

Daily Life 661

Chapter 661: Exams Might Be postponed, But Never Canceled!

Body Transformation Spell...

This spell was a profound truth of an immortal body which was capable of reassembling itself together after autonomously breaking down into equal parts. The higher a person's cultivation realm, the more parts their body could split into. Once a person cultivated to the level of the ultimate profound truth, the body could completely transform into a liquid state.

Yaren had planned to give Elder Ji Xing a surprise, but unfortunately, as soon as Elder Ji Xing walked into the tent, he drank some of Yaren's transformed body tissue.

No matter what body part it was, the result was excruciating.

Moreover, because of this missing body tissue, Elder Yaren's recovery time took far, far longer than usual; it wasn't until the next morning that he was completely restored from his fluid state.

But the most tragic person was still Elder Ji Xing.

Elder Ji Xing threw up. He threw up all night until even his makeup cracked from all the puking.

Given the troop's lack of manpower and Elder Ji Xing's utterly wretched state, the revenge plan that had initially been scheduled for Monday July 24th in the fourteenth week of the semester had to be temporarily abandoned and postponed to another day.

This was an attack plan tinged with some sorrow...

But this bumpy road to revenge continued ever on.

...

It was Monday July 24th in the fourteenth week of the semester.

When Wang Ling woke up that morning, his eyelid finally stopped twitching.

It felt like it had been a very, very long time since his eyelid last twitched in warning.

This indicated that something bad centered around him was going to happen soon.

In fact, his eyelid had already started twitching since the early hours of the morning, and it had lasted for a full five hours.

Disaster level, four stars.

This was possibly one of the most severe warnings Wang Ling had received since he was a child...

The last time he had received a five-star warning was when he was ten years old and had been on his way to buy crispy noodle snacks before Loopy Toad fell from the sky and interrupted him. Even now, this scene from six years ago was still fresh in Wang Ling's memory.

A five-star warning was a city-level disaster.

A four-star warning...

Wang Ling thought it over, and the first thing that came to mind was school.

No. 60 High might be in danger!

It wasn't strange for him to come up this conjecture.

For one thing, that President Bai was still at large. For another, Wang Ling speculated that Odd Zhuo, who had been in the limelight recently and who had served as commander in successive cases, might very likely become the Demon Hunters Association's new target for retaliation when they failed to find Loopy Toad as well as to take revenge on Little Silver.

Given how ruthless this bunch from the Demon Hunters Association was, just taking care of Odd Zhuo seemed too petty a deal... But, if they could carry out a revenge attack on this Director Zhuo's alma mater, that was sure to be even more traumatic for him.

So when Wang Ling's eyelid twitched in warning this time, he almost immediately thought of No. 60 High and Odd Zhuo.

Whether it was the school or this disciple of his, Wang Ling felt he had to protect them himself.

What kind of joke was this... No. 60 High's first semester final exams were just around the corner, and something just had to go wrong at this critical moment – at No. 60, the exams might be postponed, but they were never canceled!

The fact was that Wang Ling had already started preparing for the final exams; if they were postponed, the teachers of No. 60 High would most likely change the exam questions, given their “awesome” personalities, and when the time came, his revision would have been for nothing! Wang Ling had spent a lot of time focused on analyzing exam questions these days! Absolutely no one was allowed to ruin the sacred final exams!

Wang Ling was exceptionally resolute on this point.

Considering the possibility that Odd Zhuo might be in danger, Wang Ling's thoughts moved.

Next to the bed, Jingke turned into a brown stream of light with a “xiu” sound and disappeared...

To be on the safe side, Wang Ling thought it was still better for Jingke to go and guard Odd Zhuo.

After all, this enemy was more cunning than most, and a pair of long johns might already no longer be adequate protection.

...

When he left the staff apartment that morning, Odd Zhuo realized he was being followed.

He and Deputy Director Zhong Lang were sitting in the same car, and both of them were well aware of the unusual situation behind them. Gripping the steering wheel, the driver deliberately made several detours on Odd Zhuo's instruction, but the gray van behind them still remained steadily close on their tail.

"Lord Director, Lord Deputy Director... what should we do now?" the driver asked helplessly.

Odd Zhuo frowned. "We took so many detours completely different to our usual route. They should have realized by now that we've noticed them, so there's no sense in playing hide and seek like this."

Odd Zhuo calmly analyzed the situation. It was clear that the people behind them had come prepared. The other party knew their usual route to work very well, and very likely had a fair amount of information on them.

Moreover, it just so happened that Odd Zhuo's car was being serviced today, which was why he was following Zhong Lang's car to the General Administration of 100 Schools.

Just thinking about this was already enough to make Odd Zhuo's back break out in cold sweat.

Because this meant that the other party had probably already been watching him for a long time...

As expected, was he the target?

Odd Zhuo sighed.

"Brother Zhuo, what should we do now?" Zhong Lang asked.

Odd Zhuo took out a pair of long johns out from the storage space built into his pocket. "Put this on and get out of the car with me."

Zhong Lang was startled. "..."

What was this? It was summer, why wear this...

“There’s no time to explain, this thing can save your life,” Odd Zhuo said calmly before he looked at the driver in front. “Mr Driver, after you take us to as empty a place as possible, please go back first. We are their targets; as long as we leave, you’ll be safe.”

“Then what about you, Director Zhuo?” The driver was shaken. In fact, he wasn’t weak. “If we work together, maybe...”

“It won’t work. If they know our route inside out, they must also know what our strength is like. Coming to pick a quarrel with us so openly shows that they’re quite confident in their power.”

Saying this, Odd Zhuo grinned. “Rest assured, I have a way.”

For Odd Zhuo, his first priority now was to protect people and property. As long as the driver drove the car to an open area, they could minimize the damage as much as possible.

Secondly, Zhong Lang’s and this driver’s safety were equally important. As a leader, Odd Zhuo felt that he had to take responsibility for them!

As for his own safety, Odd Zhuo had to consider that, too.

So after giving Zhong Lang and the driver their instructions, Odd Zhuo immediately took out his cell phone and sent a text message to his shifu Wang Ling.

The content of the message: (:3」 ∠)_ Shifu, help!

It could be only said that Odd Zhuo was worthy of his reputation as the youngest director of the General Administration of 100 Schools in the history of Huaxiu nation... He executed this series of commands and actions without the least bit of sloppiness.

Chapter 662: Long Johns

Texting for help was the only thing Odd Zhuo could think of at that moment.

Since the other side was bent on their vendetta and tailing them, this proved that these people weren't weak. There was never any room for discussion with this type of utterly ruthless people.

The truth was that since assuming the position of Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools, Odd Zhuo had always been on guard against something like this. General Yi and Secretary Dakang had looked for him previously and wanted to dispatch experts as bodyguards to protect him, but Odd Zhuo had tactfully declined. These experts would be chess pieces of the higher-ups who might investigate him; if they found his shifu Wang Ling, everything would be over.

Odd Zhuo knew his shifu was a person who liked to stay low-key, so he had declined expert protection from the start. General Yi and Secretary Dakang had initially been strongly against his decision. In the end, Odd Zhuo had no choice but to look for help from Wang Ling. And what could Wang Ling do? Naturally, he looked for Father Wang... In the end, Father Wang just sent a message, and instantly there was no longer any sound from the higher-ups.

As for his own safety, Odd Zhuo actually felt that there was absolutely nothing to be worried about... Because in this type of situation, he could send out messages for help!

In fact, he already had several messages like this stored inside his phone.

He even took into account the possibility that the pursuers might carry a signal blocker on them to block calls for help. Odd Zhuo had even prepared a small signal transmitter; this was a separate base station which he had set up at the staff apartment and which could be remotely controlled by the signal transmitter to send a distress signal.

But since he could send the text as usual now, there was actually no need to use this back-up.

The driver stopped the car in an empty place: it was a desolate, suburban park which had yet to be developed.

Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang had barely gotten out of the car when they felt dense killing intent coming from the van...

Sure enough, the people inside didn't have friendly intentions!

The door of the van opened and a gloomy-looking cultivator emerged in front of Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang. The cultivator was dressed differently from a regular cultivator, and looked a bit like the inhabitants of Sun Island.

Odd Zhuo deduced that this was a cultivator who had probably come back after learning ninjutsu on Sun Island. It was the trend now to train in both ninjutsu and cultivation techniques, and there were more and more ninjutsu techniques that had switched to spirit energy as the foundation for their use.

Odd Zhuo didn't think it was strange at all that there were cultivators in the Demon Hunters Association who trained in two fields since the General Administration already had a lot of evidence on the Demon Hunters Association colluding with foreign dark forces.

They had been tracking down the rest of the Demon Hunters Association's executive management previously. Looking now at this man who had appeared in front of them, Odd Zhuo instantly understood: a considerable number of the senior members of the Demon Hunters Association had probably been sent abroad to study, hence why there had never been any information on them at home.

And it was this group of senior members that was the true core of the entire Demon Hunters Association.

As for the executive management in Huaxiu, including Elder Zuo Wu, President Bai might have never used them as the real backbone of power from the very beginning.

"Finally ready to come out..."

The gloomy young man stared at them. "I am here on orders from Elder Ji Xing of the Demon Hunters Association: please come with us."

"You studied abroad, right? It can't be just you from the Demon Hunters Association; did that Elder Ji Xing also return from studying abroad?" Odd Zhuo asked.

"Small talk? There's no harm in telling you; in any case, the both of you will be dead men by tomorrow."

The gloomy young man smiled. “This time, Elder Ji Xing called for us to gather here from abroad. Today was supposed to be the day you die, but because of a slight problem in the organization, our official operation will be carried out tomorrow.”

Official operation?

Odd Zhuo frowned.

From the young man’s tone, the other side didn’t intend to kill him yet; they wanted to catch him first before killing him tomorrow. Coupled with the frenetic movements of foreign dark forces in the last few years, Odd Zhuo felt like he had some idea of what the other side’s objective was – it was very likely that this Demon Hunters Association wanted to seize him and Zhong Lang first and then find a suitable place tomorrow for a public execution.

As for the location, Odd Zhuo also had his own conjecture.

It would either be the General Administration of 100 Schools or No. 60 High School...

Truly a terrible bunch of ruffians!

Odd Zhuo’s heart was a little uneasy. This was just a Demon Hunters Association, a small organization under the foreign dark power Night Chief, yet it actually possessed so much strength and so many expert fighters trained in dual arts. Given this was the case, how terrifying was the genuine Night Chief?

This gloomy young man alone who stood in front of them already surpassed the Soul Formation stage, and Odd Zhuo felt far more pressure than when he was in front of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal! Roughly five Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortals?

Even as Odd Zhuo thought this, the one thing he could be sure was that this man’s cultivation had yet to reach Itinerant Immortal level.

Cheng Yu, the Master of Immortal Mansion, was at the peak late Itinerant Immortal level, which was also known as Half-Step True Immortal level. Compared with the Master of Immortal Mansion, this young man’s strength fell far short. Moreover, the Master of Immortal Mansion also had an intrinsic spirit field, which could boost his combat strength to a level comparable with a True Immortal.

“What is Director Zhuo thinking about? How to handle your remains tomorrow?” This soldier with dual training from the Demon Hunters Association didn’t make a move, and just bantered like this from beginning to end.

When all was said and done, Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang were only at the Golden Core stage, and this Demon Hunters Association soldier thought nothing of their strength at all.

Zhuo Yi gazed at the young man and gave him a kind warning. “If you leave now, you might still live... if you try to leave later, you really won’t be able to.”

The Demon Hunters Association soldier: “???”

Odd Zhuo: “Given your weak chicken strength, even if I arrest you and put you in Songhai First Prison, there’s no way you’ll be locked up in the special cell with the bigwigs. You’re just not good enough.”

The gloomy Demon Hunters Association soldier looked at Odd Zhuo coldly and grit his teeth. “You want to die?”

He released his aura all at once along with his ire, and it was almost like an invisible roar.

Tremendous spiritual pressure crashed down, and both Odd Zhuo and Zhong Lang felt their bodies sink until half their legs were already stuck in the ground.

“So nervous...” Zhong Lang frowned. “Brother Zhuo, are these long johns really useful? Why do I feel that the pressure from the other side is so heavy? It’s like I can’t breathe!”

“It’s not that bad.”

Odd Zhuo raised an eyebrow and reached out to grip Zhong Lang’s collar for a look.

Odd Zhuo: “You’re wearing it inside out...”

Zhong Lang: “...”

Chapter 663: My Ultimate Move Is Just Two Words!

The Demon Hunters soldier didn't think that these two foolish Golden Core cultivators would actually look down on him. He could clearly crush them to death with just the slightest force, yet they actually dared provoke him to his face?

"Elder Yin Zhiping, Elder Ji Xing's order is to take them back..."

"Don't worry, I know. I won't kill them." The gloomy young man narrowed his eyes at Odd Zhuo. "But I still have to teach them a lesson first. Since Elder Ji Xing wants them alive, I'll just beat them half to death first."

The Demon Hunters soldier called Yin Zhiping waved his hand and called lightly, "Little Rongnu!"

A zigzag bayonet flew toward him in a stream of black light and settled in his hand.

When the driver of the van saw this, he thought that this was bad.

Because this was none other than Elder Yin Zhiping's life bonded magic treasure. This zigzag bayonet had taken countless lives. Because of its special design, once it pierced the body, it would directly damage the meridians and instantly paralyze the nerves!

What was even more frightening was that the injuries caused by the bayonet would bleed continuously for a short period of time and wouldn't stop!

"Go!"

The Demon Hunters soldier called "Elder Yin" just lifted his hand and this black zigzag bayonet instantly darted out like a dragon in the water. "To temper this bayonet, I slaughtered eighty-eight Western dragon-type devil beasts called Rong Dragons for their brains. The bayonet is covered in

deadly poison; given your realms, if you force yourselves to bear it, perhaps you might last ten minutes?”

Elder Yin sneered cruelly. “But you should be glad; since it’s an order from Elder Ji Xing, I won’t let you die so easily...” He had this poison on the bayonet under control; when these two were publicly executed tomorrow, they would suffer acute, unbearable pain from the poison. It would be an experience worse than death.

The confident party frequently took sadistic pleasure in this type of “strong bullying the weak” showdown. Elder Yin had spent a lot in order to temper this “Little Rongnu” back then as well as to make it his life bonded magic treasure.

Elder Yin felt that he was giving these two foolish Golden Core cultivators the highest honor by letting them experience the pain of death under his life bonded magic treasure.

It had to be said that Little Rongnu’s lunge forward was incredibly fast, and Odd Zhuo knew that he wouldn’t be able to ward it off at all with his current realm.

So the moment he saw Elder Yin take out this bayonet, he immediately had Zhong Lang, dressed in the long johns, cover him as a meat shield!

Zhong Lang: “Brother Zhuo???”

Little Rongnu’s power was truly formidable. The moment it came lunging over, it kicked up a mighty wind like the roar of a dragon.

It could only be said Little Rongnu was worthy of its name.

“In the end they’re just Golden Core cultivators, so naive.” The moment Odd Zhuo put Zhong Lang in front of him as a meat shield, Elder Yin sneered endlessly in his heart. How could the body of a mere Golden Core cultivator be a match for Little Rongnu’s attack?

Impale them!

Elder Yin Zhiping sneered.

Little Rongnu drew close in the next instant, but just when its tip was less than half an inch away from Zhong Lang's body, the latter emitted a powerful golden light.

The strength of the enchanted long johns exploded once again at that moment!

As expected, shifu's long johns were still so powerful...

While Odd Zhuo exclaimed inwardly, he felt a little nervous at the same time.

Although he had already sent the text message, he didn't know whether shifu had seen it or not... If shifu didn't see it, Odd Zhuo was still going to die!

"Meat shield" Zhong Lang was even more shocked; he completely never expected that the long johns which he had put on inside out in a fit of desperation could actually exhibit such strong defense.

What on earth was the origin of these long johns?

Zhong Lang was also lost in thought at that moment.

In the outside world, there was always gossip and rumors about Odd Zhuo, and many people speculated that there was an Almighty directing the scenes from behind Odd Zhuo who was no weaker than the Ten Founding Generals; who that Almighty was, however, had always been a mystery.

Was this Almighty the big shot who had made these long johns?

While Zhong Lang was contemplating this, a disbelieving Elder Yin Zhiping launched a second attack.

The result was still the same as the long johns glowed with a golden light which blocked Little Rongnu's attack.

Elder Yin Zhiping was hugely astonished. Two mere Golden Core cultivators actually had such powerful robes?

At that very moment, Odd Zhuo's heart was already on the verge of crumbling.

They were just barely able to stall the enemy for a while now with the long johns, but it was clear that this wasn't a long-term solution; in the end, it was just an enchanted pair of long johns!

But just as Odd Zhuo was agonizing over this...

The next moment, he suddenly saw a brown spirit light on the horizon flying swiftly in his direction.

That was...

Odd Zhuo's eyes instantly opened wide.

...

On the other side, Elder Yin's expression was very unsightly.

"Where the hell did you get that Daoist robe you're wearing?" Elder Yin frowned deeply, aggravated by his two failed consecutive strikes.

He gazed at Odd Zhuo with a shrewd expression. "It may be strong, but it seems there's only one pair."

Elder Yin had read the situation astutely, and in the next moment, he adjusted his attack and aimed Little Rongnu at Odd Zhuo with the intent to attack him first. "I'll deal with you first..."

But to Elder Yin's surprise, this Director Zhuo directly pushed aside the "meat shield" in front of him and walked over to Elder Yin step by step, as if he had suddenly taken the wrong medicine.

Something was wrong!

This vigor wasn't right!

It shouldn't be like this!

Elder Yin had the vague sense that something was wrong... Was this some sort of ploy?!

Almost involuntarily, he took a slight step back, his heart full of doubts. This Golden Core cultivator had clearly still been hiding behind someone else a few seconds ago; how did he suddenly change into a different person?

"Do you still have some life-saving magic treasure on you that you haven't used?"

Elder Yin now eyed Odd Zhuo with extreme wariness.

"I used it already; roughly five to six minutes ago, I sent a text message which cost me ten cents." Odd Zhuo looked at him and smiled.

"Calling for help?" Elder Yin's face darkened in an instant.

In theory, help shouldn't be able to arrive so quickly...

But it was at that moment when Odd Zhuo suddenly stretched out his hand to the sky and gave a long cry. "— Come, sword!"

Then, Elder Yin saw a brown spirit beam fall from the sky...

But instead of turning into a spirit sword in Odd Zhuo's hand, it turned into a membrane of light which settled over his body.

"Where is your sword?"

"Ah... It's inside me!" These were Odd Zhuo's last words before Jingke possessed him.

Chapter 664: The Death of Elder Yin

The brown spirit light settled on Odd Zhuo's body, and even his pupils were rendered brown. In almost a split second, his aura was different, and every subtle breath he took carried a strong sense of oppression.

Elder Yin Zhiping couldn't help breaking out in a cold sweat. That brown spirit light just now had truly been too fast, and even with his dynamic vision, he had only been able to see an indistinct trail... While he wasn't completely certain, it looked as if a sword had turned into a light which then attached itself to this Director Zhuo's body.

Union between man and sword...

A sword spirit directly attaching itself to a body; Elder Yin Zhiping had to admit that he had never seen this type of operation before in his lifetime of cultivation.

Also, he thought that it was extremely unscientific, because generally speaking, union between man and sword could only be achieved when the rapport between a spirit sword and its master reached a certain peak; only then could this fusion happen. The problem with the current situation, however, was that it was very obvious that the spirit sword which had just flown over clearly didn't belong to Director Zhuo.

But even then, they were actually able to combine together.

What on earth was the origin of this sword?

Elder Yin Zhiping unconsciously stepped back as he felt the situation had completely turned around. The driver of the van had also already realized that things had taken a turn for the worse, but when he wanted to reverse the van, he discovered that all the four tires were flat!

When had that happened?

They hadn't noticed at all.

After coming back to their senses, they recalled that when that sword light had possessed Odd Zhuo just now, their minds had blanked out from psychological terror... They had actually been so frightened that they snapped!

Elder Yin clenched his teeth and frowned.

At the moment, he had no choice but to fight.

Moreover, he still felt that he had a chance of winning.

Although this Director Zhuo was currently one with the sword, this union between man and sword couldn't fundamentally change the strength of his body. As long as Elder Yin's Little Rongnu pierced his skin even a little, a powerful poison would spread throughout Director Zhuo's body – even the attached sword spirit would be helpless against it, wouldn't it?

It had to be said that while Elder Yin's thoughts were certainly reasonable, when all was said and done, he was unfortunately still too naive.

He had no idea what kind of challenger the sword spirit standing in front of him was.

In many cases, you couldn't use common sense to reason things out.

"No matter who you are, you can't stop our Demon Hunters Association's master plan." Elder Yin Zhiping's face darkened and he chose to strike first. He had Little Rongnu, who was in his hand, turn into a stream of light which swiftly and suddenly lunged at Odd Zhuo's chest!

But before the light could get close, Elder Yin Zhiping saw Director Zhuo, who was possessed by the sword spirit, coolly stop Little Rongnu with one forefinger.

The first thing Jingke felt at Little Rongnu's strike was: so weak...

It was so weak that Jingke couldn't find words to describe it.

It was a far cry from what he had felt when he had been inside Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and fought Evil Sword God, whose attack had felt a little itchy at least. It could be said that this particular attack, however, was utterly harmless... It could even be said to be no damn use!

Even an egg smashed on a rock could in any case be set off as a little egg flower!

“Impossible...” Elder Yin Zhiping screeched in his heart.

There was no way that a Golden Core cultivator’s physical strength could withstand this level of assault.

Of course, there was another explanation for it, and that was Little Rongnu’s attack hadn’t been blocked by the body, but by the protective sword qi on Director Zhuo!

So that was it...

After discovering this secret, Elder Yin Zhiping smiled sinisterly in his heart.

On the other hand, in Odd Zhuo’s body, Jingke’s face was expressionless from beginning to end.

Elder Yin felt it couldn’t be helped that this little sword spirit was still too young and had utterly no idea how highly poisonous his Little Rongnu was.

“This sword spirit brother, if you think you can rely on just sword qi to defend against my Little Rongnu’s poison, you’re too naive. To make this poisonous, deadly weapon back then, I slaughtered eighty-eight female Rong Dragons and tempered this weapon in the toxin from their blood essence.”

Elder Yin Zhiping sneered; he was widely known for the dark poison arts which he cultivated.

Even to make this Little Rongnu into his life bonded magic treasure back then, he constantly modified his body.

Elder Yin Zhiping initially hadn't planned to use this move, but in the face of this protective sword qi and its impenetrable defense, he had no choice but to use this secret technique.

He took off the upper half of his clothes and bared his arms.

Inside Odd Zhuo's body, Jingke saw that Elder Yin's arms were actually covered in a black pattern of lines like a zebra.

Then, Jingke saw Elder Yin Zhiping chant something under his breath, and these lines immediately started to spin before this spiral energy gathered in Elder Yin's hands.

At that moment, Elder Yin's hands turned completely black with an accumulation of deadly poison!

This deadly poison even affected the air, suffusing it with dense poison.

To use this move, Elder Yin had to hold his breath altogether; even the turtle-breathing skill wouldn't work. To make sure that his reasoning during battle wasn't affected, he had even shrewdly contained the poison in both his arms so that it wouldn't flow into the other organs of his body and cause irreversible damage.

So theoretically, Elder Yin was a semi-toxic person.

At that point, Elder Yin grit his teeth, grasped Little Rongnu's hilt, and then transferred the poisonous mass in his hands to Little Rongnu. This bayonet, which was already black to begin with, was further covered in a black poisonous miasma which made it look even more terrifying.

Jingke could sense it slightly.

Mm, if a sword spirit wasn't strong enough, this poisonous miasma could indeed pervade its sword qi.

However...

Jingke put one hand to his forehead as he felt it ache. He thought this Elder Yin was going to pull out some dazzling move; who would have thought it would be so useless.

Get rid, of this, scum first...

Jingke raised his hand, prepared to make a move.

The poison on Little Rongnu now amplified, Elder Yin sneered. "Not even ghosts or the gods can withstand Little Rongnu's poison! I refuse to believe I can't poison you!"

Who knew if it was a habit of his, but before he made his move, Elder Yin licked Little Rongnu's blade.

Jingke: "..."

A few seconds later, Elder Yin's complexion straightaway turned deathly white as he foamed at the mouth and fell down dead.

Jingke: "..."

Chapter 665: All For One!

The news of Elder Yin's death reached Elder Ji Xing in the military tent very quickly. Everyone in the Demon Hunters Association had a soul mark which would instantly disappear when a person was confirmed dead.

Elder Ji Xing was no exception.

When Elder Zuo Wu died previously, President Bai had directly turned to leave even without confirming Elder Zuo Wu's death precisely because he had clearly sensed the disappearance of the soul mark. But it wasn't as if it was permanent. This soul mark was a once-off; neither President Bai nor Elder Ji Xing could have expected Elder Zuo Wu to later come back to life on the spot.

Not only could the Soul Suppression Ring reconstruct the body, it could even perfectly restore the soul, which meant remaking the state of Elder Zuo Wu's soul. Therefore, when Elder Zuo Wu was resurrected, the soul mark in his body also disappeared.

After a night of rest, Elder Ji Xing's queasy situation had subsided a little, but the instant he saw Elder Yin's soul mark disappear, he suddenly felt unwell again.

"How did this happen?" Elder Ji Xing grit his teeth.

Who would have thought Elder Yin would actually die just like that. In order to capture Odd Zhuo before their operation, the Demon Hunters Association had already clearly determined this Director Zhuo's route to work a long time ago to ensure that they could attack when the other party's defense was at its weakest. Moreover, Elder Yin was a decisive person who usually did everything flawlessly. Coupled with Little Rongnu's quick and violent attacks, taking care of two Golden Core cultivators should have only required a flick of his finger.

Yet, Elder Yin still died...

The operation to capture Director Zhuo this time had only been a temporary measure they came up with after their plan was delayed; because of Elder Ji Xing's misfortune last night, the plan had been delayed by a day.

So Elder Ji Xing added a new element to his vicious "revenge plan"—he had decided to capture all those people who had offended the Demon Hunters Association and take them to No. 60 High School. When the revenge plan was launched tomorrow, these people would be publicly executed!

Unfortunately, they had started on the wrong foot: Elder Yin, who had been the first to be dispatched, had inexplicably been the first to die...

"Sonico, what should we do now..." the person called Erzhu asked on the side.

"Send someone to retrieve Elder Yin's body; I want Yaren to do this." At the mention of this name, Elder Ji Xing's stomach started to hurt again, and he did his best to calm down before he looked at Erzhu. "How is Elder Poisonous Dragon?"

“It’s proceeding smoothly, he found that Great Death-Courting Senior’s place without a hitch. This person is just a Soul Formation cultivator, I believe that Elder Poisonous Dragon will deal with him very quickly.”

“Mm.”

Elder Ji Xing nodded.

Elder Poisonous Dragon was someone whom they had specially chosen as the best person to handle Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Little Silver.

On Sun Island, Elder Poisonous Dragon was famous for his technique “Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill 1.” While studying on Sun Island, he developed various other powerful derivative skills based on this technique, such as “Mount Lu Rising Dragon Drill 2” and “Pegasus Meteor Ora 3Drill”...

The reason why Elder Poisonous Dragon had been sent was because they had accounted for the silver-haired young man at Great Death-Courting Senior’s side in the villa. According to the intelligence provided by Mo Immortal Castle, that silver-haired young man also had a strong self-healing ability, so Elder Poisonous Dragon was the most suitable person to send.

Elder Poisonous Dragon’s Poisonous Dragon Drill series of boxing combos had the major damage effect which could perfectly prevent recovery!

All the people in the Demon Hunters Association military tent were extremely confident in this regard.

...

It was still Monday July 24th in the fourteenth week of the semester.

When Elder Yin died, Little Silver and Grenade-Throwing were meanwhile enjoying a breakfast of broccoli salad.

Writing novels was a much more difficult path than Little Silver had imagined. Therefore, he didn't stop reading online novels even at breakfast. Chewing on broccoli, he read the book *Release That Wet Nurse* by Father Wang.

Little Silver had looked up a lot of writing guides on the Internet, and then realized that they were basically meaningless. The most important operation was still practice! There were no shortcuts to writing; it had always been that experience was the best teacher, and there were very few people who could be considered writing prodigies.

It was just like prodigies in cultivation; in this world, how many people could there be who were as monstrous as Master?

People should thus still have both real ability and learning. Relying on plagiarism definitely wouldn't work. For example, a live streamer called Dean appeared on some live streaming platform a while ago. He live streamed himself singing but had filched the raw voices from other videos; even the songs he uploaded were a copy and paste from the uploads of other singers, yet he vehemently claimed they were his own... If you didn't want people to know what you did, don't do it. If you had nothing of substance, there was only so long that you could stick a green onion in your nose and pretend to be an elephant.

Who knew how this lonely Dean was doing now; Little Silver decided to do an online search after breakfast to see whether this live streamer had become defunct or not.

As he ate breakfast, Little Silver also began to rethink his subject matter.

While Little Silver thought that the opening chapter he had written yesterday had the flavor of a superior work, it somehow felt very predictable, so he simply deleted and abandoned it.

As the saying went, you couldn't build the new without destroying the old.

"What are you thinking about?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little amused when he saw Little Silver thinking hard.

"My previous subject matter won't do. I'm thinking of something new," Little Silver replied earnestly. "I say, how about I write a novel about a collar?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "???"

Little Silver: “For example, the protagonist has an ancestral collar with a chain attached to it. The collar duplicates the abilities of whoever pulls on this chain! Then, whoever wears the collar will get all the abilities stored in the collar. The collar can in turn be entrusted to someone else... This is the legendary All ForOne 4 !”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Little Silver: “How’s that? Say something, Grenade-Throwing... I can change it again if it doesn’t work! If you think a collar’s not good, I can use a toilet seat instead!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Little Silver: “I’ve even got the name of the protagonist. It’s called Silver Portion Out Long! ‘Portion’ from the word ‘butt 5 .”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s lips twitched. “Silver... Silver Portion Out Long?”

“Silver is my last name... so the name also has a very deep meaning! As for ‘Portion Out Long,’ the protagonist once sat on the toilet for a long time because of constipation and couldn’t push it out. As a result, he accidentally squatted on the toilet for too long, making him the person who used the toilet the longest in the world! Since then, the protagonist Silver Portion Out Long accidentally gained the ability to replicate the abilities of people who happened to squat on the toilet at the same time!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Chapter 666: Elder Poisonous Dragon

Little Silver thought that this setting was genius! Furthermore, he could write this toilet seat not only as All For One, but as One For All 1 also! He could set up the protagonist’s toilet seat as a family heirloom, and every generation, the successor to the toilet seat would have a Heavenly Dao.

As the three thousandth successor, the protagonist would directly grasp three thousand Heavenly Dao! It would be utterly heaven-defying!

“Oh, no! Grenade-Throwing, all my ideas are pouring out now! I’m going to go write after I finish eating!” Little Silver stood up and swallowed the broccoli in his mouth, traces of salad dressing still at the corners of his lips.

“...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal silently took out a tissue and helped wipe Little Silver’s mouth clean.

The urge to write was like this sometimes. Most of the time, newcomers who just entered the circle would in fact be struck with this urge, and this was often how superior masterpieces came about. Anything written without this burst of inspiration or passion wouldn’t be good.

Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had never written a complete work himself, he firmly believed in this.

“Ah! Not good! I can’t take it anymore!”

Little Silver really couldn’t take it anymore. Before he finished the broccoli in his salad basin, he already couldn’t help standing up and getting in position, as if he was going to jump right up to the second floor. Seeing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hurriedly threw himself forward to press down on Little Silver’s shoulders with a death grip, looking a little like he had just narrowly escaped some horror. “Take the stairs!”

There had already been several instances when Little Silver had smashed open holes in the villa to go up and down more quickly.

Little Silver: “...”

...

Not long after Little Silver went upstairs, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal turned around to clear the table. Because Little Silver had an especially enormous appetite, the broccoli salad had

been tossed together in a basin. Watching a person eat a lot always whet the appetite, so Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's own appetite had inadvertently increased lately.

It was a good thing broccoli was a vegetable; you wouldn't get fat from eating a lot of it. Besides, the most important thing was that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had realized that he and Little Silver had the kind of physique where they wouldn't get fat from eating!

Cleaning the dishes wasn't particularly troublesome; the main thing was your mood. There were times when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was even happy to wash them by hand instead of directly using some cleaning talisman or other. For a modern cultivator, a single cleaning talisman could handle any type of cleaning, so washing clothes or dishes by hand had conversely become a type of indulgence.

But he had some important tasks to deal with today, so Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal in the end still chose to use a cleaning talisman to clean the dishes.

This type of talisman wasn't expensive and was cheaper to buy in bulk than a year's worth of detergent. This was because the pattern on the talisman was relatively simple, and it was one of the few talismans on the market currently that could be directly machine-manufactured; attack or defense talismans in fact needed to be handwritten.

"I wonder how Brother Toya is doing with the matter of that girl in gray."

Done with the dishes, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled the girl in gray, whom they were trying to rouse on Chrysanthemum Island. Cailian Zhenren had also gone over. As for the girl's identity, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was currently trying to figure it out.

Their only lead was the gray traditional garment she wore, which had a simple pattern on it. To discover the girl's real identity, he could only start with this garment and investigate its exact age and origin before he could determine who on earth the girl was.

But this wasn't an easy thing to do. Last night, he had used his side account to post some images of the pattern on this traditional garment on the cultivation forum as he looked for help.

He didn't include photos of the girl; even pictures of the garment weren't taken clearly or as a full view. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal just wanted to try asking around in the forum; who knew, some big shot passing by might recognize it.

He estimated that he should have gotten plenty of responses in the forum by this time, and was just about to have a look when Odd Zhuo suddenly gave him a call.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal answered the phone right away. “Brother Zhuo? What’s up?”

“I was attacked on my way to work. It was the Demon Hunters Association!” said Odd Zhuo.

“What’s the situation?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a deep breath, utterly calm.

Although Odd Zhuo said he had been attacked, the fact that he was able to make this call now indicated that the attacker had probably already been dealt with.

“Fortunately, shifu sent Lord Jingke in time, otherwise the consequences would have been unimaginable.” Odd Zhuo sighed and told Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal what he knew for now. “They’ve gathered together a group of returnee cultivators who studied ninjutsu on Sun Island, and plan to launch a revenge attack on No. 60 High tomorrow...”

“Then why were they after you?”

“I’m also the scapegoat... ah, no, the commander in charge of the Demon Hunters Association affair! Of course they want to get even with me!”

“...”

“Besides, I’m a senior of No. 60 High. The attacker’s objective was to capture me alive, and then take me to No. 60 High tomorrow to be publicly executed,” said Odd Zhuo.

“...”

Hearing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sweated profusely.

This gang was too vicious, actually just doing whatever they wanted!

Odd Zhuo: “I called to warn you to be careful today, Senior Immortal. Since that elder was able to find me, you might also be included in his revenge plan...”

“Okay, thank you, Brother Zhuo! I’ll be careful!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded and hung up.

Just as he put down the phone, he suddenly felt cold killing intent rush straight for his back behind him.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Wasn’t this too fast?!

He turned around, and sure enough, he saw a man standing in the courtyard on the first floor. The man’s features and his ears were very sharp, and he had a slim figure. His eyes were at half-mast and revealed extremely cold killing intent. The scariest thing was how the corners of the other party’s mouth were stretched back until they practically almost reached his ears.

Elder Poisonous Dragon gave a horrible smile. “Excuse me, your Excellency, are you Great Death-Courting Senior?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Who are you?”

Elder Poisonous Dragon didn’t say anything. The next moment, he held out his right hand, which abruptly extended forward like a screw! In flashes of strange purple lightning, it passed through the garden and drilled open a big hole in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s chest!

When Elder Poisonous Dragon withdrew his hand, he still had that weird smile on his face and his hand was covered in dark red blood.

He licked the blood on his hand and looked at “Great Death-Courting Senior” and the big hole he had made in front of him. He sneered cruelly. “It’s said that villains who talk too much die... I’m different. Once I’ve confirmed your identity, I’ll act right away without hesitation! Remember my name, it’s Poisonous Dragon.”

He then directly stepped into the house from the garden and fixed his gaze on the second floor.

There was still one more person there whom he needed to take care of...

But just as he was about to move, a hand suddenly fell on Elder Poisonous Dragon's shoulder.

This hand belonged to none other than Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!

Elder Poisonous Dragon was thunderstruck. "You..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal grinned. "Sorry, seeing you talk to yourself for so long just now, I didn't want to interrupt, so I played dead for a bit on the ground. So it turns out your name is Poisonous Dragon!"

"Impossible! How can you still be alive?!"

Elder Poisonous Dragon felt it was inconceivable as he exclaimed loudly, "I clearly pierced and broke you open directly from the front!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was also alarmed. "Bloody hell... It's broad daylight, keep your voice down! I'm an upstanding young man from a good family, I'm still pure!"

Chapter 667: The Person You Want to Kill Is Great Death-Courting Senior

Was it a hallucination just now?

At that moment, Elder Poisonous Dragon was complete gobsmacked... He licked the blood on his hand; it was still thick and warm. His attack just now had indeed run this "Great Death-Courting Senior" through the heart; there was no mistake! And he had indeed left a big hole in his chest, as if the other party had been hit by a big cannon!

But in the blink of an eye, why was the other side actually getting up like nothing had happened?

“How did you do that?” Incredulity was written all over Elder Poisonous Dragon’s face; he knew without a doubt that his move just now had indeed hit the target, and it had been a critical hit.

The second form of this “Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill” technique cut directly into the chest to destroy the heart at lightning speed. The moment that purple lightning invaded the body, it produced an extremely strong major damage effect. No matter how powerful a person’s healing ability was, they wouldn’t recover.

Most critical of all was that this Great Death-Courting Senior was clearly just a Soul Formation cultivator with a realm so far below Elder Poisonous Dragon’s; it was impossible for him to survive this move.

Unless, the man had hidden his strength...

“You’re just a Soul Formation cultivator; none such can survive my stab...” Elder Poisonous Dragon’s face was full of grievance. He had thought he’d succeeded, so seeing that his plan had been disrupted made him a little twitchy.

What was more, he had to handle two people this time; there was also a silver-haired young man on the second floor who was a little more troublesome than this Great Death-Courting Senior. It was said that both Mr Lu and Elder Zuo Wu had been defeated by this young man, which was why Elder Ji Xing had sent Elder Poisonous Dragon this time; he was stronger than Mr Lu and Elder Zuo Wu, and most importantly, he wasn’t the least bit sloppy in getting things done.

Elder Poisonous Dragon refused to accept it. He grit his teeth and his right hand transformed once again!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw it very clearly this time. This was a spell for transforming the body, and Elder Poisonous Dragon’s “Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill” move was to change his hand into a drill. It had a similar appearance to mercury, but it was very hard and almost on the level of a holy weapon!

At the moment, both of Elder Poisonous Dragon’s hands had turned into huge drills that crackled with wild purple lightning as they lunged at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal! Because his body could change shape, Elder Poisonous Dragon’s arms could extend like a rubber man’s!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had never seen this technique before, but from a theoretical perspective of cultivation, this “shapeshifting” method couldn’t be achieved with magic alone.

So Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought of another possibility: a life bonded magic treasure implant?

Elder Poisonous Dragon’s life bonded magic treasure probably had the ability to freely transform the body into various types of substances, and it was very likely that this life bonded magic treasure had been implanted inside Elder Poisonous Dragon’s body to make it easier to use in combination with spells.

“Go to hell!” Elder Poisonous Dragon braced himself and growled in a low voice.

His Poisonous Dragon Drill hands pierced right through Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s heart and head. “— Auldey Double Drills 1 !”

The drills were more brutal and much faster this time! When Elder Poisonous Dragon withdrew his hands, there weren’t any bloodstains on them at all. The energy which erupted out of the Poisonous Dragon Drill was so strong that it directly shattered the head and torso, evaporating the blood in its wake and destroying the body in a gruesome way.

When Elder Poisonous Dragon withdrew his hands, he confirmed that this “Great Death-Courting Senior” had been completely killed by his second attack before he finally heaved a deep sigh.

He had completely destroyed this “Great Death-Courting Senior’s” upper body, leaving just his two long legs behind – it would be really weird if he could survive this state.

Any resurrection spell had a core, and if it wasn’t the head, then it was usually the heart.

Even if this Great Death-Courting Senior had set up a “resurrection spell” in his body as a precaution, Elder Poisonous Dragon’s “Auldey Double Drills” move this time had directly pierced his chest and skull; there was no possibility of him surviving!

When everything was done, Elder Poisonous Dragon pulled his hands back and couldn’t help wiping the sweat from his forehead.

He hadn't expected this setback today; he had already used up so much energy to deal with a Soul Formation cultivator!

Staring at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's half body, he snorted coldly. "Heh! For you to die from this venerable man's Auldey Double Drills, your cultivation journey wasn't in vain."

Saying this, he turned around with the intent of going to the second floor, but he had only taken one step when a hand fell on his shoulder once again. "Bastard, can't you be gentler?! It's damn painful!"

Elder Poisonous Dragon: "???"

=.= Was this person a cockroach that couldn't die?

The person he had to kill was Great Death-Courting Senior! Not Great Can't Die Senior!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal touched his head. The Daoist robe he was wearing was very expensive. Thankfully, the "Soul Suppression Ring" could even restore clothes! And after it was restored, the Daoist robe was like brand new: it didn't have any wrinkles and it even emitted a radiant light!

He had suddenly discovered a new way of refurbishing old Daoist robes!

But the price was a little heavy...

And most importantly, the moment he was killed was really very painful!

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal discovered that he seemed to already be gradually getting used to being killed! He didn't know if it was due to his entire body being directly destroyed by "Evil Sword God" previously, but he felt that Elder Poisonous Dragon's Poisonous Dragon Drill was far less painful than that first time.

In fact, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had asked Little Silver before to kill him repeatedly in order to test the Soul Suppression Ring's traits... but Little Silver had adamantly refused to do so.

With Elder Poisonous Dragon's arrival now, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized that this was a great opportunity to perform a test! There actually weren't many villains these days who would attack without talking a lot. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt he had to cherish this chance!

Elder Poisonous Dragon looked at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who had been resurrected on the spot. "You..."

"Don't say anything, Elder Poisonous Dragon!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at him expectantly with an excited expression on his face, and then grabbed his hand.

Elder Poisonous Dragon: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What other techniques do you have? Use as many as you like!"

"..."

Elder Poisonous Dragon suddenly felt that this Great Death-Courting Senior in front of him seemed to be severely masochistic!

He was going crazy!

Discomfited, Elder Poisonous Dragon ramped up the power in his attack and served Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal a Poisonous Dragon Drill package!

...

Five minutes later.

Elder Poisonous Dragon had his hands on the knees as he gasped for breath. He gazed at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who had been revived perfectly again, with the expression of one whose body had been played to death. "Great Death-Courting Senior? Why... why can't I kill you..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clapped his hands. “The person you want to kill is Great Death-Courting Senior. What does that have to do with me, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal?”

Elder Poisonous Dragon: “...”

Chapter 668: The Bumpy Road To An Offensive Strike

The other party was a mere Soul Formation cultivator, yet Elder Poisonous Dragon was actually helpless against him? Looking at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s “you can’t do anything to me” expression, Elder Poisonous Dragon was enraged. He had used practically all of the upgraded Poisonous Dragon Drill forms, but the other party continued to be resurrected on the spot.

How did he do it? Elder Poisonous Dragon couldn’t figure it out at all.

All this was within Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s expectations.

Elder Poisonous Dragon was indeed a powerful enemy. If he had met this enemy before, who only liked to strike without saying much, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he would have died long ago. But the situation was now different as he had a world-defying resurrection magic treasure which Elder Poisonous Dragon couldn’t smash apart with his strength.

Given how tough the world-defying magic treasure was, it wouldn’t be the least bit damaged by any attack under True Immortal level.

When he knew that one of the persons he would be dealing with this time was “Great Death-Courting Senior” who was only at the Soul Formation stage, Elder Poisonous Dragon hadn’t thought much of him at the beginning. But reality was crueller than Elder Poisonous Dragon had imagined... The truth was, it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who didn’t think much of Elder Poisonous Dragon.

From the moment he received Odd Zhuo’s phone warning, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had known that even if it was someone dispatched by the Demon Hunters Association, there was no way that they could destroy his ring!

Ignoring the panting Elder Poisonous Dragon in front of him, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took out a small notebook and started to record down each of Elder Poisonous Dragon's earlier attacks as he put together a concrete summary of the Soul Suppression Ring's performance test. This type of opportunity to test its performance wasn't something he could come by all the time. Furthermore, he could add the data he had obtained from this test to the cultivation forum's "Skill Encyclopedia."

Many cultivation spells were listed in the Skill Encyclopedia. The categories they were sorted into were very detailed; each skill's level of power damage had even been specially evaluated.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wrote in his little notebook:

Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill's second form, a small-scale and long-range attack spell combo. Presents as a single-handed attack; during the attack, one hand turns into a soft metallic screw which pierces the body. As powerful as a large cannon, and very lethal! 7.5 points...

Elder Poisonous Dragon: "..."

In the middle of writing, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly turned to look at Elder Poisonous Dragon. "Oh, that's right, Brother Poisonous Dragon... What was that second move you used just now called? Auldey what drill?"

Elder Poisonous Dragon's lips twitched before he replied in a deep voice, "Auldey... Double Drill..."

But! The problem was! This wasn't the main point!

How had he become Brother Poisonous Dragon?

Who's your brother?!

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't pay any attention to Elder Poisonous Dragon's black face at all as he earnestly took all kinds of notes in front of him. As the owner of the cultivation forum, it was his responsibility as an online administrator to enrich the forum's resources in a timely manner!

At that point, Elder Poisonous Dragon's mindset collapsed.

To be honest, he kind of regretted taking this job.

Although he had long heard that this Great Death-Courting Senior was a veritable freak, he truly hadn't expected him to be one of a kind...

He was a terrible and vicious man, hey! A man who wanted the other party's life! But the other party was actually completely ignoring him and earnestly taking notes!

Elder Poisonous Dragon: "What are you doing?"

"Collecting data to update the forum's database..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal answered truthfully before he looked at Elder Poisonous Dragon in front of him with a broad smile on his face. "Thank you very much, Brother Poisonous Dragon, for the invaluable data you've provided for the cultivation forum's Skill Encyclopedia."

"Are you ignoring me? Are you serious? I'm here to kill you!"

Elder Poisonous Dragon couldn't take it anymore. The next moment, powerful spirit energy burst out from his body.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was dazed before he hurriedly put away his little notebook. "I do know!"

Elder Poisonous Dragon: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "But can you kill me? You're here on a mission anyway, so why don't you start with the guy upstairs?"

Elder Poisonous Dragon grit his teeth. "... He was already one hundred percent sure that this "Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal" in front of him was abnormal, extremely abnormal! Besides, he was actually feeling a sliver of fear for some reason... he was even starting to have doubts about this Great Death-Courting Senior's true realm!

This Great Death-Courting Senior was rumored to be a Soul Formation cultivator, but Elder Poisonous Dragon now thought that it was very likely that the other man had hidden his realm.

One had to know, he was just too calm if he really was just a Soul Formation cultivator!

The number of True Immortals in Huaxiu nation could be counted on the fingers, while there were less than one hundred Itinerant Immortals. Returning elite cultivators from overseas like them, who had also undergone the Demon Hunters Association's specialized training, stood out among the Itinerant Immortals... But in a confrontation with them, this Great Death-Courting Senior actually wasn't the least bit nervous, which was enough to prove that this person definitely dealt often with cultivators at higher levels, which was why he could ignore their auras and the oppression they brought with them.

Thinking this, Elder Poisonous Dragon couldn't help breaking slightly into a cold sweat.

Could a person with no capabilities hang around often with True Immortal bigwigs?

... There was something wrong with this Great Death-Courting Senior!

Elder Poisonous Dragon was suddenly disinclined to attack.

He turned his gaze to the second floor and then looked at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Stay there and don't move; I'll let you off for now... But I have to kill the person on the second floor today!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded and smiled. "Go ahead..."

Elder Poisonous Dragon was furious, but in the end, he only took one step up the stairs when a snow-white foot hit him in the face and immediately sent him flying!

The first floor was so noisy just now that it made Little Silver very fidgety. It was only after he sent out his awareness that he realized that there was an intruder!

He was in the middle of writing!

His creative thought process had been interrupted by the noise from the first floor, causing a ball of fury to form in Little Silver's heart. "Who are you?! Can you please be quiet?! Don't you know I'm writing a book?"

Little Silver grabbed his silver hair, feeling a little agitated.

He had come upstairs just now overflowing with ideas, but everything was now a mess in his head!

When he went downstairs, he happened to see someone he didn't recognize about to come rushing up, so Little Silver directly gave him a flying kick...

It was a very fierce kick. Although it was just a normal attack by Little Silver, Elder Poisonous Dragon was kicked directly into the wall.

Elder Poisonous Dragon was instantly enraged at being kicked in the face. "You're courting death!"

He used his Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill again. Taking this silver-haired young man's strong recovery ability into account, Elder Poisonous Dragon didn't hold back this time as he put everything he had purely into hitting Little Silver's chest!

"Aiya ! No good!"

"Afraid now? You're dead meat!"

Seeing that Elder Poisonous Dragon was serious, Little Silver wanted to dodge that sharp tip, but it was too late. Elder Poisonous Dragon's move connected as it directly hit Little Silver's body!

Unfortunately, however, Little Silver's body was far more resilient than Elder Poisonous Dragon thought, and it was actually just a scratch in the end.

Elder Poisonous Dragon withdrew his hand, a shocked look on his face. "How can this be?"

When he came back to his senses, he saw this young man with a collar around his neck staring longingly at him.

Little Silver: “So... so good...”

Elder Poisonous Dragon: “???”

Little Silver: “Hit me again...”

Chapter 669: Elder Poisonous Dragon Who Doubts Life

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

He noticed that since putting on the collar, Little Silver seemed to pick up another strange trait... Were all the people in this villa masochists? That wasn't right! Although he himself had begged Elder Poisonous Dragon to kill him just now, that had been for a purpose, which was a performance test! How could a normal person derive pleasure from little candles and a whip?

Right! He wasn't a masochist! He was a normal person who had no choice but to sacrifice himself for his job...

Mm, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt much better at this thought.

The question was, when did Brother Silver's strange masochistic tendencies awaken?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt very puzzled.

Could Brother Silver discovering this strange trait have something to do with the path of Dao?

Elder Poisonous Dragon truly now regretted joining this operation.

He was now basically certain that he had met two “big perverts” who liked to be hit, and furthermore couldn’t die no matter how much they were beaten.

Even this silver-haired young man in front of him was stronger than he thought, let alone Great Death-Courting Senior who resurrected weirdly without end.

Elder Poisonous Dragon had exerted all his power in that move just now, but it didn’t even penetrate the other party’s body.

How was that possible... Elder Poisonous Dragon’s first reaction was that the information supplied by Mo Immortal Castle was most likely wrong.

All of the Demon Hunters Association’s operations this time was based on information from Mo Immortal Castle!

The information contained everything that the Demon Hunters Association wanted to know, including the data on this silver-haired young man.

And based on this information, Elder Poisonous Dragon was the best person for this job... but the problem was that Elder Poisonous Dragon was now in an awkward situation!

He couldn’t beat these two at all!

His Adam’s apple bobbed and a few drops of cold sweat ran down his forehead.

If he reported back in this sort of situation, he would definitely become a laughingstock.

“No choice, I can only use my trump card.”

At that moment, Elder Poisonous Dragon’s face suddenly darkened. When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw this, he felt that things weren’t simple. “Brother Silver, be careful!”

Little Silver folded his arms with a “bring it on” expression on his face. After that initial clash with Elder Poisonous Dragon, he could already tell what this Elder Poisonous Dragon’s overall strength was like.

He was indeed a little stronger than Mr Lu and Elder Zuo Wu back then.

But Little Silver had also been cultivating these days! Although he was now absorbed in writing novels, he didn't skip out on cultivating every day! Master had given him so many crispy noodle snacks, but he hadn't digested all of them yet! After they were all digested and absorbed, there would be a massive improvement in his strength.

The fact was that with the help of the crispy noodle snacks, Little Silver was improving every day. One crispy noodle snack packet instantly gave Little Silver "abundant spirit energy"; in this state, a holy beast's speed of cultivation was a full fifty times faster than a cultivator in seclusion in a precious location with feng shui!

Hence, Little Silver was even stronger than when they'd captured Mr Lu not long ago.

Little Silver thus now urgently needed to find an equally-matched opponent in order to test his strength; in the end, this Elder Poisonous Dragon just happened to come calling!

Although he was a little unhappy about being interrupted, it was in any case a rare chance to temper himself — he wouldn't waste it!

"You should have more powerful moves, right? That one just now was a little mild... Boring," Little Silver complained to Elder Poisonous Dragon.

Elder Poisonous Dragon's lips twitched fiercely. "... Motherf**cker! He had used all his strength just now! Are you even human?!

The next moment, Elder Poisonous Dragon took a deep breath, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Little Silver then saw a purple and blue spirit light in his hands...

"Two energies?"

This purple spirit light was in fact spirit energy, but there was a condensed blue light mixed into it; this was the first time Little Silver had sensed such a thing and it felt a little strange.

But relying on general knowledge, one could basically determine that this blue light was also a type of energy source, just like spirit energy and primordial qi.

This energy was denser than spirit energy, but weaker than primordial qi.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled what Odd Zhuo had mentioned on the phone earlier. This group of Demon Hunters Association cultivators were all overseas returnees who had studied on Sun Island.

Then... the true face of this energy source was very clear.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Shit! Brother Silver! Be careful! It's chakra!"

Little Silver was startled. "What's that..."

"It's a type of energy which only ninjas from Sun Island have," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

But spirit energy and this kind of ninja chakra reacted adversely to each other, so generally speaking, it was impossible to use these two energy sources at the same time...

In other words, this group of cultivators from the Demon Hunters Association had found a way to use both energy sources simultaneously?

At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was lost in thought.

Elder Poisonous Dragon smiled and snorted coldly. "As expected of the legendary Great Death-Courting Senior; you are indeed experienced. It cost us a lot to learn to cultivate this second energy source back then. While we're not fully adept at using this kind of power yet, it can give our strength a huge boost in the short term."

Although this was the case, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't believe that there wasn't any cost at all in simultaneously using two types of energy sources which repelled each other.

The next moment, Elder Poisonous Dragon's right hand transformed again into a huge drill the size of a refrigerator.

It had to be said that his move this time had majestic momentum!

“Ninjutsu. Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill Tenth Form: Aisin Gioro Right Hand Screw Rule!”

Then, that huge drill rushed at Little Silver with a rumble.

This was indeed a powerful attack.

Little Silver frowned tightly, ready for action.

Then, he stuck out his chest to meet Elder Poisonous Dragon's drill head on; there was even a vaguely bashful expression on his face. “More... More, please!”

The two collided with the violent sound of cracking metal, like a house being renovated.

Ten minutes later...

Elder Poisonous Dragon completely gave up.

His hand was so sore!!! More tired than when he XXX!!!

...

Elder Poisonous Dragon was truly a little afraid this time. His tyrannical attitude from when he had burst in earlier and directly made a move without saying much was completely gone.

Because he knew that there was no way he could defeat these two!

Elder Poisonous Dragon: “What, what do you want?”

Little Silver: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was straightaway stunned. The hoodlum who had selfishly charged into someone else's house was actually asking them what they wanted?

Where is your pride as a hoodlum?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little angry as he looked at Elder Poisonous Dragon. "How can you give up like that? A drill! Is a man's romance1 !"

Chapter 670: Yet Another Lunatic

Elder Poisonous Dragon's mentality had already collapsed.

He had never encountered a situation as difficult as this before. His "Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill" was his pride and joy, a great killing move that would make waves in the world! Of the fifteen Demon Hunters Association overseas returnees, Elder Ji Xing was undoubtedly the strongest, followed by Elder Yaren, who was famous for his Body Transformation Spell.

Elder Poisonous Dragon was ranked fourth overall; third was that Elder Mingren who, after just arriving on Sun Island, had taken the Nine-Tailed Demon Fox into seclusion after its fur was all shaved off by a scary Huaxiu hairdresser...

Elder Poisonous Dragon was only ranked fourth, but in terms of inhibition, his "Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill" had a natural inhibitive effect on Elder Yaren's Body Transformation Spell!

That was to say, while Elder Yaren had a strong self-healing ability, it would still be greatly impaired in the face of the "Lightning Poisonous Dragon." But what Elder Poisonous Dragon had

used just now was his most powerful move, “Ninjutsu. Lightning Poisonous Dragon Drill Tenth Form: Aisin Gioro Right Hand Screw Rule”!

In order to use this technique, he hadn’t even hesitated to combine spirit energy with “chakra” as a second energy source, which was found only on Sun Island and which he had yet to completely master.

Given that spirit energy and chakra weren’t compatible, a price definitely had to be paid for using this skill.

This was precisely what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been thinking about earlier.

After that incredibly powerful killing move, Elder Poisonous Dragon looked very unwell. He was a very thin person to begin with, but it was as if his energy had been drained dry by that move, reducing him to nothing but skin and bones.

His eyes had sunk in deeply and his body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat; even his hair had instantly turned gray, making him look decades older.

“As expected, he paid the price for it?” Chin in his hands, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal then took out his little notebook and recorded down what he had seen. This was the aftereffect of a cultivator using a technique after combining the two incompatible energy sources of spirit energy and chakra. Information on the aftereffects which had been circulating online all this time was inaccurate; now, he finally had a real case which he could observe up close!

It was just that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still couldn’t understand why a combination of the two energy sources would cause so much damage to the body.

Little Silver walked over slowly and crouched down to look at Elder Poisonous Dragon, who was as frightened as a weak maiden targeted by a hoodlum.

“Stay back! If you come any closer... I’ll... I’ll call the police!” Elder Poisonous Dragon took several steps back and shrunk into one corner of the wall. He was so weak that he already could no longer remain standing... The technique just now had been more harmful than he’d expected.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Little Silver: "..."

Examining Elder Poisonous Dragon's condition, Little Silver in the end chewed on his fingernails and said, "He probably used the fat in his body as a medium, which is why he's this skinny now."

"So it's a spell which converts fat into chakra, which incidentally serves as a flexible medium so that it doesn't clash with spirit energy?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly understood and also noted this down since it was a very important discovery.

Little Silver crouched down and poked Elder Poisonous Dragon, who was shivering in the corner. Elder Poisonous Dragon had already fainted dead away and was muttering nonsense as if he was having a nightmare.

Little Silver sighed – yet another lunatic...

Also, he realized something very important — it never ended well for anyone who came looking for trouble at Grenade-Throwing's villa.

Little Silver pinched Elder Poisonous Dragon's face, and after confirming that the other party had passed out completely, he turned to look at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Should I call Little Master?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave a heartfelt sigh. Little Silver had already become an old hand at this.

...

Elsewhere, Odd Zhuo was dealing with Elder Yin's body when he got a call from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. Elder Yin had fallen to the ground, foaming at the mouth, and died from being poisoned. Neither Odd Zhuo nor Zhong Lang dared go near him.

Because Elder Yin's body was still poisonous, it had to be handled with extreme caution.

This was like encountering a viper in the desert; after killing it, you had to bury the head completely. This was because even though it was dead, its mouth still contained venom. If you were careless and pricked yourself on its fangs, you would also die.

After all, the poison in this Elder Yin's body killed even him...

So after Elder Yin died, Jingke, who had possessed Odd Zhuo, directly contained the driver of the van and then separated from Odd Zhuo and turned back into a peach wood sword.

Odd Zhuo didn't dare touch Jingke directly until he put on a pair of white gloves in reverence.

He had prepared these white gloves long before, in the event that when he fought alongside Lord Jingke one day, he would look a little more polite about it.

"Looks like I guessed right. Someone really went after you, Senior Immortal," Odd Zhuo said on the phone.

"Fortunately, it wasn't a big deal. We've taken care of this person," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied.

"I questioned the van driver just now; the person who went after you is an elder named Poisonous Dragon, ranked fourth among the fifteen Demon Hunters Association elites who returned from abroad." Odd Zhuo asked. "How did Senior Immortal deal with him?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "He couldn't do anything to us at all! Then he exhausted himself!"

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Zhuo, what's the situation like over there? Do you need any help?"

"Not for now."

Odd Zhuo shook his head. “Since this Elder Yin’s body is extremely toxic, we can’t directly approach him. I already called the municipal office just now and I’ve asked them to close off this section of the road for the time being to passersby. The anti-chemical protection unit is on their way, and they’ll be responsible for dealing with Elder Yin’s body.”

“Then that’s good. We’ve already restrained this Elder Poisonous Dragon. We’ll wait for Brother Zhuo to come and handle this,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

Odd Zhuo: “Very well, Senior Immortal, after the anti-chemical protection team gets here and I’ve sorted out Elder Yin’s body, I’ll head over.”

The call then ended.

Odd Zhuo sighed deeply and felt that he was suddenly very busy.

Also, for some reason, he had a bad feeling.

He looked at the end of the road, concerned about the late arrival of the anti-chemical protection team...

It was clearly quite a while already since he had gotten the municipal office to inform the nearest police station to send an anti-chemical protection team to deal with this emergency. Logically speaking, they shouldn’t be this slow.