalls! Entering! Holes! 7 "

Everyone: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 285: Brother Ling, Can You Sing Twinkle Twinkle Little Star?

Everyone was instantly stupefied at Dharmaraja's sudden dirty joke.

Even Cailian Zhenren, who had been an old female driver in the cultivation circle for decades, couldn't help shuddering.

It went without saying that this amorous talk was beyond anything anyone could take, and the Soul Formation cultivators who were present were transfixed with horrified fascination.

Two Waterfalls Entering Holes... what kind of operation was this?

"Why's everyone struck dumb? Was my name not good enough?" Dharmaraja waved his hands helplessly. They were all grown-ups, what did it matter if they talked a little dirty? "Actually, I have even more impressive suggestions. Want to hear it?"

"Shut your mouth, you horndog!"

Before Wang Ling and Fang Xing could say anything, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others all yelled in unison.

Fang Xing: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

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By then, the spatial wall had been blast open by the energy beam from the Heavenly Eye. The opening was over a meter in size, enough for a person to go through. Its burnt border gave off an unpleasant, scorched smell.

Staring at this opening, Wang Ling frowned slightly. "..."

He had thought that his beam would be able to completely blast open this spatial wall, and he had never thought that it would only be enough to create this man-sized opening. Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others thought that this was incredible enough, Wang Ling wasn't satisfied.

It was becoming more and more difficult to deal with the enemies that they were starting to encounter now.

As he sighed in his heart, he involuntarily touched the talisman seal wrapped around his right arm. He didn't know if he would have to remove it one day, but he prayed that the day would never come.

"Let's go, it wasn't easy for Brother Ling to burn open this passage. Also, be on your guard at all times," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said as he gazed at this invisible yet clearly present barrier after giving it careful thought.

After all, the Ice Crystal Array was a holy array which was superior to the Five Elements Great Array that had been used to seal the old devil back then. Furthermore, its array spirit most likely had the independent ability to protect itself; it was very likely that any intruders who entered this space would be scattered by the array's power.

It happened just as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had expected.

Wang Ling was the first to step into the space, and the view in front of him changed swiftly — the space reversed itself, like an inverted mirror. In the distance, Wang Ling could see that the road sign for "Sanyuan Road" now showed "Road Sanyuan."

By the time he was on the ground again, he had already confirmed that this was the mirror space that had been set up by the Ice Crystal Array.

In front of him, a young man in white landed steadily.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had just happened to be dropped into the same space as Wang Ling. Looking at the view in front of him, he couldn't help swearing loudly with astonishment.

At that moment, the initially bare Sanyuan Road was now crowded with a dazzling line-up of all kinds of palaces, some of which were even floating in the air like heavenly immortal residences.

Just standing on the roadside, the both of them could already see dozens of sky palaces and numerous cultivation facilities nearby.

These buildings were made out of complex materials; each brick was packed full of spirit energy and had the ability to restore itself — all of these weren't ordinary things.

"This Immortal Mansion... they're so f\*\*king rich!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help cursing in his heart. Anyone would be jealous of such luxuries.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled a story: In ancient times, a poor man survived after falling into a valley, and found a village beneath it called Golden Village. From the stele at the village entrance to the tiles on the buildings, even the piles of straw in everyone's backyards; they were all made of gold... Now, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt like he had fallen into Golden Village.

Because they were in the mirror world, everything was reversed; even the clouds in the sky moved differently. However, time passed at the same rate as in the outside world.

The young man in white looked up at the sky. It was now dusk, and it was growing dark.

Strangely, the moment the stars came out, it was like a river that flooded the entire horizon.

The young man in white pointed at the sky. "Brother Ling, look, there are so many stars!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Before long, the young man in white slowly dropped his hand.

Because he noticed that these stars seemed to be swiftly growing in size at a visible rate...

It wasn't his imagination, right?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal drew in a deep breath.

Then, he opened his eyes again.

The stars which had been the size of sesame seeds earlier were now as large as millstones...

They weren't damn stars at all!

They were f\*\*king spirit bodies that had been activated by the holy array!

It was only when those luminous "stars" came closer that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized what they actually were — they were soul-like, transparent spiritual bodies that nonetheless radiated light.

As these array guardian spirits dropped from the sky, they coalesced together rapidly and finally formed a giant array guardian spirit beast which stood directly in front of Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

It was a large, glowing fish with two feet and two heads, and a mouth packed full of shark teeth. When it landed on the ground, it began snarling wildly, the two long whiskers on either sides of its mouth fluttering aggressively in the wind.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched... Was this array guardian spirit a Pisces?!

...Fine, it wasn't the time to think about this now.

Without saying anything, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly threw a Skybomb Grenade into its mouth, and there was a sound of an explosion. In the end, this colossal fish felt nothing at all; it just stupidly opened its mouth and puffed out thick smoke.

"This array guardian spirit is at Itinerant Immortal level at the very least." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned. After all, the mirror space was a product of the holy array; it made sense to have a guardian spirit at Itinerant Immortal level! The most troublesome thing about this guardian spirit was its thick and rough skin, coupled with its powerful ability to regenerate itself. There was no other option except to kill it in one strike.

...

" Hou !"

The two-headed fish roared loudly, its body glittering with starlight as each soul which was a part of it glowed.

Looking at this giant fish, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt very helpless, and in the end, he turned to Wang Ling for help. "Brother Ling, can you sing Twinkle Twinkle Little Star ?"

Wang Ling stared at this giant fish for three seconds. "..."

He sighed.

Then, he pushed himself off his feet lightly and leapt upwards. Using his hand like a blade, he chopped this glowing giant fish into pieces.

Hiss ...

His attack didn't meet any resistance.

At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clearly heard a resounding crack.

One second earlier, this glowing giant fish had still been shrieking.

Now, it had already become steamed fish head with chili peppers...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Chapter 286: Set Off Firecrackers For You Ahead Of Time



Meanwhile, beneath the long string of palaces along Sanyuan Road, there was a secret underground palace.

Inside the underground palace, a Taoist in red held a long silver sword in his hand. The sword pulsed with starlight, and a miniature twelve stars array diagram was spread out over the blade. The Taoist in red ran his fingers along the sword, moving smoothly over the twelve stars array diagram.

As his fingertips slid over Pisces, there was a dull thud, immediately followed by the stars array diagram dimming...

The Taoist in red frowned slightly. "It seems we have some tough ones invading our Immortal Mansion this time. One of my Twelve Stars Palace Array guardian spirits, Pisces, has just died in combat; both its heads were chopped in half."

The eastern branch chief, holding a cage in his hands on the side, was stunned. "This bunch of people actually found this place?"

"Did you really think grabbing this sword was that easy? This cat-and-mouse strategy was for the sake of discovering Immortal Mansion's headquarters." The Taoist in red laughed.

The eastern branch chief turned pale with fright. "Then what should we do now?"

"It doesn't matter."

The Taoist in red waved his hand and stared at the cage in the chief's hand. "Since they've found us, we'll just get rid of all of them, so I don't have to waste my energy breaking the link between this spirit sword and its owner. Once its owner is dead, it'll no longer have a master."

"If I may be so bold as to ask, does Master have the confidence to deal with this bunch?" asked the eastern branch chief.

"They're just bugs."

The Master of Immortal Mansion laughed as he raised the star sword in his hand. "It will take a lot of power and spirit energy to deal with my Twelve Stars Palace Array guardian spirits. The Pisces

guardian spirit was clumsy and also the weakest of them all. I don't believe the other guardian spirits are that easy to deal with!"

Just as he finished speaking, there was yet another sound of an explosion from the star sword!

Boom... boom boom boom...

It was eleven explosions in succession, and the Taoist in red was stupefied.

After that, he saw all the lights on the star sword extinguished in an instant.

The Taoist in red: "..."

The eastern branch chief: "Master, what's happening..."

The Taoist in red: "It's the new year soon... I'm setting off firecrackers for you ahead of time..."

The eastern branch chief: "...Master, who are you kidding... there's still six months left to the new year!"

The Taoist in red: "..."

For a time, it was an awkward scene...

After ten seconds, the Taoist in red narrowed his eyes. "Heed my order, raise the alert in Immortal Mansion to the highest level; any suspicious individuals are to be put down without mercy!"

...

Sometimes when he was on a mission with Wang Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he didn't have much of a presence at all. It was like taking a selfie; most people wouldn't take one with a more attractive person. The best, of course, was if the other party could set them off instead.

And now, he had this feeling... he felt that he was setting Wang Ling off perfectly.

In less than five minutes, the Twelve Stars Palace Array guardian spirits had been completely annihilated...

As soon as those spiritual bodies converged into the form of an array guardian spirit on the ground, Wang Ling crushed each of them with one blow.

Of the twelve guardian spirits, the most unfortunate one had been Virgo; for the spiritual bodies to combine in the correct order, it had taken a long while before Virgo could come down. In the end, it hadn't even finished taking shape before Wang Ling had defeated it in one strike...

But now wasn't the time to relax.

When he had been routing these array guardian spirits just now, Wang Ling had noticed that their composition wasn't as simple as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thought.

Although these array guardian spirits had been activated by the holy array, there still had to be a magic weapon controlling them from behind. Wang Ling assumed, given the Master of Immortal Mansion's obsession with spirit swords, that the magic weapon manipulating these spirits was probably a spirit sword.

So in other words, although these array guardian spirits had been crushed for the time being, they weren't really dead. As long as that spirit sword wasn't destroyed, the guardian spirits would make a comeback when the spirit sword was full of energy again.

Wang Ling directly conveyed his speculation telepathically to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"I think Brother Ling's speculation makes sense!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded in enlightenment.

They had caused quite a bit of a disturbance, which made him a little anxious. "We shouldn't stay here for long... if we remain out in the open, we'll definitely be attacked again by the next round of array guardian spirits. Brother Ling, we have to find a way to sneak into the palace."

Whether it was a coincidence or not, just as they were about to make a move, the main gates of the palace in front of them opened without warning, and two ladies wearing red veils and blue Taoist robes came out.

Wang Ling's immediate reaction was that these two had to be from Immortal Mansion. To be able to reside in Immortal Mansion's headquarters, they had to hold high positions, and furthermore, their cultivation realms would be very high. At the very least, they had to be a level stronger than the eastern branch chief. Behind the veils they were wearing, they looked about twenty-four or twenty-five in age, but were more than a thousand years old.

Most cultivators could use youth-retaining techniques, so it was meaningless to judge their ages from their appearances. The most common way of determining a person's cultivation was to use your spiritual senses to perceive how weak or strong their aura was.

Wang Ling's six senses lit up; as soon as these female cultivators had appeared, he had already been able to sense that they had been cultivating for roughly two thousand and six hundred years. They were definitely stronger than the eastern branch chief, yet they weren't qualified to be called Perfected Beings as their innate talents truly weren't up to scratch.

The two ladies wearing red veils stared at Wang Ling for a while. One of them, who had the typical look of an online celebrity, frowned as she said, "Are you the intruders Master was talking about?"

The other female cultivator, who had an oval-shaped face, reminded her, "Sister Beauty, be careful... the array guardian spirits were at least at Itinerant Immortal level. These two must have some tricks up their sleeves."

Both Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were taken aback.

Beauty?

Was that a Taoist name?

It sounded a little odd...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was curious, and turned to look at the lady with the celebrity face. "Beauty... is that your Taoist name?"

"Is there a problem?" The female cultivator with the online celebrity look hmped. "Let me tell you, I'm called Beauty, and standing next to me is my younger sister Discount 1 . If you dare say we're not beautiful, we'll break all your three legs!"

"Tch..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt a chill in his crotch.

"..." Wang Ling looked these two female cultivators up and down. He didn't know whether it was because his own beauty standards had gotten worse or that there were more and more of these types of faces online nowadays... but he felt that these two were nothing much at all. Their faces weren't as fair as Jingke's, their hair weren't as glossy black as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's, and their legs weren't as long as Fang Xing's...

Of course, it wasn't like they didn't have any good points at all.

At least, they could match Dharmaraja's chest circumference...

Chapter 287: Give These Two Aunties Cappuccinos!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that these two female cultivators were very bizarre, so he took out his cellphone to take a couple of photos. When the phone camera flashed, they turned pale with fright. The one with celebrity looks immediately covered her face. "What... what kind of dark weapon is this?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was flabbergasted. Although there were still plenty of old seniors nowadays who clung stubbornly to tradition and didn't use modern technology, it wasn't to the point that they didn't even know what a cellphone was.

He simply flipped his phone around and showed them the picture he had just taken.

The female cultivator with the celebrity face was stunned when she saw her countenance. "What magic treasure is this? It can actually preserve an image..."

Next to her, the female cultivator with the oval face also looked stunned. "Sister Beauty, look! Your skin looks much fairer in this magic treasure! Does it have the ability to retain youth?"

Her question made Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal speechless. "... This was just the phone's built-in skin enhancement function.

It was just a cellphone, but these two female cultivators were transfixed by it for a long while.

After two minutes, the one with the oval face whispered, "Sister Beauty, is this the magic treasure they call modern technology?"

"It should be!" The female cultivator with the celebrity face nodded her head very seriously.

"Are you really from Immortal Mansion's top level?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was beginning to doubt their identities; even if they were powerful, it was unnatural for them to be ignorant of modern technology to this extent. How long had it been since the world had already entered the Spirit Energy Information era?

"We were sent here when we were young, and have never stepped outside before. This is also our sect's rule, that inner sect disciples must sever all ties with the outside world. We only learned about technology when people from the outer sect came to headquarters to report on the situation," replied the female cultivator with the oval face.

It was a short explanation, but in truth, there was a long story behind it.

Wang Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others would later find out that Immortal Mansion selected innately talented girls, in the same way that child brides were chosen, to join the inner sect, and parents would formally sign guardianship over to Immortal Mansion.

These disciples had to recite scriptures as designated by Immortal Mansion every day; if they were unable to do so, they would be flogged with a dragon whip as punishment. Apart from that, they also received special cultivation training. Every year, there were people who died during Immortal Mansion's training; only those who survived could truly become inner sect disciples.

The difference between Immortal Mansion's inner and outer sect disciples was that the former didn't need to cultivate the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts, but at the same time, they had no access to outside technology. Furthermore, the main thing about Immortal Mansion's inner sect disciples was that they were all female.

At that moment, for these two female disciples who were like villagers who had just gotten Internet access, the phone was proving to be a large temptation, and to them was no less than a first-class magic treasure.

"If I give this phone to you, can you help us sneak in?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked as he grinned his hallmark smile, full of white teeth.

"Are you joking?"

The female cultivator with the celebrity face hmphed. "If I kill you, then everything you're carrying will belong to us."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still had his smile on. "No room for discussion?"

"No!" The two cultivators waved their hands.

"Alright..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed, then turned his head toward Wang Ling. "Brother Ling, give these two aunties cappuccinos 1 !"

"Who are you calling aunties?!" The two female cultivators were furious.

In the next moment, they were about to rush at them.

Unfortunately for them, Wang Ling was the first to make a move before they could draw near.

This was followed by the sound of two dull thuds, " peng peng ."

In an instant, Wang Ling had punched the two female cultivators with his friendly face-breaking fist. They fell to the ground, bleeding from their seven orifices and their faces turned into pumpkins.

" ..."

Wang Ling blew the smoke from his fist and sighed in his heart: Too weak! "Ai~ did you have to go that far?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal crouched down to check their breathing. After discovering that they were still alive, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Lucky..."

Although they hadn't exchanged many words, he felt that these inner sect disciples of Immortal Mansion were all victims themselves. For them to have been sent here at a young age and trained to be killing machines... to be able to survive all that really wouldn't have been easy.

Nowadays, every debt had its debtor; he who had given rise to this doomed fate had to end it.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked, "Brother Ling, can you read their memories to pinpoint the Master of Immortal Mansion's location?"

Wang Ling shook his head. He had already tried earlier on, but hadn't been able to uncover any useful clues. Although these two were inner sect disciples of Immortal Mansion, their positions were still too low.

Jingke's aura had disappeared shortly after Wang Ling had discovered Sanyuan Road, so he assumed that the Master of Immortal Mansion had likely used some method or magic treasure to hide Jingke's aura.

Wang Ling didn't think it would be strange if the Master of Immortal Mansion had taken out some prehistoric magic weapon this late in the game.



After all, he had viewed this person as a very troublesome enemy since the beginning.

"Looks like we have to think of a way to sneak in and look for someone with a higher rank." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed his jaw as he turned the thoughts over in his mind.

When he looked at the two female cultivators on the ground, his eyes suddenly lit up.

His expression gave Wang Ling a bad feeling.

"Brother Ling, come help me!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal dragged the two girls into the palace. This was Sister Beauty and Sister Discount's private palace, and there was no one else here apart from them.

A moment later, Wang Ling saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal bow to the two female cultivators lying on the ground. "Forgive me, fellow Taoists!"

Then, he started to take off their clothes.

Wang Ling's astonishment was indescribable. In broad daylight, the grand Great Death-Courting Senior of the cultivation world was actually attempting to take advantage of two women... Had he eaten too much broccoli, and now wanted to start eating meat again?

Unraveling one of the female cultivator's sash, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt Wang Ling's burning hot glare. He raised his head and sighed. "Brother Ling, you've known me for so long, am I the type of person to take advantage of other people?"

Wang Ling: "..."

After untying the sash, it was as if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had discovered a brand new world. "This is my first time seeing the female version of the Taoist robe — even the dudou 2 is attached to it... Brother Ling, do you know how to take it off?"

Wang Ling sunk into silence. "..."

After a full five minutes of examination, the young man in white finally figured out the internal structure of this women's Taoist robe. He had never expected that the straps of the dudou would be attached with a talisman, and only the female cultivators could undo them with their own fingers.

It took Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal a long time to arrange their limp bodies in position before he could turn their hands over to undo their clothes.

"Success!"

The young man removed one set of the Taoist robes as if it was precious treasure.

Then, he directly flung them at Wang Ling. "Brother Ling, take this! It's for you!"

After saying that, he started to take off the other female cultivator's clothes.

Wang Ling: "???"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Don't just stand there, hurry up and put it on! We'll use women's clothes to sneak in!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 288: Great Minds Think Alike

They changed their clothes inside the palace of these two old aunties, Beauty and Discount. Since these two female cultivators had severed ties with the outside world, the only mirrors they had in the palace were bronze mirrors. Standing in front of the mirror, a single glimpse of his reflection out of the corner of his eye was already enough to make Wang Ling instantly want to die... Hm, no way was he letting anyone else see him like this!

"Wonderful! Wonderful!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal praised Wang Ling while he clapped his hands. "Brother Ling, it's the first time I realize how cute you are!"

Wang Ling was wearing the blue Taoist robes and the red veil which the female cultivators had used to cover their faces. The young man in white had never expected that they would suit Wang Ling so well.

Before he could fish out his phone to take a picture, Wang Ling gave it a light glance out of the corner of his eye, and it instantly crashed.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal froze with surprise before his expression immediately turned pitiful. A picture of Ling Zhenren in women's clothing wasn't something that happened everyday... as a collector's item, it could be worth cities. Unfortunately, the intent was there, but he didn't have the guts to follow through. He had only wanted to check the time when he had taken his phone out just now... Mm, just to check the time! In the end, this small action had rendered his cellphone completely useless.

He sighed in his heart, took the phone out of his pocket, and removed the SIM card and memory card. "I just bought this phone."

Wang Ling glanced at the phone; it was the latest Pear model, which was thirty centimeters long.

The young man in white then dropped this broken phone on the two female cultivators on the ground. "Sorry we've offended you. This phone is useless now, but it may work again after some repairs... and even if it's beyond repair, it's still more useful than a cucumber."

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling, we're pretty much good to go... yet I still feel like we're forgetting something."

As he said this, the young man in white shifted his gaze to the fruits on the altar table in the palace. He crooked his fingers, and grabbed two apples that flew at him before stuffing them down his chest. He then turned to Wang Ling. "Brother Ling, do you want any?"

Wang Ling: "... Drop dead! ...

At the same time, in the underground palace, the Taoist in red frowned slightly. "Have you locked onto the intruders?"

Immortal Mansion's Taoist robes were customized with special materials, and these materials could act as verification codes. After intruders entered Immortal Mansion, the Ice Crystal Array could be used to lock onto their auras and immediately track them down.

"We have a rough lock on them, but..." replied the eastern branch chief.

"But what?"

"There seems to be some people missing."

The eastern branch chief raised his hand. Spirit light sprung up below his sleeve and several scenes were projected in the air. "Master, these are the pictures that have just been transmitted by the holy array. They are all in different locations. The female cultivator's Taoist name is Cailian, and the man with a gourd on his back is Immortal Toya, who has been the talk of the cultivation world in the last few days."

"Hm, I know both of them," said the Taoist in red.

"As for the other three... one is Luo Chuang, the owner of Fatty Luo Metalware whom we tried to capture before but failed; the other one is Lightning Dharmaraja, who currently controls the only remaining holy relic, the godly thunder inheritance. The last one..." The eastern branch chief shook his head as he looked at the image. "I don't recognize this person. I have people looking into his identity at the moment."

"You said there were people missing?"

"Yes, Master, there are indeed some who are missing," said the eastern branch chief. "All these people revolve around that Great Death-Courting Senior, and the rumor is that there is a person called Ling Zhenren with him. He is the owner of this peach wood sword."

"Hehe, that's interesting. These two are probably the toughest of this lot to handle. But these are all minor issues."

The Taoist in red narrowed his eyes as he looked at the eastern branch chief. "I've now found the sword spirit most suitable for becoming a sword soul. In order to produce the ultimate godly sword, whether it's the sword spirit inside or the sword body, everything about it has to be the best. Since I already have the heavenly materials for the sword, I need an experienced smith to do the final forging."

Eastern branch chief: "Master, you mean...?"

The Taoist in red smiled slightly. "Before they come charging in, I want you to capture that Fatty Luo and bring him here."

...

After stepping past the spatial wall, Fatty Luo and Dharmaraja happened to end up in the same team. As soon as they landed, they could sense the array guardian spirits rising up.

"This is probably the power of some magic weapon, I'm guessing a spirit sword. Drawing on the power of the holy array, it's summoning the spiritual bodies to come together to form the array guardian spirits."

With just one glance, Fatty Luo had already guessed it. Gazing in the direction of the array guardian spirit's appearance, he probed for auras with his spiritual senses. "Is that... Ling Zhenren's aura?"

"Should we meet up with them first?" asked Dharmaraja.

Fatty Luo analyzed the situation. "We're not in a hurry. I reckon that those array guardian spirits will be killed instantly... Our priority right now is to hide ourselves. This holy array is not an ordinary one, and I'm guessing that Immortal Mansion uses it to search for auras and track down intruders."

It could only be said that Fatty Luo was Fatty Luo. His vigilance far surpassed an ordinary person's in situations like these. His pretty history of robbing tombs wasn't just for show. Even if he was large in size, he had a deliberate mind.

The two of them took refuge in the palace on Sanyuan Road, and found a hallway to camp out in.

Immortal Mansion's group of palaces could be accessed from anywhere. At that time, it had already given the order to capture the intruders, so as these two individuals entered on one side, they could sense countless Immortal Mansion disciples moving around on the other.

Dharmaraja felt his scalp turn numb. "Do you think there might be something else here?"

"This isn't a tomb... but of course that doesn't necessarily mean that there aren't any ghosts around," said Fatty Luo.

"Then should we light a candle in one corner and recite 'To seek the dragon through obstacles' 1 ?" said Dharmaraja.

Fatty Luo: "..."

They took shelter in this relatively inconspicuous narrow hallway for a while.

After a moment, Dharmaraja frowned. "Why are all the disciples of Immortal Mansion female?"

Hearing his question, Fatty Luo was struck by something. "Dharmaraja, did you notice that those array guardian spirits were focused on attacking just Ling Zhenren even when this bunch of female disciples were blatantly moving around outside? I believe that the Taoist robes they're wearing are probably a marker which helps the holy array to lock onto invaders."

Dharmaraja: "So, Brother Luo, your meaning is...?"

Fatty Luo answered earnestly, "I think we can dress up as women."

Dharmaraja: "..."

Dharmaraja: "Brother Luo, it's a great idea... but are you sure those Taoist robes will fit us?"

Fatty Luo: "..."

Chapter 289: Who Is The Real Cross-Dressing Big Shot?

Unlike normal clothes, Taoist robes were very flexible and stretchy. You just needed to squeeze into them a little to put them on; in Fatty Luo's view, it was like a woman's chest — squeeze them a little, and they seemed bigger.

Using the godly thunder inheritance to knock out two passing female cultivators, Dharmaraja dragged them into an alley, laid them out in a secluded corner, then removed their clothes.

"Brother Luo, it's so tight! My chest feels stuffy, I can't breathe!" Dharmaraja felt like a tightly wrapped dumpling in the blue Taoist robes, and both his chest and hips were bound so tight it hurt.

Fatty Luo wasn't that much better. "If you feel like you can't breathe, then use the turtle-breathing skill."

"Can we really do this?"

Fatty Luo was silent for a bit. "I'm not sure if this will work, but at the very least, the holy array won't be able to lock onto us, now that we've changed clothes."

"Now we can think of a way to meet up with Ling Zhenren and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal," Fatty Luo said. "From now on, if we bump into other people, I'll have to trouble Brother Dharmaraja to knock them out with your lightning; before we find the Master of Immortal Mansion, we should avoid fighting and save our strength."

"Lord Jingke should be fine, right?"

"Currently, there's no way to tell."

Fatty Luo's first reaction had been that there was no way the eastern branch chief's spirit-suppressing flags could have imprisoned Jingke. This was all just Ling Zhenren's move in a game of chess to draw the Master of Immortal Mansion out. But after seeing the legendary holy array, the Ice Crystal Array, Fatty Luo now knew more about what Immortal Mansion was like... did that mean that the Master of Immortal Mansion still had other techniques to use?

Frankly speaking, he was a little worried. "If Lord Jingke's form was complete, there would be absolutely nothing to be afraid of. The problem is that he doesn't have a sheath, and only has a perpetual protective layer of sword qi. But from another point of view, since Ling Zhenren is using Lord Jingke as bait, I think he must be confident in his plan..."

After saying this, he looked up into the sky, which by now was completely dark. He could feel the Twelve Stars Palace Array guardian spirits that had been eliminated earlier start to coalesce once more.

"I wonder how Immortal Toya, Cailian Zhenren and Brother Fang Xing are doing..."

He stared into the air with a very deep expression; not everyone could withstand repeated attacks by the Twelve Stars Palace Array guardian spirits. Once these spirits regenerated, they would definitely start looking for the other intruders.

Previously, whether it had been Fatty Luo or anyone else, they had felt that this would be a relaxed operation. But it was only after they had entered Immortal Mansion for real that they truly felt how dangerous it was.

Whether they survived or not would truly depend on their luck!

...

On the other side, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't been in a hurry to leave after changing into the women's Taoist robes, and instead were looking around the palace of Beauty and Discount, these two female cultivators.

When they had stepped through the spatial wall before, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already noticed that each palace had been made out of unusual bricks; they contained large amounts of spirit energy and at the same time had the ability to restore themselves.

Bricks which could restore themselves; what kind of concept was this?

It was as if each brick had a Dharmaraja inside, and even then, this ability to restore itself was still far more convenient than Dharmaraja using the godly thunder inheritance to weld broken parts together.



"Brother Ling, I feel that this Master of Immortal Mansion isn't that simple." The young man in white touched one brick of a stone pillar inside the palace. Less than three seconds later, he jerked his hand back as if he had gotten an electric shock.

At that moment, he had actually sensed the fluctuation of nomological power inside the brick; it had been like a viper winding around his finger before biting it.

"This is actually nomological power?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was astounded. This meant that the Master of Immortal Mansion had very likely reached True Immortal level. Having said that, the set-up of nomological power here was very far-ranging, enough so that a trace of it was mixed into every brick — not even True Immortal level cultivators could do that.

On the side, Wang Ling narrowed his eyes, and a bead of cold sweat actually formed on his forehead.

Based on the standard list of cultivation realms, only cultivators at True Immortal level were able to use nomological powers at will. Of course, that didn't exclude the fact that there was a very small number of extremists who could use it without having reached True Immortal level. But relatively speaking, it was far easier to use nomological powers at True Immortal level.

However, to cast it out like a spider web to encompass everything... even General Yi would find this difficult to accomplish.

In Wang Ling's view, this level of power had already surpassed True Immortal.

But this probably wasn't the Master of Immortal Mansion's own power; if he had this ability, Jingke would already have switched owners, and the man wouldn't have to go through all this effort.

Wang Ling couldn't help sighing in his heart. Sure enough, putting an end to this matter was the right thing to do.

If they put it off, Immortal Mansion would be a ticking time bomb, and no one knew when it would explode.

After Wang Ling conveyed his thoughts to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal through his mind, the young man in white was startled. "Brother Ling, you suspect that there's still another power behind Immortal Mansion? And that it's directly connected to the Master of Immortal Mansion?"

In fact, while Wang Ling had been speaking, the young man in white had already come up with a theory.

Gazing at the stone pillar in front of him, he took a step back. "Brother Ling, can you remove a brick from this stone pillar?"

Crack! With his eyes fixed on the stone pillar, Wang Ling curled his fingers and directly stuck them into the groove around a brick.

Shortly after that, he felt the same electric shock as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had; the nomological power in the brick lashed out at his fingers.

Frowning, Wang Ling felt the tips of his fingers turn a little numb.

And yet the power felt very gentle, even a little comfortable; it was like the kissing gourami that picked at your fingertips during a fish spa.

Firmly gripping the brick in front of him, Wang Ling slowly increased the strength in his hand.

The brick came out easily!

"Let me see!" Grenade-Throwing Senior didn't dare touch the brick, and only came closer to take a look. Very quickly, realization dawned on him. "Just as I expected!"

Wang Ling observed the brick carefully. Apart from the massive nomological power and the pattern on it, he didn't notice anything unusual. But he felt that the pattern seemed somewhat familiar, as if he had seen it somewhere before.

"Brother Ling, do you know what familiars are?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Wang Ling as he said, "The Almightys who died on the ancient battlefield could combine what remained of their lives with a special magic array in order to become spirits of the brave departed. In cultivation terms, we call these spirits familiars. The traces you can see on the brick were definitely left by a familiar, I am absolutely sure of it. Also, it's very likely that this familiar's special ability is to create massive amounts of restorative nomological power — Immortal Mansion's entire palace was built with it."

## Chapter 290: Who Is Your Plastic Surgeon?

Wang Ling had long heard of familiars, but had never expected to encounter any so soon.

With the pattern left by a familiar on the stone brick as evidence, it went without saying that Immortal Mansion was indeed linked to familiars.

Summoning familiars was strictly banned under Huaxiu's laws; like certain methods of legacy inheritance, they were on the list of crimes of "opportunistic reactionary cultivation."

However, the main problem at the moment wasn't the familiars. Instead, what was worth pondering was how the Master of Immortal Mansion had learned the magic array to summon familiars.

A thought struck Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "There was a time when there were rumors about a magic array for summoning familiars being sold on the market; in the end, it turned out to be just a hoax. Some criminals had disguised a teleportation array as a familiar-summoning array, and had tricked a lot of people into frantically dropping antiques inside it..."

Wang Ling: "..."

"Also, a lot of people only know half the truth about the familiar-summoning array; not all so-called antiques or relics can be used to summon a familiar. To do so, the relic must contain tremendous amounts of remaining spirit energy... For example, if Dharmaraja used the godly thunder inheritance as a medium and combined it with the familiar-summoning magic array, it would definitely work," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Wang Ling nodded at his explanation. After all, the godly thunder inheritance was a holy relic left behind by the Thunder Clan.

"But that would be breaking the law. Even if Dharmaraja knew the familiar-summoning magic array, he would never use it." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed and waved his hand. "Brother Ling, why don't you keep this brick first? Just this brick would be enough evidence of the Master of Immortal Mansion's huge crime and the volatile threat it poses to national security; this is already even worse than what the old devil did."

Wang Ling put the brick away in his vision field. As they were about to move, they suddenly heard the sound of hasty footsteps at the entrance of these two female cultivators' residence.

"Someone is coming!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal quickly dragged the two female cultivators further inside.

After a handful of seconds, a female cultivator shouted at the front door, "Beauty? Discount? Are you here? Justice Elder has called us to gather together and discuss how we will deal with the intruders."

"Shall I open the door, Brother Ling?"

While Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was hesitating, the female cultivator outside in the end directly pushed the door open and came in.

Wang Ling noticed that this slit-eyed female cultivator's Taoist robes were orange in color. From the memories of the previous two female cultivators, he immediately knew that she was a top-level Immortal Mansion inheriting disciple, with a higher rank than inner sect disciples. The Taoist robes worn by elder disciples were purple.

The slit-eyed female cultivator caught sight of them from ten meters away.

In that instant, the young man in white felt like his brain was buzzing.

What should they do?

Were they going to be exposed?

After about ten seconds of silence, this slit-eyed female cultivator exclaimed, "Wow! Beauty? Discount? How do you turn into this? Did you have plastic surgery without shifu's permission?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

The slit-eyed female cultivator moved closer and swept her gaze up and down Wang Ling. "You're Discount, right? Your oval face is the same!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The female cultivator look at him. "Which Mansion plastic surgeon did your face? I think your dead fish eyes are quite in character! Not bad, not bad!"

Wang Ling: "..."

After that, she looked at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, and stroked her chin. "Beauty, did you increase your height and get breast implants?"

"Anyway, why is Senior Sister Ya Xuan looking for us?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal used spirit energy to change his voice, imitating the female cultivator with the online celebrity face from before as he spoke. He had seen the word "Ya Xuan" on the nameplate at her waist, and knew that it had to be her Taoist name.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal remembered that the two ladies with the celebrity face and oval face had also had nameplates at their waists, but he hadn't taken them.

"Looks like we better take the nameplates with us, otherwise it'll definitely look suspicious," thought Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal... even though they already looked pretty suspicious now.

"I came to let you know that Justice Elder wants all inner sect disciples to gather together." This Senior Sister Ya Xuan gave the disguised Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal a very solemn look. "The matter this time is very serious, and she wants you to go over as soon as possible. You know the flat top on Yuntai Pavilion? Assemble there in ten minutes."

"Yes, Senior Sister Ya Xuan."

"Don't be late, hey." The slit-eyed female cultivator smiled.

After that, she went to the next palace with the message.

Watching her walk off into the distance, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sweating. Just now, she had been so close, almost face to face, but in the end she hadn't seen through their disguises... It seemed that not everyone with slit eyes were monsters 1 — some were just blind!

...

Following instructions, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal arrived on the flat top of Yuntai Pavilion ten minutes later. Wang Ling hadn't known the specific location of the pavilion, but when the senior sister had come to the palace earlier, he had left a spirit mark on her.

That Sister Ya Xuan was already there ahead of time. Standing next to her on a platform on the flat top was a female elder in purple Taoist robes.

At the moment, several hundred inner sect disciples had gathered on the flat top, and Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal slipped into the line-up. These inner sect female disciples were all trembling under the elder's wrath.

"I just did a headcount, and I've noticed that two people have actually yet to arrive!"

The female elder in purple sucked in a deep breath. "Master is already furious! Furthermore, he suspects that some spies have already infiltrated our ranks. These people who have snuck into our Immortal Mansion are likely to be disguised as our disciples! In an emergency situation like this, there are people who are actually late! Ya Xuan, can't you do things properly?"

Under this harsh reprimand, the slit-eyed female cultivator trembled slightly. "This disciple was careless, I will take any punishment..."

"You certainly will be punished." The elder hmphed. "Who are these two missing female disciples? Give me their names!"

"They are Little Bamboo and Little Chrysanthemum. I did let them know." The slit-eyed female cultivator felt wronged. "But it seems they've put on weight recently, and are probably having trouble climbing the mountain..."

The elder in purple was stupefied. "Put on weight?"

It was just as she said this that Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw in the distance two stout female cultivators reach the top of the stairs to the flat top. Because their Taoist robes were too short, their calves were directly exposed, and their leg hair fluttered in the wind...

This scene almost made Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cough up blood.

Brother Ling... I feel like my eyes have been blinded, Brother Ling!