

Daily Life 291

Chapter 291: Get a Hold of Yourselves!

Because of the horrifying appearance of these two people, there was dead silence among the hundreds of female cultivators, including the elder in purple, for three whole minutes.

At the sight of them, the female elder in purple sucked in a cold breath before turning to the slit-eyed female cultivator. "Ya Xuan... are these the Little Bamboo and Little Chrysanthemum who have put on weight?"

The slit-eyed cultivator nodded earnestly. "Yes, shifu ."

After that, the face of this female elder in purple twitched for a long time. "... They were more like chikuwa 1 that had been boiled for too long and an evolved Vileplume!

When Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo reached the top of the stairs, they could clearly feel the subtle tension in the air.

"Brother Luo, have we been discovered?" The burning hot gazes around them, especially from that elder in purple on the platform, were like Usami-chan's ominous expression when she uncovered a criminal 2 .

Fatty Luo sighed lightly. "Damn! I thought our disguises were perfect!"

"..."

It was clear to Wang Ling now — these two King Kong Barbies 3 didn't have a hold of themselves at all.

In fact, if they hadn't appeared here, Wang Ling thought that he and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could have hidden in the troops for a bit. But the moment these two King Kong Barbies had shown up at the pavilion, his plan had already been ruined.

"Evildoers, surrender!"

The female elder in purple on the high platform waved one hand, and two rays of golden light flew out of her sleeve, transforming into a circle of scripture writing in the air that covered them like a cage.

The slit-eyed female cultivator was shocked by her shifu's aggressive attack. "Shifu, what are you doing? They are our sisters!"

The female elder in purple brusquely stretched out one hand to pat her on the head.

"Are you an idiot?"

The female elder sighed in her heart, thinking that she shouldn't have sent the slit-eyed female cultivator to the inner sect earlier as a messenger. Otherwise, they wouldn't have attracted these "small moths." Ya Xuan was undoubtedly the most powerful disciple in the inner sect, which was why the elder had taken her in as her inheriting disciple very early on — however, her one weakness was that she was a little foolish and blind!

Given the urgent situation, she didn't have time to explain things properly, so she just sighed and simply said, "These two are the intruders. They probably changed into Little Bamboo and Little Chrysanthemum's clothes in order to take advantage of the situation and enter this place."

It was only now that this slit-eyed female cultivator called Ya Xuan was struck with realization. "So it's like that!"

...

While the elder was explaining the situation to Ya Xuan, fighting was on the verge of breaking out, and things were already beginning to happen.

Immortal Mansion's inner sect female cultivators all spread out to leave plenty of space for combat. They were well-trained, and even if battle could break out in an instant, there wasn't the slightest trace of panic.

In this situation, the first thing to do was to move to an open space, in order to avoid being hit by magic attacks during battle.

Fatty Luo and Dharmaraja naturally weren't in any way ordinary people. Although this female elder had struck swiftly, this trap wasn't stable enough to capture the both of them.

Hiss! Dharmaraja chose to meet her head-on. He activated the godly thunder inheritance and shot it directly into the air. The scripture writing in the sky was instantly enveloped by the godly thunder before it gradually disintegrated.

"Is this the legendary holy relic of the Thunder Clan?"

The female elder had a stunned expression on her face. Although she had heard from Immortal Mansion's emergency announcement that the intruders were formidable, she had never expected that there would be a descendant of the Thunder Clan among them.

Her preemptive strike hadn't had any effect. But except for the slight flicker in her expression when she had seen Dharmaraja's godly thunder inheritance, her gaze remained unruffled.

"Are you a descendant of the Thunder Clan?" The female elder fixed her deep gaze on him. If Dharmaraja was around, then the other intruders definitely weren't ordinary people.

She then shifted her gaze to Fatty Luo on the side. "Then... you are Fatty Luo? What a coincidence, our master would like a word with you."

Fatty Luo laughed as he looked at the female elder on the high platform. "As luck would have it, I would also like a word with your master. He forcefully stole our Ling Zhenren's spirit sword, and I must settle this score with him."

"Stole?"

She eyed Fatty Luo. "That spirit sword clearly belongs to our master! You are trespassers in Immortal Mansion, and Master has already given the order that apart from you, all offenders are to be executed on the spot!"

Fatty Luo was amused. "In all my years of hunting magic treasures, I've seen so many types of aggressive robbers, but I've never met one so shameless, stealing someone else's sword and saying that it was theirs to begin with. Since it's like this, then Brother Dharmaraja, let us meet them directly! No need to be polite about it!"

Dharmaraja raised his hand, and it sparked with electricity — one hundred percent of the godly thunder inheritance! When he called it forth, the sky turned dark as black clouds instantly rolled in.

Bang! A bolt of lightning from the sky struck Dharmaraja's body, and transformed into lightning armor.

Some distance away, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal watched events unfold amidst a crowd of Immortal Mansion female disciples. They felt Dharmaraja was somehow a lot cooler in this form. Enhanced by the godly thunder inheritance, not only had his natural power evolved to take the form of lightning armor, it had also vitalized his muscles, making his body a lot more toned.

At the same time, Fatty Luo had also stretched out his hand to take leather armor out of his vault and put it on.

Wang Ling had seen this armor before in Fatty Luo's metalware shop; it was the sky demon pigskin armor which he took so much pride in. Its short name was pigskin armor!

Although Fatty Luo had already modified the spirit energy attribute of this pigskin armor, it still couldn't conceal the demon king aura of the sky demon pig. As soon as he took the armor out, the elder in purple standing on the platform became deeply interested in it. She could now better understand why Master was interested in this Boss Luo.

"Brother Luo, be careful! These women aren't easy to deal with!"

Dharmaraja frowned. From a general overview of their fighting strength, he and Fatty Luo were on the brink of the late Soul Formation stage, which would be enough to fight this group of inner sect disciples. However, the female elder in purple on the platform wasn't simple trash, and they would need to cooperate together when they confronted her.

But the elder in purple wasn't stupid. With their current strength, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo could crush any one of the inner sect disciples here — but if these disciples combined their strength, they wouldn't be so easy to deal with.

With these hundreds of inner sect disciples gathered together, they could join hands to set up a powerful magic array which even an Itinerant Immortal would have trouble escaping!

At this thought, the female elder couldn't hold back the excitement on her face. "On my command! Establish the array!"

"Brother Ling, not good!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said in a low, alarmed voice.

When the female elder shouted for them to establish the array, Wang Ling stepped forward.

In that instant, time seemed to stand still...

The next moment, many of the female disciples collapsed under the weight of an immense spiritual pressure.

On the high platform, the female elder's face turned pale with fright.

What had she just seen?

Im... imperial aura?

Chapter 292: So Cute, They're Definitely Guys!

If Loopy Toad had been here, it would definitely find this scene very familiar; the difference was that back then, it was Loopy Toad who had fallen to the ground on its own accord, but this time, Wang Ling had released genuine spiritual pressure.

What kind of scene was this? At a distance, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo felt deep terror in their hearts.

Below the female elder, just as hundreds of female disciples at the Soul Formation stage were about to establish the array on her command, they had frozen in their movements — it was as if they had been immobilized by the Sunflower Acupuncture Skill 1 .

It had only been two seconds, but this bunch of female disciples fell over one by one like dominoes. Their postures were rigid, as if they had turned to stone, and their eyes were blank, their uncomprehending expressions indicating that they had no idea what had happened.

"What is this?" On the high platform, the female elder's eyes narrowed to slits. Among the female disciples that had fallen down under the massive spiritual pressure, she saw two whose frames seemed a little big, standing tall among the rest like two immovable mountains.

The instant Wang Ling had released his spiritual pressure, the female elder had already reacted, but she had still been too late. The protection barrier she had cast out had only protected the foolish disciple next to her, and the rest of the inner sect female disciples had gone down for the count in an instant.

"Ya Xuan, what's going on?" The female elder's lips twitched.

The slit-eyed female cultivator rubbed her head. "This... this is betrayal! Blatant betrayal! Shifu , as expected, you may know a person's face but not their heart. Bad enough that Beauty and Discount are fond of plastic surgery, but I never thought that their hearts would be so ruthless that they would help outsiders plot against our own people..."

The female elder in purple dropped her forehead into her hand and felt her head hurt. "Can't you see that it's two men?"

"Men?"

The slit-eyed female cultivator was shocked by her shifu' s question, and only then sized up Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal carefully. After a moment, she shook her head and looked at her shifu innocently. "Their faces are so fair, how can they be male?"

After saying that, Ya Xuan this girl sighed. "Sure enough, the cute ones are all guys 2 !"

The face of the female elder in purple twisted into folds that made her look like a steamed bun.

She already couldn't be bothered explaining it to her silly disciple.

On the other side of the high platform, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo came back to their senses after their huge shock.

What was going on?

Ling Zhenren and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal... had also put on female disguises?

"It seems my reasoning was absolutely correct!" Fatty Luo chuckled to himself. He was so proud that he had employed the same strategy as Wang Ling: changing into the Taoist robes of the female disciples to dupe the holy array's tracking system.

"I think this is my first time seeing Ling Zhenren like this," Dharmaraja murmured with extreme astonishment. Ling Zhenren's face was very fair to begin with, and with the veil plus the attached dudou inside the female Taoist robes, he looked completely natural and really like a cute little girl from afar.

The only flaw was his expression.

Ling Zhenren's trademark dead fish eyes were very apparent once you were close enough to see them. Unless he deliberately hid them, these eyes were really too conspicuous.

"I feel like I've seen something that I shouldn't have." Standing at a distance, Dharmaraja completely didn't dare go any closer.

Fatty Luo didn't know whether to cry or laugh. "I say, do you think he'll silence us?"

In short, they were in real danger!

They stared at Wang Ling from a huge distance away, and he pretended not to see them. His face didn't change, and it didn't reveal the slightest trace of embarrassment.

On the high platform, the female elder could tell who the strongest person was here, and she fixed her eyes on Wang Ling as she shouted sternly, "It looks like you're the core of this group of intruders. If you kneel down now and beg me for your life, you may still get out of this alive."

"What nerve, are dark forces nowadays all this arrogant?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal scoffed. Now that they had already been exposed, he had nothing to be afraid of. "I overestimated Immortal Mansion — I can stab 3 someone like you with one finger!"

The female elder was instantly enraged as she pressed her lips together. With a cold snort, she stomped down on the ground once, and the entire flat top of Yuntai Pavilion immediately shook as if from an earthquake. Like an electric current, fierce energy crackled underfoot, ready to explode under Wang Ling.

his was a preemptive strike with the force of a thousand jun 4 behind it. If this energy, which was at Itinerant Immortal level, exploded under an early Soul Formation stage cultivator, their organs would promptly be blown apart and their primordial spirit shaken loose.

Gazing at this energy underfoot, Wang Ling just brushed his foot over the ground after a moment. The result was that this energy was instantly intercepted halfway, then it dissolved in an instant. Peace was restored on the flat top and even the earthquake had stopped — this energy attack hadn't worked in the slightest.

"What's going on?"

The female elder was stupefied; she totally couldn't understand how her attack had been neutralized.

At that moment, the slit-eyed female cultivator next to her suddenly recovered. " Shifu , I saw that cute boy with dead fish eyes who looks like a girl — it looked like he brushed his foot over the ground."

The female elder in purple was already too preoccupied to deride this random talk. Her face was very unsightly. Her move earlier wasn't some f**king "The Call of the Time" kick 5 ! It had the power of an Itinerant Immortal behind it!

Even if the other party had reacted with a counterattack, shouldn't he have stomped heavily on the ground with equal strength in order to offset hers?

He had actually just brushed his foot over the ground, and the energy had dissolved...

The female elder in purple widened her eyes, a disbelieving expression on her face.

At that moment, she felt a hint of terror in her heart.

Obviously, she had no idea at all of the huge gap between them.

A real expert was someone who could counterattack with one small move and keep his countenance at the same time... Just this point alone was enough for her to already admit defeat in her heart.

At this thought, she couldn't help the few beads of cold sweat that rolled down her forehead.

" Shifu ... you can't win?" asked the slit-eyed female cultivator.

And the most humiliating thing was her silly inheriting disciple pointing out her weakness right at that moment... why had she taken this thing in back then?

The female elder's lips twitched. Since it was the truth, there was no harm in admitting it.

At that moment, she was in fact a little grateful to Wang Ling. Fortunately, that spiritual pressure earlier had knocked out these several hundred inner sect disciples, otherwise she really would have lost a lot of face in front of them.

She was a grand Itinerant Immortal, but the power from one stomp of her foot had been neutralized by a cross-dressing young man with a brush of his toe...

This truth was just too brutal.

Now, she completely understood; these people were here to deliberate stir up trouble! The way that cross-dressing young man had brushed his foot over the ground was just like something that could be summed up in one phrase: I'm just rubbing, I won't go in... And so, here was the question.

At that moment, the female elder had a frightening thought: If that young man had really stomped down with his foot, would she have been able to survive?

Chapter 293: Intrinsic Spirit Field

It was obvious that the current situation was already out of this female elder's control. If this young man hadn't been here, she thought she would still have had a fifty percent of winning, even if Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo combined their strength. As an Itinerant Immortal, she had a bigger advantage.

Unfortunately, Wang Ling's presence had ruined all her plans, and she was completely at a loss.

At that moment, all kinds of thoughts circled through her mind... what now, surrender?

She indeed had this thought.

Seeing how Wang Ling had counteracted the force of her stomp with a brush of his foot over the ground, the female elder had already accepted that the winner of this conflict had been decided, and she didn't want to fight any longer. However, she didn't dare admit her defeat out loud... If she surrendered here, she would definitely incur Master's wrath in the end.

When it came down to it, she was just a middle man. Whatever she did next would only wind up in embarrassment for her.

Whenever something like this happened, the best thing to do was to pass the buck on to someone else.

This female elder in purple stared at her inheriting disciple next to her in heavy silence for a while...

" Shifu , what should we do now?" asked the slit-eyed female cultivator.

"Ya Xuan, call your Senior Uncle Feifei to come," the female elder said without hesitation.

The slit-eyed female cultivator: "But... how do I call him?"

The female elder: "Didn't you make an earthen pot before? That day on your birthday, he left a mark on it. You just need to smash the pot, and your senior uncle will come."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "You can't win, so you're calling for reinforcements?"

The corner of the female elder's mouth twitched again. "You outnumber us; winning like this wouldn't be honorable!"

"Fine, do whatever you want." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waved his hands.

His agreement wasn't meant to create trouble for Wang Ling; it was Wang Ling who had personally told him to let them do so.

When Wang Ling had brushed his foot over the ground just now to dissolve the force of the female elder's stomp, his real intention actually had been to create a link with her spirit energy through her attack. In this way, he could secretly search her memories without being noticed.

But after going through her memories, Wang Ling had been disappointed. Because her rank wasn't high enough, she had had very few opportunities to meet the Master of Immortal Mansion, and thus didn't know very much more about the master than those inner sect female disciples.

But now that the other party was calling in reinforcements, Wang Ling simply couldn't be happier.

The reinforcements they would call for in a situation like this definitely had to be someone significant!

...

Following the elder's instructions, the slit-eyed female cultivator took out the earthen pot with trembling hands, then threw it onto the ground with a cry of " haiyah ."

The instant it shattered, whether it was Wang Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal or Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo on the side, they could all clearly sense the vigorous spirit energy that poured out of the pot.

"What powerful spirit intensity!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal furrowed his brow.

Spirit intensity was the standard measurement of spirit energy, and a scale for measuring spirit intensity was currently being sold on the market. At that moment, the spirit intensity that had been unleashed had definitely surpassed what the scale could measure... In a real sense, it was at one hundred percent!

"Who is it?!"

Within seconds of the pot shattering, there was a bellow of rage in the air; the voice seemed to be coming from the distant horizon in an unceasing tide of noise.

A moment later, a massive black figure dropped from the sky with a resounding boom as the earth shook heavily from the impact.

From their initial contact with Immortal Mansion, Wang Ling already knew that it didn't have any male disciples. But the huge monster which had appeared in front of them was still beyond their expectations. It was a twenty- zhang tall silver giant horse in armor, which stared menacingly at Wang Ling and his group.

"What is that thing?" A huge shadow enveloped them, and it was so oppressive that sweat instantly started to roll down the foreheads of Dharmaraja and the others.

"I believe this horse has something to do with the holy array!" Fatty Luo knitted his eyebrows together.

Very quickly, however, that sense of oppression disappeared after Wang Ling covered everyone with his protective golden light.

This silver warhorse silently stared at this protective golden light for a bit. After that, its enormous body gradually shrunk down to a regular size, though the pressure it released didn't diminish in the slightest.

"Brother Ling, could this be..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal already had an inkling of this warhorse's origin.

It had to be...

Wang Ling looked at the silver warhorse in front of him and narrowed his eyes.

This was a genuine holy beast. Furthermore, it was endowed with the abilities of a core array pattern, which was why it was saturated with spirit energy and had such formidable strength.

When they had been sucked into the game space back then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clearly remembered that Wang Ling had destroyed the array pattern in one stroke, causing the entire space to instantly collapse. Now, this holy beast bore the power of the core array pattern. If they injured it heavily, the Ice Crystal Array might not collapse straightaway, but it would definitely have a heavy impact on the structure of the space.

When that time came, they wouldn't have to continue wearing women's clothes!

Of course, this wasn't the main problem.

The main issue was, Immortal Mansion actually had a holy beast?

Hadn't all of them already died out earlier on?

Whether locally or abroad, a first-class spirit beast would be a major discovery. Countless spirit beasts had become extinct not so long ago due to extreme campaigns and hunting by cultivators. In the olden days, plenty of spirit beasts and even holy beasts had been killed for bone soup and meatballs... According to ancient texts, there had been a pitiful nine-headed lion 1 holy beast which had been beheaded by a brat and turned into braised lion's head 2 .

Although for now, they didn't know this silver warhorse's origin, from its aura, there was no doubt that it was a holy beast!

"Are you the one who hurt our Immortal Mansion people? Now that you've come, why don't all of you just stay!" the silver warhorse roared as it raised its front hooves.

In just a blink of an eye, the space around them transformed, and they found themselves in a barren landscape.

Everyone had been sucked into it, and Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo were deeply shocked.

"An intrinsic spirit field?!" Fatty Luo narrowed his eyes.

"What's that?" Dharmaraja was stupefied.

"It's also a type of small world, and is also known as the Internal Small World. Formed inside the body, it can be instantly released during battle. Massive amounts of spirit energy can be stored in the spirit field, and only the person who discharges the spirit field can use this spirit energy... In other words, if we run out of spirit energy, we won't be able to replenish it inside the spirit field." Fatty Luo narrowed his eyes. "As expected of a holy beast..."

"Then what should we do now?"

"We can only depend on Ling Zhenren... We don't have enough strength to fight an enemy who can discharge an intrinsic spirit field." Fatty Luo sighed as he patted Dharmaraja's shoulder. "Just be like me, and be a commentator — commentators never die."

Dharmaraja: "..."

Chapter 294: In Theory

It went without saying how powerful an intrinsic spirit field was; just being in one made people feel uncomfortable all over. Of course, there were two individuals who were exceptions — the female elder in purple and the slit-eyed female cultivator, Ya Xuan.

They were covered in a magic spell layer, which was like a secret key to protecting them from the oppression of the spirit field and from their spirit energy being cut off, hence preserving a supply flow of spirit energy from the outside world.

"So, Senior Immortal, do you know what kind of divinity this holy beast has?" While Wang Ling confronted this silver warhorse, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo quickly seized the opportunity to head over.

"Mm... I can't tell for now." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help shuddering; these two in women's clothes were really too terrifying.

"Holy beasts have their own names. If we can find out its name, we may be able to consult ancient texts for its weakness." Fatty Luo stared at this silver warhorse with a deep frown. He felt that it was like something he had seen before on a totem in a tomb he had once robbed. That totem had been of a silver warhorse wearing armor. It had had a horn on its head and two broad steel wings.

After looking at the warhorse for a very long time, Fatty Luo shook his head. "This holy beast is a unicorn, but there's currently no way for us to find out its exact name."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "I heard that disciple next to the female Taoist in purple call it Senior Uncle Feifei."

Dharmaraja's jaw dropped as he blurted out, "So its name is Ma Feifei 1 ?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo: "..."

...

At that moment inside the intrinsic spirit field, Wang Ling and the silver warhorse were exchanging deep looks.

The warhorse had gotten quite the shock; under normal circumstances, apart from the person who discharged the intrinsic spirit and those with the spirit field's secret key, everyone else would bow under the massive pressure, and once they ran out of spirit energy, they wouldn't be able to replenish it.

Therefore, for cultivators who became trapped in an intrinsic spirit field, many of them would adopt a defensive strategy and make it their number one priority to save up their spirit energy in order to destroy the field.

However, to the silver warhorse's surprise, it could sense the vigorous spirit energy roiling intensely in the youngster in front of it; the field hadn't had the slightest impact on him.

Wang Ling had already switched the female Taoist robes for a red and black sports jacket and a pair of track pants, which was what stunned the silver warhorse the most; without any magic vestments or even treasures to defend himself, and purely relying on his corporeal body to resist the intrinsic spirit field... just how large was the source of this youngster's spirit energy?

In addition, continual use of the protective golden light of a Sage Body should accelerate the consumption of spirit energy, but not only was this youngster not the least bit affected, he had even cast the golden light on the other three for protection... this person was human, right?

The silver warhorse simply couldn't fathom how a cultivator who was clearly only at Perfected Being level, judging from his realm, could have such frighteningly unlimited spirit energy.

"No one can act recklessly against me in my spirit field."

Narrowing its eyes, the silver warhorse abruptly spread its steel wings. They were fully twenty zhang in length, and pointing up to the sky, they looked like two steel blades.

It stomped the earth with four brawny legs, its iron hoofs ringing and shaking the ground.

Sprinting forward several dozen meters, it took off into the sky, the steel wings on its back slicing through the air before pointing forward like crossed prongs as the warhorse hurtled toward Wang Ling.

Wang Ling extended his right hand, and spirit energy instantly swirled in his palm. Then, he sent it forward with a light push.

This countermove was merely to test the strength of this wing attack.

This dense concentration of spirit energy, which discharged intense fluctuations like a huge spirit turbine, was easily dispelled by the silver warhorse halfway.

Wang Ling narrowed his eyes at this scene.

This result wasn't a surprise; this wing attack could ignore the golden light's defense to a certain extent, and cause forceful damage.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others also twitched their lips at this scene.

During such a tense confrontation, Wang Ling actually had the time to send out a feeler to test the strength of the other party's offense...

"Too extraordinary..." Amazement welled up from the bottle of Fatty Luo's heart.

"From another point of view, Brother Ling is very confident in his ability to discharge his magic instantly." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also sighed. If a person was able to refine their ability to instantly release magic at full power — indeed, to do it the same way that Wang Ling could — they wouldn't have to worry about making the first move, because even if they were late to attack, they could instantly cast multiple spells, both for offense and defense.

In the air, the silver horse's gaze was complicated.

This scene had stupefied it as well.

And before its surprise faded, something even more stunning happened. As an immense amount of spirit energy encircled Wang Ling's palm, he transformed his hand into a spirit blade that directly grew to the length of several dozen meters. It also cut through the air like a prong, and pushed back against the wing attack.

The response to a destructive attack was obvious.

It would be fine as long as the attack couldn't get close.

In that split second, the silver horse's forehead was covered in sweat. Even at this distance, it could feel the piercing pain from the wind pressure, and in the face of this absolute strength, it realized that everything else was superfluous.

The two prongs collided in mid-air and were directly destroyed at the same time.

It wasn't until now that the silver warhorse realized how serious the situation was. As a holy beast, its ability to sniff out danger was far superior to a normal cultivator's. It was unable to correctly gauge the strength of the youngster in front of it, but it instantly made a decision.

Steel wings facing forward, it hurtled toward Wang Ling in a wild, reckless move, like a massive dying meteor, with the intent of taking Wang Ling down with it.

The silver horse was risking its life on this one strike, so it had to hit its target; it would be like sacrificing eight hundred men to slay a thousand.

But the silver horse didn't care one bit, and launched itself fiercely from the air. Taking into account both the timing and position, conditions were just right and within its control.

Actually, it had an excellent strategy, which was enhanced by the intrinsic spirit field and core array pattern — there was no way it could die.

The reason why holy beasts were called as such wasn't just because of their remarkable life force, but more because of their hearts. As long as the heart was preserved, a holy beast had the tremendous ability to regenerate itself.

In theory, Wang Ling would definitely be the one who would be injured in the end, and perhaps even perish. Even if the warhorse sustained severe injuries, it had the core array pattern and the beast heart to protect it, so at least it wouldn't die.

Mm... in theory...

Chapter 295: Everyone Has a Responsibility to Care for Animals

Wang Ling looked up into the sky, his red and black jacket flapping in the strong wind. With the jacket unbuttoned, one could clearly see the young man's distinct collarbone and defined lines.

This was the weakest and thinnest body the silver horse had ever seen, but the spirit intensity of the energy it carried was shocking.

This was just a human cultivator, yet he had such dense spirit energy despite the intrinsic spirit field and the core array pattern... and the silver horse was actually unable to match it.

It already no longer had words to describe the strange feeling it was experiencing. This was the first time it felt like it wasn't fighting one human cultivator, but that it was pitting its entire strength against the whole world...

The Chosen One... did such a person truly exist?

The silver horse pondered this deeply as it turned into a fiery meteor.

The intrinsic spirit field shook as the silver warhorse hurtled down from the sky toward Wang Ling; as for what would happen next, it had no idea. Two rounds of conflict had already told it one thing — the youngster in front of it defied common sense.

To be or not to be... to do it or not, to hit him or not...

In the second before it hit the ground, the silver warhorse felt that this philosophical question was just like Schrödinger's cat — you wouldn't know the outcome of something until you did it.

Eyes fixed on this fiery meteor as it grew larger, Wang Ling drew in a deep breath. Even he had to admit that the attack this time round was so fierce that he would definitely be badly injured without any protection at all.

Under such a fierce attack, cultivators would generally choose to put all their strength into defending themselves, but if it was Wang Ling, it would make things even more dangerous.

The silver horse's strategy of sacrificing eight hundred to slay a thousand had been calculated by also taking the strength of Wang Ling's defense into account. Since ancient times, cultivators with Sage Bodies tended to be arrogant, and liked to rely on their golden bodies to charge forward.

But the silver horse had misread Wang Ling.

Even if he had the powers of a Sage Body, for Wang Ling, the best defense was actually offense.

And so, when the silver warhorse had turned itself into a falling star, Wang Ling had been gathering power in his right fist.

One punch!

There was a tremendous " bang " inside the intrinsic spirit field!

It was as if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others could see a thirty- zhang wide warhead being fired directly out of an invisible cannon with Wang Ling at its center. The powerful recoil caused the ground behind him to straightaway cave in.

The wind pressure from this punch was enough to make the silver horse cough up blood the moment the pressure reached it. If its armor hadn't absorbed some of the damage from the wind pressure, it would have already been killed.

As a holy beast, however, it refused to yield no matter what, and it went all out in one last dive at Wang Ling.

But for Wang Ling, all this was utterly meaningless.

Behind the silver warhorse, the female elder in purple and the slit-eyed female cultivator looked on helplessly as that fiery meteor was stopped by the power of Wang Ling's fist, and tragically fell to one side.

It crash landed...

In that moment, Wang Ling couldn't help wanting to recite a poem.

— Then I would die, and even my feathers would rot in the soil... Why are my eyes always brimming with tears...

Because I love this land so deeply 1 ...

...

" Shifu , has Senior Uncle Feifei... lost?" asked the slit-eyed female cultivator as she gnawed her fingers.

The face of the female elder in purple twitched, but before she could knock her silly disciple over the head, that young man's punch, which had been like a shot from a cannon, had already smashed into the spirit wall of the intrinsic spirit field. Numerous web-like cracks instantly appeared and spread out over the spirit wall.

"Not good!"

The female elder was pale with fright — it was all over. The silver warhorse was badly injured, and the secret key to the spirit field had lost its usefulness.

Hence, the moment that the spirit wall was hit, both of them were flung out heavily by the spirit field, and they hit the flat top of Yuntai Pavilion.

On the other side, Wang Ling and his company also retreated after the intrinsic spirit field was destroyed.

The protective golden glow kept them perfectly safe from the blast of the spirit field being destroyed, and enabled them to land steadily on the ground.

Coughing up a mouthful of blood, the silver warhorse fell over on one side of the platform, its neck at a crooked angle.

Wang Ling sighed inwardly as he gazed at this silver horse. Its expression was obstinate and full of wrath as it tried to get up again.

Wang Ling raised his foot as he wondered whether he should stomp on it or chop it with his blade one final time. In the end, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stopped him with a shout. "Brother Ling, show some mercy. Although there are no more holy beasts, if they were still around, they would be nationally protected animals."

Oh... So it was a nationally protected animal.

After some thought, Wang Ling in the end removed his foot. The warhorse's head was drenched in sweat.

It could already picture what the ending would have been like if that foot had stomped down. Now, although its heart was injured and bleeding, at least it hadn't been completely destroyed. For this serious wound, it only needed five days... no, just three days, to get back on its feet!

If a normal spirit beast, even a first-class one, had been this heavily injured and wasn't treated immediately, it could only wait to die.

The reason why holy beasts were called as such was because of their immense life force; it was also the reason why they had become extinct.

Back then, cultivators who sought the heavenly path in pursuit of immortality would fight over the hearts of holy beasts, even starting world wars over a single beast heart. But modern cultivation science had demonstrated that the reason why these beast hearts were so powerful was because holy beasts had unique blood compositions.

To put it simply, a beast heart could only function effectively when it was in the body of a holy beast. Once it was taken out, this thing was just like some healthcare laxative.

In that moment, this silver warhorse with the crooked neck gasping on the ground had already lost all of its previous stubbornness. It had always harbored a profound hatred of human cultivators; the only reason it had chosen to cooperate with Immortal Mansion was purely for the sake of revenge. Hence, it wouldn't give even the Master of Immortal Mansion any face.

But after just a few rounds against Wang Ling, it realized that this human cultivator wasn't like any of the other trash humans it had ever seen before!

And so, when Wang Ling had approached it, for the first time in its life, it had felt thick terror.

Everything cycled back to that oft-asked question.

"Who... on earth are you?" the silver warhorse asked fearfully, as it lay helpless on the ground.

Wang Ling felt like every single time he fought and won, the other party would always ask this question.

But he had already prepared for this today.

Spirit light flashed in his hand, and a brown notebook appeared.

The silver warhorse laughed weakly. "Are you going to subdue me with the law when I'm down?"

After that, it realized that it was thinking too much.

Wang Ling placed the brown notebook in front of it.

To the silver horse's surprise, it was actually a student ID card...

The silver warhorse: "..."

Chapter 296: You Are My...

Lying on the ground, the silver warhorse stared blankly at the student ID and didn't know what expression to use in front of Wang Ling.

From the ID, it could confirm two things. First of all, the cover was made of leather... and secondly, this human cultivator in front of it was a genuine high school student. There was a metal stamp on the ID which contained traces of magic, so the warhorse was sure of it.

A high school student...

The silver horse's hair stood on end. Were all high school students nowadays this formidable? What were they feeding them...

Staring at the silver horse, Wang Ling stretched out one hand and rested it on its body, and the horse twitched involuntarily. It tried to get up, but found it hard in its current state.

"You... what are you doing?" The silver horse's expression was full of terror.

But Wang Ling didn't hurt it further; he just felt around for the core array pattern which covered its body, then used magic to pull it out and straightaway tear it apart.

The silver horse was dumbfounded once again; this was its first time actually seeing this type of operation. This was a f**king core array pattern! It could be considered a phantom thing, and contained a highly dense amount of spirit energy; pulling it out with your bare hands was like sticking a wet finger into an electric socket.

This human wasn't just frightening; the way he did things was also very rough.

This was the silver horse's second impression of Wang Ling.

"What should we do with them?" Dharmaraja's gaze swept over their surroundings as he realized that there were still a lot of things which needed to be sorted out: there were the female disciples who had been knocked out by the spiritual pressure earlier, plus the shifu and disciple who had been knocked unconscious after they had been thrown out of the intrinsic spirit field.

In the instant that the female elder had been flung out, she had still wanted to protect her silly disciple, and had been heavily injured. Blood trickled from the corners of her mouth and her nose; it was likely that her primordial spirit had sustained some sort of hurt.

Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo blushed for this Itinerant Immortal who had been affected so badly just from being thrown out of the intrinsic spirit field. But if they hadn't had Ling Zhenren's protective golden light around them, it was likely that they would also have been severely wounded.

"Tie them up first," said Fatty Luo. "I brought plenty of rope."

"No... I think the first thing you should do is take off those women's clothes." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gazed at them and his lips twitched. When he had watched Wang Ling pull apart the core array pattern, he had already been itching to comment on it; these two were just too painful to look at in women's clothes.

"Ai , it was a rare opportunity..."

Dharmaraja looked a little reluctant when he took the women's clothes off.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

...

The situation on the top of Yuntai Pavilion had settled for the time being, but things weren't over yet. The core array pattern on the silver warhorse's body had only been one part of the Ice Crystal Array; severing it wasn't enough to completely stop the array, but it could prevent the array guardian spirits from reforming in an incessant flow of attacks.

"You've already won. With such power, there is no need for you to be afraid of the Master of Immortal Mansion at all." The silver warhorse lay weakly on the ground and struggled to breathe as it lifted its gaze. Wang Ling drew closer, and realized that the silver horse actually had eyelashes.

Previously, he had heard that slit-eyed female cultivator call it Senior Uncle Feifei... but wasn't this a mare?

"I found traces in the palace of the Master of Immortal Mansion using a magic array for summoning familiars. How can he possibly lose so easily, if he has the support of familiars behind him?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"This person is pretty suspicious. He used a regeneration magic array created by a familiar to construct this large Immortal Mansion building complex. He then used a magic incantation to control the familiar and have it kill itself... I saw this with my own eyes, so I'm sure of it," the silver warhorse slowly explained without hesitation.

"What kind of operation is this..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was startled when he heard this, then he suddenly realized something and asked, "You're a holy beast with Immortal Mansion, why are you telling us this classified information?"

The silver horse didn't say anything, then looked weakly at Wang Ling. "Even if I don't say it, you can probably guess why, right?"

"Mm... true enough." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded his head.

The silver horse sighed. "Right now, I'm so weak I can't even stand up. A technique like the memory retrieval spell is like using modern X-ray technology, and is in fact quite harmful to the brain. If you keep using that on me, I might not even know how to ride a bicycle anymore."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

After saying this, the silver horse looked a little hesitant before it said, "Furthermore, I'm really not one of Immortal Mansion's people."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Our silver unicorn clan used to be a glorious clan among the holy beasts. But over the years, too many of our clansmen died when mankind hunted us for our beast hearts. I am the only one who survived that disaster." It laughed bitterly. "I utterly despise humans... join and serve them? The only reason I'm doing this is all for revenge."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal understood a little better now. This could be considered an utterly simple and blunt reason: while it might sound like they were working together, the silver horse was actually borrowing Immortal Mansion's strength to take revenge on society.

But though this silver unicorn utterly despised humans, there was one person who was different, and that was the slit-eyed female cultivator lying unconscious next to the female elder in purple.

The silver unicorn looked at where the slit-eyed female cultivator lay on the ground, and it suddenly turned to Wang Ling with a pleading expression. "Please don't hurt her. I was the one who brought this girl to Immortal Mansion, and this was part of my arrangement with the master."

"An arrangement?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed his jaw.

The silver unicorn said, "This girl helped me out a lot, and also suffered for it. She didn't used to be stupid. Unfortunately, poison damaged her brain. The Master of Immortal Mansion happened to have something to suppress the poison inside her body."

"What kind of poison is it?"

"This poison is a little complicated, so it would take me a while to explain it clearly. Using my holy beast blood as a trigger, she has to take the root of the tropical sundew once every three days to keep the effects of the poison at bay." The silver horse became agitated as it said this, and coughed up another mouthful of blood.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the blood-stained ground with some regret... all this poured out on the ground was "gold."

In addition, when he heard the silver unicorn mention the root of the tropical sundew, he was stunned, as this was a rare drug ingredient that was already on the verge of becoming extinct.

"Brother Ling, is there a way to get rid of the poison inside her?" Thinking for a while, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal abruptly turned to Wang Ling.

"You can neutralize it?" On the ground, the silver unicorn had a disbelieving expression on its face.

Then, it saw Wang Ling walking toward the girl, a white light glowing in his right hand.

Wang Ling stretched out his hand and placed it on her head. As he activated the Great Purification Spell, wisps of black smoke drifted out of her ears.

The entire thing took less than a minute.

The corner of the silver unicorn's mouth twitched. "This... is it done?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded earnestly. "Yes, it's gone."

The silver unicorn sucked in a sharp breath and stared at Wang Ling in reverence. Although it was still weak, it thought Wang Ling had been too cool just now, and it yelled in excitement, "MASTER! You are my MASTER!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 297: I Don't Want to Be a Silk Banner!

To win the favor of a holy beast definitely wasn't an easy thing to accomplish.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had to admit that Wang Ling indeed had a special kind of charisma.

After all, this was a silver unicorn in front of them now, a species that could hardly be seen anymore. If word got out, it wasn't farfetched to think that people would go to war over it.

Staring at the silver unicorn, the young man in white sighed. "If you want to join us, you need to take a test."

"A test?"

After some consideration, the silver unicorn quickly nodded. "As long as you don't hand me over to the nation, anything is fine."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...". Nowadays, even holy beasts were so frank...

The young man in white had felt many times that all this had truly happened because of fate and destiny. Obviously, fate and destiny had arrived, so it was now just a matter of choice. The young

man didn't dare to take the lead in this; the person this holy beast admired was Wang Ling, so he would be the one to make the final call.

"Brother Ling, what do you think?" asked the young man in white.

Wang Ling started to size up this silver unicorn.

Throughout their long history, quite a few holy beasts had actually chosen to form a contract with a reliable master to avoid the wars which human cultivators waged over them. Most of the time, however, this had just been a matter of protocol; holy beasts had always been haughty since ancient times, and it had always been the holy beasts who chose their own masters, while the human cultivators who had been chosen hadn't been allowed to refuse at all.

But now, the situation was the opposite.

In the face of absolute strength, the silver unicorn realized it was just like an auntie with a sagging chest without any charm whatsoever. The main thing was that if it was handed over to the nation, it would become a silk banner 1 !

At that moment, it had already made up its mind that that would never, ever happen!

"I'm actually... very easy to care for. It's fine if I don't eat..." It stared at Wang Ling with starry eyes. "Once I've recovered, I can transform into human form and I can do any type of housework for you..."

Wang Ling stared at it for a bit before looking away.

He didn't agree, but he also didn't refuse.

The silver unicorn had also realized that this master whom it had chosen was a reticent person, so it could only turn to the young man in white. "What is Master's reply?"

"He didn't refuse, but he also didn't agree. He probably wants to wait and see."

"That's to say, I still have a chance?" The silver unicorn's eyes shone.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal tsked. Touching the silver unicorn's blood on the ground, he wrote three letters: GCM. Then, he rubbed its head.

The silver unicorn: "This... what does it mean?"

The young man in white pointed to the sky in a profound gesture. "This is a mystery only heaven knows... you have to figure it out yourself."

At the sight of these three letters, the silver unicorn sunk into deep thought.

...

After five minutes or so, Immortal Toya and Cailian Zhenren, who had been startled by the activity earlier, reached the top of Yuntai Pavilion.

"Brother To!" The young man in white waved from a distance.

From afar, Immortal Toya saw the bleeding silver unicorn lying next to him, and was immediately alarmed. "I did sense the aura of a holy beast earlier..."

It turned out that he hadn't been mistaken!

After that, this handsome man dressed in traditional attire and a gourd on his back sneaked a look at Wang Ling, his heart full of astonishment.

That intense commotion just now...

Anyone would know who had caused it.

"Take a look, can you treat this?" The young man in white looked at Immortal Toya.

"If it's an external wound, I have medicine to treat it right away. As for an internal injury, I know that holy beasts have beast hearts which can automatically help them recover. But it's still better to

take some medicine to accelerate the process." Immortal Toya put the gourd down, and with a flash of spirit light, took out a pill the size of a wash basin.

Wang Ling was surprised when he saw this. "..."

"What is this?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior couldn't help twitching his lips as he recalled the giant booger which Nezha's mother had accumulated over the three years of her pregnancy 2 .

"This is a super fast-healing pill which I made with one hundred fast-healing pills."

Immortal Toya was very proud of his pills. He held it up with both hands as he showed it off to the silver unicorn. "This pill is for you. After you recover, just give me some of your blood in return."

In that moment, the silver unicorn felt like it had joined a criminal gang. "..."

...

"I was wondering why there wasn't anyone around. It turned out they were all here."

At a distance on one side, Cailian Zhenren could see a lot of inner sect female disciples whom Fatty Luo and Dharmaraja had trussed up before throwing them into a magic circle.

Fatty Luo had drawn this circle using Dharmaraja's godly thunder inheritance. It had a powerful restrictive ability that would prevent these female disciples from escaping.

After tying all of them up like crabs and putting them in the circle, Fatty Luo finally placed that female elder in purple in it before he sighed in relief. "Finally done!"

"But what are you going to do with them?" Cailian Zhenren asked.

"From the situation earlier, it seems that they know nothing about what Immortal Mansion has been doing in the outside world. They were sent here as children and nurtured in isolation. It's likely that

they have no idea what the outside world is like, let alone that Immortal Mansion is in fact a dark force."

Cailian Zhenren let out a sigh. If this was true, the situation had become very complicated. Forget who these female disciples were affiliated with, the contract sale of human beings was an illegal act to begin with.

Fatty Luo had a proposal. "Anyway, Immortal Mansion's inner sect female disciples are all here now. I'll have to trouble Cailian Zhenren to handle their matters from now on. It'll be better if we can ask a lawyer to step in."

"Of course." Cailian Zhenren nodded her head.

All of a sudden, Fatty Luo swept a look around their surroundings as something dawned on him. "Then the only people left would be the Master of Immortal Mansion and a handful of elders behind the scene?"

It was impossible for the Master of Immortal Mansion and the other elders to not have noticed that large-scale battle earlier. Furthermore, the most crucial thing was that more than half of the core array pattern of the Ice Crystal Array had already been torn apart by Ling Zhenren. Just a little more, and the entire holy array would be destroyed.

When that time came, Immortal Mansion's entire palace complex would be exposed to the real world.

For this reason, there was no way that the Master of Immortal Mansion wouldn't take action.

"This Master of Immortal Mansion is deeply hidden, and currently we don't know where he is. But as for the other elders under him..." After saying this, Cailian Zhenren's eyes suddenly dimmed, and she turned to the rest of them. "By the way, have you seen Brother Fang Xing since entering this place?"

Chapter 298: Help Me Nail Down The Coffin Lid!

Wang Ling remembered it had been dusk when they had passed through the spatial wall into the mirror space created by the Ice Crystal Array. At that moment, it had completely turned to night.

When they had arrived at the flat top on Yuntai Pavilion, Wang Ling had sensed quite a number of auras released in battle, all except for Fang Xing's.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waved his hands. "I've been with Brother Ling all this time. When Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo came together earlier, I had assumed Brother Fang Xing would be with them. But until now, I haven't sensed Brother Fang Xing anywhere."

"I met Toya on the road and before then I hadn't seen anyone," Cailian Zhenren said.

"What are you trying to say?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little suspicious.

"It's like this; I saw someone earlier who looked a lot like Brother Fang Xing, but I didn't dare confirm whether it was him or not." Cailian Zhenren frowned deeply.

"Why was that?"

"I just felt that this person's aura was completely different. Brother Fang Xing's aura is as vibrant as Ling Zhenren's, but when I approached that person from behind, it felt like a freezing wind in my bones." Cailian Zhenren revealed her misgivings. "Perhaps I saw wrong?"

"What was he doing when you saw him?"

"He was headed for a heavenly palace called Linglang Pavilion."

"Linglang Pavilion?" The silver unicorn on the ground was very familiar with the name, and it immediately said seriously, "If he is your friend, I suggest you hurry and go save him — Linglang Pavilion is the palace of Immortal Mansion's three great key elders. Apart from Justice Elder Purple Moon who has fallen here, there are three other elders, and they are all hard to deal with."

"Can you tell us more?"

The silver unicorn: "Of these three elders, one is called Summer Rain, one is Summer Snow and one is Summer Ice. The female disciples of Immortal Mansion call them the Three Daughters of Summer."

Wang Ling already couldn't help the urge to ridicule these names. "... " If they had one more called Summer East Sea, then it would really be balanced out 1 !

But Wang Ling did nothing to interrupt the silver unicorn as it continued, "These three are far more powerful than Justice Elder Purple Moon and they are most proficient at using the Great Spirit-Absorbing Skill; in battle, they can draw out their opponent's spirit energy unceasingly. Of course, in my eyes, they're only three girls. They're just small fry, so I don't know much about them."

What the silver unicorn said wasn't wrong. As a holy beast that was still alive on earth, it was roughly eight thousand years old, after all. The three elders aside, it wouldn't be too much for most of the people here to call it grandpa.

When it said that, it looked at the faces which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others were wearing, and realized that what it had said just now was ambiguous, so it quickly corrected itself. "Of course, I know that for human cultivators, strength comes first. Since I already regard Guru Ling as my master, I'm naturally just a baby in your care."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "... "

Immortal Toya: "... "

Dharmaraja: "... "

Cailian Zhenren: "... "

Fatty Luo: "... "

Wang Ling: "... "

This was truly their first time seeing an eight thousand-year-old baby!

The silver unicorn felt that selling meng like this didn't quite suit it, so it didn't dare say any more, and just lowered its head. "So, please look after me from now on..."

...

At that very moment, another battle was in fact happening in Linglang Pavilion.

The three elders of Linglang Pavilion gasped for breath, their faces twisted as they stared at the long-legged youngster in track clothes in front of them.

About half an hour ago, this youngster had come here and without saying a word, had directly pulled them into an intrinsic spirit field.

They were all at peak middle-stage Itinerant Immortal level, so their source of spirit energy could already be considered fairly immense. But even if they pooled their spirit energy together, there was no way for them to establish an intrinsic spirit field. For a single person to rely on the source of their spirit energy alone to set up an intrinsic spirit field, they had to be at True Immortal level, otherwise it was absolutely impossible!

Hence, the three elders now could only be described as dumbfounded when they were caught in the intrinsic spirit field.

What stunned them the most was that this youngster's intrinsic spirit field was actually a universal space in which he could control gravity freely and hamper their movements. Furthermore, their Great Spirit-Absorbing Skill only worked when they were close to the enemy, so it was utterly useless in the intrinsic spirit field.

"It's over."

Under a sky full of stars in the intrinsic spirit field, the youngster in a pair of blue and white striped track pants smiled at the three elders.

"Who are you?"

One of the female elders, called Summer Rain, stared at him. "The fluctuation of your spirit energy seems familiar... are you the son of an old friend? I feel that it's really familiar; perhaps all this is just a misunderstanding."

To be able to set up the intrinsic spirit field solely with his own strength — the gap was too big! And so this female elder could only spout this ingratiating bullshit to stall for time as much as possible.

Although they couldn't destroy the intrinsic spirit field, they had still been able to send a message to the outside world and call the Master of Immortal Mansion for help.

"My real name is Fang Xing, do you recognize me?" The harmless way in which the young man continued to smile was especially horrifying to these three female elders.

"Mm, I know you..." The female elder continued babbling nonsense.

"My foster parents gave me this name shortly after I was born. I haven't met you before, how can you possibly recognize me? Did you think I didn't see the signal you sent out earlier?"

The female elders were terrified as Fang Xing laughed coldly. "He's just the Master of Immortal Mansion, killing him won't be enough for me. Although you've never met me, you've definitely met my dad."

Under the frightened faces of these three female elders, Fang Xing narrowed his eyes, and his originally bright expression slowly turned gloomy as he gradually lost his smile. "Over all these centuries, hasn't Immortal Mansion used my dad's Ice Crystal Array to perform countless crimes?"

"You are..."

Their eyes all widened at the same time, but before they could say any more, the three female elders felt heavy pressure on them.

With just a flick of his finger, they were all buried in the ground up to their necks.

Under this massive pressure, they struggled to even open their eyes and mouths!

Fang Xing gradually came over to them and transformed his hand into a spirit blade which he held to their heads. "I know that you aren't the ringleader, so I'll give you quick deaths."

Right after he said that —

In the next moment, a low and deep voice came from the sky. "Junior, don't you dare touch them."

Although they couldn't speak under the huge pressure, the three female elders couldn't help cheering in their hearts.

They knew that Master had arrived!

This voice contained pure magical fluctuations which were actually able to penetrate the intrinsic spirit field. Although it didn't affect the spirit field, Fang Xing was still slightly surprised.

"Oh?"

Fang Xing grinned as he gazed at the sky. "So you've finally shown yourself?"

However, this voice didn't stop him from making his move.

The blade fell, and a head was cut off in one slice with the sound of a snap.

The head of one of the female elders had already left her body...

[0] This is derived from a phrase 'the coffin lid can't be closed anymore,' and describes how a person can't be stopped after being provoked.

Chapter 299: Fang Xing's Identity

Even the Master of Immortal Mansion hadn't anticipated this decisive swing of the blade. Before he could send his next telepathic message, the aura of one of the female elders had already completely disappeared.

Without any room for negotiation, Fang Xing had really chopped off her head in one move.

What was even more stupefying was that this wasn't the end.

Fang Xing dealt with things very firmly; gathering spirit energy in his palm, he raised his hand again and chopped off the head of a second female elder immediately followed by the third.

The heavy pressure in the intrinsic spirit field had faded, and the three heads rolled over the ground with open eyes; they died with lingering grievances, and there wasn't any bleeding from their necks at all.

It could only be said that Fang Xing wasn't just unwavering, he was also ruthless. The most important point was that, without even giving them time to breathe, he had beheaded three Itinerant Immortals like he was slicing radishes.

Anyone would be transfixed with horror at this scene.

"Very well! You have guts! You're just courting death!"

The sound of the Master of Immortal Mansion's fury penetrated the intrinsic spirit field, and a moment later, the roof of Linglang Pavilion outside the field was directly torn off.

With a wave of Fang Xing's hand, the intrinsic spirit field disappeared. He picked up the heads of the three female elders, leaving their bodies buried forever in the intrinsic spirit field.

After the roof of Linglang Pavilion had been torn off, the Taoist in red and that eastern branch chief from before showed up. Fang Xing shook the heads in front of them before causally tossing them behind him.

The Taoist in red and the eastern branch chief gnashed their teeth at this painful scene, already about to erupt with rage.

Actually, while Fang Xing had been battling the three female elders, the Master of Immortal Mansion had already been observing him from the shadows.

After seeing Fang Xing call forth his intrinsic spirit field, the Master had already had some idea about the other person's general strength — he definitely wasn't ordinary. Also, his aura indeed felt familiar. It was highly likely that this was a descendant of someone whom he had fought before. Basically, the Master already had a hunch.

"This intrinsic spirit field isn't yours, right? Relying on something that you were favored with is nothing to be proud of." The Taoist in red hovered above the clouds and looked down at him from on high.

What he said was right, and Fang Xing couldn't refute it; this intrinsic spirit field indeed wasn't his. It could perhaps be considered a relic. It contained an intensely dense accumulation of spirit energy, and together with the secret key to this space, had been engraved on his body when he had been born.

The year he turned five, he had inadvertently opened the space, and only after a long span of time did he realize that this thing was called an intrinsic spirit field.

When he thought about it, Fang Xing felt that his childhood had been quite tragic; like the protagonist in a novel who picked up a golden finger ¹, he had only been able to rely on himself as he muddled his way through life.

Although the Fang couple had raised him with a lot of love, he still hadn't been able to forgive the guy who had pushed his biological father step by step toward the abyss for the sake of his own interests.

History had completely painted his father as heinous and tragic... whether this was true or not, Fang Xing had drawn his own conclusions.

In the air, the Master of Immortal Mansion continued to sneer when he saw that the young man was silent. "Given your strength, if you hadn't sucked my subordinates into your intrinsic spirit field to suppress them, you wouldn't be a match for any one of them at all."

"What use is it saying that now?"

Fang Xing sighed in his heart, but his face showed that familiar harmless smile once again.

"To be able to develop an intrinsic spirit field to this point based on your abilities alone... this is indeed a surprise. But now that you've already shown your final hand, isn't it already game over?" The Taoist in red laughed sinisterly.

Revealing your trump card at the beginning of a fight was a huge mistake. To be able to call forth the intrinsic spirit field with his current realm, Fang Xing must have already reached his limit. The three female elders had been the backbone of Immortal Mansion, but Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu felt that their deaths hadn't been in vain; they had at least forced this young man to play his final hand and use up a lot of his spirit energy, otherwise it really would have been a little tough to deal with him.

At the moment, Cheng Yu didn't think he had completely lost; as long as he killed Fang Xing, and used his secret key to enter the intrinsic spirit field and look for the three elders' primordial spirits, Immortal Mansion had yet to truly lose this battle.

The biggest advantage of Itinerant Immortal level was that after the body was destroyed, the primordial spirit could still linger for over a month, and furthermore wouldn't be affected by light.

While Fang Xing had beheaded the three female elders one after another, he obviously hadn't had enough time to extinguish their primordial spirits.

This was why Cheng Yu had appeared here in haste; if he hadn't shown up in time, he wouldn't have been able to protect any of these spirits.

Following this thought, Cheng Yu felt that all this had been preordained somehow. While Fang Xing's appearance could be considered an unexpected one, it could conversely be considered a pleasant surprise.

Back then, he had seized almost all of Immortal She Pi's riches except for some valuable treasures like the intrinsic spirit field. Cheng Yu had been searching for it all these years, and had never expected that someone would actually bring it to his doorstep of their own accord.

This was the treasure that he had failed to wrest from Immortal She Pi; now, he would naturally fight over it again with the other party's son.

Strength was supreme among cultivators; that thing was always meant to be his.

Two dazzling rays of light interrupted his thoughts.

Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu was utterly astonished. It was hard to believe that this youngster could still have such tremendous spirit energy after a fight with the three female elders.

He dodged to the side. The two dazzling rays of light hit the massive stone pillars that held up the palace, and they instantly collapsed.

Cheng Yu hadn't been able to see these two rays of light clearly, but he could absolutely confirm that this wasn't some type of magic or magic treasure. Furthermore, they had truly been too fast, so much so that he hadn't been able to grab hold of them at all.

"Too arrogant!"

Fuming, the eastern branch chief gritted his teeth and stared at Fang Xing. "Master, you must definitely teach this person a lesson!"

Fang Xing looked at him with a smile. "Excuse me, who do you think you are?"

Then, he waved his hand, and the two rays of light from earlier instantly flew back from behind.

This time, they swiftly pierced the body of the eastern branch chief one after another.

The Master of Immortal Mansion could finally see them clearly.

They were actually two scale plates...

But at the price of being able to clearly see what these two rays of light were...

The poor eastern branch chief perished right after the three female elders.

Chapter 300: Hundred Swords Demonstration!

It had all happened in a flash. These two snake scales moved too fast, at a speed no less than first-class spirit swords. It had taken Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu two rounds to make out the true appearance of these two lights.

The eastern branch chief died with his eyes wide open; blood streamed from the two fist-sized wounds in his chest, and he fell directly from the cloud in the sky.

Cheng Yu stared in extreme astonishment at the young man in front of him. Incredibly, the other party had actually had the arrogance to attack first and humiliate him by killing another one of his subordinates right under his nose.

As to the origin of these two scale plates, Cheng Yu had his own speculation.

When Immortal She Pi had shaken the world back then, there had been rumors that went so far as to say that the snake scales that had appeared on his body as a result of cultivation were a living magic treasure. That was why this person who had been viewed as monster-level had also had another name, "Living Magic Treasure."

That was also the main reason why he had been executed in the end; in the eyes of most people, this was a demon that couldn't be allowed to exist.

However, Cheng Yu had never thought that two of these snake scales would fall into Fang Xing's hands. Nevertheless, in his eyes, they couldn't be considered trump cards; while they were very powerful, on par with a first-class holy weapon, they weren't as formidable as the intrinsic spirit field.

Of course, Cheng Yu had his own trump card, but unless he was in a desperate situation, he wouldn't use it wantonly. Instead, in this situation, he planned to play around with Fang Xing for a bit, and find out if the other party still had other magic treasures on him.

"You're very good, I admire that." Cheng Yu gazed at Fang Xing from above. "I would be willing to accept you as a subordinate; you can let me know whenever you're ready to surrender."

Upon saying that, he abruptly opened his eyes, and the landscape around Fang Xing suddenly changed as the latter unexpectedly found himself on the top of a glacier.

He was startled when he realized that countless spirit swords were frozen in the ice around and under him.

"You are not the only one who has an intrinsic spirit field." Hovering in the air, Cheng Yu gave him a sinister look.

He had already calculated all his subsequent moves. After activating the intrinsic spirit field once, there was a long cooling-off period, so the other party wouldn't be able to discharge it a second time in the short term.

Thus, he decided to seize this chance and straightaway get rid of Fang Xing in his own intrinsic spirit field.

He waved his hand in the next instant, and the glaciers around them all began to shake.

Countless spirit swords broke free of the layers of ice and gathered in the air behind the figure in red, packed tightly together like sardines.

Every single one of these one hundred spirit swords wasn't a common item. As they hovered in the air, their bodies cast colorful spirit light as they quietly waited for Cheng Yu's next command.

Although it had long been rumored that the Master of Immortal Mansion was a spirit sword collector maniac, Fang Xing was still amazed when he saw it with his own eyes. Most importantly, sealing all these swords inside the intrinsic spirit field wasn't something Fang Xing thought Cheng Yu could do by his strength alone.

"You should have realized it by now, my intrinsic spirit field has the same nomological power of regeneration as the building complex in the outside world. I summoned a familiar to make the buildings and also to shape this spirit field. But after I was done with it, I had it kill itself." Cheng Yu laughed darkly and his words even contained a trace of pride.

When Fang Xing heard this, he understood: After having the familiar work to the bone for him, the other man had had it kill itself so that no one else could use its power — this indeed seemed like the Master of Immortal Mansion's style.

But Fang Xing's expression remained unchanged. Although the intrinsic spirit field had given him a huge shock, the crux of the matter wasn't this spirit field itself, but the fact that it was enhanced by the nomological power of regeneration, making the spirit field impregnable. Faced with this knowledge, anyone would be filled with a sense of despair.

Without saying anything more, Cheng Yu's gaze fell on Fang Xing in command.

Dozens of spirit swords instantly flew out from behind him and thrust forward at Fang Xing at full speed, long tails of spirit light trailing from their hilts. The entire scene was more amazing than any plane air show.

Fang Xing didn't dare be careless, and several more snake scales appeared in his hand to combat these spirit swords.

In the blink of an eye, the air was full of the metallic sounds of collision.

But no matter how many snake scales he had, the most was still only ten plates.

If Cheng Yu attacked him with this Hundred Swords Demonstration, he wouldn't be able to withstand them.

It just so happened that the sword array in this intrinsic spirit field was just too abnormal, and Fang Xing hadn't anticipated the Master of Immortal Mansion to possess this technique.

He was very clear that if his spirit energy continued to be used up this way, he would be the first to fall.

The intrinsic spirit field contained the nomological power of regeneration and wouldn't break easily. Furthermore, while these spirit swords seemed haphazardly distributed, they had in fact been meticulously arranged based on various types of sword arrays.

The person who set up these arrays just needed to flick a finger or signal with one eye, and these swords would attack in formation.

And so, from the very beginning, Cheng Yu treated this like he was watching a play. All the spirit swords inside his intrinsic spirit field added up to over a thousand, and none of them were inferior goods. The one hundred he had just summoned was just the tip of the iceberg.

Floating high in the air, Cheng Yu appeared very composed. The most excessive thing about this act was that the cloud under him was actually a one-of-a-kind invisible spirit sword; even its hilt was invisible. When he was on this invisible spirit sword, he looked like he was hovering in the air.

Flying without the use of a magic treasure was something battle sect warriors could do back then. In the Spirit Energy Information era, however, only a True Immortal could do it.

Cheng Yu raised his hand, and several dozen more spirit swords flew out. He looked at Fang Xing with a mocking expression. "How about it, want to surrender?"

In that moment, more than one hundred spirit swords were pointed at Fang Xing.

With one more command, these spirit swords would take aim and fly at Fang Xing at the same time, piercing him and turning him into a sieve. There already wasn't any way for him to defend against this assault by just relying on the ten snake scales.

"Did you think I only had one trump card?"

Fang Xing suddenly looked up and smiled as he stared at Cheng Yu.

"I'll give you time to take it out." Cheng Li laughed coldly; in his view, Fang Xing had already exhausted all his tricks.

In the next moment, Fang Xing bit his lip, and then he swallowed the ten snake scales which encircled him.

With a hum, the young man's skeleton abruptly shrunk slightly in size. Her hair grew out and a battle scar gradually appeared on her neck. But the most surprising of all was the radiant black

armor that materialized on her body, the dark spirit light which encircled her ample frame forming an indestructible barrier.

At the sight of this, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu's face finally changed.

F**k... this was the White Night Spell and Immortal Mode!