

Daily Life 441

Chapter 441 Cut Him Down!

Returning to the moment when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been stabbed by the Heaven-Cleaving sword with the power of Sword Dao and had thoroughly exploded into a bloody mist...

In that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that it would hurt a lot, but in fact, he actually didn't feel any pain... His physical body was already completely pulverized as the power of Sword Dao pushed through his muscles and veins without even leaving a pulp of flesh behind as he completely disintegrated into a ball of bloody mist.

However, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal discovered that his soul was actually intact and flawlessly preserved.

As a soul, he realized he was intangible as he floated in the air. However, the scene before his eyes was still vivid to him.

After Evil Sword God let out a few roars, Wang Ling appeared in the blink of an eye, and with a single slap, had whipped Evil Sword God soundly...

Too strong!

Sure enough, Brother Ling's strength was even more terrifying than he had imagined!

But what was going on here?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't quite understand. Reasonably speaking, the might of the Heaven-Cleaving sword, which could almost be called a divine sword, supported by the power of Sword Dao, would instantly destroy a soul, not to mention a physical body.

But the outcome was contrary to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expectations as he discovered that his soul wasn't the least bit injured...

Furthermore, after some time, he realized that the bloody mist drifting in the air was actually re-coalescing; his meridians were being reconstructed and his physical body was being reshaped bit by bit as a brand new Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal came together once more, just like with the legendary Blood Escape Great Spell.

More than that, even his clothes were restored!

Perfect resurrection?

It was only at this moment that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized that tremendous spirit power was bubbling forth from the Soul Suppression Ring on the ring finger of his left hand! This was the spirit power generated by the special force of this magic ring that had protected his soul and prevented it from being extinguished by the Heaven-Cleaving sword, thereby allowing his corporeal body to be reformed.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing. If this was the extremely inauspicious calamity that was destined to befall him, then the Soul Suppression Ring had helped him successfully overcome it.

People seldom encountered extremely inauspicious calamities in their lifetimes. When they did, the probability of beating the odds could be said to be almost negligible.

This was precisely the reason why when Cheat Diviner Reed had read his fortune, he had thought that there was no hope for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

It looked like he owed Brother Ling an enormous favor yet again!

After his body was reconstituted and he was completely resurrected, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing in his heart.

Had it not been for this ring, it was very likely he wouldn't have been able to overcome this calamity.

When he was brought back to life, Evil Sword God had already been directly sent flying by Wang Ling's second slap as he hit the sports field with a boom; when he had flown out of the school building before that, there had actually been a school toilet tank on his head...

...

Evil Sword God climbed up from the ground; he was shivering all over, and even his knees were trembling uncontrollably.

He was both scared and pissed off...

When had he, Ten-Meter Sword God, ever been humiliated like this?

Not only hadn't he had the strength to retaliate against these two slaps; even his two spirit swords had been seized by the other party. This was absolute humiliation, and for the first time ever, Evil Sword God felt ashamed!

Shivering, he grit his teeth and obstinately stood up. His entire body trembled and he was bleeding from all the seven orifices of his head, dark red blood dripping from the gaps between his teeth... Even his front teeth were gone.

This youngster definitely wasn't just an Itinerant Immortal.

Evil Sword God was already certain on this point.

To inflict this type of damage on him with these two slaps alone, he was absolutely not an ordinary person.

But he was unwilling to admit defeat. He was Evil Sword God, and from the moment he had stepped out into the world, he had struck terror in the heart of society at all levels. No one he wanted to kill had ever escaped him. Had he ever been humiliated like this before?

However, when he saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who had already turned into a ball of bloody mist in the air earlier, completely resurrected after his corporeal body reformed, he had a rare shocked expression on his face.

"That's impossible! How can that be!" Evil Sword God grit his teeth. Given the strength of the young man in white, it was absolutely impossible for him to harbor surplus energy for a resurrection technique. His Heaven-Cleaving sword was mixed with the formidable power of Sword Dao, which was a heavenly law among the Three Thousand Great Spells. When its power flowed through a

person's body, it was almost on par with divine punishment, and in a blink of an eye, the soul would disintegrate completely, let alone the corporeal body.

This way, nothing was left behind to bury. Evil Sword God didn't know how many people he had killed with this method; as far as he knew, no one had ever survived it.

So...

Who the hell knew what he was experiencing today.

He gazed at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who had been completely resurrected; even his clothes had been perfectly restored, as if time had turned back.

At that moment, Evil Sword God felt very solemn and calm. "No matter what, I must respond with my most powerful technique in this fight; I won't hold back any longer. When Shizun Sword Immortal Fan Rui chose Senior Brother Yi Jianchuan as his successor, that was when all my resentment started... All these years, I've been training hard in my sword skills and cultivated Sword Dao. I believe senior brother is already no longer my opponent. However..."

Evil Sword God realized at that very moment that he had run into an even greater challenge than a confrontation with his Senior Brother General Yi Jianchuan.

Everything he had done back then had been purely for the sake of proving his strength. He had killed his shifu and had practiced his sword skills diligently in order to be able to kill his Senior Brother Yi Jianchuan one day in a single move.

But today, it was obvious that he had run into an even greater opponent.

Evil Sword God took a deep breath and quickly calmed his thoughts.

Whatever the case, he had to get serious.

...

Evil Sword God stood up and True Immortal spirit power surged over his entire body to visibly and swiftly heal his injuries.

In a lot of cases when one side was at a disadvantage, especially in combat, many people would choose to take elixirs in order to be able to continue fighting. But Evil Sword God was different as his pride wouldn't allow him to do so.

He thought he was almost invincible in the art of Sword Dao and no one could surpass him in it!

"Sword spirit contract!" He performed hand seals to forcibly control the power of the contract.

The Heaven-Cleaving sword in Wang Ling's hand instantly turned into light particles that re-coalesced in Evil Sword God's hand.

Although Wang Ling had seized the two spirit swords, he hadn't erased the power of their contracts, and Evil Sword God had taken advantage of this fact.

But none of this mattered...

Wang Ling could see that this Evil Sword God was confident in the art of Sword Dao. Since that was the case, he should also use the same art of Sword Dao in a counterattack, and splendidly crush the confidence of this type of person.

"Brother Ling..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked, "What should we do now?"

Wang Ling reached out and a space fissure straightaway appeared in the air.

He then directly pulled a peach wood spirit sword out of the fissure...

Without saying anything, Wang Ling directly tossed Jingke into Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hands...

The instant he received Jingke, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hands trembled.

Go cut him down...

Wang Ling pointed straight at Evil Sword God and spoke telepathically to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

He didn't say any unnecessary rubbish.

If Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't hack him to death... it could be considered his defeat! A special technique derived from a hidden mission in the Chinese mobile game "AskTao."

Chapter 442 What Does it Feel Like to Hold a Big Shot?

If someone had come over at that moment to ask Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: What on earth does it feel like to hold a big shot...?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would definitely be speechless. Actually, he had wanted to ask Wang Ling before if he could borrow Jingke for a mission. However, after the battle at Immortal Mansion, he had completely given up on the idea.

That battle had ended with a crushing one-sided victory for Jingke... This was a true "bigwig sword."

Holding Jingke at that very moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart was trembling. "Brother Ling... is this really okay?"

Wang Ling retreated behind him and patted his shoulder gently without saying a word. He then directly returned to the ground, leaving the battle in the air to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Evil Sword God.

Why wasn't he taking part?

The reason was very simple.

That was because it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's disastrous fate to encounter Evil Sword God. If he wanted to pass through this calamity, he had to be the one to personally end things himself.

"Brother Ling, I was thinking, maybe we should use a more peaceful way to settle this fight? Like sitting down and having a cup of tea... chat with one another?" There was some helplessness in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's face as he held Jingke... It felt like there had been a sudden change in style these last few days!

To be honest, the moment his fingers had closed around Jingke, he had already known what the outcome of this battle was going to be.

Evil Sword God had mostly recovered from his injuries thanks to the effect of True Immortal spirit power, though the traces of blood at the corners of his mouth had yet to dry.

It could only be said that he was in the end a genuine True Immortal. Even when he was in someone else's intrinsic spirit field, he still had spirit power as boundless as the sea inside him.

A wooden sword?

No... This was definitely a trick!

Looking at the sword in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hand, Evil Sword God's lips instantly twitched. "Where did your friend get this sword?"

After experiencing those two slaps, Evil Sword God thought he already had an estimate of the boy's strength. When he had watched the boy pull the peach wood sword out of the space fissure earlier, it didn't take a genius to know that this wasn't some ordinary trash.

And as one of Wang Ling's best friends, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew about Jingke's origin.

The young man in white thought for a moment before replying, "Well... This is a kid's peach wood sword for teaching, bought from the flower and bird market for 998 HNY."

"Mongrel cultivator! Are you making fun of me?" Evil Sword God hovered high in the air, his hand gripping the Heaven-Cleaving sword which was enveloped in demonic purple sword qi.

He pointed the sword in front of him. "Do you know why I was granted the title 'Ten-Meter Sword God'?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "???"

Wang Ling sat cross-legged on the ground in a light and relaxed posture. He folded his arms calmly. He knew everything that was going on in the intrinsic spirit field without needing to look up.

He more or less knew what Evil Sword God wanted to say. Although the latter had already mastered the "Great Sword Dao Spell" and had learned to use the power of Sword Dao, each person's perception of Sword Dao was different.

Ten-Meter Sword God?

Had Evil Sword God mastered a consummate skill of Sword Dao which could kill anyone within ten meters?

Wang Ling cupped his chin and pondered while he watched Evil Sword God laugh wildly. "A True Immortal can mold an intrinsic spirit field into shape, but my intrinsic spirit field is different from theirs: anything that is within a range of ten meters is part of my intrinsic spirit field, constructed with the power of Sword Dao. In other words... As long as I maximize the power of Sword Dao, in close fighting quarters with a range of ten meters, I'm invincible!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

The scene fell into silence at this explanation.

Both Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched as they felt helpless to ridicule him.

So this was how the title "Ten-Meter Sword God" had come about? What kind of sham was the power of Sword Dao?!

If he was invincible while fighting at close quarters within ten meters, did it mean that they could win as long as they were out of bounds?

"..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help wiping at his sweat. As expected, this Evil Sword God wasn't an ordinary person...

On the other side, extremely confident that he was unrivalled in close range combat of ten meters, Evil Sword God pointed the tip of his sword at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Don't think of relying on long range attacks to escape. I've cultivated the Teleportation Spell for many years; once the power of Sword Dao is activated, I'll stick to you like glue... No one can escape from me!"

Then he continued in a deep voice, "Today, I'm going to erase both you and your friend! Then I'll pull out your souls to torture you in the most ruthless ways!"

He guessed that the young man in white, who he had killed earlier, might have some kind of resurrection magic treasure on him that could trade a life for a life. It wasn't as if such a magic treasure didn't exist in the cultivation world, but it was almost priceless. The young man had already used it once, thus Evil Sword God was now very sure that as long as this young man in white died one more time like before, there was no way he could be resurrected again.

In this world, how could there be a magic treasure able to resurrect people infinitely? Besides, this man wasn't an Ajin! Infinite resurrection or whatever didn't exist!

"Mongrel cultivator, die!" Evil Sword God made a move, and the purple sword qi hovering around the Heaven-Cleaving sword turned into a pillar of qi around it!

The image of a human skeleton coalesced behind Evil Sword God. It was tens of zhang tall and wearing armor. This was the sword spirit of the Heaven-Cleaving sword!

Wang Ling could tell at a glance that this armor was the power of Sword Dao that had converged together to take this shape.

The sword spirit had appeared, coupled with the armor on this skeleton which combined the power of Sword Dao and True Immortal spirit power... Evil Sword God was already exhibiting the full force of the power of Sword Dao, completely holding nothing back.

But the look on Wang Ling's face didn't change. The moment he had summoned Jingke and tossed it over to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the game was already over.

"Die!" Evil Sword God clenched his teeth as the power of Sword Dao surged through his body. The air cracked open and collapsed as the space simply wasn't able to endure the mighty oppression of Evil Sword God's power of Sword Dao at one hundred percent.

The hell! What should he do?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had never seen such a thing before. Given his current realm, it was impossible for him to fight against a True Immortal who was at full strength.

"This is my most powerful attack. Go to hell!" Evil Sword God shouted.

As he wielded the Heaven-Cleaving sword, the sword spirit behind him stretched out its hand to the sky at the same time. Tremendous sword light hovered over the skeleton sword spirit, and this demonic purple sword light turned into a beam of light that launched itself at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal with a bang like a cannon.

"Hyper Beam!"

In that moment, a gale was stirred up, the space crumbled, and everything in the wake of that beam broke apart. This was an unstoppable force.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that he had the Soul Suppression Ring to protect him and he probably wouldn't be killed, but if that beam of light hit him, he felt that not even a bloody mist would be left behind...

With this beam, there might not even be slag left.

But in the next moment, he realized that his body was actually moving on its own.

"Lord Jingke?"

He was shocked as the bigwig in his hand actually pulled him along as it moved... and dashed forward to meet this Hyper Beam head-on! Hyper Beam is a powerful Pokemon attack that takes the form of a beam of light. From the manga of the same name, Ajins have extreme regenerative abilities that trigger upon death or mortal injury, allowing them to completely recover from their wounds in a matter of seconds.

Chapter 443 Evil Sword God Doubts Life

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't expected the bigwig in his hand to be so fierce. Although it knew that Evil Sword God was near invincible in a range of ten meters, it still took him flying across the sky.

In contrast to the roiling demonic purple sword qi on the other side, when Jingke moved, easily taking Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal along with it, there weren't any exaggerated light effects; it was merely covered in a layer of light brown spirit light, just like a Daoist robe to protect the body.

This sword thrust forward in the direction of Evil Sword God's "Hyper Beam," creating an elegant arc in the sky.

Without any gaudy sword skills, a sword and a man gracefully lunged forward just like that.

And when the brown sword qi of the peach wood sword made contact with the Hyper Beam that had been discharged from afar, an amazing thing happened. Like a miracle descending, the brown sword qi which had a distinctly weak appearance split this Hyper Beam, as thick as a qiulong, all the way down the center!

Sky... Sky Flying Immortal?

Evil Sword God's complexion turned pale with shock; this move by the young man in white reminded him of a legendary sword art... It was a complex style made simple with small moves that generated large effects, specially used to counter large-scale attacks and able to cancel out a formidable sword technique like the "Hyper Beam"!

But this divine sword art had already vanished earlier on. Whether it was his shizun Sword Immortal Fan Rui or the Magnificent Immortal's Depository of Buddhist Texts, currently the largest in the cultivation circle, records of this sword art had long disappeared; forget the records, not even an image of the title page existed...

But why was this mongrel cultivator in white able to use it?

Pondering this, Evil Sword God could think of only one possibility, and that was the peach wood sword which the mongrel cultivator in white was holding that was leading him into battle.

If so, a lot of things would make sense.

Evil Sword God exhaled, and the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit behind him let out a long shrill cry. True Immortal spirit power fluctuated wildly all around them, shaking the school sports field in the intrinsic spirit field and tearing down the dozen or so palm trees. All the windows of the school building shattered, and the entire building collapsed in utter ruin under the violent sound.

Why did every single Almighty who stepped into an arena like to showcase their presence by destroying buildings?!

Holding Jingke, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also sighed in his heart. It was a good thing this was just the intrinsic spirit field modelled on Brother Ling's school.

If this really had been No. 60 High School, the True Immortal roar just now would have finished off all the students and teachers in the school...

"Your friend's spirit sword is actually a little interesting..." Evil Sword God licked his lips, and the demonic purple sword light rendered his long pointed tongue a different color.

"Hehe, I'll let you experience my ten-meter Sword Dao!" Evil Sword God said in a deep voice.

With that, the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit behind him rose suddenly and sharply, and the skeleton grew to fully twice its size.

Then, Sword Dao gravitational force as powerful as a planet was generated, and runes leapt up to turn into a circle with a ten-meter radius!

In an instant, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could feel a great gravitational force dragging him in, even with the sword.

In a flash, he was pulled into that ten-meter radius Sword Dao circle.

The moment he entered the Sword Dao circle, a ring of light came down to envelop him.

"A depletion ring?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal squeezed his hands and felt a little feeble, but very quickly, brown sword light split away from Jingke's body to weaken this depletion force and make him feel a little more comfortable.

But instead of saying anything, he covered his chest with a petrified expression. "What's this?"

Evil Sword God smiled and said, "This is the holy depletion light carried inside my ten-meter sword circle. How is it? Don't you feel weak? Can't exert your strength? Feel a little like sweating? Even my shizun Fan Rui and Senior Brother Yi Jianchuan experienced the same thing in this circle, what more to say you!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Jingke: "..."

Evil Sword God: "What? Are you afraid now? If you can't undo my depletion ring, you won't be able to move at all inside my ten-meter sword circle. Of course, I am invincible to begin with!"

But as soon as he said that, Jingke pulled Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal into making a move once more.

It looked like Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was wielding the peach wood sword to draw a six-pointed star in the air. He then recited a spell as he held the sword in his left hand and formed hand seals with his right hand.

Brilliant blue spirit light instantly burst out of the six-pointed star inside the ten-meter sword circle. The air was dotted with stars, as if they were inside a sea of them.

Under the light of these stars, all the depletion effects faded away...

It just looked like a minor spell, but was Evil Sword God greatly shocked. "Nine Heavenly Stars Art?"

Yet another legendary sword technique...

Evil Sword God narrowed his eyes, his heart greatly shaken. This was a legendary sword technique used to purify DEBUFFs, and which had also been lost...

Actually exhibiting two legendary sword skills one after another?

Evil Sword God suddenly felt a little tired.

"Is this the 'Nine Heavenly Stars Art'?" Evil Sword God asked.

"That's right," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied. After listening to Wang Ling's telepathic message, he also had a basic understanding of this sword skill. "Also, this sword art is the most advanced of the ninth-class sword arts in the Nine Heavenly Stars Art — Heavenly Body East Art!"

Hearing this, Evil Sword God's face immediately darkened. This was actually the most advanced of the ninth-class sword arts. No wonder it could dispel his holy depletion light so easily...

At this point, he suddenly started to doubt life.

"It's, over, now..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was holding the peach wood sword.

But at that moment, the voice that came out of his mouth actually wasn't his, but Jingke's.

Eyes shining with brown spirit light, his gaze was fixed on Evil Sword God. "Plebe... Have you, ever seen, a Sword Falling From the Sky?"

...

Wang Ling looked up at the scene.

Just as Evil Sword God had said, everyone understood the "Great Sword Dao Spell" differently and grasped different things about it.

If the Sword Dao attribute that Evil Sword God had grasped was "invincible within ten meters," then the attribute that Wang Ling had grasped was "omniscience." All Sword Dao under heaven was contained in it, and there was no sword skill that Wang Ling didn't know; it was just that he didn't bother to use them in his daily life.

That was because up until now, all the enemies he had encountered could be defeated with his fists and feet alone. In many cases, Wang Ling didn't think it was worthwhile to use weapons...

The "Great Sword Dao Spell" attribute which Wang Ling had was omniscience, and he had long already transmitted through the spirit sword contract all the sword skills that he had mastered to Jingke as his spirit sword.

Of course, this was a legitimate, officially authorized copy, different from the shameless behavior of using some quick video software to steal the background data of other online users. A sword art practiced by the character Ye Gucheng in the wuxia "Lu Xiaofeng" novel series. "Purify" and "Debuff" are two game terms. A "Debuff" is a status effect that negatively affects a character's performance. "Purify" means to dispel negative effects. This is an outstanding technique mastered by the protagonist of the xuanhuan novel of the same name

Chapter 444 A Sword Falling from the Sky...

As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes glowed with brown spirit light, the air around him instantly changed.

Evil Sword God stood inside the ten-meter sword circle, which was supposed to be an invincible field. He had deliberately fused his intrinsic spirit field with his Sword Dao. Although the scope of the intrinsic spirit field was greatly reduced, its advantage was that he wasn't weakened at all by fighting inside someone else's intrinsic spirit field.

So when Wang Ling had activated his intrinsic spirit field, Evil Sword God hadn't been the least bit afraid. The intrinsic spirit field's greatest asset was the home ground battle advantage that could be used to suppress both the enemy's ability to draw on spirit power and the spirit power itself.

Evil Sword God thought he was quite the genius to have thought of combining his intrinsic spirit field with his Sword Dao attribute... At the very least in this ten-meter sword circle, even if he was in someone else's field, he was invincible.

But facing this young man in white now, he was starting to feel the intimidating oppression as he felt stifled by the other party's aura.

"Who the hell are you?" Evil Sword God asked, although he already had his own suspicions.

He suspected that this had to be the sword spirit of the peach wood sword that had taken possession of the body of the young man in white.

But what kind of operation was this?

The legendary union between man and sword?

It felt like the situation was already a little beyond Evil Sword God's understanding.

He felt that there was probably no one else in the world who understood Sword Dao more thoroughly than he did. He wasn't a Venerated Immortal, but he had been able to comprehend the "Great Sword Dao Spell" in advance, had mastered the ten-meter Sword Dao, and had also been talented enough to fuse the "ten-meter Sword Dao" with the "intrinsic spirit field" to create an invincible field.

But this supreme Sword Dao union between man and sword was a fusion technique that was only possible when the rapport between a spirit sword and its master was at its most intimate.

Even now, his own rapport with the Heaven-Cleaving sword was still very weak since it originally hadn't belonged to him and had been something that he had stolen.

Heart full of suspicion, Evil Sword God cast a sidelong glance at the boy on the ground.

This peach wood sword clearly belonged to this youngster... why was it that even his friend could become one with it?

He stared at Wang Ling with clouded eyes. Then, very quickly, the corners of his mouth twitched...

Because he realized that this boy actually wasn't paying any attention at all to the battle in the air; he was actually sitting cross-legged and writing in a book he was holding...

Evil Sword God opened his Purple Investigative Demon Eye and activated the "Looking at the Horizon with One Eye" technique, and then saw the title of the book: On Talismans...

He could even see the fine print clearly: The Education Department's designated textbook for the high school Dao Talismans course, meticulously compiled by hundreds of experts, a best seller for sixty years...

Evil Sword God's face twitched. "..."

Just then in front of him, he saw a flash of light in the hand of the young man in white, who had already been possessed by the sword spirit of the peach wood sword. The sword turned into light particles before dissipating altogether.

This was the true union between man and sword.

When a man and sword were one, the sword body would disappear in fusion with the person. The man's body would be the hilt and his hands the blade, and sword qi would permeate his entire being.

The ten-meter sword circle should have originally been his own invincible field, but Evil Sword God was aghast to realize that the situation was now reversed.

After the young man in white and the sword had become one, the brown sword qi coming off his body was extremely frightening, like a monarch god holding all the power. Anywhere that sword qi was, the purple sword qi of the Heaven-Cleaving sword purple would retreat.

It was simply impossible to think of this situation in a normal way, because it didn't conform to common sense at all.

His ten-meter sword circle was a tried and tested technique, set up with the power of Sword Dao. However, in today's duel, he had the feeling that the power of Sword Dao which he was so proficient in didn't seem to be listening to his commands...

Most frightening of all was the tremendous pressure he was feeling... He had been floating inside his ten-meter sword circle for a very long time and hadn't moved, not because he was playing at being aloof.

Instead, it was because he couldn't move at all.

"Plebe..." Jingke's voice sounded from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's body.

Hands behind his back, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was enveloped in the brown sword light from top to bottom. Even in the ten-meter sword circle, his aura was crushing.

Evil Sword God was petrified; this sound actually made fear well up from the depths of his soul.

His back was instantly covered in cold sweat which soaked his Daoist robe so that it stuck to him.

He couldn't even speak, and could only use the sword spirit contract to order the Heaven-Cleaving sword's skeleton sword spirit to be his mouthpiece.

The skeleton sounded like an envoy of hell as it spoke in a very deep voice, "Who are you?"

"Ling, dislikes, trouble. Have to, solve this, quickly..."

Jingke replied in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's body, completely ignoring the other party's question.

The next moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took one step and the ground shook. In a split second, the space inside the ten-meter sword circle actually started to collapse inch by inch and all the evil sword qi disappeared as if it had been purified.

Both the skeleton sword spirit and Evil Sword God were dumbfounded.

With one step, his ten-meter Sword Dao had crumbled, just like that.

No, rather than 'crumbled,' Evil Sword God felt that 'rendered void' was a better term for it.

What manner of thing was the sword spirit of this peach wood sword?

Evil Sword God frowned deeply. The power of Sword Dao that he was the most proud of had actually been rendered utterly ineffective in front of him. The most terrifying thing, furthermore, was that until now, he still hadn't been able to figure out the sword spirit's origin.

The human race had always been a species that feared the unknown.

True Immortals were no exception.

Evil Sword God thought that he had already reached the pinnacle of Sword Dao in this world, but Jingke's appearance had turned his mind into a complete state of disarray.

For the first time ever, there was a look of terror in his eyes. He was uneasy and couldn't calm down.

The last time he had been this agitated was when he had killed his shifu, Sword Immortal Fan Rui...

Why?

In the last few centuries, he had relied on his strength to prove that he was the ultimate master of Sword Dao, but why had a person who "broke the rules" suddenly appeared? This boy doing exercise questions on the ground, and the unknown sword spirit who recognized him as its master — who the hell were they?!

Evil Sword God felt that this was an operation even more staggering than the bunch of Nanhan bangzi acting like slags in the ice rink and rashly penalizing competitors from other countries while their own won by force...

Nowadays... were there really referees who didn't return to the bench?

The ten-meter sword circle had been rendered void and the skeleton sword spirit's figure had also returned to its normal size.

"It's, over..."

In the next instant, Evil Sword God watched in alarm as that young man in white disappeared in a flash before his eyes.

Where was he?

Evil Sword God was nervous because his Purple Investigative Demon Eye had yet to detect Jingke.

At that moment, there was a resounding boom, and a figure dropped from above with tremendous pressure!

This was... `

The Sword Falling From the Sky?

At that moment, Evil Sword God suddenly remembered what the unknown sword spirit had said after the body possession... 'Bangzi' is Chinese slang traditionally used as a particular ethnic slur.China appealed the penalty, but were declined because it didn't happen within 30 minutes of the end of the game. However, the Chinese coach said that it was because the referees had still been in a meeting that the appeal wasn't submitted in time.An obvious jab at the results of the 2018 Pyeongchang Olympic results for women's speed skating.

Chapter 445 Jingke's Ultimate Move

High up in the air, Jingke hovered inside Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's body at a height of ten thousand meters, enveloped in a brown sword light from head to toe.

Tremendous pressure fell from the sky, instantly imprisoning Evil Sword God and preventing him from casting any spells!

Evil Sword God was extremely shocked. He hadn't expected this Sword Falling From the Sky to actually be able to seal his spirit at the same time.

As Jingke dove swiftly through the air toward the ground, the pressure on Evil Sword God also increased.

After Jingke dropped from ten thousand to five thousand meters, not only was Evil Sword God unable to cast spells, he was unable to withstand the pressure, and his entire body was directly hammered into the ground, splayed out like a toad.

His head, four limbs and torso – every part of his body was firmly pressed down. Evil Sword God couldn't remember when was the last time he had kissed the ground like this...

The ground began to crack with him at the center.

Evil Sword God couldn't breathe as his entire body sank deep into the earth like he was stuck in a swamp and was sinking down bit by bit.

...Was he actually going to lose?

Evil Sword God was completely unable to move. If it hadn't been for the Heaven-Cleaving sword's sword spirit protecting him, his end might have been an even more wretched one.

What kind of pressure was this?

It was an overwhelming sense of oppression that even True Immortals found hard to bear...

The sword spirit of the Heaven-Cleaving sword was also pressed to the ground like a toad. A master and a servant in the same pose looked very funny.

Evil Sword God couldn't speak and could only communicate telepathically. He was so nervous that even his chuuni tone disappeared. "Heaven-Cleaving! What on earth is this sword spirit..."

The skeleton sword spirit: "I also don't know!"

Evil Sword God: "..."

As they were talking, the armor on the skeleton sword spirit that had initially been created through a gathering of the power of Sword Dao also started to fracture inch by inch under this devastating attack.

Four thousand meters...

Three thousand meters...

Two thousand meters...

The pressure continued to increase...

By the time it was about a thousand meters from the ground, Evil Sword God and his sword spirit had already sunk several dozen meters into the earth.

They were completely unable to move. Evil Sword God clenched his teeth and split the power of his Purple Investigative Demon Eye in order to share his sword spirit's sight through the sword spirit contract.

At that moment, his Purple Investigative Demon Eye took a panoramic view of the sky.

Evil Sword God felt that this was a scene he would never ever forget.

Under the blue dome of heaven, that unknown sword spirit in the body of the young man in white demonstrated a Sword Falling From the Sky... at that moment, it transformed into a gigantic, dark gold sword of light which descended from the sky like a divine emperor, covering everything with destructive pressure!

As this tremendous sword of light fell, the intrinsic spirit field space started to collapse around it.

However, Wang Ling's intrinsic spirit field's ability to restore itself was really too strong. The destructive power of this tremendous sword of light was devastating, but the intrinsic spirit field's ability to restore itself was just about on par with it. Wang Ling could thus contain the sword of light's destructive power inside the intrinsic spirit field without affecting the real world.

Otherwise, the power of this sword...

Would wipe out the whole of Songhai city.

Absolute suppression!

Absolute seal on the spirit!

It was impossible to resist...

With the help of the Purple Investigative Demon Eye's ability to share sight, the skeleton sword spirit finally saw the sword's origin. While his face couldn't exhibit expressions, his sweat flowed uncontrollably as he communicated telepathically to Evil Sword God, "World-Annihilating Sword..."

Evil Sword God looked like he had eaten divine shit. "World... World, World, World-Annihilating Sword?!"

The skeleton sword spirit was full of despair. "Lord Sword, it's over for us... Don't play with echoes at a time like this..."

Evil Sword God: "I was stuttering!"

The skeleton sword spirit: "..."

It was clear that both this master and servant never expected to actually provoke such an existence...

World-Annihilating Sword...

This didn't have to do with attributes, but was about the supreme profound truth of the Great Sword Dao Spell!

Furthermore, the skeleton sword spirit could think of only one person in the world, apart from the creator of the Three Thousand Great Spells, who could use the Great Sword Dao Spell's power of Sword Dao at this level...

Could it be...

At this moment, the skeleton sword spirit "Heaven-Cleaving" broke out in a genuine cold sweat. "His Majesty..."

He didn't even dare utter the name, because it was taboo for all sword spirits.

The power of the World-Annihilating Sword was unstoppable... the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit could sense its destruction getting closer and closer.

In less than ten seconds, both he and Evil Sword God would be annihilated in this place.

The power of the World-Annihilating Sword was a supreme profound truth strong enough to withstand world-defying magic weapons and divine weapons!

Each of the Three Thousand Great Spells possessed a profound truth, but only a very few beings could use them. In a flash, thoughts flew through the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit's mind.

That was His Majesty!

The embodiment of the Great Sword Dao Spell, the Lord of sword spirits... the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit had completely never imagined that His Majesty would actually acknowledge a boy as his master.

He remembered that overwhelming scene of dominance when the boy had sent Evil Sword God flying with two slaps...

The Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit felt that he had miscalculated, and should have put a stop to this battle earlier on.

But now he had no other options. As a sword spirit, his job was to guard his master... No matter how wicked his master was or what sort of sins he had committed, he had to observe the essence of the spirit sword contract.

In the split second that the World-Annihilating Sword was about to hit, the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit's skeleton body activated the "guardian spirit blade" condition in the spirit sword contract.

The Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit was well aware that Evil Sword God would certainly perish under this sword attack, but if he sacrificed his life to protect his master, there was still a chance that his master might survive.

They didn't have much time left at present. At this critical moment, the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit didn't hesitate at all.

It was just trading one life for another. As a sword spirit, Heaven-Cleaving was abiding by the contract. He didn't think he was doing anything wrong.

Because of the spirit sword contract, the moment the Heaven-Cleaving sword made his decision, Evil Sword God already knew what he was planning to do.

"Heaven-Cleaving..."

Although he had seized this sword from his shifu, they had in the end been together for a hundred years, so feelings had long developed between them.

The second before the "World-Annihilating Sword" hit, Evil Sword God's thick eye shadow and the sinister pattern of lines that stretched from his nape to down his back faded...

Master and servant closed their eyes to receive the punishment from the World-Annihilating Sword.

However, the expected pain didn't come.

When the tremendous sword of light landed, it did so without sound or even any explosive effects.

Wang Ling closed On Talismans and stood up from the ground. He patted the dust off his clothes. A strong wind brushed over his black-and-white short-sleeved shirt, exposing his bright and clean collarbone.

The effects of the World-Annihilating Sword could be subdivided into various types. One was world-annihilating punishment, which was a great killer move that could truly destroy everything. Another was world-annihilating purification, which could strip away the power of Sword Dao...

Because of the sword spirit's loyalty to its master, Wang Ling had ultimately decided to be lenient; he felt that stripping Evil Sword God of the power of Sword Dao that he was so proud of was already the best punishment for him.

And Jingke abided by Wang Ling's will...

...

Later, when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recovered, he found himself at the edge of a deep pit in the center of the intrinsic spirit field.

Taking a look, he saw the master and sword duo of Evil Sword God and the Heaven-Cleaving sword spirit folded over each other inside.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Yooooo..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Wang Ling behind him and said, "Brother Ling, what should we do now?"

Wang Ling: "..."

What else could they do?

Call Odd Zhuo...

Chapter 446 An Old Immortal Shoulders Responsibility, Magic Without End

When Jingke had possessed his body, it wasn't like Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't felt anything. In that instant, it had almost been like using the same body as a big shot – this kind of feeling was too wonderful to be able to describe in detail.

In any case, he felt that he had gotten stronger!

Through this event, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had a new and more refined understanding of what "strength" meant... it turned out that you could become stronger without needing to go bald! As long as you grasped a big gun, you had nothing to fear!

When Jingke had finally deployed the "World-Annihilating Sword" in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's body, the latter had been intimidated by the sword's effect.

The supreme profound truth of Sword Dao rivalled a blow of heavenly punishment... Who could endure it?

Although this wasn't a technique he had deployed with his own power, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that for his body to be used to discharge this heaven-defying profound truth of Sword Dao in this lifetime, even if it might have cost him his life, was the height of satisfaction. That was because deploying the "World-Annihilating Sword" as a profound truth of Sword Dao had never been something he had ever considered for himself in theory...

Thus, the taste of the battle just now still lingered with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Very few people in their lifetimes would have this type of opportunity to be possessed by a big shot for battle, but as long as they chanced upon it, they were certain to gain immeasurable benefits.

In terms of Sword Dao, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was only a minor cultivator to begin with, and his specialty was actually secret weapons and physical attacks.

But this time, Jingke had possessed his body and had performed some crazy, heavy duty operations in it... Even though Jingke had already left his body, the memory still remained.

If he went and studied this memory carefully later on, it would be of great help in improving his Sword Dao techniques.

Furthermore, it was very likely that his proficiency and various skills in Sword Dao would surpass his major cultivation of secret weapons and physical attacks within a short period of time.

In a situation of equal strength, a secret weapon was indeed a good technique because it could both attack and defend and even create an unexpected outcome in battle.

But in a crushing situation like today's, his Skybomb Grenades simply hadn't been enough.

This was the limitation of using secret weapons...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stood at the edge of the deep pit and cupped his chin as he pondered.

A review in the aftermath of a battle was an absolute must!

In today's era of peace, how many battles could they fight?

The scene in front of his eyes dissipated, and the master and servant duo who had been folded over each other in the pit reappeared on the ground in the real world.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that Wang Ling had already canceled the intrinsic spirit field.

He looked around and realized that that they were in quite a remote location, next to a mountain road on the outskirts.

They had actually been fighting in a place like this...

Thankfully, there was no sign of human habitation here. Furthermore, when Evil Sword God had passed through here earlier, all electronic equipment had been destroyed by that demonic sword qi.

Wang Ling had already sent Odd Zhuo a text message, and at that moment, the latter was rushing over as fast as he could. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was waiting by the side of the mountain road to deal with the aftermath.

Ten-odd seconds later, the Heaven-Cleaving sword's skeleton sword spirit disappeared; after that big battle just now, his spirit power had been exhausted and he could no longer maintain his virtual state.

As for Evil Sword God, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wasn't worried about him at all.

All his power of Sword Dao had been taken away by the World-Annihilating Sword, and the sword's seal on Evil Sword God's spirit would remain in effect for a very, very long time.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal turned around to cup his fists as he thanked Wang Ling. "Brother Ling, it was thanks to you..."

But before he could finish his sentence, Wang Ling's figure turned into a breeze that then dissipated...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "???"

At this time, a figure approached the scene from not very far away. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gazed in its direction with delight.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Loopy Toad, why is it you?"

Loopy Toad replied, "My little master is doing revision, so he had me come take a look. This place is too remote; I was only able to find it after following your scent for a while."

"Revision?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was dazed. "Then the one who was here before..."

Loopy Toad: "Of course it was my little master's clone!"

"..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help wiping at his sweat.

Too brutal... Although Evil Sword God had been defeated by that final move from the World-Annihilating Sword...

The two slaps which Wang Ling had dealt him had been very real.

Just a clone...

Had thrashed Evil Sword God to an inch of his life with mere slaps...

And activated an intrinsic spirit field in passing...

As expected, the most abnormal person around him was Brother Ling!

Too frightening...

Looking at Evil Sword God lying on the ground, Loopy Toad also felt a little terrified.

On the way here earlier, it had used the ability to share sight through the soul pet contract to watch the scene.

Then, it had seen a massive sword of light thrusting down at Evil Sword God's head.

The World-Annihilating Sword...

Loopy Toad felt that a Sword Dao fanatic like Evil Sword God should probably be content even in death to be stabbed by this kind of technique.

It sighed and looked around. "Tch, it's a bit dark around here..." Furthermore, the location was a little remote. It was a little worried about Odd Zhuo smoothly finding his way here.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Loopy Toad and said, "It's not too bad. When Evil Sword God's demonic nature flared up earlier, all the electronic products nearby were destroyed, but now that Brother Loopy Toad is here, we can use you as lighting."

Loopy Toad: "???"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Loopy Toad, haven't you realized?"

Loopy Toad: "Realized what?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Your dog fur is fluorescent!"

Loopy Toad: "..."

...

Meanwhile, about half an hour after the accident, Odd Zhuo arrived at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's location.

The street lights along the mountain road had already all been destroyed; it was all a vast darkness as far as the eye could see.

In fact, as early as roughly two hours ago, Songhai city's emergency center had been flooded with consecutive reports from the public.

They claimed that there was a widespread blackout in their area and that all of their electronic products weren't working.

At that time, Odd Zhuo had already had a bad feeling.

After that, more reports were phoned in claiming that someone was throwing out smoke bombs high in the air above Songhai city, covering the sky in roiling dense fog for thousands of miles. Although this dense fog had flowed in from the outskirts, it was still quite troublesome to deal with – since no one knew exactly what the fog was made of, traffic police patrolling the air didn't dare approach it at all.

At the moment, the area with the dense fog had already been sealed off and no one was allowed to approach it as an emergency evacuation was carried out.

In the evening, Odd Zhuo's WeChat Moments was very lively. Warden Liang from Songhai First Prison as well as the cultivation police chiefs and deputy chiefs of the different districts sent in complaints one after another...

As Odd Zhuo consoled them in WeChat Moments, he was also making his own guesses.

He speculated that this evening's series of events were probably all related.

After going through several major incidents, it felt like Odd Zhuo could now sense in advance when one was about to happen; he would feel muddleheaded and uneasy the whole day...

He had been feeling this way since this morning! Furthermore, it had been a very strong feeling!

So that evening, Odd Zhuo didn't leave work for a very long time as he sat in his office at Songhai's General Administration of 100 Schools and quietly monitored the activity in his WeChat Moments.

Sure enough, not long after that series of reports had been phoned in...

He saw a text message from his shifu Wang Ling.

Chapter 447 Guys Who Have to Make Up Homework, You're Running Out of Time!

The large-scale blackout in the area and all types of electronic equipment malfunctioning were acts of God; as Odd Zhuo sped to the scene, he scrolled through online comments which were full of laments.

There was no helping it; the government of Songhai city would have to provide unavoidably large compensation since the people couldn't suffer losses for no reason at all.

But at the same time, Odd Zhuo was very curious to know what on earth had happened that could create such an impact.

Deputy Director Zhong Lang and Odd Zhuo were sitting in the car as the master driver drove them closer and closer to their destination, which was the location Wang Ling had sent earlier. "Brother Zhuo, what's happened this time?"

"Something big... You'll know once we get there," Odd Zhuo answered cryptically.

But based on the signs, Odd Zhuo felt that it was most likely "a fight between immortals," and the man whom his shifu had defeated this time was probably a fairly remarkable person.

Zhong Lang pursed his lips. "But logically speaking, this doesn't involve schools or their students... aren't we overstepping a boundary if we get involved like this? What if the other departments report us?"

"Don't panic." Odd Zhuo shook his head and said, "First of all, this incident definitely has an impact on school students."

Zhong Lang: "???"

Odd Zhuo: "It's almost time for the midterm exams, and the kids have to do their revision but can't, given this widespread blackout! I actually already received a lot of complaints over the phone at the office earlier. As guardians who care about the learning and growth of the young sprouts of the motherland, we should verify what has happened for the sake of these kids!"

Zhong Lang was taken aback. "...". He could follow this reasoning – but the point was that he had taken a look at the school forums and message boards just now, and all the children had been cheering. A lot of homework now had to be completed on the computer. What did a large-scale blackout mean?

For a lot of students, their first reaction definitely wasn't regret that they couldn't complete their homework; instead, they rejoiced that they didn't have to hand in their homework the following day!

"As for the complaints you mentioned..." Speaking up to this point, Odd Zhuo fell silent.

He knew that the complaints Zhong Lang had brought up definitely existed.

Odd Zhuo's rise in popularity had been meteoric because of his involvement in various major incidents in these two months.

Major newspapers fell over themselves to report news on him and his relevant achievements. There would be an article almost every two days; basically, they never stopped.

Furthermore, Odd Zhuo's position was related to education, which was a field that needed news brimming with positive energy and worthy role models. Nowadays, people scrambled to turn one or two of the better-looking older brothers and sisters in the various frontier defense troops, the army barracks, and the traffic police brigades into headlines or hot search topics, amply motivating citizens to join the army.

In the same way, Secretary Dakang, the top leader in the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools, thought that the field of education should also have a representative to be promoted and publicized as a spokesperson for education.

And Odd Zhuo was a great frontman...

What was more, he was actually pretty good-looking.

Although he couldn't compare with film celebrities, he had a fair face and a scholarly air that was pure, natural and uncontaminated.

In a government organizational structure like theirs, competition in the same field was very fierce, even if you weren't in the same department. When you were in the heart of things, there were always envious people who wanted to drag you down.

But Odd Zhuo had always felt that something like reporting a complaint made sense since it could be considered a form of competitive behavior; it was just a little underhanded.

Odd Zhuo sighed and then smiled. "There will definitely be complaints, but they will basically all be intercepted and won't be delivered."

Zhong Lang: "Ah? But two days ago, I received a lot..."

Odd Zhuo: "That was arranged by Secretary Dakang. All the letters of complaint at the head office are ultimately forwarded to us. Secretary Dakang said that they're for internal consideration, and that this is also a process of self-learning and self-reflection."

It turned out that this issue had already long been addressed!

"..." Zhong Lang was suddenly enlightened.

Three huge phrases appeared in his mind: "bigwig," "society," and "can't be provoked"...

...

The car slowly approached their destination. The mountain road was a little more remote, and while the driver had in fact already arrived at the approximate location, it still took a very long time to get there.

Of course, the reason why they were ultimately able to find Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the others without a hitch was completely thanks to Loopy Toad's remarkable fluorescent green dog fur.

In the pitch-black darkness, it looked green and lush from a distance, and was eye-catching and pleasing to look at.

The car's headlights were pointed at the scene of the crime, which caused Loopy Toad's eyes to feel uncomfortable. It simply went directly to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and hid behind him; when it realized that there were other people besides Odd Zhuo who had come, it was instantly wary.

"Hello, Senior Immortal!" Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang got out of the car, and Odd Zhuo stepped forward to give his greetings.

It was only at this moment that Zhong Lang realized that the tipster for this incident this time was actually the famous "Great Death-Courting Senior" of the cultivation circle; Zhong Lang now understood why this incident could create such a huge disturbance!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal responded with a fist salute. "Hello, Brother Odd Zhuo, we'll have to trouble you again this evening."

Odd Zhuo: "Senior Immortal, there's no need to be polite. I've long become used to it..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Zhong Lang: "..."

Odd Zhuo: "But Senior Immortal, is it possible for you to tell us what on earth happened?" Earlier, Wang Ling had just informed him about this location, so Odd Zhuo wasn't very clear on the exact details of the entire situation.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pointed at the young man lying on the ground. "See this person? His origin is very unusual, but he is in no way inferior to the old devil as a first-class criminal. He has committed countless sins, has skills more profound than even the old devil's, and has a very deep relationship with General Yi."

When Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang heard this, their complexions turned pale.

To be associated with the Ten Founding Generals – it was very clear how deep the waters ran behind all this.

Moreover, the one thing that greatly surprised Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang was that this young man's skills were more profound than the old devil's?

Odd Zhuo sucked in a sharp breath of air. "Senior Immortal... is this person at peak True Immortal level?"

Grenade-throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "That's right, Furthermore, he has already cultivated a Heavenly Dao..."

Although, your shifu confiscated it...

Chapter 448 Gathering of Bigwigs in Songhai Prison

Cultivated a Heavenly Dao...

Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang were stupefied.

Although they were only at the Golden Core stage, that didn't mean that they didn't know what a 'Heavenly Dao' implied.

It was something which pertained to the principles of Taoism and which a person could touch only after reaching True Immortal level. Even for many Soul Formation cultivators it was a very distant thing, what more for the two of them.

Gazing at the young man lying on the ground, Odd Zhuo then looked around and realized that his shifu Wang Ling wasn't there.

However, it was indeed shifu who had sent him the coordinates of this location earlier.

So Odd Zhuo made a quick deduction.

According to what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said before, if this young man was a True Immortal big shot and had cultivated a Heavenly Dao, there was no way Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could have dealt with him given his current strength. Thus, it was very likely that it was shifu who had defeated the young man and left this place, leaving Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal behind to coordinate the aftermath...

Odd Zhuo knew that his shifu was a man who liked to keep a low profile, so every time he cleaned up some evil force, he would immediately call Odd Zhuo to deal with the aftermath and then push all the credit onto him.

But here was the problem now...

This was a True Immortal big shot. Even if he, Zhong Lang and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had run into this type of big shot cultivator together, wouldn't they all be killed with just one slap?!

Odd Zhuo looked at the young man on the ground and had a slight headache.

Hm...

He really couldn't carry this wok!

If he was going to shoulder this wok, then he should do it in a scientific way...

Odd Zhuo remembered when the Master of Immortal Mansion had been arrested previously. Although the other party was an Itinerant Immortal, it was fortunate that a lot of top experts from the chat group had joined forces to surround and defeat him. Although their strength did appear to be on different levels, at least it wasn't too conspicuous a gap.

But now, a True Immortal big shot had been defeated just like that. To be beaten solely through the joint efforts of the three people present... This reason might not be convincing enough.

"Brother Zhuo, what are you worried about?" Zhong Lang asked.

"I was thinking that it indeed wouldn't be appropriate for our involvement in this matter to be made public," Odd Zhuo said with his chin in his hand. "Hm... Little Zhong, contact Warden Liang for me and have him deal with this."

Zhong Lang nodded obediently. "Very well, Brother Zhuo!"

"Brother Odd Zhuo, to be able to arrest such a vicious criminal can be considered an unparalleled achievement. Why would you push it onto someone else?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled.

Odd Zhuo sighed. "This wok is too heavy..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

In fact, to put it bluntly, the issue was the difference in realms.

Odd Zhuo was actually a pretty self-aware person. There were some things he could take credit for, but some he couldn't. The moment he was half as strong as shifu, he would put that wok down... But for now, he still felt he was weak.

"But by the way, Senior Immortal, I don't sense any spirit energy from this person. Is he really that strong?" Odd Zhuo asked.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Odd Zhuo, there's nothing to worry about. This man's spirit has been sealed, and he is now no different to a regular person. You can arrest him without worry, but if you're really uneasy, you can apply to your higher-ups to use Spirit Shackles. In addition, I suggest it would be best for you to get in touch with General Yi about this incident."

Odd Zhuo nodded. "I'll do as Senior Immortal says!"

After all, this involved the Ten Founding Generals, so he had to be cautiously prudent.

"But Senior Immortal, come to think of it... who exactly is this person?"

"Ten-Meter Sword God, Chen Nanxuan. He calls himself Evil Sword God."

Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang had enlightened expressions on their faces. "Is that right..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very surprised. "Have you heard of him?"

Odd Zhuo: "No..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Actually, it made sense that they didn't know Evil Sword God.

After all, it had been a very long time ago, and furthermore, Evil Sword God's identity was directly related to General Yi.

Therefore, although the higher-ups had dispatched people all this time to secretly look for traces of Evil Sword God, whatever news that might have been leaked by the media as well as news reports related to Evil Sword God back then had all been frozen.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal believed that if he went to the library now, that newspaper that had published Evil Sword God's deeds would definitely no longer be there.

Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang were very young, so it was in fact normal for them not to know him.

Moreover, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that even if Evil Sword God was brought up in the chat group, not many people would be able to say much about him. Had it not been for Daoist Guang's personal clash with Evil Sword God back then, the only clue Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was able to obtain on him would have been limited to just that newspaper.

However, after today's incident, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was starting to gain a new understanding on the gap between realms.

Evil Sword God was really too ferocious. If Daoist Guang hadn't been a True Immortal at the time, he might not have been able to escape his death.

By the time Warden Liang arrived, it was already close to ten o'clock.

After that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Odd Zhuo were busy handling the incident with Evil Sword God until after midnight.

...

Songhai First Prison.

Warden Liang sent Evil Sword God there that very night. That was because after his spirit had been sealed off by the "World-Annihilating Sword," Evil Sword God had been unconscious since then.

Warden Liang straightaway put him in Spirit Shackles and sent him to the special prison cell.

After the cell door opened, two prison guards carried Evil Sword God inside. Following behind them, Warden Liang couldn't help sighing in his heart. It had barely been a few short months and this was already the third one...

He looked at Devil Emperor Gua Pi and the Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, who were sitting in meditation...

Hm, they had caught a fatan, and then a marksman, and now this newly arrested warrior... Damn! Their battle team lineup was almost complete!

Warden Liang thought he could probably apply for funding assistance to expand the special prison cell.

The old devil and Cheng Yu, the Master of Immortal Mansion, were still in the trial period. While it looked as if it had been a long time since they were captured, it actually hadn't been two months since both of them had gone to prison one after another. They had yet to be fully rehabilitated, and already a new prisoner had arrived.

"Old Liang, who is this person?" The old devil looked up and sneered when he saw that a new person had been brought in again.

He was still using Jiang Liuyue's body. When he spoke, his old voice coming out of that body was jarring.

But that couldn't be helped since the old devil was wearing Spirit Shackles, and with his spirit sealed, it was impossible to swap the bodies back.

Furthermore, the higher authorities were afraid something might happen if the seal was lifted and the old devil was placed in an artificially made body, so he had to put up with this for now; as for the Master of Shadow Stream, Jiang Liuyue, her soul had already been transferred from the stone ghost mask to an artificial body, and she would also be placed inside this special cell very soon.

This battle team lineup would have an assassin right away...

"No comment for the time being... But I advise you not to provoke him." Warden Liang raised his hand and had Evil Sword God placed on a vacant bunk.

"You two, behave yourselves!"

Then he left with the prison guards, and the cell door slammed tightly shut with a loud bang.

...

Two minutes later...

Cheng Yu raised his head and looked at the old devil next to him. "What do you say, Devil Emperor?"

The old devil chuckled. "Of course wake him up..."

Initiation was an essential part of the process for every "newbie" that entered prison.

Evil Sword God was still unconscious when two figures approached him from both sides in the special cell.

Then, two crisp "pa pa" sounds could be heard.

Evil Sword God was slapped twice once again...A reminder that this is the Chinese term used for game characters strong enough to resist any damage to themselves.A reminder that 'to carry a wok on the back' is to take the fall or be a scapegoat for something.

Chapter 449 Responsibility... Shows up on Its Own!

Evil Sword God might have been captured, but the incident was suppressed in the end given his identity. As for the unusual large-scale blackout and the malfunctioning electronic equipment in the area, Songhai city's Electricity Department ultimately took responsibility for it. A notice about the accident was posted the following day which explained that it had happened because of faulty equipment; in the end, only those who had been personally involved knew what had actually happened.

That night, not long after Evil Sword God was detained, Odd Zhuo received two phone calls.

The first was from his old leader, Secretary Dakang.

"Hello, Little Zhuozi..."

Odd Zhuo had already gone from being overwhelmed at hearing the old secretary's intimate address in the beginning to being completely used to it.

Odd Zhuo nodded. "Yes, it's me, secretary."

On the other end of the phone, Secretary Dakang said in a somewhat meaningful tone, "I've always thought since before that you have experts hiding around you... Hehe, you've completely exposed yourself when catching this Evil Sword God this time."

Odd Zhuo's mind went blank when he heard this; if shifu knew that he hadn't taken responsibility for this incident, he would definitely hate him!

"Secretary Dakang, it's not like that..."

Odd Zhuo was about to explain when Secretary Dakang's voice came over the phone. "Don't be afraid," he said. "As long as you're dedicated to society, I don't care whether you have one expert or two experts around. But for that senior you invited to be able to catch Evil Sword God, his strength is certainly not ordinary. Perhaps he is in no way weaker than me or Old Yi."

"Secretary, I..."

"It's fine, you don't have to explain. I understand you."

On the other end of the line, Secretary Dakang nodded slightly and said slowly, "Everyone has secrets; no one can live without them. You bring honor to our education field and you are now a role model for all children. I have to thank you for that... Later, if you get a call from Old Yi, you can straightaway direct him to me and say that I was the one who invited the senior behind you so that he doesn't start talking behind your back..."

"..." Listening over the phone, Odd Zhuo suddenly felt a little addled.

Something that had seemed impossible to explain had actually been inexplicably resolved?

"Given Old Yi's character, I'm guessing that once he finds out about this, he'll definitely make the trip to Songhai city, and will even call you. What's more important is that we sort out what we should say first, since Old Yi this person is very shrewd."

Speaking up to this point, Secretary Dakang couldn't help laughing out loud. "Previously, he, Old Jiang and I made a bet to see who could catch that Chen Nanxuan first. In the end, who would have ever thought that the result would be me winning by default! Little Zhuozi, you've given me face again!"

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Secretary Dakang: "Also, you handled the particulars very well this time. You immediately suppressed the media and didn't alert them. It's still better to leave Evil Sword God to Old Yi himself to handle."

"..."

"Little Zhuozi, don't worry. Although there won't be any media coverage on this incident, you will certainly receive plenty of internal commendations. If you are promoted to our Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools in the future and Old Yi is willing to put in a good word for you, that will carry a lot of weight."

"Very well, secretary..."

Odd Zhuo thanked him, hung up the phone, and then couldn't help taking out a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe at his sweat.

A man sits at home and responsibility falls from heaven...

As it turned out, he had been powerless from the start to decide for himself whether to shoulder this responsibility or not – because it had been decreed by fate, falling from the sky!

...

It wasn't long after Secretary Dakang's call that the phone rang once again in Odd Zhuo's staff apartment. It was an unknown number, but Odd Zhuo knew when he saw the call that it was most likely from General Yi.

Actually, he and General Yi had met once before at the combined military training for six schools, but General Yi hadn't been familiar with him at that time.

This was a founding father, a legendary existence who had battled demon gods with his own strength, and who was already actually calmly indifferent to a lot of things. It was impossible for a junior to try and curry favor with him.

So this phone call was in fact an opportunity.

But Odd Zhuo's top priority at present was to shoulder the responsibility shifu had given him – keeping shifu happy was the most important thing. While he hadn't been able to learn anything from shifu yet, Odd Zhuo felt that it was only a matter of time, given their master and disciple relationship.

He had been well aware of this from the very beginning.

Odd Zhuo picked up the phone. Compared with Secretary Dakang, who typically sounded like an old-fashioned matchmaker, General Yi's voice sounded much deeper and more solemn. "Are you... Odd Zhuo?"

Odd Zhuo nodded. "I am..."

On the other end of the phone, General Yi was silent for a bit before he asked, "Is Dakang your shifu?"

Odd Zhuo: "General Yi, you misunderstand... we only have a leader and subordinate relationship."

General Yi couldn't help asking. "Then why does he treat you like a disciple? If this old man hadn't thoroughly checked you out, I would have almost thought you were his illegitimate child."

Odd Zhuo's face twitched. "..."

Getting down to business, General Yi cleared his throat. "This old man got a phone call from him just now saying that you caught my junior brother, after he's been on the run for so many years – is that true?"

In fact, the moment he had received the phone call, General Yi hadn't dared believe it, because no one knew his junior brother better than he did.

Vicious and merciless, cutting people down like grass, and murdering his own shifu back then – during that time, his junior brother's strength had already been very terrifying, and to be caught suddenly after disappearing for several hundred years made General Yi very suspicious.

Odd Zhuo took a breath and said very seriously, "General Yi, the news that Evil Sword God has been arrested is true. We have already collected the Heaven-Cleaving sword he was holding as evidence, you can come and verify it for yourself."

"Very well, this old man will be able to tell with one glance whether it's the genuine thing or not. I'm leaving for Songhai city tomorrow... I'll find out for myself then."

On the other end of the line, General Yi said, "But this old man still has a question."

Odd Zhuo: "General, say it, please..."

General Yi: "I heard that you are the leader directly in charge of this matter, so would it be possible for you to tell this old man... how was my stupid junior brother defeated? I hope you won't try to dupe me... This old man has already put a curse on this phone call; if you have something to hide, every time it rains in the next six months, you'll experience an unbearable itch."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

To be honest, this question made Odd Zhuo sigh in relief, because General Yi had asked how Evil Sword God had been defeated and not who had defeated him.

Odd Zhuo felt it was completely okay as long as he didn't expose Wang Ling.

Odd Zhuo actually hadn't seen the battle with his own eyes, but had heard all about it from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

General Yi just wanted to hear the truth, right...

Odd Zhuo recalled what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said about the battle and replied, "Erm... General Yi, it went like this...

"He was first given two slaps..."

"Mm..."

"After that, he was stabbed with a magic sword..."

"Mm, and then?"

"That was it..."

"..."

Chapter 450 Inheriting the Power of Sword Dao

It was July 11th on Tuesday in the twelfth week of the semester.

It was already more than ten hours after Evil Sword God had been formally detained. Returning home from school, Wang Ling placed the tools specially required for making talismans on his table: a brush, talisman paper, and cinnabar.

While he had taken Evil Sword God's power of Sword Dao away, that didn't mean that it had disappeared.

Wang Ling's Great Sword Dao Spell attribute was "omniscience," and Evil Sword God's attribute was the "ten-meter sword circle."

Looking at the level of quality of these attributes, the one that Wang Ling had grasped was undoubtedly the finest, but Evil Sword God's ten-meter sword circle couldn't be considered weak; at the very least, it could greatly enhance his strength and make him invincible in a fight at close quarters.

It was just Evil Sword God's bad luck this time to run into Wang Ling.

Otherwise, Wang Ling felt that with this ten-meter sword circle, even Evil Sword God's senior brother General Yi wouldn't be able to take him down.

The Dao talisman that Wang Ling was preparing to draw this time was an inheritance talisman that would be combined with the "Great Sword Dao Spell" which had previously been taken from Evil Sword God.

This was a type of legendary Dao talisman and there were almost no written records of it in the world; originally, it had been used to inherit the Three Thousand Great Spells.

Standing in front of the table with the brush in his hand, Wang Ling drew the talisman with extreme focus.

Crouched in Wang Ling's chair, Loopy Toad watched intently.

Little Sheep stood next to the table.

Inheritance talisman...

Loopy Toad had never seen this kind of Dao talisman before and it was extremely difficult to draw. Even a professional talisman maker following a diagram had a very low chance of succeeding, and the success rate was almost negligible.

After all, this was a special Dao talisman for inheriting the Three Thousand Great Spells; it wasn't some small, common ability, and it would never be that easy to draw.

"What's it for?" Loopy Toad crouched in the chair and blinked.

Wang Ling paid no attention to him as he concentrated on drawing the Dao talisman.

On the side, Sheep raised her eyebrows as she looked at Loopy Toad. "Obviously, it's for you!"

Loopy Toad was taken aback; it had never thought that its little master would actually pass on the Sword Dao he had taken from Evil Sword God to it.

"But... I can't use a sword..." Loopy Toad broke into a sweat. It wasn't convenient for it to hold a sword with its paws unless it could cultivate a human shape. The problem was that it had just reached second class, and it would actually be a long time before it could advance to first class.

Advancing from second class to first class included a transformation from the beast form to a human form, which for spirit beasts was equivalent to the "Soul Formation stage." Ultimately, spirit beasts had to successfully pass through a tribulation before they could cultivate to first class.

Loopy Toad calculated its current cultivation progress: even if it was now using the modified "Demon King Heart Sutra" to speed up its cultivation, without any further assistance, it would have to painstakingly cultivate for at least the next fifty years.

Advancing from second class to first class in fifty years could already be considered a breakneck pace.

An ordinary spirit beast would need at least a thousand years of cultivation to advance from second class to first class.

The modified "Demon King Heart Sutra" had already enhanced its speed twenty-fold... Loopy Toad was already pretty content with its situation — it wasn't Sage Tyrant Song!

...

Soon, Wang Ling finished drawing the Dao talisman and raised his eyes to look at Loopy Toad.

Of course he knew Loopy Toad's misgivings.

But he thought that most people in fact had a mistaken understanding of Sword Dao.

True Sword Dao didn't require that you wield a sword.

That also included when, during the fight, Evil Sword God had thought the highest state in Sword Dao was when a man and a sword became one. In fact, this wasn't the case.

Each of the Three Thousand Great Spells had a lot of their own attributes, and depending on each person's differing understanding of them, these attributes could be divided into many types.

Attribute was attribute.

Realm was realm.

Profound truth was profound truth.

The highest state of Sword Dao was "intangible heart sword," which was then followed by "union between man and sword."

A sword not in hand but in heart – this was the highest state of Sword Dao!

But there were very few people in the world today who could grasp this level.

Each person grasped different Sword Dao attributes, but if one was adept in cultivation, they could ultimately achieve "union between man and sword" or even "intangible heart sword"– even the supreme profound truth of Sword Dao, the "World-Annihilating Sword," would be within their grasp.

That was why in reality, whether it was Wang Ling or Jingke, both of them could use the "World-Annihilating Sword" independent of each other.

As for why Jingke had chosen to become one with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal before using the World-Annihilating Sword in the previous fight against Evil Sword God, that was also Wang Ling's decision.

Bluntly speaking, it was to help Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal save face.

Wang Ling handed the inheritance talisman to Loopy Toad and told it to stick the talisman on its forehead when it had spare time. Sword Dao techniques were very complicated, but there was nothing to be afraid of if Loopy Toad used the inheritance talisman; it would be able to absorb a little each day and would master Sword Dao sooner or later.

"Do I really have to learn it?" Loopy Toad was very doubtful as it accepted the inheritance talisman.

Its current realm was just second class... at most it was just at the Nascent Soul stage, and the Three Thousand Great Spells was something that could only be touched by peak True Immortals at the very least! Wasn't it a little too early to come into contact with them now?

Sheep crouched down and stroked Loopy Toad's fur. "The Three Thousand Great Spells are indeed difficult to comprehend. But actually, anyone can master them. Why do you think I can run so fast?"

"..." Loopy Toad was immediately lost for words.

When it heard what Sheep had said, it seemed to instantly understand. The goblins in the villa that had been enlightened by Little Master Ling actually didn't have high realms, but each of them had at least grasped one of the Three Thousand Great Spells – they had directly inherited these spells from Wang Ling after being enlightened!

Sheep was clearly at the Soul Formation stage, but she had mastered the Great Wind Speed Spell.

And Lord Ma, who had the highest realm and who in the villa was the only Itinerant Immortal Wang Ling had directly enlightened, had mastered the "Great Devouring Spell"...

The Three Thousand Great Spells were something that could only be comprehended naturally once a person reached a particular realm. Furthermore, they were very difficult to understand, and many people frantically pursued them – but if they could be inherited, then that was a different matter altogether.

Sheep: "Since little master is giving this to you, just accept it."

Loopy Toad: "But I don't have a sword..."

Sheep: "Don't you have claws?"

Loopy Toad: "..."

...

That night, an old man with white hedgehog hair appeared at Songhai First Prison's main gate. As always, he was dressed in a martial arts outfit with a red waist sash. Furthermore, he didn't like walking, and he floated in the air with his feet several inches off the ground.

"Who is it?"

The prison officer guarding the entrance saw that there seemed to be a man at the gate, and he opened the small window in the iron gate to take a look.

As a result, his face was instantly dotted with beads of fine sweat. "Gen, Gen, General Yi?"

General Yi nodded and gave a soft grunt. "Open up."

According to standard procedure, anyone entering the prison needed the warden's personal approval. There was no way Warden Liang wouldn't know if General Yi intended to come, and the prison would definitely have prepared beforehand to greet him.

Unless General Yi had personally dropped by without informing anyone...

The prison officer couldn't help recalling the criminal whom Warden Liang had personally put into the special prison cell that day in the early hours of the morning. Perhaps General Yi was here for that criminal... to be imprisoned with the old devil and Cheng Yu, the Master of Immortal Mansion, how could it be an ordinary person? For this criminal to actually alarm General Yi enough for the latter to come in person, the prison officer at the entrance felt this was quite unbelievable. An alias for the protagonist of the xuanhuan novel "Cultivation Chat Group." Song is a trouble magnet who actively courts death on a daily basis.