

Daily Life 351

Chapter 351: Extra Skills Are No Burden for the Man Who Roams the World

While Wang Ming and Odd Zhuo were still tangled up in the business with Chou Shisi, Wang Ling naturally wasn't being idle.

Getting Wang Ming to use the Heavenly Materials sword to save those students was one thing, while Wang Ling's job was to mediate the conflict between two epic-level killers. After all, he had accepted Killer Taoist's gift back then, and Wang Ling understood that he should return the favor... To be honest, he really didn't want to get involved in this matter, but his hands had been unable to control themselves back then!

After learning that Wang Ming's group had gone to deal with Xiao Yuncheng, Wang Ling immediately went to Second People's Hospital; if his theory was correct, Taoist Taotie would definitely do something big here tonight.

This also aligned with what Wang Ming had deduced earlier in the car.

Xiao Yuncheng was just a delay tactic. The spirit explosion caused by just one student wasn't enough to do much. But if the hospital were to fall into enemies' hands and all the students here exploded at the same time, most of Songhai city would be thrown into disaster.

Wang Ling teleported to a park nearby Second Hospital, then slowly approached its main gate.

At that moment, there was already a SWAT team holding anti-explosion magic shields as a barrier at the entrance to Second Hospital's independent zone. It wasn't just at the gate; SWAT teams patrolled nearby streets and even swept dark alleys with spotlights.

Special times called for special measures; anyone who was the least bit suspicious would immediately be noticed.

Hence, before coming here, Wang Ling had specially asked Immortal Toya to get in touch with Director Li.

Wang Ling had just reached the gate when Director Li, who had been waiting at the entrance for a long time, came striding up to him.

As usual, he was wearing a white coat, and an ID card hung around his neck. After seeing Wang Ling, the first thing Director Li did was to give him a staff ID and a white coat similar to what he had on. These had been prepared well beforehand, and were things that Immortal Toya had gotten Director Li to arrange; from Wang Ling's appearance to his identity, the whole package was complete.

Wang Ling looked at the staff card in his hands. On it was written: Wang Hua, Chief of Psychiatry Department, Second Cultivation People's Hospital Independent Zone .

"..." The corners of Wang Ling's mouth twitched instantly.

This was obviously a fake name... but why had he become the chief of the psychiatry department?

"Please forgive me, Ling Zhenren; we had a colleague who transferred out, and he just happened to be from the psychiatry department," Director Li whispered to him. "If we didn't arrange this identity for you, you would be easily found out."

Wang Ling nodded and didn't say anything more.

Then, Director Li pulled two surgical masks out of his pocket, and after putting them on, the two of them entered the hospital easily enough.

The SWAT team at the entrance didn't ask any questions since they already knew Director Li. Seeing him come to the entrance to personally greet Wang Ling, they thought that this was some specialist who had rushed over from home. Previously, when the specialists had received the request for their consultation, almost all of the doctors who had returned to the hospital from home had been personally greeted by Director Li. Thus, the SWAT teams didn't think there was anything suspicious about it.

If anything, what was suspicious was that Wang Ling looked too young.

Thus, he thought it was very like Director Li to think of preparing these masks.

Right now, it wasn't just doctors and nurses here at Second Hospital; there were also many teachers from No. 60 High School. It would definitely be troublesome if they recognized him here.

"Let me give Ling Zhenren a rundown of the current situation."

As he led Wang Ling to the separate building, Director Li gave him a simple accounting of the current situation. "All the students who ingested the fruit have already been grouped according to class and school. After consultation with the specialists, we've developed a preliminary reagent in the short time we have to curb the production of spirit energy and to reduce the density of spirit potential inside the body. But as Ling Zhenren has probably heard, this reagent will only be effective at the most until the day after tomorrow."

When he said that, he couldn't help sighing. "To be honest, not a single person knows what will happen then."

Wang Ling nodded his head. The incident this time might appear very terrible and dangerous, but in fact, as long as Taoist Taotie stopped causing trouble and Wang Ming hurried to the hospital with the Heavenly Materials sword, it would all be over. Wang Ling's one concern was whether Taoist Taotie had some trick up his sleeve.

Director Li led Wang Ling to the elevator and scanned his staff ID as verification before he could press a button for one of the levels. This was to prevent the mentally ill patients from escaping. Without a hospital staff card, no one could take the elevator or even the fire escape down.

According to the setup in Second Hospital's independent zone, the harder the cases were to treat, the higher the levels that the patients would be on.

This time, Director Li directly pressed the button for the highest floor, the thirtieth floor. All the students who had ingested the fruit had been sent there.

Director Li: "At the moment, some of the students are in an unstable frame of mind, and half an hour ago, we asked the city office for assistance. The first batch of psychiatrists arrived before you did."

While they were talking, the lift doors slowly opened, and Wang Ling saw a familiar figure in front of him. It was a thin and tall young man. He had just accepted a white coat from a nurse and was looking at her with a wide grin. "What's the situation with the children now?"

The female nurse replied, "The director is already personally overseeing the ones that are harder to deal with. Doctor Song, you are responsible for the children in wards 12 and 13. We will have to trouble you to look after them."

Doctor Song patted his chest confidently. "No problem, just leave them to me!"

Wang Ling: "..."

This familiar figure with the familiar voice and trademark white teeth... Sure enough, it was Lie Mengmeng!

It was only later that he found out that it was Lie Mengmeng's university professor who had recommended him here. Lie Mengmeng had studied psychology at university, and previously had even resolved the old man's mental issue.

The female nurse nodded, infected by his positive attitude. "Doctor Song, do your best! But I don't understand... why aren't you working directly in the field of psychiatry?"

"Actually, I'm not as awesome as my teacher made me out to be; I'm just applying what I learned in university to reality. Unless a person can reach my shifu Jiang Li's level, you can't make a living out of being a psychiatrist at all nowadays." Lie Mengmeng smiled at the female nurse. "So later, I became a novel editor. At first, I thought that if a few of the authors I was handling sold well, I would also get a share of the profits."

The female nurse: "Then... what happened?"

Lie Mengmeng: "I later realized, I don't get even half a penny."

The female nurse: "..."

Lie Mengmeng: "But actually, I feel it's pretty easy work. The salary is just so-so, but I can make some easy, extra money on the side with jobs like this!"

The female nurse: "..."

"It's like one particular author on our website: he writes books, songs, lyrics and plays, and even produces cartoons and videos. Although it doesn't seem like he's doing his actual job, he actually gave us a profound reason for it."

Lie Mengmeng stared at the female nurse and said, "Extra skills are no burden for the man who roams the world!"

Chapter 352: Everyday

Following Director Li's lead, Wang Ling straightaway took the fire escape on the thirtieth floor up to the hospital's rooftop.

It was a wide area equipped with fitness facilities. The hospital patients usually had one to two hours of outdoor activity daily. The area was enclosed on all sides with a thick metal fence several times the height of a person in order to prevent patients from jumping off the building. Several years ago, there had been a number of cases where mental patients had jumped off the building during the outdoor activity.

If you wanted to further discuss this issue, you'd have to talk about the Gate Between Worlds from six years ago. Before it had descended, there had actually been a lot of omens, such as animals behaving strangely, but no one had paid any attention to them; since the Spirit Energy Information era, natural disasters could be predicted several days in advance with the use of scientific instruments.

It just so happened that in the days leading up to the descent of the Gate Between Worlds, everything had been dead quiet, without even a single wisp of cloud in the air. There were some whose cats and dogs had kicked up a fuss, but in the end, they had just smacked their pets with their slippers...

One day before the gate descended, the mental patients who had been on Second Hospital's rooftop for the outdoor activity suddenly had had petrified looks on their faces before they started laughing like crazy, as if they were following a script.

At the same time, they had all charged forward madly, and in the end had rushed off the rooftop as one by one they did the Leap of Faith 1 .

Based on expert analysis after the incident, mental patients were much more sensitive to fluctuations from the Gate Between Worlds! This was the reason for their extreme response on the rooftop.

Since then, the people thoroughly believed the old saying: Mental patients have their own way of thinking! ...

It had already been six years since the Gate Between Worlds descended.

Standing on the rooftop, Wang Ling still couldn't forget his shock when as a child he had watched the news broadcast play the surveillance footage of those mental patients going mad and jumping off the building.

Wang Ling felt that that incident had actually been quite traumatic for him. A high cultivation realm was one thing, but mental development was another.

That year, he had only been ten years old.

So in every sense, he actually really admired how Father and Mother Wang had taught him.

Many people had yet to nurture their three views at the age of sixteen, and would still be feeling lost. The best example would be Xiao Yuncheng, who thought he had become powerful after he had eaten the fruit, and consequently had lost his sense of self.

Wang Ling didn't necessarily think he himself was very mature – there were times when he could be quite childish in doing something. But he was proud at feeling that his three views were still healthier than many of his peers.

He had always felt that comparing himself with those cultivators who had truly reached the peaks of their realms step by step was unfair to them; he still had so much more to learn. His parents had already given him good psychological grounding since young; now, he had to find his own way.

There were some who had yet to figure out the meaning and beauty of life despite already being alive for more than half their lives.

Wang Ling had always thought that there had to be a meaning for his inherent realm; this was what he had been searching for all this time in his everyday life.

What was an everyday life?

He felt that a classic line put it best: "Every day that we go through might be a series of miracles that happen 2."

Mm, back to the story.

Director Li had brought him to the rooftop for a specific reason.

To be frank, the moment Wang Ling had set foot in the building, he had already sensed faint, abnormal fluctuations which were very clearly coming from the hospital's rooftop.

Seeing Wang Ling's slight frown and the considering expression on his face, Director Li nodded his head. "It looks like shifu's speculation was absolutely correct." When Immortal Toya had come to the hospital earlier, he had also sensed that something was obviously wrong, but his perception wasn't as precise as Wang Ling's.

Someone had already started something up here.

Wang Ling walked to the center of the rooftop and gazed at the ground beneath his feet.

An invisible magic array, its function unknown, had been put down here. Furthermore, it was a very sophisticated setup.

Of all the magic arrays that he had encountered so far, Wang Ling felt that this was at least in the top three.

There were quite a number of array experts in cultivation history, such as the legendary Immortal Zhenyuan, while in modern history, Immortal She Pi's array expertise was second to none.

Wang Ling crouched down and touched the ground. He tried pushing spirit energy into the magic array to make it collapse, but failed; it was like a clay ox entering the ocean – it didn't have the slightest effect.

Unraveling an array was like dismantling a bomb – it required expertise.

You had to crack the array's code by deciphering and analyzing its structure in order to discover its core array pattern before you could destroy it. But the tough part for Wang Ling now was that this magic array was invisible and covered in layers and layers of protection – it wasn't that he couldn't crack the code; it was just that it would take some time.

Hm, very troublesome.

It would have been great if they had a magic array expert right then.

Wang Ling thought in his heart.

At the very least, it would save him a lot of hassle.

Just as he was thinking this, Wang Ling suddenly heard soft footsteps coming up the corridor behind them.

Who was it?

He turned his head for a look.

Director Li was startled by Wang Ling's response. When he also turned to look, he saw a bright youngster in a tracksuit slowly approach them.

Director Li instantly broke out in a cold sweat; he had forgotten to lock the door to the rooftop just now, and unexpectedly, someone had come up here. Furthermore, he hadn't noticed at all! This person's aura was so faint and didn't match his sunny appearance at all; it gave Director Li a bad feeling in his bones.

"Who are you? You're not supposed to be here." Director Li stared at the newcomer.

Fang Xing walked out from the shadows and raised both his hands with a wide smile. "Senior Immortal Toya asked me to come and take a look."

"Our people?" Director Li raised his eyebrows.

"I'm Fang Xing, I only joined the chat group recently. Director Li probably hasn't met me yet." Fang Xing gave his trademark smile.

Wang Ling thought that this smile was Fang Xing's most distinctive trait; it was very bright, and every time he smiled, the corners of his mouth always curved up in the same way. It was hard to tell whether it was fake or not.

"So you're Brother Fang Xing." Director Li breathed a sigh of relief after Fang Xing introduced himself.

Although Director Li hadn't met Fang Xing before, he had heard from his shifu Immortal Toya that the youngster had played a significant role in the arrest of the Master of Immortal Mansion previously, and that he was very strong.

Of course, that was all Director Li knew. After the Immortal Mansion incident, everyone involved had agreed never to mention Fang Xing's true identity again.

Wang Ling had never expected that Fang Xing would actually come here.

"The person with the mask ahead of us is Classmate Wang Ling, right?"

Fang Xing smiled. "Your disguise can't fool anyone. Next time, it'd be better for Classmate Wang Ling to wear sunglasses as well, otherwise anyone can tell who you are with one look at your eyes!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Director Li: "Ling Zhenren discovered an invisible array here, but it seems a little hard to decipher. Since Brother Fang Xing is already here, how about we help protect Ling Zhenren together?"

"An invisible array?"

Fang Xing touched his jaw. "I have some understanding about arrays, how about I take a look at it? Actually, I'm an expert in arrays."

Director Li: "Does Brother Fang Xing study arrays?"

Fang Xing grinned. "That's right – my dad was into them, so I inherited it from him."

Hearing this, Wang Ling suddenly dropped his forehead into his hand; it was only then that he remembered that Fang Xing was Immortal She Pi's son.

If Fang Xing hadn't said anything, Wang Ling would have almost forgotten.

Earlier, he had said that it would have been great if they had an array expert; he had never thought that one would actually show up.

For the first time in his life, Wang Ling also thought that his mouth was very "bright."

Chapter 353: Bro...ther Fang Xing?

It was past ten o'clock at night, and Wang Ling and Fang Xing were dealing with the array when Wang Ming sent word that Xiao Yuncheng was now under control. Furthermore, they had also captured a mid-level member of Shuigou Sect, Chou Shisi. After a preliminary interrogation, however, they had discovered that he indeed knew very little.

Despite this, Wang Ling at the very least now knew something that could be considered pretty important, and that was that Shuigou Sect's hierarchy was based on appearance. Wang Ming had taken a photo to send to Wang Ling, and had even used the beauty filter so that it wasn't too vomit-inducing... but even with the filter on the maximum setting, this face was still incredibly horrific to look at.

The middle-aged man who had been arrested in the park previously for kidnapping young girls had also been very ugly, but at the very damn least he still had regular features... In comparison, this Chou Shisi's features just looked like paste!

This also confirmed a second thing, which was that the middle-aged man who had been caught in the park was just a Shuigou Sect small fry.

As Fang Xing was examining the structure of the invisible magic array, he glanced at the image from Wang Ming out of the corner of his eye, and he couldn't help the way his expression twisted.

With just a casual look over Wang Ling's head, Director Li was also dumbstruck. "Hahaha! This person's face is a real piece of work! Did Picasso draw it?"

Fang Xing: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Then the question now was, if Chou Shisi was already that ugly, then how ugly were the top individuals in Shuigou Sect?

As soon as they found out about this ranking system in Shuigou Sect, this was the one question that almost everyone automatically thought of.

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Just as Wang Ling had said, analyzing an array took skill. It wasn't that he couldn't decipher the invisible magic array under their feet; it was just that he wasn't skilled at cracking the code. Furthermore, if he had to use his Heavenly Eye to do it, it would be just like making a mountain out of a molehill.

If all else failed, he would have to resort to force.

This had always been Wang Ling's style growing up, from when he had crushed that magic sword as a child.

"The array is a little tricky, but it can definitely be cracked." Fang Xing lowered his head to the ground and stared at it for two or three minutes. He then nodded his head, then straightaway bit his finger and drew a form-revealing seal with his blood.

Narrowing his eyes, Wang Ling examined the seal. Immortal She Pi had been a renowned array expert back then; more than just a specialist, he had been at the very least a legendary master.

Among the many things that Fang Xing had inherited, Wang Ling thought there probably had to be notes that Immortal She Pi had left behind as an array expert. This was the real treasure, and what all the array experts were frantically pursuing to this day.

In one phrase, that notebook in magic array circles... was the "One Piece" 1 !

It was obvious that Fang Xing had inherited Immortal She Pi's teachings.

After all, he was Immortal She Pi's biological son.

"I'm ready!"

After drawing the form-revealing seal, Fang Xing placed both of his hands flat on the ground, and with a shout, he poured a torrent of spirit energy into the ground.

In the blink of an eye, the invisible magic array revealed itself in spectacular fashion; it was a complex weave of runes that had a radius of six meters. After it was exposed, a formless shape lunged at Wang Ling from the center of the magic array, like a ferocious beast.

This was the array spirit!

Wang Ling reacted very swiftly as he stretched out his hand to grab hold of it, rendering it immobile.

After that, he tightened his grip slightly, and with a bang, the shape instantly exploded.

This scene astounded Director Li, who was standing on the side. Although this wasn't a holy array, it still ranked as a top array... but this array spirit actually hadn't even been able to survive half a second in Wang Ling's hand.

Ling Zhenren's strength was too terrifying!

With the array spirit destroyed, the magic array was no longer functional. But one thing still remained unclear, and that was the purpose of this array.

Staring at the exposed array, Wang Ling pondered over the runes left behind.

"If I'm not wrong, this is a resonance magic array."

Fang Xing crouched down and brushed one hand over the runes. "Resonance arrays usually don't show up alone. There are probably more of them on the rooftops of nearby buildings."

"What's the purpose of setting up all these arrays?" Director Li asked curiously.

"After studying it, I can confirm that these are probably cache arrays for amassing spirit potential on a large scale..."

Eyes narrowed, Fang Xing's smile gradually disappeared, and his expression suddenly turned solemn as he sighed. "If I'm right, this is most likely Shuigou Sect's true purpose in getting the students to ingest the spirit fruit: the amount of spirit energy they'll be able to collect from the spirit explosions will be unimaginable!"

Director Li's face changed color. "What do they want with so much spirit energy?"

Fang Xing stood up, his severe expression smoothing out. "We won't know without further investigation. But one thing we know for sure is that Shuigou Sect doesn't have pure motives."

Wang Ling also stood up and looked calmly at Fang Xing. He already had the answer, but he didn't say anything; he still needed to catch and interrogate someone from the other side in order to verify his deduction.

Director Li furrowed his eyebrows; he felt like he had just learned something extremely serious.
"Then what should we do now?"

"Now, we can only ask Ling Zhenren to protect the students."

Fang Xing raised his head to look at Wang Ling with a smile. "I'll check out the nearby buildings; if there are any other magic arrays, I'll destroy them."

Director Li: "Brother Fang Xing... on your own? You'll be fine?"

"Of course, I'll be alright." Fang Xing smiled faintly.

In the next moment, Director Li saw him stamp one foot, and ten scale pieces actually appeared, floating around Fang Xing.

When this youngster swallowed these scales, Director Li then saw his frame shrink and her hair visibly lengthen down to her waist. Obsidian armor formed over her, molding itself evenly to her ample figure.

What the f**k?!

What was going on?

Director Li was stupefied at this scene.

"I'm off." Fang Xing's lips curved up, but it was completely different to her male form; in this form, her face instead had more of a seductive charm.

She pushed off on her feet and straightaway disappeared like the wind, so fast that Director Li's eyes were unable to catch up.

It took him a very, very long time to come back to his senses.

With a stunned expression on his face, he turned around to stare at Wang Ling: "Senior Ling... from now on, should I call this person Brother or Sister Fang Xing?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 354: Lie Mengmeng's Psychiatric Treatment

At the same time, Lie Mengmeng was conducting his psychiatric treatment in an orderly fashion.

It was Secretary Dakang from the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools who had instructed for this to be carried out.

The severity of the Shuigou Sect incident lay not just in the fact that the students who had ingested the fruit could ultimately generate a spirit explosion; it could also be very traumatising. Psychiatric treatment thus was undoubtedly necessary.

Not only would Lie Mengmeng tell them that there was no shortcut in cultivation; he would also warn them of the error of their ways in eating the fruit so that they could reflect on it.

Six students had been divided between wards 12 and 13.

Lie Mengmeng entered a ward with a roll of names. "Students Hero Guo, Super Chen and Su Xiao, please get ready, the psychological counselling is about to begin. This is compulsory for everyone, please cooperate."

There was no response to his words in the room; it could even be said that the atmosphere wasn't the least bit tense.

"..."

Lie Mengmeng's lips twitched, and he struggled to keep the smile on his face.

Looking away from the roll of names, he lifted his head and caught sight of Dopey Guo and Super Chen, each of them with a game console in their hands. Both of them were probably playing some online game, and were so absorbed that their faces had turned very red, while Little Peanut was sitting by a bed and watching them.

Lie Mengmeng put his hands on his waist and pointed at one of them as he pretended to be angry. "Can you be a little serious... put your game consoles away!"

"We just ate some fruit, the teachers are making a fuss over nothing." Dopey Guo reluctantly put his game console away, and when he looked up and met Lie Mengmeng's gaze, he was instantly astonished. "Doctor Song? Why is it you?"

It was only now that Lie Mengmeng finally saw his face clearly.

Instinctively, his eyes welled up. "..."

Damn it! Why was it him!

...

To this day, Lie Mengmeng had been unable to forget when Dopey Guo had personally showed him how to conduct an anal exam during No. 60 High School's physical examination for the military training... Even when he slept, he would dream of his ass being demolished – the psychological trauma was too deep!

"Haha, I never expected to run into Doctor Song here again today."

Dopey Guo scratched his head and laughed like a fool. "Are you going to give us psychological counselling?"

Lie Mengmeng heaved a bitter sigh. "That's right..."

Dopey Guo: "So, are you doing part-time work again? Short of money again?"

"..." Lie Mengmeng instantly took an arrow to the knee.

Damn! Cut me some slack!

He put his hands on his waist and straightened his back with difficulty. "I'm qualified, alright?!"

Although it had been many years since he'd graduated from university, he had studied under a great teacher, and he felt that he would never forget whatever knowledge of psychology he had gained in university back then, no matter how many more decades went by. The most crucial thing was that he hadn't neglected his psychology studies all these years, and had obtained certification as a qualified psychiatrist; otherwise, the city office wouldn't have assigned him this task.

In the last few years in particular, the country had become obsessed with certification; in the most extreme case, you needed certification to prove that your mother was your mother.

Lie Mengmeng laughed. "So? Want to see proof of my qualifications?"

"It's fine, it's fine – this isn't like several years ago, when things were really chaotic. For example, some people even became kindergarten teachers without any qualifications, and ruined the flowers of our motherland in particular! " Dopey Guo sighed and waved his hands.

Lie Mengmeng forced a smile. "How unexpected that you this little fatty would understand things so well!"

"My uncle told me."

Dopey Guo sighed and pointed bitterly at his own face. "I really wonder if it was those crappy teachers who ruined my face when I was younger."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Super Chen shook his head and patted Dopey Guo's shoulder. "Old Guo, don't lose heart; actually, you're not that ugly... you're even quite pleasant-looking."

Little Peanut also nodded his head. "It's not like you won't be able to get a wife in the future anyway; good looks don't count for much. Don't you still have your parrot Dopey? Why haven't we seen it around recently?"

Dopey Guo dropped his forehead into his hand. "...It also ate the fruit. It's now being examined at the vet."

Super Chen: "..."

Little Peanut: "..."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

...

Roughly five minutes later, Lie Mengmeng's psychological counselling officially began.

He called the three of them together and started with the first step.

Deftly twirling a pen in one hand, he lowered his head to look at the medical records which he was holding in the other, then looked at them and asked, "Why did you eat the fruit?"

This was actually an important question. On the way to the hospital earlier, every teacher-in-charge had asked a similar question. In the end, they discovered that some of the students truly hadn't eaten the fruit as a shortcut in cultivation for the sake of growing stronger... instead, they completely hadn't understood what was going on, and had accidentally eaten it.

So before the official psychiatric treatment, Lie Mengmeng felt that it was necessary to be clear on the situation.

After all, this psychiatric treatment was aimed especially at those students who had deliberately eaten the fruit for the sake of power.

Lie Mengmeng pointed at Super Chen. "You speak first."

Super Chen nodded his head. "I have a friend... when I went back home after school that day, I texted him to ask how I could get stronger quickly in a short period of time. He told me it would be hard to do in a short time frame – unless I had a cheat. I only needed to eat the fruit, and I would obtain endless power. Then, he demonstrated how to eat it. Later, I realized that I didn't need this thing... If I wanted to get stronger, I definitely couldn't eat a fruit no one knew anything about."

Lie Mengmeng's lips twitched. "And then?"

Super Chen let out a sigh. "But my mom didn't know; she thought that a relative had sent us this fruit. She straightaway cut it up and put a dish of it on my table. When I ate it, I thought it was just regular fruit."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

He took a deep breath and looked at Dopey Guo. "Then what about you...?"

Dopey Guo: "My case is pretty much the same. Everyday after school, I give Dopey some slices of fruit to eat: I eat the skin, it eats the flesh. This way, the both of us fell into Shuigou Sect's trap."

"So you're all saying that you ate the fruit by mistake?"

Lie Mengmeng was surprised, and turned to the last person, Little Peanut. "And why did you eat the fruit?"

Little Peanut smiled awkwardly and scratched his head. "I was hungry!"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Chapter 355: Descendants of the Flame Emperor

Returning to a little after ten o'clock, while Wang Ling and Fang Xing were still dealing with the magic array...

After capturing Chou Shisi alive, Wang Ming and Odd Zhuo finally found Xiao Yuncheng in an alley. His eyes were blood red. The fruit which Shuigou Sect had fed him had almost completely broken down in his body; from afar, they could already feel an indescribable sense of oppression.

It was different from the spiritual pressure released by a normal cultivator; it was an aura pressure that was out of control, and was an extremely dangerous sign that the concentration of spirit energy inside Xiao Yuncheng was about to reach the saturation point.

Wang Ming wiped at his sweat. They had been delayed for too long with Chou Shisi.

Luckily, they had caught up before it was too late, and there was still time to turn things around.

"What now, Brother Er? We can't get close at all." Both Odd Zhuo and Wang Ming could sense that dense oppression from the mouth of the alley. If it wasn't for the long johns that they were wearing, this pressure might be even stronger.

To some degree, Xiao Yuncheng's aura was now approaching the peak of the Nascent Soul stage.

Given this out-of-control aura pressure, it was a miracle they could even withstand it, let alone move.

Once again, this showed how formidable the fruit developed by Shuigou Sect was. With the energy it contained, a person who was only at the Foundation Establishment stage could amass spirit energy inside the body and forcefully enhance themselves to an unimaginable degree; Xiao Yuncheng was now suffering both physical and mental agony.

But Odd Zhuo was keenly aware that it was fortunate that the person was Xiao Yuncheng.

The Xiao clan's selection system for promotion in the inner and outer sects was very strict. As the Xiao clan's number one disciple in the outer sect, Xiao Yuncheng would certainly have put in more effort than a regular person. If the person standing here had been someone else besides Xiao Yuncheng, it was likely that they wouldn't have been able to endure for so long.

"Don't worry, I'll set you free straightaway." Spirit energy poured from Wang Ming's ring into the sword he was holding.

With a loud pop, the Heavenly Materials sword unexpectedly transformed into a beam of light which flew straight at Xiao Yuncheng!

It actually split its aura?

Odd Zhuo was astounded; he hadn't known that the Heavenly Materials sword had this ability.

Not only could this sword qi be used to seal spirits, it could even ignore spiritual pressure.

"What an abnormal sword... good thing shifu took it back!"

Odd Zhuo was petrified as he had this thought.

He was also extremely glad that the Master of Immortal Mansion's plan to forge a sword had ultimately been unsuccessful.

The materials used in the Heavenly Materials sword were indeed the best; the Master of Immortal Mansion had devoted almost half of his life to creating this sword. Odd Zhuo had already evaluated its workmanship and concluded that it was a first-class holy weapon. In this age, countless cultivators would already consider this a priceless treasure.

Typically, if you were in a battle with a disparity in realms, it was very important to have a magic weapon that could surpass your opponent.

In the battle with Fang Xing back then, the Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu had used this Heavenly Materials sword as well as his intrinsic spirit field. At just Itinerant Immortal level, he still had had the power to fight Fang Xing even after the latter had used two supreme spells in succession to enter True Immortal mode; he had even ended up coming out on top.

This was enough to prove how frightening the Heavenly Materials sword was.

Its only shortcoming was that it lacked a sword spirit.

Thirty percent of a spirit sword's strength depended on its substance, and seventy percent on its sword spirit.

Obviously, Cheng Yu had been deeply aware of this, but most unluckily for him, he had targeted Jingke.

...

Since they weren't able to get any closer, Wang Ming had already thought of using the Heavenly Materials sword's ability to attack from a distance.

As the Heavenly Materials sword went out in that moment, the aura which Xiao Yuncheng was emitting deep in the alley was dispelled by sword qi. Wang Ming and Odd Zhuo seized the opportunity to approach Xiao Yuncheng as the spiritual pressure receded.

Xiao Yuncheng lurked in one corner of the alley, red eyes darting warily in all directions like a feral animal.

His response was very quick; when he saw the sword light coming at him, he actually jumped straight up, easily evading the spirit sword's attack.

It wasn't fast enough to hit him!

Wang Ming was relying on the spirit charge stored in the ring to control the spirit sword, and so he couldn't match cultivators who used their own strength to operate their spirit swords.

Given the current situation, Odd Zhuo didn't think there was any use in him wielding the Heavenly Materials sword himself – enhanced by the fruit, Xiao Yuncheng's speed and strength had already surpassed the Golden Core stage. Only a person who was at the very least at the Nascent Soul stage or the Soul Formation stage stood a chance of attacking Xiao Yuncheng with this sword.

"Brother Er, can we use the Brain Deduction Technique?" Odd Zhuo recalled Wang Ming's confrontation with Chou Shisi earlier. If they could use this brilliant skill to trap Xiao Yuncheng in the "Inception" dreamscape like they had done with Chou Shisi, then they might stand a chance!

"It doesn't work when the other party is mentally confused." Wang Ming shook his head.

This was one of the limitations of the Brain Deduction Technique. The first step was the most crucial, and in fact worked like hypnosis; it created a suggestion, and the enemy was then unknowingly drawn into the Brain Deduction Technique's space.

Unfortunately, if the other party's thoughts were a mess, a suggestion couldn't be used, and the technique wouldn't take hold.

Now that he had been provoked, Xiao Yuncheng snarled even more wildly and bared his teeth as he stared at Wang Ming and Odd Zhuo.

The strong killing intent coming off him made Odd Zhuo's hair stand on end.

"Brother Er, be careful!"

"I'll handle it!"

Wang Ming raised his hand again, and radiant light burst forth from the ring as a scroll flew out of it.

"Xiao Yuncheng, look at what this is!"

Holding the scroll aloft, Wang Ming pulled on the red string at the top to unfurl it.

Odd Zhuo was astonished when Xiao Yuncheng took one look at the drawing inside and actually stopped moving! Even his killing intent completely disappeared!

At that moment, he seemed to regain some of his senses, and even the red in his eyes seemed to subside a fair bit.

Finally, he actually dropped to his knees on the ground!

"Now!"

Taking advantage of Xiao Yuncheng's sluggish state, Wang Ming operated the Heavenly Materials sword and came up behind the youngster to give him a cut on his shoulder that was neither too deep nor too shallow.

All the red in Xiao Yuncheng's eyes was dispelled, and his aura continued to weaken until he finally fell over on the ground with a plop.

"Brother Er, what kind of amazing magic treasure is this?" Odd Zhuo was utterly stunned at this scene.

Wang Ming tossed the scroll to him. "Nothing special, it's just a drawing."

Looking at it, the corners of Odd Zhuo's mouth twitched. "...". It was actually a portrait of the Flame Emperor using the Angry Buddha Fire Lotus!

Wang Ming gazed at Xiao Yuncheng on the ground and waved his hands helplessly. "Members of the Xiao clan are all descendants of the Flame Emperor, so they have deep feelings for this ancestor – it's a natural response for them to kowtow when they see his image."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Chapter 356: Parents and Teachers

Some of the teachers from No. 60 High School were sitting in Second Hospital's breakroom drinking coffee. They were all feeling physically and mentally exhausted. Although Golden Core cultivators could stay up for several days on end, even going dozens of days without sleep, they couldn't endure the ongoing "tiredness" of the spirit and mind; even Golden Core cultivators couldn't withstand it continuously.

No one had expected this to happen at this critical juncture after school today. After getting off work, the teachers had hurried over to the hospital one after another to care for the students as well as to placate agitated parents.

While most of the parents were in fact reasonable people, there were inevitably some agitators. When something happened to their children at school, they didn't look to themselves, but would blame the school and the teachers first, to the point that female teachers would feel like their balls were aching when they didn't even have balls.

Actually, with this Shuigou Sect incident, apart from those like Super Chen, Dopey Guo and Little Peanut who had eaten the fruit by mistake, the reason why the students had eaten the fruit for the sake of becoming stronger was closely related to how they were brought up at home.

The students who had eaten the fruit in order to obtain power had parents who generally had very high expectations of them. If they didn't achieve the scores their parents wanted in their tests, they would instantly be berated or even beaten and scolded.

When all was said and done, this was in fact the parents' fault.

The pressure they put on their children was just too much.

According to the way most parents thought, apart from wanting their children to do well on the college entrance exam, they also wanted them to reach the Golden Core stage before they graduated from high school; that way, they could get the government's super spirit elixir subsidy, and their future prospects would be bright and prosperous.

But how could it be so easy to reach the Golden Core stage?

In this modern day and age, the time it took to get to the Golden Core stage from the Foundation Establishment stage had been greatly reduced with the assistance of various kinds of elixirs and supplements.

But while the time it took was shorter, many parents had ignored a very important issue, and that was talent – in equal circumstances, some people might be able to reach the Golden Core stage in a very short period of time, while others might need decades or even centuries to do the same.

Talent was not something that could be enhanced by eating an aptitude elixir like in a game; after all, there was no such thing in the real world.

But parents were in the end parents... they would always believe that their children were prodigies and the smartest! They should be able to reach the Golden Core stage in no time!

This kind of parents were the ones which teachers usually couldn't stand and who gave them extreme headaches.

Nowadays, you couldn't speak the truth in society, otherwise you'd be hated.

...

A group of No. 60 High School teachers were chatting in the breakroom. At that moment, Teacher Ye entered with a dejected face, his complexion as white as a corpse.

"What's the matter?" A female teacher stood up and helped him sit down.

Seeing his state, Teacher Pan hurriedly gave him a glass of water before sighing. "Most likely those parents were making a commotion."

Hearing this, Teacher Ye's eyes unexpectedly turned red and he looked extremely wronged.

A moment later, Old Antique also came in with a very unsightly expression on his face.

Teacher Pan cupped her chin in her hands. "From both your expressions, is it possible that the parents you ran into are Hu Su's, from the remedial class?"

The female teacher nearby was surprised. "Teacher Pan, how can you tell?"

"After all, these are the most difficult parents to deal with in our school." Teacher Pan looked at the young female teacher. "You haven't been posted at No. 60 High School for very long, but you'll become acquainted with them sooner or later."

Teacher Pan dropped her forehead into her hand with a bitter smile. "This Hu Su has already repeated a year four times in our No. 60 High School... and he's still in Grade One's remedial class."

The female teacher: "Our No. 60 High School only has one remedial class, right? And although it's the remedial class, it has the best teacher!"

Teacher Pan shook her head. "It's useless; for students who are truly unable to study, even joining with Lord Wen Qu Xing 1 won't be of any use."

The female teacher: "..."

Old Antique leaned against the wall and sighed. "Hu Su's mother is too much. It's fine if she just scolded me, but she even jabbed a finger in Old Ye's face and called him trash... She asked him why he was so bad in teaching her kid to study, to the point that the boy had eaten the fruit to become stronger. The problem is, Old Ye is just a PE teacher!"

The female teacher: "..."

"If Old Li the school guard hadn't held her back, it looked like Hu Su's mother would have started a fight. We've already found a psychiatrist to calm her down, and Headmaster Chen has personally gone to see her."

Old Antique patted his face helplessly. This was the first time that he didn't even have the appetite to eat some latiao . "Why did we end up with this kind of parent..."

"There's no help for it."

Teacher Pan also spread her hands. She gazed at the frustrated Teacher Ye on the side and racked her brain for something comforting to say.

Any teacher, even one who taught PE, would suffer a blow to their pride when their teaching ability was called into question. There was a saying that a master could lead you to the door, but the rest was up to you; after the dishes were cooked, you had to learn to eat it yourself... teachers nowadays were eager to personally feed their students, but unfortunately there were some students who were still too lazy to open their mouths.

There truly wasn't anything else that could be done.

"Teacher Ye, don't feel too depressed..."

Teacher Pan crouched down and pointed out the window. "Look! A sky full of stars!" 2 .

"..."

Teacher Ye lifted his head, his face expressionless.

The breakroom had also lapsed into temporary silence because of Teacher Ye's dispirited mood. Every teacher would have their abilities called into question in the course of their career. For the older teachers, this was already a common occurrence, while the younger ones who saw Teacher Ye's miserable state felt a little panic sprout in their hearts.

However, as a pioneer teacher at No. 60 High School, Teacher Pan was indeed Teacher Pan.

She immediately analyzed the overall situation. "I actually have a deep understanding of situations like Teacher Ye's today. A small number of parents often do question my teaching ability. As a teacher who has been on the front line of No. 60 High School for many years, I suggest that all of us teachers should learn to cultivate a positive attitude."

"Then... what should we do?" asked the young female teacher.

"It's very simple," Teacher Pan replied. "Can't you shift the blame onto someone else? Even though I teach the elite class, in my first lesson every year, I stress again and again that they're the worst class I've ever taught!"

The teachers: "...". This was a popular phrase in the teachers' circle, and now they'd finally found its source!

Teacher Pan looked at Teacher Ye and smiled. "Teacher Ye, don't be too discouraged. A parent might have ridiculed you today, but at least you still don't have a girlfriend yet! There's still half a year left! We should strive to look ahead!"

"..."

Hearing this, Teacher Ye couldn't help the tears that streamed down his cheeks as he felt even more grieved.

Chapter 357: The Moment You Open the Delivery

Teacher Ye's tragic experience confirmed one thing, and that was that the relationship between parents and teachers was far from as simple as it seemed. Although they started out the same in wanting the children to make progress, there were times when even the teachers had the urge to become hostile when they ran into unreasonable parents.

Hu Su's mother was very notorious in No. 60 High School. Her son had toiled hard in Grade One's remedial class for four years, but still continued to repeat it, and she would make trouble daily. Almost everyone in the school had heard of her, but a few of the younger teachers who had only just been posted here, and had yet to become completely familiar with the "business," were still in the dark.

Over the years, Headmaster Chen had tried all kinds of ways to have Hu Su withdraw from the school because of the problem with his mother. Hu Su wasn't an interim student, but was officially enrolled in No. 60 High School. Every year, the exams always took into account the total scores of the whole school, and every year, Hu Su's scores would drag the school down.

At this critical juncture when No. 60 High School was on the cusp of being promoted as a key city high school, Headmaster Chen really didn't want anything to go wrong.

However, there was a good saying that it was easy to invite the devil in, but hard to get rid of him...

No. 60 High School had personally enrolled this student Hu Su. Although his parents were somewhat unreasonable, his living and study habits weren't bad, and he was an obedient and sensible person who often helped the teachers and his classmates... It was just that his scores couldn't improve no matter what! Actually, urging an official student to withdraw from school purely on the basis of their poor scores wasn't reasonable. Furthermore, if word of this got out, the school might be accused of "improper education."

As a result, all the various ploys that circled around in Headmaster Chen's mind were thus scattered.

The most painful part of the whole matter was that upon careful consideration, Hu Su's mother's words were actually quite reasonable... Once my child entered the school, he became an official

student of your No. 60 High School, even if he's just in the remedial class. His living and study habits and his character are all very good, but his scores haven't improved at all. It's been a full four years, there hasn't been any progress at all... if it's not the school's fault, then whose fault is it?

This made Headmaster Chen feel indescribably miserable.

In the breakroom, Teacher Pan and the other old teachers took this opportunity to tell the new teachers all the stories about Hu Su and his mother; this bunch of younger teachers started to have deep misgivings about their jobs, when they had previously been looking forward to a career in education.

It turned out that nowadays, it wasn't just doctors who could no longer save people...

Neither could teachers...

While they were chatting, Teacher Pan abruptly realized that Old Antique had disappeared. "Eh? Where's Old Wang?"

One teacher replied, "It looks like the headmaster came looking for him just now. Old Wang also teaches the remedial class history; I heard that he's an old hand at comforting Hu Su's mother."

Anyone who entered the workforce would feel that working wasn't easy – this was true of any profession. Apart from settling down and getting on with life, you also had to learn how to speak well and be on guard against people who could make things difficult for you.

In this world, you had to learn to compromise.

In the current era of national cultivation, many cultivators carried on with the same line of cultivation work, like Immortal Toya performing alchemy, and Fatty Luo running his metalware store and doing smithwork. The work was extremely complex, but also extremely lucrative. Most crucially, this was work which didn't depend on playing nice with other people.

After persuading Hu Su's mother to leave, Old Antique leaned his fat body against a wall and pondered for a very long time... Actually, his reasons for deciding to become a teacher were very complicated.

If he had to name one, it was because he thought that it was a very honorable profession.

After he finished chewing a latiao in the hospital toilets, Old Antique felt much calmer. He then looked at the time and frowned a little... He had made an online purchase earlier, and the electronic receipt had indicated that it would be arriving in twenty minutes.

Now that it was almost time, he was wondering whether he should go to the hospital's main entrance to receive the delivery, but just as he lifted his foot to step outside, there was a voice from the toilet cubicle next to him. "Excuse me, are you Mr Wang?"

"..."

Old Antique was stunned.

"...Yes, that's me."

After he said that, Old Antique opened the toilet door, then saw a man dressed in diving gear crawl out of the squat toilet...

Dripping wet, the man then bowed respectfully to Old Antique. "Shun Feng God Express! Mission accomplished guarantee!"

Old Antique was still in a state of shock. "...How did you get in?"

He had long heard that this Shun Feng God Express company currently had the most efficient express delivery team in the country; if you had goods that needed to be delivered ASAP within the same city, they would reach the customer under twenty minutes as long as the goods were marked 'urgent'! However, this was the first time that Old Antique was experiencing it for himself, and it was truly broadening his horizon.

How had this courier gotten in, when outside was being so heavily guarded by the police? This was the magic question.

The courier was panting. "There are too many police officers outside; sending this package was really not easy. After I took on this delivery, I drew a blueprint to figure out sir's coordinates, then I dug a tunnel from a park three hundred li away; using the bone-shortening technique, I entered the

city's sewer system. Finally, after verifying your location, I found sir here. Mm, Mr Wang, after you've received the delivery, please be sure to give me a five-star comment!"

Old Antique: "..."

While he was speaking, the courier took out a square box from his storage space. "Your delivery, sir."

Old Antique: "...It's not broken, is it?"

The courier: "The box is waterproof, so it's not a problem. But whether the item inside is intact or not... it's hard to say."

Old Antique: "I added insurance..."

"Oh, of course. If the item is broken, we'll definitely refund you. But I don't in fact know whether the item inside the box is broken or not – it might be fine, it might not." The courier analyzed the situation seriously. "According to the theory of quantum mechanics, there is a possibility it could be broken and intact at the same time."

Old Antique: "..."

The courier: "It's only the moment when you open the box that these two possibilities will converge into one! This is that very famous theory called Schrödinger's cat."

Hearing this, Old Antique almost fell to his knees. "I'm sorry, big brother, I'm wasting your time..."

The courier nodded, unperturbed, and took out a grading device. "It's our job to answer any queries the customers might have. Will sir please evaluate my service? If there are any problems with the delivery, please tap on the feedback button at the bottom of the electronic receipt on the app, and we'll get someone to follow up on it!"

The corners of Old Antique's mouth twitched, and he pressed the "Five Stars" button with shaking hands... were couriers nowadays all this awesome?

Chapter 358 A Showdown Between Two Epic Killers One

Seeing Old Antique press the button for a full score, the little brother courier nodded in satisfaction. It really wasn't easy being a courier nowadays. Except for the money he earned based on the number of deliveries he made, his monthly and year-end bonuses were determined by his customer ratings, so a full-score rating was very important.

Whether it was a courier little brother or food delivery little brother, both had one thing in common, and that was if they were a little late, their customers might give them a bad rating. Old Antique suddenly felt that these people would do anything for the sake of good ratings.

Everyone should be understanding of each other in society nowadays.

In some online news on social issues, there were reports of couriers or food deliverymen being personally attacked for being a little late – this was very poor behavior. Every single individual was a person with parents who had raised them; whose heart wouldn't ache when they saw their children being beaten and scolded?

After accepting the package, Old Antique saw the courier little brother put the diving gear back on. "How are you going to get out?"

The courier little brother smiled. "The same way I got in. It's so heavily guarded outside, so this was the only way to get in. Luckily, I learned the bone-shortening technique from a senior called Men Youping when I was younger, otherwise I definitely wouldn't have been able to deliver this urgent item to you in time."

"..."

Old Antique was still in a daze after hearing "Men Youping" these words.

Half of the courier little brother's torso was already inside the squat toilet when he said, "That, Mr Wang, can I please trouble you to help me press the flush button?"

Old Antique: "..."

Then, with the sound of flushing water, this courier little brother in professional diving gear disappeared down the squat toilet...

Old Antique waited for him to leave before he opened the delivery box. It looked very big, but in fact it only contained a very small glass bottle inside. The glass bottle was wrapped in a layer of foam and rested in the middle of the box, still sealed.

Pushing the foam aside, Old Antique took out the glass bottle and checked it repeatedly for damage before he was reassured – who knew what could have happened before this box had arrived. If the bottle had been damaged in transit, the medicinal property of the elixir inside would leak through even the smallest crack, severely reducing the efficacy of the elixir.

Old Antique had bought this elixir online; it would play an important role in the upcoming battle.

...

Elsewhere, Wang Ling stood alone on the hospital rooftop as he gazed calmly at his surroundings.

Director Li had already left to do his own thing. His task had just been to bring Wang Ling up to the rooftop; he actually couldn't be of much help beyond that. After all, they would be facing one of the very few epic-level killers in the world of assassins. Director Li was at the Golden Core stage; even if he had ten lives, they wouldn't be enough.

Naturally, Wang Ling wasn't being idle; the whole time he had been on the rooftop, he had been preparing for the possibility of battle.

According to Killer Taoist's intelligence, Taoist Taotie's current realm was probably Itinerant Immortal or even True Immortal level. Wang Ling didn't know if Old Antique had made any progress in his cultivation while he had been teaching all these years. In theory, however, he should be an Itinerant Immortal.

Which meant that at the very least, this epic-level clash of killers would be between two Itinerant Immortal cultivators...

Without proper preparation, a battle between two Itinerant Immortal cultivators could directly destroy Songhai city, without even chiqian funds as compensation.

And if it was a battle between two True Immortal cultivators, the destruction would at the very least be on a national level.

As for tearing the earth apart... Wang Ling felt that given where the Spirit Energy Information era was currently at, except for when his strength wasn't being suppressed by the Dao talisman seal, no one else was capable of doing such a thing.

In each corner of the rooftop, Wang Ling put down a rune. These four runes were linked; as long as someone set foot here, the runes would automatically form a boundary which would permit people to enter but not leave.

Wang Ling had already destroyed the invisible magic array which Taoist Taotie had set up earlier. As the array maker, Taoist Taotie would surely come to check whether it was working properly.

When that time came, the fish would have taken the bait.

The boundary formed by this four-corner array would create a completely independent space on the hospital rooftop; no matter how fiercely these two individuals fought, as long as the boundary held steady, the fluctuations created by Itinerant Immortals wouldn't get out.

That way, at least, innocent bystanders wouldn't be involved.

Now, all he had to do was wait for the main protagonist to show up...

Actually, Wang Ling wasn't very good at being a mediator... After all, from the moment he had been born to when he had crushed that precious sword when he had been a year old, what he had been best at was "demolition"!

Wang Ling sighed in his heart and casted the aura concealment spell; like a chameleon, his entire being transformed and seemed to become one with the air.

...

Roughly ten minutes later, as Wang Ling had anticipated, Old Antique pushed open the rooftop door as he lugged his fat body up here.

At the same time, a black figure wearing a face mask also dropped from the sky. The two fellow brothers who had not seen each other hundreds of years appeared at the same time and in the same place, as if they had arranged to do so.

They faced each other and didn't speak. Neither of them noticed Wang Ling's existence, and were even more unaware of the boundary that he had secretly set up.

Wang Ling didn't want his identity exposed in front of Old Antique. No matter who he had been before, Old Antique was now still Wang Ling's history teacher, and Wang Ling didn't want their teacher-and-student relationship to break down because of this. Otherwise, Old Antique would have to call him Perfected Being Ling, which would make him very uncomfortable.

Tens of seconds later, tremendous spirit waves unexpectedly surged up behind these two.

This was the spillover of excess spirit power from the release of spiritual pressure, and the latter, which was originally invisible, transformed to take on a visible form, manifesting as raging waves.

Wang Ling frowned; from that instant when the spirit power had exploded, he could tell that these two people's strength was beyond his estimation – they were actually even stronger than he had imagined!

The spirit power was so dense that the spillover didn't just change form, it also distorted the surrounding space.

Wang Ling observed everything from his secret hiding spot.

Boom!

At that moment, the spirit waves on both sides abruptly rolled forward and clashed together in a loud explosion.

Neither of them was injured, though, as they both took a slight step back.

Under the face mask, Taoist Taotie sneered. "Senior brother... Your appearance has changed, but it seems that your cultivation is stronger than before you left the assassination circle. What? Are you planning to make a comeback?"

Old Antique smiled slightly and waved his hand. "There's no way I'll be returning in my lifetime... It's better to be a teacher! It's not worth living all my days in fear."

Hearing this, the corners of Taoist Taotie's mouth couldn't help twitching. "Junior has already seen how senior brother has gone into hiding... you're actually hiding as a teacher in a school? You're better at evasion than Jia Yueting!"

Old Antique: "..."

Wang Ling: "...The nickname given to the character Zhang Qilin in the novel series 'Tomb Robbers,' and which translates to 'sealed oil bottle.' 'Chaiqian' translates to 'demolition and relocation,' and refers to the large-scale rebuilding of older urban areas in China. This has become a significant socioeconomic issue, with some people being forcibly evicted. Jia Yueting is a Chinese businessman who was blacklisted in China in late 2017 for unpaid debts. He subsequently refused to return to China and settled in California.

Chapter 359 A Showdown Between Two Epic Killers Two

A showdown between two epic-level killers was no less outstanding than the duel between the old devil and General Yi back then. The difference was that the old devil and General Yi's duel had taken place in the limelight, while Wang Ling was the only spectator to the clash between these two epic killers.

As the night wore on, Old Antique and Taoist Taotie stood across from each other on the rooftop of the hospital as a cool breeze brushed past.

The lights on the rooftop had long blown out in the clash between auras earlier.

The floodlight covers had directly been shaken to fine powder that had disappeared somewhere along the way.

The clash of auras had also created a mottled pattern of cracks over the ground, which looked very foreboding from a distance.

Wang Ling suddenly felt that it had indeed been the right decision to send Director Li away and to set up the boundary on the rooftop himself.

These two individuals were very powerful; from the explosive power in the auras, they were at the very least stronger than anyone else Wang Ling had ever seen.

In spirit power alone, these two people were more or less on par with the Master of Immortal Mansion, Cheng Yu, but their explosive power was truly frightening... This kind of explosive power was something you could only accumulate after hundreds or even thousands of years.

A regular cultivator had to go through a process to generate spirit power and then spiritual pressure.

Even at its shortest, it still took a few seconds.

But at that moment, whether it was Old Antique or Taoist Taotie, both of them had erupted at once; not including Wang Ling, only these kind of people who had been dealing with assassins for years could do this.

Watching the fight, Wang Ling realized that after the brief exchange of words following the clash of their auras, the two of them had lapsed into a deep silence again.

It wasn't because these two fellow brothers who hadn't met for too long were at a loss at what to say – it was that they just didn't know where to start.

Both their hearts were actually in a mess.

After a good while, it was still Old Antique who opened his mouth first. "I want to know your true aim."

Wang Ling's eyes lit up slightly at this question.

Judging from the invisible array on the rooftop earlier, Taoist Taotie was planning something on a massive scale, and it wasn't just for the sake of revenge; he was only borrowing the motive of "revenge" in order to carry out another aim. The invisible array could stockpile spirit power; when a spirit explosion occurred, it would be able to collect a considerable amount of spirit power.

And as for the ultimate aim of amassing such tremendous amounts of spirit power... whatever it was, Wang Ling could pretty much guess that it probably wasn't for anything good.

Old Antique's question caused Taoist Taotie to fall silent for a good while before he smiled bitterly under the face mask. "Senior brother, do you really not know, or are you just pretending?"

In the end, Taoist Taotie took a deep breath and said, "Of course, it's to open the Gate Between Worlds!"

"Why do you want to open the Gate Between Worlds?"

Old Antique narrowed his eyes. "Even if you want to activate it, you should know that the Gate Between Worlds cannot be opened consecutively within a short timeframe." He had already detected fluctuations from the Gate Between Worlds during the survival contest at the combined military training exercise for the six schools previously. Old Antique had never forgotten it. But later, the Gate Between Worlds had somehow disappeared, and no one in the field had known why.

Later on, General Yi had attributed the incident to a mistake on the old devil's part.

There was no way in the world that Old Antique could ever have expected that the person responsible for shutting the Gate Between Worlds was in fact watching both fellow brothers right now from the shadows.

"They say that to summon the Gate Between Worlds, you can only do it every five years. But it's not impossible at all to summon it consecutively within a short timeframe." Taoist Taotie sneered. "Each time the Gate is summoned, it requires a massive amount of spirit power. And as long as my plan succeeds this time, the spirit power I'll have accumulated will be enough to summon the Gate Between Worlds ten times over."

Using tenfold the spirit power to summon the Gate Between Worlds... What kind of operation was this?

Since his first encounter with the Gate Between Worlds six years ago, Wang Ling had done a lot of research privately, but he had never heard of summoning the Gate at double or more of the spirit power required.

First of all, the five-year cooldown period was set in stone and couldn't be changed at all. Furthermore, if you wanted to summon the Gate Between Worlds, you didn't just need to know the summoning array; the most important thing was the reserves of spirit power required. To summon the Gate, the old devil had used up more than a hundred holy weapons. Thus, Wang Ling's first reaction was that Taoist Taotie had misunderstood something about summoning the Gate Between Worlds.

You needed to use the summoning array exclusive to the Gate Between Worlds in order to summon it, and you couldn't use a forged array – in this case, an equivalent exchange was useless!

"After you've summoned the Gate Between Worlds, what then?" Old Antique continued with his questions.

"Based on reliable intelligence I received, there's a type of holy water on the other side of the Gate that will be able to restore my looks," Taoist Taotie replied.

This answer was quite simple and crude, and could be summed up in four words: I want plastic surgery!

Everything ultimately came down to Taoist Taotie's face.

Wang Ling could still remember that piece of gossip from Old Antique's history class.

In fact, Taoist Taotie hadn't been born ugly; it was only because he had cultivated the wrong art that his face had become warped, becoming more and more ugly. No matter what plastic surgery he had, or what appearance-molding elixirs he used, he would instantly revert back to his original appearance in less than a quarter of an hour...

Old Antique never expected that this would actually be the root of all evil in this entire affair.

He had somewhat underestimated his junior brother's obsession with plastic surgery and molding...

"Senior brother probably can never understand how painful it is to be ugly, right?" Taoist Taotie touched his face mask and said, "Everything changed after I turned ugly. We two fellow brothers were equally famous in the world... But every time we ran a mission, you were the only one whom people remembered, not me! They couldn't even stand to look at me!"

"Junior brother... you're thinking too much." Old Antique was stoic.

"Not at all!"

Taoist Taotie yelled, "I once had to kill a hoodlum for an employer, and it hadn't been an easy mission. But when I was settling the account, I received a poor rating – do you know why?"

Old Antique: "???"

Taoist Taotie: "He asked me why my ass was always facing him!"

Old Antique: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Taoist Taotie clutched his chest as he gasped in agitation. "The whole world only focused on my ugliness; whoever saw my face would puke... Black Gauze was the only exception! But you! Actually killed him!"

Old Antique was silent for a while before he sighed. "I didn't know that the two of you were so close..."

Taoist Taotie's face mask trembled, and he released thick killing intent. "I have already laid down thirty invisible arrays for stockpiling spirit power within a radius of five hundred li. My plan will work!"

After that, Taoist Taotie stretched out his hand. "It's over there, my invisible magic array is set up over... there... ah? Where's my magic array?"

Chapter 360 A Showdown Between Two Epic Killers Three

Who was it?!

Who the hell was the one who had done it?!

Taoist Taotie howled with rage under the face mask, the whistling sound directly turning into a shock wave that blasted Old Antique. The latter raised his hand and dispelled the shock wave easily.

"Senior brother... you did this, right?"

It was as if the roots of Taoist Taotie's teeth were trembling as he spoke.

Old Antique: "???"

The culprit, Wang Ling, was secretly observing them nearby. "..."

For some reason, Wang Ling felt that things had become more troublesome.

Since the beginning, except from that initial collision of auras, these two people had yet to demonstrate any clear intention to fight... This made Wang Ling feel pretty awkward as he watched them from the side, because it was only when the real fight began that he could be useful.

So he felt very helpless as they wavered between fighting and not fighting.

Besides, there was another problem, and that was if they started fighting for real... how on earth was he going to help mediate this fight and resolve the conflict between these two fellow sect brothers without revealing his own identity?

Wang Ling had gone through Mother Wang's novel outline from beginning to end, and in the array of skills that she had drafted out, there weren't any for carrying out large-scale mass attacks; most of them were once-off assassination attacks, all of which were tailor-made for killers.

Thus, Wang Ling figured that if these two really did fight, it was likely that it would be a close-range battle which involved the use of secret weapons. And the most famous of all the close-range battle skills that Mother Wang had written down in her novel was the "One Thousand Years of Death"...

Hence, Wang Ling felt that if these two people really started fighting, it would definitely make for a spectacular picture.

Facing each other, the two fell silent for several minutes before Old Antique slowly said, "In fact, you never planned to sacrifice those children downstairs for the sake of amassing spirit power in order to restore your appearance, did you? The reason why you created such a huge commotion was simply for the sake of drawing me out. If this magic array for amassing spirit power is truly that important, you definitely wouldn't be reacting like this."

Taoist Taotie's face darkened under the face mask. "What do you know, senior brother?"

Old Antique: "When we picked up that original techniques manual, you and I automatically entered Ghost Ax Sect. You've revered shizun since you were young, and even if we've never seen her in person, you would never violate the sect rules that shizun wrote on the title page of the techniques manual. Our Ghost Ax Sect might teach people to be assassins, but we only kill the nefarious in the cultivation world."

Speaking up to this point, Old Antique sighed. "Shizun did say that for every notorious person we killed, we would gain a hundred killer merit points. When we reached a million points, we would be able to meet shizun. But if we harmed the innocent, our merit points would be reduced by half a million. Since the day we found that original techniques book, you and I have been dreaming of meeting shizun. This is the one thing about you that will never change."

Wang Ling was astonished by this remark... because Mother Wang had indeed written about the killer merit points in her novel outline – the problem was that this was just a plot setting in the outline!

Wang Ling dropped his forehead in his hand as he suddenly felt a deep ache in his balls; who would have thought that these two people would actually interpret it to this extent...

...

"So, when I found out that you were behind this, I wasn't worried at all. I grew up with you; when you were a kid, you were reluctant to even kill an ant – how can you murder this group of innocent children?"

Speaking up to this point, Old Antique simply sat down crossed-legged with a very solemn expression on his face.

Feeling around in his pocket, he took out a bag of latiao. Sticking one in his mouth, he held up the bag and asked the man in front of him, "Do you want any? It's delicious!"

"..."

For a long time, Taoist Taotie was speechless. Then he took a deep breath. "Aren't you going to explain the incident with Black Gauze?"

Old Antique was silent for a moment before he said sorrowfully, "It was indeed my fault, which is why I've been atoning for it all these years..."

"But he was just a six-year-old child..." Taoist Taotie lowered his head, and two tears actually fell from under the face mask to drop onto the ground; although Wang Ling was far away, he could see this scene very clearly.

"I know."

Old Antique's expression was as heavy as the atmosphere around them. "Since then, you always refused to listen to my explanation. Of course, I know that any type of explanation would be worthless to you. Back then, I had just returned from running a mission, and I hadn't seen you for a while, so I didn't know about Black Gauze's existence at all, or that the two of you were actually so close."

Taoist Taotie clenched his fists. "After I turned ugly, Black Gauze was the only one who would acknowledge my existence. Even you, senior brother, became like everyone else, and wouldn't look me in the eye."

"You're wrong."

Old Antique suddenly looked up. "I have never once discriminated against you. After you destroyed your appearance through cultivating the wrong art, I also tried cultivating it in order to find a solution... But unfortunately, I failed."

Taoist Taotie was stunned. "What do you mean, senior brother?"

Old Antique sighed. "Because I too cultivated this wrong art, I became obese. I didn't mean to hide from you; I just didn't want you to see what had become of my appearance..."

Speaking up to this point, he took out a glass bottle he had been holding; this was the delivery he 'd received in the toilets earlier. "In this bottle are extremely strong appearance-molding pills which I found online. They're just enough to restore me to my previous appearance; unfortunately, it doesn't last as long anymore. When I had first turned fat from cultivating the wrong art, the effects of one of these pills could last for two to three days, but now, it's very difficult to last even two or three minutes."

Wang Ling was astonished; who would have thought it would turn out to be this kind of story.

As he listened to everything, Taoist Taotie gritted his teeth. The mood was now so laden with grief that Wang Ling himself felt a little sorrowful and didn't know what to say.

"I harmed Black Gauze, and became fat from cultivating the wrong art. More importantly, I didn't want you to see my current appearance. So after that, I straightaway quit the assassins' circle. Now I'm serving as a teacher, which can be considered a kind of atonement..."

Old Antique said all this with a bitter smile. He stood up from the ground and walked toward Taoist Taotie step by step.

He opened his mouth, but was unable to say anything. He already couldn't help the way his eyes were brimming with tears.

After a good long while, he finally plucked up his courage to ask, "Well, junior brother, can you... forgive me?"

For a very, very long time, Taoist Taotie didn't respond as he already couldn't help sobbing under the face mask.

These two fellow sect brothers, who had already been locked in a feud for a long time, had actually turned into crybabies after seeing each other again.

The corners of Wang Ling's mouth twitched at this scene.

He had spent half a day setting up this boundary, but in the end, these two people didn't even try to fight for a second... this really wasn't giving him face!

As Wang Ling sighed ruefully in his heart, Taoist Taotie took out a photo and stared at Old Antique as he said in a voice choked with emotion, "You... a—apologize to Black Gauze! Then I'll forgive you!"

At the same time, from his secret hiding spot, Wang Ling stared at this photo and was already stupefied!

Mm... if he was seeing it correctly...

Black Gauze in the photo...

...

Was a black tortoise...